

A Visiting Ghost At Sea.

'They're a queer set of spirits that frequent the seas and they do some mighty queer things, as any sailorman knows,' said Capt. Bill Kinsman as he cut a pipeful of a plug and proceeded to roll it between his horny palms.

'It happened when I was a young man on a voyage from Maracaibo to Liverpool on the bark Ingomar with a cargo of mahogany. A chap by the name of Teague was the captain, and the sickest looking skipper he was that ever let a ship's crew do as it pleased.

'Instead of taking his rest like a Christian, he set up on the taffrail, in his watch at odd of it, fair weather or foul, sleeping sometimes but most while looking out over the sea like a man in a trance.

'It didn't take many days out of port before they begin to be whippers among the crew. What was it, we wanted to know, that'd make a man like Teague shrink away from his clothes and shun decent men's neighborhood?

'Mate, says Ben Wicks, who'd lost one of his eyes on a man-o'-war, 'I know the signs. It's blood spots he sees out there—blood spots of his own making and they're no good goin' to come to them as travels with him.'

'I don't know, jest what the crew'd a done if it hadn't happened that Ben's remarks come to the ears of the first mate. Soon they did the mate comes thumping down the deck and lays Ben out with a able market.

'Wine,' he says turning to the rest of us, 'is they any of you ever had guts enough to love a woman? Two years ago they was a feller about to get the likeliest gal in Portland, Me., for a wife. She quarrelled with him a week before the wedding, about nothing, as women will, and up and married a dub that was worth no good woman's thoughts.

'After that nobody felt called on to give his opinions of the captain. I reckon the crew was more sorry for him than anything else, though Ben Wicks shook his head and did a heap of mumbling under his breath. And we certainly begin to have a queer voyage.

'It's coming soon,' says Ben Wicks one dog watch when the first mate was out of hearing.

'That same night it come up to rain on the captain's watch and he sent me down after his oilskins. Foot of the companionway I looked into the cabin and there at the captain's table, as I'm a living man, sat a little brown-haired woman writing. Everybody aboard, knew there was no woman on the Ingomar and hadn't been.

'Where's them Skins?' says Teague. 'If you please, sir,' I says, 'they's a lady at the cabin table writing.'

'Teague looked at me for full half a minute and his eyes was like them of a man that's gone blind. Then he spoke kind of soft.

'What kind of a looking woman was it?' says he.

'She was a little plump woman,' I says, 'with brown hair that was brushed back.'

'Teague's face became white as a corpse's and he held up his hand.

'That'll do,' he says. 'Go down and ask the lady to kindly step up!'

'I wasn't banking after that cabin jest then, but it was better than Teague's voice. Before I got to the foot of the companionway I see she was gone. I went over to

TO CURE A COULD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

where she'd been setting and there on the table was a sheet of paper and on it in a woman's writing was the three words, 'Steer due south.' I grabbed the paper and went back on deck. As I came up it seemed as though Teague's eyes grabbed hold of me.

'The lady's gone, sir,' I says, 'but this here paper was on the cabin table.'

'I don't know how he got the paper. I didn't hand it to him. He jest had it. Then there come a sound like a herd of bulls bellowing and it was Teague calling to the man at the wheel.

'Hard starboard,' says Teague and around she swung.

'Keep her due south,' says Teague, 'and mind your eye.'

'That minute the breeze shifted fair and begin to freshen and inside of two hours we was jumping along at 10 knots. The first mate looked feezed when he come on deck to take his watch, but Teague gave his orders and didn't make no explanations. Then he went up into the bow and took his seat in the knighthead.

'For seven days that fair breeze lasted and for seven days we went clipping South, with sun so hot that it boiled the pitch out of the decks and port of destination further and further over our port quarter. And for seven days Teague set up there on the knighthead looking forward over the sea. We passed ships and then got past the travelled way and Teague pe'd no heed.

'But on that seventh day we raised a speck on the horizon and Teague jumped to his feet when he see it. We come up to it in the first dog watch. She was what was left of a fine schooner her masts gone and laying so low in the water her decks were partly awash.

'Lower away the yawl,' says Teague. It was his first word since he'd turned the bark south.

'I was in the yawl's crew. There was a dozen starving men with bloodshot eyes on the wreck and two or three dead ones.

'Water,' the men whispered as Teague come aboard, and held out their hands.

'Where's the woman?' says Teague. 'Dead—under yon tarpaulin,' says one of the men. 'Poor little woman. Barker beat her to death before she starved.'

'God be praised,' says Teague in a quiet voice that shook that waterlogged wreck. 'And which of you's Barker?'

'Dead a week,' says the man. 'Give us water.'

'Teague went over, pulled the tarpaulin off and picked the woman that was lying under it up in his two hands. They said afterward that she'd been dead three days. He looked at her a minute and put his face down to hers. Then he hollers out:

'Some brandy here—this woman's alive.' and he forced some down between her set teeth. Then he loosened her dress and rubbed her body and blew in her mouth and worked over her for two hours without raising her head. And then, as I hope for mercy, the woman's eyelids begin to flutter like a loose studdin' sail in a light breeze and her eyes opened and she smiled with 'em up at Teague. And Teague, as I live, set there swelling up to the size of his clothes with every second that passed.

'Come here, Bill,' says he to me, speaking soft as a woman with a young baby; is this her you see in the cabin?'

'I crept over and looked at her.

'Yes, sir,' I says, 'though not near so pale.'

'Well, how,' says Teague, 'could that sperrit of her come to be settin' in that there cabin, with her not dead yet, down here fourteen hundred miles away?'

'At that the woman opened her eyes and smiled up at Teague again.

'You was a long time coming, Jim,' she whispered. 'I—I been a dreaming that I was writing you a letter.'

'They was married when we got to port a month overdue. Teague lived to be 78 but his wife was 81 when she died. Sometimes I've felt sorry for that poor little brown-haired ghost that had to wait them sixty long years before it had a chance to get about again.'

The Phantom Ship.

While the captain of an English steamer was standing on the bridge of his vessel as it passed down the English Channel, a thick fog came on and he began to sound the fog-horn. To his dismay, after he had sounded the signal, he heard the 'Boo-o-o' of the horn repeated directly ahead of him.

He turned the ship's head sharply to the right to avoid a collision and sounded another warning. 'Again the Boo-o-o' was returned. The vessel was put back on its former track and the fog horn sounded, with the same result.

'I could not make it out,' said the captain, in narrating the story, 'and a strange feeling of superstitious awe began to creep over me: Just as I was giving myself one last pull together the lookout man called: 'It's the old coo, sir!'

'And so it was—the cow kept in the fore-castle for the use of the ship. Undoubtedly she took the sound of the fog-horn for the cry of a companion in distress and gave a sympathetic response.'

Perils of the Deep.

CREAT HARDSHIP AND EXPOSURE ENDURED.

Capt. Adnah Burns, of Dayspring, N. S., Tells an Interesting Story From his own Experience.

From the Progress, Lunenburg, N. S.

Capt. Adnah Burns, of Dayspring, Lunenburg, Co., N. S., is a prominent representative of a large class of men in Nova Scotia, who during much of the year follow the dangerous occupation of deep sea fishing. When not at sea Capt. Burns' avocation is that of ship carpenter. He is 43 years of age, and is today a healthy, vigorous representative of his class.

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A Reasonable Precaution.

One of the stories which Levi Hutobin, the old time clock maker of Concord, New Hampshire, delighted to tell related to the youth of Daniel Webster.

One morning said the old man, while I was trying breakfast at the tavern kept by Daniels's father, Daniel and his brother Ezekiel, who were little boys with dirty faces and snarly hair, came to the table and asked me for bread and butter.

I complied with their request, little thinking that they would become very distinguished men. Daniel dropped his piece of bread on the sandy floor, and the buttered side, of course, was down. He looked at it a moment, then picked it up and showed it me saying:

'Want a pity! Please give me a piece of bread buttered on both sides; then if I let it fall one of the buttered sides will be up.'

Very Mysterious.

Mrs. Jessie De Mercado, writing in Harper's Magazine of her experience in Jamaica, tells the story of two treasures stored away beneath a buggy seat.

'One day,' she said 'when a visit to my dressmaker was a necessity, I ordered a young negro boy to get upon the jumble and drive me to the town.

'I paid my visit to the dressmaker, received my lock—a light summer thing,—and placed it in the box beneath the buggy seat. Then I drove to my sister's, where I went in to escape the heated part of the day, giving my boy sixpence and telling him to see the sights and return at four o'clock.

HUNDREDS OF OPINIONS agree upon the fact that Pain Killer has alleviated more pain than any other medicine. Unqualified for diarrhoea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Three ladies (a mother and two daughters, one of the latter a very young girl) were making a call on a friend.

The mother and elder sister presented their cards to the servant girl and requested her to give them to her mistress. Leaving the visitors in the hall, the girl, holding out the cards between her fingers, went to her mistress, exclaiming:—

'Please ma'am, there's three ladies with only two tickets. Must I let 'em all in?'

When a woman tells you she can't understand why you care for her when there are so many more beautiful than she who would be flattered by your smiles—run.

'Take keer mah'len,' said de preacher, solemnly; 'take keer dat when de time comes to shuffler off his beah mortal coil yo' doua' git lost in de shuffler!'

The Same Piece of Soap

In Maypole Soap, dyes all wool, all cotton, all silk goods equally fast and brilliant.

It washes and dyes at one operation—please remember that. Think of the time and mess you save. It

Dyes All Materials

and dyes to any shade. Perfectly—quickly—easily. The colors are absolutely fadeless. Free book all about it by addressing the Wholesale Canadian Depot, 8 Place Royale, Montreal.

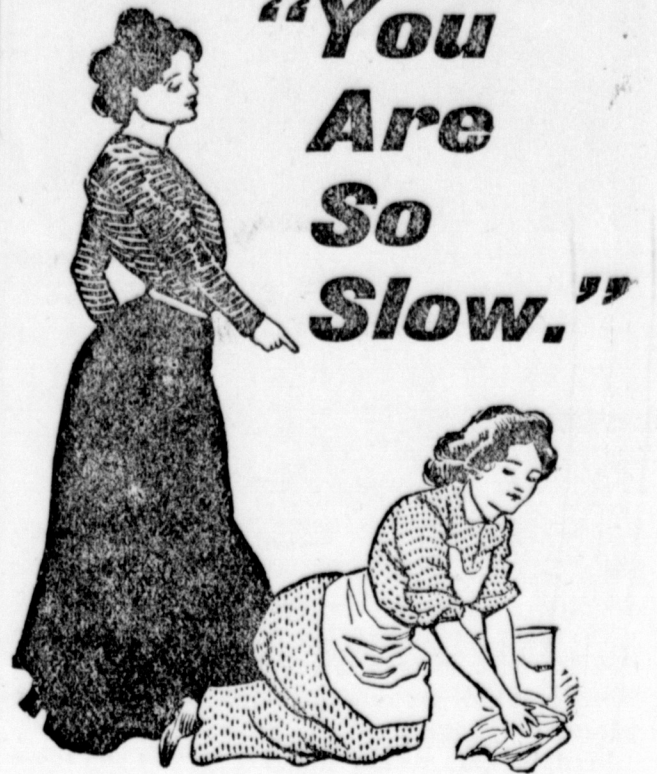
Maypole Soap.

Sold everywhere.

Use

Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.



'You Are So Slow.' If the woman at work should make answer to the other woman, she might, perhaps, say: 'You never had to scrub and clean when your back ached so that it seemed that every movement would break it in two.'

Weak women who have been made strong by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, recommend it to others as a godsend. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

'I have been ailing some time now, being troubled with female weakness,' writes Mrs. Wm. H. Johnson, of Avondale, Chester Co., Pa. 'Every month I would have to lie on my back. I tried many different medicines and nothing gave me relief until I began Dr. Pierce's medicine, using two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and two of 'Golden Medical Discovery.'

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache. They do not create the pill habit.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book.

The Book of the century. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-two of the World's greatest Artists. But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00. The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Store.) 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

NOTICE.

Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province, with a view to purchasing farms. All persons having desirable farms to dispose of will please communicate with the undersigned, when blank forms will be sent, to be filled in with the necessary particulars as to location, price, terms of sale, etc.

Dated St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901.

2-14 1m ROBERT MARSHALL.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Suburban Express for Hampton, Express for Lunenburg and Campbellton, Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Picton, Express for Sussex, Suburban Express for Hampton, Express for Quebec and Montreal, Suburban Express from Hampton, Accommodation for Lunenburg and Sydney, Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Express from Lunenburg and Campbellton, Suburban Express from Hampton, Express from Sussex, Express from Montreal and Quebec, Express from Lunenburg and Picton, Express from Halifax, Suburban Express from Hampton, Accommodation from Ft. du Chene and Moncton, Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POLINGER, Gen. Manager, Moncton, N. B., June 6, 1901. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.