



SHANGHAIED COWBOYS.

Jacob Russ, alias Arizona Jake, had been in many disturbances of the peace and had arrested many desperadoes. His weapons were, first, his coolness; second, his quick and certain aim with his revolver. A banker once, desiring to send some gold dust to San Francisco, put it in charge of Jake and four others of the same kind, knowing that it would be safely transported. The dust was duly turned in, and the guard determined to do the town.

This was before San Francisco was visited by the great earthquake and fire, and there was a deal to be seen there. What a cowboy would be interested in was not palatial residences, or libraries, or scientific institutions. The party was rather inclined to sample the product of corn and rye distilled into whisky and after a three days' bout sank to sleep in a ginmill near the bay.

The ship Sarah Rose was sailing out of San Francisco Bay, the rising sun shining on her stern. The captain, a short, thickset, ugly-looking man, walked the quarterdeck, getting her out of the harbor as best he could with three or four miserable-looking men who knew very little about seamen's work. The truth is that Captain Banker was such a fiendish tyrant that the only way he could get a crew was to take what he could find in places frequented by sailors, get them drunk, carry them aboard and sail away before they got sober.

"Mr. Hale," he said to the first mate, "get 'em up."

Mr. Hale commenced the rousing of a dozen or more men who were lying on deck by kicking them, each kick accompanied by an oath. When roused they would open their eyes, at first stupidly; but, seeing themselves at sea, would exhibit great surprise. After much effort they were all aroused and lined up on the deck for inspection.

"You're a fine lot of lubbers to ship for able seamen," growled the mate. "And you fellers over on the end o' the line, I reckon the only ship you ever sailed in was a prairie schooner."

"You're dead right," said one of the men last addressed, "but we'd like to learn the trade—at least some of us would—if you'll give us a chance."

"You'll have a chance, and if you don't make the best of it you'll learn seamanship at the rope's end."

With the second mate the first chose two watches and the lot were ordered forward. It was not ten minutes before the man who had spoken for "the end of the line" walked forward. He was followed at different distance by four others. The mate ordered him back, but the man paid no attention to the order. The mate seized a belaying pin and rushed at the mutinous sailor with it raised high. There was a report and the belaying pin dropped to the deck. The mate had been shot through the wrist.

The first mutineer passed on and the next appeared before the mate, ordered him to throw up his hands, at the same time showing an enormous revolver up against his nose. The first man, when within twenty feet of the captain shot off his right ear. The captain pulled a pistol, but the mutineer dropped it on the deck with a bullet before it could be fired.

"Do you know," roared the captain, "that this is mutiny, and mutiny is punished by hanging?"

"I know that you drugged me and my men when we were celebratin' and brought us off to this ship against our will."

The second mate was below with half a dozen men, the only regular crew of the Sarah Rose, and depended on by the officers to enforce orders. They were a lot of desperadoes, but were well treated and well paid. Two of the "end of the line" men were at the fore-castle gangway. As the mate, who, on hearing the shots, had rushed forward, ran up the gangway he found himself pinned below by a cover that had been put over the opening. He ran aft, calling to his men, and, reaching the after gangway, saw a man leaning over it with a revolver. It exploded, and the mate's cap followed the ball. The men below drew back. Then a cover was run over the gangway and battened down. This left only the captain, the first mate and the few men who had been working out the vessel to oppose the five men who had taken possession of the ship. Only the latter were armed.

"Cap," said the leader, "I venture to introduce myself as Jacob Russ, commonly called by those who love me for my gentle disposition, Arizona Jake. As I told you, me and my friends would like to learn navigatin',

and we'll teach you how to treat respectable citizens in accordance with the law of the land. What trall do you follow, cap?"

The captain hesitating to reply, Jake tipped the end of his nose with a bullet, whereupon he admitted that he was bound for Puget Sound.

"I think we'd prefer a short trip southward. You might land us some where about Santa Cruz."

The captain required a little more gentle coaxing before he made up his mind that the only course left him was to get rid of the tarts he had caught on the best possible terms.

So it was agreed that he would run the ship to Santa Cruz, using the men he had on deck, who were to work under the revolvers of the mutineers. Under a fair wind and good weather the Sarah Rose was run into port, a boat was manned and the five mutineers were rowed by those of the crew who wished their freedom to shore. The gig was left at the dock and the five disappeared. — Dallas Optimist.

A RIFLE AND A SLEEPING SWITCHMAN.

Paddy Flynn, who is now an engineer on one of the fast trains of the B. & N. W., was a fireman four years ago, and owes his promotion in part and a very fine diamond pin entirely to his quick and most remarkable action in time of extreme danger. He is a remarkable rifle shot, holding several cups and medals for his prowess as a marksman at county and State shooting matches. On the principle that as he was running out of Omaha he might at any time be called upon to look at the barrel end of a rifle, Paddy always carried his favorite firearm with him. He was never called upon to use it against bandits; but this peculiarity of his was of good service in one emergency.

One Sunday afternoon, when it was already almost dark, at four-thirty o'clock, Paddy climbed into the cab of No. 4, then the fast mail train between Omaha and Lincoln, which had right of way and was supposed to have all switches locked for it. With the Irish fireman, of course, was his inseparable weapon.

About fifteen miles of the journey had been made, and the express was going into a station where it was scheduled to pass a slow local which had taken the siding. Glancing instinctively at the switch, the engineer was horrified to find that it was still set for the sidetrack, and that there was every chance of a terrible rear-end collision, which, with both trains full of passengers, must involve great loss of life. At the switch, his head between his hands and his red lantern in front of him, was the rear brakeman, who had evidently gone to sleep while waiting for the express, forgetting to throw back the switch for the main line.

The engineer reduced his speed as much as possible and turned to speak to Paddy. At that moment a rifle shot rang out and the red lantern was shattered to fragments. The brakeman awoke to see the oncoming headlight, and quick as thought threw the switch to the proper side. He had no time to lock it; but he held it for the minute while the express passed.

Such remarkable presence of mind attracted the attention of the chief officials of the company, and the presentation of the pin was the result of a report by the engineer. When Paddy was congratulated on his quick wit, he grinned and said:

"You see, gentleman, the boys always did be havin' the laugh on me because I toted my gun in the cab; but I always told 'em I'd have the laugh on them some day. Besides, it was an easy mark, and as I turned the same trick ten years ago I knew it was a cinch unless the boy at the switch lost his head." — New York Tribune Sunday Magazine.

With the launching of the Utah we have another Dreadnought, a fact that should make those who have been reading alarmist literature and dreaming of invasion sleep a little more comfortably o' nights, declares the Boston Transcript. When the Utah's sister ship, the Florida goes into the water the list of States available for naming vessels of this class will be pretty near exhaustion. It is proposed to make room for Texas by changing the old Texas to the Dallas. The paint brush has made changes in the names of the single turreted monitors that leave room for a few States to be represented in battle ship nomenclature.

Thoroughly Enjoyed.

"I saw you at the musical yesterday afternoon. I'm so sorry I couldn't get a chance to speak to you. Did you enjoy my daughter's singing?"

"Yes, very much."

"I thought her accompanist played awfully loud."

"She did. Back where I sat the sound of the piano was the only thing we could hear." — Chicago Record-Herald.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MARCH 13.

Subject: Two Mighty Works, Matt. 8: 23-34—Commit to Memory Verses 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?" Matt. 8:27.

TIME.—A. D. 28.

PLACE.—Sea of Galilee and Gerasa.

EXPOSITION.—I. Jesus Stilling the Wind and Waves, 23-27. It had been a very busy day for Jesus (cf. Mk. 4:1-41). Much of the day had been spent in teaching the vast multitudes that thronged down to the seaside to hear Him. Evening found Him completely exhausted. No sooner had He reached the boat than He fell fast asleep on a pillow in the stern (cf. Mk. 4:38; Lu. 8:23). He was so thoroughly devoted to the work that the Father sent Him to do that He had to take His sleep when He could. We see Jesus in this lesson as a mighty worker, but we first get a glimpse of Him in His weakness as real man (v. 24; cf. Ps. 121:4). Even the fierce tumult of the storm was not sufficient to awaken Him in His utter exhaustion. It was a terrific storm that swept down on the little boat from the valleys running into the lake. The waves dashed over the sides of the boat so that it was filling (v. 24; cf. Mk. 4:37; Lu. 8:23). Though apparently in momentary danger of sinking, there was no real danger; no boat can go down that has Christ on board. What a contrast between the calm slumber of Christ through the storm and the wild excitement of the crew. Their prayer was short and right to the point and plenty long enough. Jesus first rebuked the disciples and then the storm. His rebuke of the disciples should be deeply pondered. There seemed to be enough to make one "fearful," with the waves dashing into and over the boat and the Master apparently unheeding, but there was no sufficient reason for them to be fearful. There is never sufficient reason for a disciple of Christ to be fearful. True faith in Him banishes all fear (Jno. 14:1, 27). The whole trouble was "little faith." Now Jesus rises in His majesty as Son of God and He rebuked the winds and the sea. How many a tempest that voice has stilled. The disciples were more afraid than ever. A moment before they were afraid of the storm, now they are afraid of One who is evidently a supernatural being (cf. Mk. 4:41). How prone is the human heart to fear, and nothing fills it with such overwhelming fear as being brought face to face with God and the supernatural. The disciples ought not to have feared. They should have been filled with joy and trust. They asked an important question just then. "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?" There can be but one answer to that question, "the Divine Man."

II. Jesus Setting Free a Demoniac, 28-34. Gerasa was a city in a half heathen territory. God was dishonored there, and there we might expect to find the devil doing his best to torment and debase. To get a complete picture of the degradation and misery of this man, we have to go to Matthew, Mark and Luke. Matthew tells us that by reason of his fierceness he made the way impassable; Luke that he wore no clothes, that there had been many ineffectual attempts to chain and tame him, and that he made day and night hideous by his cries as he vented his horrid rage upon himself, cutting himself with stones, and that he dwelt in the tombs. How terrible is the dominion of the devil. If he can work such misery on earth, what will hell be? No man had strength to tame him (Mk. 5:4), but Jesus had. It does not do to conclude that because no man can tame some victim of the devil that therefore he cannot be tamed. There is more power in the word of Jesus than in man's chains or blows. Mark and Luke tell us of only one demoniac; from Matthew we learn there were two. What a strange commingling of the human and the demibiacal: it was the demons within that enabled them to recognize in Jesus the "Son of God;" it was the human need and longing that led them to Jesus, and the demon within again that led to the awful cry of rage and despair (v. 29). The souls of these men were in utter and hopeless confusion of impulses, contending now heavenwards, now hellwards. The demons knew full well, though men less wise doubt, that there is an appointed time and place of torment (v. 29; cf. Matt. 25:41). The utmost they dared hope for or ask was a brief respite. There is here none of the haughty and almost noble pride that Milton pictures in the fallen angels—nothing but felled, cowering and contemptible malice, driving a poor weak mortal to slow self-destruction, but slivering with fear in the presence of the Son of God—that is the real devil. An evil spirit cannot enter even into a hog without Christ's permission (vs. 31, 32). The devil, as usual, outwitted himself (v. 32). If he is cunning, his power is "stupid, blind, self-contradictory and suicidal. It can only destroy and involve itself in a common ruin rather than not destroy." We must go to Mark and Luke to learn the completeness of the cure (Mk. 5:15-19; Lu. 8:35-39). The wonderful cure brought the whole

city out to meet Jesus, but when they saw Him they did not want Him. They besought Him that He would depart from their borders. Doubtless they feared that some more hogs might be destroyed. They cared more for their hogs than they did for the Saviour. They have many imitators to-day.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

MARCH THIRTEENTH.

Topic—Patient Faithfulness That Wins the Crown. Rev. 2: 1-10, 18, 19.

Faithful love. Matt. 26: 1-13.

Faithful obedience. Phil. 2: 5-11.

Faithful service. 2 Tim. 4: 6-8.

The incorruptible crown. 1 Cor. 9: 24-27.

The crown of life. Jas. 1: 12; Rev. 2: 10.

The crown of glory. 1 Pet. 5: 4.

"For his name's sake" means "for his sake." Our patient Lord is the real source of all patience (v. 3).

Our power of patience varies from day to day, and the wise man will store up patience on the good days for the bad days (v. 4).

We are to overcome not only the evil outside us, but even more the faintings and fears inside us (v. 7).

The way to get life is to be faithful till death; then there is no death (v. 10).

Thoughts.

"Patience" is from the Latin word that means suffering; but patience always ends in joy.

Faithfulness wins the crown; but it does not labor for the sake of it.

Some are satisfied with faithfulness, though they are impatient in their faithfulness; but that is only half faithfulness.

Is it the crown of fame? of power? of peace? No, none of these; it is the crown of God's approval.

Illustrations.

If the spring should come all at once and melt all the snow suddenly, it would do more harm by its floods than good by its sunshine. Spring is of value because it is slow and patient.

Wood that grows quickly is weak and soft and unbecomingly.

Every great singer practised for years before singing in public, and still practises for hours daily. No pains, no praise.

King's crowns bear gems, and every gem took long years to form in the earth and many days to facet in the workshop. So with the crown of faithfulness and patience.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, MARCH 13.

How to Be Strong—(Eph. 3. 14-16; Phil. 4. 13-19.

Eph. 3. 14-16. Paul's great prayer for his converts is that they may be strong. He does not tell them they will get strength by exercise, by effort, by taking thought. He knows better. There is virtue in Christian exercise and discipline, but before these can do any good there must be given a strength from without, from above. It is the gift of God—"Strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man." With that sort of strength as a beginning, everything else is possible. So Paul prays for the Ephesians that they may be given the presence of the Spirit. There is new meaning in that prayer when you remember Paul's experience on his first visit to Ephesus. (Acts 19. 1-7.)

Phil. 4. 13-19. You can do all things, and you can get all things, from God. This is Paul's confident assurance to the Christians of Philippi. There is strength available for every task, and supply available for every need. God gives all, and does all, so there is no excuse for a Christian being weak in spiritual ability or poor in spiritual possession. He can be strong, and rich, if he will.

No Respector of Persons.

Edward Dunbar, author of the Sunday-school hymn, "There's a Light in the Window For Thee, Brother," sleeps in a pauper's grave at Coffeyville, Kansas, where he died a tramp in the town jail. One night he called at the Coffeyville jail for shelter. He was sick and the authorities took him in, and the next day he died. Some good people have lately erected a marble slab over his grave, on which these words are inscribed: "Here Lies Edward Dunbar, Who Wrote 'There's a Light in the Window For Thee, Brother.'"

Thousands and thousands of children have sung that pathetic song. It is too bad that poor, unfortunate Edward Dunbar ended his career in darkness and saw only the light that came through the window of a jail as he was about to end his earthly career.

Drink the cause of his fall.

An Approved Bill.

The Congress will be asked to pass a bill bearing upon interstate commerce in intoxicants, which has been favorably considered by able lawyers, and which it is believed will meet both the need for protection in prohibition territory and the objections of those who have believed former proposed measures to be unconstitutional.

Moral Goodness.

Life is a sham and a failure unless it is a success in moral goodness.

IDEAS, NOT FANCIES.

The Retired Literary Man Lays Down a Rule For Composition.

"When in doubt—don't."

"That, gentlemen," said the retired literary man to his class of ambitious young literary aspirants, "would be a good maxim for you to hang up over your writing table, its application for you being:

"Don't write unless you have something to write.

"Unless an idea comes to you with at least some feature of it sharply defined don't try to write it—now; and never, if you can so train and so deny yourselves, mistake a mere fancy for an idea. We have many pleasing fancies that, bright as they may be, are still but fleeting, intangible; that will not bear nailing down. Don't waste your time trying to put such fancies into form, for the more you work over them the more you will rend them, till you have left of them but colorless shreds and patches dry and useless, like so many dusty cobwebs, and like cobwebs finally to be brushed away.

"We have, I repeat, many pleasant fancies which will not bear the rude handling involved in transcription, though in passing they may, as gentle showers do the earth, help to make fruitful our mental field. Enjoy them; but let them pass, content thus to enjoy them, and satisfied with such stimulation as they may afford. The idea worth writing and worth writing now, I say again to you, will come to you with at least some feature of it sharply defined; with something about it that will make to you a direct, living, personal appeal; it will be something that you awake to and greet with a grateful smile.

"Which brings me to say that such ideas may still be but vital fragments, perhaps the striking opening, or maybe the felicitous ending of a story; or it may be that there come to you both at once; and happy you will may be if so your brain provide you. With what inspiration you may now set out, with what auspicious beginning and with what joyous ardor you may now press on to that felicitous ending! This is something worth while; a joy to you, as, let us hope, it may be to your reader.

"Or there may come to you, all alive, an idea that may be vital and yet be but a fragment and even as such complete, not bringing with it any scheme or clear clue. Don't rudely wrestle with this. Treasure it, but put it away, store it in your mind to take root and there to grow. It will attract other ideas to it, gradually but surely it will form, and then some day and suddenly perhaps it will say:

"Now write me!"

"And as you write you may—and with what profound satisfaction!—in the story's foliage discern some of those pleasing fancies that once had charmed you now come back to you, serving now in their only true function, to adorn." — New York Sun.

Cheap Fares in Belgium.

Passenger tariffs on Belgian railways are very low, and the passenger service is generally very good. It is not as rapid as the French service, but it is cheaper. These rates show the influence of the politicians.

For instance, tickets are on sale which for a very small price give the right to ride anywhere as often as you like for five days on any of the State lines. A third class ticket of this sort, good anywhere any time for five days, costs only eleven francs five centimes, which is just a fraction under \$2.20 in American money.

Eighty-eight per cent. of all the passengers' tickets issued are sold at one sort or another of reduced rates. Among other curious instances showing the fine hand of the small politician we find that tickets are sold to electors to go to their voting places at less than half price. — Moody's Magazine.

The Point of View.

William had just returned from college, resplendent in pegtop trousers, silk hosiery, a fancy waistcoat and a necktie that spoke for itself. He entered the library where his father was reading. The old gentleman looked up and surveyed his son. The longer he looked the more disgusted he became.

"Son," he finally blurted out, "you look like a — fool!"

Later, the old major, who lived next door, came in and greeted the boy heartily. "William," he said with undisguised admiration, "you look exactly like your father did twenty years ago when he came back from school."

"Yes," replied William with a smile, "so father was just telling me." — Everybody's.

Has His Preferences.

"You have a wife beater in jail here?"

"Yes."

"Here are some roses for him."

"Sorry, madam, but he doesn't accept any flowers less expensive than orchids." — Washington Herald.