

OUR FATHERLAND.

From the shores where liberty's portal shines fair to earth's ultimate span: From prairies where Lincoln immortal won...

AT A NEGRO FUNERAL.

Ceremonies of Old Slavery Days Still Prevailing in the South. Not long since I was visiting one of the towns in upper South Carolina...

And here the widow would reintroduce her breathless incantations. These were kept up for some time, when suddenly they ceased and the negroes prostrated themselves upon the ground...

The Short Hair Craze. The short hair craze died some time ago, but the disease has broken out again, and the headache dames, married coquets and girls who go the pace have taken up the fashion...

China recently received her first importation of foreign soap. The Chinese soap is of alkaline earth, and the material used for washing the hands is the pods of a tree.

A new helmet for firemen has been invented in Bremen. It consists principally of a copper mask, which is very light. The wearer's nose, mouth and eyes receive, through an india rubber tube, a constant stream of pure air...

WAY OUT IN ALASKA.

A TENDERFOOT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST TRIP PROSPECTING.

On the morning of July 9 we left Douglas City on the favorite and fast sailing canoe Hiak, Capt. Jim (both well and favorably known in Alaskan waters) for a prospecting trip in Lynn Canal.

The Indian who accompanied us is a fine specimen of his race, as he stands over six feet in his bare feet, and weighs over 200 pounds. He is a Mormon in proclivities...

As a host he is a prince, and right royally he treated us to all kinds of game put up in Indian style. We had smoked porcupine put up in seal oil, and one of our crowd who pretends to be an epicure said it was delicious...

He had other places he wanted to show us, and we would have gone with him, but one of the party had an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism. The native told us the extent of his territory, and said he expected white men prospecting on his domain to pay him \$2.50 per day for his knowledge and services...

So we parted with feelings of regret, promising to return. The Hoonah springs cured our companion. We ran across two men looking for fresh water. "Just think of it," my chums exclaimed, "hunting for fresh water in Alaska! They must be pilgrims like yourself."

Thinking how much easier it is to tell the truth than it is to lie, we cannot help being astonished at some of the things we hear.—Sensational Journal.

China recently received her first importation of foreign soap. The Chinese soap is of alkaline earth, and the material used for washing the hands is the pods of a tree.—Boston Budget.

BUSINESS WHICH REVERSES THE OPERATIONS OF LIFE INSURANCE.

Making Post Obit Investments, as They Are Called—Buying Legacies of People With Expectations—Benefits and Losses of the Business.

It was in a real estate broker's office on Court street, and the time was after dinner. The broker had just disposed of a big brick swell front house on Commonwealth avenue with as much ease and as little difficulty as you could sell a pint of peanuts at a cattle fair.

"You buy legacies!" I remarked. Such a flat, stale and unprofitable remark, I thought, beside the vigorous and prolonged push which he gave to his alacrity vocabulary. "Yes," he replied, "I make and have made a great many contingent investments—post obit investments some call them. You will perceive that my business is a novel one, in this country at least."

"Let me give you an illustration of the benefits of this business. Only a few days ago a sailor chap steps in here. Says he, 'I've just come ashore, having laid alongside one of Uncle Sam's guns for years. I haven't a nick, yo see, and a chap as would like to get with me to see Jake Kilrain and Joe Lannon maul each other give me the tip that I'll want right in the property left me and me brother by the old man. I can't get a pick until the ole woman dies, and although she's near 90, shiver me timbers if I don't think it'll be a big break before she goes aloft. So, ye gress to me brother, and axes him what he'll give me fur my share. He tells me that my share ain't worth a schooner of beer. I'm disheartened, d'y see, until this chap as wants to see the fight—a feller as reads, he is, though he does booze—tells me that you could do me up. Now, if ye can, and does, I'm no tar if I don't drink yer health more'n wunst. Ye see, cap'n, we want to get a peep at the mauling."

"You see this business is the reverse of life insurance. While the life insurance man is interested in the prolongation of human life, the legacy lawyer looks upon death as the messenger who unlocks the safety deposit vaults of Dives, and makes the heart of said legacy buyer happy. Thus the dark pall becomes an immaculate wedding garment."

He went on: "I'll tell you another thing. It often happens that this contingent investment business operates in favor of the one who takes the risk and the one who sells the legacy. Thus, to protect myself, I frequently get the life of the man in question insured for a sum equal to the expected legacy. So, if he dies before I get my legacy, why I am protected by the insurance. It has so happened that I get my share all right, while the man who is insured, or his family, is not left either."

"But I do wish I had those old ladies, good souls, off my hands. I've got three of them already, and may have more before winter than out in the lap of spring. However, I prefer them to some of the boats I come in contact with. You can't imagine the numerous forces against which I am obliged to work sometimes. Dishonest legacy hunters, unscrupulous trustees and such. There is a wide scope for a man who wants to be crooked. Now, if I buy a legacy from a fellow there is nothing to prevent him from selling it again to some other man. The courts in this state have decided that the investment belongs to the first purchaser. Therefore, if a fellow comes in here to offer me a legacy for sale, how do I know that he has not already sold it to somebody else?"

"But you ought to see the array of cranks with whom I have to deal," he went on. "Why, they come here from all parts, from all classes and conditions, imagining that they have got some mooney tied up somewhere. Why, I had a woman come in here not long ago who told me that Jay Gould held \$500,000 in trust for her, and that she would sell it for two-thirds. Of course, she did not fool me. Then a colored woman, which finally she was the Queen of Africa, and who speaks of her daughter as the princess, is a frequent caller. She says that she owns a gold mine or that she will own one when her father, who is 1,000 years old, dies. She says the mine is in the Congo country. I think it must exist in the great desert of Sahara; that is, in the only oasis of her brain. Then there is a Chinaman who wants to sell me his interest in a tea field, which he says is thirty miles outside of Canton, China. His is a sad story. He declares that he was a merchant of respect and prominence, but, through a love of opium, neglected his business, which finally fell into the hands of creditors, with the exception of a certain field, which, by a Mongolian law, as old as Confucius, still remains his, but which he cannot dispose of while living. He thinks he can sell it when he is dead. I don't believe it. He says he keeps a laundry now on Howard street."—Boston Globe.

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