PIRATE TREASURE by Howard Pyle.

The adventure of two of the great buc cancers of the Spanish main have already been told-of Pierre le Grand and how he Henry Morgan and the sacking of Panama.

Sir Henry Morgan was the last of the great buccaneers; after him came an entirely different sort of pirates who preyed upon the ships not only from Spain, but of all nations. After the peace of Ryswick, when England the value of such gems or would dare to became allied with Spain and Holland against

became anted with Spain and Tonant go the France, it became no longer possible for the buccaneers to devastate the West Indies as they had done. If lawless and bloody men desired to become pirates they now had to seek elsewhere for prey. For England and Holland would no longer allow Englishmen and Dutchmen to rob their allies, the Span-

At that time the European nations had just fairly begun that trade with the East Indies that afterward poured such a flood of wealth into the western world. Already a great stream of commerce came and went around

the Cape of Good Hope and up back of the island of Madagascar and through the passage between Johanna and the smaller islands. It was here that these later freebooters found fresh fields for their enterprise. The West Indies, no longer open to free booting, were comparatively near to home, but here on the further coast of Africa the would-be pirates were so far away from all

the rest of the world that no law could touch them. It only depended on good, hard, stubborn fighting to win almost whatever The later pirates were called, not buc-

cancers, but marooners. If you will look in your dictionary for the word "maroon," you will find that it means "to put ashore on a desolate island." It was this meaning that these later pirates gained their name, for it was thus that the pirate captains used to serve those of their crew who mutinled against them; or, if the if the pirates captured a ship and did not know how else to dispose of the crew, they margoned them on some deserted island, sailing away and leaving them to their fate. Among the earliest of the famous ma-rooners was Captain Avery, who captured the ship of the Great Mogul, together with his daughter, her court and all the inesti-

mable treasure in jewels and gold. The earliest known of Captain Avery is as first mate aboard a ship called The Duke, which, after the peace of Ryswick, had been fitted out by the Spanish government at Bristol, England, and sent to the West indies to act as a guarda del costa, or coast guard, to keep away the French smug-glers who used to sail over from Martinique to travel along the coast of the Spanish main.

The commander of The Duke was one Cap-tain Gibson of Bristol. He was, as the historian expresses it, "mightily addicted to punch, so that he passed most of the time on shore in some ordinary.'

of her inestimable treasure, helpless and The pirate fleet was composed mostly small sloops and brigantines. Captain Avery's

own ship was far the largest and most pow-erfully armed. Accordingly, for safe keeping. all the treasure which they had captured was put aboard his ship.

People talk of honor among thieves. there is such a thing Captain Avery did not have any of it. That night when the fleet was all sailing toward Madagascar, there to share their booty according to agreement, Avery gave orders to change the course of The Duke, and when morning broke the other pirates found that the captain and all the inestimable treasure which they had just captured was gone, never to be seen again Nothing was there but themselves, the bound

less stretch of ocean and sky.

And new for awhile in the gloom and indistinctness of that far away past, we see only a dim image of the figure of Avery. We know that he came in his ship and his pirate crew to Boston, in the Americas, where for a while he and his men were seen about the streets and the harbor front; strange, susplcious figures, now and then tippling and drinking in the taverns, but always appear-

g objectless, aimless, morose, sullen. What would the good people of Boston have lought had they known that the pirate cap tain had, slung about his neck, a little leathern bag, in which was a treasure of took the great Spanish treasure ship; of Sir gilstening, shining, precious stones-diamonds, rubics, emeralds—enough for a king's ran-

The historian of this famous pirate says that he designed to sell his treasure and perhaps to settle in Boston, but that there was

handle them.
So the pirates salled away back to Eng land again. There they separated, some going this way and some that, Captain Avery settling in Ireland, his leather bag of jewels still hung about his neck. But he himself was now grown so poor that he had to beg his way from place to place without even food to eat, except what charity gave him. His vast treasure might as well have been so many pebbles from the seashore, for he was afraid to offer a single one of his dianonds for sale for fear lest suspicion should be raised against him.

At last it occurred to him that maybe some of his friends in Bristol might help him, for he knew that there were merchants there who dealt in precious stones. Accordingly he set about returning to England. He was too poor to pay for a passage and so way across the Irish channel, landing at Portsmouth and walkng afoot down to Devonshire as far as Bideford. There he put up at a poor inn and sent word to some friends in Bristol whom he could trust to come to him.

The fame of Captain Avery had traveled before him, and his friends came down by post in answer to his message.

They found Captain Avery in the tap room when they arrived. He was half tippy, but he had sufficient wits left to ask of the landlord that he and his friends should be shown into a private room. Then he took out a leather bag from his breast and poured out before them upon the rough deal table such a streaming, glistening heap of diamonds. rubies, emeralds and sapphires as mulneering crew were stronger, it was thus dazzled their eyes and left them standing they used to serve their pirate captain. Or dumb-founded. Then the pirate scraped the jewels back into the leathern bag again and hung the bag about his neck, where it had been before, and he was just as poor as

> He and his friends sat for a long time discussing what was to be done. At last it was determined that certain honest, respectable merchants of Bristol should be asked to take charge of the jewels and to dispose of them from time to time as they could. Accordingly a week later a party of gentlemen came down to Bideford to see Cap-tain Avery. Again in the back room of the inn be poured out upon the table the little pile of jewels before the dazzled eyes of the merchants. As soon as they had recovered from their amazement they began carefully inspecting the stones one by one. Then after consulting together they told Avery they would do what they could for him-that they would take the stones and sell them from time to time, paying him his money as they disposed of them. Then the stones were counted, a receipt given for them, and the merchants took their leave, carrying away

held at the New York Society of Amateur Photographere.

The idea is a very unique one. Mothers are requested to send baby's photograph from any part of the United States, with \$1, the price of admission to the league. These photographs are to be hung about the walls and inspected probably by hundreds of in-terested people on April 4, 5 and 6. Thirty-eight medals are to be presented—

rules governing some of them are as

I. The grand medals of the exposition, to the most popular baby; to be awarded by the vote of those attending the exhibition.

II. Two silver medals to the most perfec boy baby and girl baby; to be awarded by a committee of eminent physicians.

III. Two silver medals to the prettiest boy baby and girl baby; to be awarded by a committee of artists. IV. Two silver medals to the brightest boy baby and girl baby; to be awarded by a com-

V. Two sliver medals to the jolliest boy baby and girl baby; to be awarded by a committee of actors. VI. Two sliver medals to the dearest boy

mittee of teachers.

baby and girl baby; to be awarded by a com-mittee of grandmothers.

This gives an excellent chance for all the bables in the country to get a medal, with-out standing the fatigue of the journey or of sitting still for three days. Mrs. J. Welles Champey, the manager of the exhisays from the present outlook, which her mail ches for, we are growing a race of beau tiful men and women

A RAILWAY KNIGHT-ERRANT.

The Chicago special bore an unusually heavy load that day. Vacation was over, and homeward travel had begun. There was not a single empty

seat in any four sleepers, and at each stop there were new demands for berths. Spirited conversations between the Wagner conductor and irate passengers who had failed to bespeak their berths, were frequent, and the last berth, the upper one in the rear car, reserved for the conductor himself, had just been given up to a flurried, all-important personage who had insisted on his right to a

whole section.
So now things began to quiet down. The passengers unbent from their dignity and began to compare vacation notes; the men betook themselves to the smoking compartment and the train boy ceased for a while, his journeys through the cars, offering his wares of candy, gum, books and magazines. Trade this side of Niagara didn't amount to much. He had learned that by experience At first magazines sold pretty well-but the real demand did not come till after they had passed Suspension bridge and the stop at Falls View station made. Then was the

Indeed, Dan knew about how many copie: ie would sell. A few months' experience on the train had given him a pretty keen insight into the habits and desires of the passengers.

At a glance he could tell who would and

time to offer souvenirs of Niagara for sale.

who would not buy of him, and just what women needed—a little persuasion and a pleasant smile to induce a purchase.
In fact, Dan's smile was a valuable part of his stock in trade and he used it to ad made the round, freckled face very winning. He was sorting over his books now pre paratory to one more trip through the care before offering peanuts and candy again, when the train drew up at a dingy, dated station. They were stopping for water he knew, and he went to the platform and jumped to the ground.

It was a relief after the rocking train. Much to his surprise he found the conductor in earnest conversation with two women.

"Oh, but you just must take her some he heard the younger of the women exclaim in a distressed voice. "You see there ain't any other way to send her and her mother expects her sure.

and she'll be at the station to take her off, and she'll be a real good girl, and not trouble you one bit, won't you Bessie?" Here she pulled forward a little blue-eyed

girl, and the conductor's eyes rested thoughtfully on her.

right off for Colorado."
A sharp whistle recalled the conductor, and

he put one foot on the steps of the car and stood watch in hand ready to give the signal. "Say, I'll kinder keep an eye on the kid if that's all you want," Dan said awkwardly to the woman. "Don't know much 'bout children but I guess some of the women wil end to her?" He gave an inquiring glance at the conductor.

"All right—I'm willing—jump aboard will you, we're late now," and the conductor waved his hand.

Dan seized the child and placed her lightly on the platform, and the train began to move. He listened to the parting directions of the two women, and then threw back the silver half dollar one of them tried to slip nto his hand, with a toss of his head, as he "I ain't no porter, and I'm doing

this to 'blige you."

Then he held the child tightly while she waved her tiny handkerchief till the station was a mere speck in the distance. Then he took her in the car and left he

to amuse herself with the rolls of lozengers thile he made a trip through the other cars By the time he got back she had made friends with a lady across the aisle, who offered to share her birth with the child. and before the afternoon was over she was playing games all over the car, and to Dan's amusement she insisted on eating supper with the man who had made the greatest fuss over his berth, but who, Bessie insisted, looked "just like grandpa. So Dan kept only a general oversight of the child and finally, when she disappeared be-hind the heavy curtains of the berth, with a childish "good nightie everybody." that included the whole car, he went back to the day conch and curled up on a hard seat, to sleep. He slept soundly, for the day had been tiresome one, but after a while he began to dream. He thought that Bessie had chewed

gum till she grew smaller and smaller and finally was nothing but one of the prizes in the bags of pop corn, a little sugar image which he was about to eat when-Crash! Dan was awake now. In an instant he was rushing towards the sleeper. Something nett

and the end of the car was torn off. and a cloud of steam rushed in and about

The shock threw him off his feet, but he crawled on. He must reach the sleeper. there was Bessie. He had promised to take What would he say to the mother if she

Yet it really wasn't his fault. Would he rever get to the end of the car? It seemed ages before he reached the plat-

orm, and his hand grasped the twisted brakes. Overturned on the track before him was the sleeper. The dim gray light of the early morning just showed its outlines. Farther than that he could not see.

He jumped from the platform and landed in the upturned side of the car. He could hear cries inside, and through one of the windows a head was thrust. With his heels he broke the glass of the window near est him, then he crawled on to the next, and next, breaking each in turn, till finally he reached the fourth.

This was where Bessie was. crawled in, but there was no one a the birth. It was lighter now. The sun must have come up very quickly.

Then a smell of smoke revealed the cause

The broken lamp at the end of the car had set the bedding on fire. The flames were spreading fast.
Through the broken windows people were rishing, men and women, and there were roans and shricks on all sides. But he could see nothing of Bessie. Could

e have been mistaken in the car? Suddenly from beneath a pile of clothing to saw a tiny hand thrust out, and he heard a stifled cry.

Eagerly he pushed aside the heavy blankets and pulled the child out. By the light of the

from its rings, and placing the child on his back, bound the cord, ground and around, thus POINTS ON PROFIT SHARING

binding her tightly to him.

Then he tried a second time to gain the window. This time there was a hand held down to help him, and in a moment he felt the soft grass beneath him, and there was a sudden movement of the little body pressed

Then there was a terrible whirring sound in his ears, and the blackest night seemed to ettle over everything and he became uncon-

News of the disaster traveled fast, and when the train bearing the wrecked passen-gers drew into Detroit there were hundreds anxious friends inquiring for dear ones. Strong men were crying and faces were white with terror as they listened to the story of the dreadful collision.

faced mother, while her husband wandered hither and thither in vain search for their

"Let me see, there was one, but-here porter, perhaps you can tell the gentleman,' and the passenger hastened away

this way, please. He turned to do so with tears blinding his eyes, but a tiny hand caught hold of his coat and a childish voice cried, "Den't run away, papa-ain't you glad to see Bessie?"



were queer pains running through his body. were queer pains running through his body.

"Yes," cried Bessie, with a happy laugh, as if recalling some pleasant time. "It was awful funny going to sleep in those funny boxes with curtans; then I woke up and was under a great big heap of blankets.

"Dan was real good to me. Dan was, and all his lovely cardy got burns, up to nothing."

all his lovely candy got burnt up to nothing, and I just think you ought to give him some new cause he took such good care of me. Won't you papa?"

"I did'nt do nothing."

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGS TERS.

hey give it is from the love of giving, and not that they may become known as benefac-

An illustration of this pure unselfishness of out to find those who need help. She make frequent visits to the homes of the destitute and before she leaves a home it is happler

I found the family living in a miserable

little house of only two rooms," said she. "The husband wasn't at home, but as nearly as I could learn, he had been ruined by drink. The woman was fairly intelligent, and she said they had once been in comfortable cir-cumstances. There were four children, the oldest a girl of 7, and there was a baby about 1½ years old. They had no fire and hardly a crust to eat. They were such pretty

had been standing beside her mother listen-ing gravely. When it was ended, she ran nto another room, returning with both hands full of pennies. "Mamma," said the, emptying the fourteen

nnies into her mother's lap, "I want you take my savings and buy some gum for hose poor little children.'

Mrs. Champ Clark, the wife of the wellknown member from Pike county, Missouri tells the Washington Post an incident of the November election which is interesting. Representative Clark's bright little boy Ben of her husband's campaign. The first tele-gram announced that Mr. Clark had been defeated. Soon after a dispatch reached her stating that the result was in doubt, and this information was in the course of the evening supplemented by the news that he was

On retiring that night little Bennett knelt down to say his prayers.

"O. Lord," he said in his most fervent accents, "I thank you that papa is in." Then he paused a moment, and added: "O. Lord

Connie, who is 7 years of age and a young woman with an inciplent vein of humor, came home the other day from school with tearful eyes and flushed cheeks. A sympa-thizing aunt happened to be the only person in the house, and to her Connie poured out her woes thus:
"Auntie, I hate Miss —, my teacher

She sispped my hands today. Oh, how I hate her—" And her small white teeth gritted with anger. The aunt remained silent and Connie con-tinued in a high key and with a suggestion of

"I mean," said the young woman, changing her tone to one of the most utter meek ness, "that in the future I intend to behave myself."

himself in a position which is not entirely to his taste, says Harper's Young People. great English wit, Mark Lemon wrote a book in which he told of a chubby faced little urchin who passed his conceited instructor upon the street without bowing. The schoolmaster stopped and frowned.

Details of a Mcdal System in Operation in St. Louis.

WORKINGMEN TO THE WALL

American Securities Abroad - The Anti-Toxin Treatment-Disguise of a Noted Fenlan-Gleanings from March Magazines.

Industrial profit sharing is the subject of in instructive article by Prof. Frank W. Blackmar in the March Forum. He says the plan of profit sharing, as adopted by the N. O. Nelson Manufacturing company of St. Louis in 1886, sets aside one-tenth of the profits for a reserve fund, one-tenth for a provident fund and one-twentieth for an educational fund, and the balance is divided equally between the employer and the employes. The reserve fund was created to meet the losses of bad years and equalize dividends when profits were small. The provident fund was created to take care of the sick, the disabled and the families of deceased laborers. The management of the provident fund was placed in the hands of a committee of five of the employes, elected by the employes themselves. Every employe who has served the company for six months or more is entitled to the benefits of this fund, and medical ald is provided by the committee. The allowance on account of disability is \$5 a week for an adult, \$3 for a minor, \$2 for an employe's wife or dependent mother and \$1 a week for each child. The families and dependents of deceased employes are suitably provided for to keep them from want. There are no conditions attached to employment and profit sharing except the man's capacity for his work, and there is no agreement respecting unions, the time of service or the manner of quitting. The manner of division was finally modified so as to yield 2 per cent dividends on wages to every 1 per cent on capital, and the early practice setting aside 10 per cent as a providen fund was displaced by the practice of paying ut whatever was necessary for these funds harging the same against the gross profits. The provident fund is managed entirely by committee elected by the employes without any interference on the part of the corporation. The whole aim of the company has been to make a simple plan free from entanglements and intricate conditions. The result of the first year's business after profit sharing was adopted gave a dividend of 5 per cent on wages, the second year 10 per cent, the third year the same, the fourth year 8 per cent, the fifth year 10 per cent, the sixth year 8 per cent, the seventh year 4 per cent, and the eighth year, which was 1893, no dividend was declared. The total mount of dividends paid to wage-earners as their share of divided profits is about \$65,000. an average of 9 per cent on the wages

DRIVING LABOR TO THE WALL. Solon once remarked that equality brings no war. Certainly inequality is the mother of wars, writes Mason Arnold in March Donahoes. Business discrimination and spe-cial private monopolies have broken up the incient homogeneous character of business Let us take one instance. Nearly half a century ago a young man started a wall paper factory on the Passale river in New Jersey. He is now old and his son has taken the burden of a very successful business. They employed last year 200 men. The firm refused to enter the wall paper trust formed in 1892; but the competition with the trust became so ruinous to the Jer sey firm that it was forced to capitulate last August, and the employes were notified that "all arrangements existing between you and this company will terminate September 1." The head of the firm expressed in an interview his opinions very frankly when he

"It's hard on the men. Some of them were with me when I started. The en gineer celebrated the thirty-seventh anniver what the conductor would do.

"They'll be most crazy if she don't come," added the other woman. "And it will put them out dreadful, 'cause they've got to start right off' for Colorado."

"They'll be most crazy if she don't come," was slipped into Dan's—and he hastily swallowed a big lump in his throat as he muttered:

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"They'll be most crazy if she don't come," and he hastily swallowed a big lump in his throat as he muttered in the complex of old who went to work for me when he was 16. But it's business, I suppose. In these times there is little room for sentiment in commercial world, and you know what porations are. We combined sentiment corporations are. We combined sentiment with business when we were in control, but it wasn't good enough after all. I sup-pose we spent from \$8,000 to \$10,000 in each of the past few years in paying the men for time they were idle. We were making money and felt we could afford to share our profits with the men. Of course the com-pany—don't call it a trust—won't do that. You know I'm no longer connected with the factory. I'm almost an employe myself, you might say. All I have to depend on for an income is my dividends from the National

Wall Paper company. AMERICAN STOCK IN EUROPEAN MAR-Having but just returned from another visit to these lands, says a writer in the Review of Reviews, if the truth must be told, I found that respect for America and Americans has sadly waned within the last half dozen years. Not only is this true among the manufacturers of Bradford and the tin plate capitalists of Wales, who might be expected to harbor a grudge against Amer be expected to harbor a grudge against Amer-ica and whose slighting remarks could be easily accounted for, but the same spirit is observable in almost all circles.

The reason for this change of attitude to-

ward America is not far to seek. Our financial difficulties and business failures and railway complications of the last few months have touched many Englishmen and Germans in their tenderest spot—their pocketbooks.

Millions of dollars' worth of the stocks o the Atchison road, the Union Pacific system and the Northern Pacific are owned in Great Britain and Germany. The juggling with the accounts, the misrepresentations which have been sent forth concerning the value of the properties and the appalling bank ruptcies of these great systems of communication have given to thousands of people whe have lost their little all the impression that American rallways are managed by swindlers and sharpers for the benefit of an interested

THE ANTI-TOXIN TREATMENT. A very interesting experiment in immunity

aslyum, writes Dr. L. Emmett Holt in the Porum. In the country branch of this insti-tution, containing about 350 children, diphtheria was epidemic in the months of September, October and November of 1894. Since that time, though the force of the epidemic has abated, new cases have continued to appear every few days. Between January 1, 1895, and January 16, eleven cases occurred. At this date anti-toxin was injected into 225 children, this including every child at the institution who had not previously suffered from diphtheria. The results were most striking. Not a single case of diphtheria developed among the children until February 3, when one child was attacked. The mor-tality of diphtheria in 3,990 hospital cases treated during the four years preceding the introduction of anti-toxin was 52 per cent. Of the first 300 hospital cases of true diphtheria treated with anti-toxin the mortality was but 26 per cent. There are included in these 300 only cases in which the diphtheria bacillus was found. At the same time that these cases were treated by anti-toxin in one hospital, 520 cases were treated in another hospital without it, with a mortality of 60 per cent, showing that the results obtained by the anti-toxin could not be explained by the fact that a milder type of disease was then prevailing. Even 25 per cent seems a high mortality, but it is to be remembered in reading these statistics that every case of diphtheria admitted to the hospital during a certain period was injected, no matter how far advanced the disease was nor how hopeless the condition of the patient. The later reports from Paris are even more encouraging. In 231 additional cases the mortality was but 14½ per cent; show-ing that with a better understanding of the use of the anti-toxin and greater skill in and pulled the child out. By the light of the flames now rapidly nearing them, he could see how white she looked, and her eyes were closed.

Could he be too late?

He tried to climb out of the window, but the seat on which he stood, broken by the crash, fell beneath his weight, and he was thrown back into the car. He struck heavily and there was a sharp pain in his head, and little Bessie almost fell from his arms.

He seized the broken bell rope that hung

immediate fall in the mortality in hospitals for diphtheria from 40 or 50 per cent to from 10 to 26 per cent, as in the reports given, is too marked to be accidental, espe cially when it has been noted in all parts of the world where the treatment has been tried. But after all has been said, the per-sonal observation of cases, even though this number is not large, is more convincing than any statistics. It is this which has made a convert of almost every observer to the new

STEPHENS' ESCAPE FROM IRELAND. After the collapse of the attempted Irish revolt in 1848, writes James Stephens in Donahoe's, I proceeded to Cork, and found shelter in a friend's house, where I met Mrs. Downing, "Claribel" of the nation, a famous poetess of that day. She asked me to come to London in the guise of her maid, and added: "I will provide you with women's clothes. You will pass unnoticed in that attend for your features are still beardless." After the collapse of the attempted Irish tire, for your features are still beardless."
I accompanied her to London, thus clothed, and resumed my usual attire at her house from whence I proceeded to Paris. The suc cess of my escape from arrest was due Mrs. Downing, and partly to my friends Kilkenny. These latter, hearing that I was wounded at Ballingary, circulated a report that I had dled from loss of blood. Two of they proceeded to Tipperary, where they purchased a coffin, and deposited therein my supposed corpse. The casket was coveyed to Kilkenny on a car, and my alleged re-mains received the honor of a magnificent funeral. I was then buried under the shadow of the round tower of St. Canice. The local newspapers had sympathetic obituaries, dwelling on the good qualities of the deceased, who they said was a juvenile of much promise, but who unfortunately, in an evil hour, 'joined the unholy ranks of the social disturbers of his country."

PRISCILLA IN LENT.

Clinton Scollard in Vanity. Priscilla puts her pleasures by,
Forgets each worldly lure;
The heavenly azure of her eye
Grows downcast and demure.
If I were asked to limn a saint,
Her's are the features I would paint,

Her gowns are all of somber shade (How well she looks in gray!)
To charity this winsome maid
Devotes the Lenten day;
And where she moves there breathes an air
Of joy that is itself a prayer.

Forsooth, what has she to repent, Torsooth, what has she to repent Unless, perchance, it be That every twilight tide in Lent She consecrates to me? But this is missionary work; Priscilla does not shun nor shirk!

THE WEASEL.

even When Awake Was Not Spry Enough for Him.

Catching a weasel asleep is often quoted as difficult feat, says the New York Sun, but Uncle Jim Demorest of Warwick, Orange county, has caught one awake. He is a lively farmer of 63 years, and one of his fads is poultry culture. He heard an unusual clatter in his big coop on Monday morning and ran out to learn the cause. As he entered the door of the coop he saw a weasel dodge under a box. Raising the box, he tried to crush the agile little animal with his foot. The weasel easily evaded the ponderous weapon. It then found a knothole in the side of the coop and dipped through it like a flash of light. Uncle Jim jumped through an open window and chased it across the poultry yard. The weasel made for a rat hole in a tight board fence. Uncle Jim dropped upon him before he was half through and clutched him by the tail. The weasel pulled one way and Uncle Jim pulled the other. Superior strength con-quered, and as the weasel gave way inch by inch Uncle Jim's other hand slid forward until his thumb and finger encircled the agile little animal's neck. Then it was all up with B'rer Weasel. Uncle Jim had him pinched

& Case's coal office. There, sitting down in his reserved seat, he held up the "vermin" and said proudly to his assembled cronics: "There, now. You fellers think I'm gittin' old and sleepy. Did any of you ever catch a weasel like this?"

Suggestion to Artists. Chicago Record: "What a spiendid ex-pression of profound uneastness of the spirit," said the critic, "you have worked into yo portrait of Hamlet! How did you do it?" "That, sir," said the artist, "is the result of weeks of foil. It is a reproduction of a composite photograph of several people waiting their turn in a dentist's ante-room."

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for fair, and he carried him down to Sanford The Provident Life and Trust Company

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Thus it came about that the ship and the ship's company were left altogether in charge of First Mate Avery, who spent all this time in persuading the crew to mutiny and turn the stones and leaving a little money for the pirate captain's present needs. Captain Avery remained in Bideford wait-The crew, many of whom were from the ing to hear from his friends, the merchants. West Indies, were only too willing to listen to He waited and waited. A week went by— So one night while the captain lay two weeks, but not a word from the Bristol

it worth while to stop them. Meanwhile Cap-tain Gibson slept on, snoring like a good fellow. Nor did Avery disturb him, allowing him to sleep on until the next day. Then, when he was as fairly awake as he could be in his tipsy condition, the mutineers put him into an open bost with those few who refused to join them and watched them as they pulled away toward the distant line of tropical went to Bristol himself to speak to the shore. Then they hoisted sail and bore away chants, "where," says his historian,

their fortunes. of Captain Avery's adventures. It is only tempted to push them further." cessary to say that he was so fortunate in his cruise of several months that he was able to gather around him and under his own could not pay. Poor, despairing and in ab-flag such a fleet of pirate vessels that he felt atrong enough to undertake almost any ven-ture that he chose in those out of the way land, where he lived for a while, writing cruise of several months that he was able strong enough to undertake almost any ture that he choice in those out of the way land, where he lived for a while, writing seas. So with his fleet he cruised about the letters, first to this merchant and then to seas. So with his fleet he cruised about the letters, first to this merchant and then to that, now of threatening nature and now that, now it is the cruise of the cruise and now that, now it is the cruise and now that the country for just a little money to the mouth of the Indus river he came up with a large ship which he thought at first was a Dutch East Indiaman homeward

than any peaceable Dutchman in all those bows, expecting that she would at once sur-render, but she immediately hoisted the Mogul colors and stood upon her defense. It was a short fight, however, for in a little while the pirates had hauled up alongside, had grappled and presently were pouring aboard of devoted prize, half naked, screaming, yelling like mad and driving the poor Indians helter skelter down below.

They had really come upon a richer prize

Then it was that Captain Avery found in-deed what a prize he had captured. "She was," says the historian, "one of the Great Mogul's own ships, and there were in her several of the greatest persons of his court, among whom, it is said, was one of his daughters, who was going on a pilgrimage to

No one car, tell just how great was the treasure taken from the Mogul ship. One can only know from Captain Avery's after

IT WAS A SHORT, FIERCE FIGHT stupefied in a drunken sleep in his cabin, the merchants. By that time his money was mutineers, under command of Avery, slipped all spent and he was as poor as ever. At the cable and sailed away to sea, passing last he wrote to the merchants a very press-directly under the stern of a Dutch frigate ing letter and after some delay a small supply the cable and satisfied and satisfied and after some delay a small sufficient, of forty guns, which did not seem to think of money was sent to him—hardly sufficient, we are told, to pay his drinking debts at the course of a week he received another small remittance, and then again after another week a few shillings more. After that there was no money pa to him, nor could be get even an answer the letters he wrote his agents at Bristol. After that there was no money paid

At last, growing tired of this neglect, he went to Bristol himself to speak to the mereastward toward the far distant coast of stead of money he met the most shocking Africa, bound for Madagascar and to make repulse, for when he desired them to come to an account with him, they slienced him by threatening to discover him if he at-He did not dare go back to Bideford again,

> keep body and soul together. But the Bristol merchants paid no atten tion to him, sending neither a word of reply nor a farthing of money. At last, in very desperation, he started back to England again, determined to go to Bristol no matter what it might cost. Once more he worked his way to Plymouth, and traveled to Bide-ford afoot. He got no further than the inn where he had lodged before. Here he fell sick and died, "not being worth," the his-

> torian says, "so much as would buy him : Such is the true history of Captain Avery and of that vast fortune of precious stones which he won from the Great Mogul's ship and which hung around his neck as uscless as so many pepper corns, while he himself suffered all the pangs of the most abject and miserable poverty.

A BOY AND GIRL LEAGUE.

At Rutherford Place in New York, the Messiah home, a "children's charity for children," founded by a few young girls, has All that day the pirates were busy stripping their prize and making merry with rich food and wines. Then, when evening came, they sailed away, yelling and cheering over always been largely aided by the little ones. brate the inauguration of the league, there ir booty like madmen, leaving the Great brate the inauguration of the league, there gul's ship floating upon the water, stripped will be a prize exhibition of photographs

one corner, faint and weary, sat a sad-

"A little girl with blue eyes?" repeated one of the passengers after him.

"There was one child killed, air," the por ter replied slowly. "I hope it ain't yours, I'm sure. Just step

HE WAS THROWN BACK.

"I told the ladies I'd see she got to you Dan explained as they were being driven to Bessie's home. "And when we was struck, I knew there wan't no one else to bok out for her, special, so I made straight for her, and we managed to get out somehow, didn't we, Bess?" Dan stroked the silky hair of the child and smiled at her with lips that trembled. Even now his head was dizzy and there

Bless the children! Their hearts are easily touched, and when

The bud of the infant class when she con tributes her penny to the missionary fund knows that she is doing something for a dark infant of about her own size, and she

childhood is related by the Chicago Record. The mother is interested in practical charity-a sympathetic, sensible charity that goes

ecause of her visit. The other day she was telling a caller of a visit that she had made on the previous

During this touching recital the G-year-old

was rushing towards the sleeper. Something nett often occupies a seat beside his father dreadful had happened! The train shook and shivered and swayed.

the election Mrs. Clark was receiving re-There was a second crash, and a tearing turns by telegram advising her of the result

"But she shall never do it again. No, never again. I'll take care of that."
"Why, Connie, said the aunt, "what do

The pompous schoolmaster sometimes finds