THE FATE OF GUY DARRELL.

[BY R. M. STRONG.]

"I—I beg your pardon, but—you read Latin, do you not?"

And Guy Darrell glanced up from his work in the reading-room of the British Museum at the dried up old fossil of a man who, with high white neckcloth and bloodless, parchment-colored face, and a few wisps of pale hay-colored hair floating around his head, stood eagerly eyeing him over the open book he carried in his hand.

"Might almost have strayed in from one of the other departments. One would hardly be surprised to see his ticket pinned to the edge of that curious garment, half dressing-gown, half-overcoat, he wears," thought Guy as he bowed a courteous assent to the other's inquiry.

"Yes, I thought you did, for I noticed—but is it asking too great—I mean, would it take you long to—to translate this?" And the stranger pointed to a footman on the open page of what proved to be an ancient treatise on astrology.

"H'm! I should have thought Tillotson's 'Sermons,' or 'Early Fathers,' more in his line; but one never knows." And thus reflecting Guy jotted down the translation desired, the older man regarding him half enviously the while.

"How quickly you seem to make it out," he said wistfully; "I wish—but there, it is too late—now, I suppose." And he sighed.

"To learn Latin?" interposed Guy, glancing at him again. "Not a bit of it! Why, some old fellow started to learn Greek—or was it the fiddle, by the way?—after he was 80; while you are—"

"Barely 65. But I had not your advantages when I was young, and it is a misfortune I feel more and more every day." And he sighed again. "But I am taking up far too much of your time when—"

"Not at all!" replied Guy easily. "I had almost finished for the day."

"Ah! I envy you, I must say. Whenever I fancy I am finding out what I want one of these passages in Latin comes to block my way as with a great high wall."

"Must be awkward, very. And you can't well buy a translation."

"No, I suppose not," assented the strange figure. Then more diffidently he began:

"Would you care to undertake it, letting me pay you for your time and trouble?"

Guy stared, slightly inclined to laugh, and even more to feel sorry for the old man, who was plainly half crazy to propose any such thing, but whose manner was so naive and attractive that he hesitated to show either his contempt or pity openly. Taking up the book again he turned over the leaves.

"I—I can show you the passages—those I want most to understand," and the old boy took out a list of some half-dozen paragrahs, whereupon Guy said good-naturedly:

"If those are all we can soon put you right." And taking a fresh sheet of paper in about an hour he had written a fairly accurate version of the not over-clear original.

"There you are!" he exclaimed, handing it over to the patient and absorbed watcher. "Oh! dear no; not at all," he objected, putting aside the proffered hand with curt decision. "I am only too glad—if you think they will be of use," he added, still regretting the unprofitable nature of the subject.

"But surely you will allow me to—"

"Certainly not," and Guy closed his writting-case with a snap so emphatic as effectually to put an end to the discussion.

"Then, at least, you will tell me your name," urged the other earnestly. "You have done me a very great service. I have not met with so much kindness in this life as to be at all likely to forget it." Here the old man's eyes positively filled with tears as he went on: "And some day, you know, I—I may be able to return it."

And after Guy had given him his card, they shook hands almost with effusion and parted—as it happened, never to meet again.

"And a very pretty fortune it is as you will find."

"But who, in the name of mystery, is Jacob Varley, and how do I come in? I never heard the name in all my life before."

"N—o?" rejoined the solicitor, with the non-committal caution of his profession. "But he must have heard of you, and to some purpose, to make him remember you so satisfactorily at his death. Just consider, the will says, 'To you, Guy Darrell, in that you rendered him a certain very great and entirely disinterested service.'"

"The only man I can at all call to mind—but that is too absurd! What sort of a fellow was he?"

"A pale-faced, light-haired, old-fashioned man of about 65," replied the solicitor.

"Dressed in rusty black, with a white neckcloth and a—a craze for astrology?" interposed Guy increduously, as he recalled to his mind the old man at the British Museum.

"The very man! And now, in return for my good news, perhaps you will tell me how you come to figure so agreeably in his will."

Whereupon Guy told of his first, and in fact only, interview with his unknown benefactor, finishing by asking: "But had he no relations, no one belonging to him?"

"After his wife died, none; he was quite alone; his son—"

"Oh! then there is a son?"

"No, there was. They could not agree after the wife died; and the lad, who was somewhat of a rover, went abroad, where he, too, died."

"So, then, the old fellow was left quite alone?"

"Quite, and that no doubt is why he thought of you. Originally the money was settled on the wife, so that had the son lived—"

"It would have gone to him, I see—"

"Yes, and what makes it the more pitiful is that the son left home under suspicion—no matter what, now—it was a sad case altogether. The two messages—the one conveying the news of the discovery of the son's innocence and his recall, and the other the account of his death—crossed the ocean on their opposite ways at one and the same time."

"Poor old boy! and poor young one, too! For it must have been hard to die so young—an exile, and in disgrace—knowing one's self innocent all the while. One might almost be afraid of such a heritage of woe—afraid lest some of the ill might not cling to the old fellow's gold."

"Why, my dear sir, you are almost as fanciful as old Varley himself. He certainly was unlucky, while you—well, you must allow your luck is in the ascendant, for you will have the spending of close on two thousand five hundred a year."

"Yes, one ought to get something out of life with two thousand five hundred a year." And Guy got up excitedly to pace the room. "How cramped and narrow has my life been up to now! The wonder is that I have borne it for so long. While to think of poor young Varley; this should all have been his, and he is dead!"

"Yes, it is an ill wind—" and the solicitor coughed, afraid lest the other should suppose him callous.

Guy Darrell was not callous; he was only human. But to a poor, hard-working scribe, by courtesy a barrister, the promise of an assured income and the freedom from all save voluntary labor, after his first natural regret, could not but seem delightful in the extreme; already his toil-bent shoulders straightened themselves, and he began to take a fuller survey of all that lay within his reach.

Now, he supposed, he might venture to marry—a step he had never dared seriously to contemplate, as meaning ruin to a poor man's social and professional career. But first he would take a trip to Australia, just to freshen himself up and blow away the dust of musty studies.

Really, being rich was very delightful. Wherever one went to see others grinding away, whether they liked it or not, served but to put a keener edge to the pleasures of one who now need neither toil nor spin. This was indeed a holiday, the first he had ever had worthy of the name.

Thus ran Guy Darrell's meditations on the day—the ever-to-be-remembered day at Sydney—on which he betook himself to the agent's office of the ship by which he had traveled.

He was in no hurry; had all the long, bright day before him; could revel in the glorious sunshine and the sweet, exhilarating air; and—finding another man in possession of the "Inquiry" window—could wait with a kind of pleased patience for his turn.

What was half an hour or so more or less to him? Time might be money, but, on the other hand, was not money time? He could afford to stand aside and look on, as he did now, at the poor fellow who seemed so full of a half-suppressed anxiety; could feel quite a pleasurable interest in—but what was that the clerk was saying?

"I am really very sorry, Mr. ——"

"Varley—Gabriel Varley," answered the man weakly, and the words were followed by a cough, quite as weak.

"Yes, yours does appear a very hard case, Mr. Varley; but then, if we took all the hard cases in—or allowed them to take us in—why, we should have no end of passengers, and that's a fact."

"But I could pay you my passage twice over at the other end," urged the petitioner, but hopelessly, as having lost heart.

"So you have said; but it really won't do. It may be quite as you say, but we have been done so often. If you had anything to show now, by way of proof——"

"I have shown you this letter, calling me home."

"But what does a letter prove, even if it were dated yesterday, instead of being ever so old? We don't know how you came by it, or—but there, your illness looks genuine enough, and I don't want to be hard—though what you ask cannot possibly be done."

Whereat the man turned despairingly away, and as Guy mechanically took his place, the clerk grumbled on:

"It does seem a cruelly hard case—but what can I do? We've no end of such—all genuine and all with friends on the other side. If only his tale be true, once landed in London and he would be in clover; but how do we know?"

"What—did he—say—his name was?" asked Guy heavily, a strange foreboding of coming ill knocking with hideous insistence at his heart—the heart that of late had been so jubilant.

"Varley—Gabriel Varley. Not a common name, is it? Nor is he a common fellow, one can see, spite of his rough clothes; but, bless you! we've all sorts over here. And the better the class the worse the individual, nine times out of ten."

"No, it is not a common name," answered Guy. "What was his story?" he asked, ignoring the rest.

"Oh! the usual thing, I believe. Left home under a cloud. Been up country and did well until he was sick, when his manager robbed him of his pile; and, weak and low as he was, he had to tramp down here, where he finds this letter—five years old—waiting to tell him the cloud had burst and to come home."

But Guy had groped his way blindly to the door, feeling suddenly sick and faint for want of air.

No need to bolster up his sinking courage with fallacious hopes. He knew as by a sudden intuition who the man was; and how, spite of his long absence and reported death, the real owner of old Jacob Varley's money had, as it were, risen from the dead to oust him from his new-found wealth.

It was hard—cruelly hard. Never again could he settle down to the old life. And it turned him cold and sick to realize how deep and strong a hold the money had upon him.

But how did he know, he demurred feebly, that this was indeed—and then he had not patience to follow out the thought.

How did he know? Why, was not the hideous conviction borne in upon him by a thousand mocking fiends dinning their derisive message in his ears? How did he know. Was it not just the situation and the hour that a malignant fate would choose to play him such a trick? How did he know—and he woke up startled by a deep and hollow groan, to find himself outside and facing the man whose return to life or falsely reported death, was the cause of all his present misery.

Could it have been he, poor wretch, who groaned, he wondered, as he stared at the hollow-cheeked, needy-looking man. Apparently not, for the stranger had been startled in his turn.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked sympathetically. "Are you ill, too? Can I do anything for you?"

Guy shook his head, but made no attempt at reply.

So then it was he himself who had groaned, he concluded, after all; and he turned aside, casting about hopelessly as to what he had better do, and haunted disagreeably and persistently by the man's pallor and terribly forlorn air, together with the darker suggestions that so inevitably followed.

"Looks fearfully weak and low. Not much of a life to stand between me and—" He broke off with a shudder to find where he was being carried; then quite as suddenly came the suggestion, why not temporize? Why not gain time to think over the situation?

"You—you are anxious to get back to—to England, so they tell me?" he began tentatively, and formulating his plan as he went along.

"Yes, I want sadly to go back." But the speaker did not turn, so hopeless did he seem.

"Are you—tied as to—to time?"

"I have no money, so cannot wait, if that is what you mean; while for the same reason, it appears, I cannot go. I am not strong enough to work. I have been ill."

"Yes, you look it, even now," assented Guy, compassion struggling with his more active selfish fears. "You have friends perhaps, on the other side?"

"I think so, to judge by this." And the man looked doubtfully at the letter he held in his hands.

"Who are they?" asked Guy.

The man handed him the letter and waited quietly while he read it.

It was from the father, Jacob Varley, telling of the mother's death, the discovery of the truth, and begging him to return.

"The letter is five years old," he remarked, as he passed it back.

"Yes, it has lain here unclaimed and unanswered all that time. They may have thought me dead," the wanderer added, wistfully; "I should like to see them once before I——"

"Supposing that I undertook to find you the money. I shall be going back myself shortly, and in the meantime you can act as my secretary. We shall travel about for a time, and you can write, can tell them——" But he could not go on, the implied deception was too great.

All he wanted was time—time to face the situation and to make up his mind. That he was trifling with temptation he knew. It was merely putting off the evil day. That the surrender would grow no easier he recognized gloomily enough, even while he spoke. But what of that? It was too hard already and did but grow the harder with each step he took down the fatal way. And even yet more impossible as time went on and the supposed dying man got better.

Suddenly there appeared what promised to his distorted sense of right and wrong a possible solution of the problem.

With Varley's return to health there came a return of his original roving propensities. After so many years, where was the hurry? he debated; why go home—a beggar? Why not have one more dip into the lucky bag to try and retrieve his fallen fortunes? The secret of which change lying in that he had met some men he knew, adventurers, bent on some new expedition. Ostensibly their aim was scientific, but really their quest was gold, and having need of another tried and trusty man, they were anxious he should join the party.

There would be a certain amount of risk, he allowed, in discussing it with Guy; but he did not mind that. What he did mind was having to go back, after all these years, as a prodigal son, and submit "to be provided for."

"But how if you never come back at all?" and Guy's face whitened with the terrible subtlety of the temptation, and the suddenness with which, spite of his long debate, his decision must be made.

The expedition would be full of peril, look at it how he might. Malaria, fever, poisoned arrows, snakes, and almost every sanitary condition would be against them. Of those who set out, terribly few would return. How then could he let him go—go in ignorance that the necessity no longer existed for jeopardizing his life for the gold, of which, by rights, he should have plenty and to spare?

Oh, it was horrible! It was so easy to stand aside; to do—nothing. He had merely not to interfere, and the chances were that this menace to this new-found happiness would remove itself, never to trouble him again. And yet—oh, it was indeed horrible! He had played with temptation; had let himself drift, until now his will was paralyzed, and he could not—it was impossible to decide.

Easy to see the right, but how fatally impossible to act! To let the man go was little short of murder, while to tell the truth, in his present mood, would be suicide downright. For he could not take up the old life where he had lain it down, could not, in short, give up possession of the other's goods.

And full of self-pity, Guy Darrell saw and owned the truth; he had no shadow of right whatever. Almost he could believe in a mocking devil seeking thus subtly to destroy him. Twelve months before, and he would have laughed at the idea of such a situation warping him aside from the plain path of duty. Now he turned, and twisted, and wavered, while his companion filled in the details of the proposed exploration. Once, but weakly, he urged him to reconsider.

"Why not rest contented here? You have had one narrow squeak for life, surely you need not——"

"But you forget the inducement, the splendid stake for which we play. A man must be a fool not to risk all on that. I shall come back either a man, or——"

"Always supposing you do come back," objected Guy, forced thus far by his uneasy conscience.

Then out of the dreadful supposition he drew an inspiration—whether from his good or bad angel he stayed not to inquire. That he was driven to such straits was no fault of his; he had fallen innocently into the pit; so far they were on terms. The stake they played for was indeed large, larger than the other knew; then why not leave the issue to its initiator—Fate? Why not play out the game?

They were back again at Sydney, staying at one of the large hotels, and had had dinner served in a private room. It was growing late by the time Guy had arrived at this very partial decision. Varley waxed more and more eloquent as the wine he drank so freely lent its rosy glow to the scheme. He had made up his mind, should take his chance, and either come back a millionaire, or—leave his bones to rot, unburied and unmourned. One could but die once.

Thus did he ramble on while Guy sat gloomily silent, but resolved. Yes, he would submit the arbitrament to Fate. He, too, would go with the expedition, and, well—they should see. If only one survived—then was the end simplified and clear; that one would enjoy the fortune. If both—well, the chance was remote, but they might find gold; he might win enough to replace the lost bequest. And if neither lived, there was the end, and no more need be said—or so he thought—while the unconscious Varley prattled on.

Soon, however, Guy saw the true meaning of his choice, and—no, he found it would not do.

How could he go, taking his life in his hand, knowing that through him the other's life was jeopardized as well? No good blinking the fact or glossing it over; if Varley died, he, Darrell, would have been his murderer; just as surely as though he were to shoot him where he sat, smiling back at his supposed benefactor. No, it must not be. The decision and the guilt—if he chose the guilty part—must all be his. And again Guy frowned heavily and tossed about in the throws of indecision.

His roving eyes settled presently on a pair of lighted candles at his head, with a curious intention, as though the idea that came later was even then lying dormant in his brain.

For—now he had it, he thought confidently; now he saw his way. Together they had been lighted, and together burned. Fate should decide it after all! The one that went out first should settle it—whether for life or death—for him or against. And straightway, by solemn oath, he bound himself to abide by the decision. If the right-hand light went first, then would he own the truth, he swore by all he held most dear, and himself be the only one to go. If the left, then must Varley take his chance; and full of a new fever of impatience he waited for the end.

How long would it last, he wondered, this new, self-imposed torture? There was a full inch yet, he noticed, and how slowly, how very slowly, they wasted in the still night air. And his nerves grew tense and crisp; the room, too, felt close—horribly, unbearably close; or was it himself, he wondered next, as he listened to the labored beating of his heart. Nor dare he stir to open door or window, nor to fan himself, lest he should affect the issue—though now he would have bartered the entire fortune for a single breath of air; but already one—the fatal one!—to his strained eyes seemed gaining on its fellow, and through all his agony of preoccupation he could hear the mantel clock tick loudly and remorselessly on, as the night sank lower and lower.

Presently Varley, whom he had almost forgotten, fidgeted and began to move about. On, how he longed to bid him with an oath be still! Yes, he must ring the bell, and order fresh lights.

Would the old ones last until the new ones came? brooded the fascinated Guy, watching on as one possessed; forgetting to speak, to smoke, almost to breathe, as in came the waiter bearing the lighted candles on a tray.

Ought he to call out or interfere—or would that imperil the true fairness of the ordeal? And for a moment or two he sat on in an agony of doubt.

"There, put them down, man, can't you?" cried Varley to the waiter; whereupon the stupefied Guy awoke to the necessity for prompt decision.

"No, no; leave them alone," he was beginning; but—too late! For already the man had laid his sacrilegious hand on the fatal light and—puff! it was gone.

Yes the right-hand light had disappeared, and at the sight Guy groaned aloud as from a blow; then turned his eyes to the left, when—wonder of wonders!—it must have been the draught—but that, too, was gone! And the twin spirals of light blue smoke, curling up as though in mockery, were all that was left after half an hour's long-drawn agony of suspense—a suspense not over even then; for which had been extinguished first—who could say?

And in the face of this new disaster Guy grew desperate and ashamed. All that was manly woke within him. Was he a child to leave himself and his whole future at the mercy of every chance wind that blew, to let his whole life be made or marred by a pure accident such as this? No—a thousand times no! Fate would not settle it—then he would, once for all; would be his own fate, as every man, whether consciously or not, sooner or later, must.

Yes, he would own up; would wash his hands of this horrible, blistering, soul-destroying wealth, that was poisoning all of good there ever had been in him; would tell Varley the truth, the whole truth, then and there.

To him, therefore, did he turn at once, for he dared not trust himself to delay.

"Varley!" he cried, hoarsely; "Varley!" he repeated, for the man was not attending, but was busy lighting a cigar. "There is something I have to say."

"To me?" inquired Varley. "All right, fire away! It's about time you did say—something; I thought you were asleep." And Varley's tones were both vinous and indistinct as he went on more impetuously.

"And look here, now I think of it, don't call me—Varley. My name's not Varley, it's Paterson, Ralph Paterson. It's of no importance, I'm aware, but I don't like to hear the other—from you. I've thought to tell you many a time. You've been a good friend to me, and it looks as though I were deceiving you and taking everything under false pretenses, when all the time I'm not. You know that, don't you?"

And Guy listened as one half stunned or only half awake, while the other rambled on:

"It was natural enough—you see we were chums, Varley and I, to the very last. And after he died I was stone broke. And—it was all Varley's idea, spoken almost with his latest breath, that if ever I landed here I should ask for his letters and use them as my own. Well, you know how I tried it on at the ship, and how I failed, and how—you—came to my assistance—good Samaritan that you were; you saved me—yes, from suicide—I'd quite made up my mind. And that is another thing I've meant to tell you, many a time."

And the tears of gratitude stood in Varley's—that is, Paterson's—eyes, as he crossed over and wrung the other's hand, while Guy, thoroughly bewildered and scarcely venturing to trust his ears, breathed again as he watched cloud after cloud of misapprehension—all of his own creating—roll harmlessly away. For had he not at the outset given way before temptation so weakly as he had, he might have known all he knew then about the supposed Varley two months ago.

Yes, it had been his own fault entirely, he saw that clearly now. The only crumb of real comfort to be drawn from the whole trying experience lay in the fact that he really had made up his mind to own the truth—before ever he had learned it.—English Illustrated Magazine.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

MY COMPANERO.

Along the "Central's" lonesome way,
A score and more of years ago,
Myself a tramp—no coin to pay—
The same my whilom companero.

Sore pressed with hunger and forlorn,
To reach the destined Eldorado
We trudged along from early dawn,
I and my hopeful companero.

When at Church Butte a "freight" pulled out,
With empty cars wide open flung,
We placed ourselves along the route
And into one we active sprung.

Quickly ensconced in either end,
We hugged our corners closely there,
Hoping discovery to forefend,
And thus escape the trainmen's stare.

Some hours we sped upon our route.
When, at a station some delay,
A trainman came and called me out,
But did not look my comrade's way.

To imprecate I did not deign,
But doffed and waved my old sombrero
Behind the disappearing train;
Good luck, good-by, old companero!

No kindred, friend—an unknown man—
And yet I muse upon his fate.
How has the life course with him ran?
In crooked lines or ever straight?

What was for him in future stored?
If such luck followed as of late,
He might be "chairman of a Board"
Or Governor of a State.

His corner in the car of life,
How has he kept, in peace or strife?
Has Death stepped in and looked his way?
Quien sabe? More I cannot say.

Red Bluff, Cal. F. E.

THE LAY OF THE LIFT THAT LEFT.

I sing you a song of the Ascenseur,
'Tis a doleful ditty, but what of that!
The inopportune always did occur
Since the ark touched bottom on Ararat—

A song of the lift in a big hotel
That stands right up like a capital I!
Not the office clerk, when he tries to swell,
Can tell more stories than that is high.

How many stories I dare not say,
For doubters there'd be, though one spake the truth;
There's a lift in the "Grand Sky View" to-day,
So what matters a dozen more floors, forsooth.

To the "Grand Sky View" on their wedding tour,
All dreamy and doting came Laura and Ned.
"They would like a room on the upper floor,
With the stars for their neighbors," they coyly said.

This pleased the office clerk passing well.
"Won't you sit in our self-acting eleva-tore?
To mount one has only to touch the bell!
Our motto in life is—Excelsior!"

The button they press and away they soar,
At a pace that grows as the landings fly;
The 3d, 6th, 7th, 10th, 13th floor—
I know not how many, go rushing by.

But the tallest building must have a top,
And quick to the ridge-pole that lift had sped,
It was easy to start it—but how to stop
Was a riddle too deep for a lover's head.

And off it careered—that runaway lift—
Up through the roof with a rattle and crash,
Up and away where the cloud-rifts drift—
Up through the sky like a rocket flash!

And the lovers twain, as they heavenward soar,
Forget the dull world they have left behind,
And conclude to keep house in the eleva-tore,
And go it as love does, for love is blind.

This is the song of the Ascenseur,
The lay of the lift that left is sung,
And lifts are one less than erstwhile they were,
Ere these Pleiads shot off the stars among.

And the "Grand Sky View," with its guests galore,
Stands straight and tall like a capital I—
But they send a boy with the eleva-tore,
When lovers are anxious to take a fly.

—Boston Evening Transcript.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

Ring out, blithe bells of the New Year!
Ring out to all your summons clear
Message of hope, despair to quell
Is borne upon your silvery swell.

Ring, bells of cheer, across the snow
Till with courage faint hearts glow.
Hath friend seemed faithless, love grown cold?
Hast lost that wand of magic, gold?

Saddest of all, hath death snatched one
Whose presence was to thee life's sun?
Yet look not back. The darkest cloud
But serves an azure sky to shroud.

Thy friend his fealty yet may prove,
Love that could change was never love,
And folly 'twere lost love to mourn,
While fickle fortune's wheel doth turn.

Grim death, though conqueror of clay,
Bows to a mightier Conqueror's sway;
Thy loved one hath but crossed Time's sea
To its fair shore—Eternity.

—Mary F. Safford, in Godey's.

A Strange Animal.

While returning from a hunting trip one day last week in the Wallapai Mountains, A. T., Dr. Hammond and Dave Parks ran across one of the strangest animals ever seen in this section of the country, if not in the world, says the Mohave (Arizona) *Miner*. Mr. Parks, after shooting it five times with a 45-caliber Winchester, finally succeeded in killing it. The body is ten inches in circumference and eighteen inches in length. The tail, if such it may be termed, is four inches. Its front feet are similar to those of a dog, only the toes being missing, while its hind legs, somewhat larger than its front, terminate in cloven hoofs. Its head is of a bright red color, somewhat of the hue of the "red eye" which the hunters had taken along as a preventive for snake bite.

The hair on the animal's body is of a light baby blue, which gives it a neat, tidy appearance. The upper jaw of the quadruped is adorned with two immense tusks, curving downward, giving it a ferocious expression. The tongue is forked, and is used for catching ants. The snout terminates in a long trunk similar to the arm of an octopus of prehensible tendency. It was discovered by Mr. Parks clinging to the surface of a pine tree, about fifty feet from the ground. It was placed in the ice house pending the arrival of Professor Raelle of Needles, who will stuff and mount it, after which it will be placed on exhibition in the *Miner* cabinet. Strange as it may seem, the stomach contained a live toad, two horn-toads, several thousand ants and a garter-snake. Taxidermists and naturalists are at a loss regarding the name of this wonderful creature, no mention having been made of any such species in natural history.

NO CHRISTMAS and New Year's table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

A ten-pound cannon ball was recently dug up at Lakeside, Ind. It has been identified as a relic of the times when Mad Anthony Wayne was in command thereabouts.

COUGHS, hoarseness and sore throat. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief.

RESCUE OF THE "SPREE."

Graphic Description of Scenes on the Fated Vessel.

Remarkable Tact and Every-Day Common Sense of Evangelist Moody.

After the rescue of the passenger ship "Spree," recently, among the passengers of which was D. L. Moody and Major-General Howard, a good deal was said about Moody's claiming to have saved the ship by his prayers. After reading many of the sarcastic and foolish things that others said that Mr. Moody said, it is quite refreshing to hear just what he did say, and to notice the remarkable tact and every-day common sense that he used under such trying circumstances. The following is from a letter written by James McConnaughy, who was present at the Northfield Church and listened to Mr. Moody's address. As General Howard and Mr. Moody have lots of friends on the coast they will be glad to read it:

After the choir of little children had sung his favorite, "Jesus Loves Me," Mr. Moody rose to speak. His hair is a trifle grayer, his head a trifle balder, but in no other respect does he show any change. Perhaps the real greatness of the man has never been more manifest, entirely without consciousness on his part, than in the address that followed.

He said that he had never, on returning from previous absences, made any report to the church. He had always shrunk from doing so, because of necessity he must speak of himself. This time, however, he felt it right to tell of God's dealings with him during the past two weeks. And, he added shrewdly and with a characteristic gesture, by telling it once for all, he could save telling it many times and have it out of the way. It was not a sermon, but if they learned from it what he had, it would be as profitable.

Two weeks and a half before he had sailed from Southampton. It was a beautiful day, after two weeks of London fog. Some friends had come to the station to see him off. He asked them to sing one of his favorite hymns with the refrain, "Then Shall my Heart Keep Singing." They did not seem to feel that way, he said, but as for him, though he could make no music, his heart was dancing within him at the thought of going home. The following Saturday morning at 6 o'clock he was lying in his berth, his favorite place when at sea, thinking of God's mercies to him. In all his traveling he had never had any serious accident either by land or sea. In August his family had safely crossed the sea in a Hamburg steamer without detention at quarantine, though the preceding and following vessels had each been detained twenty-one days. Just then came the shock. It sounded to him as if they had run on rocks, although he knew they were 1,000 miles from shore. His son Will went on deck and returned to report that the shaft had broken.

When Mr. Moody got upon deck, he found the vessel was settling and the sea was running too high to launch a lifeboat. The Captain had ordered the second-class passengers to stay below, but soon they came rushing up like rats, for the water was rising in their berths. The stern of the boat, when the hole had been knocked in the bottom, sank to sea level, and the waves washed over it. The second compartment filled, and the third was filling. The pumps were at work but the water gained on them. Then came the pull at the heart strings. Again and again he had been under fire in the army. He had been through a cholera epidemic in Chicago, sleeping night after night on the floor in the association building, and following out his belief that, wherever the doctors could go to care for bodies, he could go and look after souls. He had always preached that the Christian should have no fear of death. Now for forty-eight hours he was to stand, with a great ship's company, facing their open grave. There was no cloud between him and God; he knew his sins had all been pardoned; but when he thought of family, schools and future plans, he could not feel reconciled to die and that day was the darkest of his life. He could speak his thoughts to no one. The eyes of the women were upon the men and any reference to religious subjects would be instantly accepted as a sign that hope was past. The spirit was abroad to which General Sherman gave expression during his last illness. Some one spoke to him of God and his soul, and he instantly replied, "It hasn't come to that yet, has it?" A prayer meeting was thought of, but it was clear to all that it would not do to hold one then.

At noon the Captain reported the pumps were gaining on the water and had it under control. Still the Captain put on his firearms for readiness in case of any insubordination, the life-boats were being made ready and the cooks were preparing food for them. A vessel had been passed during the night, and the Captain reckoned that, if they had not drifted too far from its course, it might come in sight about 3 o'clock. All eyes were strained waiting for it, but in vain. Then Mr. Moody invited General Howard down to his stateroom, and there, with Will Moody, they had that earnest prayer-meeting, accounts of which were telegraphed from Queenstown. Even then, Mr. Moody said, he did not reach the rest of soul he sought.

The short winter day darkened at four and the long night came on. No one slept. The vessel rolled heavily, but did not pitch. The greatest danger lay at that point, for one plunge at the bow might bring the 700 tons of water in the stern against the bulkheads with force enough to break them and then all would be over. Rockets were sent up every two hours, and a barrel of tar was burning in the bow. The women gathered in the dining-room to be together. They showed quite as much nerve as the men. One little mother from Milwaukee sat watching her two children, and never took her eyes off of them, Mr. Moody believed, for forty-eight hours. He knew her thought was to be ready, if the worst came, to take one in each arm and go down with them.

Sunday morning came, then afternoon. Each hour seemed like a day. No vessel had been sighted, and they were drifting further and further from the track of ocean steamships. It was proposed to hold a prayer-meeting; the Captain approved, and the whole ship's company, except the crew, who were on duty, gathered in the cabin. It was a remarkable gathering. There were Jews and Catholics, Austrians, Russians, Swedes and many Germans. All realized that its tone must be cheerful. The vessel rolled heavily, and Mr. Moody seated himself to lead it with an arm around a column. He read the ninety-first Psalm, and there, before his fellow-passengers, came to him the quiet and confidence he had sought alone. It came through the eleventh verse, "He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." Then he read the one hundred and seventh Psalm from the nineteenth to the thirty-first verses. It was such an accurate picture of their situation that one lady was sure he had composed it for the occasion, and would not believe it was in the Bible until she had examined it herself. From that moment Mr. Moody said his mind was at perfect peace. One verse which was of special comfort to him was Matthew x., 29—the promise about the sparrows.

After the service he went to his stateroom, lay down and went to sleep as calmly as a child. He remembered wondering whether he would be able to see Northfield from heaven if he were taken there. About 2 o'clock in the morning he was awakened by his son, who had not gone to sleep. "Father," he said, "our prayers are answered; come up and see the Star of Bethlehem." He went on deck and there sure enough far off in the horizon was a little speck of light, coming into sight and disappearing again as the vessel rolled. The sea had also began to go down immediately after the close of the meeting of the day before and grew more and more quiet from that time forward.

By 6 o'clock the Lake Huron was beside them, and then the question was whether she would be able to tow the Spree. She was a vessel of only about 3,000 tons, while the Spree was 7,000. Two cables were made fast, one of wire and the other of hemp fourteen inches thick. The officers stood over them with utmost care as they were fastened, and men held their breath. However, the Lake Huron proved to be just the vessel that God had sent, strong enough to tow them and yet not strong enough to break the cables when the strain came upon them. At the rate of six knots an hour they now steamed back to Ireland. The officers said that, if they had no stormy weather, there was now hope. That was a large "if" for the Atlantic in winter. Mr. Moody no longer had either doubt or fear. God had answered prayer, and would do for them all that was needed. He felt like Manoah's wife when she said, "If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have received our offering." Saturday night they reached Queenstown, with the coal on the Lake Huron just about gone.

People had said to him, "I suppose that week was one continual prayer meeting," but it was quite the opposite. Everything possible had to be done to get the minds of the passengers off the disaster. He told more stories that week to make people laugh than during any week before in his life. One Jew who was on board had left his home in Russia to come to America to make a home for his wife and children. He knew his wife would oppose the step and he came away without telling her. He thought he was the Jonah of the vessel and went about making confession of what he had done. One old lady, a Countess, sent for Mr. Moody several times to come and read the Bible to her, but she always wanted him to read about Paul's shipwreck or some similar passage. Finally he told her, "Now, madam, I am done with shipwrecks. I will read to you any where else in the Bible, but no more shipwrecks for you and me." One man's mind gave way under the strain and he jumped overboard a day or two after they had been taken in tow. Life preservers were thrown to him but it was impossible to save him.

There was an Austrian lady who had been unnerved by this same man, who had told her that a storm was coming up, and that the Spree was going to sink and pull the Lake Huron down with it. Mr. Moody went to talk with her. He found out that she was going to California, so he talked to her a good while about that State; then he asked her where she came from, and she said "Vienna." He began to talk to her about the beauties of her native city and she soon grew quite enthusiastic. "You should see the *tay-aters*," she said, "they are so beautiful." Mr. Moody added dryly, in telling the story, that the last thing he wanted to talk about at that moment was theaters, but for her sake he was glad to do so.

These last little touches of humor served to relieve the strain of feeling which his story, though cast in the simplest possible form and told with evident endeavor to restrain feeling, had awakened.

Friday night they had a thanksgiving meeting, and when they separated on Saturday he felt that he had made some of the strongest friendships of his life during those ten days.

Sunday morning one of the fastest ocean steamers had come into Queenstown harbor, and after preaching in the church there he had gone aboard, and the following Sunday was permitted to speak to his own neighbors and friends at home.

In closing, Mr. Moody read the same passages from the Psalms that he had read at the meeting on shipboard. The best lesson that he had learned in this experience was that the only anchor that held at such a time was God's Word. The passages, long familiar to him, which he had been able to recall and dwell upon in his thoughts, had been the one source of comfort for himself and others. He knew that their deliverance had been in answer to prayer; not his own prayers, for he believed that there were many on board whose prayers had had as much power with God as his. The little children, fifty of whom were on board, had prayed, and he was sure God had heard them. Then simply and trustingly he led the audience in prayer, and a service ended which no one present will soon forget.

Monday morning early he was out and about, inspecting the progress that had been made at the three schools he loved so much at Northfield and Mount Hermon. He has planned for an aggressive campaign in Chicago in connection with the World's Fair, and has arranged with several of the strongest preachers of the gospel in Europe to come over and assist in the work.

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In Need

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Ayer's Pills

and I began to use them, and soon noticed an improvement. Encouraged by this, I kept on till I took two boxes, when the sores disappeared and have never troubled me since."—H.