

SICKENING CARGOES.

SUFFERING CAUSED TO SAILORS AT SEA BY THE SHIP'S LOAD.

Coffee is Bad Enough, and Pine Lumber is Still Worse, for the Sufferers from Warm, Moist Sugar Are Enough to Kill an Ordinary Man.

It was in one of the little... suffering from eating houses in Brooklyn... Coffee is Bad Enough, and Pine Lumber is Still Worse...

"What's the matter with the coffee?" asked the proprietor angrily. "There ain't any better coffee than that on the river front."

"No, that's all right," replied the sailor with an effort. "I just got in from a coffee ship this morning."

"Oh," said the proprietor comprehendingly. "If that's the case, I'll fix you off in the corner, where you'll be all right."

"There's other cargoes," continued the ex-sailor, "that's just as bad. You might think guano was one of 'em, but it isn't."

"I saw but one shark. He was quite a distance off and was making for us in a leisurely way. The men on the warship saw it too and realized our danger."

"The fact is that in the tropics almost any cargo you have kind of times existence for you. Oil is pretty tough, particularly petroleum. A man's dream of petroleum after he's associated with it for a month or so on a shipboard."

"Nothing but Draw and Paint. Visitor—I hear you've had the celebrated Mr. Abbey, the artist, staying with you down here."

THRILLING RESCUE

FROM THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH WAS HE SNATCHED.

As One of the Exciting Story of the Life of the Famous Fisherman Gray and Caused Him to Quit Business.

"In 1875," said the old sea captain, "I was on a schooner looking for blubber in the Atlantic, with a seat in the mate's whaleboat. We had had two boats ready to lower and the mast was snapped for over three weeks before we got to the open sea."

"Down from aloft, every now and then, we saw a large whale in good shape, and our boat took a large whale. We held till we came up with the whale. The boat header led the harpoon, sending it out of sight into the sea."

"I had just leaned forward to pick up the implement when there was a sudden jerk, a crashing, whirring sound, and I knew that the rope had fouled. The next minute I felt myself drawn down through the ocean like a shot from a gun."

"I have never seen such a look in a man's face before me since. It was as if he were about to faint, and his eyes were bulging out of his head and his teeth rattled together with castanets."

"I saw but one shark. He was quite a distance off and was making for us in a leisurely way. The men on the warship saw it too and realized our danger."

"The fact is that in the tropics almost any cargo you have kind of times existence for you. Oil is pretty tough, particularly petroleum. A man's dream of petroleum after he's associated with it for a month or so on a shipboard."

"Nothing but Draw and Paint. Visitor—I hear you've had the celebrated Mr. Abbey, the artist, staying with you down here."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

TOOMBS AND STEPHENS

A Friendship That Was of Great Use to the Former.

Dr. F. H. Orme told me several good stories about our old time statesman. Among other anecdotes an incident of the doctor gave me some piquant reminiscences of Toombs and Stephens.

Toombs always tried to impress people with the belief that his genius made him equal to any emergency. Even when he studied hard and availed himself of the labor of others he encouraged the idea that his most splendid efforts were the result of the inspiration of the moment."

"You must have devoted considerable time to its preparation," said one of the statesmen's admirers. "Well, I gave about two hours to it." Toombs replied, with a careless, indifferent air.

"I had just leaned forward to pick up the implement when there was a sudden jerk, a crashing, whirring sound, and I knew that the rope had fouled. The next minute I felt myself drawn down through the ocean like a shot from a gun."

"I have never seen such a look in a man's face before me since. It was as if he were about to faint, and his eyes were bulging out of his head and his teeth rattled together with castanets."

"The fact is that in the tropics almost any cargo you have kind of times existence for you. Oil is pretty tough, particularly petroleum. A man's dream of petroleum after he's associated with it for a month or so on a shipboard."

"Nothing but Draw and Paint. Visitor—I hear you've had the celebrated Mr. Abbey, the artist, staying with you down here."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

WILD BEASTS IN BATTLE.

Two Panthers and a Sea Lion in a Fight to the Death.

Among all fights of wild beasts perhaps the most terrible are those in which the combatants belong to different elements. The struggle then seems peculiarly wanton and unnatural.

Two panthers and a sea lion in a fight to the death. Among all fights of wild beasts perhaps the most terrible are those in which the combatants belong to different elements. The struggle then seems peculiarly wanton and unnatural.

"I have never seen such a look in a man's face before me since. It was as if he were about to faint, and his eyes were bulging out of his head and his teeth rattled together with castanets."

"The fact is that in the tropics almost any cargo you have kind of times existence for you. Oil is pretty tough, particularly petroleum. A man's dream of petroleum after he's associated with it for a month or so on a shipboard."

"Nothing but Draw and Paint. Visitor—I hear you've had the celebrated Mr. Abbey, the artist, staying with you down here."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

IMAGINATION AND DISEASE.

How a Well Man Was Made Sick and a Sick Man Cured.

In "A Journalist's Notebook" Frank P. Moore tells an amusing and significant story of the influence of imagination upon health. A young man who served in India, feeling fagged from the excessive heat and from long hours of work, consulted the best doctor within reach.

"The next day the young man received a letter telling him that his left lung was gone and his heart seriously affected, and advising him to lose no time in adjusting his business affairs. Of course you may live for weeks," the letter said, "but you had best not leave important matters undecided."

"I have never seen such a look in a man's face before me since. It was as if he were about to faint, and his eyes were bulging out of his head and his teeth rattled together with castanets."

"The fact is that in the tropics almost any cargo you have kind of times existence for you. Oil is pretty tough, particularly petroleum. A man's dream of petroleum after he's associated with it for a month or so on a shipboard."

"Nothing but Draw and Paint. Visitor—I hear you've had the celebrated Mr. Abbey, the artist, staying with you down here."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

"The Mill Cannot Grind with Water That's Past."

This is what a fagged out, tearful little woman said in telling her cares and weaknesses. Her friend encouraged by telling of a relative who had just such troubles and was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The little woman now has tears of joy, for she took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which put her blood in prime order, and she lives on the strength of the present instead of worrying about that of the past.

"When I need a blood purifier I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured my humor and it is excellent as a nerve tonic." JOHN EATON, Stafford Springs, Conn.

"I have never seen such a look in a man's face before me since. It was as if he were about to faint, and his eyes were bulging out of his head and his teeth rattled together with castanets."

"The fact is that in the tropics almost any cargo you have kind of times existence for you. Oil is pretty tough, particularly petroleum. A man's dream of petroleum after he's associated with it for a month or so on a shipboard."

"Nothing but Draw and Paint. Visitor—I hear you've had the celebrated Mr. Abbey, the artist, staying with you down here."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Before Company.

I'm just my small brother. They say I don't count. And tell me your manners are bad. And yet of enjoyment I get you amount. (Sufficient for most any lack)

"I have never seen such a look in a man's face before me since. It was as if he were about to faint, and his eyes were bulging out of his head and his teeth rattled together with castanets."

"The fact is that in the tropics almost any cargo you have kind of times existence for you. Oil is pretty tough, particularly petroleum. A man's dream of petroleum after he's associated with it for a month or so on a shipboard."

"Nothing but Draw and Paint. Visitor—I hear you've had the celebrated Mr. Abbey, the artist, staying with you down here."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

"The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have, but of what is forced upon us."

PASSING Look in your mirror today. Take a last look at your gray hair. Itsurely may be the last if you want it so; you needn't keep your gray hair a week longer than you wish.

YEARS To restore color to gray hair use—AYER'S Hair Vigor

After using it for two or three weeks notice how much younger you appear, ten years younger at least.

It makes the scalp healthy and this cures the disease that causes dandruff.

COOK'S Cotton Boot Compound. It is especially used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Laces and your druggist for Cook's Cotton Boot Compound.