

A SUMMER CHAPEAU.

A slender loop of Russian lace, A pair of eyes in green, A crescent of pink roses peering 'neath the shadowing

"LOOK IN FIFTY"

The following extraordinary story was told to me some years ago by the commander of a steamship in which I was making a voyage for my health.

"A good many years ago I was in Cape Town, having been forced by illness to quit my post as second mate of a large ship bound to Bombay.

"I remember one of those mornings while I was hunting for a berth. I was watching a Malay fishing boat sliding through the water, with an occasional burst of spray off her weather bow, which arched a little rainbow for her to rush through, when I was accosted.

"I turned. It was the port captain or harbor master. I cannot remember the name by which his office was distinguished. He had sailed with my father some years earlier, and I had met him on two occasions in England.

"I pointed to a large three masted schooner that was lying within 100 strokes of an ear, almost abreast of us. She looked an exceedingly fine craft. A large Dutch flagman was rolling upon the swell of the sea within a few cables' length astern of her, and just ahead rode a Russian auxiliary frigate very heavily sparred, with great gleaming windows in her stern and a network of gridding under her counter flashed as the blue brine of a sea-breeze shimmered lightly swayed.

looked west to windward, but she was still points of her course. Then again the great Argonauts stream set us to leeward, and our progress was slow. On the 22d day of the month, we then being four days out from Table bay, the weather blackened on a sudden in an afternoon in the north, the lightning streamed like enormous violet flames on those early storms of storm, the thunder rolled continuously, but it was not till the edge of the electric staff, black as midnight, was over our mast-heads, with sea and sky dim and frightful as though beheld in the deep shadow of a fatal eclipse of the sun, that the hurricane took us.

"The schooner lay over till her star-board sheer poles were under, and then it was deep enough to drown a man in the lee scuppers.

"It was doubtful for some time whether she would right, and I was clawing my way forward with some dim hope of getting at the carpenter's chest for an ax for the weather ladders when the noble little craft suddenly heeled and sailed in her rigging as she thrashed her left spurs to windward.

"After this she made fairly good weather of it, but for three days we lay under bare poles, sagging helplessly to leeward in the troughs of that mighty gale it was blowing a gentle wind out of the northeast. The sun shone brightly, and the schooner flapped leisurely along her course under all plain sail and over a large but fast calibrating swell.

"During the time of violent weather Captain Huddersfield had seemed much depressed in spirits. I had attributed his dejection to the peril of the 6 hours. We were a small ship for that tall southerner. Moreover, his risk in the vessel might be large for all we knew. I could not but guess how gravely I misjudged one of the marvellous intelligences that ever informed a sailor.

"We were seated alone at dinner on the first day of fine weather. He said after regarding me steadfastly for some moments: 'Do you attach any meaning to dreams?'

ers drifted away in a boat. The bark went to pieces aloft when she struck. He was sure that none other, saving himself and the three men, escaped in the boats. It was in the middle of the day when the ship ran into the berg, and the darkness happened so quickly after the disaster that he was unable to tell much of what followed. Two of his companions died while they were drifting, and their bodies were dropped overboard.

"While Dickens told his story I watched the captain. His features were lit into an expression of consternation, yet he never once interrupted the man. When the sailor had made an end of his story, Huddersfield said in a slow, level voice: 'Was your commander Captain Smalley?'

"Yes, sir. 'It was one of the female passengers, Mrs. Huddersfield?' 'The captain turned his eyes upon me and cried, with a sudden wild toss of his hands that somehow gave an extraordinary pathos to his words and looks, 'Is he my wife?'

"I had hoped, he said, speaking in short breathings and broken sentences, to find her safe at Sydney on my arrival there. She went home last year on a visit to her mother. It was arranged that Captain Smalley, as I am called, should bring her out. 'Ten days ago,' he muttered to himself, 'ten days ago.' He covered his eyes with his hand, then, looking vacantly at his sextant, went to the rail and seemed to stare out to sea into the south.

"I was about to question Dickens, when he said, looking round upon us in a very dash of white face and wild, eager manner: 'Try for her in 50!' he cried, looking at me just as though he saw some one beyond me.

"He went in a sort of a run to the wheel and laid the schooner's head to a due southerly course, while he shouted in tones vibrating with the excitement that seemed his mania in the man then, with the workings of his face. I say he shouted for sail to be trimmed for the course he had laid himself to the schooner, and the captain, alert and willing, but as astonished as I was, when sail had been trimmed, the captain called to Mr. Curzon to keep her steady as she went and requested me to follow him below.

the wash of the water, and while I was gazing at the captain, who was working away at the berg with his telescope, a great iceberg floated past, growing inarticulate, he put the glass into my hand, gazing at the ice and pointing to it.

"I leveled the glass and immediately distinguished a structure, contrived, as I presently saw, of the galley of a ship and a quantity of wreckage. It stood in front of the ice within musket shot of the beach, and while I looked smoke rose from it.

"There is life there! I cried out. 'We hauled in, and then with the naked eye clearly perceived several figures making signs to us. When we were as close as prudence permitted, the long boat was got over, and the captain and five men, one of them being Dickens, pulled away toward the berg. I stood off to improve my vision, and being full of the business of the schooner had little opportunity to remark what passed on the ice island.

"By and by the boat returned. She looked to be full of people. When she was alongside, I saw two women in her. One was locked in the arms of Captain Huddersfield. He had wrapped her in his coat and held her to his heart. Both women were lifted over the side. Three of the men were also hauled up deck before us. There were seven men and two women. They afterward told us that 15 in all had gained the ice.

"The wife of the captain of the Prairie Chief—he was among those who had perished—died before our arrival in Sydney. Mrs. Huddersfield, a strong woman, quickly recovered, and was walking the deck in the sun lantern on her husband's arm within a week of her rescue. '—V. Clark Russell in Strand Magazine.

Green Washington. A contributor to the Pall Mall Magazine was traveling in Greece and had occasion to send to the laundry a white shirt and a collar. He thus describes the result: 'The shirt came back resolved, as it were, into its primitive condition—that is to say, was a piece of linen of irregular shape. The collar I never saw again alive, but instead a curious strip of linen, which baffled conjecture for the time.

A pack of cards were displayed for sale in a certain window awhile ago which were really very curious and interesting. The kings and queens were veritable personages, as were the knaves, who figured in crown robes of modern history. The queens of Spain, Italy and England made three of the face cards, while there was a pretty cast of features in the king of Sparta, the czar and the czar's wife, the queen of hearts, the king of hearts, the king of diamonds, the king of clubs, the king of spades, the king of hearts, the king of diamonds, the king of clubs, the king of spades.

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A STRANGE CASE.

How an Enemy was Foiled. The following graphic statement will be read with intense interest. It cannot describe the most curious sensation that existed in my ears, hands and feet. I had to rub and rub those parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possession of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around my waist, together with an indescribable 'room' feeling in my stomach. Physicians said it was creeping paralysis, from which, according to their usual conclusions, there is no relief. One day I fastened upon a person, thinking to their mutual consolation, there would be a relief. I had been doctoring such a year and a half steadily, but with no particular benefit, when I saw an advertisement of Dr. Miles' Restorative Balm, procured a bottle and began using it. Marvellous as it may seem, but a few days had passed, before every ill of that creeping feeling had left me, and there had not been even a faintest indication of its return. I now feel as well as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight. I had run down from 120 to 112. Four others have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Balm, and my recommendation has been as satisfactory in their cases as in mine. James Kane, Lawrence, N. H. Dr. Miles' Restorative Balm is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent free to the writer, Dr. J. C. Miles, Littlefield, Ind. On receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.00, prepaid. It is free from opium or dangerous drugs.

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