THE FOUNDERED GALLEON.

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY AND ALICK MUNRO.

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"We ran down alongside and threw our grapple. The Spanish gunners poured in a fierce fire to our deserted 'tween decks, but armed with pike, hanger and boarding ax we scaled their lofty upper works and hacked our way through the nettings inboard.

"Flushed with victory and nerved with strength by thoughts of the golden hoard below, my fellows were not to be resisted, and save for a party headed by the Spanish commandant—who re-

"You agree?" cried the captain.

treated beyond the break of the poop and held the after castle in spite of all our efforts to dislodge them—save, I say, for these few, the whole crew was beaten below, and we thought the vessel our own. But this pestilential handful kept stubbornly at bay, and so, when, tiring at length of their resistance, they called for a parley, we staid our arms for a moment, being willing to make a truce and grant them quarter.

"But the knave commandant, aping an insolence that would have sat ill on his betters, must needs dictate terms to us—to us, who held his ship and his shipmates' lives at our swords' mercy. 'I yield to pirates on no terms whatever,' quoth he. 'Get you gone, and your lives are spared,' quoth he, 'or stay and press your present advantage and I will rid the world of your thievish hands and minds forever, even at a large cost to myself and my following. And ye have not left my ship before this minute glass bath drained its sand I swear to you on my honor as a caballero that I will send you and the Santa Catarina and myself and my crew skyward in one smoky shower. Beware, accursed English picaroon! A volcano is underfoot! At this instant I turn the glass. If in a minute's time you and your robber band have not made retreat, I fire my magazine,' quoth he.

"His speech was in Spanish, and but few of my lads understood it. For myself, I never thought the fellow would be as good as his threat, and so, unwilling to be worsted by mere bravado, ordered a couple of main deck culverins to be hauled in, loaded, slewed round and trained so as to sweep his defenses. 'Thou truculent braggart,' quoth I, 'down on thy marrow bones and sue for quarter, or I blow thee and thy handful of ironclads out through the stern ports and into the sea!' But scarce had the words left my beard when there came a roar from underfoot, the deck heaved, and we were all shot skyward together.

"Beshrew me if the knave Spaniard had not been as good as his word!

"For myself, I fell into the water amid a shower of other solids, unhurt by twice a miracle, and gained the snow with some trouble, and there I was joined by five and twenty of my fellows, all with their hides more or less singed and dented. The remainder of the crew had gone skyward in pieces that no surgeon, be he never so skillful, could join.

"But worse remains to tell, and surely gentlemen of fortune were never entreated so evilly. The port side of the galleon—that furthest from us—was blown completely out, and she foundered incontinently; foundered, I dare upon my manhood, before we could spoil her of anything; foundered without yielding us a solitary piece of eight, no not a maravedi; foundered in 200 fathoms of water, in a minute"—

"Stop!" interrupted Dr. Tring sharply.

The captain looked up from his reading. "We're just coming to the point,' said he.

"Exactly!" was the reply, but for the present we will allow the precise latitude and longitude of the treasure to remain a secret, or, better still, commit your bloodthirsty ancestor's figures to memory, and I will do the same, and then you can destroy that part of the manuscript which contains them, and," added the doctor, laughingly, "even in your dreams remember that there may be listeners waiting to steal the secret, if you but whisper it."

At these words Captain Colepepper sprang up, and, seizing the other's hand, wrung it hard for fully a minute, laughing hysterically all the time. It is, moreover, to be recorded that the doctor's leathern face was at last surprised into betraying an emotion; for under that grip he winced with pain.

"You agree!" cried the captain, when his delight allowed him to become coherent.

"Yes,' was the answer; "I do. We'll have a try for the Spaniards' gold, Colepepper."

"Hurrah!" shouted the captain. "I thought you would. We shall be millionaires, doctor!"

"Or paupers, captain," said the doctor quietly.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST RECRUITS.

The crew that Nicholas Colepepper and Dr. Tring got together for the expedition to raise the foundered galleon came about in this wise:

First there was Alan Guthrie, a young Oxford student, who had been "plucked" on his examinations, was heavily in debt and had been discarded by his father. On the day of his dismissal he was standing on the beach of Weston-super-Mare pondering on his future and reluctantly came to a decision to accept the queen's shilling and go for a soldier. Before seeking the recruiting sergeant he resolved to have a bath. So pulling off his clothes he waded into the ocean, and when over his depth began to swim. As he swam a curious fancy took possession of him—that he had only to go on swimming and his fortune would come open armed to meet him. Giving way to the fancy he swam on, but presently the water grew colder, and, turning, he noticed what a very long way it seemed to the beach. He pulled on, but made no headway. His heart sank; he was being carried out to sea. Still he struggled, but at last, overcome, with a despairing cry, he fought the waters that were mastering him.

Now, Dr. Tring and Captain Colepepper had chartered a vessel to take them where the treasure lay and had fitted it with various ingenious engines of Dr. Tring's invention for coping with the enormous difficulties of a dive which would be far bigger than anything any one had as yet dreamed of, but they had got no farther than Bideford before their crew, learning of the purpose of the expedition, mutinied to a man, and the order was given to 'bout ship for Bristol, where the crew left in a body. Dr. Tring and Captain Colepepper, having cooled from their disappointment, were out for a row with fiddle and flute practicing duets and heard Alan Guthrie's cry. Pulling in the direction from which it proceeded, they found him about to sink and hauled him aboard unconscious. As soon as he came to himself and learned of their intended expedition they found no difficulty in enrolling him as their first recruit.

Then the captain's daughter, Dolly, took it into her head that she must go on the expedition, but met with a flat refusal from her father. Both Dr. Tring and Alan Guthrie pleaded in her behalf, but the captain was obdurate, avowing that they must not be hampered with women.

One morning the captain, the doctor and the first recruit were sitting in the captain's room at Bristol, smoking and wondering where more men, reckless enough to embark with them, are to come from. An organ grinder had taken up his position in front of the window and was commencing to grind out "The Last Rose of Summer" at a pace so funereal that the homely old tune sounded as though it were a dirge, and had the three men been fanciful they might have taken this dismal wail as an ominous commentary on the doctor's last words. It may be, perhaps, that some such thought did occur to Dr. Tring. Anyway, his distress was acute.

The man dawdled slowly through the "Rose," and then started another tune, and this time he elected to add his own voice to the other torture:

"'Ere ha sheer 'alk lies pore Tom Bow-ow-ow
Hha,
The darling of hower cre-e-e-ew."

"Oh, this is too much!" exclaimed the doctor and started for the door.

"Steady, doctor; listen a bit," said Captain Colepepper, getting up from his chair and going toward the window. "This fellow's pipe seems familiar to me somehow or other. Hanged, though,' he added after a scrutiny of the singer, "if I know where I can have seen the man himself before."

The organ grinder was going steadily on:

"'Is fawm was hof the man-li-hest bea-u-tee.
'Is 'art was key-ind a-nd sor-or-o-ft.
Faithful berlow Tom did 'is deu-u-tee,
And now 'e's gawn alor-or-or-oft,
And now 'e's gawn alor-or-or-oft.

"Strange!" muttered the captain. "I know the voice to a letter, but that thing can't be the man."

The second verse was being shouted at them, and the words were being driven into their ears with a force which made the window panes rattle.

"'Is vir-chews wa-s so-o-o-o-o-ft,
'Is fr'en's was ma-any hand treu 'ar-ar-ted,
'Is 'Earietta was key-ind and fair."

"That settles it!" exclaimed Captain Colepepper, rushing toward the door. "Tom Jelly was the only man who ever changed Poll to Henrietta in that line."

"Well," said the doctor, "if the individual is a friend of yours, Colepepper, I hope you'll use your influence with him for our benefit. Much more of his melody will be mentally dangerous—to me at any rate, and even Guthrie looks ruffled."

But the captain had got outside by this time, and the suggestion remained unanswered. The other two, watching from the window, saw the organ grinder turn round as soon as the door opened and grin expansively the moment Captain Colepepper's burly form appeared on the threshold. The recognition was mutual, and the two men exchanged a horny handshake. Then the observers saw that the captain was endeavoring to drag his acquaintance indoors, while the other offered a bashful but yielding resistance.

The itinerant musician was a square built man, with an enormous black beard which covered nearly the whole of his face. He had lost one arm at the shoulder, and the left sleeve of his coat flapped loosely. He wore small gold rings in his ears and a high crowned hat of black felt was pulled down well on to his head.

"Come along, Tom, come along!" Captain Colepepper was saying in his cheery bawl. "You've no call to be

They found him about to sink and hauled him aboard unconscious.

shy. Never mind your rig out lad. Unship your torture box and stow it down here in the gangway and then come into my stateroom. Why couldn't you have just knocked at the door and asked for me?"

"Why, you see, gents all," said the man, with bashful hesitation, "I hardly liked. If there'd been a back door, it would have been all right. But I tacked about and couldn't find one, and it's hardly the place for the likes of me to come pounding at a big brass knocker when I wasn't expected, specially when I was wanting to ask a bit of a favor."

"What! You don't mean to say that you've come here to volunteer for the enterprise, Tom Jelly, do you?" inquired the captain, with obvious amazement. "I thought you'd given up the sea for good."

"With permission," said Tom, with a grin, "I'd like to change my mind."

"You're a good lad, Tom Jelly—a good lad!" roared the captain delightedly. "Sit down and tell us why you didn't turn up before. Been thinking the matter over?"

"Only just heard about it, cap'n," said the man, sitting on the extreme edge of the chair which Captain Colepepper pushed to him. "Me and 'Enrietta trudged into Bristol day afore yesterday and brought up at our old moorings. We went to the Admiral Blake for a chat and a smoke and a drop of ale in the evening and heard tell of how you'd got a wonderful scheme on 'and for weighing the dollars from out of a craft which foundered after a fight with a pirate some years ago—how many they didn't seem to rightly know at the Admiral Blake. But everybody said it was a mad idea that nobody but a fool would believe in and that you and the doctor d'd never get a single soul to join you. Now, the doctor—no disrespect meant, sir—I didn't know, never having heard of him afore. But Cap'n Colepepper I'd sailed with, boy and man, nigh on five and twenty year, and I knowed he was too good a seaman, in a manner of speaking, to put to sea in dirty weather without seeing a good chance of reaching it all safely. So, gentlemen all"—Tom lifted the glass of beer which the captain had handed him—"here's 'ealth and success."

The beer vanished into some aperture hidden among the thick jungle of black hair, and the glass was set down empty on the table.

"This is a very different sort of trip, Tom, from any other we've had together," observed Captain Colepepper. "Are you sure you know what it is you are offering to join?"

"I know, cap'n, I know; they told me all about it at the Admiral Blake, but I says to them, I says: 'There ain't a man in the merchant service that knows how to handle either square rig or fore and aft like Cap'n Nich'las Colepepper. At either seamanship or navigation show me the man that can beat him,' says I. 'I'll freely own,' I says, 'that he's learned his experience atop of the ocean and not inside it, but if he's made up his mind to try a trip below the waves, instead of above 'em, in the ord'nary way, as you tell me he has, then you may stake your shoes on it Cap'n Colepepper knows what he's about.' And that's just what I says to 'em, sir."

The captain had let his pipe go out and his screwed up eyes were twinkling with pleasure under the heavy thatches of their brows. Dr. Tring, however, not being the recipient of the eulogy, had leisure for criticism and kept looking rather pointedly at the new arrival's empty left sleeve, wondering to himself, perhaps, whether half a recruit was better than no recruit at all.

Jelly noticed these glances and, turning to the doctor, said earnestly, "I've been at sea with Cap'n Colepepper, sir, since I lost my wing, and, though folks think there's only half of me left, some of 'em have found out I'm worth ten dead men yet."

"That's a solid fact, doctor," commented the captain.

"Which being so," continued the seaman. "I'd just like to sign on now for self and 'Enrietta."

"For self and what?" roared Dr. Tring.

"Self and 'Enrietta," repeated the man stolidly.

"Quite so," assented Captain Colepepper: "for himself and Henrietta. That's all right, doctor, isn't it?" And then, seeing his friend's look of bewilderment, he burst into a roar of laughter.

"I forgot," cried the captain, "that you haven't met Mrs. Jelly. Have you got her anywhere handy, Tom?"

"Cruising on and off the end of the street, sir," replied the seaman promptly.

"Give her a hail then and we'll introduce her to the ship's company."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

1,000 TO 1 AGAINST.

A Soldier's Chances of Being Killed on the Battlefield.

It is certainly a crumb of comfort to a man about to fight for his country to know that in battle not more than one in every 1,000 projectiles of all descriptions and weight take effect.

Competent authorities state that on the average it takes a ton of shot to kill one man. For instance, it has been estimated that in the Crimean War the British and French troops fired between them the enormous amount of 45,000,000 projectiles, resulting in the death of only 51,000 Russians, while on the other side the Czar's adherents killed some 46,000 of the Allies with an expenditure of over 50,000,000 projectiles, this representing a death for every 1,087 shots fired.

The American Civil War returns, which were got out with very great care, showed that the loss to both the Federals and Confederates was about 7 per cent. of the forces engaged, to bring about which involved the expenditure of nearly 22 cwt. of ammunition per man.

At the seige of Mezieres, in the Franco-German War, the Prussians threw no fewer than 197,000 projectiles into the ill-fated town; but, strange to say, less than 400 people were killed by them. Then at Trouville, two people only were killed after some 27,000 odd shells had been discharged. At Sedan, however, the aim of both the Germans and French showed a marked improvement, for after 240,000 projectiles had been fired nearly 9,000 French and Prussians were killed.

For the Spanish-American War the returns showed a tremendous amount of shot and shell fired for very meagre results. Of course, in this case, although the mortality was not great, the damage to earthworks, fortifications, and Government buildings generally was enormous, and there can be little doubt that if the Spaniards had not made themselves scarce the death roll would have been appalling.

Again, when the American marines landed at Santiago, during a fusilade upon the enemy, lasting two nights, the machine guns and rifles alone accounted for the consumption of over 25,000 pounds of ammunition. Sixty-eight dead Spaniards were found as a result of this enormous expenditure of ammunition.

Our own experience in our "little wars" has been very little, if any, better than the results just recorded. Take, for instance, the Chartered Company's expedition into Matabeleland. Every one will remember how the warriors of Lobengula were mowed down by the Maxim guns, but even in this instance, which, perhaps, is the most effective on record, as the impi advanced on the British lines in solid masses, it would have puzzled a blind man to have missed shooting some of them. The mortality was very small considering the vast number of cartridges expended, but this is accounted for by the fact that on examination some of the dead bodies contained more than fifty bullets in each. On another occasion, at an attack on a laager some twenty miles south of Bulawayo, 14,000 rounds of ammunition were disposed of with a result of 846 dead Matabele.

Military authorities now regard rapidity of fire as being more essential than range and precision, and content themselves with giving general orders to aim low, and this, perhaps, accounts for the fact that most wounds are inflicted on the enemy's lower extremities, statistics showing that on the average 45 per cent. of wounds occur in the legs, 33 per cent. in the abdomen, 21 per cent. in the arms and chest, and only 1 per cent. in the head.

COW FARMING.

Difference Between Old and New Methods—Where the Profits Come In.

Every farmer should have a specialty, says the Boston Cultivator. There are probably more who find this specialty in breeding cows or producing dairy products than there are in any other branch of the farming business. This has resulted in making cow farmers more enterprising and successful than those who merely keep one or two cows for their own use and make dairy products of only secondary consideration. This was to be expected. All kinds of business that are successful are made specialties. There is more reason for this in the case of the farmer, whose business involves closer attention to details than any other. The man who makes a specialty of fruit growing or gardening may keep good cows, but it is impossible for him to give close attention to the manufacture of dairy butter and cheese to secure the best results. The large creameries sell their product somewhat higher than the average farm butter, though if the latter is well made from ripened cream it will keep better than the creamery or separated butter made from cream that has never soured. It is, we think, a perverted taste that gives preference to butter made from cream that has never soured. That from the creamery should be kept a few hours until souring begins. Then the curd can be better separated from the butter, and it will keep better.

The separation will take more of the butter fats out of sweet milk than can be got by the creamery or by natural rising of cream in the pan. But this increase of quantity is at the expense of keeping quality. Such butter is very much liked by many people. It is the kind of butter that is especially liked by our English customers. But it is a poor keeper and must be eaten soon after it arrives or it becomes rancid. In the years before the creamery the writer well remembers seeing his mother and grandmother put up four gallon crocks of butter, covering it with a layer of salt an inch thick and setting it away in a dark and cool room to be used next year. The favorite months for putting up butter in those times were June, September and October. The best of all the butter was made in June, though if there were plenty of fall rains to start the grass butter made in September and October was about as good. And as good butter can also be made from green corn fodder fed with the grain in the milk stage and supplemented with pumpkins, which, excepting carrots and parsnips, are almost the only vegetable that will not impart some inferior flavor to the butter. Wherever cows are kept more pumpkins, carrots and parsnips should be grown to supplement the corn fodder and grain which are the dairyman's main dependence.

The creamer should always be used to raise cream, for with the addition of cold in the ice surrounding the milk it causes the cream to rise while the milk is ice cold and of course sweet. It gets more of the cream that can be secured from pan rising, though if the milk is heated to a temperature of 130 to 140 degrees and then set in a cool room the cream will rise nearly as well as in a creamery. But this heating of the milk is apt to make the butter come soft. It cannot be successfully practiced during hot weather. Then ice must be used, and if it is used in the creamer it is preferable, as the milk beneath the cream will be sweet and is probable free from feeding stock while it is very young.

After 5 or 6 weeks old a calf will drink curdled milk as readily as it will drink sweet milk, and the curdled milk is really better for calves and pigs than sweet milk, because it has taken the first stage of digestion. It is true it does not contain quite as much nutrition, as there is always some waste whenever fermentation occurs. It is a slow decomposition, destroying nitrogen and carbon by uniting them with oxygen the same as in burning.

The difference between old and new methods of keeping cows is in nothing more noticeable than in summer and winter feeding. We can well remember when cows in summer, with dry hay and cornstalks that toward spring were almost as dry, was the main dependence for cow feed. Then the dairy regions were those natural to grass, where there was plenty of pure spring water, and the cows were pastured in summer in localities where, if corn could not be grown to supplement summer feed, green fodder of any kind seemed hardly to be needed. But the time has long gone by when the grass clad hills of Vermont and of the Mohawk valley, with Alleghany and Chautauqua counties in the same state, could make the boast that they were so much the best dairy producing regions that they could fix the price of butter. The Little Falls dairy market is, however, still the greatest in the world for the best butter. But even in those localities grass is far less important than it used to be, though we get more grass butter from these old dairy regions than from any other.

SETTLED IN HEAVEN.

Divine Interposition in Human Affairs.

FATE OF NATIONS IN GOD'S HANDS

Rev. Dr. Talmage Declares That God Does Not Govern the World in a Haphazard Manner—Nations Which Do Wrong Will Surely Perish.

Washington, Nov. 12.—The idea that things in this world are at loose ends and going at haphazard is in this discourse combated by Dr. Talmage. The text is Psalms cxix, 89, "Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven."

This world has been in process of change ever since it was created—mountains born, mountains dying, and they have both cradle and grave. Once this planet was all fluid, and no being such as you or I have ever seen could have lived on it a minute. Our hemisphere turns its face to the sun and then turns its back. The axis of the earth's revolution has shifted. The earth's center of gravity is changed. Once flowers grew in the arctic and there was snow in the tropic. There has been a redistribution of land and sea, the land crumbling into the sea, the sea swallowing the land. Ice and fire have fought for the possession of this planet. The chemical composition of it is different now from what it once was. Volcanoes once terribly alive are dead, not one throb of fiery pulse, not one breath of vapor—the ocean changing its amount of saline qualities. The internal fires of the earth are gradually eating their way to the surfaces—upheaval and subsidence of vast realms of continent.

Moravians in Greenland have removed their boat poles because the advancing sea submerged them. Linnaeus records that in 87 years a great stone was 100 feet nearer the water than when he wrote. Forests have been buried by the sea, and land that was cultured by farmer's hoe can be touched only by sailor's anchor. Loch Navis of Scotland and Dingle Bay of Ireland and the fiords of Norway, where pleasure boats now float, were once valleys and glens. Many of the islands of the sea are the tops of sunken mountains. Six thousand miles of the Pacific Ocean are sinking. The diameter of the earth, according to scientific announcement, is 189 miles less than it was. The entire configuration of the earth is altered. Hills are denuded of their forests. The frosts and the waters and the fire are bombard the earth till it surrenders to the assault. The so-called "everlasting hills" do not last. Many railroad companies cease to build iron bridges because the iron has a life of its own, not a vegetable life or an animal life, but a metallic life, and when that dies the bridge goes down. Oxidation of metals is only another term for describing their death. Mosses and seaweeds help destroy the rocks they decorate.

The changes of the inanimate earth only symbolize the moral changes. Society ever becomes different for better or worse. Boundary lines between nations are settled until the next war unsettles them. Uncertainty strikes through laws and customs and legislation. The characteristic of this world is that nothing in it is settled. At a time when we hoped that the arbitration planned last summer at the Hague, Holland, would forever sheathe the sword and spike the gun and dismantle the fortress the world has on hand two wars which are digging graves for the flower of English and American soldiery. From the presence of such geological and social and national and international unrest we turn with thanksgiving and exultation to say text and to say that there are things forever settled, but in higher latitudes than we have ever trod. "Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven."

High up in the palace of the sun at least five things are settled—that nations which go continuously and persistently wrong perish; that happiness is the result of spiritual condition and not of earthly environment; that this world is a schoolhouse for splendid or disgraceful graduation; that with or without us the world is to be made over into a scene of arborescence and purity; that all who are adjoined to the unparalleled One of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Golgotha will be the subjects of a supernal felicity without any taking off.

Do you doubt my first proposition—that nations which go wrong perish? We have in this American nation all the elememnts of permanence and destruction. We need not borrow from others any trowels for upbuilding or torches for demolition. Elements of ruin—nihilism, infidelity, agnosticism, Sabbath desecration, inebrity, sensuality, extravagance, fraud; they are all here. Elements of safety—God worshiping men and women by the scores of millions, honesty, benevolence, truthfulness, self sacrifice, industry, sobriety and more religion than has characterized any nation that has ever existed; they are all here. The only question is as to which of the forces will gain dominancy—the one class ascendant, and this United States Government, I think, will continue as long as the world exists; the other class ascendant, and the United States goes into such small pieces that other governments would hardly think them worth picking up.

Walk on in the cemetery of nations and see the long lines of tombs—Thebes and Tyre and Egypt and Babylon and Medo-Persian and Macedonian and Roman and Saxon heptarchy, great nations, small nations that lived 500 years.

Our own nation will be judged by the same moral laws by which all other nations have been judged. The judgment day for individuals will probably come far on in the future. Judgment day for nations is every day, every day weighed, every day approved or every day condemned. Never before in the history of this country has the American nation been more surely in the balances than it is this minute. Do right, and we go up. Do wrong, and we go down.

Another thing decided in the same high place is that happiness is the result of spiritual condition and not of earthly environment. If we who may sometimes have a thousand dollars to invest find it such a perplexity to know what to do with it and soon after find that we invested it where principal and interest have gone down through roguery or panic, what must be the worriment of those having millions to invest and whose losses correspond in magnitude with their resources! People who have their three or four dollars a day wages are just as happy as those who have an income of $500,000 a year. Sometimes happiness is seated on a footstool and sometimes misery on a throne. All the gold of earth in one chunk cannot purchase five minutes of complete satisfaction. Worldly success is an atmosphere that breeds the maggots of envy and jealousy and hate. There are those who will never forgive you if you have more emoluments or honor or ease than they have. To take you down is the dominant wish of most of those who are not as high as you are. They will spend hours and days and years to entrap you. They will hover around newspaper offices to get one mean line printed depreciating you. Your heaven is their hell.

A dying president of the United States said many years ago in regard to his lifetime of experience, "It doesn't pay." The leading statesmen of America in letters of advice warn young men to keep out of politics. Many of the most successful have tried in vain to drown their trouble in strong drink. On the other hand, there are millions of people who on departing this life will have nothing to leave but a good name and a life insurance whose illumined faces are indices of illumined souls. They wish everybody well. When the fire bell rings, they do not go to the window at midnight to see if it is their store that it on fire, for they never owned a store, and when the September equinox is abroad they do not worry lest their ships founder in a gale, for they never owned a ship, and when the nominations are made for high political office they are not fearful that their name will be overlooked, for they never applied for office. There is a much heartiness and freedom from care in their laughter that when you hear it you are compelled to laugh in sympathy, although you know not what they are laughing about.

When the children of that family assemble in the sitting room of the old homestead to hear the father's will read, they are not fearful of being cut off with a million and a half dollars, for the old man never owned anything more than the farm of seventy-five acres, which yielded only enough plainly to support the household. They have more happiness in one month than many have in a whole lifetime. Would to God I had the capacity to explain to you on how little a man can be happy and on how much he may be wretched! Get your heart right and all is right. Keep your heart wrong, and all is wrong. That is a principle settled in heaven.

Some have wondered why graduation day in college is called "commencement day" when it is the last day of college exercises, but graduation days are properly called commencement day. To all the graduated it is the commencement of a live life, and our graduation day from earth will be to us commencement of our chief life, our larger life, our more tremendous life, our eternal life. But what a day commencement day on earth is! The student never sees any day like it. At any rate, I never did. Old Niblo's Theatre in New York comes back to me. The gowned and tassel hatted professors behind us, and our kindred and friends before and above us, and the air redolent with garlands to be thrown to us. What a commencement day it was for all of us about to graduate! But mightier day will it be when we graduate from this world. Will it be hisses of condemnation or handclapping of approval? Will there be flung to us nettles or wreaths? Will it be a resounding "Come!" or a reverberating "Depart?"

Another thing decided in the high places of the universe is that this world, with or without us, will be made over into a scene of aborescence and purity. Do not think that such a consummation depends upon our personal fidelity. It will be done anyhow. God's cause does not go a-begging. If all the soldiers of Jesus Christ now living should become deserters and go over to the enemy, that would not defeat the cause. A large part of the Bible is taken up with telling us what the world will be. There is a large army, human and angelic, now in the field, but God's reserve forces are more numerous and more mighty than those now at the front, and if he could in Gideon's time rout the Midianites with a crash of crockery, and if he could in Shamgar's time overcome a host with an ox goad, and if in Samson's time he could defeat an army with a bleached jawbone, and if the walls of Jericho went down under a blast of perforated ram's horn, and if in Christ's day blind eyes were cured by ointment of spittle, then God can do anything he says he will do. As yet he has taken only one sword out of a whole armory of weapons. Do not get nervous, as if the Lord were going to be defeated.

Oh, that coming day of the world's perfection! The earth will be so changed that the sermonology will be changed. There will be no more calls to repentance, for all will have repented; no mere gathering of alms for the poor, for the poor will have been enriched; no hospital Sunday, for disjointed bones will have been set and the wounds all healed, and the incurable diseases of other times will have been overcome by a materia medica and a pharmacy and a dentistry and a therapeutics that have conquered everything that afflicted nerve or lung or tooth or eye or limb—healthology complete and universal. The poultice and the ointment and the panacea and the catholicon and the surgeon's knife and the dentist's forceps and the scientist's X ray will have fulfilled their mission. The social life of the world will be perfected. In that millennial age I imagine ourselves standing in front of a house lighted for love. We enter among groups filled with gladness and talking good sense and rallying each other in pleasantries and in every possible way forwarding good neighborhood: no looking askance, no whispered backbitings, no strut of pretension, no oblivion of some one's presence because you do not want to know him; each one happy, determined on making some one else happy; words of honest appreciation instead of hollow flattery; sauvities and genialities instead of inflations and pomposities; equipage and upholstery and sculpture and painting paid for; two hours of mental and moral improvement; all the guests able to walk as steadily down the steps of that mansion as when they ascended them; no awaking next morning with aching head and bloodshot eye and incompetent for the day's duties; the social life as perfect as refinement and common sense and culture and prosperity and religion can make it; the earth made better than it was at the start, and all through gospelizing influences, directly or indirectly.

Another thing decided in that high place is that all who are adjoined to the unparalleled One of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Golgotha will be the subjects of a supernal felicity without any taking off. The old adage says that "beggars must not be choosers," and the human race in its depleted state had better not be critical of the mode by which God would empalace all of us. I could easily think of a plan more complimentary to our fallen humanity than that which is called the "plan of salvation." If God had allowed us to do part of the work of recovery and he do the rest, if we could do three-quarters of it and he do the last quarter, if we could accomplish most of it and he just put on the finishing touches, many could look with more complacency upon the projected reinstatement of the human family. No, no! We must have our pride subjugated, our stubborn will made flexible and a supernatural power demonstrated in us at every step. A heavenly plan of salvation that would be, of human drafting and manufacturing! It would be a doxology sung to ourselves. God must have all the glory, not one step of our heavenly throne made by earthly carpentry; not one string could we twist of the harp of our eternal rejoicing. Accept all as an unmerited donation from the skies, or we will never have it at all.

"Now," says some one, "if Christ is the only way what about the heathen, who have never heard of him?" But you are not heathen, and by divert us from the question of our personal salvation? Satan is always introducing something irrelevant. He wants to take it out of a personality into an abstraction. Get our own salvation settled, and then we will discuss the salvation of other people. "But," says some one, "what percentage of the human race will be saved? What will be the comparative number saved and lost?" There satan thrusts in the mathematics of redemption. He suggests that you find out the mathematical proportion of the redeemed. But be not deceived. I am now discussing the eternal welfare of only two persons, yourself and myself. Get ourselves right before we bother about getting others right. O Christ, come hither and master our case! Here are our sins—pardon them; our wounds—heal them; our burdens—lift them; our sorrows—comfort them. We want the Christ of Bartimeus to open our blind eyes, the Christ of Martha to help us in our domestic cares, the Christ of Olivet to help us preach our sermons, the Christ of Lake Galilee to still our tempests, the Christ of Lazarus to raise our dead. Not too tired is he to come, though he has on his whipped shoulders so long carried the world's woe and on his lacerated feet walked this way to accept our salutation.

Fault With the Dinner.

Fuddy—I was surprised that Minton should come in to dinner a half hour late. No gentleman will be late for dinner.

Duddy—A gentleman is always a gentleman. He is never late for dinner. The dinner may be too early.—Boston Transcript.

"A woman's advice may be no great thing, but a man is a fool that doesn't take it" is true and she will probably advise you to try Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea!

The Alaskan Boundary.

Sir Louis Davies seems to be making some headway with the Alaska bondary difficulty. A temporary arrangement has been made which will prevent friction in the disputed territory. The Canadian Government appears to be pressing for access to the sea. They suggest the concession of Pyramid Harbor on the Lynn Canal. This would put an end to the dispute between the merchants of Vancouver and Seattle for commercial control of the Yukon, and diplomacy might then proceed to a final adjustment unembarrassed by the violence of local interests. If Canadian merchants have been, as they allege, so hampered by American customs regulations on the strip of territory between the Yukon and the sea that the Canadian tariff afforded no protection, they had just grounds of annoyance. The readiness of the Washington authorities to arrange a modus vivendi shows that they are not disposed to uphold their merchants in gaining an unfair advantage.

To fix the boundary between the United States and Canada at this point is difficult. The whole matter depends upon the construction of a treaty, made between Great Britain and Russia in 1825. The diplomats of that day had not accurate information of the coast line or the mountain ranges. This treaty provides that the boundary is to begin at the south end of Prince of Wales' Island and proceed thence along Portland Channel to latitude 56, and thence following the summit of the mountains to longitude 141 parallel to the windings of the coast, but never at a greater distance than ten marine leagues from the ocean. Canada has contended that the line of ten leagues should follow, not the actual windings, but the general trend of the coast, thus giving Great Britain access to the water on such inlets as Lynn Canal, or that the coast spoken of is that of the adjacent islands, bordering on the ocean. The United States has maintained, on the other hand, that the coast whose windings were to be followed is the shore of the mainland, following the shores of all bays, gulfs and inlets. The simple question, then, is what is meant by the words "windings of the coast," or in the French of the treaty, "Sinuosites de la cote?" We do not venture to say what is the purely legal construction of these words, or whether an international court would go outside the treaty to find what they mean. It must be conceded, at all events, that the negotiations leading up to the treaty of 1825 show that Great Britain was not then seeking to hold all that is now claimed by Canada.

New life for a quarter. Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

An Old Document.

The other day one of the workmen employed in removing the old military prison at Glencorse discovered an interesting document in a recess which had been built up in one of the walls. The paper was found hanging by a string, and had been intentionally hidden. The writer of the document appears to have been Surgeon Edward Booth, who gives an interesting account of the building being turned into a military prison in 1846, when there were three wards containing 37 cells, while in 1848 another ward with 12 cells was added. It was in the wall of this ward that the paper was deposited. In addition to giving a list of the local prison officials, the names of the leading officers in Scotland in 1848 are noted, and also the troops serving in North Britain at the time.

Rule Out the Professionals.

It is said there is certain exhibitors who manage to rake in from $1,500 to $2,000 a season clear of all expenses, by showing some special animal or two of which they have the monopoly. No one will pretend that the farmers in any locality will realize the value of such prize money by the exhibiton of two or three animals or a few pens of chickens, which most likely have been doctored and trimmed up for the occasion. Professional exhibitors should be vigorously ruled out.—Bradford Witness.

Public drinking fountains in New York have proved a great success. The number of people who patronized them on an average warm day was about 84,000, of whom 5,000 to 6,000 took water away in vessels.

Salt rheum and all eczematous conditions of the skin are cured by the use of Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

A new back for 50 cents. Miller's Kidney Pills and Plaster.

Sahara Desert is Really Great.

The Sahara desert is three times as large as the Mediterranean.

Pale sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

Dufferin County is Prosperous.

Building operations in Dufferin County for the season of 1899 are, says The Shelburne Economist, a fair index to the prosperity of our people. Builders in all lines have been kept unusually busy throughout the season, and a great deal of work has yet to be done. In the western portion of the county we have evidence of the "growing time" on every hand, in the way of new houses, barns and a rapid clearing up of land, which a few years ago was forest and swamp. Other evidences of the prosperity of Dufferin County farmers are found in the general effort to reduce farm mortgages. That such reductions are taking place to a greater extent than for many years is a fact within the knowledge of the writer. Farmers have had good crops, they have had ready cash markets for everything they have to sell, and the reduced rates of interest will enable those owing money on mortgages tomake generous repayments of principal.

LUCKY LUCKNOW.

Ontario Town Which Considers Itself Fortunate in Having Dodd's Kidney Pills on Hand.

Since Dodd's Kidney Pills Were Introduced Little is Heard of the Old Complaint—Backache—Mr. Geo. Burgess Explains His Case.

Lucknow, Nov. 6.—The people of this town are of the opinion that they are the most fortunate lot of people in the country. They say they have discovered a remarkably easy escape from Backache—the enemy of all peoples at all times. They say that Backache is really Kidney ache, and that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it. The people of Lucknow may be right, and indeed they are right, to a certain extent. But they are laboring under a mistaken impression if they imagine they have made a new discovery in finding Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Backache.

It is a well-known fact in all countries that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a specific not only for Backache, but for all forms of Kidney Disease—Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, Women's Disorders, and Blood Impurities.

The people of Lucknow are not the less fortunate, however, in having a medicine that will cure these diseases, even though cures are not confined to their own town. Dodd's Kidney Pills comprise the only medicine that will cure them, and there was a time when the more severe of the maladies were incurable.

Mr. George Burgess, of Lucknow, says: "I have been sick for about five months. I had a terrible backache all the time, and my kidneys were very bad as the doctor said. I was advised to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I got one box and found relief almost immediately. I used three boxes altogether and am recovered completely. I can do my work better now than ever in my life before."

Justin McCarthy's Eyes.

Justin McCarthy, the historian and novelist, has just undergone the last of a series of operations for the relief of his eyes, and it is expected that his sight will be completely restored.