

PRAYER MY MOTHER TAUGHT.

I do not question other minds, or what their creed—if they believe in prayer or not; The prayer my mother taught, I've not forgot;

And I do pray I never may Forget or fail, each night to say, As when a child, on trundle bed, My mother taught me and I said:

Since I this blessed pilgrimage began; My limbs are weary, my feet are sore, And soon, I know, upon Elysian shore, The pearl I'll win, and need this prayer no more.

My first, it's been my solace through my past, And brightly glows the hope 'twill be my last; That when I lay me down to my last sleep, I'll pray and trust, the Lord my soul to keep.

Life's rugged road I have not trod in vain; For He, who brought me o'er its roughened plain, Has smoothed the way, and gently back again, A little child to be, still holds my way, And moves me, as my mother taught, to say:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; And if I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

When on its pillow rests my hoary head, And I my child-learned evening prayer have said,

All doubts depart, no fear my soul alarms; But, freed from present ills and future dread, With child-like faith I yield to slumber's arms,

Assured if I do more shall wake The blessed Lord my soul will take.

When morning dawns and slumber's done, awoke, With joyful heart, I lift my soul to praise; And thanking Him, for all His mercies past, In love and care, through all my coming days,

Of Him whose watchfulness has kept My soul from danger while I slept,— John S. Dare, in Atlanta Constitution.

Master Ardlick, just reached his majority and thrown upon his own resources, after stating his case to one Houthwick, shipmaster, is shipped as second mate on the "Industry" bound for Havana. Mr. Tym, the supercargo, describes a sea voyage as a strange vessel gives chase, but is disabled by the industry's guns. The industry is little damaged, but Houthwick and one of the crew are killed. Sellinger, first mate, takes charge and puts into Sidmouth to secure a new mate. Several days later, when well out to sea, an English merchantman is met, whose captain has a letter addressed to Jeremiah Hope, at Havana. The crew of the vessel tells strange tales of the buccaneer Morgan, who is sailing under the king's commission to take Panama. One night a little later, the English vessel having proceeded on her way, the mate learns of a plot among the crew, headed by Pradey, the new mate, to take the industry and John Morgan's fleet. Ardlick consults Mr. Tym. They resolve to secure the mate, but Pradey, eavesdropping in the cabin, makes through the door and arouses the crew. Capt. Sellinger joins Ardlick and Tym. The crew break through the now barricaded door, but are forced to retire, having lost seven of their number. Sellinger is for immediately falling upon the mutineers, but Tym argues that they are a light crew but still more than two to one, and that they are better off than they are in the only available boat. The captain, supercargo and second mate soon discover their plight, but hastily constructing a raft, get away just before their vessel sinks. The next morning a Spaniard draws near them. The man in the rigging shouts: "If you would take us to the city, we will be speedy, or you will fall short." On board they are sent forward with the crew, being told they will be sold as slaves on reaching Panama. The ship's cook they had to be Mac Ivrah, "true as a plumb line," so a friend. Four days later the Spaniard is overhauled by a buccaneer flying the English flag. The three Englishmen and Mac Ivrah plan to escape to the buccaneer on a raft. Sellinger, the first mate, who they had taken with them, attempts to leave the Spaniard, is disabled. Just after the other put off they see a figure dangling from the yard arm, who they suppose is Capt. Sellinger. Hastening the buccaneer, our three friends and themselves in the hands of their old mate, Pradey. He treats them kindly and offers to do them no harm if they will remain quiet concerning the mutiny he headed. The Black Eagle, Pradey's ship, comes to anchor, where which Tym and Morgan has taken under the English flag. From there the Black Eagle with Morgan's fleet proceeds to Panama. The command consists of about 1,200 men. Having landed, they march on to the city. The assault on the city is begun. Mac Ivrah, coming to Tym and rescuing him from Pradey's murderous hand by killing the villain. The Spanish flag has been hauled down, and the city is put out to plunder. The city at will. Mac Ivrah spies a figure coming toward them, and exclaims: "The gait of the captain." It is indeed Sellinger. He recounts his late adventures, then he leads them to the rescue of Don Enrique de Cavallia, who had been killed on the Plaza, the Spaniard's friend, on which he had been a prisoner. Flight is the only course open to the don, his wife and daughter (Dona Carmen), who they just met, to leave the building when Capt. Towland comes to claim the dona as his prize, under the buccaneer's rule. Mr. Tym tries to gain time for the flight of his party, then allows the men to enter. Seeking shortly to join the don, they come upon his dead body. They find also his wife and daughter, and the young dona taken prisoner to the castle, and immediately conceive a bold plan for her rescue. They soon discover the exact whereabouts, and amid the carousal of the men, manage to again free her and escape in a small boat. The third day out Sellinger, which they raise rapidly, their craft having little speed, but the wind soon falls from the vessels, and a small boat is put out from the stranger. This comes with 15 armed men, among whom is Towland. A hard-to-hand conflict ensues, and Mr. Tym is wounded in the neck. In the end the hostile force is completely worsted, none escaping. Tym's wound is found not serious. Sellinger has also been slightly wounded. Coming now out of their sorest straits, Ardlick questions Dona Carmen as to her course for the future, but as it seems very indefinite, Ardlick insists upon her taking a share of the savings of himself and his three friends.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

"Pray take no thought of it," I said, hastily. "We are Christians and Englishmen, and that should be enough to warrant what we may do in this affair. But now will you give me the name of your uncle? Possibly the captain may be acquainted with him?"

"His name is Jeremiah Hope," she answered, "and, since he is a man of affairs and somewhat interested in shipping, it is not unlike that Capt. Sellinger may know him?"

"Jeremiah Hope?" I cried, in surprise. "Why, that is an English name. Is it possible that your mother was English?"

"By blood, yes," she answered, smiling. "But Spanish, or, rather, Cuban, otherwise, for she was born and reared in Havana."

"Now, I call this a bit of news," I said, with lively interest. "So you are the same as my countrywoman? This, to be sure, accounts for the color of your hair, which I have all along thought rather extraordinary for a Spaniard. But Jeremiah Hope? I suppose I must be wrong, yet—nay, I think I have heard the name. Let us see what the captain has to say. Capt. Sellinger," I called to him, "have you an acquaintance with one Jeremiah Hope? He lives in Havana."

"Why," was the answer, the captain looking up in a little surprise, "no acquaintance, but he is the person to whom I am carrying the letter. I mean Capt. Torrycorn's letter."

It was instantly clear to me. Of course I had heard the name, and it was a wonder I had not recognized it before. I hastened to explain why I had asked the question, and added what the senorita had previously told me.

Naturally my companions were as greatly surprised as I, and we all agreed that we had seldom heard of a more singular circumstance.

"Then," said Sellinger, as we concluded, "it may come to it that we shall carry Mr. Hope his niece as well as his letter, for otherwise it would be much the same as cutting her drift."

"To which I say amen," said I, very heartily. At other times, I had been wont to let Mr. Tym speak first, but now I did not wait.

Both Mr. Tym and Mac Ivrah, as might be expected, were prompt to agree with us.

"This being our decision," said I, greatly pleased, "I will make it known to the senorita. She cannot fail to be relieved by it."

I returned to her with the news accordingly, and had the great satisfaction of finding her as rejoiced and heartened as I had anticipated. Indeed, she was deeply moved and grateful, and in her touching manner of saying so fairly brought the tears to my eyes.

This matter, then, being so well settled, we addressed ourselves anew to the business of continuing the voyage. We had decided, I should say here, to run first for Buenaventura, which Sellinger thought was not much above a hundred leagues distant. From there, should need require, we could make a further voyage in the boat, but we hoped to light upon some way of continuing in a larger craft. Once in one of the important southern ports, and we could not fail to find a ship sailing to the Atlantic side of the continent.

The next day and the next passed without incident, and we continued to work slowly but steadily south. The third day something rather important happened, for the wind, which had hitherto so greatly favored us, quite abruptly changed. It was now almost dead from the southwest, and at once reduced our speed at least three parts. In fact, with our shoal keel and high bow we could make no more than a knot an hour. This was rather discouraging, but the captain said it was to be anticipated, for we had now come to the region where there were prevailing southwesterly and southerly winds, and these, we should find, continued to the equator. This was more philosophical than comforting, but we could do no otherwise than make the best of it, and so the noon of the third day drew on. I was at the helm, which I had recently taken, and was shaking out a kink in the mainsheet, when, happening to glance to windward, I saw that which instantly suspended my operation and brought me with a leap to my feet. Low down on the water line, but perfectly distinct, was the white, unmistakable canvas of a ship.

I did not wait for a second look, but bawled out, as though I had been at the masthead, "Sail ho!"

They all sprang up, like so many puppets in a show.

"Where away?" cried the captain and Mac Ivrah together.

Mr. Tym, who was on the other side of the boom, scrambled under, and we all stood in a group.

"Yonder," I said, pointing at the speck. "Thank God, she is not from the direction of Panama!"

"No, she cannot be a buccaneer, coming from that quarter," said the captain, with a breath of relief.

"The next thing is to determine her course," said Mr. Tym. "Would we had a glass!"

"We maun mak' it up in patience," observed Mac Ivrah, "whilk is no a satisfactory substitute."

We agreed with him, and sat down to wait for the unresolvable speck to grow.

Very slowly, as it seemed to our impatience, it swelled and whitened. At last we got the square of the upper sails, and could be sure she was bound our way. She was coming down exactly before the wind.

"I suppose," said Mr. Tym, speaking with that composure which scarce ever forsook him, "that we are of one mind what we should do. Our case, though not a desperate one, is undesirable, and it would be better to try to mend it by boarding this ship—that is, if she will receive us."

We looked at one another, but there was no contrary opinion.

"Then," went on Mr. Tym, "say you put down your helm, Ardlick, and we lay our course to cut her off."

"Very well," said I, and I accordingly tacked and fetched the sloop as near as she would come to the wind.

The ship was now so near that we could begin to make out human figures, and also get an idea of her size and rig. She was of 800 to 1,000 tons burthen, well sparred, in neat trim aloft, and seemed freshly painted.

"We now thought it time to signal," and the captain tore off the senorita's canvas curtain and affixed it to the end of an oar. I also fetched out my pistols and successively let them off. It was determined that no lack of sea-souable notice, if she were indifferent about taking us, should stand as an excuse.

"She sees us! She is about to back her topsail," cried Sellinger. This joyful news proved true. It needed only a single puff at the sheet and a thrust of the tiller; and we picked up our former headway and raced for her long side.

"She's West Indias built," Sellinger commented for the last time: "Aye, twig the black wood in her lower spars, and the straight lines of her poop! But what is her name? She seems to have a kind of gilt flying fish for a figurehead."

"It maun be an angel—the figurehead," answered Mac Ivrah, "though wi' some reefing of the petticoat, or whatever, and her name is the Sanchica."

I was hauling in sheet and the sloop was swinging off the ship's bow before much more could be said.

A short, black-headed man in a rough jacket and long boots swung himself up to the fore-shroud and hailed us. Truly enough, the words were Spanish.

"Sloop ahoy!"

"I am Jeremiah Hope," he said, with another long breath, though now with a changed air. "I will go down at once," he went on. "But stay, I am exceeding grateful to you and your companions. I will say more of this anon. I am the owner of this ship, and am glad that it is in my power to do something for your present comfort. Capt. Telatrava," he went on in Spanish, and speaking again authoritatively, "I desire that you have these senores below and do all that may be done for their welfare. Shortly I will return and will confer about the course of the ship."

He gave us a kindly nod and made for the companion, and in much wonderment and not a little jumbled in my thoughts I turned and prepared to follow the Spanish captain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNFORTUNATE CRETANS.

Some of the Hardships of an Abject Race in the Early Ages.

Even in ancient times to be born a Crete meant a life of misery and hardship. They were then as abject a race as they are now. Epimenides, as quoted by St. Paul, said: "The Cretans are always liars and evil beasts." In the Levant to this day to say that a man is a Crete is by no means a compliment.

The island is inhabited by people who speak the Greek language and hold the Greek faith. They have inherited the beauty and, to a certain extent, the heroism of their immortal ancestors. They are acute, genial and comely in their manners; the humblest barefooted peasant girl holding her distaff under her arm and spinning by the roadside, exactly as described by Homer, had a profile as perfect, a form as graceful and an address as courteous as though she were some princess in disguise.

One of the most interesting episodes of the Greek revolution in 1825 is of a certain cavalry officer who surprised a detachment of Turks, routed them and captured their 20,000 sheep. Upon this a Turkish general marched over to them with 5,000 men and recaptured the sheep. The general posted his men behind low earthworks. One redoubt of their opponents was held by a young captain, with 100 picked men, who tied their legs together and swore to hold the spot or die. They all fell at their posts but one, who fled, and long afterward a row of skeletons could be seen bleaching their bones, which were bound loosely together with shreds of girdles.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Power of Sympathy.

An eminent clergyman sat in his study busily preparing his sermon when his little boy came into the room, holding up a pinched finger, and with an expression of suffering, said: "Look, pa, how I hurt it." The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with the slightest tone of impatience, said: "I can't help it, sonny." The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and as he turned to go out, he said in a low voice: "Yes, you could; you might have said 'Oh!'"—Detroit Free Press.

When the Czar Speaks.

This story illustrates the susceptibility and quick wit of Donizetti, the Italian composer. During his long stay at St. Petersburg he played by command before Czar Nicholas, who entered into conversation with a bystander in the course of the performance. Donizetti at once stopped. "Why have you stopped?" asked the autocrat. "Sire," was the reply, "when the czar is speaking, everybody else should be silent."—Detroit Free Press.

Matrimonial Item.

"How did Mrs. Pompos like Long Branch this summer?" asked Mrs. Uppercrust of Mrs. Murray Hill.

"She says it was perfectly heavenly there."

"Perfectly heavenly, eh? Well, I guess that some of her homely daughters must have caught husbands this season. You know matches are made in Heaven."—Tammany Times.

She Saw Too Much.

She (after marriage) You told me that I was your first love, but I have found a whole trunkful of letters from all sorts of girls, just bursting with tenderness.

He—I—I said you were the first I ever loved. I didn't say you were the only one who ever loved me. See?—N. Y. Weekly.

"Are you English?" he said in a blunt, authoritative fashion. To my surprise he spoke in that language.

"I am," I hastily answered. "Thank God that you seem to be, also!"

"And this thing that you were telling?" he went on, ignoring my exclamation. "Is it true that Panama is in the hands of the buccaneers?"

"It is, sir," I said, most restrainedly. "The city is taken and sacked."

"He drew a long breath. "You are little like to know the matter I would ask," he resumed, "but I will put the question. Did you hear any mention of one Dona Carmen Gonzalez? She lived in Taboga."

My amazement at this question may be imagined.

As soon as I could put my tongue to the words I cried:

"Heard? Why, sir, she is at this very moment in your cabin! Indeed, and I do believe you must be Mr. Jeremiah Hope!"

"In the cabin?" he only exclaimed, as in wonderment. "And is your companion who went below she? Nay, but this almost passes belief! What, that poor tattered creature, and in man's attire! My God, what must she not have suffered!"

"I am Jeremiah Hope," he said, with another long breath, though now with a changed air. "I will go down at once," he went on. "But stay, I am exceeding grateful to you and your companions. I will say more of this anon. I am the owner of this ship, and am glad that it is in my power to do something for your present comfort. Capt. Telatrava," he went on in Spanish, and speaking again authoritatively, "I desire that you have these senores below and do all that may be done for their welfare. Shortly I will return and will confer about the course of the ship."

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FLAW IN THE TRIAL.

Why the Carter Sentence Has Not Yet Been Enforced.

A Story of Penitence Which Has Not Its Equal in American Army Records—The Captain "Cut Dead" by Old Comrades.

It is almost two years ago that Capt. Oberlin M. Carter was tried by court-martial and found guilty of having embezzled large sums of money while he, as an officer in the United States corps of engineers, was in charge of harbor and river improvements along the gulf coast. The court-martial sentenced him to be dismissed from the army, to be imprisoned for a term of three years and to pay a fine of \$10,000. The decision of the court-martial was unanimous, and it was sent to the president for his signature, but for some reason the order of the court-martial was never carried out. President McKinley has had the case reviewed by the attorney general, and others of high standing as lawyers, and in each instance the finding of the court-martial has been sustained. But Capt. Carter maintained his standing in the army and has drawn full pay as if he had not been disgraced by reason of the court-martial.

Since the appointment of Elihu Root as secretary of war the case has again been reviewed, and although the secretary of war cannot find a warrant in the testimony to show that Carter is not guilty, yet he is said to have found a flaw which will enable the president to set aside a part of the sentence of the court-martial. This means that Capt. Carter may go free. He may be dismissed from the army and may be fined \$10,000 if the president so decides.

That Capt. Carter has had powerful influences working for him to have the matter delayed is said to be the case. He originally came from Ohio, and it is said he owes his career in the army to the members of the Sherman family,

who helped him to get his appointment.

While at Savannah, Capt. Carter was in charge of large government contracts and had the expending of large appropriations for river and harbor improvements in his hands. He organized companies of which he was the sole owner, or principal stockholder, to bid on the proposals of the engineers' office for the work and competition was useless on the part of other contracting firms, as Carter's company always got the contract. With him in this deal, as the evidence taken before the court-martial shows, were several persons of prominence, some of whom are at present sojourning across the sea.

During his life in Savannah and other southern coast towns, where he was conducting the work, Capt. Carter cut a wide social swath. He lived like a prince, had the finest equipages, gave the best dinners and lived in one of the best appointed houses in the town. It was shown that he owned a private steam yacht, which had been paid for by government money. In fact the review of the evidence given some time ago reads like a romance.

Besides the court-martial, it was said that civil proceedings were to be brought against the contractors associated with Carter in his schemes to recover the millions stolen from the government. Should President McKinley modify the sentence of Capt. Carter to a simple dismissal and a fine, it would, in a manner, discredit the civil proceedings.

Carter has of late cut but a sorry figure among his army acquaintances, says the Detroit Free Press. He is "cut dead" by them and gets but scant recognition from all civilians who know him. Of late he has been living at a club in an eastern city, and when he comes all others go. His attempts at sociability are met with cold indifference and his invitations are met with a curt refusal.

Strict Obedience Pays.

Discipline in the German army is very strict. Not long ago the empress, returning from a walk with a lady in waiting, was stopped at the park gate by a sentry, who refused to let her enter. In vain the lady represented she was the empress; the soldier said he did not know her, and could not let her pass till he could get someone to identify her. This was eventually done by another soldier, and only then did the sentry allow his sovereign's consort to enter her own gates. The man has since had a special message from the emperor, highly approving his steady adherence to orders.

Hearing Sound Under Water.

A scientist recently made some experiments on Lake Geneva to demonstrate the power of sound to travel a long way in water. A clock was made to strike under the water, and was heard a distance of 12 miles. In a second experiment the striking of a clock was heard to a distance of 27 miles.

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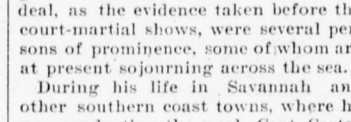
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CAPT. OBERLIN M. CARTER. (Charged with Having Embezzled Large Sums of Money.)

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The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and bolts on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Housler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

HENRY ACHUB, President.

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