

THE WITCH'S CURSE.

A GLOOMY OLD LEGEND OF THE TOWN OF BUCKSPORT, ME.

The Impressions and Prophecy of the Condemned Woman on the Scaffold Recalled by a Strange Menial on Col. Buck's Tombstone.

Close by the country road on the outskirts of the sleepy old seaport town of Bucksport, on the Penobscot, down in Maine, is a small family cemetery. Within the inclosure, with its high iron fence, in the quiet and almost gloomy shade, stand the Bucks, the blueblooded and aristocratic clan which first settled the town and bequeathed it their name—and a legend.

Of the many moss grown tablets and monuments the largest and most conspicuous is a tall granite shaft in plain sight of the highway. On one side is the inscription:

COL. JOHN BUCK,
The Founder of Bucksport.
A. D. 1726.
Born in Haverhill, Mass., 1718.
Died March 18, 1796.

On the other side is the single word "Wreck," and also something not brought by the marble worker. On the smooth surface of the pedestal is a curious outline, irregular and describing that which can easily be imagined to be the form of a foot of normal size. Some people say that it is a foot, but those are of the superstitions town folk who believe the legend which has been choice stock in Bucksport for many years.

They that delight in perpetrating this story say that Colonel Jonathan Buck was a very stern and harsh man and the leading spirit of his day and generation. His word was law in the community. He was the highest in civil authority and his decision as immovable as the granite hills that loom up in the haze of the northern horizon.

He was most Puritanical, and to him witchcraft was the incarnation of blasphemy. Thus, so the story goes, when a certain woman was accused of witchcraft, at the first clamorings of the populace Colonel Buck ordered her to be imprisoned; and later, after a mere form of a hearing, she was sentenced to be executed as a witch. She pleaded to Buck for her life, but as to a heart of stone.

The day of the execution came and the condemned woman went to the gallows cursing her judge with such terrible imprecations that the people shuddered, and the magistrate stood unmoved and made a sign to the officers to hasten the arrangements. All was ready and the hangman was about to perform his gruesome duty when the woman turned to Colonel Buck and raising one hand to heaven as if to direct her last words on earth pronounced this astounding prophecy:

"Jonathan Buck, listen to these words, the last my tongue shall utter. It is the spirit of the earthly time and living God which bids me speak them to you. You will soon die. Over your grave they will erect a stone, that all may know where your bones are crumbling into dust. But listen! Upon that stone the imprint of my feet will appear, and for all time, long after your accursed race has perished from the face of the earth, will the people from far and near know that you murdered a woman. Remember this well, Jonathan Buck, remember well!"

Then she turned to her executioners and another act, one of the forever ineffaceable blots, was made a part of American colonial history.

The "witch's curse," as it was called, and is to this day, was almost forgotten until many years afterward, when the monument was erected to the memory of Jonathan Buck. It had been in position hardly a month when a faint outline was discovered upon it. This gradually grew more and more distinct until some one made the startling discovery that it was the outline of a foot which some supernatural draftsman had traced on the granite. The old legend was revived and the Buck cemetery was for years the Mecca of the pious and curious for miles around.

The "witch's curse" had been fulfilled, they said. An attempt was made to remove the stain, but all efforts tended only to bring the outline out in bold relief. The stain or whatever it was seemed to penetrate to the very center of the stone.

The hinges of the big gate have creaked for the last time to admit a Buck. The last of the race has been laid to rest beneath the oaks and maples, and the setting sun throws the shadow of the once mighty Colonel Jonathan Buck's monument athwart the double row of mossy mounds, as if still exerting his authority, and as the same rays light that mysterious tracing held up to the view of all that pass and repress along the dusty turnpike.

The imprint of the foot is a fact, and is there today as plain as ever. The legend of the "witch's curse" may or may not be a fact. The fanciful depend on legend, but the practical point on the apparent discrepancy between the dates of the era of witchcraft persecution and the regime of Colonel Buck. They say that the stain is simply an accidental fault in the granite, and that the legend was made to fit the foot and not the foot the legend. But the foot is there.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A witty gallery goes. A performance of "Faust" in Cork, Ireland, the gentleman who enacted the part of Mephistopheles was so stout that the trapdoor was too small to permit his descent to the infernal regions, and all of his person above the waist was still visible over the stage. One of the gallery gods, noticing his dilemma, exclaimed: "Begorra, the place is full!"

Wood Tar. It is curious to note that wood tar is prepared just as it was in the fourth century B. C. A bank is chosen and a hole dug, into which the wood is placed, covered with turf. A fire is lighted underneath, and the tar slowly drips into the barrels placed to receive it.

Betrayed. "Yes, we went away and left the gas burning. Staid two weeks."
"Was your bill any higher?"
"Yes; the fool night watchman told the gas company about it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Madam's Great Bargain.

It was in an auction store on Main street, just before the auctioneer mounted the box. Goods were being sold privately to those who desired to buy. A well dressed woman was examining a bit of jewelry.

"What is the price of this?" she asked.
"That will cost you \$4, madam," replied the salesman.

"Can't you shade that figure a bit?"
"No; can't possibly take a cent less. But I'll tell you what, if you will wait a few moments the auction sale will be started, and I'll place the article under the hammer. You may then be able to buy it in for almost nothing."

The woman said she would wait. Ten minutes later on the auctioneer began the sale. There were some half dozen people in the store. The bit of jewelry in question was placed on the counter and bids invited. Some one offered 50 cents, then \$1 was bid, \$2 followed, and then \$3. This last bid was made by the woman who had sought to buy the bit of jewelry before the sale. A gentleman came in, looked at the article and calmly said: "I like that, I'll give you \$4." The woman quickly shouted "Five dollars!" Then the bidding ceased and the bit of jewelry was turned over to the last and best bidder. She had refused to pay \$4 a few minutes before, but she forgot that and went home to tell hubby dear what a bargain she got at the auction store for a \$5 bill.—Memphis Scimitar.

Joseph Jefferson. Joseph Jefferson was playing a one night engagement in a small town, appearing in the part Rip Van Winkle, which he has so often and ably impersonated. At the hotel where he staid there was an Irishman who acted as general assistant. Judged by the great interest he manifested in the hotel, he might have been taken to be the proprietor. At about a quarter to 6 in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled, not so alarmed, by a violent thumping on his door. When he recollected that he had left no orders to be called so early, he was naturally indignant. His sleep was unbroken for that morning, however, so he arose and soon made his appearance before the clerk.

"Look here, I say," he demanded of this functionary, "why was I called at this unearthly hour?"
"I don't know, sir," replied the clerk, "but I'll ask Pat." Pat was summoned. Said the clerk: "Pat, there was no call for this gentleman. Why did you wake him?"

Pat led the clerk to one side and said in a mysterious whisper: "He wor snoring like a horse, or an Oid' heerd the boys sayin' somethin' about how he wor wast after slavin' for twenty years, so Oid says to meself, 'It's a-comin' unto 'im ag'in, an it's yer juty to git the crayther out o' yer house at wast.'"
—Ledger Monthly.

Sunday Trading. A German shipkeeper went one Sunday morning to a customer in order to demand the payment of a long neglected account. The police heard of this new law against trading during the hours of worship. The offender was cited and fined. He appealed to the kammergericht, and was discharged as innocent. What the law expressly forbids, said the kammergericht, is any "public or open labor or trading within the prescribed time."

On the police interpretation two men who talked incidentally about their business relations on Sunday morning, were held as violators of the law, which would be palpably tyrannical and absurd. This recalls the good old tale of two Sabbatharian farmers who hit upon a casuistical method of doing trade on the Lord's day without breaking the fourth commandment. "What would you give for that calf," asked one, "if it were not the Sabbath?" "If it were not the Sabbath I would give you so much," naming the sum. "Tomorrow, then, we will consider it a bargain."—London.

THE FIRST BABY. Its Coming is Looked Forward to With Both Joy and Fear and its Safe Arrival is Hailed With Pride and Delight by All.

The arrival of the first baby in the household is the happiest and most important event of married life. The young wife who is to become a mother delights to think of the happiness in store for her husband and later she shall hear him lisping the sweet and holy name, "mother." But her happy anticipation quickly vanishes when she realizes the terrible pain and suffering through which she must pass while bringing the little one into the world. An indescribable fear of the danger attendant upon the ordeal soon dissipates her joyfulness.

Thousands of women have learned by experience that there is absolutely no necessity for the sufferings which attend child-birth; they know that by the use of "Mother's Friend"—a scientific liniment—for a few weeks before the trying hour they expect motherhood to prepare themselves for the final hour that the pain and suffering of the dreaded event are entirely obviated and it is safely passed through with comparatively little discomfort.

All women are interested, and especially expectant mothers who for the first time have to undergo this trial, in such a remedy; for they know the pain and suffering, to say nothing of the danger, which is in store for them. "Mother's Friend" is woman's greatest blessing, for it takes her safely through the severest ordeal of her life. Every woman should be glad to read the little book "Before Baby is Born," which contains information of great value to all. It will be sent free to any one who sends their address to The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

WOOD TAR. It is curious to note that wood tar is prepared just as it was in the fourth century B. C. A bank is chosen and a hole dug, into which the wood is placed, covered with turf. A fire is lighted underneath, and the tar slowly drips into the barrels placed to receive it.

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SNOW EATING MANIA.

A PECULIAR HABIT THAT DEVELOPS IN THE KLONDIKE.

The Appetite, When Once Acquired, is Extremely Difficult to Control, and to Indulge In It Means a Short Cut to the Grave.

Every great discovery in the world's history has brought with it an accompanying affliction, and it remained for the Klondike to develop a peculiar mania that threatens to outrival opium eating. Among the residents of the far north it is known as the "snow habit," and it is said to be incurable. A returned Klondiker tells the strange story.

There are many strange things in the Klondike," said the narrator, "but perhaps the strangest and that about which nothing has been written so far, is the dissipation caused by eating snow. In the north, when the thermometer reaches 30 to 40 degrees below zero, a mouthful of snow is like molten metal. It brings an inflammation to the palate and tongue and it is impossible to quench the thirst. The first advice region is 'Don't eat snow.' There are men in that country, once hearty, rugged miners, now weak, effeminate creatures, whose fall can be traced directly to the time they began munching snow.

"The matter has been but little investigated, but the scientists who have examined the subject say that the waters of the north are being constantly washed down from the mountains. A certain per cent of this mineral is taken into the air when vapor rises, and the snow becomes impregnated with it. There have been several falls of red snow near Point Barrow, the deposit being of a reddish brown color, due entirely to minerals. Thus it can be seen that a person eating large quantities of the snow takes into his system a corresponding amount of minerals."

While coming down the Copper river last spring the narrator came upon a party of miners where one was dying from the effects of eating snow. He had been a hard drinker, but had run short of whiskey. His thirst became unendurable and as water was scarce in mid-winter he had taken to eating snow. So it happened that he had been drinking for the liquor, but had run short of whiskey. His thirst became unendurable and as water was scarce in mid-winter he had taken to eating snow. So it happened that he had been drinking for the liquor, but had run short of whiskey.

A half yearly meeting of the directors who manage the Northern and Western, a young man had just broken up, and Lord Spencer, a member of that body, desiring to reach Athol Park somewhat more quickly than customarily determined to return home by a route which intersects the grounds of the asylum and which is rarely used save as a summer parade for the unfortunate lunatics.

Arrived at the gate which separates the asylum from the outer world, Lord Spencer, unused to his surroundings, discovered that the gate was locked. A keeper, however, happening to come in sight just at that moment Lord Spencer lost no time in explaining to him the nature of his wishes.

The man surlily replied that his orders were to the effect that no one should pass through that gate except due notice were given to him to the contrary by the authorities, and that, being a married man with a wife and a large family, he failed to understand what special advantage was to be gained by transgressing the rules and thus placing his situation in jeopardy.

Observing that the fellow was growing obdurate, Lord Spencer thought it best to reveal his name and rank, imagining that a knowledge of the same would recall the man to his senses. Nothing of the sort happened, however, and the stolid features of the keeper simply relaxed into a broad grin, and as he turned to depart he gently explained that Lord Spencer in that particular locality were as plentiful as blackberries in the autumn time.

Explanations and expostulations were useless, the discomfited earl being forced to return the way he had come.—Wit and Wisdom.

Too Much of It. A high army officer whose fad was ventilation was one day making an inspection of a frontier post which was much in need of repair. In some places the roof showed the blue sky overhead and the walls were ornamented with gaps.

The brigadier general was escorted through the building by the colonel in charge, a sergeant going on before, as in the custom, to warn the men to stand in attention in honor of the general.

As they proceeded the general asked: "And how is the ventilation, colonel?" Before the colonel could reply the old sergeant, with a familiarity born of long service, said: "Sure, general, and the ventilation is bad, sorr, verra bad, sorr. The place is full of holes, sorr."—Detroit Free Press.

The tallest shaft or pillar in London or the neighborhood is the London monument, which is only 202 feet high.

CAMELS HARBOR HATRED.

Will Wait Until an Opportunity Arises For Revenge.

The Arab who has angered a camel will throw his clothes upon the ground, and the infuriated beast, after stamping on them and tearing them asunder with his teeth, goes on his way, and the driver is thereafter quite safe, as it seems to be an axiom with the camel that no man shall be put in peril of life twice for one offense.

The camel is stupid, save when angry, and then seems to become almost preternatural in carrying out its revengeful designs. Palgrave relates the following story of a camel's revenge, which serves to illustrate this point: "A lad of 14 had conducted a large camel laden with wood from one village to another at a half hour's distance. As the animal loitered or turned out of the way its conductor struck it repeatedly and harder than it seemed to have thought he had a right to do. But not finding the occasion favorable for taking immediate revenge he 'bode its time.' That time was not long in coming.

"A few days later the same lad had to reconduct the beast, but unladed, to his own village. When they were about half way on the road and at some distance from any habitation, the camel suddenly stopped, looked deliberately round in every direction to assure himself that no one was in sight, and then stepped forward and passed by, making a step forward and seized the unlucky boy's head in its monstrous mouth, and, lifting him up in the air, flung him down again on the earth with the upper part of his skull completely torn off.

"Having thus satisfied his revenge, the brute quietly resumed its pace toward the village, as though nothing were the matter, till some distance had been traveled, when the man who had observed the whole, though unfortunately at too great a distance to be able to afford timely help, came up and killed it."—London Telegraph.

NOT THE ONLY ONE.

Spencers in That Locality Were as Thick as Blackberries.

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Deadly Cancer Cured at Last!

Do Not Give Up in Despair—There is Hope!

For ages it has been thought that Cancer is incurable, and those so unfortunate as to have this dreadful affliction have considered themselves beyond hope of recovery. The doctors are absolutely unable to afford any relief, and the poor sufferer might well consider himself on the way to an early grave.

It is now easy to see why the doctors have failed to cure Cancer. Their theories have been all wrong, and hence their treatment misdirected. They have made the mistake of thinking that by cutting out the sore or ulcer, known as Cancer, the disease could be gotten rid of, and the patient restored to health. But the cruel knife accomplishes nothing, for the Cancer promptly returns, and is always more virulent than before.

It has been demonstrated, beyond doubt, that Cancer is a blood disease, and can not be cured by the surgeon's knife because the blood can not be cut away.

"Several years ago my wife had an ulcer on her tongue, which, though anoying, was not regarded seriously at first. It refused to heal and began to grow, giving her much pain. The doctors treated it for quite a while but

were unable to do her any good, and finally pronounced it Cancer of a most malignant type. We were greatly alarmed and gave her every remedy recommended, but they did not seem to reach the disease, and it continued to spread and grow. Upon the advice of a friend she began to take S. S. S., and after a few bottles had been used a decided improvement was noticed, and continuing the remedy she was cured completely and the permanence of the cure has been proved, as no sign of the disease has returned, though ten years have elapsed.

The cures made by S. S. S. are permanent. It is the only blood remedy which can cure obstinate diseases, because it is the only one which acts on the correct principle of system of its removal.

S. S. S. never fails to cure the worst cases of Cancer, Scrofula, Catarrh, Eczema, Contagious Blood Poison, Rheumatism, old sores, ulcers, etc., it kills every germ that other remedies have been unable to vanquish. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed.

It contains not a particle of potash, mercury, arsenic or other minerals. Valuable books on Cancer and Blood Diseases will be mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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WILBUR R. SMITH, LEXINGTON, KY.

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Norfolk & Southern R. R. CO.

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Both trains arrive at and depart from Norfolk & Western depot, Norfolk; connect at 2:40 P. M. for New Bern and Roanoke Island, connecting with A. & N. C. R. R. for Goldsboro, Kinston and Morehead City; and with W. & W. R. R. for Jacksonville, Wilmington, etc. Returning leaves New Bern Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

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Two town lots on Lawrence street. Chance for a speculation.

A fine dwelling with large lot on the edge of town at a sacrifice. Good locality. Terms easy.

Small house and lot on Church St., East of Road St. \$900.

Vacant lot on Road street, south of Church.

Corner lot and dwelling on Church and Dyer streets. \$625.

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25 acres of land with good dwelling—six rooms. Nicely fitted out with stables and outbuildings. A desirable home. \$950.

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A fine property on Shepard street.

House and lot on North Side near depot and wharves. \$1,450.

Two vacant lots on Martin street 40x70 feet, each. \$150.