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It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians, and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

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HERO OF A BOWSPRIT.

On April 12, 1877, one of the most terrible storms that ever visited the North Carolina coast began, and lasted for three days, culminating on the 15th at Cape Fear. It was fearfully destructive to life and property, wrecking many ships with their crews and cargoes and burying them beneath the waves. One large three-masted vessel broke up, and parts of her drifted into Smithville bay, a prize for the wreckers, which not only illustrated the force of the storm, but was a curiosity in the strength of its structure.

"All her bolts," said one who examined pieces of the wreck, "are brass, four, six and eight feet long; the knees are solid iron, and the outside planking six inches through and of stout pine."

There were two Smithville pilot boats—the *Mary K. Sprunt* and the *Uriah Timmons*—cruising off the coast at the time the storm commenced, and finding it impossible to make a harbor they were compelled to stand off and try to weather it out. The *Mary K. Sprunt* had a crew of five men, viz.: Christopher Pinner, Robert Walker, Charles Dasher Jr., Thomas Grissom and Lawrence Gillespie, the cook. They were brave and skillful men, but after a desperate struggle, in which all that the most skillful seamanship could accomplish had been exhausted, she went down with all on board.

On the 28th the body of Tom Grissom was found by the pilot-boat *H. Westermann* floating at sea, about nine miles out, and the pilots also found the *Mary K. Sprunt* lying on the bottom, in eleven and a half fathoms, her white sails, torn into ribbons, shining up through the blue depths and undulating with the motion of the restless sea.

The *Uriah Timmons* had a crew of four men—C. C. Morse, Julius Weeks, Joseph Thompson Jr., and Joseph Arnold—and of these Arnold was the youngest, hardly 20 years of age. Every precaution was taken upon the approach of the storm, and, with only enough canvas to steer by, she faced it. All day and night of the 12th she leaped and rolled and dived like a cork on the waves, while the storm increased in fury every hour. Day dimly dawned on the 13th over a howling waste of waters, whose billows heaved her skyward, leaving great chasms, down whose sides she rushed headlong as if to certain destruction. A gray mist shrouded sky and sea, and the storm fiend shrieked with that unearthly voice which, once heard, is never forgotten. Cowering before the blast, licked from stem to stern by the tongue of the hungry sea, groaning and sobbing as she strained up the watery heights or slid down the hissing gulfs, the little ship drove on. Although carrying but thirteen yards of canvas, the jaw of the boom was cating into the foremast like a famished animal. With the advancing day the fury of the gale increased. It seemed as if the spirit of an angry god walked the waters and lashed the elements in his wrath. A mountainous wave, leading the host of billows, would rush toward the little vessel, and, toppling as if to fall upon and crush her, would lower its crest, and, gliding beneath her trembling timbers, lift her almost clear in the air and toss her, toy like, to another huge billow, while the multitudinous ocean roared with rage.

The crew of the *Timmons*, brave and hardy mariners as they were, and accustomed to storms on the broad water from childhood, stood appalled at the surpassing terrors of this awful scene. Lashed in the cockpit, with vice-like grip upon the wheel and drenched to the skin, sat Julius Weeks, who had been there thirteen hours. At last, toward afternoon, to the utter dismay of all on board, the jib halyard parted, and flying down the stay, the jib hung, bag like, below the bowsprit, and instantly the sea, like a ravenous beast, fell upon it and held it down as if devouring it. The brave boat struggled hard to lift her bow, thus weighted from the waves, and with a mighty effort succeeded. Again the sea seized and held the bellying jib, and again the gallant boat, struggled, raised it clear, but with weakening power. The pilots now realized that, unless immediately released from this new and frightful danger, the *Timmons* could not hold her head up, but must founder after a few more struggles; but, feeling assured that an attempt to reach the jib-stay would result in certain death, as no man could ever remain on the bowsprit even if he could reach it, they were stricken with despair.

"We are lost," exclaimed one; "unless we can cut that jibstay we are certainly gone. A man can't live there, but it is our only hope."

Who should do the desperate deed? they hurriedly agreed to decide the matter by lot, and were about to proceed to do so, when Joe Arnold, who was now at the wheel, shouted:

"Hold on, men! You are all married and have families; I am a single man; let me try it, and if I go overboard it will be all right;" and, surrendering the wheel the brave boy drew his sheath knife, and putting it between his teeth started forward.

It was impossible to keep his footing, and so he crawled cautiously along the deck (there is no railing to a pilot-boat), holding on as best he could. His companions watched him with the eagerness of men whose only hope of life hung on his steadiness of nerve and physical strength. If he reached the bowsprit in safety, the sea would certainly beat him off, for every time the little craft plunged the waves seemed to leap up and meet her. For the first time since childhood fervent prayers rose to the lips of some of these men who had "followed the sea" all their days without thinking of Him whose presence they now realized as they had never realized it before and tears flowed freely down their bronzed faces.

Joe reached the foremast, and just then the *Timmons* rolled nearly on her beam ends. He threw his arm around the mast and held on. The storm was now indescribably fierce and the sea terrific. As the vessel slowly recovered herself he loosened his hold and crawled toward the bowsprit. He reached it, got astride of it, locked his arms around it, drew a long breath, and then, with a crush the *Timmons* buried her head and Joe disappeared in the seething waters.

The crew held their breath in an agony of suspense, while their eyes strained toward the boiling foam which engulfed him. In a moment the staunch craft, as if conscious of the heroic effort for her relief, and stimulated by it to renewed exertion, bounded forward and upward through the dashing waters. And on the bowsprit, which was pointing skyward, the crew saw Joe straightening himself into a sitting position, his knife still held between his clenched teeth, and preparing to crawl still further out. Again and again this scene was enacted, each plunge and rise finding the hero nearer to the object at which he aimed, while the crew fairly ached with the intensity of their emotions.

He reached it at last, and, watching the most favorable opportunity, released his right arm, snatched the knife from his teeth, and with a swift and powerful stroke cut the jibstay through, as the trembling vessel started down another sea, restored the knife to its place, again clasped the bowsprit in his arms, and again disappeared—but only for a moment, for the *Timmons*, now relieved of the weight which held her down, sprang out of the threatening gulf as if with new life inspired. It was a great relief, but the tempest was still at its height, and now both Joe and the crew realized that the most hazardous part of this heroic enterprise was still before him, namely, getting back to the deck again. It was not unlike coming down from aloft. He had to repeat this desperate performance backward.

Slowly, and still astride of the bowsprit, and still alternately plunged into the sea and lifted high in air, he began the fearful task. Every instant was a crisis, every moment threatened to be his last; but slowly and steadily he approached the deck. Finally he reached it, slid along the foremast, clasped it as before, and, at last, crawling, laid himself down exhausted amid his awe-struck companions.

That storm still howled, the sea was still awful, and night was coming on—another night of horrors—but the *Timmons* carried her head free and a feeling akin to confidence was beginning to take the place of despair in the breasts of the crew. They passed into the gloom of the starless night upon that wild waste of waters, clinging to the hope that with the coming of another day the storm would pass. And their hope was not in vain. Gradually the violence of the wind abated—although the sea still leaped frantically—and by the next morning had ceased to be alarming. They looked eagerly for the land, gave more sail, and in a few hours recognized points which assured them that they were off Georgetown, S. C. With greatful hearts they steered for the bar and entered the bay in safety, with no other damage to the *Timmons* than the loss of her boats, sails and rigging, a foremast rubbed almost in two and some strained timbers.

Joe Arnold still lives and pursues his calling, and he will be greatly astonished if he ever sees this account of his heroism, for he is modest and does not think he did anything worth talking about. The *Timmons*, too, is still afloat, and as smart a pilot boat as ever crossed Cape Fear bar or cruised off Frying Pan shoals.

No home should be without it to arrest disorders promptly, which, if not taken in season, often develop into serious diseases. Rev. James M. Rollins, Pastor M. E. Church, S., Fairfield, Va., writes: "I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only family medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system and it used in time is a great preventive of sickness.

The *Medical and Surgical Journal* reports the case of Adam Lake, who was bitten by a rattlesnake when drunk. The man died, but it is not reported whether it was the snake or the whisky which killed him. Both are risky.—*Rutland Journal.*

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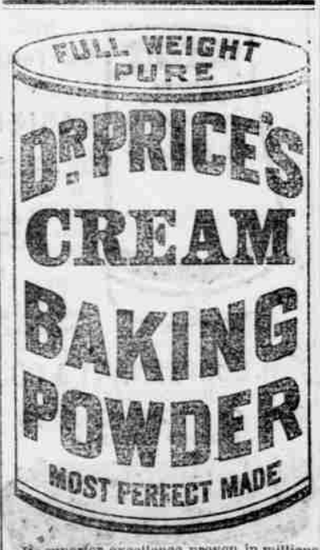
When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Brown (at an evening party)—Who is that rank and scrawny-looking party near the piano, Robinson? Robinson—That's Bixby's wife. Brown—You don't tell me? You know Bixby then? Robinson—Oh! yes; he's my brother-in-law.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Opening of the Campaign.
To open the campaign with any hopes of speedy success, attack the enemy, malaria, before it has a chance to intrench. An obstinate foe! will prove if you don't go right at it. If you are prudent, too, you will have fortified, upon the first intimation of its presence in your neighborhood. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the medicinal ammunition that you require. Every form of malarial fever yields to this fine preventive and remedy. For constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia, nervousness and kidney trouble it is no less effective. Residents of malarial localities, and persons sojourning in or bound for the great West, should select this medicine as a means of defence against the frequent visitations of miasma. Those in delicate health, the aged and the enfeebled, should in every instance resort to this signal invigorant. Use it for weak nerves.

The survey of the Nicaragna Canal route has been finished.



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