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"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

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The Flying Dutchman.

BY A. H. MODRICKER.

Yes, yes, I believe in the flying Dutchman, mates, said Tom Kieftman, as he took a sip from his can in the folkset of the Casperfoot, and set it down again. I most certainly do, for I've seen the like, in my cruising among the waters of the world.

I'd heard a great deal about the Flying Dutchman and other specter crafts, but I was sceptical. However, after my own experience, I am willing to believe in phantom ships, witches, sea-serpents, and in fact everything.

I had just gone home after a five year's cruise, and I had saved up my money so as to take a nice little sail to the old woman, and I was welcome.

Having been gone for so long, and being no hand with a pen to write home I was afraid Mary might have got spiced again, believing I had set sail for the port of Paradise.

But no, she was true to the sailor lad though the country parson was cruising round her pretty sharp, and trying to beat windward of her affections.

But then, Mary had a comfortable home which was all paid for, and the parson only got half a hundred a year.

However, I broke up that matrimonial voyage, and silenced his yawns of affection for Mary, when I ran in and dropped anchor at the old home.

It was in 1845, that I got connected with the ship Falcon cruising for right whales in the South Pacific.

We were away down in latitude sixty three, having followed the whales southward with extremely good luck. Although from constant danger from bodies of ice, which were drifting from the Antarctic circle, when we fell in with the Languedoc from our own port, and her captain, Bosworth, bringing with him his mate and two boat crews, came on board of us to see Captain Collier, our commander. Of course, a good chat was had among officers and hands.

Having left home a year than ourselves, the Languedoc's men had the advantage of us in the way of news; and they told how such a ship was lying in doct's when they came away; how such another was loading at the head of the wharf; how the Morrison Plummer had just got in, and the L. B. Stafford been in the year's interval, and who had died, etc., etc.

But presently they informed us of a singular circumstance, which only a few days before had occurred in connection with themselves. Right in the midst of a school of whales, they had encountered the Flying Dutchman which had just cleared their sterns by not more than ten feet, and on her deck they saw that the crew were dressed in white, which were as silent and motionless as corpses.

Now, mates, you know it is embarrassing to deny, to a person's face, the existence of a thing which he assures us that he has seen, however I'm not over nice in this particular.

One of our crew said they tried to believe enough of their story to oblige them; but this, with an old tar like Perry Davis was—poor Davis! he dead and gone now—is an unusual concession with regard to a yarn involving doubt. Thus it may well be imagined that an attempt was made to disguise the incredulity with which the account of the Languedoc's crew was received in our fo'c'sle.

My mates evidently thought that there might be some foundation of fact for the story but they were not prepared to accept all its embellishments.

It was desirable to know what the Languedoc's Captain would have to say on the subject.

Yes, said our visitors, ask the old man. You can't take the turns out of what he says.

We soon found that Captain Bosworth corroborated the story of his men and related the extraordinary yarn to Captain Collier while his mate was no less positive in the same direction.

My mates therefore concluded that the Languedoc's crew had seen something very remarkable although to what degree fear and wonder might have clothed it with terror beyond the reality that was still uncertain.

At all events we were placed sharply on the lookout for an object so astonishing hoping yet half dreading to see it.

For some days the flying dutchman formed the chief theme of conversation on board the Falcon and all that any of the crew had ever heard or read concern-

cerning the mysterious craft was brought up afresh and related with new interest.

One night as we were running slowly we sighted a large schooner which was coming right down upon us and the captain jammed his helm to port and hailed her hard.

But he paid no attention to us and came at sight on just clearing our sterns by not more than six feet. It was a narrow shave and the crew most of whom were on deck were terribly frightened.

But I noticed something that I did not like.

First the schooner was white all over from hull to truck and on her decks the crew I saw were dressed in white and they were as silent and motionless as corpses.

The schooner also carried with her a chilly air that made me shiver and I felt uncommonly uncomfortable. In fact it was the Flying Dutchman and it had appeared to us in the same manner as it had to the Languedoc's crew.

We got safely into port, but we sent a dead body ashore, for one of the crew had died the day after we had seen the phantom schooner, and this set me thinking more about the craft.

Three months later we again sighted the white schooner. She was ahead, and coming on a course that would bring her across our bows, if the captain held on.

Now, mates, the Falcon was a fast sailor, and the captain was determined to make that white craft go astern. So we shook out the reefs, crowded on all she could carry, and sent her ahead at a snappeting pace. But the white craft held her own without putting out another stroke of canvas.

At last we were so near that the captain determined to hail her and cried: Schooner ahoy! No answer.

Schooner ahoy, ahoy!

Still no answer, and he shouted, confounded you, what craft is that!

No answer still, and then right across our bows went the stranger.

Then I felt the same chill as before, and in the darkness I saw that same silent, motionless crew.

The next moment up came one of the crew from below, and requested the captain to shorten sail, as the cook, who was ill, was too much shaken up.

We took in canvas, but it did no good for the man died the following day, and then I began to think that the craft was a phantom and not sailed by mortal men.

For several months we continued cruising for whales, without seeing the craft, and my spirit rose, until one moon light night as we were going into port, we again saw that same identical phantom schooner.

She came out from inshore some, where ran after us, overhauled us, and glided by so close that I could without difficulty have thrown a line on board, and not answer could we get to our hail.

When I got home, I found that my old lady had slipped her life's cable, having died suddenly. Though that was fifteen years ago, I have never since seen the Flying Dutchman.

SOME REASONS FOR EXERCISE.

1. Body and mind are both gifts, and ought to be cared for, and our Maker will hold us responsible for the proper use of them.

2. Exercise makes one feel like a new man, and gradually increases the physical powers and gives strength to resist sickness.

3. If you want to feel like a healthy boy, you must act part of the time like one—"all work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy"—and is as true in our mature life as it was when we were boys.

4. A sound body lies at the foundation of all that goes to make life a success. Exercise will help you get it.

5. It will help young men to live chaste lives.—Exchange.

HE IS DEAD.

A West Virginia man stabbed himself twelve times with a pair of scissors, swung himself up and was out down 3 times, then cut his throat with a razor and jumped from the roof of a four story house. He is now dead. When a West Virginian makes up his mind to do a thing he keeps at it till it is done.—Exchange.

FOR DYSPEPSIA Use Brown's Iron Bitters. Physicians recommend it. All dealers keep it. \$1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

STOLEN GIRLS.

The polygamous Turkish boys and girls, whose hitherto regular supply of Circassian girls from the Caucasus has been cut off from them since the annexation of the province by Russia, have recourse now to a bold system of rape. They swoop down upon an Armenian village, with their armed axes and carry off to their harems, by main force, as many good-looking girls and women as they can lay hands on. This is permitted to them, and the modus operandi by which the abduction of Armenian girls is rendered legal by the Moslem judges may be summarized as follows: When the relatives present themselves in court to claim the abducted victim, the ravishers are ready with a brace of Moslem witnesses (one hundred could be produced if wanted), who who declare an oath that the kidnapped woman pronounced in their presence the regular formula of the Moslem faith: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." The judge thereupon dismisses the case on the ground that the stolen and ravished girl has by that profession abjured her former faith and embraced Mohammedanism. And the verdict of these upright judges is not to be set aside.—Exchange.

READ AND REFLECT.

Mayor McDowell, before the Chamber of Commerce, at Charlotte, N. C., recently gave some sound sense regarding newspapers. Hear him: "Encourage your home papers and help build them up, for the culture, intelligence and public sentiments of a city are often gauged by the character of the paper it supports. Every place of importance must have the mighty aid of the press, a journal that will publish the world's advantages, its life, its wares, its goods, its manufactures, and reflect like a mirror its daily acts, deeds, intentions, and progress of its people. I make the statement that an able, dignified, conservative and progressive newspaper is of more real benefit toward advancing, stimulating and building a city than any other one agency or enterprise that she can possess."

WORTH READING TWICE.

The best sermons are oftentimes the briefest, and American Agriculturist, in the statements here presented, tells some very important facts in the fewest of words.

On an average, the man man with the fowes, cloas in the field in the fall has the most wheat in the field the next summer.

Good farming consists as much in overcoming adverse circumstances as in improving fully favorable opportunities.

Pay cash if you have to borrow money to do it. The banker will charge you less than the merchant for credit.

There is some sentiment about having an ice house on the farm, but there is at least as much financial wisdom. The moon is never right while the seed bed is cloudy.

Before you enlarge production cheapen its cost.

WE DEFY THEM.

Arizona Kicker.] At the last session of the Council, Alderman Jim Jackson, got his bow legs under him and stood up to remark that he was in favor of taking the city printing away from the Kicker because of its abuse of that official body. The city printing! Ye gods! All our bill amounts to for the last quarter is seventy cents! Yes, we have talked pretty plain to the alderman. There isn't an honest one in the whole gang. There isn't a man of them who isn't soaked in whiskey two thirds of the time, and wouldn't lie, cheat, steal, rob or embezzle on the slightest provocation. As a gang, they ought to be sent to the penitentiary on general principles and the sooner, the better. If the council imagines that we will keep still on them for fifteen cents a week it is making a great mistake.—Arizona Kicker.

Chief Justice Smith, of North Carolina, is dead, at the age of 77. He had served on the Supreme Bench twelve years.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malacia, Nervousness, and General Debility. Physicians recommend it. All dealers sell it. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

A practical joke is a sort of tricks played by one person upon another, in the hope of making him uncomfortable and ridiculous. To put one's friend in an absurd situation, to interfere with a deeply perhaps, yet really, is the object of the practical joker. I have never in my life been able to see the least good, the least innocent fun, in practical jokes, but I have seen a great deal of evil and mischief resulting from them.

Some years ago, just at dusk, a maid-servant in a certain beautiful home took it into her head that it would be rare fun to dress herself in a sheet and frighten another of the servants. So she slipped into the grounds, hid herself behind a tree, and waited her opportunity. Dabbling merrily along, singing with a voice like a bird, came a sweet little daughter of the house, who had been sent on an errand to the lodge at the end of the green avenue. The merry child, sensitive to her finger-tips, caught a glimpse of the straight, stark figure skulking behind the oaks, was so frightened that a few months afterward she died—of nervous shock, the physicians said, which then began its fatal work.

In one of our New England colleges a youth who had been studying hard that he might enter the Freshman Class was startled from his sleep at midnight by a party of fellows in masks, who proceeded to make sport for themselves by the stupid process called "hazing" their companion. They had their silly fun but it is to be hoped that none of the number engaged in it can ever think of that night without a pang, for it made the youth insane.—Harper's Young People.

The Austral ballot system has attracted considerable attention in this country, and the reading public are more or less familiar with it from the frequent references made to in the press and periodicals of country where it has been freely discussed. It has been tried in modified form in Connecticut, Montana, and in municipal elections in other States but its full test in Massachusetts was so satisfactory that it is now regarded with more favor than ever. The following condensation of it, which we find in the Savannah News gives such a clear idea of its provisions and mode of proceeding that we reproduce it. In brief it is as follows:—Wil. Star.

"The expense of printing the ballots is borne by the public. On each ballot the names of all the candidates for office of either part are printed. Opposite each name is the name of the party to which he belongs. The election officers gives out the ballots is given to each voter, and the voter cannot have another unless he returns the first one to the election officers. The first one is sometimes spoiled, and a second one is necessary.

"Having received his ballots, the voter enters a booth prepared for the purpose, and there, secluded from every one, he makes a cross opposite the name of each candidate for whom he wishes to vote. His vote will be counted for only those candidates whose names are so marked. Having prepared his ballot he folds it and delivers it to the proper election officer. It cannot be known for whom he has voted unless he chooses that it shall. There are provisions in the system pointing out how those who are blind, or who cannot read, may be assisted in preparing their ballots."

A FEW SMALL SMALL MATTERS.

Many men miss great fortunes because their minds are always full of big schemes.

The man with his head above the clouds is generally a failure. A man must know how to utilize the common things of life if he would prosper in a material way.

This is strikingly illustrated in the lives of inventors goes in for a big thing, like perpetual motion, for instance, he goes to the poorhouse, but when he puts a rubber tip on the end of a lead pencil he makes a cool \$100,000. The man who knows how to handle the little opportunities of life never fails to make his knowledge pay. The inventor of metal plates for soles and heels made about \$6,000,000. If he had scorned such small matters and turned his attention to steel armor for vessels he would probably have wasted his time and labor. The roller skate netted its inventor \$1,000,000. The inventor's little toys,

puzzles and other trifles enjoy incomes ranging as high as \$85,000 a year.

Against all these successful men are arrayed a host of bright but unsuccessful inventors who spent their lives trying to accomplish something great.

It is so in every line of human endeavor. When a man wants the earth he gets nothing. When he expects to rake in a fortune in big scoops he dies in poverty. The successful men of the world fix their attention upon the commonest things—every day matters and opportunities around them.—Atlanta Constitution.]

STORING CABBAGE.

My present method of storing cabbage in Winter is to put them heads down in bins in my cellar and from one to three in depth, according to the room at my command. I do not pull cabbage from the ground, but when put in the cellar in this way I cut them off just above the roots with a small hand axe. By making a slanting cut the cabbage will not be broken from the stump. The roots have no keeping qualities. Cutting off the roots does away with all the dirt. I store the leaves. The temperature should be maintained at about 40 degrees after Winter sets in.—B. G. in American Cultivator.

The revenue collection for the Winston office for the month of October was \$61,224.14 on tobacco and \$317.60 for cigars, total \$31,742.74.—Salem Press.

If this large amount of money was left among the people it would do much toward feeding and warming throughout the long winter months which are upon us. If the government needed it, it would be quite different, but with three or six hundred millions piled up in the treasury, why keep it up? Except it be that the party in power may by votes with it, is almost gratifying to know that the government has taught the people corruption until the parties whom is placed to buy votes as a general thing are as corrupt as the parties who place it with them, so but the money goes into their own pockets and never reach the parties for whom it was intended. Money has almost lost its power in buying votes as shown in the Va., election. We are all made of the same kind of dirt outside, though some yet have clean sand in their craws. A corrupt government makes corrupt people.

DEATH IN THE VINEGAR CRU ET.

Acting under the provisions of a recent law the Secretary of the Indiana State Board of Health has collected samples of the vinegar sold in Indiana cities, and has just completed a careful analysis. Of eight sample thoroughly tested, but one proves to be pure ester vinegar, and the other seven are nothing more than a decoction of rain water and sulphuric acid. The largest vinegar manufactory in one city, which claims to sell pure apple vinegar furnished the worst stuff that was found among the samples. The Secretary says that it will destroy the stomach even of an ostrich if used liberally. The law as enacted by the last Legislature prohibits the manufacture and sale of any vinegar not the produce of pure apple juice. It must not have any artificial coloring must have an acidity equivalent to the presence of not less than four per cent. by weight of acetic acid.

OPPOSED TO SCANDAL.

Mrs. Jason—It really is a pity that the papers have to devote so much time to scandal.

Mr. Jason—It is, indeed. By the way, did you see anything in the papers about Wickwire leaving town the other day with a married woman?

Mrs. J.—No. Tell me about it quick who was she?

Mr. J.—His wife.—Terro Haute Express.

HEAVY ENGINES.

There are six large locomotives which are said to be heavier ones ever constructed. One is owned by a railway company in Brazil, and five belong to the Northern Pacific railroad. The weight of these locomotives is 250,000 pounds, or 125 tons, each, this outweighing any other machine of the same character.