

WHERE MILLIONS ARE BURIED.

Some Searches That Have Been Made for Kidd's Money.

There is no story in the romance of buried treasures so thrilling as that of a hundred years search for the millions which Captain Kidd is said to have hidden on Oak Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia.

It was 100 years after that strange combination of parson's son, New York merchant, privateer, and pirate was hanged at Tyburn, in 1701, that any serious attempt was made to unearth the gold he had buried in millions during his freebooting career. For four solid years he was engaged in concealing in different spots, from Florida to Nova Scotia, the plunder he had taken from Spanish galleons and from French and Dutch merchantmen—half the entire stock of gold known to exist in his day.

The secret of his chief treasure was given on his death-bed by the son of one of Captain Kidd's sailors to three of his friends; Maginnis, Vaughan, and Smith. Armed with a map and a plan of the hiding place, they went to Oak Island, one of the 350 beautiful islands which are scattered over Mahone Bay.

They found a cleared space in the forest, marked by an old oak and a ship's block, bearing peculiar marks, which they were unable to decipher.

They began to dig in the deepest ground under the branches of the tree, and at a depth of 10 ft. came to a plank platform, which stimulated their zeal and convinced them they had struck the hiding-place of the treasure. Every 10 ft. they found strange markings on the plank sides of the pit, and they had sunk about 20 yds. when suspicion was aroused and they were driven from the island.

A few years later a company was organized by a Truro doctor to recover the treasure, and operations began again. At a depth of 95 ft. the diggers unearthed a flat stone, 3 ft. long and about 18 in. wide, on which was inscribed:—

TEN FEET BELOW TWO MILLION POUNDS ARE BURIED.

The treasure-hunters were in a fever of excitement, and thought they had the millions in their grasp. On returning to the shaft the following morning they found that it was almost full of water, and that all their labour and hopes were futile.

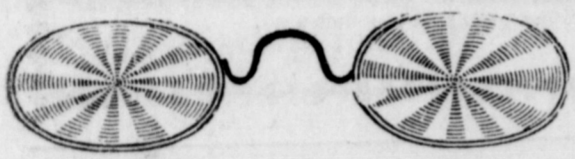
In 1849 another company was started, again in Truro, but they could make no headway against the water, which poured in as rapidly as they pumped it out. Mining augers, which they used, brought up pieces of metal, parts of an oak cask, and some fibre peculiar to Spain—all evidences that under the dark waters some kind of Spanish treasure was lurking.

It was discovered that the water in the pit was salt, and of the same level as the tide; and a long and diligent search disclosed a drain connecting the shaft with the sea. Efforts were made to stop this drain, and thus to block the influx of water, but all to no purpose; and for the third time the attempt to regain the buried gold was abandoned in despair. In 1861 a joint-stock company was started with sufficient capital; but again the water difficulty proved fatal to its enterprise.

A little more than a year ago the most determined and scientific effort of all was made. The 'Oak Island Treasure Company' was floated, with a capital of £12,000, and an expedition started to Oak Island equipped with the newest machinery, steam pumps, hoisting engines, dynamite—everything, in fact, that science and ingenuity could suggest.

So far the hidden gold has not been reached, although further proofs of its existence have been obtained. The latest evidence consists of a tiny piece of parchment drawn from a depth of 156 ft. On the parchment were two letters, 'V1,' which only serve to add one more to the many mysterious clues which have baffled hundreds.

That some treasure lies at the bottom of this inaccessible shaft seems beyond question; and there is little doubt that in time



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it will be reached and rescued. So far £20,000 have been spent in efforts to recover it; generations have lived and died dreaming of it and struggling for it; and if the pirate captain had wished for revenge on his fellow-man he could have designed and formed more subtle and aggravating than that of putting his treasures in the earth's keeping.

A FIGHTING SNAKE.

The Moccasin Reptile is not to be Fooled With.

'Don't wake up a moccasin,' seems to be the moral of an experience undergone by a Southern correspondent of Forest and Stream while fishing one day in a bayou of the Pearl River. He says: My end of the boat had turned toward the nearest bank, which was distant about thirty feet, and lying asleep on a log at the water's edge I noticed a moccasin of very fair proportions. Signalling to my companion, I pointed to the snake, that he might hold the boat steady while I tried a shot at it with a small pocket pistol—a twenty-two calibre—that we always carried on our trips, and in use of which constant practice had made me very expert. The snake's head was not visible, so I concluded to try a shot at the thickest part of the body, which showed clear on the highest part of the log, presenting a fair mark that I could hit nine times in ten. As I fired, the boat must have been moved slightly, for my shot struck one-half inch lower than I intended. Instead of going through the snake's body, it went between it and the log, and must have felt very much like a hot iron, to judge by his actions. After a quick quiver and a full-length squirm, he began to bow his back and spit like an angry cat.

This was so unusual that it amused us very much, and we sat laughing heartily for a moment or two expecting every instant that the snake would take to the water and disappear. Suddenly the snake swung round, with its head stretched in our direction, and plunged into the water but did not disappear. Threshing through the water like mad, he made straight for me with an air of business that cured my attack of laughing quite promptly and effectually. Staring on he came until he was but a few feet from me as I sat in the boat and then I recovered my powers of locomotion and most ingloriously fled. There was no choice of routes, so straight down the long slender boat I dashed toward the end my companion occupied, clearing the middle seat with a jump that nearly drove the bottom out.

My companion had started up with a startled cry to 'Look out!' and had grasped a heavy paddle lying in the bottom of the boat; but seeing me bearing down on him in a wild flight, that was certain to carry us both over the end of the boat into twenty feet of water, he dropped the paddle, stooped low, and caught me with an approved football tackle hold just above the knees, and together we fell with a crash against the end seat, my head striking with such force that I was rendered almost unconscious.

Springing to his feet, my friend snatched up the paddle and ran to the end of the boat from which I had fled, and found the snake still in pursuit, although the boat had moved some distance from the impetus given by the sudden arresting of my flight. Not until he had received a blow that almost disabled him did that pugnacious serpent retire from the attack. He then swam back to the bank, and crawled out on the very log on which we had first seen him.

Tyranny.

A Shutter planter went to New Orleans several months after General Butler had taken the reins in his hands and acquired a reputation for 'tyranny.' So says Every-Where which thus continues the story:

A Much Maligned Beverage.

"Death in the tea-pot." Well cheap teas—steeped instead of steeped—caus'd the saying. Good teas properly drawn, are a wholesome, as well as palatable drink; but they must be good, as, for instance, Tetley's Elephant Brand Indo-Ceylon Tea.

One of the first things he saw was the placards of a gentlemen's furnishing store posted on the walls and fences—'Get your shirts at Moody's.' The planter saw it again and again, and mused deeply upon it.

'It's another of Butler's orders,' he said to himself. He probably a partner in the concern, and what he says 'goes;' so I suppose it's best to submit. I don't need any shirts, and it is a shame to be compelled to buy them now; but I don't want any more trouble.'

He accordingly went to Moody's and bought half a dozen shirts, on compulsion.

THE Czar AT HOME.

The Russian Court the Most Magnificent in the World.

The Russian court, military and ministerial, dress is costly and rich in the extreme, and this richness is carried out even to the liveries of the servants, their scarlet coats being literally ablaze with gold. It is a fact that no court in the world presents such a picturesque and magnificent appearance as does that of Russia. At any function, therefore, the show is brilliant, but more especially, perhaps, at a ball, when the rich evening toilets of the ladies, enhanced by jewels of priceless worth, add much to the already brilliant effect. The Russian dances are of a very stately description, and both the emperors and empress take part in them very thoroughly. The aspect of the armorial hall, where the supper is often laid, is grand beyond all description. This meal is not partaken of standing, as at the majority of courts, but the guests sit down at the long rows of tables. A procession is formed, which is headed by his imperial majesty and the most distinguished lady present, and the room is then entered in the order of precedence. Of course, an immense quantity of plate is displayed. This and the china that is also used are noted throughout Europe for their richness and beauty. There is one service alone, capable of dining 500 persons, that is composed entirely of the purest silver overlaid with gold. Added to all this the use of a variety of the choicest fruits and the rarest flowers, amongst which orchids figure largely, make the scene one of the most gorgeous magnificent. During the evening a state progress through the suite of rooms is made by the imperial personages and the chief officers of the household, the guests forming up in a long avenue on either side. One special feature is that two or three of the largest halls in the palace are on the occasion of the ball fitted up as a huge conservatory; palms, exotics, ferns, banks of flowers and even fruit trees being transplanted thither with most marvelous effect.

Electric light is carried throughout and glows down from myriads of globes of a variety of colors. In this veritable fairyland hundreds of seats are placed for the convenience of the guests between the dances. It would be utterly impossible to mention the rare works of art to be seen in this palace, comprising paintings, statuary, collections of jewels, antiquities and curios of every description. Everything is of oriental magnificence, and to see it all the eye must weary of the continuous dazzle.

CHARCOAL.

Black Lead and Diamonds Have the Same Chemical Properties.

With the single exception of the yellow metal—gold—there is probably nothing in nature around which human interest centers itself more strongly than around diamonds. The scientist, however, in spite of the fact that specimens to operate upon cost \$25 per grain, regards the sparkling crystals of carbon with critical eyes, and in his laboratory, in the cause of science, he experiments with these brilliant objects with just as much interest as if they were so many crystals of common salt, sulphur or alum. No one would suppose, judging from their outward appearance or physical properties, that a lump of charcoal, a piece of black lead and a diamond had any relation to each other, and yet it has been proved beyond dispute that their chemical constitution is identical. They are simply three distinct modifications of the non-metallic element, carbon. To prove this relationship many queer experiments have been made with these valuable crystals. They have been burnt both in the air and in oxygen gas, the resulting carbonic acid gas being carefully collected and weighed. The favorite experiment for proving the constitution of the diamond is to place a weighed quantity in a small platinum saucer, which is inserted in the porcelain tube of a specially constructed miniature furnace. The tube is heated strongly, and a stream of oxygen gas allowed to pass through it, the products of the combustion of the diamond being collected in bulbs of caustic potash. The diamond disappears, but the potash bulbs increase, correspondingly in weight by the absorption of the resulting carbonic acid.

Where the Wool Ought to Grow.

In 'Phases of my Life' the Rev. Dr. Pigou does not confine his stories to those of clerical cut; here is an amusing one of a certain meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, at which he was present. There was present at this meeting a gentleman named Crawford who always was on

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Includes an illustration of a woman in a white dress holding a bouquet. Text: 'SURPRISE Soap Economy. SURPRISE Soap is the cheapest. You buy a large cake for only 5 cents. It makes a free, heavy lather but lasts a long time. All the dirt comes out of the clothes without scalding, boiling, or hard rubbing. SURPRISE won't injure or fade the most delicate fabric. It will save you money, time and temper. Remember the name— "Surprise" Soap.'

the opposition. Some one who had spent half of his life in Queensland, and was owner of vast flocks and herds, was descending on the great importance of developing the resources of a part of the world at that time comparatively little known, especially in connection with the wool trade.

'Who ever heard,' said 'Objector General,' 'of wool being grown in the tropics? Nature by giving the sheep a warm fleece intended it for cold climates.'

The Australian stared at him in amazement. 'Why,' he said, 'I have lived there nearly all my life, and made my fortune by wool. As to wool never growing in the tropics, who on earth have more wool on their heads than niggers?'

There was a roar of laughter, amidst which Crawford's voice was heard saying, 'You have beaten me. I offer no more objection.'

The Queen as a Tenant.

Here is a story told of Queen Victoria by Sir Edward Russ in the Liverpool Post, which reveals her in a fresh and genuinely human light—a pleasingly humorous light, in fact. He prefaces the story by remarking that one of the queen's little traits is a habit of emphasizing particular words, and the words italicized below are exactly those which were imitatively emphasized by the person who told him the story. On one occasion her majesty was speaking to a gentleman of high station, when she said, 'I don't like the —' (referring to a landed family) 'Why, ma'am? Oh, because they are very bad to their tenants; and many of their cottages are in a horrid state, and if anything is done by any tenants at their own expense to improve their condition, the first thing the —'s do is to raise the rent upon them.'

It may well be supposed that the gentleman who was honored with this conversation felt inclined to smile. He said, 'Well, I am only glad, ma'am, that you sympathize with the afflictions of tenants.'

Whereupon the queen said, 'Oh, I am a tenant myself. I hold — (naming a place of her majesty's) from Mr. — of —, and I have made many improvements and every time I have made an improvement my rent has been raised.'

Then the gentleman laughed outright,

and the queens own eyes began to twinkle as he said. 'Well ma'am, let me say that this that you have now complained of underlies and is the basis and secret of the whole Irish question and the whole crofter question. It is rather amusing to find your majesty suffering from a grievance as a crofter.'

Then her majesty laughed very much. 'I can only say,' he added, with something better than courtliness, 'I can only say how good it is to find you sharing in the afflictions of the poorest of your subjects.'

A Grave Digging Record.

It is probably at Aldenburg where is to be found the record in grave-digging. On a stone in the cemetery there is an inscription which records the life-work of three sextons—father, son and grandson. Christian Friedrich Thieme, who died on June 24, 1785, at the age of 72, was grave digger for 25 years. His son, Johann Christian Thieme, occupied the position for 54 years, and during that time interred no fewer than 50,381 inhabitants. The grandson, Johann Heinrich Karl Thieme, surpassed this. He died in 1826, after 50 years' work as a grave-digger, and it was found that he had dug graves for 23,311 persons.

Change! His Name Five Times.

The Earl of Ancaster, in his sixty-eight years of life, has borne more names than fall to the lot of most peers. He began life as Mr. Heathcote, the son of Lord Aveland; at the age of 37 he succeeded his father as Baron Aveland; ten years ago he became twenty-second Lord Willoughby de Eresby in succession to his mother, and six years ago he was made Earl of Ancaster. It was through his mother that he came into possession of most of his 132,000 acres, and of his three castles in England, Scotland and Wales.

A Cat's Travels.

A cat has just died at San Francisco who had travelled very nearly a million miles. He belonged to the chief engineer of the Royal Mail steamer Aladema, and for thirteen years was his companion on board ship in all his voyages between Sydney and San Francisco. With the passengers this remarkable cat was a great favorite, and on completing 700,000 miles he was presented with a silver collar.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

And what it led to.

It is not a common occurrence that a friendly word should be the means of giving nearly forty years of happiness and health to the person heeding the advice it carried. This was the case with Mary Lingard. At twenty-five she was dragging out her days in misery. At sixty-one she finds herself so active and strong she can do work that would shame many a younger woman, and looks back on thirty-six happy, healthful years of industry. But let her tell her story:

'Thirty-six years ago I had great trouble with my liver. The doctors allowed that there were tumors growing on it, and they blistered my side in an effort to give me relief. I was at that time earning my living as a tailoress; but for five years, between the pain in my side and the blisters I was in constant misery, and work was a drag to me, with no prospect of relief; fortunately for me, however, a friend advised me to take Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and finally persuaded me to take a regular course of it. When I first commenced taking the Sarsaparilla my side was so painful that I could not fasten my dress, and for a time I did not get any relief, but my friend advised me to persevere, and sure to come, and come it did. This happened, as I say, thirty-six years ago. My liver has never troubled me since, and during these years I have passed through the most critical period of a woman's life without any particular trouble, and to-day, at sixty-one years of age, I am active and strong, and able to do a day's work that would upset

many a younger woman. Ever since my recovery I have taken a couple of bottles of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring, and am quite satisfied that I owe my good health to this treatment. I give this testimonial purely in the hope that it may meet the eye of some poor sufferer.'

MARY LINGARD, Woodstock, Ont.

Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its way to every corner of the world by the praise of its friends; those who have tried it and who know they were cured by the use of the remedy. There is nothing so strong as this personal testimony. It throws all theories and fancies to the winds and stands solidly upon the rock of experience challenging every skeptic with a positive 'I know.' Ayer's Sarsaparilla, with its purifying and vitalizing action on the blood is a radical remedy for every form of disease that begins in tainted or impure blood. Hence tumors, sores, ulcers, boils, eruptions and similar diseases yield promptly to this medicine. Some cases are more stubborn than others, but persistence with Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla usually results in a complete cure. Mary Lingard began with a bottle, and went on to a course of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When she was cured she realized that a medicine that could cure disease could also prevent it. So she took a couple of bottles each spring and kept in perfect health. There are thousands of similar cases on record. Some of these are gathered into Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a little book of 100 pages which is sent free by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Write for it.