THE FOUNDERED GALLEON

By WEATHERLY CHESNEY AND ALICK MUNRO.

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The doctor was in the highest of spirits and kept up a three cornered fire of chaff with Dolly and Guthrie; Hans, laughing and jigging his feet about like a monkey, pointed to a patch of greenery that looked almost "Bafarian;" everybody, in fact, was in high glee except Cain Laversha, whose large, plain face expressed nothing but stolid indifference. Under four eager oars the boat sped rapidly over the smooth lagoon until Dolly, who had got the tiller, sang out, "Way enough!" and ran her skillfully up alongside a natural jetty of coral. And then out they all scrambled upon the hard ground and proceeded straightway to make fools of themselves, always—that is, with the exception of Cain Laversha.

He, worthy man, disembarked from this his first sea trip without demonstration and, going up to a patch of sea moss, slowly settled himself down thereon and directed his gaze heavily toward the toes of his boots. He did not look as if his mind was particularly busy, but perhaps we wrong him; perhaps he was thinking of "Zusan Pierce."

As for the rest of the Eureka's people, they shouted and larked about without ceasing until the land crabs scuttled away to their holes and the gray sea fowl flapped off to shelter with angry screams of protest.

Presently Guthrie, whose eyes never seemed to stray far away from Miss Colepepper, burst into a roar of laughter.

"Oh, Dolly!" he gasped, holding his sides weakly. "Don't!"

"Why, what am I doing that's so very funny?" asked the girl.

"You're rolling in your gait like a portly duck! And look at Dr. Tring! He's swaying like an inverted pendulum!"

"Am I?" said the doctor with an amused smile. "Well, I guess, young man, that if we'd got a pier glass for you to see yourself in you'd find that you are doing much the same yourself, only maybe a trifle worse. We've all got our sea roll on, you see. Now, if Cain there were to condescend to get up and walk I shouldn't be surprised to see him lurch over bodily at the first attempt."

With a quick sign to the others Dolly called to the farmer. He got up slowly, and then the doctor's prophecy was verified to the letter. The whole party broke out into shrieks of laughter, and even the subject of their mirth allowed a thin smile to flicker over his bronze colored face. Then he sat down again stolidly and gave up the attempt at locomotion.

But Captain Colepepper was a bit of a martinet in his way, and as there was work to be done on the morrow he presently called all hands to return to the ketch. A good night's rest was sorely needed by every one after the heavy toll of the day, and the captain declared that there had been enough of skylarking for the present. In this he was right, for by the time they had got the Eureka snugged down and had had their supper all hands found themselves too deadly tired to move a limb unless under the impulse of necessity.

"What about an anchor watch, Colepepper?" inquired the doctor, as he leaned back from the table against the bunk behind him and produced tobacco box and cigarette papers.

"As regards weather," replied the captain, "I'd guarantee the ketch to ride snugly where she is till her plating tumbled to bits from sheer old age. You know best whether we're likely to be disturbed from shore."

"There are turtle on the island," said the doctor, "and I should say a tolerably large company of ghosts if its character hasn't been sadly maligned. But, barring these and land crabs and some sea gulls, I don't think there's any one else to guard against. With regard to the ghosts, Dolly there might like—hello, the young woman's gone to sleep, and she'll be nodding over into the mustard directly. Guthrie, just nudge Miss Colepepper's elbow slightly. Thanks. I say, Dolly, as your medical adviser, I should recommend bed or Guthrie will be earning a pair of gloves."

Dolly apparently was sufficiently aroused to understand this remark. She gave the undergraduate a sidelong glance and blushed a little, and then, demurely thanking the doctor for his hint, slipped away to the little stateroom beside the companion, where she had her quarters.

"She's earned her calk," observed her father.

"If ever girl did," assented Dr. Tring. "She's worked like a Briton today and never shown the white feather once, though she might well have done so, for we've come through some pretty tight places, I may remind you, Colepepper, you ought to be proud of your daughter. Here's her health!"

The two sipped their grog to the toast, and then the doctor, at Guthrie's request, became anecdotal on the subject of the island at which they had arrived.

They had come here as to the one safest place in the whole of these seas for their purpose, but they were in the event not fated to go away without passing through a great peril, in which their enterprise itself would come within a little of being wrecked, and in the case of some at least of the party, even life would have to be fought for against foes whom they as yet little expected to meet.

Piper's cay was a long narrow islet of horseshoe shape, nowhere attaining a height of more than 50 or 60 feet above sea level. Its surface was green for the most part, covered with coarse grass, sea moss or scrub, and here and there bearing a few wind distorted cocoanut trees. In the windings of its shore there were many caves, some shallow and others stretching for unknown distances in toward the centers of the island. In one of these it was that Cain Laversha met with an adventure. But of that more later.

Into most of these caves the sea washed freely. But some of them were dry, and if their echoes had been phonographic the tales which they could tell would surely be tales of fascination, and at any rate they would not lack the weird thrill which horror gives to stories of bloodshed and treachery.

Owing to the intricacy of the channel which led up to the snug anchorage before the cay, the old sea robbers of the days gone by knew that the heavier government craft could no more reach them there than they could have navigated the gorge to Caracas or the swamps which led to Panama. Boats might have worked their way in, certainly, but a boat expedition is a perilous thing, and a man-of-war captain would not have sent his boats to attack a heavily armed schooner or brig, which could warp her broadside in any direction and blow them out of the water from whichever point they came.

So, in all the history of iniquity—in which massive tome, if it ever came to be written, Piper's cay would occupy many pages—there is no record of invasion by vessels or men who represented the laws of nations. The very existence of the place was little known to the powers of order in the days of its greatest activity, for charts were, in those rough and ready times, far from being the complete maps of the seas that they are now, and the buccaneer was not a person to enlighten the hydrographer's ignorance gratuitously. The longer the cays remained unknown, the longer would be the sea robber's reign. It was only when his lairs were discovered that it became possible to chase him off the seas.

"The deeds of the old time sea rover," remarked the doctor, "were deeds of darkness, of which small authentic record can come down to us. We know where and how he found his fresh beef; we are shown the spots where he careened his broad beamed schooner to clear away the long trailing plants which clung to her and deadened her speed; we have legends of chases, of furious battles, of barbarous executions where a pivoted grating was rigged out from a gangway and captives were cajoled into marching along it till their weight made it tip them overboard to the sharks; but of the men themselves no clear picture has survived. They lived on the sea deserts in red obscurity. If they grew rich and returned to civilization, they dived into the crowd, and no man knew them."

"Colepepper, you ought to be proud of your daughter."

Who the original Piper was the doctor could not tell, but he opined that it was reasonable to judge him a man of some discernment, for the small islet named after him was an ideal place for the purpose for which he no doubt used it.

On the sea side it was effectually defended by the reef fortresses against which old Neptune's artillery was always cannonading, and from any attack of heavy drafted vessels, manned by king's men who did not know the channel, it was absolutely safe. But for the pirate vessels themselves, when once they had been brought by their pilots through the mazes of the reefs, the anchorage inside was perfect.

And there were many other obvious advantages in the place, too; a sloping beach for heaving down upon, a spring of good water where the casks could be filled, dry caves where bulky plunder could be stowed and sea washed caves in whose hidden recesses specie could be snugly cached until the time came for a return to Europe and respectability, for, though the cult of treasure hunters say otherwise, the probability is that these ill got gains were not accumulated only to be forgotten.

But, though Dr. Tring knew of the existence of all these various charms in the island, he did not remember the exact positions where they were to be found, and of the whereabouts of the spring, which the state of their water casks rendered the most important treasure of all to the crew of the Eureka he had no recollection. And so on the morning after their arrival Captain Colepepper announced that he would give Dolly and the undergraduate a roving commission to explore, while the others busied themselves in repairing the breaches which the tornado had made in their craft.

The young man made no secret of the satisfaction with which he heard this decision, but Dolly did not seem to be quite so sure of the advantages of the plan. She remembered the episode which had occurred during the storm of a day or two ago, and as she had not yet made up her mind upon the problem which that incident had set her to solve she was doubtful about the wisdom of spending a whole day just now in Guthrie's company.

"I wonder what we shall find," said the young man to her as they stood on the deck together after breakfast. "I'm prepared for anything, so long as it's romantic. Piper's cay looks as if it ought to bristle with romance, doesn't it?"

The girl kept silence for a moment, and then, without raising her eyes, answered quietly, "I don't think I shall go."

"Dolly!" cried her companion in astonishment. "Why ever not?"

"Well, you see," began Miss Colepepper hesitatingly, "there are—reasons!"

"Do you mean you'd rather not spend a whole day with me?" he asked bluntly.

"No, Alan; not that. But"—

"Well, what?" persisted Guthrie, as she did not seem to be inclined to finish her sentence.

"Oh, can't you see? I mean of course that we were silly the other night in the storm and"—

"You think I might be tempted to be what you call silly again?"

The girl nodded and blushed.

"And if I were you would be angry?"

"Yes, Alan, I think I should. You see, we're both very young."

"Umph! I'm 21 and you're 17—both old enough to know our own minds, I should think!"

"Now, Alan, you know we're not! At least other people would say we're not," she corrected herself. "And in my case I don't choose that there should be any more of that sort of thing just now."

"All right, Dolly; we'll let it stand at that—for the present," said Guthrie. And then with some hesitation he added: "I wouldn't have said anything the other night if I hadn't thought we were in really great danger and that I mightn't ever have another chance of—of telling you—well, of telling you that I loved you, you know! You believe that, Dolly, don't you?"

"Yes," said the girl. "You said so at the time, and, of course, I believed you."

"Then you'll trust yourself with me today?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Dolly," said the young man, and then he added earnestly: "I'll stick to our bargain for the present, of course; but, mind, I don't mean to give you up for all that. When we've got all the Spanish dollars on board from the Santa Catarina, I shall speak to Captain Colepepper if you will let me."

"When we have got the Spanish dollars on board!" said the girl mischievously. "Very well; I'll agree to that. We may both of us be a good deal older when that day comes."

Guthrie laughed. "I've a better belief in our luck than that, Dolly," said he. "Anyway it's a bargain. And now we'd better start, hadn't we?"

They tumbled into the boat, which had been left lying in the water alongside since the night before. Tom Jelly rowed them ashore, and then returned with the boat to the Eureka.

"Where do you want to go?" asked Guthrie.

"Not having the guidebook of Piper's cay, can't say precisely," laughed the girl. "Where would you suggest?"

"Let's walk straight ahead and see where it leads us."

"The bush up yonder is terribly thick. I shall be torn to ribbons!"

"Jove, yes, so you would. I might perhaps manage to clear it a bit for you if I went first. But there's no need for us to go that way at all unless you like. We may just as well keep along the shore. If we go on long enough, we shall come round again at the other side, and if we get tired of it, we can always take a bee line across country for the Eureka. What d'you say to that?"

"All right, that'll do nicely. Besides, we shall stand the best chance that way of finding the place where the fresh water runs into the sea, and then we can track it up to the spring. Let's set off at once before it gets hotter."

They started along the white, blinding beach. The little wavelets swished and whippered at their feet, throwing up and drawing back again their handfuls of coral shingle in a rhythm of never ceasing effort. The sand flies, which the doctor had predicted, were there in swarms, though his estimate of their size proved to be, fortunately, a little bit exaggerated. There were mosquitoes, too, booming away like a regiment of drummers, but the larger insects were quieter and so more insidious in their attack, and, as in addition to all this, the sun's heat was like the draft from a blast furnace, the walk was not quite the picnic ramble which they had expected it to be.

The foreshore was, for the most part, wide enough to form a pathway, but occasionally some cutcrop of rock rose across it and ran sheer down into the river. These barriers necessitated scrambles which, under such a sun as now blazed down upon them, proved somewhat trying. Indeed, as the obstacles increased in frequency, the two explorers began to consider that the shore route was not worth following after all. So they decided that if after crossing one more rocky wall the path did not seem to improve they would strike inland at once and try their luck among the palm scrub and scattered cocoanut trees.

"Look here, Dolly," said Guthrie, as they reached the foot of a new obstruction, a projecting ridge of black, shiny rock, from whose baked surface the heat rose visibly through the air in shimmering threads of waves. "I tell you what if the road's no better farther on there's no need for you to claw up this beastly wall. I'll go first and prospect and let you know."

Dolly nodded and sat down with a sigh of relief upon a bowlder. The young man set off aloft, using hands and knees indiscriminately and sometimes pretty hard put to it to get along with both. After five minutes' climbing, he gained the sharp, overhanging ridge and straddled it. He was glad enough to sit there for a space, to regain his wind, for the ascent had been pretty stiff work.

From his vantage point he could trace the sea brink ahead of them. It lapped the edge of honeycombed cliffs as far round as he could follow it. There was no more foreshore. The land ended abruptly in a chaos of tumbled rocks.

"No use going on, Dolly," he sang out, "and no use your scrambling up here. Walk up the rise to that palm tree with the twisted stem, and I'll climb along the ridge and join you there."

(To be continued.)

The Judge's Affidavit.

Some years ago Justice of the Peace Deacon of Missouri was personally interested in a lawsuit, being a party thereto. It was necessary for him to make an affidavit, and he deprecated the idea of making it before another justice or a notary and depriving himself of a fee. So he filled out his affidavit, swore to it before himself, signed it as justice and as a witness and awaited developments. He was sure that he would win and thus be able to tax the costs up to the other side.

When the case came up before Judge Kelley, the affidavit was offered in evidence and promptly objected to, the reason being given that a justice could not swear himself.

"Let me see the affidavit," said Judge Kelley.

It was handed up to the judge, who scanned it carefully for a few moments and then asked:

"Mr. Beasley, will you kindly tell me how you appeared before yourself when you swore yourself and identified your own signature?"

"That was very easy, your honor," replied Beasley. "I borrowed a looking glass and went through the formalities before it."

Beasley was somewhat astonished when Judge Kelley sustained the objection.

An Awful Mishap.

Two passengers on an Atlantic liner, one an American and the other an Englishman, did not exchange the farewell courtesies when the steamer reached her pier usual between voyagers who have occupied adjoining staterooms and hobnobbed during an ocean voyage. A plausible explanation was vouchsafed by the American.

During the voyage the Englishman persisted in fraternizing with the American in a most obtrusive and annoying manner. Within two days of Boston the Englishman one morning hunted up the American and found him in apparent despondency, gazing seaward from the hurricane deck.

"Confounded blue this morning, old chap. What's the matter?" And the Britisher slapped his companion on the back.

"Matter enough," growled the American. "Ship's lost; captain don't know which way to steer. Forgot to wind the compass last night."

The Englishman listened with mouth agape, then rushed off to tell his friends of the consequential mishap. Evidently the gullible Britisher was "pushed along" for some time until he found everybody guying him.

A Gordon Highlander, wounded in the right shoulder by a Mauser bullet, said all he felt was a sensation of numbness in the arm; others spoke of feeling only a sharp pick when the bullet passed through arm or leg.

SOLDIERS' WIVES' LEAGUE.

What it Proposes to Do for the Wives and Children of the Second Contingent Members.

The equipment of the second contingent with the various comforts, and as far as possible. with the luxuries of life, is being undertaken by the Soldiers' Wives' League. While Canada's sons are absent, aiding the Mother Country to procure equal rights for all, this League has undertaken to look after their wives and families, who but for this aid might in many cases be in want. The Montreal Branch of the League, which has under its care the families of all those who have enlisted in the Montreal company, met in the Victoria Rifles' Armory lately, Col. Butler occupied the chair, owing to the illness of Mrs. Gordon, there being also on the platform Mrs. Minden Cole, secretary; and Mrs. Busteed, treasurer. A full discussion of the requirements of the soldiers themselves while upon their long voyage, was entered into, and it was decided to solicit the assistance of the press in making known the articles deemed most essential. The list was as follows: Books, magazines of every description, games (checkers, dominoes, cards, etc.,) notepaper and envelopes, indelible pencils, pipes, pouches, tobacco, cigarettes, matches, bandana handkerchiefs, apples, packages of chocolate, meat tablets, lime juice tablets, socks (woolen), sweaters and cardigan. These latter articles are considered very important, as winter in South Africa begins about March.

It was stated at the meeting that a Montreal gentleman who desired his name kept in the background had promised to supply the whole contingent with all the tobacco it would need while at sea.

English Walnuts in Niagara County, N. Y.

The culture of the English walnut, a fruit usually considered too tender for our climate, came to my notice during the past summer. In Niagara County, New York, one of our best fruit growing regions, an orchard of English walnut trees is an intersting and unusual feature. This group of bearing trees and the many young trees on the same farm came from a handful of nuts brought from Philadelphia in 1876. The owner of the farm was one of the throng of pilgrims to the Centennial Exposition. During his stay in the city he observed an English walnut tree in the yard of his boarding place. It must have been one of the occasional trees cherished for their novelty. The enterprising farmer was much interested in a tree he had never before seen, and carried home with him some of the nuts. These he planted on reaching home, and the seedlings grew and thrived until he has a number of handsome trees in bearing and a young orchard of the second generation.

The trees are spreading and massive in appearance, and the dense, dark green foliage is not troubled by caterpillars or other insect pests. In this exemption the raisers of the nut would have a great advantage over the chestnut cultivator whose crop is sure to be more or less imperfect. Everyone knows the quality of the nut. It is universally liked. The one obstacle to its common cultivation has been its supposed lack of hardness, but these trees raised from native grown, not imported, nuts have shown excellent resistance to cold. Last winter the temperature fell to 18 degrees below zero in Niagara county, and some peach trees and grape vines on this very farm were killed, while every English walnut tree passed through the winter safely. The English walnut differs from its relatives, the black walnut and the butternut, in bearing every year. It commences to bear at eight or ten years, and from that time on yields from one to twenty bushels, according to circumstances. There seems to be no reason why it should not prove a profitable crop, as the demand for the nut is constant at a fair price. Even for those who do not care to go largely into raising the nut, a few trees of this, the thin-shelled walnut, would prove a desirable addition to the home grounds. The tree is a large handsome ornament to any dooryard, and the nut would be enjoyed at the table or with popcorn during the long winter evenings.—American Agriculturist.

The Gallery Answered Martha.

Of the Dublin gallery boys a famous baritone, in his reminiscences, tells some good stories—one of "Faust," in which he played Valentine.

After the duel Martha, who rushed in at the head of the crowd, raised Valentine's head and held him in her arms during the first part of the scene and cried out in evident alarm:

"Oh, what shall I do?"

There was a deathlike stillness in the house, which was interrupted by a voice from the gallery calling out:

"Unbutton his weskit!"

GIFT OF EVIL TONGUES

Dr. Talmage Portrays Two Kinds of Busybodies.

HOW WE CAN TALK OF OTHERS.

Some People Seem to Be Happy Only When Talking of the Faults of Others—We Should Take a Benevolent Interest in the Affairs of Our Neighbors.

Washington, Jan. 21. — In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how we should interest ourselves in the affairs of others for their benefit, but never for their damage; text, I Peter, iv., 15, "A busybody in other men's matters."

Human nature is the same in all ages. In the second century of the world's existence people had the same characteristics as people in the nineteenth century, and the only difference being that they had the characteristics for a longer time. It was 500 years of goodness or 500 years of meanness instead of goodness or meanness for 40 or 50 years. Well, Simon Peter, who was a keen observer of what was going on around him, one day caught sight of a man whose characteristics were severe inspection and blatant criticism of the affairs belonging to people for whom he had no responsibility and with the hand once browned and hardened by fishing tackle drew this portrait for all subsequent ages: "A busybody in other men's matters."

That kind of person has been a trouble maker in every country since the world stood. Appointing himself to the work of exploration and detection, he goes forth mischief making. He generally begins by reporting the infelicity discovered. He is the adversing agent of infringed peace and domestic inharmony and occurrences that but for him would never have come to the public eye or ear. He feels that the secret ought to be hauled out into light and heralded. If he can get one line of it into the newspapers, that he feels to be a noble achievement to start with. But he must not let it stop. He whispers it to his neighbors, and they, in turn, whisper it to their neighbors until the whole town is a buzz and agog. You can no more catch it or put it down than you can a malaria. It is in the air and on the wing and afloat. Taken by itself it seems of little importance, but after a hundred people have handled it and each has given it an additional twist, it becomes a story in size and shape marvelous.

First, notice that such a mission is most undesirable, because we all require all the time we can get to take care of people own affairs. To carry ourselves through the treacherous straits of this life demands that we all the time keep our hand on the wheel of our own craft. While, as I shall show you before I get through, we all have a mission of kindness to others we have no time to waste in doing that which is damaging to others.

There is one worldly calling which must be looked after or if will become a failure. Who succeeds in anything without concentrating all his energies upon that one thing? All those who try to do many things, go to pieces, either as to their health or their fortune. They go on until they pay 10 cents on the dollar, or pay their body into the grave. We cannot manage the affairs of others and keep our own affairs prosperous. While we are inquiring how precarious is the business of another merchant and finding out how many notes he has unpaid and how soon he will probably be wound up or make an assignment or hear the sheriff's hammer smite the counter our own affairs are getting mixed up and endangered. While we are criticising our neighbor for his poor crops we are neglecting the fertilization of our own fields or allowing the weeds to choke our own corn. While we are trying to extract the mote from our neighbor's eye we fail under the weight of the beam in our own eye.

If God had given us whole weeks and months and days, with nothing to do but gauge and measure and scrutinize the affairs of others, there might be some excuse for such employment, but I do not know anyone who has such a surplus of time and energy and qualification that he can afford much of the time to sit as a coroner upon the dead failures of others. I can imagine that an astronomical crank could get so absorbed in examining the spots on the sun as to neglect clearing the spots off his own character. A very successful man was asked how he had accumulated such vast fortune. He replied, "I have accumulated about one-half of my property by attending strictly to my business and the other half by letting other people's alone."

Furthermore, we are incapacitated for the supervisal of others because we cannot see all sides of the affair reprehended. People are generally not so much to blame as we suppose. It is never right to do wrong, but there may be alleviations. There may have arisen a conjunction of circumstances which would have flung any one of us. The world gives only one side of the transaction and that is always the worst side. That defaulter at the bank who loaned money he ought not to have loaned did it for the advantage of another, not for his own. That young man who purloined from his employer did so because his mother was dying for the lack of medicine. That young woman who went wrong did not get enough wages to keep her from starving to death. Most people who make moral shipwreck would do right in some exigency, but they have not the courage to say so.

Better die than do the least wrong, but moderate your anathema against the wrongdoer by the circumstances which may yet develop. Be economical of your curses when all the community is hounding some man or woman. Wait, consider, pause and hope that which is charged is a base fabrication. Do not be like a jury who shall render verdict against the defendant without allowing him to present his side of the case.

Furthermore, we make ourselves a disgusting spectacle when we become busybodies. What a diabolical enterprise those undertake who are ever looking for the moral lapse or the downfall of others! As the human race is a most imperfect race, all such hunters find plenty of game. There have been sewing societies in churches which tore to pieces more reputations than they made garments for the poor. With their sarcasms and sly hints and depreciation of motives they pulverized more good names than they had needles. With their scissors they cut characters bias, and backstitched every evil report they got hold of. Meeting of board of directors have sometimes ruined good business men whose intentions against them. The bad work may not have been done so much by words, for they would be libelous, but by a twinkle of the eye or a shrug of the shoulder or a sarcastic accentuation of a word. "Yes, he is all right when he is sober." "Have you inquired into that man's history?" "Do you know what business he was in before he entered this?" "I move that the application be laid on the table until some investigations now going on are consummated." It is easy enough to start a suspicion that will never down, but what a despicable man is the one who started it!

There is not an honest man in Washington or New York or any other city who cannot be damaged by such infernalism. In a village where I once lived a steamboat every day came to the wharf. An enemy of the steamboat company asked one day, "I wonder if that steamboat is safe?" The man who heard the question soon said to his neighbor, "There is some suspicion about the safety of that steamboat." And the next one who got it said, "It said, "There is an impression aboard that there will soon be an accident on that steamer." Soon all that community began to say, "That steamer is very unsafe." And in consequence we all took the stage rather than risk our lives on the river.

While I believe enough in human depravity to be orthodox, I tell you that most of people own affairs. I know are doing the best they can. Faults? Oh, yes. All people except you and I have faults. But they are sorry about it, repentant on account of it and are trying to do better. About all the married people I know of are married to the one person best suited. Nearly all the parents with whom I am acquainted are doing the best they can for their children. All the clerks in stores, so far as I know, are honest, and all persons in official position, city, state or nation, are fulfilling their mission as well as they can. The most of those who have failed in business, so far as I know, have failed honestly.

All people make mistakes — say things that afterwards they are sorry for, and miss opportunity of uttering the right word and doing the right thing. But when they say their prayers at night these defects are sure to be mentioned somewhere between the name of the Lord for whose mercy they plead and the amen that closes the supplication. "That has not been my observation," says some one. Well, I am sorry for you, my brother, my sister. What an awful crowd you must have gotten into! Or, as is more probable, you are one of the characters that my text sketches. You have not been hunting for partridges and quail but for vultures. You have been microscopizing the world's faults. You have been down in the marshes when you ought to have been on the uplands. I have caught you at last. You are "a busybody in other men's matters."

How is it that you can always find two opinions about any one and those two opinions exactly opposite? I will tell you the reason. It is because there are two sides to every character — the best side and the worst side. A well disposed man chiefly seeks the best side; the badly disposed seeks chiefly the worst side. Be ours the desire to see the best side, for it is healthier for us to do and stirs admiration, which is an elevated state, while the desire to find the worst side keeps one in a spirit of disquietude and disgust and mean suspicion, and that is a pulling down of our own nature, a disfigurement of our own character. I am afraid the imperfections of others will kill us yet.

If one be cynical about the character of others and chiefly observant of defects and glad to find something wrong in character, the fact is apt to be demonstrated in his looks. However regular his features and though constructed according to the laws of Kaspar Lavater, his visage is sour. He may smile, but it is a sour smile. There is a sneer in the inflation of the nostril. There is a mean curvature to the lip. There is a bad look in the eye. The devil of sarcasm and malevolence and suspicion has taken possession of him, and you see it as plainly as though from the hair line of the forehead to the lowest point in the round of his chin it were written: "Mine! Mine! I, the demon of the pit, have soured his visage with my curse. Look at him! He chose a diet of carrion. He gloated over the misdeeds of others. It took all my infernal engineery to make him what he is—a busybody in other men's matters."

The slanderer almost always attempts to escape the scandal he is responsible for. When in 1741 John Wesley was preaching at Bristol and showing what reason he had to trust in the Captain of His Salvation, a hearer cried out: "Who was your captain when you hanged yourself? I know the man who saw you when you were cut down." John Wesley asked the audience to make room and let the slanderer come to the front, but when the way was open the slanderer, instead of coming forward, fled the room. The author or distributer of slanders never wants to face his work.

On the day of Pentecost there were people endowed with what was called the "gift of tongues," and they spake for God in many languages. But there are people in our time who seem to have the gift of evil tongues, and there is no end to their iniquitous babble. Every city, village and neighborhood of the earth has had driven through it these scavenger carts. When anything is said to you defamatory of the charcater of others imitate Joseph John Gurney of England, who, when a bad report was brought to him concerning anybody, asked: "Dost thou know any good thing to tell us concerning her? Since there is no good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil? Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity."

But there is a worthy and Christian way of looking abroad upon others, not for the purpose of bringing them to disadvantage or advertising their weaknesses or putting in "great primer" or "paragon" type their frailities, but to offer help, sympathy and rescue. That is Christlike, and he who does so wins the applause of the high heavens. Just look abroad for the people who have made great mistakes and put a big plaster of condolence on their lacerations. Such people are never sympathized with, although they need an infinity of solace. Domestic mistakes. Social mistakes. Ecclesiastical mistakes. Political mistakes. The world has for such only jeocisity and gesture of deprloration. There is an unoccupied field for you, my brother. No one has been there. Take your case of medicines and go there and ask them where they are hurt and apply divine medicament.

Hear it: The more you go busying yourselves in other men's matters the better if you have design of offering relief. Search out the quarrels, that you may settle them; the fallen, that you may lift them; the pangs, that you may assuage them. Arm yourself with two bottles of divine medicine, the one a tonic and the other an anaesthetic, the latter to soothe and quiet, the former to stimulate, to inspire to sublime action. That man's matters need looking after in this respect. There are 10,000 men and women who need your help and need it right away. They do not sit down and cry. They make no appeal for help, but within ten yards of where you sit in church and within ten minutes' walk of your home there are people in enough trouble to make them shriek out with agony if they had not resolved upon suppression.

Go forth to be a busybody in other men's matters, so far as you can helping them out, and help them on. The world is full of instances of those who spend their life in such alleviations, but there is one instance that overtops and eclipses all others. He had lived in a palace. Radiant ones waited upon him. He was charioted along streets yellow with gold, and stopped at gates glistening with pearls, and hosannaed by immortals corneted and in snowy white. Centuries gave him not a pain. The sun that rose on him never set. His dominions could not be enlarged, for they had no boundaries, and uncontested was his reign. Upon all that luster and renown and environment of splendors he turned his back and put down his crown at the foot of his throne, and on a bleak December night trod his way down to a stone house in Bethlehem of our world. Wrapped in what plain shawl, and pursued with what enemies on swift camels, and howled at with what brigands, and thrust with what sharp lances, and hidden in what sepulchral crypt, until the subsequent centuries have tried in vain to tell the story by sculptured cross, and painted canvas, and resounding doxologies, and domed cathedral, and redeemed nations.

He could not see a woman doubled up with rheumatism but he touched her, and inflamed muscles relaxed, and she stood straight up. He could not meet a funeral of a young man but he broke up the procession and gave him back to his widowed mother. With spittle on the tip of his finger he turned the midnight of total blindness into the midnoon of perfect sight.

that Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, said to me at Plainfield, N.J., and he repeated the message for me to others, was, "Never be tempted under any circumstances to give up your weekly publication of sermons throughout the world." That solemn charge I will heed as long as I have strength to give them and the newspaper types desire to take them.

WHERE SHE FALLS DOWN.

She's a leader in society, a speaker and a wit,
She can talk about astronomy and law;
In equations quadratic and the higher mathematics
She's the cutest adept mortals ever saw.
With Kipling, Shakespeare, Conan Doyle, she's intimate and free,
And she views the world right in the maddening string,
But with all her wealth ofology, from Theos to Doxology,
She never darned a stocking in her life.

She can play all scales chromatic, plain and simple, idiomatic—
A piano's just a victim to her touch—
And a harp's a pleading poor thing when she trembles on its main string,
And she hugs its arching frame with loving clutch;
And the neighbors they are praying, and to each other they are braying
Things she never learned as maiden or as wife,
But over all their praying, piping voices they are saying,
"She never darned a stocking in her life."

Virgil, Homer, Horace, Cæsar, not one of them can tease her
In thought he gave the world some time ago;
Latin, Middle, Modern and Dunsing, French and Spanish, Dutch and Prussian,
All come tripping from her lips in accents low.
Rules of order and disorder, wealth of parliamentary lore,
Points of privilege in couples rushing drives;
As she sits a queenly chairman, still, you know, a very fair one,
Though she never darned a stocking in her life.

Oh, she's strong on all reforms, politics and astral storms,
And on all city ownership she's great—
Water, telephones and light, 'lectric cars that run by night,
And improvements in the borough and the state!
Wonder how she knows it all, on this gay terrestrial ball,
And is now the brightest star in all club life,
When with such a simple thing as a needle, with a string,
She can't learn to darn one stocking in her life.

—S. J. Donlevy in Denver Republican.

Honest Boy.

"I am glad there are a few honest people left. Two years ago I sent a boy around the corner to buy a postal card. I have never seen the boy to this day."

"You don't call that boy honest?"

"Yes, sir. This morning I received a postal with this on the back: 'Dear Sir—Here is your postal. I started in business with the penny you gave me and have prospered. Thanks.'"—Chicago News.

The pimples have disappeared. Miller's Compound Iron Pills did it.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Diphtheria. JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.
French Village.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Croup. J. F. CUNNINGHAM.
Cape Island.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth. JOSEPH A. SNOW.
Norway, Me.

Shipping Trust in England.

The consul of the United States at Birmingham reports as an unusual event in Great Britain the beginning of an inquiry by the board of trade of that city into the shipping trust, which is said to be injurious to British industry.

My wife is having the best of health now. Miller's Compound Iron Pills did it.

Two Alike.

She—It must be great to have a talent like Prof. Swamper's. They say he can fill a house to overflowing at any time.

He—Um. So can a plumber.

A dose of Miller's Worm Powders occasionally will keep the children healthy.

His Sad Condition.

"My shoes are always a source of pain."

"Why is that?"

"Now shoes hurt my feet and old shoes hurt my self-respect."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

STIR IN KENMORE.

Durham Brown's Letter Published Last Week Cause of Comment.

One of Many Such Cases in Kenmore—Dodd's Kidney Pills well known there—Unanimous Corroboration of Brown's Statement.

Kenmore, Jan. 15.—No little comment has been caused here by the publication of a letter signed by Durham Brown, in the papers last week. Mr. Brown is one of the most expert boxmakers in the country, his cheese boxes, while models of good workmanship, being turned out in remarkably quick time. He has the reputation of being able to drive one-and-a-quarter inch nails at the rate of five hundred in eighteen minutes, and keep it up steadily.

Mr. Brown is an enthusiast about Dodd's Kidney Pills. He cannot say enough in their favor. And he means every word of it. His brother also thoroughly believes in Dodd's Kidney Pills, having seen how they affected Durham. Durham Brown's letter, as published last week, is corroborated by his brother and all who know him.

Many other people in Kenmore know from personal experience the value of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Whether for the two formerly incurable and fatal maladies, Bright's Disease and Diabetes, or for any of the other forms of Kidney Disease—Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Urinary and Bladder Complaints, Female Troubles, Blood Disorders—Dodd's Kidney Pills are considered infallible. Dodd's Kidney Pills is the only medicine that ever cured Bright's Disease or Diabetes, and the people here have a wonderful faith in them.

How to Clean Knives.

They should be held in a straight position on the knifeboard and moved backward and forward in as direct a line as possible, which will prevent the scratches so often seen on them. Do not put too much power on the board, as that is liable to scratch the blades. The board should be in a sloping position, one side slightly higher than the other. The ivory handles should be just dipped (not left to stand) in warm water and washed with a soapy flannel, and then wiped clean and dry. Blades and handles should be washed separately. Ebony handles may be cleaned with a piece of linen dipped in oil and then well dried. Keep a set of cloths of a coarse, strong texture for use for the knives only.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Superstition in India.

Legends in India run that if a woman stricken with leprosy suffers herself to be buried alive the disease will not descend to her children. There was in the northwest provinces in India the wife of a gardener on whom the loathsome malady had fallen. Children were born to her. The disease grew worse. She importuned her husband to bury her alive. He, at last, yielding to her prayers, summoned his son. The two dug the grave, and four neighbors assisted at the sepulchre. So the woman died. These facts were investigated in a magistrate's court and were proved.

His Company.

Mark Twain, meeting Charles Guthrie, a prominent British lawyer, in Vienna, asked him if he smoked. "Sometimes, when I am in bad company," was the reply.

After a pause came a second question: "You're a lawyer, aren't you, Mr. Guthrie?"

"I am, Mr. Clemens."

"Ah, then, Mr. Guthrie, you must be a very heavy smoker!"

Did you ever compare Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea with other much advertised brands?
Don't you think they owe an apology to the public?