

# Held Prisoner by A Tree

Terrible Experience Of a Woodman In the Australian Bush

It is difficult for the human mind to imagine a more soul racking experience than that of an Australian bushman who for several days was imprisoned in the heart of the great Australian forest, his hand caught fast in the cleft of a giant tree which he had felled and started to split.

The bushman, now an old man, told the story a short time ago in Melbourne, where he is now a respected citizen and successful business man.

One day he attacked a huge box tree which the squatter desired to have split into planks for building purposes. Having felled the tree, said the bushman, I began the more difficult work of splitting the giant trunk, from which I had stripped the bark. With my ax I made a gash in the butt, in which a steel wedge was inserted. After driving home, a second wedge was put in and driven home with the head of the ax. Thus using the wedges alternately I made the gap in the fallen tree larger until, to the accompaniment of rending wood, the terrible thing happened, the mere recollection of which even to this day calls forth an involuntary shudder of horror.

I had driven one of the big wedges into the hard white wood, and, throwing my ax upon one side, for I was tired with the exertion and intended taking a short rest, I put my left hand into the aperture to remove its predecessor. But before I could withdraw it the firm wedge sprang from its position, and, the aperture creaking and narrowing as the wedge slipped upward, the great white mouth of the gaping trunk closed about my hand and held it as in a vise.

Vainly I attempted to extricate it from the powerful grip of the great log. Then, feeling in my pockets, I found another wedge and, placing it close to my imprisoned hand, turned to grasp the ax with which to drive it into the aperture. This, I could see, would sufficiently widen the gap to enable me to withdraw my hand, which

three miles to the eastward, and I knew I could not hope to make myself heard at so great a distance. But would he not be abroad early in the morning to gather in his spoils and reset his snares, and might I not hope that by some fortuitous circumstance he might come within the radius of my voice and, responding thereto, deliver me from this dreadful death? But the hunter did not come, and again the sun dipped down in the west. The night wore on, and the sun rose up to light another day.

Again I put forth my feeble voice in a vain endeavor to attract the attention of my neighbor, the trapper. But all to no purpose. Then I began to wonder whether he would be attracted to the spot by the mysterious extinguishing of my fires, which, slowly burning themselves out since my captivity, had now been entirely quenched by the rain. If not, I felt that my extremity was indeed a terrible one. At least ten days must elapse before the arrival of the bullock teams to carry home the log, and I knew I could never last till then. No. My only hope was in the trapper, and even he might fail to reach me until too late.

Another day and another night came and went, and there was no change. And still another day and another night passed over my head, and in the darkness of that night I prayed for death as fervently as some men pray for life. But it came not.

Still another day went by, and in the silence of the night which followed I heard a rustling sound among the trees, but I knew not whence it came. Again and again I caught the sound, but death had so far claimed me for his own that the power of reasoning about the cause had long since left me, and I could only lie and listen to the sound in a bewildered, apathetic way. But when the morning dawned I almost shrieked for joy, for there upon the ground was a huge possum, tugging at a dry, dead bough which was fastened to his body by the trapper's snare. And then I knew no more, for

## JINGLES AND JESTS.

**His Ideal.**  
He used to tell her that her eyes  
Were grandest 'neath the spreading  
skies.  
He used to honestly declare  
That she was fairest of the fair.

Today, when people say their child  
Looks like its mother, he gets wild;  
But say its eyes and chin and nose,  
Are his, and he forgets his woes.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Fatherly Advice.**  
"Mr. Gotrox," began the nervous  
young man, "I—er—that is, your daughter  
is the—er—apple of my eye, and"  
"That will do, young man," interrupted  
the granite hearted parent.  
"Here's \$5 for you. Go consult an  
oculist."—Chicago News.

**Very Dull Indeed.**  
Mrs. Uplight—My husband promised  
to be home at 10 sharp.  
Mrs. Newitt—But he wasn't.  
Mrs. Uplight—Not quite; he got  
home at 3, dull.—Philadelphia Record.

**The Nez Retrospect.**  
She was pug nosed, and, my, how she'd  
flounder  
When winter's fierce gales gathered  
rounder,  
For she suffered great pain  
When the slant driving rain  
Ran into her nose and nigh drounder.  
—Philadelphia Free.

**An Impressionist.**  
Harry—She evidently made an im-  
pression with him.  
George—How do you know?  
Harry—I saw him developing some  
snapshots of her.—Yonkers Herald.

**The Critics.**  
Ida—They say it was a case of love  
at first sight with him.  
May—What a pity he wasn't a me-  
dium and could have taken a second  
sight.—Texas Times-Herald.

**Only the Good Die Young.**  
"Prepare for the worst!" said Dr. Gill.  
And every voice grew hushed and still;  
Relations from far and friends from  
near  
Did crowd with a vim his words to hear.  
"Prepare for the worst!" said Dr. Gill.  
"There's plenty of life in Robert still!"  
—Smart Set.

**Why Johnny Was Kept In.**  
Teacher—How many silent letters  
are there in your first name, Johnny?  
Johnny—All of 'em, ma'am, when I  
spell it in the deaf and dumb alpha-  
bet.—Chicago Tribune.

**How It Happened.**  
There was a young man with poor sight,  
Whom a lady to call did invite;  
He kicked her pet Skye  
As he tried to pass by  
And ran when he got a good light.  
—Baltimore Herald.

**A Philosopher.**  
"He's a philosopher, isn't he?"  
"Yes. That is, he has found out how  
to be happy in every other condition  
but the one he happens to be in."  
—New York Times.

**What He'd Do.**  
If I were courtesan knight and you  
Were lovely queen of May,  
I know what I would do—I'd ride  
Up to the fellows at your side  
And chase 'em all away!  
—Baltimore News.

**A Wise Woman.**  
"They say her husband gratifies her  
smallest wish."  
"Very likely. She knows better than  
to have any big wishes."—Cleveland  
Plain Dealer.

**Real Happiness.**  
Never see de sheriff  
Hangin' roun' de place;  
Bread en meat  
En health ter eat  
En time fer sayin' grace!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

**The Size of It.**  
"Wisdom won't die with some peo-  
ple."  
"No, and from all appearances she  
won't live with 'em either."—Buffalo  
News.

**The Hero of the Hour.**  
You want to lionize him, and  
He gladly lets you.  
He smiles and shakes you by the hand  
And then forgets you.  
—Atlanta Constitution.

**Usually the Way.**  
"What is the meaning of a 'straight  
tip?'"  
"A straight tip, my son, is a sign  
that you lose."—Chicago News.

**A Slight Difficulty.**  
The dictionary to my sight  
Discloses words and words again  
If I could but arrange them right,  
I'd be a genius with the pen.  
—Washington Star.

**Same Old Excuse.**  
Wife (during the quarrel)—What  
made you marry me, then?  
Husband—Why, you did, of course.  
—Chicago News.

**The Lament of Respectability.**  
If there's one unscolded spot  
That I should like to own  
And fence about, 'tis that small plot  
Where my wild oats were sown.  
—Smart Set.

**Self Made Woman.**  
Maude—What an awful figure Mrs.  
Dashaway has!  
Madge—Evidently she is a self made  
woman.

**Such Is Life.**  
The world is but a crowded car  
In which shrouded men, perhaps,  
May find a seat, but most of us  
Must hang on to the straps.  
—San Francisco Chronicle.

**And She's a Nurse.**  
"Is he a well informed man?"  
"I should say so. Why, his wife tells  
him everything."—Louisville Post.

**Wood Hint.**  
While walking home from the matinee—  
"The very cold and raw," said he,  
"Oh, I like 'em raw," said he,  
"Though some folks like 'em better fried."  
—Boston News.

## QUEEREST OF LAWSUITS.

**A Highwayman Sued His Partner For His Share of Spoils.**

Perhaps the most remarkable suit ever brought in on the records of the court of the exchequer in England. It was filed on Oct. 3, 1725, and it sets forth very clearly that John Everit and Joseph Williams were highway robbers.

In its succinct legal phrases the complaint says that the men formed a partnership for the purpose of carrying on business as highwaymen. It was mighty profitable, as was shown by the fact that Everit sued Williams for the equivalent of \$5,000, "being for moneys wrongfully appropriated to defendant's private purse."

This was the amount in dispute after the partnership had lasted only a year. Then Everit claimed that he discovered that his partner had not made a fair division of the spoils.

The action was adjudged to be a gross contempt of court, and the plaintiff was ordered to pay all costs, while the solicitors who served the writ were fined. One of the solicitors, a man named Wrenthcock, refused to pay the fine and was sent to prison for six months. Both plaintiff and defendant to the action were subsequently hanged, one at Tyburn and the other at Maldstone.

**Trivial Causes of Wars.**  
History records one war that was caused by a glass of water—the war of the Spanish succession. A lady, Mrs. Masham, a celebrated court beauty, was carrying a glass of water when she was obstructed by the Marquis de Torcy. A slight scuffle ensued, and the water was spilled. The marquis lost his temper, and bad feeling ensued between the English and French courts, with the ultimate result that war was declared. The campaign cost France many severe battles—viz. Blenheim, 1704; Ramillies, 1707; Audenard, 1708, and Malplaquet, 1709.

Fully as absurd in its origin was the war that took place during the commonwealth of Modena. A soldier stole a bucket from a public well belonging to the state of Bologna. Although the value of the article did not exceed a few pennies, the incident was the signal for a fierce and prolonged war. Henry, the king of Sardinia, assisted the Modenese to retain the bucket, and in one of the subsequent battles he was made a prisoner. The bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral of Modena.

**Uncle Isrul's Foresight.**  
Uncle Isrul Trask was one of those thrifty Yankees who, his neighbors averred, would squeeze a dollar "till the eagle on it hollered" before allowing it to leave his pocket. He was a shopkeeper in a small way, but his business had not proved in the long run so profitable as his several matrimonial ventures, which had been three times celebrated. Soon after the last event of the kind had been solemnized, one of his intimates rallied him with: "Well, Uncle Isrul, heard's how you'd ben an' done it ag'in. How'd you make out this time? Pooty well, as usual, hey?" "Well, neighbor," drawled Uncle Isrul, in his soft and sauntly way, "I did pooty well, 's you may say, pooty well. Ye-es, Hetty's a godly woman, neighbor; a godly woman—with a leetle prop'ty!"—New York Times.

**How Fruits Act.**  
The Medicine Brief thus summarizes the various uses of fruit in relieving diseased conditions of the body. The list is worth keeping. Under the category of laxatives, oranges, figs, tamarinds, prunes, mulberries, dates, nectarines and plums may be included. Pomegranates, cranberries, blackberries, sumac berries, dewberries, raspberries, barberries, quinces, pears, wild cherries and medlars are astringent. Grapes, peaches, strawberries, whortleberries, prickly pears, black currants and melon seeds are diuretics. Gooseberries, red and white currants, pumpkins and melons are refrigerants. Lemons, limes and apples are stomach sedatives.

**The Gardener's Bird.**  
The highest development of the decorative instinct in animals is found in the gardener bird (amblyornis). This plain looking native of New Guinea builds its nest on the ground, spreads moss before it and over this green carpet scatters bright berries, flowers and insects. As the flowers wither they are replaced by fresh ones. The whole establishment serves only as a sort of pleasure resort.

**A Sensitive Point.**  
"Isn't it a great satisfaction to be able to assist those who call on you for help in the struggle of life?" "It would be," answered Mr. Cumrox, "if you could be sure some of your beneficiaries weren't laughing at you behind your back and calling you an easy mark."—Washington Star.

**Progressive.**  
"Are you having a pleasant time?" asked a lady of a little miss at a fashionable children's party.  
"Delightful, thanks."  
"And will your papa and mamma come later?"  
"Oh, dear, no; papa and mamma and I don't belong to the same set."

**Does It Himself.**  
"They say some blind people can actually distinguish colors by the sense of touch."  
"That's nothing; there are times when I feel blue myself."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

**It Stopped.**  
A—Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?  
B—Of course it did. Did you think it would go through?

## A Weak Stomach

Indigestion is often caused by over-eating. An eminent authority says the harm done thus exceeds that from the excessive use of alcohol. Eat all the good food you want but don't overload the stomach. A weak stomach may refuse to digest what you eat. Then you need a good digestant like Kodol, which digests your food without the stomach's aid. This rest and the wholesome tonic Kodol contains soon restore health. Dieting unnecessary. Kodol quickly relieves the feeling of fulness and bloating from which some people suffer after meals. Absolutely cures indigestion.

**Kodol Nature's Tonic.**  
Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.  
The 8¢ bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 25¢ size.

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It is possible that by purchasing the excellent hosiery, for man, woman and child, made by the ORION MILLS, of Kinston, N. C., that you may wear socks or stockings made from cotton spun in the Kinston Cotton mills and knit in the Orion Knitting Mills, thus encouraging the cotton grower of Lenoir county and two splendid manufacturing giving employment to labor in the county. Thus you will be assisting the cotton grower, the cotton picker, the cotton ginner, the cotton spinner and knitter—all people of your own neighborhood.

W. T. PARROTT, Ph. G. M. D.  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
KINSTON, N. C.  
OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 10 a. m. and 5 to 9 p. m.  
Telephone calls: House 24, Office 78.

**NOTICE!**  
Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the General Assembly, of North Carolina, at the session of 1909, for changes in the Charter of the Town of Kinston, N. C.  
By order of the Board of Aldermen.  
Dec. 16th, 1908.  
GEO. B. WEBB, Mayor,  
L. J. NEWBORN, Clerk.

**Start the New Year**  
by having your Carts, Plows and Farming Utensils repaired and fixed up for work on the farm.  
New work done when ordered.

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Two blocks East A. and C. depot.  
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**WANTED**  
You to write us for prices on Fire proof Safes, Burglar Proof Safes, Time Locks, Vault Doors, Deposit Boxes, etc. We will save you money.  
**O. B. Barnes Safe Co.,**  
Box 22, Greensboro, N. C.

**Pay Your Taxes.**  
Your Taxes are due and it will be better to settle up quick.  
Respectfully,  
**DAL F. WOOTEN,**  
Sheriff



THE GAP IN THE LOG CLOSED.

by this time was losing its first sensation of numbness and becoming intensely painful. But, to my unspeakable horror, the ax lay upon the ground beyond my reach.

Then I looked about for a billet of wood with which to drive in the wedge, but there was none within my reach. Even the boughs I had lopped from the fallen tree were lying some distance farther up the great trunk, even farther removed than my ax. Then I caught sight of the wedge which had sprung, and, leaping to my feet, I tore blindly at it in a frenzied attempt to release the lower half of the great log. But it had only sprung half way out of the white wood, and, though I tore at the upper end of the wedge with the strength of despair and until the fingers of my free hand were torn and lacerated by the sharp burled edges of the oft hammered steel, the grip of the great log was as firm and immovable about the half released wedge as about my crushed and throbbing fingers. Could I but have withdrawn this wedge I might have used it to batter in the other.

All through that long and terrible night I lay upon the great log and fanned feverishly from side to side, with a mind which was fast giving way within me. But one idea possessed me and sent a faint ray of renewed hope fluttering through my veins. The trapper! His camp, it is true, was

consciousness deserted me, and I sank helpless to the ground.

I awoke to hear the ring of steel against steel, and, looking up from where I lay, I saw the tall figure of the trapper swinging the ax above his head and driving the wedge deep into the gaping wood. In another moment my hand, crushed almost to a pulp, dropped from the widening gap, and the trapper, throwing down his ax, knelt down beside me.

"All right, old chap," he said, with infinite tenderness, "I'll bring some water and a little brandy out of your tent, and then I'll be off to the homestead as fast as my legs can carry me. Keep up till I come back." And, pressing my hand, he was gone almost before I had realized it.

How quickly he went may be judged from the fact that in less than two hours the galloping of horses' feet caught my ear, and I knew that I was saved. A comfortable stretcher of bark was hastily improvised, and I was conveyed to the homestead. Just before leaving the scene of my ghastly experience I noticed the big opossum still tethered to the dead branch, and, beckoning to the trapper, I begged him by signals, for I could not speak, to let the poor beast go. Comprehending me, he did so, and the sight of that terrified creature scampering off into the dense undergrowth did me more good than I can tell.