1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Circulates extensively in the Countles of

The Boanoke Bearon,

killed in a fight with their Spanish

his own head.

you help me.'

succeed.

NO. 15.

THE HEROES OF TODAY.

We were told that men no longer fought for Lustily, he lays about him, charging o'er the glory, as of yore, glory, as of yore,

That the uncient love of country burned in Or, on steel protected cruiser, telescope in human hearts no more:

"In this age of subtle science, valor counts for naught," they said;
"Heroes are no longer needed, and their Hearts of oak and visions watchful—these

will be conquered then, favors still the brave.
by courage, but by cunning—with ma- Though the sword of song and story hangs

Then it was that the government re-

Spanish countries for catching those

who will not surrender—a price was set on Luiz Berceo's head. Placards

were posted in Manila and throughout

ity was recognized, proclaiming a re-

one who would bring the head of the

My grandfather had frequently seen

these announcements and wondered

what sort of a man it was who caused

the captain-general so much annoy-

ance. Both the captain-general and

One afternoon the captain-general

sat alone in his office. He was in a

complacent mood, for certain docu-

ments before him related to the dispo-

sition of the surrendered insurgent

bands who had been harassing his

chosen province for the last two years.

Suddenly, without any warning, the

door opened behind him, and a man

stepped quickly in the room, at the

same time slipping the bolt again into

its place. He was dressed like a

priest in a long black gown and had a

"Peace upon you," he said, coldly,

"Who are you and what do you

"Do not talk too loud," said the

The captain-general gave a start of

terror, and his face blanched. It was

Berceo, the insurgent chief, who stood

"Listen to me, senor, and I'll tell

you what I want. You have offered

\$40,000 for my head. See. I have

brought it myself and claim the

from under his cloak a long native

"I can't very well carry Mexican dollars, I will take Spanish bank

General Macia ground his teeth in

rage, but daved do nothing except

obey. He knew well the character of

the man he was dealing with. From

a desk near by he counted out the

equivalent of \$40,000 in Bank of Spain

notes and handed them to the rebel

leader who began to back toward the

door, "Good day, senor," he said po-

litely and sprang out. A guard at the

end of the hall tried to retrain him, but

Berceo cut him down with the knife,

and then throwing off his monk's garb

he reached the street and made good

smoking on his wide veranda which

looked out upon the bay. One or two

acquaintances from the neighboring

compounds had dropped in for a chat,

but by 10 o'clock he was alone again.

As he sat dreamily gazing out at the

twinkling lights on the ships at an-

chor, he heard a step on the stairway

behind him; he thought it was his Chi-

nese servant. Soon, however, a fami-

He turned around, and there stood

"Why, Juan, what a pleasure! But

"Are we quite

how you startled me! Come, sit down,

alone, senor?" he asked, glancing

"Well, then, you want to know all about myself. I can tell you in a

My grandfather was a cool man,

'Come inside, it's damp here," he said,

and led the way to a room back of the

taken place in the last two years.

The man that had called upon him

the day he left brought evil news. His

home village had been destroyed, and

his father, a petty official up country,

had been imprisoned on some trumped-

Briefly Aguado told him what had

"Yes, entirely so; the servants have

"Senor, excuse the intrusion."

his former clerk, Juan Aguado.

and tell me all about yourself."

Aguado smiled.

word-I am Berceo."

around furtively.

gone to hed."

That same night grandfather sat

Berceo stepped nearer and drew

visitor, pushing back the cowl from

his face. "Who am I? See for your-

hood over his head.

want?"

before him.

money."

notes. Hurry!"

his escape.

liar voice spoke:

knife.

see you handed over to General Don Xavier Macia. Let me think." After a while grandfather said: "I think I have it. A captain friend of mine sails for Hong Kong on the morning breeze. If I can get you on board his ship you are safe. Come, put on some of my clothes. I don't think the authorities will be looking for you here; they don't know that Luiz Berceo is such a dear friend of mine, and I think we can get out to the ship all

guards. He had long known what

Spanish rule was in the out provinces

"By the grace of God I escaped; but

"Not knowing what I should have

done in your place, Juan," said grand-

father, slowly. "I'm not the man to

it will not be for long, unless, senor,

Talking English, they made their way quietly to the harbor front and called a sampan. They looked like two belated English captains going out to their ships,

A half a mile out in the bay lay the John Dorset, ready to weigh anchor. My grandfather hailed, and when the captain appeared, he climbed on board, leaving Aguado below in the boat. Grandfather drew the captain below and told him who the man was in the

sampan and what he wanted. Captain Higgins of the John Dorset was an old seadog of the gennine Yankee type. He liked a man who had what he called "sand for ballast," as Luiz Berceo evidently had.

"Shiver my mainmast, but I'll take him," said Captain Higgins, "He can have my cabin till we are well past Corregidor and out to sea."

This is about the end of the story. Aguado escaped safely to Hong Kong. A year or two afterward, just 'before grandfather sold out his business and started home, he received a package from a Chinese port. It contained a beautifully-jeweled Malay kris with the name "Juan Aguado" upon the blade. - Detroit Free Press.

The Last Execution at Tyburn.

The last execution at Tyburn, says a writer in Notes and Queries, took place on Friday, Nov. 7, 1783, in the person of John Austin, convicted on the preceding Saturday of robbing John Spicer and cutting and wounding him in a cruel manuer. In Walford's "Old and New London" it is erroneously said that "the last criminal execution here was one Ryland, who was hung [sic] for forgery in 1783." William Ryland was executed on Aug. 29, two months before the date of Austin's conviction, and many a poor wretch made the fatal pilgrineage to Tyburn in the interval, hanging by wholesale being the rule in those

The long procession westward had been attended by such disgraceful scenes that the authorities resolved to hang criminals henceforth outside Newgate prison, straight from the condemned cell. Accordingly, on Dec. 3, 1783, the recorder ordered the erection of a scafford in front of the jail, of which a notice and descriptive engraving appear in the Gentleman's Magazine for the same month, and on the 10th the new hanging place was inaugurated by the execution of ten malefactors.

Uses Sometimes Made of Rings.

In ancient times a seal ring served often as a letter of introduction, and to go no further, Scripture offers more than one example of its being used in this way. In earlier and in later days a ring served to identify its owner or his messenger, and not only poetry and fiction but history itself has offered many romantic instances of rings employed in this way. Some persons have cast doubts on the story of Queen Elizabeth's waiting for the ring which Essex was to send her if ever he found himself in trouble and needed her. But whether or not the story is true, it is a fact that from the time of Essex's daughter, Lady Frances Devereux, such a ring has descended from mother to daughter down to the present time. It is of fine, gold, with a cameo head of Queen Elizabeth, most exquisitely wrought, probably by some skillful Italian.

The Dreyfus "Hoodoo,"

A fatality followed the family of the late Colonel Henry of Dreyfus fame as it followed the Stnarts. He was the third member of his family within 27 years who died a tragical death. The first had the misuomer of "Fortunate Henry." He was a member of the Commune and a colonel under it in 1871. His son was Emile Henry, who dynamited the police station at the Rue des Bons Enfants and the Cafe Terminus in 1894. Colonel Henry of the general staff was summoned to give evidence before the assize court of the Seine as to the character and morals of his young kinsman. He appeared for the prosecution. Perhaps his disposition hardened the heart of the jury. He said in his coarse way, "The father was a restless Republican under the empire, the son of a restless anarchist. They were all like that in

NOT THE ONLY ONE, He Thought He Was, but He Realizes

Now That It Is Different, -but, alas, his revolution did not A young man who at the present time is willing to accept any position Next he told how he had just braved requiring close application to business, the captain-general in his very palace a high order of intelligence and a meek and wrung from him the price set upon

and uncomplaining spirit, at a moderate salary, has recently been brought to a realization of the fact that he is a mere unit in the sum total of human existence; also that a little bluffing is a dangerous thing at times.

He was working for an old-established insurance company, occupying an entire floor of a large office building in LaSalle street, and had been employed by the concern for about six months, fulfilling his duties, as he had reason to believe, with entire satisfaction to his superiors. He knew that the head bookkeeper had referred to him as "a bright young man," and that his fellow clerks regarded him with respect. The manager smiled cordially when he met him and addressed him familiarly by his Christian name. Altogether this young man felt remarkably secure in his position.

One morning he walked into the manager's room and asked if he could speak to him a moment.

'Certainly, Herbert. What is it?" said the manager, wheeling around in his chair and beaming kindly through his spectacles at his subordinate. 'Nothing serious, I hope,"

"Well, sir," said Herbert, "I wanted to tell you that I intend to leave you the first of next month."

Why, is that so?" said the manager, "Well, well, well! You don't mean to tell me that, Herbert.'

"Yes, sir, "said the young man firmly. "I find that I am getting \$1 a week less than any man in the office who is doing the work I am. I have got to have a raise or quit the first of the

"O, no, Herbert, you won't do that," said his chief, thrusting his thumb into an armhole of his waistcoat and smilin, in the same genial and benevolent way. "No, no; you won't do

"I have quite made up my mind," said Herbert.

"O, you've made up your mind, have you?" said the manager. "Yes, yes. But you won't quit the first of the month, Herbert; you'll quit right now and right here. You can tell the cashier to make out an order for your wages to the end of the week, and send it to me and I'll sign it. That's all, Herbert. Good day."-Chicago Record.

The Biggest Orang. The largest captive orang-outang in the world has just arrived at Liver-

nool. The animal stands about five feet three inches; each arm is about five feet long; the hands measure a foot each, and some of the fingers are seven inches in length.

When arms and hands are extended this magnificent monkey can stretch

It could wrestle with five men at a time, and the chances are that this handsome specimen of their ancestors would get the better of the encounter.

The animal's face is, of course, free from hair, but "the hirsute adornment" on its head is parted in the centre with a neatness that suggests that the orang-outang has just come from the barber's. Judged from man's standard of

beauty, the new arrival cannot be said to have an attractive physiognomy, The nose is sunk deep in the face,

and the massive top lip is shot out to a length prodigious even for an orangoutang.

It is an experience to see the animal

When captured the orang-outang was in the company of a baby ape. This latter the hunters shot and

laced in a cage. The grown-up orang had no more sense than to follow the corpse, and was surprised to find that there was

no exit to the cage. On the way from Borneo, whence hails the world's champion orang, the brute nearly escaped from the ship by scratching and chewing a hole in the side of the cage. - London Mail.

The Curious Pitcher Plant. Specimens of the Nepenthes Ventricosa, or pitcher plant, of the Philipine islands, have arrived at Kew. The pitchers are green, with the peristome rosy red, forming a very decided contrast, though whether the color is fully developed at present is uncertain, for those now on the plant have not been formed under the best conditions and have not reached their maximum development, owing to which the size has been taken from dried pitchers in M. Loher's collection, which, of course, were larger when alive. These dried specimens give an idea of what the plant will be like when well grown, for one branch carries eight splendid pitchers and others are but little less luxuriant. It is found in several localities in north Luzon.

It is too early yet to speak of its future as a garden plant, but there is no reason why it should not prove as amenable to cultivation as most of its allies, and owing to its novel shape it should prove a great acquisition, both for its own sake and hybridization purposes. - Philadelphia Laquirer.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Light in Darkness"-A Discourse That Will Be Comforting to the Sick and Helpless-Shut in For an All-Wise Purpose.

TEXT: "The Lord shut him in."-Genesis

Cosmogony has no more interesting chapter than the one which speaks of that catastrophe of the ages, the submersion of our world in time of Noah, the first ship carpenter. Many of the nations who never saw a Bible have a flood story—Egyptian flood story, Greeian flood story, of which Ducalion was the Noah; Hawaiian flood story, New Zealand flood story, Chinese flood story, American Indian flood story all of which accounts agree in the immer-sion of the continents under universal rains, and that there was a ship floating, with a select few of the human family and with specimens of zoological and ornitho-logical and reptilian worlds, although I could have wished that these last had been shut out of the ark and drowned.

All of these flood stories represent the ship thus afloat as finally stranded on a mountain top. Hugh Miller, in his "Testi-mony of the Rocks," thinks that all these flood stories were infirm traditions of the Biblical account, and I believe him. The worst thing about that great freshet was that it struck Noah's Great Eastern from above and beneath. The seas broke the chain of shells and crystal and rolled over the land, and the heavens opened their clouds for falling columns of water which roared and thundered on the roof of the great ship for a month and ten days. There was one door to the ship, but there were three parts to the door, one part for each of three stories. The Bible account says nothing about parts of the door belonging to two of the stories, and I do
not know on which floor Noah and his
family voyaged, but my text tells us that
the part of the door of that particular floor
on which Noah stayed was closed after he
had entered. "The Lord shut him in." So
there are many people now in the world
who are as thoroughly shut in, some by
sickness, some by old age, some by special who are as thoroughly shat in, same by special daties that will not allow them to go forth, some surrounded by deluges of misfortune and trouble, and for them my sympathies are aroused, and from them I often receive messages, and this sermon, which I

hope may do good to others, is more especially intended for them. To-day I address the shut in. "The Lord shut him in."

The world has no statistics as to the number of invalids. The physicians know something about it, and the apothecaries and the parators but who can tall us the and the pastors, but who can tell us the number of blind eyes, and deaf ears, and diseased lungs, and congested livers, and jungled nerves, and neuralgic temples, and cumatic feet, or how many took no food this morning because they had no appetite to eat, or digestive organs to assimilate, or have lungs so delicate they cannot go forth when the wind is in the east, or there is a dampness on the ground or pavement because of the frost coming out? It would go through a street, or the number of passengers carried by a railroad company in a year, or the number of those who cross the ocean in ships, but who can give us the statistics of the great muchinales who are

their superior opportunities of doing good.

Those of us who are well and can see clearly, and hear distinctly, and partake of food of all sorts, and questions of diges-tion never occur to us, and we can wade the snowbanks and take an equinox in our faces, and endure the thermometer at zero. and every breath of air is a tonic and a stimulus, and sound sleep meets us within five minutes after our head touches the pil-low, do not make so much of an impression when we talk about the consolations of religion. The world says right away: "I guess that man mistakes buoyancy of natural spirits for religion. What does he know about it? He has never been tried," But when one goes out and reports to the world that that morning on his way to business he called to see you and found you, after being kent in your room for two months. cheerful and hopeful, and that you had not one word of complaint, and asked all about everybody, and rejoiced in the success of your business friends, although your own business had almost come to a stand-still through your absence from store or office or shop, and that you sent your love to all your old friends, and told them that if you did not meet them again in this world you hoped to meet them in dominions seraphic, with a quiet word of advice from you to the man who carried the message about the importance of his not neglecting his own soul, but through Christ seeking something better than this world could give him—why, all the business men in the counting room say: "Good! Now, that is religion!" And the clerks get hold of the story and talk it over, so that the weigher and cooper and hackman standing on the doorstep say: "That is splendid! Now, that is what I call religion!"

No doubt while on that voyage Noah and his three sons and all the four ladies of the antedlluvian world often thought of

the bright hillsides and the green fields where they had walked and of the homes where they had lived. They had had many years of experiences. Noah was 600 years id at the time of this convulsion of nature. He had seen 600 springtimes, 600 summers, 600 autumns, 600 winters. We are not told how old his wife was at this wreck of earth and sky. The Bible tells the age of a great many men, but only once gives a woman's age. At one time it gives Adam's age as 130 years and Jared's age as 162 years and Enoch's age as 365 years, and all up and down the Bible it gives the age of men, but does not give the age of women. Why? Because, I suppose, a woman's age is none of our business. But all the men and women that tossed in that oriental craft had lived long enough to remember a great many of the mercles and kindnesses of God, and they could not blot out, and I think they had no disposi-tion to blot out, the memory of those brightnesses, though now they were shut in. Neither should the shut in of our time forget the blessings of the past. Have you been blind for ten years? Thank God for the time when you saw as clearly as any of us can see and let the pageant of all the radiant landscapes and illumined skies which you ever looked upon kindle your rapturous gratitude. I do not see Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisco" in the picture gal-ler, of Dresden, nor Rubens' "Poscent From the Cross" at Antwerp, nor Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" on the celling of Angelo's "Last Judgment" on the ceiling of the Vatican nor St. Sophia at Constantinople, nor the Parthenon on the Aeropolis, nor the Taj Mahāl of India, but shall I not thank God that I have seen them? Is it possible that such midnight darkness shall ever blast my vision that I cannot call them up again? Again, notice that during that forty days of storm which rocked that ship on that universal ocean of Noah's time the door which shut the captain of the ship inside the craft kept him from many out-

side perils. How those wrathful sous would like to have get their wet hands on Noan and pulled him out and sunk him! shut ins and not among the shut outs!

And do all of you of the great army of the shut in realize that, though you have special temptations where you are now, how much of the outside style of temptation you escape? Do you, the merchant incarcerated in the sick room, realize that incarcerated in the sick room, realize that every hour of the day you spend locking out of the window, or gazing at the particular figure on the wall, or listening to the clock's ticks men are being wrocked by the allurements and uncertainties of business life? How many forgeries are committed, how many trust funds are swamped, how many public moneys are being misappropriated, how many bankrupticles suffered! It may be, it is very uncomfortable for Noah inside the ark, for the apartment is crowded and the air is vittated with the breathing of so much human and animal life, but it is not half as bad for him animal life, but it is not half as bad for him as though he were outside the ark. There is not an ex, or a camei, or an antelope, or a sheep inside the ark as badly off as the proudest king outside. While you are on the pillow or lounge you will make no had bargains, you will rush into no rash investments, you will avoid the mistakes that thousands of men as good as you are every day making.

Notice also that there was a limit to the

shut in experience of those ancient marin-ers. I suppose the forty days of the deers. I suppose the forty days of the descending and uprising floods and the 150 days before the passengers could go ashore must have seemed to those eight people in the big boat like a smalleternity. "Rain, rain, rain!" said the wife of Noah. "Will it never stop?" For forty mornings they looked out and saw not one patch of blue sky. Floating around amid the peaks of mountains Shem and Ham and Japhet had to hush the fears of their wiveslest they should dash against the project. lest they should dash against the project-ing rocks. But after awhile it cleared off. Sunshine, glorious sunshine! The as-Sunshine, glorious sunshine! The as-cending mists were folded up into clouds, which instead of darkenclouds, ing the sky only ornamented it.
As they looked out of the windows these worn passengers clapped their hands and rejoiced that the storm was over, and I think if God could stop such a storm as that He could stop any storm in your life-time experience. If He can control a vul-ture in midsky, He can step a summer bat that fles in at your window. At the right time He will put the rainbow on the cloud and the deluge of your misfortunes will dry up. I preach the deetrine of limitatior, relief and disenthrallment. At just the right time the pain will cease, the bondage will drop, the imprisoned will be liberated, the fires will go out, the body and mind and soul will be free. Patience!

Notice also that on the cessation of the deluge the shut ins came out, and they built their houses and cultured their gar-dens and started a new world on the ruins of the old world that had been drowned out. Though Noah lived 350 years after this worldwide accident and no doubt his fellow passengers survived centuries T warrant they never got over talking about that voyage. Now I flave seen Dore's pictures and many other pictures of the entrance into the ark, two and two, of the human family, and the animal creation into that ship which sailed between two worlds—antidiluvian world and the post-diluvian world—but I never saw a picture of their coming out; yet their em-barkation was not more important than their disembarkation. Many a crew has entered a ship that never landed. Witentered a ship that never landed. Witness the steamer Portland, a few days ago, with 100 souls on board, going do vn with all its crew and passengers. Witness the line of sunken ships, reaching like a hmarine cable of an ocean depths from America to Europe, 1.1f any ship might expect complete wreakage, the one Noah commanded might have ex-pected it. But no; those who embarked disembarked. Over the plank reaching down the side of the ark to the Armeaian down the side of the ark to the Armenian cliffs on which they had been stranded the procession descended. No other wharf feit so solld or afforded such attractiveness as that height of Ararat when the eight passenger put their feet on it. And no sender had the last one, the invalided wife of Japheth, been helped down the plank upon the rock than the other apartments of the ship were consend and such a dash of lind. ship were opened, and such a dash of bird music never filled the air as when the entere orchestra of robin redbreast, and morning-lark, and chaffinch, and mocking bird, and house swallow took wing into the bright sky, while the cattle began to low and the sheep to bleat and the horses to neightfor sheep to bleat and the horses to neighbfor the pasture, which from the awful submergence had now began to grow green and aromatic. I tell you plainly nothing interests me more in that tragedy from the first to the last act than the "exit" and the "exeunt," than the fact that the "shut-ins" became the "got outs." And I now cheer with this story all the inmates of the sickrows and bosoitals and those nitherns. sickrooms and hospitals, and those prisons where men and women are unjustly endungeoned, and all the thousands who are bounded on the North and South and East and West by floods, by deluges of misfor-tune and disaster. The ark of your trouble, if it does not land on some earthly height of vindication and rescue, will land

on the heights celestial. And as I now find many in hurricanes of crouble, though I cannot quiet the storm, Lorn strike a match to light up the dark-ness, and I strike a match. "Whom the Lord leveth He chasteneth." I strike another match. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I strike another match. "We have a High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and He was in all points terminal like as we war." tempted like as we are." Are you old? One breath of heaven will make you everlastingly young again. Have you aches and pains? They insure Christ's presence and pains? They insure Christ's presonce and sympathy through the darkest December nights, which are the longest nights of the year. Are you bereft? Here is a resurrected Christ whose voice is full of resurrectionary power.

But do not think that heaven is made up of any indiscriminate population. Some of my friends are so generous in their theology that they would let everybody in with-out reference to condition or character. Do not think that libertines or blasphemers and rejecters of God and His gospel have "letters of credit" that will draw anything from the bank of heaven. crafts will not be permitted to go up that harbor. If there are those who as to heaven are to be "shut ins," there are those who will belong to the "shut outs." Heaven has twelve gates, and while those twelve gates imply wide open entrance for those who are properly prepared to enter them they imply that there are at least twelve possibilities that many will be shut out, because a gate is of no use unless it can sometimes be closed. Heaven is not an unwashed mob. Show your tickets or an unwashed mob. Show your tlekets or you will not get in—tickets that you may get without money and without price, tickets with a crows and a grown upon them. Let the unrepentant and the vile and the offscourings of earth enter heaven as they now are, and they would depreciate and demoralize it so that no one of us would want to enter, and those who are there would want to move out. The Bible speaks of the "withoute" as well as the "withins." Revelation xxil., 15, "Without are dogs. nevelation xxiii., 15, "Without are dogs and soreovers and whoremongers and murde-vers and idolaters and whosever leveth and maketh a lie." Through the converting, pardoning, sanctifying grace of God may we've last be found among the

chines and not with men." neglected on the wall,

Yet when first the sound of battle, borne And the musket's clumsy hammer nevermore upon the ocean breeze, shall rise and fall.

Brifted in from far Manila and from Cuba's We have men who, now and always, in a right-

Filing on their country's altar mighty deeds
of valor done.

Man's own courage fights his battles—
whether, armed with sword and shield.

When their country goes to battle, for their country date to die—
Men of wise and prudent action, men of mighty, matchless will;

And the Stars and Stripes are floating o'er a land of heroes still!

after after

THE HEAD OF A REBEL.

A TALE OF MANILA. BY R. CLYDE FORD.

The state of This is not really my own story-it intrigued successfully against the is my grandfather's. Still, since it is native troops sent to oppose him. But all in the family, I may as well tell it, he could not hold out forever, and he, and, besides, it has special interest too, was a fugitive. now, when so many people in this land are looking and longing across the Pasorted to an expedient often tried in

cific to where our flag floats over Manila bay. .In the year 1842 my grandfather, a young man of 20, shipped as common sailer on the three-masted ship Polly the islands wherever Spanish author-Ann of New Bedford, bound from New York to the Philippines with a cargo ward of 40,000 Mexican dollars to the of flour. The voyage was uneventful, and 136 days after passing Sandy Hook | insurgent leader to the authorities.

the Polly Ann dropped anchor in Pasig river, Manila. During the ship's stay there, grandfather, who was of an investigating disposition, looked the city over pretty well, and, believing there were chances | himself were soon to know. for a wide-awake Yankee to make a fortune in the islands, he, quitted the ship and tock service with a trading firm on the harbor front. In ten years he was manager of a business of his own and a man of influence among the

foreign traders. The Spaniarus, too looked up to him and respected him. As his business grew he was unable to manage all the details of the increasing trade and so called to his help a young Filipino named Juan Aguado, a bright young man, half Spanish, half Malay, who had formerly been an assistant in the packing house. Aguada possessed polished, courtly manners and Don Zavier Macia turned in his and a good education; he had received | chair. his, schooling at a monastery, and

grandfather trusted him implicitly for in the course of time he made him

chief clerk and adviser. Aguado was absolutely fearless-that was where his Malay blood showed out, grandfather would remark when he himself had occasion to refer to the story. They were out hunting one day in a jungle tract some ten or fifteen miles away from the city when they were charged by a maddened buffalo that dashed out of a water hole upon them. They both ran for cover, but grandfather by some misstep stripped on a vine and fell, and before he could regain his feet the animal was upon him. It was no time to use s gun-they were armed with nothing but light fowling pieces for pigeon shooting. When grandfather fell, Aguado, who was a little behind him, made a leap to one side to pass him; but he was not thinking of saving himself. Quickly drawing his kris, which was snother mark of the Malay in him, he rushed back upon the buf-

dead in its tracks, and grandfather crawled away with a broken arm. From that time on the two men were like brothers. Juan seemed glad that he had had an opportunity to show his regard for his employer and benefactor, and grandfather was too much of a man to be anything but generous to one who had saved his

falo and stabbed it through the neck

again and again with all the dexterity

of a veteran matador. The buffalo fell

But it was about the end of their comradeship: One day a native from up country called at the warehouse for Agusdo. They retired to a distant part of the building and talked long and quietly together. Then the stranger went away and the clerk re-

turned to his desk. That night, when it came time for Hardesing, Agnado said: "Senor, I must leave you. I am wanted at home, and it will be useless to try to detain

me. " Grandfather was surprised beyond belief, almost; but he did not try to dissuade him. He paid his arrears of salary, added a bandsome bonus and said good bye to the only man in the

East of whom he was truly fond. Two years passed and not a word. came from Agnado; but that was not very strange, for the province where he lived had been in open revolt for some time, and as the fighting on both sides' was constant and relentless, communication with Manila was prac-

tically cut off. However, as time went on the rebellion was crushed, and the insurgents were scattered or captured. The leader of the revolution, one Luiz Berceo, was a man of considerable generalship and resources, for without munitions or more he had held his ground against the Spanfards for a long time and had up charge, his two brothers had been | that branch."

sturdy race is dead, alone the day can save;
Science will decide the struggle—nations In some strange and subtle manner Fortune

ple seas, eous cause and high, taught that tis, as ever, men by When their country goes to battle, for their

-William Hurd Hillyer, in Youth's Companion.