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CURIOUS THINGS THAT HAPPEN.

Stories of Events That Foreshadow Death Are of Frequent Occurrence.

Nearly everyone is familiar with stories of events that foreshadow death, says Pearson's Weekly. The writer of this article is personally acquainted with a family who are susceptible to a certain warning, and one had the uncanny experience of hearing it himself.

One night a child lay ill. In the room next to it the governess slept. On the following morning she spoke of a tapping at her window during the night and was surprised to see that the child was violently affected by her remark. The child died early on the following morning.

Some years afterwards the writer, in company with a member of his family and some other friends, was seated in a room playing cards.

Suddenly he heard three distinct taps at a large French window which opened into the garden. Looking up, his gaze met that of his friend's, and he saw a sudden pallor come into the latter's face. Afterwards he mentioned the occurrence, and received the reply that it was the death tap he had heard. Surely enough, a telegram arrived on the following day to say that his friends' grandmother was dead.

Another instance occurred in the writer's own family. A lady dreamed that she was journeying to the west of England. At Swindon she left the train and waited in the waiting room until a branch connection arrived Suddenly she looked up at the clock and saw that it registered 7.15. At that moment a dense blackness came over the scene and she remembered nothing more.

The next day the news arrived that her mother died at 7.15 the same morning in her home in the west of England.

Life is full of little inexplicable mysteries. They occur every day, and are passed by as being merely ordinary. Whenever the conversation turns on telepathy or the occult sciences there is always someone with a story of the mysterious to tell.

About 10 years ago, on a large open tract of land in the north of London now fortunately covered with red brick villas, a number of boys were playing cricket. Suddenly there came a loud humming noise, like the combined droning of thousands of bees, and a great stone larger than a man's fist whizzed across the centre of the pitch and embedded itself in a bank Almost immediately it was followed by another, and then a third.

Although they waited in hiding for some time, there was no repetition of the mysterious missiles. The question then arose, where could they have come from? The nearest house was quite 400 yards away, and a machine to have sent these large stones whirling at such frightful pace over this distance would be rather an extraordinary article of furniture for a suburban villa. So the cause of this remarkable occurrence yet requires explanation.

In the same district, a few years back, four young men were seated in a room playing whist. Suddenly, just after midnight, the door, which had been latched, opened slowly until it had reached its fullest limit.

In surprise the players looked up, but no one was standing in the doorway Then, ere one of them could move, the door slowly closed itself again. Immediately one of the young men jumped up, pulled the door open and stared up and down the hall, but there was absolute silence and no one about.

Some years ago a gentleman was seated at a table busily writing. At the moment he was alone in the house. Suddenly he heard the patter of feet outside the door and the sound of a dog barking. Going outside the room he saw, to his surprise, that his dog had found its way from the garden into the house and for some reason was violently barking.

Crash! The room behind him was suddenly in darkness and a smell of escaping gas pervaded the air. Directly he understood what had happened and hurried to seal up the broken pipe of the chandelier. The latter was lying in a thousand pieces on the floor.

But for the mysterious instinct that caused the dog to enter the house and attract this gentleman's attention he would probably have been killed by the falling chandelier, for he had been sitting directly beneath it.

ALWAYS BE TRUE.

Be true to yourself, in the battle of life,
My lad with the laughing eye,
Look the world in the face with a fearless gaze,
Neither telling or acting a lie.
Be ready to help a friend in distress,
As you'd have that friend help you;
Be a champion brave in a righteous cause,
But whatever you are, be true!

You will find many dangers along your way,
And snares that are hid from sight;
But remember the watchword, be true to yourself,
And do what you know to be right.
Beware of a mean, underhanded act,
Be honest the whole way through;
Be noble in actions, in thoughts and in words,
And whatever you are be true!

Though falsehood may wear a bewildering smile,
Remember your whole life long
That truth never came in the guise of deceit
False colors to knaves belong.
So let me advise you, my merry young lad,
To be honest in all that you do;
Be a faithful friend and generous foe,
But whatever you are be true!



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A SEMINOLE THANKSGIVING.

Curious Celebration by this Indian Tribe in Florida.

The tribe of Seminole Indians—numbering fifteen hundred—are the only unconquered aboriginal Americans in our country—the only ones that pay no tribute to Uncle Sam and take no heed of his laws. They live in the Everglades of Florida, a region on the southeastern coast of the state, consisting of a network of grassy lakes interspersed with knolls of rich land, which the Indians contivate, raising corn, peas, potatoes and pumpkins.

The Seminoles are among the best specimens of the pure Indian race extant—physically and morally. The Seminole brave is kind to his women and children, honest, proud, clean and. as a rule, sober. Save in a few instances, the Seminole has only one wife. Indeed the men outnumber the women, and many children die in infancy. Some of their laws are very strict. Unchastity is often punished with death; theft and perjury with torture. The squaws are forbidden to speak to a white man without permission from their fathers or husbands. Orphans are the wards of the tribe, the duty of caring for them devolving upon all. If a brave does not support his wife and children, they are taken from him by the chief. Fifty or more families live in a camp village, which is movable; they seldom return to an abandoned camping ground. They have a Thanksgiving day, which occurs during the full moon of June, when the corn is ripe. During the day there are athletic games, the most important of which is a ball game, called Pic-ah-pee, in which the ball used is made of buckskin, stuffed with deer's hair. Any number can play it. The ball must not be struck nor picked up with the hands, but with racquets. All try to run with it. If pressed, the one who has it throws it to a friend or over a pole put up in the centre of the play ground.

There is also a feast, of which all partake—green corn, sweet potatoes, peas, venison and bear meat are partaken of, also a favorite dish called sof-kee, made of cracked corn boiled in salted water. Just as night comes on, the famous green-corn dance begins. A fire is kindled in the ring, and the braves gather in a lodge to the west of the circle. When the fire burns brightly, a chief steps out of the ring on the west side with his back to the ring and facing the west. He makes an address to the assembled people, going over the year's experience in the field and in the chase, and rendering thanks to the Great Spirit for the gift of food, life and freedom. After this the tribe joins in a song of thanksgiving, chanting the beauties of their home, and of 'the kingly corn', and other fruits of the earth. The chief, who has made the speech, keeps time to the singing with a peculiar clear-sounding rattle which he shakes above his head. The Indians that are to take part in the dance step to their leader's right, forming a long straight line, their backs to the ring and faces to the west. When all have taken their places, the dancers give a ringing shout or yell in chorus and, turning, face the ring. The leader then steps into the circle and begins chanting and dancing round the ring. The others follow one by one, and in single file. The dance is slow at first, but gradually gets quicker in movement and the gestures and gyrations of the dancers become more rapid and eccentric. The chief's rattle is shaken faster and the tom-tom drums beaten more furiously, until the dance ends in a bedlam of noise and movement.

Grip Quickly Knocked Out.

'Some weeks ago during the severe winter weather both my wife and myself contracted severe colds which speedily developed into the worst kind of la grippe with all its miserable symptoms,' says Mr. J. S. Egleston of Maple Landing, Iowa. 'Knees and joints aching, muscles sore, head stopped up, eyes and nose running, with alternate spells of chills and fever. We began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, aiding the same with a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and by its liberal use soon completely knocked out the grip.' These Tablets promote a healthy action of the bowels, liver and kidneys which is always beneficial when the system is congested by cold or attack of the grip. For sale at Harry Roberts' drug store.

For the Sake of Harmony.

'I see by the paper,' said Mrs. Nexdore, 'that that stubborn candidate for office has finally been induced to withdraw from the ticket in the interest of harmony.'

'Yes,' sweetly replied Mrs. Peppley. 'By the way, it's a wonder that same laudable object doesn't induce your daughter to withdraw from the piano occasionally.'—Catholic Standard and Times.

To Expand the Chest.

A girl cannot begin too young to inflate her chest, drawing in long, full breaths of fresh ozone every morning, a warm unbelted gown thrown over the night dress, heels together, toes out, shoulders squared and head erect. Keep the mouth closed, inhale through the nose, filling the lungs thoroughly, allowing the breath to go slowly out from the mouth. This is a fine chest developer.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible. Bovel.

THE SMILING FACE.

We've formed a new society—
'The Order of the Smiling Face';
An honored member you may be,
For every one may have a place.

The rules say you must never let
The corners of your mouth droop down;
For by this method you may get
The habit of a sulky frown.

If playmates tease you, let your eyes
A brave and merry twinkle show;
For if the angry tears arise
They're very apt to ove flow.

If you must practice for an hour,
And if it seems a long, long while,
Remember not to pout and glower,
But wear a bright and cheerful smile.

The rules are simple, as you see;
Make up your mind to join today
Put on a smile—and you will be
An active member right away.

—St. Nicholas.

A Pig's Long Journey Home.

A farmer living down toward Harward's had a most knowing pig which he sold to a Little Islander, who took his prize in a boat to his home at the island. Safely shut up in the spacious pig pen was this new inmate of the family, and the farmer man went peacefully to rest much content with his new purchase.

In the morning, the pen was empty and no little pig could be found on the island. Some time afterward he went again to town and there saw the first owner of the lost one. 'I've lost my pig,' he gloomily announced. 'I know it,' chuckled his friend. 'He's down to my house, came back the next morning.'

What had that homesick little pig done, but swam across two rivers, the Little Island river and the Kennebec, walked across Big Little Island, trotted happily down the two miles of road on the Richmond shore, and finally presented himself to his old master, foot-sore and hungry, but mighty glad to be home once more.—Kennebec Journal.

A Sure Remedy for Croup.

When a child shows symptoms of croup there is no time to experiment with new remedies, no matter how highly they may be recommended. There is one preparation that can always be depended upon. It has been in use for many years and has never been known to fail, viz: Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mr. M. F. Compton of Market, Texas, says of it, 'I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in severe cases of croup with my children, and can truthfully say it always gives prompt relief.' For sale at Harry Roberts' drug store.

The threads our hands in blindness spin—
No self-determined plan weaves in.
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.

—J. G. Whittier.

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Largest Stock of Paint, Wall Paper Brushes, Etc. in Easton.

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