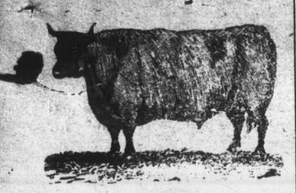
WANTED



100,000

Deacon and Calt Skins

Highest Cash Price at the Brockville Tannery

A. G. McCrady Sons

I. O. F.

Court Glen Buell, No. 878, Independent Order of Foresters, meets in Bingo Hall, Glen Buell, on 2nd and 4th Friday in each month, at 7.30. Visitors always welcome

W. J. ANDERSON, C. R.
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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

EAST OR WEST

It will pay you to patronize "The Old Reliable Grand Trunk Railway" and take advantage of its excellent Passenger Train Service which leaves Brockville as follows:

GOING EAST.

Express (Sunday included)	4.05 a.m.
Passenger	5.50 a.m.
Way Freight	6.30 a.m.
Express	2.00 p.m.
Express (Sunday included	2.48 p.m.

GOING WEST.

Express	12.15 a.m.
Limited Express	1.55 a.m.
Passenger	8.00 a.m.
Express (Sunday included)	11.58 a.m.
Passenger	2.40 p.m.
Mixed	5.00 p.m.

For tickets and all particulars, apply to

G. T. FULFORD,
City Passenger Agent.

Office: Fulford Block, next to Post Office Brockville.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

....WILL RUN....

3 Home-seekers' 60-day Excursions to Canadian Northwest Points 3

COLONIST RETURN FARES

TO....	
Winnipeg, Deloraine, Reston, Estevan, Binscarth, Moosomin, Cowan	$28.00
Regina, Moosejaw, Yorkton	30.00
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Going June 27th. Returning until Aug. 26.
Going July 13th. Returning until Sept. 12.
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STEAMSHIP TICKETS BY THE PRINCIPAL LINES

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Endorsed by Physicians

"I desired to test in my practice various Witch Hazel products. I have done so, and am thoroughly convinced that your preparation (Pond's Extract) is preferable to all others for either internal or external use."
H. W. MARSH, M.D.,
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We have thousands of testimonials from well-known physicians.

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is and always has been manufactured by ourselves, at our own factory, and is guaranteed unequaled, in quality, purity, uniformity and medicinal virtue.

It is FOUR times as strong as Witch Hazel. Never sours.

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DRS. K. & K.

The Leading Specialists of America
20 YEARS IN DETROIT.
250,000 CURED.

WE CURE EMISSIONS

Nothing can be more demoralising to young or middle-aged men than the presence of these "nightly losses." They produce weakness, nervousness, a feeling of disgust and a whole train of symptoms. They unfit a man for business, married life and social happiness. No matter whether caused by evil habits in youth, natural weakness or sexual excesses, our New Method Treatment will positively cure you.

NO CURE—NO PAY

Reader, you need help. Early abuse or later excesses may have weakened you. Exposure may have diseased you. You are not safe till cured. Our New Method will cure you. You run no risk.

250,000 CURED

Young Man—You are pale, feeble and haggard; nervous, irritable and excitable. You become forgetful, morose, and despondent; blotches and pimples, sunken eyes, wrinkled face, stooping form and downcast countenance reveal the blight of your existence.

WE CURE VARICOCELE

No matter how serious your case may be, or how long you may have had it, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure it. The "wormy veins" return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. The organs become vitalized, all unnatural drains or losses cease and manly powers return. No temporary benefit, but a permanent cure assured. NO CURE, NO PAY. NO OPERATION NECESSARY. NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS.

CURES GUARANTEED

We treat and cure SYPHILIS, GLEET, EMISSIONS, IMPOTENCY, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, SEMINAL LOSSES, BLADDER AND KIDNEY diseases. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. CHARGES MODERATE. If unable to call, write for a QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

DRS.
KENNEDY & KERGAN
148 SHELBY STREET,
DETROIT, MICH.

THE HUMOR OF THE SAVAGE.

A Bad Lands Incident In Which Professor Marsh Figured.

To his intimates the late Professor Marsh was known not only as a scientific man of great ability and worldwide reputation, but also as a delightful companion, quick and witty, with a keen appreciation of humor, and a narrator of capital stories. One of these, which he used to tell of himself with great effect, dealt with a small adventure had many years ago in the Rocky mountains.

The first month or two of the trip had been spent on the plains of Nebraska and Wyoming, at that time the hunting ground of Sioux and Cheyennes, who were bitterly hostile and signs of whose presence near the command were often seen. The whole party realized that they were in a dangerous country, and all hands were constantly on the watch for enemies and were careful not to wander far from the command, or if two or three fossil gatherers did go off from the main body they took with them a number of soldiers to stand guard while they worked. After leaving this dangerous region the expedition moved on to the Bad Lands near Fort Bridger, where there were but few Indians, and those friendly ones, and the work of gathering fossils went on.

One day Professor Marsh was hard at work on his knees in the bottom of the narrow ravine digging away the soil from a bone which stuck out of the bank. He was entirely absorbed in his task and noticed nothing of what was going on about him until the brilliant sunlight, which poured down on him, was cut off by a dark shadow, and he looked up to see standing above him a great, grim Indian warrior, holding his rifle at ready. The professor's heart leaped into his throat. He forgot where he was. He strove to utter a propitiatory "How," but his dry lips refused to form the word, and he could only swallow, trying to get rid of the lump in his throat. Suddenly the savage bent toward him and spoke. "Have I the honor of addressing Professor Othneil Charles Marsh, the eminent paleontologist of Yale college?" he inquired. The revulsion of feeling was almost too much for the professor, who was now even less able to speak than he had been before.

It developed that the Indian as a small boy had been sent east, Christianized, educated, taught the elements of theology and sent back to the west to civilize his tribe, but he had not carried the civilization far.—Forest and Stream.

PUPILS IN HOTEL LIFE.

A Chicago Scheme by Which Women Train Themselves For Travel.

"There goes a pupil in hotel life," said the clerk. He nodded toward a modest little woman dressed in black who had just called for her key and was standing a short distance away waiting for the elevator.

"A pupil in hotel life?" repeated the listener wonderingly.

"Yes. Haven't you heard of the plan adopted by Chicago women nowadays when they are consumed by a desire to travel and learn the ways of the world, but have not the means to gratify their ambition? It's becoming quite the thing. You see, they all think they may have an opportunity to go away from home and stop at big houses some day, and, in anticipation of that event, they are trying to learn how to conduct themselves when the crucial test comes.

"This hotel is a favorite resort of the novitiate. I can spot one of the beginners every time, but they soon get the crudeness toned down so that I can hardly tell them from thoroughbred travelers. Their plan is certainly original. Whenever they have a few dollars that they can spare and an opportunity to leave home for a day or two without causing comment they come down here or to some other first class house and register with as much importance as if they had just come in from Europe, or St. Louis at least. They learn how to engage a room, call for their mail—which is generally written by themselves to themselves—and order meals in a large restaurant with as much grace as if two-thirds of their whole lives had been spent on the road.

"It takes practice to wear away the rough edges, to be sure, but if the town should be destroyed by a general conflagration and the female portion of the population be compelled to go to other cities and put up at hotels, they could pass through the ordeal with credit to themselves and the town. This system of training is comparatively inexpensive, considering the value received, and, in my opinion, is highly commendable. One of the most pitiable sights one can witness is to see a woman traveler make a fool of herself, which she is bound to do if she hasn't had a little preparatory experience."—Chicago Tribune.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

How Queer It Feels to View Ourselves In That Light.

"I had a strange experience at Cincinnati the other day," said a traveling man, chatting with some friends in his hotel lobby. "I had some time to kill and had dropped in at an afternoon vaudeville performance, where, as usual, they had the vitascope. One of the views was a remarkably good street scene in New York, taken on Broadway, near the corner of Thirtieth street. A tremendous crowd was surging down the pavement, and as the figures reached the foreground of the picture they became very large, at least life size.

"As I stared at the throng my eyes were suddenly riveted on a man and woman walking together and somewhat detached from the others. I cannot describe my shock of amazement when I recognized the man as myself and the woman as my wife. We were apparently absorbed in conversation, and, as we drew rapidly near, my wife seemed to call my attention to something across the street. I looked up and smiled, and, as I did so, we passed over the circular margin of the picture and vanished as swiftly as a dream.

"My heart was beating like a drum, and as I glared at the apparition I had risen unconsciously from my seat. It seemed strange beyond expression, and I don't know how long I might have stood there transfixed if some one had not recalled me to earth by requesting me to sit down. The picture was taken last summer when my wife and I were visiting in the north, and gradually I recalled the exact incident.

"I remembered distinctly the day we walked down Broadway together and also that my wife called my attention to a comical baby crowing in the arms of a nurse at one of the windows of the Gilsey House. That was evidently when I glanced up and smiled. I looked older than I would have thought and also stouter. I tell you it gives one a queer feeling to see himself as others see him."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Poison and Faith Cure.

Arsenic and strychnine kill, Mrs. Eddy says, not because there is really any deadly property in themselves, but because the belief that there is on the part of the majority of mankind has put this property into them, and yet it is one of Mrs. Eddy's main contentions that though the poisons which men believe in will, because of men's belief in them, kill the medicines which men believe in are absolutely powerless to cure. Indeed she affirms with triumph, on the authority of some doctor, that they "have actually destroyed more lives than war." What will Mrs. Eddy's disciples make out of this? Is human belief, to which matter owes all its properties, able to invest it with bad properties only? How can it turn strychnine—that naturally harmless unreality—into a cause of death, while it cannot turn rhubarb and magnesia into a means of health? How will they reconcile these two contradictory propositions?—National Review.

Eating Candy.

The time is luckily gone when a woman had to have two pounds of candy to tide her over Sunday, and she is better looking today for the exercise of common sense. A plain spoken physician said to his anæmic patient:

"If you could see the inside of your stomach after eating candy you would never touch another bit."

Just after a hearty dinner is the best time for candy. Then the appetite for it is abated, and the small amount taken mixes with the other food. Sugar, nuts, chocolate and pure fruit sirups are all well enough in their place, and that is after, not before, the evening or midday meal.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Operation Evaded,

MR. R. A. SIZE, OF INGERSOLL, ONT. TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Symptoms of Appendicitis—The Way They Were Relieved—The Sufferer Now Well and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

In February, 1898, Mr. R. A. Size was taken very ill, and was confined to his home for several weeks. We heard that he was to go to the hospital to have an operation performed, but the operation never took place, and as he has started to work again and in apparently good health, we investigated the case and found that he has been using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. Size is a highly respected citizen of Ingersoll, having resided here for over thirty years, and has been a faithful employee at Messrs. Parlo & Son's flour mills for over nineteen year. When asked by a Chronicle reporter whether he would give an interview for publication, telling the nature of his disease and his cure, he readily consented. Mr. Size gave the details of his illness and cure as follows:—

"In February I caught a heavy cold which seemed to settle in my left side. The doctor thought it was neuralgia of the nerves. It remained there for some time and then moved to my right side, in the region of the appendix. We applied everything, and had fly-blisters on for 48 hours They never even caused a blister and did the pain no good. The doctors came to the conclusion that the appendix was diseased and would have to be removed. The pain was very great at times, and there was such a stiffness in my ankles, also in my hand, and pain all over my body. The day and date was set for an operation, and I was reconciled to it. About a week before I was to go to the hospital my wife was reading the Chronicle. She read an account of a man who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The symptoms of the disease were so much like mine that she became interested and wanted me to give the pills a trial, I had little faith in the pills but as my wife seemed to be anxious that I should take them, I consented. The day for the operation had now arrived, and I told the doctors that I did not think I would go to the hospital for a while that I wat feeling better. I continued the pills, and was greatly surprised and pleased with the result. I continued to improve, and have long since given up all idea of an operation. When I started to use the pills, I was unable to walk and suffered something awful with the pain in my side. It was just five weeks from the time that I started the use of the pills until I was able to walk again and I had been doctoring three months before that, and I have been working ever since. Altogether I have taken sixteen boxes of the pills, and they have done me more good than all the doctors' medicine I ever took in my life. I have now every confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and think that they are the best medicine in the world to-day. Certainly had it not been for them, I would have had to go through the ordeal of an operation and perhaps would not have been living now. I hope that by making this public it will be of benefit to others, as it was through one of these articles that I first learned of the unequalled qualities of the pills.

The public is cautioned against numerous pink colored imitations of these famous pills. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SEELEY'S BAY

SATURDAY, June 10th.—Samuel Gardiner is getting material on the ground to rebuild his barns, burnt last Monday night.

Evans Steacy of Warburton is spending a few days with friends here.

Putnam Bros. are building a new bakery.

F. W. Young's bakery may be rented.

Road work commences here on Monday.

The 31st quarterly session of Leeds District Division S. of T. will be held at Lansdowne on Tuesday, June 20th. A very interesting meeting is expected. Mr. W. B. Burgoyne, G. W. P., of St. Catharines, will be present and assist in the business of the meeting.

Rev. T. Brown and Mrs. Brown returned on Friday from Conference at Brockville. He has been appointed for the fourth year on Seeley's Bay circuit.

Rob't Moulton's horse broke loose from the post-office tie post on Friday and ran away, but was soon caught. The rig was upset, sustaining considerable damage, but the horse escaped without a scratch.

A. Neal is burning a large kiln of drain-tile this week.

Miss Alice Johnson of Lyndhurst is visiting friends here.

Mrs. C. Blackman is getting weaker.

It is the intention of the owners of the Knapp roller boat to fit her up for passenger traffic to do ferry business between Prescott and Ogdensburg.

Get Doctor Von Stan's PINEAPPLE Tablets at the Druggists for 35 cents a Box of 60 Tablets.

They Cure.

CHAPTER XI.

1. Food—that remains in the stomach undigested—ferments.

2. Fermenting food causes sour stomach, heart burn, sick headaches, nausea. And the gases cause pain and distress.

3. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets neutralize fermentation, and, after clearing the stomach of its fermenting burden, they proceed to cure the cause of indigestion.

4. Dyspepsia cannot remain after Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets restore perfect digestion. They afford a delightful relief from the start. Only 35 cents a box, at all druggists—sixty tablets in a box. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.

Should be taken by those who feel distressed and oppressed after eating. They relieve in an instant and correct the causes which lead to dyspepsia.

THE LAH-NE-O-TAH.

Lines written on the occasion of the first trip of the Lah-ne-o-tah on Charleston Lake,

Of all the boats that sail the Lake,
Of all the yachts that steam,
Fair Lah-ne-o-tah I would take
To "out" on lake or stream.

For novelty, she takes the prize.
Her like 'tis rare to see
Since Noah's ark of larger size,
Sailed o'er the flooding sea.

For boat and house she both combines
Within her well-built walls,
We're safe within—when bright sun shines
Or pelting raindrop falls.

Fierce wind and wave may loudly rave,
We fear not hurt nor harm,
We calmly view the dashing wave,
Calmly the raging storm.

When borne before the favoring breeze
Or anchored in the lee,
We sit and chat or lounge at ease,
Or sip the social tea.

Free from the carking cares of life,
Far from the haunts of sin,
Far from the sound of human strife,
The discord and the din.

Here health and happiness combine
To make life calm and sweet,
Here social joys the heart entwine,
Here friends congenial meet.

We gently glide from isle to isle,
From sheltered loa to lea,
By various arts the hours beguile.
As if in reverie.

We row, we sail, we drift along,
By cave or island fair,
We listen to the wild birds song
Borne through the balmy air.

A floating palace—on the wave,
We care not where we roam,
Though waves may rise and storms may rave,
We enjoy the sweets of home.

'Tis ours to gaze from day to day
On panoramic scene,
To view Spring clad in bright array,
Or Summer's charming green.

Oh Lah-ne-o-tah! may you long
O'er Charleston's waters glide,
And may you long be staunch and strong
To stem the troubled tide.

On host and hostess, we implore.
Rich blessings from above,
May plenty fill their earthly store
And life be crowned with love.

May peace within their home abide,
May they with health be blest,
And when their earthly course is run,
May theirs be Heaven's sweet rest.

J. J. CAMERON.

June 6th '99.

A $200,000 POLICY.

A Well-known Athenian Writes the Top Figure for Life Insurance in Canada.

There has been a marked tendency in late years for life insurance companies to multiply forms of policies to meet the varied demands of those seeking a safe and profitable investment for their money. "Straight lifes," "paid-ups," and "endowments" have been followed by such a variety of future guarantees that without the assistance of an agent a person would find it difficult to make a selection. An idea of the extent to which certain of these forms of insurance are used by wealthy men for investment purposes may be obtained by considering the amount of money involved in individual cases. The figures range all the way from $10,000 to $200,000.

The latter is the largest line ever written by any insurance man in the Dominion of Canada, and it was written and placed a few days ago by our townsman, Mr. A. E. Donovan, representing in Nova Scotia The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York. Two brothers carry the policies, the premiums on which are $22,000, to be paid annually during the lifetime of the parties insured. These policies are known to the insurance profession as 5 per cent debentures The company guarantees to pay the sons and daughters, upon the death of the insured, $10,000 per year as long as they live, and upon the death of each son or daughter the company agrees to pay back to the estate of sons and daughters $200,000 in gold.

Mr. A. E. Donovan had already written a single policy for $100,000, and no doubt well deserved the honorable distinction recently accorded him by the company, namely, an appointment as Executive Special Representative—a position held in this company by only one other man in Canada. Under this appointment, no application can be written for less than $10,000, so it will be seen that in future Mr. Donovan is to labor in an elevated field, but one for which his many friends here will agree with us in saying he is eminently well qualified.

FRONT OF YONGE.

MONDAY, June 12.—R. Reid and wife were out on their wheels on last Saturday. They made many friends a call on the route.

R. R. Phillips is putting his home in order. An expert painter and a first-class paper-hanger are at present giving his fine residence the finishing touch. And behold all things now looketh as new.

Where are the men with the bears and the organ grinder? They should certainly be abroad in the land.

We notice that Mr. C. Slack is still giving publicity to his poetical genius. His last effusion took our housewives by storm.

Mr. Albert Eagley has gone to Algoma. He thinks strongly of taking up land in that part of Canada West.

The army worm or tent caterpillar has almost beaten the art of man. Where are all the medical men with their worm nostrums.

A Sabbath school picnic was held in Wexford last week at which Leonard Cain played Sheakspeare's Hamlet. This was a grand burlesque and was well received and encored by that vast assembly. Mr. Cain is a star of the first magnitude.

GREENBUSH

MONDAY, June 12.—Miss Billings of Brockville is the guest of Miss Flora Olds.

Taplin, Munroe, and Quinn shipped a car load of hogs to Ottawa this week.

Our cheese maker is giving universal satisfaction. The April cheese net's the patrons the handsome sum of $15.95 per ton of milk. It causes a smile on the face of the farmers.

Mr. William Simmons of North Dakota, after an absence of many years, is visiting his old neighbors.

Miss Culbert of Toledo is the guest of Mrs. A. Loverin.

Mr. L. B. Kerr of Elgin spent Sunday with his parents.

Mr. Joshua Murphy and daughter of Renfrew have returned home after visiting friends in this section.

A number of the young people attended the picnic at Charleston to-day.

The township council have a number of men employed in repairing the Greenbush hill.

C. M. Keeler has a very interesting turn-out of foxes. He counted them over the other day and ascertained he had eight young ones and a number of old ones. They will doubtless make the feathers fly before long.

"Bredren" said the bicycle parson, "guide yourselves spiritual bikes in dis yere wo'ld so dat you all won't scorch in de nex."

A FEARLESS SKIPPER

HE HELPED BOSS TWEED TO ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK.

Captain Bryan Got $30,000 For That Job, but Ever After Misfortune and Bad Luck Followed Him Until He Finally Died Penniless.

After losing every cent of the $30,000 which he received for aiding Boss Tweed to escape from the country James Bryan died penniless at his home in New York.

Bryan was a sea captain and was fairly prosperous until the day when he took the fugitive Tweed aboard his ship and carried him away from New York harbor. Then his misfortune began.

Bryan did not know who his mysterious passenger was to be, and he did not care. That was why he was chosen to do the work. He had the reputation of being the most fearless man who ever sailed a ship out of the port of New York. It was his boast that he feared neither man, God nor the devil. On one occasion, when a terrible storm was raging and all shipmasters had been warned not to leave port, he, to use his own words, "sailed out in the name of the devil."

Bryan's widow told the story of that run for liberty with apparent pleasure. She was as proud of the captain's daring as he had been of it himself. She told it just as he had told it to her. She said:

"Bryan had just come into port on the Belle. He found that Michael Murray and John Norton, who owned Norton's point, Coney Island, had already cleared the Frank Atwood in his name and that she was ready to go out.

"He was told that he was to take two passengers to Cuba and that there would be a good thing in it for him. He did not know who they were or what part of Cuba they wanted to go to, and he did not ask any questions. It was not his habit to ask hard questions in such matters.

"He dropped down the bay and lay to off Norton's point. The tug Dauntless was alongside, and, to save time, he did not anchor, the tug keeping the ship steady against the tide.

"The captain went ashore in a small boat, leaving the ship in charge of the mate. They had arranged a signal with a revolving light, which was shown by both the ship and the boat, so that each could tell where the other was in the darkness.

"There was no moon, and the clouds cut off the starlight and made it one of the blackest nights that had ever been known on the bay. A signal light on shore showed the captain where to land, and a few passwords agreed upon beforehand told him that he had found his passengers.

"Two muffled figures stepped into the boat, and they were rowed back to the ship. The passengers went below, and the tug took the ship through the channel and returned. No time was lost in getting out to sea.

"In the morning Bryan recognized Tweed by his pictures, which every one had seen. Tweed told Bryan to keep his mouth shut, and he would be well rewarded Bryan did keep his mouth shut, and Tweed gave him $30,000 before he left the ship.

"The Frank Atwood had been cleared for some South American port, I forget which, and could not go into Santiago, Cuba, where Tweed wanted to land.

"Bryan ran his ship toward the harbor as though he was going to sail in, and when near shore a small boat rowed alongside That had been arranged by Tweed's friends in Santiago, and Tweed and his secretary, Samuel Hunt, got into the small boat.

"Then Bryan turned and put out to sea. A Spanish gunboat chased him and fired several shots at him, but could not catch him.

"Tweed went under the name of John Secor and Samuel Hunt under the name of William Hunter. Bryan heard that they had some trouble with the Spaniards when they landed, but a little money fixed it all right.

"The police got wind of the thing some way and were looking for Bryan, so he had to stay away from New York for three years He lived during that time in Mobile under the name of John Smith.

"Then Tweed's friends fixed things up all right, and Bryan was allowed to come back. He took the $30,000 which Tweed gave him and built the Flying Scud. He sailed her for awhile and sold her for $18,500.

"Then he bought an interest in four or five other ships and sold them out again, but somehow always seemed to lose money on every trade.

"He bought an interest in the Joe Kelly and was shipwrecked in her off San Salvador. Then he bought an interest in the W. and H. Witherspoon and was shipwrecked in her off Hatteras. He did not lose a man in either shipwreck, every one of the crew getting off safely, but he lost a lot of money.

"Then he bought a third interest in another ship, and he and the other two owners got into a quarrel, and neither would let the other do anything with her, and she lay over at the Erie basin for a couple of years until the dockage ate her up. She was no good, and the insurance companies would not take her. She was sold finally, and Bryan's share was only $350. The man who bought her took her to sea, and she sank.

"The $350 was soon gone, and Bryan had to go to work for other owners. His last trip was on the Concordia, and it was his worst. She belonged to Simon Howard, who lived in St. Andrews, on the Venezuelan coast. Bryan took charge of her at Charleston and sailed her to West Indian ports and back to Charleston He was on her 2½ years and never got paid a cent He seized the ship at St Andrews for his pay, and she was tied up.

"The matters got mixed up in the courts and dragged along so long that he was most starved. Finally a captain who knew him brought him home.

"Bryan got William J. Sharkey out of the country after the murder of Robert Dunn in 1875. That was when he owned the Flying Scud. He did not have much trouble then. He just took Sharkey with him when he was going to Cuba. He did not make anything out of it either. I understand that Sharkey is living on a plantation in Cuba now."

Bryan died from dropsy after a short illness.

Queer Verdicts.

The recent verdict of a coroner's jury that a man who had been lynched was "frozen to death" recalls another queer verdict in a similar case. A negro had been lynched on the outskirts of a small town He was found swinging to a limb, with one of his legs broken. After viewing the body the jury returned this verdict: "That the deceased came to his death from a broken leg, which happened to him while he was swinging in the picnic grove."

ODD FISHING IN CALIFORNIA.

Boy Angles on Horseback and Gets Pen and Ink From Fishes.

"Hi, there!" shouted a boy, very much out of breath, who had run up from the beach at San Diego, Cal., where the big rollers were piling in with a mighty roar.

"What is it?" yelled a stableman.

"Squids, millions of 'em. They're jest in the surf. Can't you lend me a horse?" gasped the boy.

"Is that so?" said the man. "Why," looking around, "here's a couple of ponies waiting. Jump on, and I'll go with you," and forthwith the two sprang into the saddles and dashed down to the beach.

"You can hook 'em right ashore," said the boy, and, leaping off the pony, he picked up from the beach where he had previously laid it, a bamboo rod about nine feet long that had a large hook at the end. Thus equipped, he moved down to the water's edge

It had been blowing a heavy southeaster, and great waves were coming in, piling up long black masses of kelp that wound away like serpents over the sand. Here and there, just on the borders of the waves, were strange, uncanny looking creatures six or seven feet in length, with long, fingerlike tentacles and black, staring eyes. Some were high, dry and helpless; others were half in the water, waving their suckerlike tentacles as though imploring aid, while out in the waves others could be seen, either driven in by some large fish or beaten in by the sea.

"What good are they?" asked the stableman, who had never seen the animals.

"Good?" repeated the boy. "Why, it's fun catchin 'em, and I can sell the eyes em pen for 50 cents. Just look at 'em, will you?" and, digging his feet into the reluctant broncho, he urged him into the surf, where, reaching down, he hooked on to something. A big wave splashed over his back, drenching him from head to foot, but he held on to the squid, and the broncho, though visibly alarmed at the hideous looking creature, dragged it out high and dry on the beach, where it lay pumping ink and water, its long arms coiling about like snakes.

After various excursions into the surf the boy, having with the aid of the stableman hauled the animals above high water mark, began to secure his treasures. Each squid had a pen—a long, opal tinted, translucent object, the model of a huge pen and holder 18 or 20 inches in length. This was found extending from the tip of the tail to the neck of the animal and served as a support, something like a backbone. But the squid is a squid, not a backboned animal. Next the huge eyes were taken out and the eyeball secured, which, after drying, resembled a pearl almost as large as a marble. Then the young fisherman produced a bag of ink from the body of the animal, which he said was india ink. This was true, and at one time this sepia was the only india ink known. The pen of some species of the animal is the cuttlefish bone of commerce, given to canary birds. These treasures the young fisherman later sold to tourists and curiosity dealers.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

MORGAN'S RIFLEMEN.

We Had Some Famous Marksmen In Revolutionary War Times.

At Fredericktown, Md., and Lancaster, Pa., the men of Cresap's company gave exhibitions of their astonishing skill with the rifle. After shooting by turns at a piece of paper the size of a dollar nailed on a blackened board 60 yards distant and generally hitting it or shooting very near it they varied the amusement by shooting in a prone position from their breasts, sides or backs and by running a short distance and then firing, to show that they were equally certain of their aim when maneuvering as in battle.

Finally one of two brothers took a piece of board only 5 inches broad and 7 inches long, with a similar piece of paper centered on it for a bullseye, and held the board in his hand while the other brother shot through the paper. Positions were then reversed, and the second brother held the board. The spectators were more astonished than pleased at this performance, when, to their horror, one of the men placed the bit of board between his thighs and, supporting it thus, stood smilingly erect while his brother shot eight bullets successively through the board. This shooting was done offhand at a distance said to have been "upward of 60 yards," though it was probably not over 40 yards.

The bystanders were assured that there were more than 50 men in the company who could perform the same feat and that there was not one but could "plug 19 bullets out of 20 within an inch of the head of a tenpenny nail." To show the absolute confidence that they had in each other's marksmanship some of the riflemen offered to stand with apples on their heads while others shot them off at a considerable distance, but the sensible townspeople refused to witness such foolhardiness.—Harper's Magazine.

No Ugliness In Nature.

No natural object can be ugly, repulsive, uninstructive or unentertaining if we see it as it is and have knowledge of its place and purpose. It may lack what artists call the elements of grace. Its colors may be dingy. But, then, how soon we tire of too pronounced brilliancy! The ugliest weed, on the other hand, is not always ugly. Think of the brilliant beetle or gay butterfly that may rest upon it.

A turtle rooting in the mud of a ditch, itself the color of the soiled water that surrounds it, is so beautifully adapted to its home and habits that we forget the lack of pleasing color and are impressed with the more suggestive beauty of adaptation. We cannot center a thought upon the object before us—a serious, prolonged, truth desiring thought—and there and then only will the symmetry of nature's handiwork become apparent. Such recognition on our part repays us as fully as floods of color delight the unthinking eye.—Lippincott's.

Mollie's Inclination to Rise.

Among unique Georgia epitaphs the following, by a triumphant husband, is certainly entitled to the prize:

This is the place whar Mollie's buried—
She's a-lyin heresbout.
The groun's tore up an the tombstone's broke,
But she hain't never got plumb out!
She wuz put in the deepest grave in town,
But it's all it kin do to keep her down!

—Atlanta Constitutton.

The Truth of It.

From what we know of men, we should say that when an aged man speaks of having spent hundreds of nights in walking the floor with his sick children he probably got up only once in the night in all his life, and that was to hand a child a cup of water, the child and cup being in the same room as himself.—Atchison Globe.

A Mystery.

First Burglar—It's funny wot a lot o' stories yer see in de papers about actresses gittin robbed o' deir di'mon's.

Second Burglar—Wot I don't understand is who gits em. All de fellers in our perfession is dead broke.—New York

They Don't Like Tanners.

There are but two tanneries of any magnitude, says a consular report, in operation throughout Japan—one located in Osaka and the other in Tokyo—and they are chiefly occupied in supplying the leather wants of the army and navy. A large tanning establishment is located near Kobe. It was formerly under European management, but, after several unsuccessful attempts to operate it, has been closed. There are many small "home tanneries" in this country, and they are operated exclusively by the etas, a class of persons whose occupation is looked upon as unclean. The beggars (kojiki) constitute the lowest class in Japan, and next above them are the etas, who monopolize the occupation of killing animals for food, the tanning and dressing of leather, grave digging and similar work. The etas are popularly supposed to be in possession of a secret method of tanning.

It is pointed out at the state department as a curious coincidence that in mediæval Germany it was a perquisite of the public executioner, the most desperate and degraded creature in the community, to flay every dead animal and to tan its hide, a task no honest man would undertake.—St. Louis Republic.

Had Observed It.

There had been a brilliant company at the home of a society leader, a woman whose husband, while a very worthy man, was noted rather for his wealth than for his mental attainments.

"Well, Abner," she said after the last visitor had gone and they had sat down to talk it over, "it was a complete success, wasn't it?"

"Sure," replied the husband.

"Did you notice Professor Muchman?"

"He was the man with the bandage around his neck, wasn't he?"

"Yes. You heard him talk, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes; I heard him."

"What an astonishing vocabulary he has!"

"Well, that may be what it is," said Abner doubtfully, "but from the way he held his head I should judge it was a carbuncle."—Youth's Companion.

After Hours.

Some time ago, on a day set apart for humiliation and prayer, a manufacturer offered to pay his workmen their wages on condition that they attended church. To this they readily agreed.

Shortly before evening service one of the employees called at his employer's residence and told the servant he wished "to see the maistor."

"Now, Jack, what do you want?"

"Well, sor, me and ma myets hev been taaking the thing ower, and we'd like to knae if we gan to chorch the nect do we get overtime for't?"—Spare Moments.

Evidently Not.

"They say Nibley saves just half of his income every year."

"How does that happen? Have they no neighbors that Nibley's wife doesn't outshine?"—Chicago News.

CURIOSITY ABOUT THE DEAD.

Morbidity That Prompts Strangers to Invade Houses of Mourning.

"Please, missis, may I see the die lady?" The speaker was the biggest of a group of three diminutive street girls, and the doorbell which she had just pulled vigorously was hung with crape. The reluctance with which, when finally convinced that the delight of "seeing the die lady" was not for her, she led her little band of followers down the steps again was characteristic of a phase of public curiosity but little known save to those who have personally experienced annoyance from it, but which is decidedly on the increase in Chicago.

Whether from religious, superstitious or merely curiosity satisfying reasons, there are numbers of people in this city who make a practice of invading the houses in which death has entered and pestering the mourners with requests to inspect the body. Up to the door of the darkened house just mentioned crept that same afternoon no less than half a dozen individuals of this description and of social grades and characteristics widely similar.

"I should like to pay my respects to the dead," explained the solemn and obsequious colored man who tiptoed thither in the gathering dusk. This man evidently had an idea of indulging in a social ceremony of some kind and was really hurt as well as indignant to find his modestly preferred request refused.

"It's so lucky to say a prayer by a corpse," pleaded the Italian vender, who also importuned for "just a peep" at the dead body, while the lame beggar who insisted upon returning to the basement doorway again and again until threatened with arrest offered no reason whatever for his peculiar action. Nor are such incidents as these by any means confined to the class of individuals mentioned. There is a growing plague of the people who stream in at funerals, annoy and distress harassed mourners by their persistent petitions to be allowed to view the sacred dead, and who even make a practice where it is possible of taking the trip to the cemetery. Well dressed and ill dressed, old and young, rich and poor, alike, these people are. Their persistence is exceeded only by their numbers, and the only thing which will send them to the right about is a stern "No." Since the people whom they distress and torment are rarely in a condition to be stern and indignant they are often enabled to satisfy their inexplicable desires.

THE SCISSORS STILETTO.

An Ugly Little Weapon Carried by Spanish Women.

The Spanish are generally reputed to be a quick, hot tempered race, a people who on small provocation resort to deadly weapons to avenge a wrong or slight. The stiletto, a small dagger with a keenly pointed, slender blade, is a favorite with these people, partly because of its size and perhaps more because of its certainty, as its keen point and slender blade do not require much force to make it effective. These stilettos are made in many styles, but the strangest to the American mind is one made, as a pair of scissors. This is a form much affected by the women, as it is doubly useful, and, in the very nature of things, is most likely to be near at hand.

They are made like an ordinary pair of scissors, except that the "shank," or that part between the finger loops and the rivet, is perfectly straight and is inlaid with pearl. Just at the point where the blades cross is a "guard" similar to the same thing on a hunting knife, to prevent the hand slipping when the instrument is used as a weapon. From the "guard" to the ends of the blades they are slender and tapering to a fine point. When opened, this is an ordinary pair of scissors, but when closed it becomes a perfect and a dangerous stiletto.

A great many women always carry these scissors with them. They are carried in a sheath like any dagger and thrust in the bodice, where they are very handy in case of need. The Spanish and Spanish-American woman is a very passionate, resentful creature, and when roused a most dangerous one, who will not hesitate to draw her stiletto and use it. They are very quick and expert in the use of this weapon, and woe to the luckless one who incurs their anger or hatred, for their thrust is sure and deadly.

According to a Method.

"Why do you always prefer to move into a new flat?" asked the matron in the paisley shawl.

"It saves so much work," replied the matron with the bored expression. "You never have to clean house."

"But you get the new flat dirty after a time, don't you?"

"Certainly. Then's the time to move into another new one."

Hardly.

"At least," said the artist who was engaged in painting a portrait of the president of the Fat Men's club, "this is one picture the critics can't accuse of lack in breadth and color."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Mandarin's Moan.

Ye occidental vandals, come not here to be
arousers
Of our petticoated, picturesque, oned oriental
drowsers.
Don't awake us from our dreaming now to
don your western trousers.

Let the people of Korea and Japan be gay
carousers
In the garb of yon white devils. We Chinese
are quiet browsers,
Who still chew our cuds in petticoats. Don't
tempt us into trousers.

Of your up to date ideas forbear to make us
the espousers.
Prithee, leave us to our slumbers, ye iconoclastic
touseers.
China'd never go to sleep again if once we put
on trousers.

—Boston Globe.

For Brooklyn Papas.

Hibbler—What are you writing now?

Scribbler—A volume of bright sayings for infants.

Hibbler—But how on earth can it be of any use to infants?

Scribbler—It can't. It's intended to be of use to parents in saving the