

STORIES OF THE SEA

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CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

The two sailors scratched their heads and looked quizzically at that of the prisoner. It resembles at the moment one of those useful implements denominated a "poor's head" which housemaids are wont to assail spiders and dust in the corners of lofty rooms. There was not the faintest symptom of a parting anywhere. Sinclair. It mought ha' been parted in the middle. Don't ee think, sir? (To the fourth officer.)

Stackpole. Yes. All right, sir!

Captain. "Large black whiskers, worn a la Dunderary."

Ambo. Right you are, Sir.

"Dunderary, ye scoundrels! And who or what is Dunderary, does either one of ye know?"

Captain. "Heavy moustaches."

Ambo. Reg'lar Rooshians, sir!

Captain. "Low forehead—big eyebrows—black shining eyes—long chin—prominent nose." How does that strike you, Stackpole?

Stackpole. Like two bights of the same hawser.

Captain. "Dresses handsomely in a frock-coat, or, when travelling, in a tweed shooting suit."

They all look round the cabin. Mr. Stackpole with a long, brown middle digit, indicates on the peg at the head of the "prisoner's" berth a suit of grey Irish tweed.

Ambo. True to a knot, sir!

Captain. "Large diamond ring on left little finger."

Mr. Fex moves his hand instinctively, but the fourth officer is too quick for him. He darts forward, seizes the left hand, and there, sure enough on the little finger glitters a large Cape diamond.

Stackpole. Diamond it is, sir, clear as the North Star.

"Powers above!" said poor Fex. "It's a plot to ruin me!"

Captain. Prisoner, keep silence till you're fully identified—"Very powerful build—seems about 5 feet 8 or 10 inches in height."

Ambo. Every word true, sir! Looks like a young box!

"Five feet eight, do ye say?" cries Mr. Fex, indignantly. "I'm five feet eleven in my stockings, as I live. Will ye have me measured, captain?"

Captain. "Good address and very gentlemanly manner"—Humph!

"There they have me," interrupted the prisoner. "That and the diamond are the only two points that are true to fact!"

Ambo. Undoubted swell, sir!

Captain. "Probably has a wound or bruise on his left eye."

Ambo. Left eye as blue as blue-Peter, sir!

Captain. "Talks German, French and English."

"Sorra a bit of German ever dirtied my mouth," shouted Mr. Fex, emphatically.

Captain. No French either, eh?

Fex. Mais oui, Monsieur le Capitaine a merveille.

Captain. Ha! Then that will do. Notice that, my men, speaks French like a Nantes skipper.

"Does he?" growls Mr. Fex in greater wrath than ever. "Me, that the Emperor didn't know from a Frenchman."

Captain. Outside, there, fetch in the irons!

At these words the unhappy Fex, giving a roar that shook the cabin, made an effort to jump out of his berth. But on the signal six or seven men rushed in, and each securing a limb or a portion of one, the luckless man lay completely at their mercy, still roaring with all his might. The riot alarmed the lady who occupied the purser's cabin. They could hear her giving vent to her anxiety in loud lamentations.

"They're killing him?" she screamed through the thin partition.

"No harm, madam; don't be alarmed," shouted the captain.

Poor Fex—Corcoran was by this time subdued and unconscious; and the captain, leaving two sturdy sailors under the quartermaster to guard his prisoner, went off to his chart-room, with the pride of a man who had done his duty.

It was soon all over the ship among the officers and crew—the only people able to be about—that the murderer had been secured in the captain's cabin. Hence, when the steward who waited on Lord Pendlebury took him his breakfast at the usual hour of nine, the whole story, with many embellishments, was retailed for his benefit. To the narrator's surprise, the young lord laughed at the top of his bent.

"Well, you are a set of duffers!" he cried. "Go and tell the captain to let the poor fellow off immediately, or there will be the devil to pay. That gentleman is a friend of mine, a Master in Chancery in Dublin, and this is as good as two thousand pounds damages to him! O dear, O dear! Corcoran, you'll kill me with laughing."

The young lord having dressed himself rapidly, his loud occasional guffaws sounding through the thin bulkheads, and exciting the greatest indignation among his neighbors at the untimely mirth, was on his way to the deck, when Sir Benjamin Peakman encountered him in the passage.

"I have only just heard," he said, bowing in his most conciliatory manner, "to whom I am indebted for the courtesy shown yesterday to my daughter in very trying circumstances. I am very happy, Lord Pendlebury, knowing many of your friends, to make your acquaintance. Let me present myself—Sir Benjamin Peakman."

Lord Pendlebury bowed—rather stiffly.

"Pray, Sir Benjamin," he said, "do not take the trouble to recall the slight

and very ordinary attention I was happy to render to the young lady. I hope she is none the worse for her fright. I am on my way, if you will excuse me, to my poor friend in the captain's cabin, who has fallen into a ridiculous scrape, the result of our skipper's overzeal."

"Your friend, Lord Pendlebury?" gasped the knight.

"Yes, Mr. Peter Corcoran, an Irish Master in Chancery, who has taken a whim to travel incognito as Mr. Fex."

"A most important man!" cried the knight with fervor. "But—I believe—he had—a—"

"A suit for a divorce. Exactly. And won it. That is to say," said the young lord, laughing, "the divorce was decreed. He was free from his wife."

"And he is a friend of your," cried Sir Benjamin, with effusion, "I have, as you may be aware, a good deal of influence with the owners of these steamers. "Can I be of any service, do you think?"

"Well, said the peer, drily, "possibly, Sir Benjamin, you may be able to persuade the captain that he has done a very ridiculous thing, and that his owners will have to pay handsomely for his blunder, unless he can patch it up with Corcoran."

"My lord, I will see Captain Windlass at once. I shall make a point of setting this matter right. He is, I can assure you, an estimable fellow, and no one will feel more sorry than he that any friend of Lord Pendlebury's should have been maltreated in his ship."

"Oh, pray let him not regard me in the matter at all," replied Lord Pendlebury. "But you may perhaps know that Corcoran is a nephew of Lord Summerton, and of sufficient consequence in himself to demand the captain's best amends."

With that Lord Pendlebury ran off to his unfortunate friend whom he found eyeing his guards in mute horror, and listening to occasional groans and sighs which could be distinctly heard from the purser's cabin.

"Pendlebury!" he cried. "I had entirely forgotten you! Only think of this. Accused, under the name of Cain, of murdering my brother Abel. Convicted of dyeing myself—my hair, my friend, that never knew a single hue that nature had not painted! Cut down by an inexorable law to five feet eight inches, which I haven't been since I was sixteen. Handcuffed by these ruffians—I shall never survive this! Whisper, my lord. Open that small box there. It's my medicine case. You will see a small phial, No. 28, marked strychnine. I always kept it when she was about, in case I should need it. Just hand it to me secretly, like a Christian friend, and say no more."

"No, Corcoran! I cannot spare you yet. You must last out this voyage, at least. Wouldn't the whole Castle go into hysterics over this! I sent off the old knight you hit so hard in the stomach yesterday, to arrange matters. He's a sly commonplace curmudgeon, but he may be useful. Remember, you must not claim vindictive damages."

"Ten thousand pounds! Not a farthing less! They've bruised me all over; charged me with murder, dyeing, robbery—shortened my length, and perhaps my life."

"Never mind. If you threaten them with such penalties as that, you know it will pay to throw you overboard."

This argument produced an impression. "I say, Pendlebury," he said in a low tone. "Do you hear her, next door? She has been going on that way ever since this happened. Curious eh? Is it possible she grieves? No matter, I'll never forgive her."

Lord Pendlebury was a man of the world but he looked a little shocked at the collars of Mr. Corcoran.

"You forgive her, Corcoran! Come now, that's too audacious! You forget, man, that it all came out in evidence—though, God knows, I don't want to be hard on you—and that it was you who were defendant, and it was against you the Ordinary gave judgment."

"Bah!" cried Corcoran, earnestly. "It all comes of your ridiculous English justice. You try a case in six hours, and scamp it, while an Irish Court would take six days at it, and give ample justice for the money! On my honour, Pendlebury, as a gentleman, as I stand before God, I tell you there was not a word of truth in the charge. We had no children, and she had nothing to do but to watch and nuzzle me, and I was always more lively than discreet, but, as sure as I live, she never had any just cause to complain of me. Her attorneys were determined to win their case, and they got the 'proofs'—as they call them—but there was no truth in the charges."

"Whew!" said Pendlebury. "Tout peut se retablir."

"No, no; she is married. I'm glad to say I'm relieved of the trouble of thinking about it."

"How do you know?"

"What is she doing here? She must be travelling with somebody. That somebody is her husband."

"Where is he then?" inquired the peer.

"I don't know. Ill, on his back, in one of the lower cabins.—Ah! what's this now?"

Sir Benjamin Peakman and the captain entered. The knight in his blandest manner made the humblest apologies for his errors of yesterday. The captain more awkwardly endeavored to make his peace with the Master in Chancery.

"Captain," said the Master, with a grave face, "I'll forgive you on one condition. Do I talk French like

a Nantes skipper? Am I six feet eight inches? Is my hair dyed? Do you retract these and all other personal reflections?"

Captain Windlass, being more of an honest sailor than a man of the world, did not relish this rillery; but he took off the irons with his own hands, and there was a tear in the corner of his clear blue eye as he tendered his big fist to his quondam prisoner.

"Faith, captain," said the Master, "your method of examination was 'cross' in more senses than one. If you were to transport that huge corpus of yours into the Four Courts, and emphasize your questions with those big fists as you did with me, there's never a witness could stand before ye. They'd swear anything you liked. However, I'm obliged to you. It's ten thousand pounds in my pocket. But now I'll pay ye good for evil. You say the murderer is on board. I'll help you to detect him, and when he's found we'll manage with him better than you did with me."

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Crog, the steerage steward, had gone through a good deal of mental and physical exertion since the vessel had eloped from Greencastle Bay in the manner he so graphically described to his new friend, Mr. Stillwater. The four hundred people under his care were an unusually large number for the season of the year and its invariably furious weather. They kept him busy at all points. Their cries, their tears, their adjurations, their oaths, their threats, their terrors—all of which he would like to have treated with contempt, but dared not, for these people know how to take their money's worth out of the companies—brought down Mr. Crog in three days from a state of breathless redundancy to one of breathless emaciation, and altered his colour from a fine healthy rose-blush to a tint of tawny orange. To meet the fickle fancies of such a various charge, to soothe, to threaten, to nurse, to cheer, and to bully three hundred people who are rolling about in helpless terror and misery, is not an occupation which one would suppose to hold out attractions even to a performing dog, but there are men found to take to it, and not unkindly. Mr. Crog was ever vowing when at sea that he would leave it, and ever when in port reversing his decision.

The storm which had been driving in the teeth of the gallant Kamschatkan for nearly three days began on the evening of the fourth day to abate. The wind shifted a point or two; the barometer, like a repentant spirit, took a turn upward. Hope spread from cabin to cabin, where most of the passengers had been the prey of abject terror and intolerable discomfort. The closed doors and battered hatches allowed no air to penetrate below, and to the horrible swaying and shaking of the vessel was added the steady poisoning of the victims by confined and rebreathed air. It is strange that with all those resources of mechanical science which are available in the construction of these huge floating palaces, no successful means should yet have been devised to produce between decks and in the gorgeous cabins, that most successful antidote to seasickness—fresh air. What are electric bells and gilded cornices to a vomiting mammal? What is the healthy ozone of a deck rising and falling between the horizontal, to a creature lying below, pitilessly turned upside down and inside out amid the smell of bilge water and cookery? Give us more air, my masters, more air, an you would have us reconciled to the pleasures of the "melancholy ocean."

The steerage—the main deck below the spar deck—had been, during the three days, a purgatory in more senses than one. It was impossible to rig up wind-sails, and the foulness of the air below prostrated many a sturdy constitution. Here, however, Mr. Crog held on his way, overwhelmed by labor, which was shared by a stewardess, Mrs. Crog to wit, and by the doctor, a little man who, coming on board a very pale pink, had gradually taken on the look and colour of a dirty piece of parchment.

"Unhappy doctor! He is the one man on the ship who cannot shirk his duty, and often the man least fit for it. When my Lady Peakman feels that nausea defies all the coaxing arts of her maid, and all the faint resolution she can herself muster, the doctor must be fetched from bed, or board, or cabin, or steerage, to go through the idle form of prescribing again what has invariably failed before, of trying to find an anodyne for the incurable."

"What do you fancy, my lady?" cries the distracted medic, himself half-nauseated by the ferocious motion, and by constant observation of the symptoms of the universal malady.

"Something acid. Oh, my dear doctor, prescribe an acid drink—something in it to support me!"

"Lemonade and brandy?"

"Ugh! Don't mention it!" She motions with her finger in a certain direction.

"Champagne?"

"Oh! gone long since!" Fingers pointed again.

"Have you tried the effervescent citrate of bismuth?"

"Maria! here, quick!"

Doctor, you'll kill me. The mention of it is enough."

(To be Continued.)

Modern Marriage Market.

A book written by a quartet of well known English women on the ever-interesting subject of marriage has created a sensation in London. The title has been changed from the antique one of "Advice to Those About to Marry" that has done duty for so long. The new book comes into the literary field under the name of "The Modern Marriage Market," and it certainly is causing a greater amount of talk and encountering a fiercer amount of criticism than any market volume ever printed.

The writers are women prominent in England, and their names are sufficient guarantee that the book is by no means an ordinary volume. The quartet of writers are Lady Jeune, Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, Miss Marie Corelli, and Susan, Countess of Malmesbury. There has evidently been no "getting together" of the distinguished authors for the purpose of comparing notes before writing the book, for the opinions differ widely, and the writers do not hesitate to speak their minds freely regarding the writing of the rest of the four.

One fact concerning the book that has been seized upon with avidity by its critics is that the only one of the writers to take Cupid in her arms and pet the little god, is Miss Marie Corelli, who is also the only unmarried one of the four. This strikes the London critics as being a peculiarly rich bit of irony, and they are making the most of it. Miss Corelli refers with lofty scorn to the ideals of some of her unmarried friends, and has such advanced ideas on the subject herself that it seems a pity that she should ever spoil these by a practical experience of married life. Miss Corelli's view is expressed in this statement: "I want you to refuse to make your bodies and souls the trafficable material of vulgar huckstering. I want you to give yourselves ungrudgingly, fearlessly, without a price, or any condition whatsoever, to the man you truly love, and abide by the results. If love is love indeed, no regret can be possible."

The other three, Lady Jeune, Mrs. Steel and the Countess of Malmesbury, undertake to set each other right in the descending way peculiar to the high-born British dame, who patronizes the world with unruffled good nature and is seldom disturbed in her self-conceit. "Lady Jeune," says Susan, Countess of Malmesbury, "writes from the practical standpoint of a woman who has a wide and intimate knowledge of the special class which she describes, but she confines herself to do that alone." Mrs. Steel, again, is snubbed by the same controversialist who told that she is "more conversant with the matrimonial affairs of our eastern than of our western sisters."

The antagonist that Miss Corelli finds most worthy of her steel is the lady of that name. Mrs. Steel takes the stand that marriage as the most ordinary business of life. Mrs. Steel looks at the world of women through lorgnettes that have been turned on much misery, matrimonial and otherwise, in their time, and the conclusion she arrives at is this: "Compare it the love match with the position which our present system condemns, which nine out of ten women would be ashamed to confess. I do not expect intense personal gratification. I wish to marry, to have a home and children to take my share in the glory and toil, and here is my chance. If you come to analyze this, you will find not only that it brings with it a far higher ideal of life, but that it leaves us with something more of a foundation for marriage than a mutual physical and mental attraction; an attraction which the individual experience of nearly every man and woman in the world teaches them is evanescent."

It is only right to say that the commonsense critics side with Mrs. Steel. However much it may grate on the sensitive nerves of the romance-hunter, it is felt by the majority of people in England that where the choosing is left to the man, and the girl has no voice in the matter until she is asked to use her voice—in saying "yes," or "no"—that the girl is apt after waiting a reasonable time, to say to herself: "Here, if I don't accept the first offer that comes along I shall be left in the race altogether." So she goes to the altar with a man for whom she has little regard, and the novelty of marriage gone, she is left with nothing but the loveless life. As to the poor man who is carried off in this unprincipled manner, the four ladies who write "The Modern Marriage Market" are silent. He seems to have been left out of their calculations altogether. The man's side of the question is now awaited with interest by those who have read the woman's advice to women.

TOLD BY THE EDITOR,

DURING A HOLIDAY RAMBLE HE VISITS THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

He Found Changes That Astonished Him—One of Which Deserves the Widest Publication for the Benefit It May Prove To Others.

From the Leader and Recorder, Toronto Junction.

The editor of the Leader and Recorder, during a recent holiday trip through the countries of York, Peel, Dufferin and Grey, spent a few days at the old parental homestead where he was born and spent many happy years. The old homestead is in the township of Euphrasia, Grey county, about one and a half miles south of the village of Heathcote, and about ten miles from the town of Meaford. It is occupied by the writer's youngest brother, George J. Fawcett. The latter was the picture of health, and remembering that when he came from Detroit, where he had been living for several years, and took possession of the homestead, he was in such feeble health that his life was despaired of, the writer suggested that the bracing climate of the northern regions must be the best medicine in the world for a shattered constitution. The reply made contained statements so remarkable that we consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to give them as wide publicity as possible through the columns of the Leader and Recorder. A severe attack of malaria, contracted whilst in Detroit, brought the writer's brother to death's door, from which he recovered only to find himself the victim of a complication of troubles which unfitted him for work. He was attended by some of the most eminent physicians in Detroit, but he received little or no benefit from their treatment. Change of air was finally recommended and he removed with his family to the county of Grey. A slight change for the better was noticeable at first, but he soon relapsed into the old condition and again sought help from the leading doctors of the district in turn. Sleeplessness took possession of him and soon he was wasted away to a mere skeleton. Then the doctors declared they could do nothing more for him, and advised him to go to California. During all these weary months he read in the papers from time to time, and laughed at what he termed the "miracles" wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He had no faith in such remedies, and it was only when the physicians told him that they could do no more for him that, like the drowning man who catches at a straw, he thought he would try a box of the pills. To his great astonishment his sleeplessness had vanished before he had been using the pills a week, and he slept like an infant. Gradually his strength returned and his appetite improved, and soon he felt like a new man. A few months after taking the first dose he was as well as ever. For more than two years past he has not taken any medicine whatever, and to-day you will not find a sturdier specimen of mankind in Grey than Geo. J. Fawcett. "What do I think of Pink Pills?" he queried with a smile; "why I think there is nothing like them on earth for building up the system; but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I do not think I would be alive to-day."

The experience of years has proven that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of extra profit to himself may say "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

JEWELLED BELTS.

The "Dutch snake" may possibly become the fashion of the hour and supersede the golden hearts, enamel shamrocks, lucky beans and other devices which at present dangle from the bangle, the neck and the watch chain. During her recent stay in Paris the young Queen of Holland is declared to have worn a long golden chain of medium thickness, which would perhaps have escaped attention but for the exquisite ornament with which it was adorned. This consisted of a glittering snake some eight inches in length, which was coiled round the chain. The head was formed of one magnificent diamond of extraordinary brilliancy, while the flexible body consisted of a mass of brilliants, rubies and other precious stones so thickly incrustated that not a trace of the gold setting was visible, the various colors of the jewels forming a realistic imitation of the scales.

It is said that often as Queen Wilhelmina varies her toilet during the course of the day she is never seen without this chain, and innumerable are the explanations, and even romances, which have been invented to account for a fact which may easily be ascribed to the beauty and value of the ornament itself. Costly copies are beginning to appear in some of the shops in the Rue de la Paix, and promise to be very popular.

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

Mme. Laloue Bernet is at the head of one of the largest wholesale feather houses in Paris. It is said that she shows any amount of tact in her business dealings and prefers foreigners as customers. In the last 12 years she has increased the annual returns of her concern from 500,000 francs to \$1,000,000.

Dramatic Note—Wright—I believe a good deal of human interest could be put into a play with the scenes laid in a pawnshop. Reed—My dear boy, the interest in a pawnshop is something absolutely inhuman.

Sunday School Teacher—Why, Willie Wilson, fighting again? Didn't last Sunday's lesson teach that when you are struck on one cheek you ought to turn the other to the striker? Willie—Yes'm; but he hit me on the nose, an' I've only got one.

REVERES HIS MEMORY.

Inside Queen Victoria's boudoir at Windsor Castle, inscribed in gold letters over the doorway, are the words: "Every article in this room my deeply lamented husband selected for me in the twenty-fourth year of my reign."

And carefully preserved under a glass shade lies the Queen's bridal wreath, by the side of the withered remains of the first bouquet presented to Her Majesty by the Prince Consort.