SUNSTRUCK.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER IV.

Days of hard work beneath the torrid sun, and nights without rest, when freeman and bondman toiled together beneath the dim light of many lanterns. Gun and shot and heavy stores were landed; but the ship stuck fast, as it her keel were firmly wedged in the rock.

Then the whole crew, reinforced by a hundred of the blacks from the plantation, ran from side to side, to the great delight of the slaves, to whom the rhythmic motion seemed a kind of dance, to which they set up one of their weird choruses, caught by the Jacks at once, and trolled out with all the force of their powerful lungs; but that night and another passed. The ship had not moved.

"*Nil des.*, captain," said Greville. "The weather has held right and we may do it yet."

"But I am beginning to despair, sir," said the captain, wearily.

"Let's see what to-morrow will bring forth," said Greville.

It brought forth what neither expected.

Burns, who was working literally like a slave, side by side with Manton in the hot sun, helping the men to get up ballast from the hold, suddenly dropped as if he had received a bullet.

The doctor was hurried to the poor fellow's side, and pronounced the attack to be due to over-exertion in the heat.

Both the captains came; and the doctor gave orders for the stricken man to be carried below, when Greville interposed.

"No, no, captain," he said; "it is like condemning the poor fellow to death. The heat and noise will increase his fever. Let him be carried ashore to my house. Two of the women on the estate are excellent nurses."

Captain Lance glanced at the doctor, who nodded.

"It will be the saving of his life," he said.

"I don't like trespassing on you further, Mr. Greville."

"Captain Greville, if you please," said the planter stiffly.

"Captain Greville. But if you will have the poor fellow for a day or two."

"I shall be hurt if you do not send him, was the reply.

The result was that the captain's gig was manned, and it became Manton's duty to see his friend safely up to the plantation house, the surgeon being one of the party.

"Is he very bad, doctor?" said Manton as they were rowed over the sea, which shone like hot metal.

"Very bad, poor lad. You see the exertion has been terrible. He has not spared himself a bit."

"Officers must set a good example," said Manton sadly; and then, noting for the first time the figure of one of the plantation blacks in the bows, he flushed a little, and said sharply: "Hullo, my man, getting away from the work?"

"Mass' Cap'n say Negus go up to house tell um get room ready."

"I beg his pardon," said Manton; "I misjudged him.—Poor Will! you mustn't let him slip through your fingers, doctor."

"I shall do my best, and counsel you to take warning and be careful. The work under this sun is too much. Why, the very birds and insects get into the shade, while we human beings keep on toiling regardless of the heat.—Ah, here we are," he continued as the boat's bow grated on the sand. "How are we to get him up? Ah! Good gracious! Why the side of the boat literally burned my hand."

"We will get him carefully on to this sail," said Manton, as the black went off at a trot for the house. "Three men on each side to hold the canvas, He'll ride easily enough then."

"Capital!" said the doctor; and he stood looking on as the young lieutenant was tenderly lifted out of the boat and placed upon the spreadout sail where it had been stretched upon the sands.

"Now, my lads, lift—all together," said Manton. "Keep step. Go slowly.—No, no, my lad," he continued, as he bent down; "take hold this way. That's right. Now together. Lift. Forward.—That sand glows like fire, doctor," he added. "Seemed quite to scorch my face."

"Why, Manton, man—what is it? Hold up!

"Yes," said the young man thickly, "sand—glows—I—what?—my head—feels'——

He made a sudden snatch at vacancy, reeled, and was saved from falling by the surgeon lowering him down on a patch of green growth just beyond the sand.

"Is he ill too, sir?" said one of the men respectfully, for they had halted as soon as they saw their officer down.

"Ill too, my lads," said the surgeon bitterly. "Struck down. We cannot leave him here till we get the other up."

"No, sir," said the man; "we can take him too."

"Impossible."

"Not it, sir, if we lay 'em crostways. There's three on us to each; and if we says we will, we will; eh, messmates?"

"Ay, ay," came in a low deep growl, full of willingness to help; and a few minutes after they were going slowly up toward the house with their double load; but it was lightened before they were half-way there, for the messenger came back with another stalwart black, the negroes each seizing a side of the sail: and a few minutes later they reached the shade of the broad veranda, and then bore the two sick men into the dark, cool hall, a couple of elderly black women coming forward to meet them, but only to stop as Renee and Josephine stepped out from one of the side-rooms.

The doctor started, and took off his hat.

"I beg pardon," he stammered; "I was not aware"——

"The room is ready," said Renee.

"Thank you, my dear young lady, thank you; but, unfortunately, another of our officers has been taken ill on the road."

"Another room shall be prepared directly," said Renee quietly. "Josie, dear, will you ask"——

She did not finish her sentence, being struck by her companion's manner, for Josephine had snatched a vessel of cold water from a table in the hall, soaked her hankerchief therein, and was bending down now over Manton, with a look in her eyes entirely fresh. But the next minute she seemed to realize what was required, and hurried away to see to the preparation of another room.

"Humph!" muttered the doctor; "he said he had good nurses up at the house. If I were down, and had such nurses as these, I should never want to get well.—Eh? I beg your pardon," he added with some confusion, for Renee had spoken.

"I said, would you tell your men to carry the gentlemen to their rooms?"

"Yes, yes; thank you. Of course," cried the doctor.—"Now, my lads, carefully. One at a time,"

"Hah!" he muttered, half an hour later, as he looked down at his patients in their tastefully arranged, well-ventilated bedrooms. "Very nice. Ten times the chance of getting better; but—but——Oh, dear me! I'm rather afraid of this arrangement turning out all wrong."

CHAPTER V.

A ship is always called 'she,' and there are plenty of unkind misogynists who sneeringly say it is because a vessel is as capricious as a woman. Certainly the sloop of war wedged in the coral rock a quarter of a mile from the shore was capricious enough. Everything had been done in the way of lightning her; the crew and their black auxiliaries had tramped and danced from side to side, and the two captains stood together one glorious evening gazing at each other in despair. They had become very friendly; for Captain Greville in spite of his long absence from the sea, had proved himself to be a ripe sailor: and Captain Lance had soon thrown aside all punctilio, and gladly availed himself of plenty of sound advice.

"No, sir," said Greville, "I can do no more. I am at my wit's end. It is piteous, though. Such a fine vessel and quite uninjured. Lance, I'm sorry for you."

"It's maddening," said the latter. "Wrecked my ship in a calm. They'll never give me another."

"No; I'm afraid not," said Greville. "You'll have to do as I do; turn planter."

"If we could only have got an anchor down, and the capstan manned."

"Yes. But impossible; there are goodness knows how many hundred fathoms below us here. We ought to have got her off. The weather, too, has been perfect. Give the men a rest for a few hours, and let's see if we cannot hit out some other plan.—Here; I have it. Let's get the guns abroad again all aft, and fire a salvo. That might start her, and—— Hurrah! Cheer my lads, cheer!"

The men responded with a wild shout, in which the blacks took part, for, as the two captains were speaking, the swello which had for days past been rolling in s, gently, pressed slowly and heavily against the stern of the ship, and seemed to glide under her; she careened over a little to starboard, and then lifted and slowly drifted off into deep water, her masts describing an arc across the sky.

The next moment the two officers had grasped hands.

"Greville," said Captain Lance, in a voice full of emotion, "you have saved me, my ship, and my future prospects as an officer. Now, then, what is to be done?"

"Get your guns and stores on board, man," said Greville bluntly.

"Of course, but I mean about you. Shall you claim salvage?"

"Of course not."

"Then the government must"——

"Leave me alone," said Greville, interrupting. "What! do you want them to give me a command?"

"Yes: why not?"

"No; that's all over. I'm afraid I was not a good officer. My fate went another way. I'm happy enough here with my two dear girls and my black people."

"Yes, but you must have some reward."

"Give it me then—the thanks of a brother-officer."

"You've had that from the first. But your men?"

"My blacks? Get the work done, man; and then rig up an awning all over the deck, give them a hearty meal, and then make the fiddler strike up, and let them dance and sing. I'll give your boys a treat ashore.—There, get your boats out and sound for an anchorage. You'll get one under the shelter of that headland. I'm as glad as an old sailor can be who has had the pleasure of saving one of the king's ships."

That night *The Queen* lay snugly at anchor; and the next morning the boats began going to and fro to embark guns ammunition, and stores once more. Then in due course followed the entertainments to to the blacks and the sailors, and the announcement that the ship would conuinue her journey farther south.

Captain Greville was on board on the eve previous to their setting sail, when the doctor came up to make his report after being ashore.

"Well," said the captain; "how are your patients?"

"The two lads who were hurt by the slipping of that gun are getting on well. They are coming aboard to-night as soon as it's a bit cooler."

"Yes; but Manton and Burns?" said Captain Lance impatiently.

"They are getting better. The crisis is past, and it only a matter of nursing now."

"That's right," said the captain; and Greville raised his brows and looked sharply from one to the other. "Take the gig to-night and some bedding, and superintend the poor fellows being brought aboard."

"What for?" said Greville bluntly. "Do you want to begin your voyage with a couple of funerals at sea?"

"My dear sir!"

"Well, I'm right," said Greville. "The poor fellows are mere shadows. It would kill them if they were moved.—Wouldn't it, doctor?"

"In a few hours," said the doctor decisively.

"Tut—tut—tut—tut!" ejaculated Captain Lance. What am I to do? I can't sail without my officers."

"You would have to if they died," said Greville. "There; go on, and call for them as you come back from the south. Going right down to the Falklands, aren't you?"

"Yes; but those two poor lads!"

"They'll be all right. I think we can nurse them back to health."

"But it is not fair to leave them on your hands, Greville."

"Nonsense! Then I'll keep account of the cost, and send you in a bill."

"You will?" cried Captain Lance eagerly.

"No; I won't, man. Hang it all! I thought we two were getting to be quite friends."

"And so we are," cried Captain Lance—"But, doctor, what do you say?"

"That it is their only chance of life."

"And about medical assistance? I can't leave you."

"Bah!" said the doctor shortly. "They don't want *me*."

No one noticed his peculiar intonation, and matters were arranged so that the sick men should stay.

Next morning, as John Manton lay on his couch in the shaded room, he heard the gun fired soon after the captain and his brother-officers had been to say farewell.

"Look out, nurse," he said to the ugly black woman seated near his head; and his voice sounded very weak and strange.

"'S, Massah," said the woman; and she went to the window. "All de big white sail hang down, and de ship go sail along, and de boys shout."

"Ah!" sighed Manton; and I am so weak. Go and tell Mr. Burns that the ship has sailed, and that we are all left behind—perhaps to die," he added to himself.

The woman went into the adjoining room, and returned at the end of a minute.

"Why have you been so long?" said Manton, in a querulous whisper.

"Massah Burn say um want lilly drink o' water, sah."

"Well?"

"An' I give um lil drop o'coolum drink."

"Yes, yes; but did you tell him the ship had sailed?"

"'S, massah."

"And what did he say?"

"Say noting, massah. Can't say. All so weak. Only make lil whisper."

"Well, you heard him?" said Manton feebly.

"Oh yes, massah; but massah no talk so much. Not good for um head."

"But tell me what he said, and I will not speak."

"Massah Burn whisper very small 'deed, and um say close in my ear, when I tell um ship sail away: "Berry good job too."'

CHAPTER VI.

Breakfast-time at the plantation, and Josephine busy in front of a glass, pinning a brilliant scarlet flower just at the side of her glossy black hair. She was very simply dressed in flowing creamy drapery, which showed her little figure to perfection.

"How late she is!" muttered the girl, as she glanced at her handsome face, and a faint tinge, the result of her satisfaction, sprang to her warmly hued cheeks.

At that moment, while her back was turned, Renee entered, and stopped short smilingly watching as she saw how her companion was engaged.

"Why, Josee," she cried, "down so soon!"

"Yes, of course," cried the girl. "Have you not always been scolding me for being last?"

"Morning, girls," said Captain Greville, entering through the French window. "That's right: I want my breakfast.

He kissed them both tenderly, Josephine last, and holding her with one arm as he patted her cheek.

"That's right, my dear," he said. "Glad to see you look so much brighter. You quite fidgeted me a little while ago. I was afraid you were going to be ill."

"It was very hot then," she said hurriedly.

"Nay, it was unusually cool," said the captain, laughing. "Why, girls, I must take you to the old country some day, and let you see really cold weather with ice and snow."

He took his seat at the table, and noticed that his adopted child was as attentive to his wants as Renee.

"What is the news about the patients?" he said.

"Aunt 'Miramis says they have both had an excellent night," said Josee eagerly.

"You have seen her this morning?"

"Yes, I just e.—'er and asked," said Josephine quickly r.—Give me some more coffee, Renee, dea Papa, you are not making a good brea t."

"Oh yes, I am, child.—Well, that's good news about the sailor boys. I want to have them fit for service by the time *The Queen* comes back 'Miramis is an excellent nurse, but som how she is a woman I rather mistrust."

"But she is very good and kind," cried Josephine quickly. "It is her manner that is against her."

"I do not mind her manner," said Renee quietly. "She always seems to me insincere."

"Ah well, never mind, said the captain, "so long as she does her duty."

He took out a letter which had reached him a day or two before, and began reading it as he sipped his coffee. It was for the third or fourth time, for letters were rarities in those days at such an out-of-the-way island; and as he read, the girls kept silence, only exchanging glances twice, when Josephine looked at Renee furtively, and then flushed as it in resentment at being watched On the second occasion, she turned away angrily, and Renee seemed pained, gazing at her adopted sister appealingly, and then sighing; and her thoughtful young face grew troubled, as she saw how Josephine kept her eyes averted.

As soon as the breakfast was over, the latter left the table and went out into the garden.

Directly they were alone, Greville said quietly: "You have noticed how Josee has altered during the last week or two?"

"Oh yes, papa, and it has troubled me."

"Troubled? Because she seems so animated and gay?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, nonsense, child! Femme souvent varie. You are as changeable as she is. I am glad to see it.—Well, this will not do. I must get in the saddle and ride round before the sun gets too hot. I'll go up and see the sailors, though. I think I shall have them down and out in the garden."

"Yes, papa," said Renee, with rather a troubled air.

"Yes, my dear, I shall lock up the medicine chest now, and prescribe fresh air. Lucky for them I'm such a quack. One can't go on doctoring one's people all these years without knowing a little about our ailments. I did save your life, pet."

"Yes, dear," said Renee, clinging to him; "but I never knew how bad I was."

"No, I suppose not. And then you responded by saving mine."

"Oh no, papa."

"But I say, oh yes.—Well, I'll go up now."

The captain went up to Burns' room to find that gentleman carrying on a conversation with his nurse; and drawing back unseen, he went into the next room, and then stopped short in astonishment.

"Josee, my child!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, papa dear, I have just brought Mr. Manton a bunch of these fresh flowers," said the girl hastily.

"Yes, Captain Greville," said Manton from the couch upon which he lay looking very white and thin. "I don't know how I am ever to express my thanks for all the kindness I receive here. Thank you very much for the flowers, Miss Maine. 'Miramis shall put them in water. I never knew how much pleasure flowers could give till I was sick like this."

"Oh, it is nothing," said the girl hastily, and she hurried away.

Greville's brow cleared as Josephine left the room, and he drew a chair to the side of the couch.

"Well, patient," he said, "how are you? Come," he continued, laying his hand upon Manton's forehead, "pleasantly cool. No headache?"

"Oh no, sir; only so dreadfully weak."

"We'll soon get over that. You shall carry you, and we'll have you down in the garden every day."

"Ah!" exclaimed Manton, flushing. "When shall we begin?"

"This morning—almost directly. I'll go and see my other patient, and then have arrangements made, and easy-chairs placed under the big ceiba." Then, nodding pleasantly, he strode toward the other room.

"Shan't find Renee supplying flowers there, shall I?" he thought. "No: rubbish! Only an impulsive girl's desire to show kindness."

"Well, patient," he said, rather boisterously, as he entered Burn's room, to find that the lady in attendance was the black woman Semiramis—"Well, patient, how are you?"

"Well, doctor, how am I?" said the young man, holding out his hand.

"Him berry bad, sah, and no get bit better," said the woman volubly. "Um no take notice what nurse say. Um do all as um like, and 'Miramis no use here 'tall a 'tall."

"Oh yes, you are, old lady," cried Burns; "only you do want to coddle a man up rather too much—I say, Captain Greville, it's very hard work lying here. When can you give me leave to go ashore—I mean, down below?"

"This morning," said Greville, smiling.

"Then I shall be well in a week. I'm better already with the thoughts of it. But is old Manton coming too?"

"Yes: you shall both be carried down."

"Here, 'Miramis, bring your stuff. I'll take it or anything else now.—Why, my dear host and doctor, this news is the best medicine I have swallowed yet."

"I'm glad of it, my lad," said Greville, smiling at the young man's light-hearted way.

"Thank ye; but, I say—you are too good to us; taking all this interest in a couple of strangers."

"Oh no! not strangers," said Greville, smiling. "I have been a planter all these years; but I am still a sailor at heart, and your coming brought back the days when I was a trank young lieutenant like you, with plenty of the middies' berth clinging to me. I'm only too glad to welcome a couple of honourable English gentlemen to my house: so be quite at ease. My servants are yours for the time you are here. I only ask one favour of you."

"Yes, sir. What is that?"

"Get well as soon as you can—not that I want you to go, but because I would rather have hale guests than sick."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Hundred Miles an Hour.

Travel at the rate of a hundred miles an hour may soon be no longer a dream, but a commonplace fact for articles of incorporation have just been filed in Illinois by the Chicago and St. Louis Electric Railroad Company, which proposes to build a road on which wedge-shaped cars, driven by a novel form of electric motor, will make the distance between those two cities in two hours and a half. At first only a double track will be reserved for local traffic and high-class freight, and the company's plan includes the laying out along the line of broad avenues, facing which will be neat cottages and houses with long, narrow farm lands reaching back into the country. The electric cars are to be long, low, compact, and light, with two pairs of driving wheels, each operated by a motor. Each car will weigh only ten tons, and the wheels will be capable of making 500 revolutions a minute. A wedge-shaped projection in front, sloping upward, will diminish the friction of the air and will serve to keep the car steady Light and heat will be provided by electric devices, and neither conductors nor brakesmen will be needed. Safety is to be secured by dividing the road into twenty-five sections of ten miles each so as to constitute a complete block system. One central power station, six or eight miles from Clinton, De Witt county, Ill., will furnish the electricity required for operating the entire road, and will also provide additional electric power to be let to farmers and residents along the line for their special purposes, and provide for an electric light plant and a telephone line the whole way from Chicago to St. Louis. This reads like a novel of Jules Verne, but it is not impossible and the details seem to have been studied and arranged with knowledge and intelligence. May we all live to ride on the Chicago and St. Louis Electric Railroad, and prattle, as we flash along like a comet, of the old-fashioned, slow coach days of 1892.

The Newfoundlanders are still pressing the British Government to allow them to enter into the Bond-Blaine reciprocity treaty with the Americans, whether Canada so wills or not. The Colonial Secretary is represented as "reluctant" to do so, but the granting of their request is not thought to be impossible. This would be most disastrous, not so much to the Canada of the present as the broader Canada of the future. The Newfoundlanders should not be permitted to become commercially citizens of the American Union, and the only sure way to prevent this is to invite them to be citizens, commercially at least, of Canada.

An English magazine speaks of the peak of Orizaba as the culminating point to this continent. It is really not worth while to speak of any particular summit as surpassing all others until we are sure that mountain systems have been explored so thoroughly as to enable us to speak with confidence. The latest determination of the height of Orizaba was by aneroid, and we have no guarantee of its correctness. There is still a strong probability that Mt. St. Elias is the highest of North American summits, and that Mount Aconcagua in Chili, northeast of Santiago, with its 22,867 feet overtops everything else in South America.

TO FORTUNE HUNTERS.

Some Solid Common Sense Advice from a Successful Business Man.

Mr. Erastus Wiman has found time in the midst of his multifarious duties to contribute the following article the sentiments of which will be endorsed by even those who cannot agree with Mr. Wiman in all that he writes:—

Have a defined motive in view.

Do not mortgage your future—it may be useful to you hereafter.

The surest way to mortgage your future is to incur indebtedness.

The only justification for debt is the immediate prospect of profit.

Incur no debt, except that on which you can realize in order to liquidate what you owe.

The young man who incurs debts without securing a corresponding ability to pay them practically pawns his future—his most precious possession.

Three-fourths of all the progress in this new world has been achieved by the generous and judicious use of credit. Yet three-fourths of all the anxiety that pervades it has come from the abuse of credit. Like every other blessing, the greater the good the nearer the evil.

Credit is often unnecessarily used to supply some fancied want, to promote some speculative enterprise or in some way to hypothecate the future.

Hence, always take a week to decide whether you should go into debt or not. A week's delay may save a year of sorrow. "Falsehood prospers by precipitancy."

Is it a fact that the world is divided into two classes—those who save all they can, and those who spend all they can? Is the division further extended so as to include on the one side those who are always creditors, and on the other side those who are always debtors?

If this is so, and it rests with the reader of these lines, who is young and has yet time to shape his destiny, surely he will make every effort to get into the camp of those who are likely to be the freest from anxiety all their days.

Human happiness is difficult to achieve; it is easy to destroy. It may not always reside in the first of these divisions, it certainly never stays long in the latter.

The virtue most conspicuous in its absence in the average human being is thrift. It can come only by cultivation. Hence cultivate thrift by periodicity in saving.

Fitful saving may do for the man who has a tendency for thrift, but for the average of humanity a trained and determined course of action is necessary. The discipline of regularity is just as essential in saving as it is any other exercise of the body or the mind. Hence periodicity in saving is the way to get an exercise in that virtue of virtues, whereby our young man may for all time call his soul his own.

If you live in a city, one of the best ways to secure periodicity in saving is to join a local building and loan association. If you do not know of one, write to me and I will give you the name of a secretary. The obligation in joining one of these associations is to pay into a treasury so much money a month. It is a splendid exercise, and not only yields a larger interest than any other investment, but is safer, because it is based upon building homes for the people of the middle class who will never sacrifice their home if they can help it. These associations now include a capital exceeding that of the national banks, and are providing more homes than any other instrumentality. The good they are doing is incalculable, for in the creation of homes rests the hope of the republic.

If you live in the country try to get possession of some land by saving your money, either in using the instrumentality of the building and loan association or some other plan by which you can buy on installments. If possible, get possession of some of God's earth. Land near great cities of rapid growth is likely to be exceedingly valuable. Good farm land is sure to grow in favor.

Remember that the law of supply and demand prevails in real estate as in every other trade. Limited supply is dangerous, equally with a limited demand. But if supply is regulated by accessibility and nearness to large aggregations of humanity, and rapid means of communication, the limitations are generally safe. As to the extent of the demand, it must rest with the character of the place near which the land is located.

Conceit in Nations.

An Englishman named George Moreru, who spent last year in the republic of Honduras, has left that country with a great contempt for its people. The worst thing he has to say against them is that they are a very conceited set, and that, "like the Chilians, they imagine their country the greatest on earth and themselves the greatest people." But surely Mr. George Moreau must have observed, in the course of his travels, that there are several other countries besides Honduras in which the people entertain the same kind of opinion about themselves. Take the English, for example, or, to give still further illustrations, take the French or the Germans or the Italians or the Spaniards or the Russians or the Turks. Travel as far as Asia and take the Chinese, not to speak of the Thibetans and other nations. While advancing to yet another continent, look at the Uruguayans: the Paraguayans, the Brazilians, Ecuadorians. Venezuelans, Colombians, Peruvians, and Argentines. Aye, even the people of the United States of North America think something of their country and of themselves and of the great continental metropolis of New York. Let not Mr. Moreau, be therefore too hard upon the Hondurasians for taking patriotic views of the republic of Honduras and its galantuomos.

The air ship inventors are evidently encouraged by their failures. Mr. Pennington especially, who has for years been building ships in the air that would not go, has set to work upon others that are bound to go. He tells how he has at last solved the problems that have baffled all other inventors, how his other air ships failed because he had not got the solution, how he had raised $30,000,000 to demonstrate the accuracy of his latest solution, and how he will after a time set the new air ships agoing over land and sea at a velocity which he has been able to calculate with precision. Mr. Pennington's talk has a very wild aspect, and we cannot forget that he talked in just the same style years ago about his other air ships, and yet it turned out that they wouldn't go.