STORIES OF THE SEA

By EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.

Author of "Little Hodge," "Lord Bantam," "Ginx's Baby," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE DINNER BELL.

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-a-dong! The great ship Kamschatkan, 3,500 tons, Captain Windlass, R.N.R., commanding, had cleared the Mersey, and was running up the channel for the west of the Isle of Man, the breeze being light at N. E., and her speed twelve knots. But for the thud and vibration of her screw twirling on the great shaft in mighty revolutions to the splendid play of a pair of Penn's marvellous engines, whose enormous cylinders oscillated to and fro with an ease and quietness that was almost appalling to a spectator; and but for the evidence of their eyes, as the green-set river banks, with their charming panorama of wood and field and mansion, with here and there the spires or towers of hamlet churches, and all the other sweet features of English scenery, had swiftly passed from view, the passengers would scarcely have believed themselves to be driving through the water nearly at the speed of a racehorse—six hundred of them, with bag and baggage, and some thousands of tons of merchandise into the bargain.

Less than three hours before, the majestic vessel displayed from the pier, to the eager eyes of the last batch of first-class passengers, who were with much ado embarking on the tender, her long and graceful hulk floating out in the middle of the noble river, the Union Jack at the stern, the pennon of the steamship company at the fore peak, her masts and spars sharply relieved against a black cloud, while the sun from its westering path picked out with a golden burnish the complicated tracery of tackle and stay, of rigging, rope and spar.

The funnel vomited smoke, which the lazy breeze bore aft in a broad black ribbon, and across the river could be heard the bellowing of the great steam pipe, as the engineer watching his guages, curbed the impatience of the hissing boilers. The tiny tender, rolling in the slight swell of the river, came bowling alongside with her deck crowded. From amidships to the bow of the giant vessel steerage emigrants pressed to the starboard bulwarks, to watch the embarkation of the few scores of "fellow" passengers who were to occupy the luxurious cabins, and enjoy if they were able the rich fare, of the saloon deck. The canny Scotch and Canadian passengers, who had gone aboard by an earlier tender, and had seen and "nobbled" their stewards and stewardesses, and settled down comfortably in their cabins, and secured the best seats at the table, now peered curiously over at the later arrivals, with whom they were to eat and drink and talk and quarrel and vomit in friendly community for the next ten or twelve days. These astute persons had already studied the list of passengers which lay before the purser in the saloon, and had to some extent drawn therefrom their own conclusions as to the chances of a pleasant company for the voyage.

Meanwhile, amidst much uproar, immense confusion, wholesale giving and disregarding of commands, murderous heaving about and pitching down of luggage, screams, oaths, angry words, laughter, shouts of captain, mates, stewards, and seamen, and no little chaffing from the leviathan to the cockboat and back again, suddenly a bell clangs, "All ashore!" The captain roars from the bridge to the tender, "Cast off there!" The steam rushes out with a deafening clangour that drowns "good-byes." The tender, darting off amid a cloud of waving handkerchiefs, and a feeble cheer, takes away and leaves behind a few aching hearts and crying eyes; and then suddenly a little bell rings from the bridge. A man below lays his hand on a steel rod; it moves slowly. It moves! There is a second's pause, a rushing, mighty sound through the bowels of the great ship, a quiver; and the screw, at the bidding of that slight command, twirls its tons of iron fluke through resisting tons of water, just like a child's toy windmill in a breeze. Anon, with a shudder that thrills every heart on board, from the experienced captain to the new cabin-boy — from Sir Benjamin Peckman, K.C.M.G., the swell of the cabin, down to John and Betsy Smith, children of John and Betsy Smith from Dorsetshire, steerage passengers, who are leaving starvation at home to risk it abroad—the leviathan majestically moves forward.

"We are off!" says Sir Benjamin, with a slight trace of excitement in his tone, addressing his daughter, a young lady of eighteen, fresh from a crack school near Windsor, where she has been trying to learn amongst relatives of royalty, the accomplishments of an aristocrat.

"We're off!" says Mr. Sandy McGowkie, of the firm of McGowkie and Middlemass, who keep a "store" at Toronto, where everything a man or woman can wear or use or waste in the way of "dry goods" is sold, to yield the thrifty Scots a handsome twenty thousand dollars a year clear profit. He speaks to a neat-looking little Scotchwoman, with a blooming face — just now a trifle pale — and bright eyes, and a fine row of pearly teeth, which she displays to perfection as between a sob, thrown after the tender, and a smile, meant for McGowkie, who, however, does not see it, she faintly echoes, "We're off!" Honest McGowkie has just brought this little woman from Aberdeen, his native city, where she has figured for a few short years back as pretty Miss Auldjo, daughter of the Reverend Andrew Auldjo, the well-known U. P. minister. That worthy—having come off with them in the earliest tender, and given them many a word of sober warning and good counsel, along with his parting blessing, emphasised by a brief exercise of prayer in their little cabin—can still be discerned on the paddle-box of the tender, conspicuous by his great height, waving up and down a tear-damped pocket-handkerchief with the ungainly regularity of a semaphore, or a flag signal. For the staunch old man is going back to a widower's home, and to his Lord's work, with a shawdowed albeit a steadfast heart.

"We're off!" cries poor little Miss Beckwith, a young lady somewhat short of forty summers, in a dingy grey travelling dress and coarse straw hat with a blue veil of ninepenny net, which she drops over her pale face and moist eyes, as she takes from her bosom a well-worn locket, containing the photograph of a man—a man not handsome, and made even ghastly by the ill-used sun, which often so effectively resents the work of the so-called "artists" who endeavour to adapt him to their vile purposes. But she kisses the glass that protects the picture, and her poor little heart, which has throbbed to many a sorrow, pulsates rudely against the whalebone fencing of her stays—her oldest and staunchest friend in the world. She is departing—the steamship company having agreed to carry her first-class at half price, for I can vouch that steamship companies have both consciences and hearts—to try her luck as a governess in Canada. That photograph is one of her brother, a hopeless "ne'er-do-weel," whom she has practically been keeping for years out of her small earnings; from whom she is indeed now trying to escape; who only last night, in the poor inn they stayed at in Liverpool, got drunk, and struck her, for not leaving him the few shillings she had kept over to give her a week or two's chance of life in America; a brute whom she left snoring this very day in a drunken slumber, and all unconscious of her sorrowful parting kisses. Great Heaven! what bloodless and bleeding hearts get linked together in this mad world of ours!

"We're off!" says a seedy-looking man, with a sharp, cold, Jewish face, who has restlessly moved to and fro among the crowding steerage people, averting his features whenever they were glanced at, however casually and drawing low over his forehead a great dirty-brown felt wideawake that looks fit to serve the gloomy turn of a famous night-prowling poet. Sharply has this man, and with increasing restlessness, been watching the arrival of the tender; quickly has his eye run over its company and taken a measure of every man and woman on board; anxiously he sees the steamer at length depart with its lightened load; eagerly he watches the captain, leaning on the rail of the bridge before he gives the critical command; and deep and grateful is the sigh he heaves as he sees the skipper's hand rise and gently touch the button which sends the order for the mighty machine below to begin its labors. And now, drawing a deep breath, he smiles sardonically on the people around him, and cries aloud, "We're off!" "Thank God!" he adds to himself, with a quaint and profane stroke of piety. It is the gratitude of a heart evil and full of evil apprehensions.

"We're off!" says a man to himself in the captain's cabin, feeling the first thrill of motion, as he lies on the velvet sofa, and glances round the darkened chamber, where his valet has piled up, in extreme confusion, bags, valises, rugs, sticks, and boxes—hat, dressing, despatch, or otherwise—enough for a batch of officials of a Queen's Commission. "Ha! we're off," he says sighing, "I wish I were ashore again, I declare I do." And he turns his face to the cushion and lies there motionless, but occasionally grumbling to himself.

This man had the best cabin in the ship, on the upper deck, starboard side, at the stern end of the row of deck-houses, which embraced, as is usual in these big vessels, the cabins of captain, purser, doctor, the ladies upper saloon, and the smoking-room, besides enclosing the "companion" leading down to the spar-deck and its port and starboard line of cabins. The captain, for a consideration, had agreed to give up this luxurious place for the voyage, and be satisfied with his great chart-room amidships, under the bridge, where there was every convenience for sleeping, and where he was within call of everybody. Only the day before the vessel sailed had an agent arranged with the owners that his client should occupy the favored room astern.

But we shall have gone over the whole vessel before we return to our sheep, so we come back to the huge dinner bell, which the youngest and most energetic steward—like the king of the "ghouls" in the tower in Poe's celebrated jingle is wringing with all the zest and ferocity of a madman. Horrible, jovial bell! To-day every one may call it, with Byron—

That tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell!

but to-morrow afternoon, driving up beyond the north coast of Ireland in the teeth of a nor'-wester, when that madcap villain stands there, and for five full minutes bangs and jangles that brazen bowl about with a brutal jollity, and over the creak of stay and warping plank, and the shivering thud of the waves on the dead-lights and on the thin iron skin of the ship, the wild and wanton brawl of that metallic voice will sound like the crack of doom—it will thrill to many ears as if it were the demoniac howling of a spirit of the storm, or like the hideous cachinnation of some diabolical cynic sitting at the foot of the companion, and laughing over the sorrows of the wretches who, huddled and cowering and squirming in their narrow berths, have that horrible sensation of going up to heaven and going down into the deep, so well described by a psalmist, and have become for the nonce utterly indifferent where it might all end, if the infernal torture could only be straightway and for ever terminated. —But here, again, we must pull up our too active Pegasus. To begin, we were too retrospective; now we are proposing too far. For the moment, at least, when this hideous jangle, inadequately reported in our first sentence, startles the ship, the sea is smooth and the air is appetizing, and from nearly every cabin, with few exceptions, ladies and gentlemen and cads and counter-jumpers are streaming into the great saloon.

In the broad, long, low room, with its row of round-eyed lights, its polish-gilded cornices, and flashing mirrors, two tables are laid out on either side. That to the right, entering on the port side, is the captain't table, at the top whereof sit those whom he selects for the honor to the number of twelve, friends of himself or the owners, and distinguished passengers. On the left is the purser's table, frequented mostly by bachelors, old and young, and by leery commercials, who are married when at home, but are traveling for the voyage en garcon—a most lively table, where the purser genially encourages a vast consumption of strong sherry and stronger whiskies, where rough joke and broad story are never wanting; and where, however dark or unweatherly the day, the men come up to the call of the imp with the bell, the strong stomachs of these practised voyagers ever standing out manfully against the perturbing efforts of storm and wave.

Soup is on the table. Many of the guests are seated. Stewards are standing at intervals of every ten persons on either side of the long tables curiously examining their squads of victims, and forming estimates of the probable amount of the gratuities when the voyage is over. A bell tinkles, the covers of the soup tureens come off with a flourish, their steaming contents are ladled out, and clattering spoons and smacking lips give testimony rather to the appetite than to the good-breeding of the general company. The benches are pretty well filled. There are eighty-seven cabin passengers on board. Here and there in the long ranks a hiatus is visible, the empty chair of some invalid, or weak-stomached man or woman, or of some one whose sorrow at parting is keener than appetite. There is also at first a considerable blank at the head of the captain's table. He of course is absent. So long as his ship is in the channel he will not leave the deck. But to the right and left of his seat several places are vacant. The cards of the persons to whom they have been assigned lie on the table-cloth.

"Where are the swells?" said a coarse-looking middle-aged man, with cheeks that looked as if it was no unusual thing for them to weather an Atlantic storm, and who sat at the foot of the captain's table. He addressed a young gentleman opposite to him, tall, with dark hair and eyes, well-cut features, and a reserved and haughty bearing.

The young man lazily lifted his eyes towards the speaker, and inquired rather with them than by his tone of voice—which was fashionably drawling and monotonous—"I beg pardon. What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you see," replied the other, not minding his fellow-traveller's manner, "there ain't any one at the head of the table, where the swells sit?"

"Oh!" returned the young man, quietly applying himself again to his soup. The red-faced man plied his spoon vigorously and audibly. When he had done, he renewed the attack.

"You know, I s'pose, that only the captain's friends and the 'aristocracy' are allowed to sit in the twelve first places?"

To Be Continued.

SIXTY YEARS AGO

Canada Had A Big Garrison of British Regulars.

Now that there is talk of increasing our military strength in Canada, writes a correspondent of the London Empire, I may point out that sixty years ago not only Halifax, but all Canada, was adorned with regiments of the regulars; and there were almost enough to make a "thin red line" around the then provinces. Now there are not 2,000 regulars in the whole Dominion. The following is a list of regiments and where they were stationed in 1839:—

1st Dragoon Guards, Chambly, Lower Canada.
7th Hussars, Montreal.
2nd Batt. Coldstream Guards, Quebec.
2nd Batt. Grenadier Guards, La Prairie.
1st Regt. of Foot, Montreal.
8th Regt. of Foot, Halifax.
11th Regt. of Foot, Sorel.
15th Regt. of Foot, Isle-au-Noix.
23rd Regt. of Foot, Halifax.
24th Regt. of Foot, Montreal.
32nd Regt. of Foot, Sandwich, Upper Canada.
34th Regt. of Foot, Amherstburg.
36th Regt. of Foot, Fredericton.
37th Regt. of Foot, Halifax.
43rd Regt. of Foot, Niagara Frontier.
65th Regt. of Foot, Kingston.
66th Regt. of Foot, St. Johns, L.C.
69th Regt. of Foot, Woodstock, N.B.
71st Regt. of Foot, L'Acadie, L.C.
73rd Regt. of Foot, Blandford.
83rd Regt. of Foot, Kingston.
85th Regt. of Foot, London.
93 Regt. of Foot, Toronto.

FAIR WOMAN'S FICKLE HEART.

The heart of a woman is her most valued possession. For it men strive. True enough it is that some of these same men will assert now and then that the woman they love is heartless. Yet this is a mistake. There has never been such a woman since the time of Eve. Every woman has a heart. This is to be as literal as Mr. Chester in "Barnaby Rudge," who remonstrated with Ned for saying that he was about to speak from his heart.

"Don't you know," he said, "that the heart is an ingenious part of our formation—the center of the blood vessels and all that sort of thing—which has no more to do with what you say or think than your knees have? The heart of animals—of bullocks, sheep, and so forth—are cooked and devoured as I am told, by the lower classes with a vast deal of relish. Men are sometimes stabbed to the heart, shot to the heart, but as to speaking from the heart or to the heart, or being warm-hearted or cold-hearted, or being broken-hearted or being all heart or having no heart—bah, these things are nonsense, Ned!"

Strictly speaking, of course, Mr. Chester was right. The heart, as the dictionary has it, is "the principal organ of the circulation of the blood in man and other animals; the physiological center of the blood vascular system." Indeed, while the popular idea is that women are better hearted than men the male has the largest heart it weighing ten or twelve ounces when in his breast, while that in her breast is only eight or ten ounces in weight. From which it would appear that in weight at least an exchange of hearts between men and women is not an even bargain, however willing the men may be to make the deal. It is just as well that the transfer cannot be actually made, for a heart should be of a certain size to correspond with a certain weight, and one of the frequent causes of heart failure is that the organ is called upon to do much work for a body larger than it should supply with blood.

The heart is a delicate organ and easily gotten out of order. Aside from its province of loving, which is doubted by anatomists, its mission is to pump properly serated blood to every part of the body. The blood that has circulated enters that chamber of the heart known as the left auricle. From this it passes into the left ventricle and from that cavity is propelled into the lungs, where it is subjected to the action of the oxygen of the air, whereby its impurities are removed and it is again made fit for its duties. From the lung it goes to the right auricle and thence to the right ventricle when it again goes forth to make its tour through the system.

All of these valves must be in perfect order for the heart to do its work thoroughly. The slightest derangement is dangerous, and this is the cause of many diseases, as lack of the supply of life-giving fluid is serious and sometimes fatal in its consequences

Hearts beat more rapidly now than they did fifty years ago. So says modern surgical science, and the cause is said to be the greater mental activity of the age. Cases of heart weakness and heart failure are more common than they were with our ancestors, who led quieter and more regular lives. Unusual exercise or strain of any kind is serious, and the untrained heart frequently is unable to perform the work it is asked to do. Then there is a collapse and illness, or sometimes death.

Women are peculiarly subject to these violent emotions. Long and fatiguing journeys, overwork, too much dancing and other simple things that cause a strain are quite frequent with them. They are so well known that no warning should be needed. Few heed them when given. Hence it is hardly worth while to speak of them.

It is a matter in dispute whether the heart may be strengthened. Yet strains can be avoided, and it is true that plenty of light, nutritious food, especially fruits and juicy meats, are beneficial. The best remedy for weak heart, however, is to take things easy This doesn't mean to be careless. It means not to run for trains, walk rapidly upstairs or jump out of bed. Instead one should walk slowly, get up quietly, sit down whenever there is a chance during a shopping expedition and in other ways show appreciation or your knowledge of the fact that every moment you save by hurrying is apt to cost you an hour or perhaps a day, week or month of your life. Systematic but moderate exercise is advisable, but it should be taken under the direction of a physician.

What has been said about the effect of violent strains or emotions upon the heart shows clearly that the poet's fear that he will die of a broken heart is not the pure creation of a romantic imagination. People do die of broken hearts, or rather of grief, Romance has it that Napoleon, for instance, died of a broken heart, and that Horace Greeley's death was due to the same cause. In both cases it is true that the internal complaints that were the direct cause of death would not have been so soon fatal had it not been for the depression resulting from defeat.

Medical science has recorded numerous though not frequent cases where grief has prostrated and brought on physical disease and death. Other animals than man have died from the same causes. Examination made of some animals that had died of grief has revealed that excess of blood in the abdominal organs, with bleeding and fatty generation, was present.

Shock or nervous depression will cause this excess of blood and result in hemorrhages. The blood vessels are controlled by two sets of nerves, one to dilate and the other to contract them. The brain center being disturbed, the contracting nerves do not act and the blood vessels are excessively dilate.

Rarely does grief thus cause death by injury to the true physical heart. But the mental shock may cause a temporary suspension of the nervous impulse of the heart and thus bring about death when the heart is weak. And, while grief may not be the direct cause of death, it may aid in bringing about death from some disease.

An Engineer's Story.

SUFFERED THE PANGS OF RHEUMATISM FOR YEARS.

Was Reduced in Weight From 180 to 130 Pounds—His Friends Feared That Recovery Was Impossible—Now Actively Attending to His Duties.

From the Midland Free Press.

Alexander McKenzie is one of the well known residents of Brookholm, Ont., where he has lived for many years. A few years ago it was thought that an early grave would be his; on the contrary, however, he is now stout and strong, and the story of his recovery is on the lips of almost all the citizens of that burgh. The writer, while visiting in the village could not fail to hear of his recovery, and with the reporter's proverbial nose for news decided to put to the proof the gossip of the village. The reporter visited Mr. McKenzie's home and was introduced to Mrs. McKenzie. Enquiry elicited the information that Mr. McKenzie was not at home, but when informed as to his mission the lady freely consented to tell the reporter of her husband's case. Her story runs like this: "Mr. McKenzie is 40 years of age, an engineer by profession, and is now on a boat on the lakes. About five years ago he began to feel twinges of rheumatism in different parts of his body and limbs. For a time he did not think much if it, but it gradually got worse until the pain was such that he was unable to work, and could not get rest at nights. I would have to get up two or three times of a night." said Mrs. McKenzie to try and relieve this intense suffering. Of course he consulted a physician who pronounced his trouble sciatic rheumatism. The doctor did what he could for him, but without giving any permanent relief. This went on several years sometimes he would be some better and try to work, then the trouble would come on again and be as bad as ever.

He was pulled down from being a stout man of 180 pounds to about 130, and was so thin and miserable that all who knew him thought it would be only a matter of a short time until he would be in his grave. For four years did he thus drag along a miserable existence, until in the beginning of 1897 some one recommended Dr. William's Pink Pills. Tired of medicine, with some reluctance he procured a box and gave them a trial. Almost at once a change was perceptible and as he kept on taking them, the improvement continued, and he was soon able to be about. By the time he had taken about a dozen boxes he was free from the slightest twinge of rheumatism, and as stout and strong as he had been before his affliction. So great is his faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that when he left home recently to go up the lake for the summer, he took three boxes with him as a preventative against a possible recurrence of the trouble. Mrs. McKenzie was quite willing that this story should be made public, and believes that she owes her husband's life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

POCKET FILTER FOR CYCLISTS.

A simple pocket filter, which may save cyclists and travellers from disease germs, is a short rubber tube with a mouthpiece at one end and a wire netting at the other. Inside the netting is a small portion of powdered charcoal in a little net cell. When the charcoal end of the tube is inserted in the water, the germs are not allowed to pass, and the charcoal frees the water from all impurities which may be contained in it. The tube acts as a straw, through which the water is drawn, pure and clear. It is a handy way to drink from a brook. In taking a ride through the country one cannot be sure of the purity of the water in strange places, and the filter is a safeguard against all possible trouble.

FASTEST YET.

The extraordinary record 40.8 miles an hour was made at the second trials of the torpedo boat destroyer Hai Lung, just built at Elbing, Germany, by the Schichau works for the Chinese Government. The runs were made in the open sea, between the lighthouses at Pillau and Brusterort, which are 19 knots apart. The wind was fresh (five by the scale) and there was considerable sea on. The Hai Lung, according to the Kolnische Zeitung, traversed the course several times, the average time for the runs being 32 minutes 28 seconds, which gives a speed of 35.2 knots, or 68 kilometers, or 40.8 statute miles. This exceeds by far any speed heretofore made on the water, surpassing even the best performance of the Turbinia.