

# "Blow Up With the Brig!"

A SAILOR'S STORY

By WILKIE COLLINS

I HAVE got an alarming confession to make. I am haunted by a ghost.

If you were to guess for a hundred years, you would never guess what my ghost is. I shall make you laugh to begin with, and afterward I shall make your flesh creep. My ghost is the ghost of a bedroom candlestick.

Yes, a bedroom candlestick and candle, or a flat candlestick and candle, put it which way you like; that is what haunts me. I wish it was something pleasanter and more out of the common way—a beautiful lady, or a mine of gold and silver, or a collar of wine and a coach and horses and such like. But, being what it is, I must take it for what it is and make the best of it, and I shall thank you kindly if you will help me out by doing the same.

I am not a scholar myself, but I make bold to believe that the haunting of any man with anything under the sun begins with the frightening of him. At any rate, the haunting of me with a bedroom candlestick and candle began with the frightening of me with a bedroom candlestick and candle—the frightening of me half out of my life and for the time being the frightening of me altogether out of my wits. That is not a very pleasant thing to confound before stating the particulars, but perhaps you will be the reader to believe that I am not a downright coward because you find me bold enough to make a clean breast of it already, to my own great disadvantage so far.

Here are the particulars as well as I can put them:

I was apprenticed to the sea when I was about as tall as my own walking stick, and I made good enough use of my time to be fit for a mate's berth at the age of twenty-five years.

It was in the year eighteen hundred and eighteen or nineteen I am not quite certain which, that I reached the before mentioned age of twenty-five. You will please to excuse my memory not being very good for dates, names, numbers, places and such like. No fear, though, about the particulars I have undertaken to tell you of. I have got them all shipshape in my recollection. I can see them at this moment as clear as noonday in my own mind. But there is a mist over what went before and, for the matter of that, a mist likewise over much that came after, and it's not very likely to lift at my time of life, is it?

Well, in eighteen hundred and eighteen or nineteen, when there was peace in our part of the world—and not before it was wanted, you will say—there was fighting of a certain scamping, scrambling kind going on in that old battlefield which we seafaring men know by the name of the Spanish main.

The possessions that belonged to the Spaniards in South America had broken into open mutiny and declared for themselves years before. There was plenty of bloodshed between the new government and the old, but the new had got the best of it, for the most part, under one General Bolivar, a famous man in his time, though he seems to have dropped out of people's memories now. Englishmen and Irishmen with a turn for fighting and nothing particular to do at home joined the general as volunteers, and some of our merchants here found it a good venture to send supplies across the ocean to the popular side. There was risk enough, of course, in doing this, but where one speculation of the kind succeeded it made up for two at the least that failed. And that's the true principle of trade wherever I have met with it all the world over.

Among the Englishmen who were concerned in this Spanish-American business I, your humble servant, happened in a small way to be one.

I was then mate of a brig belonging to a certain firm in the city which drove a sort of general trade, mostly in queer out of the way places, as far from home as possible, and which freighted the brig in the year I am speaking of with a cargo of gunpowder for General Bolivar and his volunteers. Nobody knew anything about our instructions when we sailed except the captain, and he didn't half seem to like them. I can't rightly say how many barrels of powder we had on board or how much each barrel held. I only know we had no other cargo. The name of the brig was the Good Intent, a queer name enough, you will tell me, for a vessel laden with gunpowder and sent to help a revolution. And as far as this particular voyage was concerned so it was. I mean that for a joke, and I hope you will encourage me by laughing at it.

The Good Intent was the craziest old tub of a vessel I ever went to sea in and the worst found in all respects. She was 230 or 250 tons burden. I forget which, and she had a crew of eight, all told—nothing like as many as we ought by rights to have had to work the brig. However, we were well and honestly paid our wages, and we had to set that against the chance of foundering at sea, and on this occasion likewise the chance of being blown up into the bargain.

every respect if he had had a lamp or lantern, but he stuck to his old candlestick, and that same old candlestick has ever afterward stuck to me. That's another joke, if you please, and a better one than the first, in my opinion.

Well—I said "well" before, but it's a word that helps a man on like—we sailed in the brig and shaped our course first for the Virgin Islands, in the West Indies, and after sighting them we made for the Leeward Islands next and then stood on due south till the lookout at the masthead hailed the deck and said he saw land. That land was the coast of South America. We had had a wonderful voyage so far. We had lost none of our spars or sails, and not a man of us had been harassed to death at the pumps. It wasn't often the Good Intent made such a voyage as that, I can tell you.

I was sent aloft to make sure about the land, and I did make sure of it. When I reported the same to the skipper, he went below and had a look at his letter of instructions and the chart. When he came on deck again, he altered our course a trifle to the eastward. I forget the point on the compass, but that doesn't matter. What I do remember is that it was dark before we closed in with the land. We kept the lead going and had the brig to in from four to five fathoms water, or it might be six. I can't say for certain. I kept a sharp eye to the drift of the vessel, none of us knowing how the currents ran on that coast. We all wondered why the skipper didn't anchor, but he said no, he must first show a light at the fore-top masthead and wait for an answering light on shore. We did wait, and nothing of the sort appeared. It was starlight and calm. What little wind there was came in puffs off the land. I suppose we waited, drifting a little to the westward, as I made it out, best part of an hour before anything happened, and then instead of seeing the light on shore we saw a boat coming toward us, rowed by two men only.

We hailed them, and they answered, "Friends!" and hailed us by our name. They came on board. One of them was an Irishman, and the other was a coffee-colored native pilot, who jabbered a little English.

The Irishman handed a note to our skipper, who showed it to me. It informed us that the part of the coast we were off was not oversafe for discharging our cargo, seeing that spies of the enemy—that is to say, of the old government—had been taken and shot in the neighborhood the day before. We might trust the brig to the native pilot, and he had his instructions to take us to another part of the coast. The note was signed by the proper parties, so we let the Irishman go back alone in the boat and allowed the pilot to exercise his lawful authority over the brig. He kept us stretching off from the land till noon the next day, his instructions seeming to order him to keep us well out of sight of the shore. We only altered our course in the afternoon so as to close in with the land again a little before midnight.

This same pilot was about as likable as a vagabond as ever I saw, a sly, cunning, cowardly, quarrelsome mongrel, who swore at the men in the vilest broken English till they were every one of them ready to pitch him overboard. The skipper kept them quiet, and I kept them quiet, for the pilot being given us by our instructions, we were bound to make the best of him. Near midnight, however, with the best will in the world to avoid it, I was unlucky enough to quarrel with him.

He wanted to go below with his pipe, and I stopped him, of course, because it was contrary to orders. Upon that he tried to bustle by me, and I put him away with my hand. I never meant to push him down, but somehow I did. He picked himself up as quick as lightning and pulled out his knife. I snatched it out of his hand, slapped his murderous face for him and threw his weapon overboard. He gave me one ugly look and walked aft. I didn't think much of the look then, but I remembered it a little too well afterward.

We were close in with the land again just as the wind failed us, being 21 and 12 that night, and I dropped our anchor by the pilot's directions.

It was pitch dark, and a dead, stressless calm. The skipper was on deck, with two of our best men for watch. The rest were below except the pilot, who coiled himself up more like a snake than a man on the forecastle. It was not my watch till 4 in the morning. But I didn't like the look of the night or the pilot or the state of things generally, and I snook myself down on deck to get my nap there and be ready for anything at a moment's notice.

The last I remember was the skipper whispering to me that he didn't like the look of things either and that he would go below and consult his instructions again. That is the last I remember before the slow, heavy, regular roll of the old brig on the ground swell rocked me off to sleep.

I was awakened by a scuffle on the forecastle and a gag in my mouth. There was a man on my breast and a man on my legs, and I was bound hand and foot in half a minute.

The brig was in the hands of the Spaniards. They were swarming all over her. I heard six heavy splashes in the water, one after another. I saw the captain stabbed to the heart as he came running up the companionway, and I heard a seventh splash in the water. Except myself every soul of us on board had been murdered and thrown into the sea. Why I was left I couldn't think till I saw the pilot scold over me with a lantern and look to make sure of who I was. There was a devilish grin on his face, and he

nodded his head at me, as much as to say, "You were the man who hustled me down and slapped my face, and I mean to play the game of eat and mouse with you in return for it!"

I could neither move nor speak, but I could see the Spaniards take off the main hatch and rig the purchases for getting up the cargo. A quarter of an hour afterward I heard the sweeps of a scow or other small vessel in the water. The strange craft was laid alongside of us, and the Spaniards set to work to discharge our cargo into her. They all worked hard except the pilot, and he came from time to time with his lantern to have another look at me and to grin and nod always in the same devilish way. I am old enough now not to be ashamed of confessing the truth, and I don't mind acknowledging that the pilot frightened me.

The fright and the bonds and the gag and the not being able to stir hand or foot had pretty much worn me out by the time the Spaniards gave over work. This was just as the dawn broke. They had shifted a good part of our cargo on board their vessel, but nothing like all of it, and they were sharp enough to be off with what they had got before daylight.

I need hardly say that I had made up my mind by this time to the worst I could think of. The pilot, it was clear enough, was one of the spies of the enemy, who had wormed himself into the confidence of our consignees without being suspected. He or, more likely, his confederates had knowledge enough of us to suspect what our cargo was. We had been anchored for the night in the safest berth for them to surprise us in, and we had paid the penalty of having a small crew and consequently an insufficient watch. All this was clear enough, but what did the pilot mean to do with me?

On the word of a man, it makes my flesh creep now only to tell you what he did with me.

After all the rest of them were out of the brig except the pilot and two Spanish seamen these last took me up, bound and gagged as I was, lowered me into the hold of the vessel and laid me along on the floor, lashing me to it with ropes' ends, so that I could just turn from one side to the other, but could not roll myself fairly over so as to change my places. They then left me. Both of them were the worse for liquor, but the devil of a pilot was sober, mind that, as sober as I am at the present moment.

I lay in the dark for a little while, with my heart thumping as if it was going to jump out of me. I lay about five minutes or so when the pilot came down into the hold alone.

He had the captain's cursed flat candlestick and a carpenter's awl in one hand and a long, thin twist of cotton yarn, well oiled, in the other. He put the candlestick, with a new "dip" in it, on the floor, and he took the candle about two feet from my face and close against the side of the vessel. The light was feeble enough, but it was sufficient to show a dozen barrels of gunpowder or more left all round me in the hold of the brig. I began to suspect what he was after the moment I noticed the barrels. The horrors laid hold of me from head to foot, and the sweat poured off my face like water.

I saw him go next to one of the barrels of powder standing against the side of the vessel in a line with the candle and about three feet, or rather better, away from it. He bored a hole in the side of the barrel with his awl, and the horrid powder came trickling out as black as hell and dripped into the hollow of his hand, which he held to catch it. When he had got a good handful, he stepped up the hole by jamming one end of his oiled twist of cotton yarn fast into it, and he then rubbed the powder into the whole length of the yarn till he had blackened every hairbreadth of it.

The next thing he did—as true as I sit here, as true as the heaven above us—all—the next thing he did was to carry the free end of his long, lean, black, frightful slow match to the lighted candle alongside my face. He held it to see that my lashings were all safe, and then he put his face close to mine and whispered "in my ear, 'Blow up with the brig!'"

He was on deck again the moment after, and he and the two others shoved the hatch on over me. At the farthest end from where I lay they had not dented it down quite true, and I saw a blink of daylight glimmering in when I looked in that direction. I heard the sweeps of the schooner fall into the water, splash, splash, fainter and fainter as they swept the vessel out in the dead calm, to be ready for the wind when the sailing—fainter and fainter, splash, splash, for a quarter of an hour or more.

While these sounds were in my ears my eyes were fixed on the candle. It had been freshly lighted. If left to itself, it would burn for between six and seven hours. The slow match was twisted round it about a third of the way down, and therefore the flame would be about two hours reaching it. There I lay, gagged, bound, lashed to the floor. Seeing my own life burning down with the candle by my side, there I lay, alone on the sea, doomed to be blown to atoms and to see that doom drawing on nearer and nearer with every fresh second of time through which on two hours to come, powerless to help myself and speechless to call for help to others. The wonder to me is that I didn't chest the flame, the slow match and the powder, and die of the horror of my situation before my first half hour was out in the hold of the brig.

With less chance still of freeing my legs or of tearing myself from the fastenings that held me to the floor, I gave in when I was all but suffocated for want of breath. The gag, you will please to remember, was a terrible enemy to use. I could only breathe freely through my nose, and that in but a poor vent when a man is straining his strength as far as ever it will go.

I gave in and lay quiet and got my breath again, my eyes glaring and straining at the candle all the time.

While I was staring at it the notion struck me of trying to blow out the flame by pumping a long breath at it suddenly through my nostrils. It was too high above me and too far away from me to be reached in that fashion. I tried and tried and tried, and then I gave in again and lay quiet again, always with my eyes glaring at the candle and the candle glaring at me. The splash of the schooner's sweeps was very faint by this time. I could only just hear them in the morning stillness, splash, splash, fainter and fainter, splash, splash.

Without exactly feeling my mind going, I began to feel it getting queer as early as this. The snuff of the candle was growing taller and taller, and the length of tallow between the flame and the slow match, which was the length of my life, was getting shorter and shorter. I calculate that I had rather less than an hour and a half to live.

An hour and a half! Was there a chance in that time of a boat pulling off to the brig from shore? Whether the land near which the vessel was anchored was in possession of the enemy's side or in possession of the enemy's side, I made out that they must sooner or later send to haul the brig merely because she was a stranger in those parts. The question for me was, How soon? The sun had not risen yet, as I could tell by looking through the chink in the hatch. There was no coast visible near us, as we all knew before the brig was seized by seeing no lights on shore.

There was no wind, as I could tell by listening, to bring any strange vessel near. If I had had six hours to live, there might have been a chance for me, reckoning from sunrise to noon. But with an hour and a half, which had dwindled to an hour and a quarter by this time, or, in other words, with the earliness of the morning, the uninhabited coast and the dead calm all against me, there was not the ghost of a chance. As I felt that, I had another struggle, the last, with my bonds, and only cut myself the deeper for my pains.

I gave in once more and lay quiet and listened for the splash of the sweeps.

None! Not a sound could I hear but the blowing of a fish now and then on the surface of the sea and the creak of the heavy old spars as she rolled gently from side to side with the little swell there was on the quiet water.

An hour and a quarter! The wick grew terribly as the quarter slipped away and the charred top of it began to thicken and spread out mushroom shape. It would fall off soon. Would it fall off red hot, and would the swing of the brig cant it over the side of the candle and let it down on the slow match? If it would, I had about ten minutes to live instead of an hour.

This discovery set my mind for a minute on a new tack altogether. I began to ponder with myself what sort of a death blowing up might be. Painful, but it would be surely too sudden for that. Perhaps just one crash inside me or outside me or both and nothing more. Perhaps not even a crash; that and death and the scattering of this living body of mine into millions of fiery sparks might all happen in the same instant. I couldn't make it out. I couldn't settle how it would be. The minute of calmness in my mind left it before I had half done thinking, and I got all abroad again.

When I came back to my thoughts, or when they came back to me, I can't say which, the wick was awfully tall, the flame was burning with a snoko above it, the charred top was broad and red and heavily spreading out to its fall.

My despair and horror at seeing it took me in a new way, which was good and right at any rate for my poor soul. I tried to pray—in my own heart, you will understand, for my own part, all his praying and all seemed to burn it up in me. I struggled hard to force my eyes from the slow, muzzling flame and to look up through the chink in the hatch at the blessed daylight. I tried once, tried twice, and gave it up. I next tried only to shut my eyes and keep them shut, once, twice, and the second time I did it. "God bless old mother and Sister Lizzie. God keep them both and forgive me." That was all I had time to say in my own heart before my eyes opened again in spite of me, and the flame of the candle flew into them, flew all over me and struck up the rest of my thoughts in an instant.

I couldn't hear the fish blowing now. I couldn't hear the creak of the spars. I couldn't think. I couldn't feel the sweat of my own death agony on my face. I could only look at the heavy charred top of the wick. It swelled, tattered, bent over to one side, dropped, red hot at the moment of its fall, black and harmless, even before the swing of the brig had canted it over into the bottom of the candlestick.

I caught myself laughing.

Yes, laughing at the safe fall of the bit of wick. But for the gag I should have screamed with laughter. As it was, I shook with it inside me—shook till the blood was in my head and I was all but aswinded for want of breath. I had just sense enough left to feel that my own horrid laughter at that awful moment was a sign of my brain going at last. I had just sense enough left to make another struggle before my mind broke loose like a frightened horse and ran away with me.

One comforting look at the blink of daylight through the hatch was what I tried for once more. The fight to force my eyes from the candle and to get that one look at the daylight was the hardest I had had yet, and I lost the fight. The flame had hold of my eyes as fast as the lashings had hold of my hands. I couldn't look away from it. I couldn't even shut my eyes when I tried that next, for the second time. There was the wick's growing tall once more. There was the space of unburned candle between the light

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and the slow match shortened to an inch or less.

How much life did that inch leave me? Three-quarters of an hour? Half an hour? Fifty minutes? Twenty minutes? Steady! An inch of tallow would burn longer than twenty minutes. An inch of tallow! The notion of a man's body and soul being kept together by an inch of tallow! Wonderful! Why, the greatest king that sits on a throne can't keep a man's body and soul together, and here's an inch of tallow that can do what the king can't! There's something to tell mother when I get home which will surprise her more than all the rest of my voyages put together. I laughed inwardly again at the thought of that and shook and swelled and suffocated myself till the light of the candle leaped in through my eyes and licked up the laughter and burned it out of me and made me all empty and cold and quiet once more.

Mother and Lizzie—I don't know when they came back, but they did come back, not, as it seemed to me, into my mind this time, but right down bodily before me in the hold of the brig.

Yes, sure enough, there was Lizzie, just as light hearted as usual, laughing at me. Laughing? Well, why not? Who is to blame Lizzie for thinking I'm lying on my back drunk in the cellar, with the beer barrels all round me? Steady! She's crying now, spinning round and round in a fiery mist, wringing her hands, screaming out for help, fainter and fainter, like the splash of the schooner's sweeps. Gone—burned up in the fiery mist! Mist? Fire? No; neither one nor the other. It's mother makes the light—mother knitting, with ten flaming points at the ends of her fingers and thumbs and slow matches hanging in bunches all round her face instead of her own gray hair; mother in her old armoire, and the pilot's long, skinny hands hanging over the back of the chair, dripping with gunpowder. No! No gunpowder, no chair, no mother—nothing but the pilot's face, shining red hot, like a sun in the fiery mist, turning upside down in the fiery mist, running backward and forward along the slow match in the fiery mist, spinning millions of miles in a minute in the fiery mist—spinning itself smaller and smaller into one tiny point, and that point darting on a sudden straight into my head, and then all fire and all mist—no hearing, no seeing, no thinking, no feeling—the brig, the sea, my own self, the whole world, all gone together!

After what I've just told you I know nothing could remember nothing till I woke up, as it seemed to me, in a comfortable bed, with two rough and ready men like myself sitting on each side of my pillow and a gentleman standing watching me at the foot of the bed. It was about 7 in the morning. My sleep, or what seemed like my sleep to me, had lasted better than eight months—I was among my own countrymen in the island of Trinidad.

The men at each side of my pillow were my keepers, turn and turn about, and the gentleman standing at the foot of the bed was the doctor. What I said and did in those eight months I never have known and never shall know. I woke out of it as if it had been one long sleep; that's all I know.

It was another two months or more before the doctor thought it safe to answer the questions I asked him.

The brig had been anchored, just as I had supposed, off a part of the coast which was lonely enough to make the Spaniards pretty sure of no interruption so long as they managed their murderous work quietly under cover of night.

My life had not been saved from the shore, but from the sea. An American vessel, bound by the sailing, had made out the brig as the sun rose, and the captain, having his own eyes on his hands in consequence of the calm and seeing a vessel anchored where no vessel had any reason to be, had manned one of his boats and sent his mate with it to look a little closer into the matter and bring back a report of what he saw.

What he saw when he and his men found the brig deserted and boarded there was a gleam of candlelight through the chink in the hatchway. The flame was within about a thread's breadth

### OUR NATIVE TREES

By THOMAS H. MACBRIDE, Ph. D., Professor of Botany, Iowa State University, Ames, Iowa.

V.—The Forests of North America.

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land they are those of France. Forest denudation has already in many places almost ruined the Swiss mountains and has covered the fertile valleys with glacial debris. The French method of experiment is exactly in line with the Swiss necessity. Italy is attempting something of the same sort. Her mountains and streams everywhere show the results of thousands of years of mismanagement. Her forestry school is at Milton's Vallombrosa, a locality in beauty fortunately still worthy of the poet's praise. But the progress of economic reform in Italy is still discouragingly slow.

The illustrations we have cited have brought to us some conception of modern forestry, may even enable us to perceive to frame a definition of the word. Forestry is really a branch of agriculture, field culture in the broader acceptance of the term. Yet forestry is something more than a single crop of arborescent plants. Forestry, as we understand it, is a science which concerns itself with world culture, an art which teaches the proper use of the earth as an abode for civilized and enlightened men. The forester is something more than woodman, and forestry is something more than the care of the woods. Forestry is applied knowledge. It is the practical application of all that we know of botany, geology, meteorology. Besides this, it is a branch of economics and concerns what we call social science. It includes all these things. No greater problem today exists in either philanthropy or science.

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### Famous Trees.

General Drisbin has a chapter on famous trees of the world which is full of curious information. The African baobab is known to reach the age of over 5,000 years. At Chapultepec, Mexico, is a large cypress under which Cortes and his troops rested. In the garden of Semiramis, at Babylon, is a willow supposed to have been there when the queen was alive. The Nestor tree was 800 years old when it was wrecked in 1822. England has oaks 3,000 years old. A walnut tree at Blankley, 1,200 years old, is owned by five families, who gather from it annually about 700,000 nuts. The Redworth oak, at Genesee, N. Y., is 800 years old and twenty-seven feet in circumference at the base.

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Continued from First Page.

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