THE FOUNDERED GALLEON

By WEATHERLY CHESNEY AND ALICK MUNRO.

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"Why not?"

"Oh, it may break, or you may fall, or—anything! And even if you did get to the top all right, it would be awfully dangerous for you to haul yourself up into the cave without help from above."

"Now, Alan," retorted the girl sharply, "don't be foolish, please! If you want to stay here till you've starved off two stone of your weight, I'll openly confess that I don't."

She raised her knees and hauled herself a foot farther up the rope. Then she stopped and, having convinced herself that her weight could not move the ladder, lowered herself on to the woodwork again.

"Alan," she said, "go below."

"Whatever for? No, Dolly, let me be at hand here in case anything happens. You may fall. Perhaps I could catch you, or'—

"Alan!"

"Yes?"

"Go."

Alan went, and Dolly slid on the hatch above him.

Down below the young man listened with straining, anxious attention. He heard a little squeak from her shoes as she took off from the boarding, and then a gentle panting as she worked her way upward. The sounds grew fainter, till he could hear them no longer. There was a minute's awful suspense, in which his feet tingled to be up on the stool and through the skylight again. He imagined all sorts of possibilities—if the girl should fall, or if one of the knots should come undone—

There was a slight jar on the boarding overhead and then a gleeful hail from the climber

"Ahoy, below there! The ladder waits, your excellency."

CHAPTER XVI.

CAIN LAVERSHA GOES POACHING.

By the time that Dolly and the undergraduate had picked their way out of the long rock gallery which led to Nick's smuggery it was almost dark, and there was still the better part of an hour's hard scrambling to be done before they could hope to reach the Eureka again. Indeed, the journey took them considerably longer than an hour, for the rocky gullies and thorny knolls which they had to traverse needed careful walking even in the daytime, and now, in the rapidly growing darkness, they were doubly dangerous. Fortunately there was a moon, but moonbeams are not the most reliable light in which to go rock climbing, even if one is quite sure of the track.

The ketch's riding lamp served as a beacon to lead them in the right direction, and without its help it is most certain that they would, more than once have gone very far astray indeed in their efforts to retrace the path which they had taken in the morning, for in the moonlight the shadows gave deceptive appearances of easy gullies where there were in reality nothing but ugly holes and of gentle slopes which a closer approach showed to be sheer precipices. Every step had to be picked, and carefully picked too.

When they reached to witain a quarter of a mile of the Eureka, the rest was easy, for they were now upon the sandy, level beach once more. And here they came upon Dr. Tring.

The doctor was striding along quickly, a gaunt, black shadow in the moonbeams. At a hail from Guthrie he stopped.

"Guthrie ahoy!" he cried. "Are you all right?"

"All ri ht it is!" answered the undergraduate.

"Both of you?"

"Both of us!" shouted Dolly. "Rather tired and fearfully hungry. That's all. Where's father?"

The doctor shifted his helm and bore down upon them. About a fathom away from them he stopped, fiddled for his glass and put it in his eye, and then he crammed both his fists deep into his pockets and stared hard at the truants. He said nothing. His leathery features were screwed up as if he were going to whistle, but no sound came out from between the puckered lips.

"Well!" he remarked presently. "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?"

Under that stare Guthrie had begun to feel uncomfortable. Dolly, as usual, took matters coolly. She knew how to manage most people and among them, of course, Dr. Tring.

"We're very sorry for outstaying our leave," she said demurely. "But we couldn't help it. We were boxed up and couldn't get out. We've had a very tiring day, and we've missed two meals.'

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the doctor, letting his eyeglass topple down and his features smooth themselves out again. "So you have! What a fool I was not to do the St. Bernard dog trick—brandy bottle and Bath bun. However, come along at once."

"Where's the dad?" asked Dolly.

"As the Yankees would say, 'Tearing around.' He began to get anxious about you a couple of hours ago, and I dare say he's fully convinced by this time that one if not both of you will have to be carried back to the Eureka on a stretcher."

"I say, doctor."

"Well?"

"Go and tell him, do, and save us the wigging. We couldn't help it really. You see, it was this way"—

"Never mind the yarn now," interrupted Dr. Tring. "Here we are at the boat. Henrietta will put you on board, and I'll go and find your father and tell him you're all right. Afterward you can give us the whole yarn."

"Mind you explain to the dad that we couldn't help it," insisted the girl.

"H'm! I'll tell him that you say you couldn't, but you've still got to prove that, you know, miss," answered the doctor, with a very feeble pretense at severity

He turned away inland again, and the others went down to the boat. Henrietta squeaked a curt greeting, and as she was shoving off remarked that the "cap'n had took on bad about Miss Dolly."

"Poor old dad," remarked Miss Colepepper ten minutes afterward, when she and Guthrie had taken the keenest edge off their appetites—"he's always fussy and nervous about me. Alan, do you consider we've wasted this day?"

Now it so happened that cold beef and pickles prevented the undergraduate from giving an articulate reply to Dolly's question at that particular moment. But he shook his head most vigorously.

"We haven't found the spring of fresh water we were sent to seek, you know," suggested Dolly slyly.

"I don't care if we haven't," replied the young man unblushingly. "I'm glad, in fact, because we can spend another day like this in looking for it."

"Oh!" murmured Miss Colepepper quietly and dropped the subject.

There was, however, as it turned out, no necessity for another day to be spent in the search for the needed fresh water, because Captain Colepepper had found it himself. The spring was only about 100 yards from the part of the beach where the Eureka was lying, and the captain had lit upon the spot accidentally, while he was engaged in turning the island of Piper's cay upside down to find the two authorized water searchers.

"No more shore leave for anybody at present," he declared that evening, therefore, when he had heard his daughter's tale. "It doesn't seem to be safe, and, besides, we've got plenty of work for all hands, without wasting our time in playing hide and seek all over the island. Tomorrow we'll set about the filling of the water casks and the other jobs that brought us to Piper's cay. I don't want to stay here a day longer than is necessary to put the ketch into proper trim for another attempt on the Santa Catarina's money box. We've got through a fairish bit of the repairing work today, while you two youngsters have been amusing yourselves by tumbling into my piratical ancestor's mantraps. But there's still three days' work good to be done before I shall declare the Eureka in fit trim to weather an Atlantic blow, so we'll make it four bells, doctor, and all hands to take their watch below. We shall make an early start tomorrow."

"Come, out with it, Tom!"

But, as it proved, the general overhaul of the ketch was not destined to begin on that next day, after all, for in the morning at breakfast Tom Jelly made a statement that gave the whole crew other work to do. The one armed sailor arrived at the foot of the companion with a very embarrassed grin peeping from among the jungle of black hair on his face. He kneaded his cap nervously in his hand and did not seem to be able to speak at all till the captain had twice exclaimed, "Come, out with it, Tom!"

At last, with a loud introductory "H'm!" the man began his explanation.

"Why, cap'n, it's that lubber Cain!' And there he fetched up short.

"Well?" said the skipper, with a trifle of impatience. "What's the matter with him? He hasn't been running away, has he?"

"Why, cap'n," replied Jelly, "I believe you've about hit it. You see, it was this a-ways: Cain and me was ashore with the jolly las' thing las', night, and Cain, he says, 'Tom,' says he, 'I bin a poacher, I bin.'

"'Oh!' says I. 'Have you reely now?'

"'A dasprit poacher,' says he, 'afore Zusan Pierce took me in hand, and the longing's coming on me again now. If I doan't go poach this night, I's'l bust.'

"'Surely not,' says I, shifting to wind'ard of him a trifle.

"'Surely, yes,' says he. 'Zusan Pierce not being 'ere, 'tis poach or bust.'"

"What's the use of telling us all this rigmarole?" broke in the doctor impatiently.

"With due respect," said the voice of Tom from behind the black jungle, "you'd better hear the whole yarn. Well, I says to him, I says, 'Cain, when'll you have done?'

"'Sun up,' says he, 'sees me standing where us is now.'

"Then says I, always being wishful to do the kind to a shipmate, though he be but a cook with the clay still yaller on his heels: 'Here goes, then, for shoving off wi'ont you. But sun up Cain La-what's-un's-name or I'll be getting into trouble.'

"'Sun up, Tom Jelly,' says 'ee, an starts off into the scrub, leaving me to scull the jolly aboard by myself. Now, cap'n, that was how it began, but, though sun up see me ashore again and though I waited a matter of two hours, no Cain hove in view. So off I sculls again to the ketch and tells the whole business to 'Enrietta, 'er bein fust person to hear it.

"'Tom Jelly,' says she, 'you be a blamed fool!' Them's the very words, cap'n—'blamed fool!' 'And,' says she, 'get below, you black avised swab, and tell the skipper at once!' Terrible clever woman 'Enrietta be, gentlemen all and miss."

The man was going on, but Captain Colepepper cut his rambling short with a "That'll do!" whereupon he saluted with his solitary fist and tumbled up the ladder.

"What does this mean, Colepepper?" the doctor asked, picking his wig up from a locker and clapping it on his bare sconce. "The fellow can't have been trying to desert, can he?"

"I don't see that there's anywhere to desert to," replied the captain perplexedly.

"Caves and booby traps," suggested Dolly.

"Ah," said the doctor, "of course! I fancy that's more to the point, Colepepper. It seems likely enough that this infernal island fairly bristles with pleasant surprises of that kind. That great lumbering fool evidently went off under the impression that he was going to lay hands on black game or red deer, as he was probably accustomed to do on Dartmoor, when he carried less flesh on his bones. I've heard of men getting a touch of that sort of madness when they find themselves ashore after a long spell at sea. The only thing which surprises me is that this plethoric clod should have had enough imagination or energy for such an adventure."

"He'll have found some cozy niche, I expect," said the captain, "and have tumbled off to sleep. We shall hear him bawling, like one of his brother Abel's bulls, from the shore there in the course of the morning, asking to be taken off again. If he'd only screw his voice up into some sort of a decent sea hail, I believe I'd let him off without a wigging. Now, on deck, all hands, and set to getting the work done! Thanks to my scurry round yesterday after you two youngsters, I've found the place where Piper or my scoundrelly ancestor or some of the other blackguards of the old days used to heave their craft down. It'll fit the Eureka as though it had been built for her."

They got the anchor up, and, putting the ketch under jib and mizzen, worked her into the miniature bay which the captain had noted. It was rather delicate work getting in, as the whole place was not bigger than a dock basin, but the captain had the boat out to get warps ashore, and before he piped down to dinner the Eureka was snugly moored by shore fasts at stern and bow. One of the sides of this tiny harbor was steep to, and by getting out a couple of springs and slacking up a trifle on the other warps they were able to heave her close in, and then, after slipping out the gangway, a bridge of planks put them in direct communication with land.

And when all this was done, still no Cain Laversha had returned.

"I'm afraid, Colepepper," said the doctor anxiously, "that your sleep theory is a wrong one, after all. I fear the fellow has got pitted like the young people were."

"It looks as if you might be right, doctor," admitted the captain, with some irritation. "Confound the lout! I don't suppose he'd have the sense to find us in our new moorings, either, if he did come down to the shore and found that the ketch wasn't exactly where he'd seen her last. I wish I'd left her where she was and gone to look for the man this morning."

"We must have volunteers for a search party," said Dr. Tring.

"No, I'll take all hands," replied the captain. "We shall be more likely to find him quickly if we spread well, and no harm can come to the ketch where she is lying now."

Five minutes after this the whole crew was ashore, with instructions to advance straight across the island and not to be afraid of giving tongue as soon as they saw any sign which might lead them to the missing farmer.

"Half a minute, Guthrie, my lad," added the captain, as the undergraduate was setting off with Miss Colepepper. "I don't think you and Dolly had better go together, or you'll be getting one another into mischief again."

"Send Henrietta to look after them," suggested Dr. Tring, with a grin.

"Right. I will. Thanks for the idea, doctor. Here, Henrietta, go as nursery maid with my daughter and Guthrie and see that they don't break their own necks or yours. Try the pirate's snuggery first, Guthrie. That fool of a farmer may have tumbled into the very same trap as you did."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Guthrie, and then added in a tone which only Dolly could hear: "Confound Henrietta! But we'll try to lose her."

CHAPTER XVII.

A BLOOD MARKED OAR.

When Guthrie announced to Miss Colepepper his intention of managing to lose Henrietta, he was no doubt perfectly serious, but he reckoned without the sailor woman's natural instinct of faithfulness to the spoken order of her captain. Henrietta had been told to nursery maid the two young people, and, inasmuch as she was a sailor, she stuck grimly to her ordered duty; but, inasmuch as she was at the same time a woman, she had a kindly feeling for the lovers, and therefore trudged stolidly along as far behind them as was consistent with the duty demands of her conscience. And by this compromise she succeeded in the difficult task of carrying out her orders to the satisfaction both of herself and of her charges.

They found the cave in which Nicholas the First had established his inhospitable snuggery in exactly the same condition in which they had left it. So it was obvious that the burly farmer had not been there.

"But I don't think," pronounced Dolly, "that there's the least likelihood of his having followed the shore route at all. There's far too much climbing hereabout to suit his taste. He'd be sure to take the easiest path he could find. So we ought to stand the best chance of finding him by following his example and picking out the smooth bits."

"What do you think, Henrietta?" asked Guthrie.

"Well, you see," said the woman, "he told that muddling fool, Tom Jelly, that his way going ashore was to be nat'rally wouldn't expect to find his game along the coast. So most likely he's gone inland."

"So you think we'd better strike inland too?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Letter From De Aar.

The following letter, dated De Aar, December 4, has been received from Private George Downey, of the first contingent, by Mr. A. H. Bate, of Montreal:

"Arrived at Cape Town on the 30th; left at once for this rest camp (?). A more dreary place it would be hard to imagine, all desert and the sand blowing in clouds. Well, if you could see us; we are the toughest looking crowd. No shaving since we landed; but everyone in high spirits. A large number of wounded are passing through here for Vryuberg, which is the main hospital. We are just commencing to get details of the fight at Modder River. We expect to leave here for Orange River to-morrow, and perhaps take part in the relief of Kimberley. Of course we do not know anything definite yet. We had an elegant send-off from Cape Town. Sir Alfred Milner came down to see us off, and addressed us. The enemy is now fourteen miles off us. A reconnoitering party of the Duke of Cornwalls' L.I., was fired on on the day before we came. We were on drill this morning at six. Our appetites are fine. My partner and I ate a whole can of bully beef without trouble. This sand is fierce; it blows into everything; yesterday you could not see your neighbor, and the temperature is about 90 degrees. We are glad we are going in to have a shot at them anyhow, and we will show the people at home we can do all that is expected.

A Boer prisoner tried to escape from a train, two stations south of here, and the escort filled him full of lead, stopped the train and buried him. There are lots of Boer sympathizers in this part of the country.

Well, I will write at least twice a week, if possible, and from Kimberley if we go up."

His Impression.

"What's the use of spending so much money in an election?" asked the friend.

"Great Scott!" answered Senator Sorghum. "What do you want a man to do with his money? Just let it lie around in the banks and do nothing? What's money for?"—Washington Star.

Where Hope Lingered.

Negroes are unconsciously humorous. The other day two roustabouts were overheard talking. They met on the levee after one had been absent from the city for several weeks.

"Hello, Bill; how is yer?" said the first.

"Well," was the reply, "de doctors is give me up, but de police ain't."—Memphis Scimitar.

AGRICULTURE UP TO DATE.

Points From Secretary Wilson's Report For 1899.

Much work has been undertaken on behalf of tobacco, looking to as wide a substitution as possible of home grown for imported product, by improving the quality of the former. Interesting investigations as to the causes affecting flavor and aroma are being carried on.

From a study of the imports of Denmark, especially of American grains and oilcake, the secretary concludes strongly against a policy which sterilizes our lands at the same time that it supplies other countries with the means of producing meats and dairy products for foreign markets which we could ourselves supply.

The interesting fact is noted that the tea gardens at Summerville produced 3,600 pounds of tea the past season. Irrigation experiments, improvement of varieties by importation and by hybridization, are indicated as important steps to be studied.

In regard to public lands the secretary deplores the ill results of injudicious grazing due to the indifference of the occupiers under the present system. He advocates leasing in large areas and for a sufficient time to invite improvement and suggests that the revenue from such leases might be turned over to the states for educational purposes or irrigation.

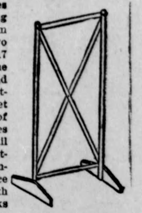
Of the abandoned farms of New England he says that they are not abandoned on account of sterility; that they will be studied by the soil physicist, agrostologist and the forester, and the valuable suggestions resulting from their studies will be distributed throughout New England.

The secretary discusses the subject of irrigation at considerable length, giving strong reasons for a general study of the whole subject. He points out the wide difference in laws and methods prevailing in the different states dependent upon irrigation and states that most important rivers have streams supplying irrigation to half a dozen states. Inevitably, under these circumstances, differences will arise calling for legislation by congress, which should, therefore, be put in possession of all the facts affecting this important subject as early as possible. He also points out that the usefulness of this investigation is by no means limited to the arid region, but that irrigation could be profitably employed in large areas in the eastern and southern states.

Our imports of oranges, lemons, cocoanuts, bananas, and especially coffee, of which in 1898 we imported over $65,000,000 worth, could, in large part, be produced in Porto Rico. The secretary especially recommends experiments in the production of india rubber, for which we are now largely dependent upon Brazil.

Holder For Sacks.

An Iowa Homestead correspondent sketches and describes a sack holder which he finds useful: Take two strips 1 by 1½ inches by 42 inches long and nail them together by two pieces of lath 17 inches long, one at the top and one at the bottom. Then get two pieces of board 18 inches long and nail them on the outside of the concern. Then brace crossways with lath. The hooks should be three inches from the top. They can be made of tenpenny wire nails driven through, then filed sharp (so as not to tear the sack) and bent into shape. All braces should be on opposite side of the hooks. For filling sacks a tin pail answers better than a scoop shovel.



A SACK HOLDER.

The World's Wheat Crop.

According to Broomhall: World's wheat crop of 1899, 2,496,400,000 bushels; world's wheat crop of 1898, 2,888,144,000 bushels; world's wheat crop of 1897, 2,269,352,000 bushels. This makes the crop of 1899 fall short of that of last year by 389,744,000 bushels, though exceeding that of 1897 by 227,048,000 bushels—that is, according to Broomhall's estimate, it is considered better than the very short crop of 1897, but decidedly nearer to that than to the large one of 1898.

News and Notes.

The United States department of agriculture has in press and will soon issue bulletin No. 72, office of experiment stations, entitled "Farmers' Reading Courses." The bulletin was prepared by Professor L. H. Bailey, M. S., professor of horticulture in Cornell university, and gives a history of the organization of farmers' reading courses, which have become an important factor among the agencies for diffusing knowledge and promoting enthusiasm among the farmers. The bulletin contains lists of books used in various reading courses.

No marked crop departure from the ten year average is noted for any of the principal tobacco growing states this season, says the crop circular.

CONSECRATED MUSCLE

Responsibilities on Those Possessing Physical Power.

THE VALUE OF GOOD HEALTH.

A Strong Plea for a Purer Social Atmosphere—Christians Do Not Realize the Guilt of Iniquity by Which They Are Bounded—Innumerable Homes Blighted by Free Lovism.

Washington, Feb. 11. — In this discourse Dr. Talmage sets forth the responsibility of those who are strong and well, as in a forcible course be preached to the disabled and "the shut in," text, Judges xiv, 1, "And Samson went down to Timnath."

There are two sides to the character of Samson. The one phase of his life, if followed into particulars, would administer to the grotesque and the mirthful. But there is a phase of his character fraught with lessons of solemn and eternal import. To these graver lessons we devote our sermon.

This giant no doubt in early life gave evidences of what he was to be. It is almost always so. There were two Napoleons—the boy Napoleon and the man Napoleon—but both alike; two Howards—the boy Howard and the man Howard—but both alike; two Samsons—the boy Samson and the man Samson — but both alike. This giant was no doubt the hero of the playground, and nothing could stand before his exhibitions of youthful prowess. At 18 years of age he was betrothed to the daughter of a Philistine. Going down toward Timnath, a lion came out upon him, and although this young giant was weaponless he seized the monster by the long mane and shook him as a hungry hound shakes a March hare and made his bones crack and left him by the wayside bleeding under the smiting of his fist and the grinding heft of his heel.

There he stands, looming up above other men, a mountain of flesh, his arms bunched with muscle that can lift the gate of a city, taking an attitude defiant of everything. His hair had never been cut, and it rolled down in seven great plaits over his shoulders, adding to his bulk, fierceness and terror. The Philistines want to conquer him, and therefore they must find out where the secret of his strength lies.

There is an evil woman living in the valley of Sorek by the name of Delilah. They appoint her the agent in the case. The Philistines are secreted in the same building, and then Delilah goes to work and coaxes Samson to tell what is the secret of his strength. "Well," he says, "if you should take seven green withes such as they fasten wild beasts with and put them around me, I should be perfectly powerless." So she binds him with the seven green withes. Then she claps her hands and says, "They come—the Philistines!" and he walks out as though there were no impedient. She coaxes him again and again, "Now tell the secret of this great strength" and he replies, "If you should take some ropes that have never been used and tie me with them, I should be just like other men." She ties him with the ropes, claps her hands and shouts, "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before — not a single obstruction. She coaxes him again, and he says, "Now, if you should take these seven long plaits of hair and by this house loom weave them into a web, I could not get away." So the house loom is rolled up, and the shuttle flies backward and forward, and the long plaits of hair are woven into a web. Then she claps her hands and says, "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before, dragging a part of the loom with him.

But after awhile she persuades him to tell the truth. He says, "If you should take a razor or shears and cut off this long hair, I should be powerless and in the hands of my enemies." Samson sleeps, and that she may not wake him up during the process of shearing help is called in. You know that the barbers of the east have such a skillful way of manipulating the head to this very day that instead of waking up a sleeping man they will put a man wide awake sound asleep. I hear the blades of the shears grinding against each other, and I see the long locks falling off. The shears or razor accomplished what green withers and new ropes and house loom could not do. Suddenly she clasps her hands and says, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" He rouses up with a struggle, but his strength is all gone. He is in the hands of his enemies.

I hear the groan of the giant as they take his eyes out, and then I see him staggering on in his blindness, feeling his way as he goes on toward Gaza. The prison door is open, and the giant is thrust in. He sits down and puts his hands on the mill crank, which with exhausting horizontal motion goes day after day, week after week, month after month—work, work, work! The consternation of the world in captivity, his locks shorn, his eyes punctured, grinding corn in Gaza!

First of all, behold in this giant of the text that physical power is not always an index of moral power. He was a huge man — the lion found it out, and the 3,000 men whom he slew found it out; yet he was the subject of petty revenges and outgiantedness by low passion. I am far from throwing any discredit upon physical stamina. There are those who seem to have great admiration for delicacy and sickliness of constitution. I never could see any glory in weak nerves or sick headache. Whatever effort in our day is made to make the men and women more robust should have the favor of every good citizen as well as of every Christian. Gymnastics may be positively religious.

How often it is that you do not find physical energy indicative of spiritual power! If a clear head is worth more than one dizzy with perpetual vertigo, if muscles with the play of health in them are worth more than those drawn up in chronic "rheumatics," if an eye quick to catch passing objects is better than one with vision dim and uncertain, then God will require of us efficiency just in proportion to what he has given us. Physical energy ought to be a type of moral power. We ought to have as good digestion of truth as we have capacity to assimilate food. Our spiritual hearing ought to be as good as our physical hearing. Our spiritual taste ought to be as clear as our tongue. Samsons in body, we ought to be giants in moral power.

But how often it is that men with physical strength do not serve Christ. They are like a ship full manned and full rigged, capable of vast tonnage, able to endure all stress of weather, yet swinging idly at the docks, when these men ought to be crossing and recrossing the great ocean of human suffering and sin with God's supplies of mercy. How often it is that physical strength is used in doing positive damage or in luxurious ease, when, with sleeves rolled up and bronzed bosom, fearless of the shafts of opposition, it ought to be laying hold with all its might and tugging away to lift up this sunken wreck of a world.

It is a most shameful fact that much of the business of the church and of the world must be done by those comparatively invalid. Richard Baxter, by reason of his diseases, all his days sitting in the door of his tomb, yet writing more than 100 volumes and sending out an influence for God that will endure as long as the "Saint's Everlasting Rest." Edward Payson, never knowing a well day, yet how he preached and how he wrote, helping thousands of dying souls like himself to swim in a sea of glory. And Robert McCheyne, a walking skeleton, yet you know what he did in Dundee and how he shook Scotland with zeal for God. Philip Doddridge, advised by his friends because of his illness not to enter the ministry, yet you know what he did for the "Rise and Progress of Religion" in the church of the world.

Wilberforce was told by his doctors that he could not live a fortnight, yet at that very time entering upon philanthropic enterprises that demanded the greatest endurance and perseverance. Robert Hall, suffering excruciations so that often in his pulpit while preaching he would stop and lie down on a sofa, then getting up again to preach about heaven until the glories of the celestial city dropped on the multitude, doing more work perhaps than almost any well man in his day.

Oh, how often it is that men with great physical endurance are not as great in moral and spiritual stature. While there are achievements for those who are bent all their days with sickness—achievements of patience, achievements of Christian endurance—I call upon men of health, men of muscle, men of nerve, men of physical power, to devote themselves to the Lord. Giants in body, you ought to be giants in soul.

Behold also in the story of my text illustration of the fact of the damage that strength can do if it be misguided. It seems to me that this man spent a great deal of his time in doing evil — this Samson of my text. To pay a bet which he had lost by the guessing of his riddle he robs and kills 30 people. He was not only gigantic in strength, but gigantic in mischief and a type of those men in all ages of the world who, powerful in body or mind or any faculty of social position or wealth, have used their strength for iniquitous purposes.

Oh, men of stout physical health, men of great mental stature, men of high social position, men of great power of any sort, I want you to understand your power, and I want you to know that that power devoted to God will be a crown on earth, to you typical of a crown in heaven, but misguided, bedraggled in sin, administrative of evil, God will thunder against you with his condemnation in the day when millionaire and pauper, master and slave, king and subject, shall stand side by side in the judgment and money bags and judicial crime and royal robe shall be riven with the lightnings.

Behold also how a giant may be slain of a woman. Delilah started the train of circumstances that pulled down the temple of Dagon about Samson's ears tens of thousands of giants have gone down to death and hell through the same fascinations. It seems to me that it is high time that pulpit and platform and printing press speak out against the impurities of modern society. Fastidiousness and prudery say: "Better not speak. You will rouse up adverse criticism. You will make worse what you want to make better. Better deal in glittering generalities. The subject is too delicate for polite ears." But there comes a voice from heaven overpowering the mincing sentimentalities of the day, saying, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet and show my people their transgressions and the house of Jacob their sins."

You who are seated in your Christian homes, compassed by moral and religious restraints, do not realize the gulf of iniquity that bounds you on the north and the south and the east and the west. While I speak there are tens of thousands of men and women going over the awful plunge of an impure life, and while I cry to God for mercy upon their souls I cry to you to marshal in the defense of your homes, your church and your nation. There is a banqueting hall that you have never heard described. You know all about the feast of Ahasuerus, where 1,000 lords sat. You know all about Belshazzar's carousal, where the blood of the murdered king spurted into the faces of the banqueters. You may know of the scene of riot and wassail where there was set before Aesopus one dish of food that cost $400,000. But I speak now of a different banqueting hall. Its roof is fretted with fire. Its floor is tessellated with fire. Its chalices are chased with fire. Its song is a song of fire. Its walls are buttresses of fire. Solomon refers to it when he says, "Her guests are in the depths of hell."

Our American communities are suffering from the gospel of free lovism which 30 years ago was preached on the platform and in some of the churches of this country. I charge upon free lovism that it has blighted innumerable homes and that it has sent innumerable souls to ruin. Free lovism is bestial; it is worse—it is infernal! It has furnished this land with many thousands of divorces annually. In one county in the state of Indiana it furnished 11 divorces in one day before dinner. It has roused up elopements north, south, east and west. You can hardly take up a paper but you read of an elopement. As far as I can understand the doctrine of free lovism, it is this—that every man ought to have somebody else's wife and every wife somebody else's husband. Free lovism! It is the double distilled extract of nux vomica, ratsbane and adder's tongue. Never until society goes back to the old Bible and hears its eulogy of purity and its anathema of uncleanness—never until then will this evil be extirpated.

Behold also in this giant of the text and in the giant of our own century that great physical power must crumble and expire. The Samson of the text long ago went away. He fought the lion. He fought the Philistines. He could fight anything, but death was too much for him. He may have required a longer grave and a broader grave, but the tomb nevertheless was his terminus.

If, then we are to be compelled to go out of this world, where are we to go to? This body and soul must soon part. What shall be the destiny of the former I know—dust to dust. But what shall be the destiny of the latter? Shall it rise into the companionship of the white robed, whose sins Christ has slain, or will it go down among the unbelieving, who tried to gain the world and save their souls, but were swindled out of both? Blessed be God, we have a Champion! He is so styled in the Bible. A Champion who has conquered death and hell, and he is ready to fight all our battles, from the first to the last.

I said to an old Scotch minister, who was one of the best friends I ever had, "Doctor, did you ever know Robert Pollock, the Scotch poet, who wrote 'The Course of Time?'" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I knew him well! I was his classmate!" And then the doctor went on to tell me how that the writing of "The Course of Time" exhausted the health of Pollock, and he expired. It seems as if no man could have such a glimpse of the day for which all other days were made as Robert Pollock had and long survive that glimpse. In the description of that day he says, among other things:

Begin the woe, ye woods, and tell it
to the doleful winds,
And doleful winds wail to the howling hills,
And howling hills mourn to the dismal vales,
And dismal vales sigh to the sorrowing brooks,
And sorrowing brooks weep to the weeping stream,
And weeping stream awake the groaning deep;
Ye heavens, great archway of the universe, put sackcloth on,
And ocean, robe thyself in garb of widowhood
And gather all thy waves into a groan and utter it
Long, loud, deep, piercing, dolorous, immense.
The occasion asks it, Nature dies, and angels come to lay her in her grave.

What Robert Pollock saw in poetic dream you and I will see in positive reality—the judgment, the judgment!

Malicious.

"What did your friend send you on your birthday that makes you so angry? She promised you something useful."

"Yes, and she sent me a feather duster."—Humoristische Blatter.

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Mr. John McDonald, a well known merchant of Cape North, N. S., was for many years a sufferer of spinal trouble, which eventually resulted in partial paralysis. Treatment of many kinds was resorted to, but without avail, until finally Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were used, with the result that Mr. McDonald is again enjoying perfect health. Mr. McDonald's story is given as follows in his own words: "Almost thirteen years ago I caught a bad cold which lodged in my back, producing a terrible pain. Liniments are at first resorted to, but they had no effect, and the trouble became so bad that I could hardly work, and could not go out of doors after dark, as I would be almost certain to fall if I attempted to walk. Medical treatment did me no good. I tried six different doctors, but the result was always the same. I spent $30 for an electric belt, but it was simply money wasted. Years went on and I was continually growing worse, until in the spring of 1895 my lower limbs would scarcely support me. In June of that year I went to the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, where I remained for two months under the treatment of the best specialists, but when I returned home I was actually worse than when I entered the hospital. This thoroughly discouraged me, and I gave up all hope of ever getting better. I continued to grow worse until about the first of January, 1896, when I become so bad that I could not stand alone, as my legs were like sticks under me. My only means of locomotion was crutches, and my legs dragged after me like useless pieces of timber; I could not raise them one inch from the floor. About the first of the following April, Rev. Mr. McLeod strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had tried so many things without benefit, that I did not think the pills could help me, but nevertheless decided to give them a trial. After using six boxes I could see that there was a slight improvement, and I continued using the pills until I had taken thirty boxes, and by that time new life and vigor had returned to my legs, and I have since been able to attend to my business behind the counter without the aid of crutches, or even a stick. Under God's blessing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored me to a new measure of health and energy, I never expected to again enjoy in this world.

My restoration has caused a great wonderment in this section, and as a result I have sold many gross of Dr. Williams Pink Pills in my store, and many of those who have bought them from me tell me they have cured them of their troubles.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly on the blood and nerves. They do not purge, and therefore do not weaken like other medicines. They give strength from the first pill to the last used. There are many dealers who offer pink colored substitutes, because the substitute gives them a greater profit, but these should always be refused, as substitutes are either dangerous or absolutely worthless.

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"Eight. No horse ever gets past seven."

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