BRANDON'S DAUGHTER.

"No, I've never been shipwrecked, nor ever been in a collision all the time I've been to sea—a matter now of over forty years. But I've carried some queer passengers in my time. I'll tell you about two who exercised a powerful influence over me; but whether for good or evil you shall hear presently.

"It was in the fall of '72 just when on the eve of sailing, that an old gentleman stepped on board and hurriedly approached me. He was a tall, spare man, with iron gray hair, and had a slight stoop at the shoulders.

"Good-day, captain," said he. "I only heard this morning that you were sailing for England, and I hastened down to ascertain if you could find accommodation for myself and daughter at so short notice."

"Certainly," I replied, in my hearty way, "I shall only be too pleased to take you. As it happens there are only three passengers booked this trip, and they are second class, so you can have the saloon pretty much to yourselves."

He thanked me effusively, and disappeared into the saloon. I marveled at his precipitancy, and wondered where the daughter was to come from, for she was not visible anywhere.

I gave instructions to the apprentices to have their luggage conveyed on board and myself superintended the stowing away of their trunks in the two best appointed cabins on the ship. While so engaged I heard a light footfall behind me, and, turning around, I beheld the fairest vision of loveliness that ever brightened my saloon.

"My daughter—Captain Harnott," said Mr. Brandon, introducing us.

I was so taken aback by her exceeding beauty that I awkwardly touched my cap, and with the wind clean out of my sails, stammered:

"Glad to see you, miss,"

She placed her soft little white hand into my big, sun browned paw, and, looking me squarely in the face out of her laughing blue eyes, said:

"I'm sure we shall be good friends, captain, during the voyage."

She spoke with a charming colonial accent and from that moment I was her most devoted humble servant, slave, anything you like. I went head over ears in love with her at sight. You may smile, but recollect I was a comparatively young man then. Leaving them to arrange their cabins to their own satisfaction, I ascended the companion steps, and went on deck. It certainly occupied them a considerable time, for neither father nor daughter appeared on deck until the ship was well outside the "Heads," and the tug had returned to port. That voyage I look back upon as the happiest and saddest I ever made. Miss Brandon was a splendid sailor. In fair weather or foul she'd be on deck, delighting me with the admiration she expressed for my handsome three-masted clipper, and the child-like naviete of her questions. I used to pace the quarter deck in the morning, impatient for her first appearance. On the dullest or dirtiest day, it was like a ray of sunshine suddenly bursting forth from a lowering sky to see her emerge from the companion hatch, looking as fresh as a daisy, and a thousand times more lovely. Of course it was only natural that my mates should fall in love with her also, but she treated them with marked indifference, if not absolute coldness. Her smiles were all reserved for me, and she lavished them upon me in no niggardly manner.

There was a piano in the saloon, and often in the long evenings she would sing and play for my sole delectation, while I would sit on a settee alongside and gaze rapturously into her pretty face. The song I liked best was "Tom Bowling," and she infused such an amount of pathos into her expression that the tears would sometimes trickle down my weather-beaten cheeks as she sang. Ah! those were happy days; it was heaven while it lasted. I have scarcely mentioned her father yet. The fact is, I was so engrossed with his beautiful daughter that I didn't pay so much attention to him as perhaps I ought. At the best he was a saturnine, unsociable sort of person, who seemed to prefer his own company to other people's. When not in his own cabin, where he spent most of his time, he was walking with his hands clasped behind him, apparently in deep thought, in the waist of the ship. Sometimes, when standing idly at the break of the poop, I have caught myself wondering if he had ever committed a crime, the remembrance of which was weighing heavily on his conscience. I was destined soon to learn more about him. One evening, when about nine weeks out, I was sitting in the chart house alone with my idol. The second mate was stepping the planks outside, old Jobson was at the wheel away behind us, and the watch on deck were lounging about forward. Some days previous to this I had had the temerity to confess my love to her, and asked her to be my wife. She had made me inexpressibly happy by promising, subject to my obtaining her father's consent. This, after some demur, he had granted and that night the future appeared very bright for me. We had been sitting silent for some time, too happy for words, gazing on the setting sun as it disappeared into a glowing mass of golden-rimmed clouds on the horizon, when, to my infinite amazement, she suddenly burst into tears.

"Darling, what is the matter?" I exclaimed, in an agony of apprehension.

"Oh, Alfred, I have just heard such a dreadful story from my father. I shall never be happy again. We can never be married now."

"Never be married!" I ejaculated, aghast. "Why?"

"Because my father is a—a criminal. Oh, I feel so miserable, I think I shall throw myself overboard."

"Alice, for heaven's sake don't talk like that, or you'll drive me mad. What has he done?"

"Something dreadful. Oh, don't speak to me any more," and she sobbed violently.

At that moment I was so mad that I felt half inclined to go down and tear the old scarecrow out of his berth by the cuff of the neck and demand what the duce he had done to cause my darling such poignant grief. But I didn't. Instead, I drew her to my side, and kissed her tears away.

"Tell me all about it," I said, soothingly.

"Well, my father, as you are aware, was an agent in one of the banks in Arlington, Victoria, and it seems he embezzled large sums of money belonging to the bank to speculate with. Of course, he meant to replace it before the audit, when the deficit would have been discovered. But he lost it, and that is why he fled the country."

"Is that all," said I, with a sigh of relief. "It's bad enough, certainly, but I fail to see that in itself it forms a sufficient barrier to our union."

"But that is not the wrost. My father is convinced that the police may have traced him to Melbourne and to this ship. He declares he will be arrested on landing."

"Nothing more likely," I thought. But I remarked casually, "Has he any plan to suggest?"

"Yes, oh, yes, if you will only assist him. But it seems too horrible to contemplate. He says it is his only chance of escape."

"What is it then?"

"That he should die and be buried at sea!" she responded with a perceptible shiver.

"I don't understand."

"He proposes to feign death. Then, after he has been sewn up for burial, we must find the means to liberate him and substitute something else."

The daring audacity of the proposal fairly took my breath away. If discovered the consequences to me in aiding and abetting a felon to escape would be disastrous. I resolved to have nothing to do with such a criminal proceeding, but a look of entreaty from those tearful eyes made me falter in my resolution.

"For my sake," she murmured, pleadingly, facing her fair, white hand on my arm.

Her touch thrilled me. I hesitated no longer, but gave an unwilling consent. Ah, what folly will not a man commit when in love!

Next day it was reported that Brandon was seriously indisposed. I took out the medicine chest, as in duty bound, and ordered the cabin steward to attend him. Three days later Mr. Brandon was reported dead.

When I was informed of this I entered his cabin. He was lying in the under berth, pale and motionless as death. I felt the body; it was cold and rigid. If this was not death, he simulated it to perfection. I sent for the sailmaker, who sewed the body up in my presence, When his task was completed, I dismissed him, and, securing the cabin door inside, with a sharp knife ripped open the stitches. My hand shook painfully. What if he were really dead?

I confess to experiencing a singular feeling of relief when the man opened his eyes, and the resuscitated Brandon sat up. I administered some brandy, which helped to revive him. He quickly and noiselessly dressed himself. Then he produced from an American trunk a dummy figure which he had previously prepared and weighted, and inclosed it in the shroud. This he sewed up with his own hands. Not a word was spoken by either of us. When all was completed I stepped out to reconnoiter. Seeing the coast clear, I signalled him, and he crept swiftly across the passage into his daughter's cabin, where he concealed himself.

In the first dogwatch of the same afternoon, the bell commenced to toll its solemn knell for the funeral of Anthony Brandon. Officers and man and passengers stood around me with heads uncovered as I read from the Book of Common Prayer the beautiful and impressive burial service. God forgive me, it was an awful mockery. I don't know how I got fthrough with it. Afterwards I heard it commented that I was much affected during the service. Heaven, knows I was, but 'twas with guilt and fear.

After the funeral Brandon returned to his own cabin, which was kept constantly locked, and the key of which I retained in my own possession. With my connivance Alice smuggled food to him from day to day.

About two weeks afterwards, while proceeding up the Channel under all sail, we were hailed by a tug. Anticipating danger, I slipped down the companion-way, and conveyed Brandon to my own cabin for concealment. When I got on deck again I was just in time to see a stout, well groomed party clambering over the vessel's side. Without any preliminaries he brusquely demanded:

"Got a passenger of the name of Brandon on board?"

"I had, stranger; I had."

He gazed at me inquiringly.

"Come below, sir," said I.

As we descended, he explained that he was a detective in pursuit of Brandon, who had absconded from Australia with a considerable sum of money and valuable negotiable securities. When he had produced his warrant I ordered the mate to fetch the log-hook. Under date the 15th of January he read this entry:

"Buried at sea in lat.35 degrees 49 minutes N., long, 33 degrees 16 minutes W., Anthony Brandon, cabin passenger. Cause of death unknown.

He muttered something under his breath, which was quite unintelligible to me. Then he demanded to see Brandon's effects. I led the way into his cabin. He ransacked every trunk, and portmanteau; but not a vestige of paper or anything of value did he discover. The expression on his face when he left the ship some hours later was not particularly pleasant.

When we arrived in the docks at London, I smuggled Mr. Brandon ashore in one of his daughter's trunks, after they had been searched by the customs' officer. No one in the ship ever suspected the truth. Their secret remained alone with me.

It was arranged that Alice and I should be married quietly before setting out on my next voyage, and our honeymoon was to be spent on the bosom of the deep. When we parted that night she promised to communicate with me when her father had secured some quiet retreat in the country. She kept her promise. Here is the letter. I have preserved it all these years. It has neither superscription nor signature:

Dear Old Captain—Many, many thanks for all your kindnesses. My husband and I—for Mr. Brandon is my husband, though it was not known in Arlington—will never forget them. Pray forgive the deceit we found it expedient to practice on you in order to carry out our plans. We are in fairly affluent circumstances, for my husband did not lose the money in speculation, as I thought it necessary to tell you. Dear captain, I know I can rely upon you, for your own sake, not to inform the authorities about my husband. As he died at sea, we expect to live securely unmolested by the bank officials or the police. Good-bye for ever."

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

JEALOUSIES OF THE DIFFERENT COLONIES MAY BLOCK THE PLAN.

Trying to Adopt the American Model of Federation—The Canadian Plan May Answer Their Purpose Better.

The Australian convention is still in session at Adelaide, South Australia, toiling with the problem of a constitution which is to knit together in federal union New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Western Australia, and probably Tasmania. Whether it will succeed in drafting an acceptable and workable plan for a new Colonial Dominion remains to be seen. According to mail advices by steamer Miowera last week, the prospect is not bright. Efforts to come to an agreement are said to be blocked by the jealousies of different colonies. One vital matter on which it seems impossible to find common ground is the fixing of the powers of the Upper Chamber. That is a crucial difficulty. The convention is following the American, rather than the Canadian, model of federation. It proceeds on the principle that all powers not expressly delegated to the central authority are reserved by the constituent States or provinces. Of course the several colonies are jealous of their

PRESENT INDEPENDENCE.

and are loath to spare much of it to the union. A small colony will want its State or provincial rights fully guaranteed and protected by the constitution. As the convention has agreed on a Legislature after the pattern of that of the United States, the Upper House or State Council, or Senate, is to be the stronghold of States rights, the refuge of minorities. It is in the task of defining the powers of that second Chamber therefore that the convention finds its greatest stumbling block. Here its delegates fall into two groups, each stubbornly determined to carry its point. The smaller colonies hold the balance of power. What they are contending for is the inclusion in the powers of the Senate of a right to amend money bills. These small colonies are aware that in the popular Chamber, which we may call the Commons, where representation would go by population, their delegation would not equal those of the big colonies—New South Wales and Victoria. If therefore fiscal matters were decided by the Lower House alone, they would practically be controlled by the two most populous colonies. If, on the other hand, the Upper Chamber had the right of amending all bills dealing with taxation, the small colonies would practically have control of

FINANCIAL LEGISLATION,

for, on the American plan, in the Upper House, each of the four small colonies would have as many members as would each of the two large colonies, and could therefore outvote the latter on such questions. To enter a union in which the control of fiscal legislation is in the Lower House would, the small colonies say, be to efface themselves, while the large colonies contend that to make money votes a subject for joint legislation would mean the giving over of the taxing power to the minority. Between these views and stubborn attitudes it will be hard to find a compromise so long as the convention adheres to the American plan of federation and the American structure of legislature. It is perhaps as well that the delegates should familiarize themselves with that system of checks ,or rather of deadlocks, at the outset. After the two sides have fought each other to a stand on the question of the division of powers between the Federation and the States, they may turn to the Canadian plan, and find something to answer their purpose.

WHEN EGGS ARE SCARCE.

Lemon snaps are dainty and delicious little cakes, and no one need complain that they cannot have nice sweets just because eggs are scarce. One heaping cupful of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, half a teaspoonful soda dissolved in two teaspoons of hot water, flour enough to roll, flavor with lemon, roll out very thin, cut small and bake in a quick oven.

Layer Cake.—One cup sugar, one tablespoon butter, one egg, two-thirds cup sweet milk, one and a half cup flour, two teaspoons baking powder. With this as foundation, a variety of delicate and palatable cakes may be made by varying the filling.

Hickory Nut Filling.—One heaping cup of kernels rolled to a paste and mixed with three-fourths cup of thick sour cream sweetened to the taste, and spread between the layers; this is delicious.

Caramel Filling.—One-half cup sweet cream, one-half cup butter, two cups brown sugar. Stir while boiling until it "ropes." Remove from the fire, and beat hard until cool enough to spread smoothly with a knife. If desired, a half teaspoonful of vanilla may be added. Is very nice indeed. Put on top as well as between the layers.

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