THE FOUNDERED GALLEON

By WEATHERLY CHESNEY AND ALICE MUNRO.

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She put over the wheel a couple of spokes, and for a moment the great eel was dropped by the lantern rays and passed out of sight. But the next instant it had worked itself into the glare again, and then, keeping the light squarely on to it, Guthrie saw to his horror that it was undulating slowly through the water in the direction of the conning tower.

"Call the doctor, Alan!" cried Dolly in alarm.

Guthrie went to the ladder and shouted, and the doctor's long legs came tumbling up the steps three at a time.

But before he arrived the beast had gained the ketch's decks, and its great snakelike head was nuzzling against the glass windowed ports of the conning tower.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIND OF THE SANTA CATARINA.

As soon as he saw the great eel Dr. Tring turned out the lights with a snap and passed down an order to empty the tanks as fast as the water could be driven out of them. All hands worked with a will, and very soon the Eureka was leaping surfaceward again in rapid bounds.

Of what was occurring on her decks those in the hold did not hear till after the ballast tanks had been freed of water and the iron hatches had been opened once more to the sea breeze. But then they crowded up, and the doctor told the tale.

"There is little in it," he said. "Directly I turned the light off the beast gave up nuzzling the glass and started driving its sharp nose against the panes with all the force it could muster. There was nothing for it but to make for the surface as fast as possible. If the glass had gone, the pressure of water from without would have been so intense that nothing we could have done would have prevented the inrush. And then—by the way, has anybody got matches? I want a cigarette."

But, though the doctor thus made little of the encounter, the danger had been really great, and more than one of the Eureka's crew began to wonder whether they were destined ever to find the gold which was to be the reward of their daring. For, do what they would, no glimpse of the Santa Catarina came to reward their patient search. They had diligently quartered five square miles of the sea floor, and, unless they had overlooked her, she was not there. That evening, therefore, there was a council held on deck, while the ketch rode stationary at her sea anchor.

"It is rather disappointing," the doctor owned, "but I don't consider the case by any means hopeless as yet. You see, that old galleon was a wooden ship, and so when she left the top of the sea she would not of necessity go straight to the bottom. She would sink a good many fathoms and then would get to a layer of water of sufficient denseness to prevent her going any farther for awhile. But, though she would not remain suspended for long, for her timbers and cargo would soon get thoroughly sodden, she might very well get into some undercurrent which would take her along goodness knows how far."

"But," objected Captain Colepepper, "if there had been any such current about, we should have noticed it."

"Not necessarily. It may be some subsurface stream, running only a few inches an hour. With our rough observations we should never notice such a small disturbance as that. And yet, given time, it might have shifted the slowly sinking galleon on a good long distance before she finally settled into her bed upon the ooze. No, I shall not abandon our search while we have a single cylinder of oxygen left, and even then I shall not go away because I consider it hopeless."

And so it was decided that the search should go on. The Eureka made descent after descent and each day surveyed as much of the ooze bed below as her hand driven screw would take her over.

Besides the two extraordinary perils which have been mentioned, there were other and more frequently repeated times of danger. These were the moments when she was returning to or dropping from the surface. Then, if there happened to be anything of a heavy sea or swell running, the doctor found himself in no small difficulty. Of course the time of descent was in his own hands, for, if the weather was bad when the hour came for the dive, he could simply wait and let the ketch ride to her floating anchor till the sea moderated. But if a blow sprang up while she was in the black depths below she was pinned. She was bound to come to the surface sooner or later, or her crew would suffocate. But several times when they had begun to pump water out of the ballast tanks and risen almost the whole distance, they found that there was a dangerous sea running overhead and were compelled to stay their hands and let the Eureka balance in middepth till the weather had improved.

On all occasions but one this manoeuver had succeeded, though at the cost of a grievous waste of the store of compressed oxygen. But on that one day, after using up three whole cylinders of the precious gas and enduring the close air of the hold till its surcharged heaviness nearly choked them, they took to the pumps again in a kind of desperation and crept slowly up to the boisterous surface above.

Heavily waterlogged as she was, the Eureka would not rise to the seas, but rolled sluggishly in the trough and allowed the heavy waves to make a clean breach over her. The imprisoned treasure hunters could hear the cataracts of green falling overhead like avalanches of stone. Every nail and every rivet of the vessel was tried to its uttermost. Nothing but her colossal strength brought her through that fierce ordeal, and when the iron hatches were taken off and the crew got on to the deck the rigging and launching of the sea anchor proved a task almost too great for them. But at last it was done, and the ketch was slewed round to ride bows on to the waves.

Then there was leisure to look around, and the sight which met the eyes was cruel enough, for the pounding seas had made sad havoc while the Eureka had been rolling helpless in their trough.

Nine days after the adventure with the giant eel Dolly made a mistake which was the cause of giving a great disappointment to the whole crew. This is how it happened:

The Eureka had sunk quietly down to within a fathom or so of the ooze, and the doctor, who always directed the upward and downward movements of the vessel himself, left the conning tower and went down to help the others on the crank. Dolly remained in the conning tower alone. The wheel worked easily. She had the binnacle in front of her and was well able to steer a compass course, and as the pace which the hand driven screw gave along the sea floor was slow, and Dolly's brown eyes were very keen, she was easily able to keep a smart lookout at the same time.

The other seven members of the crew had been grinding stolidly out at the hateful screw shaft for some hour and a half, saying little to one another, and (some of them at least) thinking of little, for the monotony of the never ending work had knocked the spirit out of them. But of a sudden they were electrified into sentient beings again by a cry from above of: "Oh, there she is! There! At last!"

No order was given, but the crank stopped dead at the turn, and save for Cain Laversha, who sat in his place unmoved, one and all rushed up the ladder and squeezed into the conning tower. The Eureka was motionless, and her searchlight was turned full on the object which had caused Dolly's cry.

It was a wreck, lying over on its starboard bilge, with decks facing away from the Eureka. Fore and main masts were standing. Topmasts had disappeared; mizzenmasts had gone by the board and lay trailing on the port quarters by the rigging. Her sides were gapped with gun ports. Her bottom was still green with rumpled copper sheathing.

The doctor's hand stole on to Dolly's shoulder.

"Little girl," said he, "brace yourself up for a disappointment."

"Oh, doctor," cried Dolly, "isn't that the Santa Catarina?"

"Dolly, my dear, I'm very sorry for you. Your smart lookout has done you credit, but this is a little accident that

"Ah, Guthrie, my lad, shake hands!"

might have happened to any of us. Wrecks are not plentiful down here on the sea floor, and it is natural to steer for the first that one sees, but that is not the one we want."

"But are you sure, doctor? Hadn't we better go round to the other side of her and make certain before we go away?"

The doctor shook his head. "Unfortunately I am quite sure of what I say," he went on. "That unlucky craft before us has not been down 50 years. She has been built this century. The galleon we are after has very different lines, and, moreover, could not possibly be in anything like such good preservation. I'm very sorry for you, Dolly"—

"Don't say any more about it, doctor. I'm sorry for having hoaxed you all. So if you'll forgive me for that, please don't say anything more."

And Dr. Tring and the rest went below again, and Dolly resumed her solitary watch.

However, though Captain Colepepper could not resist the temptation now and again of alluding slyly to the wonderful things which his daughter's eyes did contrive to pick out, it was to the smartness of those same brown eyes that the success with which the toilers' patient efforts were in the end tardily crowned was due. And it came just in the nick of time. So utterly wearied was every one with the work and sickened with the endless turning of that awful crank that even the two promoters of the enterprise had almost brought themselves to admit that it must be abandoned. Dolly saved it; at the eleventh hour, it is true, but still in time. Dr. Tring admitted afterward that he doubted whether he could have held out a single day longer. Once more on the surface and the feeling of loathing might have proved too strong to be resisted. Canvas would have been bent and the Eureka's bowsprit pointed away from the hateful spot.

But about midway through the "watch below" (as they were wont with grim irony to term their period of toil in the bowels of the sea), after they had been down about three hours, there came a quiet hail of "Doctor!" from the conning tower, and the doctor, jumping from his seat, sprang nimbly up the ladder. Presently the order was passed to stop the crank, and then there was a short hissing as the water entered the ballast tanks and a faint jolt as the ketch grounded on the ooze.

No word had reached the hold yet of what had occurred, but the single great hope which was in each worker's mind made him sanguine. Unable to stand the suspense, Guthrie clambered swiftly up the ladder.

The doctor was standing by Dolly, looking out from one of the ports. He turned and saw the young man coming through the hatch.

"Ah, Guthrie, my lad, shake hands! Pleased to see you. Miss Colepepper has made up her mind that it's to be a schooner, a big schooner, with a steam launch in davits so that she can be towed if it falls calm."

Dolly laughed.

"I hadn't quite got so far as that, doctor," she said. "But," she added, turning to the undergraduate, "I think it's possible that I may decide to have the yacht after all. There lies the money to buy it with, anyway."

"Come and have a look at her. The Santa Catarina at last!" said the doctor gleefully. "She isn't in a very good state of preservation as far as her woodwork goes, but I don't suppose the specie will be much the worse for the ducking. Where is she? Why, there, straight in front of you, in the middle of the circle of light. Miss Colepepper must have had remarkably good eyes to spot such a ruin. Don't you think so now?"

CHAPTER IX.

THE HAUL OF THE GRAB.

Those brown eyes of Dolly's must indeed have been keen to make out the site where the Santa Catarina was lying, for, with the exception of a slight mound, covered by the omnipresent ooze, there was little to distinguish the Spanish treasure ship from the ocean floor on which it rested.

Every drop of blood in the girl's body was tingling with excitement at the discovery which her bright eyes had been the means of making, and with a little flash of pleasure she made way for the undergraduate to take her place at the window of the conning tower. Dr. Tring, meanwhile, kept up a running fire of congratulations.

As he looked through the glazed port Guthrie could hardly persuade himself that before him lay the foundered galleon that they had come so far and labored so heavily to discover.

He had pictured to himself a shattered and rotten wreck, which, though eaten by the sea water and broken by the explosion, would still retain a good deal of its old form and appearance. In Dr. Tring's room at 103 Shaftoe street had been, among other things, a volume of old prints which were copies from the sea pictures in the great council chamber of the doges' palace at Venice. Dolly and he had studied these carefully, and from them had obtained a very tolerable notion of the naval architecture of the earlier centuries. He expected, therefore, that the galleon would have some traces remaining of lofty forecastle and aftercastle; that at least one of her great poop lanterns would be left; that she would have, at any rate, one mast standing. He had pictured to himself the size and shape of its heavy "roundtop," and, in fact, though the whole would doubtless be shrouded by a heavy growth of sea shrub and creeper, he had hoped that his imagination, by filling in a few gaps here and there, would still have given him a very fair picture of what the galleon was when she rode in all her bravery of canvas and bunting over the waves of the surface.

But he had forgotten to allow for the corroding power of the brine. Iron nails had dissolved to mere threads, timber had turned to a thin green sirup, the hard iles oak timbers and sheathing had rotted to a pulpy slime. The whole fabric of the great vessel had disintegrated of its own weight, reclining where it fell, and the ever precipitating diatom ooze had shrouded its identity almost completely. Save here and there, where some charred beam or plank of the hard Spanish timber projected crookedly like a rotten tree snag, the symmetry of the mound was unbroken.

"Bravo, Dolly!" said the doctor. "Whatever we do get now we've to thank you for. D'you know, Guthrie, that this is the third time we have been over this particular piece of ground and that I was on the watch on the other occasions, and must have passed this precious hillock as I did any other inequality of the sea floor?"

"Miss Colepepper," said the undergraduate, "the very next time we pipe down to dinner I shall crave the honor of proposing your health."

"And I'll join you in drinking the toast!" cried the doctor heartily. "But now we won't waste any more time in congratulations. The length of our stay down in this gloomy treasure house is limited. We can't prolong it without danger. So, Guthrie, away with you below again, lift her a bit with the pumps, give a few turns to the crank shaft till I get her under command again and laid fairly up alongside, and then stand by to work the grab!"

At the word down the young man tumbled, full of eagerness as he had half an hour before been full of lassitude and loathing. He told the tale to the others, and never had work in those gloomy 'tween decks been more cheerfully done. The pumps clanked merrily till the ketch was off the ground again, and then the screw shaft hummed round at such a pace that Dr. Tring was forced to shout down to ease her or he should run the hillock out of sight. And at length, when the doctor had ranged her up into position and dropped her down on to the sea floor again, the others tumbled briskly forward to the set of cranks which worked the grab, every man of them tingling with excitement. For the result of all their weary labors was now to be put to the proof.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WIRELESS TELEPHONES.

Human Voices Readily Heard Through the Earth.

Sir William Preece's wireless telephone experiments, by which it is announced it has been possible to hear distinctly a series of taps used on the Morse principle, has caused great interest in the electrical world and has been made the subjece of a statement by Dr. Peter Stiens, who has been hard at work for years on a system of wireless telephony.

In an interview with a representative of The London Central News Dr. Stiens said:

"I have read some account of Sir William Preece's wireless telephone experiments, but I must say that I am not working on Herzian waves at all. My principle is that of using only one means of conduction—namely, the earth. I simply send electricity through the earth from one apparatus to another in sympathy with it. No high poles or balloons or anything of that kind is required for my system.

"My apparatus is small and portable. Of course, I cannot, for obvious reasons, just at present tell you about its construction and method of use. I have not had an opportunity of examining Sir William Preece's system, but I see that in the newspaper account all that is claimed for it is that the users can hear taps, which, when used as a Morse system, can be utilized in the sending of messages.

"Now, from this it would appear that to be able to use his invention one must be a telegraph operator or other person understanding the Morse code. Of course I don't know what Sir Willaim has in mind for the future, but I claim that by my invention not only taps, but the spoken words, the sound of the human voice, can be heard and that at great distances with excellent results. Soon I hope to be in a position to give a series of practical demonstrations in the presence of electrical experts."

Worth Thinking Of.

What can be done in a minute? Think about it, dear young people. It takes no more than a minute to speak a few kind words to somebody who will be made much happier by hearing them. It takes no more than a minute to give a sweet smile to some poor forlorn child who is carrying a burden too heavy for its tender heart. It takes no more than a minute to make up a quarrel between little brothers and sisters.

Lieutenant General Lord Methuen.

This aristocrat is the youngest lieutenant general in the British army. He has been in the service 35 years and is a veteran of wars in Ashanti and Egypt.

RAILWAYS IN AFRICA.

Rapid Development of Lines on the Continent—Nearly 12,000 Miles in Operation.

On the day the Boers declared there were in operation in Africa nearly 12,000 miles of railroad. At the end of 1890 the mileage for the entire continent was only 5,[illegible] miles. In the past eight years it has more than doubled, 5,972 miles of roads having been put in operation. Some of these roads are now being extended, work has begun on a few new enterprises, and these extensions and new lines, for whose completion financial arrangements have been made, will add about 2,500 miles to the total. Then there are other projects, such as the German road from Tanganyika, the French road from Algeria to the Soudan and the English road from the Congo to the Nile, all government schemes and yet under way. It is probably a conservative estimate to say that, at the end of the next decade will see 20,000 miles of railroad in operation.

The Colonial Council at Berlin was informed on Oct. 16 that the Imperial Government had decided to build the East African Central Railroad, and for this purpose would raise a loan at 3½ per cent. interest. The object of the government in building the road itself is to hasten the development of the colony, also to have a free hand in shaping the conditions that will arise when a junction is effected with the British road from Cape Town to Alexandria. The German Colonial Society has advocated this great project for years, but the Reichstag has not been willing to guarantee interest upon the necessary capital, and funds therefore have not been raised.

The estimated cost of a narrow gauge railroad, with terminal ports on the Indian Ocean at Bagamoyo and Dar-es-Salaam, to Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, with a branch from Tabora to the south end of Victoria Nyanza, is $60,000,000. As a private enterprise it has seemed impracticable, but it is necessary for the development of German East Africa, which is over a third larger than Texas and is believed to have double the population of that State. Other British are rapidly building their railroad from the Indian Ocean to Victoria Nyanza, and it is now almost half completed. The same considerations that induced Germany to compel the building of the neighboring German line.

No one dreamed a few years ago the activity in railroad building which the last years of this century have witnessed. To say nothing of the rapid developemnt of railroads in civilized North and South America, there are now in operation or in construction between the tropics lines of railroad leading from the seacoasts to the interior. Besides these enterprises in tropical Africa, there are the north and south roads, such as the three Algerian lines stretching to or into the Sahara, all of them to be feeders of the future Trans-Saharan line; the road up the Nile, which has crossed the Atbara River on an American bridge, and is now approaching Kharfoum, and the line extending north from Bulawayo to Salisbury, which is to be another link in the road that is to join South Africa with the Mediterranean.

THE TRANSAFRICAN RAILWAY.

The day of the camel caravan and human portage is passing. Thousands of black carriers in the cattle region of the Congo have given place to freight cars. At 12 points along the tropical coast railroads now supplant the old trade routes for a considerable distance inland. The time was when the Nile and Niger were a day to the holy city of Harar, with a few years ago no infidel had ever entered except in disguise. The railroad is following the telegraph line to the capital of King Menelik, and while the Nile road will cross the Mahdist territory north and south the line now building from Suakim to Berber will cross it from east to west. Thus the era of the pioneer explorer has given place to the brighter day of the railroad, making all progress possible by bringing even the far interior of Africa into close touch with the rest of the world.

An Important Matter.

"Elizabeth scared us all nearly to death by sending back a telegram."

"Had she forgotten something?"

"No. She wired us not to cut all the apple butter while she was gone."—Detroit Free Press.

DAYS OF FESTIVITY.

Sunshine and Shadow on the Cradle of the Saviour.

THE STORY OF THE INCARNATION

Dr. Talmage Takes His Text From What Many Consider the Dullest and Most Unimportant Chapter in the New Testament, But He Finds It Full of Practical, Startling and Eternal Interest.

Washington, Dec. 24.—The story of the incarnation is here told by Dr. Talmage in a new way, and practical lessons are made of these days of festivity. The text, Matthew i. 17, "So all the generations from Abraham to David are 14 generations, and from David until the carrying away into Babylon are 14 generations, and from the carrying away into Babylon unto Christ are 14 generations."

From what many consider the dullest and most unimportant chapter of the New Testament I take my text and find it full of practical, startling and eternal interest. This chapter is the front door of the New Testament, through which all the splendors of evangelism and apostolicity come. Three times 14 generations are spoken of in my text—that is, 42 generations, reaching down to Christ. They all had relation to him. And at least 42 generations to affect us. If they were good, we feel the result of the goodness. If they were bad, we feel the results of the wickedness. If some were good and some were bad, it is an intermixing influence that puts its strong hand upon us. And as we feel the effect of at least 42 generations, just we will in turn influence at least 42 generations to come, if the world shall last 1,000 years. So to me the cradle is more important than the grave.

I propose to show you some of the joys upon the Christic cradle of Bethlehem and then the sunshine that rested upon the pillow of straw. Also among the shadows on that cradle's bed that there was here and there a specimen of dissolute ancestors. Beautiful Ruth! his ancestress! Olives! Devout Asa one of his forefathers? Oh, yes! Honest Josephat his father? Oh, yes! Holy Mary his mother? Oh, yes! But in that genological table were idolatrous Manasseh and oppressive Rehoboam and some men whose abominations may not be particularized. You see bad men may have good descendants. One of the most consecrated men I ever knew was the son of a man who lived and died a drunkenness. In the line of an ancestry there comes a gracious and merciful and glorious Christ. Let encouragement for those who have the 42 generations that precede them, however close by or far off they be! Some instances of peculiar and baleful and corrupt ancestry.

My amazement I found in those pages of Australia to which many were sent when there were transported from England that the percentage of crime was less than those parts of Australia originally settled by honest and good women. Some who were sent as judicial benches in Australia and in high governmental positions and in learned and useful professions and leaders in social life are the grandsons and granddaughters of those women who were exiled from Great Britain to Australia for arson and theft and assault and fraud and murder.

So we are all more or less affected by our ancestry we ought to be patient with those who go wrong, remembering that they may be the victims of unhappy antecedents. How lenient it ought to make us in our judgments of the blind! Perhaps we had 42 generations back of them pushing them the wrong way. Five hundred years before they were born the may have been a parentage of mighty augustness and majesty and grace 200 years ago. Do not blame a man because he cannot swim up the rapids of Niagara. Do not blame a skiff captain because he cannot outrace a Caribbean whirlwind. The fault of this man who does wrong may have been all right and his mother all right, but away back in the centuries there may have started a tendency propensity which he now feels. One of the Ten Commandments given on Mount Sinai recognizes the fact that evil may skip a generation, when the commandment speaks of visiting "the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," but says nothing about the second generation; and if evil may skip one generation why may not two and three and four and five generations, making a mighty leap and alighting very hard upon the head and the heart of some poor victim? Better be a little merciful towards the culprit lest after awhile some hereditary evil born in the year 1600 or 1700, having skipped the centuries, alight just as heavy upon you.

Another shadow on the Christic cradle was that it stood under a depraved king. Herod was at that time ruler and the complete impersonation of all depravities. It was an unfavorable time for innocence to expect good treatment.

Historians say that it was at a time of peace that Christ was born, but his birth aroused an antagonism of which the Bethlehem massacre was only a feeble expression. War of the mightiest nation of the earth opened against that cradle! The influence that came forth that night from that surrounding of camels and sheep and oxen challenged the iniquities of all the centuries and will not cease until it has destroyed them. What a pronunciamento went forth from that black and barbarian throne, practically saying, "Slay all the babes under 2 years of age, and that wide slaughter will surely include the death of the one child that most threatens my dominion!" Awful time was it for the occupant of that cradle! If he escape the knife of the assassin, then the wild beast's paw, or the bandit's clutch, or the midnight chill between Bethlehem of Judaea and Cairo, will secure his destruction. All the powers of earth and all the demons of hell bombarded that cradle.

Another shadow upon that Christic cradle was the obscurity of the place of birth. Bethlehem was an obscure village. David, the shepherd boy, had been born there, but after he became general and king he gave it no significance, I think never mentioning it but to ask for a drink of water out of the old well to which he used to go in childhood—the village so small and unimportant that it had to be separated in mind from another Bethlehem then existing and so was called Bethlehem of Judaea. There was a great capital of Syria, and there were the 15 beautiful cities on the beach of Galilee, any of them a good place to be born in; there were great towns famous at that time, but the nativity was to take place in a village which Christ intimated had been called by some "the least among the princes of Juda." Christ himself was to make the town famous for all time and all eternity. So heroes in later days by their deeds have given celebrity to neighborhoods that would never otherwise have been heard of beyond the radius of a few hundred miles. What a place for Christ to arrive at and to start from! The hero of the eternities!

O men and women of Messianic opportunity, why do you not make the place of your nativity memorable for your philanthropies—by the churches you build, the free libraries you open, the college you endow? Go back to the village where you were born, as the village where Christ went back to Dansvers, Mass., and with your wealth bless the neighborhood where in childhood you played and near by where your father and mother sleep the last sleep, or, from some such charity invite the Bethlehem angels to come back again, and over the plain house of your nativity ring out the old anthem of "Good will to men." Christ, born in an obscure place, proved it so widely known by his self-sacrifices and divine charity that all around the earth the village of Bethlehem has its name woven in garlands and chanted in "Te Deums" and built in houses of prayer.

It was while the peasants and his wife were on a visit for purposes of enrollment that Jesus was born. The Bible translators got the wrong word when they said that Joseph and Mary had gone to Bethlehem to be "taxed." People went no farther then to get taxed than they do now. The effort of most people always has been to escape taxation. Besides that, these two humble folk had nothing to tax. The man's turban was not worth taxing; the woman's sandals which kept her feet from being cut by the limestone rock, of which Bethlehem is mostly made up, were not worth taxing. No; the fact is that a proclamation had been made by the emperor that all the people between Great Britain and Parthia and of those lands included should go to some appointed place and give their names in, be registered and announce their loyalty to the Roman emperor. During that patriotic and loyal visit the first cry of the Divine Boy was heard.

They had walked 80 miles over a rough road to give in their names and take the oath of allegiance. Would we walk 80 miles to announce our allegiance to our King, one Jesus? Caesar Augustus wanted to know by the record on which that man and that woman wrote their names, or had them written for them, how many people in his empire he could depend on in case of exigency.

In all our churches there are so many half and half disciples, so many one-third espousers. They rather think the Bible is true, at any rate parts of it, and they hope that somehow Christianity will disenthrall the nations. They stay away from church on communion days and hope when they have lived as long as they can in this world they can somehow sneak into heaven. Oh, give in your names! Be registered on the church record down here and in the Lamb's Book of Life up there. Let all the world know where you stand, if you have to go as far as Joseph and Mary walked, if you have to go 80 miles before you find just the right form of worship and just the right creed, start in this modern December, as those villagers started in an ancient December, and amid the congratulations of church militant and church triumphant give in your names. It was while Joseph and Mary were on a visit of duty and obeying a reasonable command of Emperor Augustus that the star pointed to the place of nativity.

Another gleam of sunshine striking through the shadows above that Christic cradle was the fact of a special divine protection. Herod was determined upon the child's destruction. The monster put all his wits together in stratagem for the stamping of that young life just started. He dramatized piety. He suddenly got religious. He would leave his palace and take chariot and have steeds whipped up so that he could kneel at that cradle. We have to smile at what the imperial villain said when he ordered, "Go and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him bring me word, that I may go and worship him also." All the detectives he sent out failed in the search. You cannot reasonably account for that unhurt cradle except on the theory of a special divine protection. And most cradles are likewise defended. Can you understand why so many children, with all the epidemics that assail them and all their climbing to dangerous heights and all their perilous experiments with explosives and their running against horses' hoofs and during of trolleys and carts fast driven, yet somehow get through, especially boys of high spirit and that are going to amount to much? I account for their coming through all right, with only a few wounds and bruises, by the fact that they are divinely protected. All your charges of "Don't do this" and "Don't do that" and "Don't go there" seem to amount to nothing. They are the same reckless creatures of whom you are constantly anxious and wondering what is the matter now. Divinely protected! The most of your children would have been dead long ago but for that.

Another gleam of light scattering some of the gloom of that Christic pillow in Bethlehem was the fact that it was the starting place of the most wonderful of all careers. Looking at Christ's life from mere worldly standpoints, it was amazingly beyond all capacity of pen or tongue of canvas to express. Without taking a year's curriculum in any college or even a day at any school, yet saying things that the mightiest intellects of subsequent days have quoted and tried to expound. Great literary works have for the most part been the result of much elaboration. Edmund Burke rewrote the conclusion of his speech against Warren Hastings 16 times. Lord Brougham rewrote his speech in behalf of Queen Caroline 20 times, but the sermon on the mount seemed extemporaneous. Christ was eloquent without ever having studied one of the laws of oratory. He was the greatest orator that ever lived. It was not an eloquence Demosthenic or Ciceronic or like that of Jean Baptiste Massillon or like that which William Wirt, himself a great orator, was overcome with in log cabin meeting houses of Virginia when the blind preacher cried out in his sermon, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God."

Christ's oratory was unlike anything that went before or came after. Even the criticism of the world said, "Never man spake like this man." Dramatic? Why he took up a child out of the audience and set him on a table and by the embarrassed look of the child taught humility. He sent the prosecutors of a poor, sinful woman, blushing and confounded, out of the room by one sentence of sarcasm. Notice his power of emphasis and enunciation when he revealed himself after his resurrection by the peculiar way he pronounced the one word "Mary." His power of look shown by the way Peter, the great apostle, wilted under it. The book says, "The Lord turned and looked upon Peter." It was an omnipotent facial expression.

His power of hyperbole: A camel trying to crowd its hump through the eye of a sewing woman's needle and all that learned talk about a camel called the "needle's eye," only belittling the hyperbole. Power of sarcasm: The hypocrite styled by him "the whole who need not a physician." His power of perorations: The crushing of the timbers of the poorly built house on the beach of the Mediterranean. Power to take advantage of circumstances: When an auditor asked him whether they ought to pay taxes to Caesar, Christ practically said, "If any gentleman in this audience has in his pocket a Roman penny, I wish he would just hand it up to me." And someone handed him a penny, and then came the overwhelming answer of Christ, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's."

But the shadows have their uses. There must be a background to every good picture. Turner always put at least one fleck of cloud on his canvas, and the clouds of earth will be the background to bring out more mightily the brightness of heaven. And will it not be glorious if after all this scene of earthly vicissitude we meet again in our Father's house and talk over the past in an everlasting holiday. But meanwhile look out for the cradles. How much they decide for this world and the next! When Christ was born at Bethlehem, that decided the redemption of the world. Oh, look out for the cradles! Way a Bethlehem star of hope point down to each one of them and every hovering cloud be filled with chanting angels of mercy.

Just Like Boys.

You may see young gar-fish playing a game of leap-frog, just as you have seen the big boys at it.

A floating hawk's-bill turtle just now is the under boy, and again and again the gar-fish leap over him.

Sometimes in the game the gar-fish lands squarely on the sleeper's back, when the indignant turtle takes a long breath and dashes away, scattering the various little fishes that have assembled to see the fun.

If you have ever had an aquarium be sure and have some gar-fish in it and the turtle, and you can see the sport for yourselves.

MAINE HOSPITAL SHIP.

The Gift of an American to the British Government.

Will Cost the Owner Several Thousand Dollars a Month.

All the world has been astonished by the generosity of Mr. B. N. Baker, of Baltimore, who has lent the American owned steamship Maine to the British Government as a hospital ship in the South African war. The use of the steamship has not only been offered, but all operating expenses will be paid by Mr. Baker as long as we need the vessel. We may also make any alterations in the construction for hospital service.

The wages of the Captain of the Maine are about $100, the three mates and three engineers average $80 each, and the crew of thirty-two seamen and firemen get $25 a month each, making a total of $1,500. Mr. Baker will pay the officers and men every thirty days. The Maine burns twenty-two tons of coal daily, and, calculating this at three dollars a ton, the coal bill each month will be $1,980.

Stores for the ship's operation and foods will amount to $1,000 every thirty days. Then there is an insurance premium of six or seven per cent. on the ship's valuation of $300,000 to be carried. It will be seen that it will cost between $4,000 and $5,000 a month to operate the Maine. At the same time the ship is losing her monthly earnings of from $5,000 to $10,000.

The Maine belongs to the fleet of twenty-five vessels owned by the Atlantic Transport line, which operates between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and London. Mr. Baker is president of the company. The ships are owned by Americans, but are sailed under the British flag, because they can be constructed and operated more cheaply than under the Stars and Stripes. The head office of the company is at Baltimore. Shortly after war was declared Mr. Baker sent the following cablegram to the company's agents in London:

"Offer Her Majesty's Government the choice of steamers Maine, Maryland and Montana as hospital ship during the continuance of the war, fully manned; absolutely free, with permission to make any alterations necessary."

The reply read:

"The government accepts offer. Maine will be accepted."

The Maine is now at London, and the daily press despatches tell how the American women of London are raising thousands of dollars to fit out the ship, and firms are falling over one another to supply free everything needed from the ships washing to docking the Maine.

Mr. Baker states that he offered the vessel through an appreciation of the protection offered his ships while under the British flag.

The Maine is a steel steamer, 316 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 29½ feet depth of hold. She registers 2,780 tons gross, and was built in West Hartlepool, England, in 1887. She has triple expansion engines and six bulkheads. Captain Frederick Stone is her master.

Mr. Baker is one of the first citizens in the business and social life of Baltimore, and he is described as not only a great financier, but a "hustler." He received the news of the loss of the steamship Mohegan on the Manacles in the English Channel by long distance telephone at midnight at his country home in Catonsville, a suburb ten miles from Baltimore. He deemed it his duty to go at once to the scene of the great wreck. He hastily packed up a few valises, ordered out his team and drove to Baltimore, reaching the city about two in the morning. He chartered a special locomotive and car to carry him to New York. He reached there at eight in the morning, and at nine was on the deck of a six day steamer which was pulling out from her pier and headed for Europe.

When Spain and the United States began hostilities Mr. Baker lent the Missouri to the U. S. Government under the same conditions on which the Maine has been lent to Great Britain. She was operated by her regular officers and crew at an expense of thousands of dollars every month for nine months. Between August, 1898, and May, 1899, she carried 1,566 wounded and sick soldiers from Cuba and Porto Rico to the United States. Twenty-seven died during the voyages and twelve were buried at sea, but hundreds were saved.

The Navy Department having made a regular hospital ship of the Missouri, the the U. S. Government purchased her last June, and she is now on her way to Manila to bring home the ill and injured.

What Must Be Taken Away.

The people of these islands know that Lord Salisbury is speaking the rigid truth when he says that we have not engaged in this war, as a nation, from any craving for gold fields or for territory. But since it is abundantly clear that no paper guarantees will bind the Boers, it is impossible to carry on the task we have set before us—the attainment of equal right for all—without taking away the territorial power and the military privileges that have been abused to the injury of our peaceable and law-abiding fellow subjects and to the danger of the Empire.—The Times.

COULD NOT DRESS ALONE.

A Nova Scotian Farmer Tells of His Intense Suffering From Rheumatism and How He Found Relief.

From the Bridgewater, N. S., Enterprise.

Such suffering as rheumatism causes the victim upon whom it fastens itself is almost unendurable. Only those who writhe under its pangs can imagine the joy of one who has been freed from its terrors. Mr. J. W. Folkenham, of New Elm, N. S., is one of those who have been released from pain, and who believes it his duty to let others know how a cure can be found. Mr. Folkenham is a farmer, and like all who follow this arduous but honorable calling, is subject to much exposure. It was this exposure that brought on his trouble and caused him so much suffering before he was rid of it. He says:—"In the spring of 1897 I contracted rheumatism. Throughout the whole summer I suffered from it, and about the first of October it became so bad that I could not get out of the house. The pains were located in my hip and back, and what I suffered can hardly be expressed. I became so helpless I could not dress myself without aid. Eventually the trouble spread to my hands and arms, and at times these would lose all feeling and become useless. In November I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking four boxes began to improve. After using six boxes the pains and soreness had all gone and I was able to do a hard day's work. I intend using a few more boxes as a precautionary measure, and I would earnestly advise those suffering from this painful trouble to give Dr. Wiliams' Pink Pills a fair trial and be made well."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Getting Even With Him.

"Money, money, money all the time," he growled when she said she needed a new bonnet. "Do you know how much it cost to keep you in the country this summer?"

"No," she replied. "I don't know, but I know it didn't cost so much as it did to keep you in the city."—Chicago Post.

How to Get On.

Blinkers—How did that fool De Chappie get into the Four Hundred?

Winkers—His valet used to serve some one in the Prince of Wales' set. The Four Hundred admitted the valet, and then he introduced De Chappie.—New York Weekly.

Blue Ribbon Tea
thanks its Millions of Consumers,
and wishes them all
Many Happy Returns of the Season.