

# GOOD SCOTCH SNUFF

By John Caxton

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The year was a decade after the close of the Revolutionary war, and the good ship Nancy Jones of Providence was lying in the port of Liverpool. While the American colonies had been successful in winning their independence, England still dominated the high seas. Being continually in need of men to man her ships, she passed an act giving her naval officers authority to board the vessels of any other nation and search for and remove British subjects. Searching for British subjects, however, was generally an excuse to force American sailors to fight for the mother country. For years no American craft sailed the seas without fear of British men-of-war, and many of them were overhauled two or three times a year.

Captain Israel Jones was owner and commander of the craft named after his wife. He was a good sailor, but easy going. When he would return home to tell Nancy that he had been overhauled and lost a man or two, she would listen with flashing eyes and exclaim:

"Waal, Israel Jones, I don't consider you much of a man to let such things happen. If them British had me to deal with, it would have been different."

She had sailed with him on the present voyage, and as the craft was completing her loading in Liverpool thus



NANCY JONES TOSSED HER SNUFF INTO THE AIR.

Providence sailors who had been impressed from the Nancy Jones a year before and who had just deserted from the British navy came skulking aboard and appealed to the captain for protection and a passage home. He was hesitating, as he knew that if they were found aboard his vessel much trouble would ensue, when Nancy came on the scene.

"Look here, Israel," she said as she brought her hand down on the cabin table with a slap, "them men are to sail with us or I'll stay behind myself! You ain't a man if you don't hide 'em away and take 'em back home!"

"I want to, but it'll be an awful risk," replied Israel.

"But we don't care for the risks. Them men are true born Americans and our neighbors at home, and their wives and children are mourning for 'em as if dead. They was taken off your ship in the first place, and now your ship shall take 'em back home again."

That settled it. The deserters were stowed away, and in due time the bark sailed on her return. She was almost clear of the English channel, when she discovered an English revenue cutter bearing down upon her. These light government craft were often used to board vessels and impress men, as they could dodge about the channel much easier than the men-of-war.

The cutter was sighted just after noonday, and her errand was guessed at in a moment. She would be sure to have a description of the three deserters and would no doubt impress two or three of the regular crew, even if she did not take full possession. It was no use to spread more sail or to think of resistance. The enemy carried a crew of thirty men and mounted four guns.

"Well, Nancy," said Captain Israel, "we shall lose the bark and go to prison, and it's all your doin's."

"Israel Jones, don't you holler before you're hit!" she replied as she laid down the spyglass. "How will the officer come aboard?"

"In this light wind and smooth sea that craft will probably run right alongside."

"On which side will she come?"

"To leeward, of course. What sort of a notion have you got into your head?"

"A good deal of a notion. You've got a hundred pounds of Scotch snuff in one of them empty staterooms. The first thing to do is to get it out on deck. I also want all the pots and pans and kettles from the cook's galley."

No one aboard the bark knew just what scheme the captain's wife had in mind, but the snuff was brought on deck and the pungent stuff poured into vessels placed along the lee side.

The men were still at work when the cutter fired a gun as a signal to heave to, and Captain Israel brought the Nancy Jones up into the wind. Then the cutter began maneuvering to drop alongside to leeward. Under the direction of the woman, who promenaded up and down as calmly as if in her own flower garden at home, seven men, each in charge of a vessel holding snuff, ranged themselves along the bulwarks, and at the last moment Nancy took charge of the biggest dish of all. As the cutter came slowly luffing up, with all her crew on deck, the woman quietly slid to her men:

"Now you jest watch me and do as I do, and we'll give 'em such a quiltin' bee as they never heard of before. Now altogether!"

The cutter was only ten feet away and was prepared to throw a grapple aboard when Nancy Jones tossed her snuff into the air and dropped to the deck, and her example was followed by the others. The wind carried every last pinch of that strong snuff across the space to the cutter, and it may be said that she was raked from stem to stern and from starboard to port. In an instant every man on the Englishman's deck was blinded, coughing, sneezing and as helpless as if bound hand and foot.

The crew of the Nancy Jones could have captured the whole outfit without striking a blow, but that had not been included in Nancy's plan. Urged on by Captain Israel, they swung her yards and got her on her course, and the breeze freshened as if in sympathy with her efforts. She was not pursued, however. Indeed the officers and men of the cutter were calling out to her for relief, and it was probably a full hour before any one of them could see a distance of twenty feet over the rail.

In due time and without meeting with further adventure the Nancy Jones arrived at her home port, and the tale of the snuff was soon told. If Nancy had found herself a heroine in the eyes of the crew, she was now in danger of being made to believe that she was the veritable Goddess of Liberty. She wouldn't have it, however.

"La, me, but what is all this fuss about?" she replied. "I allus knowed that if I was aboard of Israel's bark I could make them Britishers sheer off purty smart. Israel and all the rest of the men are too easy goin'. What we want is more women aboard of our ships, and I for one am goin' to keep right on sailin' and lettin' King George know the difference between apple sass and a woman who won't stand things no longer!"

### A Little Dinner.

An Englishman writing from France in 1830 gives this instance of appetite coming with the eating: "At my left at dinner today sat a very pretty young woman, opposite to her a young fellow, her cousin or lover. I heard them speak of their dejeuner a la fourchette (a meat breakfast). Yet, to my amazement, this delicate young person ate soup, beef, pate of I know not what, but it was said to be of brains, and they pronounced it excellent. A mackerel followed, then roast fowl, crosses, salad, kidneys, au vin de champagne, green peas with sugar and chevreuil, which the waiter offered to swear before a magistrate was real venison. To this mess the young woman added a quantity of new cheese thickly spread upon bread, filling up the time between each of the removes by scooping out the quarter of a very large melon; cherries, strawberries, biscuits (sponge cakes), each enough for an Englishwoman's dinner, and then coffee terminated the meal, to which, between her and her friend, they had only half a bottle of wine at 12 sous, but which they diluted with (in defiance of Abernethy's rule) at least a gallon of water. Of everything I have mentioned the woman had two-thirds. Repletion must have followed, you will say. No such matter. They had scarcely washed their fingers when the couple started up and took their places in a quadrille set just formed."

### Not Lagging Behind.

The man who drove the colonel over to Climaxville from Baldwin Station, N. D., seemed to be so full of go that he was finally asked how he was getting along in the new state.

"Oh, so so," he replied, with a wink. "There are two brothers of us here. We didn't come out to grub and starve, but to make money. My brother John lives next house. The first thing he did was to steal a whole county of land and sell her off in lots to suit. He's \$10,000 ahead of this glorious old west, John is, and still gainin' on it."

"Your brother John is evidently a rasher," observed the colonel.

"You bet he is; no flies on John."

"And how about you?"

"Don't make any mistake about me. The first thing I did was to get elected county treasurer and gobble every last cent in the box, and if things go right durin' the next two weeks I'll steal twelve miles of that river and sell it for \$1,000 a mile. Take me and John as pioneer pilgrims, and we've nothin' in pertickler to complain of."

### Time Was No Object.

A shrewd old farmer named Uncle Harvey was approached by a bright, breezy young man who was selling incubators. The Green Bag, which tells the story, says that the salesman gave Uncle Harvey the usual eloquent arguments—there was not another such incubator to be found, the prices were remarkably low, and so on.

Uncle Harvey did not respond. The young man talked himself out and made no impression. Finally he said, "You don't seem to appreciate these incubators."

"No," said Uncle Harvey.

"But just think of the time they will save!"

Uncle Harvey gave him one cold look and said, "What do you suppose I care for a hen's time?"

## OLD GOA THE GOLDEN

ITS SITE IS NOW ONLY A VAST AND GRASSY TOMB.

The Once Splendid Portuguese City in India a Magnificent Wilderness. Its Masterpiece of Art the Tomb of St. Francis Xavier.

It was said that during the prosperous times of the Portuguese in India you could not have seen a piece of iron in any merchant's house, but all gold and silver. They coined immense quantities of the precious metals and used to make pieces of workmanship in them for exportation. The very soldiers enriched themselves by commerce.

But then at last came the inquisition, which celebrated its terrible and deadly rites with more fervor and vehemence at Goa than in any other place. Religious persecution, pestilence and wars with the Dutch, disturbances arising from an unsettled government, and, above all, the slow but sure workings of the shortsighted policy of the Portuguese in intermarrying and identifying themselves with the Hindus of the lowest caste, made her fall as rapid as her rise was sudden and prodigious.

In less than a century and a half after Da Gama had landed on the Indian shore the splendor of Goa had departed forever. The inhabitants fled before the deadly fever which soon fastened upon the devoted precincts of the city, and in 1758 the viceroy transferred his headquarters from the ancient capital to Parjina, about eight miles distant. Soon afterward the religious orders were expelled, leaving their magnificent convents and churches all but utterly deserted, and the inquisition was suppressed upon the recommendation of the British government.

The place is now a grassy wilderness. But still the firm and well built causeways of this olden city and its moldering splendors are reminiscent of echoing pageants and the tramp of armies which once sounded there. As we tread the ancient wharf, a long, broad road, lined with a double row of trees and faced with stone, a more suggestive scene of desolation can hardly be conceived. Everything around teems with melancholy associations, the very rustlings of the trees and murmur of the waves sound like a dirge for the departed grandeur of a city.

Towering above a mass of ruins a solitary gateway flanks the entrance to the Strada Diretta, the Straight street, so called because almost all the streets in old Goa are laid out in curvilinear form. It was through this portal surmounted by the figures of St. Catherine and Vasco da Gama that the newly appointed viceroys of Goa passed in triumphal procession to the palace.

Beyond the gate a level road, once a populous thoroughfare, leads to the Terra di Sabalo, a large square fronting the Primacial, or Cathedral of St. Catherine, who became the patron saint of Goa when the place was captured by Albuquerque on the day of her festival. Groves of cocconut palms and mango trees now incumber the ground once covered by troops of horse. The wealth, the busy life and the luxury of the old place are dead. Kites and cobras infest the crumbling walls which once resounded with the banquet and the dance, and nought but a few old monks and nuns keeps vigil amid its desolation today.

But Goa possesses one treasure of great interest. This is the tomb of Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary to the east. It is to be found in the Church of Bon Jesus. It is a masterpiece of art which is lost to all but the casual visitors to old Goa. Some have ventured to suggest that no other mausoleum in India or even in Asia except the Taj Mahal can equal it. It is built of rich marble of variegated colors. The lowest stage is of red and purple jasper and Carrara alabaster adorned with statuettes and cherubs. The middle stage is of green and yellow jasper decorated with beautiful bronze plates representing incidents in the life of the saint. The highest of the three stages is surrounded by a lovely railing of red jasper marked with white spots, the adornments being figures of angels, while its middle portion is graced with columns elegantly carved, whose intervening spaces are surmounted by arches showing further incidents in the life of the saint. The friezes of the four lateral columns are of black stone and the plinths of yellow jasper. Surmounting this last stage lies the coffin overlaid with silver, a gorgeous receptacle embellished with many exquisite specimens of relief work. Lappets of silver depending around complete the adornment of the shrine. It is a worthy relic of Goa's departed glory.

The bell of the Augustinian convent still rings forth its vesper peal above this old city of ghosts, and it is impossible to forget the effect of the deep, mournful notes as they strike upon the ear. Never was heard a more beautiful or more sadly musical summons than that which calls in vain from the tower of the Augustinians to the forsaken and solitary city.

It is all summed up in the eloquent apostrophe of Sherer: "Goa the golden exists no more; Goa, where the aged Da Gama closed his glorious life; Goa, where the immortal Camoens sang and suffered. It is now but a vast and grassy tomb, and it seems as if its thin and gloomy population of priests and friars were only spared to chant requiems for its departed souls."—St. James Gazette.

### She Had a Winning Way.

Nodd—Come around to my house to-night and play poker.

Todd—Who is going to be there?

"Just my wife."

"I'm afraid I can't afford it, old man."

### Advice From Sadi.

Of the distinguished authors of Persia none perhaps has enjoyed a wider popularity than Sadi, who lived in the thirteenth century. He was a great traveler and a close observer, and his anecdotes and short stories are described as being founded on his own experiences and observations. In "Persian Poetry For English Readers" Mr. S. Robinson quotes the following from Sadi's writings:

A pupil said to his instructor, "What am I to do, for people incommode me with the frequency of their visits to such a degree that their conversation produces a great distraction of my valuable time?"

The teacher replied: "To every one who is poor lend and from every one who is rich borrow. They will not come about you again."

Another example embodies excellent advice: A silly fellow, having a pain in his eyes, went to a farrier and asked him for a remedy. The farrier applied to his eyes something which he would have given to an animal, and it blinded him, upon which they made an appeal to the magistrate. The magistrate said:

"This is no case for damages. It is plain that this fellow is an ass or he would not have gone to a farrier."

No man of enlightened understanding will commit weighty matters to one of mean abilities.

### A Poser For Conkling.

When Roscoe Conkling first began the practice of law in New York, he lost a most important murder case on which he had worked very hard not only for the fee, which he needed badly, but for a reputation which he had to make. Despite his efforts his client was hanged. Later, when he presented his bill to the man's family, they refused to pay it on the ground that it was excessive. He took the bill to Charles O'Connor, the great criminal lawyer, asking him to pass judgment as to the equity of his charges. O'Connor scanned the account very closely and then, turning to Conkling, very gravely remarked, "Well, Conkling, taking into consideration the enormous amount of energy and time you have devoted to this case, the charges are reasonable, but see here, Conkling, don't you think the man could have been hanged for less money than that?"

### The Ptarmigan's Tail.

One of the most entertaining chapters in natural history is that which relates to the many curious means that birds and other animals possess of deceiving the eyes of their enemies. Mr. E. Sandys, in writing of upland game birds, calls attention to a remarkable and beautiful instance. When the ptarmigan puts on its winter dress, it has a black tail. One might suppose that this would attract attention to the bird crouching on the snow, but in fact it serves for concealment. Every projection on a snowfield casts a dark shadow and that is what the tail of the motionless ptarmigan looks like, the body of the bird resembling a mere hump on the white background.

### British Museum Treasures.

Among the many costly treasures to be found in the British museum is the "Malaz Psalter," the second book known to have been printed that bears a date and which is valued at £5,000. The books printed by Caxton represent to the museum a fortune in themselves, while the Elgin marbles represent an enormous value only to be estimated in millions. The Rosetta stone might fetch anything from £100,000 to £150,000,000, and the Nineveh bulls with human heads would be cheap at £50,000.

### The Ubiquitous Union.

Young Wife (sobbing)—Oh, Clarice, I'm so unhappy! I'm going h-h-home to t-t-to my mother!

Clarice—Good gracious, dear! Surely George is not so unkind to you already!

Young Wife (sobbing)—N-n-no, no, no; it's not that. But Mr. Blinks, the husband of one of our members, has refused to buy Mrs. Blinks a new toque, and the Amalgamated Wives' union has ordered us all out on strike.—Illustrated Bits.

### Insulted Her Feet.

Mrs. De Bride was entertaining callers. After they left she remarked to her husband:

"I hope they didn't see my walking shoes lying there. They would think me very untidy if they did."

"Oh, if they saw them they probably thought they were mine," answered her husband in a consoling tone.

And she hasn't spoken to him since.

### The Speaker.

Many years ago an Allen county man announced himself as a candidate for the legislature.

"But you can't make a speech," objected a friend.

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference," innocently responded the candidate, "for the house always elects a speaker."—Lola (Kan.) Register.

### For Keeps.

Mamma—Don't be so selfish. Let your baby brother play with your marbles a little while.

Tommy—But he means to keep them always.

Mamma—Oh, I guess not.

Tommy—I guess yes, 'cause he's swallowed 'em.—Philadelphia Press.

### A Transformation.

"How do you like our climate?" asked the South Carolina quail.

"It has made a new creature of me!" enthusiastically replied the ricebird, which had called itself a bobolink when it left New England last fall.—What to Eat.

Laws should be clear, uniform and precise. To interpret them is nearly always to corrupt them.—Voltaire.

A Nickel  
Will Tickle  
The Appetite  
That's Fickle—

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### Where Iron Is Sacred.

Among the Barabongs, a great African people, iron is a sacred object. They are expert workers in metal, which they still smelt from its native ore by the most primitive methods ever devised by man. This art was to them in former days a source of wealth, influence and power, and the legend is that when people did not know the value of the stones found in their brooks a "wise man" saw a vision. The spirit of his chief stood beside him and said, "Gather stones and burn them to make spears." The sage thought it was a dream and that the chief was hungry, so he sacrificed an ox. But the vision returned, and the chief looked sorrowful. He stood a long time and at last said:

"My son, why do you not obey your father? Go to the river, gather stones and make a hot fire. After that you will see iron with your eyes."

The sage was greatly frightened and feared some calamity, but dared not refuse. When he had made a hot fire, iron came out of it, and then he knew the chief had taken pity on his children. He told his son the secret before he died, but he was a vain coxcomb and, wishing to show his own wisdom, made iron in the presence of strangers, and so the secret of the art was lost to his tribe, but they have always continued to regard iron as sacred above all other metals.

### Letter From Warm Climate.

"Speaking of pulpit jokes," a churchgoer remarked, "I have yet to hear a better one than that on a reverend gentleman of a small congregation in the city. He is a fine preacher, a man along in years, loved and revered by his flock. His pulpit utterances never verge upon levity of any sort. He abhors a resort to humor in church.

"One Sunday evening he was speaking to his congregation about Mrs. Jones, one of the prominent women of his church, who had gone south for her health. In his previous remarks he had, with feeling, referred to Mrs. Smith, who had recently left this world for a better one.

"He startled his hearers by saying: 'I have just received a letter from Mrs. Smith. She says it is very warm where she is now.'

"Shocked at the audible titter in the staid congregation, the good man paused, looked blank and then gasped. 'I meant from Mrs. Jones,' and hastily announced the hymn."—New York Telegram.

### Proud of the Cure.

William R. Travers, the New York city broker, on one occasion desired to go to an address in suburban Brooklyn, but, being unacquainted with the locality, accosted a stranger and asked directions. It so happened that the stranger stuttered and stammered quite as badly as Travers, who after the man had made two or three ineffectual attempts to answer grew angry under the impression he was being mocked and hotly inquired:

"How d-d-dare you t-try to m-m-mock me?"

"Ex-ex-ex-cuse m-me!" exclaimed the stranger. "I have an im-im-impediment in m-my s-s-s-speech."

"Oh I s-s-s-ee!" stammered Travers.

### A Matter of Business.

"I cannot understand, sir, why you permit your daughter to sue me for breach of promise. You remember that you were bitterly opposed to our engagement because I wasn't good enough for her and would disgrace the family."

"Young man, that was sentiment; this is business."

### His Classification.

Ingomar Buskin—There's a dispute about my acting. Some critics put it in the first rank, others in the second. Now, how would you designate it?

Horatio Jones—? Oh, I'd simply designate it as rank.—New York Times.

### The Appreciation.

The Author (after the first performance)—Well, what do you think of my play?

Feminine Friend—It was just lovely! Who designed the heavenly dresses?—Brooklyn Life.

When you go to collect a bill, the man at the counter is less apt to inquire about the health of your family than when you go to pay one.

### Distrust of Left Handed Barbers.

"I have struck all kinds of barbers in my trips about the country," said the man who travels, "but the one kind that always makes me feel as if I was balanced on the very brink of eternity is the left handed barber. I have been shaved by several of their class. They have been good barbers, too, every one of them, but no matter how well they knew their business they always gave me a bad turn, and every time they drew the razor across my face I felt as if life and I were about ready to part company. Of course it is foolish, but nowadays when I find myself assigned to a left handed barber I leave the shop on some pretext or other and go elsewhere to be beautified. Other men whom I have sounded on the subject have confessed to the same weakness, and women have told me that they have a like unexplainable dread of left handed hairdressers. In the dressmaking business, too, I am told, a left handed cutter and fitter is pretty sure to give the customer a crop of goose flesh, while even a harmless occupation like manicuring can always be relied on to produce real shivers if pursued by a person whose cleverness lies in her left hand."

### What Tilden Lent.

When Mr. Tilden in 1874 was nominated for governor of New York, Mr. Dorsheimer received the nomination for lieutenant governor. The ticket thus headed was elected by about 50,000 majority. A little knot of Germans in New York city who usually voted the Republican ticket took Mr. Dorsheimer from his name to be a German, and they scratched their ticket in his favor, so that he had a majority of nearly 53,000. One day after Mr. Tilden and Mr. Dorsheimer had been inaugurated they met at a political breakfast at the former's house in Gramercy park. Mr. Tilden had always felt a little sore at Mr. Dorsheimer's extra majority, and so when in the current of conversation Mr. Dorsheimer jestingly said, "Well, governor, you must remember I had 3,000 more majority than you," as quick as a flash Mr. Tilden retorted, "Yes, you supplied the 3,000, and I lent you the fifty."

### Good Shooting in Cambridge.

Years ago when Bret Harte, fresh from the Pacific slope, heard the list of famous men living at Cambridge he said to Mr. Howells:

"Why, you couldn't fire a revolver from your front porch anywhere without bringing down a two volumer!"



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