NOT IN ORIGINAL PACKAGES.

Emiles Scissored From the Funny Columns of The Bee's Exchanges.

REQUIRED IN BOSTON.

A Sure Sign of Blue Blood at the Hub Chollie the Lamb-The Groom Wanted to Change-An Ill-Mannered Canine.

Puck: Interpreter - Chief Wanbo wants no more bends and brass wire; he says you cannot cross his country unless you agree to pay his price. African Explorer-What does he

Interpreter-Two-thirds of the royal-

ties on your next book. An III-Mannered Canine.

A boy jumped into a horse car and before long discovered that his bull terrier was trofting behind. "Go back sir!" he cried; "go back!" But the dog kept on revealing at once his fondness for his master's society and his poor training. "Oh, well," said the boy finally, "I s'pose you can go if you want to so bad, but you ain't fit to be seen-all dirt, and no collar on.

For the Night was Waning. Whiteside Herald: George-I don't know what ails me this spring—I seem to have such a sort of a gone feeling— Clara (yawning)-I would never have

Couldn't Phase Him. Whiteside Herald: First citizen— Hello, there goes the editor of the Night Cap full again. I declare it's a mystery to me how that man stands it to be drunk so often-should think it would kill him Second citizen-Oh no you can't kill him with drink—he uses "patent insides."

Necessary to a Choice.

The Bostonian: He (tenderly)-To-morrow, darling, I shall ask your father

consent to our marriage.

She—Very well, dear; but be sure to wear your highest collar and your cane. Papa, you know, is a stickler for blue

Couldn't Humbug Her. Washington Star: "Room for one more," called out a conductor on the Seventh street line last evening, with his eyes on a large fat lady.

She glared at him. "Shove up a little please," he contin-"There's room for one more." "No, there ain't neither," she ex-claimed indignantly, "There ain't room for no more. The fare is 5 cents for one person, fat or lean, and you shan't get any extra out of me, I can tell you, even if I do take up room for two. So there!' and with a puff and a wheeze she glared at the conductor again, and he retired in confusion.

Practice Makes Perfect. Texas Siftings: Simpson-What are

yeu going about for grinning like a country poorhouse idiot? Have you been taking laughing gas?

De Smith-No; but I'm promised a

position as a hotel clerk at a seaside resort and I'm getting the bland smile well

His Aunt Was Visiting Them. Figure: Teacher-Why weren't you at school yesterday, Johnny?

Johnny-We've got a new baby at our house. Teacher-Ah! brother or sister?

Johnny—Neither. Teacher—W-h-a-t? Johnny—No. Cousin. An Affliction to Be Borne Cheerfully.

Washington Post: "Herbert," she said, with a melting mellifluousness in her voice that sounded like the ripple of an orange ice as it thaws, "Herbert." "What is it?" asked Herbert. And the cold firmness of his tones showed that he meant every word of it.
"Would you love me just as well if you

knew that I am very near sighted. "Why, why," he stammered, of course I would; but are you?"

Yes, I am afraid so. Just as a test-I can't read a word of that sign across the street. Can you?" "Yes," resignedly, "I can. It says, 'Ice cream."

An Ignoraut Oculist Optician.

Jewe'ers' Weekly: Dr. Occult-My dear sir, the strabismus of your daughter's right eye is of no consequence and glasses are not needed for its correction. since the left is irreparably opaque and the optic nerve is disintegrated. Seth Grubb-Let's go, Molly. The durned fool don't know your right eye is crossed and the left one blind as a bat!

A sure Cure.

West Shore: Customer-Have you anthing that will cure a corn? Druggist—Yes, sir. Here is a prepara-tion that I put up myself. It's a sure and quick cure. Why, I've got a corn that I've been putting it on for nearly two years, and I wouldn't think of using any other remedy.

The Rescue of Emin Pasha.

Life: Owing to a delay in the mails on the Umgagi & Mbawa Northern rail-road, the following from Life's African correspondent has just come to hand. It is, however, the first authentic re-port of the meeting of Emin and Stan-

Mr. Stanley approached Emin's head quarters about 3 o'clock in the afternoon softly whistling "Little Annie Rooney. He rapped at the door of Emin's tent, and Emin himself answered the sum

"How do you do, Emin?" said Stanley.
"I beg your pardon," said Emin.
"You have the advantage of me."

'I am Henry M. Stanley-"I don't care. I don't want any subscription books, and I read 'The Dark

Continent' a long time ago. But I have come to rescue you." "I don't want to be rescued "Well, you've got to be rescued. Put on your coat and come along.

Ye Cannibal and Ye Missionaire. Harvard Lampor A cannibal lived on a cannibal isle, And was thinner than thin could be:

His legs were as lean as the tail of a rat, His head rattled round in his number five hat And he left no mark on the sand where he sat. O, a woful sight was he! So he was—

A dismal sight was he. Now, there came to this island from over the

A laudable missionaire; weight was three hundred and forty three pounds. His paunch and his jowls and his tonsure And he left a mark when he sat on the ground

Just two and a half feet by three, So he did-Just two and a half feet by three,

But the moral I'm trying to teach in my song, You soon will be able to see For the Christian proved docile and teach He learned from the heathen the thing that was right, And one Sunday morning, as soon as 'twas

He ate up the cannibalee! Yes, he did— He ate up the cannibalee.

That Was Different. New York Sun: There were twelve or pointments.

fifteen men sitting around in a Buffalo saloon, when a stranger to all entered, stood by the door, and asked in a loud

"Gentlemen, is there one among you who will help a poor, discouraged man,

He appeared to choke up right there, and while clearing his voice two or three men slid out of the back door, several others turned their backs, and one man suddenly went to sleep. Each one assumed an attitude or demeanor calculated to discourage the stranger, but he presently got his voice and con-

tinued: "Who will help a poor, discouraged man, to drink a dollar's worth of beer? "I will!" yelled every man in the place in chorus, and a grand rush was made

A Cold-Blooded Groom. Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle: "Have

you brought any witnesses?" asked the Rev. Mr. Wood of Bathgate of a middleaged couple who had come to be mar-"No; we ne'r thocht o' that. Is't nec-

"O, certainly," said the minister; "you should have a groomsman and brides

maid as witnesses.1 "Wha can we get, Jean, dae ye think?" The bride so addressed suggested a

female cousin whom the bridegroom had not previously seen, and after consultation a man was also thought of. "Step ye awa" alang Jean, an ask them, an I'll walk aboot till ye come

Jean set out as desired, and after some time returned with the two friends, the cousin being a blooming lass, somewhat younger than the bride. When the parties had been properly arranged and the minister was about to proceed with the ceremony the bridegroom suddenly said:

'Wad ye bide a wee, sir?''
"What is it now?" asked the minister. "Weel, I was just gaun-to say that if it wad be the same to you, I wad raither hae that ane," pointing to the bride

"A most extraordinary statement to make at this stage! I'm afraid it is too late to talk of such a thing."

"Is it?" said the bridegroom in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable. "Weel, then, ye maun just gang on."

A Girl Worth Having. A few weeks ago I read in your paper Mr. Morehead's experience in the plating business, in which he cleared \$167.85 in a month; ness, in which he cleared \$167.85 in a month; but I beat that if I am a giri. I sent as he directed and got a Plater, and cleared \$208.17 in one month. Can any of your readers beat this? You can get spoons, forks or jewelry to plate at every house. Send \$3 to W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, and they will send you a Plater, and you can make money enough in three hours to pay for it, or address them for circulars. There is plenty work to do in both city and country; then why should any person be poor or out of emwhy should any person be poor or out of em-ployment with such an opportunity at hand? I hope my experience will help others as much as Mr. Moorehend's did me. LAURA B. -

SINGULARITIES.

A wren at East Bradford, Pa., built a nest in the sleeve of a garment that had been hung up in the yard to dry. A petrified bat was found near Yuma, A.

T., by some railroad men, who were digging a heavy cut through a sand hill. Mr. Eddy of Bellevue owns a calf with three heads. One it uses for eating pur-poses, as the other two are purely orna-

A Crawford county, Pennsylvania, Jersey cow took a fancy to the fresh paint on the fence in which the bovine was pastured and licked off a sufficient quantity to kill her.

A St. Louis man has a rooster with a horn growing from each side of its head, right above the ear, extending downward, and very similar in appearance to the horns of the male sheep. Mrs. Hobbs of Albany, Ga., was annoyed

by English sparrows, and soaked hominy in strychnine with which to poison them. They ate it and relished it apparently. It did not kill them, but every one of them turned A curious freak of nature is exhibited in the person of Alf Nicholson, a seven-year-

old colored boy living at Millview, seven miles from Pensacola, Fla. His eyes are as red as a carrot and he is said to be an infalli ble weather prophet.

John Drew Fisher, the actor who died in Brooklyn on the 25th ult., was the fifth of his family to die at the same hour of the same day of the same mouth. His mother, brother, two sisters and himself died in different years, but always at 7 a.m. on Sunday in May.

A farmer's wife living near Dover, N. J., broke a duck egg in a frying pan a few days ago, when out rolled an egg of smaller size. The larger egg was of ordinary and contained a perfect yolk. The inner egg was about one and one-half inches long, with a perfect shell and normal in every way.

A Waynesburg (Pa.) man found a hen's egg which measured I inch in circumference one way and 6% the other. The in-equalities in its make-up gave it the exact appearance of of a moccasin, showing the open-ing for a foot, the broad heel, contraction at instep, and expansion at ball of foot.

The petrified jaw and tusk of some mammoth prehistoric animal have been found near Petaluma, Cal. The jaw is two feet long and weighs forty pounds. In it are two molar teeth, the larger of which weighs two and one-half pounds. The tusk or horn is nearly three feet long and about five inches The remains were exposed by

a huge landslide. No worm or insect is ever found upon the eucalyptus tree, or in the earth where the roots penetrate. A row of trees planted through an orchard or vineyard will cause insects, worms, and caterpillers to vacate that region. Two branches of the eucalyptus used in the rooms or windows, or as decorations in dwelling rooms, will cause mosqui-toes, moths, fleas, and flies to leave the prem-ises, and when the leaves are placed beneath a carpet around the border of the room when the carpet is laid, is an insurance against the

moth, and branches placed beneath the bed pillows a protection against fleas. Two and a half miles south of the little Mexican village of Las Hummettas, in western Arizona, in a low, sandy valley, flanked by tall mountains, there is a hole about three feet in diameter and of unknown depth, from which a dense cloud of smoke and steam is constantly arising. For 100 feet on each side of the hole the ground is moist and heated. Water collected in the holes which have been dug in this moist ground has the tendency to make one very wakeful, besides giving the face, hands and feet a paralytic numbness. Every evening at 7 o'clock large volumes of

sand are shot from the hole, preceded by a roar that can be heard for miles. Pat McGrath of Woodford, Ky., possesses a remarkable feline. His cat was born with only three legs, and as soon as the kitten be-came large enough to leave its mother, Pat constructed a wooden leg and successfully adjusted it to the little stump that grew out where pussy's fourth leg ought to have been. Pussy now trots along on four legs with as much ease and comfort apparently as though the wooden limb had been placed there by nature. But here is the wonderful part of the story: Instead of killing rats and mice with her claws, as cats usually do, pussy has learned to use her club leg for this purpose, and it is said to be a very amusing sight to see her run up to a rat and knock him into insensibility with her wooden leg.

The motto of California means, I have found it. Only in that land of sunshine, where the orange, lemon, olive, fig and grape where the orange, lemon, olive, fig and grape bloom and ripen, and attain their highest perfection in mid-winter, are the herbs and gum found that are used in that pleasing remedy for all throat and lung troubles.

Santa Abie, the ruler of coughs, asthma and consumption, the Goodman Drug Co. has been appointed agent for this valuable California remedy, and sells it under a guarantoe at \$1 a bottle. Three for \$2.50.

Try California Cat-r.cure, the only guarantee cure for catarrh. \$1, by mail, \$1.10.

pirates entered the captain's cabin and made him also a prisoner. The man at the wheel was threatened and made to change the ship's course, and half an hour after the first blow was struck, the New Coates House, Kan. City. Absolutely fire proof. Finest and largest hotel in Kansas City. Unexcelled in its ap-Fulmer was heading for the Mozambique channel, and everything was quiet again. Neither Baynes nor Florence was dis- violently that it and the cold stream

ABSENCE. turbed that night, but when the old merchant stepped on deck early next morning to get his shower bath, he was startled by finding the barrel of a revol-Written for The Bes. If death should came—cruel, relentless death— And chill the light from out your happy ver thrust against his temple by the urbane chief mate, who, forthwith entered into a little explanation. He was a cool Taking from you all life, and warmth, and breath,
Wafting your pure, white soul to Paradise;
I know that I should mourn, should grieve for and callous scoundrel, who at least made no pretense of being better than he was

As sighs the zephyr for the sun-kissed sen-

Should long to hear your voice, so fond and true,
But could not lose you from my memory.

But, if in life you turned away from me, Choosing a path that led you from my sight; If mocking coldness in your glance I'd see, The sunshine would for me be lost in night.

The flowers—frail pansies and forget-menots—
That blossom in my heart eternally for you,
Would droop and die, if thus, by love forget,
Withered for lack of love's own holy dew.

Your empty chair today this lesson taught:

That life without you would be dark and

drear;
That all the world would be to me as naught
If never more I felt your presence near.
You are to me as sunshine after rain;
As summer after winter's darkest hour;
For even short absence brings a sense of

To prove how great your influence and

HOW THE SHIP WAS SCUTTLED.

New York Ledger: Robert Baynes

had made a fortune and lost his health

in Indian commerce, and his doctor had

told him that he must return to Europe

make the homeward voyage in a sailing

vessel instead of by steamer, for the ad-

vantages of the sea air and rest and

quiet. So he wound up or transferred

his business, collected outstanding ac-

counts, and took passage on the Fulmer,

a ship of twelve hundred tons, which was

about to sail for Liverpool with a miscel-

laneous cargo, of which rice in bags con-

stituted the basis. Mr. Baynes took two

state-rooms, for he was accompanied by

daughter Florence, a bright and pretty

but rather too pallid girl of nineteen.

The greater portion of his capital was,

of course, put in the form of drafts and

bills of exchange, but one not inconsid-

erable part of it he carried on board the

Fulmer. He had always been a lover

and a collector of fine gems, and in the

course of his long business career in India, he had brought together a very fine and valuable collection of diamonds, ru-

bies, emeralds, sapphires and other pre-

cious stones. These he kept in a peculiar kind of pocketbook, having sev-

each of which were composed of a heavy layer of black wax. In this wax the

stones were embedded, and the yielding

substance held them firmly and securely.

The money value of the collection was

estimated by the owner at from £15,000

to £20,000. No exact estimate could be

made, because some of the stones were

uncut, and the cutting might increase or

diminish their value considerably. Mr.

Bayne was in the habit of carrying this

precious pocketbook about with him at

all times, and he was not so cautious as

a veteran merchant should have been in

regard to it. His enthusiasm as a con-

noisseur frequently led him into imprudence, such as exhibiting his treasure to

people concerning whose character he

was ignorant; and, as will be seen in this

narrative, he had reason to regret his

The Fulmer was well officered, manned

and found, and she left the Sand Heads

in fine weather and under generally favorable auspices. But, when three days out of sight of land, the scourge of

Asia, cholera, broke out in the forecas-tle, and before the end of the week the

chief mate and five foremast hands had

been consigned to the sharks that now

insafe to prosecute the voyage, and an-

nounced his intention of running into

on arriving at Port Louis, he found that there was an unusual dearth of seamen;

and, after three days search, during

which his patience was rapidly giving

way, he was, in a manner, forced to ship a number of hands whose looks he did

not like and concerning whose capacity

he was more than a little dubious. It

was necessary to obtain a chief mate,

also, for the second mate was a young

him so rapidly. Fortunately, as was

thought at the time, a mate was found without trouble, and one who was im-

mediately a thorough seaman; while his

personal appearance was decidedly pleas-ing. His name was Foster; he was ap-parently thirty-five years old, tall, ath-

letic, blonde, well-bronzed, with bold

eyes and regular features. He soon proved a man of wide information and

engaging manners, and, though some-

thing of a martinet, the crew seemed

From the first, he missed no opportu-

nity of ingratiating himself with Flor-

ence Baynes and her father, and many hours had not passed, after leaving the

Mr. Baynes had exhibited his gems to the new chief mate, who displayed a quite remarkable knowledge of precious

stones and the famous diamond mines of

India. It was not until afterward that

any one recalled the fact that Foster

seemed to know all the recent additions

to the crew, and that he was seen sev-

eral times during the night-watches

talking with one or another of them on

the topgallant forecastle. Meantime he

failed to make much headway in his ad-

vances to Florence, who, from the first,

had experienced an instinctive distrust

of the mate despite his glib tongue and gentlemanly manners. Women have

not they turn out to be justified. Flor-

taken with Foster, and Captain Morris

like his ways and his close attention to

to duty, while the hands worked well

and cheerfully under orders which,

though sharply delivered, were ungar-

nished by the foul language too com-

monly used by officers at sea. Foster was not long in realizing that Miss

Baynes shrank from him, and the fact

evidently annoyed and angered him. He drew off from her, however, as though in deference to her unspoken

wish, and affected to be absorbed in his

regular functions. The Fulmer had nearly reached the southern end of Mad-

agascar when a catastrophe, like a bolt

out of the blue, changed the peaceful

situation to one of deadly peril.

One fine night as the second mate came

on deck to change the watch, he was

knecked down with a hand-spike and bound hand and foot before he came to

his senses. At the same time the five

men, shipped at Port Louis, feli upon

satisfied with him.

ded, Captain Morris

Mauritius to piek up new hands.

eral

carelessness.

thick leaves, both surfaces of

High Creek, Iowa.

POWER.
KATHARINE ELEANOR REVNOLDS.

He informed the amazed merchant that he must have the pocketbook gems, and, also, whatever easily negotiable securities Mr. Baynes had on hand. It was not his purpose, he said, to do his prisoner any personal injury, unless in-deed Mr. Baynes might think the detention of his daughter something of the kind. That detention, however, he was resolved upon, for he did not hesitate to avow that he was in love with Miss Florence, and could not bear to part with her. As to the captain, second mate, the remainder of the crew and Mr. Baynes, they were to take the long-boat, which should be provisioned, and they would have no difficulty in reaching land in a day or two. So said, so done, Remonstrance was useless, protest and pleading in vain. The miserable father was not even allowed to see his daughter again. She was locked in her cabin, and there she remained until the ship was hove-to, the long-boat hoisted out, provisions and water put in her, and the prisoners passed over the side, one by one. At the last moment, several of the crew, fearing to face the risks of exposure in an open boat, or perhaps lured by the hope of plunder, cast in their lot with the mutineers, who were glad of this reinforcement, being too few or die. He had also been advised to to work the ship by themselves. Then the Fulmer's yards were hauled round, she filled away and soon passed out of sight of the castaways in the long-boat, who—so swiftly had the whole transaction passed—could hardly persuade themselves that all was not a bad

Foster had calculated that when Fiorence Baynes realized her position she would gradually be brought to submit herself to him, and he gave her plenty of time to pender the situation after he had explained it to her succinctly. His own purpose was to make for the Comoro Islands, in the northern part of the Mozambique channel, scuttle the ship a few miles from land, take to the boats, go ashore in the guise of shipwrecked men with a carefully fabricated story, and then, after distributing the spoils, send the men away to Natal or Capetown by such Arab or French vessels as might offer, and himself remain in hiding until the storm had blown over. He knew the danger, that, once in the settlements, his men would get drunk and begin to talk; but he did not mean to let any of them know where he was going after they left him, and his plans with regard to Florence required that he should be entirely free from observation. The scheme was carefully arranged and seemed to promise well, but there was an incalculable factor in it, and that was Florence. She was a girl of much real courage, strong principle, high spirit and steadfastness of purpose. If she had disliked Foster at first, without apparent reason, she hated him heartily now, having ample reason; and she resolved that so long as life remained to her, she would employ every faculty in thwarting this man's evil purposes. Of course she perceived her help-lessness, but she reflected that Foster was unlikely to resort to actual violence, if only because such a course would extinguish all hope of winning her love. Perhaps she gave the man credit for more sensibility than he was possessed of, but his pride was certainly con-

cerned in overcoming her resistance by gentle means, if possible. When, after several hours, he reappeared in Florence's cabin, he was vexed and mortified to find that solitary meditation had wrought no change girl's boaring. She clearly loathed him and she took no pains to conceal her swam steadily and persistently in the ves-sel's wake. Thus suddenly made short-banded Captain Morris considered it aversion. Putting strong restraint upon himself he told her that probably on the to go ashore and as she made no reply to this announcement he left her again, discouraged and deeply resenting what he termed her perverse obstinacy

On the third day after setting the people adrift in the long-beat the Comore Islands were found to be close at hand, and the boats were lowered. Foster shared the valuables (not including the precious pocketbook, of which his followers knew nothing) among the men, and gave orders that all but two of them should proceed to land-the nearest fellow making his first voyage in that position, and Captain Morris had not sufficient confidence in him to promote island being then some eight miles away—while he himself remained on board the ship to superintend the scuttling and to bring away the girl. These orders were carried out, and presently Foster set the two men he had retained at work boring auger-holes in the bows, while he undertook to do the same for the stern. But first he sought another interview with Florence, and told her to get ready to leave the ship. She refused to do so. He then informed her of his purpose to sink the vessel and assured that, if necessary, he would have her carried over the side and put in the boat. He would come for her, he said, when he had done his part of the work, and so saying, he turned away, made his way through the lazaretto into the between decks, worked a passage through the Mauritius en route for Capetown, when cargo to the ship's side and in a tew minutes had bored a hole through which a heavy jet of water rushed into the hold, repeat this operation on the other side was his next movement, and having thus sealed the fate of the Fulmer, he

went on deck and passed forward to see how his men at the bows were getting As he reached the side and glanced over, he started; then ran to the other gangway and hurriedly scanned the water alongside. The result of this inspection was almost paralyzing. The boat was gone; no explanation was needed by Foster. He realized instantly that the rascal who served or rather folthese antipathies, and more often than lowed him had either got tired of waiting, and with the indifference common ence, however, was quite alone in her suspicion, and knowing that she had no tangible ground for it, she kept it to herself. Her father was much to such criminals, had gone off, careless what happened to him; or that they had deserted him from a spirit of revenge for some discipline inflicted on them. In either case the fact was the same. A sinking ship under his feet, the woman he loved drowned with him, and no possibility of escape. Suddenly it occurred to him that he heard no sound of rushing water at the hows, and this suggested the idea that the men might have gone without carrying out their orders. He ran to the forecastle and hurried below. It was as he had expected. That end of the ship had not been scuttled. The men had evidently only waited until he was below deck and had pulled off without giving themselves any further trouble. Then it flashed upon him that he might be able to stop the two leaks aft, and acting instantly upon this possibility, he rushed to the carpenter's room, secured two stout oak treenalls and a heavy calking mallet. and plunged once more into the after hold. This part of the ship was stowed with the rice bags. In making his way to the side to bore the augur-hole, he the sleepy watch on deck and over-powered then while Foster, who was the leader of these mutineers or had been obliged to move many of these bags, and in his haste, he had piled them up carelessly on either side, leaving a narrow gangway affording just room enough to work. He found the water pouring in in a strong jet, but with a vigorous blow of his mallet, he drove a treenail into the hole, and had raised the mallet for a second blow, when the force

of the water drove the plug lnward so

struck him full on the breast. The shock made him stagger, and losing his balance he fell back heavily against the rice bags which were piled above his head. They were so loosely heaped that the hard push he gave them thrust in the lower tiers and in a moment the upper ones fell upon his back and shoulders, driving him forward to the ship's side, when once the mask had been thrown

and pinning him there helpless.

He could not turn round. He could not get any leverage for working himself free. He was literally "spread engled" against the side with his arms extened, and while the weight of the rice bags pressed him almost to suffocation, the cold stream gushed against his body in front, chilling him to the bone. Foster was a man of resource and cool-ness, but this situation was too much for his nerve. He tried to call out at first, thinking that Florence might hear him and come to his rescue, though the chance was almost hopeless, first because she would not know how to reach him, and second, because if she did reach him her strength would be unequal to moving even one of the heavy which held him down. Still, it was necessary that he should make her aware of what happened, if possible, for even if she could not save him, she might be able to escape sinking with the ship. So he husband chis strength and continued to call her as loudly as he could, but to no purpose. There was no response, no sound of any movement save the monotonous gush and swash of the water pouring into the hold on both sides. He began to grow deadly cold. The jet striking upon his breast, moreover, affected the action of his heart; his respiration became broken and convulsive. He could no longer Paralysis seemed creeping over him. Every fresh attempt to struggle only revealed increasing weakness. The deadly cold spread to all his limbs. He could no longer feel his feet or hands. Caught like a rat in a trap, he was doomed to the death of a trapped rat, if, indeed, his present sufferings should leave any live in him for the mounting waves to extinguish as they rose above

his mouth and nostrils. Meanwhile Florence Baynes remained gnorant of the fact that the ship had been deserted, and sat in her cabin trying to think out some way of escape from the fearful crisis which saw approaching. How long she had been so engaged she could not tell, when she was startled by the report of a cannon, apparently close at hand. Foster had left her cabin door unfastened, and she made her way upon deck, and, after a moment of amazement at the absence of all life, looked around for the source of the firing. Then she saw a gunboat which had just been placed across the bows of the Fulmer at a distacce of some few hundred yards, and, at the same instant, her figure on the poop evidently caught the attention of two people on the stranger, for a ringing cheer rose from her crowded deck, and, as if by magic, three boats were dropped and instantly manned by armed men who pulled for the sinking ship with such a will that their cutters fairly smoked through the water. As this unlooked-for deliverance appeared, the revulsion was too great for the poor girl's sorely tried nerves, and she sank fainting upon the deck.

Upon opening her eyes again, could not at first believe what they reported to her, for she seemed to be ying in her father's arms, while Captain Morris, the second mate and a number of the old crew were grouped about, anxiously observing her. Their story was soon told. They had been picked up the very day they had been set adrift by a steamer bound for Capetown. Arriving there they had at once sought the aid of the authorities, and a gunboat, which happily was lying in the harbor, had been promptly ordered in pursuit of the Fulmer. The captain recognized Foster from their description as a desperate outlaw, who had made his headquarters in one of the Comoro islands for some time, and had eluded all efforts to cap-ture him; and this knowledge led him to begin by exploring the Mozambique The fact that the mutineers abandoned the Fulmer at first puzzled the rescuers, but while they were discussing it one of the boatkeepers begged leave to remark that he thought the ship was very low in the water and getting lower all the time. Upon this several can below and it was then that the truth was perceived. All supposed that Foster had gone with his companions and had deliberately left Miss Baynes to go down with the ship, until Mr. Baynes, in passing through the cabin had picked up a coat which was flung on one of the settees, and, feeling something bulky in the

pocket put in his hand and grasped his wn precious pocketbook. This discovery seemed to point to the certainty that Foster had not left the vessel, after all. But if so, where could he be, and why had he alone remained sehind? In the meantime, the boatswain of the gunboat, with some of his mates, had been sent below to find the position of the leaks, and to ascertain whether it was possible to plug them. These men had been away but a few minutes, when a loud shout was heard below, and they came climbing out of the hold, dripping wet and with white, scared faces. Their story was brief, but it cleared up the mystery. They had made their way with difficulty over the rice bags to near the side, and the boatswain was groping, by the dull light of a lantern, for the leak when his hand fell upon a cold human face. He called for the lantern, and then it was seen that a man, quite dead and with a terrible expression of anguish fixed on his features, had been wedged in them by the shifting of the argo. It was found that to extricate the body would take half an hour's hard work, and as the water was by this time within a couple of feet of the beams in the lower hold, it was decided not to attempt the undertaking. All the principal securities stolen from Mr. Baynes were found in the cabin, Foster having kept them to be disposed of by himself. After removing from the ship whatever could be conveniently got at, she was reluctantly abandoned.

The gunboat stood off and on in the neighborhood to see the last of her. It was near midnight, the moon and stars shining brightly, the sea just ruffled by a soft breeze, that the good ship Fulmer began those movements which presaged the end. First, she rolled heavily, each time showing her power of recovery; then she sank slowly on her side. As she did so, the weight of water in her rushed to the bow, which dipped deeply The whole fabric shuddered visibly; the stern rose in the ale; and, with an indrawing and an awful tingle, the vessel went down, earrying with her the wretch whose own hand had destroyed

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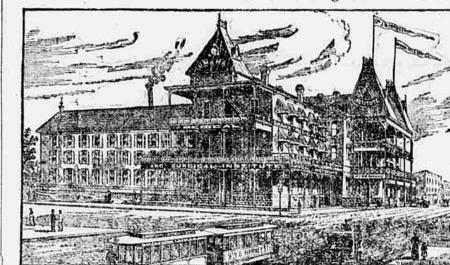
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