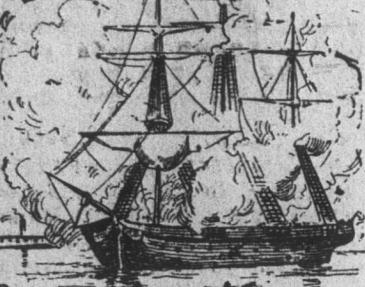


In Sheep's Clothing.



By Capt. Ormond Steele

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Why this rejoicing?" asked Lea Hedges, reining in her horse before Squire Condit's gate, and addressing Ellen, who stood with more than the sunset glow on her fair cheeks.

"Oh, Lea! good news! good news!" cried Ellen, running out and taking her friend's hand.

"Then do not keep it back, Ellen, for my very soul yearns for news good, bad or indifferent; anything to break the monotony of this dull life. Ah, if I were a man, I should make up my own news and give the world a fresh and startling supply every day, but being only a woman, 'a weaker vessel,' as the domine says, who—"

Lea would have gone on at some length in her bantering, half-real, half-laughing way, had not Ellen Condit interrupted her by calling out:

"The Sea Hawk has just anchored in the harbor!"

"The Sea Hawk?" echoed Lea Hedges, and for the instant the color fled, under the excitement, from her cheeks, and she sprang from her horse, the spirited creature making no effort to get away, though there was no restraining hand on the bridle.

"Yes; she has been in sight for an hour, and Ralph has signaled that he is coming ashore at once. Mother has just gone in to order supper, and every servant on the place is hard at work to give their favorite a welcome."

"There, Ned, go home and tell Black Joe to put you in the stable."

Lea Hedges threw the bridle rein over the pummel of the saddle, and the intelligent horse, with a snort that no combination of letters could convey an idea of, tossed up his head and walked away with comical dignity.

"You will come into the house and wait," said Ellen, encircling her friend's waist with her left arm, and making as if she were going to the house.

"No, my love, we shall take the other direction," said Lea.

"To the village?"

"No, to the shore. Let us greet the brave boys before their feet press the soil. Two months since they sailed away, it has seemed like ten years. The Sea Hawk carried with her all the life and glory of the island. I pray that the pirates have torn none of them from us."

This was said as the girls hastened down to the beach, a few hundred yards below Squire Condit's house.

"The pirates have not taken the Sea Hawk," said Ellen, who, though as much rejoiced at the ship's arrival, had neither her friend's enthusiasm nor her fluency of expression.

"I knew the pirates never could take her; they might destroy her, but she would go down with the flag flying and every living man at his post," said Lea.

"The people are cheering and the bells are ringing, Lea."

"Aye, but the cheers are all too faint to penetrate my feelings, and the bell tinkles which it should have been ringing, and boom! Hark! a run from the ship! See the smoke rising from the port like a monster's breath on a frosty morning. There is music in that sound. How did men fight before the roar of cannon set the warrior blood to throbbing in their veins?"

Ellen Condit did not attempt to answer her friend's question. By this time they could see a boat lowered away from the Sea Hawk, into which six rowers and four officers got.

The boat shot away from the ship, and headed straight for the beach where the girls—now the center of a large crowd of whites and gaily attired Indians—were standing.

From the stern sheets Capt. Denham waved his hat, and the people answered with a cheer.

The oars drew all their strength into the quivering blades, till the boat at each stroke seemed fairly to leap from the water.

While the Captain's cutter was still several hundred feet from the shore he recognized among the throng the faces of Ellen, his adopted sister, and of Lea, his old playmate and friend.

He rose in his place and raised his hat, and the first and second officers did the same.

The people on shore supposed the greeting to be general, and they at once sent up a cheer, which the men at the oars answered, and as they shouted the boat seemed to leap from the water, as if it, too, were animated, and shared in the joy at again touching the soil on which it was built.

Captain Denham sprang ashore the instant the boat's bows touched the white sand, and the people were not surprised to see him catch Ellen in his arms, for was she not his sister?

Lieutenant Dayton was near him, and his arms were about Lea, whose fine eyes were now full of tears of joy. Valentine was her own cousin, some said he was her lover, but of that this is not the time to speak.

Every man at the oars was native to the place, and had mother, sweetheart, or sister to greet him.

It would be a waste of time to describe what the most prosaic reader can easily imagine.

The men laughed, and shook hands again and again.

The women smiled through their tears and seemed never to weary of repeating the first greeting.

And in the midst of it all, down came Squire Condit and Dr. Hedges, and to them the welcomes were repeated, and the gathering people cheered till the increased volume of sound rolled out to the ship. Here, the watching sailors—forced to stay on board—caught the joyous contagion, and springing into the rigging, they shouted in way that called out all the crew of the stranger, who cheered also.

Who speaks of the feast and dances that followed that night would take a good-sized volume.

The officers of "The Stranger," as we shall call the other ship for the want of a better name, were invited, and how this was brought about, we shall now proceed to explain.

CHAPTER III.

A NEARER VIEW OF THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE STRANGER.

While there was no name visible on the bow or stern of the stranger—at least in those taut to make a close examination—on the caps of the sailors, and on the many small boats swinging in readiness from the davits was the word "Wanderer."

As 'tis the Sea Hawk, everything on board the Wanderer was in the state of perfect order which old sailors designate as "ship-shape."

The crew were powerful, fierce-looking fellows, and, though there was not one man with gray hair or beard visible, all were in that golden prime of life when experience restrains the impulses of vigor without lessening its activity.

The majority of the crew was decidedly English, but accent and face told that the minority was composed of many nationalities; not an unusual thing in this day when England, in order to recruit her warships, sent press gangs on shore, and, if occasion required, did not hesitate to force into her service the sailors of merchantmen overtaken on the high seas.

When nations became robbers in self-defense, it is not to be wondered that pirates were plenty, as much for their contempt for law as their desire for plunder.

With one or two exceptions the officers were men between 30 and 40 years of age, and this was their in their majority of peers, daringly in the past, and their adventurous spirits in their stormy, restless eyes showed that they might have passed for twin brothers.

"I am Goodwill Condit," said the squire advancing to the captain with a bow, intended to be stately, and his right hand extended, "holding a commission under her majesty—whom may God preserve—as Justice of the Peace in the County of Suffolk, in the Province of New York."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Quinine as a Protection Against Cholera

Dr. Laurie, a physician well known in India, long ago asserted that he would stake his reputation on the efficacy of quinine as a prophylactic against cholera. A five-grain dose of this drug every morning while the disease is about is, he held, a sure preventive. During the epidemic of cholera in India last year, Dr. Hoehr made certain investigations which resulted in the discovery of the presence in the blood, etc., of cholera patients, of a peculiar parasitic protozoa or microbe, although whether this is the cause or result of the disease has yet to be determined. He found that this organism could not live in strong solutions of quinine, and he further found that the protective virtues of quinine were amply demonstrated during the epidemic. He now commits himself unreservedly to the opinion expressed by Dr. Laurie, and recommends the use of quinine as a prophylactic in addition to sulphuric acid. It has been his practice for years to administer one drachm doses of acid every three hours to all the inmates of a house in which the disease breaks out during the time the patient is in the house. He has given it in about 7,000 instances, and for the last three years has not seen cholera occur in any case in which it was used. If quinine is really the effective prophylactic against cholera that these eminent authorities have such excellent cause to believe it to be, this fell disease has lost its terrors, for nothing is easier and less harmful than taking a five-grain dose of the drug during the epidemic of the disease.

SIBERIA NOT A DESERT.

Its Valleys as Fertile as Those of Western America—Great Railroad System.

Siberia, coupled as its name is with stories of Russian barbarity, is not the barren, terrible land of limitless deserts which fiction and the drama have pictured it. The building of the trans-Siberian railway and the extension of lines along the northern frontier of China will greatly change the entire drama of civilization. The railroad from Vladivostock to the Ural Mountains will bring that great Russian naval station within fourteen days' journey of St. Petersburg, and along this route stations will rapidly grow into towns and offer opportunities for new and striking development.

Russia's enterprise says the Hartford Globe, stimulates that of China, not only as a matter of competitive ambition but for strategic reasons. The railways now being surveyed and completed within the Celestial Empire are numerous, and to this end many foreign engineers are employed. Soldiers and convicts are largely employed as workmen, thus cheapening the cost of labor as far as possible. The trans-Siberian railway extends to a length of nearly 5,000 miles, and it is expected to cost \$200,000,000. It is divided into six sections, each section comprising three or more divisions, and the contracts for building is given to these, thus employing a large number of contractors for limited distances.

It is a mistake to suppose that Siberia is a desert, or a glacier, or a mountain fastness, or incapable of being made habitable. The valleys are level plains, and said to be as fertile as the western portion of the United States, and it is not unlike the West in the variety of its resources—in minerals, timbers and in agricultural facilities. It is a marvelous treasure-trove of stored-up opportunities. Its wealth is practically unlimited. With the advantages of railroad communication and telegraph lines, a vast country is added to the world of civilization. The cultivation of the land and the introduction of all the elaborate machinery of enlightened life will, as scientists depict, modify the rigors of the climate, although in Southern Siberia even this obstacle does not exist.

Days of Small Things.

Long before the Revolution a young printer in Philadelphia, when he had taken off his working apron at night, used to sit poring over his dozen of old volumes by firelight. He soon knew them by heart, and hungered for more. But books were costly, and he had but little money.

He had eight or ten cronies—young men who, like himself, were eager for knowledge. Ranging his books on a shelf, he invited his friends to do the same, that each of them might have the benefit of them all.

Ben Franklin thus laid the foundation of the first circulating library, and now one of the largest in this country.

Thirty years ago a kindly German pastor, moved to pity by the condition of the homeless orphans in the city in which he lived, took three of them into his own home, appealing to Christians for aid to feed and clothe them, and to educate them into useful, good citizens.

Three great orphan asylums in different cities of the West are the result of this little effort.

A good woman in Philadelphia, twenty odd years ago, asked two or three of her friends to join her in renting a little room where they could meet occasionally to drink a cup of tea, and consult together how to help other women whose lot in the world was harder than their own.

Out of that little room has grown the stately New Century Club with its collateral Guilds, Classes and Clubs of working-women, which have helped and strengthened many thousands.

Many readers who live in inland towns are bewildered when they visit the cities by the great libraries, hospitals, associations for charity, educational or mutual aid, and wish hopefully that they had the same helps to broader and higher life in their own homes.

Let them begin with a little effort, and persist in their good work. Some good will come from every attempt of this kind. The most firmly grounded institutions are those which grow out of poverty slowly, and were not built to order.—*Youth's Companion*.

Progress of Steam.

THE UNION PACIFIC, 1892, OPERATES 10,928 MILES OF ROAD.

NEVADA HAS 1,117 OF A MILE OF TRACK TO THE SQUARE MILE.

THE DAILY EARNINGS OF A PASSENGER LOCOMOTIVE, 1892, ARE \$100.

ILLINOIS, 1892, GREATEST LENGTH OF RAILROADS, 10,213 MILES.

THE AVERAGE COST OF A PASSENGER LOCOMOTIVE, 1892, IS \$8,000.

UNITED STATES, 1892, THERE ARE 202,786 MILES OF RAILROAD TRACK.

THE COLORADO MIDLAND, 1892, ASCENDS 11,530 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

NEW JERSEY HAS A QUARTER OF A MILE OF TRACK TO THE SQUARE MILE.

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THE LONGEST RAILROAD BRIDGE SPAN IN THE UNITED STATES IS AT Poughkeepsie, 548 FEET.

Sensible Change.

There has been a decided stand against wearing crapes for some years past, but the Princess of Wales gave the coup de grace by dispensing with it during her mourning for the late Duke of Clarence. Now there is a further protest against the heavy crapes worn by widows, and doubtless before another year has come and gone the modification in this direction will be very perceptible.

One Every Three Days.

The Fayette City (Pa.) News contains the following unique advertisement:

"J. G. Sanfor, undertaker, eighteen years' experience. In the time he has buried over two thousand persons. My motto is 'Live and Let Live.' Good goods and low prices to every one."

"Well, Don?"

"The cards of two gentlemen who

"steel-yard"? Most readers would reply without hesitation that it must have been invented as the name of a certain familiar instrument for weighing, an instrument made of steel, and about three feet in length.

In point of fact, however, the word means in the beginning nothing but the yard, or court, in London, where the continental traders sold their steel. In this yard, of course, there was some kind of balance for weighing the metal—a steel-yard balance.

Language is full of such cases. "Blindfold" has nothing to do with the act of folding something over the eyes, but is "blindfolded," or struck blind. "Butter" has no connection with butter, but is, or was, a "buttery," a place for bottles.

"A 'blunderbuss' was not an awkward or ineffectual weapon, but on the contrary was so terrible as to be called a 'blunderbus,' that is to say, a 'thunderbox' or 'thunder-barrel.' The advance in the art of war is happily—or unhappily—typified by the fact that a weapon once so terrible has become an object of ridicule. Will the world ever find our present iron-clads and mortars nothing but things to laugh at?"

Enemies of the Diver.

The diver, as the reader may imagine, gets many scares when below. A fifteen-foot shark, magnified by the water, and making a bee-line for one, is sufficient to make the strongest heart quake, in spite of the assertion that sharks have never been known to attack a man in dress.

Neither is the sight of a large turtle comforting when one does not know exactly what it is, and the coiling of a sea snake around one's legs, although it has only one's hands to bite at, is, to say the least, unpleasant. A little fish called the stonelish is one of the enemies of the diver, continues a writer in the Century. It seems to make its habitation right under the pearl shell, as it is only when picking them up that any one has been known to have been bitten.

I remember well the first time I was bitten by this spiteful member of the finny tribe. I dropped my bag of shells, and hastened to the surface; but, in this short space of time, my hand and arm had so swollen that it was difficultly I could get the dress off, being unable to work for three days, and suffering intense pain the while.

Afterward I learned that staying down a couple of hours after a bite will stop any further discomfort, the pressure of water causing much bleeding of the bitten part, thus expelling the poison.

One of the strange effects that diving has upon those who practice it is the inevitable bad temper felt while working at the bottom; as this irritability passes away as soon as the surface is reached again, it is only reasonable to suppose that it is caused by the unusual pressure of the air inside the dress, affecting probably the lungs, and through them the brain.

My experience has been that while below one may fly into the most violent passion at the merest trifles, for instance, the life-line held too tight or too slack, too much air or too little, or some imaginary wrong-doing on the part of the tender or the boys above, will often cause the temper to rise. I have sometimes become so angry in a similar way that I have given the signal to pull up, with the express intention of knocking the heads off the entire crew; but as the surface was neared and the weight of air decreased my feelings have gradually undergone a change for the better, until by the time I had reached the ladder and had the face glass unscREWED I had forgotten for what I came up.

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