

TALES OF THE SEA.

WEIRD YARNS OF THE SUPERNATURAL SPUN BY THE CAPTAIN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A friend of his who was involved in like manner was to have reached Amapala by a different route in time for the same steamer, and to prevent any possible delays Mojarieta engaged staterooms on many persons as it could reach this question in more technical language. "Have you ever seen a ghost?" Out of 17,000 persons interrogated 15,316 answered in the negative, leaving only a meagre 9 per cent of people who had been favored by extraordinary experiences. But the relative proportion of men and women who saw visions and dreamed dreams is more remarkable. Only 655 males answered in the affirmative, but there were 1,029 females. Mr. Balfour, who is president of the society, is the leading ghost hunter and golf player as well as the greatest connoisseur in the Tory party. He discusses some of the finest ghost stories in this interesting census and makes an earnest appeal to scientific men to drop their attitude of "bigoted intolerance" and face the mass of strange phenomena which the society has gathered so conscientiously.

Foreign Blood Helping France.

The conscripts who will take their places in the French army this coming November are said to be much taller men than any batch of recruits during the last five years. The reason given for this increase in size is that by the new law all sons of a foreign father and of a French mother who are born in France are looked upon as Frenchmen and liable to serve in the army. Our authority for this statement is Le Gaulois, but it cannot be very gratifying to French pride to have it acknowledged that the few hundred foreigners thus pressed into the French army can so sensibly raise the standard of the recruits.—London Sun.

Parisian English.

A Paris correspondent for a London print speaks of Marie Bashkirtseff as "the talented young Russian lady painter and authoress." A "lady authoress" is bad enough, but a "lady painter" must be little short of a monster.

THEIR NOVEL HONEYMOON.

Beating Their Way on Trains From Chicago to the Pacific Coast.

Three weeks ago last Saturday, while one of the railroad boys was inspecting cars that had been sent out here, he discovered that one of them was occupied. Supposing a gang of hoboes were concealed in the car, he slid the door open and said, "Well, how many of you are in there?" A fairly dressed young man replied, "Only my wife and me."

The railroad man was astonished and swung himself up into the car, expecting to find that he was being fooled. He found, however, lying on some pieces of burlap in one corner of the car, a woman. The man in the car spoke to her, saying, "Well, they are onto us, and we'll have to get out." The woman arose and presented a neat, ladylike appearance. The couple were taken into the waiting room, where the man produced his marriage certificate, which gave the names of the couple and stated that they were married in Chicago July 10, 1894. The young man then told his story, which is in substance as follows:

He was at work and had saved up a few dollars. They were married and had bought \$150 worth of furniture on the installment plan and gone to house-keeping. During the strike he had lost his place. He still owed \$30 on the furniture, and the dealer, finding that the fellow was out of a job, came around and took the furniture away, leaving the couple in the bare rooms. Plans were talked over at once, and it was decided to make the trip out west, and on the evening of Aug. 7, at 9:30 o'clock, the young people jumped on the platform of a blind baggage and rode out of the Union depot at Chicago for California, having only \$5 in money to make the trip. On platforms and in box cars they made Ogden, where they succeeded in capturing the car that brought them here.

The young fellow is about 26 years of age and the girl three or four years younger. Both were intelligent and good looking. While telling his experience the young fellow looked at the girl and said, "She is a game little woman." On the evening of the day of their arrival here they were seen to dart across the platform hand in hand, and it is presumed that they got out on No. 4, which was just pulling out.—Reno Journal.

MEISSONIER'S HOUSE.

He Hoped It Would Become a Museum, but It Is Being Pulled Down.

Meissonier's house in Paris, built on his own designs, in the Place Melchior, in front of Gustave Dore's monument of Alexander Dumas, is about to be pulled down in order to make way for a six story building, and the work of demolition is already begun. The house was somewhat in the style of the renaissance and seemed a standing reproach to the vulgarity of modern architecture around it. A conception of the most refined taste, it was unlike any modern house and was neither eccentric nor conspicuous. It looked the abode of an artist and a wealthy man, but not assertively so. Its windows toward the street, scarcely more than loopholes, suggested inner windows opening on a court which, judging from the exterior, must be a renaissance cortile. This gave an impression of indifference, perhaps slightly contemptuous, of the outer world and of a comfortable seclusion not so much of the hermit as of the satisfied bourgeois.

Meissonier hoped that his house would become a museum. He wrote: "My hotel was built for a museum. This is apparent to any visitor. My descendant might live there as tenants and curators." Another time he wrote: "I hope that the treasures of art in my study will never be sold. I hope that my son will give them to the state. I believe this is his wish as well as my own. I am sure that he will feel too much love and respect for his father's work ever to disperse it. I trust he will turn this house into a little museum."—London Exchange.

Ghost Statistics.

The English Society of Psychical Research has issued a sort of "census of spooks." The society has been asking as many persons as it could reach this question in more technical language. "Have you ever seen a ghost?" Out of 17,000 persons interrogated 15,316 answered in the negative, leaving only a meagre 9 per cent of people who had been favored by extraordinary experiences. But the relative proportion of men and women who saw visions and dreamed dreams is more remarkable. Only 655 males answered in the affirmative, but there were 1,029 females. Mr. Balfour, who is president of the society, is the leading ghost hunter and golf player as well as the greatest connoisseur in the Tory party. He discusses some of the finest ghost stories in this interesting census and makes an earnest appeal to scientific men to drop their attitude of "bigoted intolerance" and face the mass of strange phenomena which the society has gathered so conscientiously.

Why the Dial Has Sixty Divisions.

We have 60 divisions on the dials of our clocks and watches because Hipparchus, who lived in the second century before Christ, accepted the Babylonian system of reckoning time, that system being sexagesimal. The Babylonians were acquainted with the decimal, but for common purposes they counted by "sossi" and "sari," the "sossi" representing 60 and the "saros" 60 times 60—3,600. From Hipparchus that mode of reckoning found its way into the works of Ptolemy about the year 150 A. D., and on that authority it has been perpetuated to the present day.—St. Louis Republic.

Some evils admit of consolations, but there are no comforters for dyspepsia and the toothache.—Bulwer.

SECRET OF THE ARK.

IT WAS REALLY CONSTRUCTED JUST LIKE A LEYDEN JAR.

The Fire That Came Out of It Was Electrical—Aaron's Sons Were Electrocutted. Edison and Tesla, Had They Lived at That Time, Could Not Have Surpassed Aaron.

There is nothing new on the face of the earth, and there is no doubt that electricity was well known to the Israelites and probably to the Phoenicians. The first record of electrical phenomena is as old as the Ten Commandments. Moses, when he received the stone tablets on which the Ten Commandments were written the second time, built a box out of fir—not the common cedar or any other native woods, but firwood, which had to be imported by Phoenician merchants from the southern part of Europe. Was this choice accidental on account of the great value of the resinous wood, or was it the choice of the best known nonconductor among the great number of various timbers?

Moses had the fir box lined inside and outside with beaten gold, which converted the ark of the covenant into a very expensive but very perfect leyden jar or storage battery for electricity. As gold is by 50 per cent a better conductor of electricity than copper, was the choice of gold again on account of its value, or was it an inspiration or revelation? So much is certain—that if Edison or Tesla had lived in those days they could not have improved on the choice of material, and the result was a powerful leyden jar.

How was this leyden jar charged, was the next problem. A fire of material rich in carbon was kept burning on top of the ark of the covenant, and during daytime a tall column of smoke guided the 12 tribes of Israel through their wanderings, and at night a tall flame was equally well seen by them. Now carbon is a good conductor of electricity, and the particles of carbon floating in the smoke would conduct sufficient electricity to highly charge the leyden jar. At least the current of electricity would be amply strong, so that if a hand were held toward the ark of the covenant sparks would result. That this was done by Moses at different times is a matter of record, and that he could always depend that his faithful Levites would obey his instructions to the letter and have the jar always charged.

After Moses' death his brother Aaron took the matter in hand and greatly improved the electrical power of the strange battery. He had the ark of the covenant placed in the temple and had it surrounded by poles 50 ells high, or 150 feet. These poles were covered with beaten gold, and gold chains were hung from poles to the ark of the covenant, which made a very expensive but very complete and powerful electrical connection. In a country where electrical storms are as frequent and as powerful as in Palestine at an elevation of 600 feet and a reach of 150 feet of the best conductor an abundant supply of Franklin's electricity would necessarily always be on hand.

It is very likely that Aaron knew nothing of amperes, ohms or volts; otherwise his two sons never would have monkeyed with this powerful apparatus, and they would not have been killed by fire breaking out of the ark of the covenant and killing them without any wounds or burns appearing on their bodies.

Any coroner's jury of today, if it were to sit on an inquest over the body of Aaron's sons, would at once bring a verdict of death by a discharge of electricity.

Aaron knew this power, and to make it effective all he had to do to deal death from his apparatus was to remove the costly camel's hair carpets, which are almost perfect nonconductors of electricity, and make the culprit stand on terra firma. Death would result instantly by fire breaking out and leave no wounds or burns to account for his death. That several members of revolting tribes of Israelites were thus electrocuted is also a matter of record in the Bible.

Solomon in building his temple advanced one step further. He found that copper would do as well as gold. He had the temple covered with copper, and copper water pipes led into the cisterns inside the temple.

On the temple, or rather on its roof, a number of gilt spears were placed in vertical positions, ostensibly to scare off the birds and to keep them from defiling the temple, but these spears were several cords high, or from 16 to 24 feet. Such a height would hardly be necessary for scarecrows, but it was ample to load the roof, water pipes, etc., with a powerful current of electricity.

Franklin, the electric chair in the state of New York and the discovery of the leyden jar itself in Leyden, Germany, are all back numbers. History only repeats itself, whether recorded or not.—C. B. Warrand in Savannah News.

The Venus de Medici.

She is 5 feet 8 inches in height, and this is held by many artists and sculptors to be the most perfect stature for a woman.

Some evils admit of consolations, but there are no comforters for dyspepsia and the toothache.—Bulwer.

HOW WE WALK.

The Muscles Used and the Mechanical Work That They Do.

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

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

THE POWER OF POETRY.

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

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

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

The antlered monarch of the waste Sprung from his heathery couch in haste, But ere his feet career he took The dewdrops from his flanks he shook; Like crested leader, proud and high, Toss'd his beamed frontlet to the sky; A moment gazed around the dale, A moment sniffed the tainted gale, A moment listened to the cry That thickened as the chase drew nigh. Then as the headmost foes appear'd, With one brave bound the cope he clear'd, And stretching forward free and far Sought the wild heaths of Tam Var.

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

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

Fire Easily Obtained.

The average civilized man would be hard put to it if he were compelled to start a fire without matches, tinder box or burning glass. But Lieutenant von Hohnel describes an African chief as not only accomplishing this feat, but doing it with quickness and ease. The traveler had asked him to show his skill. It was really wonderful, in view of the moisture laden atmosphere, with what rapidity he did as I had requested. The materials employed were such as we saw wherever we went—two simple bits of wood, one flat about six inches long and not quite an inch wide, with a row of grooves on one side, the other about 12 inches long and of the thickness and shape of a lead pencil.

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

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

No Word Like the Doctors.

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

Ominous of Unpleasantness.

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

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

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

THE ANGLOMANIAC PLAGUE.

Indignant Protest of an American Over the Marring of Our Language.

It is strange, but so, that the English don't know how to speak what they call their own language. If they do, they don't know how to spell it. I am not referring now to the "lower" classes, who take such unwarranted liberties with the letter "h," but rather to the titled trash—the bearded deadbeats who drag at the tinsel tail of a rotten soi disant royalty.

To prove my point that they are strangers to a tongue they call their own, I will cite an illustration or so. For instance, they call Lord Cholmondeley "Lud Chumley;" London they pronounce "Lunnon;" Pall Mall, "Pell Mell;" Berkshire, "Barkshire," and so on, on and on.

They never have known and never will know how to pronounce the letter a. They talk of "dawncing" and "prawncing" and "glawncing" and don't for a moment comprehend that they are making "awsses" of themselves thereby.

Then, in their ignorance of the linguistic proprieties, they speak of a locomotive engineer as a "driver," of the fireman as a "stoker," of baggage checks as "brawsses," and so forth.

When they want a bath, they tell you they believe they will take a "tub." They spell color, honor and like words with a highly unnecessary u in the last syllable.

I have only cited a few of their blunders, but if I had the space to mention a tenth of them I could fill a whole volume without half trying.

I wouldn't take the time or trouble to write this article if it wasn't for the fact that certain Anglomaniac "school-mawms" and "schoolmawsters" in our own United States are teaching English pronunciation to American pupils. This is an evil that ought to be strangled right off, beginning with this very day. No man or woman is fit to be a teacher who mars the beauty of our cosmopolitan language by twisting it out of shape after the fashion of your "Henglish miluds."

I say "our cosmopolitan language," and I mean it. There is no such thing as an English language. Four-fifths of the words we use, even in everyday speech, were drawn from Latin and other vocabularies non-English. I am sick-sick—sick to queasiness with all claims to the contrary.

Speaking of Anglomaniac school-teachers, I see of late that they have introduced another British fad into their schools—that of teaching boys how to knit, sew and perform other purely feminine tasks. If you doubt it, just drop into a primary schoolroom at Hastings-on-Hudson or at any other place on the banks of that historic stream. I presume, if the British school "mawms" and "mawsters" should order their boys to wear petticoats, the Anglomaniac pedagogues on this side of the water would compel our bright, lively, progressive young Americans to wear petticoats too.

The New York authorities ordered a general vaccination to prevent the spread of smallpox. Would to heaven high there could be a general vaccination of some kind to prevent the further spread of the Anglomaniac plague!—Will Hubbard-Kernan.

DUNNING BY POSTAL CARD.

A Decision at Baltimore Which Permits This Awful Thing to Be Done.

United States Commissioner Bond of Baltimore has dismissed the complaint against a man who was charged with dunning by postal card. In speaking of this decision the Baltimore News says: "The results of this decision are already apparent and are very far-reaching. Every man who owes a debt and every man whom some one else claims to owe a debt is now likely to receive postal cards galore asking him to pay up, and pay up promptly. Until he does pay up he need not be surprised to find a gentle postal reminder waiting for him on his desk each morning.

"Nay, that is not the only terror awaiting him under this decision of Commissioner Bond. He may find postal cards beside his plate each morning when he comes down to breakfast. If he happens to live in a boarding house, he may find his curious fellow boarders glancing with interest at a printed statement that he owes his tailor for that last handsome suit of his that has been so much admired and will he kindly call and settle."

Asleep on the Bottom of the River.

A strange incident in connection with the work of clearing away the debris of the recently wrecked bridge at Louisville is related of the submarine diver whose duty it is to descend to the bottom of the river and fasten chains about the heavy ironwork, besides placing dynamite charges in spots where the most desirable results may be had. Yesterday he remained beneath the surface for more than an hour. There was no response when signals were made, and there was uneasiness felt. At length the diver who goes on as a relief reported for duty, and he was at once sent down to ascertain what was wrong. In a few minutes both men came up. The diver was found seated on a pile of iron fast asleep.—Marine Journal.

The Silver Dollar's Centennial.

The silver dollar of Uncle Sam will celebrate the centennial anniversary of its birthday upon Oct. 15 next. On July 18, 1794, the Bank of Maryland deposited at the Philadelphia mint French coins of the value of \$80,715 for coinage into silver dollars under the act of 1785. The first lot of these finished coins was delivered on Oct. 15, 1794. There were 1,758 of them in all, and they were the precursors, the first waves of the vast flood tide of silver dollars that has poured out upon the country during the hundred years that have elapsed. Truly the Sherman purchasing act repeal has been a timely bill and a proper celebration of the centennial of the dollar of our daddies.—Philadelphia Record.

PROSPECT PARK.

There was a very gentle rain-fall here, Wednesday night.

Frank Cain left, Sunday afternoon, for southern Colorado to obtain work if possible.

Our teacher, Miss Marsh, visited over Sunday with her parents who live near McCook.

We wish to correct a mistake in last week's items. Miss Duffey is teaching in District No. 67 instead of 73 as stated before.

Mr. Pickrell talks of going to the eastern part of the state for the winter. It is the earnest hope of all that he will decide to stay with us.

There is a rumor of a watermelon party in this neighborhood. All our African blood is thrilled at the thought of such a thing happening.

The Sunday school entertainment was a grand success, considering the number that took part, and reflects great credit on the managers, Misses Shears and Holbrook and Mrs. Wade.

The Tariff, Financial, Hawaiian and other questions of the day do not interest the people hereabout as much as the question where can I get the most and best groceries for the money. C. M. Noble can answer the question to the satisfaction of all.

The Barnett Lumber Co. is selling eastern hard coal cheaper than ever before.

Send your orders to the Barnett Lumber Co. for hard and soft coal.

Tablets, inks and pencils at this office.

LEBANON.

Quite a rainfall here on Friday evening.

Heavy frost here on Saturday night last.

B. F. Bradbury cut a second crop of alfalfa, last week.

Charles King and wife have been visiting eastern points, the past week.

John Abbott and sister, Mrs. T. J. Cress, are visiting at their old home in Iowa.

Farmers that have begun to plow say that the ground is in good condition.

Quite a windstorm preceded the rain on last Friday, overturning haystacks and small buildings.

You can buy 100 pounds of good flour for \$1.40, in 1,000 pound lots, from the McCook Commission Co. They have a fine high patent flour for sale at \$2.00 per 100 pounds, in 1,000 pound lots as well.

The McCook Commission Co. keeps a large stock of all kinds of chop feed, corn and oats, at lowest market prices.

Buy your writing paper at THE TRIBUNE office. All kinds in stock and prices very reasonable.

Leave your orders with the Barnett Lumber Co. for all kinds of coal.

DANBURY.

Powell Bros. shipped a car of hogs to Denver, last week.

W. F. Everist came back from his Illinois visit, last Tuesday.

A nice shower here, last Friday, but it rained harder east of here.

Quite a number of people from here attended the fair, Thursday.

Rev. Huntzinger of Lebanon is carrying on a meeting here, this week.

Frank Barker's stable got on fire, last Wednesday night, and burned up six head of horses and all of his hay and fodder.

Rev. Meyers will go to Custer county, next week, and will preach there the coming year. Mr. Webster will take his place here.

Russell McClung and family will start, next week, to the Indian Territory, where they expect to live. George McClung will go along and probably stay.

Knipple always leads in fruits and vegetables. He carries the freshest and largest assortment the market affords.