

A PRIEST AMONG PIRATES.

ORIES OF CAPTAIN DANIEL, A NOTED
FREEBOOTER OF THE SPAN-
ISH ISLANDS.

Pere Labat, going once from Mar-
aque to Guadalupe, had taken a
with Capt. Daniel, one of the
ost noted of the French corsairs of
e day, for better security. People
ere not scrupulous in those times,
id Labat and Daniel had long been
od friends. They were caught in a
le off Dominica, blown away, and
rried to Aves, where they found an
english merchant ship lying a wreck.
wo English ladies from Barbadoes
id a dozen other people had escaped
a shore. They had sent for help, and
large vessel came for them the day af-
r Daniel's arrival. Of course he made
prize of it. Labat said prayers on
ard for him before the engagement,
nd the vessel surrendered after the
st shot. The good humor of the
ury was not disturbed by this inci-
ent. The pirates, their prisoners, and
adies stayed together for a fort-
ght at Aves, catching turtles and
necunning them, picnicing, and en-
gling themselves. Daniel treated the
dies with the utmost politeness, car-
ed them afterward to St. Thomas,
ssisted them unransomed, sold his
izes, and wound up the whole affair
the satisfaction of every one. La-
t relates all this with wonderful
mor, and tells, among other things,
e following story of Daniel: On
me expedition, when he was not so
rtunate as to have a priest on board
was in want of provisions. Being
outlaw he could not furnish himself
open port. One night he put into
harbor of a small island called Los
ptos, not far from Dominica, where
a few families resided. He sent a
at on shore in the darkness, took the
est and two or three of the chief in-
itants out of their beds and carried
on board, where he held them as
tages, and then under pretense of
mpulsion, requisitioned the island to
od him what he wanted. The priest
nd his companions were treated
awhile as guests of distinction.
Violence was necessary, for all var-
s understood one another. While
e stores were being collected, Daniel
suggested that there was a good oppor-
tunity to hear mass. The priest of Los
ptos agreed to say it for them. The
red vessels, etc., were sent for from
a church on shore. An awning was
sed over the fore-castle and an altar
up under it. The men chanted the
ayers. The cannon answered the
urpose of music. Broad-sides were
ed at the first sentence, at the ex-
istat, at the elevation, at the bene-
diction, and a fifth at the prayer for the
ar. The service was wound up by a
eie Roi! A single small incident
y had disturbed the ceremony. One
he pirates, at the elevation, being
a profane mind, made an indecent
ture. Daniel rebuked him and as
offense was repeated drew a pistol
blew the man's brains out; saying
would do the same to any one who
s disrespectful to the holy sacra-
ent. The priest being a little star-
d, Daniel begged him not to be
rmed: he was only chastising a ras-
to teach him to do his duty. At
rate, as Labat observed, he had
actually prevented the rascal from
aying anything of the same kind again.
e being over the body was thrown
board, and priest and congregation
at their several ways.—"England in
West Indies."

A SHOAL OF CROCODILES.

E FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE OF A
HUNTER IN INDIA—HE LOST
HIS NERVE.

On one occasion I was ascending the
le Hangoon river with three natives
the mall bags, when we were hailed
n shore by an English hunter who
been camping out among the fierce
t animals and poisonous serpents
seventy days. He was entirely
ne, and he had killed five leopards,
ee tigers, six or eight large serpents,
much other game. He had several
h scars to prove a hand-to-hand
lict with a wounded tiger, and the
e fact of his being alone in that
ntry, exposed almost to every dan-
one could dream of, was proof that
was a brave man.
e had a raft at the bank and was
ut to cross the stream. After a
t of a quarter of an hour we took
in tow and dropped him down
nt a mile. We had just headed for
other bank, when I saw a large
codile rise to the surface just be-
d the hunter's raft. The man had
entered the boat with us, but was
ing on his traps on the raft. I called
im to shoot the reptile, and he rose
made as pretty a shot as one ever
striking the saurian in the eye
killing him at once. We were ap-
nding the shot, when a dozen of the
sters broke water all about the
e. We had a tow-ropes about forty
long, and were its full length ahead
the raft. None of the reptiles paid
least attention to the boat, but
med determined to make a closer
aintenance with the raft.
e hunter had a repeating rifle, and
stood on his feet and banded away
at and left as coolly as you please
dered the men to cease rowing and
out my rifle, but before I had fired
single shot, a monster crocodile
bed upon the side of the light
boocraft and upset it. We backed
ry very rapidly, and it was not over
y seconds before the boat and raft

had bumped. At the same instant the
hunter rose beside the boat, and one of
the natives pulled him in. While he
lay on the bottom of the boat we rowed
about and picked up such of his traps
as were afloat. It was very little we
saved.
When I came to offer the man some
some spirits his looks had changed so
that I could scarcely believe he
was the same man. No one
standing on the gallows-trap could
have been more broken up. He had
scarcely swallowed the whisky when
he began to cry, and he insisted that
we cover him up in the bottom of the
boat. It was a whole fortnight before
the man recovered his composure,
while his nerve was gone forever. He
who had stood with kilfe drawn, await-
ing the rush of a tiger, and who carried
marks to prove his bravery and his
victory, had been totally broken up by
an experience of less than two minutes
in the water with a dozen crocodiles.
It was the feeling that he was helpless
that took his courage away. In the
case of the tiger he felt that he had
some little show. When he was flung
into the water he realized that he had
none.—Indian Mail.

THE PRISON GRAVEYARD.

SING SING'S BURYING GROUND FOR
CONVICTS—DEATH OF A PRIS-
ONER.

On the side of a steep hill whose peak
is many hundred feet high, and whose
base at the granite walls of Sing Sing,
are two graveyards divided by a wind-
ing country road. The one nearer the
prison is the old plot that was used for
burying dead convicts until the small
stretch of level ground was thickly
sprinkled with rough wooden crosses
and small, roughly carved stones, and
then a much larger place farther up the
hill was set apart for this use.
The big prison has stood on its pre-
ent site for more than fifty years, and
although the number of convicts there
has increased proportionately with the
growth of the population, the average
number of deaths within its walls has
not increased. Humanity and science
have cut down the death rate. On an
average ten persons a year die in the
prison, and nearly all those who have
died have been buried in the prison
graveyard and left there undisturbed.
A few have died by accident in the
work shops, but the percentage of
deaths by accident is so small as to be
scarcely worthy of note. A large ma-
jority of deaths has been caused by
consumption, which, however, is rare-
ly contracted within the prison walls.
A prisoner, suffering from consump-
tion, is shown every consideration pos-
sible with prison discipline. His work
is made light, and as soon as he shows
the symptoms of breaking down he is
sent to the hospital.
In the prison graveyards repose the
bones of about 500 convicts. This
makes the number of deaths average
nearly ten a year. The old graveyard
on the slope nearest the river, looks
like a deserted God's acre of olden
times. A dozen years ago, when the
burying ground was moved further up
the slope, the fence of the old place
was left to take care of itself, which it
has failed to do. The mounds have
been beaten down until they are level
with the ground. The rough wooden
crosses that bear a number correspond-
ing to one in a big ledger in the prison,
in which a record of the dead is kept,
stand in straggling fashion. These
were originally unpainted pieces of
wood nailed together in the form of a
cross, and driven into the earth. A few
of them have been kicked over, but
even on those that are still standing
the numbers that were on them once
have been so defaced by the weather
that they are scarcely legible.
The newer graveyard is in a much
better condition. The wooden crosses
are comparatively new, and the num-
bers that are on them can be plainly
seen. At the head of a few of the
mounds stand rough stones, crudely
cut. Every one of these stones tells a
story more pathetic than do many of
the pretentious monuments in big and
finely kept cemeteries. These stones
are all the work of prisoners, who
labor during hours of leisure as acts of
friendship.
When a prisoner is very ill and there
seems to be danger that he will die, his
friends are notified, and the iron rule
of the prison is for the time unnoticed.
He is allowed to settle up in the pres-
ence of his friends, all of his worldly
affairs, and to have them about his
bedside until the end comes. There
are occasions, of course, and many of
them, when the prisoner is either ab-
solutely friendless or is only anxious
to die without making his shame
known to his friends. When the end
comes the body is then free, and to the
friends of the dead man is given the
melancholy privilege of bearing the
body outside of the prison walls. A
prison funeral is usually a solemn af-
fair. The big bells that are used in the
prison are always clanging out some
kind of an order to the prisoners or a
summons to the keepers, and they al-
ways stir a world of echoes in the
silent corridors. When a prisoner is
dead the fact is generally well known,
and an unusual silence is preserved,
even for this dreary place. Then the
whisper is heard that the dead man is
to be buried in the convict ground.
The coffin is brought forth, the body
placed in it, the chaplain reads a ser-
vice, and then it is interred.—New York
Sun.

Shake han's wid a beggar, an' he'll
t'ink yer one.

A Romance of Compressed Air.

A gentleman who, by the way, is
quite a celebrated organist himself,
was wandering through the organ loft
of St. Andrew's church, when he
slipped and fell into the diapason pipe
of the huge instrument. He went
down feet foremost into the cone of
the pipe until he was firmly wedged.
The more he struggled the tighter he
wedged himself and, being about twelve
feet from the top of the pipe, the air
soon began to give out, and he became
frightened at the idea of dying in the
prison where accident had lodged him.
His frantic shouts for help did no
good.
After spending a night in this dan-
gerous and dismal hole, and having in
his struggles stripped off his coat, he
wound it about his waist, so that no
air could escape from below. Soon he
heard the sonorous tones of the organ
and ascended the pipe until he could
reach the top with his hands. Then he
knew that air had been pumped in be-
low him, and that by gradual compres-
sion of the air he had been forced up
as through a pneumatic tube. As he
drew himself out of the pipe he gave
one hearty and fervent shout of
"Saved!" which rang above the tones
of the organ and nearly frightened the
organist to death.—New York Press.

Dunu & Co.'s last trade review,
referring to the freight fights on west-
ern roads, says: "The wars of rates
between western roads have now gone
so far that the rates charged are said
to be, on the whole, not more than
half those charged before the trouble
began, but no sign of settlement is
seen in any quarter. Those who have
put money into new lines, where
new lines were not needed, have no
reason to expect returns until the
business of the country has largely in-
creased. Meanwhile the inter-State
law makes any settlement more
difficult, and places United
States roads at a disadvantage
in competition with Canadian.
Through rates for export have been cut
also, and efforts of trunk line man-
agers to settle difficulties have not yet
succeeded." This state of things
depreciates railroad stocks, and if con-
tinued may have a dampening effec-
upon railroad enterprises which have
been looking this way from the east.

Dennis Kearney is still fighting his
battle against the Chinese. The fol-
lowing is a sample of his style, taken
from a tilt against Congressman Hitt, of
Illinois: "You have voted against us
without giving any reasons for so do-
ing. You, Mr. Hitt, have repeatedly
voted to enslave my children and my
neighbors' children. You, sir, have
voted to force them to compete with a
leprous Chinese slave who lives on
rice, rats and garbage. You, sir, and
your vote, have made loafers of our
boys and prostitutes of our girls. You,
Mr. Hitt, have voted, and keep on
voting, to barbarize and drive my chil-
dren into the gutter. I thank God that
I have lived long enough to go into
your district and make an appeal to
your neighbors and constituents
which will so incense them that when
you ask to be returned they will pelt
you with dead cats and baked snails,
what you voted to feed them on. It
will be an act of justice to give you a
dose of your own medicine."

A dispatch dated Carson, Nev. Feb.
20, says: The North Carson mill,
which was jumped on Saturday last by
relocators, was taken possession of in
the night by the original owners, who
now hold both the upper and lower
tunnels with double-barreled shot-
guns and ten day's rations. The relo-
cators have made no attempt to dis-
lodge them, but will bring suit in the
courts for possession of the property.
The prospect well is down 140 feet, and
is now in the tough clay which was
previously encountered before reach-
ing the ledge. Claim-jumpers were
out in large force on Sunday, appro-
priating everything in sight.

Seven engagements were made at a
leap-year party at Woodland, Cal, the
other night where only fourteen
couples were present.

LONDON, Feb. 23.—James Cotter
Morrison, the writer, is dead; he was
56 years of age.

Frank Minty Dead.

Frank Minty, a conductor on the
Utah & Northern Railway, and a son of
General Minty, who is well known
here, died last evening at Butte, Mon-
tana. His death resulted from an ac-
cident which occurred on the 29th of
last November, and was entirely un-
expected. It will prove a severe
blow among his relatives, as the
deceased gentleman was a favorite
among them. On the date last men-
tioned Frank Minty was sitting quietly
in the cupola of his caboose, on a
freight train, which was pursuing its
way toward Blue Bird station, the end
of his division. Suddenly the engine
of the train ran into the rear of another
train and was stopped, and Mr. Minty
was thrown forward against the side
of the cupola. His nose was broken
by the fall, and his head was cut. His
injuries, although serious, were not
considered dangerous at all, as as soon
as he became better he went to Den-
ver, Col., where two months ago today
he was married. When he came
back, soon after, the injury to
his head began to trouble
him, and gave him considerable pain.
It was finally determined by the doc-
tors at Butte, who attended him, to
perform an operation upon his head.
Yesterday this was accordingly done, a
small piece of the skull being removed.
The unfortunate conductor was unable
to sustain the operation and died a few
hours afterward, as above stated. His
father is now on the road between
Ogden and Butte, it is said to witness
the operation, and will arrive there to
find that his son has passed away from
earth.—Ogden Standard, Feb. 26.

Cache County.

It is now a settled fact that Logan
will have another roller mill. In the
near future work will begin prepara-
tory to transforming the Deseret Mills
into a first-class roller mill.

Alex. Hill, who was arrested for
adultery some time ago, and was con-
fined in the county jail because he
could not furnish bonds, was success-
ful on Thursday in obtaining bonds
men, and was released.

A case of diptheria developed in the
family of John A. McCallister yesterday.
The afflicted child is about one year
old. Mr. McCallister's premises were
quarantined and a yellow flag hung out.
The case is of a mild type and it is
thought the little one will soon re-
cover.

We are inclined to believe that the
law in relation to killing deer is being
extensively violated in this vicinity.
Parties who go to the canyons for wood
are very often accompanied with a
gun, whether for self-protection or
other purposes we are unable to tell,
but the action looks suspicious, to say
the least.

David Eccles and Jos. Clark, of Og-
den, owners of the Advance mills at
that point, have decided to extend
their milling business to the granary of
Utah. These gentlemen recently pur-
chased a one-half interest in the De-
seret Mills, which now makes the own-
ership of this valuable property rest in
the hands of W. D. Hendricks, David
Eccles and Jos. Clark. Work at re-
modeling and enlarging the mill will
shortly be commenced at a cost of \$15,-
000. The present machinery will be en-
tirely dispensed with and its place filled
with a roller process, which will be
more extensive than that employed
by any other mill in this region.
No burr machinery will be used, and
the flour made will be equal to any
in the market. Another story sixteen
feet high will be added, which will be
built of frame. A new flume will be
built, and the machinery will be run
by a thirty-inch turbine wheel. It is
designed that the mill shall be ready
for operation about August 1st. A
market will be found for all the flour
they can manufacture, and in all prob-
ability there will never be a time
again in Logan when the farmer can-
not sell his wheat for cash, as it is the
intention of this mill to always pay a
fair value in cash for the wheat they
will consume. Success to the new
firm, and may other of Ogden's live
minded men make investments
among us, and thereby aid in bringing
about the boom which Logan expects to
strike her sometime in the near
future.—Logan Journal.

The steamer from Honolulu on the
19th brought an account of a fearful
storm that prevailed on the coast of
Hawaii during the preceding week. A
cyclone and tidal wave struck Mahu-
kona, where wharves, warehouses and
part of the railroad round-house were
blown down and washed away. The
smokestack of the Star Mill at Kohala
was thrown down, and from every
plantation came reports of great dam-
age suffered by the destruction of flumes
and buildings.

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ment of health.

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Richmond, Ky.

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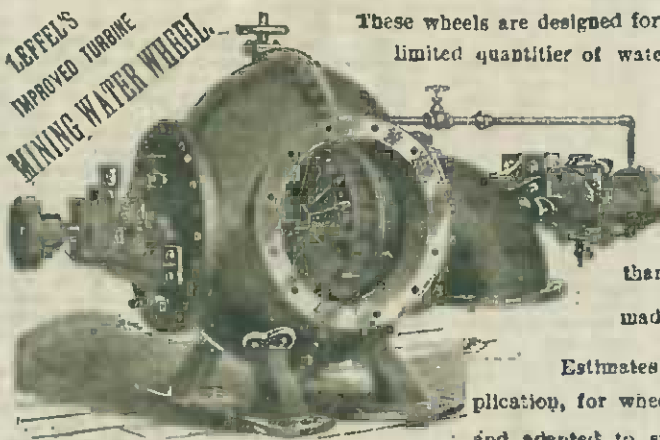
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