

# MERCANTILE MARINE.

One fine evening in December I pulled off in the Coaling Company's smart gig to the three-thousand-ton tramp steamer Corona, then rolling on the long Atlantic swell just outside the breakwater of Las Palmas harbor, Grand Canary. As the white gig flashed through the clear green water there was ample opportunity to look at the vessel, and her appearance was by no means pleasing. With her full bows, square quarters, huge upright funnel and rusty sides, she was not an attractive object as, loaded down to the last inch with nitrate from South America she wallowed in the long sea-slopes that swept round the end of the breakwater. Climbing over the low rail, and forcing my way through a pandemonium of swarthy Spanish coolie havers, dealers in fruit and tobacco, and vendors of carafes, the latter alternately coaxing and abusing their feathered merchandise in the vain hope of making them sing, I met Captain Cran-

"She's not exactly a floating palace—but with fine weather will take you home all right, and you can see what a deep tramp is like at sea," said the latter.

Just then a dilapidated-looking Englishman, clad in gray dungaree, with a tattered engineer's silk cap on his head, thrust on one side a gesticulating Spaniard, who was trying to force a bunch of hard bananas and a half-dead canary on a grinning fireman, and touching his grimy forehead, asked:

"Are you Captain Cranston, sir?"

"Yes," said the officer; "what is it you want?"

"I want to see if there's any chance of working a passage home. I'm a boiler-maker and have served as fourth engineer. I'm starving here," was the answer.

"H'm! what are you doing in Las Palmas, then—deserted, I suppose?" said the captain.

"No, sir, it was this way. I shipped at Liverpool aboard of the Coquimbó to load coal at Cardiff for Rio, and the night before she sailed I met Tom Stevenson, who served his time at Dunlop's."

"Never mind, Stevenson—go on," interrupted the skipper.

"Well, we went to a party glass or two—not too much, sir; about a bottle of whisky between two of us—and when they turned us out at eleven Tom he sits in the gutter, and sez he, 'I won't go home till morning.' I sez, 'Don't be a fool, Tom,' and a piece of man comes, so I goes off and makes down to the cool tips. It didn't seem quite the right tip, but I sees a big four-masted bark with a yellow funnel, and sez I, 'That's the Coquimbó! I knows the ugly look of her.' So I crawled aboard and goes to sleep in the fore-cabin. When I wakened up she was rolling heavy far out at sea, and when I got on deck I says to myself, 'It's another sanguinary African boat.' So it was; and they made me scrape paint, and when we got here the skipper he sez, 'Clear out, and be thankful you ain't locked up by the Consul'—and I landed without a cent."

The captain hesitated and looked at the man once or twice, while the latter spat calmly on the deck; at last he said, half to himself: "The chief wants another hand with that broken-down engine of his"—then raising his voice, "All right, I'll take you if the chief engine approves; give me your name. Mind, I'm not going to sign you on and pay me more than your worth for stamps; but if you behave I'll give you a trial; to go ashore with."

At this the man strolled leisurely away, and so James Gaythorn became one of the crew of the Corona. Then the whistle rang out, and while the winch rattled and the cable came clinking-clanking home I went aft and stowed away my goods and chattels. On coming on deck again I found we were off, for dipping her broad bows into the long trade-wind roll, shouldering off heavy folds of blue water, and pitching showers of glistening spray over her fore-cabin head, the Corona thrust her way out to sea.

The vine-clad volcanic mountains of Grand Canary, shining in the sunset light, grew dimmer and dimmer; then the snow-crowned peak of Teneriffe stood out cold and white against the seffron afterglow until the last gleam died away, and the faint revolving flashes from the summit of the Isletta, streaming along the bubbling wake astern, were all that remained of the land.

While I leaned over the rail, smoking and watching the foam crawl past—crawl is the proper word—the chief officer came along, and in reply to my query said:

"What kind of a boat is she? Well, you can see—about as hard an old tramp as was ever launched into the German Ocean; besides, we've been knocking about for months, and there's stells and grass on her a foot long. The engineer says his mill is all to bits, too." Subsequent experience proved that this description was by no means exaggerated.

Turning out early next morning I climbed to the poop—for the Corona was of the usual well-deck build—and could see nothing but an azure circle above and a sweep of sparkling foam flanked sea below, piled into ridges by the fresh trade breeze, across which the steamer slowly rolled.

One glance at the water, without looking at the log dial, was sufficient to show that she was only going six knots; so climbing down the narrow steel-runged ladder I made my way forward over the slippery iron deck, dodging the spouts of water which gushed in through the scuppers at every roll, to look for the chief engineer. Passing the engine-room door, the thumping and clanging that floated up were quite enough to tell of worn-out journals and general out-of-lineness to one who could interpret it. I found the chief in his room rubbing his hands with the inevitable ball of waste, and said:

"What kind of a mill have you got?"

"Well," he said—for most engineers are Clyde-dale men—"there's a mill for war jobs afloat, but I havena seen yin. Man, do ye no hear her clack-clackin' and a wheeze-wheezin'? There's a third of the tubes in the port boiler plugged and a patch leakin'; forby the fireman canna keep steam w' they dirt o' coals."

Now a Clyde-dale man is rarely satisfied with his engine, and would burn gold if he could get it, so I did not think too much of this outburst, but had only to listen to understand that the engine was not what he would have called an "A1 mill."

Four or five days went by pleasantly enough, for to lie back in a canvas chair beneath the shade of double awnings and watch the sunlight on the water, and the

long trade-wind ridges melting away into curls of creamy foam and clouds of glittering spray before the steamer's bows, is a kind of sailing that has many charms.

One afternoon a large iron bark passed alongside, flying south before the strong northeast trade—a fair vision of tall spars and breadth after breadth of white canvas, with courses, double topgallants set. As she came down upon us, on end, with the blue water roaring away in heavy folds under sharp bows and an eddy of snowy foam frothing up to the fret of a gilded Viking beneath her short steel bowsprit, looking no more than a thin wedge below a tapering cloud of sailcloth, I leaned out over the rail to get a clearer sight. A full-throated chanty with a swinging chorus drifted down the warm breeze—"for there's shining gold in heaps, I'm told, on the banks of the Sacramento"—and looking under the hollow of the foremast, I could see a group of dark figures rising and falling round the heel of the masts as the lofty royals rose and fluttered like white clouds against the azure sky to the steady drag of the halliards.

Then she shot past, lifting a dripping forecastle out of the brine with a weath'ly roll, and drove south across the sparkling sea, making ten or twelve knots an hour, while the steamer slowly thrust along to windward at some six or seven.

Soon afterward the already strong breeze began to freshen up, and when the sun sank, a glowing orb of copper beneath a ragged-edged bank of dark clouds, leaving a brassy yellow glare glowing across threatening sky and angry water, it was evident we were in for bad weather.

The seas were rapidly growing steeper and breaking more sharply, while the heavy tramp steamer slung herself about, and rolled as if she would shake the masts out of her, with water and spray already flying in all directions.

For some hours I hung about on the bridge, under the lee of the "dodgers," or canvas screens, chatting with the mate and trying to evade the stinging spindrift which lashed our faces like a whip from time to time. At last, as the poop disappeared to the top of the hand-wheel in a rush of water, the mate, shaking the water from his soul-wester, said:

"If she jumps any more the chief will be slowing her down. He's an awful old beathen over that broken-down engine of his; the second says he sits and talks to it in bad weather. Anyway, the sooner we get this hooker home the better."

Sleep that night was difficult, for every now and then, as the steamer lifted her stern clear to the sea, the whole poop shook to the heavy vibration of the whirling propeller, until, knowing what cheap ship-plates and bad rivets are, I sincerely wished myself out of it.

In the morning I found the water pouring deep over either rail, while all around stretched a wild, white-crested sea, the Spindrift, torn off the waves, driving along before a hard north-easterly gale beneath low-flying acid that swept the mast heads. Some of the cargo had shifted, and the Corona lay down to it and wallowed, as only a deep tramp can, shoving her bows up to the foremast into the big ridges that rolled down upon her. There were tons of water rolling about the decks and miniature cataraacts pouring from bridge and houses, but she was still going ahead—at least the engines were, though the chief said:

"Man, the auld mill's turning fast speed, but we'll gain back sterrun first tae Las Palmas."

Then misfortunes began to arise; something got adrift on the fore-cabin head and clanged about; it may have been an unshackled chain or anchor lash. Three men, watching their time and clinging to the rail when a heavy sea came on board, crawled forward. I was watching them from the bridge and I saw an unusually large wave rising ahead—a wall of glittering green water, curling over into foam at the summit. The captain waved his hand to the men, and they graped the rails. Next moment the bows disappeared deep in the sea, and when the steamer slowly lifted a streaming forecastle out of the ocean only one remained, clinging half drowned to the rails; while the vessel rolled heavily down, and the sea poured over, I saw his companion clutch at the bulwarks, miss them, and disappear beyond all hope of rescue in a smother of foam.

The other poor fellow lay washing about the deck beneath with broken ribs; and, as three or four seamen crept forward to go to his aid, Mack came up with a long face to say that most of the tubes in the port boiler had burst, and that the water was pouring out under the grates from a leak in the tank end. He said:

"I ha' scalded both hands an' fete trying tae pit in the patent stoppers, but there's that much steam an' hot water flyin' round, it canna be done."

There was a brief consultation, and it was decided to draw the fires in one boiler while the firemen did their best to raise enough steam from the remaining one to keep the ship head to sea.

"Mind, Mack, if she falls off in this sea, it's all up. Be quick," said the captain, to which the chief answered briefly:

"I ha' been in a hot furnace afore, an' I can gang again—there'll be no time lost." So the rest of the day and all night we lay to, every man at his post, while, with ventilators torn up, hatch covers ripped off, and water gurgling about deep in the holds the Corona swung to the heavy Atlantic sea in imminent peril.

Next morning a steady clang and clatter floated up through the stokehold gratings, and a fireman, wiping the sweat from his sooty face, came up to say that the chief wanted me below to see how repairs were done at sea. Climbing down slippery iron ladders, clinging tight to the rails to prevent being flung from the reeling platforms in the shoving machinery, I went through the engine-room, nodding to the second, who sat where he had been for twenty-four hours with his hand on the throttle, while his worn-out subordinates and greasers crept about, oil-can in hand, carefully feeling the whirling cranks for signs of hot journals. After crawling through a dark passage I reached the stokehold, and, clutching a stanchion, stopped to accustom my eyes to the dim light. A fireman with a broken leg lay moaning on a pile of rough sacks, while his comrades, stripped to the waist, their dripping skins shining in the light of the boiler lamp, balanced themselves and their heavy shovels of coal carefully against the violent rolling as they fed the roaring furnaces—the life of the ship—and forced one boiler to do the work of two. A stream of cold



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air whistled down the yawning ventilator shafts and cut through the stokehold like a knife; it rushed to the twinkling grates. The chief engineer, looking gaunter and grimmer than ever, was swathing himself in sacks opposite the front of the port boiler, which although the fires had been drawn, was still almost at blue heat. His third was trying to persuade him not to enter the flue himself, but the chief shook him off.

"Dare I no gang myself whaur I send a fireman?" he said, and then waited, hammer in hand, until planks were thrust into two of the dark furnaces over the glowing fire-bars.

An acrid smell of charring wood floated out of the three-feet flues, and then, while we held our breath, the chief slowly crawled down the hot furnace and disappeared into the dark boiler, while a fireman followed him along the wing flue.

For some minutes there was a clattering of hammers, and then a nerve-straining silence. We listened with our hearts in our mouths, but only heard the hammering of the runaway engines and the vibrating of the plates as a heavy sea struck the ship. Then a smothered cry came from the flue: "For God's sake, get me out!"—and, leaning forward, two firemen dragged the engineer forth, blackened and burnt, after which he promptly collapsed into a dead faint, while a fireman went into the other flue at the risk of his life, and making fast a rope his comrade was hauled out.

Presently the chief gasped and sat up, and holding out a hand on which the burnt flesh was peeling from the bone in rags. "I can do nae mair," he said; "it's a boiler-maker's job. An' we canna drive the boiler at that rate any longer—it's no safe the noo. She'll fall off in the trough of the sea when the engine slows—an' roll over. Lord have mercy on us!"

Just then a dilapidated greaser came in from the engine-room, and I recognized the man who was working his passage. "You should have sent for me before," he said. "Give me the tools."

"What dae ye ken about calking?" asked the chief roughly.

I was the best boiler-maker in Hartlepool before I took to drink," was the quiet reply. "Give him the tools—it's neck or nothing the noo," said the chief.

The s'rang'er carefully wrapped his hands in the sacks, and then, with a hammer slung round his neck, crawled into the black mouth of the flue, pushing a flat engine-lamp before him. The smoky flame cast flickering shadows in the hollows of the corrugated steel shining mistily through the blue vapors from the outside of the plank charring on the hot fire-bars below; the firebricks and a faint glimmer shone from the combustion-chamber beyond. For five minutes the sharp ringing tap-tap of a hammer, followed by the dull crum of a caulking tool biting into the soft metal of the patch echoed through the half-empty boiler while the trickle of water which flowed through the ashes increased in volume. The chief engineer, biting his lips to keep back a cry of pain, and holding his burnt hands limply in front, watched it carefully, until the trickle grew smaller, and at last only a slow drip, drip, fell from the mouth of the flue. The stokers from the starboard boiler left their work and clustered round, and so still was everyone that above the gurgling wash of the water outside, the monotonous hammer of the engines, and the trembling vibration of every plate and angle as a great sea struck the vessel, the splash of every heavy drop falling on the floorplates could be plainly heard.

The red glare of the boiler-lamps fell on anxious faces, dripping with sweat and smeared with soot, all turned toward the yawning mouth of the flue and as I watched I could plainly feel a tiny artery pulsing as if it would burst beneath my ear. Then the tap of the hammer ceased; there was a clatter as of something dropping in the combustion-chamber, and with a low hiss, as of water on hot metal, the dim light went out.

He'd dropped his lamp. Get in, some of you, and bring him out," said the third engineer. And while four firemen struggled to be first to undertake the dangerous work, the chief staggered across the stokehold, and turning a wheel, the sharp clang of the brass rams pumping up the half-empty boiler rang out across the silence.

The seconds dragged slowly past in anxious suspense, while only a rustling sound and a sour smell of charring wood and smouldering cloth drifted out of the black furnace; then there was a shuffling along the plank, and the fireman fell out a limp heap amid the coal below.

"I'm done—take hold!" he gasped; and his comrades seized a shriveled blackened

hand that lay upon the deal plank, ringed round with a smouldering sleeve. A moment later they hauled out a ghastly object, with charred clothing, singed hair, and blackened face, and laid it, with the features distorted in a ghastly spasm of pain, carefully upon the floorplates.

"Poor fellow! I'm afraid he's gone. Get those fires started," said the third engineer, kneeling down and lifting the unconscious form in his arms. Then he added: "Bring those sacks and the Carron oil. One of you go to the steward for brandy; we can't get him out in this weather. It's more than a man's life is worth to carry anything on deck."

Presently the re-lighted fires roared and crackled, and while the half-hours crept slowly by, and the fingers of the steam gauge steadily mounted the scale, the third engineer, surrounded by such firemen whose duties were over, knelt among the coal, bathing the blistered face and hands with the healing oil, and trying to force a few drops of spirit between the clenched teeth. At last, just before the change of the morning watch, when men's lives are at the lowest ebb, and even the wind that swept down the ventilator shafts and whistled in icy blasts across the shadowy stokehold seemed to have something eerie and unreal about it, the burned and blackened lids fell back and the eyes opened.

A faint smile crept over the scorched face softening away the stamp of pain, and the voice of the dying man sounded hollow and strange as he spoke in low gasps. "I've earned my passage—anyway—the leak's stopped. Mine's been a hard—hard life—it's finished now—good-bye." Then the weary eyes closed forever on this world.

As a faint fluttering breath came through the blistered lips, a great sea struck the ship and burst over the skylights above with a roar and rush of foam; the mad racing of the engines shook her from stem to stern, and then, when the dim died away men knew that the boiler-maker had passed to his rest.

There is little more to be told. With steam from both boilers the Corona was able to keep head to sea until the gale died and a faint watery sunlight streamed down between lines of whirling clouds and shoals across the foaming ridges below. When the clumsy tank rolled slowly past Ushant, and so safely out of the bay, with smashed deckhouses and splintered boats, the chief engineer lay writhing in his bunk in an agony of pain, while all that remained of the man who saved the ship lay cold and still beneath the crimson folds of the red ensign. At eight bells the engines stopped for a few minutes, and as the solemn words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to Eternal Life," sounded clearly above the gurgling and swish of water along the plates of the plunging ship, the stern grating was tipped up—and there was a heavy splash in the sea.

Then a silence fell over the bare-headed crew, and they turned softly away, a hazy idea in each man's heart—for Jack is not much given to sentiment, and can rarely express himself clearly—that whatever the boiler-maker's past life may have been, he had at least made a good end, and possibly also a vague pride in another proof—that though he has proved it over and over again—that even the "drunken sailor" man occasionally die in a manner of which his countrymen have no cause to be ashamed.—H. Bindloss, in Temple Bar.

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"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "doan seem ter hab only jes' 'nuff sense ter discover new ways 'er gittin' inter trouble an' not 'nuff ter git out."—Washington Star.

# A SCARED TIGER'S LEAP.

Caught in a Narrow Gully It Vainly Tried for Escape in a Big Tree.

Scared animals leap distances and heights as men in a state of excitement do things that astonish them when they cool down and begin to think about what they have done. When a man makes a long jump up in the Adirondacks to get across a broad brook he is said to have "jumped like a deer" but should the man have made a leap, as over a high fence or across a broad brook, being at the time in a state of excitement, as having a bull close after him, he jumps then "like a scared deer," scared deer making jumps the unalarmed one could not make.

Tigers do not ordinarily take to trees, but they have been known to do so when badly scared at being close pressed. Capt. S. D. Browne tells of an Indian tiger's leap that landed it in a tree top. The Captain was waiting for the beaters to drive a tiger his way, when one of the big cats appeared at the top of a steep, stony ravine close at hand. The big bullet from the Captain's rifle knocked the tiger head over heels down the gully tanks. It fetched up against the bottom of its feet, then it made a frantic dash across the ravine bottom to a tree. The sides of the gully were too steep for even a cat to climb, and up and down there were men ready for it. The hunted tiger had but a single chance, slim though it was. The tree at which it had dashed might conceal it from the hunters, and up it jumped, landing among the branches over fifteen feet above the ground. A few moments later another bullet killed it.

# ACUTE DYSPEPSIA.

A TROUBLE THAT MAKES THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS MISERABLE.

The Only Rational Treatment is to Remove the Cause of the Trouble—One Who Suffered Greatly Shows How This Can Be Done at a Comparatively Trifling Expense.

The life of a dyspeptic is beyond doubt one of the most unhappy lots that can befall humanity. There is always a feeling of over-fullness and distress after eating, no matter how carefully the food may be prepared, and even when the patient uses food sparingly there is frequently no cessation of the distressing pains. How thankful one who has undergone this misery and has been restored to health feels can perhaps be better imagined than described. One such sufferer, Mrs. Thos. E. Worrell, of Danabarton, N. B., relates her experience in the hope that it may prove beneficial to some other similar sufferer. Mrs. Worrell says that for more than two years her life was one of constant misery. She took only the plainest foods, and yet her condition kept getting worse, and was at last seriously aggravated by palpitation of the heart brought on by the stomach troubles. She lost all relish for food and grew so weak that it was with difficulty she could go about the house, and to do her share of the necessary housework made life a burden. At times it was simply impossible for her to take food as every mouthful produced a feeling of nausea, and sometimes brought on violent fits of vomiting which left her weaker than before. She had taken a great deal of medicine but did not find any improvement. At last she read in a newspaper of a cure in a similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to give them a trial. After using three or four boxes there was a great improvement in her condition and after the use of eight boxes Mrs. Worrell says: "I can assure you I am now a well woman, as strong as ever I was in my life, and I owe my present condition entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have proved to me a wonderful medicine. Mrs. Worrell further says that Pink Pills were also of the greatest benefit to her husband, who suffered greatly with rheumatism in his hands and arms. At times these would swell up and the pains were so great that he could not sleep and would sit the whole night beside a fire in order to get a little relief from the pain he was enduring. Seeing how much benefit his wife had derived from the use of Pink Pills he began their use, and soon drove the rheumatism from his system and he has since been free from the terrible pains which had formerly made his life miserable. Both Mr. and Mrs. Worrell say they will always strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to ailing friends.

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# The Color of Pure Water.

The fact is generally known that pure water appears blue when light is transmitted through a sufficient thickness of it, and that when opaque particles are suspended in it the hue of the water is greenish. But while pure water looks blue when light passes freely through it, yet when it is contained in a deep opaque receptacle, like the basin of a lake or the ocean, it ought to absorb all light and look black. Experience shows, however, that the deepest parts of the Mediterranean, for instance, appear not black, but intensely blue. This has been supposed to be caused by minute particles held in suspension, but the recent experiments of Prof. Spring at Liege suggests a different explanation. He has found that warmer currents passing through pure water interrupt its transparency, even when the difference of temperature is very slight. Such currents may cause deep water to appear blue by reflecting light back from its depths through the transparent layers above. This, it is suggested, explains the fact that fresh water lakes are more transparent in winter than in summer, because in winter currents of heated water are not traversing them. Even the shadow of a mountain falling on a lake may increase the transparency of the water by cooling the surface.—Youth's Companion.

MISSILES THAT FAILED TO KILL.

Odd Arrow Heads and Curious Bullets From the Flesh of Migrating Birds.

According to the Fishing Gazette, a salmon taken in Baker's Bay, Wash., had the shaft of a spear sticking through its head, which had been embedded there about eight months, judging from the state of the wound and the time the fish was taken. The supposition is that the fish ascended an Alaskan river and was spared by an Indian.

Out on the prairies, where the buffalo were to be counted by thousands, the hunters frequently found the arrows of various Indians embedded in the flesh of the big brutes—now the Sioux arrow, again the Blackfoot, and again the Comanche. The finding of an arrow is such a head of game often told of a roaming of thousands of miles, but nowadays the mammals that have been wounded, which still bear the missile that hurt them, carry only the lead from a hunter's rifle, the beasts not ranging to the far north, where arrows and spears are still used. So it is that only birds, and once in a while a fish, bring down an Alaskan's weapon to be examined by hunters in Ohio, on the Chesapeake Bay, or some other place where geese and swans are killed.

A curious tale is to be gathered from two letters published by the Forest and Stream. On one occasion P. Byron Wood M. D., wrote that James Frick of Baltimore captured a wild swan, which was prepared for the table. An arrow head, whose shank had been noticed deeply so that it would hold, was found in the breast; beneath the pectoral muscle, lying against and buried in the breast bone to the depth of a quarter of an inch. The arrow head was covered with a membranous tissue, as are all old missiles found buried in the flesh of animals. It was made of one-sixteenth-inch iron—barrel hoop, maybe—and was over four inches long.

Another letter was from E. W. Nelson of Tucson, Ariz., which said, in part: "During my explorations in Alaska I procured several quivers of iron-pointed arrows, notched as the original in your out of the arrowhead found in the Chesapeake Bay swan, and the form being unusual. The region where I secured my arrows was probably the same where the swan was shot, the Upper Yukon River, about 200 miles above Fort Yukon. They were made of the Tutchean-Kutchin tribe of the Chipewyan Indians. The swans are very abundant on the Upper Yukon."

A swan shot on the Grand River, near Painesville, O., in the spring of 1882, had a copper-pointed arrow through one of its wings. The shaft of the arrow was of bone. The flesh had grown about it firmly. It was supposed to be an Alaskan arrow, but no one knew for certain. In the fall of 1886 John Simon of Landing Yolo county, California, shot a wild goose. Buried in its breast was an ivory arrowhead curiously carved. When John Murdock, connected with the United States National Museum at Washington, read of Simon's goose he wrote that the ivory arrow head was undoubtedly one made by the Eskimos of Northwestern Alaska, of which ivory arrow heads, a hundred or more, were in the museum. The natives in the neighborhood of Point Barrow make a slender polygonal arrow head of ivory about five inches long for the purpose of shooting large birds such as geese and swans.

The Pioneer of Summerside, O., in 1885 told of a wild goose which Benjamin Tanton of St. Eleanor's, O., bought that had been shot in Richmond Bay. While it was being prepared for cooking an ounce lead ball was found completely encased in its liver. The bullet was a curious one, such as an Indian or a trapper who had shot his would might be expected to make. It has been hammered, instead of cast, into shape. Frederick Schwatka's "Nimrods of the North" tells of finding the Eskimos of King William Land and vicinity using copper that had been stripped from the ships Sir John Franklin went north in to make rivets of for fastening their bows together.

Once in a while an Adirondack hunter kills a deer with its flanks peppered by fine shot, or a buck shot is taken from the deer's flesh. AGUE CURED IN 3 TO 6 NIGHTS.—Dr. Ague's Ointment will cure all cases of Itching Piles in from 3 to 6 nights. One application brings comfort. For Blind and Bleeding Piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch, and all other eruptions of the skin. 35 cts. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

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