

THE CHILIMAN TRAGEDY.

(CONTINUED.)

The passengers sat up for the remainder of the night, and the ship was as full of life as though the sun had risen. In every corner of the vessel was there a hum of talk in the subdued note into which the horror of murder depresses the voice. The captain called his chief officer and myself to his cabin. We inspected the dagger afresh and talked the dreadful thing over. Who was the assassin? Both the captain and the mate cried, "Who but the wife?" I said I could not be satisfied of that yet. Who was Charles Winthrop Sheringham? who was Leonora Dunbar? It was some comfort anyhow to feel that whoever the wretch might be, he or she was in the ship. There were no doors to rush through, no windows to leap from, no country roads to scour here. The assassin was a prisoner with us all in the ship. Our business was to find out who of the whole crowd of us had murdered the man, and we had many weeks before us.

In the small hours the sail-maker and his mate stitched up the body ready for the toss over the side before noon. We waited until the sun had risen, then, our resolution having been formed, the captain and I entered the berth which had been occupied by the Savages, and examined such baggage as we found there. The keys were in a bag. Our search lasted an hour. At the expiration of the hour we had found out, mainly through the agency of a large bundle of letters, but in part also through other direct proofs, that the name of the murdered man was Charles Winthrop Sheringham; that the name of the lady whom he had known as Mrs. Savage was Leonora Dunbar; that this Miss Dunbar had been an intimate friend of Mrs. Sheringham; and that the husband had eloped with her, and taken passage for Melbourne in the ship Chiliman, promising marriage in twenty solemn protestations on their arrival in Australia, the ceremony to be repeated should Mrs. Sheringham die.

This story we got together out of the letters and other conclusive evidence. The captain was now roosted of opinion that Miss Dunbar had killed Sheringham.

"It's not only the dagger," said he, "with her name on it, which was therefore hers, and in her keeping when the murder was done; for suppose someone else the assassin, are you to believe he entered the Savages' berth and rummaged for this particular weapon instead of using a knife of his own? How would he know of the dagger, or where to find it? It's not the dagger only; there's the stains on her hand and bed-gown. And mightn't she have killed him in a fit of madness, owing to remorse and thoughts of a life-long banishment from England, and horror of the disgrace and shame he's brought her to?"

I listened in silence, but not yet could I make up my mind.

I met the stewardess coming to the captain with the key of the Savages' cabin; she wanted clothes for the lady. I asked how Mrs. Savage did, giving the unhappy woman the name she was known by on board.

"She won't speak, sir," answered the stewardess. She's fallen into a stony silence. She sits with her hands clasped and her eyes cast down, and I can't get a word out of her."

"I'll look in upon her by-and-by," said I.

The body was buried at ten o'clock in the morning. The captain read the funeral service, and the quarter-deck was crowded with the passengers and crew. I don't think there was the least doubt throughout the whole body of people that Mrs. Savage, as they supposed her, had murdered Sheringham. It was the murder that put into this funeral service the wild tragic significance everybody seemed to find in it, to judge at least by the looks on the faces I glanced at.

When the ceremony was ended I called for the stewardess, and went with her to Miss Dunbar's cabin. On entering I requested the stewardess to leave me. The lady was seated, and did not lift her eyes, nor exhibit any signs of life whilst I stood looking. Her complexion had turned into a dull pale yellow, and her face, with its expression of hard almost blank repose, might have passed for marble wantonly tinted a dim primrose. She had exchanged her dressing-gown for a robe, and appeared attired as usual. I asked some questions, but got no answer. I then took a seat by her side, and called her by the name of Leonora Dunbar. She now looked at me steadily, but I did not remark any expression of strong surprise, of the alarm and amazement I had supposed the utterance of that name would excite.

I said, softly: "The captain and I have discovered who you are, and your relations with Charles Winthrop Sheringham. Was it you who stabbed him? Tell me if you did it. Your sufferings will be the lighter when you have eased your conscience of the weight of the dreadful secret."

It is hard to interpret the expression of the eyes if the rest of the features do not help. I seemed to find a look of hate and contempt in hers. Her face continued marblehard. Not being able to coax a syllable out of her, though I spared nothing of professional patience in the attempt, I left the cabin, and, calling the stewardess, bade her see that the lady was kept without means to do herself a mischief.

That day and the next passed. Miss Dunbar continued dumb as a corpse. I visited her several times, and twice Captain Smallport accompanied me, but never a word would she utter. Nay, she would not even lift her eyes to look at us. I told the captain that it might be mere mulishness, or a condition of mind that would end in madness. It was impossible to say. The stewardess said she ate and drank, and went obediently to bed when ordered. She was as passive as a broken-spirited child, she said. For her part, she didn't believe the lady had killed the poor man.

It was on the fourth day following the murder that the glass fell; it blackened in the northwest, and came on to blow a hard gale of wind. A mountainous sea was running in a few hours, upon which the ship made furious weather, clothed in flying brine to her tops, under no other canvas than a small storm main trysail. The hatches were battened down; the decks were full of water, which flashed in clouds of glittering smoke over the lee bulwark rail. The passengers for the most part kept their cabins; the cook could do no cooking. Indeed, the galley fire was washed out, and we appeased our appetites with biscuit and tinned meat.

The gale broke at nine o'clock on the following morning, leaving a wild confused sea and a scowling sky all round the horizon, with ugly yellow breaks over our reeling mast-heads. I was in my gloomy quarters, whose atmosphere was little more than a green twilight, with the wash of the emerald brine swelling in thunder over the port-hole, when the steward arrived to tell me that one of the passengers had met with a serious accident. I asked no questions, but instantly followed him along the steerage corridor into the cuddy, where I found a group of the saloon people standing beside the figure of the young fellow named John Burgess, who lay at his length upon the deck. I had not set eyes on him for days and days.

I thought at first he was dead. His eyes were half closed, with a glazing look of approaching dissolution in the visible part of the pupils, and at first I could feel no pulse. Two or three of the sailors who had brought him into the cuddy stood in the doorway. They told me that the young fellow had persisted in mounting the fore-castle ladder to windward. He was hailed to come down, as the ship was pitching heavily, and often dishing bodies of green water over her bows. He took no notice of the men's cries, and had gained the fore-castle-deck, when an unusually heavy lurch flung him. He fell from a height of eight or nine feet, which might have broken a limb for him only; unhappily he is struck the windlass end, and lay seemingly lifeless.

I bade them lift and carry him to his cabin that I might examine him; and when they had placed him in his bunk I told them to send the steward to help me, and went to work to partially unclench the lad to judge of his injuries.

On opening his coat I discovered that he was a woman.

I stood a moment looking at the white face, greatly astonished, and yet sensible somehow that I ought not to feel very much surprised, since the revelation was but a sudden putting into shape of the indeterminate fancy which had haunted me on every occasion I had seen the lad, or rather the young woman, and watched her as she walked, and the movements of her figure, and reflected upon the delicacy of her features.

On the arrival of the steward I told him that the young fellow called John Burgess was a girl and I requested him to send the stewardess; and whilst I waited for her I carefully examined the unconscious sufferer, and judged that she had received mortal internal injuries. All the while that I was thus employed some extraordinary thoughts ran in my head.

The stewardess came. I gave her certain directions, and went to the captain to report the matter. He was in no wise surprised to learn that a woman dressed as a man was aboard his ship. Twice, he told me, had that sort of passenger sailed with him within the last four years.

"Captain," said I, "I'll tell you what's in my head: that woman below who styled herself John Burgess murdered Sheringham."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because I believe that she's his wife."

"Ha!" said Captain Smallport.

I gave several reasons for this notion—what I observed in the disguised woman's behavior when hidden behind the mainmast; then her being a foreigner, in all probability a South American, as Leonora Dunbar was, and so on.

He said, "What about the blood on Miss Dunbar's hand and night dress?"

"She told us she had felt over the body."

"Yes, yes!" he cried. "Doctor, you see things more clearly than I do."

When I had conversed for some time with Captain Smallport, I walked to Miss Dunbar's cabin, knocked, and entered. I found her on this occasion standing with her back to the door, apparently gazing at the sea through the port-hole; she did not turn her head. I stood beside her to see her face, and said:

"I have made a discovery; Mrs. Sheringham is on board this ship."

On my pronouncing these words she screamed, sprang backwards, and looked at me with a face in which I clearly read that her silence had been sheer sullen mulish obstinacy, with nothing of insanity in it—pure stubborn determination to keep silence, that we might think what we chose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SCIENTIFIC DREAM.

Views of M. Berthelot on What the Future Has in Store for This World—A Triumph of Science.

M. Berthelot, a French scientist, in a paper discussing the future triumphs of science, pictures what the world will be in the year 2000. He declares that chemistry will furnish a deliverance from the social evils of the present day. This will be accomplished partly by utilizing the heat of the sun and the central heat of the earth. The latter will be obtained by shafts two miles deep. Modern engineers are equal to this task. The chemical transformation will be easy. With such a source of heat at command energy can be cheaply obtained and food can be made from carbon taken from carbonic acid, hydrogen taken from water, and nitrogen taken from the air. The work that the vegetables have so far done science will soon be able to do better with far greater profusion and independent of seasons or microbes, or insects. There will be then no passion to our land, beasts need not be bred for slaughter, man will be milder and more moral, and the reign of chemistry will beautify the planet. There will be no need to disfigure it with the works of the agriculturist or with the grime of factories or chimneys. It will recover its verdure and flora, and the earth will be a vast pleasure garden, while the human race will live in peace and beauty.

An Agreeable Paradox.

Professor—"What is a paradox?"
Experienced student—"A girl telling a fellow that really he mustn't stay another minute, and all the time holding him so fast with both arms that he couldn't get away if he should try."

Where She Felt Safer.

"Did you enjoy your ocean trip?" said Mrs. Shingiss to Mrs. Freshoash, who had just returned from her first visit to Europe.
"Oh, yes; very much indeed, as a general thing," was the reply. "Still I felt very glad when got back on terra cotta again."

AGRICULTURAL.

Home Grown Relishes.

Farmers can save in grocery bills and add to the delights of their table by raising a variety of relishes. Perhaps the most valuable and desirable of them all is water cress. It is not only agreeable to the taste but conducive to health. It aids digestion and is an anti-scorbutic. It implants a fine flavor not only to cold meats but to bread and butter. Great use is made of it in many European countries. Lines of steamers are employed to bring it from Ireland and Holland to Liverpool and London. It is delivered from house to house once or twice each day as milk and bread are. Persons having good facilities for raising it in this country and living near a large town will find it a profitable market crop. Persons who become accustomed to its use do not like to be without it.

The plant thrives best on the margin of small streams, lakes or springs, but can be profitably grown on land supplied with moisture from an artesian well, or any well by which water is raised by a wind mill. On some estates in England and Scotland it is raised on common garden soil that is partially shaded, water being supplied every day by the use of a hose or sprinkler. It can be propagated by seed or by dividing plants. The packages of seed sold by dealers contain full directions for sowing and cultivating. It requires no addition but a bit of salt.

Garden cress, or pepper-grass, is another good condiment and is very easily grown. It is more pungent than water cress and the leaves and stalk are less tender. It is generally eaten with vinegar, to which some add oil. Both water and garden cress are desirable for fowls.

There is no better relish than horseradish for salt pork, ham, bacon, and corned beef, which are the meats chiefly used by farmers at this season of the year. It requires no preparation but grating or grinding. To have tender roots new ones should be set out every year and cultivated like other edible roots.

Radishes, which are in such general use in cities, are seldom seen on the tables of farmers. Still few vegetables are as easily raised. They grow so quickly in a suitable soil that they require scarcely any cultivation. The best soil for them is one that contains some sand and is enriched by well-rotted manure. The quicker they are grown the more tender and excellent they are. By sowing a few seeds once a week from the time the frost leaves the ground till mid-summer a constant supply of crisp radishes can be secured. Radishes can be raised in a vegetable or flower garden without expense or trouble. In fact, they may be produced in such a way as to save labor. The seeds of many plants are slow in germinating and the ground often becomes covered with weeds before their sprouts appear. When this is the case the rake or hoe cannot be employed to destroy the weeds for fear of disturbing the seeds that have been planted. But by dropping radish seeds a few inches apart in the rows where other seeds are sown the row will be marked in a few days and ground can be kept free from weeds and grass. As the radishes grow much faster than the other plants they will be large enough to pull and eat before the others have need of the space.

The French and Dutch have brought radish growing to a very high degree of perfection. They have produced roots of almost every shape and color. Some of the varieties they have originated are useful for adorning tables as well as for furnishing relishes for common articles of food.

These and other vegetable relishes that every farmer can raise are economical. Like mustard they render inferior articles of food appetizing. By passing into the stomach with meat and bread they help digest them. Fresh vegetables should form a part of every food ration for men as well as for the inferior animals. By making a liberal use of them there would be less dyspepsia in the country and fewer and shorter doctors' bills to pay. We have much to learn from the French and Italians about the use of fresh fruits and vegetables at every meal of the day.

Fertilizers, Bones and Phosphate.

When mineral phosphates are used there is no difficulty in grinding them to an impalpable powder, and in this form applied to the soil they are more advantageous than when converted into a superphosphate with the acid of sulphuric acid, which is both expensive and inconvenient to use.

By using the mineral phosphates finely ground there can be applied more than double the quantity of phosphoric acid to the soil at the same cost that there can be in using superphosphates.

The plant will take up as much phosphoric acid the first year as it would from the superphosphate, and as much more will be left in the soil, available for further drafts upon it in after seasons, as it does not leach from the soil.

Bones and mineral phosphates can be decomposed and rendered soluble by alkalis as well as acids, and are in this form better food plants, as they need alkalis as well as phosphoric acid, and the alkalis are not only food, but neutralize the acids of soil and liberate other food for plants, putting the soil in its most favorable condition, with proper cultivation, to produce abundant crops.

Bones of fine ground mineral phosphates when composted with wood ashes in a moist state for a few weeks are decomposed and are preferable for crops to the acid superphosphates.

Most farmers have the wood ashes to use; if not, the same object is attained by the use of soda ash, an article of common use, and easily obtained in any market and now generally used by soap-boilers in making soap.

To decompose bones or mineral phosphates with soda ash, make a layer of bones or mineral phosphates, then a layer of the same number of pounds of fresh burned lime (water to be put on till it begins to slack), then a layer of the same number of pounds of soda ash, and so repeat until the quantity desired is obtained. Then wet it down with water which will slack the lime and unite with the soda ash, making it caustic to act upon the phosphate and make phosphate of soda, which exists in the ashes of nearly all plants and is ever present in urine and other animal manures.

Turning Out to Grass.

On the majority of farms and with nearly

all kinds of stock grass is, the most economical feed that can be supplied, especially during the growing season. With hogs, fattening cattle and the milch cows, somewhat better results may always be secured, by feeding a light ration of grain in addition to plenty of grass.

Growing cattle, sheep, young horses, and even pigs, will make a very satisfactory growth on grass alone. But the early growth of grass in the spring contains but a small per cent. of nutriment, and if the stock are turned out before a reasonably good start, the stock are almost certain to fail in condition. It is always good economy at this time to wait until the grass has made a sufficient growth to afford a full feed before turning the stock into the pastures. Even then in many places it will be a good plan to feed dry feed for a few days at least, after turning out. This will help to keep the stock thrifty, and at the same time this is quite an item.

After grass makes a good start in the spring is one of the best seasons for securing a good growth at a low cost, and if the best results are realized, it is very necessary to have the stock thrifty, as more or less of the good season will be taken up in making up for what is lost before.

One important item with stock turned into the pastures at this time, is to keep a supply of salt where they can help themselves. Plenty of salt and plenty of good water will help maintain a good condition. The pastures should always be provided with water in a way that the stock can readily help themselves.

The advantage of feeding dry feed for a few days is that the change being made more gradually there is less risk of ill effects than if the change is made at once. After they once get accustomed to the change, with plenty of good pasturage the stock will thrive readily with very little attention. But, for a time at least before turning out, they should be looked after carefully.

Fruit Notes.

It is not a good plan to allow the raspberry canes to get too thick.

Seedlings can readily be grown if proper care is taken to prepare the soil and sow the seed.

A band of card-board set around plants is one of the best preventives of cut-worms. Especially if done late, it is a great item in transplanting to keep the roots of all plants moist while out of the ground.

In pruning, all scars or wounds above an inch across should be coated with paint or varnish to keep out the moisture.

A gravelly or sandy loam is considered the best for the raspberry, although it can be grown in almost any soil with good care.

Unnecessary shoots on vines maturing seeds with many varieties of plants are useless and take too much from the useful part of the plants.

One of the best ways of propagating good varieties of grapes, currants or gooseberries is to make cuttings now and plant them out.

It is a good plan to see that the grape vines are properly tied up, and as the new growth reaches out this also should be properly tied up.

In many localities the fruit grower entirely overlooks his home market. A safe rule generally is to sell all of the fruit that can be sold at a fair price.

It is quite an item in the management of young trees not to allow them to bear fruit too early. Allow them to get well established first, as too early bearing often stunts the trees.

The work of fighting the insect pests that injure the fruit especially must be commenced in good season and the more thoroughly the work is done the better will be the results secured.

If weeds come up through the mulch in the strawberry bed, one of the best ways of managing it is to go through the rows and pull them up, distributing the plants and the mulch as little as possible.

Steamship Lines Cutting Rates.

A New York despatch says:—The steamship America, of the Thingvalla Line, sailed to-day with 348 passengers, of whom 245 are bound for Scandinavian ports and the remainder to Hamburg. This is the first time in the history of the line that it has sent a steamship to Hamburg, and it is carrying out the threat made a week ago by its agents that the line would force the hand of the English and continental steamship companies.

The Thingvalla people announced only a week ago that it would take passengers to Hamburg for \$16, and to Scandinavian ports for \$13. This is the lowest rate to Europe that has been offered since the Hamburg-American and North-German Lloyd's lines got at each other's throats five years ago. Then the rate to Hamburg dropped to \$10. Emil Boas, agent of the Hamburg-American Line, returned to-day from England and the continent, where he had been conferring with his company and the North-German Lloyds. He said that the directors of both lines had ratified the agreement made by them some weeks ago to do away with the rate cutting, and to combine the United States trade of the two concerns. Both have agreed to divide the passenger and freight business in proportion to the tonnage each line maintains in the transatlantic fleet.

Mr. Boas laughed at the gossip which had it that the two concerns would abolish one of the two offices in this city and do their business at one alone. According to Mr. Boas, this subject was not even mentioned, and the possibility that it will happen is remote. Mr. Schwab, of the North-German Lloyd, who went abroad with Mr. Boas, is still in Europe. He will return in a few weeks.

Spurgeon Succeeds His Father.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, who was elected to the pastorate of the Metropolitan Tabernacle last week, in succession to his father, by a majority of 207 on a total vote of 576—about 300 abstaining from recording, their vote—in his thirty-eighth year. While engaged as a wood-engraver he resolved on becoming a preacher, and entered the Pastor's College, upon leaving which he was appointed pastor of the Auckland Tabernacle, a position which he had relinquished some considerable time before he was called from New Zealand to temporarily occupy his father's pulpit. It is noteworthy that the opposition to his election was represented by three comparatively young men—one of whom, in urging the desirability of delay indirectly referred to the claims of Dr. Pierson.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Indians believe that mixages are caused by evil spirits.

Many years ago, in Scotland, capital punishment was by drowning.

Knives and forks were not in general use until the seventeenth century.

To overcome the resistance of the atmosphere, wild ducks and geese usually fly in triangles.

An Liverpool clergyman preaches such drowsy sermons that lately his feet go to sleep while he is in the pulpit.

A species of ape, closely resembling the African gorilla, has been discovered on the Mosquito Coast, Nicaragua.

Railroads in Holland are so carefully managed that the accidental deaths on them average only one a year for the entire country.

The largest shark ever seen on the Pacific coast was recently caught at Monterey, Cal. It is forty feet in length, and weighs about 50,000 pounds.

John Wade, the twenty-year-old son of N. S. Wade, of Wentzville, Mo., is a lad of promising growth. He is five feet seven inches in height, and already weighs 282 pounds.

Catharine de Medici, Queen of France, wore the longest train on record. It was her bridal robe. The train was borne by twenty pages, and was forty-eight yards long.

A street-car company in Kansas City is experimenting with electric push-buttons to enable passengers, without arising from their seats, to signal the conductor to stop the car.

Suicides have become so alarmingly frequent, in Denmark, that it is proposed to lessen the desire for self-destruction by a law which will give the bodies of suicides to the dissecting-rooms.

R. J. Wallden, having become tired of life, tied a valise around his neck, to make sure that he would sink, and jumped into a bayou, at Houston, Texas. The valise kept him afloat until he was rescued.

To keep his body out of the hands of the dissectors, Thomas S. Robson, of Garrett, Ill., made a dying request that he be buried in the lawn directly in front of his residence. His wife will respect his wishes.

The skull of a man who has died from delirium tremens contains an alcoholic gas. A small opening in the skull, soon after death, permits this gas to escape, and it can be ignited, and burns with a bluish flame.

While engraving a matrimonial invitation, a New York artist made a curious blunder. The invitation read thus: "Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have the pleasure to request your presents at the marriage of their daughter."

Eight years ago the body of Solomon Krepps was buried in Taylor's Cemetery, near Brownsville, Pa. It has just been discovered that the body has turned to stone. The hair and beard are crisp, like threads of glass.

A dark-eyed man was kept for fifteen years in an unlighted dungeon, in Salzburg, Austria. During that time he never saw a human face. When he came forth into the daylight, it was noticed that his black eyes had become blue.

A love match, which had for some time existed between Mr. Yates, aged seventy-five, and Mrs. Sawyer, aged seventy-two, of Bellevue, Ohio, was so opposed by the children of both parties that the old couple had to elope and wed on the sly.

New Post Offices.

The following new post-offices were established in Canada on the 1st April, 1894: Adair, Assa, Alexander Fleming, postmaster.

Bardal, Selkirk, Man., George R. Lush, postmaster.

Beaudet (reopened), Portneuf, Que., Achille Boulianne, postmaster.

Beverley, Selkirk, Man., Colin Campbell, postmaster.

Centre Augusta (reopened), Grenville, S. R., Ont., James Caulfield, postmaster.

Charleville (reopened), Grenville, S. R., Ont., John W. Halfpeny, postmaster.

Coteau, Assa, Donald McDougall, postmaster.

DeWinton, Alta., William O. Somerville, postmaster.

Dickenson (reopened), Russell, Ont., Thomas Wilson, postmaster.

Edville, Northumberland, E. R., Ont., William Barrett, postmaster.

Fanshawe, Middlesex, E. R., Ont., Mrs. Samuel Bradshaw, postmistress.

Grand Rang, Dorchester, Que., Edouard Brochu, postmaster.

Kingsville (reopened), Inverness, N. S., Lauchlin McKinnon, postmaster.

Kirkmount, Pictou, N. S., John A. McDonald, postmaster.

Leland, Addington, Ont., John Buck, postmaster.

McLean, Kent, N. B., Hugh McLean, postmaster.

Manitogan (reopened), Lisgar, Man., Thomas J. Jones, postmaster.

Melcombe, Leeds, S. R., Ont., Albert Landon, postmaster.

Michaud, Victoria, N. B., Joseph P. Michaud, postmaster.

Notre Dame de Quebec, Quebec, Que., Jean Celestin Paquet, postmaster.

Oak Hammock, Lisgar, Man., Charles Johnston, postmaster.

Oaknook, Marquette, Man., John M. Dow, postmaster.

Petit Bonaventure, Bonaventure, Que., Capt. Felix Arseneau, postmaster.

St. Nazaire de Buckland, Dorchester, Que., Francois Leclerc, postmaster.

South Branch, Ottawa, Que., M. Sullivan, postmaster.

Fighting the Inevitable.

Nearly all great scientific discoveries have been combated and misunderstood even by the intelligent. Even Sir Charles Napier fiercely opposed the introduction of steam-power into the royal navy, and one day exclaimed, in the House of Commons:—

"Mr. Speaker, when we enter Her Majesty's naval service and face the chances of war, we go prepared to be hacked in pieces by cutlasses, to be riddled with bullets, or to be blown to bits by shot and shell; but, Mr. Speaker, we do not go prepared to be boiled alive!"

The last word he brought out with tremendous emphasis. Steam-power in non-of-war, with a boiler which at any moment might be shattered by an enemy's shot; this was a prospect he could not face.

Yet in a few years he found himself in command of the largest steam-navy the world had ever seen.