PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5 1901

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Wilson, Halifar, are in the city suests of Miss Hal-He Cowie.

Mrs H McLeod. of Truro, is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs Doull, of Amberst, is the guest of Mrs A E Chapman, Botsford street.

Mrs R Ripley, of Joggins Mines. is visiting her Bon, Mr R P Ripidy, of the 1. C. R.

Mr A E McSweeney leit on Monday on a trip to New York. combining business with pleasure.

Miss Katie Gunning, formerly of Moncton, but now of Chatham, is in the city visiting friends.

Miss Short, of Vancouver, B. C., is a guest at the residence of Mr C P Harris, Steadman street.

Mrs David Crandell, Mrs Gilbert Crandall and children of Springfield, are visiting friends in the

Mr and Mrs W F Hicks, Moncton, and Mis" Ethel Bishop, Dorchester, are visiting Mr and Mrs F B Smith, Brunswick street, Fredericton.

A Race of Giants,

Tiburon is an island in the Gulf of Cali" fornia. Until 1873, when Commander (now Admiral) George Dewey was sent there to make surveys, it was a region sbrouded in mystery. During the greater part of the year it is resorted to by the Seii Indians, a race of giants who inhabit the acjacent mainland. They are reputed to be extremely suspicious and warlike, using poisoned arrows to oppose the landing of foreigners on their shores. Dewey received several visits from them. Al. though hostile at fist, they became very triendly.

A monograph on the Seri Indians is s con to be published by the Brreau of Ethnology. It is from the pen of Prof. W. J. McGee, who himself led a government expedition into their country.

They are wonderful navigators, and have need to be, for between the island of Tiburon and the mainland is a narrow streit appropriately called Infiernillo by the early Spanish explorers. The waters of the gult rush into this passage through

"Never Quit Certainty For Hope."

You may take Hood's Sarsaparilla for all diseases arising from or promoted by impure blood with perfect confidence that It will do you good. Never take any substitute. In Hood's Sarsaparilla you have the best medicine money can buy. It cures, - completely and permanently, when others fail to do any good.

Tonic-"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla as a tonic and general builder of the system with excellent results. It restores vitality, drives away that tired feeling, quiets the nerves and brings refreshing sleep." John Y. Patterson, Whitby, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints tells the story, I suggested an interruption in the swearing, adding that I was a preacher. The head brakemen dropped his crowber with a look of abject astonishment. Everybody else let go at the same time, and the engine settled down. The men looked at me with smusing consteraa-

tion. 'You re a what?' repeated the condutor, with an oath.

"A preacher."

"Well!' said the efficial, with a long whistle of astonishment. Then aiter r: garding me thoughtfully for a moment, he added, 'Well, s'r, you work like a man, anyway. Ketch hold again!'

'All right,' said I, 'but no more swearing on this trip.'

'Non !' was the 'acoric reply, and that promise was kept.

When the work was done and all hands stood panting but successful, the engineer remarked :

"We'l, this is the first time I ever saw a



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to be found in the city and offered at ver low prices te cash customers.



band of the speaker, raised the lid of her desk, drew forth a cai penter's chisel, rested the end of the pencil on the edge of the desk, and defily shaped it into a tize cone with a lew 'shaves' of the sharp instrument.

'There,' she said, handing it back, 'have you lessn't something from a woman?' 'We have,' they said.

in consequence of the demand for this rate metal, the value has increased, together with the quantity.

BITTEN BY A NEVILLO.

A Lizard From Whose Poison Orly One Man is Known to Have Recovered.

'I guess I am the only living man that has been bitten by the nevillo, a venomous lizard of the Isthmus of l'ehuantepec." said William W. Cloon. a New Yorker with Central American experience. 'This lizard is of he gila monster family, and is a horrid looking reptile of a mottled liver color and from six to ten inches long. Its bite is deadly and, as I said, I am the only person kaowa who has lived after being bitten. It was a case of nip and tuck, though, and I didn't get over it for two months or more.

'The brute bit me out of pure malice, for I wasn't doing a thing to it I had a coffee plantation down on the isthmus, several years ago, and just before the hot season began, which was in March. I bad as my guest Dr. Fergus McDonald of the Smithsonian Institution, who was in that country in the interest of science. While he was with me we received an invitation to visit the great plantation of Dr. Pedro Arguilles, one of the most prominent men of that country and we went to his bacienda near Minititian. The ladies of the family had al gone to Mexico City and as the weather was hot we men losted around in our pajames, the upper garment of which is a big sleeved affair called a camisa.

'One day Dr. Macdonald and I had adjourned to the patio court of the building and while I lay in the grass talking to him he was busy greasing and putting into shape his guns and revolvers. He was six or eight feet sway .. om me and I was lying with my head propped up on my arm from which the sleeve had s'ipped leaving it exposed to the elbow which rested on 'he grass. Of course neitter of us was this king about reptiles or other dangers right there in the court of the building. Suddenly as I talk ed the doctor threw up his band in wailing and I knew that whatever it was be saw there was danger in my moving and 1 must keep still. So I kept as steady as I could, and then I telt something go up my at m toward my head and stop near my wrist. 'I couldn't see what it was, but I knew something about tropical reptiles, and I kept pertectly quiet, while the doctor caught up one of his revolvers and threw a couple of certridges into it. He aimed across my body and fired, and as I jemped to my feet, a nevillo, at least 7 inches long, fell writhing to the ground shot through the head. The bullet had gone on into my arm and come out at the elbow, and I was bleeding. Between the bullet marks, though, were the fang marks where the nevillo had struck its teeth into my prm, and I told the doctor I thought it had got me. As soon as he saw it he gave me some kind of a hypodermic injection in the left leg, the right arm having been bitten, and at once took his b nife and slashed me across the lang marks. Into the wounds of my arm he poured a bottle of concentrated ammonia. Almost in stantly after I had been bitten I began to grow dizzy and to see what seemed to me to be clouds of light smoke, and when the ammonia st. ack me I keeled over in a dead \$50 faint. 'Five days later I awoke in a mud bath by the liverside, my body twice its normal s ze, and my tong as s'cking out of my mouth They had carried me there as soon as I fainted, and night and day my guide and his daughter had been watching by me, with fires at night to keep off the animals from the jungle. Eve.y twelve hours my arm was "ited from the mud and cleansed, and on these occasions it was always found to be of a green color. As soon as I returned to consciousness I was carried to the house and put to bed, and there for two weeks I remained, and then went doy. a to the coast and up to the welll lown hot springs, where I was treated for two months ratil every bit of the venom had left my body. Drving it all I suffered no pain, nor have I ever felt the slightest inconvenience since. What effect



-Players, with-

MISS

a funnel-shaped bay, and the tides pour through it in such a manner as to make it one of the most tumultuous bits of sea in the world.

A sate crossing can be made only occasionally, the only boat suitable for the presage being the balsa, a native ratt like cance constructed of long reeds bound together with string. In this primitive craft the Seri paddle fearlessly over the waters of the gult in search of water-fowl, for food, and of pelicans, which they hunt for their skins.

Raids on the pelicans are undertaken on a still evening, when their is no moon and the weather is not too stormy. The hunters set out at twilight, and when the island is reached talsas are left in charge of the women, while the warriors and larger boys rush upon the roosting birds and slaughter them with clubs. The skins of the pelicans are sewn together to make robes, from tour to eight being required for one gain ment.

The Indians are said to have a curious way of making the pelicans catch fish for them. They tie a young or crippled bird to a shrub or stone, depending upon the compassion of its tellows to keep it from dying. In these circumstances the sympathetic pelicans bring the captive a plentiful supply of fish. At intervals a boy steals out and robs the bird's pouch of the store it contains.

The Seri are a wonderful people physically. They have fine chests, slender and sinewy limbs, and hands and feet of remarkable size. Of their luxuriant long heir, as well as of their superb figures, they are inordinately proud.

The name Seri signifies spry, and refers to the marvelous powers of these savages as runners. They are said to be the fleetest runners in the world, heing able to overtake switt horses. They actually make a practice of running down jack-rab bits and deer. The skin of their legs is more like that of a horse or camel than that of a human being, so that they can ran through thickets of thorny cactus that would be impenetrable to a white man.

The houses of the Seri are flimsy bowers of cacti and shubbery, sometimes shingled rudely with turtle-stells and sponges. The big sea-turtles, besides replenishing the Seri larder and forming the house root, provide receptacles for water, the material for many primitive implements, a cradle at

preacher that knowed a reversing lever from a box car, Come up and tide with me the rest of the way.'

Saving The Ammunition.

Much has been said recently about the excellent marksmanship of the Dutch in South Africa. It has even been asserted that they ree able to hit a man at a distance of a mile or more. Uadoubtedly they are good shots. In days gone by the Dutchman had to depend largely upon bis rifle for his supply of i.esh meat, and he became, as a matter of necessity, a good marksman; but stories of his almost meredible shooting are, for the most part, twenty-five or thirty years old.

As for bitting a man at a range of a mile or more, says a v. r.ter in the Newtoundland Magazine, whose residence among the Boers qualifies him to speak, any waste of ammunition to risk such a shot. Even the best of Dutch hunters consider six hundred yards a long range for koodoo a kind of deer that weighs from three hundred to seven hundred pounds.

On one occasion says the same writer, I was staying with the Van Ryns, in Mangove, Matabeleland, a family of Dutch hunters well known to Selous and other hunters of big game. One day I was out hunting with them when we came upon the spoor of buck. We at once tuined our horses in the direction the spoor was veld we came to an open stretch of country. blesbok were browsing.

Fortrustely the wind was night, or they would eatily have sented our presence. I naturally expected to halt and fire, but to my surplise, the Van Ryns put spurs to their horses, and actually succeeded in riding right past the Lerd. Then they reined up, and turning round brought down three of the bewildered blesbox, who stood quite still, not seeming to know which way to run, and it was not until three more had tallen to those deadly rifles that they took to flight.

Then the elder Van Ryn remarked to me : 'Six buck for s' cal ridges; there is a lesson for you. Never shoot your game till its on the muzzle of your rifls."

Not one of the shots had been fired at a longer range than f'ty yards.

I arned From & Woman.

And possibly the reader has also.

Camp Vieitors.

In every woodman's camp in Maine good deal of pleasant company is entertained during the winter. Chickadees, blueisys and nuthatches are among the more frequent guests, but the Boston Globe gives an account of a camp that has larger and still more useful visitors.

When Brown goes home on Salarday a'tennoon he leaves the camp door open, so that the hedgehogs may come home and wash up the floor. As a large pait of the crmp bill of fare is composed of baked beans, pork and other dishes rich in fats, considerable grease gets spilled about the floor in the correct of the week. Now an average hedgehog will risk his neck at any time for a bit of fat.

As soon as the camp is empty, therefore, Dutchman will tell you that it is absolute the spiny gluttons come in and plane the surface of the floor with their chisel shaped teeth, eating away all the wood that holds a trace of Lease. On reaching camp Monday motaiug, Brown sweeps up and enjoys the luxury of a clean house.

The only objection that can be urged against the hedgehog's system of housecleaning is that the camp has to have a new floor every year.

Late in Febiarry a pair of beautiful white-footed wood mice stole into camp from their home in the forest, and made a nest in a coiner under Brown's bunk. The ronning, and after about a mile of bush first thing they did was to eat a hole in a bag of cracked corn, and carry away more Not ino hundred yards away a herd of than a quart of the contents. The whole bag was sorted for the largest fragments, every one of which was denuded of its cov-

> eting and freed 'rom all grains of meal. Their piltering, were put in a heap near the nest, and covered over with strips of newspaper.

> After the mice had been liing in their new quarters about a week, they began to const. uct a luxarious couch. The outside was made of shredded newspapers and ribbons of birch bark. The 'ning was of horsehair " 'ten from the hovel.

> One night Brown was awakened by something tugging at the bair above his car. A small animal put its "ttle clawed forefeet against Brown's temple, and taking a nip of hair in its mouth pulled and glawed until the hair was bitten off. Then the creature rap away, but returned for more after a few minutes.

When a few such ins had been wade,

the bullet wound in the arm had I don't

JESSIE BONSTELLE

N xt Mondaytor thr. e nights.

Under Two Flags

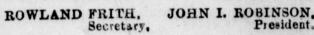
The Remainder of the week,

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the beginning of life and a coffin at the

Swearing Off.

One day the engine of a Western freight repotter on a dr'y paper was observed train broke down, and the only passenger, always to have her pencils most beau" ally a travelling preacher, got out and worked with the train crew, pulling, hauling and pointed. heaving as vigorously as the rest. He

The masculine reporters watched her, but never succeeded in les-ning how she knew something about the machine, and did it, and one day they sent a delegation was, indeed, quite capable of running an engine himselt; so he was able to consult to ask her about it.

'We have come,' soid one of the delewith the men and advise them to some gates, humbly, 'to ask the secret of your purpose. The work was carried on under filt as a pencil she pener. Your profica vigorous flow of profanity, which seemed to be quite unconsidered-a mere matter | iency hum'lates us.' 'It's no secret,' she said with a smile. Finally, says the Rev. C. T. Brady, who

If there is anything in which a woman is Brown slid his rand up behind bis er and supposed to be especia"y deficient, it is in carght the thief. On lighting a match he sharpening a lead pencil in a neat and found that I's prisoner was one of the worl usnlibe manner; but a ce. .ain woman white-footed mice. 'They're curning,' srid Broy. a, 'but I

guess they'll have to the a few more lessons before "hey make good barbers."

Increase of P tinum.

The Ural Mountains are the world's great source of supply for platinum. Nine-

.y. five per cent of the total preduct of that metal comes from the Ural region. There has been a notable increase in the production recently. In 1899 the Urals furnished 13,242 pounds. In 1890 their Thereupon she took a pencil from the | total output was only 6,363 pounds. But accordion.

I now. Possibly 'he blood that came . om the bullet wounds saved me. Anyhow, something happened that never happened to any other person bitten by a nevillo, or I wouldn't be here to tell the story ? Mr. Cloon bered Fis a. a for the benefit of the "steners and if an arm ever looked as if bad been through a hard campaign that one did. It was seered as if buint with hot irons, and covered from the elbow down with all kinds of peculiarly shaped mo, led spots of about the same color as the lizard.

Featherby-1'm a riving at the point where I can't sleep at nights. Weatherby-Insomnia? Featherby-Insomria nothing! It's a love-sick idiot across the street and his

It's All Right!

There's nothing wrong with any part our hundry work. Better then that -every part of it is the best that can be done any where. Colored shirts do not tadewoolens do not shrink-collars do not acquire saw edges-button holes are left intact when we do vour work.

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