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We don't claim our coal to be; there may be others, but you will never find any coal that will give you more genuine satisfaction for cooking or heating than our high grade well-screened coal. You can't beat it, and you won't want to try when you have once tested it. It is the best coal on the market to-day.

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HOLDING UP A STEAMBOAT

An Ex-Circus Man Tells the Story.

A Bareback Rider's Bravery—Little Old Jim Fisher Was as Good as His Word—Not Afraid of the Robbers.

"Now, I don't suppose any of you ever heard of a steamboat being held up, hey?" said an Anacostia man who used to travel out west with a one-night-stand circus, according to the Washington Star. "You've heard of trains, any number of 'em, being held up, and stages, slews of 'em, being held up, and burro pack trains, loaded to the guards with Virgin silver, being held up, and men, individually and collectively, being held up in such places as Chicago, Hyena Gulch, Cemetery Station and such places; but I'll bet money that none of you ever heard before of a steamboat being held up. Well, I did. Not only did I hear of it, but I've told it. Not only have I told it, but I was in the hold-up, as a bullet scar on the outside of my left ankle would show if I had time to take off my shoes. But it was a good, old-time, regular steamboat hold-up, all the same, and the first and original one."

"Well, here's how it happened: I was boss tentman with Robinson's circus back in '77. We played the middle Western circuit all during the summer and along toward the end of August we struck cross-country from middle of Nebraska for the Black Hills. That was during the Black Hills excitement and we calculated to show up there in that region for a month or so, charging 'em all the way from \$2 to \$5 a head to see the show, and then to sail down the Missouri and Mississippi on two or three chartered stern-wheelers for winter quarters in Memphis. We did up the Black Hills for about six weeks, playing to capacity and just coming money."

"Then it commenced to chill up some and some of the animals that had been born and reared down around the equator began to sneeze and cough a good lot, and so it was decided to pack up and trek out of the Black Hills for winter quarters. Old man Robinson was willing to leave after the six weeks, for he hadn't done a thing but make about a hundred thousand dollars out of his one-ringer during that season, and he had been especially prosperous, at from \$2 to \$5 a head, in the Black Hills country. So we moved down to Yankton, where old man Robinson had a couple of the old stern-wheelers—the two biggest that ever navigated the Big Muddy—waiting to take on the show."

GOT STARTED AT LAST.

"The stern-wheelers were the Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman and the Gen. Phil. H. Sheridan. Big as they were we had some trouble in loading all of our monster, mammoth, mastodonic, miraculous show aboard of 'em, but we finally did it, and away we started down the Big Muddy. We got along all right, except that we poked our noses occasionally into a sand bar, and when we got down as far as Omaha we figured on beginning to unload in Memphis about three weeks later on, when we would be making corking good time, as time was made in those days."

"Now, let me digress just a bit right here. I was on the Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman and our boat, because we had the better pilot, kept about a quarter of a mile ahead of the Gen. Phil. H. Sheridan right along. One of the men with the show was a cross, peevish little old bareback rider, named Fisher, who had been in the business about a hundred years or so, and whose temper was a heap soured for that reason."

"We all had talked a good deal about the possibility of being held up when we were up in the Black Hills country, and one night this little bareback rider man, Fisher, got up on his hind

legs and declared himself on the holding-up question.

"I want to tell you all one thing," said he, "and that is, that the nine-foot-high plug doesn't live in this world that's got the weight and the heftiness to hold me up at the point of a gun. It can't be done. I can't be held up. I want to go on record right here and now, in the middle of a wild neck of country, by saying that Jim Fisher cannot be held up and never will be held up."

"Oh, well, we had all heard that kind of bluff talk often before, and so we all gives little Fisher more or less of the high.

"All right. We left Omaha—our two stern-wheelers—about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of an October day, and we more than tossed up the water behind us. Must have made fully four knots an hour, I reckon. Anyhow about the middle of that night the Gen. Sherman shoved her nose alongside an elevated sort of sandbar by Easton, Mo., to take on wood. We hadn't any more than come to a full stop than all of us down on the deck heard a commotion in the pilot house and some short, loud talk.

"THE HOLD-UPS.

"Up with your hands and git away from that wheel in a hurry," said a voice that none of us was familiar with, and in a second or two we heard some of the same kind of talk, directed by another unfamiliar voice to the engineer of the boat, who had been smoking in an armchair. Oh, we knew all right what had happened. We knew better, though, when we looked up to the bridge and saw six ducks with Winchester rifles pointed right over our heads, and just sneaked over the rail when we had a close side for that wood, and they just about had us, armed and ammunitioned as all hands of us were. In about a minute the General Sheridan moves alongside us and we could see that she, too, was pretty fair in the hands of the enemy, for there were about a dozen of 'em, also with Winchester, taking it nice and easy—looking mighty alert, just the same—on the bridge."

"Old man Robinson was on our boat, and he hustled out of his cabin with a roar and got to the foot of the bridge ladder, where he was gently told by one of the quiet-looking ducks on the bridge to stay just where he was."

"What's this here game, anyhow?" asked old man Robinson. "What you after? My summer's pickings?"

"That's about it, I reckon," said the man on the bridge, who seemed to be the leader. "You can just stand where you are and tell this boy alongside of me here where your dust is. He'll take care of it. You needn't bother about nothing yourself."

"Well, old man Robinson just stood there frothing at the mouth. He was speechless, it happened. It happened so blindingly suddenly that it nearly gave us all heart disease. Little Jim Fisher, the bareback rider, who didn't intend to be held up by any man, he said, stood right behind me when all this was going on. When the robber on the bridge sprung the spiel about holding old man Robinson—who had been Fisher's employer and friend for about twenty years—up for his summer's rake-off, I could hear Fisher breathing hard. I figured that he was skeeter to death. But he stepped right out into the light, and he had a gleaming forty-eight in each hand."

"Why, curse your impudent eyes!" said little Jim Fisher, and before you could sneeze he had banged away at the leader of the robbers on the bridge. We all jumped to cover, but Fisher's move gave us nerve. It gave them nerve on the General Sheridan, too, and you never heard such a fusillade in your life. But in four minutes there were not any robbers in sight but dead robbers—six of them—and after we had chased the others, thrown the dead bodies over the side and taken on our wood we went ahead down to winter quarters. And so, for a wonder, Jim Fisher's thundering in the index about nobody being able to hold him up was a bluff, after all."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the
Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

A MAN WITH A STORY

What an Ex-Ranchman Saw in Cuba.

Confidential Agent for the United States Government—Arrested and Thrown Into Prison—His Opinion of Spaniards and Cubans.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

A tall, heavy set man, with sharp eyes and a habit of talking in a low tone of voice strolled into the Constitution office yesterday morning. He was at the first glance a man of striking appearance and the unusual tan that covered his features gave the impression at once that he had only shortly arrived from the tropics. In his make-up, and especially in the manufacture of his hat, it could be easily guessed that he had not long been in the South, and that at some time in the near past had been familiar with the Western plains.

The man introduced himself as Henry A. Mason, formerly a ranchman residing in North Dakota, and more lately a confidential agent of the United States Government. His presence was unique and the quiet manner in which he told who he was at once attracted to him considerable attention. He didn't care, he remarked, with a smile, to get into the columns of daily paper, and that he was only just arrived in this country from Havana, Cuba, and had stopped over in Atlanta on his way to Washington, where he would make his official report to the Government. His sole desire, he said, was to have himself resurrected, as he had been reported dead.

In reply to questions relative to the nature of his work in Cuba while the war was in progress, Henry Mason would say nothing, but was perfectly willing, he said, to tell how he got to the island and a few of the things that happened to him there.

Mason explained in the outset of his story that he had lived for the past fifteen years near the town of Bismarck, N. D., and had worked on a ranch just over the Montana line during that time. He was, therefore, perfectly familiar with the work in many of its phases that he was to take up at the outbreak of the war with Spain and knew well the duties as well as the hazards of a spy's life.

Leaving Washington in the early part of last spring, Mason went direct to Tampa, Fla., in company with George Seymour, a man who, coming also from the western plains, was to aid him in his work in Cuba. The two agents of the government sailed in a private vessel for Matanzas, Cuba, and reached that town on the evening of April 23d.

THROWN INTO PRISON.

"The day after reaching Matanzas," said Mason, "Seymour and I were arrested on the coach of a train bound for Havana, and were handcuffed and closely watched until our arrival in Havana."

"To the best of my knowledge (I had never been in Havana before) we were taken to a building near the arsenal in the center of the city and kept there for two days in chains.

"Finally a guard came to the room in which we were confined and blindfolding us and binding our arms so that we could not resist we were taken over the bay in a boat to a fortress. I have found out yet whether we were taken to the Canas or to Morro Castle, such was the closeness of our confinement while there. In the cell in the fortress we remained for sixteen days and at noon on May 15th were taken out of the fortress and released. It was evident that no proof could be obtained against us and when we were turned loose our goods, which had been taken, were returned to us."

Seymour and I remained in Havana, living at first at one place and then at another, until July 1st, and on that day we first heard the news of the naval engagement at Manila and the destruction of the Spanish fleet. We heard also at the time, from the same sources, that Cervera's fleet was locked up in the harbor of Santiago.

"With this news we started to the South through the country, intending to get to Cienfuegos, but reached no further than a small place by the name of Esperanza, where we were taken up again by Spanish troops and thrown in prison. This time we were carried by a guard to Santa Clara. In a dungeon in Santa Clara we were kept closely watched until September 15th, when at midnight we effected our escape from the place."

HOW THEY ESCAPED.

In reply to questions, Henry Mason told graphically of the escape from prison. He stated that he and Seymour had given the plan much attention. Filing the bars in two, the two Americans escaped out at night on the guard stationed at the place and disappeared without a word.

"We took the two Mauser rifles belonging to the guard," said Mason, "and together struck out at random to find the insurgent lines. We traveled so for five nights on a stretch, resting during the day in clumps of bushes to avoid detection, and finally obtained information that led us shortly into the insurgent lines. Here we found that the war with the United States had practically come to an end."

"My companion, Seymour, had not been well during the long walk we found necessary, and, in fact his condition before leaving the United States was not such as to warrant him in undertaking the task before us, but he was all right at heart and kept up the pace as long as his strength lasted."

"While we were in the insurgent line Seymour developed a malarial fever, and in his weakened condition he finally had an easy prey. After a short illness the man died and we gave him a rude burial there on a hillside in the province of Santa Clara."

"We lived during all this time in a deserted farmhouse in the vicinity and after the death of Seymour I made my way back to Havana."

"In Havana I remained until a week ago last Wednesday, when I took passage on the liner Mascot for the United States, arriving at Tampa only a day or two ago."

"That is all, I believe, that I can say about my experience in Cuba, except to add this: That I have the spot where Seymour is buried fixed in my mind, and after settling my few affairs in Washington I intend to see that Seymour's remains are brought back to this country and given a decent putting away."

Henry Mason squirmed under the pencil of the artist, who while he was telling his story was taking a likeness of the man who risked so much to serve his country and suffered much.

Mason leaves for Washington at once and there will give an official account of what took place under his eye in Cuba and the part he played in the hundred-day drama in the tropics.

In speaking of the Cuban and in comparing him with the Spaniard Mason said:

"When I left the United States I had the best opinion of the Cuban, and thought the Spaniard a coward. Now, having seen much of both, the opinion is just reversed. The Cubans altogether are poor specimens, while I believe that no braver people live than the Spaniards."

"One thing particularly I want you to say—a fact that I noticed while on the island and which made a great impression on me—I never saw a Spanish soldier drunk."

"I confess that the same thing cannot be said of our soldiers, and particularly of the volunteers."

Life insurance is a good thing, but health insurance, by keeping the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, is still better.

A Japanese named Tatum has just been convicted at Sydney of forging seven copies of a rare early New South Wales stamp rated at \$400. The imitations were so perfect that they were purchased by dealers and sent to London, where they passed the scrutiny of several experts.

La Grippe is again epidemic. Every precaution should be taken to avoid it. Its specific cure is One Minute Cough Cure. A. J. Shepherd, Publisher, Agricultural Journal and Advertiser, Eldon, Mo., says: "No one will be disappointed in using One Minute Cough Cure for La Grippe." Pleasant to take, quick to act.—Burrow, Martin & Co.

The thermometer dropped 42 degrees below zero in West Kensington, N. H., on January 2d, the lowest recorded temperature in twenty-five years.

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Bears the
Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

The New York Fire Department recently tried, with satisfactory results, engine No. 23, which is equipped with rubber tires.

Mr. S. A. Fackler, Editor of the Miscanopy (Fla.) Hustler, with his wife and children, suffered terribly from La Grippe. One Minute Cough Cure was the only remedy that helped them. It acted quickly. Thousands of others use this remedy as a specific for La Grippe, and its exhausting after effects. Never fails.—Burrow, Martin & Co.

CASTORIA.
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Fire ladders drawn by horses instead of by hand are a new thing in London, where they are called "horsed fire escapes."

Horrible agony is caused by Piles, Burns and Skin Diseases. These are immediately relieved and quickly cured by De Witt's Hazel Salve. Beware of worthless imitations.—Burrow, Martin & Co.

TRUSTS CAN'T COLLECT.

A Missouri Decision That Makes Debts to a Member of a Trust Invalid.

A Joplin (Mo.) dispatch to the New York Sun says:

A decision rendered in the Jasper County Circuit Court is of interest to mercantile combinations operating in this State. Baker and Johnson were agents for the Aetna Powder Company, and owed that concern \$500. Johnson, it is said, acknowledged the debt, but Baker refused to do so. Johnson allowed the powder company to bring suit. The attorney for Baker cited the State laws to the effect that a company or individual being a member of a trust for controlling the price of a commodity, could not recover any sum by law in this State. The Aetna Powder Company does business through the Missouri Supply Company, which is supposed to handle the business of all powder companies in this region. The powder company's attorney contended that the combination was not for controlling prices. The judge's instructions to the jury were that if they found that the plaintiff was a member of a trust formed for controlling the price of a commodity they should find for the defendant, and the jury so found.

THE VILLAINY EXECUTED.

In the plot were all the boys of the block, including the boy with the broken arm who could not get out. Their ages ranged from 9 to 14. The cause of the conspiracy was a nervous man who had requested the boys to keep quiet in the morning in order that he might sleep and who had frequently stopped them, singly and collectively, and told them how he did when he was a boy.

The chief of the conspiracy and executioner of the plot had called for suggestions for schemes and plans by which the life of the nervous man might be further harried and shortened.

Very many were suggested. But to each the chief villain had replied, walking to and fro like a hyena between meals:

"It must be somethin' 'fingerin' and distractin'."

After the catalogue was well exhausted the chief stopped and rasped the air.

"Ha, I have it! I will play Santay to me bruder and give 'im a drum."

And the next day an undertaker's wagon backed up to the house in which the nervous man had died.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the
Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

At a philatelic exhibition recently held at Birmingham, England, there were placed on view the two most valuable stamps in the world—a penny and a two-penny Mauritius. Only twenty-three specimens of the 1815 Mauritius stamp are known to exist, and the market value of the two exhibited at Birmingham is \$19,500. They belong to a Parisian collector, who loaned them for the exhibition.

The Canadian Government has purchased 140 Esquimaux dogs for shipment to the Klondike region, where the canines will be used to carry the mails. The animals were imported from Greenland and Labrador at a cost of \$50 each, and were selected for their superiority in speed, training and weight.

The Woman's Institute, London, has published a "Lexicon of Employments for Women," from which it appears that there are in England female cab and omnibus drivers, street porters, "walking postmen," cattle dealers, auctioneers and one locomotive engineer.

BABIES THRIVE ON IT.

GAIL BORDEN EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK.

OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET ENTITLED "BABIES" SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD. SENT ON APPLICATION, NEW YORK CONDENSED MILK CO. NEW YORK.

LEGAL SHOES, \$3.50.

Legal Shoes fit a Man's feet and the price fits his purse. The way they sell is wonderful. A new stock comes in, its gone in a week and another has to be ordered. No wonder they go: the men are making a shoe at \$3.50 which is the equal of any sold in Norfolk at \$5. Have as much or more style, have as much worth, all leathers, all colors, several styles.

Special Reductions—Men's Wear.

Men's Smoking Jackets and Bath Robes will be closed out at sharp reductions this week. We believe that the best stock of Men's Underwear, Shirts, Hosiery, Neckwear, Gloves, Men's Furnishings generally, which the city shows is here. A saving in prices also.

S. HIRSH & SON,

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MEN'S HATS—Soft and Stiff.

ELECTRIC POWER ELECTRIC

To Rock a Cradle or Run an Ore Crusher

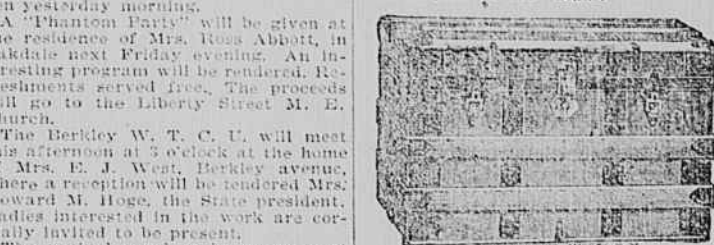
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BERKLEY.

NORFOLK TRUNK FACTORY

172 Church St., near Main.

We guarantee all Trunks, bought of us for One Year, and repair them free of charge! We also print the name and address on your Trunk—Gratis.



Square-top Canvas Trunk, heavy brass corners and clamps, 2-side leather straps, iron bottom, steel strap hinges, Before Stock-Taking Price \$3.75.

TRUNKS,

Square-top Canvas Trunk, steel clamps and corners, steel strap hinges, iron bottom, division for hat box; Before Stock-Taking Price \$2.90.

DRESS SUIT CASES,

Men can't do without them—many women have discovered how useful they are. We are offering a genuine Leather Suit Case for \$2.50.

THE NORFOLK TRUNK FACTORY,

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE LEATHER GOODS STORE IN THE CITY.

L. LANGBALLE,

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WHOLESALE MANUFACTURER

We can furnish you with a better and cheaper cream than it is possible to get elsewhere. Contact us for our cream and get prices and be convinced.

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Nervous Debility.



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NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT

THE ORIGINAL, ALL OTHERS IMITATIONS, Is sold under positive Written Guarantee, by authorized agents only, to cure Weak Memory, Dizziness, Wax-furrow, Fits, Hysteria, Quicquid, Night Terrors, Evil Dreams, Lack of Constitution, Nervousness, Lassitude, All Brachia, Optic Nerve, or Excessive Use of Brachia, Consumption, or Liquor, which leads to Migraine, Constipation, Insanity and Death. At store or by mail, \$1 a box; six for \$5, with written guarantee to cure or refund money. Sample package, containing five days' treatment, with full instructions, 25 cents. One sample only sold to each person. At store or by mail.

Red Label Special Extra Strength.

For Impotency, Loss of Power, Lost Manhood, Sterility or Barrenness, \$1 a box; six for \$5, with written guarantee to cure or refund money. Sample package, containing five days' treatment, with full instructions, 25 cents. One sample only sold to each person. At store or by mail.

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is a wasting, weakening disease. It is caused by a deficiency of blood in the system. It is cured by the use of the "Liquor Peptone" which is a powerful blood purifier and a powerful tonic. It is sold by all druggists and by mail, \$1 a box; six for \$5, with written guarantee to cure or refund money. Sample package, containing five days' treatment, with full instructions, 25 cents. One sample only sold to each person. At store or by mail.