

Franklin was the only one of the ship's company who did not brighten when they received the electric thrill of an order which broke their weary vigil in the famous bay by sending the cruiser to patrol duty among the southern islands. But when they were under way Franklin found that the Congressman was still aboard, and his hopes revived a little. For a week in coasting from port to port he looked in vain for some event which would set him right.

Then came an order transferring him. He was assigned to the Marietta, a tiny gunboat no bigger than a harbor tugboat and with but half the draft. He had only time to get his belongings together, which does not take a sailor long. He found that his cousin had also been transferred and was to be commander of the cockleshell.

The Marietta's first assignment was to take none other than the Congressman up a river to the capital of a province where he had a son, an officer of the army, in command of the garrison. There Franklin would definitely see the last of him. They had no thought of meeting with any delay on their run of the five miles of winding stream, but it is when they are least expected that guerrillas appear.

The Congressman was sitting in the bow admiring the scenery, the little engine was 'chugging' earnestly, the screw was whirling vigorously through the muddy water, when out of the soft green foliage of the right bank cracked a volley. The Congressman, a veteran himself, dropped on the deck and looked about him for a rifle, his old eyes flashing.

The cadet had never been under fire before. He dodged and fell on the deck with the others. Franklin was at the wheel and remained erect, frightened, but not forgetting his duty. There had not been a tremor of the rudder.

'Steer for that bank, sharp, sharp!' Edward called, and Franklin obeyed. 'I don't want to—endanger your life,' he panted to the Congressman, his sentence broken by the ring of a bullet against the hull and whistle of other bullets over their heads.

'Seems to me I'd put a few shots back at 'em in the meanwhile,' said the Congressman. 'What's that for?' He nodded toward a rapid-fire gun in the bow. 'And that?' toward a one-pounder in the stern.

Edward could not fail to take the hint. He sprang up with trembling limbs and ran to the rapid-fire gun, calling for the other to be manned. A bullet struck its support before he could put it in action. That made him forget all his training. He aimed wildly, and jammed the delicate machine almost instantly. Then, in his desperation, he ran toward the wheel.

'Steer in closer, closer!'

'It's too shallow, sir,' Franklin replied. 'No, it's not.' The ensign could hear the triumphant shouts of the insurgents, who increased their fire. He was wild with exasperation. 'It's not!' he repeated, and seized the wheel in his own hands and turned it hard alee. The bow veered sharply. For an instant the boat flew forward, then grounded.

As if they had been waiting on this for a signal, a fire broke out from some bushes which rose above the level of the grassy bank on the left side.

'Both sides!' gasped the ensign. He sprang overboard, as much to avoid the fire as anything. 'Push her off.'

Everybody leaped into the water. When the insurgents on the left bank saw the predicament of the Americans they broke out of their cover with a yell and came running toward them. Meanwhile the Marietta was still in range of the fire from the other side. It was a question only of minutes—yes, of seconds, before they would be prisoners.

The current swung the Marietta partially around and drove her fast into the soft mud, and the misdirected efforts of her crew to free her were as unavailing as if she were a battleship.

'Can't somebody fire that gun? Can't somebody fire?' the Congressman called, putting the strength of his sixty years against the hull and feeling his shoes sinking in the soft ooze beneath them.

At this juncture, in the face of the fire, Franklin sprang on deck and ran aft to the jammed instrument of their hope. He felt as cool as his father's son ought to feel under such circumstances. The parts of the mechanism were not a jumble to him, as they were to the excited cadet, and he saw the difficulty and how simple it was. His study, his questions, had not been in vain.

'Man the one-pounder! Get the rifles, everybody!' he called, with the instinct of command.

As they tumbled aboard the crew heard the rattling of the gun under Franklin's hand, sweeping the field of white-shirted figures pressing forward, and soon a little shell from the one-pounder threw up dirt at their feet. The insurgents were too near their prize to be stopped yet.

'Keep cool, everybody. Keep cool!' said the Congressman, himself firing with the nice calculation of a man at a range.

The Americans did not realise that shots were still coming from the rear. They knew that the insurgents on the other side of the stream could not cross it, and that was enough. If the gun should jam again all would be lost.

But it did not jam; and soon the insurgents, no longer able to stand the persistent accuracy of the machine, began to fall back and finally ran in pell-mell flight, leaving their wounded behind.

Promptly Franklin whirled his gun round and began firing upon the first attacking party, which withdrew when it saw that it was unsupported by the other side.

When excitement no longer made their efforts futile, and one was not pushing against another, and with the screw properly directed to their assistance, the crew was very soon able to force the stranded Marietta back into the stream.

After the Congressman had emptied the water out of his shoes and was once more seated, with nothing to do but to enjoy the scenery, he said to Franklin, in beaming gratitude:

'Well, young man, you're quite a general!'

Franklin blushed. The remark did not make him think of his ambition. It gave him speech for another cause.

'Oh, sir, I want you not to believe that those charges were true. They weren't. I wouldn't have overstayed leave if it hadn't been—but—but you ask Charley the rest.'

'I don't believe them. To prove it, all you've got to do is to pass the examination at Annapolis. I'll see that you get the appointment.'

Franklin's manner and his eyes spoke his gratitude better than his tongue. Edward, who had overheard, looked proudly at his cousin and then said to the Congressman:

'I thank you, too, sir! I shan't be happy till he wears the uniform his father wore. He saved us all to-day.'

His little speech saved Edward from a court of inquiry. He became Franklin's best friend, and if ever he goes into action again there is no doubt that he will behave like a veteran.—'Youth's Companion.'

The Catholic World

AUSTRIA.—A Holy Thursday Ceremony

The Emperor Francis Joseph, assisted by eleven Archdukes, performed the ancient Holy Thursday ceremony of washing the feet of twelve aged men in the Hofburg. Among those present were high court functionaries and members of the Diplomatic Body, including the British Ambassador, Lady Plunket, Miss Plunket, and the Duchess of Marlborough.

ENGLAND.—A Successful Mission

The host of friends of the Very Rev. Father Kenelm Vaughan will rejoice to hear (says the 'Catholic Times') that he has completed a most successful collection throughout the Republic of South America for funds to complete the Spanish Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in the Westminster Cathedral, and now proceeds to open the final stage of his collecting tour amongst the Catholic people of Mexico. He is at present the guest of the Most Rev. Dr. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco.

Generous Donors

The cheque given at the offertory of £1000 on the occasion of the blessing of the new Abbot of Buckfast, Devon, was given by Dr. McNamara, Moyneck, St. Mary's Church, Torquay. Another equally kind and liberal friend sent a cheque for £1500 to Father Amigo, the worthy pastor of St. Joseph's, Waltham. The donor requested that his name was not to be mentioned.

Priests in London

Mr. Charles Booth's new book, 'Life and Labor of the People of London,' has the following reference to the Catholic clergy:—'The priests live as poor men among the poor. Their food is simple, their clothes are threadbare; they take few holidays. They live from day to day—if they have a shilling in their pockets no one in want will ask in vain. Abstemious and self-restrained themselves, they are yet lenient judges of the frailties that are not sins, and of the disorder that is not crime. This kindly gentleness is after the event; at the time no one could be more uncompromising in denunciation or more prompt in interference.' Mr. Booth is a Protestant, and one of the active partners in the great shipping firm of Alfred Booth and Co., of Liverpool and London.

A Lost Masterpiece

An effort is being made by the priests in charge of the new church of St. Mary's, Moorfields, London, to reproduce, on a smaller scale, the magnificent altar fresco which was destroyed when the old church was demolished. This fresco was a representation of the Crucifixion, by Aglio, and was considered by art critics to be a masterpiece.

FRANCE.—More Circulars

In consequence of the recent votes in the Chamber on the Congregational Law, M. Combes has addressed two circulars to the French bishops. The first of these announces that the Congregationalist preachers will be removed altogether, as their very presence, M. Combes says, might not only raise the question of the continuance of the Concordat, but might also bring about the closing of the churches in which they preach. In the second circular M. Combes calls upon the bishops to order the immediate cessation of all religious services in places of worship which have not been granted decree of authorisation.

A Mission Closed

The Paris correspondent of the London 'Daily Express,' telegraphing on April 10, says:—'The English Passionist Fathers of the Hoche Church have been given