

WORSHIP THE SHARKS

South Sea Islanders Fear Them as the Abode of Ghosts.

HOLD SOULS OF THEIR DEAD.

The Natives Offer Gifts and Food, Sometimes Human, to Appease the Man Eaters—The Hawaiians Used to Feed Their Dead to the Monsters.

In view of the wide distribution of sharks and their strength and ferocity, qualities which appealed to the savage mind, it is not strange that the cult of shark worship should have arisen. This worship is especially common in the south seas, where sharks are very numerous, says the Detroit Free Press.

In the Solomon Islands living sacred objects are chiefly sharks, alligators, snakes, etc. Sharks are in all these islands very often thought to be the abode of ghosts, as natives will at times before their death announce that they will appear as sharks.

In the Banks Islands a shark may be a tangaroo, a sort of familiar spirit or the abode of one. Some years ago Manurwar, son of Mala, the chief man in Vanna Lava, had such a shark.

The Samoan native believed that his gods appeared in some visible incarnation, and the particular thing in which it was in the habit of appearing was to him an object of veneration.

In the Fiji Islands, Viava and other gods claim the shark as their abode, and their devotees must never eat of that fish, for if they did they would be partaking of the god himself.

It was in the Hawaiian Islands, however, that shark worship reached its greatest perfection. Its worship was quite common on the islands, each one having a special shark as his ancestral god.

Several of the African coast tribes worship the shark. Three or four times in the year they celebrate the festival of the shark, which is done in this wise: They all row out in their boats to the middle of the river, where they invoke, with the strangest ceremonies, the protection of the great shark.

The Polynesians have an ancient fable treating of the flight of Ina, the daughter of Vaitoringa and Ngatama, to the sacred Isle. After the sole dumped her at the edge of the breakers with such disastrous results to itself from the angry princess the latter summoned the shark and by its help succeeded in reaching the sacred island.

Absolutely Hopeless. "But you might learn to love me," he urged. "You're no less," she said, "what a most stupid I am."—Chicago Post.

THE LANDLORD'S MISTAKE.

An American's Experience in an English Country Inn.

An American was journeying through England and encountered in a certain town a rather pretentious inn, at which he ordered turbot, a favorite dish in those parts.

The American had had a few days of dense fog, and his appearance and manner perhaps showed that he had become a little wheezy in consequence of the climate.

When the turbot was brought the guest fancied, even before it reached his plate, that it was no longer fresh, and an attempt to eat it confirmed that impression.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the innkeeper, "but we got the idea, sir, as you came in that you had a bad cold in your 'end, sir."

"And suppose I had? What could that have to do with my being served spoiled fish?" demanded the indignant traveler.

"Everythink, sir. We 'ns this rule in this 'ouse: Fish as is a leetle doubtful, like that 'ere, sir—them which 'as lost the flavor of youth, as I may say—them we serves to parties as appears to 'ave colds in their 'ends, sir, and we finds that, bein' as such parties can't smell nothink, they likes the fish just as well, sir, and hoften they prefers 'em."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune

LONG DELAYED PROPOSAL.

A Note in a Bouquet That Was For Years Unanswered.

One of the longest delayed proposals on record is related in a French story of a shy young subaltern who was ordered away to the wars.

Years afterward, when he was a lame old general, he again met his old love, now a white haired widow. One day his old sweetheart gently asked him why he had never married.

She opened an old cabinet and took out from a drawer a shriveled bouquet of what had been yellow roses, among whose leafless stalks lurked a scrap of paper yellow with age.

Where Widows Commit Suicide. Old customs die very hard in China, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, and in several parts of the Celestial empire it is still considered a high act of virtue for a woman to commit suicide after the death of her husband.

Crushing a Snob. There is an anecdote of the earlier years of King Edward VII, which gives an interesting side light on his loyalty to his friends.

A White Elephant Party. Invite each person to bring some article which is undesirable to its owner. Have each article neatly wrapped and made as deceptive in appearance as possible.

Not So to His. Jack—She is generous to a fault. Tom—Must be a mistake. I told her that I had a great many faults, and she said she knew it and hoped that I would refrain from calling on her in the future.—Somerville Journal.

Times For a Touch. "How is your rich uncle, Tommy?" "Very ill. I'm afraid he won't last long."

The talent of ridicule is the qualification of little, ungenerous tempers.—Adrian.

The Middle Horse. A farmer, plowing with three horses hitched abreast, noticed that the middle horse became tired and exhausted long before either of its mates.

LINCOLN'S STORY.

It Contained a Lesson For the Man With a Grievance.

An old farmer once called at the White House and complained that the Union soldiers in passing his farm had helped themselves not only to hay, but to his horse, and he hoped the president would urge the proper officer to consider his claim immediately.

"Why, my dear sir," replied Mr. Lincoln blandly, "I couldn't think of such a thing. If I consider individual cases I should find work enough for twenty presidents."

"But," said the persevering sufferer, "couldn't you just give me a line to Colonel—about it—just one line?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" responded the president, crossing his legs. "That reminds me of old Jack Chase out in Illinois."

"You see, Jack—I knew him like a brother—used to be a lumberman on the Illinois river, and he was steady and sober and the best craftsman on the stream."

A Ticklish Moment. If to act cleverly on the spot is the measure of tact, then the man who figures in the subjoined New York Tribune story deserves both respect and admiration.

From the depths of the blacksmith shop a deeper voice roared: "Is she young, John, or old?"

A Lover of Peace. He Had Decided Opinions on the Way to Abolish War.

"Men talk sincerely," once said W. T. Stead, the great apostle of peace, "about loving one another, about the universal brotherhood of man, and in the same breath they assert that it is right to burn and maim and kill in war."

Survival of the Fittest. Only one oyster embryo out of every 5,000,000 produced grows up through all the successive stages of youth to the adult state.

When the Terror Quailed. He would terrorize the neighbors in a most outrageous way, broke the wide world's standing records in athletics every day, while in pugilistic circles he could wipe men in the dust and show master tricks at fencing—laugh at every cut and thrust.

The Last Straw. "Every time I give a party," cried the discouraged hostess, "I vow I'll never give another, but I've decided this time. No more for me."

Illustrious Barbers. William Winstanley, to whom we are indebted for the "Lives of the English Poets," began his career by soaping faces.

Preacher's Daughter Too. A Cleveland minister has three daughters, the youngest one only five years old.

War Play of the Future. "What properties will we need for the battle scene?" "None whatever. The stage will be bare. The men are supposed to be wearing invisible uniforms and firing smokeless powder from noiseless guns."—Kansas City Journal.

The Best Advice. If you are about to do something which may cause trouble, ask the advice of a man who has tried it.

Optimist and Pessimist. "What is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?" "A pessimist is always thinking of his liabilities, while an optimist thinks only of his assets."—Judge.

He who has a good seat should not leave it.—Manuel.

SHOEMAKERS' WAX.

The Surprising Properties of This Peculiar Substance.

One of the most apt illustrations ever made by Lord Kelvin was his likening the luminiferous ether to a mass of shoemakers' wax.

He melted some wax in a common glass tumbler. After it had hardened he tried to thrust a lead pencil through it.

An Idea struck the scientist. If the wax acted like this toward the coin, how would it treat an object which floated? He accordingly placed a cork in a tumbler and poured hot shoemakers' wax upon it.

A Coy Maiden. A girl played postoffice at a party and yelled and shrieked and howled and ran behind the door and scratched the young man's face in seven places.

A Strong Reason. "You always speak kindly to your wife?" said the prying friend.

"Always," answered Mr. Meekton. "I never think of giving Henrietta a harsh word."

"Because you believe in ruling by gentleness?"

"No. Because self preservation is the first law of nature."—Washington Star.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, and the other is hard to get down.

The boughs that bear most hang the lowest.—Virgil.

HUGHES & FLEMING. FUNERAL DIRECTORS. Main Street. Reynoldsville, Pa.

Garment Dyeing and Cleaning By James Pontefract West Reynoldsville, Penn'a. Opposite P. R. R. Freight Depot.

WINDSOR HOTEL W. T. Brunker, Mgr. Midway between Broad St. Station and Reading Terminal on Filbert st.

NOTICE OF BOND ISSUE. Notice is hereby given to whomsoever it may concern, that the Board of Directors of the School District of the Borough of West Reynoldsville, County of Jefferson and State of Pennsylvania, will present their petition to the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson county, on Monday, August 9th, 1899.

The First Word. "That is what I call an ideal marriage," Hardy declared to his wife as they were walking homeward after an evening at the Carrolls'.

The Peer Women. "Why does a woman always want another woman to go shopping with her?" "She gets the other woman to make the selections and then takes something else."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If You Can Get Up. "There's always room at the top." "Yes, but sometimes the elevator isn't running."—Cleveland Leader.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE. Estate of John Damora, late of Reynoldsville Borough, Deceased.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE. Estate of A. W. Mulholland, late of the Township of Winslow, Deceased.