

STORIES OF THE SEA

By EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.

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

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Kill me! Kill me!" murmured Mr. Fex.

"There is no harm done, papa," cried Miss Araminta, smoothing her hair and looking round, to see that the wister was as gracefully disposed as possible. "It's my fault. I rushed upstairs in my fright, and this—this—gentleman—was kind enough to take charge of me. I asked him to bring me to the captain's cabin. For some reason or other that gentleman there had left it—and when he came back he—looked the door before he discovered me—"

Araminta would have gone on, but Sir Benjamin began to feel in his gouty feet the chilling effects of the water in which they were standing.

"Take my arm," he said, curtly, to his daughter. "I am infinitely obliged to you, sir, whoever you are, for your attention to Miss Peakman: She is very young and inexperienced."

"Not more so than I am, I expect," returned the young man, bowing haughtily. "I am glad to have been of any service to the young lady," with a more kindly inclination to Araminta.

As the knight and his fair daughter left the cabin, the youth was about to follow them when a muttered remark from the occupant drew him to the side of the berth. He caught a glimpse of the man's face, who with his eyes shut appeared to be groaning out maledictions.

"What, Corcoran!" cried the young gentleman, seizing Mr. Fex by the shoulder, and shaking him roughly. "What on earth, sir, are you doing here? and travelling incog, too?"

"I'm gone clean mad!" said Mr. Fex, starting straight up in the bed, and speaking with an unmistakable Dublin accent. "Where on earth—or at sea rather—did you come from, my lord? if it is indeed yourself—for I can't believe my own eyes and ears."

"I ought to ask you that question, sir," said Lord Pendlebury, laughing. "It was he. How comes it that the Master in Chancery is off duty, and at his age, under an assumed name, performing these pranks on a steamer a thousand miles from Dublin?"

Overcome with the oddity of the thing, the young man threw himself on the sofa and laughed boisterously. "Oh, Corcoran!" he cried, at length. "I owe you a guinea. I was lying in my berth as sick as a dog when all this happened, and you have cured me!"

"Whist, me lord!" cried the reputed Mr. Fex, putting his head out of his berth, and earnestly motioning to the peer to be silent. "You knew all about the 'proceedings of course!'"

Lord Pendlebury nodded. "And that she got the divorce?"

The peer nodded again. "And that she got it on suborned evidence got up by that cursed attorney and thief Mulrooney?"

"I did not know that, Corcoran," replied the young man, gravely.

"Fex, Fex! My lord, call me Fex," cried the tenant of the cabin, in a ludicrous attempt to speak low and yet to carry his voice through the din. "I've seen her!—She's there! and he pointed towards the thin mahogany bulkhead which divided his cabin from that of the purser next door."

"What, Mrs. ————
"Oh, dear Lord Pendlebury, don't you mention the name now, darling, for I'm at my wits' end what to do."

"Oh, it is impossible: it's all nonsense!"

"No, no; look here," and Fex, alias Corcoran, vaulted into the water, and shutting the door, whispered loudly to his friend, "You know when that terrible shock came, I was lying here quiet enough, and thinking I'd soon be three thousand miles away from Dublin and the everlasting banter of the Castle and the clubs, when I heard the shock and roar of the water as it rushed along the deck and burst in the two doors next to mine, and came running in here through every cranny and crevice. I thought we were all off for Hades, and not liking the idea of going down in my berth, I opened my door and ran out on the deck. At the same instant, on my life as I hold on here, she ran out of the next cabin, the purser's, in a neat undress familiar to me; and she no sooner saw me standing there in my own old fresco state, than she began to give tongue like a steam fire-engine whistling for water—though, by the way, at the moment there was plenty of that about."

"'Tis he! 'Tis he!' says she, covering her eyes. 'Tis Peter's ghost come to reproach me, just as I am about to perish—Oh, Peter! Peter!' and she tried to lay hold of my arm."

"Aroynt thee!" says I. For I thought she was a ghost too, and that may be we had each appeared to reproach the other at our dying moments. And I made a leap for the cabin. Faith, I don't know what's to come of it! There was a female on deck, there was a female in the cabin I ran into, and there was a female in possession of my own when I came back. There are at least two people to be settled with, besides her second husband, who must be on board, for I was told six months since she was to be married again. You'll stand by me now, won't you?"

The earnestness of the narrator produced on the young lord an effect the reverse of that intended. He shouted with laughter.

"Oh, my lord," said poor Mr. Fex. "It's amusing to you, but it's death to me. Now you know all about this, I need never show my face in Dublin again. Well, well, I may arrange a thing or two, and get over the side of the ship, for 'twill kill me, any way."

There was just a flash of seriousness in the speaker's manner, and Lord Pendlebury, who was an astute young fellow for his age, began to be afraid the joke was going too far. He sat up and assumed a more sober air.

"Nonsense, Corcoran. I give you my word of honour I'll say nothing about it. The fact is, in the excitement, you have made a mistake. She is not on board. It is impossible. Make yourself easy. Come, I'll call up a steward. They must bail out this cabin, which is one huge footbath. As for that ridiculous old knight, and his chit of a daughter, and her stupid maid, we shall soon put them all right. Get into bed, my friend, you are shivering fearfully. How did you get that bruise over the eye?"

Mr. Fex was soon in bed, and the events of the day, acting upon an excitable temperament, brought on a slight attack of fever. His servant being prostrated, as gentlemen's gentlemen and ladies' abigails are by the weather at sea, a steward was told off by the doctor to look after him during the night. This fellow, having nothing better to do than to listen to the patient's incoherent wanderings, excoagitated a theory about poor Mr. Fex which entailed serious consequences.

CHAPTER V.

By the morning of the third day the wind had slightly abated, although it was still blowing what are termed "great guns" and the captain, who had been up the better part of two nights, was taking a few hours' rest in the chart-room, when a loud knock, followed by the opening of the door and the insertion of a dripping sou'-wester, disturbed him.

"If you please, sir," said the intruder, "may I speak to you, sir?"

"Yes, Mr. Stackpole, if it is anything important. Come in."

The intruder was the fourth officer, and he was followed by a steward, Cadbury. They both looked very grave.

"I think, sir," said the mate, "we've got him!"

"Got what?" said the captain, whose brain was a little disturbed by want of sleep.

"Him, sir; the murderer Kane, sir!"

"The devil!" cried the captain. "Where?"

"In your cabin, sir!"

The honest captain burst out in a cold perspiration at the idea of his quarters being occupied by an accused malefactor.

"What, the Mr. Fex—?"

"His name ain't Fex, sir," interrupted the steward, touching his forehead. "He was took ill yesterday, sir, and I've been with him all night. He's been going on rambling most dreadful, just like a murderer; asking God to forgive him, saying he'd drown himself, calling out that he'd be the death of a man of the name of Mulrooney—that, of course, sir, would be the detective—and asking his dearest Pearl to forgive him—that would be some wicked woman of his acquaintance, sir."

"Does he answer to the description?"

"Exactly, sir," cried the officer and steward in one breath. "And we've agreed to divide the reward."

"Humph!" said the captain, throwing off his great woollen nightcap, scratching his head, screwing up his eye, and taking an observation of the two lucky men bobbing there before him, and wishing to himself that they might ever get the reward they were so cock-sure of dividing. "Humph! What have you done with this man?"

"He's still in the cabin, sir."

"But he'll run away; he will throw himself overboard."

"Oh, no, sir. He is very weak this morning. And I've stationed six of the watch, under a quartermaster, outside this door, with instructions to seize him if he tries to escape," said the officer.

"Very well, Mr. Stackpole. Keep the guard on until further orders. Serve out a brace of pistols to the quartermaster, with orders to shoot the man if he becomes unmanageable. If you want to get your reward, Mr. Stackpole, you must produce him dead or alive. It will never do to let him go overboard, you know."

Mr. Stackpole smiled appreciatively at the captain's shrewdness, and he and Mr. Cadbury, left the honest master to his own reflections. These reflections were anything but pleasant. He knew nothing of any laws except those of navigation and cyclones, and such scraps of land legislation as particularly affected his ship and his jurisdiction when in port. The job in hand he did not relish. If he were to make a mistake he had sense enough to know it would turn out very seriously for him. This person who had given him £12 for the use of his cabin, he had seen. He seemed to be a gentlemanly man; the steward might be quite wrong in his surmises. The captain therefore resolved to act very cautiously. He went down, as soon as he had dressed, to take the opinion of Sir Benjamin Peakman. The knight was not the best person to have consulted, at the moment and on this particular subject. He had not yet recovered his equanimity, so severely shaken the day before, and was ready to believe anything of the occupant of the captain's cabin. He was terribly alarmed to hear for the first time that there was a murderer on board.

"That is the man, beyond a doubt," said he. "I assure you, Captain Windlass, he behaved like a ruffian. He ran into Lady Peakman's maids' room, and locked himself in with my daughter's maid, a very proper young person. In rushing out again, he knocked me

down, and I am still suffering in the chest from the blow he gave me. Then he locked himself in with my daughter, who happened to have been carried into your cabin by an officious young fellow you have on board, and but for the alacrity, with which he was followed up, God knows what might not have happened. There can hardly be a doubt about it; that is the man!"

Fortified with this opinion, which an experienced and impartial lawyer like Mr. Carpmal would have at once discarded as resting on no evidence really relevant to the question of identity, the captain ascended to his cabin, where the unconscious Mr. Fex lay, invested by a small naval and military force. There he found awaiting him the fourth officer and Cadbury, the steward. They had been making a reconnaissance.

"He's lying quiet enough in his berth now, sir," said Cadbury.

"All right," Mr. Stackpole, you and Quartermaster Sinclair will follow me. Cadbury, you stay within reach. The rest draw up on either side of the door, and be ready at a call."

Captain Windlass, not liking the job a bit, but pressing his teeth together and going at it with all the resolution of a true Briton, turned the handle of the door and entered the cabin. His two aides-de-camp had followed, and on a sign from him closed it again, looking sharply all the while at the enemy, who, whatever intentions he harboured, looked mild enough as he raised his head and glanced at them inquiringly.

The dull light revealed a large head, covered with thick, dark hair, a fairly prominent proboscis, dark whiskers and moustaches, and a bearded chin. Over the left eye was a black bruise. The captain and Mr. Stackpole nodded to each other.

The tenant of the cabin, who, as we have seen, was an Irishman, could not remark the mysterious demeanour of the intruders without an observation.

"Good-morning to you, captain," he said, recognizing the latter. "Are you wanting to refer to some of your charts here? You're quite welcome. Faith, I hope you're not going to give us another fright like that we had yesterday."

"I'm afraid I am going to give you a fright, sir," said the captain sternly, bending his brows on the unhappy Fex, and transfixing him with a Rhadamanthine stare. "You came on board, sir, and took this cabin under the name of Fex?"

"I did," says Mr. Fex, quailing before the captain's eye, but not for the reason the spectators imagined. "Here, it's all out now," said Fex to himself, "all over the ship; and I need never look near Dublin and the Four Courts again."

"Is that your real name, sir," thundered the captain, shaking a prodigious fist in the direction of the cowering Fex. "On your oath, sir, is that really your name?"

The man who was thus called on to bear witness against himself had never seen cross-examination conducted in this way before. He was demoralized.

"Ah! ye—ye—what is it you're after, Captain Windle—Windlemass—Windlass—or whatever you're called. What do you mean, sir?"

"Is Fex your name, sir?" roared the captain, in increasingly stentorian tones, as he once again brought his fist in much more alarming proximity to the countenance of the suspect.

"Gracious heaven, deliver me!" cried Fex, sitting up as well as he could. "If you must know, then, Fex is not my real name, sir."

"I thought so," said the captain, taking off his cap and wiping his bearded brow in triumph at the admission he had extracted. He sat down on the sofa, his great knees coming up to a line with his watch-pocket, and laid his huge arm on the top of the locker beside him.

"Now, sir," he said, "be cautious! You are our prisoner. Quartermaster, show the pistols."

The startled eye of Mr. Fex, alias Corcoran, glanced a moment at a couple of long ship's pistols, large enough apparently to carry about sixteen to the pound, and with a shudder he turned his eyes toward the captain.

"What do your say your name is, sir?"

"Corcoran, of No. 66 Lower Merrion Square, Dublin."

"What other names have you passed under, sir?"

"None whatever. Send for my servant, he will tell you all about me."

"I dare say," replied the captain, drily. "Did you never hear of the name of Kane, sir? Kane—d'ye hear?"

"I did," replied the other, with the irrepressible humour of his countrymen. "He killed his brother Abel."

The captain and the two officers started and looked into each other's faces. Their worst suspicions were confirmed.

"Your answer condemns you, you wretched man!" cried the captain. "You evidently know all about it. A person named Eugene Kane—Kay—aw—en—ee—a fugitive from justice, charged with murdering Mr. William Philpotts, banker, of Danley, and robbing the bank of five thousand pounds sterling—is on board this ship, and you're the man!"

"Nonsense!" said poor Mr. Fex, breaking out into a healthy and profuse perspiration.

"Yes, sir," the captain went on. "We have the description here. Stackpole hand me the description, and you and Mr. Sinclair stand by there and tell off the particulars as I read them."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Captain: "A man is."

Ambo: "A man is, sir!"

Captain: "Of about forty-five or fifty years of age."

Ambo: "To a day sir."

Captain: "With thick black hair."

Ambo: "Excitedly. Black as tar, sir!"

Captain: "Dyed to cover grey."

Ambo: "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Dyed, ye blackguards!" interrupted Mr. Fex, in high dudgeon. "It never was tinted with a drop of anything but its natural juices!"

Captain: Silence in the dock there. "Parted down the middle."

To be Continued.

ABOUT LOCKJAW.

How the Trouble Begins, and How a Person Attacked Should be Treated

Lockjaw, or tetanus, is a disease which, fortunately, is more read about than seen; yet it is not very rare, at least, in its mild form. It occurs more frequently in children than in older people, and oftener in boys than in girls; but this is probably only because boys are more liable to cut and scratch themselves, for it is after such injuries that lockjaw usually occurs.

The disease is more common in some countries than in others, England being one of the countries, and Cuba another, in which it prevails to a much greater extent than in this country. Here, too, some states and some portions of states have an unenviable pre-eminence in this regard.

The trouble usually begins with a stiffness and tendency to contraction in the muscles which bring the teeth together, and with the progress of the disease it becomes impossible to open the mouth—hence the popular name, "lockjaw." The other muscles of the face soon become affected in the same way, and after them the muscles of neck, the trunk and the extremities. According as one or another set of muscles is the strongest or most firmly contracted, the arms and legs will be thrown into constrained positions, and the body will be bent forward, or backward, or to one side.

When these spasms—which are usually painful—are very severe and recur frequently or even become continuous, tetanus is usually fatal. Fortunately, however, this is the less common form of the disease. In the usual milder variety the spasms are less severe and less frequent, and soon, with proper care, begin to become less and less marked until they finally cease entirely.

Lockjaw is caused by a poison excreted by a microbe which is found in the soil, especially in that near stables and in manure heaps.

This poison, which is somewhat like strychnine in its effects, is absorbed into the system through a wound made with a rusty nail or other dirty object, or through a wound which has been soiled with earth or bound up with a dirty rag. Sometimes, especially in tropical countries like Cuba, the disease comes on after a wetting or a sudden chill, even when there is no wound of the skin so far as can be seen, or it may follow insect bites.

A person with lockjaw must be kept perfectly quiet and shielded from anything that may bring on a paroxysm, such as a touch, a jolt of the bed, or even a strong draught of air. The treatment belongs entirely to the physician for tetanus is too serious a malady and too rapid in its course to permit of any experimenting with domestic remedies. The fatal cases usually last only four or five days, but the milder forms may continue for two weeks before recovery is complete.

POOR MEN'S PALACES.

Description of the Workmen's Taverns in Belgium.

The workmen's hostelsries now in process of organization in the principal Belgian centres of population, under the auspices of the Chaplains of Labor, are described as literally poor men's palaces. That of St. Anthony, just opened at Marchienne-au-Pont, has on the ground floor a spacious hall with a stage opening on one side of a restaurant and on the other off a pretty chapel. The dining rooms look out on a spacious courtyard and garden with various games and a kiosk for a band. A laundry with all the latest appliances, the building containing the electrical machinery and the house inhabited by the chaplains who manage the institution are attached to the same building. The main structure consists of three floors containing the men's sleeping rooms, each furnished with a bed, a press, a table and some chairs, all opening on airy corridors. The centre of each floor is occupied by a sort of general dressing room, with looking-glasses and water taps all around the walls, while baths can be had in the basement, and all is lit by electric light. Those who wish to board as well as lodge can have food, washing and the mending of their linen for twenty-two francs a fortnight, nine shillings and twopence a week. For breakfast they get coffee and bread and butter and libitum, and for the midday meal one plate of meat, half a litre of beer and bread and vegetables at discretion. Coal miners who cannot go home to dinner get cold provisions to take with them. At 4 o'clock coffee and bread and butter again, and at supper, vegetables, some times meat, and beer in abundance. For evening entertainment there are billiards, readings or music lessons for those who join the band. In order to board it is not necessary to lodge in the institution and the restaurant is open to any workman who wants a single glass of beer.

THEIR MEANING.

Two Irishmen were walking along one of the main streets of Bolton, when they noticed a placard in the window of a shop with the words, "Butter! Butter! Butter!" printed on it in giant type.

"Pat, said Mick, what is the meaning of them big strokes after the words?"

"Oh, ye ignorantus!" said Pat, sure, they're meant for shillelachs to show that it's Irish butter.

IMPOVERISHED BLOOD.

A CONDITION THAT FREQUENTLY CAUSES MUCH SUFFERING.

Mrs. Henry Gifford, of Kentville, Proves the Value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this Condition.

From the Acadien, Wolfville, N.S.

The case of Mrs. Henry Gifford, of Kentville, who some time ago was cured of a distressing malady through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is of peculiar value as illustrating the rapidity with which this remarkable medicine operates. A representative of the Acadien who called upon Mrs. Gifford the other day to elicit information, concerning her cure, found her to be a very intelligent lady, and a hearty advocate of the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Upon learning the object of his call Mrs. Gifford expressed herself as pleased at the prospect of having an opportunity to give publicity to her remarkable cure. "I have told all my friends about it," she said, "but have often felt that it was my duty to have a statement of my case published in the papers."

Three years ago this spring my system was in a badly run down state. In this condition I was attacked by a heavy cold and an enlarged tonsil of great size and extreme painfulness was the result. For 9 weary months I was unable to turn my head and my health became such that I could not exert myself in the least. Several physicians were consulted, but without the slightest benefit. The swelling was finally lanced but the operation only aggravated the matter as my blood was so impoverished that the incision did not heal but developed into a runningsore. Despondency seized me and at times I almost wished that I was dead. At last by a happy chance I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using a few boxes the swelling disappeared and perfect health and buoyancy of spirits returned. Since that time Mrs. Gifford has had implicit confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and has used them for any physical disorder of herself or children with the same happy results.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed to you post paid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

A BLACK EYE.

Cause of the Discoloration and How It May Be Treated.

It is a curious fact that the possessor of a black eye is always bitterly ashamed of his ornament, yet in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is purely the result of an accident; and even if it is caused by the fist of an adversary, it at least goes to prove that the sufferer faced his foe.

A black eye is simply a bruise, a black-and-blue spot, of the eyelids and the parts underneath the eyelids. All these tissues being very loose and sponge-like in texture, the blood which escapes beneath the skin in all cases of bruising, and constitutes the black-and-blue mark, spreads very widely, and causes great disfigurement.

Sometimes, if the injury has been severe, there will be an escape of blood beneath the membrane covering the eyeball; but the eyeball itself usually escapes damage, owing to its elasticity and to the efficient protection afforded by the bony ring forming the edges of the orbit.

A short time after the injury has been received swelling of the parts sets in, the skin is reddened and hot, and there is a feeling of tension, if not more or less actual pain. This is the time to treat the bruise in order to prevent, as far as possible, the formation of the "black eye."

If nothing is done, the discoloration soon appears, first of a dark reddish purple color, and then almost black; later it fades off with a play of colors, green, blue and yellow, until gradually all traces of the accident disappear.

The first thing to do, and that as soon as possible is to apply cooling lotions, to the part. A good way to do this is to keep two small handkerchiefs in a bowl of ice-water and apply them alternately, squeezed dry and folded four-fold. As soon as one handkerchief grows warm, it should be replaced by the other.

By the end of the first day the cold applications will have done all the good they can, and then handkerchiefs wrung out of very hot water, in which borax or boric acid has been dissolved, should be applied, and changed every minute or two. At the same time the discolored part may be stroked gently with the finger for ten or fifteen minutes at a time every two or three hours. This is a tedious process, but it will shorten the sufferer's period of embarrassment by three or four days, if persevered in.

A NEW TERROR.

Housekeeper—What's that horrible noise?

Servant—It's an Italian organ grinder, mum, with an awful screechy organ.

Housekeeper—Horrors? Give him some money quick, and tell him we love to hear him play. We can't be too careful, you know. Maybe he belongs to the Mafia.