THE FOUNDERED GALLEON

By WEATHERLY CHESNEY AND ALICK MUNRO.

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"Any sport to be had on it?" asked Guthrie.

"No, I shouldn't say that there was," replied the doctor drylY. "The chief living things you'll find are mosquitoes—mosquitoes in swarms—and sand flies as big as your thumb nail by way of variety. The mosquitoes are bad, but the other monsters bite knobs off you and then fly away to a neighboring tree to eat them. Oh, yes, you may laugh, Miss Colepepper! You don't believe me, I see. But I advise you to get a veil rigged in front of that hat of yours in readiness."

The captain was tugging at his fringe of beard. It was obvious that he considered the conversation frivolous. The doctor turned to him:

"Pardon, Colepepper, for the digression. I'm enlarging these young people's ideas of natural history. Where were we when I mandered off?"

"Discussing what harbor we should run to, doctor. Is it to be this Piper's cay or not? It would do well enough if we could make the anchorage, but I tell you candidly I'm not going to risk picking up one of those infernal reefs by taking the ketch in myself. If you think you remember enough about the spot to play pilot, then we'll chance it; but if not, Nicholas Colepepper's not going to venture his own hand in this deal."

"Colepepper, you're putting a big responsibility on my shoulders!"

"I know it, doctor. But I hold no certificate for pilotage hereabouts, and I'm just as capable of taking the ketch through those reefs as that lubber Cain Laversha would be. If a shipmaster hails a pilot anywhere, he hands over the whole responsibility of sailing his vessel so long as the man is aboard and in charge. For which, see board of trade regulations. Section, pilotage."

The doctor took a turn round the cabin. "There's no help for it," he said at last. "I must attempt it. I think, I trust, I shall succeed."

He paused and inhaled a deep breath of smoke.

"Colepepper, I will remember that channel! I will take the ketch through!"

"That's it!" cried the captain, delightedly. "If you've made up your mind not to fail, doctor, I shall have no hesitation in handing her over to your charge when the time comes. And now, if you'll go on deck and see about setting all hands to repair damages, I'll just stay to pick out a course on the chart here and follow you in a couple of minutes. We'll have her under way by nightfall for Piper's cay."

The wind was blowing freshly from the west northwest. The ketch took a long leg and a short one, and by the late afternoon of the next day the white line of surf on the outlying reefs of Piper's cay was visible from the third hoop of the mainsail.

"Sundown in another hour," remarked the captain, after consulting his watch, "and if the weather's likely to hold fine I think we'd better heave her to till morning. Luff her up in the wind, there, Henrietta, and, Guthrie, just nip forward and make the staysail sheet fast to wind'ard—so! Lash the helm as she likes it, Henrietta! No, a bit more over. Yes, about there! Now she'll lie to like a mooring buoy till we're ready to pick a way through the reefs."

CHAPTER XII.

THE PASSAGE OF THE REEFS.

At daybreak "All hands!" was called. They got the ketch under weigh and beat her to within a quarter of a mile of the entrance through the outermost reefs. Then, heaving to again, they took the mainsail off her altogether and started afresh under number three jib and stringle headed mizzen trysail. The fore staysail was on deck, hanked, with the halyards hooked and moused, ready for instant hoisting, so that, if it should be required, the sail could be aloft in five seconds. But Captain Colepepper admitted that he did not expect to need it, unless, perhaps, for some sudden canting off by the head.

The shower, within reasonable limits, that the ketch forged along, the greater would be her safety, and therefore the captain had taken the extra precaution of getting the topsail and its yard bent on to a warp, ready to lower away astern by way of a floating drag, if the pace had to be still further retarded.

When these various preparations had been completed, way was got on the Eureka again. She coased bobbing lazily over the swells and turned in toward the reefs.

Captain Colepepper was at the tiller, Henrietta stood in the port channels ready with the hand lead, Tom Jelly was perched on the crosstrees, Cain Laversha was on the mizzen sheet, Hans, Dolly and the undergraduate were all stationed ready for emergency duty on the forecastle. Dr. Tring as pilot had taken up his position on the heel of the bowsprit and stood with eyeglasses screwed firmly into their puckered leathery framework, peering anxiously at the water ahead.

The breeze was from the southward, and as their course lay mostly toward north, they expected to have it fair for most of the time. The entrance to the channel which Dr Tring was making for was about a couple of miles in width. The clear water within its boundaries stood out darkly against the crumbling lines of surf on either hand.

They crept slowly into this pass and worked their way carefully along, jibing frequently. The lead was kept going constantly, but it was in reality of less use than the sharp lookout which was kept by the young eyes forward. At this work the depth of water can be plumbed quickly, and with a good deal of accuracy by merely watching the color indications. The different depths are shown by different surface tints, and with a little experience it is as easy to read these as it would be to prick out a course on a shaded chart.

Had it not been for these chromatic indications they could never have picked their way along, for many times, when Henrietta's shrill voice was calling out "No bottom!" the doctor was singing out for "Down helm and hard in sheets!" to avoid some covered rock that rose sheer up from the deep directly ahead of her.

They happened to be close to one of these hidden shoals when a sea broke, and as the ketch slipped away close hauled from along its edge Dolly looked over to leeward and saw a wonderful sight—lovely, yet almost fearsome in its irresistible grandeur.

"Watch it, Alan!" she cried. "It's going to break!"

A huge green roller had risen as if by magic from the smoother water of the channel. Driven along in a grand, solemn rush by some unseen force, it swept over the outermost barriers of the shoal till it reached the shallowest part. Then its crest bowed slowly over. It was a majestic movement. The bending was done as quietly and evenly as though the water had been a sheet of metal, and the sun was mirrored off from it in a flashing blaze of emerald light. The head of the wave seemed to grow thinner and thinner, till it became as translucent as fine bottle glass, and at last, when the towering weight of waters grew too great to be supported on its curving base, the whole mass fell with a roar, a shriek, a sob on to the honeycombed coral beneath. And the spume flakes rising into the air fled like light winged sea fowl far away over the leeward waters.

Little by little the Eureka's pilot felt his way along through the mazes of the reefs, twice grazing the ground, though without fortunately doing any harm to her fabric, and once getting hopelessly embayed in a channel which grew narrower and narrower as she progressed along it.

The water was deep under her keel, but the lines of surf on either hand were closing in. The doctor hailed the masthead. Tom Jelly's keen eye could see no way out. As far as he could see the channel filled up ahead and in a mile became impassable. There might be a chance of getting through, but to fail would be fatal. So the doctor determined to retrace his steps while she had yet room to turn.

The helm was put down, therefore, and with head sheets slackened the ketch came round into the wind. The channel was too narrow for her to beat out. So a kedge, which lay on deck ready shackled, was tumbled over the bows and the crew were piped below for a rest and dinner.

In another hour they turned to work again. Tom Jelly, Henrietta, the captain and Guthrie tumbled into the boat and went ahead to tow with Dolly to steer them, and then the hardest work of the day began.

The Eureka seemed to the crew in the boat to be as loath to move as a quayside would have been. As soon as the strain on the hawser slackened they were drawn mockingly back stern first. They dipped the oars again, and the rope grew tauter; they set their feet hard against the thwarts and thrust for all they were worth with their bodies lying nearly horizontal. But all that they appeared to achieve was to send their oar blades swirling uselessly through the water. The boat strained and tugged to leap on, but the warp held her back as a chain does a kenneled dog, and as for the Eureka she appeared to the toilers in the boat to be as stationary as a Bristol dock wall. They could not detect the slightest swirl round her bluff forefoot. Indeed, for anything they could tell to the contrary, she was slowly sagging astern.

But, though the inches gained were not apparent from the boat, for the long surf barriers on either hand offered no sufficiently striking landmarks from which to take a departure, still from the higher level of the ketch's deck the doctor could see that she was making progress, sure if slow, in the right direction, and from time to time he encouraged the hot, panting rowers with words to that effect.

The sun blazed overhead with true West Indian relentlessness, and, though there was a slight breeze blowing, it was not enough to temper the remorseless rays, and as the day went on the air seemed to grow hot, even to suffocation. At last they could stand it no longer.

"Spell-O!" bawled the captain, and threw down his oar.

Hans, who was on the forecastle, sent the kedge overboard again with a splash. The boat dropped back alongside, and her crew clambered out of her, panting

"Miss Colepepper, may I have the pleasure of a walk with you ashore?"

and exhausted, and threw themselves down upon the warm deck planks, where they lay in a state of limp, trickling moisture till they had recovered a little.

"You seem pretty well used up," said the doctor, who had come up and was regarding them anxiously. "We must try another crew.

"No use," gasped the captain. "If you'd that lubber Cain and the Dutchman in the boat, they wouldn't get the warp taut. No; we'll go on again as before when we've got our winds back a bit."

Dr. Tring went aloft, peered keenly around him for awhile and returned.

"The channel soon widens," he reported. "Another half mile and we shall be out of the worst of this infernal bottle neck. I think we can get canvas on her again then and beat out."

This was encouraging. So they got back to their boat work again with fresh spirits and breath. Both were needed, for the wind presently freshened somewhat, raking the ketch dead on end. Their muscles were tired; the sun as he rose higher in the heavens beat down upon them even more heavily, and when at last the jib squeaked up and the Eureka's bow fell off to begin the beat the undergraduate for one, Oxford oarsman as he was, was feeling that if they had had to go on for 20 more strokes he must have collapsed.

They were not out of the wood even then, for the channel was still perilously narrow and the shoals were more often than not but a few feet from the counter when she went about. It was ticklish work, therefore, but they managed it without touching the ground once, although the margin of safety between the ketch's bottom and the sharp, jagged coral teeth must more than once have been a mere matter of a foot or two. But at last they opened out a good broad lagoon, and, running across to its farther boundary, rose the islet which they had gone to so much trouble to seek.

It was still a good five miles off, and the intervening navigation was by no means plain. But the ketch was in sheltered water now, for the outer line of reefs broke all the heavier seas, and the waves of these inside channels, not having so far to run, never attained any great height. In one way this was an added danger, for heavy surf is a warning easily understood; but, on the other hand, there was little chance now of piling the ketch up badly. She was creeping along at a very steady pace, and if she did chance to take the ground they could probably heave her off without damage or trouble.

But, for all that, there was no diminution of the caution with which she was navigated. Whether or no there are danger and damage to be feared from such a thing, your true sailor has the utmost horror of getting his craft unintentionally ashore. It is an indelible slur upon his seamanship, and no amount of after skill can wash out the stain.

It was work that required nerve too. A timid pilot might well have blanched at the creaming, bellowing surf which was often but a few fathoms away from his lee, and had Dr. Tring lost his head for a moment it might have meant death to every one on board. But the doctor's coolness never deserted him. He rolled and smoked his interminable cigarettes through all that exciting day and, as Captain Colepepper remarked, might have been skippering a brick barge on the Oxford canal for all the nervousness he showed. To which the doctor replied that he much regretted his constitutional defects, but that nerves, in the feminine sense of the word, had been forgotten when his other attributes were dealt out to him.

"It's a great nuisance," said he, laughingly. "I feel desperately slighted that I'm not at times jumpy and jerky like other people, and never experience cold thrills along the vertebræ, or sudden perspirations, or, in fact, any single one of the various luxuries which the possession of nerves gives to most people. But the fact remains, I am debarred from all these pleasures. You needn't laugh, Miss Colepepper. I assure you I do regret it, though for work like today's it perhaps has its compensations."

So the doctor continued to smoke quietly at his post amid all the dangers of that passage. During the whole afternoon they threaded their way through tortuous channels and narrow lagoons, and at last, just as night was beginning to close in, they opened out a deep bay, whose waters lapped the shore they had gone to such pains to seek.

Dr. Tring pointed to a small strip of pebbly beach, which shelved sharply down into the deep water.

"There, I should imagine, is the exact spot which the Mr. Piper who gave his name to the island probably chose for a careening dock," said he. "We can't do better than follow the excellent pirate's example, so far as to make use of the same place; eh, Colepepper? Over with the anchor, Hans!"

The heavy kedge was heaved over the side and fell with a splash into the blue water. About six fathoms of the cable ran out after it, and the Eureka swung round to the anchor.

"Miss Colepepper, may I have the pleasure of a walk with you ashore?" asked the doctor with a courtly bow. "An unknown island to explore! Who knows? Perhaps I shall be able to give you an adventure."

CHAPTER XIII.

NICK'S SNUGGERY.

Ask any sailorman what he feels like when he takes his first run ashore after being cooped up for long months within the narrow bounds of shipboard, and he will tell you that he feels it a luxury or not to have the firm ground under his feet again and to know that he can walk, if he should chance to want to, right ahead in a straight line for miles and never be pulled up by a ship's encircling bulwark. And provided he has not been long enough ashore for the human tongue to have got into his blood again you will find that on such a theme the veriest tar soaked shell back can become a man of eloquence.

As soon as the Eureka had swung round to her kedge anchor the boat was hauled up to the gangway, and every one tumbled down into her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RAN A RACE WITH DEATH.

Narrow Margin by Which a Man on a Railway Bridge Won.

A high trestle bridge more than a quarter of a mile long, supporting the single track of the Nickel Plate railroad, spans the valley of Grand river, east of Painesville, O. The bridge is little wider than the distance between the rails, and the ties are placed eight or ten inches apart, the space between being open to the river below.

A young man who crossed recently had a thrilling experience on the bridge. He had just passed the center when a fast train rounded the curve behind him. As the engine whistled he quickened his pace. With every step the train was rushing nearer, and there was not a moment to lose.

Once the young man stumbled and seemed about to fall, but quickly regained his balance and hurried on. As he reached the place for which he had started the train was close behind, and he had just time to swing himself over the side of the bridge as the locomotive thundered by. The ends of the ties were slippery with grease from dripping axle boxes, and his foot slipped wide as he left the track. His right hand, stretched blindly out before him, touched a round iron bar, bracing two parts of the bridge, and, with a grip like that of a drowning man, his fingers clasped around it. For a moment he swung in empty air. In another his left hand had found a place beside his right, and his feet touched the welcome edge of a brace below. With bleeding fingers clutching the slender iron bar that vibrated widely from side to side, moments seemed hours.

At last the train passed, and the young man was able to climb slowly to the track above. Unnerved by the trying experience, he lay for a moment stretched across the rails and, then rising to his feet, with blanched face and unsteady limbs, made his way to firm ground.—Cleveland Leader.

Napoleon Was a Dandy.

It is pleasant to learn, if one has Napoleon I on the hero list, that he had very dainty habits in personal matters; that he was fastidiously clean in his person, according to an article in a French contemporary, and poured eau de cologne into the water he washed in, then sponged his head with perfume and finally poured the remainder of the contents of the flask over the neck and shoulders. He was also extravagantly fond of clean linen and during his campaigns had relays of it sent to different places. In those days it did not cost a farm to have "starched things" laundered, for, in account with a famous laundress in Paris, the emperor's "linen" for one "wash" amounted to 386 pieces and cost only a trifle over $20.

This strikes an American as very reasonable. But his majesty never wore any article but once, and as he always undressed himself without aid from his valet his garments were literally "cast" to the four corners of the room. Napoleon's bill for eau de cologne, however, exceeded the washerwoman's by a large majority. It is a relief to learn that the Little Corporal was so much a dude. Some of his predecessors in the Tuileries were not blessed with such excellent habits, if history is to be relied upon.

FRUIT AND FLOWERS

WESTERN BEAUTY APPLE.

Properly the Grosh and Also Known as Big Rambo, Ohio Beauty, Etc.

In regard to an apple which is locally known in Pennsylvania as English Rambo, H. E. Van Deman says in Rural New Yorker: It is properly called Grosh, although it is much more generally known as Western Beauty and in some degree as Big Rambo, Ohio Beauty, Musgrove and a few other synonyms. English Rambo I have never before heard applied to it. That is one of the synonyms of Domine. It is not strange that it is called Big Rambo, for the habit of the tree is much like that of the true Rambo, and the fruit is somewhat similar in shape, color, flavor and season, but is very much larger. It is an apple of most excellent qualities of both tree and fruit and is well worthy of being in

GROSH OR WESTERN BEAUTY APPLE.

every family orchard. It is one of the best flavored apples of its season and, I think, better than Rambo, being rich subacid, very agreeable and the flesh tender and juicy. It is large, flat, smooth and regular in shape, except that one side is usually a little larger than the other. The stem is short and the calyx large and open. The color is greenish yellow, with abundant stripes and splashes of pale red. The tree is a strong grower and the leaves very large.

Dr. John A. Warder, the great pomologist, esteemed it in his day as one of the best fall apples. In my own orchard in Kansas and wherever I have seen it I have found it to be among the most satisfactory apples of its season.

Its history dates back to about 1815, when, according to information obtained by Charles Downing from members of the Grosh family in Pennsylvania, the original tree was raised from seed by Mr. John Grosh and planted at Marietta, in that state, where it was still standing in 1877. By some means unknown to the pomologists west of the Alleghanies, it was found by them in Ohio about 1850, or perhaps earlier. It is quite certain that some one had taken the grafts westward from Pennsylvania without leaving any record of the fact.

Not knowing the original name, Grosh, which the variety had in its native state, and supposing it to be of western origin, the name Beauty of the West was given to it, and this was soon shortened to Western Beauty. All who have this apple, under whatever name, should hereafter call it Grosh and not be afraid to recommend it for general cultivation.

A New Cherry Worm.

A new cherry pest, a true maggot, differing from the familiar grub of the curculio, has been reported this season, and growers of the eastern, central and northern states are warned against it by the Cornell station. One can usually readily determine when a cherry is "wormy" from the attacks of the plum curculio, but this new pest gets in its work in such an inconspicuous way that the fruit it infests might easily be classed among the fairest and best on the tree or in the dish on our breakfast table until it has been kept a few days, when the infested portion rots and falls in. From the above statements cherry growers can readily understand how serious a menace to their business this new pest might easily become and how important it will be for them to learn all they can about it, for which purpose bulletin 172 of the Cornell station has been issued.

Laying Down Fruit Canes.

"Most varieties of raspberries, blackberries and grapes need winter protection in this region. The cane or vines must be laid down and covered." In calling attention to this point a Colorado exchange says: "The usual way when covering raspberries and blackberries is to remove some of the earth on one side of the plants, then lay them carefully down and fasten them by driving down iron or wooden hooks over the canes and shoveling a few inches of soil over them. Some prefer straw or coarse manure for covering canes and vines, for it is more quickly put on and removed in the spring and makes a mulch and fertilizer for the plants in summer. Probably the simplest plan is to throw up a furrow or two on each side of the row with a breaking plow and complete the covering with shovels."

WONDERS OF THE EYE

Dr. Talmage's Sermon on the System's Imperial Organ.

THE WINDOWS OF THE SOUL.

The Two Great Lights of the Human Face—How God Honors the Eye—Not a Blind Giant Stumbling Through the Heavens.

Washington, Jan. 14.—In this discourse, Dr. Talmage, in his own way, calls attention to that part of the human body never perhaps discoursed upon in the pulpit and challenges us all to the study of omniscience; text, Psalm xciv, 9, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it, or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times is it mentioned in the Bible. Omnipresence—"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Divine care—"as the apple of the eye." The clouds—"the eyelids of the morning." Irreverence—"the eye that mocketh at its father." Pride—"oh, how lofty are their eyes." Inattention—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth. Divine inspection—"wheels full of eyes." Suddenness—"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." Olivetic sermon—"the light of the body is the eye." This morning's text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human race, but the vast multitude go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom, he would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it.

It has been a strange thing to me for 30 years that some scientist with enough eloquence and magnetism did not go through the country with illustrated lecture on canvas 30 feet square to startle and thrill and overwhelm audiences with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities and some one who shall lay aside all talk about the pterygomaxillary fissures, the sclerotic and the chiasma of the optic nerve and in plain, common parlance which you and I and everybody can understand present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what origin is and what we were. Oh, if some one should come forth from the dissecting table and from the classroom of the university and take the platform and, asking the help of the Creator, demonstrate the wonders of what we are! If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text, it is only to bring out in plainer way the theological lessons of the latter part of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

I suppose my text referred to the human eye, since it excels all other in structure and adaptation. The eyes of fish, and reptiles and moles and bats are very simple things because they have not much to do. There are insects with a hundred eyes, but the hundred eyes have less faculty than the two human eyes. The black beetle swimming the summer pond has two eyes under the water and two eyes above the water, but the four insects are not equal to the two human. Man placed at head of all living creatures must have supreme equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which if through some crevice of the mountain they should go into the sunlight might be developed into positive eyesight.

In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God without any consultation created the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when he was about to make man he called a convention of divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole ton of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God called a convention of divinity to create man, I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appropriate window for that emperor to look out of.

To show how God honors the eye, look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes. Seven bones making the walls for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought together. Kingly palace of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eyes are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusk. See how God honored the eye when he made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them and the rain dashing against the forehead might not drip into them; the eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and to the left so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek instead of falling into this divinely protected human eyesight.

See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are 800 contrivances in every eye. For window shutters, the eyelids opening and closing 30,000 times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust, "Stay out," and saying to the light, "Come in." For inside curtain, the iris or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating. The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye so marvellously constructed it can see both by day and by night.

Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye, so marvellously constructed, has one muscle to lift the eye and another muscle to lower the eye and another muscle to roll it to the right and another muscle to roll it to the left and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round, an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them.

There is also the retina gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve about the thickness of the lamp wick, passing the visual impression on to the sensorium and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye! The eye washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril, a contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun 95,000,000 of miles away and the point of a pin. Telescope and microscope in the same contrivance.

There also is the merciful arrangement of the tear gland by which the eye is washed and through which falls the tide which brings relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness or death. Thank God for the tear glands and that the crystal gates are so easily opened.

What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen the eye speak with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather than the lips.

But those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor of Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant. "What shall I pay you in money or in lands—anything you ask me? I am so sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the emperor urged again the matter he said, "Oh, Emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye." Alas for those for whom a thick and impenetrable wall is drawn across the face of the heavens and the face of one's own kindred. That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway and some one said, "Why do you carry that torch when you can't see?" "Ah," said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness and not run me down."

How it adds to John Milton's sublimity of character when we find him at the call of duty sacrificing his eyesight. Through studying at late hours and trying all kinds of medicament to preserve his sight he had for 12 years been coming toward blindness, and after awhile one eye was entirely gone. His physician warned him that if he continued he would lose the other eye. But he kept on with his work and said after sitting in total darkness: "The choice lay before me between dereliction of a supreme duty and loss of eyesight. In such a case I could not listen to the physician, not if Aesculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary. I could not but obey that inward monitor. I know not what spoke to me from heaven." Who of us would have grace enough to sacrifice our eyes at the call of duty?

But, thank God, some have been enabled to see without very good eyes. General Havelock, the son of the more famous General Havelock, told me this concerning his father: In India, while his father and himself, with the army, were encamped one evening time after a long march, General Havelock called up his soldiers and addressed them, saying in words as near as I can recollect: "Soldiers, there are two or three hundred women, children and men at Cawnpur at the mercy of Nana Sahib and his butchers. Those poor people may any hour be sacrificed. How many of you will go with me for the rescue of those women and children? I know you are all worn out, and so am I, but all those who will march with me to save those women and children hold up your hand." Then Havelock said: "It is almost bark, and my eyesight is very poor, and I cannot see your raised hands, but I know they are all up. Forward to Cawnpur!" That hero's eyes, though almost extinguished in the service of God and his country, could see across India and across the centuries.

A surgeon, riding up one evening, gave his horses into the care of the blind groom Late at night the traveling surgeon went to the stables and found the groom still at work upon the horses, and the grateful and sympathetic surgeon resolved in the morning to reward the blind groom with money. But in the night the surgeon bethought himself that perhaps he could give the groom something better than money. In the morning he said to the blind groom, "Step out into the sunshine! You are 40 years of age. I could surely have cured your blindness if I had seen you sooner, but come to Paris, and I will give you sight if you do not die under the operation." Paying the poor man's way to Paris, the operation was successful. For the first time the man saw his wife and children, and having taken a good look at them he turned and said, "Let me look on my friend the surgeon, who has opened all this beautiful world to me and shown me my loved ones." Was not that glorious? Only those who have been restored from utter blindness can appreciate the omnipotent blessing of eyesight.

To-day I have only hinted at the splendors, the glories, the wonders, the divine revelations, the apocalypses, of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiological miracle which must have taxed the ingenuity of a God to cry out in your ears the words of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" Shall Herschel not know as much as his telescope? Shall Fraunhofer not know as much as his spectroscope? Shall Swammerdam not know as much as his microscope? Shall Dr. Hooke not know as much as his micrometer? Shall the thing formed know more than its maker? "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The recoil of this question is tremendous. We stand at the centre of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. On us eyes of cherubim, eyes of seraphim, eyes of archangel, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the inhabitants of the other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see us. We have not optical instruments strong enough to descry them. Perhaps they have optical instruments strong enough to descry us. The mole cannot see the eagle midair, but the eagle midair can see the mole midgrass. We are able to see mountains and caverns of another world, but perhaps the inhabitants of other worlds can see the towers of our cities, the flash of our seas, the marching of our processions, the white robes of our weddings, the black scarfs of our obsequies.

But human inspection and angelic inspection and stellar inspection and lunar inspection and solar inspection are tame as compared with the thought of divine inspection. "You converted me 20 years ago," said a colored man to my father. "How so?" said my father. "Twenty years ago," said the other, "in the old schoolhouse prayer meeting at Bound Brook you said in your prayer, 'Thou God seest me,' and I had no peace under the eye of God until I became a Christian." Hear it: "The eyes of the Lord are in every place." "His eyelids try the children of men." "His eyes were as a flame of fire." "I will guide thee with mine eye." Oh, the eye of God, so full of pity, so full of power, so full of love, so full of indignation, so full of compassion, so full of mercy! How it peers through the darkness! How it outshines the day! How it glares upon the offender! How it beams on the penitent soul! Talk about the human eye as being indescribably wonderful—how much more wonderful the great, searching, overwhelming eye of God! All eternity past and all eternity to come on that retina. The eyes with which we look into each other's face to-day suggest it. It stands written twice on your face and twice on mine, unless through casualty one or both have been obliterated. "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" Oh, the eye of God! It sees our sorrows to assuage them, sees our perplexities to disentangle them, sees our wants to sympathize with them. If we fight him back, the eye of an antagonist. If we ask his grace, the eye of an everlasting friend.

A legend of St. Frotobert is that his mother was blind and he was so sorely pitiful for the misfortune that one day in sympathy he kissed her eyes and by miracle she saw everything. But it is not a legend when I tell you that all the blind eyes of the Christian dead under the kiss of the resurrection morn shall gloriously open. Oh, what a day that will be for those who went groping through this world under perpetual obscuration or were dependent on the hand of a friend or with an uncertain staff felt the way, and for the aged of dim sight, about whom it might be said that "they which look out of the windows be darkened," when eternal daybreak comes in!

That a beautiful epitaph that was for a tombstone in a European cemetery: "Here reposes in God Katrina, a saint, 85 years of age and blind. The light was restored to her May 10, 1840."

A girl should never throw away her old slippers. They will come in handy at her wedding—and much handier in after years.—Chicago News.

A MODERN GIANT

How He was Conquered by a Tiny, but Vicious Enemy.

Toronto, December 23.—Among the older generation, in Mulmur and Mono townships, Simcoe county, no man is better known, nor more highly esteemed than William Hall, formerly of Mono, but now a prominent Toronto contractor. Mr. Hall, in his younger days was a carpenter. He was also the strongest man in the two townships. All athletic sports were his delight, and in them all he excelled. His reputation as a mechanic was equally high.

Some years ago, Mr. Hall was caught in a terrific rain storm, while returning home on foot, along a country road, a portion of which was "corduroy," running through an extensive swamp. In the darkness, he got off the road, and stepped into the slush and mud through which the road was built. He sank to the waist, and only with the greatest difficulty was able to rescue himself. Next morning he was in a raging fever, the result of the exposure, which would have killed half a dozen ordinary men. It was several weeks before he was well, and when he left his bed his left leg was four inches shorter than the right. Rheumatism of the most extreme type had followed his stormy adventure, and, as the doctors said, crippled him for life.

Only those who have suffered with Rheumatism can imagine the tortures he endured. Day and night, the agony burned into his nerves and muscles, making his life a ceaseless round of torment. Doctor after doctor treated him. Some proposed to chisel a piece out of the bone of the leg; others said nothing could do him any good. The surgical staff of the Western Hospital, and a score of visiting physicians examined him and decided he could never be cured. One doctor bled him, drawing away a large quantity of thick, stringy, dark-colored blood, heavily impregnated with pus. Even this did no permanent good. Liniments, oils, and scores of "patent medicines" were tried without avail. Every one believed there was nothing for it but to suffer till the end. Mr. Hall found greater and greater difficulty every day, in moving about. To walk a few yards was hard labor.

One day recently he read of Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, and concluded to try them. He did so, and was amazed to find that his pains grew markedly less. He purchased a further supply of the pills, and used them. As he did so, his sufferings ceased entirely; strength and flexibility returned to the once stiff and tortured limb, and health came back to him in all its vigor.

He is enthusiastic in his praises of Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, which did for him what the doctors and all other medicines in Canada failed to do—gave him the power to walk, gave him freedom from pain, gave him strength, health and energy. Though he is nearing the full measure of the three-score and ten years allotted as a man's life, he is infinitely more sprightly, more quick and sure on his feet, than many a man in the full flush of manhood.

Taking these facts into consideration, his complete recovery is the more marvellous. Just reflect that the most skilful doctors in Toronto and vicinity were unable to do more than give him temporary relief; that different physicians pronounced his case utterly incurable, that the staff of a city hospital failed to find any means of aid for the sufferer, and then remember that a few boxes of Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills made a new man of him—practically renewed his lease of life—and say whether Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills are not deserving of a place in every household. Remember also, that Mr. Hall had given nearly every "patent medicine" on the market a patient, fair and faithful trial before beginning to use Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills and that not one of them did him the slightest noticeable good.

Then say whether or not we are justified in claiming that Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills are the only medicine known to-day that is a positive cure for Rheumatism. They are the only medicine that kills the germs that cause rheumatism. This is the one and only way to cure the disease.

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, the medicine that cures disease by killing the germs that cause it, are sold by all druggists at 75c. a box; sample size 25c., or sent post paid on receipt of price by The Arnold Chemical Co., Limited, Canada Life Building, 42 King Street West, Toronto.

To "Telephotograph" the Boers.

For the first time in history the telephotographer is about to play his part—but he is an important part—in warfare.

Second Corporal Ford of the Royal Engineers, Chatham, has been detained as telephotographer to the army in South Africa, and has sailed from Southampton with his cycle and apparatus.

Corporal Ford's camera, which is fitted with "telephoto" lenses, is a wonderful machine, which will take a clear photograph of a man, or battery, or intrenchments at any distance up to two miles. So that beyond the range of the enemy's rifle Corporal Ford will be able to get photographs of their positions which would prove of great value. As military telephotographic scout he ought to be able to render useful service to the British army.

This special apparatus was devised by Lieut. Foulke, R. D., and made by the London Stereoscopic Company. It is fixed on to Corporal Ford's bicycle in such small compass as to be hardly noticeable, and the whole thing—bicycle and apparatus—is painted the familiar khaki color.—London Mail.

"No Wish to Give In."

One of the Gloucesters taken prisoners at Nicholson's Nek writes from Pretoria to relatives at Bristol: "It was owing to an accident that we were captured; we were trying to get to the rear of the enemy in the night, but the mules stampeded and we were found out, and in the morning they surrounded us. We were fighting for about seven hours, and lost about 200 men. If we had not given in then, we would have all been slaughtered. It was no wish of the men to give in. We had all fixed our bayonets ready to charge, and would have kept on until the last man dropped, but the officer in command thought that he had enough, and so gave in, and what remained of us were marched away after giving up our arms."

Miller's Worm Powders for restlessness and peevishness.

Suspicious.

"I told you," said Mr. Pneer, sniffing around in the kitchen while the Christmas fowl was cooking, "to buy a large chicken. I believe you have deceived me and bought a small turkey!"

Rash Deduction.

"Poor thing!" exclaimed one young woman at the theater. "That girl is beautiful, but she is very deaf."

"How do you know?"

"She has sat all through this French farce without blushing once."—Washington Star.

The Goat and His Sheepskin.

Bascom—Do you believe in a college education?

Bilby—Oh, yes. A college education is all right, but the same is not always to be said of the man who fancies he has one.

A favor granted ungraciously is like a rose without fragrance, or a poor tea after drinking Blue Ribbon Ceylon.