SUPERSTITIOUS LO.

CURIOUS LEGENDS OF THE FAR NORTHWESTERN TRIBES.

Several Traditions Which Refer to the Sun—The Raven, the Mink and the Salmon In Legends of British Columbian Tribes of Aborigines.

Among the northern coast tribes of British Columbia the raven plays an important part. He is the benefactor of man and by some tribes is considered the deity himself. One of his adventures was stealing the sun from the chief who kept it from man in a little box, together with the moon and daylight. In one tribe he created salmon. Another legend makes him the grandson of the deity, his father having left earth for a visit to heaven and there married the chief's daughter.

Another series of traditions refers to the sun, and in a class of these the mink is considered the son of the sun. These legends are told by the Bliqula and Klivaknetl tribes of British Columbia. In this story you will notice the remarkable resemblance to the Greek Phaethon. Once upon a time the mink played grace hoops with the ducks, and the mink won. Then they shot arrows at a stick, and the mink proved the best marksman. Then all the ducks abused him and maltreated him and finally broke his bow and said: "We do not care to play any longer with you. You do not even know where your father is." Stung by this taunt, mink hastened to his mother. She told him his father was in the sky; it was he who carried the sun every day. Mink determined to visit him, and with his new bow shot an arrow into the sky. The arrow stuck in the sky, a second arrow hit the notch of the first, and finally a chain was formed reaching from the sky to the earth. Up this ladder mink climbed and arrived at his father's abode. His father was glad to see him and permitted him to carry the sun in his stead for one day. He must ascend slowly behind the mountains and not go fast lest the earth should burn. Equipping himself with his father's blanket and nose ornament, mink set out.

All went well till just before noon. Mink became impatient at his slow progress, began to run, and to kick aside the clouds which obstructed his path. He set fire to earth, and men, in order to escape the fearful flames, jumped into the ocean. Part of them were transformed into animals, part into real men (they had been half man and half animals before). Poor mink was thrown from heaven into the sea below, but was rescued and carried home.

The legend of the visit to heaven occurs in many of the tribes, but with other animals than the mink. Many stories told of the raven are also told of mink. He, too, obtained fire for his tribe, obtaining it from the ghosts who had it in their possession. Mink stole the infant child of the chief of the ghosts and would not give it up till the firebrand was given him.

Farther south, along the coast, the sun becomes a more important mythological figure. It is said that the Indians of the interior burn food, blankets and other property as an offering to the sun. Some of the important legends refer to the murder of the sun, and to the origin of the new sun and moon. From the language and from the legends it appears that many of the coast tribes considered the moon and sun as the same person, or at least as two brothers. One story runs: "A long time ago there was a man named Mombanate, who was blind. As he was unable to endure the heat of the sun, he went fishing during the night. When the day began to dawn, his wife would go down to the beach and call him home before the sun rose. One day, however, his wife slept too long, and it was already daylight when she awoke. She called to her husband to return as quickly as possible, but before he reached the shore he had melted. Then the sons determined to avenge their father's death. They made a chain of arrows and climbed up. They killed the sun with their arrows, and then thought, 'What shall we do next?' The older one said, 'Let us be the sun,' and he asked the brother where he wanted to go. The latter answered, 'I will go to the night; you go to the day.' And so they did. The younger brother became the moon, the elder the sun."

As the salmon is the great staple of subsistence from the Sacramento river northward, so with it are connected the greatest number of superstitions. Messrs. Lewis and Clark, mentioning the capture of the first salmon at The Dalles in 1807, an occasion of great rejoicing, state that in order to hasten their arrival the Indians, according to custom, dressed the fish and cut it into small pieces, one of which was given to each child in the village. At the mouth of the Columbia the first salmon could be eaten only by the medicine men. The taking of the first fish of the season was everywhere the occasion of a feast. The salmon dance was performed, and the anticipations of plenty lightened every heart. The earlier fish could not be obtained at any price by a white man unless it were first cooked, lest he should open it with a knife instead of a stone or cut it crosswise. The heart was always roasted and eaten lest a dog should eat it and no more salmon would be taken. On the ripening of the salmon berry these rules are abated, the coming of the schools by that time being rendered certain. These superstitions have in most of the tribes nearly died away, the feasts have been discontinued and the salmon dance neglected.—Portland Oregonian.

An Infallible Test.

A miser had died very suddenly. The doctor who was called in to certify his death appeared to have his doubts about the case.

"Place a 10 mark piece in his hand," said the old housekeeper of the deceased. "If he doesn't grasp it, you may safely make out the order for his burial."—Wagwaiser.

WHY THE PATROLMEN MISSED.

An Old Time Match With Revolvers in the Tenderloin Police Station.

"The recent order of the police board that all patrolmen shall become proficient in the use of the revolver," said a retired sergeant, "reminds me of a little target practice that took place in the cellar of the Tenderloin station house on West Thirtieth street three years ago. There was quite a sporty crowd of patrolmen doing duty in that precinct in those days, and there was always a poker game in the off platoon. The game was run on the dead quiet of course and was played in a small room in the cellar used ordinarily for storing ballot boxes and other election paraphernalia. The boys smuggled a stove down there, and a poker table that was seized in a raid on a gambling house was corralled and placed in the room.

"Now, there were two wardmen doing duty in the Tenderloin then, and as they had no regular hours they were able to play along with each platoon without interruption. They were a couple of pretty slick fellows, and it was only a matter of time when they'd have all the money on the table. Eventually it got so that the patrolmen wouldn't play with them any more, and this source of revenue cut off, they hit on the idea of shooting at a target with revolvers at 25 cents a shot. Now, some of these coppers were crackajacks with pistols, and they seized the opportunity thus offered to win back the money they had lost at poker. So one night a tomato can was set up at one end of the long cellar, and a lighted candle was placed beside it. Then the men began to shoot. Only two pistols were used, but every time a patrolman shot he missed, while the wardmen bored a hole in the can each time.

"Every night for a week the men would shoot, and always with the same result. The wardmen were winning about $10 apiece a night, when the game came to a sudden end. One of the patrolmen suddenly opened the pistol which a wardman had handed him to shoot with and found it loaded with blank cartridges. Then there was a howl, and the bad shooting of the platoon was explained. The other pistol, which the wardmen had been using, was loaded with 32 caliber bullets, and as both were good shots of course they plumbed the can each time. The patrolmen threatened all sorts of things, but the wardmen only laughed and held on to the money they had won. There was no use kicking to the captain about it, for he'd have preferred charges against every mother's son of them for gambling in the station house, and so the patrolmen swallowed their loss and let the matter drop. But it was a long time before they got over it, and some of them are laying for a chance to get even to this day."—New York Sun.

The Yule Log.

In some parts of Germany the Yule log is placed on the hearth on Christmas eve and if possible kept burning for two or three days. Then a piece of it is laid aside for the purpose of lighting the next year's log and of guarding the household from harm. Pieces of firwood charred but not quite burnt out in the Christmas fire are also placed under the family bed in some German villages to avert the dreaded lightning stroke, which appears in this relation to be the type of fire in its evil aspect, in contradistinction from the solar orb, the representative of beneficent light and warmth. The custom of burning a Yule log for three days and nights in each homestead is almost certainly a survival from the adoration once offered to the sun at the winter solstice.

Three centuries after the Christian era sun worship was still maintained in Brittany, and in Normandy not more than 100 years ago the household fire was extinguished on Dec. 24 and the Christmas log was ignited by the aid of a flame procured from the lamp burning in the neighboring church. This fact affords a curious instance of the probable transference of respect and reverence from the sacred fire of a purely heathen creed to the ecclesiastical lights of Catholicism. When the pagan rites for procuring unsullied fire were forbidden or fell into desuetude, the ideas to which they owed their origin and development, instead of perishing, continued to exist more or less perfectly by attaching themselves to usages and ceremonies having no direct association with them.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Fatiguing Fashion.

A strange custom among the Bayanzi, who live along the upper Kongo, has been described by explorers. Brass rings, sometimes weighing 30 pounds, are welded around the necks of the wives. At first the neck becomes raw by the chafing, but after awhile it becomes calloused, although a woman has to hold the ring up frequently to get relief from the weight. The ring is never put around a woman's neck until she has attained her full development. The women are proud of their ornament, believing that it enhances their importance and beauty.—New York World.

But Joshua Holds the Record.

Captain Bassett was the first man officially to lengthen time by turning back the hands of the senate clock in Washington. He did it for the first time March 4, 1844, by direction of Senator Wiley P. Mangam of North Carolina, then president of the senate pro tempore. This is history.—Boston Globe.

Took Him at His Word.

Employer (to new office boy)—If any one calls, James, be sure and remember that I am not in. (Half an hour later) Didn't you hear me call, you young rascal?

James—Yes, sir, but I t'ought yer wasn't in.—London Tit-Bits.

The parchments and papyrus used by the ancients seem to have had a special preparation, by virtue of which they absorbed the ink and thus caused the writing to be almost indelible.

LETTERS COST $1 APIECE.

California Miners Lined Up For the Mail, and Places Were Worth $300.

A well known patent attorney in this city, who was in California in the early mining days, apropos the publication in The Post of the cost of carrying mails on the Yukon, makes some interesting statements about similar service on the Pacific coast in 1849-50:

"We had to pay $1 for every letter sent or received," he states, "besides the government postage. We were in the mines and had to send a messenger, with an order for the postmaster to deliver to him our mail at Sacramento, a distance of from 75 to 100 miles, according to the location of the camps. Parties made a business of carrying the mail and had regular routes around through the mining camps.

"At that time mail went by way of the isthmus, there being but one steamer every three weeks. As a result, at San Francisco and at Sacramento, the two main offices and supply points for the state, there would be a large crowd waiting every time a mail arrived. They finally adopted a rule among themselves requiring all to form in line and take their turn, and hundreds stood or laid in line day and night to keep their places, sometimes several days before they could be served, the line being formed days before the steamer arrived. Resident speculators would take position in the line, and when they had advanced near the door would sell their place to others from the mines, who were waiting, frequently getting from $100 to $300.

"Such a thing can hardly be believed by those who have never had any such experience, but in the fall of 1849 an ox team driver got $10 per day and board, Sundays being counted the same as other days, while carpenters got from an ounce ($16) to an ounce and a half per day, everything else costing in proportion, and hence the mail carriers for the mines could better afford to pay for the position in line than to wait on expense and lose the time, they sometimes being kept waiting for a week before they could get all their mail for the several camps.

"One of the curious sights was the sale of the New York papers. As soon as the steamer arrived a man or boy with a lot of papers would rush ashore, mount a box and just as fast as he could hand out the papers and make change dispose of them at $1 each. Of course in time all this changed, but communication with the States was then so slow and the time required so great that to us, isolated as we were from home and friends and the whole outside world, it seemed almost an eternity."—Exchange.

A Misfit.

"Yes," he answered, as he seemed to huddle himself in a heap. "I've done some odd things in my time. I've jumped from a train running at a speed of 48 miles an hour, and I can't say as I want to repeat the experiment."

"What was the occasion?"

"Three years ago. I did it for a bet of 20 shillings. The bet was that I daren't walk out on the platform and take the jump without picking out my ground. As it happened the ground was pretty clear, but £1,000,000 wouldn't get me to try it again."

"How did you come out?"

"Well, it's hard to describe the sensation. As I sprang from the step I seemed to fly. I sailed along in the air until my wings grew tired, and then I dropped down to see the country. Sometimes I beat the professionals all hollow, and again I made a mess of it. It was my intention to skip all the mud puddles and avoid all the stumps, but you can't always have your own way in this world. By and by I came up with a bang in a ditch corner, and waited for a first class hospital to visit me."

"Much hurt?"

"Might have been worse. Broke an arm, two ribs and had over 100 cuts and bruises, and it was seven weeks before I could walk a yard."

"But you won the 20 shillings?"

"Y-e-s, but there is where I always grow sad. The stakeholder forwarded it to me from his town in the shape of a coffin, and it didn't fit my length by seven inches. I had to sell the confounded thing as a misfit at half price."—Strand Magazine.

He Got the Message.

An experienced telegraph operator can from listening to the sounds understand a message on one kind of telegraph instrument without seeing it at all. One day an inspector walked into an office and began to question the clerk in charge. Suddenly a message began to arrive, and the clerk sat down to write it. The message was as follows:

"Look out for squalls. The inspector is somewhere on the line and will be poking his nose in everywhere."

The inspector smiled as he listened to the message, while the poor clerk looked quite helpless. His superior, however, went to the instrument and sent back the answer: "Too late. He has already poked his nose in here."—Pearson's Weekly.

Was It Fate?

Those who hold that no man can avoid his fate may find support for their doctrine in the experience of Charles J. Weller of Elkhart, Ind. He was employed at grinding at an emery wheel, but regarding the position as dangerous handed in his resignation. Five minutes before the time for ending his last day at the work the wheel burst and killed him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Do not think of knocking out another person's brains because he differs in opinion from you. It would be as rational to knock yourself on the head because you differ from yourself ten years ago.—Horace Mann.

In 1880 the gross product of the woolen mills was valued at $267,000,000; ten years later it had increased to $338,000,000.

Why Everybody Smiled.

An amusing scene was witnessed by many pedestrians one day at the corner of Thirty-seventh street and Broadway. A fence, about 30 feet high, covered with theatrical lithographs, incloses a lot on that corner, where the foundations of a new building are being laid. It was the noon hour, and six brawny sons of Erin were seated on a slightly raised platform, resting against the fence. They were eating their luncheon and were joking and laughing to their hearts' content. Those who stopped to look at the group could not withhold a smile, for directly above this jolly group of Irishmen, in bold, lurid letters, were the words "The Gay Parisians." Here indeed was a pleasant satire, the result of accident. No wonder the workingmen wondered why people smiled at them so much.—New York Herald.

The Inquisitive Small Boy.

"Father," said the little boy, looking up from his picture book, "if I ask you a question, will you answer it?"

"Certainly," was the affable reply.

"And not get angry?"

"Of course not."

"Nor say it's time I was in bed?"

"I won't do any of those things."

"Well, what I want to know is where does a snake begin when it wags its tail?"—Washington Star.

A bright girl in Maine recently began a composition thus: "The Puritans found a lunatic asylum in the wilds of America." She had read in a book that the Puritans found an asylum in this country, and to make the statement more vivid she added the word "lunatic."

The Apache, Navajo and Ute war began in 1849 and ended in 1855. The total number of regular troops employed during this war was 1,500, while the volunteers and militia numbered 1,061, the grand total being 2,561.

Worth Knowing.

Many thousand people have found a friend in Bacon's Celery King.

If you have never used this great specific for the prevailing maladies of the age, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Costiveness, Nervous Exhaustion, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness and all diseases arising from derangment of the stomach, liver and kidneys, we would be pleased to give you a package of this great nerve tonic free of charge.

W. B. ALEXANDER.

Great Wear of Railroad Iron.

Taking the total length of the railways of the world at even 60,000 miles and allowing a daily average of 10 trains over each road, it is estimated that the total loss of iron by wear and tear each day of the year is not less than 600 tons. The iron thus lost goes back to the earth in the shape of fine powder, which is finally transformed into soluble iron salts.—St. Louis Republic.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn, says, "Shilo's Vitalizer saved my life. I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For dyspepsia, liver, or kidney trouble it excels. Price 75cts. Sold by J. C. King & Co.

BEECH CREEK RAILROAD.

New York Central & Hudson River R. R. Co., Lessee

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

READ UP Exp No 37	Mail No 33	NOVEMBER 17, 1895.	READ DOWN Exp No 30	Mail No 36
p m	p m		a m	p m
	1 35	Arr....PATTON...Lve.		†3 30
	1 14	.....Westover.....		3 52
9 25	12 50	.....MAHAFFEY.....	†5 00	4 15
9 00	12 15	Lve...Kerrmoor...Arr.	5 20	4 42
8 50	12 05	.....GAZZAM.....	5 30	4 52
8 43	11 58	Arr...Kerrmoor...Lve.	5 37	4 58
8 38	11 53	.....Mew Millport.....	5 42	5 03
8 32	11 46	.....Olanta.....	5 48	5 09
8 25	11 39	.....Mitchells.....	5 55	5 15
8 05	11 20	Lve Clearfield Junc. Arr.	6 15	5 34
7 55	11 11	.....CLEARFIELD.....	6 25	‡5 45 / ‡6 10
7 45	11 00	Arr Clearfield Junc. Lve.	6 35	6 19
7 37	10 51	.....Woodland.....	6 43	6 29
7 31	10 44	.....Bigler.....	6 52	6 34
7 23	10 39	.....Wallaceton.....	6 57	6 40
7 15	10 29	....Morrisdale Mines....	7 06	6 48
7 07	10 22	Lve....Munson...Arr.	7 15	6 57
6 35	9 55	Lve { PHIL'PSB'G { Arr	7 40	7 27
7 27	10 40	Arr { PHIL'PSB'G { Lve	6 55	6 35
7 05	10 17	Arr....Munson....Lve.	7 17	7 00
6 40	9 52	.....PEALE.....	7 40	7 25
6 20	9 32	.....Gilintown.....	7 57	7 44
6 13	9 20	.....SNOW SHOE.....	8 04	7 52
5 18	8 24	....BEECH CREEK....	8 49	8 44
5 05	8 00	.....Mill Hall.....	9 01	8 57
4 58	8 02	.....LOCK HAVEN.....	9 07	9 03
4 47	7 53	.....Youngdale.....	9 16	9 12
4 35	7 40	JERSEY SHORE JUNC.	9 29	9 24
†4 00	†7 05	Lve WILLIAMSP'T Arr	10 05	10 00
p m	a m		a m	p m
p m	a m	PHILA. & READING R. R.	a m	p m
†2 40	*6 55	Arr WILLIAMSP'T Lve	†10 30	*11 15
*8 35	*11 30	Lve....PHILA.....Arr	5 08	7 11
†4 30		Lv N. Y. via Tamaqua Ar	6 45	
	§7 30	Lv N. Y. via Phila. Ar.	7 25	§9 30
a m	p m		p m	a m

* Daily † Week-days § 6 00 p m Sundays ‡ 10 55 a m Sunday

CONNECTIONS.—At Williamsport with Philadelphia & Reading R. R. At Jersey Shore Junction with Fall Brook Railway. At Mill Hall with Central Railroad of Pennsylvania. At Philipsburg with Pennsylvania Railroad. At Clearfield with Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway. At Mahaffey and Patton with Cambria & Clearfield Division of Pennsylvania Railroad. At Mahaffey with Pennsylvania & North-Western Railroad.

A. G. PALMER, Superintendent. F. E. HERRIMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt. Philadelphia, Pa.

YELLOW

Are a symptom of Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Liver Complaint.

DR. BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS

will cure the disease and remove yellowness from skin and eyes. Warranted to cure.

Sold everywhere at 25 cts. per bottle.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

TAKE THE BEST

25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

Sold by J. C. King & Co

To Methodists!

PATRONIZE - THE - BEST AND CHEAPEST.

The Pittsburg

CHRISTIAN - ADVOCATE,

ESTABLISHED 1832.

Rev. C. W. Smith D. D., Editor,

Office 524 Penn Avenue.

Organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia.

Able Articles

On all the live questions of the day. The contributors include some of the most eminent writers of the church.

The Weekly

Expositions of the Sunday School Lesson is pronounced by leading Sunday School workers to be unexcelled.

Interesting News

From all the churches. Special attention paid to Young Folk's Dept.

Terms of Subscription

$1.50 per year in advance. All itinerant ministers of the M. E. Church are agents, to whom subscriptions may be paid. Sample copies sent free. Mention this paper. Address,

J. A. MOORE,

Christian Advocate, PITTSBURG, PA.

M. W. McDONALD,

FIRE, LIFE and ACCIDENT Insurance.

I have a large line of Companies and am prepared to handle large or small lines of insurance. Prompt attention given to any business intrusted to my care. Office in Nolan Block, Reynoldsville, Pa.

Subscribe for

The ✻ Star,

If you want the News.

First National Bank

OF REYNOLDSVILLE.

CAPITAL $50,000.00.

C. Mitchell, President;
Scott McClelland, Vice Pres.;
John H. Kaucher, Cashier.

Directors:

C. Mitchell, Scott McClelland, J. C. King, John H. Corbett, G. E. Brown, G. W. Fuller, J. H. Kaucher.

Does a general banking business and solicits the accounts of merchants, professional men, farmers, mechanics, miners, lumbermen and others, promising the most careful attention to the business of all persons.

Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.

First National Bank building, Nolan block

Fire Proof Vault.

N. HANAU

Will Sell All

Ladies' Misses' and Children's

Coats AT Cost

This is a Great Saving for anybody wanting a Garment.

Come and see for yourself.

THE ONLY PICTORIAL PUBLICATION DEVOTED TO AFRICA:

HENRY M. STANLEY, M.P.

Illustrated Africa;

ASSOCIATE EDITOR, HENRY M. STANLEY,

who found Livingstone, explored Central Africa, created Congo State, and is the acknowledged authority on that vast continent. Bishop Taylor's Africa Album, containing over TWO HUNDRED SELECTED PHOTOGRAPHS, "the most attractive and interesting object connected with the great continent." For one year's subscription to Illustrated Africa, and one of the Africa Albums, remit $1.50, in any form, to

Rev. ROSS TAYLOR, 150 Fifth Ave., New York City.

JOB WORK!

THE Job Work Department OF The Star Office

Is replete with the Latest Styles of Types.

✻ Neat Work Done on Short Notice! ✻

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE STAR

AND GET ALL THE

Local, County and State News for $1.50 a Year.

OIL BURNER

TAKES THE PLACE OF DANGEROUS GASOLINE. GOES IN ANY STOVE. NO SMOKE, DIRT OR ODOR. ½ CHEAPER THAN WOOD OR COAL.

WANT AGENTS on salary or commission. Send for Catalogue of Prices and Terms.

NATIONAL OIL BURNER CO.
802 CEDAR AVE.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.