

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

A good cat story comes from Bombay. In August a Liverpool resident proceeding to Bombay took with him a cat which he intended to present to a friend in India. Some days after the arrival of the steamer in Bombay pussy was missed, and though she was searched for high and low, she was nowhere to be found. Her owner had quite given her up for lost when he received intelligence from England that the cat had made her appearance at her old Liverpool home on the 25th of October, as calm and collected as though a trip to India and back was quite in the ordinary course of her life. The facts are vouched for by a Bombay paper, and there is no reason to doubt their substantial accuracy, but it is not made clear whether the cat was not sent away in the steamer in which she went out to India, and carried back on its return voyage in the ordinary course. Under any circumstances her adventures are, however, sufficiently remarkable to deserve recording.

This jasperized wood of Arizona has become well known by reason of the many cabinet specimens, paper weights, and decorative slabs of it that are sent to the Eastern cities, but this is by no means the only petrified forest in this country. In the Hoodoo district of the Yellowstone many stumps of trees are found converted to stone. Some of these show knots, grain of the wood, and bark as plainly as the living tree, and the pebbly beaches of the Yellowstone River are strewn with tons of fragments of fossil wood. In the dreary desert of the Dakota Bad Lands leaf impressions are frequently found in the hardened clay, and at Little Missouri, at the point known as the Burning Mountain, where a coal seam has been on fire since nobody knows when, there are half a dozen tree trunks about thirty feet long. This is remarkable on account of the almost total lack of tree life in this region at present.

A HUNTER and a wolf had an interesting mutual surprise party to themselves in the hills near Helena, Montana, a few days ago. The hunter, arrayed in a heavy wolf-skin overcoat, fur side outward, was examining some traps set the previous night. He was stooping over one, rearranging the bait, when there was the sound of a fierce growl and a heavy weight fell suddenly on his back, bearing him to the ground, so that he barely missed being caught in his own trap. He managed to shake himself free, and recovering his feet found facing him a full-grown buffalo wolf. The wolf seemed quite as much surprised as the hunter, and they looked at each other for some seconds before the fight, which ended in the death of the wolf, began. The brute evidently was fooled by the overcoat and the hunter's stooping position, and mistook him for another wolf.

The accounts of the depredations of wolves in portions of Russia, are appearing almost daily. In a village near Archangel a peasant, who was sleeping on top of the oven, as is the custom, was awakened by feeling a sudden pain in his foot. He sprang up in time to leave four of his toes in the jaw of an immense wolf, which had just prepared itself for a comfortable meal. With a howl the man sprang down to the floor. The wolf sprang on his back. With a great effort the peasant succeeded in shaking him off for an instant, and seizing a convenient axe soon dispatched the animal. It had entered through a window in the outside room of the hut, near which a candle was burning—a very unusual thing for a wolf to do, as they fear a light more than anything else. The hunger must be terrific indeed which can allow this feat.

A STRANGE TOMBOE was ended by the death near Stonesville, Penn., recently, of Mary Reis, who for fifty years led a lonely life because her parents forbade an early marriage. She was seventy-eight years old. When a girl she fell in love with a young man whom her parents did not admire, and they forbade a marriage. This broke Mary's heart and her home had no more charms for her. She preferred to live by herself and she refused to accept the hospitality of friends or neighbors, saying that all the world was against her. Twenty years ago she moved into the little stone house, and after that she rarely saw anybody. On a recent Monday a friend called and offered to help her in any way, but the aged lady refused. Her body was discovered on her kitchen floor and \$20 was found in the little house of the relic.

In some of the New England towns and villages it is still customary to ring a church or factory bell at 9 o'clock at night, and no further back than war times it was a general practice in cities of over 20,000 people. This custom perpetuates the curfew (concre feucorare) of William the Conqueror's time, when church bells were rung to notify the people that it was time to bank the fires and put out the lights. There is a strong New England element in Brooklyn, and it may be owing to this fact that the practice has been maintained in the neighboring city of ringing the City Hall bell at 9 o'clock every night. It is a good thing on some accounts, because it enables the residents of the vicinity to set their clocks and watches.

In a German contemporary, the Kinzigthaler, appears the following disclaimer: "Public Notice.—In the stables of the burgomaster a distemper in the feet of the cattle has lately broken out. It has been stated that in the opinion of the inhabitants of Kinzig the disease has been brought into the stables by a witch. I hereby affirm, in order that I might not suffer by my silence, that I am not in any way prejudiced against the honorable burgomaster. I also here openly declare that I am no witch, nor do I know anything of witchcraft.—(Signed), Victoria Seifritz." This appears to have had the effect of somewhat calming the residents.

A NUMBER of persons in the vicinity

of Toler's ranch, near Waterville, Wash., heard through the darkness and the storm recently what they thought was a human voice crying for help. The neighborhood turned out and searched for the supposed wanderer, but without avail, and the relief party were forced to give up the hunt, believing the unfortunate to have perished in the snow. Not until several days afterwards, when the cry was repeated, did they discover that the sound was caused by a creaking windmill.

A CLUB with a curious purpose has recently been organized in Philadelphia. It has a membership of five and will meet but once a year, at an annual banquet, except when a member dies. Then the remaining four will act as his pall-bearers. This is the Club's sole object, except the annual banquet. As soon as one member shall have been borne to the grave by his four fellow members another will be chosen to take his place and its membership always kept complete.

An ordinary kettle lid engaged the attention of a Judge of the United States Circuit Court and a jury for two days at Chicago. The plaintiff had been tried for the alleged larceny of the kettle-lid while he was shopping. He declared that he did not steal it and sued the proprietor of the store to recover \$25,000 damages. The case was in the nature of a tempest in a teapot, and the evidence revealed a tendency on the part of the pot to call the kettle black. The verdict was for the plaintiff.

ONE of the curiosities of the recent cold weather at Allentown, Penn., was the freezing fast to the wet rails of three long and heavy coal trains. One of them suffered an accident, compelling it to stop, and when it was ready to move its 135 cars were frozen fast and could not be moved. One train after another came along on the same track and, on stopping for those in front to move, suffered the same fate. It was several hours before the blockade was raised.

THERE is a wonderful grapevine at Gallia, a town in Southern France. Although the plant is only ten years from the cutting it has yielded as many as 1287 bunches of fine fruit in a single year. There is but one other vine in cultivation that is known to excel this prolific shrub, and that is the historical vine at Hampton Court, England, which was planted in 1768. In one year this noted vine has borne 2500 bunches.

An Alamosa (Col.) newspaper, in a birth notice printed in its columns the other day, affords an interesting notion of the composite character of the great American people in the West. The child, whose advent in the Holland colony was announced, is the first Dutch child born in the San Luis Valley. The birth notice was written by a Dane, put in type by a Mormon, the proof read by an American, the type placed in the "form" by a German, and the paper printed by a Mexican.

The sale of intoxicating liquors in Scandinavia is controlled by municipal communities—cities, towns, etc. All the profits derived belong to the community, and are applied to the support of schools, hospitals and other public institutions. Only hotels are permitted to retail liquors, and the liquors sold in them must be purchased from the community. In Christiania alone the profits from the sale of liquors amount to many thousands of dollars annually.

Among the Laos, a people inhabiting a district of Siam, the chewing of a preparation called "meing" is almost universal, the practice being especially esteemed by those whose labor brings great bodily fatigue. Recent inquiry shows that this delicacy is prepared from the Assam tea-plant of commerce.

A CURIOUS incident has occurred at Erol. A telephone wire had been broken or fused by lightning, and on an employee seeking to repair the break, he found on one of the white insulators a picture of the roof of a neighboring house. The picture had probably been dashed on the porcelain by the lightning.

A RANCHER near Spangle, Wash., was treed by a large pack of coyotes the other day. These animals have heretofore been considered too cowardly to attack a man.

The youngest convict ever sent up from Kentucky is now serving a sentence of one year in the penitentiary. His name is Sam Dodd, eight years old, and the charge against him is grand larceny.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

To remove a fruit stain rub with yellow soap, putting on wet starch, and hanging in the sun several days.

For taking all stains out of fine clothing apply benzine in a circle around the spot, working to the centre, and sponging off.

To take a grease spot out of a delicate fabric, touch the spot with the yolk of an egg, then lay a piece of white ribbon over the spot, repeating with fresh water several times.

If oil-paintings have become soiled or fly-specked, they may be cleaned by wiping them off with a cloth dampened with warm water. Do not use soap, and do not rub hard, but a careful washing will brighten the colors without harming the paint in the least.

To Preserve Flowers.

To preserve flowers, carefully dip them, while fresh, in a perfectly limpid gum water. Allow them to drain for two or three minutes, then arrange in a vase or glass. The gums form a complete coating over the stems and petals, preserving the shape and colors long after they have become dry.—(Detroit Free Press.)

They Are Not Handsome.

The Boshjensans, in South Central Africa, are exceedingly ugly, and exist almost in a state of animalism. They dwell in holes, live on roots and reptiles, and have very much the appearance of the ape. The Calmucks of the great Tartar family are, although more civilized, extremely ugly. They have short, flat noses, small eyes, high cheek bones, and a protruding chin.—(New York Advertiser.)

FOR THE LADIES.

A FAMOUS LITERARY WOMAN.

The Mme. Darmesteter whom the French Academy has honored with a prize for literary ability is better known to English readers as Mary Robinson, the girl who entered London University before she was seventeen, and when offered a choice between a party and the publication of her poems in celebration of her twenty-first birthday, chose the latter. Mme. Darmesteter is now the wife of the eminent Persian scholar and member of the faculty of the College of France.—(Chicago Herald.)

AUSTRIAN GIRLS AND WOMEN.

The education of a Viennese girl includes the regular school work until her fifteenth year, after which she goes through a course of teaching in the kitchen under the instruction of some member of the family, or a trained cook, lasting from one to two years. As a result of this training Austrian women are said to make the most efficient wives and mothers. They are as accomplished and capable as Englishwomen, as witty in society as Parisians, and are noted for their beauty among European women.—(New York Journal.)

HER PICTURE ON HER LINEN.

A young woman who has a weakness for novelties has invented a new way for marking her belongings. Indelible ink she scorned as belonging to the distant past, and embroidered initials and monograms she voted commonplace. Even the pretty device of embroidering her possessions with her favorite flower finally lost its charm, and her latest fancy is to have her own face reproduced.

She had some tiny and not unflattering photographs taken, and they are now being transferred to the corners of her handkerchiefs, the bands of her skirts, etc. Now this is all very nice, but one cannot help feeling that it will probably all come out in the washing.—(St. Louis Republic.)

THE HUGO SLEEVE.

The great balloon sleeve is trying to some figures, and women make a mistake in wearing it if it does not suit them. It is not well dressed to be in the height of fashion if the fashion does not suit the wearer. A woman with a round figure, full bust, and no height, is absurd with her shoulders puffed out a yard across, making her look like a stuffed dumpling. It requires height and a long, slender waist to support these exaggerated shoulders. They must look what they are—a caprice of fashion which one chooses to wear, and not a physical deformity which one tries to conceal or adorn. There are many other sleeves which are equally fashionable, if well cut. The leg-o-mutton may be arranged to the arm so that it will not exaggerate the breadth too much and destroy all the outline of the waist.—(New York World.)

THEY WENT INTO MOURNING.

It is related of a family prominent in New York society that the head of it found himself seriously embarrassed not long since, and felt the necessity of immediate retrenchment of expenses, and at the same time was anxious that his straits should not appear to the world. Unluckily his wife had just issued cards for an expensive ball. "I'll tell you what we will do," she said, when he explained matters to her, "we will go into mourning." "Into what?" gasped the husband. "Mourning!" she repeated. "I don't see what else can we do? As my people are western we can easily manage it, and no one will be the wiser. I will send out cards and countermand my invitations. I will buy a black gown, and the girls shall wear black and white all winter, and go only to the smallest entertainments, and I dare say they will have a much better time than when struggling for partners at the big balls. As for me, I shall enjoy it beyond anything. Now, after all, it is only a fib that harms nobody and does us a lot of good," continued this fin-de-siecle dame, who successfully carried her point, put her family into mourning, and withdrew gracefully from society and its requirements for the time being.—(New Orleans Picayune.)

A TARTAR BEAUTY.

A writer in an English magazine in describing a Tartar beauty says: Her loose sack, of a medium but brilliant blue woolen material, fell over a petticoat of the same, terminating in a single flounce. Her long black hair was carefully braided and fell from beneath an embroidered cap of crimson velvet with rounded end which hung on one side in a coquettish way. Her neck was completely covered with a necklace which descended to her waist like a breastplate, and consisted of gold coins, medals, red beads and a variety of brilliant objects harmoniously combined. Her heavy gold bracelets had been made to order in Kazan after a pure Tartar model, and her soft-soled boots of rose-pink leather, with conventional designs in many-colored moroccos, sewed together with rainbow-hued silks, reached nearly to her knees. Her complexion was fresh and not very sallow; her nose rather less like a button than usual; her high cheek bones were well covered, and her small, dark eyes made up by their brilliancy for the slight upward slant of their outer corners.

WORKERS ON DUTCH RAILWAYS.

The British Consul at The Hague says that as regards the employment of women and children on railways it is stated that the latter are mostly made use of at the several railway works, their parents being glad of the one or two florins they are able to earn for comparatively light work. They are occasionally put to similar work on the permanent way, being paid at the rate of seventy-five or eighty cents. The women are chiefly employed in cleaning the carriages, working on an average eight hours a day on the state railway, with light work on alternate Sundays, and getting fourteen florins wages per fortnight; on the Holland railway ten hours a day, without Sunday work, with a daily wage of one florin thirty cents, or else watching the lines, trawling out with their husbands, the "wegwachters," or cantoniers. On the state railway their work averages

twelve hours (the men taking the night duty), and they are paid at the rate of twenty-five cents a day, being lodged besides, the husbands earning ninety cents a day. On the Holland railway the average hours of work are about the same, the women receiving pay at the rate of fifty-five cents a day, sixty-five cents a week being, however, deducted for the lodging allowed them. For women with families the work is considered trying, especially when they are kept on duty as long as sixteen hours, as is the case at certain points where the traffic happens to be very heavy. As regards the general conditions under which the persons in the employ of the great Dutch railways carry on their work, the testimony of the numerous witnesses examined by the commission, with a few exceptions, went to show that they are well satisfied both as to the wages they receive and as to the treatment accorded to them. One witness was of opinion that the wages of railway servants compared favorably with those of most factory hands.—(New York Commercial Advertiser.)

FASHION NOTES.

Empire sleeves of velvet are fashionable for evening gowns.

Diamond butterflies of graduated sizes are used to adorn the corsage.

Novelty handkerchiefs have edgings of open embroidery.

A trimming for dressy silks consists of narrow folds of bias velvet, dotted with pale amber, beige, or red beads.

For house-wear for tiny girls there are little shoes of blue, pearl, white and pink kid.

Handsome silks brocaded with tiny rosebuds look quaint and old-fashioned, but they are used to a great extent.

A pretty way of trimming the bottom of a skirt is with a broad band of satin ribbon tied here and there in a loose bow.

The coquilles trimmings, either in lace mousseline de soie, or in a material similar to the dress fabric, are fashionable.

Slippers are elaborate and dressy to the very verge of absurdity. Embroidery, beads, metal flagee and similar decorations are literally crowded upon them.

The fashion of short socks for little children, while it may be characterized as somewhat cute by many, is a most senseless and ridiculous one.

Ribbon, either of silk or velvet, is much liked for dress trimmings. Wide bands of ribbon of graduated width trim some of the new skirts.

Muffs are said to be growing much larger, but those seen on the street vary very little in size from the styles heretofore approved.

Black silk and velvet, in all shades and patterns, are in favor, the latter being especially noticeable in dinner gowns for young women.

Old-fashioned shoulder handkerchiefs of very thin silk or crepe de Chine are again to be worn, with the ends crossed and tucked into the belt on either side.

A pretty style of dressing for the home is the silk blouse waist, now fashionably worn over skirts that are more or less passe.

Robin red is a new color in tailor cloth, and it is pretty when combined with russet brown velvet and dull gold passementerie.

Among the appropriate mourning goods are tamsie, Henrietta cloth and veiling. A princess dress is very often worn at church by one in mourning.

Fillet of ribbon with an ag-ette and standing ends on one side are still worn in the hair, but are less new than the jeweled pins and slender combs of gold, so much affected by stylish maidens.

Dress is becoming more and more suited to the needs of the wearer, with every season, and discrimination in the wearing of styles and materials is considered the surest mark of a well-bred woman.

The trimming on dress skirts grows wider and extends higher with every new model. It is a matter of not very long time when the over-skirt and full draperies will be with us again.

The prettiest of all street suits for a little boy is the sailor suit, long trousers, officer's coat, double-breasted and with large buttons, and the cap in true nautical style.

A modified Puritan costume is a new fad, and is much affected by demure young women for house-wear. The Priscilla dress and cap are thought quite the thing.

Josephine sleeves will be very fashionable for evening wear. On all the new models these sleeves are held on by shoulder straps, which just prevent the sleeve from falling off.

The new "shadow" velvets are the admiration of all, since their folds in their alternations of light and shade are vision of splendor with their superb rainbow hues.

In new material there is a rich, thick-ribbed silk called Phobus, which is the handsomest of its kind for reception dresses and combines most luxuriously with fur and the many lustrous velvets which are its natural companions.

The evening gowns this year will neither be cut square nor V-shape, but straight across from shoulder to shoulder. "Straight across," means that while it is nearly so, it must be just a little on the saucer shape; not much, however, for it would make the dress too decollete for most ladies.

Modern Icelandic Literature.

The modern Icelandic literature takes refuge in poetry; and in this field the best work has appeared. The hymn, the love song, the idyll, the lines that let us look into a man's own heart, the verses that kindle with patriotism and liberty—all these have been found possible. Some of the modern work takes the form of the novel, though lacking the exquisite delicacy of the best Danish poetry and the fire and abandon of the old songs of the Edda. The Icelandic epic is yet to be written, but the old Edda measures are peculiarly fitted for the loftiness of a great poem, as may be seen in the masterly translation of Milton's "Paradise Lost," perhaps the finest version existing in any language.—(New York Commercial Advertiser.)

IN HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

SOMETHING ABOUT THEM AND THEIR PEOPLE.

A Delightful Climate—Trees Are Always Green—Habits of the Natives—in the Family Circle.

If the United States is going to enter upon a career of foreign acquisition it could find no fairer domain than the little group in the middle of the Pacific. Think of a climate the outside variations of which cover not over thirty degrees—from sixty degrees to ninety degrees on rare occasions. Here trees are always green, taking on a new life while still throwing off the old. There is no red and yellow leaf—no dying year there. Watch the guava trees, and while on one side the fruit is mellowing into yellow ripeness on the other side will be green fruit interspersed with white blossoms. In all Honolulu there is but one brick chimney and that was built by newly arrived New England missionaries before they had learned to tear out of their minds their bleak winter.

In the lowlands and the fertile valleys there is an infinite variety of products that would be profitably cultivated were there a market assured to them. Rice was included with sugar in the list of products accorded free entry to the United States. As a consequence the nearly reed-grown shores have been partitioned off into trim rice beds, with intervening banks by the thrifty Chinamen, and their tender, vivid green is the brightest feature in the lovely landscape seen from the heights of the neighboring mountains.

On the mountain sides a brilliant scarlet berry on a small, dark green, small leaved bush will attract an observant eye. Break open the berry and imbedded in each half will be found a white seed with a line running lengthwise through the flat exposed surface. In this unfamiliar guise it will not take you long to recognize coffee, which is indigenous to this soil. Some exports have been made of this product and it is found in the Honolulu groceries under the title of Kona coffee. Connoisseurs have pronounced its flavor and aroma equal to the Mocha. It could doubtless be cultivated to advantage. Successful experiments have also been made in the cultivation of the olive. Limes grow in great profusion and to a fine size. Efforts have been made to raise lemons in the islands.

It is curiously asserted that after a few crops of lemons the tree runs into a lime and yields only limes after that. As the lime is the preferable fruit this cannot be called an unfortunate tendency. Pineapples abound and the tamarind can be had by those who like it. Mangoes are especially plentiful and good. Many other tropical fruits have been successfully grown here, though not on a large scale. There are plenty of noble groves of cocoanut trees along the seashore, one of the finest being at Waikiki, the beach near Honolulu. A quarter will induce a diminutive kamalii (boy) to walk up the slender stem and twist off the nuts beneath the tuft of graceful palm leaves at the top. Garden vegetables of fine quality are to be had in Honolulu all the year around, thanks to the thrifty foresight and labor of the Chinese gardeners. These can be seen daily with broad pagoda-like basket hats on their heads, a tough, elastic stick like a long bow across their shoulders with a great bucket of water hanging from each end, passing between the rows of vegetables and plentifully besprinkling them. They carry these vegetables around from house to house in flat baskets, which are substituted for the sprinkling baskets at the end of the yoke stick.

Of the people of these islands it can be truly said that they are the most amiable, careless, irresponsible people in the world. The nearest approach to work of any of them is in their employment as cowboys on the stock ranches. They are wonderfully expert horsemen and also become adept in the use of the lasso. A native man, or native woman for that matter, is never so happy as when on a spirited horse, going at hand gallop, decked out with flowery leis and streamers of bright colored cloth, in screaming conversation with a whole troop of companions. They ride their horses to death, they kill their babies with neglect and improper food, and yet it cannot be said that there is a grain of conscious cruelty in their nature.

The household sits on mats around the calabash and all dip their fingers in the common supply, bringing them out with an upward and outward twist, followed by a downward and inward twist and to the desired haven of the mouth. In a family circle there is not unlikely to be an old crow who puts in almost all her waking hours in a monotonous chant, which is carried on steadily through all the clatter of small talk by the others. These old women are possessed of prodigious information and have been industriously drilled and trained through early life in these chants, which are a recitation of the traditions of her people. These old women, in fact, constitute the archives and take the place that scrolls and bound volumes fill with more civilized people.

A Trespasser.

The Portland (Me.) Transcript tells a quaint story of Portland's veteran capitalist, W. W. Thomas, and one of his tenants. Mr. Thomas's house faces on Danforth street, his tenant's on Gray street, and the lots join. In front of the Gray street house is a pleasant lawn and the premises are separated by a high board fence over-run by woodbine. One beautiful morning in September, Mr. Thomas called on his tenant, his face presenting a severe aspect, and in a gruff manner demanded why he had trespassed on his ground. Denial was of no avail, and finally Mr. Thomas got the alleged delinquent to come over to his garden on Danforth street. Then he was shown a squash seed on the other side of the fence had sent forth its vines in trespass on the Thomas estate, the result being an enormous squash. This Mr. Thomas had tended carefully, and now presented with quiet humor to his surprised friend.

Cheers for the Captain's Wife.

A veteran sailor, Captain Eastwick, declares that of all the women with whom he was ever at sea, he never met more than one who could refrain from asking questions in moments of extreme peril and urgency. That one was his wife, and elsewhere in his autobiography he pays another tribute to her courageous disposition. He had just ridden out a gale with much difficulty in the Indian Ocean, when he was sighted by two Dutch brigs of war, which immediately gave chase. He ordered all sail spread, but his ship was insufficiently manned and much precious time was lost.

It was morning, and my wife had come on deck, and stood with my glass in hand looking at the two brigs, while I had myself taken the wheel, so as to spare every man for the urgent work aloft. Every minute I glanced back over my shoulder to see the position of the enemy. They had every stitch of canvas spread, and were sailing three feet for our two.

A great feeling of despondency came over me as I saw this and thought of my young wife standing there in front of me, and of the fate that might be in store for her. And then, to increase the danger, the brigs opened fire, and a shot came skipping after us, but fell short.

In a few minutes our wife fired again, and now it was evident that we should soon be in range, and I called to my wife to go below. But she refused to do so. Another shot came closer to us than any previous one, and I shouted to my crew up aloft to redouble their exertions; but they, unable to cope with the work in hand, answered that they wanted help.

There was only myself left who could aid them, and I dared not leave the wheel. We were sailing close to the wind, and any deviation from our course might throw all sails aback, and be our ruin.

My wife perceived my extremity, During the voyage she had three or four times, by way of amusement, taken a short trick at the wheel. This gave her confidence for the occasion, and without a moment's hesitation she ran to the wheel.

"Give me the wheel, Robert," she cried, "and you go help! I will do my best to keep her head up."

There was no time to remonstrate, and indeed her assistance came like aid from heaven. With a blessing for her pluck I handed the helm over to her, and darted up the shrouds.

As soon as the crew saw what had occurred, the noble example seemed to animate them with new vigor, and when I joined them, and was able to assist as well as direct, we managed to complete the bending on the foresail.

The shots from the Dutchmen were coming fast and thick now, but hope was in our hearts. Sail by sail we got a splendid spread of canvas on the Endeavor, and as each fresh one began to draw, we first held our own, and then gradually left our enemy behind; and when, after an hour's work, I returned to deck, we were practically out of danger.

Then one of the men took off his cap and called for three cheers for the Captain's wife, and never, I think, did any lady at sea receive such a compliment as burst from the throats of those rough men, whose best instincts had been appealed to by the brave deed they thus spontaneously appreciated.

Attest, at Little, Ga., recently.

Hood's Cures

Terrible Headaches

Distressed and Discouraged.

Health all Broken, Thoroughly Built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla



Mrs. Eva Covart of Bath, N. Y.

"I am glad to have my experience with Hood's Sarsaparilla widely known, because the medicine has done me so much good, I think it will benefit others who are out of health. I was in a very distressing and discouraging condition. I had no appetite whatever, could not sleep well, suffered with excruciating headaches. I felt

Tired and Languid.

Had no ambition and seemed all broken down. After I had taken medicine prescribed by two of our best physicians, a kind neighbor advised me try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I followed her advice, and the result is, I am perfectly well. I do not have the headaches now, sleep well, that tired feeling is vanished, and I am bright and ambitious. I can eat heartily at every meal, and have gained in weight from 55 to 105 pounds. I do not have any distress in

HOOD'S

Sarsaparilla

CURES

my stomach, and epileptic fits, which I was formerly subject, never trouble me now. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla and do not wish to be without it. Mrs. EVA COVART, Bath, Strben County, N. Y. Hood's Pills act surely, yet promptly and gently, on the liver and bowels. Beware.