

SELF-RELIANCE.

When the clouds are lowering o'er thee,
And, in loneliness and sorrow,
Thou dost see no star before thee
Heralding a bright tomorrow.

"LAL" RYDQUIST;
A Story of the Land and Sea.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, IN ALL
THE YEAR ROUND.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"It would be no use at all," said Lal;
"and if we are to remain friends, Captain
Wattles, you will never speak of this again."

"I will not," he replied, "until the
right moment. Then, with your little
savings and mine, we will go back to the
States. I know what we will do when
we get there. There's an old ship-building
yard at Portsmouth which only wants a
few thousand dollars put into it. We will
put our dollars into that yard, and we will
build ships."

"You had better give up thinking of
such nonsense," said Lal.
"Thought is free, Miss Lal. The time
will come. Is it in nature to go on
crying all your life for a man as dead as
Abraham Lincoln? The time will come."

"Enough said, Captain Wattles," Lal
said. It was in her own room, and she
was busy with her accounts. "You
can go now, and you need not come
back any more unless you have something
else to say. I thought you were a
sensible man. Most American Captains
I know are as sensible as Englishmen
and Norwegians."

Captain Wattles rose slowly.
"Wal," he said, "you say so now. I
expected you would. But the time will
come. I'm not afraid of the other men.
As for Cap'n Borlinder, he is not fit
company for a sweet young thing like
you. He would beat his wife, after a
while, that man would. He drinks
nobblers all day, and swaps lies with
any riff-raff who will stand in a bar and
listen to him. You will not lower yourself
to Cap'n Borlinder. As for the
Norwegian, he is but a poor
soft shell; you might as well marry a
gull. I shan't ask you yet, so don't be
afraid. When your old friends drop
away one by one, and you feel a bit
lonesome with no one to talk to, and
these bills always on your mind, and
the house over your head like a cage
and prison, I shall look in again, and
you shall hold out your pretty hand,
and you will sweetly say: 'Cap'n
Wattles, you air a sailor and a
temperance man; you subscribe to a
missionary society and have once been
a teacher in a Sunday-school; you have
traded Bibles with natives for coral and
ivory and gold dust; you air smart; you
air likewise a kind-hearted man, who
will give his wife her head in every-
thing, with Paris bonnets and New
York frocks; your name is Barnabas,
the Son of Consolation.'"

Don't run away, Miss Lal. I've said
all I wanted to say, and now I am going.
Business takes me to Liverpool to-night,
and on Thursday I sail again for Baltimore."

CHAPTER VI.

THE MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

It was, then, in October, eighteen
hundred and seventy-nine, that Dick,
the Malay, made his appearance and
told his tale. Having told it he
remained in the house, attaching himself,
as by right, to Lal, whose steward he
became, as he had been steward to
Rex.
The thing produced, naturally, a
profound sensation in the Captains'
room, whether Dick was invited to repeat
his performance, not once, but
several times.

It was observed that, though substantially
the same, the action always
differed in the addition or the withdrawal
of certain small details, the interpretation
of which was obscure. One or
two facts remained certain, and were
agreed upon by all; an open boat, a
long waiting, a rescue, either by being
picked up or by finding land, and then
one or two fights, but why, and with
whom, was a matter of speculation.
Captain Zachariassen remained obstinate
to his theory. There was a widow,
there was a marriage, there was a
baby, there were conjugal rows, and
finally a prison in which Rex Armiger
still remained. How to fit the pantomime
into these wonderful details was a
matter of difficulty which he was always
endeavoring to overcome by the help
of the more obscure gestures in the
mummicking.

The general cheerfulness of the house
was naturally much elevated by this
event. It was, indeed, felt not only
that hope had returned, but also that
honor was conferred upon Rydquist's
by so mysterious and exciting a revelation.

hoping to get some light thrown upon
the loss of their ship.

Captain Zachariassen took the chair
for the performance, so to speak, and
expounded the principal parts, taking
credit for such mummicking as no other
house could offer.

The Director learned nothing definite
of the pantomime, but came away
profoundly impressed with the belief
that their officer, Captain Armiger, was
living.

The Malay, now domesticated at Seven
Houses, was frequently invited of an
evening to the Captains' room, where
he went through his performance.—
Captain Zachariassen always in the chair
—for every new comer, and was a
continual subject of discussion. Also there
were great studyings of charts, and
mappings out of routes, with calculations
as to days and probable number of
knots. And those who had been in
Chinese and Polynesian waters were called
upon to narrate their experiences.

The route of a steamer from Hong
Kong to Moreton Bay is well known
and easily followed. Unfortunately, the
Malay's pantomime left it doubtful of
what nature was the disaster. It might
have been a piratical attack, though that
was very unlikely, or a fire on board, or
the striking on a reef.

"Her course," said Captain Holstius,
laying it down with Lal for the fiftieth
time, "would be—so—E. S. E. from
Hong Kong, north of Luzon here; then
due S. E. between the Pelews and Carolines,
through Dampier Straits, having
New Guinea to the starboard. Look at
these seas, Lal. Who knows what have
happened? And how can we search for
him over three thousand miles of sea,
among so many islands?"

How, indeed? And yet the idea was
growing up strong in both their minds
that a search of some kind must be
made.

And then came help, that sort of help
which our pious ancestors called Providential.
What can we call it? Blind
chance? That seems rather a long drop
from benevolent Providence, but it
seems to suit a good many people now-
adays almost as well—more's the pity.

Two months after the Malay's
appearance, while winter was upon us
and Christmas not far off, when the church-
yard trees were stripped of leaf, and the
vine about the window was trimmed,
the garden swept up for the season, and
the parrots brought indoors, and Ryd-
quist's made snug for bad weather,
another person called at the house,
bringing with him a message of another
kind. It was no other than the doctor
of the Arya, Rex's old ship. He bore
something round, wrapped in tissue
paper. He carried it with great care,
as if it was something very precious.

The time was evening, and Lal was in
her room making up accounts. In the
Captains' room was a full assemblage,
numbering Captain Zachariassen, Cap-
tain Borlinder, who purposed to spend
his Christmas at Rydquist's and to con-
sume much grog, Captain Holstius,
Captain Barnabas B. Wattles, whose
business had again brought him to Lon-
don, and two or three Captains who
have nothing to do with this history
except to fill up the group in the room
where presently an important function
was to be held.

At present they were unsuspecting of
what was coming, and they sat in solemn
circle, the Patriarch at the head of the
table, getting through the evening, all
too quickly, in the usual way.

"This was picked up," the doctor
said, still holding his treasure in his
hands as if it was a baby, "in the Bay
of Bengal, by a country ship sailing
from Calcutta to Monheim; it must
have drifted with the currents and the
wind, two thousand miles and more.
How it contrived never to get driven
ashore or broken against some boat, or
wreck, or rock, or washed up some
creek among the thousands of islands
by which it floated, is a truly wonder-
ful thing."

"Oh, what is it?" Lal cried.
He took off the handkerchief and
showed a common wide-mouthed bot-
tle, such as chemists use for effervescing
things.

"It contains," he said solemnly,
"poor Rex Armiger's last letter to you.
The skipper who picked it up pulled out
the cork and read it. He brought it to
our office at Calcutta, where, though it
was written to you, we were obliged to
read it, because it told how the Philip-
pine was cast away; for the same reason
our officers read it."

"His last letter?"
"Yes, his last letter. It is dated
three years ago. We cannot hope—no,
it is impossible to hope—that he is still
alive. We should have heard long ago
if he had been picked up."

"We have heard," said Lal. She
went in search of the Malay, with whom
she presently returned. "We have
heard, doctor. Here is Rex's steward,
who came to us two months ago."

"Good heavens! it is the dumb Malay
steward who was with him in the boat."

"Yes. Now look, and tell me what
you read."

She made a sign to Dick, who went
through, for the doctor's instruction, the
now familiar pantomime.

"What do you think, doctor?"
"Think? There is only one thing to
think, Miss Rydquist. He has escaped.
He is alive, somewhere, or was when
Dick last saw him—though how this
fellow got away from him, and where he
is—"

"Now give me his letter."

It was tied round with a green ribbon—
a slender roll of paper, looking as
if sea-water had discolored it.

The doctor took it out of the bottle
and gave it to her.

"I will read Rex's letter," she said,
quietly, "alone. Will you wait a little
for me, doctor?"

She came back in a quarter of an

hour. Her eyes were heavy with tears,
but she was calm and assured.

"I thank God, doctor," she said; "I
thank God most humbly for preserving
this precious bottle and this letter of my
dear Rex—and my poor Rex—and I thank
you, too, and your brother officers, whom
he loved, and who were always good to
him, for bringing it home to me. For
now I know where he is, and where to
look for him, and now I understand it
all."

"If he is living we will find him,"
said the doctor. "Be sure that we will
find him."

"We will find him," she echoed.
"Yes, we will find him. Now, doctor,
consider. You remember how they got
into the boat?"

"Yes—off the wreck. The letter tells
us that."

"Dick told us that two months ago,
but we could not altogether understand
it. How long were they in the boat?"
"Why, no one knows."

"Yes, Dick knows, and he has told
us. Consider. They were left, when
this bottle was sent forth, like the raven
out of the Ark, with no food. They sat
in the boat, waiting for death. But they
did not die. They drifted—but you say
that they made no attempt to row—for
awhile; they grew hungry and thirsty;
they passed two or three days with nothing
to eat. It could not have been more,
because they were not so far exhausted
but that, when land appeared in sight,
they still had strength to row."

"Go on," cried the doctor. "You
are cleverer than all of us."

"It is because I love him," she
replied, "and because I have thought day
and night where he can be. You know
the latitude and longitude of the wreck;
you must allow for currents and wind;
you know how many days elapsed be-
tween the wreck and the writing of the
letter. Now let us look at the chart and
work it all out."

She brought the chart to the table,
and pointed with her finger.

"They were wrecked," she said,
"there. Now allow five days for drift-
ing. Where would they land? Remember
he says that the wind was S. W."

"Why," said the doctor, "they may
have landed on one of the most westerly
of the Caroline Islands, unless the
current carried them to the Pelews.
There are islands enough in those
seas."

"Yes," she replied; "it is here that
we shall look for him. Now come with
me to the Captains' room."

She walked in, head erect and paper
in hand, followed by the doctor, and
stood at Captain Zachariassen's right—
her usual place when she visited the
Captains in the evening.

"You who are my friends," said Lal,
bearing in one hand a chart and in the
other the precious letter, "will rejoice
with me, for I have had a letter from
Rex."

"When was it wrote, and where
from?" asked Captain Zachariassen.

"It is nearly three years old. It has
been tossed on the sea, driven hither
and thither, and preserved by kind
Heaven to show that Rex is living still,
and where he is."

Captain Wattles whistled gently. It
sounded like an involuntary note of in-
credulity.

Lal spread the chart before Captain
Zachariassen.

"You can follow the voyage," she
said, "while I read you his letter. It is
on the back of one from me. It is
written with a lead pencil, very small,
because he had a great deal to say and
not much space to say it in—my Rex!"

Her voice broke down for a mo-
ment, but she steadied herself and went
on reading the message from the sea.

"Anyone who picks this up," it be-
gins, "will oblige me by sending it to
Miss Rydquist, Seven Houses, Rother-
hithe, because it tells her of the ship-
wreck and perhaps the death!—But you
know all of you," Lal interposed, "that
he survived and got to land, else how
was Dick able to get back to England?"

"Of her sweetheart, the undersigned
Rex Armiger, Captain of the steamer
Philippine, now lying a wreck on a reef
in latitude 5.30 N. and longitude 133.25,
as near as I could calculate."

"MY DEAREST LAL: I write this in the
Captain's gig, where I am floating about in
or about the above named latitude and longitude,
after the most unfortunate voyage that ever
started with good promise. First, I send you
my last words, dear love, solemnly, because I
mean in a boat on the open seas with no provisions
and no sail, cannot look for anything but
death from starvation, if not by drowning.
God help you, my dear, and bless you, and
make you forget me soon, and find a better
husband than I should ever have made. You
will take another man—"

"Hear, hear!" said Captain Borlinder
softly.

"Hush!" said Captain Wattles
reproachfully. "Captain Armiger was a
good man and a prophet."

"You will take another man," Lal
repeated. "Never!" she cried, after
the repetition, looking from one to the
other. "Never! Not if he were dead,
instead of being alive, as he is, and
wondering why we do not come to re-
scue him."

"The boy had his points," said Cap-
tain Zachariassen. "and a good husband
he would have made. Just such as I
was sixty years ago or thereabouts. Get
on to the shipwreck, Lal, my dear."

"It was on December the First that we set
sail from Calcutta. The crew were all Lascars,
except Dick, my Malay steward, the chief officer,
who was an Englishman, and the engineer.
We made a good passage under canvas, with
auxiliary screw, to Singapore, and from thence,
in ballast, except for a few bales of goods, to
Hong-Kong. Here we took in our cargo of
rice, and started all well, on January the Four-
teenth, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven.
The mate was a good sailor as ever stepped on
a bridge, and the ship well found, now, and
good in all respects."

"We had fair weather across the China
Sea, and the straits north of Luzon until we
came to the open seas. Here a gale, which
blew us off our course to N. E., but not far, and
started in clear and open sailing, with never a
breath of an island on the chart. We kept steam
up, running in the teeth of the wind, all sails
furled. When the wind moderated, veering
from S. E. to S. W. (within a point or two), we

made the Pelow Islands to starboard bow, an
ame well in the track of the Sydney steamers.
If you look at a chart you will find that here
the sea is open and clear; not a shoal nor an
island laid down for a good thousand miles.
Wherefore, I make no doubt that after inquiry
I should have my certificates returned to me,
in spite of having lost so good a ship."

"On Sunday, at noon, the wind having
moderated, we found we had made two hun-
dred and twenty-seven knots in the four-and-
twenty hours. We were, as I made it, in lati-
tude 5.30 N. and longitude 133.25, as near as I
could calculate. At sunset, which was at six
twenty-five, we must have made some sixty
miles more to the S. W., so that you can lay
down the spot on the map. The wind was
fresh, and the sea a little choppy, but nothing
of any consequence in open water. At eight I
turned in, going watch and watch about with
the mate, and at five minutes past eight I sup-
pose I was fast asleep."

"It was, I think, a little after six bells, that
I was awakened by the ship striking. I ran on
deck at once. We were on a reef, and by the
grating and grinding of her bottom I guessed
that it was all over. I'm sorry to say that in
the shock the mate seems to have been
knocked overboard and drowned, because I
saw him no more. The ship rolled from side
to side, grinding and tearing her bottom upon
the reef. The men ran backward and forward
crying to each other. There was no disciplin-
ing with them, nor could I get them to obey orders.
The engineer went below and reported water
gaining fast. He and I did our best to
keep the crew in hand, but it was no use.
They lowered the boats and pushed off, leav-
ing behind only the engineer, and Dick the
steward, and myself. They were in too great
a hurry to put provisions on board, so that I
greatly fear they must have perished, unless
they have been picked up by some steamer."

"All that night we stayed on deck, we three,
expecting every moment that she would break
her back. The cargo of grain was loose now,
and rolled with the ship like water. Her boys
were high upon the rocks, and I believe we
were only saved because she was lodged upon
the reef as far aft as the engine-room. In the
darkness the engine must have slipped his
hold and fallen overboard. I don't know how.
Then there was only Dick and me."

"In the morning, at daybreak, the lookout
was pretty bad. The reef is a shoal, with nothing
in the water but a fringe of white water found
to mark where it lies. It is now, I reckon, about
seven or eight feet below the surface of the water,
but I take it to be a rising reef, so that every
day it grows higher, and I hope it will be set
down at once on the chart. My mate was gone,
and my engineer, the boats and their crews
were out of sight, or may be capsized, not a sail
upon the sea. But there was the Captain's gig."

"We had no provisions left, and my purpose was to
keep alongside of the poor wreck until we had
got enough victuals to last a week or two, and
some running tackle whereby we could hoist
some sort of a sail. But, my dear, we hadn't
time, because the sooner we lowered the boat
and put in a few tins, with a bottle half
full of brandy and a keg of water, than she
parted amidships, and we had no more than
time to jump into the boat and shove off."

"There we were, then, with no oars, no
mast, no sail, no rudder even, and provisions
for two or three days."

"We have now been floating a week. We
drifted first of all in a nor-westerly direction,
as near as I could make out, so long as the
poor wreck remained in sight. Since then I
know not what our course has been. There is
a strong current, I suspect, from the reef, and
short time we took to lose sight of her, and
there has been a good strong breeze blowing
from the S. W. for three days."

"We have now got to the end of our
provisions. My mate's beer has been drunk;
the last biscuit eaten. Poor Dick sits opposite
to me all day and all night, he cannot speak,
but he refuses his share of the last ration for
my sake."

Here Lal broke down again, and
Captain Zachariassen said something
strong, which showed that his admiration
for a generous action was greater than
his religious restraint.

"We spend the day in looking for a sail; at
night we take watch about. There remains
only a little brandy in the heel of the bottle.
We have no other resources. We have
fashioned a couple of rough oars out of two
planks of the boat."

"I have kept this a day longer. No sail in
sight. My oars had two or three drops of
brandy each. They are the last. Now I must
commit this letter to the sea in the bottle. Oh,
my dear Lal, my pretty tender darling! I shall
never, never see you any more. Long before
you get this letter I shall be drifting about in
this boat, a dead man. I pray Heaven to bless
you—"

Here Lal stopped and burst into tears.
"Read no more," said Captain Hol-
stius, "the rest concerns yourself
alone."

Lal kissed her letter, folded it tenderly,
and laid it in her bosom.

"The rest only concerns me," she
repeated, and was silent a while.

Captain Zachariassen, meantime, was
at work upon the chart.

"I read this story somewhat differ-
ent," he said. "You can't always fol-
low a mummicker in his antics, and I
now perceive that I was wrong about
the baby. The widow I stick to. Noth-
ing could be plainer than the widow,
though, of course, it was not to be ex-
pected that he'd make a clean breast of
it in that letter, which otherwise does
him credit. Lal, my dear, you are
right. If Dick is alive, then his master
is alive. Question is, where would he
get to, and where is he now?"

They were all silent, waiting the con-
clusion of the Patriarch before any other
ventured to speak. He was bending
over the chart, his right thumb as the
position of the reef, and his fore-finger
acting as a compass.

"I calculate from the position of the
reef, which is here, and the run of the
currents, and the direction of the wind,
that they drifted toward the most westerly
of the Caroline Islands."

It hardly required patriarchal wisdom
to surmise this fact, seeing that these
islands are the nearest places northwest
of the reef.

"And next?" asked Lal.

"Next, my pretty, they were taken
off that island, but I do not know by
whom, and were shipped away to some
prison, but I don't know where, and
there Cap'en Armiger is still lying,
though what for, as there was seem-
ingly no baby and no chucking overboard,
we mortals, who are but purblind, can-
not say."

Then Captain Holstius spoke again.
"I think we might have in the Malay
and go through the play-acting again.
May be, with this letter before us, we
may get more light."

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—A bell with the inscription: "Sin-
ners, this bell calls you to the worship
of Christ and nothing more," has been
presented to the Baptist Church of Ded-
ham, Mass.

—John Wentworth says that the first
Protestant in Chicago was a Baptist, the
first book there published was written
by a Baptist, and the first Protestant
sermon was printed by a Baptist.

—Prof. W. W. Goodwin, of Harvard,
has accepted the directorship of the
American School of Classical Studies
which will be established in Athens,
Greece, next November. The funds
necessary to conduct the enterprise have
been collected.—N. Y. Post.

—At a recent meeting of the Phila-
delphia School Board it was stated as
a proof of the stupidity of the school
system in that city that it took twenty
minutes to read over the course of in-
struction authorized in primary schools
for pupils in their first four months.

—A novel plan to promote the cul-
tivation of flowers among the poor is
being tried in Philadelphia. Mr. John
Wanamaker, of that city, President of
the Presbyterian Sunday-school Super-
intendents' Association, has given notice
that he will supply gratuitously (except
the cost of mailing) one hundred
packets containing four varieties of
flower seeds to every Sunday-school
which will agree to make a midsummer
display of flowers, with prizes, and send
a report of the results to the committee.

—A speaker at an educational meet-
ing recently held in Chicago, insisted
that instruction in morals should be
given in the public schools from some
good text-book. He added that schol-
ars should be made to commit to mem-
ory the Ten Commandments, and these
should be explained to them so that
they could understand them. They
should be taught the existence of God,
and to recognize Him as the Ruler of the
universe, as well as a man's responsi-
bility toward God, that there was a life
beyond this one, and the hope of ever-
lasting life.

—Bishop O'Reilly, of the Roman
Catholic diocese of Springfield, Mass.,
has been preaching strongly against
mixed marriages of Protestants and
Roman Catholics. He says a Roman
Catholic woman who marries a Pro-
testant endangers her own soul and
those of her offspring, as the husband
will not be likely to allow the children
to be educated as Roman Catholics,
whatever he may promise. Never
should a Roman Catholic marry a Pro-
testant woman, because in ninety-nine
cases out of a hundred the children in-
herit the characteristics of the mother.—Chicago Herald.

Two Misers.

A lawyer in Troy, N. Y., states that
in the bitter weather of last January he
was called at midnight to make a will
for a supposed pauper named Ager.
He found the man dying in a wretched
hovel, without a fire, apparently of want,
his wife beside him, dying also of hem-
orrhage of the lungs.

Ager had one thousand five hundred
dollars in four small bags, and six hun-
dred dollars in gold in his pockets,
which he had carried so long that they
were black and greasy. Gold was also
found secreted in iron pots and tea-pots
in the house. He died before morning,
and his wife an hour or two later.
They were both educated and of good
birth.

They had bought no fuel all winter,
and had literally starved and frozen to
death. When asked why they had not
spent a few dollars in making them-
selves comfortable, they replied: "Mon-
ey was a good thing to have." They
could not take it with them, however,
and at almost the last moment of life
gave it to a charitable society.

Such instances of extreme avarice are
very rare among native Americans. The
Nation is too well-fed and well-clothed;
the general habit of life is too prodigal;
money comes too easily to foster even a
wise economy in the character of Ameri-
can children.

A certain Major S.—was well-known
to the past generation in the Middle
States as a miser of land. He was
childless, and owned enormous tracts in
Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio,
which he only improved sufficiently to
enable him to pay the taxes on them,
and to buy more land.

His whole life was spent in traveling
on foot over his possessions, and it was
his boast that he could walk from the
Hudson to the Miami, and sleep every
night on his own ground. On these
journeys he begged his food from his
tenants, and wore the same suit of
clothes, until it literally dropped off of
him, rotten with filth and age.

Nothing could induce him to sell or
give away a foot of land. At last the
old man was missed, and after a couple
of months his body was found in a forest
on the Alleghany Mountains, where,
having been taken ill on one of his jour-
neys, he had crept to die. Six feet of
ground was given to him for a grave,
and that, by a strange chance, as if in
derision of the old man's folly, belonged
to another man.

The folly of these two men is evident
to the dullest of us. Their lives to the
very hour of death were spent in dis-
comfort and want, that they might ac-
cumulate riches which they knew they
must leave behind them.

But are we any wiser? How many of
us are striving only to gain the property,
fame or social position which we must
leave behind us? What goods have we
to make comfortable and happy that
life beyond the grave? Which of all
the things we prize and hoard here, will
be of any more use to us an hour after
death, than were the gold or land t
these two dying misers?—Youth's Com-
panion.