

# PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—  
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"You shall have your three guilders and a half, and your vial to boot, Mr. Poots," replied he, as he rose from off the bed.

"Yes, yes; I know you mean to pay me—if you can. But, look you, Mynheer Philip, it may be some time before you sell the cottage. You may not find a customer. Now, I never wish to be hard upon people who have no money, and I'll tell you what I'll do. There is something on your mother's neck. It is of no value—none at all, but to a good Catholic. To help you in your strait, I will take that thing, and then we shall be quits. You will have paid me, and there will be an end of it."

Philip listened calmly; he knew that the little miser had referred—the relic on his mother's neck; that very relic upon which his father swore the fatal oath. He felt that millions of guilders would not have induced him to part with it.

"Leave the house," answered he, abruptly. "Leave it immediately. Your money shall be paid."

Now, Mynheer Poots, in the first place, knew that the setting of the relic, which was in a square frame of pure gold, was worth much more than the sum due to him; he also knew that a large price had been paid for the relic itself, and as at that time such a relic was considered very valuable, he had no doubt but that it would again fetch a considerable sum. Tempted by the sight of it when he entered the chamber of death, he had taken it from the neck of the corpse, and it was then actually concealed in his bosom; so he replied:

"My offer is a good one, Mynheer Philip, and you had better take it. Of what use is such trash?"

"I tell you not!" cried Philip in a rage.

"Well, then, you will let me have it in my possession till I am paid, Mynheer Vanderdecken—that is but fair, I must not lose my money. When you bring me my three guilders and a half and the vial I will return it to you."

Philip's indignation was now without bounds. He seized Mynheer Poots by the collar and threw him out of the door. "Away, immediately," cried he, "or by—"

There was no occasion for Philip to finish the imprecation. The doctor had hastened away with such alarm that he fell down half the steps of the staircase and was limping away across the bridge. He almost wished that the relic had not been in his possession; but his sudden retreat had prevented him, even if so inclined, from replacing it on the corpse.

The result of this conversation naturally turned Philip's thoughts to the relic, and he went into his mother's room to take possession of it. He opened the curtains—the corpse was laid out—he put forth his hand to untie the black ribbon. It was not there. "Gone!" exclaimed Philip. "They hardly would have removed it—never would—it must be that villain Poots—wretch! but I will have it, even if he has swallowed it, though I tear him limb from limb!"

Philip darted down the stairs, rushed out of the house, cleared the moat at one bound and, without coat or hat flew away in the direction of the doctor's lonely residence. The neighbors saw him as he passed them like the wind; they wondered and they shook their heads. Mynheer Poots was not more than half way to his home, for he had hurt his ankle. Apprehensive of what might possibly take place, should his theft be discovered, he occasionally looked behind him; at length, to his horror, he beheld Philip Vanderdecken at a distance, bounding on in pursuit of him. Frightened almost out of his senses the wretched pliferer hardly knew how to act; to stop and surrender up the stolen property was his first thought, but fear of Vanderdecken's violence prevented him; so he decided on taking to his heels, thus hoping to gain his house and barricade himself in, by which means he would be in a condition to keep possession of what he had stolen, or at least make some terms ere he restored it.

Mynheer Poots had need to run fast, and so he did, his thin legs bearing his shriveled form rapidly over the ground; but Philip, who, when he witnessed the doctor's attempt to escape, was fully convinced that he was the culprit, redoubled his exertions and rapidly came up with the chase. When within a hundred yards of his own door Mynheer Poots heard the bounding steps of Philip gain upon him, and he sprang and leaped in his agony. Nearer and nearer still the step, until at last he heard the very breathing of his pursuer; and Poots shrieked in his fear, like the hare in the jaws of the greyhound. Philip was not a yard from him; his arm was outstretched, when the miscreant dropped down paralyzed with terror; and the impetus of Vanderdecken was so great that he passed over his body, tripped, and after trying in vain to recover his equilibrium, he fell and rolled over and over. This saved the little doctor; it was like the double of a hare. In a second he was again on his legs, and before Philip could rise and again exert his speed, Poots had entered his door and bolted it within. Philip was, however, determined to repossess the important treasure; and as he panted he cast his

eyes around to see if any means offered for his forcing his entrance into the house. But as the habitation of the doctor was lonely, every precaution had been taken by him to render it secure against robbery; the windows below were well barricaded and secured, and those on the upper story were too high for any one to obtain admittance by them.

The door was strong, and not to be forced by any means which presented themselves to the eye of Vanderdecken. For a few minutes he paused to consider, and as he reflected, so did his anger cool down, and he decided that it would be sufficient to recover his relic without having recourse to violence. So he called out, in a loud voice:

"Mynheer Poots, I know that you can hear me. Give me back what you have taken, and I will do you no hurt; but if you will not, you must take the consequence, for your life shall pay the forfeit before I leave this spot."

This speech was indeed very plainly heard by Mynheer Poots; but the little miser had recovered from his fright, and thinking himself secure, could not make up his mind to surrender the relic without a struggle; so the doctor answered not, hoping that the patience of Philip would be exhausted, and that by some arrangement, such as the sacrifice of a few guilders, no small matter to one so needy as Philip, he would be able to secure what he was satisfied would sell at a high price.

Vanderdecken, finding that no answer was returned, indulged in strong invective, and then decided upon measures certainly in themselves by no means undecided.

## CHAPTER III.

There was part of a small stack of dry fodder standing not far from the house, and under the wall a pile of wood for firing. With these Vanderdecken resolved upon setting fire to the house, and thus, if he did not gain his relic, he would at least obtain ample revenge. He brought several armfuls of fodder and laid them at the door of the house, and upon that he piled the fagots and logs of wood until the door was quite concealed by them. He then procured a light from the steel, flint and tinder which every Dutchman carries in his pocket, and very soon he fanned the pile into a flame. The smoke ascended in columns up to the rafters of the roof, while the fire raged below. The door was ignited, and was adding to the fury of the flames, and Philip shouted with joy at the success of his attempt.

"Now, miserable despoiler of the dead—now, wretched thief, now you shall feel my vengeance," cried Philip, with a loud voice. "If you remain within, you perish in the flames; if you attempt to come out, you shall die by my hands. Do you hear, Mynheer Poots—do you hear?"

Hardly had Philip concluded this address, when the window of the upper floor furthest from the burning door was thrown open.

"Ay—you come now to beg and to entreat; but, no—no," cried Philip—who stopped as he beheld at the window what seemed to be an apparition, for instead of the wretched little miser he beheld one of the loveliest forms Nature ever deigned to mold—an angelic creature of about sixteen or seventeen, who appeared calm and resolute in the midst of the danger by which she was threatened. Her long, black hair was braided and twined around her beautifully formed head; her eyes were large, intensely dark, yet soft; her forehead high and white, her chin dimpled, her ruby lips arched and delicately fine, her nose small and straight. A lovelier face could not be well imagined; it reminded you of what the best of painters have sometimes, in their more fortunate moments, succeeded in embodying, when they would represent a beautiful saint. And as the flames wroathed and the smoke burst out in columns and swept past the window, so might she have reminded you in her calmness of demeanor of some martyr at the stake.

"What wouldst thou, violent young man? Why are the inmates of this house to suffer death by your means?"

For a few seconds Philip gazed, and could make no reply; then the thought seized him that in his vengeance, he was about to sacrifice so much loveliness. He forgot everything but her danger, and seizing one of the large poles which he had brought to feed the flame, he threw off and scattered in every direction the burning masses, until nothing was left which could hurt the building but the ignited door itself; and this, which as yet—for it was of thick oak plank—had not suffered very material injury, he soon reduced, by beating it with clods of earth, to a smoking and harmless state. During these active measures on the part of Philip the young maiden watched him in silence.

"All is safe now, young lady," said Philip. "God forgive me that I should have risked a life so precious. I thought but to wreak my vengeance upon Mynheer Poots."

"And what cause can Mynheer Poots have give for such dreadful vengeance?" replied the maiden, calmly.

"What cause, young lady? He came

to my house—despoiled the dead—took from my mother's corpse a relic beyond price."

"Despoiled the dead—he surely cannot—you must wrong him, young sir."

"No, no. It is the fact, lady—and that relic—forgive me—but that relic I must have. You know not what depends upon it."

"Wait, young sir," replied the maiden. "I will soon return."

Philip waited several minutes, lost in thought and admiration; so fair a creature in the house of Mynheer Poots! Who could she be? While thus ruminating, he was accosted by the silver voice of the object of his reveries, who, leaning out of the window, held in her hand the black ribbon to which was attached the article so dearly coveted.

"Here is your relic, sir," said the young female; "I regret much that my father should have done a deed which well might justify your anger; but here it is," continued she, dropping it down on the ground by Philip; "and now you may depart."

"Your father, maiden! can he be your father?" said Philip, forgetting to take up the relic which lay at his feet.

She would have retired from the window without reply, but Philip spoke again:

"Stop, lady, stop one moment, until I beg your forgiveness for my wild, foolish act, I swear by this sacred relic," continued he, taking it from the ground and raising it to his lips, "that had I known that any unoffending person had been in this house I would not have done the deed, and much do I rejoice that no harm had happened. But there is still danger, lady; the door must be unbarred, and the jambs, which still are glowing, be extinguished, or the house may yet be burned. Fear not for your father, maiden; for had he done me a thousand times more wrong, you will protect each hair upon his head. He knows me well enough to know I keep my word. Allow me to repair the injury I have occasioned, and then I will depart."

"No, no; don't trust him," said Mynheer Poots from within the chamber.

"Yes, he may be trusted," replied the daughter; "and his services are much needed; for what could a poor, weak girl like me, and still weaker father, do in this strait? Open the door, and let the house be made secure." The maiden then addressed Philip: "He shall open the door, sir, and I will thank you for your kind service. I trust entirely to your promise."

"I never yet was known to break my word, maiden," replied Philip; "but let him be quick, for the flames are bursting out again."

The door was opened by the trembling hands of Mynheer Poots, who then made a hasty retreat upstairs. The truth of what Philip had said was then apparent. Many were the buckets of water which he was obliged to fetch before the fire was quite subdued; but during his exertion neither the daughter nor the father made their appearance.

When all was safe, Philip closed the door, and again looked up at the window. The fair girl made her appearance, and Philip, with a low obeisance, assured her that there was then no danger.

"I thank you sir," replied she—"I thank you much. Your conduct, although hasty at the first, has yet been most considerate."

"Assure your father, maiden, that all animosity on my part hath ceased, and that in a few days I will call and satisfy the demand he hath against me."

The window closed, and Philip, more excited, but with feelings altogether different from those with which he had set out, looked at it for a minute, and then bent his steps to his own cottage.

(To be continued.)

## THE CLIENT OBEYED ORDERS.

Clemenceau Promised to Use His Influence and Did So.

M. Georges Clemenceau, who has been so prominently before the public in the Dreyfus affair as editor of the *Aurore*, told us a good story in the chamber of deputies the other day, says To-Day. Years ago, when he was the mayor of Martre and at the same time a deputy, he opened a dispensary in the quarter, where advice was given free, for Clemenceau is a specialist in skin diseases. One day he noticed that he had just one hour in which to get his luncheon and go down to the chamber, where he had to interpellate the government. He called his assistant and said: "How many more patients are there waiting?" "Six," replied the man. One after the other had his case diagnosed, and Clemenceau, after another glance at his watch, said: "Tell the other two to undress at once, as I have only two more minutes to wait." One entered and Clemenceau wrote out a prescription in the twinkling of an eye. The last man came in as naked as the day when he was born. Clemenceau eyed him for a minute and then said: "You are suffering from no skin disease. What have you come here to worry me for?" The man looked at him aghast for a minute and replied: "Skin disease? I never said I had a skin disease. Your man came and told me to undress, monsieur le depute, and I did so. All I wanted to ask you was to use your influence to get my sister a place in the postoffice in Algeria." Clemenceau smiled, took his name and did use his influence.

It should be the duty and privilege of all Christian people to help their fellowmen.—Rev. R. S. Dawson, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HOUSEHOLD ANNOYANCES,"  
LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Lord Dost Thou Not Care That My Sister Hath Left Me to Serve Alone— Bid Her Therefore That She Help Me"—Luke 10: 40.

Yonder is a beautiful village homestead. The man of the house is dead and his widow has charge of the premises. It is Widow Martha of Bethany. Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. It is Mary, the younger sister, with a book under her arm, and in her face no sign of care or anxiety about anything. Company has come. Christ appearing at the outside of the door makes some excitement inside the door. The sisters set back the disarranged furniture, arrange their hair, and in a flash prepare to open the door. They do not keep Christ waiting outside until they have newly appared themselves or elaborately arranged their tresses, and then, with affected surprise, come out, and pretending not to have heard the two or three previous knockings, say: "Why, is that you?" No, they were ladies, and always presentable, although perhaps they had not on their best. None of us always have on our best; otherwise very soon our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door and greet Christ. They say, "Good morning, Master, come in and be seated." Christ brought a company of friends with him, and the influx of so many city visitors, you do not wonder, threw the country home into some perturbation. I suppose the walk from the city had been a keen appetizer. The kitchen department that day was a very important department, and I think as soon as Martha had greeted her guests she went to that room. Mary had no anxiety about the dinner. She had full confidence that her sister Martha could get up the best dinner in Bethany, and she practically said, "Now, let us have a division of labor. Martha, you cook, and I'll sit down and learn."

The same difference you now sometimes see between sisters. There is Martha, industrious, painstaking, a good manager, ever inventive of some new pastry, discovering something in household affairs. Here is Mary, fond of conversation, literary, so full of questions of ethics she has no time to discuss questions of household welfare. It is noon. Mary is in the parlor. Martha is in the kitchen. It would have been better for them to have divided the toll, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Christ. But Mary monopolizes Christ, while Martha sweaters before the fire.

It was very important that they have a good dinner that day, for Christ was hungry, and he did not often have luxurious entertainment. Alas! if all the responsibility of that entertainment had rested with Mary. What a repast they would have had! But something went wrong in the kitchen. Either the fire would not burn, or the bread would not bake, or something was turned black that ought to have been only turned brown, or Martha scalded herself, and, forgetting all the proprieties of the occasion, with besweated brow she rushed out of the kitchen into the parlor, perhaps with tongs in one hand and pitcher in the other, and she cried out, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister has left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me?" Christ scolded not a word. If it were scolding I would rather have him scold me than anyone else bless me. There was nothing acrib in the Saviour's reply. He knew that Martha had been working herself almost to death to get him something to eat, and he appreciated her kindness, and he practically said: "My dear woman, do not worry, let the dinner go; sit down here on this couch beside your younger sister, Mary; let us talk about something else. Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful."

As Martha throws open the door, I look in today, and I see a great many household anxieties, perplexities, fatigues, and trials, and about them I am going to speak, if the Lord of Mary and Martha and Lazarus will help me by his grace.

As I look into that door, in the first place, I see the trial of non-appreciation. That was what made Martha so vexed at Mary. Mary, the younger sister, had no proper estimate of the elder sister's fatigue. Just as now, men having annoyances of store and factory and shop, or at the stock exchange, come home at night and hear of some household annoyance and they say, "Oh, that's nothing; you ought to be in a factory a day and have ten or fifteen or twenty or a hundred subordinates. Then you would know something about annoyance and trouble." O man, let me tell you that a wife and a mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, and has to be health officer, police, and president of the whole realm! She has to do a thousand things, and to do them well, in order to make things go smoothly, and that is what puts the awful tax on a woman's nerves and a woman's brain. I know there are exceptions to the rule. Sometimes you will find a woman who can sit in the arm chair of the library all day without any anxiety, or tarry on the belated pillow, and all the cares of the household are thrown upon servants who have large wages and great experience; but that is the exception. I speak of the great masses of housekeepers, to whom life is a struggle, and who at thirty years of age look as

though they were forty. The fallen at Chalons and Austerlitz and Gettysburg and Waterloo are a small number in comparison with those who have gone down under the Armageddon of the kitchen. Go out to the country and look over the epitaphs on the tombstones. They are all beautiful and poetic, but if the tombstones could tell the truth thousands of them would say: "Here lies a woman who was killed by too much mending and sewing and baking and scouring and scrubbing," and the weapon with which she was killed was a broom or a sewing machine or a ladle.

The housewife rises in the morning half rested. At an irrevocable hour she must have the morning repast ready. What if the fire will not burn? What if the clock stop? What if the mackerel has not been sent in? No matter that; it must be ready at the irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got ready for school. But what if the garments be torn? What if they do not know their lessons? What if the hat or sash is lost? They must be got ready. Then you have the duty of the day, or perhaps several days to plan out. But what if the butcher sends meat unmasterable? What if the grocer furnishes you articles of food adulterated? What if the piece of silver be lost, or a favorite chalice be broken, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur? No matter. Everything must be ready. The spring is coming, and there must be revolution in the family wardrobe, or the autumn is at hand, and you must shut out the northern blast. But how if the moth has preceded you to the chest? How if the garments of the last year do not fit the children now? What if all the fashions have changed? \* \* \*

As Martha opens the door I look in and I also see the trial of severe economy. Nine hundred and ninety-nine households out of a thousand are subjected to it, either under the greater or less stress of circumstances. It is especially so when a man smokes expensive cigars and dines at costly restaurants. He will be very apt to enjoy severe economy at home. That is what kills thousands of women—the attempt to make five dollars do the work of seven. It is amazing how some men dole out money to the household. If you have not got the money, say so. If you have, be cheerful in the expenditure. Your wife will be reasonable. "How long does the honeymoon last?" said a young woman about to enter the married state, to her mother. The mother answered, "The honeymoon lasts until you ask your husband for money." "How much do you want?" "A dollar." "A dollar! Can't you get along with fifty cents? You are always wanting a dollar." This thirty years' war against high prices, this everlasting attempt to bring the outgo within the income has exhausted multitudes of housekeepers. Let me say to such, it is a part of the Divine discipline. If it were best for you, all you would have to do would be just to open the front windows, and the ravens would fly in with food, and after you had baked fifty times from the barrel in the pantry, like the barrel of Zarephath, the barrel would be full, and the children's shoes would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness—forty years. \* \* \*

Romance and novelty may for a little while seem to be a substitute. The marriage day has only gone by, just gone by, and all household cares are atoned for by the joy of being together, and by the fact that when it is late at night it is not necessary to discuss whether it is time to go. All the mishaps of the newly-married couple in the way of household affairs are not matters of anxiety or reprehension, but merriment. The loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen, the slushy custards and jaundiced and measly biscuits! Oh, it is a very bright sunlight that falls upon the cutlery and mantel ornaments of a new home! Romance and novelty will do for a little while, but after a while the romance is all gone and there is a loaf to be made, a loaf that cannot be sweetened by any earthly condiments, and cannot be flavored with any earthly flavors, and cannot be baked in any ordinary oven. It is the loaf of domestic happiness. All the ingredients from heaven. Fruit from the tree of life and sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom, and baked in the oven of home trial. God only can make that loaf. You can cut it, but it takes God to make it.

Solomon wrote out of his own miserable experience—he had a wretched home—no man can be happy with two wives, much less with seven hundred—and out of his wretched experience he wrote: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Oh, the responsibilities of housekeepers! Kings, by their indigestion, have lost empires, and generals, through indigestion, have lost battles. One of the great statisticians says that out of a thousand unmarried men thirty were criminals, and out of a thousand married men only eighteen were criminals, showing the power of home. And, oh, the responsibility resting upon housekeepers! By the food they provide, by the couch they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influence they bring around the home, they are helping to decide the physical, the intellectual, the moral, the eternal welfare of the human race. Oh, the responsibility! That woman sits in the house of God to-day, perhaps, entirely unappreciated. She is the banker of her home, the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk; and ever and anon there is panic. God knows the anxieties and the cares, and he knows that this is not a useless sermon, but that there are multitudes of hearts, waiting for the distillation of the Divine mercy and solace in their hour of trials and

their home duties and their own fatigues. The world hears nothing about them. They never speak about them. You could not with the agonies of an inquisition bring the truth out of them. They keep it still. They say nothing. They endure, and will until God and the judgment right their wrongs. Oh, but says some sister, "Are you not trying to show that all a woman's life at home is one of self-sacrifice?" Yes, my sister, and that is the only kind of life worth living. That has been the life of Florence Nightingale; that was the life of Edward Payson; that was the life of the Lord Jesus Christ; that is the life of every man or woman that is happy—a life of self-sacrifice. Those people living for themselves—are they happy? Find me one. I will give you all the nations of the earth to find me one. Not happy, no, not happy. It is the self-sacrificing people that are happy, for God pays so largely, so gloriously, so magnificently, in the deep and eternal satisfactions of the soul. Self-sacrifice. We all admire it in others. How little we exercise it! How much would we endure; how much would we risk for others? A very rough schoolmaster had a poor lad that had offended the laws of the school, and he ordered him to come up. "Now," he said, "take off your coat instantly and receive this whip." The boy declined, and more vehemently the teacher said, "I tell you, now, take off your coat; take it off instantly." The boy again declined. It was not because he was afraid of the lash; he was used to that in his cruel home. But it was for shame; he had no undergarments, and when at last he removed his coat there went up a sob of emotion all through the school as they saw why he did not wish to remove his coat, and as they saw the shoulder-blades almost cutting through the skin. As the schoolmaster lifted his whip to strike, a roseate, healthy boy leaped up and said, "Stop, schoolmaster; whip me. He is only a poor chap; he can't stand it; whip me." "Oh," said the teacher, "it's going to be a very severe scourging. But if you want to take the position of a substitute, you can do it." The boy said, "I don't care; whip me; I'll take it; he's only a poor chap. Don't you see the bones almost come through the flesh?" Whip me. And when the blows came down on the boy's shoulders, this healthy, robust lad made no outcry; he endured it all uncomplainingly. We all say "Bravo!" for that lad. Bravo! That is the spirit of Christ! Splendid! How much scourging, how much chastisement, how much anguish will you and I take for others? Oh, that we might have something of that boy's spirit! Aye, that we might have something of the spirit of Jesus Christ; for in all our occupations and trades and businesses, and all our life, home life, foreign life, we are to remember that the sacrifice for others will soon be over.

## TAKE IT PHILOSOPHICALLY.

One of the Lessons That All of Us Must Learn.

It is a question which is the most difficult thing to do—to take victory modestly or to bear up cheerfully under defeat, says the *Detroit Free Press*. Perhaps there are more people who are able to subdue themselves and their pride when victory crowns their efforts than there are able to give the victor a heartfelt and cheerful sympathy when they themselves are the vanquished. It is certainly hard not to feel downcast, or sometimes even angered, when things turn out against one's wishes and against one's efforts. In a game of marbles the fellow who loses feels a weight on his heart for hours. In a game of ball the losers are forever saying, "If this had not happened just as it did," or, "If we had a chance to do that at the proper time we could have won." In the deeper and more weighty games of life it is much the same and men are forever making excuses for their failures. But tell us, little lad, what if you have lost a half-dozen of your marbles, does the sky lose thereby any of its blue? Or has not the sport paid well for the losing? And you who have lost the ball game, has that damaged your character any? Has it taken away any of your friends? Have you not even more in your stock of experience than you had before? After all, it is but a game, and all games must be lost and won. Would you always be the winner? Then, should you wish to see your neighbors, your friends, your business rivals always defeated, the game of life would lose its zest. Is it not the better policy to do one's best and let come what will? If the result is favorable we can then be glad; not losing sight of the fact that some one has lost in the contest. And if lost is our part then ought we to take the result as cheerfully as if it had been victory, knowing full well that there has been no harm done to our true characters, and the world will wag on just as evenly as before. Is it a money loss? We can and will be just as happy without the stuff, and it may be doing much more good to him who has it than it did to ourselves. To take victory and defeat with equal modesty, cheerfulness and thoughtfulness for the other fellow—that is the real success, and along this line should be the training and this should be the true object of every game and every contest.

## Dust from Smoke.

A cigarette smoker sends into the air about 4,000,000 particles of dust at every puff, according to Dr. Atkins' investigations.

Character gives splendor to youth and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs.—Emerson.