

IN THE LIFE OF A LEAF.

How many lives have come to grief— How many perished here— Since to the light this fragrant leaf Unfolded fresh and green.

How much has passed away— How much has passed away— Since this sweet leaf, a bud at first, In nature's bosom lay.

What stubborn fight, what cities stormed, What splendid victories won Since this soft leaf, divinely formed, First looked upon the sun.

Squadrons twain, a kingdom's pride, Have vanished from the scene; Thousands have perished side by side, And still the leaf is green.

A haughty foe has felt our power, Our leniency no less, Since this leaf to the sunny shower Revealed its loveliness.

Its daybreaks brief have been as bright, Its sunsets few have burned, Yet thrones have shook since to the light As unto life is turned.

Here, on this hilltop where the wind Blows from the far-off sea, It looks before not, nor behind, Nor mourns melodiously.

And yet: How much of human grief, How much of anguish keen, Since to the light this fragrant leaf Unfolded fresh and green!

—Moses Teggart, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Chapter I.—Master Ardlick, just reached his majority and thrown upon his own resources, after stating his case to one Houthwick, a shipmaster, is shipped as second mate on the Industry, bound for Havana.

Mr. Tym, the supercargo, describes a sail.

CHAPTER II. OF THE BRUSH WITH THE BLACK SHIP.

I plunged off to the fore-castle, seizing a handspike as I went. Thundering on the hatch, and then opening it, I roared down:

"All hands ahoy! Look alive!" In an instant there was a bouncing out of bunks and hammocks, and a rush up the hatch. The fellows popped out in quick succession, and in a flash the entire crew was ranged on deck.

"To the braces!" shouted the captain through the trumpet. "All ready to slack and haul! Some of you forward to tend spritsail!"

He strode off to where the glass hung (the captain had brought up another, which he was using from the poop), and when he fetched it to the rail he climbed upon a coil of line and brought it to bear.

The supercargo put the glass for some time, but finally put it by and went up to have a talk with the captain. Of course I could not hear what they said, but it was easy to guess that it must be about the present strait.

In a few moments the captain came to the verge of the poop and called the mate. Master Sellinger hurried up the ladder and the three men talked together earnestly. The mate then came down again, and immediately the captain walked to the color halyards and with his own hands ran up the flag.

As it blew out at the mizzen truck the crew, who, as well as myself, were watching anxiously and curiously the doings aft, broke into a cheer. All eyes were now on the stranger, for this was a clear demand that he should declare his intentions. It was the most stirring moment thus far since the chase— or race, if you please—had begun.

The long black mass rose on the next crest and slid foaming down the valley, and again soared and fell. How we watched her! Lift, lift, she rose, uplited her great house of a stern and plunged, with the shock of the parted seas, down the declivity, and all swiftly and mightily rode to the top again, and still not a handkerchief's breadth of bunting!

Five, and at last ten minutes, and the same monotonous upride and tilt and fall. The captain stood with straddled legs, silently using his telescope, and the mate was in the mizzen shrouds scanning the foe under the pent house of his hand. The supercargo leaned over the poop rail, holding on hat and wig, and the rest of us lined the weather bulwark, in the waist. Of a sudden the captain lowered his glass and shut it up. The supercargo turned, catching the action, and they came together and exchanged a few words.

"The thing is fetched to a head," said a sailor at his waistband. He had scarce spoken when Houthwick left Mr. Tym and stepped briskly to the head of the poop ladder.

"Master Sellinger, set the mainsail and reef it. Take out one reef in the foresail!"

The mate was off his perch to the deck in an instant, and at his word the men flew to their stations. The wind had less weight now than formerly and blew steadier, but for all that I apprehended that we were taking considerable hazard to thus swell our canvas. Yet very quickly the thing was done, and under the added pressure the ship drove her nose into the smother, and made a strong lurching start of it onward.

While I was stepping back from the foot of the main shrouds, and in the act of directing one of the men to coil up a loose length of halyard, some one behind me gave a shout, and I turned to see that the dark ship was likewise whitening with added sail.

On we raced, and it must have been that the greater part of an hour went by. So far the Dutchman and we were rarely well matched, he driving along at the same point off our beam, as though he might be our shadow. But a change was at hand. All in a moment, as it seemed, his long bulk began to narrow, the small slant of his sails that we could see expanded, and at once his pot-round bows rode, leaping and sinking, into view. He had changed his plan, and would fly straight at us.

In an instant the trumpet of Capt. Houthwick began to bellow: "Man braces! Down helm! Slack lee braces! Haul in on the weather! Aft here, some of you, and let out a reef in the lateen!"

It was clear what the skipper would be doing. The cruiser, perceiving that he could not outsail us and cut us off, meant to close in and try to disable us with his guns. To prevent this we must turn tail and make a straight-away run of it. The question then to be settled was whether he could get near enough to wing us, by cutting up our spars and rigging. I thought this all out at a blink, as the Scotch say, for just at the moment I had to use my fingers rather than my brains. When I came in from the boltsprit, having gone there on some matter concerning the drawing of the sail, I found that the Dutchman was fair astern of us, only the slant of his sails catching the light, and the rest of him standing up round and black. I think something like two hours now passed, only one thing, but that an important one, happening, which was that the Dutchman slowly gained upon us. At last Houthwick said something to which the others appeared to assent, and the mate hurried off the poop. He espied me, as I stood by the main shrouds, and beckoned me to him. When I came up he said low and in a strained, quick tone:

"The captain thinks we had best try a gun. I must serve it. Do you stand ready to help work the ship. Call the carpenter, and put him in charge of the magazine. The main hatch will have to be opened till they can get up the first supply of ammunition, after which batter it down again. The rest can come up the companion. Tell Spyglow that he can fetch out the arms chest and take the pikes from the beekets and pile them up. No harm to have things at hand. Stay! You may likewise get out the medicine chest, and set it in the open space 'tween decks. That must serve as a cockpit, if any are hurt. Let the cook, who is something of a sawbones, go thither. The cabin boy can assist him. That will do for now, and look alive."

I said: "Aye, aye!" in a seeming hearty voice (though, to own the truth, my heart was beginning to beat fast, and I felt a bit weak in the knees), and hurried away. In a few minutes all the orders were carried out, and the mate was free to try his experiment.

When I returned to the deck the gangport had been unhooked, and the

gun's canvas jacket taken off. As I turned to see whether the mate was ready—I mean ready to have the ship luffed, so that he could secure his aim—I heard a low, dull boom, and, as I whirled again, a ball of smoke blew out from the bows of our pursuer and wreathed off to leeward.

"He's firing at the moon," said the mate contemptuously, and now I saw that the excitement had struck the color from the man's cheeks, save for a little patch of red which showed under the sea-burn, and that his nerves were strung high and firm.

"At the gun!" called the captain from the poop. "Are you ready, Master Sellinger?"

"All ready, sir!" "Then to the braces, men! Luff!" he roared back to the two fellows at the helm.

The ship came handsomely into the wind, and as she dipped to the bottom of a hollow the mate gave a swift glance along his gun and applied the linstock.

He had loaded while I was below, and I knew not what the charge was, but it must have contained a scatter-load, for I saw a tremendous dimple all over the water, just outside of the Dutchman's forefoot.

"A good beginning!" shouted the captain. "Have at him again!" We got upon our course once more, and meantime the gun was reloaded.

"Ha! he's showing his teeth at last!" cried the mate, pausing with his fuse, which he was blowing up in his hand. He pointed toward the enemy, and lo! two ports in the bows had opened, and in each was the round target spot which marked the muzzle of a gun.

"He has discovered that something besides swivels will be needed," said Mr. Tym, who had come, without our perceiving him, among us. "Nay, but he is about to give us the compliment of his whole broadside."

A tremendous, crashing roar, and a sky full of smoke followed. I think I stooped, but I am not sure, and the next that comes clear before me is that a great splinter from somewhere overhead struck the deck near me and gave a queer sort of elastic spring, and went overboard. I confess I jumped back, and as I did so I ground my heel upon something soft, and had to make another spring to prevent falling. By this time I had backed nearly to the quarter-deck, and the smoke having now almost blown away, I leaned against the break of the deck and looked around. The spot where I had stumbled first arrested my eye, and

there, rolled up almost in a ball, lay the body of old Dingsby. His belt had burst with the strain of his doubling over, or perhaps was cut by the glancing fragment of shot, and it was slipping off him, almost giving him an air of unbuckling it from the front, his back being toward me. The mate and the Frenchman were standing up stiff and bold near the gun, and no one else had been hurt, that I could perceive.

The captain's figure broke through the passing cloud of smoke, coming from the helm or some part aft, and pausing at the edge of the poop.

"On deck, there, how fares it?" he inquired, peering down. Then perceiving the body of the old man-o'-war's man, he answered his own question—"So they have slain poor Dingsby! Carry him a bit aside, some of you, and bestow him in a seemly sort. We will do better anon. What say you, Master Sellinger, have you a sharp word back?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" growled the mate. "Luff her, and I will give her a shrewd answer enough."

"Luff it is, then." Again we came into the wind, and again the mate sighted and applied his linstock. The smoke drifted astern, and I eagerly jumped into the shrouds and stared through the first clear opening. What was my delight when I saw the great bulk of the Dutchman sailing wildly into the wind, beating up a yeast of foam, and all a wreck forward, where his fore topmast and fore topgallant mast hung in a dreadful tangle from the foremast head.

Presently the order came to handle the ship and fill away upon our old course.

We had got everything to drawing, and I had climbed upon the weather bulwarks, my mind very content, and casting looks of exultation at the foundering Dutchman, when, with very startling suddenness, a spit of fire darted along his cumbered foredeck, and a terrible whistling ball rushed close above my head. I distinctly felt the wind of it, and was off my perch, half tumbling, indeed, to the deck, in an instant.

As I steadied myself on my legs I heard a laugh above me, and on looking up saw Capt. Houthwick standing at the top of the poop ladder. He shook his shaggy head at me mightily amused, as it seemed, at the way I rolled off the bulwark, and as I looked up he said something in a kind of chuckling voice, and turned away. I had his tall, broad figure for an instant in my eye, and then came the boom of another gun from the Dutchman, and before I could

move or scarce think the captain took a long, sinking step backward, whirled, raced to the edge of the poop, and rounded down in a loose heap, one arm hanging over the verge.

CHAPTER III. OF THE COURSE OF EVENTS TILL WE WERE FINALLY SOUTH BOUND.

Some one behind me shouted, and there was a rush of the men and cries, and in the midst of it I saw the little supercargo dart from some place aft and raise the captain's head. I leaped to the poop ladder and flung myself up, and then I turned to the poor captain, with whom it had fared, indeed, after the worst. His lower face, save for the claps, to which some beard hung, had been shot away, and he was a dead man, even before I had stopped to speak to the sailor.

"This is sorrowful business," said the supercargo, rising with a sigh, and covering the shattered face with his pocket handkerchief. "He was a brave man and true."

I summoned three seamen, and with great tenderness we brought down Capt. Houthwick's body, which we laid for the time on the quarter-deck, covering it with a tarpaulin. When these things were attended to the mate dispatched us again forward, and for a little we gave our sole attention to the handling and better speeding of the ship. The Dutchman's crippled foremast continued to fret him, but he would not give over, and so for a long time we both kept our course, though the industry all the while made a small but steady gain. It must have been half an hour after this that Master Sellinger called me, and upon my responding said that he must now retire to the cabin for a little, the further disposition of the voyage standing to be settled, and that meanwhile I was to command the ship. With that, and upon my ascending to the quarter-deck, he made a sign to Mr. Tym and they both went below.

After a little Mr. Tym and the mate returned to the deck, their countenances, though sober, cleared, as I thought, as it might be they had settled their business to their minds.

CONSCIENCE AND THE LAW. There Are Some Queer Notions Which Most People Entertain as to Right and Wrong.

"A lawyer is the repository of more secrets than a priest or doctor," said a member of the fraternity while taking his ease at the club.

"Mostly rascally," suggested his listener.

"Well, yes," admitted the lawyer. "It is my experience that there never yet was a case where one side was wholly in the right and the other side wholly in the wrong. That is what makes it easy on a lawyer's conscience. You didn't think he had one? Come, give us something new. But what I was about to say was that very few people have a conscience."

"I thought everybody had one." "Theoretically everybody has, but it is only used in judging other persons' acts. When a man is personally interested he puts his conscience to one side. That's what makes work for the lawyers. Every term there are hundreds of cases tried in which one party knows he is entirely in the wrong but hopes to get the better of his opponent by some slip of the law."

"The root of the trouble," he went on, "is that people have got their morals mixed. Nine-tenths of the people think that nothing is wrong unless the law says it is. If they should happen to land in a country where stealing was unknown, and where, of course, there would be no laws against it, they would feel justified in stealing. Now, laws don't make crimes; crimes make laws. If there wasn't a law on the statute books it would still be wrong to kill, steal, cheat or commit any other crime, but you can't get people to understand that. Any mean, overbearing, tricky or wrong action that the law does not absolutely forbid they will do; the inherent sense of justice which is supposed to lurk in every man's breast is largely a myth."

"Why don't you preach that to your clients?" asked his friend.

"And lose all my clients? No, thank you," said the lawyer, indignantly.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Her Crimoline Killed Him. Among the historical incidents connected with the rathaus is one relating to an old judge who laughed himself to death. One sultry day, reads the record, during a recess of the council, the members were leaning from the windows of the rathaus, in the hope of catching any stray wind. It was the period of hoops and voluminous skirts, and maid shared with mistress the mania for distended attire. On this pulsing summer day a pretty servant girl in a wide-hooped skirt and a gray bodice made her way through the loitering groups up to the fountain. She filled her tub and lifted it to her head, but in this movement, lo! the wonderful skirt was wrested from its fastenings and dropped to the ground. The judge had seen the maid approach the fountain like a ship under full sail, and when he now beheld her, collapsed and abashed, he was filled with such humor that upon the spot he laughed himself to death.—Harper's Magazine.

Interchangeable. "Where in thunder are all my collars?" "Why, I'm wearing one and sister has another; Birdie took another and the rest are at the laundry."

"But I'll swear there was a clean one in the drawer this noon." "Yes; Bridget borrowed that." N. Y. Evening World.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Look at that man laughing; Tomkins must have got a new story." "No; he's got a new victim."—Chicago Daily News.

"Did you notice that man's square build?" Now, that you speak of it; but he certainly looked 'round as he passed."—Brooklyn Life.

Visitor—"Did your papa bring home any curios from his trip abroad?" Little Bessie—"Only the count that Sister Fanny is going to marry."—N. Y. Journal.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"For goodness' sake! What kind of time is that clock keeping, anyway?" Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Irag time, I guess."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Variation—"Did you say I lied deliberately?" "Well, not exactly. My remark was that you couldn't tell a deliberate truth."—Philadelphia North American.

The Mistress—"Mary, don't let me catch you kissing that butcher again." The Maid—"Lor', mum, I don't mean to, but you do bob aroun' so!"—Kansas City Independent.

Heroic Treatment—"How are you getting along with that raw Swede girl you hired?" "She is not raw now. My wife's mother has been roasting her three times a day ever since she came."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Indisputable Evidence—"They say Jobson has inherited \$10,000." "That must be a mistake." "What makes you think so?" "I saw him less than half an hour ago and he was perfectly sober."—Richmond Dispatch.

Relieving a Patient—"Then our medicine really relieved you?" remarked the proprietor of Simmons' sure cure. "Yes," replied the poor man, "it relieved me of a few dollars that I might have used to better advantage."—Philadelphia Record.

THOUGHT HE WAS MEANT. But His Supposed Insulter Was Only Talking Through a Telephone.

The train was late that night, and Atlanta seemed a long way from the South Georgia town in which I was compelled to stay several hours. I curled up on a bench in the little waiting-room and went to sleep. Voices awakened me after awhile. Then I found that some of the men from the village had come in to spend a sociable evening around the stove. A big, broad, red-haired young man had the floor, and he was relating an experience, which, as I judged, had recently befallen him.

"Yes, sir," he was saying, "when I was in Atlanta to other week, I just thought I'd take in the town; so I went into one of them big, tall buildings that reaches 'most to the sky to get a good sight of the whole thing at once. Jest as I walked into an office to look out of the window I heard a bell go ting-a-ling-ling, and a man's voice say: 'Hullo!'"

"I looked all 'round, but didn't see anybody, so I ain't saying nothing. The voice says again: 'Hullo!' This time I answers, 'Hullo!'"

"Who is it?" the voice says. 'Abe Turnipseed, I tells me. Then it tells me: 'Speak a little louder, I can't hear.' I noticed the voice seemed to come from a little closet in the corner of the room. I yelled out loud: 'Abe Turnipseed!'"

"It was quiet a few seconds, then: 'Yes, you owe me five dollars.' 'I was surprised, but I only yelled back: 'I don't no sich thing.' 'Yes,' said the voice. 'No!' said I, as loud as I could holler. 'You don't say!' 'Yes, I do say; and what's more, I'll say it, if you don't shut up,' I yelled. 'I would like to see you,' the voice answered.

"By that time I was mad, so I called at the top of my voice: 'Well, jest walk out and take a look at me, you idiot!'"

"So you will settle with me, will you?" he asked. "My, I was mad! 'Yes, I'll settle with you!' I says. And with that I jerked that door open, and there stood a man with something up to his ear, an ear trumpet, I reckon. I jest grabbed that man out o' there and kicked him clean to the other side of the room. You oughter heard him. 'Plice! Murder! Murder!' he hollers. A lot of men rushed in and nabbed me. 'Turn me loose,' I says. 'There's your crazy man!' But they peared to be friends of his'n, and hustled me out into that alligator thing that runs up and down the buildin', and fore I knowed it I was at the bottom, and a policeman took me off before I could say a word.

"They kept me locked up all night. Next day that man came, with his head all tied up, and told the judge he was jest a-talking to a friend (blamed if I could see any friend), and that judge made me plank down ten dollars and seventy-five cents. I kinder felt the town did me."—Youth's Companion.

Isolated Caucasian Tribes. The mountain defiles of the Caucasus ranges are so deep and so completely isolated from one another that the tribes which inhabit them have preserved their distinctive characteristics much more decidedly than most parts of the world which have felt the touch of European civilization. Some of these tribes boast of great antiquity, and certain families have preserved for generations ancestral heirlooms, such as armor and weapons, furniture and garments.—N. Y. Sun.

PARSNIP COMPLEXION.

A majority of the ills afflicting people to-day can be traced to kidney trouble. It pervades all classes of society, in all climates, regardless of age, sex or condition.

The sallow, colorless-looking people you often meet are afflicted with "kidney complexion." Their kidneys are turning to a parsnip color, so is their complexion. They may suffer from indigestion, bloating, sleeplessness, uric acid, gravel, dropsy, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, or irregular heart. You may depend upon it, the cause is weak, unhealthy kidneys.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble and both need the same remedy. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, will build up and strengthen weak and unhealthy kidneys, purify the diseased, kidney-poisoned blood, clear the complexion and soon help the sufferer to better health.

The mild and the extraordinary effects of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases, such as weak kidneys, catarrh of the bladder, gravel, rheumatism and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

When writing be sure and mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

Cheap Excursions, 1899. Annual Meeting General Assembly Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Denver, Col., May 18 to 26. Annual Meeting General Assembly Presbyterian Church at Minneapolis, Minn., May 18 to June 1. National Baptist Anniversary at San Francisco, Cal., May 26 to 29. National Educational Association at Los Angeles, Cal., July 11 to 14.

For all these meetings cheap excursion rates have been made and delegates and others interested should bear in mind that the best route to each convention city is via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y and its connections. Choice of routes is offered those going to the meetings on the Pacific Coast of going via Omaha or Kansas City and returning by St. Paul and Minneapolis. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has the short line between Chicago and Omaha, and the best line between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, the route of the Pioneer Limited, the only perfect train in the world.

All coupon ticket agents sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y. For time tables and information as to rates and routes agent Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

A Happy Miss. A Georgia paper, printed in a locality where bullets have a tendency to fly, chronicles an office "accident" of the following nature: "The bullet passed entirely through the chest of our foreman, Mr. Jones, but fortunately missed a plate-glass window, which cost considerable money."—Minneapolis Journal.

Did you make your Grain-O this way? Here are the latest directions: Use one tablespoonful of Grain-O to two cups of cold water. Mix the Grain-O with half an egg and add the water. (Be sure to measure.) After the water gets to the boiling point let boil for fifteen to twenty minutes. Use cream and sugar to suit the taste. If you have not cream use hot milk.

A lady said: "The first time I drank Grain-O I did not like it, but after using it for ten days and forming the habit, nothing would induce me to go back to coffee. This is the experience of all. If you will follow directions, measure it every time and make it the same, and try it for ten days, you will not go back to coffee."

Objects of Interest. Stranger—What are the principal objects of interest in this town? Citizen—Savings bank deposits.—Metropolitan.

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Who's to Blame. When a girl graduates she has an ambition to show the world what a noble woman, with a high purpose in life, can do; but she meets a man and marries him, and soon begins to get that funny look in her eyes.—Aitchison Globe.

Fruit Farming Along the Frisco. An attractive, illustrated and thoroughly reliable 64-page booklet, devoted to fruit culture along the Frisco Line in Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas and Indian Territory, just issued. A copy will be sent free upon application to Bryan Snyder, G. P. A., Frisco Line, St. Louis, Mo.

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The captain rounded down in a loose heap.