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Semi-Weekly Times.

Published Mondays and Thursdays by

TIMES PRINTING COMPANY

CHAS. NICKELL, MANAGER.

TIMES PRINTING HOUSE.

Corner Third and C Streets.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year.....$2 50
Six months.....1 50
Three months.....75
If not paid for within a year.....3 00

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VOL. XXV. JACKSONVILLE OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1895. NO. 85.

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The services of California's best intstructors have been secured, and nothing will be left undone to make the school complete in every department and second to none on the coast. The fall term will open the **Second Monday in September.** Write for terms to

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All those holding unexpired scholarships are requested to be present the first day.

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LIVES SNATCHED FROM AWFUL PERIL A MILE BEYOND SHORE.

Thrilling Rescue at the Crib of a Tunnel In Lake Michigan—The Work Wrecked by a Nor'wester—True Tales From the Life Savers' Logbooks.

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OCT. 8, 1885, one of those violent storms which almost annually spread terror throughout the lake region swept down from the northwest, carrying destruction in its path. The power of the wind was heightened by torrents of rain moving with it, smiting boats and men and ships, likewise demolishing those frail structures lining the shelterless shores of the inland seas. Wrecks were numerous on the coasts of Michigan, Illinois and Ohio, where the gale had full sweep. At times the summoning signals came to the life savers two at once, and returning from the scene of one rescue the crew would be met with urgent calls to hasten elsewhere. Had the party been afloat which engaged the labors of the Chicago station crew throughout the forenoon of that day instead of fast in the heaving sea perhaps fortune might have carried them ashore in safety. As it was, 10 out of 15 were lost, 1 escaped by miraculous luck and 4 were rescued under the most trying circumstances by the life savers.

The 15 unfortunates caught in a terrible plight were at work building an inlet crib at the lake end of a tunnel which supplies water for the works in Hyde Park, a suburb of Chicago, some seven or eight miles south of the harbor. The end of the tunnel is one mile from shore. As the season was advancing the constructors endeavored to complete the work before winter, and in order to save time arranged temporary quarters upon the platform of the crib where the men could lodge and save the time necessary to go in and out from shore. A slight board structure was erected upon the platform, which rested upon piles. In it the men slept and cooked and ate their meals. About midnight, when all were resting in their bunks, the wind arose, and in a short time the swelling waves began to rock the piles and even push up the planks of the floor. The men turned out and long before the usual hour had taken breakfast so as to be prepared for the worst. Scarcely was the meal finished when their barrack began to totter, and they abandoned it to escape being caught under the roof, should it fall. Outside there was no shelter from the pelting storm, nor, as it proved, from the fury of the sea. The platform was inclosed by chains strung between timbers or posts fastened upright to the piles. Beyond the verge of the platform was nothing but the black waters of the lake. Crouching upon the plank and clinging to the timbers and chains, the drenched and shivering workmen passed the early morning hours without a ray of hope. They had no boat and no means of signaling for help. About daylight the building collapsed and was swept away. To this apparent calamity the few who survived owed their lives. No one was hurt when the structure was torn away, but afterward the sea seemed to dash with greater force upon the platform. In a short time that, too, disappeared, plank by plank. Upon the piles and stringers and a stout truss binding them the poor fellows took refuge. They were able to keep above water a few feet, but yet when the waves dashed high had to fight for life.

The demolition of the workmen's barrack drew the attention of the waterworks superintendent to the grave peril of those at the crib. He had no boats, however—at least none that could outride the tempestuous sea. The towing companies of the harbor were hastily appealed to, and the news spread like wildfire alongshore. Crowds gathered along the wharves and piers, but they, too, were powerless. Word reached Keeper St. Peter of the District No. 11 life crew, about 8 o'clock. The surfboat was hastily run out, and just then a tugboat came down the river past the station house. The tug captain needed but one glance across the lake to deter him from attempting to aid the life savers, which would be at the risk of swamping his boat. Finding themselves unsupported except by the good wishes of sailors and spectators on the piers the crew set out to brave the dangers alone. Where tugboats dared not venture brave hearts could at least try. The keeper knew that in case his men rowed to the crib they could never row back against the wind, and he ordered the boat truck to be hauled by teams down the beach toward the probable landing of the surfboat on drifting ashore.

"The boat fairly flew before the gale minus its sprit, which practically reduced the sail to a close reef, and was all the gallant craft could stagger under." So wrote the official narrator, describing the rescue before the life saving board. "The devoted little band narrowly escaped disaster several times, and when off the foot of Forty-second street, four or five miles below the harbor, where a dangerous reef makes out from shore, two heavy combers broke over the quarter and nearly swamped the boat. They immediately luffed to the wind, doused the sail and took to the oars, excepting one or two to bail the water out. They were now about a mile out from the shore. The scene was indescribably wild. As far as the eye could see the lake was one mass of white crested, foaming breakers, and the question whether the boat could reach the crib, yet three miles away, was growing more and more serious."

Disaster had followed disaster at the crib during the hours that had passed since daylight. One after another eight of the struggling men had been torn from their hold upon the piles. One of them, a young man named Clausen, had seized a plank or possibly fallen with it from the platform and for a wonder drifted more than a mile in direct line to shore. His story drew a vast crowd to the beach to watch the gallant life savers in their battle with the storm. Kneeling upon the beach, her gray hair streaming in the wind, was the mother of two of the castaways, praying God to spare her sons. The sons, Hans and Erasmus Christiansen, were two of the four remaining upon the piles when the surfboat reached the spot. As the life savers got within close view of the piles they saw seven men clinging to one timber stretched between two of the tallest piles. The surfboat was but 200 yards away and the crew peering about for an object to land upon. Suddenly a tremendous comber leaped many feet above the topmost crest of the waves and engulfed three out of the seven who at that time awaited with bounding hearts the steady nearing of the surfboat. One of the three sank quickly out of sight. The other struggled for a time, and finally one grasped a dangling chain, and his mate reached an iron shaft projecting from the water.

The surfmen had exhausted themselves in their battle with wind and wave. They managed, however, to drive the boat alongside a detached pile and fasten it by line and grapnel. Surfman Wilson then sprang from the boat upon a cross timber attached to the pile above the boat. He carried a heaving stick and line for the purpose of throwing ropes to the imperiled men. In that daring leap Wilson risked his own life to save his fellow men. When he struck he slipped on the stringer, and only the most marvelous agility prevented his falling into the mass of wreckage grinding below. Kneeling down as soon as he got firmly seated, he tossed a line to the man upon the cylinder. It caught and was fast, out of the man's reach. Dazed with fear, the poor fellow jumped into the water and grasped the sagging line between the pile and the cyliuder. The wind drowned Wilson's shouts, and after struggling a few moments the man was torn away by the sea and carried out of sight. While this was going on the man clinging to the pendent chain was hurled against the piles and battered to death. He was beyond reach and beyond aid, although the heroes who had come so far were almost alongside—almost, but not quite.

The terrible fate of those two men, lost while he was struggling to reach them, quite unnerved Wilson, but he managed to hurl his line up over the main truss, where the four men stood, their arms entwined with viselike grip around two slender scantlings. By dint of appeals one man was persuaded to loosen his hold and secure the line to the truss. After that he slid down and two others followed. They were barely able to go down the tautened rope hand over hand. In a few moments it would have been too late. The fourth man obeyed the keeper's directions, unfastened the line, and after passing it around his body with a slipnoose and knot leaped into the lake. He was hauled on board, and it was then noon. The bodies of the drowned men had disappeared, and the keeper turned his surfboat to shore. Five men were at the oars and two at the steering oar. A mile of rough water lay between them and the beach, but the wind was in their favor. An

"FAIRLY FLEW BEFORE THE GALE."

eager crowd greeted the rescuers and amid deafening cheers picked up their valiant lifeboat bodily from the surf and carried it over the high sand cliffs to the roadway beyond. The meeting of the Christiansen brothers with their devoted mother defies description. Sharers in her long and anxious watch, the spectators mingled with her tumultuous joy their own wild elation. It had been a forlorn hope, a fight against fate, for the storm warriors, but victory was theirs—four lives snatched from the jaws of death, a fifth from the gloom of despair. GEORGE L. KILMER.

Semi-Weekly Times.

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is more complete by far than any other office in Southern Oregon, and compares favorably with any in the State. Job Printing of every imaginable description done at San Francisco rates, and in a prompt and first-class and satisfactory manner

An Alarmist.

"Can't walk nozzer step. Gotterest," he soliloquized, as he seized the fleeting lamppost with both hands, swung around it and slid gently down to the sidewalk. He crawled on his hands and knees till he could reach his silk hat, which had landed on the asphalt sidewalk with a thump and bounced off into the gutter, then crawled back to the lamppost.

"Can't walk nozzer step," he repeated, with a helpless shake of his head, which dislodged his hat again. "I'll ring ter coupe. Wherezh zat messenger box?" And he searched every pocket for it. "Wonder where's gone," he muttered.

Then he raised himself to a shaky perpendicular and tried to ring the letter box. He was unsuccessful in that, but an idea came to him.

"I'll ring fer p'trol wagon. Policeman'll take me home."

He fished out his citizen's keys, and within half an hour managed to get the key in the box and turn it. Three minutes later half of the fire department dashed up.

"Where is it?" shouted the driver of an engine.

"Hereram, ol' man. Gimme a ride home," shouted the inebriate. "Can't walk nozzer shtep."

"Who rang in that alarm?"

"Who'er s'pose? Me, me. I wanter ride."

The driver pulled up at a hydrant across the street and the coupling was made.

"That fellow is burning out. Give it to him," yelled the fireman.

A little later a half drowned man was lifted out of an ambulance at the Receiving hospital and he told the surgeon he had fallen two miles off the Sutter street hill into the bay.—San Francisco Post.

Not Their Style.

"Did you read about the engagement of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough?" he asked as he looked lovingly into her eyes.

"Yes," she replied softly, feeling that the momentous occasion was at hand.

"It was all arranged for them by mutual friends," he went on.

"Was it?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "The duke didn't make love to her himself at all."

"Didn't he?"

"No. He got some other people to attend to the matter for him."

There was a brief interval of silence, during which he looked at her and she looked at the floor.

"I don't think much of the duke," he said at last.

"I wouldn't have such a fool man around," she returned quickly.

A moment later she looked up into his eyes, sighed and said, "We don't want any European innovations, do we?"

"No," he replied as he drew her a little closer to him, "and I never did take much stock in proxies anyway."—Chicago Post.

Lost Finger Rings.

"It's safe to say that a basketful of finger rings are lost at the seashore every season," said a habitue of the Atlantic coast summer resorts. "Many bathers never think to remove their rings from their fingers before taking a plunge in the surf, and when they come out not a few find that the rings have slipped off in the water. Of course they are irrevocably lost in the sands. If the beach at Atlantic City, for instance, could be thrashed out or sifted, it would yield a gold mine, not to mention a valuable store of precious stones of every kind."—Philadelphia Record.

A Swiss Officer's Invention.

Extraordinary results are claimed for a new bullet invented by a Swiss army officer named Hebier. The projectile is shaped somewhat like a goose quill, and with a small charge of about 2½ grams of powder it will travel 1,000 yards and penetrate a block of wood to the depth of nine feet, and even at 8,000 yards still enter a block of wood.—Information.

In Our Great Grandfather's Time,

big bulky pills were in general use. Like the "blunderbuss" of that decade they were big and clumsy, but ineffective. In this century of enlightenment, we have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which care all liver, stomach and bowel derangements in the most effective way.

Assist Nature a little now and then, with a gentle, cleansing laxative, thereby removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels, toning up and invigorating the liver and quickening its tardy action, and you thereby remove the cause of a multitude of distressing diseases, such as headaches, indigestion, or dyspepsia, biliousness, pimples, blotches, eruptions, boils, constipation, piles, fistulas and maladies too numerous to mention.

If people would pay more attention to properly regulating the action of their bowels, they would have less frequent occasion to call for their doctor's services to subdue attacks of dangerous diseases.

That, of all known agents to accomplish this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are unequaled, is proven by the fact that once used, they are always in favor. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity, with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and indigestion.

A free sample of the "Pellets," (4 to 7 doses) *on trial*, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.