HISTORIC GHOSTS.

A Mysterious Wraith in a Rich New York Family—Some English Gnomes—Every Ramlet in England Has a Prize Ghost Teeming With Romance—Emperor William's Alarm.

Ghosts are always interesting. In one respect they resemble a sea serpent. A great many people firmly believe that neither exists. But a real sea serpent was captured the other day on the Pacific coast, and as she is still alive and well, and has been photographed about two thousand times, there can be no future doubt as to the existence of the marine monster. No ghost has been captured yet, but this may all be changed within a few days, for that remarkable young man, the Emperor William of Germany, has given strict orders to the numerous guards who inhabit the royal palace at Berlin to intercept the first ghost that appears and hold it prisoner.

The lucky guard who effects the capture will doubtless be given a title, for this ghost has worried the Hohenzollerns for something like four hundred years, and whenever she appeared some notable member of the family, usually the emperor, died within a month or two. This ghost is known as the White Lady, as she always appears in flowing white robes. Her history is longer than forty campaign speeches, and a deal more interesting. She was seen in the palace about four weeks ago, hence the emperor's orders for her capture.

There are many other interesting historical ghosts, who, however, are not as well known as the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns. This country is comparatively free of ghosts, but England is a veritable land of wraiths. The superstitious peasantry may have something to do with the excessive supply. Each little village and hamlet has its own ghost, usually a ghost of great antiquity, around whom time has entwined a verdant growth of romance.

SOME SUSSEX GNOMES.

Sussex, which of all the English counties has retained its old characteristics the most, has a good many ghosts who are still realities in the eyes of the rustics of that little visited district, which was once the center of England's iron industry. There is the headless man of St. Leonard's Forest, known as Squire Faulett, who jumps upon the crupper of a horseman entering the forest, and remains there until clear of it. There is the Drummer of Hurstmonceaux. Black dogs—a favorite shape assumed by ghosts all over England, haunt dark lanes and lone byroads, and under many a sequestered wooden bridge a headless woman may be seen spinning; while on the old cattle road between Kingston, near Lewes, and the Marshes, known as the Drove Way, a goblin may be seen on any dark wild night, incessantly spinning charcoal!

Matter of fact London has ghosts by the score, and while few people acknowledge a belief in the creepy visitors, it is a notable fact that many houses remain untenanted from one year's end to the other because of the fact that they are said to be inhabited by wraiths. The most notable of the London ghosts is that of Lord Holland, who is said to walk in the Sir Joshua room of the Holland house. This particular Lord Holland is surprisingly obnoxious, because he insists upon carrying his head in his hands as he walks about the apartment, glancing now and then at the fine pictures adorning the walls.

TEEMS WITH GHOSTS.

Norfolk is another English county which teems with ghosts. There is a pale, long-haired woman, who runs shrieking amongst the pits on Aylmerton Heath. There is a great black "Shuck Dog"—the word "shuck" said to mean the devil—who at Coltshall Bridge is headless, and at Salhouse has a blazing eye in the center of his forehead, and who has a brother at Peel castle in the Isle of Man the spirit of a murdered prisoner known as the Mauthe Dog. Then young Lord Dacre, who was murdered in 1565 by his guardian, Sir Richard Fulmerston, who arranged that a rocking horse on which the boy sat should fall, still prances about on a headless rocking horse.

Anne Boleyn still rides down the avenue of Blickling park, once a year, in a hearse-like coach, drawn by four headless horses, and driven by a headless driver, with her head in her lap; and her father, Sir Thomas, does the same thing. At Caistor castle there is another coach and headless team, and yet another near Great Melton. This last rises from a pool every midday and midnight, and with its load of four headless, dripping, white-robed ladies, passes slowly round the field and sinks again; and tradition says that at this spot, long ago, a bridal party were upset into this pool and never seen again.

Mannington hall, the residence of the Walpoles, Earls of Orford, has its ghostly associations. Horatio, second earl, removed all the tombstones of the Scalmers, the former possessors of the hall, from Wickmere church, and one of the buried ladies is still believed to walk around the churchyard. To atone for the sacrilege, every earl of Orford at his burial was driven in his hearse three times around ruined Wicknere church before being finally laid to rest.

UNHAPPY LADY GHOSTS.

The historic ladies who had an unhappy time of it during their lives form a numerous brigade in the ghost array. Ann of Cleves paces up and down the gallery bearing her name in Hever castle; Fair Rosamond walks on the river bank at Godstow; Amy Robsert on the side of Cumnor; Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringhay. We have noted Ann Boleyn's procedure at Blickling. Canterbury King's school boys faithfully believe that the unfortunate Nell Cook, famous in the Ingoldsby legend, haunts the Dark Entry every Friday night. At Apethorpe, the Earl of Westmoreland's seat in Northamptonshire, Lady Grace, wife of the first earl, walks in a corridor, scattering silver pennies as she goes; but the pennies are air, and woe to him who tries to test their solidity. There is the Brown Lady of Rainham—stately in coif and rich brocade, but eyeless. There is "Silky" of Denton hall, near Newcastle, in a flowered, long-waisted satin gown and a satin hood. There is the White Lady of Skipsea castle; Lady Derwentwater of Dilston castle; the Gray Woman of Willington; Meg of Meldon in a broad hat; the White Lady Klenkinson, who still wails over a chest of gold, the cause of all the unhappiness of her married life.

A KNICKERBOCKER GHOST.

An interesting American ghost is that which is said to dwell in the Forbes manor house at Bath-on-the-Hudson, near Albany, N. Y. One night, about thirty years ago, the manor house was the blazing scene of a social gathering. Just what out of the ordinary happened that night nobody in Bath knows. But something did happen, for everybody in Bath says so. At any rate it was a gala night, but the next morning all the servants excepting four faithful ones, who had been with he family for many years, were discharged, and shortly after breakfast all the members of the family left the manor house in carriages. No good-byes were said. Behind them they left their beautiful home as it had been the day before. On the mantels and dressers were the pictures of friends; in the bureaus and lockers and chests were their clothes, on the desks their letters and papers. Trinkets lay on the tables forgotten.

The doors were locked, the curtains pulled down and the house closed for all time.

THE MAN IN BLACK.

A man in black is said to walk that house every night, mumbling and moaning as he passes up and down the broad stairway. Scores of people assert that they have heard him and a few say they have seen him. One of the latter describes him as follows: His hair was long and curly, and parted on the side; his eyes were bright, his features clearly cut and his face pale. He was smooth shaven and wore a high standing collar and a black bow and stock. He was in evening dress and wore no jewelry except a gold fob. For a moment he ceased mumbling, and then began moaning and walked away. He passed the door, walking toward the stairway.

The ghost hunter tiptoed to the door and watched him ascend the stairway until he was half way to the top, when he stopped, as though he had encountered another person. He raised his hands appealingly and fell backward with a shriek that rang throughout the house and was answered by the echoes. His hand struck a marble step, and, thinking that he had been injured, the watcher rushed to the spot. He saw nothing.

The history of this ghost is tightly locked with the family who now live in the old Forbes mansion on Fifth avenue, New York. Paul Simeon Forbes purchased the manor house in 1850 from the Van Rensselaers, with 900 acres of land. He paid $93,000 for it, which was considerably less than the cost of the house, the land being practically thrown in. Whether the ghost is the property of the Forbes family or of the Van Renssalaers no one knows, for they hug the search closely. The manor house is now the property of a Boston man, Nathaniel Stone.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Cure For Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Only Fifty cents at Z. C. M. I. Drug dept.

NOTES IN SEASON.

A kerosene emulsion is successfully used for lice on cattle. Until they are rid of it no herd can prosper.

It is a great blunder for a farmer to sell off his good breeding mares, yet this is often done and the gelding retained.

Practice and chemistry agree without reservation that good clover hay is the best roughness which can be used in the dairy.

Effective farm work is as a rule the result of sober and systematic planning. The haphazard order of things is fast going out of date on the better class of farms of the country.

Room at the top applies to agriculture as well as other occupations. There is always an abundance of indifferent farm produce on the market, and where practicable it will pay to carefully assort such as is intended for immediate sale to consumers.

One of the most useful and convenient things for the farmer to use in case of wire cuts on his horses is carbolic acid. Of course, it should be diluted in water in the proportion of about 10 to 1. It costs but little and should always be kept on hand. It is also good for a disinfectant.

As black walnut, chestnut and butter nut trees thrive well in this region, they ought to be grown more extensively throughout the state. They are well worth growing for their nuts alone, coming into bearing eight or ten years from seed, and producing valuable timber when twenty-five to thirty years old.

After the strawberries are picked mow down the vines with a scythe, and when dried burn over the entire patch, thus destroying weeds, insects and disease in one operation. The fire must not be fierce enough to injure the crown of the plants. After the operation give a thorough irrigation and the plants will come up in fine shape and, unless it be a very old patch, will form large plants for next season's fruiting.

The cow should be bred with as much care as the mare. It is better that those owning one to four or five cows should join and buy a partnership animal of high merit, rather than buy a cheap bull for each farm. Two farmers with ten cows between them can better afford to pay $150 for a choice, pure bred bull, than $50 each for two common bulls.

No man can farm successfully and ignore weeds. There is nothing more clearly settled among good farmers everywhere than the entire practicability of keeping all weeds in a state of subjection. It is this very fact that always sells a premium upon good farming. Aside from this the careful cultivator takes more pleasure in making his fields clean than does the indifferent one in sleeping while the weeds grow.

Ex-Governor Hoard of Wisconsin very properly says that the farmers have not yet furnished the conditions whereby they can make the most profit out of the creamery. They are furnishing half the amount of milk they should furnish. There are thousands of farmers with 200 acres of land, who are keeping not more than ten to fifteen cows. The making of the milk from these cows costs them nearly double per pound what it would if they made four times as much.

Don't put the new grain into the granary until you have thoroughly cleaned up the old bins. If any old grain remains it is better to keep it to itself. When possible clean up the bins several weeks before threshing time. In this case if there are any insects at work in the grain you get a chance to starve them out.

Success on the farm is the surplus over expenses. Without a surplus a farmer may be a desperate toiler all his life. By propagating from the best of everything he always finds a market for his surplus; it brings the highest price and it will always pay his debts. There is an almost incredible difference in what different farmers would call the art of agriculture.

One thorough spraying is better than three or four poorly done, and can be made in less time and with a great saving of material. If rain soon follows spraying with london purple or paris green, repeat; but where these are used with bordeaux, if the mixture has an opportunity to dry before a shower comes, it will be found on the trees at fruit-picking time, especially if a little molasses is used in the compound. It is by all means wise to use the two together, thus protecting against both insects and fungi with one operation, while the arsenic poisons used in bordeaux mixture are less liable to burn foliage.

Arizona farming is well portrayed in Bulletin 17 of the Arizona experiment station at Tucson. At a territorial agricultural convention, all portions of the state were well represented and many able farmers read papers of interest. The bulletin prints the papers read in full and every farmer living in the arid region should send for a copy. The speakers considered the irrigation possibilities of the territory to a large extent.

Trees in cultivated ground have darker and more vigorous foliage than those in sod ground, with less yellowing, dropping of leaves or wilting in hot windy days. Apples averaged 14 per cent greater weight on cultivated than on pasture land, and 17 per cent greater than on mowed land at the Nebraska experiment station. As to moisture, for every 100 barrels of water in 20 inch depth of soil or sod land, there were 140 in cultivated land.

Never sell at a loss, writes a western subscriber who makes a business of fruit and truck farming. It all depends. Every farmer raises stuff in order to sell it at a profit, either in the raw state or converted into beef, pork, mutton or dairy products. Yet it is not always wisest to hold a thing too long, even if prices are against you. It is better to accept a small loss on perishable stuff than to keep it until it is worth little or worthless.

Many people have a somewhat vague idea of the mode of making and composition of filled cheese. It is described to the committee at Washington as being a sort of lard cheese, without a particle of butter fat. In its manufacture seventy per cent of skimmed milk and thirty per cent of neutral oil, made from hog leaf or unrendered lard, is used. To this is added certain coloring or flavoring matters, then the rennet is put in, and it is made into cheese. The cost is approximately four and one-half cents a pound to manufacture.

It is not always the cow that produces the most milk and most butter that is the most valuable, but rather the one which produces the most for each dollar's worth of food consumed. This is illustrated by an experiment recently made at the Clemson Agricultural college, South Carolina. The cow Marguerite produced in one year 6,512 pounds of milk and 296 pounds of butter. Ramona produced but 5,459 pounds of milk and 279 pounds of butter. But the expense account shows that after each animal is charged with the food consumed Ramona had $62.40 left to her credit and Marguerite but $35.10 as net profit for the year.

HISTORICAL AGES OF THE DOG.

M. Quatrefages, the zoologist, and all-round scientist, states that in China the exact period of introduction of the dog is well known, viz., in the year 1112 B. C. which, puts it at about the time of the siege of Troy, 3,000 years ago. It also appears from the Chinese historical account, that the dog is a domesticated jackal, and that the jackal of today is simply a wild, savage dog.

VELOCITY OF INSECTS' WINGS.

E. J. Marey, of the Scientific Record, has been studying the flight of insects with the object in view of ascertaining the wing strokes per second in the different species. Those upon which the record is complete are as follows: Wing strokes per second in the house fly, 330; drone bee, 240; working bee, 190; wasp, 110; hawk moth, 72; dragon fly, 28; cabbage butterfly, 9.

HIS IDEA.

City Boy Thought He Saw Condensed Milk Chickens.

He was a little boy. He had been spending the day in the country, and was waiting at the station for a train to bring him back to the city. Opposite the station is a hennery. It has a high wire fence. In what you might call the second story of the yard of this hennery there is a large flock of pigeons. "See them chickens!" exclaimed the small boy, pointing to the pigeons. "Those are pigeons," explained the lady who was with him. He looked puzzled for a minute, and then he said, triumphantly, pointing to the chickens on the ground, "Them's condensed milk chickens, anyway." The lady was astonished; what did the little boy mean? She asked him, and he answered by asking another question: "Don't chickens make condensed milk?" Then the lady told him about the cow, and the milk she gives so freely; she explained that condensed milk was cooked milk. He listened, and then with a very decided shake of his head, he said, "That may be your condensed milk, by my mamma's condensed milk is made by a chicken, and its picture is on the can."—The Outlook.

AN ADOPTED SEAL.

Story of a Dog That Adopted One and Cared For It.

Out in Oregon is a gentleman who is making a collection for a park. Recently he received a baby seal one day and a half old. No one knew how to take care of it, and the gentleman, who was very anxious to keep it alive, was greatly puzzled as to how he should feed the little stranger. He owned a beautiful retriever dog named Belle, who had a family of her own. She heard the bark of the seal when he grew hungry, and, like a dear little mother, she started out, leaving her own family, to discover who this baby was who needed a mother. When she saw the seal she walked around and around it very greatly puzzled. At last she stood still, and the seal began flopping towards her very feebly. As it came nearer it raised its head as if asking her to help and then the dear dog laid herself down and the seal came up to her and began taking its breakfast, and now the seal and the baby dogs are all one family.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Caillouette, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail, and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at Z. C. M. I. Drug dept.

LADIES WITH RED FACES

And oily, greasy complexions, or subject to rashes, pimples, blackheads, yellow or mothy skin, will be gratified to learn that the purest, sweetest, and most effective skin purifier and beautifier yet compounded is

CUTICURA SOAP

It is so because it strikes at the *cause* of most complexional disfigurations, viz.: the *Clogged Irritated, Inflamed*, or *Overworked* Pore.

Suggestion: After cycling, golf, tennis, riding, or athletics, a bath with CUTICURA SOAP is most soothing, cooling, and refreshing, preventing chafing, redness, and roughness of the skin, soothing inflammation, and when followed by gentle anointing with CUTICURA (ointment), proves beneficial in relieving tired, lame, or strained muscles.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 25c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 50c. and $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.

"How to Obtain a Brilliant Complexion," free.

MARY BAIRD BRYAN.

When the campaign now started gets fully into its stride, and when the friends and supporters of the two racing candidates are fighting at fever pitch, with their bodies and souls in full possession of the political bacilli, a new and potent element will loom up in the midst of the strife.

This latter will be Mrs. Mary Baird Bryan, wife of William Jennings Bryan. Mrs. Bryan has made no plans for her part in the campaign, but those who know her best say that it will be impossible for her to sit idly by doing nothing while her husband is in the center of the whirlpool of a national campaign. For Mrs. Bryan is not a passive woman. She is a veritable steam engine in the matter of energy, a Gatling gun in the matter of action and an Edison in the matter of ideas.

She is a new woman—not in the bloomer wearing, notoriety seeking sense of the term, but a womanly new woman.

She is a member of many women's clubs.

She rides a bicycle.

She is a lawyer, regularly admitted to the bar.

She is athletic.

She is a believer in everything that enhances the physical and mental growth of women. She has abundant faith in the capabilities of women, and in herself she is a wonderfully fine example of the truth of this belief.

Mrs. Bryan is thirty-four years old, and she doesn't claim to be a day younger. In the early part of 1884 she was married to the man who will go down in history as the youngest presidential nominee ever put forth by any party. She was twenty-two then, and a year later her daughter Ruth, now eleven years old, was born.

A HANDSOME WOMAN.

If Mrs. Bryan did not have so much common sense she would look younger than she really is. Her intelligence shows in her face and in her manner. Essentially she is a sensible, matter of fact woman. She has the good looks which will stand the wear and tear of years, and at fifty or sixty she will be pleasant to look upon.

She is a type of the fine, wholesome American woman, fearless and honest in all things, thinking her husband the best human creature in the world and her children the next best to husband. Men may differ with the politics of the man, but for the wife there will be no feeling except that of admiration and respect, no matter what the outcome of the campaign may be, the triumph of gold or the victory of silver.

Long before her husband had earned fame in the political arena Mrs. Bryan was a factor in the social life of Lincoln, Neb. The city is not a large one, but its aspirations are as broad as the nation itself and Mrs. Bryan did much to plant the seed of ambition in the minds of her neighbors. Lincoln has nearly all the advantages, of course, on a small scale, of the greater cities, and it is pushing bravely ahead in search of more.

SWIMS LIKE A FISH.

Not long ago a natatorium was established in Lincoln. For some reason it did not flourish at first, but Mrs. Bryan argued that it was a valuable possession for the city and by inducing her friends to become interested in it she made of it quite a fad. Now she says that her greatest delight is swimming and she boasts modestly of her expertness in the water.

If the fates should land Mrs. Bryan in the White House it should make the bicyclists as happy as the silverites. She is a great believer in the wheel, although a convert of recent origin. She took her first lesson two months ago and is still struggling with the problem of mounting and dismounting. Very diplomatically she refuses to speak for or against bloomers, but her individual taste in the matter is apparent by the fact that she wears a skirt an inch or two shorter than the usual length.

Mrs. Bryan is a student. She is not afraid of taking up some task which she knows involves long and hard work, and she has the courage of keeping at it until she has accomplished her object. After her first baby was born she decided that if she knew something of law she would be a great help to her husband, at that time a young man on whom fortune had only smiled in an economic way. So she studied, first, under her husband's tuition and later passing an examination at the same Chicago law school of which he is a graduate.

KEYNOTE OF HER LIFE.

In speaking of this Mrs. Bryan said: "I never had any idea of practicing law. I wanted to be thoroughly in touch with husband in his work and to assist him. I have always submerged my life in his interests; my ambition has been for his success."

This last sentence forms the keynote of Mrs. Bryan's life since her marriage. How much of his success has been due to her, the husband of every valiant-hearted, unselfish woman can picture, with ease, and the others will have to imagine it.

Among its other progressive belongings Lincoln has a Sorosis club, fashioned upon the same lines as the mother organization in New York. Mrs. Bryan was one of the first presidents, and is still one of its most active members. She is a believer in women's clubs, and on several occasions has mounted the platform to say so, and give her reasons. She is a much better speaker than the average woman, as she possesses the faculty of sticking close to her subject and saying what she intends to say in terse, well chosen language.

Educationally Mrs. Bryan had the advantages only of the average girl reared in a small town. If she were a man it would be said of her that she was self-educated. The little town of Perry, Ill., in which she was raised, is mediocre in all things, and does not differ a whit from the thousand other towns of its size.

Unlike most women, she has not an atom of superstition in her composition. She laughed when asked if the nomination of her husband on Friday did not worry her. At the same time she brought into view a finger ring set with an opal and diamonds.

Mrs. Bryan's Lincoln home is a pretty place, the most notable room in the house being a combination of study, library and office. It holds two large desks, one of which is presided over by the husband and the other by the wife.

Besides Ruth, the eleven-year-old girl, there are two other children, William J., jr., five years old, and Grace, three years old. Mrs. Bryan never serves wines or liquors of any kind on her table, and her husband is just as much opposed to their use as she is.

WIVES ARE PLENTY.

The one with the flowing whiskers greeted him of the florid face familiarly and loudly:

"Hello, Max, vere you going?"

"Me? I go ter riffer town mid de fom'ly."

"Ter riffer town, eh? Vell, Max, tell me dis. Subbose you vife unt you mutter fall in de vater, unt you gan safe on'y von; vich von you safe?"

This was evidently a poser to Max, who hesitated a minute and then answered valiantly:

"Ho! I safe bote ov 'em."

"But I say you gan safe on'y von; now vich von voult you safe?" persisted the first.

Max hesitated again. The question was a serious one, and he couldn't bring himself to answer it. But he brightened, and had recourse to a refuge his American environment had shown him.

"Vich von voult you safe?" he returned, with triumphant emphasis.

"Me?" ejaculated the other. "Vy, I'd safe my mutter. I gan on'y got von mutter, unt I gan got vifes by ter duzzen."

Then he laughed loud and long at his joke, and his fat sides were still shaking when the green baize doors of the beer saloon swung open.—Washington Star.

A DEEP SEA DIVER.

REMARKABLE FEAT OF AN AGED HAWAIIAN.

He Fastened a "Bight" to a Lost Anchor at a Depth of Eighty-Four Feet, Remaining Under Water Two Minutes and Fifteen Seconds—He is 65 Years of Age, a Direct Descendant of King Kamehameha and Comes of a Noble Race of Divers.

(Copyright, 1896, by S. S. McClure Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 22.—Captain E. W. Christiansen of the brigantine John D. Spreckels, which runs between San Francisco and Hawaii, brings a remarkable account of deep sea diving performed by a native diver without the help of any diving apparatus whatever other than that which nature has given him.

It seems that the ship, as it was leaving Mahukona, Hawaii, on its last trip, lost its anchor in a depth of fourteen fathoms (84 feet of water). The only hope of recovering the anchor lay in catching it by "sweeping" with the bight of a lead-weighted line, the weights distributed over several feet of line, to keep it down. The ends of the line are then carried by boats, which tow the bight over the supposed location of the anchor in the hope that it may foul the fluke of it. When fastened, the boats then come together, raising the anchor to the surface.

This undertaking is a difficult one, not always successful. Should the bottom of the ocean at the point in question be uneven and full of boulders, the bight is more likely to foul the rocks than the anchor.

After these preparations had been made, a native swimmer and diver, Keenmuoku Kalamau, 65 years of age, a direct descendant of King Kamehameha, offered his assistance. This remarkable man, at his advanced age, offered to make the attempt of diving to the bottom in eighty-four feet of water, and fastening the bight to the anchor.

He first located the position of the anchor on the bottom by means of a "sea telescope," consisting of an oil drum, with a glass inserted in the bottom. The water here is very clear, no streams entering from the open coast, to discolor it, so that he could see to the bottom with his "sea telescope."

"Do you want a drink of brandy when you finish the job?" asked Captain Christiansen.

"Yes, I want a little one now," answered the old man, "and when finished, I'll take a big one."

Then, with his hands poised for a moment over his head, he sprang from the side of the ship, his body straight as a rocket when he struck the water, disappearing head first into the blue sea, with scarcely a good sized splash to disturb the surface.

All was still above the water, for the space of one minute and fifty seconds, and when he had reappeared, he had secured a three-inch line to one of the flukes of the anchor.

The anchor, however, was afoul of a big boulder on the bottom. Upon heaving on the line it broke, leaving this great dive to be performed again.

The gray haired old man, as active as a boy, with muscles as hard as rock, never hesitated to plunge in again, as though it were quite an every day affair. This time, however, he was a little more careful in getting away. He took several long breaths, inflated his lungs to their fullest capacity, expanded his chest and expelled the air several times. Then he filled his big chest with two great lungsful of air, once more took the plunge, and went like an arrow straight to the anchor at the bottom. For a long distance down he could be seen moving through the water, but soon disappeared entirely from view of the watchers above.

One minute passes, 30 seconds, 50 seconds more, 2 minutes. He had not reappeared and the watchers above began to hold their breaths. After the expiration of 2 minutes and 15 seconds, his body shot up out of the water. He was panting for breath, after his tremendous exertion, but he had cleared the heavy stock of the anchor and fastened the bight again, firmly on the flukes. The anchor was recovered, without further mishap.

He came to the surface smiling, although his eyes were noticeably bloodshot. And no wonder; he was subjected to an atmospheric pressure, at a depth of 84 feet, of about 50 pounds to the square inch.

It is a common thing for the natives of Hawaii to dive down four or five fathoms (30 feet), but none can accomplish what this remnant of a sturdy, but rapidly declining race does. He is, probably, the greatest diver in Hawaii today. When a boy, he knew numbers of natives, men and women, that were his equals as divers, but they have become very, very scarce.

He has frequently had to rescue other native divers, who, diving for fish that had been blown up by giant powder, sometimes became unconscious, bleeding at the ears and nose after going deeper than 5 fathoms.

He said he did not fear sharks. "They my friend."

It is only necessary to guard himself from sharks, when fishing with giant powder, as the stunned fish are frequently snatched up by the sharks. Many a Kanaka has lost a hand when gathering blown fish, the shark rushing in and taking fish and all.

"We tolled a lot of fish," said Captain Christiansen, "by throwing in finely chopped salmon, and then threw in a charge of giant powder. After the explosion, the old man dived down again. By this time several sharks, some of them 12 feet long, were helping themselves to stunned fish. The old man seized two fish, "ulna" as they are called, weighing from 10 to 15 pounds each, jamming them tightly in his arms against his chest, to prevent the sharks taking them away from him. In this fashion, he came laughing to the surface.

That he won everybody's admiration goes without saying.

These feats in the Hawaiian Islands, will grow scarcer every year. It is a sad reflection, that they are now, only relics of the past hardihood of a declining race.

CHARLES T. JOHNSON.

THINK IT OVER.

Have you ever heard of a medicine with such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla? Don't you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier, has proved, over and over again, that it has power to cure, even after all other remedies fail? If you have impure blood you may take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the utmost confidence that it will do you good.

Hood's Pills assist digestion; 25 cents.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A large factory for the manufacture of razors by special machinery is being erected near Berlin.

A French society is being formed in Paris for the study and improvement of the various breeds of sheep dog.

The Brooklyn Heights Elevated railroad company has furnished a reading and recreation room for its employees.

Within a quarter of an hour on Tuesday, March 3, Londoners experienced a thunder storm, a gale, snow, hail, rain and sunshine.

The late Mrs. Charles TEeson of Boston bequeathed to the Bostonian society a map of Boston harbor in 1795, with the shore and islands worked in silk.

During the coming summer the school grounds of Cincinnati will be used as playgrounds for children. It is proposed to provide sand piles for the children to roll in.

The sea is infinitely more productive than the land. It is estimated that an acre of good fishing will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will yield in a year.

Several English theatres are now warmed by electric radiators, to the great delight of their patrons. It is said that all draughts have been done away with by this method of heating.

The vital statistics of Steuben, Me., for the twelve months just closed show a curious coincidence. During the year there were in the town sixteen births, sixteen deaths, and sixteen marriages.

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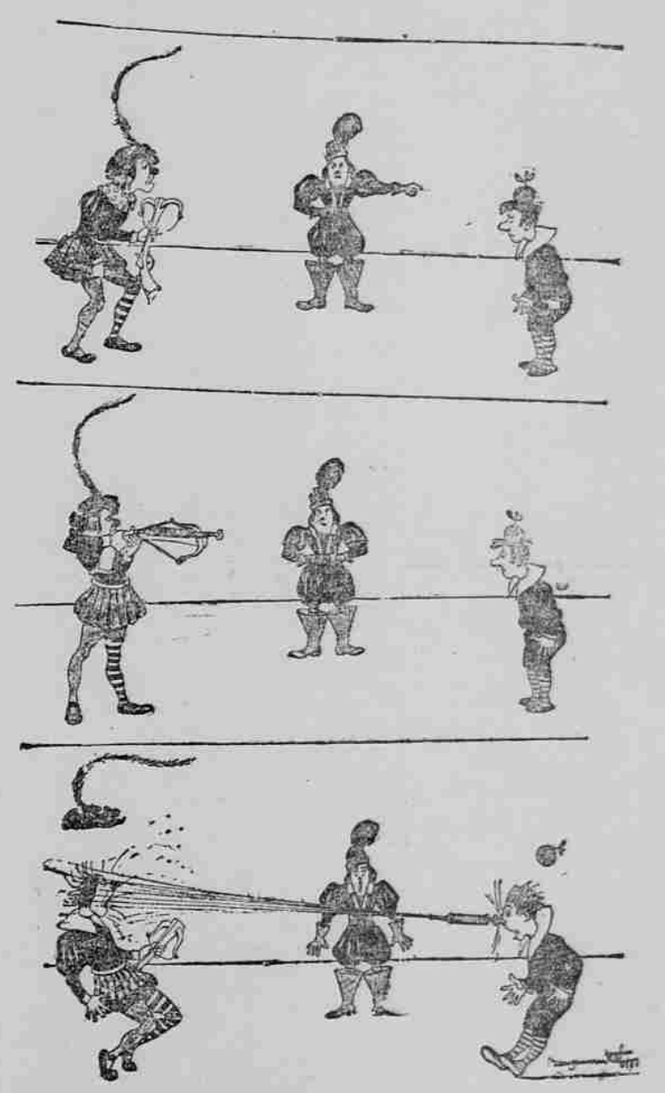

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