

GOD BLESS YOU.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee!"

I seek in prayerful words, dear friend, The heart's true wish to send you, That you may know that far or near, My loving thoughts attend you.

I cannot find a truer word, Nor fonder to express you, Nor song nor poem I have heard, Is sweeter than God bless you!

God bless you! So I've wished you all Of brightness life possesses, For joy cannot be thine or mine Unless God loves and blesses.

God bless you! So I breathe a charm, Least grief's dark night oppress you, For how can sorrow bring you harm When God waits here to bless you?

And so through all his days and years May shadows touch thee never, Keep this aloud, "God bless thee, dear," Then art thou safe forever.

IN DEEP WATERS.

The strange silence which lay about the schooner by its very oddity brought Belden, sleeping restlessly in his berth, to his full senses. For a space he lay quiet, listening. Except for the straining of the timbers as the vessel wallowed in the heavy sea, there was no sound. Filled with alarm, he jumped from his berth, and dressing hastily made his way through the cabin, up the companion-way to the deck. It was still dark, but in the gloom he could manage to see the black water against the boat's side. The schooner had settled far deeper than when he had lain down a few hours before. Undoubtedly the leak was gaining fast.

He saw all this at a glance, and then the great silence thrust itself again upon his consciousness. Once more the feeling of alarm possessed him. He turned and glanced at the wheel. There was no one standing by it. It was not even lashed, but whirled in this way and that as the waves tossed the rudder about. Hardly able to believe his sight he groped his way to it and caught it in his hands, bracing his feet as he steadied it.

He held it so only for a moment. Then he made his way swiftly forward. The deck was absolutely deserted. With a gasp he turned back to the deck. He took, he went further forward and peered into the forecastle. The rattling lantern fastened by a hook to the foremast was still lit, and he could dimly discern the berths. They were all empty.

He sprang down the stairs and tore the lantern from its fastening. Carrying it over his arm, he went back to the deck. He crept along to the main hatchway of the hold, and lowering the lantern peered into its dark, stinking depths. For a moment he could see nothing. Only the sound of moving water—water in the hold—came to him. While he waited for his eyes to become accustomed to the faint light, he called out. But only silence answered him after the sound of his own voice had died away.

Presently in the far depths he made out a glimmer. He gasped as he saw it. It was the reflection in the water of the lantern he held in his hand. The light was the sight was plain to him. The leak had gained until water now covered the cargo. Better able now to peer through the darkness, he turned his eyes to the pump. It was standing in its place, solitary, abandoned.

The sight told him all. But it did not shock him greatly. He had known as if he had known the truth from the moment of his sudden awakening. The captain and the crew had deserted. While he slept they had left the schooner to sink—and left him to sink with her—and besides himself there were the man and his wife—the passengers—who at that moment were sleeping peacefully below in their cabin. The crew whom he had trusted had left them—the three of them alone—in a sinking ship that was heedlessly drifting about at the mercy of the bitter sea.

He rose to his feet and made his way to the side, where he leaned against the rigging and gazed into the black water. He thought they were closer up even than when he had come upon deck. Surely the vessel was going down with incredible swiftness.

The knowledge of the ship's peril had come to him only in flashes of consciousness and had brought him no touch of terror nor any plan for relief. He knew the facts and understood them, but that they applied to himself he could not realize. It was as though he were a shadowy figure in a dream.

While he was thinking the morning came. Not slowly, but in a flash, as it always comes in the black water. A curtain torn asunder. A ray of gray light sprang over the sea, whitening its tips and changing its somber black to vivid blue. The gray light changed to silver, flushed to rose, deepened into purple and then transformed itself into a blue sky flecked with clouds and brought him no touch of terror nor any plan for relief. He knew the facts and understood them, but that they applied to himself he could not realize. It was as though he were a shadowy figure in a dream.

They had, it was true, left behind them the dingy. This was a tiny craft—almost a canoe. It could hold but two people—and three had been left behind upon the sinking ship. Three, and one of them Helen Taggart, the woman he loved, the woman who had married his best friend.

The force with which this last blow struck brought with its numbing sense a sudden appreciation of the peril that faced him. The gray fled from his face, leaving it dull, colorless. He caught hold of the rigging to save himself from falling. For some moments he stood there, swaying back and forth with the motion of the vessel. Then there came upon him a great resolution. He would not speak to them of the small boat! Up to this moment he had lived his lonely life without the woman he loved, and now that he must die, and no other course was open to him—he would die beside him. There was a fierce joy in the thought. He loosed his grip upon the tarred rope and stood erect, strong, brave, self-reliant.

Taggart came out of the companionway upon the deck, and for a moment he stood blinking in the morning sunlight. Suddenly his expression changed. His eyes, the dull, unseeing eyes of the landman,

had discovered that there was something wrong. He groped and reeled his way to Belden's side—the vessel was rolling heavily—

"What is it, Dick?" he asked quietly. "We are sinking," answered Belden simply; "the leak that sprung the night before last has got the better of us. The crew realized this before I did, and last night, while I was getting a little sleep, they deserted. Every one of them deserted," he added with calm bitterness; "every one of them, damn them!"

Taggart's face went white as he heard the news. "How long will she keep afloat?" he asked gravely. "Two hours, perhaps," was the answer, "but . . . no more."

"Then we will have to take to the boats at once," said Taggart. Belden turned his haggard face from the other and gazed out across the rolling waves, all green now and glistening in the bright sunlight.

"They took all of the boats with them," he said in a low voice. He did not speak of the dingy. There was little chance of the other noticing it where it lay hidden beneath its canvas cover.

"My God!" cried Taggart, as he clutched the rail to steady himself. "Helen!" The name brought a paler shade to Belden's cheek, but he did not turn his head. He kept his gaze on the sea.

It was Taggart, at length, who broke the silence. He had conquered his weakness and his voice came calm and even. "We never thought it would end like this, Dick, did we?" he said gently. "When we were boys at New Haven and used to plan our futures together summer evenings under the shadows of the elms—"

Belden turned quickly and looked at him with an odd little twisted smile. "No," he answered; "no, we never thought so then—and yet, somehow, now it seems that I have the ways known that the end would be this."

There was a depth of melancholy in his voice—a ring of utter loneliness which is, perhaps, the greatest of all tragedies. But it fell upon unheeding ears. A sudden gust of impotent rage had swept over Taggart.

"I wonder," he said bitterly, raising his face to the sky above him, "why God permits such suffering?" "We shall know soon enough," said Belden almost lightly.

"Yes," answered the other simply, his anger passing, "there will soon be no yesterday for us."

Suddenly Taggart's eyes gleamed. "Look!" he whispered hoarsely. "What is it?" asked Belden, although he knew what the other's eyes had found. "It's a boat!" screamed Taggart.

"Thank God!" Tears glistened on his cheek. Hope had made him give way to emotion. Belden shrugged his shoulders. It was the shrug of the gambler who had staked all upon the turning of a card—and had lost. Not a muscle of his face moved. It was fate, and long ago in the early years of his lonely life he had learned not to quarrel with that.

"It's the dingy," he said quietly. "I had meant to speak to you of it before. It will hold—only two."

Taggart did not at once grasp the significance of the statement, but slowly the fact dawned upon his brain and his face contracted. With the sob of a woman he sank down by the rail.

"Merciful God!" he breathed. Belden looked at him, a faint smile on his lips. "It's a slight skill," he said presently in his lifeless voice, "but with you and me, it's a matter of minutes."

"I will stay with ship," he replied. "No—no!" cried Taggart. "You must come with us—surely the boat will hold three."

Belden shook his head. "With the three of us aboard she would founder in five minutes," he said. "Then," said Taggart quickly, "we will all stay here and meet it together."

"You must not forget your wife," he said with finality. "She must have every chance."

"But you?" broke in the other. "It does not matter about me," said Belden. "I have been alone always—and it will not be hard to meet it—alone. That is why I did not speak of the dingy. But now it is different. You must go in it, Harry, if you want to save your wife and your child. I will stay with you. Think what life means to her. It is not I who make the sacrifice by remaining here; it is you who do it by going. Yours is the braver part."

As he finished, Taggart put out his hand and the other grasped it. "God bless you, Dick!" he said. "Yes," answered Taggart; but how—how shall we tell her?"

stead kept her eyes steadily on Belden's averted face.

"And join me?" she asked in a queer, breathless voice, as she put her husband's hand from her arm. Though he did not turn to look at her, Belden knew she was speaking to him. For a moment he did not answer, but when finally he did he said, "I will stay here, if you wish."

The woman stood silent while a light dawned on her face. Then suddenly, as though swept by some terrific force, she went toward him with outstretched arms. "Thank God!" she cried, and through her voice there surged and sang a fierce and wonderful joy.

"Thank God!" she repeated; "for now I know that you love me as I love you—at last. But say it—say it! Tell me, tell me with your lips close to mine and your breath hot in my face—tell me."

Her hands were upon his shoulders now; they were close to his. Just for an instant he watched her quietly. Suddenly the man's iron self-possession fled from him and he strained her close to his heart. "I love you better than my life," he muttered thickly. "Yes, and God knows—more—more."

Their lips met in a long kiss. Even while they still stood so Taggart, who had been watching them, dazedly silent, sprang forward with a bitter cry like that of a wounded beast. With a fierce oath he tore the two apart and struck Belden a cruel blow. The latter staggered back, but he was not hurt. He looked at Belden, who had started toward Taggart with glowing eyes. The latter sprang to meet him and in a moment they were clasped together, fighting for their lives.

The woman stood by silent. Her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on the danger never wavered from his shoulders now; she seemed to have the life of a statue. Her eyes were fixed on the danger never wavered from his shoulders now; she seemed to have the life of a statue.

They were equally matched so far as strength was concerned, although Belden, because of his long, active life upon the water, was better fitted to endure. For a time they struggled about the deck. Then suddenly they fell together, squirming and straining, their hot breath striking each other in the face, their hot eyes blazing with hatred.

Belden felt his opponent yield and laughed with triumph and while the laugh still rang in his ears he saw his opponent's head fall back and his arms flung out. He was dead.

Just as the knife began to descend on his mission of death, Belden looked up and his gaze swept the horizon. His arm became rigid, his eyes wide and staring, and his nerveless hand loosed its hold upon the knife, which fell with a clatter on the deck.

"Look!" he cried. As he spoke the woman raised her head and saw a great steamer bearing down upon them. Its crew had seen the signal of distress flying at the mast-head and had answered it. They were saved.

Belden rose slowly, and, stooping, lifted the prostrate Taggart to his feet. The latter thanked him simply. Once more they were men living beneath the restraint of ages.

Silently the three gathered at the rail of the sinking schooner and watched the small boat which they had saved. It was a revelation to the prize fighters. From the earliest days of the ring the knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach punches were thrown in to worry and weary the fighter, but if a scientific man had told one of the old fighters that the most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him for an ignoramus. Dr. Pierce is bringing home to the public a parallel fact; that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring.

The blow which knocked out Corbett was a revelation to the prize fighters. From the earliest days of the ring the knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach punches were thrown in to worry and weary the fighter, but if a scientific man had told one of the old fighters that the most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him for an ignoramus.

Dr. Pierce is bringing home to the public a parallel fact; that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring. He has shown us that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring.

He has shown us that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring. He has shown us that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring.

He has shown us that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring. He has shown us that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring.

He has shown us that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring. He has shown us that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring.

He has shown us that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring. He has shown us that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring.

He has shown us that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring. He has shown us that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring.

He has shown us that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring. He has shown us that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring.

Custer and His Last Battle.

GEORGE A. CUSTER, born Harrison county, Ohio, December 5th, 1839. Graduated West Point 1861. Began service at first battle of Bull Run as aide on staff of Gen. Kearney. Fought with great bravery in several battles, and particularly distinguished himself at Gettysburg.

In 1868 almost annihilated Black Kettle and his warriors, in battle of Washita, Oklahoma. Killed in battle of Little Big Horn, Montana, June 25th, 1876. Buried at West Point.

Sometime ago duty called me within less than a hundred miles of where the Custer massacre occurred, and I went to see the battle field.

If you will indulge me, I will give you readers a condensed statement of what I gleaned from various reliable sources, concerning that tragic affair.

The Indian war which culminated in what is known as the "Custer Massacre," originated in a request or order from the Indian Bureau, that certain stubborn tribes should be compelled to settle down on their reservations, under the control of the Indian Agent.

Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse were the leaders of these savages, which the government estimated at from 500 to 800, but which afterwards was found to be near 3000, besides a large number of squaws, who were more savage even than the men.

They were armed with Winchesters mostly, and well supplied with ammunition.

War on this savage force was ordered by General Sheridan from Chicago, and was commenced in the winter, because he (Sheridan) thought that would be the time when the Indians could be easily caught.

Small bodies of troops from various widely separated posts were started out in a strange, wild country, in search of a powerful, raving, savage foe. Even at this early day public opinion has stamped that as a blunder.

Generals Terry and Cook were the principal officers, whose men aggregated about 1500, divided into several small bodies, as above stated, and scarcely any two within supporting distance of each other.

I shall confine myself more particularly to the Seventh Cavalry, which was Custer's command, consisting of about 250 men, when they started.

Early on the morning of the 17th of May, 1876, at Fort Abraham Lincoln, opposite Bismarck, North Dakota, the "general" was sounded, and soon the wagon train was packed and on the road, headed westward. An hour later the regiment, headed by Custer, was marching in column of platoon around the parade ground, the band playing "Garry Owen," the regiment's battle tune.

When they got outside the garrison, the column was halted and dismounted, and such as desired to do so, were permitted to leave the ranks to say "good-bye" to the women and children who were dear to them.

In a few minutes the "assembly" was sounded, and the absentees joined their commands, when the signals "Mount" and "Forward" were sounded, and the regiment marched away, while the band played "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

General Terry was visibly affected by the display of wiping away tears by the women and children at the parting, and he gave orders to have the men make as great a showing of strength as possible, as they crossed the hills just west of Mandan.

Those of your readers, who like myself, have ridden over that road, can imagine what a pageant that regiment made there and then.

After they had marched quite a distance, Terry left Custer, to go up the Yellowstone to confer with General Gibbon, who had charge of a small body of men up there somewhere.

That left Custer chief in command of the little regiment. Major Reno was next in command. For some reason which has never been clearly made known, Custer and Reno, each with a part of the men, separated, and got beyond supporting distance of each other. On June 17th, tidings came from Reno that he had struck the trail of the Indians. Very shortly afterwards Custer struck the trail, and instead of halting and calling on Reno to come to his assistance, he decided to fight with what men he had with him.

When he got to the brow of a certain hill, he looked down into the valley, and saw the Indian camp. He ordered the trumpeter Martin, to sound the charge, which he did, and then took to his heels, while Custer and his men plunged forward into the death trap.

Not a living thing escaped death except the war horse "Comanche," which was found the next day. At his death some years afterwards, he was stuffed and mounted, and is now in the museum of the University of Kansas.

Certain, his candle was snuffed out too soon, and he met death with a halo of glory—fit ending to a soldier's career.

That battle field is now a National cemetery, and is enclosed by a wire fence, and a modest monument stands where Custer's body was found.

"On fame's eternal camping ground, Their silent tents are spread, And glory guards with hallowed round, The bivouac of the dead."

Respectfully, DANIEL McBRIDE, Bismarck, North Dakota.

Spider Cures.

In China spiders are highly esteemed in the treatment of croup. You get from an old wall the webs of seven black spiders—two of which must have the owners sitting in the middle—and pound them up in a mortar with a little powdered alum. The resulting mixture must then be set on fire, and the ashes, when squirted into the throat of the patient by means of a bamboo tube, are said to effect a certain and immediate cure.

Black spiders are evidently full of medicinal virtue, for they are largely employed in the treatment of ague as well. In Somersetshire, if one is afflicted with the unpleasant ailment, the way to get well is to shut up a large black spider in a box and leave it there till it dies. At the moment of its demise the ague should disappear. In Sussex the treatment is more heroic; the patient must swallow the spider.

Perhaps, after all, this remedy may not be so disagreeable as it appears, for a German lady who was in the habit of picking out spiders from their webs as she walked through the woods and eating them after first depriving them of their legs declared that they were very nice indeed and tasted like nuts.—London Chronicle.

Asked Too Much.

In R. F. Johnson's book, "From Peking to Mandalay," the author tells the story of a poor Chinese scholar noted for his piety, who heard the voice of an invisible being who spoke to him thus: "Your piety has found favor in the sight of heaven. Ask now for what you most long to possess, for I am the messenger of the gods, and they have sworn to grant your heart's desire." "I ask," said the poor scholar, "for the coarsest clothes and food, just enough for my daily wants, and I beg that I may have freedom to wander at will over mountain and fell and woodland stream, free from all worldly cares, till my life's end. That is all I ask." Hardly had he spoken than the sky seemed to be filled with the laughter of myriads of unearthly voices. "All you ask," cried the messenger of the gods, "know you not that what you demanded is the highest happiness of the beings that dwell in heaven? Ask for wealth or rank, but not for you are the holiest joys of the gods."

The Ungrateful Cuckoo.

To hear the cuckoo's cheery note you might think he had the clearest conscience in the world. He can have neither memory nor moral sense or he would not carry it off so gaily. We say nothing of the "raptors," who are a race apart, but the most disreputable of birds, as a rule, are guilty of nothing worse than peccadillos. The jack-daw will steal for the mere fun of the thing, for he can make no possible use of plate or jewelry, and sometimes under temptation may make a snatch at a pheasant chick. Sparrows are, of course, notorious thieves, but they rank no higher in crime than the sneaking pickpockets. But the cuckoo, so to speak, is a murderer from his cradle. He violates the sanctity of a hospitable hearth. His first victims are his own foster brothers, and before he tries his wings on the first flight he is imbrued in fraternal blood, like any Amurath or Bazajet.—London Saturday Review.

Expected Some Cussing.

A West Philadelphia husband had just comfortably seated himself for his after dinner cigar the other evening when his good wife arose and took the parrot from the room. This done, she picked up a couple of envelopes and approached the old man, all of which occasioned that gent considerable surprise.

"Mary," said he, "what in the world did you take that parrot out of the room for?"

"I was afraid that you might set him a bad example," answered wife.

"What do you mean?" demanded the wondering husband.

"I mean," answered wife, handing father the envelope, "that I have just received my dressmaking and millinery bills."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

None Left Alive.

"An orator," said one of our statesmen, "was addressing an assemblage of the people. He recounted the people's wrongs. Then he passionately cried: "Where are America's great men? Why don't they take up the cudgel in our defense? In the face of our manifold wrongs why do they remain cold, immovable, silent?" "Because they're all cast in bronze!" shouted a cynic in the rear."

Bucolic Humor.

"Hiram, why don't you speak to that city gal out there a-sittin' on the grass with her back up agin your 'No Trespassing' sign?" "Mandy, that young woman is beneath my notice."—Boston Transcript.

Philanthropic Misers.

In several remarkable cases real philanthropy has been a miser's motive in spending and saving to a grotesque degree. Thus when the first Pasteur institute was suggested in Paris to keep green the memory of the world famous scientist a poor wretch who lived in utter misery came forward with a subscription of \$500. And when the city officials called upon him with a message of thanks they found him in an evil smelling slum behind the Cathedral of Notre Dame. When the door was opened the miser philanthropist was found quarreling violently with his miserable looking servant for throwing away a match that had not been burned at both ends. A similar case, but on a much larger scale, was that of Jacques Gurgot of Marseilles. Every one in the city knew and hated him for his incredibly sordid life, yet when the old miser's will was proved all France was amazed to find he had left \$250,000 to his native city especially to furnish the poor with a good and cheap water supply. "I know," the old man wrote, "that 50,000 of our citizens died of the plague during the epidemic of 1720, which was generated by the noxious effluvia arising from filthy streets that were never cleansed."—New York Tribune.

The Poor Ensign.

The following story of German military officialdom is published in London: One Ensign Fluge claimed compensation for damage to kit caused by a mouse having gnawed a hole in his best tunic. The officer who had to decide the point dismissed the claim and ordered the ensign to be severely punished on the ground that, contrary to orders, he had hung his best tunic on a nail when going on guard at night in an inferior garment instead of packing it in his knapsack, thus enabling a mouse to gnaw a hole in it "without having to overcome the slightest impediment." Ensign Fluge appealed, and on further hearing it appeared that the officer who first dealt with the case was mistaken in the facts, the tunic having been stowed in a knapsack at the time when the mouse defaced it and not hung upon a nail. The first decision was therefore set aside by higher authority, and Ensign Fluge was ordered to be severely punished for having stowed his tunic in his knapsack instead of hanging it on a nail, thereby giving opportunity to the mouse to gnaw a hole in it "under cover of the darkness." The sentiments of Ensign Fluge are not recorded.

The Arab Mare.

The Arab is regarded as the first of horsemen and the Arab mare as the perfect steed. The Arab's idea of horse taming is of the simplest. The colt is treated from the first as a member of the family. It goes in and out of the tents and is so familiarized with the doings of that extraordinary creature, man, that there is never any need of breaking it in. The Bedouin is very careful of his mare. He does not mount her when he sets out to play his usual tricks upon travelers. He rides a camel to which the mare is tethered. Not until the caravan is in sight does he mount the mare and give chase. There is, by the way, an impression that the Bedouin is a bloody minded person who would as lief take your life as not. This is unfair to him. He is a thief of very peaceful inclinations and much prefers to effect any necessary transfer of property with as little bother as possible.—London Graphic.

A Poor Bath.

A Frenchman was talking in New York about the excellent bathing beaches of America.

"There are no such beaches in Europe," said he. "And the sea over there is not so pleasant to bathe in. Frequently, you know, great pipes empty sewage into it. They who stay late for the bathing in Nice, for instance, swim about among lemon peel, orange skins, melon rinds, soaked but still buoyant newspapers—fearful rubbish. I once bathed in Nice. The Mediterranean was warm and pleasant, but it resembled soup or something worse. I heard an American after coming out say to the bathing master: 'Look here, friend, where do strangers go for a wash after bathing here?'"

How We Fall Asleep.

It is not generally known that the body falls asleep in sections. The muscles of the legs and arms lose their power long before those which support the head and these last sooner than the muscles which sustain the back. The sense of sight sleeps first, then the sense of taste, next the sense of smell, next that of hearing and lastly that of touch. These are the results of careful and lengthy investigation by a French scientist, M. Cahanis.

Making Praises.

"These mere vassals of the town have the audacity to say my poems make them sick," said the proud bard. "You don't object to them, do you, sir?" "No, indeed," answered the stranger. "And may I ask you are you?" "Why, I am the town physician."—Chicago News.

Virtue of Hospitality.

Hospitality solves and annuls even the mysterious antagonisms that exist between races. This glorious and beautiful and sacred rite makes all men brothers.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Poor Eve.

Eve (in the garden)—Adam, I've got to have another dress. Adam—Eve, you're the most resolute woman I've ever known. You're always turning over a new leaf.—London Tatler.