

TALES OF THE SEA.

WEIRD YARNS OF THE SUPERNATURAL SPUN BY THE CAPTAIN.

The Skull in the Chain Locker—The Unlucky Bark in the Demerara Trade That Was Said to Be Haunted—The Story of an Exile From Salvador.

We were eating dinner one night on the old cargo ship and talking of the happenings at sea and on shore that are called supernatural when the captain said:

"One sees some things at sea not supernatural which are fit to make a nervous man see ghosts. There was that case in one of Green's liners to the colonies, where a man was sent down to clean out the chain locker. The locker had seemed foul all the passage home, and so they hoisted out the chain and sent this fellow down with his brush and soap and bucket, with a lamp, to clean it out. I'll wager he saw ghosts for a year after that, for when he'd got down on his knees to begin scrubbing he found himself bending over the skull of a dead man.

"It was most likely a man that had stowed away out in the colony and had been caught under the cable when they were running it down quickly, and so had the life crushed out of him.

"However, I did know of a case that seemed supernatural right enough. It was in the Demerara trade, and I was acquainted with the first officer of the bark where it all happened.

"In the first place, while she was out there loaded and ready to sail, the captain had trouble with one of the seamen, who drew out his knife and stabbed him to death then and there. The mate afterward took her home, but on the way a passenger took to ailing in some mysterious fashion and up and died very suddenly.

"Of course she was a haunted ship when she arrived home, and so the owners had her name changed, and she was refitted and painted up entirely different from what she had been. Then she sailed away with a new captain, but on the way out he took to drink, and by the time she reached Demerara he was off his head and killed himself with a revolver.

"Now she was haunted, sure enough, if you could believe the mate. Mind you, after she was refitted the mate said never a word to the new captain about what had happened in her before, and even when a new captain came out from home to take charge of her, believing that the last captain was naturally a drunkard, instead of one who had taken to it after coming on this ship, this first officer never said a word, because he did not believe in ghosts or even in a future state.

"However, the first night the new captain was on board the trouble began. The captain at about 9 o'clock went to his room and retired. An hour later he was calling the mate and telling that he had gone to sleep and then had been awakened by a light in the room. On opening his eyes he saw a short, thick-set man, with side whiskers, in the armchair at the desk, leaning over, with his elbows on the desk, holding his head between his hands and saying: 'Oh, my poor head! Oh, my poor head!'

"That was enough for the mate. He left the vessel that night with all hands. This new captain knew nothing of the style or manner of the one who had killed himself, and yet the picture-ghost or what you may call it—in the chair was the image in appearance and dress of the suicide and had complained in precisely the words and voice of the dead man."

This brought out the story of an exile from Salvador whom the narrator met in Guatemala. Having got into trouble with the authorities, Senor Don Sebastian Mojarieta saved his life by fleeing to Amapala, Honduras, as many another exile has done, and there taking a steamer north to San Jose, Guatemala.

A friend of his who was involved in like manner was to have reached Amapala by a different route in time for the same steamer, and to prevent any possible delays Mojarieta engaged staterooms and secured passes from the Amapala authorities for his friend and himself as soon as he arrived. But the steamer day came without his friend, and Mojarieta was obliged to sail alone.

"At the usual hour, on the first night out," the story teller went on, "Mojarieta retired and went to sleep, but had no sooner dozed off than he awoke, hearing his friend's voice, as he says, in the next stateroom, which he had supposed to be empty. Leaving his berth, he went out into the passageway and opened the door to the adjoining room, and there, he says, he saw lying in the berth the body of his friend fully dressed, but with three bullet holes in the breast of his coat and one in the right cheek.

"At that Mojarieta fainted and was found on the deck by the steward and put to bed again. Thereafter it was a most miserable passage, for the vessel touched at both of the Salvador ports and was about a week reaching San Jose. Mojarieta was sure his friend had been shot and expected a force to come off from each of the Salvador ports to demand him. Moreover, he was haunted continually by that picture of his dead friend.

"Once in Guatemala he obtained employment quickly and then began to recover something of his former spirits. He ascribed his vision to his overwrought imagination and was beginning to hope that his friend would yet appear when a letter was received from a relative in Salvador. It not only told that the friend had been shot by the government soldiers, but described the wounds of the body after it was dead. Mojarieta declares that the description accurately portrayed the vision he had of his friend, and he believes that his friend's spirit, being unable to rest or wholly throw off its desire to take passage on the steamer, had come on board and was occupying that berth."—New York Sun.

An Unsung Hero.

Forty-seven years ago the 20th of this September died in Wauilatpu, Or., Dr. Marcus Whitman, fondly massacred by Indians, who had been stirred up against American settlers in the north-west by the British Hudson Bay Trading company. Only for the services of Dr. Whitman the whole tract now comprising Washington state, Oregon, Idaho and part of Montana would this day have been British territory. Yet few persons, even of those well informed in United States history, ever heard the name of Marcus Whitman. There is no monument to him anywhere. It is doubtful indeed if anybody knows where his grave is. A county in Washington state is named for him—Whitman—but that seems all the remembrance there is of him anywhere.

Dr. Whitman went out as physician, explorer and missionary in 1836 to what was then called simply the Oregon country. Its northwest boundary line had not even been defined. Webster, secretary of state in 1842, did not believe the region west of the Rocky mountains would ever be settled. Therefore it was not worth while to settle its boundary line. Daniel was a very great man, but in this matter he was unable to see beyond his nose. In the northwest there were two trading companies—the British Hudson Bay and the American Fur company, the latter made up of citizens of the United States. It was in this company that the old fur merchant, Astor, made his fortune and founded the American nobility.

The British were quietly using every means in their power to fill up the region named with English subjects. Then, they argued, the territory would become British, for these colonists would have much to say in the determining of the boundary question. One day, at the British fort of Walla Walla, Dr. Whitman heard shouts of exultation among some men who had just received letters from England. They cried: "Hurrah! The country is ours!" They shouted a little too loud. Their letters contained information that a large colony of British subjects would settle in Oregon in the spring. Without saying a word, Whitman started immediately to Washington on horseback. He traveled thus 3,000 miles. On the way he roused people he met to the danger and planned to take back with him a great colony of Americans to fill up the Oregon country.

He interested President Tyler, though Webster would not listen. Tyler assured him that American settlers in the Oregon country should be protected. Then, in May, 1843, Dr. Whitman led a thousand colonists to the Willamette valley. There they settled, and there they raised the stars and stripes, and there it has waved ever since, and will wave. Finally it was fixed by treaty that the northwest boundary between the United States and British America should be the forty-ninth parallel of latitude.

For revenge on Dr. Whitman the Hudson Bay company spread among the Indians the story that he and the colonists from the United States would deprive them of their lands. The savages attacked him and those with him one night and murdered them, 14 persons in all.

Miss Elizabeth Bryant Johnston, the historical writer of Washington, has found out enough facts and sayings about the Father of His Country to make something worth reading and printing for every day in the year. For instance, on Feb. 16, 1778, Washington wrote from Valley Forge, "Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not ere this been excited by their suffering to a general mutiny and dispersion." On Feb. 17 he sent to the states of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and Virginia an appeal for cattle for his starving soldiers and wrote with his own hand, "A bountiful price will be given, and the proprietors may assure themselves that they will render a most essential service to the cause of their country." Miss Johnston has published her valuable collection of data in a book called "George Washington Day by Day." It will be a good thing to have in the family and in school. It will make a birthday book, too, each one being thus able to note what happened to Washington on the date of the person's birth. The author designs her work especially for the young people of America. She wrote it in the patriotic hope of making the rising generation know Washington better and revere him more.

A recent portrait of Bill Nye reveals the reason why his head is hairless as a billiard ball. The picture shows him with a fur cap of indefinite weight and heat upon his dome of thought. That was 15 years ago. A few years of wearing such a hair destroying head covering as that would make a wild buffalo bald.

Professor Dewar has succeeded in liquefying hydrogen, as he believes. At any rate, he has produced from hydrogen gas, under a pressure of cold of 240 degrees below zero, a clear liquid. It took seven cubic yards of hydrogen gas to make the clear liquid which the professor thinks is hydrogen.

Whether a rich man deserves to be scolded and abused because of his money depends on how he got it and the use he makes of it.

HOW WE WALK.

The Muscles Used and the Mechanical Work That They Do.

The chief muscles concerned in walking are those in the calf and back of leg, which, by pulling up the heel, also pull up the bones of the foot connected with it, and then the whole body, the weight of which is passed on through the bones of the leg. When walking, the trunk is thrown forward so that it would fall down prostrate were not the right foot planted in time to support it. The calf muscles are helped in this action by those on the front of the trunk and legs, which contract and pull the body forward, and the trunk, slanting forward when the heel is raised by the calf muscles, the whole body will be raised and pushed forward and upward. This advancement of each leg is effected partly by muscular action, the muscles used being (1) those on the front of the thigh, bending it forward on the pelvis; (2) the hamstring muscles, which slightly bend the leg on the thigh; (3) the muscles on the front of the leg, which raise the front of the foot and toes, preventing the latter, in swinging forward, from hitching in the ground.

When one foot has reached the ground, the action of the other has not ceased. There is another point in walking. The body is constantly supported and balanced on each leg alternately and therefore on only one at a time. Hence there must be some means for throwing the center of gravity over the line of support formed by the bones of each leg, as it supports the weight of the body. This is done in various ways, and hence the difference in the walk of different people. There may be slight rotation at the hip joint, bringing the center of gravity of the body over the foot of this side. This "rocking" motion of the trunk and thigh is accompanied by a movement of the whole trunk and leg over the foot planted on the ground and is accompanied by a compensating outward movement at the hip. The body rises and swings alternately from one side to the other as its center of gravity comes alternately over one or the other leg, and the curvature of the spinal bones is altered with the varying position of the weight.—London Hospital.

THE POWER OF POETRY.

Scott's Description of the Chase and What the Ordinary Man Would Have Said.

Take, as a single instance of the power of poetry, Walter Scott's opening lines in the "Lady of the Lake," where he describes the chase of the stag. The stag escapes and evades his pursuers, but what a picture the great poet has put into words!

Reduced to prose the ordinary observer and writer would have said, "They chased the stag several miles, but lost him in the Trossachs." He could not possibly have said in prose:

The antlered monarch of the waste Sprung from his heathery couch in haste, But ere his fleet career he took The dewdrops from his flank he shook; Like crestéd leader, proud and high, Toss'd his beamed frontlet to the sky; A moment gazed adown the dale, A moment snuffed the tainted gale, A moment listened to the cry That thickened as the chase drew nigh, Then as the headmost foe appear'd, With one brave bound the copse he clear'd, And stretching forward free and far Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

The poet began his picture with an incident that only a poet would have thought worthy of words, but what a picture the few words make!

The stag at eve had drunk his fill Where danced the moon on Monan's rill, And deep his midnight lair had made In lone Glenartney's hazel shade. —Forest and Stream.

Fire Easily Obtained.

The average civilized man would be hard put to it if he were compelled to start a fire without matches, tinder box or burning glass. But Lieutenant von Hohnel describes an African chief as not only accomplishing this feat, but doing it with quickness and ease. The traveler had asked him to show his skill.

It was really wonderful, in view of the moisture laden atmosphere, with what rapidity he did as I had requested. The materials employed were such as we saw wherever we went—two simple bits of wood, one flat about six inches long and not quite an inch wide, with a row of grooves on one side, the other about 12 inches long and of the thickness and shape of a lead pencil.

The longer piece, fixed in one of the grooves of the shorter piece, was held tightly between the palms of the hand and whirled rapidly round and round. In a few seconds the wood dust which was produced by the friction, and which fell through the grooves, began to smoke. This dust was carefully nursed into a blaze, which was fed with fine grass and bits of cotton stuff.

The whole thing is done so quickly that our men, even the lazy Wasungu, always employed this method on short halts for lighting their pipes.—Youth's Companion.

No Word Like the Doctors.

Mr. Sydney Holland enlivened the guests at the annual festival of Poplar hospital by relating an incident which occurred within the walls of that institution. A man was brought in who was thought to be dead. His wife was with him. One of the doctors said, "He is dead," but the man raised his head and said, "No, I am not dead yet," whereupon his wife admonished him, saying, "Be quiet; the doctor ought to know best."—London Echo.

Ominous of Unpleasantness.

"Mrs. Blimber is very nervous about there being 13 at the table tonight." "Does she think something unpleasant will happen?" "Yes. She only has a dozen knives and forks."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The German empire has no prison of its own. Offenses against the imperial government are enforced by the imperial attorney, who calls into service the state's attorneys of the federal states.

In Poland it is a penal offense to speak Polish in any public resort.



Little May Bentley

Born a Genius

Disease Threatens to Cut Short a Noble Career

But Hood's Sarsaparilla Restores Good Health.

Little May Bentley is an accomplished elocutionist and natural born speaker of only 12 years of age. She is the only child temperance lecturer before the public. Her genius, however, did not exempt her from an attack of a disease of the blood. Her own words best tell the story: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I heartily join with the many thousands that are recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had been troubled from infancy with gatherings in the head. I was compelled to leave school upon the doctor's advice. He thought it was the only thing to save my life, but I

Continued to Grow Worse. I was persuaded finally by a friend to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The use of one bottle acted effectively upon the blood and I began to improve.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures. After the use of three bottles the gathering ceased and I am cured of my former trouble. I owe my life and will always remain a true friend to Hood's Sarsaparilla." LILLIE MAY BENTLEY, Shelbyville, Indiana. Get HOOD'S. Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

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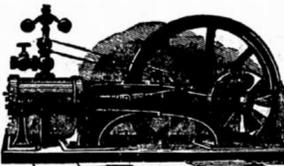
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