

A DREADED PIRATE.

BLACKBEARD LOOKED ENOUGH LIKE SATAN TO BE A BROTHER.

The Ferocious Robber of the Seas Had a Fashion of Getting Himself Up in a Hideous and Repulsive Manner—Story of His Successful Voyages.

Pamlico sound, now the haven of the storm-tossed mariner and the home of peaceful industry, was once the theater of far different scenes. In the beginning of the last century its placid waters reflected a flag which struck terror to thousands of hearts and paralyzed the commerce of the New World; the thickly clustering vines and luxuriant growths fringing its shores concealed, like the original Eden, a hiding devil, the foe of God and man—Blackbeard, the pirate. From a strange tendency of human nature the life of the pirate possesses a fascinating interest, not only for the small boy who devours the pages of his half-dime yellow back novel, but also for the reader of stranger judgment and better taste. Indeed some of the greatest writers have been unable to resist the fascinations of this wide and tempting field.

Sir Walter Scott, Marryatt and Cooper thought it not unworthy their mighty pens, and the genius of Byron attained one of its highest flights in the description of the prisoner Conrad in the lonely turret, baring his bosom to the midnight storm and defying the lightning of offended heaven to blacken him. Of all this mindy brood Blackbeard was facile princeps, as Milton says of Satan, "By merit raised to that bad eminence." It was an Arabic tradition, relative to the great unknown Atlantic that the gnarled and lony hand of the devil rose from out the waves of the sea of darkness to seize the presumptuous mariner, and in his diabolic career Blackbeard seemed to be the impersonation of this mystic monster. Perhaps a greater demon never prowled the seas or walked the earth in human form.

Even in personal appearance he was hideous and repulsive, nature having stamped him both as a physical and moral monster. The name by which he was known throughout the world was derived from a singular circumstance, which illustrates his savage ferocity. His naturally dark and forbidding face was covered almost to his fierce, sensuous eyes with a shaggy black beard, reaching below the waist. This hirsute adornment, of which he was very proud, and which he cultivated with sedulous care, he was accustomed to braid with ribbons and to twist about his ears until it stood forth like projecting horns.

Into the ends of these he stuck small, slowly burning fuses, whose sulphurous fumes enveloped him in a lurid hue and rendered him a not unfitting representation of the satanic ideal, whose character he so successfully emulated. In time of action he slung around his neck a scarf into which were thrust three braces of pistols. Our readers, even those who are not endowed with Dantesque powers of imagination, and especially our feminine friends, can readily fancy the impression such an aspect would create when met upon the lonely ocean, with the black flag fluttering above his head and his merciless face lighting up with a gleam of diabolical joy as his helpless victims walked the fatal plank.

The real name of this man was Edward Teach, and he was a native of Bristol, England. Of his early career nothing definite is known. He first emerged from obscurity as a common sailor on board a privateer commanded by Captain Benjamin Hornigold, sailing from Jamaica and preying upon French commerce. In that humble capacity he distinguished himself by his skill and courage, which attracted the attention of his not over scrupulous commander, who soon intrusted him with a prize he had captured. In 1717 these two choice spirits spread their sails from Providence (auspicious name!) for America, capturing on voyage three vessels laden with wine, flour and miscellaneous cargoes, which they appropriated to their own use and turned the crews adrift.

The speed of their vessels being crippled by foul bottoms, they cleaned them upon the coast of Virginia and went in quest of fresh booty. On this cruise they secured the most valuable prize yet captured, a large French Guinea-man, richly freighted, bound for Martinique. At this juncture Hornigold's avarice seems to have been satisfied, or more likely his heart failed him, for, taking the two vessels with which they originally sailed, he returned to Providence and availed himself of a pardon offered by the king to all pirates who should surrender in a specified time.

Teach, however, only emboldened by success, now assumed an independent character and began that career of crime which rendered his name so infamous.—Richmond Times.

Khedive and Sentry.
The khedive, oddly enough for an oriental, did not smoke, but always carried a cigarette case, and delighted in offering it and little presents of money to the English sentries placed on guard round his palace when first Cairo was occupied by the British.

The khedive was an early riser, and was in the habit of walking in his garden early in the morning. One day, returning from such a walk, he was stopped by a sentry.

"Yer can't go in here, yer know," said the man of war, with the Briton's amiable contempt for a fat little foreigner.

"But I belong to the palace," faltered the khedive, delighted.
"Oh, do yer? Got a good place?"
"Very good," was the modest response.
"Ah, yer look like it. Nothin to do and plenty to eat. I wouldn't mind serving your master. What sort of a fellow is he?"
And then, alas, the serjeant coming along recognized and saluted the khedive, to the vast discomfort of the sentry as well as to the chagrin of his highness, who would have been glad to hear more about himself.—Youth's Companion.

The Wearing of Rings.
"It is a constant surprise to me," said a man the other day, "that a woman with a palpably ugly hand will call everybody's attention to it by hanging her fingers with sparkling rings. A certain intuitive vanity that is common to men and women alike ought to teach her better. Freckles, big knuckles and ugly or ill kept nails are all accentuated by showy rings. I've seen a woman whose rough, red hand must be her ever present thorn in the flesh lead it with big diamonds, the white sparkle and dull gold setting of which intensified the redness and coarseness of the fingers they encircled. I long to tell such a one to put her jewels at her throat, on her arms, in her hair—anywhere but on her hands."

"In contradiction to this I recall a woman of my acquaintance who has a small brown hand like a gypsy's. She has evidently studied its limitations, for she wears never more than one ring, and that always of odd design. I've seen her wear a black pearl sunk in dull silver, a hoop of caruncles or an old English ring of hammered gold, but she oftenest wears a superb alexandrite that shows black in some lights and deep sea-green in others. I always applaud her wisdom in banishing pearls, emeralds and diamonds or any conventional styles from her ring box.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Weed Maps to Germany.
The Germans have some educational ideas which we in this country have borrowed with profit, and there are still others which we might be wise to adopt. Among them no doubt are the wall maps of different species of pestiferous weeds, which hang in schoolrooms where the children can see them as long as they go to school.

A practical idea underlies the displaying of these maps. It is well known that farmers are prone to treat all weeds alike, and hardly to observe any difference between them, whereas the natures of weeds differ as much as the natures of other plants do, and the sort of treatment which will exterminate one will sometimes increase and multiply another.

It is important therefore that the farmer and gardener should understand the weeds which they are trying to exterminate.

It is here that these German wall maps come in. They show colored pictures of the most pestiferous weeds, in all stages of growth, and also the ways in which they scatter their seeds and propagate themselves. By learning them thoroughly, through seeing them day by day on the walls, the child grows up with a knowledge of the best way to exterminate them.—Youth's Companion.

Liszt's Gypsy Protege.
The great pianist, who was passionately fond of the gypsies, once endeavored to educate and civilize a gypsy lad, but failed ignominiously. The wild spirit of the nature of countless generations could not be tamed, and though as a child liking the novelty of the new life the young gypsy submitted, but with a bad grace, to the instruction of the teacher Liszt provided, he soon broke loose, and became arrogant and indomitably conceited. However, his untutored playing was excellent, and he became the pet of those foolish women in society who are ever on the lookout for some new craze to feed their flighty craving after variety. Soon the child of nature pined for the freedom of the fields and savagery, and so he went. He ran away three times and was brought back, and then Liszt let him go for good.

In after years he turned up again in one of the numerous wandering gypsy orchestras, but he was only then a mediocre player—instruction had actually killed the real ability that as a child he had possessed. So was shattered one of the dreams of Liszt's life; he learned that a savage man could not be tamed quite so easily as a savage beast, as many had discovered before him.—Belgravia.

A Delicate and Dangerous Treatment.
A certain cure for freckles is carbolic acid, and its effects are not only certain, but quick. The skin must first be washed thoroughly in warm water, and then dried with a soft towel. Each freckle, or bunch of them, must be dealt with separately. Stretch the skin with the fingers, and touch the freckle with a drop of pure carbolic acid. Allow this to dry on the skin, and in a few minutes it will burn and grow white. The skin thus burned will fall off in a week or so, and leave a new rosy white skin in place of the freckle. To prevent burns from being very painful and from leaving a bad scar on the skin, the blisters formed should be pierced with a silk thread soaked in sublimate solution.

Leave the thread in position while the outside of the blister is covered with a 10 per cent. solution of iodiform vaseline. Fresh saline should be applied daily, and no pain will be experienced, and severe contraction and wrinkling of the skin after the wound is healed will be prevented.—Yankee Blade.

The Effort of New York Organ Builders.
What the New York organ builders tell me most emphatically is that organs are now made in this country from an art standpoint rather than a trade standpoint. They have given up trying to make little Gothic cathedrals of the organ cases. "Spend you money on the works," they tell their customers, "the plain case is the handsomest case." Most modern American organs have little or no woodwork above the feet of the front pipes.—Cor. New York Times.

Tennyson and America.
Tennyson was extremely eager to go to America, and touching this point a story is related to the effect that Barnum offered him an enormous sum to go there, though probably not as one of the attractions of the "greatest show on earth." "All you have to do," said Barnum, "is to stand on a platform and have your hands well shaken." The poet, however, declined the tempting offer.—Cor. Boston Herald.

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Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of Sarah A. Reynolds, late of Windsor township, Jefferson county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them authenticated for settlement, without delay to Reynoldsville, Pa. A. H. MORGAN, Administrator.

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