

# The Journal.

ISSUED BY

D. M. ERSKINE, Jr.,  
INSURANCE.

REAL ESTATE AND LOAN AGENT

From the Commercial World and U. S. Exports.

The prosperity and advantages of Chicago, as a business center are every year becoming better recognized all over the country, and by no class more thoroughly than by our readers in the different cities, especially in the East, who are fast becoming crowded out by over competition and no place to look to in which they can establish themselves, with not only a prospect but an almost absolute certainty of success, except in Chicago—the leading business emporium of the West—which can point with pride to enterprising, pushing business men by the hundred who, only a few years ago, opened stores with a limited capital, but who could now, if they felt so inclined, retire with a handsome competency. We mention this for the benefit of those who think of moving here but cannot exactly make up their minds. To such we would say, come right on, there is still room and to spare. Put yourselves in communication with a reliable real estate firm, such, for instance, as that of ERSKINE BROS., real estate and renting agents, room 46 (first floor) 161 La Salle street. Whether you want a house, store or factory, they will secure it for you, and that too, on terms as advantageous as can be effected; or if you own property here and decide to remain where you are you cannot do better than to place it in their hands. They make a specialty of paying taxes, collecting rents, and taking general supervision of property for non-residents, and our word for it your affairs will be attended to faithfully and remittances sent you promptly on collection. Whether, then, for present use or future reference, remember the address, Erskine Bros., 161 La Salle street, room 46 (first floor).

Court Highland, No. 31, I. O. F., meet first and third Thursdays in each month.

A. O. Fay Lodge A. F. & A. M., meets first and third Mondays in each month.

A new map of Highlank Park, Highwood, Lake Forest and Lake Bluff, with the country lying west, has been prepared by E. W. Wiggins & Co., of Chicago. It is nicely gotten up and will doubtless fill a long felt want.

Following are some of the prominent Chicagoans at present stopping at Highland Hall:

T. W. Grover and wife, Mme. C. DeRoode, Dr. E. G. Hirsh and wife,

S. Mandel and wife, Edwin Rose and wife, H. B. Wentz and wife, A. L. Parker and wife; J. O. Cleveland and wife, C. H. Adams and wife, C. G. Denison and wife, X. L. Otis and wife, R. M. Wells and wife, C. H. Hurlburt and wife, H. Shaffner and wife, G. W. Darrow and wife, J. B. Hughes and wife, A. F. Hatch and wife, A. Gilkinson, Chas. A. Knight, H. C. Street, C. Abbott, and G. V. Buckman, all of Chicago, and A. C. Thompson, of New Haven, Conn.

Among the new arrivals at Highland Hall on Monday last, was a young gentleman in whom Prof. Butler, the proprietor, took a deep interest, which has since ripened into a warm attachment. His (the new arrival's) musical ability (particularly vocal) was asserted from the start, and although possessing a very powerful voice, there are elements of sweetness plainly discernable by the Professor and others in authority. He declares Highland Hall the finest institution he has ever visited, and doubtless will conclude to make Highland Park his home. To say that all concerned are happy would be stating the facts in substance.

A clergyman was recently annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave for this reason: Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me: "Sir, you have made a great mistake; that young man is an idiot." Since that time I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in chapel lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the services there was good order.

## Which was Beaten.

We were boys together, George Gibson and I. We were employed as salesmen in a grocery store. Business being quite dull, our employer gave us permission to close the store that we might attend a ball to be given that evening. I had been paying my respects to Miss Kate H— George also knew that I would be certain to send her my compliments sometime during the day, and request her company to the ball.

In order to get ahead of me he sent his invitation quite early in the morning. I was not in a good humor after George triumphantly showed me his note of acceptance; so when evening came, I determined I would not attend the ball or stay in the store. We closed about dark. George was ready to start, but had

some moments to spare, when, as if to amuse himself, he picked up an old revolver, which we always kept about the store, and was pointing at different objects in the room, remarking how easy he could put a hole through it.

When he pointed at an oil can, which was quite full, I immediately inserted a pin near the seat of his pants, which caused him to pull the trigger. Zip! the bullet went through the can, and the oil commenced running out in quite a stream through the holes the bullet made.

"Jump quick, and stop the leak with your fingers!" I exclaimed.

George knew the mischief would be to pay if our employer found the floor covered with oil, and he obeyed my order immediately. Then a happy thought struck me. I would leave him in that fix, and go and take Miss Kate myself. Amid a volley of oaths, I made my departure. Arriving at the residence of Miss Kate, I informed her that George was not able to attend, and had sent me in his stead. Miss Kate accepted his apology, and we attended the ball together. It was late when I returned to the store, and found Geo. still in his uncomfortable position, in a towering rage, and swearing at me profusely.

The bullet had passed through the can, and he dared not remove either hand. I then procured an empty barrel, intending to pump out the oil below the bullet hole; but in order to do this, it was necessary for him to be on the other side of the can. He agreed to the change if I would hold my fingers over the holes until he went around the can. This I was unwise enough to consent to.

No sooner had he got me into this fix than he proceeded to wash his hands; then taking up the lamp he went up stairs to bed. I was mad; language cannot begin to express my feelings. I swore, I entreated, then I tried to bribe him to relieve me. Like him, I dared not leave the can, for I knew it would cause my dismissal if our employer found the new floor spoiled with oil, besides the damage it would be to the goods.

How I spent the remainder of the night I shall not attempt to describe, it is sufficient to say I stayed there until morning.—Waverly.

## How it Feels to be Buried Alive.

BY F. C. F.  
In July, 1866, the cholera was very bad in St. Louis and I was among those who had it, not in the most malignant type, but bad enough, for one evening about nine o'clock I felt very weak and was reported as dying; and as I was boarding my folks were sent for, and they came to my boarding house to see me and found me very low, as they all supposed. Well, after a while I was to them dead, but to myself I was not dead. I could not breathe or move,

but I could hear all that was going on and could also feel whenever anyone touched me.

After an hour or so I felt them preparing me for the coffin. I was put in a shroud, and then in a metallic coffin. They did not put on the face plate, or rather did not fasten it down, so I could hear all that was going on. Several sat up with the supposed corpse, and I could hear almost every word that was spoken. I felt no pain, only the thoughts of being buried alive made me almost frantic, as I could not see any deliverance from the fate to come; all of the good and bad acts of my life came huddled together in my mind, and I thought I would give considerable if I was only able to make a noise to let them know I was alive. But I could not. That night seemed an age, but after almost indescribable suffering it finally came morning. At nine o'clock the folks began coming to the house to attend the funeral, which commenced at ten o'clock. I could distinctly hear every word the minister said, as he eulogised my former life, he being an old acquaintance of mine. After he finished they screwed on the top plate and I thought then I should suffocate but I felt no difference, only I could not hear as well what was going on. The coffin was put in the hearse and we started on our journey of what I supposed death to me. We finally arrived at the cemetery. The coffin was taken out and laid on two that lay across the grave. The ceremony was gone through with, and they lowered the coffin in the ground. The first dirt that was thrown in made me start, but not enough to make any noise. Still the dirt continued to come; and oh! what an awful sound it had too. By the time the grave was half filled up, I was so I could make a noise, and I yelled and kicked, but all to no purpose. The earth continued to come in and fill up the grave. At last they got it full and I heard the people get into the carriages and go off, could hear the sexton rounding off the grave, and pick up his tools and move away. And with him went my last hope of rescue. After I had lain there it seemed for hours, I managed to break the top glass and get a little air, and, strange to say, I did not feel suffocation at all, but I made up my mind to starve to death. After a long time I took a piece of the glass I had broken out, and as I was nearly frantic with hunger, I cut a large piece out of my thigh and ate that. But that weakened me very much, and I felt fainter and fainter till I heard a noise overhead, but was too far gone to make a noise in return, and gradually lost consciousness, when suddenly I awoke. My room mate being a printer had just returned from work, and his coming in the room woke me out of the nightmare.