

THE FOUNDATION OF THE ANCIENT SEA SERPENT MYTHS.

BERLIN, Oct. 16.—There has just been placed in the most remarkable fish that ever occurred in captivity. This monster of the deep is 16 feet long, 17 inches in diameter, and six inches wide. It has been brought here all the way from Australia, where, during a fierce storm, it was cast up on the beach at Cape Everard, South Australia, where it was found by Charles Smith, the keeper of the Everard light.

Keeper Smith, realizing that he had found a wonder, secured a tank, which he filled with sea-water and had the same transported to the nearest railway station. From there it was shipped to Melbourne to Sir Frederick MacCoy, the famous professor of zoology. Prof. MacCoy was enthusiastic over his new acquisition and recognized it to be a species of band fish (Hagfish or Gymnura) the like of which had never before been captured by human beings; that is, within the knowledge of the savants of today, or as related in books referring to these monstrous fish. He is now encased in a big glass tank at the aquarium and looks out with 16 feet of curiosity at the strange people who crowd about him.

The band fish, of which this gigantic specimen is the only one ever placed in an aquarium, makes its home on the bottom of the sea. It is a very peculiar fish in appearance, for on its back is an unbroken row of fins, while its head is adorned with a crown of fins, which give it the same appearance as a herring. Tradition has it that each shoal of herrings has such a king and is led by it. While the herring shoals return every year, these king herrings are rarely seen. The band fish are also sometimes called rowing fishes, for on the breast are two long fins shaped like oars.

Beaklike a natural wonder, this great fish for the first time furnishes so that all may see the facts regarding the sea serpent tales the sea captains have so long told. Prof. MacCoy is of the opinion that they occasionally rise to the surface of the ocean and, when seen, furnish the basis for sea serpent stories that are breathed into the ears of landmen by the old sailors to give allegiance to Father Neptune. It is known that they frequently attain a length of 20 feet and doubtless grow much longer.

They have been sometimes confounded

with a certain species of sea pigs or dolphins which are in the habit of swimming in long rows, one after another, and executing a series of evolutions while swimming, so that from a distance the dolphin row seems to be the compact body of a long animal moving forward in a wavy, sometimes vertical line.

The band fish recalls a story that was first told many years ago by Capt. MacQuhae, of the British navy, who stated that he encountered a sea serpent in the South Atlantic ocean near the tropic of Capricorn, and not far from the coast of Africa. At this time the weather was dark and cloudy and there was no ocean swell. The serpent was swimming rapidly, with its head and neck above water. Capt. MacQuhae said:

"As nearly as we could approximate by comparing it with the length of what our mastsport-yard would show in the water, there was at least 60 feet of the animal on exhibition, no portion of which was to our perception used in propelling it through the water either by vertical or horizontal undulations. It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee-quarter that had it been a man of my acquaintance I could easily have recognized his features with the naked eye, but it did not, either in approaching the ship or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the southwest, which it held on at a pace of from 12 to 15 miles an hour."

"The diameter of the serpent was about 15 or 16 inches behind the head which was without any doubt that of a snake with a crown of fins, and it was never during the twenty minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses once below the surface of the water. Its color was a dark brown, with yellowish white about the throat. There was a line of something like fins down its back."

Prof. MacCoy refers to this incident as proof positive that the Everard light-keeper's find is really a specimen of the famous but ever mysterious sea serpent. It is doubtful if in all the years that have elapsed during this century there has been a greater bone of contention between scientists and laymen than the sea serpent. Other shipmasters beside Capt. MacQuhae have insisted that they saw sea serpents, and, after the manner of the mariner, grown red in the face when, in

answer, it was denied that there was any such thing as a sea serpent.

The rarity with which these monsters appear on the surface of the ocean is caused by the fact previously stated that they prefer to live as near the bottom as possible. In nature and habitat they are like the eel. It is opined that once in a while, on a calm day, at the bottom of the ocean or some disturbance of seismic origin so alarms these great fish that they seek the surface of the water in self protection. The extent of their growth is, of course, a matter of conjecture, for fish that live on the bottom of the sea do not offer an inviting field for the scientist. Therefore there is no reason to suppose that they do not grow to be 50 or 60 feet long.

The band fish in the aquarium here, as far as it is possible to judge of the age of a creature of this sort, is quite young, and Prof. MacCoy says:

"It is my opinion that the band fish I send you is an infant in size. I have examined him very carefully and from all the data in my possession have reached the conclusion that he is a youngster. How he came to be thrown ashore is

something I cannot understand, for certainly the band fish is very powerful, having something of the strength of the booby constrictor.

"The only conclusion which satisfies me is that the fish was stunned in some manner, and thus, giving no resistance to the action of the waves, was tossed up where the light-keeper found him. I think this should settle forever the sea serpent controversy. The first of the species of serpent is now in custody that has furnished more tales to the mariner than anything outside of shipwreck itself has done."

This is plain that knowledge has again stepped forward and explained away the mystery of centuries. Many of us have long been inclined to believe the sea serpent a myth. Many a man has gained a reputation for drawing the long bow by the tale of a wonderful fish he saw that was of extraordinary length, and bore the appearance of a snake. Now we must admit that all of it probably had a basis of truth. We may still think that there are no sea serpents 75 and 100 feet long, but that there are some fish 35 or 40 feet in length we have no reason to refuse to believe.

Two old graves lying solitary in the midst of a field now well covered with ripening corn. Every year the plow has encroached on the plot that once surrounded them, and they would now be completely obliterated were it not for the stones. One of these has been thrown down by a careless plowman, and in my possession have reached over and seraping of the dirt and moss that the following inscription was deciphered:

Sacred to the memory of Ann Hutchinson, Esq., departed this life June 4th, 1891. Aged 101 years 9 months and 7 days. She was the mother of 13 children and grandmother and great-grandmother of 50 persons.

A Mysterious Cornerstone. Philadelphia Press.

Much comment is heard just now concerning the mysterious disappearance of the cornerstone of old Independence Hall. It has disappeared in the sense that it has not appeared at all. There is no record of its having been seen by any one, indeed, that it ever existed. However, as the laying of a cornerstone is a custom that is as ancient as civilization itself, it is reasonable to suppose that one was placed under Independence Hall when the foundations were laid. But the restoration commissioners can find no trace of it. If it could be found the records buried in it would form exceedingly interesting reading at the time. The search will be kept up until it is known absolutely whether there ever was a cornerstone or not.

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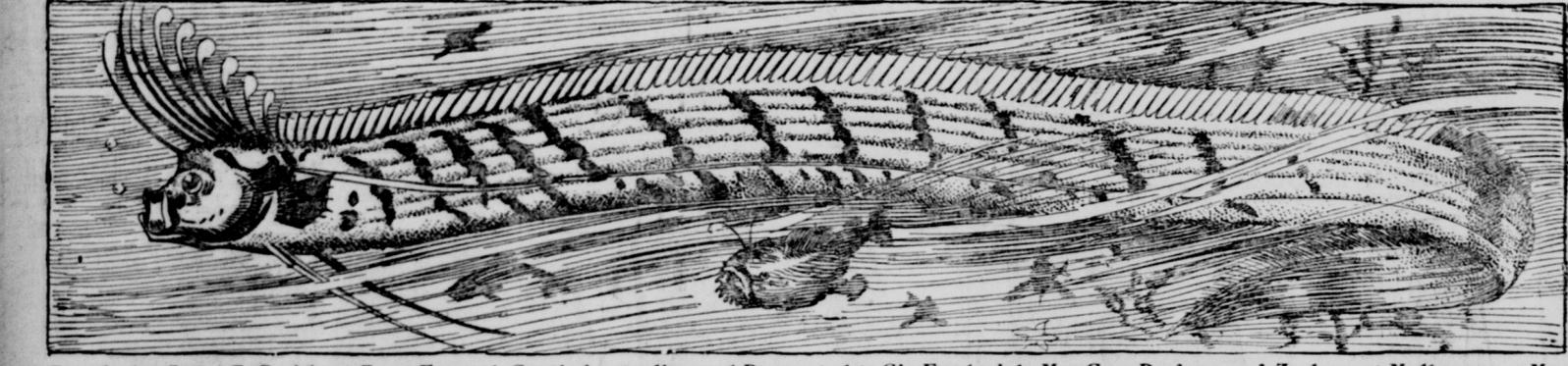
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Make Their Homes Among Dead Men's Bones.

ROME, Oct. 16.—Down under the earth, where the sun never penetrates and sorrow and death sit on twin thrones, the most gruesome task which represents modern humanity ever sought to accomplish is now taking place. The Capuchin monks are rearranging the decorations of their chapel of death. These operations are human bones, the bones of monks who have already taken the inevitable journey with Charon.

This chapel dates back further than any of the monks will tell. It is supposed by the few who know of its existence, that it was begun in the latter part of the 13th century. The Order of Capuchins, a branch of the Franciscans, was founded by Matthew of Bassano in 1220. The founder, a Franciscan monk, was therefore the first of the Capuchins, and a kindly monk whose acquaintance I made by accident the other day told me that the bones of the founder of the order reposed in the chapel.

It is probable, therefore, that the chapel, which is 125 feet wide by 30 feet in length, really contains the bones of every Capuchin

go to make up the human combination set apart each for a use of its own. For instance, strange characters such as those we hear of in ancient writ are formed of thigh bones, while hands are made to combine in one gigantic member which with hollow forefinger points to this ancient Biblical inscription, which is traced with the leg bones, "In the midst of life ye are in death."

On the ceiling are figures formed of collar bones and bones of the arm, an occasional thigh bone being used by way of variety. The altar of the chapel, or rather what is intended for such, is formed almost entirely of skulls. When the head of the order dies, his bones are not subjected to the distribution process but his skeleton is preserved entire. This is it that every time a monk faces the altar of this underground chamber of horrors, he gazes into the cavernous eyes of five hooded death-heads, standing in a row, and seemingly ready to tell their beads.

On either side, at intervals, have also been placed the skeletons of the heads of the order who died at different times, only

representative of the order, who had been in the Roman monastery forty-three years. He it was who told me of the proposed changes that are to be made and the reason therefor. It seems that one of the principles of the creed up to which the Capuchins endeavor to live is that sentence which I have quoted, "In the midst of life ye are in death." It was, the good father said, the intention of the founder of the order in outlining this chapel, to keep constantly before the monks the fact that this was their earthly ending, although their souls would fly to paradise.

It was evidently his intention to picture the contrast between the first and the latter states, making the earthly future as deplorable as possible. But the years accustomed one to almost anything, and I have said, the monks have grown so wonted to this collection of ghastly relics that it is doubtful if a visit to the chapel affects them any more than it did Casar to stroll down the Appian way.

The present head of the order has es-

words, the letters being formed of human bones, "Death is upon ye, Tremble."

There are a number of skeletons of monks, so I was told, which have not yet been placed in position in the chapel and they will be used in carrying out this scheme of decoration. The chances are that the supply of skeletons will be unlimited, for the Capuchins have sixty-two missions and monasteries in Europe, Asia, the East Indies, Africa and South America. In the United States they have houses in the states of New Jersey, New York and Wisconsin. What a frightful fate for a monk to look forward to that his bones will gibbet and gaze as a memento of death in the eyes of his fellows that live after him.

INSCRIPTIONS ON GRAVESTONES.
An Old Baptist Burying Ground and Its Quaint Epitaphs.

Some curious inscriptions are often found on ancient grave-stones in country cemeteries. In an old Baptist burying ground near Huntington, N. J., are many

HIS NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.
One year ago, in lonely state, I'd sit and gaze across the way Into a home where, early late, At hours things were bright and gay. A couple, young and free from care— Alas! how dreary seemed my life, For she was blithe and winking fair, The girl I called my neighbor's wife.

One year ago—how could they guess That glimpses of their paradise And tokens of their happiness We oft observed of a sunny eye? I learned to hate the other man; I swore that he had wrecked my life; For could I have but changed the plan, She'd not have been my neighbor's wife.

One year ago, and now there sits Beside me, winking, fair and gay, The girl I loved; and now there sits Another girl across the way. Yet I'm not false, nor fickle he, And he and I are friends for aye; She was his sister, don't you see? And now she is his neighbor's wife. —Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Henry Peck—Bahl! I only married you because I pined for you when nobody else thought anything about me. Mr. Henry Peck (wearily)—Ah, well, my dear, everybody pines me now!—Boston Traveler.

The Union Pacific shops in Cheyenne, Wyo., have not seen so prosperous times in years as at the present time. Commencing last week all shovels are working six days every week, only laying off on Sunday.

THE HABIT OF SAVING.
Lestlie's Weekly.

Now that the good times are marching upon us, filling the farm and the factory and making the people cheerful and the country glad, it might be well for all to remember that the best way to profit by the depression of the last four years is to save something out of the new prosperity for any other possible season of idleness and distress. With the vast abundance that this country has known, the habit of economy has come slowly. Many have seen the wisdom of it, and they are ready people and the owners of our lands and industries and banks and various profitable properties. But the great majority of people have not seen it, and they are ready to spend their money and accept of the public bounty, because in their day of prosperity they had forgotten the future. Saving comes easily when it is once begun. Do not spend more than you earn. When Peter Cooper earned a dollar he lived on fifty cents of it, and the other successful men will testify how hard the struggle was to save the first money and how easy it was after the habit had been formed. We are going to have four of the greatest years the world has ever known, but no one should let that prospect delude him into spending all he gets. There is safety only in saving.



A New View of the Grewsome Chapel of the Capuchin Monks, Decorated With the Skulls and Bones of Departed Brethren, Which Are to Be Rearranged in a Still More Startling and Ghastly Manner.

who has died in Europe. For like the Capuchin, the Capuchin when they die wish their bones sent to Europe. I am now of the very few persons not members of the order who have seen this chapel, and as long as I live will the memory of the most horrible scene pass from me. Hundreds of persons have visited the Catacombs in the Eternal City, but they are ignorant of the chapel of monks.

When I was founded here had charge of the chapel and its decoration, have preserved the same line of an ordinary laid down, possibly by the founder. The chapel decorations really look as if they were the work of the man, so faithfully has the original idea been followed. The skulls of the monks have not been used in the same way, but have been taken out and

they are crouched down with hands folded in the attitude of prayer. The accompanying illustration gives a very fair idea of this, and is from a flash photograph taken by me. No picture could, however, give an adequate idea of what the chapel contains. I do not think it is possible for any human being to understand or appreciate, without actually viewing it, what a frightful assemblage of horrors this great room contains.

And yet the simple-minded monk comes here day in and day out, and many times a day; for the monk spends much of his time in the chapel—without apparently a thought of the frightful nature of his surroundings, having come to regard these gruesome symbols of death in a trade way, merely as reminders of what is in store for himself.

When I visited the chapel I was conducted by Father Maincha, a Spanish

dearly pondered deeply over this fact, for with three others of the fathers, he has planned an entirely new device for the chapel decorations, and this work of change is today being carried on. It seemed to me when my informant first related the fact, that it would be impossible to make the chapel more horrible than it already was, but no one can fathom the depths of the human mind. This I discovered when the details of the plan were unfolded to me.

The central idea of the change will be to make death her own gate in the chapel. The father superior hopes to so arrange the skulls throughout the great hall that whatever way one looks, every skull will seem to be gazing with its empty sockets upon him. At various points of the walls and ceiling of the chapel will be seen the

that are remarkable for quaintness and originality.

The lament of a wife for her husband is as follows:

"My head and stay is took away, And I am left alone, My husband dead, who was so dear, Is look away and gone, It grieves my heart that I must part With one who was so kind; I must be still, it is God's will, This is the place 'We all must come!'"

Another reads:

"Farewell, dear family, here below, Now Christ has called and I must go; As I am now, so you must be, Prepare for death and follow me."

But more interesting even than these are

ON THE ROAD TO DREAMTOWN.
Come here, my sleepy darling, and climb upon my knee, And let all in a moment a trusty steed To bear you to that country where troubles are forgot, And we'll set off for Dreamtown, Trot, Trot.

O listen! Bells of Dreamland are ringing soft and low! What a very pleasant country it is, And little nodding travelers are seen in every spot, All riding off to Dreamtown, Trot, Trot.

The lights begin to twinkle above us in the sky, The star-lamps that the angels are hanging out on high, To guide the drowsy travelers where danger lurks off, Dreamtown, Trot, Trot.

Snug in the wild-rose cradle the warm wind rocks the babe, The little birds are sleeping in every bush and tree, I wonder what they dream of? They dream and answer not, As we ride off to Dreamtown, Trot, Trot.

Our journey's almost over, The sleepy where'er my drowsy darling must tarry over night, How soft it is, how peaceful, in this delightful spot, As we ride into Dreamtown, Trot, Trot.

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There are thirty words in this schedule, from each of which letters have been omitted and their places have been supplied by dashes. To fill in the blank spaces and get the names properly you must have some knowledge of geography and history. We want you to spell out our words as you can, then send us with your answers to pay for a large month's subscription to **WOMAN'S WORLD**. For correct lists we shall give \$200.00 in cash. If more than one person sends a full, correct list, the money will be awarded to the fifty best lists in alphabetical order. Twenty or more correct words to us shall entitle you to a fine, beautiful **Egretta Diamond Scarf Pin** (for lady or gentleman), the regular price of which is \$2.25. Therefore, by sending your list, you are positively certain to win a prize, and by being careful to send a correct list you have an opportunity of the \$200.00 cash award. The distance that you may live from New York makes no difference. All have equal opportunity for winning.

PRIZES WILL BE SENT PROMPTLY.

Prizes will be honestly awarded and promptly sent. We publish the list of words to be studied. In making your list of answers, be sure to give the number of each word:

1. - R A I - A country of South America.
2. - A I I - Name of the largest body of water.
3. M D E - - A - E - - A sea.
4. - M O - - A large river.
5. T - A - S Well known river of Europe.
6. S - A N A - A city in one of the Southern States.
7. H - - - X A city of Canada.
8. N A - - - A noted for display of water.
9. - E - - - E - One of the United States.
10. - A R I - A city of Spain.
11. H V - - A A city on a well known island.
12. S - M - - A Well known old port of the United States.
13. G - R L - A - A great fortification in the world.
14. S - A L E - A great explorer.
15. C L F - - - One of the United States.
16. B - S M - - K A noted ruler.
17. - C T O I - Another noted ruler.
18. P - R U A - Country of Europe.
19. A - S T A - I - A big island.
20. M - - I N E - Name of the most prominent American.
21. T - - A - One of the United States.
22. J - F - - R - N One President of the United States.
23. - U - - N A large lake.
24. E - E - S - N A noted poet.
25. C - R A - A foreign country, same size as Kansas.
26. W - R - - S W - R D Popular family magazine.
28. B - H - I - G - A sea.
29. A - L - N - I - An ocean.
30. M - D - G - S - A - An island near Africa.

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