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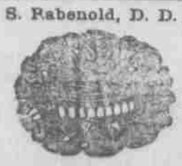

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JONATHAN'S VIEWS.

Saturday.

'Taint no matter what other folks says,
I am glad I trust the Lord knows my heart.
An' can tell the intent o' my ways,
Ef I ain't very han'some nor smart,
Ef I try to do what's for the best,
On the whole an' considerin' the times,
Why should people be worryin' lest
I should fall on the turnpike of crimes?
People looks on the outside to see
What your doin', but never peaks in
To the place where the real things be,
An' they say, "What a terrible sin!"
But I'm glad, as I said at the first,
Thet there's somebody lookin' inside:
An' of west ever comes to the wust,
He will see there wasn't nothin' to hide.

* * * *

Monday.

Parson Brown, he was sayin' last night,
Thet the heart could be judged by the face
An' a feller could tell of he's right
By his enemy's view of the case;
An' he said to me, "Jonathan, when
You are sound at the core, it is true
Thet your goodness will shine out to men,
An' they will perceive it in you.
An' of you are bad at the heart,
You may try to keep all of it in,
But the first thing you know it will dart
From the liver right out to the skin."
Well! It may be the parson is right,
In betwitin' a prodigal so—
I was lookin' it over to-night
An' I said to myself "I dunno
Arter all but I've been in the wrong
When I said it wasn't nothin' to me
What other folks thought—I'll go along
An' see what my standin' may be,
An I guess as the Lord sees my heart
He will be wantin' to be fixin' it right;
So! Jonathan, boy! we will start
On the road of repentance to-night."

HIS BURIED FORTUNE.

In 1865 I went to Hong Kong in the interest of a certain English manufacturer, says a writer in the New York Sun, and it was a year and a half later when I one day received a strange visitor and a stranger proposition. I was in charge of a large warehouse, and one of my Chinese employes brought in the stranger and exclaimed:

"I told him you would have nothing to do with him, but he insisted on coming."

The stranger was a half-breed of some sort, gaunt, ragged, and evidently hard up. As soon as we were alone he introduced himself as Semyo and stated that he was from the Island of Luzon, one of the group composing the Philippines. He belonged to the native population, but had Spanish blood in his veins. He had once been a man of importance, but the Spaniards had robbed him of his power, and afterward feared his influence to such a degree that he had first been imprisoned and afterward banished. He had been carried on a native craft to Japan, and left there ragged and penniless, and had been more than a year reaching Hong Kong. While he had only a few shillings in his pockets he had neither come to solicit charity nor a place to work. He had a straight, square business proposition to submit. If I approved of it, well and good; if I did not, then he would be no worse off. When he realized that Spanish influence was plotting his downfall, he made such preparations as he could to meet the inevitable. He was a very wealthy man, and he quietly went to work and converted everything he could into money, gold dust and jewelry. He had got about $90,000 together when the ruling power pounced upon him, but not quick enough to get it. He had cached or buried his fortune, and, though he was abused and threatened by the Spaniards for months, he wouldn't betray the secret.

To get that money by his own individual efforts was utterly impossible. The moment he set foot on Luzon he would be arrested. He must have a partner who would furnish a ship and crew, and he would go along to mark the spot where the treasure was buried.

I looked upon the man with pity and upon his project with contempt when he first began talking. When he was through I had agreed to think it over. There is a fascination about buried treasure or a sunken wreck that will enlist capital to the detriment of honest speculation. I was noted as being a conservative man and the idea of my going into any such venture would have been regarded by my friends as evidence of approaching mental calamity. I went to the American consul and in a roundabout way he confirmed a part of Semyo's story. He had heard of him and heard of his being deposed and banished. Then I went down to the wharves and almost the first man I ran against was the Yankee captain of a brig called the John, which was then having some repairs made. She had been running in the tea trade up and down the Yellow sea, but now, queerly enough, the captain informed me that he thought of taking a run over to the Philippines and try for a cargo on his own account. The products of the islands are ebony, logwood, gumwood, bamboo, cocoanuts, all sorts of fruits, cotton, tobacco, indigo, coffee, etc., and many trading vessels are employed in the traffic. His craft was manned by a mate and four sailors, and I found all of them to be Americans. When I came to express my surprise at this he explained:

"You see they are runaways from American war vessels, mate and all. I have picked them up one at a time, and as none of them has a wife back home they are content to stay with me. I've got a Chinese cook, but outside of him I want no truck with foreigners."

I outlined my story to Capt. Wheaton, as he introduced himself. He heard me through without interruption, and then quietly said:

"Don't sound so very fishy, but I won't tell you what I think of it until I hear the heathen go over it himself. When I'm looking square at a man I can tell whether he's bamboozling or speaking the solemn truth."

I made an appointment and Semyo retold his story in the presence of Capt. Wheaton. When he had retired the captain drew down his right eye, slapped his leg and whispered:

"Colonel, it's a go! That heathen's talking straighter than a straight-edged board, and if we can come to terms I'm in with the deal."

There was very little higgling over the particulars. It was agreed that Capt. Wheaton and myself should bear all the expense of the adventure, and if the treasure was secured each of the three should have an equal share. We gave Semyo money to get himself into decent shape and then looked to the furnishing of the brig. She was already provided with small arms and cutlasses, but we added to the stock, and then at the captain's suggestion, bought a carronade which had been lying in a warehouse for two or three years. With it we got a carriage and ammunition, and by the time the gun was aboard the brig was watered and provisioned and ready to sail. Her clearance papers were for Manilla, in ballast, and the day of our sailing Capt. Wheaton brought on board a short, squatty, bescarred white man, who had just been turned out of jail, and who proved to be an English "cut-sticks" from H. M. S. The Tempest. It turned out to be the luckiest thing in the world that we found him, for he knew how to manage our carronade and made it keep us out of an ugly scrape.

It was only after we were out of sight of the Chinese coast that Semyo gave us the exact location of his treasure cache. We were to round the Bashee islands, lying off the north coast of Luzon, and strike the coast at a river called the Batanen, after another island. Four miles up this river, which is navigable for 20 miles, was the cache. We had a run of 350 miles across the China sea to the Bashees, and along this north coast we found several traders. In order to appear all right in case we were boarded by any Spanish vessels in those days we laid in some cargo here and took our time about sailing to the river.

After we had passed the Babuyan islands and laid our course to the south we caught sight one day at noon of a felucca approaching us from the east, having rounded the cape. She flew the Spanish flag and Semyo said that she belonged to the coast service. She had the right to board us and examine our papers, and, while we had no fear of her on our own account, it was probable Semyo would be recognized the moment they set eyes on him. We had our plans laid before she fired a gun as a signal to us to heave-to. Semyo was hidden in the forepeak, and we burned sulphur in the forecastle behind him. By leaving the scuttle open the fumes were drawn away from the fugitive, and could be scented all over the brig. We hove-to at the order of the felucca, and were presently boarded by a Spanish lieutenant. He was a very pompous chap, and it was probably his intention to do a great deal of boasting around, but as he came over the rail a current of air carried him the smell of sulphur, and he exclaimed:

"Good Lord, but is your brig on fire in the forecastle?"

It was explained to him that we had lost a man of some malignant but unknown disease, and were fumigating the brig. Two or three of us were feeling badly, but hoped to escape the disease by steaming in the vapor. We were a trader, and offered to open the hatches and show our papers, but he was in a hurry. He didn't even notice our carronade, but backed to the rail and descended to his boat, saying:

"Oh, you are doubtless all right, and I hope you will lose no more men. As for me, the service does not demand that I run any risks of epidemic."

Two days after we came to anchor in the river opposite a spot pointed out by Semyo. The bank of the stream was rough and broken, but thickly wooded. Forty rods inland was a highway running parallel with the stream, but it was hidden from us. On the far side of the highway was the ruin of an old church and in this ruin was the treasure cache. As many boats were passing up and down it was prudent that we resort to deception to prevent suspicion. We got down a topgallantmast, slacked away some of the rigging, got a stage over the side for the carpenter, and appeared to be lying for the sole purpose of making repairs. We were soon boarded by natives anxious to furnish cargo and on the second day a government gunboat passed us without seeming to take any interest in our case. Semyo had to lie concealed in the hold during daylight, as men were coming aboard who knew him well, and it was about midnight on the second night after our arrival that we pulled ashore for the treasure—that is, two men pulled Semyo off to the bank to see if all was right, and it did not take him many minutes to make a disagreeable discovery. A party of woodcutters had encamped close to the ruin with every indication of a long stay. Semyo was positive that he could not get at the cache without being discovered, as the party had two or three dogs in camp, and he was sharply challenged as he scouted around.

Next day, after some conspiring on our part, the captain and I went ashore to the camp to make a bold move. There was a gang of 30 natives under a Spanish boss cutting ebony, and they had a large lot already for shipment. This gang had been sent from the province of Zebu, where the owner of the tract resided, and an agent was daily expected to sell the output. The boss we found to be an ignorant, good-natured fellow, who could neither read nor write. While I claimed to be the real owner of the land on which they were at work, the captain offered to buy some of the logs on the sly. Between us we got him to remove his camp a mile away and to accept $60 for logs. We not only accomplished this during the day, but showed our friendship and good will by sending a keg of whisky to the camp, and by night the boss and his gang were as drunk as lords. As soon as it was dark four of us pulled ashore with Semyo and he led us a straight trail to the treasure. It was buried in two earthen jars against a bit of wall, and one of the camp fires of the gang had been built within 10 feet of the spot. We had the jars out and aboard the brig in half an hour, and an investigation proved that Semyo had rather figured under the actual amount. We had neither seen nor heard anything to alarm us, but it appeared that we had been observed pulling back to the brig by a native boat and that its occupants were meddlesome enough to board a government felucca lying six miles above and report our action as suspicious.

About 2 o'clock in the morning the felucca dropped down with the tide, came to anchor about two cable lengths away, and sent a boat to board us on the quiet. They were foiled in this by the anchor watch, who stood them off until the brig was aroused. The jars were placed in the cook's galley. Semyo secreted himself in the hold, and then the occupants of the boat were invited to come aboard. The officer in charge was a lieutenant, and he was in high dudgeon over his reception. He demanded our papers, inspected the cargo and pointed to the carronade as proof that we were suspicious characters. We went off to report, but was in no hurry to return, and soon after daylight we saw a boat with seven or eight men leave the felucca and pull up the river. The tide was still running and there was a fair breeze, and we determined to cut sticks. Semyo said the boat had gone to a village about four miles above, probably to consult civil or military officials, and that if we were seized it would be all up with us.

The felucca, as we could plainly see, had two brass six-pounders, but we could not say that she would attempt to stop us. The minute we began to make ready we saw an alarm on her decks. Before we had the anchor off the ground she sent a boat with the command that we must wait the return of our papers. We weighed, however, let fall, and sheeted home, and while they were yelling at us we headed down the river. We were well out to sea when we espied the felucca following, and as she sailed two feet to our one she was within range before 10 o'clock. If captured now the Spanish government would hang us all for conspiracy. We cracked on everything in the shape of sail, loaded our carronade, and paid no attention to the felucca until positively obliged to. Her gunnery was so poor that we wondered if her guns had ever been fired before. She had at least 20 shots at us, but the closest call was when a ball passed through the flying-jib. She wasn't over a quarter of a mile away when our English gunner sighted his piece and brought down her entire foremast and everything with it. The mast was hit about six feet about the deck and broken off, and the felucca at once fell off into the trough of the sea and confusion reigned supreme. We kept our course, knowing that she could not follow us another foot, and, when clear of the coast, headed up for Shanghai. Arriving there the brig was repainted and renamed, her big gun dropped to the bottom of the harbor, and no one could have mistrusted her. I saw the "outrage" detailed in a Manilla paper two or three weeks after it occurred, but if the Spanish government ever investigated the occurrence none of its movements came to my attention. We got $32,500 apiece out of the little transaction, and the last I knew of Semyo he was a tea trader in Japan.

A Good Story of Josh Billings.

A few evenings ago, riding up town in a Madison avenue car, I was seated opposite the gentleman who is best remembered as Josh Billings. The rear platform was somewhat crowded, and in the course of our ride one of the passengers stepped off and on several times in order to assist the lady passengers. Finally when the car was just comfortably filled and the courteous gentleman had taken his seat inside, Josh Billings, seeing an opportunity for a joke, beckoned to the conductor, and pointing to the stranger, said:

"Don't you charge for every ride on this car?"

"Yes, sir," answered he.

"Well, I've seen that fellow get on this car six times and you have collected only one fare from him."—(Harper's Magazine.)

Don't Quarrel.

Here is a little story from Switzerland, the moral of which is that married people must not quarrel. In September, 1886, the village of Eglisau was set on fire and five houses were burned down. One Sunday a few weeks ago the landlord of an inn at Schillande had a quarrel with his wife, and she denounced him in face of his customers as the author of the fire. He is now in prison awaiting trial.

The Wedding Ring.

It is an incontrovertible fact that every woman feels a certain interest in the subject of wedding rings. And, indeed, it is natural enough that this should be so. Type and symbol beyond aught else of the most important crisis of a woman's life, the wedding ring must necessarily be fraught with fascination for wife and maid, for old and young alike. Hence it is likely that some matter of entertainment may be found in the study of its history and associations.

Everyone knows that rings were worn in old Bible days, though what part they originally played in the nuptial ceremony is not so clear. But at any rate they form an important portion of the wedding service among the modern Jews, the regulations in force among them on this head being very strict. The ring must in every case be examined and certified by the officiating rabbi of the synagogue, to make sure that it is of the prescribed value, and the simple operation of placing it upon the finger is so binding that this alone, apart from any other portion of the ceremony, is considered to constitute a legal marriage.

In point of fact, however, it is not from the Jews, but from the Romans that the nations of modern Europe derive their wedding ring. Among the ancient masters of the world, rings were commonly used as part of the rite of betrothal. But it is worth while to notice that there was one special difference between the ancient and the modern use of rings in this respect. In their original employment they were really not wedding, but betrothal rings; that is, they were given and taken as the public expression of a man's promise to a woman that he would marry her. As a learned writer has told us in regard to the early Italians, "a man who wished to pledge his faith to a woman, placed a ring upon her finger, which is at the present day preserved for the benediction of marriage."

Two points are thus to be remembered—that in old days there were two distinct ceremonies—the betrothal and the actual wedding—both of which were equally essential to the full solemnization of a marriage; and also, that the ring was originally used, not for the second ceremony, but for the first. Such was the custom during the pagan era; and so it remained throughout the early centuries of Christianity. Marriage even then, and for a very considerable period afterwards, was regarded in the light of a civil contract only, and was entered into before a magistrate; while the ring itself was used as the symbol of promise in the preliminary rite of betrothal.

Gradually, however, these two ceremonies became merged into one by the loss on the part of the betrothal of its first formal character. For some time after this, and in consequence of it, there was no small uncertainty in the use of the ring, which was not infrequently left out of the business altogether. But, after a while, it reasserted its importance, and once more came into general use. Moreover, it now began for the first time to limit itself habitually to the single hoop of plain gold—a form which has become inseparably connected with all our modern notions of what the wedding-ring should be.

It will thus be seen—to the surprise, doubtless, of not a few of readers—that the wedding ring is not a Christian institution at all, but rather one which we have inherited, along with so much else in our ceremonial, directly from classical antiquity. This leads the writer to mention a curious point in connection with its common employment. In pagan Rome the betrothal ring was worn on the third finger (the one next to the little finger) of the left hand, as it is to-day. This position is said to have been chosen from the belief—unfounded, of course—that there was a vein of nerve running directly from that finger to the heart a belief which was accepted, not alone by the ignorant masses, but also by the learned men—the doctors and philosophers of the time. But in early Christian days a good deal of confusion seems to have prevailed upon the matter, as a result of which the ring was often placed and worn upon the woman's right hand. In the old Salisbury manual is found specific reference to this fact in a very singular passage, which throws some interesting light on the subject of the wedding ceremony in general. From this we learn that the bridegroom was to receive the ring from the priest, who had blessed it (and this blessing, it may be remarked, is still hinted at in the marriage service of the English Episcopal Church); and then holding the right hand of the bride in his own left hand, he was to recite the words, "With this ring I thee wed." Then he was to place the ring upon the right hand thumb, saying, "In the name of the Father;" then on the first finger with the words, "and of the Son;" then on the second finger, adding, "and Holy Ghost," and finally, with the closing "Amen" on the third finger, where it was to remain. But in course of time uniformity was established in favor of the left hand, and there is no longer room for question concerning this important point. Of course, no one acquainted with the marriage service of the English Episcopal church needs to be told that it is absolutely necessary, according to the rites of that church, that a ring should be employed. But beyond the simple ordinance that a ring there must be, the church makes no specific conditions, so that (curious as it may appear) a ring of any size or weight, material, or pattern, will serve the purpose perfectly well. It is naturally enough not often that one has to chronicle any departure from recognized custom in this regard; but such departures do from time to time occur. A story is told of two paupers who came to church and requested to be married with the church key, as the parochial authorities had not furnished them with a ring." The clerk, it is said, not unnaturally, felt "some delicacy" about this, and finally found another way out of the difficulty. He fetched an old curtain ring from his own house and with this extraordinary article the loving couple were duly united in the bonds of holy matrimony. But, though this particular clerk saw fit to hesitate, the church key has been employed, and that more than once, in place of the ring during the last hundred years. Even the Duke of Hamilton "was married at May Fair with a bed-curtain ring."

Franklin's Philanthropy.

The heirs of Benjamin Franklin have entered suit in the Philadelphia courts to contest his will, which was probated just a century ago. In it he bequeathed to the cities of Philadelphia and Boston the sum of £1,000 each, to be lent upon marriage to young men under 25 who had finished their apprenticeship and wished to establish themselves in business. The rate of interest stipulated was 5 per cent. Franklin estimated that at the end of a century the fund would amount to £131,000. He directed that £31,000 should then be devoted to municipal improvements, and the remainder loaned to young married couples for another century, when he thought it would amount to £4,000,000. This sum was then to be divided between the city and the State. According to Professor Ely's "Taxation in American States and Cities," the Philadelphia fund two years ago amounted to $73,000, and the Boston fund to $315,000. The Franklin heirs petition that the will be set aside, and that these funds, which their ancestor set apart for the ultimate enrichment of the public and relief of taxpayers, should be divided among themselves. They base their petition upon the claim that the bequest was not a charitable one, and therefore was in violation of the common law "rule of perpetuities" which forbids the tying up of an estate for more than 21 years after the death of the immediate legatees.

"I was told in London last summer," writes Edward W. Bok in the Boston *Journal*, "and by a very good authority, too, that Rider Haggard cleared over $15,000 from his books last year, and that he has at present more orders for stories than he was possibly fill."

Made of all its Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Not One in Ten.

Of the people you meet from day to day has perfectly pure, healthy blood. The hereditary scrofulous taint afflicts the large majority of people, while many others acquire diseases from impure air, improper food and wrong indulgences. Hence the imperative necessity for a reliable blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which eradicates every impurity, and gives to the blood vitality and health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, humors, boils, pimples, and all other affections caused by impurities or poisonous germs in the blood. All that is asked for Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it be given a fair trial.

—There is not much difference between careless extravagance and a hole in the pocket.—Ram's Horn.

Every Home Should Have it.

It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand; it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cts.

There are few things in life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for Colds, Coughs and Consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents at Thomas' Drug Store.

—The man who has never been dissatisfied can never realize contentment.—Elmira Gazette.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For lame back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold at Bierr's or Thomas' drug store.

—Misfortunes are like sky-rockets, which fall as often on innocent people as on any others.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

—Very few men despise the devil so vehemently in private as in public.—Denver Road.

If Sufferers from Consumption

Coughs and Colds will try Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels and liver. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator removes all these troubles. Trial bottles free at Thomas' Drug Store.

—The way to fame is like the way to Heaven, through very much tribulation.—Sterne.

Eupepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the demon dyspepsia and install instead eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for dyspepsia and all diseases of the liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at 50c. and $1.00 per bottle by Reber, Druggist.

—The clown foot is often covered with patented leather.—Ram's Horn.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The BEST Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by REBER druggist.

—"Dress deah bredderu, doan count for nuffin in dis yar world. Many a man wot wears a $600 sealskin ovacoat ain't half as respectable in de sight of de Lawd as de po' African savage wot doan wear nuffin but a happy smile."

What is the Use

Of buying worthless medicines, and spending money on quack doctors whose only idea is to gull the public? Is it not better to buy reliable medicine like Sulphur Bitters? I think so, as they cured me of catarrh after suffering three years.—F. P. Clark, Manchester

—Bingo—If I were rich far just one little hour! Kingley—I should like to know what good that would do you. Bingo—Well, I'd spent just about fifty five minutes in making my property over to my wife.

The Worlds Fair.

The excitement caused by this great event is scarcely equalled by that produced by the great discovery of Dr. Miles—the Restorative Nervine. It speedily cures nervous prostration, change of life, pain, dullness and confusion in head, fits, sleeplessness, the blues, neuralgia, palpitation, monthly pains, etc. C. W. Snow & Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., Talbott and Moss, of Greensburg, Ind., and A. W. Blackburn, of Wooster, O., say that "The Nervine sells better than anything we ever sold, and gives universal satisfaction." Dr. Miles' new illustrated treatise on the Nerves and Heart and trial bottle free at T. D. Thomas and W. F. Biery, Drug Store.

—The soul languishing in obscurity contracts a kind of rust, or abandons itself to the chimera of presumption; for it is natural for it to acquire something, even when separated from any one.

Influenza neither improves the looks, temper or articulation. But Old Saul's Catarrh Cure does cure it so quickly as to surprise one. Only 25 cents a package, sold everywhere.

If there were called a meeting of babies and young children and the question put to vote "who was their greatest benefactor" the loud and unanimous vote would be "Dr. Bull," for he gave us his wonderful "Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup."

Miss A.. "Mr Binx actually proposed to me last night. I never was so surprised in all my life." Miss B.: "You needn't have been. His sole ambition is to be thought eccentric."

The consciousness of having a remedy at hand for croup, neumonia, sore throat and sudden colds, is very consoling to a parent With a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, one feels, in such cases, so foscurity nothing else can give.

"Yes, I was awfully fond of that girl, and I believed her to be perfect but I saw something about her last night that made me ill." "What was that?" "Another fellow's arm."