COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Speak, admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave admiral, speak and say"—
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite;
Brave admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson, "On and on!"

—Joaquin Miller in Frank Leslie's Monthly.

AN AWKWARD HERO.

"I can't see what brought him here anyway. None of us asked him to come, I am sure."

"Unless it was Denzil. He is always so soft hearted about such people. If he looked as if he wanted to come, you may be certain Denzil gave him an invitation."

"Yes," said Denzil quietly, "I did ask him to come."

"I can't tell what you did it for, then," responded the one who had first spoken; "for of all disagreeable, stupid creatures Caleb Orton is the most disagreeable and the most stupid."

"Never says a word all day long, but just sits and stares, for all the world like one of those wooden images before tobacco shops."

"Yesterday," said a girl's voice, "I was trying to cross the brook on the stepping stones, which, as you know, are very slippery. Master Caleb happened to come along, and without saying a word he picked me up and carried me across as if I had been a bundle. When he saw I was angry, he turned very red, muttered something about 'being afraid I might wet my feet,' and went off, looking more sheepish than ever."

"He does nothing but ride around the country on that bicycle of his, and"——

"Now, look here, fellows, and you, Mollie," interrupted Denzil, "you are all mistaken about Caleb Orton. Tell me, did you ever know of his saying or doing a mean thing?"

"N-o," reluctantly from several of the party.

"Well, then, I tell you that Caleb Orton is a true gentleman at heart. He may be slow and awkward. I don't deny that. You may not like his looks. That is a matter of taste. But in spite of his queer, shy ways he is one of the best fellows that ever lived."

And all this time Caleb Orton himself stood in the shadow of the hazel hedge, not ten steps distant from where the party of girls and boys sat upon the lawn. He had meant to join them, but had paused where he was, with an unhappy sense that he would not be welcome among them, and while debating with himself he heard all.

Caleb was slow, as Denzil had said, but he could not help seeing that his young companions, except Denzil Graham, avoided him. He had often wondered why. He liked and admired them all. They were so bright and clever that he would have been satisfied just to sit with them and listen to their talk. But he noticed that they became cold and silent the moment he joined them. He had tried very hard to gain their good will, but everything he did only seemed to make matters worse.

Sitting by himself in his room, or wandering off alone in the woods, he had many times pondered over this, with a very sore heart. What was wrong with him? What had he done to offend them? Now he understood.

He hesitated a moment, drawing his rough red hand over his eyes, then without knowing very clearly what he meant to do he pushed his way through the hazels and stood before the party.

Instantly silence fell upon the group. Those who had been talking against him looked a little uncomfortable; for there was something in the boy's face which they had never seen there before.

"No," said Caleb, as Denzil beckoned him to a place beside himself on the settee. "No, Denzil; I only came to say that I heard all. I did not mean to listen, but I know now why none of you like me. I'm not angry, only very sorry. I am clumsy and dull. I can't talk like the rest of you. I can't do things that other boys can. I wanted to make friends with you, but somehow I couldn't. It wasn't your fault. I suppose I am different from other fellows. I am going away tomorrow, and—and I hope you will forgive me."

He spoke hurriedly, in a choked voice, and broke down at the end. He was ashamed of the tears he felt spring to his eyes and turned away quickly, without waiting for any reply. He had taken a few steps when he felt a hand upon his shoulder and Denzil Graham joined him. The two boys walked on in silence side by side for a short distance, then Denzil said earnestly:

"Look here, Caleb, you don't mean what you said about going away tomorrow?"

"Yes," answered Caleb. "You see I didn't know they hated me or I wouldn't have staid so long."

"They don't hate you," said Denzil. "It's just their talk. They don't know you as I do, that's all."

"You spoke up for me like a brick, Denzil," and Caleb's coarse, honest face lighted up with an affectionate smile; "I thank you, but I must go."

"I will come to your room this afternoon," said Denzil. "I'm going back to the others now, but I think I shall have something to say to you then that will alter your feelings."

The two boys shook hands warmly; Denzil returned to the party on the lawn, while Caleb went to the carriage house where his bicycle was, and mounting it rode away at great speed.

Denzil Graham had invited a number of boy and girl friends to spend a part of the vacation at his father's place, the Mill Farm, situated in a beautiful little valley among the Laconic mountains. Among others he had asked his classmate, Caleb Orton, to come. Poor Caleb had few friends, but Denzil had learned to know what a sterling good fellow there was hidden under the boy's uncouth exterior, and he believed that the rest of the party would soon come to like him as warmly as he himself did. But the result had been quite contrary to Denzil's expectations, and Caleb's first week at Mill Farm had been one of the unhappiest of his life.

For a few moments as Caleb rode along the silent country road his reflections were very sorrowful; then gradually he forgot his own troubles in a discovery which he believed he had made a day or two before. The Mill Farm had received its name from the saw mill which stood some distance from the house, on the bank of the brook which ran through the midst of the valley. Half a mile above the dwelling a heavy stone dam had been built across the stream, making a pond of some acres in extent, which supplied power to the mill. Riding about the country alone on his bicycle, Caleb had found this dam and had visited it frequently.

There had been a heavy rainstorm at the beginning of the week and the water in the pond had risen to the very brink of the dam. The structure was old, and the pressure of the water had started a number of seams in the masonry. This was Caleb's discovery.

He had spoken of this to Mr. Graham, who had laughed at his fears, saying that the old dam had lasted fifty years and would last another fifty. But Caleb had not been satisfied. He had made a journey to the pond every day and had seen that the cracks in the wall were surely growing wider, while the escaping water was increasing in quantity. On the previous afternoon he had found a new crack in the stonework, near the middle, from which a small torrent was rushing. Though Mr. Graham certainly out to know best, Caleb felt uneasy about it. He was sure there must be danger of the old wall crumbling away.

When he reached the pond, and leaving his bicycle in the road climbed down to the foot of the dam, he was startled first by a loud roaring sound and then by the sight of a mass of brown water pouring through a large gap in the wall which had not been there on the day before. Wide cracks seamed the masonry in every direction. As he rested his hand against the stones he felt them tremble as under a succession of heavy blows.

While he stood there aghast there came a loud report and another crack opened in the wall from top to bottom. Almost at the same moment a huge block of masonry fell out, followed by a tremendous rush of water. Every instant smaller pieces crumbled down and new jets of water burst forth. The dam was going!

Poor, slow Caleb stood clutching a sapling, wondering what he ought to do. He knew that the Mill Farm dwelling was in the very center of the narrow valley and if this great mass of water were to rush down upon it suddenly it must surely be swept away with all in or near it.

In the midst of his doubt and terror another section of the wall gave way, and driven by a blind impulse Caleb climbed the bank, mounted his bicycle and raced down the road like the wind. Behind him he could hear the deepening roar of the water, and as he turned into the gate at Mill Farm, shaking with fatigue and alarm, there came a dull, heavy boom that seemed to shake the pond. The dam had given way!

A number of the boys and girls were sitting upon the porch. He did not pause to see who they were, but mounted the steps, shouting:

"The dam, the dam! It has burst! Run for your lives."

In a moment all was confusion. Girls, boys, servants and inmates ran hither and thither, crying out in vague terror, and utterly incapable of caring for their own safety.

Caleb seemed to be the only one there with presence of mind. Raising his voice above the uproar, he shouted:

"Run for the top of the hill! Quick, don't wait for anything."

With a courage and coolness for which no one had ever given him credit he got the frightened crowd together and started them up the hill, following behind to urge them on. They had nearly reached the top when Caleb stopped and looked back.

"Where is Denzil?" he cried. "He is not here."

"I saw him down by the brook a few minutes ago," answered one of the number.

"Go on then," answered Caleb; "you are safe now."

"What are you going to do?" asked a terrified voice.

"To find Denzil," replied Caleb, turning back and running swiftly down the hill.

The water was now swirling and roaring down the middle of the valley, rising and increasing in violence every instant, and bearing upon its muddy surface uprooted trees, planks and rubbish.

"Denzil! Denzil!" cried Caleb wildly. "Oh, Denzil, where are you?"

"Here I am," came the reply, and Caleb saw the slight figure of his friend standing upon the point of a rock projecting out of the flood which boiled and thundered above him.

Without a moment's hesitation, Caleb plunged into the water, which rose to his armpits, and battled his way toward the rock. Seizing Denzil around the waist, he drew him down, and supporting him by one arm struck out for the high ground. The water had now risen above the boys' heads and they could only hope to escape by swimming.

Denzil could not swim, and if left to himself in that raging torrent would have drowned in a moment. But he was light of weight and Caleb was the strongest boy in the school.

"Keep cool, Denzil," he panted, as they struggled on.

"All right," was the response, "I understand."

It was literally a battle for life for both boys; for while Caleb could have saved himself by abandoning his friend, he never even thought of it. If ideas came slowly into poor Caleb's brain, they staid, once there. He had resolved to rescue Denzil and he would do it.

As the minutes went by the terrible strain began to tell upon Caleb's strength. In order to keep Denzil's head above the water he was swimming on his side, overhand, which, with Denzil's weight, forced his own head under at every stroke. Moreover, he was bleeding from a blow on the temple from a piece of passing wreck. Skillful and vigorous as he was, he felt himself growing very weak. Should he fail after all? Poor Denzil! It was like him to think only of his friend even at that terrible crisis.

But he would not fail! He set his teeth grimly and battled on. Denzil could hear his breath come in sobs and see the suffering in his wild eyes and drawn features.

"Oh, Caleb!" he cried, "you are killing yourself for me."

"It—is—tough," came the gasping reply, "but I'll do it."

Those who watched them breathlessly from the bank above many times believed the boys lost, as the yellow waves rose over their heads and hid them from sight. But the next moment they would reappear, and the hope would be renewed in the anxious hearts of the spectators.

Poor, dull Caleb! They will never laugh at you again. Everything was forgotten in love and admiration for the gallant boy struggling for the life of his friend in the clutch of the flood. How they hung upon every stroke of that strong right arm! How they groaned and wept as they saw him growing weaker and weaker, moving slower and slower. Yet he still held on.

"One more stroke! Another! Hurrah! Saved—saved!"

Caleb heard the words as in a dream. He felt his feet touch the ground. Eager arms seized him. There was a wild, exultant cry. Some one called his name; then he knew no more.

When he came to himself again he found that he was lying upon the ground, his head supported upon Denzil's knee, while around him stood boys and girls, men and women, some shedding tears, and all talking together like crazy creatures.

"Caleb," said Denzil brokenly, "it is no use trying to say anything"——

"Then don't," answered Caleb, smiling faintly. "It's all right."

"And I," cried Mollie, sobbing. "Oh, Caleb, I am so ashamed."

"Don't," said Caleb again. "It's all right."

When the flood subsided it was found that only the lower portion of the house had been damaged. The upper rooms were still habitable. At Denzil's request, the party remained at Mill Farm, and three days later an open air feast was given in honor of Caleb Orton, and every one there heartily agreed with Denzil when he concluded a neat little speech with the words:

"Caleb Orton, honest as gold, true as steel and brave as a lion."—Charles Lotin Hildreth in Philadelphia Press.

BURIED IN SLIDING SAND.

Willing Neighbors Pull a Man Out of a Sand Pit After Four Hours' Work.

While a gang of men from Sandwich were at work on Chamberlain & Son's cranberry bog one of them, James Dalton, shoveling in a sand pit, was thrown and buried to his shoulders by a landslide on a face of sand some thirty feet high. In spite of very exact and emphatic warnings the man was standing with his back to the bank and his barrow between him and the exit. The falling sand buried the barrow, and the man's right leg was bound fast over the left handle. The other bog hands ran to the rescue, but aside from uncovering the barrow and delivering the man's right leg, could not move him an inch. The danger was that more sand might slide and bury its victim alive, for there were already cracks in the sand visible and one or two huge boulders which might come down any moment. The boblders had just been disclosed by the sand slide.

It was soon apparent that without more and wiser help, the man would certainly perish by exhaustion or be smothered. The neighbors were raised. Among the new comers was Daniel Lee, of the beach who afterward said he had once seen a man buried in a well and by common consent, as the only man who dared to have a plan where an error might cost the trapped man his life and perhaps the lives of others, he was allowed to direct. First of all he called for a long plank. One was brought from the bog, and carefully placed some three or four feet above the man below, and between him and the sand face, and across the sand bank.

Then he ordered planks to be sawed some five feet long, and these to be placed upright inside the horizontal plank and facing in and toward the bank and a man to hold each plank steady and to stand to it if another slide came. He then ordered short oak and pine limbs to be cut and put in the sand above the upright line of planks, to catch and stop the sand which momentarily was sifting down. The whole structure was then braced at each end by joist and plank, and served as a rude sort of shield. Then, with the men holding the planks, the others tried to dig the man out. His left foot and lower trunk seemed held as in a vise. A shovelful of sand taken out seemed instantly replaced by the sand sifting down from the hill. Hands were then used instead of shovels and some stones under him removed. But it was slow, hideous work for the strongest nerved. And now came the crisis.

The rifted earth bank above with the pine trees on it was moving—was sliding down. A shout among the men to hold fast—a second or two of the terrible drift of earth—a second shout—and the deadly mass stood still. The plank barrier so far had saved. But the man in peril had now been some four hours in a situation, the peril of which he knew, not expecting, as he afterward told "the boys," but that he was to be carried home in a box, and though bearing up bravely, was very much exhausted. He must be released speedily or perish. Of all traps, sand under such conditions is the most relentless we ever set eyes upon. Every attempt of strong men to pull the man out failed. A new way was suggested by Mr. David Ellis.

A strong rope from one of the bog screens was brought. A stray woman's shawl, left by some cranberry picker on the bog, was found and used to muffle the sharpness of the rope against the man's flesh in hauling, the rope was fastened tight under his shoulders and then, as God willed, with strong men assisting and others holding at the plank barrier, and the sand hill settling down every moment, the man was pulled out of his sand grave—not a bone broken, not a scratch! The place where the man lay four hours in deadly peril was the next day found covered with four feet of sand.—Cape Cod Independent.

ORDER NISI.

James N. Todd Assignee of Mortgagee
vs.
Susan James and Joseph E. S. James her husband.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County
In Equity. No. 683.

Ordered, this 21st day of May 1892, that the sale made and reported by James N. Todd Assignee of Mortgagee in the above entitled cause be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23rd day of July next,—Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline county Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks, before the 22d day of June next.

The report states the amount of Sales to be $75.00.

EDWIN C. FIELDS, Clerk.

True copy
Test: EDWIN C. FIELDS, Clerk.

ICE CREAM PARLOR.

For Ice Cream, Frozen Custard Water Ices, Cake, etc., go to
BROWN'S ICE CREAM PARLOR,
Two doors below Brick Hotel.
Families and picnics furnished at reasonable prices. j1-3m

Insolvency Notice.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County to wit: on the 28th day of May 1892.

The aforegoing petition of Clinton Cook with the schedules and affidavits having been read and considered, I Edwin C. Fields Clerk of the Circuit Court for Caroline County, do thereupon appoint Howard Bryant, Preliminary Trustee for the benefit of the said petitioner and his creditors and direct that he give bond to the State of Maryland conditioned for the faithful performance of his trust, in the penalty of two thousand dollars with security to be approved by the said Court or by me, and I do futher order the said petitioner to appear before the said Circuit Court for Caroline County on the first Thursday after the first Tuesday of the October term next, to answer such interogatories and allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him and that he give at least forty days notice thereof to his creditors, which said notice shall be published weekly for the period of forty days by inserting a copy of this order in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline County once a week for the said period of forty days.

EDWIN C. FIELDS, Clerk
of the Circuit Court for Caroline County
True Copy
Test:—EDWIN C. FIELDS Clerk.
June 2 40ds

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber of Caroline county, hath obrained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline county, Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of

HARRIETT WILLOUGHBY;

late of Caroline county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the sixteenth day of December next, 1892, or they may otherwise by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said deceased's estate.

Given under my hand this sixteenth day of Juue 1892.

THOMAS N. TODD,
Executor of Harriet Willoughby deceased.
June 16. 1892-4t.

ROBERT J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Maryland.
STATES-ATTORNEY FOR CAROLINE COUNTY

IF YOUR BACK ACHES
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, and give a good appetite. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Insolvency Notice.

In the Circuit Court for Caoline County April Term to wit:—the 13th day of June 1892.

The aforegoing petition of Robert Schuyler Sr., with schedules and affidavit having been read and considered. I Edwin C. Fields, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Caroline County do thereupon appoint George M. Russum, preliminary trustee for the benefit of the said petitioner and his creditors, and direct that he give bond to the State of Maryland conditioned for the faithful discharge of his trust in the penalty of One Hundred Dollars with sureties to be approved by the said Court or by me and I do further order the said petitioner to appear before the Circuit Court for Caroline County on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of October Term next to answer such interogatories and allegations as his creditors endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him and that he give at least forty days notice thereof to his creditors which said notice shall be published weekly for the period of forty days by inserting a copy of this order in some newspaper published in Caroline County once a week for the said period of forty days.

EDWIN C. FIELDS,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Caroline County
True copy
Test:—EDWIN C. FIELDS, Clerk.
June 16–40ds.