

GREWSOME INCIDENTS AT SEA.

A Naval Officer's Relation of How a Mes- mate's Body Was Buried.

"I was nearly scared out of my senses once," remarked an officer of the United States navy whose name is a synonym for all that is courageous on land and sea.

There was an immediate demand from the Washington Star reporter for the story and the accommodating officer proceeded with it.

"It happened on the old ship Powhatan," he said, "several years ago, and we were anchored off a West India port. One day a young sailor, a general favorite with officers and crew, fell from a mast and broke his neck. He was dead when we picked him up, and we at once prepared the body for burial, the ship's carpenter making a wooden coffin, which he nailed together, as there were no screws suitable in his kit. We had expected to take the body ashore, but the authorities refused permission, and we were forced to a sea burial, and had placed a couple of shot inside the coffin at the foot to sink it. The body lay in state on deck that night, and the next day all hands were called to attend the funeral. The captain began reading the burial service, very solemnly and with much feeling, for all of us felt the loss of the young fellow keenly. He read along quietly until it was about half through, when all at once there came a fearful rasping, screeching sound from the coffin, and the lid began to rise. The superstitious sailors fled in dismay, the captain's face blanched, the other officers stood irresolute, and I grabbed the wheel and held on to it with all my strength to keep from running clean away. Scared? Why, I was so scared I didn't know where I was. But in a minute we began to realize that the swelling of the decomposing body had forced the nails out and it was their giving way that had made the fearful noise. In a few minutes the sailors were recalled, the coffin was nailed up again and lashed with ropes and the last sad rites were finished without further incident.

"That is to say," continued the officer, "there was no further incident on deck. It was my duty to go with a boat's crew some distance from the ship and sink the body in the sea, and I can tell you now I did not relish the job at all. It was duty, and that must be done whether one likes it or not. By this time the sun had set, the sea was quite rough and the men to go with me were badly rattled. At a suitable distance I stopped the boat, committed the body to the deep and, with a feeling of the most intense relief, ordered the crew to 'give way' to return to the ship. I sat in the stern of the boat facing the crew, and they had not taken a dozen strokes until I noticed something was wrong. Their faces began to take on the color of ashes and in a minute the bow oarsman stopped. 'It's after us, sir,' he said in a tone that made all my blood go clean down to the soles of my feet. I cast a quick glance backward. Eight on our heels, apparently, and end on, jumping out of the water in weird, fantastic leaps, came the coffin in our wake. Then it was, in my nervousness, I wanted to scream, or faint, or do something; and for an instant it would have been a positive relief to me to have done all three in rapid succession, and wound it up by plunging into the sea, but the eyes of the men were on me, and they were worse scared than I was, and I couldn't do that. To put back was all there was to do, and at the command the boat went back, but I can assure you none of us wanted to go back with it. However, necessity compelled it, and in a few strokes we were alongside the coffin and had made it fast with a rope. Then we discovered that the air in it supported it, the shot at the foot keeping it almost perpendicular in the sea, and the dancing waves did the rest. In a minute we had knocked one end of it in; a minute later it had sunk out of sight with a smothered gurgle, and my scare was over, but the effects of it remained for weeks, and even yet I can make myself uncomfortable thinking about it."

A Frightful But Laughable Experience on the Red Sea.

In Warner Von Siemens' "Personal Recollections" the famous electrician narrates a Red sea adventure which might have turned out tragically. He was laying a cable and one night was in his tent-room supervising some part of the work, when suddenly he heard a loud shouting overhead and violent running to and fro.

The man at the ship's head, intrusted with the continuous soundings, had fallen overboard. As the whole deck was well lighted with gas, many of the people there could see him in the water, and in answer to his lusty cries for help they threw him life-belts, which were kept every where on board. The vessel was stopped and boats put out, which disappeared for an uncomfortably long time in the darkness. At last they returned with shouts of triumph.

The man had kept himself afloat by swimming, and had been lucky enough not to be seized by any of the numerous sharks which disport themselves in the Red sea, and are said to have a special relish for white people, while they rarely molest a black. He was trembling violently when brought on board, and had his knife still open in his hand.

On being questioned as to his experience he said that he had been surrounded by sharks, but happily had been able to draw his knife and defend himself until the boats arrived.

"We were all shivering at his vivid description of his adventure," says Von Siemens, "when the boatswain stepped into the ring and announced to the captain that some of his life-belts, which had been thrown to the unfortunate man, had been recovered, and that several of them showed curious signs of having been pierced with a knife."

The cold shivers gave place to good-natured laughter. In his fright the man had taken the white belts for sharks' bellies.

GREAT MOSQUE OF DAMASCUS.

Rebuilding of the Famous Fane Now in Rapid Progress.

A correspondent of the London Times gives some interesting facts in relation to the recent burning of the great mosque of Damascus, once the ancient cathedral of St. John the Baptist. The Turkish government has exerted every effort since the calamity to prevent any report of it from being published. He says: "The Christians were accused by some at the time of setting the building on fire; but, as the fire broke out in the high roof of the building a little before noon, the accusation was so manifestly absurd that it had little influence on the Moslem mind. Had it occurred at night, when the facts might not have been so manifest, the report would have met with readier acceptance, and it is impossible to say what, in that case might have been the consequences, to the Christians. Moreover, as there was a high wind blowing toward the Christian quarter, if it had been at night when people were asleep, the destruction must have been much more extensive. The work of rebuilding seems to have been taken in hand with vigor. A gentleman in the city recently taking a ride with his wife and son outside the gates, met hundreds of men bringing in the large poplar beams for the work, which they were drawing in carts by ropes, with loud singing and clapping of hands. The riders at once turned away by another road, giving them as wide a berth as possible, for it is hardly safe for a Christian to get among them in their present mood. The library, containing books and manuscripts of priceless value, was saved from the flames; and nothing of value was lost, excepting the most precious gem of all—namely: 'Othman's Koran,' which was deposited in a place apart, and was not thought of until too late. This is said to have been (and probably really was) one of the very four exemplars deposited by the Caliph Othman, A. D. 650, in the four great mosques of Mecca, Medina, Kufa and Damascus—the only surviving copy. These were to be kept there as the sole authoritative copies—after all others had been called in from every quarter of the Moslem empire and committed to the flames. It is a matter of congratulation that the ancient inscription in Greek on the cathedral wall—over the silversmiths' and sandal-makers' bazaar—has not been injured. It is the thirteenth verse of Psalm cxlv., the name of Christ being added thus: 'Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion is from generation to generation.'"

THE WILDERNESS OF CEYLON.

A Deaf Elephant Supposed to Be Sacred to Buddha.

We were in the absolute wilderness of upland Ceylon, where the virgin beauty and freshness of nature unspoiled by man instills a new sensation into every soul which vibrates to her mysterious voice, says Cornhill Magazine. The rolling green patenas are cut off sheer and straight from the encircling belts of jungle as though measured off by human hands, a striking feature of these elevated regions which has never been satisfactorily explained. The mountain ranges which inclose the grassy plains are clothed from base to summit with primeval forest, heavily draped with moss which forms a green fringe, hanging from every bough.

An appalling loneliness broods over the scene, no song of bird stirs the silence, and the deathlike hush which reigns over the gloomy forest is unbroken even by the rustle of a leaf, for noon is the midnight of the tropics and the black depths of the haunted jungle are wrapped in spellbound sleep. At nightfall the lithe cheetah glides stealthily through the shadows and crouches for his prey among the crowding trees. The branching antlers of the elk rise above the tangled undergrowth and the moose deer browses in the shade of the mossy boughs along which the wildest creeps, while the savage bear roots among the fallen leaves.

When the rising moon illuminates the lonely landscape, herds of wild elephants emerge from the dark jungle and roam over the vast expanse of desolate country which still renders the interior of Ceylon almost an unknown land. The elephant grass, which breaks the uniformity of the undulating plain with rustling sheaves of long great spears, is the forage for which the stragglers of the herd scour the patenas, and many Cingalese superstitions linger round this elevated tableland.

The recent spoor of an elephant marks our track and ceases at a deep pool known to be a favorite drinking place of the wild animals which haunt the jungle. A deaf elephant frequently perambulates the Elk plains. He is supposed to be sacred to Buddha, and, therefore, invulnerable, no sportsman having hitherto succeeded in piercing his hide—a fact probably due to the great age of the animal.

In the Wild and Woolly West.

It happened in a saloon in a western town. The usual crowd had congregated one evening, when the proprietor's most profitable customer, who boasted of having been drunk in every state in the union, offered to wager that he could, blinded, tell the name of any drink by tasting it. The offer was taken, and a handkerchief being tied over his eyes the trial began. A half dozen different kinds of booze-producing liquids were handed him, and in each case he promptly and correctly gave the name. Finally a quantity of water was poured into a glass and handed to him, but as he tasted this a puzzled look came over his face. He thought a moment, then tasted again; another moment elapsed, then he remarked: "Boys, I guess I'm stuck. I remember of drinking some of that stuff 'bout ten years ago down in New Jersey, but I'll be hanged if I can't remember what they called it. I'll give it up; I beat. I know what it is, but I can't think."

OWES MOST TO THE DUTCH.

Few of New England's Culinary Ideas Can Be Traced to Old England.

Even in Connecticut was the skill of the Kulekerbockers admired, says Harper's Magazine. A new invention or improvement was said to "beat the Dutch." The Delft tiles on the hearth, the crockery on the dresser, the blue tiles lining the front of the fireplaces in the best houses show how the Dutch had a part in the evolution of the New England house. Hundreds of open fireplaces in New England were decorated with these tiles after the Dutch fashion, and contained not only "proverbs in porcelain," but abundant Biblical illustration. From the evidences of relics nearly as much of the imported fine furniture of the northern colonies came from Holland as from England. Not a few of the old teapots and other table service, which followed upon the introduction of these oriental hot drinks which drove out the beer and tankards, did indeed come over from Holland, though not on the Mayflower, as so often anachronistically alleged. When, too, the open fireplace gradually gave way to supposed improvement, it was to a Dutch thing with a Dutch name—the stove. Not only in Plymouth, but elsewhere, numerous houses had what can be occasionally seen throughout New England to-day (nor by this do we mean the later substitute of tin)—a Dutch oven. It was under this specious dome of brick and clay that those famous articles of Yankee diet, the pumpkin pie, brown bread, baked beans and fish balls had their evolution.

No smoker of tobacco in the snow-white meerschauim rejoiced more in his coloring of the seafoam clay than did the rosy housewives of Massachusetts bay in the rich hues of bean, bread and fish. The Browning clubs of early days met in the kitchen rather than in the parlor or veranda. The doughnut may have been too cosmopolitan an article to claim invention at the hands of any one people; yet what Yankee "fried cake" or doughnut ever equaled an oleokook? Was not cruller, whose derivation confounds the dictionary makers, who call it "a kind of" doughnut, first brought to perfection by Capt. Kroll (pronounced and sometimes spelled crull), the whilom commander and Dutch church elder at Fort Orange? To this day the "cookey" (kookje), noodles, hodgepodge, smearcase, rulliechies, cold slaw and other dishes that survive in New England farmhouses are, despite their changed pronunciation and spelling, proofs that the Yankees enriched their monotonous menu of early colonial days by borrowing the more varied fare of their Dutch neighbors in the west and south. As for the popular American winter breakfast luxury, the buckwheat cake, it was introduced from Central Asia by the Hollanders, acclimated, cultivated, named "beechmast" (boekweit), and in the form associated with heat, sweets, aroma and good cheer is a Dutch invention.

BRAVE AND CUNNING.

How the Mink Steals Fish and Game from Sportsman Down East.

Probably the most cunning of all animals is the mink. Its propensity for stealing is marvelous, and the methods of stealing and hiding the proceeds of its robberies are unique in the history of the lower species. We do not refer here to the depredations of the mink among poultry, for they resort to henneries only when the waters are frozen or a supply of fish is unobtainable, says the Lewiston Journal. Two gentlemen were fishing on one of the rivers of Maine. The fish were quite plenty, and as soon as one was caught it was thrown behind on the grass. After some time one of the gentlemen thought he would take a rest and at the same time examine his capture. But he could not find a single fish. He charged his friend with having played him a trick, but the friend was as surprised as he. They now determined to watch their next fish, and their astonishment was unbounded when they saw a mink run from a hole near by, snatch up a fish and carry it off to the hole, where they afterward found their entire capture cunningly hidden under some dead leaves.

In the same manner the mink steals game which sportsmen shoot. On one occasion a gentleman shot a wild duck, but before the dogs could get to it a mink had stolen it, carried it off to a hole in the frozen snow, which one mink had prepared while the other was watching for the opportunity to steal the sportsman's game. Notwithstanding this particular characteristic, the mink is a brave as well as ferocious little fellow, and he is excelled in these qualities only by the ermine. He seems to have a peculiar aversion for the muskrat, and, though the muskrat is generally more than double his size, the mink attacks him fearlessly, and always wins the battle, after which he drags his dead enemy to some hiding place, as in the cases of the fishes and wild duck. They are found in almost every state in the union, but most frequently in Maine and in the states bordering the great lakes. Mink skins are sold in great numbers by Maine trappers, and are sold for furs under various names.

A Valuable Manuscript.

The pope lately presented to the Vatican library what may be regarded as a rare treasure. It consists of a manuscript given by the celebrated Fra Giocondo, of Verona, to Lorenzo de Medici, known in history as the "Magnificent." Vasari, in his life of Fra Giocondo, writes of this work, and notes that Politian makes mention of this book in his "Muggellane," and describes the author as "the most learned man of the old days." This work had been lost for a long time, and its recovery now is looked upon as fortunate. The name of Fra Giocondo crops up from time to time in the more recent studies of the Italian Renaissance—that period when learning, science and art made such immense strides in the highest degree of excellence. He was known as a man of great learning, and is sometimes compared with that most remarkable scholar and marvelous artist, Leo Battista Alberti.

Coughs and Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, General Debility and all forms of Emaciation are speedily cured by Scott's Emulsion. Consumptives always find great relief by taking it, and consumption is often cured. No other nourishment restores strength so quickly and effectively. Weak Babies and Thin Children are made strong and robust by Scott's Emulsion when other forms of food seem to do them no good whatever. The only genuine Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrapper. Refuse cheap substitutes! Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE. Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.

SPECIAL SALE of gold and steel glasses at J. G. WELLS', during month of July and August.

Eyes examined free of charge at J. G. WELLS' OPTICIAN AND JEWELER. Repairing watches, clocks and jewelry, a specialty.

SHOES! You will soon want school shoes. Remember we have the most complete line of shoes to select from in this part of the State and every shoe selected for its wearing qualities. Call and see us and we will save you money on your shoes. We can fit you out in anything you may need in line of hosiery. Our stock is complete. Remember we are closing out everything in the dress goods line and will give you bargains.

W. H. MOORE. Corner Main and Iron Streets.

What Brings Release from Dirt and Grease? Why Don't You Know?

SAPOLIO. Elys Cream Balm for CATARRH. THE POSITIVE CURE. ELY BROTHERS, 68 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

I AM NOW A MAN! We will send you the marvelous French preparation CALTHOS free, by sealed mail, and a legal guarantee that CALTHOS will STOP All Discharges and Endurens, CURE Spermatorrhoea, Vari-cocelo and RESTORE Lost Vigor. Use it & pay if satisfied. Address VON MOHL CO., Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, O.

BLOOMSBURG LAND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY. Capital Stock, \$30,000.

Plotted property is in the coming business centre of the town. It includes also part of the factory district, and has no equal in desirability for residence purposes. CHOICE LOTS are offered at values that will be doubled in a short time. No such opportunity can be had elsewhere to make money. Lots secured on SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Maps of the town and of plotted property furnished on application. Call upon or write to the Secretary, or J. S. Woods, Sales Agent, or any member of the Board of Directors.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS. B. F. SHARPLESS, J. I. DILLON, C. W. NEAL, A. G. BRIGGS, DR. H. W. McREYNOLDS, DR. I. W. WILLITS, N. U. FUNK, 11-19 ft

Look Here! Do you want a PIANO? Do you want an ORGAN? Do you want a Sewing Machine? Do you want any kind of a MUSICAL INSTRUMENT? Do you want SHEET MUSIC? If so, do not send your money away from home, but deal with a reliable dealer right here, who will make things right, if there is anything wrong. For anything in this line the place to go is to

J. Saltzer's. Ware-rooms, Main Street below Market.

E. A. RAWLINGS. DEALER IN All Kinds of Meat, Beef, Veal, Lamb, Mutton, Pork, Hams, Bacon, Tongues, Bologna, &c. Free Delivery to all parts of the town.

CENTRE STREET, C. H. REICE'S OLD STAND. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Bring The Babies. Instantaneous Process Used. Strictly first-class guaranteed photographs, crayons and copies at reasonable prices. We use exclusively the Collodion Aristotype papers, thus securing greater beauty of finish and permanency of results. CAPWELL, MARKET SQUARE GALLERY, 5-11-17. Over Hartman's Store.

THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter per lb, Eggs per dozen, Lard per lb, Ham per pound, Pork, whole, per pound, Beef, quarter, per pound, Wheat per bushel, Oats, Rye, Wheat flour per bbl, Hay per ton, Potatoes per bushel, Turnips, Onions, Sweet potatoes per peck, Tallow per lb, Shoulder, Side meat, Vinegar, per qt, Dried apples per lb, Dried cherries, pitted, Raspberries, Cow Hides per lb, Steer, Calf Skin, Sheep pelts, Shelled corn per bus, Corn meal, cwt, Bran, Chop, Middlings, Chickens per lb new, Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, COAL.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Bleach Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists. ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE? HINDERCORNS. The only cure for Consumption.