A CYCLONE IN MID-OCEAN.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

The night was dark, with heavy black clouds lying close down to the water, along whose restless mass of foaming, phosphor-lit waves the wind soughed with the peculiar tone which surely foretells of a deepening of the tempest.

We were riding out a cyclone in the middle Indian Ocean, and the bell had struck four, telling that the first watch was half gone, when this word was uttered close to my ear.

The voice was that of my chum, Jack Walsh, as good a sailor as ever trod a deck. Standing by my side during the two preceding hours, he had watched with me while the Northern Light, the ship of whose crew we formed a part, drove wildly on through the mad tumult of the waters.

"Hist! that was a gun."

A cold shudder swept over me, and for a moment my heart stood still, for if the sullen boom we had heard was, as Jack said, the report of a gun, it meant but one thing, which was, that near us somewhere, amid that turmoil of wind and wave, men like ourselves who were battling against a death that stared them in the face.

And we were not the only ones who had heard and recognized the message, for as we stood straining our eyes to see if we could discover the vessel that was signalling, the mate on watch joined us.

"Did you hear a gun?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Jack.

"And could you tell the direction of the sound?"

"No, but it must have been somewhere to the windward."

"Let us watch for the next discharge, for if anything can be done to save life the Northern Light will not prove a laggard in the work."

Again our eyes turned to the rough ocean lying about us, and we watched the dark expanse with an intentness that was painful.

"There!"

It was Jack again, and as he spoke a sudden light flashed and faded along the waves, and the dull boom sounded out again, nearer to us, and clearer than before.

"Quick! answer with our starboard gun, and let the poor devils know that friends are near. I will go aft and tell the captain."

Jack and I struggled over to the gun, which was loaded, and, removing the tarpaulin that covered it, threw back the lock, and pulled the lanyard. The sharp report that followed brought the watch below up from their snug quarters in the fo'castle, and the next moment we heard the captain's voice shouting out the orders that quickly brought the ship's head close to the wind, and held it there, for the Northern Light worked like a yacht.

The wind allows no leisure to those who battle with it, and, knowing this, we worked on, giving no heed to the vessel we sought to help. Enough for us was the knowledge that our officers were determined to clear the way for a rescue, if this were possible.

When the ship was laid to, we turned our eyes to the windward, and just at the moment that a broad glare of light shone out, illuminating a large vessel tossed on the crest of a huge and angry wave.

We could see that she was not of American build, and that her fore and mizen masts were gone, and that she was labouring heavily. We knew too, though we could not see this, that the seas had made sad havoc with the hull, and though we could not distinguish the faces of those moving about in the circle of light, we felt that they were filled with anxious forebodings.

"Burn a red light," cried the captain, "and men lay aft to mainmast."

We did so, and even before we were all gathered at the place named, the second mate had the red light blazing on the quarter.

"My men," said Captain Skewer, as he joined us at the main taffrail, "you have all seen the ship yonder, and know that her people are in danger. It is a bad night, and a worse sea, what shall we do?"

"Save them if we can, and make the effort at any rate," said Jack Walsh, and several of the men responded.

"Yes, that is the way."

"I knew you would be true to the flag and the reputation our sailors have won, and now I want twelve volunteers for the lifeboat."

We all volunteered.

"Thank you, my men, but some of us must stay behind to keep ship, and be ready to help those who go in the boat. I shall go with them, and if you agree will choose the crew."

We all cried out for him to do thus, and he said:—

"You, Walsh, will act as cokswain," and then he took half of the crew from each watch, and when all were chosen told us to man the boat.

The Northern Light carried a new and thorough lifeboat, with a patent apparatus for lowering, but even with this the danger of tempting the sea and wind on such a night would have been apparent to the veriest landsman.

Still while we looked with anxious eyes to the dark and restless turmoil above us, we grasped our oars firmly, and waited for the word that would place our lives almost within the jaws of death.

We heard the captain give orders concerning a whip to be placed on the cross-jack yard, and a line that was to be boomed out from forward, and then he climbed into the boat, and the first and second mates took the falls, and at his command, lowered away promptly. Fortunately the boat had swung on the lee side, and we got away safely, but now came the struggle, for the wind and sea were both against us, and often we seemed powerless to stem their strength.

The captain helped, and Walsh kept a steady hand on the steering oar, and we knew that, though making but little headway, we were nearing the stranger, for the wind was drifting her down towards us.

"Here she is," cried the captain, "and a sailor commands her, for see, he has brought her to, and formed a lee for us to work in."

A bright blaze flashed out, and burned steadily, and as its radiance ran on and showed us, a cheer came from the ship and a voice hailed. "What shall I do?" it asked.

With a rapid glance our captain took in the situation, the main yard was still across, and a preventer brace was up.

"Let me have the end of your main preventer," he cried, "and keep the standing part fast, to bows, and look out for the line."

The order was promptly obeyed, and the people of the ship were as quick to do what had been shouted to them, and in a little time the end of brace was grasped by four strong hands.

"Now let the strokes lay in their oars, and the rest of the crew keep theirs going; watch your line, my men, and keep the boat steady, and you, Walsh, manage her, for I must look out for the people."

Clear answers told him that all was as he wished, and then he shouted to the captain of the wreck: "Now throw me a line from your bulwark and let your people slide down it. How many have you?"

"There are but eight left, and two are women."

"Send them on."

"Aye, aye! I will, look out."

A rope fell across my arm as the words came, and I grasped it.

"Now hold firm," cried the captain, "and I will look out for the people."

This was to the after oarsmen, of whom I was one, and we grasped the line with a firm hold.

"Here comes one," said the captain; "by Jove, that skipper is a trump."

The words were barely uttered before a woman's form came swiftly down the line, sitting in a bight attached to a block that had a whip ready to haul it back, and it was this arrangement that had elicited our captain's approval.

"Cut the sling," shouted the commander of the wreck, "I have others ready."

It took but a short time, following this direction, to get all the stranger's people into the boat, and when the captain, who came last, slid down the rope and was hauled in by our skipper, the latter said: "Now stand by to put off, get out your oars, strokes. The boys will keep theirs in, and be ready to take our line: stand by to let go from the wreck. Now, give way with the starboard oars! Give way together! Let go!"

And swinging around, the boat swept out from the protection she had found in the lee of the drifting ship, and began her strife with the sea once more.

And now came the hardest part of our toil, for with her heavier load the stout craft was less buoyant, though she rode the sea well, and seemed to know that more human trust relied on her strength than had put faith in such a craft before.

Capt. Skewer had taken his position by the side of Walsh, and kept his eye on the light that shone a lurid guide on the bow of the Northern Light.

Suddenly a heavy squall struck us, and the wind swirled and shrieked about us until it seemed that it would wrench the oars from our hands.

"Bend to it, boys," cried the captain, and then, as we put all of the strength we possessed in our efforts we heard him say to Walsh: "My God! I have lost the light."

A shudder, cold as the keen wind that brings the first snow, chilled us. What if we should be swept past the ship, and carried on into the seething hell beyond. There was but one end to such a fate, and that was death.

The darkness had grown in density, but the great force of the wind helped us beating down the sea. We knew that this would last but a short time, and that amadder frenzy of the water would follow, and oh, how we longed for a gleam that would help us.

The tension of mind that was ours in those few moments is seldom equalled.

Where was the Northern Light?

Had we passed her?

There was no reply to these questions, unless it was the high shrieking of the squall.

Then in one of those rapid transitions that seem the result of divine love and care, the sky changed, and, as if torn by the wind, a huge rift parted the clouds, letting the clear radiance of the full moon shine through.

It showed us two things that will never be forgotten—one the Northern Light, lying just ahead; the other the wreck, which, as the moonlight came, suddenly settled by the head, lurched and disappeared from sight forever.

The squall was sweeping by, but it had served us well, for before the wave rose again we had run to leeward of the ship, the man watching having seen us, and our human freight was quickly transferred to the deck.

The comparative smoothness that had been brought about by the fierce rush of the wind, enabled us to secure the boat with less trouble than we had expected, and just as the day broke finished the work, and as the cyclone had swept by us, we were able to set sail and keep away on our course.

The people we had rescued were the captain, mate, three seamen, and three passengers of the French ship St. Laurent, bound from Havre to Batavia. The remainder of her crew had been lost when the foreyard went by the board, or were carried away by a sea that followed this accident. In falling, the yard had hit the hull, and this accident caused the leak that sunk the ship.

I have been in several trying scenes since then, but never in one that so thrilled me with the nearness and the power of death.

The Morning Dress.

—It is said that a lady's standing in society can easily be determined by her dress at the breakfast table; an expensive, showy costume indicating that the wearer has not yet learned the proprieties. But no one need be afraid of being called "shoddy" if her loveliness is as apparent by daylight as at the hops. Perfect beauty is never the attendant of disease; above all, of those diseases peculiar to women, and which find a ready cure in Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

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—Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

Catarrh.

—Catarrh, on account of its prevalence in this country, is attracting a good deal of attention, more especially now when there is a probability of a visit from cholera, for where either is a muco-purulent discharge, such discharge forms a nidus very inviting to cholera germs, and very favorable for their reproduction in a more violent form, thus placing sufferers from catarrh at a great disadvantage in the event of a cholera visitation.

Catarrh is a contagious disease. It is a muco-purulent discharge, caused by the presence of a vegetable parasite in the lining membrane of the nose. These parasites reproduce themselves in great multitudes, and each generation is more virulent. They spread up the nostrils and down the fauces or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat, up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper function of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

The reason that catarrh has become so prevalent a disease is entirely due to the fact that it has not been understood. Physicians have been unanimous in treating it as a simple inflammation of the membrane and have signally failed to produce cures, but microscopic research has revealed the presence of the parasite, and now sufferers from this disease who appreciate the fact that it is by way of its secondary effects a most deadly one, will be glad to learn that a wonderfully successful treatment has been formulated, whereby the most aggravated cases of catarrh have been permanently cured in from one to three simple applications. The interesting pamphlet descriptive of this new treatment, from which we glean the above, is sent free to all applicants on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King street west, Toronto, Canada. —The Star. 15

"Health Saved is Health Gained."

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—There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

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—Opium, morphine and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, and without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send two 3c. stamps for full particulars and testimonials of those who have been cured. Address M. V. Luban, agency, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Canada. ed

—There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

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—"Hallamore's Expectorant," is a most certain and speedy remedy for bronchitis, coughs and all chest troubles. In the nursery it is invaluable, as children are fond of it and take it readily. Coughing ceases immediately it is taken; restlessness is gone and refreshing sleep ensues. In 25 cent bottles at all drug stores. 6dx

—Mr. Henry Graham, Wingham, writes us: "For fifteen years I have suffered with indigestion, and during that time I could get nothing to give me relief, although I tried a great many different kinds of medicine recommended for that complaint. I now feel like a new man, and this wonderful change has been accomplished by the use of four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. To me it has been a valuable medicine."

The Vitality of Males and Females.

Some interesting facts concerning the relative vitality of males and females are shown in the forty-sixth annual report of the English registrar-general. In each 1000 living persons there are 487 males and 513 females; but for every 100 females 103 5 males were born. At every age of life the death rate was lower in the females, and the difference is greater in early years. In both sexes a diminished death rate is taking place. This is more marked in females than in males, at all ages. The improvement is especially notable in women up to 45, and in men to 35. The mean expectation of life of a male is 41.35, and of a female 44.52 years. The annual expectation of illness is, counted by days, nearly the same in both sexes.

—C. A. Livingstone, Plattsville, says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

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