THE FOUNDERED GALLEON

By WEATHERLY CHESNEY AND ALICK MUNRO.

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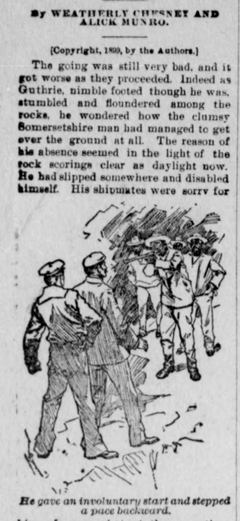
The going was still very bad, and it got worse as they proceeded. Indeed as Guthrie, nimble footed though he was, stumbled and foundered among the rocks, he wondered how the clumsy Somersetshire man had managed to get over the ground at all. The reason of his absence seemed in the light of the rock scorings clear as daylight now. He had slipped somewhere and disabled himself. His shipmates were sorry for



He gave an involuntary start and stepped a pace backward.

him, of course, but at the same time they confessed to one another that it served him right. A man of his build, they agreed, ought never to have gone trapesing over such an abominable obstacle track.

"We should be able to carry him back the way he came," declared Henrietta. "We couldn't tote Miss Dolly herself over them rocks, let alone Cain Laversha, and she isn't half his weight or near it. We shall just have to drag him down to the water's edge somehow and then bring the boat round from the Eureka for him. Eh? But what's this, though?" she cried. "We seem to have come to the end of the road!"

They had reached a turn in the path. The steep cliff walls of the gully drew together from either side and met one another, and the tumbled, honeycombed fragments at their foot ran no farther. The arm of the sea which had followed the windings of the gully so far lapped the foot of a 40 foot precipice.

"As the worthy Cain is not a fly," observed Guthrie, "I don't see that he can have got along there. He must have turned back again. Perhaps he's got jammed in some cranny and we've passed him on the road. We must keep a better lookout on the way back and give tongue as we go."

But Henrietta had pulled herself up on to a little spire and was peering eagerly forward.

"We haven't got to the end yet, sir, after all," she reported. "There's a path down below there that seems to lead round a bend."

About a yard or so from the water's edge there was a break in the cliff which offered a three foot path, at any rate, round the next angle. What lay beyond, they could not of course tell, but they resolved to find out. A convenient fissure helped them down, and in another couple of minutes they were stepping briskly along a hard, level footpath.

"Better traveling, this, Henrietta," exclaimed Guthrie thankfully, "and more to our heavy friend's taste, I should fancy! Perhaps he's so charmed with it that he has made up his mind to stay here permanently sooner than boil over those abominable rocks again, or perhaps he's come across an attractive mermaid and fallen in love with her and so taken to a fish diet and a damp bed for the rest of his days."

"No," retorted Henrietta with a smile, "he wouldn't do that, I'm thinking; he'd be afraid of Zusan Pierce getting to hear of it, you see, sir!"

By this time they had reached the angle of the cliff and a new prospect opened out before them. Some 20 yards in front lay the entrance of a cave, into which the low swell of the lagoon ran backward and forward unceasingly, with a gentle soughing whisper. The narrow path they were following seemed to run far away into the cool depths of the cave. Had the farmer gone along it? Yes, for there on the stone were the groovings from the hobnails and a faint red streak from the copper toe cap.

"Run to earth at last! Cain ahoy!" shouted the undergraduate, as he hurried forward beneath the archway.

The long echoes of the cave howled the words back to him.

"Cain Laversha aho-o-o-o-y!" he repeated.

"Aho-o-o-o-y!" boomed the stone walls again, but no human voice answered.

"Poor chap! He's mebbe knocked himself senseless and doesn't hear us," suggested Henrietta, as she hurried along the narrow causeway of the cavern.

Once the archway at the entrance was passed direct daylight ceased and the cave was filled instead with a curious soft, green glow. The effect was ghastly; there were fantastic green shapes in stone on all sides; there were green, phantomlike fish swimming in the clear water, and there were green sea shrubs trailing up to its surface. Guthrie held out his own brown fist in front of him. It was pale as a dead man's. There was an atmosphere of eeriness about the cave which made both of its explorers shiver involuntarily, and at the same time their first eager trot became insensibly reduced to a sober walk. But that indeed the failing green light made necessary.

The water channel curved somewhat, and the lazy impulses from the low swell of the lagoon did not penetrate far beyond the entrance of the cavern. In 20 yards their influence had ceased entirely and the quiet dark water looked like ice. There was a chill, too, in the air which added to this effect, and, coming straight from the hot glare without, both Guthrie and the woman felt it keenly.

The oppression of the cavern's eeriness increased as the light grew dimmer, and an inclination, almost overpowering, to turn tail seized upon the undergraduate. With a great effort he thrust it back and led the way on through the green, ghastly twilight, rubbing his hands together for warmth. A little way ahead the cave seemed to turn abruptly at right angles or perhaps to come to an end altogether, for at any rate it went no farther in its present direction. And yet there was no sign to be seen of the missing farmer.

A deep toned "Hist!" close at hand made the young man turn sharply.

The dark muzzle of a gun barrel hung steadily, like a round spot of ink in the green gloom, not ten inches away from his eyes.

He gave an involuntary start and stepped a pace backward. Henrietta was close behind him, and he bumped against her. The woman lost her footing and made a grab at him to save herself from falling into the water. As her fingers clutched him Guthrie felt himself being carried helplessly backward by her weight, and the next moment there was a splash as the pair of them met the cold water below.

As the green wave closed in gurgling bubbles over his head the young man heard a harsh laugh burst out and clang discordantly among the echoes of the cavern. With a flash of angry recollection he thought of his boast and realized that he had allowed himself to be trapped by the man with the bloody blister, after all.

Then the frantic clutch of an arm about his neck reminded him of a more pressing danger of the moment, for the woman's fingers had closed with the frenzy of a drowning grip upon his throat, and Guthrie knew that she could not swim a stroke.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FOUR NEGROES.

There was a brief moment beneath the waters during which the gates of death seemed to swing wide open for the two members of the Eureka's crew. It was the sharp, agonized struggle in which a strong swimmer fights to release himself from the foolish clutching of another who cannot swim and who, with the blind, unreasoning instincts of self preservation, hampers his rescuer's efforts to save them both.

For a moment it seemed as though Guthrie would not be able to shake off the grip of Henrietta round his neck, but fortunately for them both his struggles to do so brought him suddenly into the shallows. In one of his convulsive throws he felt the bottom, and found that there was a flat topped bowlder beneath him, with less than four feet of water covering it. Getting his feet planted on this he first shook the woman off and then drew her up beside him and raised her head above the water. As soon as she felt firm ground under her Henrietta recovered her presence of mind, shook her shoulders like a retriever to get the water out of her hair and eyes and then began to look calmly and curiously about her to see what it was that had caused the undergraduate to back so suddenly down upon her and throw them both headlong into the brine.

Then for the first time Guthrie had leisure to remember the gun episode and looked up to see what sort of man it might be who was at the butt end of the barrel which had startled him.

The path they had tumbled from was at the other side of the water channel from the submerged rock on which they were now perched, and standing at the edge of this path were four negroes—one with a gun in his hand, which he still kept leveled at the two involuntary bathers, the others with their hands stuck deep into the pockets of their white cotton breeches. None of the quartet had offered the slightest help while Guthrie and the woman were struggling in the water, and indeed it seemed to the young man as he looked at their faces that they had watched the scene out quietly in the hope, perhaps, that one or both of the bathers would get conveniently drowned. Their attitude of contemptuous noninterference suggested this idea irresistibly and the look of disappointment on their faces confirmed the grewsome suggestion of the six ostentatiously pocketed hands.

Guthrie shuddered inwardly as this conclusion was borne in upon his understanding, but none the less, with a quick flash of prudence, he determined to disguise his suspicion and put a bold face on the situation.

"What the mischief do you mean by standing quietly up there to watch two fellow creatures drown before your eyes?" he demanded indignantly.

A chuckle ran through the group, and after a pause of a few seconds the man with the gun replied. He was a tall, lean negro, with a face so sallow and fleshless that it looked almost like a skull. However, a pair of burning black eyes, goggling amid perfect lakes of white, showed that he was very considerably alive, and, standing in the eerie green light of the cave in that attitude of menace, he looked, to his questioner, a sufficiently ugly customer to have to tackle.

"The question rather is, What are you doing in our cave?" said he in perfect English and with a purity of accent which Guthrie had not expected to hear from a man of his color.

"We've missed one of our ship's company," answered the young man.

Again the three others, who seemed to act as a sort of chorus to the lean man, indulged in an amused laugh. But the spokesman kept his grim stare unrelaxed.

"Are there any more besides you two?" he asked.

"No," said Guthrie.

"Don't lie now," replied the man suspiciously.

The undergraduate retorted hotly that he was not in the habit of lying and asked again if they had seen his shipmate.

"What sort of man is he?" queried the spokesman. "Fat chap? Stolid sort of party, eh?"

Guthrie admitted with a smile that that sounded like him.

"Then Mr. Whatever-s-your-name, you needn't hunt around any longer. Your man's here, and I'll tell you another thing, he showed more pluck than you when he got a gun barrel poked at him. He didn't even wink—stood like a tree."

"I believe you," returned the young man lightly. "He isn't the sort of man you could frighten easily. He's not excitable, you see—I am—that's just the difference. But I say, whoever you are, I wish you'd bear a hand and help us up on to dry land again. It's precious cold standing here between wind and water, and the lady can't swim, or I wouldn't ask you."

"The lady?" exclaimed the lean negro in surprise. "Why, so it is a woman! I'm sure I beg her pardon, but, in her man's clothes and in this dim religious light, I confess I hadn't tumbled to the fact that we'd got female company. You hear that, boys? Off with your toppers! We've got a lady paying us an afternoon call!"

Again the three negroes chuckled, and one of them made a remark in a low tone which called a smile from their leader.

"Here, bear a hand!" cried Guthrie, impatiently. "Don't I tell you we're cold?"

"Not so fast, young gentleman," replied the man with the gun. "On the whole I don't know why you shouldn't stay where you are. By your own showing your companion can't swim, and if I put a bullet through one of your fins you won't be able to help her or yourself either. It really strikes me as a very neat trap, you know."

"Come, I say, don't be a brute," retorted Guthrie, but he shivered slightly, for the lean man looked quite capable of being as good as his word.

"Exactly, my dear sir. That's just what I wish to avoid," explained the negro with a grin. "If I help you across here, I shall have to be a brute to one of my men by making him stand sentry over you to see that you don't bolt."

"You want to keep us, then? What for, pray?" asked Guthrie in a tone of surprise, which was, it must be admitted, to a great extent simulated.

"That's a trifle we won't discuss," said the other coolly. "Let it suffice that as you have poked your meddling noses in here unasked you've got to swallow the consequences. You didn't choose to drown one another when you had a decent chance put in your way. So now you must understand that you are prisoners. The only question is, Do you prefer to stay where you are, like a couple of seals with their flappers cut off, or would you rather come up here high and dry and give a promise to cause no further trouble?"

"You're pinning me rather unfairly," said Guthrie.

"Look here, young man," returned the negro savagely, "I'm not going to stay here palavering. Are you going to come or are you going to stay? Settle quickly or maybe my gun may go off before you've made up your mind."

"We'll join you up there, thanks!"

"Ah, I thought you would! Then it is understood that neither you nor your sweetheart in the trousers will attempt a bolt?"

The young man hesitated for a fraction of a second, but there was no alternative. "I'll promise," said he sulkily, for he recognized that to resist further was hopeless. At present his adversary held all the trumps.

"Mind you don't break your word," said the man with the gun threateningly, "or I dare say some one will contrive to stick a bullet in your carcasses before you've got very far. George, get a brace of those paddles to make the lady a bridge."

George, one of the three, departed and in a minute returned with a couple of oars, whose ends he shoved out to the submerged rock. Henrietta swarmed up nimbly enough, and the undergraduate followed her.

"Now," said the lean man, "you can go up round this dark angle, and you'll find your shipmate there. You may chat with him if he's got a tongue. We can't find it."

The three negroes had taken their long sheath knives from their belts and stood now to attention. Guthrie and the woman marched past them in the direction which the leader had indicated and tried not to show by their manner that they found the situation an ugly one.

They did not find it so very dark round the angle, after all. There was a slab of smooth rock at the corner where the cave turned, and the green light was reflected on without much loss of intensity. They discovered the farmer sitting with his back to the rock wall. He recognized them with a microscopic nod, but as far as his face indicated seemed neither pleased to see them nor the reverse. He was a truly wonderful man. After that nod he did not appear to think it at all necessary to explain how he had tumbled into his scrape, and it was only by dint of patient cross questioning that Guthrie got the story out of him.

To give the tale piecemeal, as it was extracted, would be impossible, but this is the gist of it:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Baked Chicken Pastry.

Joint two chickens and cook very slowly in boiling salted water till tender, being careful that the meat does not separate from the bones. Use only enough water to cover the chickens, that the gravy may be rich and well flavored. Strain the broth and add to it a cup of sweet cream. Melt a tablespoonful of butter and cook with it a generous tablespoonful of flour. Pour the hot broth slowly upon this mixture and stir till smooth. It should be of consistency of thick cream. If there is a good deal of broth, a little more flour will be required. With one quart of sifted flour mix an even teaspoon of salt, one even teaspoon of soda, and two well rounded teaspoons of cream of tartar. Sift these ingredients together, then rub into them a half cup of sweet butter. When all the lumps have disappeared, stir in sufficient sweet milk to make a soft dough. It should be of a spongy consistency.

Take out part of it on to a well floured board, sift a little flour over the top and roll into shape. Line the sides of an earthen baking dish with this crust and heap the chicken in the center, removing all large bones and rejecting the necks and backs, which may be utilized later in other ways. Pour over the chicken sufficient gravy to cover. With a silver knife mince fine enough celery to make two generous tablespoons. Scatter this over the top, then add a layer of oysters. Season these with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and dot with small bits of butter. Now roll out more of the crust for the top, making several incisions near the centre to allow the steam to escape. Moisten the upper edges of the side crust before laying on the top. This will prevent the gravy from running over. Take pains also to have the upper crust rather large, pushing the fullness towards the centre. There should be considerable gravy left over from the pasty. Just before serving add a few oysters to it and just bring to a boil. Pass in a gravy dish with the gravy pasty. About an hour will be required to bake the pasty.

Celery Croquettes.

Cut well cleaned stocks of celery into small pieces, cook in salted water until tender, then drain. Melt one-fourth cup of butter, cook it in half a cup of flour, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, then add gradually one cup of the water in which the celery was cooked or one cup of chicken stock, one well beaten egg and one pint of the cooked celery. Stir continually. When cold, shape, dip in beaten egg and bread crumbs and fry to a golden brown in deep fat.

Scallop Haddock.

Make one-half a pint of thick melted butter sauce, season it with salt and pepper and add a pinch of curry powder to it and then stir in a hard boiled egg which has been coarsely chopped. Remove the skin and bones from a cooked dried haddock (of medium size) and with two forks divide it into flakes. Butter a pie dish and put in alternate layers of the sauce and fish; scatter some browned crumbs over the top and bake in the oven for 15 minutes.

Speaking of Delaware.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, tell me what the principal commodities of the state of Delaware are?

Tommy (who reads the newspapers)—The failure of the peach crops.—Philadelphia Record.

PROCESS BUTTER.

Test by Which Its Character May Be Discovered.

It is now possible to test chemically renovated butter and determine its character. It has been supposed previously that the constituents, being the same in both fresh and renovated butter, would act the same when chemically analyzed. But it appears that butter in deteriorating undergoes a physical change that the renovating process is not able to reverse. The fat of renovated butter has a more or less crystalline structure, while the fat of pure, fresh butter is devoid of any such appearance. If pure butter be examined microscopically with polarized light and selenite plate, the field will be uniformly colored in any position of the analyzer, while renovated butter will show a mottled, many colored field. Without a selenite plate and without the analyzer in proper position pure butter shows a dark field of almost uniform appearance. Renovated butter under similar conditions gives a dark field mottled with white patches. The peculiar appearance of renovated butter is due to the fact that the fat has been melted and in cooling has assumed a partially crystalline structure. The completeness with which crystallization from fusion occurs and the size of the crystals depend on the slowness with which the melted substance cools to its solidifying point. The slower this change of temperature takes place the more perfect will the crystallization be. In renovated butter, on account of the great rapidity with which the melted fat is solidified, we get only an incipient crystallization. If butter is melted and then allowed to cool slowly, large crystalline masses are formed, globular in shape and showing a distinct cross by polarized light.

Improving Dairy Herds.

The simplest method of improving dairy herds, as indeed any other class of live stock, is by the system known as "up grading," accompanied by rigorous selection, says Professor Thomas Shaw. The beginner may use such material as he has on the dam's side in laying the foundation of his dairy herd. In adding to it by purchase he may choose the commonest of cows, as long as they are of fair size and possessed of average dairy form. This will be again referred to. It matters not if they have in them the blood of a dozen herds. This want of dominance in any particular line of blood will only render them more susceptible to being quickly improved. But in choosing a sire the utmost care should be exercised. He should be chosen from the breed that is best adapted to the conditions of the dairyman, especially those conditions that relate to food production. He should be purely bred, as a guarantee of the transmission of the character sought, and he should be of good form and vigor as a guarantee of prepotency. The first will secure the transmission of the dominant characters in the breed, the second will secure transmission of the dominant characters of the individual. And it is greatly important that the sires thus chosen shall be descended from animals that have been good performers in the dairy. The sire descended from a line of dams noted for generous milk production is likely to be far more valuable than the one not so descended. And it should not be forgotten that high performances at the pail in the near ancestry is far more important than the same in remote ancestry.

Successful Dairying.

Henry Van Dreser of Cobleskill, N. Y., told his hearers at the meeting of the Maine board of agriculture that his cows average 300 pounds of butter per cow per year. Butter is made in one pound prints and sold in the New York market at 25 and 30 cents per pound. His cows are tested each month, and the Babcock test is the measure of quality in this herd.

Milk is perfect food. For the best development of the milk producing capacity the cow should have the best of care. The dairy cow is a machine. The dairyman should study his machine. While the enormous figures of over 1,100 pounds of butter in a year had been attained by a Holstein cow, breeding is yet in its infancy. Discount the cow with a fleshy udder. Such cows are more susceptible to garget.

Farmers pay too little attention to breeding. There are too many scrubs in the country. Scrub cows mean financial ruin. All cannot buy thoroughbred cows to start from, but all need good, honest cows and breed from the best ones.

The thoroughbred bull was a necessity to success in breeding up to higher usefulness in the dairy. Always discard the scrub bull. Pedigree is all right as far as it goes, but individuality and performance are of more consequence.

Retrospective.

"Harry!"

"What is it, Dorothy?"

"Did you give me that parlor lamp Christmas or did I give it to you?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Or a Few Clotheslines.

Ida—Sometimes a few lines will cause a woman no end of worry.

May—Yes; especially if they happen to be in her face.—Chicago News.

RELIGION OF GHOSTS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on an Unique Subject.

THE FALLACIES OF SPIRITUALISM

He Denounces It as Witchcraft and Sorcery—We Are Surrounded by Mystery—A Vast Realm Unexplored Which Science May Yet Map Out.

Washington, Feb. 25. — In this discourse Dr. Talmage discusses a theme never more under exploration than at this time and warns people against what he calls a religion of ghosts; text, I Samuel xxviii, 7: "Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor. And Saul disguised himself and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night."

Trouble to the right of him and trouble to the left of him, Saul knew not what to do. As a last resort he concluded to seek out a spiritual medium or a witch or anything that you please to call her — a woman who had communication with the spirits of the etegnal world. It was a very difficult thing to do, for Saul had either slain all the witches or compelled them to stop business. A servant one day said to King Saul, "I know of a spiritual medium down at the village of En-dor." "Do you?" said the king. Night falls. Saul, putting on the dress of a plain citizen, with two servants, goes out to hunt up this medium.

Saul and his servants after awhile reached the village, and they say, "I wonder if this is the house," and they look in, and they see the haggard, weird and shriveled up spiritual medium sitting by the light and on the table sculptured images and divining rods and poisonous images and bottles and vases. They say, "Yes, this must be the place." One loud rap brings the woman to the door, and as she stands there, holding the candle or lamp above her head and peering out into the darkness, she says, "Who is here?" The tall king informs her that he has come to have his fortune told. When she hears that, she trembles and almost drops the light, for she knows there is no chance for a fortune teller or spiritual medium in all the land. But Saul having sworn that no harm shall come to her, she says, "Well, who shall I bring up from the dead?" Saul says, "Bring up Samuel." That was the prophet who had died a little while before.

I see her waving a wand, or stirring up some poisonous herbs in a caldron, or hear her muttering over some incantations, or stamping with her foot as she cries out to the realm of the dead: "Saul, Saul, Saul!" Lo, the freezing horror! The floor of the tenement opens, and the gray hairs float up and the forehead, the eyes, the lips, the shoulders, the arms, the feet—the entire body of the dead Samuel—wrapped in sepulchral robe, appearing to the astonished group, who stagger back and hold fast and catch their breath and shiver with terror.

The dead prophet, white and awful from the tomb, begins to move his ashen lips, and he glares upon King Saul and cries out: "What did you bring me up for? What do you want, King Saul?" Saul, trying to compose and control himself, makes this stammering and affrighted utterance as he says to the dead prophet: "The Lord is against me, and I have come to you for help. What shall I do?" The dead prophet stretched forth his finger to King Saul and said: "Die to-morrow! Come with me into the sepulcher. I am going now. Come, come with me!" And, lo, the floor again opens, and the feet of the dead prophet disappear and the arms and the shoulders and the forehead! The floor closes. Oh, that was an awful seance!

We are surrounded by mystery—before us, behind us, to the right of us, to the left of us, mystery. There is a vast realm unexplored that science. I have no doubt, will yet map out. He who explores that realm will do the world more service than did ever a Columbus or an Americo Vespucci. There are so many things that cannot be accounted for, so many sounds and appearances which defy acoustics and investigation, so many things approximating to the spectral, so many effects which do not seem to have a sufficient cause.

Spiritualism in America was born in Hydesville, Wayne County, N. Y., when one night there was a loud rap heard against the door of Michael Weekman; a rap a second time, a rap a third time, and all three times, when the door was opened, there was nothing found there, the knocking having been made seemingly by invisible knuckles. In that same house there was a young woman who had a cold hand passed over her face, and, there being seemingly no arm attached to it, ghostly suspicions were excited.

After awhile Mr. Fox with his family moved into that house, and then they had bangings at the door every night. One night Mr. Fox cried out, "Are you a spirit?" Two raps—answer in the affirmative. "Are you an injured spirit?" Two raps—answer in the affirmative. Then they knew right away that it was the spirit of a peddlar who had been murdered in that house years before and who had been robbed of his $500. Whether the spirit of the peddler came back to collect his $500 or his bones I do not know.

The excitement spread. There was a universal rumpus. The Hon. Judge Edmonds declared in a book that he had actually seen a bell start from the top shelf of a closet, heard it ring over the people that were standing in the closet; then, swung by invisible hands, it rang over the people in the back parlor and floated through the folding doors to the front parlor, rang over the people there and then dropped on the floor. A senator of the United States, afterwards governor of Wisconsin, had his head quite turned with spiritualistic demonstrations.

The tables tipped, and the stools tilted, and the bedsteads raised, and the chairs upset, and it seemed as if the spirits everywhere, had gone into the furniture business! Well, the people said: "We have got something now in this country. It is a new religion!" Oh, no, my friend, thousands of years ago we find in our text, a spiritualistic seance!

Nothing in the spiritualistic circles of our day has been more strange, mysterious and wonderful than things which have been seen in past centuries of the world. In all ages there have been necromancers, those who consult with the spirits of the departed; charmers, those who put their subjects in a mesmeric state; sorcerers, those who by taking poisonous drugs see everything and hear everything and tell everything; dreamers, people who in their sleeping moments can see the future world and hold consultation with spirits. Yes, before the time of Christ, the Brahmans went through all the table moving, all the furniture excitement, which the spirits have exploited in our day, precisely the same thing over and over again, under the manipulation of the Brahmans. Now, do you say that spiritualism is different from these? I answer, all these delusions I have mentioned belong to the same family. They are exhumations from the unseen world.

What does God think of all these delusions? He thinks so severely of them that he never speaks of them but with livid thunders of indignation. He says, "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerer." He says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." And lest you might make some important distinction between spiritualism and witchcraft God says in so many words, "There shall not be among you a consulter of familiar spirits, or wizards, or necromancer, for they that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." The Lord God Almighty is a score of passages which I have not now time to quote utters his indignation against all this great family of delusions. After that be a spiritualist if you dare!

You lose a friend; you want the spiritual world opened, so that you may have communication with him. In a highly wrought, nervous and diseased state of mind you go and put yourself in that communication. That is why I hate spiritualism. It takes advantage of one in a moment of weakness, which may come upon us at any time. We lose a friend. The trial is keen, sharp, suffocating, almost maddening. The mind staggered, marshal a host and storm the eternal world and by incantation our loved one, the host would soon be marshaled. The house is so lonely. The world is so dark. The separation is so insufferable. But spiritualism says, "We will open the eternal world, and your loved one can come back and talk, to you." Though we may not hear his voice, we may hear the rap of his hand. So clear the table. Sit down. Put your hands on the table. Be very quiet. Five minutes gone. Ten minutes. No motion of the table. No response from the future world. Twenty minutes. Thirty minutes. Nervous excitement all the more increasing. Forty minutes. The table shivers. Two raps from the future world. The letters of the alphabet are called over. The departed friend's name is John. At the pronunciation of the letter J two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter O two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter H two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter N two raps. There you have the whole name spelled out—J-o-h-n, John. Now, the spirit being present, you say, "John, are you happy?" Two raps give an affirmative answer.

Pretty soon the hand of the medium begins to twich and toss and begins to write out, after paper and ink are furnished, a message from the eternal world. What is remarkable, the departed spirit, although it has been amid the illumination of the heaven, cannot spell as well as it used to. It has lost all grammatical accuracy and cannot write as distinctly. I received a letter through a medium once. I sent it back. I said, "Just please to tell these ghosts they had better go to school and get improved in their orthography." Now, just think of spirits, that the Bible represents as enthroned in glory, coming down to crawl under the table and break crockery and ring tea bells before supper is ready and rap the window shutter on a gusty night! What consolation in such miserable stuff as compared with the consolation of our departed friends free from toil and sin and pain are forever happy and that we will join them, not in mysterious and half utterance which makes the hair stand on end and makes cold chills creep the back, but in a reunion most blessed and happy and glorious!

And none shall murmer or misdoubt
When God's great sunrise finds us out.

I learn still further from this subject that spiritualism and necromancy are affairs of darkness. Why did not Saul go in the day? He was ashamed to go. Besides that, he knew that this spiritual medium, like all her successors, performed her exploits in the night. The Davenports, the Fowlers, the Foxes, the spiritual mediums of all ages, have chosen the night or a darkened room. Why? The majority of their wonders have been swindles, and deceptions prosper best in the night.

You have all seen strange and unaccountable things in the night. Almost every man has at some time had a touch of hallucination. Some time ago, after I had been overtempted to eat something indigestible before retiring for the night, after retiring I saw the president of one of the prominent colleges astride the foot of the bed, while he demanded of me a loan of 5 cents! When I awakened, I had no idea it was anything supernatural. And I have to advise you, if you hear and see strange things at night, to stop eating hot mince pie, and take a dose of billious medicine. It is an outraged physical organism, enough to deceive the very elect after sundown and does nearly all its work in the night. The witch of En-dor held her seances at night; so do they all. Away with this religion of spooks!

Still further, I learn from my text that spiritualism is doom and death to its disciples. King Saul thought that he would get help from the "medium," but the first that he sees makes him swoon away, and no sooner is he resuscitated than he is told he must die. Spiritualism is doom and death to every one that yields to it. It ruins the body. Look in upon an audience of spiritualists—cadaverous, weak, nervous, exhausted, hands clammy and cold, voices sepulchral and ominous, bewildered with raps. I never knew a confirmed spiritualist who had a healthy nervous system. It is incipient epilepsy and catalepsy. Destroy your nervous system and you might as well be dead. I have noticed that people who are hearing raps from the future world have but little strength left to bear the hard raps of this world. A man can live with only one lung or with no eyes and be happy, as men have been under such afflictions, but woe be to the man whose nerves are shattered! Spiritualism smites first of all, and mightily, against the nervous system and so makes life miserable.

A man in Bellevue Hospital dying from wounds made by his own hand was asked why he tried to commit suicide, he said, "The Spirits told me to." Parents have strangled their children, and when asked why they did it replied, "Spiritualism demanded it." It is the patronizer and forager for the madhouse. Judge Edmonds, in Broadway Tabernacle, New York, delivering a lecture concerning spiritualism, admitted in so many words, "There is a fascination about consultation with the spirits of the dead that has a tendency to lead people off from their right judgment and to instill into them a fanaticism that is revolting to the natural mind."

It not only ruins its disciples, but it ruins the mediums also, only give it time. The mediums are swine on the banks of the Lake of Galilee no sooner became spiritual mediums than down they went in an avalanche of pork, to the consternation of all the herdsmen. The office of a medium is bad for a man, bad for a woman, bad for a beast.

I bring against this delusion a more fearful indictment—it ruins the soul immortal. First, it makes a man a quarter of an infidel; then it makes him half an infidel; then it makes him a whole infidel. The whole system, as I conceive it, is founded on the insufficiency of the word of God as a revelation. God says the Bible is enough for you to know about the future world. You say it is not enough, and there is where you and the Lord differ. And although the Scriptures say, "Add thou not unto his words, lest he reprove thee and thou be found a liar," you risk it and say: "Come back, spirit of my departed father; come back, spirit of my departed mother, of my companions, of my little child, and tell me some things I don't know about you and about the unseen world."

"But," says some one, "wouldn't it be of advantage to hear from the future world? Don't you think it would strengthen Christians? There are a great many materialists who do not believe there are souls, but if spirits from the future world should knock and talk over to us they would be persuaded." To that I answer in the ringing words of the Son of God, "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

I believe these are the days of which the apostle spake when he said, "In the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits." Audiences in this day need to have reiterated in their hearing the passages I quoted some minutes ago. "There shall not be among you a consulter of familiar spirits, or wizard, or necromancer, for they that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord," and "The soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits I will set my as have familiar spirits I will set myself against them, and they shall be cut off from their people."

She—Reggie, dear, there is something of the old-time love light in your eyes to-night—something about you that reminds me of those sweet days of long ago. I hope you have—

He—Yes, I have a little left. How much will let me out this time—ten or twenty?

It's laughable to read some Tea advertisements, but its no joke to drink the Tea. Better stick to Blue Ribbon Ceylon

"Good Morning" in Various Lands.

"Good morning!" How it is said in various countries.

"How are you?" That's Swedish.

"How do you are?" That's Dutch.

"How do you stand?" That's Italian.

"God with Go, senor." That's Spanish.

"How do you have yourself?" That's Polish.

"Thank God, how are you?" That's Arabian.

"May thy shadow never grow less." That's Persian.

"How do you carry yourself?" That's French.

"How do you do?" That's English and American.

"Be under the guard of God." That's Ottoman.

Good Digestion Should wait on Appetite.—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged no better remedy is procurable than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

Matchmaker's Problem.

Hicks—It is hardly possible that a marriage should come out of it between two such persons.

Wicks—I don't know. He is a regular stick, and she has got enough brimstone in her to make a match.

The Essential Question.

The Candidate — Madam, I enter your house with clean hands.

The Housewife—Did you wipe your feet?

Weak constitutions are built up by Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

Not a Favorite Breed.

The man who rides a chainless wheel
At an easy-going jog,
Enjoys his "bike," but he doesn't like
To meet with a chainless dog.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Judging by Appearances.

Tommy—Say, Jimmie, wot is classical music?

Jimmie—It's the kind you can't understand unless you wear long hair.

Health for the children. Miller's Worm Powders.

Inspiring Confidence.

"It pays to be cheerful."

"That's right: as long as you look as if you had money your creditors have confidence in you."

Yeast—When a man snores, does he think?

Crimsonbeak—Well, no; I don't think he thinks he snores.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Golden Rod a Honey Food.

While clover is said to be the finest food for honey-producing bees, and clover honey deservedly ranks first, there are many who prefer the stronger flavor of buckwheat honey. It will probably be news to many that in some parts of the country fields of golden rod are cultivated by beekeepers.

Matronly Advice.

"And remember, dear," said the experienced matron to the bride, "if you wish to preserve your husband's love, do not be jealous. Merely pretend to be. That will give him a good opinion of himself, and of your appreciation of his fascinations."

His Pastime.

"We are now in the twentieth century," said the emperor sternly.

"But, your majesty, there is almost a year yet"—

"Bother the year! I'm a very hard working emperor, am I not?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"Well, when I feel like killing a little time now and then I don't want to be interfered with."—Washington Star.

She Was Mentioned.

"Evidently you were overlooked in the account of the entertainment last night," said the gossip.

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Parvenu. "I was mentioned. Didn't you see the last line of the list of those present?"

"Yes. It read 'and others.'"

"That's me," asserted Mrs. Parvenu proudly, but ungrammatically.—Chicago Post.

Coerced.

"Ah, my fine little man," said the old gentleman, softly stroking the flaxen curls of the boy he had just met, "I love to see little boys like you with every evidence of gentleness and love."

"Say, w'ot yer givin me?" replied the boy. "D'ye think I'm wearin dis Little Lord Fauntleroy outfit 'cause I like it?"—Philadelphia Press.

PALE AND LANGUID.

THE CONDITION OF VERY MANY YOUNG GIRLS IN CANADA.

They are Subject to Headaches, Heart Trouble, and an Indisposition to Exertion—Parents Should Act Promptly in Such Cases.

Miss Alma Gauthier, daughter of Mr. Adelard Gauthier, proprietor of a well-known hotel at Three Rivers, Que., enjoys a wide popularity among her young friends, and they have recently had occasion to rejoice at her restoration to health after a serious illness. When a reporter called to ascertain the facts of the case Miss Gauthier was out of the city on a visit, but her father very gladly consented to give the story of her cure. He said:—"I believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my daughter Alma might have been in her grave, and I would be ungrateful indeed if I did not at all times say a kind word in favor of the medicine that restored her to health. My daughter's health first began to give way several years ago. At first the trouble did not appear to be serious, and we thought she would soon regain her accustomed health. As time went on, however, this proved not to be the case. She grew weaker, was troubled with headaches, poor appetite, dizziness and a feeling of almost constant languor. She was treated by a good doctor, but still there was no improvemet. She seemed to be gradually fading away. If she walked up stairs she would have stop several times to rest on the way. She had all her color and her face was as white almost as chalk. Her trouble was clearly that which afflicts so many young women entering womanhood, and we feared it would develop into consumption. One day a friend of the family urged her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she consented, and procured a couple of boxes. Before they were quite gone there was a slight improvement in her appetite and we looked upon this as a hopeful sign. Another half dozen boxes were procured, and under their use she day by day acquired new strength and new interest in life. She is now as healthy a girl as there is in Three Rivers, with every trace of her pallor and langour gone. This is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am rejoiced to be able to say so publicly."

The case of Miss Gauthier certainly carries with it a lesson to other parents, whose daughters may be pale, languid, easily tired, or subject to headaches, or other distressing symptoms that mark the onward progress of anaemia. In cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give more certain and speedy results than any other medicine. They act promptly and directly, making new, rich red blood, and strengthen the nerves, and correct all the irregularities incident to this critical period.

Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

THE Ale and Porter OF JOHN LABATT, London,

Are undoubtedly THE BEST.

Testimonials from 4 chemists, 10 medals, 12 diplomas. The most wholesome of beverages. Recommended by Physicians. For sale everywhere.