THE FOUNDERED GALLEON

By WEATHERLY CHESNEY AND ALICK MUNRO.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Authors.]

"Yes, sir and miss, I do," said Mrs. Jelly.

They took her advice and struck up into the country, but they found the going very disagreeable, for the ground was for the most part covered with a dense scrub of clinging bastard palm. Single plants of this growing in flowerpots make graceful enough ornaments for an English drawing room, no doubt, but when they are packed into a thick jungle and fostered by tropical heat they form a most unpleasant medium through which to be compelled to press a way. The stalk of each fan leaf is furnished on either side with sharp hooks, which point down the hill, and these have a way of taking toll from the flesh and wearing apparel of the climber which is, to say the least, irritating.

The part of the island which they were now exploring was made up of low hillocks and shallow gullies, and on all the upper ground this rank scrub flourished luxuriantly. In the hollows there was less of it, and its place was taken by a tall, coarse grass which often grew shoulder high. To force a passage through this and through the palm scrub, whose graceful fronds not infrequently arched completely over the searchers' heads, was sultry work enough, and the burly farmer who had made it necessary was at the moment in danger of becoming distinctly unpopular.

The West Indian sun was blazing in a cloudless sky up above them like a great furnace of brass, and the gentle breeze was not strong enough to penetrate the dense, leafy covers and give them relief. However, occasionally they came across a projecting knoll of barren rock, so smooth that the rains allowed no soil to collect upon its surface, and at such places as these they found that they could get a refreshing breath of purer, cooler air.

"There doesn't seem to be much in the way of sport for friend Cain," observed Guthrie during one of the breathing halts. "Barring sea gulls and small green parrots, we haven't seen a living thing."

Dolly gave her cheek a hasty smack. "You forget the mosquitoes," she said. "I'm sure they're very much alive. What with them and the sand flies and the other abominations, I'm just being walked away with piecemeal. Can't we get out of this place of torment?"

"It seems all much of a muchness," said Guthrie, "but over there, to the left a bit, there's a knoll which, from what one may judge from here, should be about the highest point of the island. I vote we go up there and prospect. We may find, at least, a paradise moderately free from mosquitoes."

The undergrowth thinned a little as they neared this slight upland, as though the soil were poorer and would not support such rank herbage as grew on the lower slopes and in the bosky hollows between them, and when the climbers gained the crest their way was impeded by nothing worse than sparse tufts of grass which rarely reached to the knee.

"Hello!" exclaimed Guthrie, as he stumbled and nearly fell over something lying in the cover just below the topmost curve of the summit. "What have we here?"

A fine brown dust which had spurted out under the influence of the young man's involuntary kick said "wood," and a further examination showed that the wood had once been dressed by cutting tools.

"It's a spar of some kind," pronounced Henrietta, who had come up behind him.

They examined it curiously. It was, they found, several spars, fished together into one piece, which could not have been less than 100 feet in length. At the end of it were the remains of a platform or "top." Evidently the thing had been upreared on end at one time and held in position by shrouds and guys—indeed, Henrietta actually found its "step." The summit had been a look-out station, perhaps belonging to the mysterious Piper, perhaps even to Nicholas the First himself.

"There have been some rum sights viewed from the top of this before it was blown down," opined Guthrie.

"Very probably," replied Dolly, "but as the top of it showed the seas all around, surely the foot of it should show us most of the island."

"Well?"

"Well, if Cain's on the surface, we ought to see him if we look hard enough."

"So we ought, miss!" exclaimed Henrietta, "and if we do, mayhap we needn't tramp through any more of them nasty palms."

"If it does that, it's worth the effort," declared the undergraduate with conviction.

They settled themselves down therefore on a big bowlder and commenced scrutinizing the greenery below carefully and methodically. On one side of them, away down by the coast, could be seen Hans Spiedernichel and the doctor toiling through the scrub about a quarter of a mile apart, and near the opposite shore a blue cloud rising from a patch of tall grass showed where Captain Colepepper was waging by means of smoke an unequal war with the mosquitoes. Half way between them and the captain was Tom Jelly sitting on a bowlder and fanning himself with his cap, and, excepting for a few wheeling sea fowl, there was not another living thing in sight.

Away out farther was the calm blue water of the lagoon, dotted here and there with points of black and shimmering white, where the reefs cropped out and broke the seas from the outside, and beyond this again was the great sweep of the ocean, unbroken to the horizon. Except where the Eureka's people made patches in the solitude, the place was deserted by man and beast alike.

"No sign of the farmer anywhere," pronounced Guthrie at length, after a long and careful scrutiny.

"No," said Dolly, "but there's a thing down there which puzzles me—down on the beach near that big black bowlder. What do you make of it?"

She pointed to the place, about half a mile away, where the gleaming, white fore shore was nearest to them. Guthrie made a telescope of his hands to avoid the blinding glare from above, and stared for some time at the thing which had attracted Dolly's attention.

"It looks like an oar," he declared presently.

"That's exactly what I thought," replied the girl. "Suppose we go nearer and make certain."

So on they trudged again and found that half mile to the shore the worst bit of going they had come across so far.

"It is an oar!" exclaimed Dolly triumphantly, when at last they came out on to the open beach.

"And look-ee there!" cried Henrietta. "See that blood on the handle of it, scarcely hard yet! This oar's been used by a chap wi' a blister on's hand. Look-ee, the blood chips away when I scratch it with my nail. There's been no rain fallen on this 'ere, and we had rain only two days agone."

"Oars don't grow out of coral sand," pronounced Dolly excitedly, "nor do they drop from the clouds, that I've ever heard, nor do ghosts carry them about, or, if they do, they don't leave fresh blood stains on them! Alan, I think it's allowable to suppose that a boat has been in here, and under the circumstances we might even take it for granted that Cain went off in that boat."

"It looks like it, certainly, but where on earth could a boat come from?"

"Best call the doctor, hadn't you, sir?" suggested Mrs. Jelly. "The captain said as how we was to give tongue if we found anything."

"Right, Henrietta! You go to the top of that rock and wave to him. He's not more than a couple of hundred yards off, for I saw him just now."

The woman went, and the others ran down to the water's edge to look for footsteps or the impress of a keel or some other trace which might confirm their guess about a boat, but, though they searched high and low for some distance along the shore in both directions from the oar, they found nothing. If there had been any such marks, the wavelets had completely washed them away.

"H'm!" said Dr. Tring when he was shown the oar, with its fresh blood marks. "I tell you what, young people, I don't half like this."

"What is it, doctor—pirates?" asked Dolly, with a thrill of awe. For amid these surf guarded solitudes such a thing did not seem to her to be impossible even at the end of the nineteenth century. There was an atmosphere about Piper's cay which suggested mystery and crime.

"No; hardly so bad as that," replied Dr. Tring, with a laugh, "but I didn't look for company of any sort in the island, and, now that you have come across this irrefutable evidence that we may have callers popping in upon us presently, I confess I should like to have some testimonial to their honesty before I make ready to receive them with open arms. You see, I can't think of any reason for their presence here at all, or rather there's no reason which is at the same time obvious and lawful. There are plenty of unlawful ones, of course, without going so far as actual piracy."

"Do you think they've got hold of friend Cain?" asked Guthrie.

"Looks very like it, doesn't it?" was the answer.

"But what on earth could they want with him?" exclaimed Dolly.

"Don't know, miss," returned the doctor, "and that's another thing which rouses my suspicions. They wouldn't have detained him without a purpose of some sort, and, without being able to guess what that purpose could be, I admit that I none the less doubt its honesty."

"Oh, but"—cried Dolly—"isn't it possible that poor Cain may have met with an accident—fallen, for instance, and broken his arm? The people with the boat may have rescued him and may be looking after him!"

Dr. Tring smiled. "You want to make out a good character for the man with the blistered hand, eh, Dolly?" he said dryly. "Quite right! He may be all that you suppose him, but I'm rather afraid that the chances are the other way. In the meantime, till we know better what sort of people we shall have to deal with, I don't propose to leave the Eureka without an anchor watch any longer. The £5,000 worth of Spanish treasure which she has on board is too much temptation to put in the way of the saints of the West Indies, so I'm going straight back to her now. Dolly, you'd better come with me."

"Yes," said the girl. "I will. I confess to being tired."

"Then Guthrie," continued the doctor, "you and Henrietta may as well explore those rocks ahead there. Dolly's notion that the farmer may have met with an accident is quite a possible one; the man's fool enough for anything. It's quite on the cards that he's lying somewhere lamed, and that the boat people have nothing to do with his disappearance at all. Be back at the ketch by dark and look out for possible traps."

"H'm!" said Dr. Tring.

"No fear of them," returned the young man with a laugh. "Henrietta and I will take care not to step on any more swinging booby snares."

"Mind you do," said the doctor, "but that was not exactly what I meant. I was thinking more of the possibility that the man with the blister might prove dangerous."

"Oh, I see! Well, I'll be on my guard against him, too," said the young man confidently. "He shan't catch me napping!"

But he did.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CAVE OF GREEN LIGHT.

The undergraduate and the manlike sailor woman started off briskly enough for the rock gully which Dr. Tring had bidden them explore. But very soon the nature of the ground compelled them to lessen their pace.

The fine beach of coral debris first gave place to rough shingle; then small rocks began to crop out here and there, and then the fore shore grew to be nothing but one huge jumbled tangle of honeycombed stone. They worked their way painfully along about half a mile of this, scrambling and clambering, and then Guthrie had to stop and wipe the perspiration from his brow.

"Not much use going farther, is there, Henrietta?" said he. "Cain Laversha would never have given himself the trouble of climbing over ground like this. Even the heat of the poaching fever in his blood couldn't work such a miracle."

"No, I don't think he'd do it—not willing, that is," returned the woman promptly. "But he might have been forced to do it. Them as left the blood mark on that oar we found might—see here, sir," she broke off. "What's that?"

She was pointing to a huge gray bowlder in front of her. There were three or four unmistakably new scorings on it, where a hobnailed boot had slipped, struggled to recover and then brought its owner down by the run. Guthrie examined the marks. They were plain reading. The wearer of the boot had stepped on an inch wide ledge. Under his weight the film of stone which formed the substance of the ledge had scaled off clean and sharp like a knife cut.

"And see," cried Henrietta, "there's the mark where his other toe slipped! There aren't any hobnail scorings there, but there's a shiny red line, made by a copper toe cap!"

"It's our friend Cain's spoor, right enough!" exclaimed Guthrie. "We must push on and find him. Ten to one those lumbering brogues of his have brought him to bad grief over a slippery bowlder somewhere."

Now the fact that the farmer should have been wearing such uncouth footgear needs a word of explanation.

To Dr. Tring's amusement and Captain Colepepper's wrath, he had come aboard the ketch at Bristol in precisely the same bucolic attire in which he had first made his appearance at the little house in Shaftoe street—hobnailed boots, yellow gaiters, tight overcoat and hard, square bowler hat, all complete. When this unseamanlike rig only caught the skipper's eye, he had nearly exploded. "You haymaking ox!" he had roared. "D'you think I'm going to have my decks knocked into sieves by those infernal stubble mashers? Take them off your feet, sharp, or take yourself off the Eureka! And I'm hanged if I care much which you do!" And so Cain had to ship a pair of smooth soled shoes instead, and the headgear difficulty was satisfactorily settled by a callous squall, which took charge of his stiff hat in the Bristol channel.

But to the rest of his attire he stuck like a man on the surface and beneath it. Indeed report said that he was so much attached to the yellow leather gaiters that he invariably slept in them at night. With these trifles, however, the captain did not interfere. "Might as well try to make a sewing machine into a sailor as that fellow Cain," he declared resignedly. "So let him stick to his rig, and then Jones'll know to stow him in the regular landsmen's locker, if he gets down there."

Now, Cain was not an emotional man, but the separation from those inch soled boots touched him, for it was like losing a part of himself. And so, as he was not allowed to wear them on board, he hung them up in the caboose and there anointed them daily with copious libations of grease with all the devotion of a nigger to a fetich, and when the Eureka ran into the anchorage at Piper's cay and word was given for all hands to go ashore the farmer replaced his feet in their favorite coverings again, mounted the tightly buttoned fawn colored overcoat and, with a borrowed felt hat of Tom Jelly's to replace the one he had lost, was in all outward respects the same individual who had fled from the unkindness of that "terrible hard man Abel" at the instigation of Zusan Pierce. Such attire in such a climate was provocative of laughter, but the wearer was not sensitive, and the shower of chaff which was rained on him seemed only to have the effect of confirming him in his love for the uncouth habiliments. Like a child's headless and armless doll, they were the dearer for being despised.

Thus it was therefore that the red copper streak and the parallel scorings told a plain tale to the two people from the Eureka, and with the certain knowledge that the farmer had gone before them they hurried on over the bowlders at their best pace.

(To be continued.)

HOME IS WOMAN'S CREATION.

It Springs From Her Own Ideal of What Is Good and Fair.

"In order that a woman may be successful and happy in her home life, she must inevitably regard her work as worthy the highest education and enthusiasm," writes Katharine Roich in The Ladies' Home Journal, of "The College-bred Woman in Her Home." "Let her know, before she enters upon it, that it must for years occupy the greater part of her thoughts and time—there will be seasons when it must occupy her whole time—and be content that this is so because of the value of the result to be attained. The home where peace and order reign, and sweet influences of industry and education, of courtesy and religion prevail, is not made by chance. The woman's thought, ability have entered into it and determined its character. Where the servants are industrious and quiet, where the children are healthy, gentle and obedient, where the conversation shows intellectual life and generous thought, and the spirit of the home in its activities and pleasures is love, and joy, and peace—the praise is due, first, to the woman, who as wife, and mother, and mistress, and housekeeper, and homemaker, has made it her study and pleasure to rule her kingdom diligently, with intelligence and love. The home is her creation, springing from her own ideal of what is good and fair, and speaks to mankind as truly as if her thought had expressed itself in writing. It is a work of the highest art. If a woman thus regarded her work at home she would settle her mind to it without the restlessness and discontent she will always feel if in her heart of hearts she regard history, or art, or higher mathematics as being more worthy her attention."

Couldn't Shut His Umbrella.

The time when umbrellas could be afforded only by the rich is still within the memory or the tradition of some remote Scotch neighborhood, and a Scotch newspaper, quoted some 50 years ago by Henry Howe, in his "Times of Eminent Mechanics," relates how pride once went before bewilderment to one of them.

When umbrellas first came into Blairgrove, it says, they were sported only by the minister and the laird, and were looked upon by the common class as perfect phenomena. One day Daniel M—n went to Colonel McPherson at Blair House; when about to return, there came on a shower the Colonel politely offered him the loan of an umbrella, which was politely and proudly accepted, and Daniel with his head two or three inches higher than usual, marched off. Not long afterwards, however, to the Colonel's surprise, he saw Daniel posting towards him, still overtopped by his cotton canopy, which he held out, calling:

"Hae, hae, Kurnel! This will never do; there's no door in all my house that'll take it in. My verra barn-door winna take it in."

Telephone Wire Thieves.

For some time past Parisians have had occasion to complain of defects in the telephone service. Blame was officially thrown first on the influenza, and subsequently on the disturbance caused by the tunnelling for the Metropolitan, but a third explanation is suggested by the arrest of a gang of men who have been stealing telephone wires for months. Their occupation gave them access to sewers, and armed with insulated nippers, they helped themselves daily to as much copper wire as they could carry away.

Pure and Wholesome.

What All Milk Should Be and How to Make It So.

To produce pure and wholesome milk the first thing to be done is to procure a good, healthy cow, one that is rightly put up for the business for which you want her, says B. C. Mitchell in The National Stockman. With an unhealthy cow you cannot expect to get a good, wholesome article of milk, butter or cheese, no matter how you may feed, water or care for the cow. Nor does it matter how well you may care for the milk or treat it you cannot make a pure and wholesome article of food from an unhealthy cow.

Second, to make pure and wholesome milk it is important to have pure, unadulterated food and pure water for the cow, for it is one of the impossibilities to make a pure and wholesome milk out of impure food and water, as they do not undergo any manner of purification after they are taken into the stomach until they are converted into milk. As milk is a secretion and not a circulation, consequently the milk in a great measure, if not altogether, partakes of the nature of the food and water.

Third is cleanliness. With a dirty cow and a dirty, badly lighted and ill ventilated stable you need not expect to get a pure and wholesome article of milk. I don't care how well you may feed and water your cow or how good a cow you may have it is an impossible thing to get a good, healthy life or growth of either animal or vegetable matter without good light and sunshine and plenty of pure air to breathe, and without it you cannot have a good, healthy cow, and you cannot have good, wholesome milk.

Fourth are the aeration and cooling of the milk. The aeration of the milk on the farm by a comparatively new machine especially adapted to the work is a new invention in American dairying. I wish to say right here that every good, live, wide awake, progressive farmer who wishes to keep himself in the front ranks of producing good, wholesome milk will not be without a milk aerator and cooler. I know it is extremely difficult to convince the ordinary dairyman that it is to his interest to use an aerator and cooler without an appeal to direct experiment.

Milk is never in so good a condition for treatment as when it is warm and fresh from the cow. An aerator and cooler applied at this time will remove all animal odors and arrest all germs of fermentation, putrefaction and decay. It will leave the milk inodorous and agreeable to the taste. Milk dealers have discovered this, finding their customers appreciating the change of the flavor and general improvement in the condition of the milk. Milk so treated is vastly more healthful and digestible by delicate stomachs and by children and will keep nearly two days longer than milk not so treated.

Every milk dealer knows well the misery of caring for milk that has not been properly treated at the farm. The careful cheesemaker who has studied to produce fine goods tells us over and over again that he cannot by any process of factory manipulation entirely remedy any defective milk at the factory. All milk dealers know that this must be done at the farm. There are many kinds of milk aerators and coolers manufactured, and they are so cheap they are within the reach of any ordinary dairyman.

Milk secreted in the lacteal glands of the female mammalia more than any other secretion is influenced by nervous conditions. A mother's bosom will fill with milk at the thought of her child. The whole character of milk is oftentimes changed and even poisoned by a sudden fright, which induces thrown into convulsions which in some instances prove fatal. It is an exceedingly delicate and changeable fluid, containing as it does all of the plastic elements necessary for the construction of the various tissues of the body, yet when carelessly treated it is liable to undergo certain subtle chemical changes, in consequence of which from being one of the most wholesome of foods it becomes a deadly poison.

When you consider the ignorance and criminal indifference often practiced in locating buildings so as to pollute by drainage the water supply, is it any wonder that cows and the milk which they furnish should become media for a widespread diffusion of diseases?

Clean Milk.

One of the St. Louis milk dealers recently stated in an interview, says Hoard's Dairyman, that what were wanted to insure clean, healthy milk were "clean cow stalls, pure feed for the cattle and scrupulously clean milking utensils." Simple enough, isn't it? Yet, simple as it is, every milk dealer, every creamery and cheese factory, every buyer of butter and cheese knows that it is a condition very hard to secure. If every producer of milk would comply with this simple condition, there would be scarcely any poor milk, butter or cheese. The mischief with all three of these products starts, in nine cases out of ten, with the ignorance, indifference or carelessness of the man who handles the cows.

RELIGION AND HEALTH

"With Long Life Will I Satisfy Him."

THE GOSPEL OF EVERYDAY LIFE

Rev. Dr. Talmage Shows What It Does For the Prolongation of Earthly Existence and How to Make Its Devotees Happy.

Washington, Feb. 18. — This sermon of Dr. Talmage presents a gospel for this life as well as the next and shows that religion does for the prolongation of earthly existence; text, Psalm xci, 16, "With long life will I satisfy him."

Through the mistake of its friends religion has been chiefly associated with sickbeds and graveyards. The whole subject to many people is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid. There are people who cannot pronounce the word religion without hearing in it the clipping chisel of the tombstone cutter. It is high time that this thing were changed and that religion instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph.

Religion, so far from subtracting from one's vitality, is a glorious addition. It is sanitive, curative, hygienic. It is good for the eyes, good for the ears, good for the spleen, good for the digestion, good for the nerves, good for the muscles. When David, in another part of the Psalms prays that religion may be dominant, he does not speak of it as a mild sickness or an emaciation or an attack of moral and spiritual cramp. He speaks of it as "the saving health of all nations," while God in the text promises longevity to the pious, saying, "With long life will I satisfy him."

The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the band of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived 930 years. Methuselah lived 969 years. As late in the history of the world as Vespasian there were at one time in his empire 45 people 135 years old. So far down as the sixteenth century Peter Zartan died at 185 years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to antediluvian longevity, but I do say that the length of human life will be greatly improved.

It is said in Isaiah lxv, 20, "The child shall die a hundred years old." Now, if, according to Scripture, the child is to be a hundred years old, may not the men and women reach to 300 and 400 and 500? The fact is that we are mere dwarfs and skeletons, compared with some of the generations that are to come. Take the African race. They have been under bondage for centuries. Give them a chance and they develop a Toussaint l'Ouverture. And if the white race shall be brought out from under the scrofom of sin what shall be the body? What shall be the soul? Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries, and who can tell what will be the strength of man and the beauty of woman and the longevity of all?

My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of longevity; I prove it, first, from the fact that it makes the care of our health a positive Christian duty. Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete mastication, are questions very often referred to the realm of whimsicality, but the Christian man lifts this whole problem of health into the accountable and the divine. He says, "God has given me this body, and he has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to deface its altars or mar its walls or crumble its pillars is a God defying sacrilege." He sees God's caligraphy in every page—anatomical and physiological. He says, "God has given me a wonderful body for noble purposes."

The Christian man says to himself, "If I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my physical faculties, I insult God and call for dire retribution." Why did God tell the Levites not to offer to him in sacrifice animals imperfect and diseased? He meant to tell us in all the ages that we are to offer to God our very best physical condition, and a man who through irregular or gluttonous eating ruins his health, is not offering to God such a sacrifice. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It was because he knew that with pneumonia and rheumatism he would not be worth half as much to God and the church as with respiration easy and foot free.

An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel down at night and pray and ask God' protection while at the same time he kept the windows of his bedroom tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going to the top of his house and leaping off and then praying to God to keep him from getting hurt. Just as long as you refer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality, or to the pastry cook, or to the butcher, or to the baker or to the apothecary, or to the clothier you are not acting like a Christian. Take care of all your physical forces — nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue — for all you must be brought to judgment.

What right has any man or woman to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost? What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed, its telescope sweeping the heavens. So wonderful are these bodies that God names his own attributes after different parts of them. His omniscience—it is God's eye. His omnipresence—it is God's ear. His omnipotence—it is God's arm. The upholstery of the midnight heavens—it is the work of God's fingers. His life giving power—it is the breath of the Almighty. His dominion—"the government shall be upon his shoulder." A body so divinely honored and so divinely constructed—let us be careful not to abuse it.

When it becomes a Christian duty to take care of our health, is not the whole tendency toward longevity? If I toss my watch about recklessly and drop it on the pavement and wind it up any time of day or night I happen to think of it and often let it run down while you are careful with your watch and never abuse it and wind it up just at the same hour every night and put it in a place where it will not suffer from the violent changes of atmosphere, which watch will last the longer? Common sense answers. Now, the human body is God's watch. You see the hands of the watch. You see the face of the watch, but the beating of the heart is the ticking of the watch. Oh, be careful and do not let it run down!

Again, I remark that practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it is a protest against dissipations which injure and destroy the health. Bad men and women live a very short life. Their sins kill them. I know hundred of good old men, but I do not know half a dozen bad old men. Why? They do not get old. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi at 36 years of age, himself of his own Mazeppa, his unbridled passions the horse that dashed with him into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at Baltimore at 38 years of age. The black raven that alighted on the bust above his chamber door was delirium tremens.

Only this and nothing more.

There are aged people who would have been dead 25 years ago but for the defenses and the equipoise of religion. You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeterios to-day, slain by their own vices. The doctors report their case as kind and pleasant as they could, and it was called congestion of the brain or something else, but the snakes and the blue flies that seemed to crawl over the pillows in the sight of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, the aged Christian man, walked along by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of the Christian life. You went to the right; he went to the left. This is all the difference between you. Oh, if that religion is a protest against all form of dissipation, then it is an illustrious friend of longevity. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it takes the worry out of temporalities. It is not work that kills men, it is worry. When a man becomes a genuine Christian, he makes over to God not only his affections, but his family, his business, his reputation, his body, his mind, his soul—everything. Industrious he will be, but never worrying, because God is managing his affairs. How can he worry about business when in answer to his prayers God tells him when to buy and when to sell, and if he gain that is best and if he lose that is best?

Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said: "Sir, I want you to call on me in every exigency. I am your fast friend; I could fall back on $20,000,000; I can foresee a panic ten years; I hold the controlling stock in 30 of the best monetary institutions of this country; whenever you are in any trouble call on me and I will help you; you can have my money and you can have my influence; here is my hand in pledge of it." How much would you worry about business? Why, you would say, "I'll do the best I can, and then I'll depend on my friend's generosity for the rest."

Now, more than that is promised to every Christian business man. God says to him: "I own New York and London and St. Petersburg and Peking and Australia and California are mine; I can foresee a panic a thousand years; I have all the resources of the universe; and I am your best friend; when you get in business trouble or any other trouble, call on me and I will help; here is my hand in pledge of omnipotent deliverance." How much should that man worry? Not much. What lion will dare to put his paw on that Daniel? Is there not rest in this? Is there not an eternal vacation in this?

"Oh," you say, "here is a man who asked God for a blessing in a certain enterprise, and he lost $5,000 in it. Explain that." I will. Yonder is a factory, and one wheel is going north, and the other wheel is going south, and one wheel plays laterally, and the other plays vertically. I go to the manufacturer, and I say: "O manufacturer, your machinery is a contradiction. Why do you not make all the wheels go one way?" "Well," he says, "I made them to go in opposite directions on purpose, and they produce the right result. You go downstairs and examine the carpets we are turning out in this establishment, and you will see." I go down on the other floor, and I see the carpets, and I am obliged to confess that, though the wheels in that factory go in opposite directions, they turn out a beautiful result, and while I am standing there looking at the exquisite fabric an old Scripture passage comes into my mind, "All things work together for good to them who love God." Is there not rest in that? Is there not tonic in that? Is there not longevity in that?

Suppose a man is all the time worried about his reputation? One man says he lies, another says he is stupid, another says he is dishonest, and half a dozen printing establishments attack him, and he is in a great state of excitement and worry and fume and cannot sleep. But religion comes to him and says: "Man, God is on your side. He will take care of your reputation. If God be for you, who can be against you?" How much should that man worry about his reputation? Not much. If that broker who some years ago in Wall street, after he had lost money sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his wife before he blew out his brains—if, instead of taking out of his pocket a pistol, he had taken out a well read New Testament, there would have been one less suicide. O nervous and feverish people of the world, this almighty sedative. You will live 25 years longer under its soothing power. It is not chloral that you want or morphine that you want. It is the gospel of Jesus Christ. "With long life will I satisfy him."

I want to take the strain off your nerves and the depression off your soul, and I make two or three experiments. Experiment the first: When you go out of this world, it does not make any difference whether you have been good or bad, or whether you believed truth or error, you will go straight to glory. "Impossible," you say. "My common sense as well as my religion teaches that the bad and the good cannot live together forever. You give me no comfort in that experiment." Experiment the second: When you leave this world, you will go into an intermediate state where you can get converted and prepared for heaven. "Impossible," you say; "as the tree falleth, so it must lie, and I cannot postpone to an intermediate state that reformation which ought to have been effected in this state." Experiment the third: There is no future world. When a man dies, that is the last of him. Do not worry about what you are to do in another state of being; you will not do anything. "Impossible," you say. "There is something that tells me that death is not the appendix, but the preface; there is something that tells me that on this side of the grave I only get started and that I shall go on forever. My power to think says forever, my affections say forever, my capacity to enjoy or suffer forever.

Well, you defeat me in my three experiments. I have only one more to make, and if you defeat me in that I am exhausted. A mighty one on a knoll back of Jerusalem one day, the skies filled with forked lightnings and the earth filled with volcanic disturbances, turned his pale and agonized face towards the heavens and said: "I take the sins and sorrows of the ages into my own heart. I am the expiation. Witness earth and heaven and hell. I am the expiation." And the hammer struck him and the spears punctured him, and heaven thundered. "The wages of sin is death!" "The soul that sinneth it shall die!" "I will by no means clear the guilty!" Then there was silence for half an hour, and the lightnings were drawn back into the scabbard of the sky and the earth ceased to quiver and all the colors of the sky began to shift themselves into a rainbow woven out of the falling tears of Jesus and there was red as of the bloodshedding and there was black as of the bruising and there was green as of the heavenly foliage and there was orange as of the day dawn. And along the line of the blue I saw the words, "I was bruised for their iniquities." And along the line of the red I saw the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." And along the line of the green I saw the words, "The leaves of the tree of life for the healing of the nations." And along the line of the orange I saw the words, "The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

And then I saw the storm was over, and the rainbow rose higher and higher until it seemed retreating to another heaven and planting one column of its colors on one side the eternal hill and planting the other column of its colors on the other side the eternal hill it rose upward and upward, and, behold, there was a rainbow about the throne.

Accept that sacrifice and quit worrying. Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity, of this truth. Religion is sunshine; that is health. Religion is fresh air and pure water; they are healthy. Religion is warmth; that is healthy. Ask all the doctors, and they will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipations are hygienic. I offer you perfect peace now and hereafter.

Confidence.

"Do you think that expert witness will give valuable testimony?" asked one of the lawyers for the defense.

"I'm sure of it," answered the other. "If he can talk to the jury the way he talked to me, he'll have them where they won't know what to believe, and they'll simply be obliged to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt."—Washington Star.

Quality tells every time! This fact explains why Blue Ribbon Ceylon is fast displacing all other teas throughout Canada.

Possible Explanation.

"I believe," said the fond mother, "that George is in love."

"It may be so," returned the practical father, "and then again it may be nothing but a case of indigestion. A man looks just about as doleful in one case as in the other."

ONLY A WOMAN'S STORY

BUT IT WILL BRING HOPE TO MANY SILENT SUFFERERS.

Nervous Prostration—Heart Weakness—Agonizing Pains and Misery Such as Women Alone Endure Made the Life of Mrs. Thos. Sears a Burden.

Just a woman's story.

Not strange because it happens every day; not romantic or thrilling, but just a story of misery and suffering such as, unfortunately, too many women endure in silence.

For several years Mrs. Thomas Sears, of St. Catharines, felt her illness gradually but surely gaining a firmer hold upon her system, and ultimately she almost dispaired of recovery. To a reporter who called upon her, Mrs. Sears said:

"What I have suffered is almost beyond description. My illness has been gradually growing upon me, and eighteen months ago I found myself almost helpless. My nerves were shattered, my heart weak and my entire system seemingly broken down. I had no rest night or day; the little sleep I did get did not refresh me. I was in constant agony, and only a woman can understand what I endured as I tried to do my household work. Any sudden noise would frighten me and leave me in a condition bordering on collapse. At times I experienced attacks of vertigo, and these seemed for a time to affect my memory. The least exertion would leave me almost breathless, and my heart would palpitate violently. I had no desire for food of any kind, and yet I had to force myself to eat to maintain life. I treated with three different doctors and spent much money in this way, but without avail, and I was in a condition bordering on despair. I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in December, 1898, I consented to do so. I first got four boxes and noticed a change for the better after I had finished the second box. When the four boxes were finished there was a great change for the better, and I then procured another half dozen boxes. Before these were all used I was again enjoying the blessing of good health. There can be no doubt of my cure because months have passed since I discontinued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and during that time I have never felt the slightest symptom of the trouble, and I cheerfully and strongly urge other women who are suffering to use this wonderful medicine, feeling sure that it will cure them, as it did me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all forms of weakness. The blood is vitalized, the nervous system is re-organized, irregularities are corrected, strength returns and disease disappears. So remarkable have been the cures performed by these little pills that their fame has spread to the far ends of civilization. Wherever you go you will find the most important article in every drug store to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Horse Radish Paste.

Mix thoroughly together one-half cupful each of grated horse radish and fresh butter, half teaspoonful each of salt and sugar and two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice. Spread upon circles of brown bread, placing them together in pairs.

Rolladen.

Take two thin slices of beef from the round; add salt and pepper and pound. Then lay in the centre of each slice a piece of fat bacon. Roll each slice up and tie in shape. Lay in a dripping pan with bits of butter and roast for an hour, basting frequently. Remove the string just before serving.

People who are debilitated and who lack energy as a result of overwork, care and anxiety will recover quickly by taking Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

Ammonia Gas Motor.

There is a new railroad car that by its own motion compresses ammonia gas to liquid, which, in going through the pipes, expands and produces the necessary coldness in the air.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Proof Against Plague.

Several of the native papers in Bombay are now urging their readers to resort to inoculation as a precaution against the plague.

Miller's Worm Powders for sallow skin, old or young.

French Women Bootblacks.

Female bootlacks are increasing rapidly in France. They wear a costume not unlike that of the nuns.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

An Exchange of Shots.

Mr. Wedd (spitefully)—You look as if you had been rubbing your face all over the inside of a powder-factory.

Mrs. Wedd (sweet maliciously)—Perhaps I have, love; but it is smokeless powder and doesn't smell like a barroom.

Joke of the Heartless Man.

"Her is an article on 'The Right Kind of a Wife,'" she said, looking up from her paper.

"I suppose," returned the heartless man, "it refers to the one a fellow doesn't get."

Sponges Made to Order.

Artificial sponges are now made in Germany from a mixture of pure cellulose with zinc chloride and sodium chloride. These sponges will absorb water in the same way as the genuine article, and when allowed to dry they become just as firm in substance.

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

Work.

Man is not exceptional in the fact that he is and has to be a worker. All nature is a vast scene of incessant action. Everything from atoms to stars and systems of suns are constantly in motion.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Cabbage Pudding.

Chop fine one large head of cabbage, tie in a cloth and steam until done. To each quart of cabbage add two well beaten eggs, one-half cup of cream, two crakers powdered, a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of cayenne. Turn into a buttered dish and bake ten minutes.

Suffer No More.—There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud of depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are among the best Vegetable Pills known, being easy to take and are most efficacious in their action. A trial of them will prove this.

Sauerkraut.

For one-half barrel, 125 pounds of cabbage cut very fine, one pint of fine salt (put in hard wood barrel). First layer of cabbage and then salt, with ten quarts of luke warm water. Weight with two gallon jug filled with water; let it ferment for 30 days, then use.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

London's House Servants.

It is estimated that there are 340,000 women domestic servants in London, and that 10,000 are always out of situations or changing their places.

Health for the children. Miller's Worm Powders.