

POOR DOCUMENT

QUEENS COUNTY, GAZETTE, GAGETOWN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1898.

7

COLWELL'S STEAM GRIST MILL,

UPPER JEMSEG, N. B.

This Mill is well equipped with all the modern machinery. Grain of all kinds **Ground and Cracked at Short Notice**

A full line of **Cracked Grain and Heavy Feed always in Stock, at LOWEST PRICES.**

Why is it

that of all the preparations of Cod Liver Oil in the market

WIEY'S EMUSION,

is the most satisfactory and getting the largest sale!

Because

it is one half Pure Cod Liver Oil, full dose of Hypophosphites, readily taken by children as well as adults.

Cures Coughs, Colds, and Builds up the System. Made from the Most approved formula after years of experience.

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere.

SLOCUM & ALWARD,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
CITY MARKET, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

of all kinds consigned to us will receive our careful attention.

Prompt Returns Made.

Wm. Brander,

MANUFACTURER OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Harness,
Laragans,
Shoe Packs,
Etc., Etc.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Highest Cash Price Paid for

HIDES, CALF AND SHEEP SKINS.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

MAIN ST., GAGETOWN.

T. F. Granville,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

General Groceries and Provisions,

Flour, Meal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses,
Pork, Fish, Farming Implements, etc.

Country Produce consigned to me sold at highest market prices and quick return made. Consignments solicited. Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.

Robertson's Wharf, Indiantown.

MANKS & CO.,

65 Charlotte St.

WE BUY RAW SKINS:

Wanted now—Bear, Raccoon and Skunk.

WE SELL

All kinds of Hats!
All kinds of Caps!
All kinds of Furs!

COME AND TRY US.

John Harvey,

PHOTO ARTIST

164 Queen St., Fredericton

All the Latest Styles of

PHOTOS

BOY WANTED.

Wanted a boy to learn the printing business. Apply to

JAS. A. STEWART

MYSTERY OF THE SEA

STORY OF A GHOSTLY MESSENGER IN A GREEN SOUTHWESTER.

How Captain Benner Came Very Near Being Put in Irons by His Crew For Changing the Ship's Course—The Four Shipwrecked Men in a Boat.

At a dinner in Creole lodgings, in Jamaica, some three years ago, the conversation turned upon the subject of ghosts and apparitions. A person present quoted the words of Professor Proctor, "There may be some means of communication, under special conditions, between mind and mind at a distance, though no one may be able to explain how such communication is brought about." One of the guests present made a reference to a tale of a mysterious apparition at sea, adding:

"If you ever meet Captain Blank of the Blank line, ask him to tell the story. The incidents happened to a relative of his. He can tell them better than I and will vouch for their truth."

A few days ago Captain Blank was found on board his steamer. He is not only a skillful seaman and navigator, but also a very courteous gentleman. Although about to sail, he took time to tell the following:

In the early thirties Captain Benner, granduncle of the narrator, commanded the brig Mohawk of New York, then engaged in the West Indian trade. After leaving St. Thomas, her last port of call on one voyage, the brig was steering a northwesterly course, homeward bound, beating up under short canvas against high winds and heavy seas following in the wake of a hurricane which had traversed the tropics five or six days before. Her captain, who had been some hours on deck, went below at midnight after directing the first officer, who was on watch, to keep the course then steered and to call him in case of any change for the worse in the weather. He lay down upon a sofa in the main cabin, but, as the brig's bell struck twice, became conscious of the figure of a man, wearing a green sou'wester, standing beside him in the dim light of the cabin lamp. Then he heard the words:

"Change your course to sou'west, captain."

Captain Benner got up and went on deck, where he found that the weather had moderated and that the brig was carrying more sail and making better headway. He asked the mate on duty why he had sent down to call him, to which that officer replied that he had not done so. The captain, fancying that he had been dreaming, went back to the cabin, but was disturbed soon again by a second visit from the man in the green sou'wester, who repeated his previous order and vanished up the companionway. The captain, now thoroughly aroused, jumped up and pursued the retreating figure, but saw no one until he met the mate on watch, who insisted that he had not sent any messenger below.

Mystified and perplexed, Captain Benner returned to the cabin, only to see his singular visitor, to whom he heard him repeat the order to change the course to sou'west, with the warning, "If you do not, it will soon be too late."

Although a cool headed seaman, fairly proof against superstitions, the captain was nevertheless deeply impressed by these happenings and determined to hear him repeat the order to change the course to sou'west. The officers of the brig were not only surprised but also indignant at this sudden and to them unreasonable change of course. The new course brought the vessel at a right angle to her proper direction and if persisted in would strand her on the coast of Santo Domingo. Meanwhile the weather had moderated still more, additional sail had been got upon the vessel, and she was being driven still farther from her destination.

Her impatient officers had finally determined to seize their captain and put him in irons, when, soon after daybreak, the lookout forward reported some object dead ahead. As the vessel kept on it was made out to be a ship's boat. As it ranged ahead it was seen to contain four men lying under its thwart, one of whom wore a green sou'wester. The Mohawk was promptly hoove to, a boat lowered and the castaways taken in. The castaways proved to be the captain and three men, the only survivors of the crew of a vessel which had gone down in the hurricane, and they had been drifting helplessly without food for five or six days. The green sou'wester was the property of the rescued captain. A few days later, when he had recovered sufficiently to be able to leave his berth, he was sitting one day in the main cabin of the brig with Captain Benner. He suddenly asked his host whether he believed in dreams.

"Since I have been here," he continued, "I have been thinking how familiar this cabin looks. I think that I have been here before. In the night before you picked me up I dreamed that I came to you here in this cabin and told you to change your course to sou'west. The first time you took no notice of me, and I came the second time, in vain, but the third time you changed your course, and I woke to find your ship alongside of us."

Then Captain Benner, who had noticed the resemblance of the speaker to his mysterious visitor, told his own story of that night.

Captain Blank could not recall the name of the wrecked vessel, but said that all the facts were confirmed by the logbook of the Mohawk, even to the detail of the intention of the officers of the brig to put their commander in irons. The story is an oft repeated one in Captain Blank's family and is well known in the locality from which he hailed.—New York Sun.

FERSIAN RULER'S JEWELS.

Fabulous Tale of a Costly Gem in the Peacock Throne Room.

Who has not heard of the Persian jewels—their glory, their number, their priceless worth? When the doors were unlocked and I was taken into the peacock throne room, I found myself surrounded by a mass of wealth unequalled in the world. Nowhere are such treasures, but nowhere also is there such an accumulation of rubbish. I will, however, dismiss the rubbish and refer only to the treasures. Down each side of the room were chairs entirely covered with sheeted gold, and at intervals were tables of gold, nailed, I ascertained to note, with the commonest of black headed tacks.

At the far end of the room was the wonder of the world, the peacock throne. Whether it is one of the seven thrones of the great mogul and was brought from Delhi I don't know, but it is certainly the most costly ornament that the eye of man can look upon. I inspected it most carefully. It is entirely of silver, a great camp bed structure, but modeled in lovely designs. It is incrustated from end to end and from top to bottom with diamonds.

At the back is a star of brilliant that makes you blink. The rug on which the shah sits is edged with precious stones, and the pillow on which he reclines is covered with pearls. I could keep on writing about the dazzling beauties of the throne of the king of kings, but I never could get beyond declaring it to be a superb work. Some people have valued it at \$5,000,000. Its real value is between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000.

But, though the peacock throne is the magnificence of the Persian crown jewels, it by no means extinguishes the magnificence of the other treasures. Who can attempt, however, to recount the number of bejeweled arms, the royal arms, the flashing sigrets, the bracelets piled up with cut and uncut stones and the bowls filled with pearls that you can run through your fingers like a handful of rice. Every one has heard of the Dar-i-Nar, or Sea of Light, sister diamond to the Kohinoor, or Mountain of Light. Every one has also heard of the Globe of the World, made by the late shah of 75 pounds of pure gold and 51,336 gems—the sea of emeralds, Persia of turquoise, India of amethysts, Africa of rubies, England and France of diamonds—and valued at \$245,000.—Illustrated Magazine.

THE BEDOUINS.

Rife Etiquette and Surly Hospitality of the Tribes of the Desert.

I heard that the Bedouins gave me the name of the walking Egyptian, and once or twice were kind enough to say that I was one of themselves. Tribes like these are important when dealing with men who have the means of children. With them whether you are to live or die depends so often on a trifle that it is as well to have as many allies as possible in your favor. I went their dress in my trip to Siwa, with the idea of taking any one in at close quarters, but of making myself unrecognizable at a distance. I generally walked with a pack of my men and camels. I did this because the incessant drone of the Arab songs became intolerable to me, and as I found Abdulla could not sing, I carried on with his eternal song I used to put a mile between us when the track was clear.

Once or twice, on reaching the bow of a sand dune, I would find myself in sight of a string of camels. The first thing the Bedouins would do was to load and hold their flintlocks at the ready. They meant no harm. It is the ordinary etiquette of the desert, at which no one dreams of taking offense. Then I would have to sit down to show that I meant no mischief, and conversation would be carried on in shouts. I generally asked them for a bowl of camel's milk, which they always gave if they had it. On one occasion I came upon a solitary Bedouin watching a herd of camels grazing. That man had probably not seen a human being for weeks. He was squatting on the ground. He neither moved nor turned his head. I asked him for milk, and he pointed to his camels and said, "Take it." As the art of milking camels never formed part of my school curriculum this invitation upon my solitary Bedouin watching a herd of camels grazing. That man had probably not seen a human being for weeks. 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