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he payment of
the date hereof,
5 day of April,
of the City
of State of New
York, in and for
the County of
Monroe, in pursu-
ance of a power
of sale contained
in said mortgage,
located in said
City, and known
as Lot No. 177, of
the Jennings
plat, being each
70 links wide
on the west side
of Swinerton
street, equal
width, 150 links
deep, will be
sold at public
auction at
house No. 45
Elm street, in
said City, on
the 15th day
of September,
1890, at 9 o'clock
a. m.
LEWIS ALLYN,
Assignee.

the left I took supper aboard her with the skipper and we drank a farewell glass. As I was going away I happened to see Tin-Ling leaning over the side talking in a low tone to some rough looking man in a sampau alongside, and in a half joking way I said:
"Winsar, don't you think you trust that fellow too much? If I were in your place, with nobody about me but Chinese, I should keep a pretty sharp eye upon a fellow with eyes as shifty as his."
"The captain laughed carelessly, and merely said something about Tin-Ling being all right, and so we parted.
"In due time I got away on my gunboat, and down the river went the machinery working smoothly and the boat answering her helm snarlier. We were armed with two Armstrong guns of small caliber and a couple of Gatlings for close quarters, besides the usual small arms, rockets, etc.—quite enough to keep off any number of Chinese pirates, or to give a good account of them in a square set-to. It was my intention to begin by exploring the nooks and crannies of the Pearl River delta, and I had taken a pilot (an old pirate) who knew those intricate waters thoroughly.
"We rounded the mouth of the river, anchored for the night, and next morning at daylight hoisted up and began to clear the reefs and shoals of that region, of course with due caution and the lead always going. The first day brought us out to my mill, and the second I brought up before two islands, and being satisfied of the neighborhood, I put a boat's crew on board guard all night, for it was so dark in there that the pirates might have succeeded without being seen, provided they were quiet enough. However, we were not disturbed, and the second day opened without much prospect of excitement. Probably the pirates had got wind of our expedition and had made themselves scarce. In any case there was nothing to do but to go on, and on we went. The scenery was interesting enough if I had cared for that, but I was filleting to try the guns on a small plate junk, and the idea of being fooled was not soothing.
"We were steaming slowly along, dodging and turning to avoid the numerous shoals, when suddenly a peculiar ripping, creating sound broke the silence. At once recognized the noise. It was the report of a match lock volley; and it of course indicated a fight somewhere and in all probability an attack by the pirates on some vessel. I waited for the smoke to rise, and thus ascertained the scene of the difficulty, whatever it was. The white smoke showed above the trees about four miles off in a straight line as nearly as I could judge, but how far that meant by water it was quite impossible to tell. My delta pilot, who had pricked up his ears like an old charger on hearing the firing, told me he knew where the fighting was going on and could take me to it, but it would require a full hour to get there. There was no help for it, of course. We could not straighten or shorten the winding channel, nor could we clap on full speed. The firing meantime continued in a queer spasmodic way, and at intervals the rattle of the matchlocks was punctuated by a much clearer, sharper sound, which I felt sure was that of a rifle or a revolver. This made the case more serious, for it looked as though the pirates were attacking a foreign (that is, European) vessel.
"It was tiresome work crawling through these passages, and I was afraid we should be too late for help in rescue after all. But at last we rounded a bluff point and came suddenly into a sort of lagoon, three times as wide as the average passages, and then we saw what all the fuss meant. There lay my friend Winsar's bark the So-Kiang, fairly surrounded, at a distance of a hundred yards, by vicious looking junk, which were peppering her at leisure, but not yet venturing to board her. Probably they had suffered from Winsar's fire and concluded to keep on shooting from a distance until they had killed or wounded him and the boat's crew, they being the only white men on the trader. Winsar's Chinese crew seemed to have taken no part in the fight at all events they were not visible. The attacking junk were so occupied in hitting poor Winsar that they did not see the gunboat for a few moments, and I had time to give them one smashing discharge from both the Armstrongs and both the gatlings before they recovered their scattered wits and sprang to sweep and sail in desperate array.
"If I suppose I ought to have armed my boat and chased the ruffians, but I was feeling uneasy about Winsar, whose rifle had not been heard for several minutes, and remembered, too, with fresh misgiving, the sinister looks of the pet steward, Tin-Ling. So after driving half a dozen junk ashore I drew alongside of the So-Kiang, piped away the enter and went aboard her. The first thing I noticed was that the deck was deserted. The

blood, but there were none. This seemed to indicate that the crew had not risen upon the captain, and perhaps also that he had not been wounded. But, if alive, where was her Silence reigned throughout the vessel. I went down the companionway into the cabin. There was no sign of life there. I of course knew the position of the captain's cabin and hustled toward it. Coming out of the glare of the sun my eyes could not instantly adjust themselves to the semi-darkness of the cabin, but by the time I reached the door I could see well enough, and the scene that met me on the threshold brought me to a dead halt.
"This is the tableau I there saw: On the standing bed place lay the body of Mrs. Winsar, the face white, still, fixed, with horror in the wide open eyes. A thin stream of blood had trickled down her breast. Over her, in the act of striking, leaned Tin-Ling, his right arm extended, with a long knife in the hand, and the point of the blade suspended not two inches above Mrs. Winsar's heart. Holding the assassin in an iron grip, one tremendous hand enveloping his throat, the other clasped about the wrist of his knife arm, stood Capt. Winsar. His form was drawn to its full height; his eyes literally blazed from a face white as death, and he stood as if turned to stone. His steward was as motionless. There were the three actors in this frightful scene, apparently all paralyzed or petrified, and I seemed myself to be stiffening into the same ghastly rigidity as I stood there looking on.
"At last I roused myself and stepped into the cabin. My movement broke the captain's trance of horror. He gave a deep sigh, recognized me and said wearily: "Take this devil, Mr. Wilson, he has killed my wife." With that he relaxed his hold upon Tin-Ling's throat. I looked at the Chinaman, whose head fell limply on his shoulder, and saw at once that he was dead. His neck was broken, and in all probability, in the very moment Winsar set his grip upon it. How long the captain had stood there, holding the corpse, we never knew, but it was at least ten minutes. As we raised our eyes from the blackened features of the traitor a faint sigh caught my ear, and, turning to the left, I saw that Mrs. Winsar's eyelids were quivering. "Captain! I cried excitedly. "I don't think your wife is dead, after all!"
"And, to cut a long story short, she was not dead; she was not even dangerously hurt. She had caught Tin-Ling rushing in upon her with his knife, perhaps bent only upon plunder at the moment, but she shrieked, and the steward sprang upon her. Her husband had heard her scream, and rushed below at the very instant Tin-Ling's knife was descending. Its point had cut just deep enough into the flesh to draw blood, when those iron hands gripped him; and I am inclined to think that the death of Tin-Ling could not have been more sudden and painless had the agent been electricity, instead of bone and muscle.
"This was the tableau the figures in the crypt of the Eden Musee recalled to my mind," said Jack Wilson, as we passed out into Broadway again.—(E. T. Parsons in New York Ledger.

An English-American Joke.
In London there is a joke going the rounds of the clubs under the libelous guise of an American joke. They tell of the cremation of a certain Yankoo, who, just before yielding up the ghost, expressed the wish that his dead body should be committed to the flames. Accordingly therefore the corpse was duly conveyed to the crematory and, in the presence of a large concourse of bereaved friends, consigned to the glowing chamber in the midst of the roaring furnace. The corpse had been in the furnace half an hour, when the sorrowing friends, impelled by a morbid curiosity, slyly opened the door and peered in to see how the melancholy work of cremation was progressing. Thereupon, to the surprise of all, the corpse sat up in the coffin, stark, blue and shivering, and cried out: "Please shut that door—you know very well I never could stand draught!"—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Ornamental Tiles.
The art of making the ornamental tiles which are so often laid in floors and used for various decorative purposes seems to have taken its rise during the latter half of the Twelfth century, but the work was not generally used before the middle of the Thirteenth. Mosaic work, which is much older, was done by an entirely different process. The tiles were made of clay and baked; the mosaic was made of stones of different colors. —Youth's Companion.

LEGAL NOTICES.
Mortgage Sale.
DEFAULT has been made in the payment of \$750.00 purchase money, due at the date hereof, on a mortgage bearing date the 24th day of April, 1873, executed by John Bauman of the City of Rochester, County of Monroe, and State of New York, to John M. Swinerton of the same place, recorded in said County Clerk's office, the 30th day of April 1873, at 11:30 o'clock a. m., in Liber 177, page 52. Pursuance of a power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the statute in such cases provided, the premises covered by said mortgage, located in said City, and known as Lot No. 177, of the Jennings plat, being each 70 links wide on the west side of Swinerton street, and equal width 150 links deep, will be sold at public auction at house No. 45 Elm street, in said City, on the 15th day of September, 1890, at 9 o'clock a. m.
LEWIS ALLYN,
Assignee.
Dated the 21st day of June, 1890.

he payment of the date hereof, 5 day of Dec., of the City of State of New York, in and for the County of Monroe, in pursuance of a power of sale contained in said mortgage, located in said City, and known as Lot No. 108 and 109 of the Jennings plat, being each 70 links wide on the west side of Swinerton street, and equal width 150 links deep, will be sold at public auction at house No. 45 Elm street, in said City, on the 15th day of September, 1890, at 9 o'clock a. m.
LEWIS ALLYN,
Assignee.

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