

## WINTER UP THIS WAY.

Well, Dorcas, I've been thinkin' of our summer folks to-day,  
How hard they thought our lot must be in winter up this way;  
But none in all their crowded streets this mornin' saw the sight  
Of sunshine over plains of snow and on the mountains white,  
And after mornin' chores was done, the deestrick all turned out  
To break the roads and neighbor some, with many a hearty shout;  
Till, jest beyond Five Corners, from the deep drifts we set free  
With letters, books and magazines, our griddy R. F. D.

Hark, Dorcas! There the young folks come, that's Nathan's bugle horn!  
I smell molasses bilin', and another—that's popcorn;  
I brought a tray of apples up, big greenin's, Northern Spies,  
And I do say they can't be beat for flavor and for size.  
'Tis merry music, mother, when the young folks take the floor,  
And Boreas knows he's beaten when he whistles round the door.  
I wish the city folks to-night could jest look in a while,  
Perhaps their anxious faces would reflect a happy smile.

Yes, Dorcas, yes, I know it, life is more than meat and drink;  
We love the winter days because they give us time to think.  
'e look beyond the glory of the shinin', snowy hills,  
And see a fairer country, which a brighter glory fills;  
A light that shines upon us with a wondrous power to cheer,  
And lift our hearts with hope and praise through all the toilin' year.  
And so I wish our summer folks could find a day's release,  
And visit us in winter, in the mountain we call Peace.

—Youth's Companion.

## Treasure of Laguna Cave

HERE a canyon opens out half-bowl-like to the sea in Laguna, a tiny place far from a railroad. There the beach terminated on either hand by rocks, and on them the wild Pacific rears its breast; or here lies purring on warm sand like a cat upon a hearth.

From El Toro the stage comes rattling through the canyon at dusk, and deposited Harrison Ratcher and wife at the largest of those wooden houses that face the beach. On the porch was a sign, "Rooms for Rent."

They, an eager young couple, entered a large living apartment; and Mrs. Miggs sat there knitting. In a corner, bent over a table, whereupon were cards, which told the hours of high and low tide, sat a very old man.

"Here we are again!" cried Jennie Ratcher. "Just as last year, ready for another vacation. How is the crop of abalones?"

She gave Mrs. Miggs an enthusiastic sign.

"You see," said Ratcher, "we're so glad to get out of Los Angeles and the curio store that we want to jump right into the sea. We'll gather abalones. The demand for shells is big at the store."

Plump, placid Mrs. Miggs pointed a thumb to her pile of abalone shells under a window. She had sharks' eggs in a bowl, starfish on the wall, and barnacles and things all over the house.

"See," she said, "how many old Mr. Jones has got for me."

Old Jones was mumbling in his beard: "9:43 a. m., December the third. Lowest in sixty-two years. Two more days."

Some of the shells had been ground, and glowed with the light and coloring that have made California shells famous.

"If they are so plentiful," cried Jennie, "we can make our vacation expenses out of abalones. Oh, Mrs. Miggs, how we have slaved! And poor Harrison half sick! We are building up a trade; and in a few years, maybe, we shall be out of debt!"

Old Jones here arose and faced Jennie, who was a picture of optimism and health. There was a wide smile on his countenance, which was haggard and startling.

"Come here!" said Jones, and toddled to a window. The Ratchers stared where he pointed. His voice was like the rustling of damp papers. "Down that way there ain't none." He swept his hand to the south. His eye on them dilated. "Don't go that way. Go up this way!" He swept his bony hand to the north.

"Oh, thanks!" said Jennie, inclined to edge away from him. And Ratcher laughed big bass gratitude at the information.

"How old are you?" shouted Ratcher. "Oh, don't yell," said Jones. "Ninety-five. I'll go to bed."

He mumbled, and went up the stairs. His old legs wobbled. He was saying to himself: "9:43, December the third. Lowest in sixty-two."

Up he climbed; now his head disappeared; now his withered trunk; now his rickety legs. They heard his footfalls, soft and strange, along an upper hall. Old Jones had left a chill behind.

"Who is that peculiar person?" Jennie whispered to Mrs. Miggs.

"Some old sailor," was the Miggs' reply. "He came two years ago, and was always studying the tides, just as now; and seemed to be watching for something that didn't occur; and then of a sudden he dropped out of sight. A week ago here he was again, toddling in."

Next day the winter sun was warm

Mrs. Ratcher was an inspiring thing in her bathing suit, running down over the sand like an antelope, more health in her than in three ordinary men. And into the sea she plunged, shouting, her jolly, big hollow-chested husband after. When they emerged, yonder was old Jones gazing at them through a window.

"He makes me cold," shuddered Jennie, stopping in a laugh.

But Ratcher roared with merriment. Then Jones' peculiar head was thrust far out over the roof of Mrs. Miggs' porch, and while the haggard face smiled widely bland, the head wagged three times to the north. Jones shut one eye as he wagged.

"Horrors, what does the creature mean?" said she.

"He means to hunt to the north. He said that there are no abalones to the south."

"Mercy, let's do it, and get out of his sight," she said; and went skimming the sand and leaping the rocks, he after, in the search for abalones.

After an hour, when she had been felled by a billow, she poked her glowing head up through its crest and behold! the eye of old Jones. Old Jones was seated on a crag seventy feet high.

"Horrors!" she said; "look at him."

Ratcher paused with a mammoth yellow abalone in his hand, and stood in four feet of water, gazing up as though Jones had been a comet. Old Jones' horrible head was thrust out further over the uneven edge of his precipice, and wagged three times, majestic, yet ghastly, to the north. He shut one eye as he wagged.

"What a lugubrious mortal!" said she.

That night old Jones seemed feeble as he sat in Mrs. Miggs' house, mumbling over his tide-cards. Now and then his old eye gazed at Jennie, suspicious and uneasy. She was so alarmingly healthy, no wonder she got upon the nerves of anybody so near his grave as old Jones. Mrs. Miggs was stringing limpet shells from the hanging lamp. Mrs. Miggs had big red crawfish in a pan. Old Jones went up to bed in ramshackle way; his head disappeared; his trunk; his legs. They heard his rustling footfalls grow faint in the hall above.

The walls of that house were very thin. In the night, Jennie Ratcher awoke from her vigorous sleep with a sense of queerness. But all she heard was old Jones in a distant room mumble and ramble in wakefulness; and say: "Two more days. Oh, me."

Had Mrs. Ratcher not been one of the most extraordinarily healthy women that ever drew breath, she would have slept no more. But she did sleep—shades! how Mrs. Harrison Ratcher could sleep!

The following afternoon, again in bathing suit and gamboling beyond all reason, she went over the rocks with her husband, who grinned, half-stupefied at her vim. To the rear she saw old Jones creeping out of the house with his eye fastened on her.

"Harrison," she whispered, where Mr. Ratcher stood poised on a crag, and hugged him in the sight of gossiping seagulls "that old thing yonder—he's fooling us. I see right through him. Ugh! See his bad eye! I know that there must be oodles of abalones under those southern rocks, and what that old specimen says is intended to deceive. I'm going to slip down and go to that very place."

And he rubbed her nose on Mr. Ratcher's cheek, as though she were whetting it, then charged down jagged places to the sea. When she was hid down there she crept southward to the spot where the rocks end and the

beach begins. Away across the sand she flew.

Yonder across the gap the southern rocks rose, and Ratcher saw her disappear among them; then perceived old Jones, fifty yards behind him, stare, wag his head, and grow agitated. Of a sudden, down over the rocks and out across the sand to the south, queer Jones, with rickety haste, eyes ablaze, went toddling. And Ratcher sat down on the rocks and shook with laughter, but later followed Jones.

Jennie, making flying leaps over incredible gulfs between rocks, was finding quantities of abalones.

"That shameless old codger!" cried she, and stood gazing round at the wild spot wherein she found herself, or sticking her toe into the sea-anemones to see them shut up round it and squirt. Then she felt a chill, and turned quickly to look up. Over a rock that hung above her, projected the ragged head of Jones, twelve feet distant, against the unfathomable California sky.

"Mercy! Get away," said Mrs. Ratcher.

"Say, come out," rustled old Jones. His countenance had a dreadful look. "Come north, along of me, to where your husband is. I'll tell you about Dana."

"About what?"

"I sailed with Dana," cried the old man, hoarsely, over the rock. "With Richard Henry Dana in the Pilgrim away back in the thirties. You read 'Two Years Before the Mast'?"

"Oh, surely!" cried Mrs. Ratcher, making such a jump to the shore that Jones rubbed his eyes.

"Come away; I'll show you where we threw the hides down," he said.

"Hurrah!" cried Mrs. Ratcher; and sprinted on the sands to meet Ratcher. "What do you think! This old exhibit was with Dana."

The exhibit came toddling along. "Here," he mumbled, excited, pulling them by the clothes. "You can't see the place unless you come away to the north."

Old Jones could make pretty fair time himself when he had a mind to. Ratcher was laughing, to Jennie's disgust, and she hit him on the back. But it was all tragic to Jones. The sweat stood out on his brow.

When they came to the summit of the northern rocks, he stood wind-shaken and dispirited under the circling gulls, and pointed to a distant cliff.

"Yonder," he said, "we threw them down. The ship was gathering hides from the Mexicans to sell in Boston. To every old mission up and down the coast we went. Oh, me. Queer days. The captain was a tough one. At San Juan Capistrano, behind that mountain, they collected many, and brought 'em yonder. We climbed up there, and threw them to the beach. Oh, how they would skin and fly like birds! Oh, me. And right in the middle of that cliff they let Dana down by a rope for one that stuck. Seems yesterday. Dana was a brave striplin', but he had a mean streak."

"What!" cried Jennie, rebelling.

"Yes," said Jones, "he done me dirt."

The old man would say no more. Watchful, feeble, he clung to Ratcher and his wife all day like a leech. They agreed to go south no more till they could do it secretly. They felt sorry for the wobbling old codger.

At night Mrs. Ratcher ate dozens of slices of bacon, not to mention eggs.

"Oh, Mrs. Miggs!" she whispered, "I know we can pay for our vacation with abalones. The sea is so good for Harrison! In three years we will be out of debt, and maybe build a house of our own."

And Mrs. Miggs rattled a new kind of claims that she had in her pocket, and laughed her easy laugh.

Jennie slept like a top, an extraordinary, a miraculous slumber, till 2 a. m. And then up she woke of a sudden although she meant business for certain. She heard a rustling outside her door. Ah—to be sure. But two things in the world rustled like that—old Jones' feet. She was going to see, was Mrs. Ratcher, and creeping to the door, opened it a crack. At the end of a corridor was a gable window over the sea, and through it moonshine fell. She came close, and found Jones with his head sticking out in the moonshine, staring at the Pacific. He seemed to be crazy and in pain. He wept piteously.

"I will not live to find it," he said. "I am dead. Oh, the tides! You white lunatic moon, you make them. I see the Pilgrim now. Captain, we'll get them down. Oh, captain, don't flog me no more, I'm old. I never done no harm to you. Don't beat me no more. I can't see where the place is in the rocks; it was in that direction; the tide has never been low enough. These modern houses bother me. But it will be low enough. Why couldn't it have been to-night?"

He put his head down and sobbed. Jennie Ratcher picked him right up, and bundled him to bed; just hustled him right along. Then she slept like a top till ten minutes of eight, and Mrs. Miggs' ham rose through the whole house on the breezy wings of the morning.

This day Jones was too feeble to get

up, a fact which crazed him the more; when they went out to hunt for abalones they left him raving. Mrs. Miggs, scared, was sending off for the doctor.

"I'm going right where he said not to go," said Jennie. "There's some mystery about that. Anyhow, there are oodles of abalones."

They went, free of old Jones and his eye at last. Everybody in Laguna had remarked on the tide to-day, lowest in sixty-two years, when Mrs. Ratcher plunged into the sea under the southern rocks. It enabled one to hunt abalones to the best advantage, and the sea was as smooth as a new Los Angeles cement sidewalk.

"Mercy me!" cried she. "What's this?"

Ratcher floundered there, and saw a hole in the rock which the falling tide had partially disclosed.

"A cave!" carolled Mrs. Ratcher, and waded in water nearly to her neck, only to return in glee and send Ratcher for a candle. Ratcher was back in a minute with that article.

"Old Jones is in a horrible way," said Ratcher. "Yelling at the top of his voice that he will die. Just screeching it!"

"I don't believe him," said Jennie. "Here goes."

And they floundered in. This cave was short, and led up out of water to the center of those rocks, and there stopped. It was an ugly place, with scarcely a thing worth seeing.

"Shoot," said Jennie; "who cares for a stupid old cave?"

"What's this?" cried Ratcher, holding the candle to a rock. She came and found a little lead box, and tried to open it. It would not open. She lifted it, and bit the clasp with her teeth; literally chewed the clasp off. Oh, Jennie was somewhat of a wonder.

A gap in the narrative, like a nick in an old blue soup-plate. The Ratchers have prohibited the disclosure of the nature of that treasure. But it was splendid!

They stared at those things; and at each other.

"Golly," said Jennie; "we'll just take these, thank you."

"But here's a paper," he said.

"Let's get out, the tide will get us!" cried Mrs. Ratcher. They looked the old hole pretty well over first, and then waded out in the water up to her glowing neck. Outside, they sat and read the paper, she stowing those splendid things somewhere in the neighborhood of her bosom. Here are the contents:

"Keep out. Git away. These things is charmed. The devil will foller him who takes I stole these here things me and Bill when we went to get hides from a Mexican named Juan Carrillado. We were getting them hid in the ship when Dana found it out. Dana made a row he says if we didn't take them back he'd do it. We thought he was going to give us away, and when the tide was low we come and hid them in this here cave what Bill found when we went huntin' abalones with the cook. \* \* \* We told Dana we took them back to Carrillado. The ship sail to-night but she'll be back here in a month and me and the devils will git you. Hands off! This is to warn anybody that finds these here things that they are charmed and the devil will eternal foller him who takes."

They sat and pondered for some time.

"That knocks the bottom out of it," said Jennie. "We'll have to hunt Juan and turn them over."

"Doubtless he's dead," said Ratcher. "Why, there'll be some children or something. Why, Harrison, you wouldn't steal?"

"I never have yet," snorted Ratcher. They hurried back to Mrs. Miggs'.

"How's Jones?" they asked.

"Dead," she said, cool.

"Oh," they replied; and, of course, everybody was solemn till after the funeral. Poor old Jones, who cawed? Oh, ninety-five years! Oh, progress of the human race while old Jones wandered! What matter his coffin, his unloved remains, his grave upon a hill?

On a gray day, Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher visited an old cemetery at San Juan Capistrano, accompanied by a priest.

"I am told," said the priest, scratching in the dust upon a stone, "that the last of the Carrillados lies here." They looked; they could just make out:

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• FALLECIO •  
• 1883 •  
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And Jennie, having an uncontrollable vision of a possible house of her own, said, slowly, with scandalous levity repressed: "R.—I.—P."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Only a Matter of Time.

Holden—There goes a young man who is above the average. He is playing in hard luck now, but he'll come out on top some day.

Olden—Yes, I suppose he will get paid, just like the rest of us, in time.

You often see things preserved in alcohol. Ever occur to you that some people are preserved in alcohol?

## A WONDERFUL TRAVELER.

Has Journeyed 300,000 Miles in Interest of Christian Endeavorers.

One of the greatest travelers of the present age is Dr. Francis E. Clarke, founder and head of the Christian Endeavor Society. He has traveled nearly 30,000 miles a year for the past ten years in the interests of the society, and may more than duplicate this during the next decade.

Modern methods of spreading the principles of a great religious work cannot be better illustrated than in the record of Dr. Clarke. Thanks to the marvels of modern transportation, he is able to girdle the world in a period that once would have been considered incredible. His journeys are entirely representative of the modern methods of spreading the gospel, and the complete antithesis of the old-time wanderings of the missionary who traveled before the day of steam.

Those holy men who carried the cross and the book into the wilds of America, among the savage tribes traveled laboriously, on foot, or in canoes, making but a few miles a day at their best pace, and resting long sometimes entire seasons, at hospitable points. Their journeys lasted years and their labors were unknown to their contemporaries.

Dr. Clarke, though technically not a missionary, represents a potent influence in modern church work. As a church organizer he has no equal. The membership of the society he created numbers about 4,000,000 persons, chiefly young, in various parts of the globe. The pledge of the society is disseminated in fifty different languages and dialects, and more than 30,000,000 copies of it have been circulated.

With such a vast body of young church workers following out the line of organization laid down by him, Dr. Clarke finds the world his field, and time and space inconsiderable elements in his plans for carrying out the duties of his leadership. Should he receive a call, for example, from Australia, stating that his presence was much needed at a convention of Endeavorers there, he would pack his grip, take along a member of his family to bear him company, and set his face toward the antipodes. In a few months, with a record of 25,000 to 40,000 miles of travel behind him, he would be back in this country, pursuing the even tenor of his way as editor of his Christian Endeavor newspaper and leader of meetings and conventions held in the home of the society, which is in Tremont Temple, Boston.

In this manner Dr. Clarke has covered 300,000 miles, and during his entire wanderings over almost every sea and land has never met with a serious accident.

## UNDERGROUND FIGHTING.

"Sapper" Tells How One Wall at Port Arthur Was Opened.

One hour before midnight you could see once more the same men who had applied the explosives in the bay making for their victim. The foundation of the caponiere was made of concrete, sand and steel plates. It could turn the largest and most powerful shells ever manufactured by man into a loud and foolish joke. The men carried this time a larger quantity of gunpowder. This they applied to the cracks made by the former explosion. The white heat fuse was applied. The report certainly handed the serene silence of the midnight without mercy, tore it into pieces. This time there was a large rent made in the wall. Night, once more, rocked the confusion back to peace and then came into the rent a number of Russian heads. Some of us laughed. Quick as a flash the rifles of our men greeted them. Wide as the rent was it was not quite sufficient for men in haste to pass, and for the third time we made the preparation of explosives. At 14 minutes past 4, in the still dark hours of the 28th, the earth about us shuddered as it had never shuddered before, and we saw a hole in the wall that was over one meter in width and considerably over one meter in height. Through this hole our engineer threw in over twelve sacks of explosives. The caponiere choked with fume and smoke. The ash gray of the breaking day and the most sinister gray of the smoke from the explosives creeping like cowardly ghosts from the hole in the wall was broken by silvery flashes here and there. They were the icy blades of our men rushing into the caponiere through the confusion of the explosion. A crash of arms, groans, sounds of falling bodies, of broken steel, shrieks with which the life flew away from the clay, all mingled and melted in a confusion far beyond pen and brush. A few moments later the sun-round flag waved from out of a forlorn hole over the covered caponiere a welcome to the new-born day.—Leslie's Monthly.

The more a man preaches to his neighbors the less they practice.