

Bronchitis

Is more than a cough, it is a deep seated inflammation or catarrh of the bronchial tubes and lungs—allied to asthma and the most fruitful source of consumption. It baffles all schools of medicine, and cough cures, loaded with narcotics are worthless and harmful, because no remedy taken internally only, ever did or can cure. **BRAZILIAN BALM**, the germicide balm, alone has triumphed in every case for 20 years.

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The Man on the Ice.

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We were wailing down in the south sea in the bark Wanderer when a four days' gale drove us down among the ice fields. On the third day of this weather I went on deck to have a look about. I was scanning it with a careless eye, having made out that we had nothing to fear from its presence, when all of a sudden a man stepped into view. After a moment of astonishment I ran for the glass, and when I got the proper focus I could even tell the color of his eyes. He was a man six feet high and dressed entirely in furs. But for the glass I might have taken him for an Eskimo. With it it was easy to make out he was a European. He stood with arms folded and looked into my face, and I saw a smile on his. He did not so much as lift a hand.

Naturally I was considerably excited and ran down to the cabin and shouted the news. The captain and several of the men came on deck, and we shouted and waved our arms at the man on the ice. He made no signal. The gripes of the boats were frozen fast, and it would be a half hour's work to get one afloat, but we had begun operations when the man, who seemed to know what we were at, turned his back, walked away and was hidden by a small berg. We stared after him for awhile and then retreated to the cabin. "Did we see a live man on the ice, or was it one of the many strange illusions of these frozen seas?" asked the captain.

All of us insisted that we had seen a man. There was no mistake. We would make no attempt at rescue, but you may be sure the mystery was one to puzzle us for many days. If the man had a shelter he had no fire and dressed as warmly as was possible. It did not seem that any human being could stand that cold for half a day. We had the cabin stove red hot, and yet six feet away water was freezing in a dish. To thrust your face through the cabin doors was like submitting it to cuts and slashes from a razor. It was so for two days more, and then the weather moderated. As near as we could estimate, the ice field on which we had seen the man was ten miles long by half as many broad. We were far out of sight of it when the weather broke, and we lowered for a whale. A week later after we had killed a whale we got another bad gale and were driven to the west. At the end of two days we had ice in sight in every direction but one. We were fighting our way through it and it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when a man who had been aloft cried out that we had come upon the stranger again. So we had. His field had been broken up by the gale, and he was left on an area not over half a mile in extent, with a berg forming its center. This time we ran through a lane and within a stone's throw of him. He stood surveying us as before, a grim sort of smile on his face, and every man of our crew had him fairly under his eye. At the nearest point the captain shouted at him: "Aho, you! What are you doing on the ice? Who are you, and where is your ship? Do you want to be taken off?"

For answer the man stared at us for half a minute, and then, with a gesture signifying contempt, he turned his back and walked away, the berg hiding him as before.

"The man is crazy and should be brought aboard, whether or no," said the mate to the captain.

"We will leave him where he is," answered the other. "I am not quite sure yet whether he is a man, or a ghost. If he is a man he doesn't want to be rescued; if he is a ghost we don't want him aboard."

During the next three days we spoke three whalers and gave them news of the man. Later on each one of them saw him. Two of the ships were two miles away and making heavy weather of it, but when he was sighted by the third the day was pleasant and the sea calm. The captain determined to land and bring the unknown off or to at least find out all about him. He called his ship to within a quarter of a mile of the ice field and then lowered a boat, and the mate and four men rowed ashore, as you might call it. They were making their boat fast when they were startled by the ping of a bullet and the report of a rifle. The man was firing on them to drive them off. When the second bullet came humming about their ears they cast loose and rowed back to the ship. While the captain was vexed with the man, he hated to leave him to what must be sure death sooner or later, and he rigged up a blackboard and wrote messages on it in chalk. From his

American Mail Bag Stolen.

Paris, March 21. — An American mail bag, the contents of which were valued at approximately \$400,000, has been stolen. The theft occurred either on board a steamship running between New York and Havre or between Havre and Paris. The postal authorities have just placed the affair in the hands of detectives, although the theft occurred a fortnight ago. A cable inquiry to the New York post-office brought confirmation of the fact that the mail bag in question had been embarked at New York. The name of the steamer by which the bag was shipped has not yet been disclosed.

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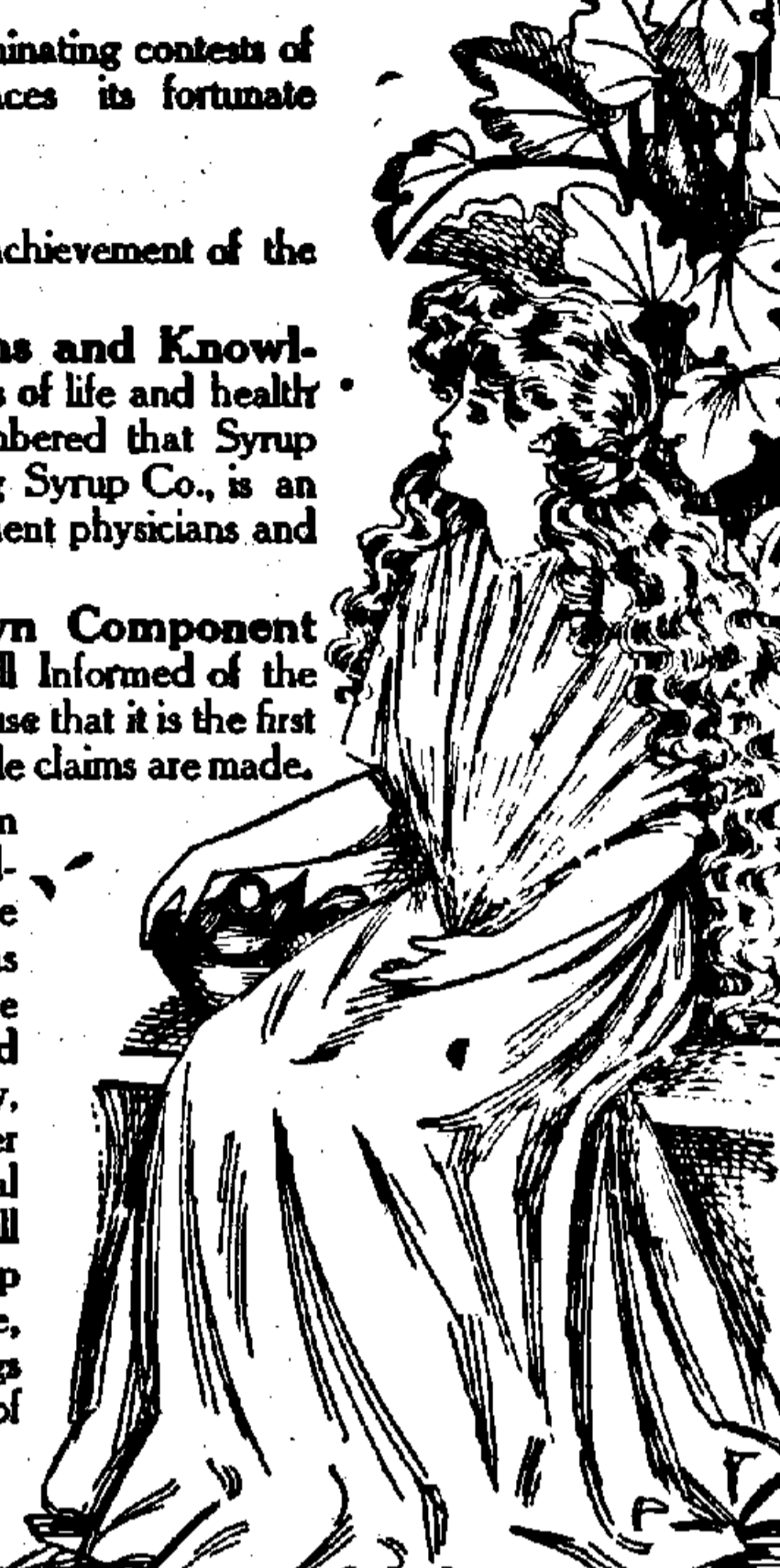
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