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Castoria.

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Castoria.

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
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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 and there. The mate afterward took her home, but on the way a passenger took to ailing in some mysterious fashion and up and died very suddenly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TALE OF TWO BABIES.

True Story of Boston Life Related by a Radcliffe College Girl.

The car was crowded when I reached it, and there was only one vacant seat in the front, which I was glad to occupy. Just as I settled back, with a sigh of satisfaction, even before I had a chance to become curious about my neighbor, I heard from the rear of the car a baby's fretful cry and a wearied mother's voice trying to soothe the tired child. Mingled with these sounds came a second mother's tone, drawing but complacent.

"Ned," she said, "hear that poor little thing cry. Ned is a dood baby. He never cries!"

Of course my curiosity was aroused, and I turned to see the rival babies and their mammas. The fussy little one was in full sight. One rosy cheek rested on the shoulder of a neat but travel-stained little woman. The pretty, baby blue eyes were filled with tears, the chubby little fellow was sucking his thumb and doing his best to go to sleep, but the time and the place were against him. The patient, dark eyes of the mother rested lovingly on the sweet, troubled face of her boy as she rocked him softly in her arms.

All this I saw in a moment, and I then tried to look beyond this interesting mother and her natural boy to that wonderful baby that never cried and to his proud parent. I could not see them, however, because the restless little head hid them from me, but every now and then there came to my ear the hush of one voice, followed by the proud tone of the other.

At last the train stopped with one of those backing, bumping motions with which we are all familiar. Then the terrified scream of the thoroughly aroused baby made the nervous mother hasten to leave the car as quickly as possible. Following her and close behind her was a fat woman, with wrinkles in the back of her neck and a large, showy hat. She lifted her baby up with one jeweled hand, and as she kissed him on the pug nose drawled out: "Ned's a dood boy. Ned's mamma's own sweet, precious doggie."—Boston Globe.

BEWARE OF FRESH OLIVES.

How a California Planter Amuses Himself at the Expense of Innocent Travelers.

Eastern visitors in California are always much interested in the olive plantations which, in recent years, have become a feature of the most southerly counties of the state. The lovers of the succulent fruit when pickled and bottled for sale in the east and north are always anxious to taste the olive fresh and ripe. There is a popular impression that it is sweet and delicious; but, like many other popular impressions, this is a delusion and a snare.

A few miles south of San Diego, where the railroad makes a junction with a small one-track road leading into Mexico, a large planter has taken advantage of this delusion for his own amusement. On the arrival of each train from the north numerous travelers dismount to wait the starting of the train across the Mexican border. For their benefit the planter has nailed a box outside of his fence just across the way from the railroad station which he keeps filled with nice, ripe olives. A placard invites victims in these words:

FINE, FRESH, RIPE OLIVES,
FREE.
HELP YOURSELF.

Of course there is a rush from the station as soon as the box and its contents are discovered, and swarms of innocents seize the pretty fruit and dig their teeth into it. Then there is a combined howl and a great deal of expectation and disgust, for the delusive fruit are nearly as pucky as persimmons.

And the planter? Oh, he takes his fun from a partly hidden summer house within his grounds, where he occasionally seats himself to enjoy the spectacle. It is a sure cure for the blues, he says. —New York Herald.

Chicken on the Shell.

In a certain rather pretentious but cheap priced restaurant I witnessed a scene which, though funny enough to the outside onlooker, could not but have been extremely mortifying to the proprietor. The proprietor was also the cook, and he was engaged in industriously frying a number of pancakes on a griddle placed for show in the window when a party of three who had just entered ordered a trio of eggs a piece. The proprietor thereat seized nine of the ovids from a box beneath the counter and began to break them one after another upon the griddle. He had reached the eighth egg when, lo and behold! instead of a yolk and albumen spreading itself temptingly into view, came a small confused mass of feathers, minute claws, a beak, etc. A look of horror spread itself over the man's face as he gazed at the unwelcome apparition, and then gazing over his shoulder and seeing that his action was unnoticed he swept the griddle clear of its offending burden, greased it anew and proceeded with his work. O cookery, how many frauds are practiced in thy name!—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Highest Fountain Jet.

The wonder of the New England states, an oddity of which mention is, for some unknown reason, seldom made in print, is the monster fountain jet at the Home of Destitute Women and Children, near Bennington, Vt. The column of water in this jet rises to a height of 198 feet, being the highest known single fountain jet in the world. —St. Louis Republic.

The Trojan war was a conflict between the mother country and some of the strongest colonies and would have been fought if Helen and Achilles and Agamemnon and the rest had never been born.

A New York dealer in men's furnishing goods displays a sign reading, "Shirt Constructor."

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