

STORM TOSSED.

Trying Experience of the Crew of the Schooner John T. Taylor.

New York, September 22.—The steamer Crenfuegos, from the West Indies, brought to this city yesterday Capt. Thos. Mumford, first mate; O. Olson and Louis Abrahams, Ben. Washington and Edward Moran, seaman, belonging to the three-masted schooner John T. Taylor, from which vessel the steamer rescued the men on the 18th inst. The schooner was water-logged and derelict and the men had not tasted food nor water for fifty-two and a half days. One of their companions was gone, also having been washed overboard three days previously. All the men were completely exhausted, but were carefully treated and no evil effects resulted from their long exposure. Capt. Mumford gave the following account of the disaster:

"We left Fernandida, Fla., on the 11th inst., with a cargo of lumber for Lagayra. All went well until the 13th, when a terrific hurricane overtook us, causing a very heavy sea. The vessel labored violently, but we were unable to make steering way. Huge waves dashed completely over us and we were compelled to lash a man to the wheel and the rest of the crew to the pumps as we were leaking. The storm did not abate next day, but I think we could have weathered it, had it not been that we were run into at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 15th inst. We were then sailing under a close reefed foresail and the vessel that ran into us was a three-masted schooner, scudding under bare poles. We were struck amidship three times, the schooner rebounding each time. She scudded away in the darkness after that and we discovered our damage extended under the water line and almost through our vessel. She filled in two hours and, as the sea was still high, she rolled heavily. In order to prevent her going over we cut away the masts. We were all becoming exhausted and could do nothing to ease our vessel. Her sails were even with the water's edge and wave after wave dashed over us as we clung together forward. The pangs of hunger and thirst began to assail us, as we had partaken of no nourishment since the storm caught us. As darkness set in and no sail was in sight, the men began to lose hope of being rescued—a hope strong with us all through the day. At 10 o'clock that night poor Phil Graham one of the seamen, was torn away by a wave which seemed to carry us all down by its weight. We could do nothing for our unfortunate companion; in fact, he was out of our sight before we could clear our eyes sufficiently to see anything. This accident disheartened us more than anything else, for Graham was much liked by us all. We clung together closer than before for fear another wave would sweep us away. Our eyes were heavy from want of sleep, but we dared not close them, and through that night we huddled together, knowing that, if our strength failed us, death would surely follow. At sunrise, we strained our eyes for a sail, but none was in sight. The sea had not moderated and our water-logged vessel was tossed about like a chip. We prayed for aid, but throughout that day not a soul was seen and darkness set in. Half famished for food, our throats burning for water, we longed to drink of the water which dashed over us, but knew our sufferings would increase. All night we huddled together, our strength fast leaving us. On the morning of the 17th the wind moderated. Shortly after the sea subsided. We were enabled to get the cargo gaff up, and on it we hoisted a signal of distress. No sail appeared that day. At sunset we did not believe we could hold out through the night. Our sufferings increased until we were nearly crazy from exposure and hunger. We clung together, like insane men. Our very condition made life more dear to us. That night was clear and we all got sleep now and then. We did not sleep all at once, but

one or two watched while the others slept. On the morning of the 18th we eagerly scanned the horizon, but nothing but water could be seen. All hopes seemed gone, and there was not a man in our party who had not prepared to give up his life. Our joy knew no bounds when at 6 o'clock that night the tall masts of the Crenfuegos were in sight. We were afraid those on board would not see us and we could not shout. They saw our signal of distress and our rescue was easily accomplished, the water being perfectly smooth. I cannot speak too highly of Capt. Faircloth and his officers and crew for the kindly treatment of us all."

HE ATE HIS FAMILY.

Story From the Man Who Got Lost in the Rockies.

"This talk about cannibalism is all nosh," he said yesterday on the post office steps as he rubbed his white plug hat on his elbow. "Suppose the living did eat the dead—what o' it?"

Nobody answered him, and he presently continued:

"Ten years ago I was lost with my family in the Rocky mountains. When we had eaten our boots and shoes and whatever else we could worry down we had to resort to cannibalism. The baby went first. We baked him, and a better dinner I never sat down to. Was there anything in that to raise a great fuss?"

Three or four others were added to the crowd, and he went on:

"In the course of six weeks wife and I ate our five children. We had 'em stewed, roasted and warmed up, and I never relished my meals with keener zest. Did the papers raise a great howl over it? Have I been ostracized from society on account of it?"

He mopped his bald head and rubbed his hat some more and then said:

"The time came when I had to eat my wife. She wasn't as juicy as the children, but the meat kept longer and furnished more real nourishment. Nothing of her body but the right foot was left when I was rescued. Three days more and I would have been compelled to take my gun and shoot deer and elk and rabbits and such game or starve to death."

"Do you mean to say that game was plenty around?" asked a little man who had been breathing hard.

"Yes, sir—woods full of it."

"And you had a gun?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you ate your family in preference to killing game?"

"Certainly; hunting was very distasteful to me."

"Then, sir!" yelled the little man, as he jumped up and down and plunged around—"then, sir, I characterize you as a monster, and—lemme git at him—lemme hit him once!"

But the crowd held him back, and the man with the white hat marched off up the street saying:

"Well, well! what a fuss to raise about my eating up a whole family! Seems to be some very queer men in this town"—Detroit Free Press.

The corn crusher man is again on the rounds. These corn crushing men have been exposed in nearly every paper in Missouri, and it looks strange, to day the least, that intelligent men will bite at their hook. Their racket is something like this.

The advance agent for the machine makes a contract with a farmer to put a corn crusher on his place merely to show it giving him (the farmer) the privilege to crush all his corn for nothing. He then gets the farmer to sign a written permit to place the machine on his place, saying the company required him to do so. This is the last heard of the advance agent. In a short time a corn crusher arrives and also a note for \$150 to pay for it.—Holden Enterprise.

A Run on a Drug Store.
Never was such a rush made for any Drug Store as is now at F. M. Crumly & Co's. for a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and colds. All persons affected with asthma, bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe coughs or any affection of the Throat and lungs can get a Trial Bottle of this great remedy free by calling at above Drug Store. Regular size \$1.00. No 5

Beats Wilkie Collins.

From the New York Herald.

"I have all the wives and children I want ahead," said Charles McHugh yesterday to Justice Welde, "and I never saw this woman before."

"Do you think I could live with a man eight years and not know something about him?" came from Mrs. St. George. "Wouldn't I know him after an absence of four weeks?"

The justice thought she ought to—"If you don't believe me, judge, look at the nail of the third finger on the left hand and you will find that it is turned to the right."

"That's so," replied the sergeant.

"Now brush away the hair on the back of his head and you will find a scar where he was struck with a hammer," said Mrs. St. George, blushing, "four years ago."

"There's the scar, sure enough," said the sergeant, excitedly. "That proves it."

"If you will examine his left thumb carefully you will see the marks of a felon, which he had last winter."

The thumb showed unmistakable evidence of having been effected in something after that fashion.

"Why do you abandon your wife, and then deny that you are her husband?" asked Justice Welde.

"Yes, why do you, Michael?" said Mrs. St. George.

"I tell you I never saw her before," replied Charles, in an unhappy manner. Then he asked, hopefully, "Have I ever lost any of my fingers?"

"No," said the woman, "you had them all four weeks ago."

"See," said McHugh, triumphantly holding up the stump of one finger. "I lost that years ago."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. St. George, "you must have lost that within a month Michael, whatever have you been doing?"

"But it couldn't heal in a month."

"Why, I should know those hands anywhere," observed Mrs. St. George; "but I have witnesses, bring on the children," with an air of one starting the procession. The procession came on. They were three pledges of affection. The pledges all ran to McHugh and called him "papa."

"Papa" pulled out a handkerchief and wiped his brow. The situation was getting decidedly desperate.

"My husband has beautiful teeth," remarked Mrs. St. George.

Mr. McHugh caught at the words as a drowning man at a straw. He lifted his huge mustache and showed that his were black and broken.

Mrs. St. George screamed, blushed scarlet and turned away her head.

Then she looked again, and this time she was pale. "No," she said, slowly, "those are not my husband's teeth. I do not understand it, but I must have been mistaken."

Mr. James Healy, a master carpenter and builder at No. 207 East One-hundred-and-fifth street, for whom St. George worked for four years until a month ago, was in court prepared to swear that McHugh was St. George.

"St. George had a peculiar twitching of the muscles about the eye," said Mr. Healy, "as has this man, and a habit of arching his eyebrows, which were very bushy. This man's eyebrows are bushy and he arches them. The finger was the only thing that puzzled me. I have talked with St. George a dozen times a day for four years, and ought to know him pretty well."

A seventeen-year-old son of Healy was the only person acquainted with St. George who did not feel sure that he and McHugh were identical. Pauline Smith and Miss McNally, who have lived in the same house with St. George for several years, swore that he was McHugh and McHugh was he.

Mrs. St. George finally admitted she was mistaken. She is searching the hospitals and the morgue for her husband, who disappeared some time since. McHugh was in jail two days. He admits he had a narrow escape from becoming Mr. St. George.

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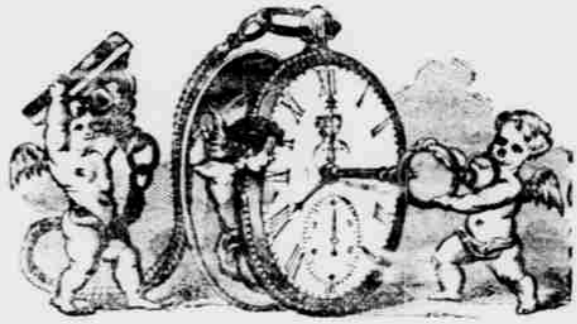
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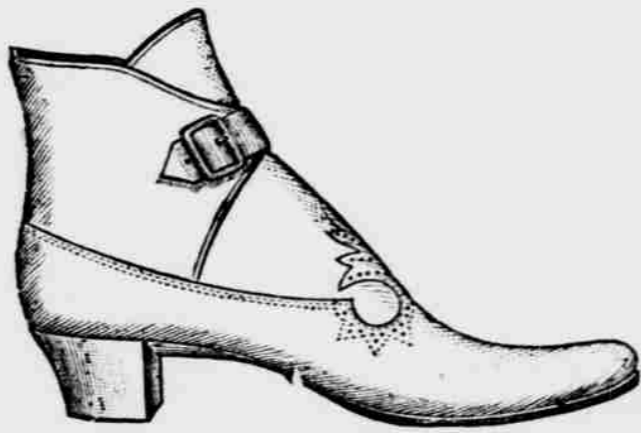
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Trustee's Sale.

Whereas, Aaron Jones, of Bates county, Missouri, by his certain deed of trust, dated March 17, 1881, and recorded in the Recorder's office within and for said Bates county, in Book 23 at page 181, conveyed to Wm. E. Walton, the undersigned trustee, the following described real estate, situate, lying and being in Bates county, Missouri, to-wit: The northwest quarter of section ten (10), in township thirty-nine (39), of range thirty-two (32) containing 160 acres more or less, in trust to secure the payment of three certain promissory notes, in said deed of trust described; and, whereas, one of said notes is past due and unpaid. Now, therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said note, and by virtue of the authority in me vested by the terms of said deed of trust, I will, on

Wednesday, October 8, A. D. 1884,

between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the east front door of the court house, in the city of Butler, county of Bates aforesaid, sell at public vendue, for cash in hand, all of said real estate, in said deed of trust and this notice described, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay said debt, interest and costs. Wm. E. WALTON, Trustee.

Butler Academy.

Will open for its eleventh year on

SEPTEMBER, 8th, 1884.

A large new brick building will be erected this summer which will afford facilities far superior to anything before enjoyed by its patrons. Thorough work, by an experienced

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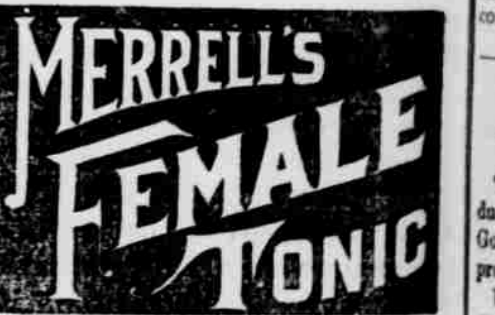
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