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the adopted stableboy was thus happily effected, and continued to run horse and carriage

ing: sometimes

helped in the housework; sometimes walked abroad with the Doctor, to drink stranger in the family.

principally of slips of paper and pins. profited. When finished, it was to fill many personable volumes and to combine an- had together; and health and moderatiquarian interest with professional tion proved the subject of the Doctor's utility. But the Doctor was studious divagations. To these he lovingly reof literary graces and the picturesque; | turned. an anecdote, a touch of manners, a moral qualification, or a sounding epithet was sure to be preferred before a piece of science; a little more, and he would have written the "Compara- ture, healthy, temperate nature, abhors tive Pharmacopoeia" in verse! The and exterminates excess. Human law, article "Mummia," for instance, was in this matter, imitates at a great disalready complete, though the remain- tance her provisions; and we must der of the work had not progressed be- strive to supplement the efforts of the copious and entertaining, written with ourselves and for our neighbors-lex quaintness and color, exact, erudite, a armata-armed, emphatic, tyrannous literary article; but it would hardly law. If you see a crapulous human have afforded guidance to a practicing ruin snuffing, dash him from his box! physician of to-day. The feminine The judge, though in a way an admisgood sense of his wife had led her to point this out with uncompromising than either the doctor or the priest. sincerity; for the Dictionary was duly read aloud to her, betwixt sleep and the purulent trash and garbage of his waking, as it proceeded toward an in- pharmacopoeia! Pure air-from the finitely distant completion; and the neighborhood of a pinetum for the an allusion with asperity.

period of digestion, he walked, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by Jean-Marie; for madam would have preferred any hardship rather than walk.

She was, as I have said, a very busy person, continually occupied about material comforts, and ready to drop sleep over a novel the instant she was sengaged. This was the less objeconable, as she never snored or grew distempered in complexion when she slept. On the contrary, she looked the very picture of luxurious and appetizing ease, and woke without a start to the perfect possession of her faculties. I am afraid she was greatly an animal, but she was a very nice animal to have about. In this way she had little to do with Jean-Marie; but the sympathy which had been established between them on the first night remained unbroken; they held occasional conversations, mostly on household matters; to the extreme disappointment of the Doctor, they occasionally sallied off together to that temple of debasing superstition, the village church; madam and he, both in their Sunday's best, drove twice a month to Fontainebleau and returned laden with purchases; and in short, although the Doctor still continued to regard them as irreconcilably antipathetic, their relation was as intimate, friendly, and confidential as their natures suffered.

hearts, madam kindly despised and pistol bullet." pitied the boy. She had no admiration for his class of virtues; she liked a smart, polite, forward, roguish sort of boy, cap in hand, light of foot, meeting the eye; she liked volubility, charm, a little vice-the promise of a second Doctor Desprez. And it was her indefeasible belief that Jean-Marie was dull, "Poor dear boy," she had said once, "how sad it is that he should be so stupid!" She had never repeated that remark, for the Doctor had raged like a wild bull, denouncing the brutal bluntness of her mind, bemoaning his own fate to be so unequally mated with an ass, and, what touched Anastasie more nearly, menacing the table china by the fury of his gesticulations. But she adhered silently to her opinion: and when Jean-Marie was sitting, stolid, blank, but not unhappy, over his unfinished tasks, she would snatch er opportunity in the Doctor's absence. o over to him, put her arms about his neck, lay her cheek to his, and communicate her sympathy with his distress. "Do not mind," she would say; "I, too, am not at all clever, and I upon the one hand, the waving hilltops can assure you that it makes no difference in life.'

The Doctor's view was naturally different. That gentleman never wearied of the sound of his own voice, which was, to say the truth, agreeable enough | dwelt, and could find room to turn or to hear. He now had a listener, who air to breathe, in such a corner of the was not so cynically indifferent as Anastasie, and who sometimes put him on his nettle by the most relevant objections. Besides, was he not educating the boy? And education, philoso phers are agreed, is the most philosoph- enough now. Yet it was once a walled hair in my ice cream. Waiter-Imical of duties. What can be more city; thriving, full of furred burgesses possible, sir; that ice cream was made heavenly to poor mankind than to have and men in armor, humming with af- with the best shaved ice.—New York one's hobby grow into a duty to the fairs-with tall spires, for aught that | World.

State? Then, indeed, do the ways of HE installation of life become ways of pleasantness. Never had the Doctor seen reason to be more content with his endowments. Philosophy flowed smoothly from his the wheels of life lips. He was so agile a dialectician that he could trace his nonsense, when smoothly in the challenged, back to some root in house. sense, and prove it to be a sort of flower Jean-Marie did his upon his system. He slipped out of antimonies like a fish, and left his disciduty in the morn- | ple marveling at the rabbi's depth.

Moreover, deep down in his heart the Doctor was disappointed with the illsuccess of his more formal education. wisdom from the fountain-head; and A boy, chosen by so acute an observer was introduced at night to the sciences | for his aptitude, and guided along the and the dead tongues. He retained his path of learning by so philosophic an singular placidity of mind and man- instructor, was bound, by the nature ner; he was rarely in fault; but he of the universe, to make a more obvious made only a very partial progress in and lasting advance. Now Jean-Marie his studies, and remained much of a was slow in all things, impenetrable in others; and his power of forgetting was fully on a level with his power to The Doctor was a pattern of regularity. All forenoon he worked on his learn. Therefore the Doctor cherished great book, the "Comparative Pharma- his peripatetic lectures, to which the copoeia, or Historical Dictionary of all boy attended, which he generally ap-Medicines," which as yet consisted peared to enjoy, and by which he often

Many and many were the talks they

"I lead you," he would say, "by the green pastures. My system, my beliefs, my medicines, are resumed in one phrase-to avoid excess. Blessed nasion of disease, is less offensive to me Above all the doctor-the doctor and best religious comforts. Devote yourself to these. Hark! there are bells of Bourron (the wind is in the north, it and quieted; the mind attuned to silightened doctor would see nothing in these sensations; and yet you yourself perceive they are a part of health .-Did you remember your cinchona this morning? Good. Cinchona also is a work of nature; it is, after all, only gather for ourselves if we live in the locality.—What a world is this! Though a professed atheist, I delight to bear my testimony to the world. Look at the gratuitous remedies and pleasures that surround our path! The river runs by the garden end, our bath, our fishpond, our natural system of drainage. There is a well in the court which sends up sparkling water from the earth's very heart, clean, cool, and, with a little wine, most wholesome. The district is notorious for salubrity; rheumatism is the only prevalent complaint, and I myself have never had a touch of it. I tell you-and my opinion is based upon the coldest, clearest processes of reason-if I, if you, desired to leave this home of pleasures, it would be the duty, it would be the privilege,



CHAPTER VI.

NE beautiful June day they sat upon the hill outside the village. The river,blue as heaven, shone here and the foliage. The indefatigable birds turned and flickered about Gretz Church tower. A

healthy wind blew from over the forest, and the sound of innumerable thousands of tree-tops and innumerable millions on millions of green leaves was something between whispered speech of grass must hide a cigale; and the fields rang merrily with their music. jingling far and near as with the sleigh-bells of the fairy queen. From their station on the slope the eye embraced a large space of poplared plain of the forest on the other, and Gretz carry parasols, but they carry complete itself in the middle, a handful of roofs. Under the bestriding arch of the blue of powders and other things that are heavens, the place seemed dwindled to calculated to preserve the complexion. a toy. It seemed incredible that people world. The thought came home to the nearly every feminine appliance, on a boy, perhaps for the first time, and he

gave it words. "How small it looks!" he sighed. "Ay," replied the Doctor, "small Old Gent-Waiter, I have found a

know, and portly towers along the battlements. A thousand chimneys ceased smoking at the curfew-bell. There were gibbets at the gate as thick as scarecrows. In time of war, the assault swarmed against it with ladders, the arrows fell like leaves, the defenders sallied hotly over the drawbridge, each side uttered its cry as they plied their weapons. Do you know that the walls extended as far as the Commanderie? Tradition so reports. Alas, what a long way off is all this confusion-nothing left of it but my quiet words spoken in your ear-and the town itself shrunk to the hamlet underneath us? By-and-by came the English wars-you shall hear more of the English, a stupid people, who sometimes blundered into good—and Gretz was taken, sacked, and burned. It is the history of many towns; but Gretz never rose again; it was never rebuilt; its ruins were a quarry to serve the growth of rivals; and the stones of Gretz are now erect along the streets of Nemours. It gratifies me that our old house was the first to rise after the calamity; when the town had come to an end, it inaugurated the hamlet." "I, too, am glad of that," said Jean-

"It should be the temple of humbler virtues," responded the Doctor with a savory gusto. "Perhaps one of the reasons why I love my little hamlet as I do, is that we have a similar history, she and I. Have I told you that I was

once rich?" "I do not think so," answered Jean-Marie, "I do not think I should have forgotten. I am sorry you should have lost your fortune."

"Sorry?" cried the Doctor. "Why, I find I have scarce begun your education after all. Listen to me! Would you rather live in the old Gretz or in the new, free from the alarms of war, with the green country at the door, without noise, passports, the exactions of the soldiery, or the jangle of the curfew-bell to send us off to bed by sundown?"

"I suppose I should prefer the new," replied the boy.

"Precisely," returned the Doctor; "so do I. And, in the same way, I prefer my present moderate fortune to my youd the letter A. It was exceedingly law. Yes, boy, we must be a law to former wealth. Golden mediocrity! cried the adorable ancients; and I subscribe to their enthusiasm. Have I not good wine, good food, good air, the fields and the forest for my walk, a house, an admirable wife, a boy whom I protest I cherish like a son? Now, if I were still rich, I should indubi tably make my residence in Paris-you know Paris-Paris and Paradise are not convertible terms. This pleasant noise of the wind streaming among Doctor was a little sore on the subject | sake of the turpentine-unadulterated | leaves changed into the grinding Babel of mummies, and sometimes resented wine, and the reflections of an unso- of the street, the stupid glare of plaster phisticated spirit in the presence of substituted for this quiet pattern of After the midday meal and a proper | the works of nature-these, my boy, are | greens and grays, the nerves shattered, the best medical appliances and the the digestion falsified-picture the fall! Already you perceive the consequences; the mind is stimulated, the heart steps to a different measure, and the man will be fair). How clear and airy is the is himself no longer. I have passionsound! The nerves are harmonized ately studied myself-the true business of philosophy. I know my character lence; and observe how easily and reg- as the musician knows the ventages of ularly beats the heart! Your unen- his flute. Should I return to Paris, I should ruin myself gambling; nay, I go further-I should break the heart of my Anastasie with infidelities."

This was too much for Jean-Marie. That a place should so transform the most excellent of men transcended his the bark of a tree which we might | belief. Paris, he protested, was even an agreeable place of residence. "Nor when I lived in that city did I feel much difference," he pleaded.

"What!" cried the Doctor. "Did you not steal when you were there?" TO BE CONTINUED.

DUTCH JOHN'S QUEER REPORT His Description of the Accident Was Certainly Unique.

After having his trunk smashed and some of his men killed by a collision with a wild train, says the Railroad Telegrapher, a German section foreman sent in the following unique report to the division superintendent:

"Ve bemakin run mit der thruck

und sum spikes down to Fairvell crossin und we ask dot man vat make der I fear, however, that in her heart of of our best friend to prevent us with a nise mit der little clicker up in der 'ouse vere der vires run in vat times der drain cums, und he says she cums purty soon, John, but you have time to get der thruck down to der crossin und as we t'inks dat he bees talkin der druth ve makes der thruck gone purty quick, but up der thrack cumss der big puffer like der deffull, und vile ve talked about vat ve do der thruck goes there among up over der head of der puffer und der spikes und men go plunk in der ditch. Vone of der 'Tallian men lose his two legs und he be not sthrong enough ter valk ve put 'im in mit der luggage in der car vere he dies sune. Mike Doole go up mit de air und comes not down yet, und ve not find him easy, but dere bees noding for him to hit up dere ve dinks he cums down purty sune all abroad in the air, and filled the ear with | right. Der growbars und nine shovels cum down so ve vaits here till Mike and singing. It seemed as if every blade | Doole cums down too. Yours, John Schneider."

> Carry Toilet Cases. Women who ride the bicycle in England sally forth in the summer time upon their longer excursions equipped for the fray with the sun. They do not toilet cases, in which there is a variety A tiny brush, a comb that soothes when it caresses, a puff, a tooth-brush, a manicure set, a little mirror, in fact, diminutive scale, has its place.

> > A Doubtful Evasion.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

CONTRARY WINDS" THE SUB-JECT LAST SUNDAY.

From the Following Fext, "The Wind Was Contrary"-Matt. 14:24-The Voice of Christianity the Only Alternative in Misfortune.



S I well know by experience on Lake Galilee, one hour all may be calm and the next hour the winds and waves will be so boisterous that you are in doubt as to whether you will land on the shore or on the bottom of the deep. The disciples in the text

were caught in such a stress of weather and the sails bent and the ship plunged for "the wind was contrary." There is in one of the European straits a place, where, whichever way you sail the winds are opposing. There are people who all their life seem sailing in the teeth of the wind. All things seem against them. It may be said of their condition as of that of the disciples in my text: "the wind was con-

A great multitude of people are under seeming disadvantage, and I will today, in the swarthiest Anglo-Saxon that I can manage, treat their cases; not as a nurse counts out eight or ten drops of a prescription, and stirs them in a half-glass of water, but as when a man has by a mistake taken a large amount of strychnine, or Paris green, or belladonna, and the patient is walked rapidly round the room, and shaken up, until he gets wide awake. Many of you have taken a large draught of the poison of discouragement, and I come out by the order of the Divine Physician to rouse you out of that lethargy.

First, many people are under the disadvantage of an unfortunate name given them by parents who thought they were doing a good thing. Sometimes at the baptism of children, while I have held up one hand in prayer, I have held up the other hand in amazement that parents should have weighted the babe with such a dissonant and repulsive nomenclature. I have not so much wondered that some children should cry out at the christening font as that others with such smiling face should take a title that will be the burden of their lifetime. It is outrageous to afflict children with an undesirable name because it happened to be possessed by a parent or a rich uncle from whom favors are expected, or some prominent man of the day who may end his life in disgrace. It is no excuse, because they are Scripture names, to call a child Jehoikim, or Tiglath-Pileser. I baptized one by the name Bathsheba! Why, under all the circumambient heaven, any parent should want to give to a child the name of that loose creature of Scripture times I cannot imagine. I have often felt at the baptismal altar, when names were announced to me, like saying, as did the Rev. Dr. Richards, of Morristown, N. J., when a child was handed nim for baptism and the name given: "Hadn't you better call it something else?"

Impose not upon that babe a name suggestive of flippancy or meanness. There is no excuse for such assault and battery on the cradle when our language is opulent with names musical and suggestive in meaning, such as John, meaning "the gracious gift of God;" or Henry, meaning "the chief of a household;" or Alfred, meaning "good counsellor;" or Joshua, meaning 'God, our salvation;" or Ambrose, meaning "immortal;" or Andrew, meaning "manly;" or Esther, meaning "star;" or Abigail, meaning "my father's joy;" or Anna, meaning "grace;' or Victoria, meaning "victory;" or Rosalie, meaning "beautiful as a rose;" or Margaret, meaning "a pearl;" or Ida, meaning "godlike;" or Clara, meaning "illustrious;" or Amelia, meaning "busy;" or Bertha, meaning "beautiful," and hundreds of other names just as good, that are a help rather than a hindrance.

But sometimes the great hindrance in life in not in the given name, but in the family name. While legislatures are willing to lift such incubus, there are families that keep a name which mortgages all the generations with a great disadvantage. You say: "I wonder if he is any relation to So-and-so," mentioning some family celebrated for crime or deception. It is a wonder to me that in all such famlies some spirited young man does not rise, saying to his brothers and sisters: "If you want to keep this nulsance or scandalization of a name, I will keep it no longer than until the quickest course of law I can slough off this gangrene." The city mere pronunciation of which has been a life-long obstacle. If you have started life under a name which either through ridiculous orthography or vicious suggestion has been an encumbrance, resolve that the next generation shall not to change a name. Saul of Tarsus became Paul the Apostle. Hadassan, "the myrtle," became Esther, " the star." We have in America, and I suppose it is so in all countries, names

for honesty. If once it stood for wickedness, you can make it stand for purof the name inflicted upon them.

Again, many people labor under the misfortune of incomplete physical equipment. We are by our Creator so economically built that we cannot afford the obliteration of any physical faculty. We want our two eyes, our two ears, our two hands, our two feet, our eight fingers and two thumbs. Yet what multitudes of people have but one eye, or but one foot! The ordinary casualties of life have been quadrupled, quintupled, sextupled, aye, centupled, in our time by the Civil War, and at the North and South a great multitude are fighting the battle of life with half, or less than half the needed physical armaments. I do not wonder at the pathos of a soldier during the war, who, when told that he must have his hand amputated, said: "Doctor, can't you save it?" and when told that it was impossible, said, with tears rolling down his cheeks: "Well, then, good-byc, old hand; I hate to part with you. You have done me a good service for many years, but it seems you must go. Good-

A celebrated surgeon told me of a scene in the Clinical Department of one of the New York hospitals, when a poor man with a wounded leg was brought in before the students to be operated on. The surgeon was pointing out this and that to the students, and handling the wounded leg, and was about to proceed to amputation, when the poor man leaped from the table and hobbled to the door, and said, "Gentlemen, I am sorry to disappoint you, but by the help of God I will die with my leg on." What a terrific loss is the loss of our physical faculties!

Put to full use all the faculties that remain, and charge on all opposing circumstances with the determination of John of Bohemia, who was totally blind, and yet at a battle cried out, "I pray and beseech you to lead me so far into the fight that I may strike one good blow with this sword of mine." Do not think so much of what faculties you have lost as of what faculties remain. You have enough left to make yourself felt in three worlds, while you help the earth, and balk hell, and win heaven. Arise from your discouragements, O men and women of depleted or crippled physical faculties and see what, by the special help of God you can accomplish!

The skilled horsemen stood around Bucephalus, unable to mount or manage him, so wild was the steed. But Alexander noticed that the sight of his own shadow seemed to disturb the horse. So Alexander clutched him by the bridle, and turned his head away from the shadow, and toward the sun, and the horse's agitation was gone, and Alexander mounted him and rode off, to the astonishment of all who stood by. And what you people need is to have your sight turned away from the shadows of your earthly lot over which you have so long pondered, and your head turned toward the sun-the glorious sun of Gospel consolation, and Christian hope, and spiritual triumph.

Now, suppose a man finds himself in mid-life without education, what is he to do? Do the best he can. The most effective layman in a former pastoral charge that I ever heard speak on religious themes could, within five minutes of exhortation, break all the laws of English grammar, and if he left any law unfractured he would complete the work of lingual devastation in the prayer with which he followed it. But I would rather have him pray for me, if I were sick or in trouble, than any Christian man I know of, and in that church all the people preferred him in exhortation and prayer to all others. Why? Because he was so thoroughly pious and had such power with God he was irresistible; and as he went on in his prayer sinners repented and saints shouted for joy, and the bereaved scemed to get back their dead in celestial companionship. And when he had stopped praying, and as soon as I could wipe out of my eyes enough tears to see the closing hymn, I ended the meeting. fearful that some long-winded prayermeeting bore would pull us down from the seventh heaven.

Not a word have I to say against accuracy of speech, or fine elocution, or high mental culture. Get all these you can. But I do say to those who were brought up in the day of poor cchoolhouses and ignorant schoolmasters, and no opportunity: You may have so much of good in your soul and so much of heaven in your everyday life that you will be mightier for good than any who went through the curriculum of Harvard, or Yale, or Oxford, yet never graduated in the school of Christ. When directory has hundreds of names the you get up to the gate of heaven no one will ask you whether you can parse the first chapter of Genesis, but whether you have learned the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom; nor whether you know how to square the circle, but whether you have be so weighted. It is not bemeaning lived a square life in a round world. Mount Zion is higher than Mount Par-

But what other multitudes there are under other disadvantages! Here is a Christian woman whose husband thinks which ought to be abolished, and can religion a sham, and while the wife be, and will be abolished for the reason | prays the children one way the husthat they are a libel and a slander. But | band swears them another. Or here is either by a given name or by a family his best for God and the Church, and inch. causing them great suffering. name that you must bear, God will help his wife holds him back and says on The Catterthun was wrecked in Auconsecrated to the good and useful. where he gave testimony for Christ: make it stand for humility. If it once not giving fifty cents. I must do jus- San Francisco Examiner.

stod for fraud, you can make it stand | tice and publicly thank God that I never proposed at home to give anything for any cause of humanity or reity. There have been multitutdes of in- ligion but the other partner in the dostances where men and women have mestic firm approved it. And when it magnificently conquered the disasters seemed beyond my ability and faith in God was necessary, she had threefourths the faith. But I know men who, when they contribute to charitable objects are afraid that the wife shall find it out. What a withering curse such a woman must be to a good man!

> Then there are others under the great disadvantage of poverty. Who ought to get things cheapest? You say those who have little means. But they pay more. You buy coal by the ton, they buy it by the bucket. You buy flour by the barrel, they buy it by the pound. You get apparel cheap, because you pay cash. They pay dear because they have to get trusted. And the Bible was right when it said: "the destruction of the poor is their poverty."

Then there are those who made a mistake in early life, and that overshadows all their days. "Do you not know that that man was once in prison," is whispered. Or, "Do you know that that man once attempted suicide?" Or, "Do you know that that man once absconded?" Or, "Do you know that that man was once discharged for dishonesty?" Perhaps there was only one wrong deed in the man's life, and that one act haunts the subsequent half century of his existence.

Others have unfortunate predominance of some mental faculty, and their rashness throws them into wild enterprises, or their trepidation makes them decline great opportunity, or there is a vein of melancholy in their disposition that defeats them, or they have an endowment of over-mirth that causes the impression of insincerity.

Others have a mighty obstacle in their personal appearance, for which they are not responsible. They forget that God fashioned their features, and their complexion, and their stature, the size of their nose, and mouth, and hands, and feet, and gave them their gait and their general appearance; and they forget that much of the world's best work and the Church's best work has been done by homely people; and that Paul the Apostle is said to have been hump-backed, and his eye-sight weakened by ophthalmia, while many of the finest in appearance have passed their time in studying killing attitudes, and in displaying the richness of wardrobes-not one ribbon, or vest, or sack, or glove, or button, or shoe-string of which they have had brains to carn for themselves.

In the way of practical relief for all disadvantages and all woes, the only voice that is worth listening to on this subject is the voice of Christianity, which is the voice of Almighty God. Whether I have mentioned the particular disadvantage under which you labor or not, I distinctly declare, in the name of God, that there is a way out and a way up for all of you. You cannot be any worse off than that Christian young woman who was in the Pemberton mills when they fell some years ago, and from under the fallen timbers she was heard singing: "I am going home to die no more."

Take good courage from that Bible, all of whose promises are for those in bad predicament. There are better days for you, either on earth or in heaven. I put my hand under your chin, and lift your face into the light of the coming dawn. Have God on your side, and then you have for reserve troops all the armies of heaven, the smallest company of which is twenty thousand chariots. and the smallest brigade one hundred and forty-four thousand, the lightnings of heaven their drawn sword.

An ancient warrior saw an overpowering host come down upon his small company of armed men, and mounting his horse he threw a handful of sand in the air, crying, "Let their faces be covered with confusion!" And both armies heard his voice, and history says it seemed as though the dust thrown in the air had become so many angels of supernatural deliverance, and the weak overcame the mighty, and the immense host fell back, and the small number marched on. Have faith in God, and though all the allied forces of discouragement seem to come against you in battle array, and their laugh of definance and contempt resounds through all the valleys and mountains, you might by faith in God, and importunate prayer, pick up a handful of the very dust of your humiliation, and throw it into the air, and it shall become angels of victory over all the armies of earth and hell. The voices of your adversaries, human and satanic, shall be covered with confusion, while you shall be not only conqueror, but more than conqueror, through that grace which has so often made the fallen helmet of an overthrown antagonist the footstool of a Christian vic-

Deep Diving to Recover Treasure.

The greatest diving feat ever at tempted was that of the raising of treasure that sank with the steamer near Seal Rocks, New South Wales, News has been received that every box of sovereigns that went to the bottom has been saved by the men who worked under the sea at a depth of twentyseven fathoms. The names of the divers are Briggs and May. At times they were subject to a pressure of seventy if for any reason you are submerged a Christian man who is trying to do to seventy-five pounds to the square

you to overcome the outrage by a life | the way home from prayer-meeting, | gust, 1895, while on the voyage from Sydney to Hong Kong. Fifty-four of You may erase the curse from the "What a fool you made of yourself! her crew and passengers lost their name. If it once stood for meanness. I hope hereafter you will keep still." lives, including brave Captain Shanyou can make it stand for generosity. And when he would be benevolent and non. The vessel's cargo consisted of If once it stood for pride, you can give fifty dollars, she criticises him for produce and £10,000 in sovereigns.