

SUPERSTITIOUS TALES OF CORNISH COAST

Superstitions That Are Held by Cornishmen—Phantom Lights and Phantom Ships Implicitly Believed in by Sailors Who Fear Nothing

All along the Cornish shores the phantom ship is thoroughly believed in, as also are the phantom lights. Some years ago a schooner-rigged vessel made signals of distress to the west of St. Ives bay. A cable that put out reached her, and one of the put out made a grasp at her bulwarks in order to jump on board; but his hand met nothing solid, and he tumbled back into the boat as the schooner and her sailing lights disappeared in the darkness. Next morning a schooner out of the port of London was wrecked within the same vicinity, and all on board her perished. The phantom lights are seen generally before a gale; the seen generally call them "Jack Harry's lights," and the ship seen resembles the one that is subsequently wrecked.

The death ship is a superstition peculiar to Cornwall. With black hull and stumpy bowsprit, she comes in with all her canvas set against the wind and tide, and as she turns to reach seaward again, she is doomed to reach seaward again, the doomed person dies. Most famous of the traditional stories grouping round the death ship is that of a wrecker, who lived at Tregaseal, (beguiling vessels with false lights and doing to death those who escaped the waves. When he lay dying a black ship full rigged with all sail set was noticed coming in upon the land against the wind and tide; and as the man died she bore out to sea again in a half gale.

Portcharno cove, near the Logan stone, has also a ship of doom. Sometimes there is seen when the mists are rising off the marshes a black square rigged craft, which stands over to Bodelan and Chyzviden and suddenly vanishes. Upon whoever sees her ill luck and death are sure to fall.

Near St. Ives, too, is a churchyard haunted by an apparition, sight of which entails disaster to seamen. In the sixties of the last century a vessel was wrecked on the coast there. The men who went off to the rescue found on board a lady with a child in her arms. She refused to part with her charge, and in drawing her by a rope from the wreck to the boat the child was lost in the raging seas. The lady died through shock and exposure, and was buried in the local churchyard. Today her wraith is said to haunt the shore, whether the day or the night be tempestuous or dark or clear or fine. And on whoever sees her, be he a seafaring man, disaster falls.

The coasts of Cornwall are second to none in the wildness, the variety and originality of their sea superstitions. For nowhere else in Europe has the sea taken such a toll of dead, and still takes. Only Cape Ushant, and perhaps, the Goodwin sands off the coast of Kent, may rank behind Cornwall in the sea's colossal ledger of death and disaster.—National Marine.

EATS RAW NAILS WASHED WITH LIQUOR

Rather than have Thomas Williams, colored, chew his way out of a Philadelphia jail, the magistrate turned him loose at the police station with advice to go and join a side show.

Williams had his large front teeth embedded in a two-inch steel wire bar designed to keep him in his cell. He unlocked his hold reluctantly as the magistrate called him. "I could get out just as easy that way," he explained.

"But you would spoil the cell," protested the magistrate. "That's so," agreed Williams. And he promised the magistrate not to drink any more—for a while, at least.

Williams was arrested while giving a free demonstration in front of his home before a crowd.

"Nothing can kill me," he said loudly. "I've been shot six times in the war, and it didn't even stop me. I lived on raw nails and tin cans."

To prove his claim he pulled some long tuppenny nails from his pockets and chewed them slowly and with apparent relish, while the crowd gasped. Finishing this meal, he drew a pint bottle of something even "harder" and washed down the metal remnants. Then a policeman arrested him.

At the hearing Magistrate O'Brien was skeptical concerning Williams' claims that he could sustain himself on files, hammer heads, horseshoes and similar substance.

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"Let me show you, judge," urged the prisoner and before any one could stop him he selected the magistrate's best pen and had taken a fair sized bite from the point. This he assimilated, ink and all.

Next, while policemen stared, he produced a small bottle and bit off the end. He crunched with a sound not unlike the operation of a stone crusher.

As Williams had been mixing his metal diet with liquid stimulant, the magistrate ordered him to be removed to his cell until he had cooled off.

CANINE HEAVEN CLAIMS A MEMBER

Lame, old, but uncompaining to the last, remembering perhaps only the joy of his good fighting days, and forgetting to be bitter because of the wrongs done him in his old days, dragging himself painfully down town to be with his master, poor old Jiggs made his last trip to the Club cigar store Saturday evening.

Jiggs was only a white bulldog—one of those independent, I-attend-to-my-own-business sort of bulls, whose tail always had a ready way for a kindly spoken word, but withal a staunch defender of his canine rights and carrying scars of many a hard fought battle.

Jiggs was owned by Carl Christensen, whose companion he had been for seven years. He was a familiar figure on the streets and any time you saw Jiggs, it was a safe bet to make that his master was somewhere near. He derived his name from his resemblance to Jiggs of Bringing Up Father fame and, like his prototype, frequently got into brawls in vain attempts to avoid them. His teeth were broken and worn and he was badly crippled, but he was a game fighter to the last.

A fight in which he was the central figure with a miscellaneous assortment of dogs a few days before his death, however, was his Waterloo. He came out of that scrap a maimed and broken pup in body, but with a spirit as unquenchable and defiant as ever. His sorrowful and painful condition was too much for his master to endure, so he had poor old Jiggs relieved of his misery by a well directed shot Sunday morning.

TEDDY BERG EXPLAINS.

We had some honored guests visit our home the other day, they came in numbers strong that they might carry away, the still, the mash and the moonshine that they expected to find. Now I really think 'twas very unkind of the dear neighbor who sent them here, when they didn't even find a drink of beer. They searched our little place high and



low, the day was warm and they were dry I know, they climbed twenty feet and looked into the water tank; they must have thought 'twas moonshine instead of water that we drank. After a couple of hours they went away, their disappointment keen, these was nothing to be found, 'twas plainly to be seen. Now just a word to the kind neighbor who sent the sheriff here: Don't think because a man is home a few months the first time in many a year, that he is subsisting on the proceeds of a still; I've always worked to make an honest living, and I always will as long as I am able, and when old age creeps on, I trust I can take life easy, and sit out on my lawn, and perchance while I am thinking of the happy days gone by, I'll think of you dear neighbor, and the tears will fill my eye, as memory recalls the time you needed money badly and work not being in your line, 'twill make me feel quite sadly to think you didn't make a stake, when hungry as you were, you had the sheriff search my home and tried my name to slur. But now I hope, kind neighbor, when these few lines you read, you'll think the matter over, and to my advice take heed: Just work a little harder and then if you cannot a living make, don't try being a stool pigeon but tell your few friends goodbye and go jump in the lake.

TEDDY BERG, Warren, Ore.
Paid Advertisement.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Columbia County. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed the administrator of the estate of James P. Wells, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Columbia County, and has qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified as by law required to the undersigned, at Room 1, Columbia County Bank Building, St. Helens, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated and first published July 1, 1921.
R. L. KENNY, Administrator.
J. W. Day, Attorney.

Biliousness and Constipation.

"For years I was troubled with biliousness and constipation, which made life miserable for me. My appetite failed me, I lost my usual forces and vitality. Sepsin preparations and cathartics only made matters worse. I do not know where I should have been today had I not tried Chamberlain's Tablets. The tablets relieve the ill feeling at once, strengthen the digestive functions, helping the system to do its work naturally," writes Mrs. Rosa Potts, Birmingham, Ala.

Corvallis—Paving work in city under way.

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And, for a fact, rolling up Prince Albert is mighty easy! P. A. is crimp cut and stays put and you whisk it into shape before you can count three! And, the next instant you're puffing away to beat the band!

Prince Albert is so good that it has led four men to smoke jimmy pipes where one was smoked before! It's the greatest old buddy-smoke that ever found its way into a pipe or cigarette!

Prince Albert is sold in tippy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors and in the pound crystal glass humidior with sponge moisture top.



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Announcement

Mr. Edsel B. Ford, President of the Ford Motor Company, gives out the following statement:

"Another reduction has been made in the list price of all types of Ford cars and the Ford truck to take effect immediately. The list prices, f. o. b., Detroit, are now as follows:

Touring Car.....	\$415.00
Runabout.....	\$370.00
Coupe.....	\$695.00
Sedan.....	\$760.00
Chassis.....	\$345.00
Truck-Chassis.....	\$495.00
Tractor.....	\$625.00

"The big reductions last fall were made in anticipation of low material costs which we are now getting the benefit of, and this fact together with increased manufacturing efficiency and the unprecedented demand for Ford cars, particularly during the past three months permitting maximum production, have made another price reduction possible immediately.

"Ford business for April and May 1921 was greater by 56,623 cars and trucks than for the same two months in 1920; in fact, the demand has been even greater than the supply, so that our output has been limited, not by unfilled orders but by manufacturing facilities.

"During May we produced 101,424 Ford cars and trucks for sale in the United States alone—the biggest month in the history of our company—and our factories and assembly plants are now working on a 4000 car daily schedule for June.

"The Fordson tractor is still being sold at less than the cost to produce on account of the recent big price reductions, and it is impossible, therefore, to make any further cut in the price of the tractor."

Can you afford to go without a car any longer when Fords are selling at these new low prices? There is no reason now why you should delay purchasing a Ford car, Ford truck, or Fordson Tractor.

We will gladly advise you concerning the delivery of a Fordson Tractor or the particular type of car in which you are interested. Just phone us or drop us a card.

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