

# STORIES OF THE SEA

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## CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"I'll bet you ten dollars I'll find him!" cried the nettled journalist. He spoke in haste, and unadvisedly.

"Do one," said the German, gravely. "We will at once do money shakedown. Here is my ten dollars." And he drew out of a greasy pocket-book two five-dollar notes.

"I haven't any Canadian money about me, I guess," answered the editor, moving his hands ostentatiously into all his pockets, out of which, as he had been able to anticipate, nothing was evolved. "You'll have to trust me."

"No," said the German, with a prolonged and exasperating intonation, as he restored his money to its case. "I never trust a Canadian editor. Dare I von bill of sixty dollar of see-gar, dat vas all smoke up by de editor of de 'Toronto Scalper,' but for me it all end in de smoke. He offer me to take it in advertising, but I tell him to advertise in his paper von whole ten years vas not for me von customer more."

The laugh was turned against the journalist, who registered a vow that one of the earliest numbers of his paper, after his return, should contain a letter from Kingston, alluding in scathing terms to the return of Mr. Weiss, the German Jew, from his native Hamburg, with a consignment of bad tobacco and German cigars, which he was palming off on a trustful public for genuine Havana.

A few minutes later Lord Pendlebury again passed the smoking-room door. He had left Mr. Corcoran chatting with the captain. The red-faced man slipped out of the cabin and approached the peer as he stood near the wheel-house.

"My lord," he said, taking off his hat, "I hope your lordship will permit me to offer my humblest apologies for any rudeness I may have committed in ignorance of your lordship's rank, when speaking to you at table?"

"Oh, I was not aware of anything, Mr.—"

"Stretch, my lord. Your lordship will allow me to hand you my card. One of the best shops in Montreal, for all that a gentleman can need your lordship, and I shall feel deeply honoured by your distinguished patronage, my lord."

"Oh! very well, Mr. Stretch. I accept your advertisement. Your apologies are unnecessary."

And Lord Pendlebury resumed his walk. His mind was occupied in considering with an earnestness and sagacity beyond his years the puzzling dilemma in which he saw his two friends to be placed. He was satisfied of Corcoran's good faith. The late Master in Chancery was a well-known man in Dublin society, lively, agreeable, amusing, no always either dignified or discreet, fond of no less conversation than of toddy, a favourite with men and women. Moreover, he was for his age an excellently preserved man. The late Mrs. Corcoran, now Mrs. Bellidoran, at one time a handsome person, was Scotch, of good family, high bred, exceedingly particular in her bearing, manner, conversation, and associates.

They had married late in life. No children had blessed their union. Not understanding her husband's Irish nature, or his fondness for irony of speech and situation, and often disturbed by the flavour of his racy humour or the freedom of his manners, Mrs. Corcoran's confidence in her husband became seriously shaken. Suspicions were excited. Sharp words were exchanged. Mr. Corcoran, conscious of his own honesty, keenly resented his wife's reflections, and did what many a man foolishly does in such circumstances—he affected to become more extravagant than ever. An unusually hot matrimonial skirmish having taken place at Homburg, Mrs. Corcoran left her husband without notice, and, returning to London, placed herself in the hands of solicitors. Mulrooney and Cadge "got up" a case for her with exemplary readiness and disastrous success. A cause celebre was tried at Westminster, for the pair had been married in England. A German waiter was produced, who swore to conduct on the part of the learned Master which satisfied the judge and shocked his friends. A divorce was decreed. Upon this Mr. Corcoran retired from the Mastership. He had a considerable fortune, and finding life in Dublin, notwithstanding the fact that many of his friends remained staunch, to be painfully changed for him he resolved to take a tour in America. To be perfectly free from any embarrassing inquiries, he assumed the whimsical name of Fex.

Lord Pendlebury, as aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant, had seen a good deal both of Mr. Corcoran and his wife, and had been extremely shocked by the circumstances and results of the appeal to the Divorce Court. And how, when by a most extraordinary fatality they were brought together under conditions which seemed to be favourable to a reconciliation, here was a Canadian auditor-general, or some other official, expecting to meet Mrs. Bellidoran, as his fiancée, at their port of destination. The young lord viewed his own position with some anxiety, and not without a sensation of amusement. Both parties had chosen to make him a confidant of their hostile griefs. He fancied that he detected on either side a tone of regret at the past, which might, were experienced tact only at hand, be nourished into some effort to retrieve its sorrowful and disastrous consequences. He was specially alive to the necessity of securing the aid of some woman of sense and spirit in the delicate

task which circumstances had thrown upon him. Lady Peakman occurred to his mind, only to be discarded. He saw that Mrs. Bellidoran would not suffer interference from any one of Lady Peakman's manners and temptations. There was only one other person even distantly available, namely, Mrs. McGowkie, a quaint, gentle, pleasant little Scotch wife, without a shadow of experience in the way of the wicked world.

"Well," he said to himself, "there can be no harm in making them acquainted. The Scotchwoman's simplicity and genuineness may have some effect on the elder lady. And who knows? They may 'foregather,' as Mr. McGowkie would say."

So, before an hour was over, Lord Pendlebury had managed to bring the proud Mrs. Bellidoran and the blushing little Mrs. McGowkie together. To the latter he had given no information. He left the two ladies to exchange confidence and acquaintance and exchange confidence if they pleased. At the same time the cunning young peer kept his friend upon the deck, engaged in a peripatetic conversation, during which he several times designedly took him past the place where the two ladies were sitting. Hence Corcoran and his former wife were obliged to exchange glances, and every time they did so their hearts were bleeding.

Mean time Mrs. McGowkie, being taken in hand by a superior tactician, had told her prouder countrywoman all about herself, and her early life, and her marriage, with unaffected, and not in the least vulgar or offensive, candour. There was a freshness about this young person which was soothing to Mrs. Bellidoran's disquiet. The familiar native accent also fell with a gentle charm on the lady's heart.

"You know," said Mrs. McGowkie, prattling away, "it is so pleasant to feel you are really loved and respected by the man you marry—and so easy to agree with him. I never could imagine how two people who loved each other sufficiently to become man and wife could ever have a difference. He is the head of the wife, as she is a 'crown unto her husband.'"

"Why, you silly little chit," said Mrs. Bellidoran, looking down magnificently on this commonplace and inexperienced little sciolist. "Do you not know that very few people become man and wife because they love each other? There are much more ordinary and unromantic reasons than that."

Mrs. McGowkie blushed.

"I know nothing about them madam. If people choose to begin wrong, they must 'en end wrong.'"

"Ay, but again it is said that love matches generally end the worst. Affection is easily satiated. People get bored with each other's company, suspicious of each other's faith."

"Ay, that's people 'in the world,'" interrupted Mrs. McGowkie. "I've had little to do with the like of them. To their own master must they stand or fall. I am sure, my dear madam, you have no experience of that sort!"

Mrs. McGowkie's simple heart having been deeply pained by her companion's cynicism, she spoke this with some intensity of feeling and expression. In the earnestness of the moment she laid her hand, in its little brown kid glove, on the arm of her haughty companion, and gave it a pressure. The lady looked embarrassed.

"Oh, believe me, lady," continued Mrs. McGowkie, adopting, in the warmth of her feeling, the language and accent of her home life, "Suld ye na ken it, as I trust in God ye do, when two hearts is in tune the ane wi' thither, and baith takin their note from the Great Master in heaven, though noo and again earthly imperfections may waken a bit discord thro' trouble or anger, His hand will sunet set the chords a-right. He bindeth up the broken hearts; and surely He can harmonise the broken music of earnest an' loving souls."

"You know little of the world, my child," said the lady, bending over and kissing the soft blooming cheek, ere she rose and hastily retreated to her cabin. Mrs. McGowkie wiped away a tear-drop that was coursing down her face. It had not come from her own eye.

"Mebbe," she mused to herself, "I ha' done wrong. The pair ledly will dootless hae a sair heart of her ain. But it was a' true, and truth canna harm if it's kindly told."

## CHAPTER XI.

Lady Peakman did not leave her berth. She was suffering from a violent headache. Sir Benjamin came and went. Araminta flitted in and out, the maids succeeded each other in their attendance. But her ladyship, in a state of prostration, would only open her eyes painfully and languidly. Every half hour the fine-toned bells rang out, first on the poop, then on the forward deck. As eight bells struck in the afternoon, that rancorous dinner gong again gave iron tongue to brazen discord. Although the knight came in and persuaded her to make an effort, she would not go to dinner. Nor would she eat. She sent away her maid to take an airing on deck. She simply wished to be alone.

Every one had gone to the saloon. Stewards could be heard passing to and fro along the corridors. Clattering dishes, chattering tongues, the clink of bottles and glasses at the bar, the noise of people talking on the other side of the saloon bulkhead, disturbed her painfully. She could not think. Her brain was throbbing with anxiety and terror.

Suddenly there was a knock at the

door. Was it that man again? No, he must be waiting on Sir Benjamin. Drawing her robe around her, she called out to the inquirer to come in. A head of a man unknown to her, looking mysterious, was inserted through the half-open door. It gazed round. It vanished an instant. It came back immediately with the body to which it belonged. To the body were attached two arms, and on the hand of one of the arms swung her ladyship's jewel-case.

"If you please, my lady," said the man, touching his hair in front, "may this be yours?"

She hardly glanced at it. There was no necessity. She felt what it was. Her heart sank within her. She knew that her name lay across the top of it in proud letters of gold.

"Yes, Who are you? Where did you get it?"

"Mr. Crog, may it please your ladyship. Steerage steward. This case was found, mum—my lady—stowed away under the mattress of Sir Benjamin's new valet, Mr. Stillwater."

"Gracious goodness!"

"Yes, my lady. Might you have given it to him to take charge of my lady?"

"Certainly not."

"Because," said Mr. Crog, "this morning early, my lady, when eight bells rang—which is four o'clock a.m., my lady—I was one of the stewards that had to turn out, and I had occasion to go and arrange some things, my lady, at the main hatchway; and there, at that hour of the morning, my lady, I see a figure cut across from the port passage, here between the cabins, and run slap into Sloveny George—a sailor we call by that name, my lady. Well, it was dark, and I shouldn't know the individual, but the sailor speaks to him and he answers the sailor, and I recognises Mr. Stillwater's voice immediate. Says I to myself, my lady, 'What's this fellow a runnin' about the ship at this hour of the day for? And a carrying somethin' heavy in his hand, moreover? Howsoever, I know that gentleman on board is wanting their servants at all hours of the day or night, and so I says nothing at the time, but thinks I—I'll watch your movements, Mr. Stillwater.' So I tips the wink to my friend Mr. Benbow, the steward of the first-class cabins amidships, larboard side, to look out sharp all round the cabin in making up the bed, and see if he could find anything; and he found this under the mattress, my lady. And, my lady, there's a description on board, and a reward offered for a man who has committed a murder and robbery; and if it weren't that the wally had his hair as red as carrots, when it ought to ha' been dyed black, I would have him in irons ten minutes after dinner was over."

"How do you think he got it?"

"He must ha' slipped in when you was asleep, my lady."

"Oh, dear," said her ladyship, giving a little scream. "Surely not! How shocking! A man in my room! I should certainly have heard him."

"Mr. Crog."

"My lady."

"Don't say anything about this. Now I come to think of it, Sir Benjamin, who is always very anxious about this valuable case, may have asked the man to take charge of it. No doubt that is the explanation. I will speak to Sir Benjamin. But I am none the less indebted to you. Here is a sovereign for you."

"Thank you, my lady," said Crog, who however felt deeply disappointed that Mr. Stillwater was to be let off so easily.

"That will do now, Mr. Crog. You need not speak to Sir Benjamin about it. I shall see him directly after dinner, and if there is anything wrong I will send for you; but I hope it is all right."

Mr. Crog vanished as mysteriously as he came. In returning to his quarters he slipped into Mr. Stillwater's cabin, to take an observation on his own account, being assured that at the moment the valet was in attendance on his master in the saloon.

"I don't half like the look of this cove," said Mr. Crog to himself. There was no special reason why Mr. Crog should have been seized with this profound suspicion of Mr. Stillwater, beyond the fact that Mr. Stillwater had proved too sharp for him. Mr. Crog's amour propre had been wounded by the quick rough way in which Mr. Stillwater had pulled him up on the subject of the division of plunder. It is only human nature. If you take a man down even one peg, he will be ready to hold you a thief and a murderer on very slight evidence.

"Now," said Mr. Crog to himself, in continuance, "here's this cove's baggage. A large pockmarking, brown leather, very seedy-looking, been a number of voyages, leather cut and cratched all over. Ha! a stout hat and a good lock too; don't want no intruders. No name thereon, leastways so far as I can see. 'Wot's this? 'Hotel de l'Europe, Homburg, 'Kaiserhof, Koln.' What's that, I wonder? Then some Etioles, or other 'Monaco,' 'Hotel des Etioles, Biarritz.' Here's one torn off—lets see. 'r-n-l'—that's a railway station mark—'r-n-l.' He took out the paper containing a description of the runaway. 'Ha! 'Darnley' is the name of the place where the murder was committed. Well this is rum, to say the least of it. Anything else? Hat-box—wot! A hat-box, Mr. Stillwater! You are a swell, for a wally out of place, you are!—Small trunk or case two feet long with brass nails all over it. No other mark but 'Stillwater' in ink on the bottom. Ah! locked up, tight as the specie-room.—Nothing else about? No, not even a pocket-handkercher. You're a dark un, Mr. Stillwater. Still waters run deep. Ha ha, ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" echoed a voice in the cabin, within a couple of feet of him. Mr. Crog turned sharply round, and his eyes encountered those of Mr. Stillwater, which at the moment were lit up with a dangerous sparkle. He promptly shut the door and locked it, putting the key in his pocket.

"What are you doing in here, Mr. Crog?" inquired the valet, in an angry tone. "You ain't the steward of this part of the ship, you know."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Crog, recovering a little from his surprise, "I wanted to see you, and I was waiting for you. I think I have some information about our much-needed friend."

"You do, do you?" replied Mr. Stillwater, searching Mr. Crog's eyes to their very depths, and not satisfied with the result.

"Yes, I believe I have him. There's a German has been lying among the men down there, where you were stowed away so snugly. He don't answer the description as to hair, et cetera, but you know it is easy to shave or die, and if the rests suits, we hadn't need to stand on ceremony."

Mr. Stillwater looked at Mr. Crog again, with a quick, keen, penetrating inquiry. The steward, a powerful fellow, had recovered his assurance. The cabin in which they were standing was next to the mess-room of the engineers. Several of them could be distinctly heard talking on the other side.

"Now, gunvor," said Mr. Crog, thinking it advisable to remind him of this fact, "don't talk so loud, or these parties will overhear us. Come along with me and we will take a peep at the cove if we spotted." Stillwater did not move.

## AN ELEPHANT EXECUTED.

The Second That Has Ever Taken Place in the United Kingdom.

The second execution of an elephant, by strangulation, that has ever taken place in the United Kingdom, occurred at Stoke-on-Trent on Saturday, says the London Daily Mail.

The victim, as was the first elephant ever strangled in England, was the property of Messrs. Barnum and Bailey, who concluded their provincial tour at the above-named place on Saturday night.

Nick, the victim of the decree of the circus management, was one of the largest elephants in the herd, and until within a week or so ago one of the best behaved. He was a "tusker," and a trick elephant besides. The monetary loss was, therefore, far beyond even the market value of an elephant of "Nick's" description, which is about £1,000.

Two or three weeks ago, Mr. Conklin, the veteran manager of the elephant herd, reported to Mr. Bailey that Nick was rapidly becoming very hard to manage. The breeding season was coming on, and Nick's jealousy of the other bulls was such that a sudden and ferocious attack both upon them and upon the keeper was feared at any moment.

"He has been one of my best elephants," Conklin said, "but I cannot attempt to control him if he ever runs amuck with the herd."

When the circus reached Stoke on Friday, Mr. Bailey gave orders not to take any further risks with Nick, but to execute him on the following day. Conklin put him through the parade on Friday, and that was Nick's last public appearance. On Saturday morning arrangements were made for the execution. It was held in the big tent, and took place in view of all the other elephants, possibly as a sort of warning to them of the results of disobedience.

Nick was led into the tent, and his four ponderous feet chained fast to heavy posts driven into the ground at proper distances. The big fellow watched the operation with strange interest and some misgiving. He had never been chained like that before, and he seemed to understand that something serious was in hand. Once or twice he uttered a short "trumpet," that was responded to feebly by his mates, and then stood shaking his ponderous body from side to side, like the ship in the rough of a sea.

Conklin succeeded in getting a heavy hemp hawser about his neck, however, and a noose having been made in this, it was drawn well up to the neck, and a hangman's knot arranged. The other end of the rope had been run through a block and tackle, and fifty six stalwart canvasmen grabbed hold of the hawser.

At a given signal, when Conklin cried "All right," the men started running with the rope in hand. At once the noose tightened about Nick's throat, and he tumbled over on the grass like a collapsed balloon. Not a groan escaped him, and in less than a minute he had ceased to move. In less than two minutes he was pronounced dead.

Professor Cross a Liverpool naturalist, secured the head and tusks. The tusks were three feet nine inches in length. Nick himself stood seven feet four inches in height, and weighed four and a half tons when he left America on Nov. 13 of last year. He was purchased by Mr. Bailey in 1871, at a cost of £1,000.

## TIVOLI LIGHTING ROPE.

Electric power derived from the waterfalls of Tivoli, which constitute one of the most famous gems of Italian scenery, is now transmitted about fifteen miles across the Campagna to illuminate Rome and to drive the trams, whose presence in the streets of the Eternal City is so striking a reminder of the universality of modern practical science.

## SIBERIAN SUNSHINE.

The Russian meteorologist, Prof. Woetkof, calls attention to the almost uninterrupted sunshine that prevails in winter in the Irutsk region of Siberia. He thinks it would be an ideal place for consumptives and for raising plants under glass.

## CZAR OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

HIS NAME IS REID AND HE RUNS THE ENTIRE ISLAND.

The Real Estate He Owns Is Said to Be 7,000 Square Miles in Extent—Will Own All the Railroads Some Day—Vast Mineral Possessions and their Development

The extent of Millionaire Menier's sovereignty over the comparatively insignificant island of Anticosti is completely overshadowed by the enormous extent of the possessions of a single individual on the adjacent island of Newfoundland. He is undoubtedly the largest landowner on this continent. Newfoundland is one-sixth larger than Ireland, and R. G. Reid, commonly called "Czar" Reid, owns about one-half of it in fee simple. Two hundred thousand people regard him pretty much as if he were their feudal baron, and look to him to exploit their country before the world. No man, no Czar, even, ever held the destinies of a country more closely in his fingers than Mr. Reid does with his island. Seven thousand square miles of it are absolutely his own, with its enormous wealth of timber and mineral lands, and every mile of its railway system will eventually become his private property. The latest contracts which he has signed with the Government of the island have secured to him privileges for which a prominent statesman has declared that he could easily have obtained \$5,000,000 in England. It raised such

VIOLENT OPPOSITION in the colony that the Governor declined to sign it before submitting it to the Imperial Government. Mr. Chamberlain returned it with the remark that no matter what personal opinion he might hold respecting such a contract he could not interfere to prevent the management by a self-governing colony of its own finances.

A few years ago "Czar" Reid was a penniless Scotch boy. He began life in Australia and subsequently made some money by building sections of railway for the Canadian Pacific. In 1893 he offered to construct a railway for the Government of Newfoundland across the island for \$15,000 a mile. His offer was accepted and the railway built. Then the Government found itself in such financial stress that it could neither equip nor operate the line. Reid offered to obtain the equipment and operate the road, but valued the cost at \$100,000 a year. The Government gave him \$60,000 a year as a mail subsidy, and 5,000 acres of land in fee simple for every mile of main or branch line operated by him for a period of ten years.

Mr. Reid was not content. He bought new concessions. He offered to operate the road free at the expiration of the ten years, providing that at the end of forty additional years the road should be his. He also stipulated for further grants of land, for the railway and telegraph monopolies of the island. The Government agreed to the terms, and then it was that they great outcry arose that resulted in the reference of the contract to Joseph Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain's reply has not quieted the agitation, however, and petitions are being extensively signed throughout the colony praying the Colonial Office to cancel the contract on the ground that the island has been sold for a song. So strong is the public sentiment in the island against the Reid contract that "Czar" Reid has just found it necessary, in order to prevent a public uprising in some parts of the colony, to issue a public notice declaring that he intends to take possession of no Newfoundland's fields, farm or garden or any other private property, but only the

UNGRANTED CROWN LANDS

Mr. Reid has ordered the construction of seven new steamships. One of these is to run between the island and Labrador and the other six will make regular trips between the various bays and the terminus of the railway at St. John's. The "Czar" of Newfoundland will shortly be one of the largest mine owners and manufacturers in the world. Newfoundland's mineral exports are expected soon to reach a million dollars worth a year. A hundred thousand tons of iron ore, or double last year's output was exported from Belle Isle mine alone this year. A syndicate of British ironmasters has leased the Bay de Verde mine and is preparing to work it. The vein is sixteen miles long and estimated by experts to contain 40,000,000 tons of finest ore. At Little Bay a new copper vein nine feet wide has been discovered. Mr. Reid's prospectors are constantly making new and valuable finds all over the island.

Just now the "Czar" and several of his sons are seeking incorporation as the Newfoundland Bleaching Pulp Company with a capital of \$2,000,000, and also as the Newfoundland Pyrites Company with a capital of \$1,500,000. The site of operations is ideal. It is an immense area on the shores of Grand Lake, not far from the railway, densely covered with wood of the very best kind for making pulp. Close to it are the coal mines. Water power to any extent is available. In the marble beds of the Humber, at a short distance, are inexhaustible supplies of lime. At Bay of Islands, at no great distance, are immense deposits of iron pyrites containing 50 per cent. of sulphur, from which sulphuric acid is made, an indispensable article for the manufacture of the best kind of pulp. To this is to be added a company for mining and exporting iron pyrites, for which there is everywhere a rapidly increasing demand for the manufacturer of sulphuric acid, the residuum being used for the making of the very finest kind of steel. The supply of this mineral is inexhaustible, and everything points to an early recognition of Newfoundland as one of the foremost mining centres of modern times.