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Lieutenant W. B. Huddleston, Royal Indian Marine, has been presented by Captain Hext, C.I.E., Bombay, in the presence of all the marine officers in port, with the Stanhope Medal for the most meritorious act in saving life in the previous year. The circumstances under which this act took place were as follows:—In December, 1890, the Marine Survey steamer "Investigator" was engaged in trawling, in 1,800 fathoms, in the Bay of Bengal. The officers and most of the ship's company happened at the time to be at breakfast, and Mr. Huddleston and the gunner of the ship, Mr. Peterson, along with a few lascars of the watch, were looking after the trawl. As the ship drifted with the trawl down, three large sharks appeared, swimming round the ship, on the look-out for anything that might be thrown overboard. In these circumstances it is the custom (not exclusively, perhaps, for the benefit of the Naturalist's Department) to put out the shark-line, and accordingly the gunner baited the shark-hook and shot it overboard. It was almost immediately gorged, and one of the sharks was hooked fast. It is no easy matter to haul on board a struggling shark weighing several hundredweights, and so the gunner, in accordance with tradition, brought forward a loaded rifle to shoot the unmanageable beast withal. But in the excitement of the moment, and in his anxiety to get as close as possible, the eager marksman fell overboard. By virtue of that curious paradox so commonly illustrated by sailors and fishermen, the man could not swim; but what was worse was that there were the other sharks close by, attracted by the splashing of their captured mate. Without waiting to pull off his coat, or kick off his shoes, Mr. Huddleston at once jumped overboard to the rescue, and it was not until he had got hold of the gunner and had seen him safely hauled on board that he began to think of himself escaping from imminent danger, for one of the sharks was already smelling at the brave young officer's cap, which had fallen off and was drifting slowly away. This act of devotion was brought to the notice of the authorities by the Commander of the "Investigator," the lamented Captain Hoskyn, and was by them reported to the Royal Humane Society; and Mr. Huddleston, in May last year, received the silver medal of the society, *pro cive servato*. The act has now been singled out from the several hundred acts of bravery recognized by the Society for the highest honor that the Society can confer, and Mr. Huddleston is now decorated with the Stanhope Gold Medal, the first to be worn by an officer of the Indian Marine.—*Great Thoughts.*

LET US NOT delude ourselves: this is a fundamental truth,—they who are not saints in this day of grace, shall not be made saints in the day of glory.

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE VI.—(Continued.)

"That dog's been givin' me a chase, I can tell you! He clawed and scratched so in the shed that I put him in the wood-house; and he went and clim' up on that carpenter's bench, and pitched out that little winder at the top, and fell on to the milk-pan shelf and scattered every last one of 'em, and then upstot all my cans of ter-matter plants. But I could n't find him, high nor low. All to once I see 'by the dirt on the floor that he'd squirmed himself through the skeeter-nettin' door int' the house, and then I surmised where he was. Sure enough, I crep' upstairs and there he was, layin' between the two children as snug as you please. He was snorin' like a pirate when I found him, but when I stood over the bed with a candle I could see 't his wicked little eyes was wide open, and he was jest makin' b'lieve sleep in hopes I'd leave him where he was. Well, I yanked him out quicker 'n seat, 'n locked him in the old chicken house, so I guess he'll stay out, now. For folks that claim to be no blood relations, I declare him 'n' the boy 'n' the baby beats anything I ever come across for bein' fond of one 'nother!"

There were dreams at the White Farm that night. Timothy went to sleep with a prayer on his lips; a prayer that God would excuse him for speaking of Martha's door-plate, and a most imploring postscript to the effect that God would please make Miss Vilda into a mother for Gay; thinking as he floated off into the land of Nod, "It'll be awful hard work, but I don't suppose He cares how hard 't is!"

Lady Gay dreamed of driving beautiful white horses beside sparkling waters . . . and through flowery meadows . . . And great green birds perched on all the trees and flew towards her as if to peck the cherries of her lips . . . but when she tried to beat them off they all turned into Timothys and she hugged them close to her heart.

Rags' visions were gloomy, for he knew not whether the Lady with the Firm Hand would free him from his prison in the morning, or whether he was there for all time. . . . But there were intervals of bliss when his fancies took a brighter turn . . . when Hope smiled . . . and he bit the white cat's tail . . . and chased the infant turkeys . . . and found sweet, juicy, delicious bones in unexpected places . . . and even inhaled, in exquisite anticipation, the fragrance of one particularly succulent bone that he had hidden under Miss Vilda's bed.

Sleep carried Samantha so many years back into the past that she heard the blithe din of carpenters hammering and sawing on a little house that was to be hers, his, theirs. . . . And as she watched them, with all sorts of maidenly hopes about the home that was to be . . . some one stole up behind and caught her at it, and she ran away

blushing . . . and some one followed her . . . and they watched the carpenters together. . . . Somebody else lived in the little house now, and Samantha never blushed any more, but that part was mercifully hidden in the dream.

Miss Vilda's slumber was troubled. She seemed to be walking through peaceful meadows, brown with autumn, when all at once there rose in the path steep hills and rocky mountains. . . . She felt tired and too old to climb, but there was nothing else to be done. . . . And just as she began the toilsome ascent, a little child appeared, and catching her helplessly by the skirts implored to be taken with her. . . . And she refused and went on alone . . . but, miracle of miracles, when she reached the crest of the first hill the child was there before her, still beseeching to be carried. . . . And again she refused, and again she wearily climbed the heights alone, always meeting the child when she reached their summits, and always enacting the same scene. . . . At last she cried in despair. "Ask me no more, for I have not even strength enough for my own needs!" . . . And the child said, "I will help you;" and straightway crept into her arms and nestled there as one who would not be denied . . . and she took up her burden and walked. . . . And as she climbed the weight grew lighter and lighter, till at length the clinging arms seemed to give her peace and strength . . . and when she neared the crest of the highest mountain she felt new life throbbing in her veins and new hopes stirring in her heart, and she remembered no more the pain and weariness of her journey. . . . And all at once a bright angel appeared to her and traced the letters of a word upon her forehead and took the child from her arms and disappeared. . . . And the angel had the lovely smile and sad eyes of Martha . . . and the word she traced on Miss Vilda's forehead was "Inasmuch!"

SCENE VII.

The Old Homestead.

MISTRESS AND MAID FIND TO THEIR AMAZEMENT THAT A CHILD, MORE THAN ALL OTHER GIFTS, BRINGS HOPE WITH IT AND FORWARD LOOKING THOUGHTS.

It was called the White Farm, not because that was an unusual color in Pleasant River. Nineteen out of every twenty houses in the village were painted white, for it had not then entered the casual mind that any other course was desirable or possible. Occasionally, a man of riotous imagination would substitute two shades of buff, or make the back of his barn red, but the spirit of invention stopped there, and the majority of sane people went on painting white. But Miss Avilda Cummins was blessed with a larger income than most of the inhabitants of Pleasant River, and all her buildings, the great house, the sheds, the carriage and dairy houses, the fences and the barn, were always kept in a state of dazzling purity; "as if," the neighbors declared, "S'antly Ann Ripley went over 'em every morning with a dust-cloth."

It was merely an accident that the carriage and work horses chanced to be white, and that the original white cats of the family kept on having white kittens to decorate the front doorsteps. It was not accident, however, but design, that caused Jabe Slocum to scour the country for a good white cow and persuade Miss Cummins to swap off the old red one, so that the "critters" in the barn should match.

Miss Avilda had been born at the White Farm; father and mother had been taken from there to the old country churchyard, and "Martha, aged 17," poor, pretty, wilful Martha, the greatest pride and greatest sorrow of the family, was lying under the apple trees in the garden.

Here also the little Samantha Ann Ripley had come as a child years ago, to be playmate, nurse, and companion to Martha, and here she had stayed ever since, as friend, adviser, and "company-keeper" to the lonely Miss Cummins. Nobody in Pleasant River would have dared to think of her as anybody's "hired help," though she did receive bed and board, and a certain sum yearly for her services; but she lived with Miss Cummins on equal terms, as was the custom in the good old New England villages, doing the lion's share of

the work, and marking her sense of the situation by washing the dishes while Miss Avilda wiped them, and by never suffering her to feed the pig or go down cellar.

Theirs had been a dull sort of life, in which little had happened to make them grow into sympathy with the outside world. All the sweetness of Miss Avilda's nature had turned to bitterness and gall after Martha's disgrace, sad home-coming, and death. There had been much to forgive, and she had not had the grace nor the strength to forgive it until it was too late. The mystery of death had unsealed her eyes, and there had been a moment when the sad and bitter woman might have been drawn closer to the great Father-heart, there to feel the throb of a Divine compassion that would have sweetened the trial and made the burden lighter. But the minister of the parish proved a sorry comforter, and adviser in these hours of trial. The Reverend Joshua Beckwith, whose view of God's universe was about as broad as if he had lived on the inside of his own pork-barrel, had cherished certain strong and unrelenting opinions concerning Martha's final destination, which were not shared by Miss Cummins. Martha, therefore, was not laid with the elect, but was put to rest in the orchard, under the kindly, untheological shade of the apple trees; and they scattered their tinted blossoms over her little white headstone, shed their fragrance about her quiet grave, and dropped their ruddy fruit in the high grass that covered it, just as tenderly and respectfully as if they had been regulation willows. The Reverend Joshua thus succeeded in drying up the springs of human sympathy in Miss Avilda's heart when most she needed comfort and gentle teaching; and, distrusting God for the moment, as well as his inexorable priest, she left her place in the old meeting-house where she had "worshipped" ever since she acquired adhesiveness enough to stick to a pew, and was not seen there again for many years. The Reverend Joshua had died, as all men must and as most men should; and a mild-voiced successor reigned in his place, so the Cummins pew was occupied once more.

Samantha Ann Ripley had had her heart history too,—one of a different kind. She had "kept company" with Dave Milliken for a little matter of twenty years, off and on, and Miss Avilda had expected at various times to lose her friend and helpmate; but fear of this calamity had at length been quite put to rest by the fourth and final rupture of the bond, five years before.

There had always been a family feud between the Ripleys and the Millikens; and when the young people took it into their heads to fall in love with each other in spite of precedent or prejudice, they found that the course of true love ran in anything but a smooth channel. It was, in fact, a sort of village Montague and Capulet affair; but David and Samantha were no Romeo and Juliet. The climate and general conditions of life at Pleasant River were not favorable to the development of such exotics. The old people interposed barriers between the young ones as long as they lived; and when they died, Dave Milliken's spirit was broken, and he began to annoy the valiant Samantha by what she called his "meechin'" ways. In one of his moments of weakness he took a widowed sister to live with him, a certain Mrs. Pettigrove, of Edgewood, who inherited the Milliken objection to Ripleys' and who widened the breach and brought Samantha to the point of final and decisive rupture. The last straw was the statement, soon broadcast by Mrs. Pettigrove, that "Samathy Ann Ripley's father never would 'a' died if he'd ever had any doctorin'; but 'twas the gospel truth that they never had nobody to 'tend' him but a hom'pathy man from Scratch Corner, who, of course, bein' a hom'pathy didn't know no more about doctorin' 'n Cooper's cow."

(To be Continued.)

DON'T FORGET that there is more health in a sunbeam than in drugs, more life in pure air than in the physician's skill. The sunlight may fade your carpets, but better that than have disease fade your cheek. The wind may tan and freckle the face, but it is better tanned and freckled than thin and sallow.—*Sanitary News.*