

THE LAST VOYAGE OF MARTIN VALLANCE :

A SEA STORY OF TO-DAY.

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY,

Author of "Steve Brown's Bunyip," "In the Great Deep," etc.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

What rather puzzled me was that, search as I might, I could find no clue to ownership about the boat or her belongings. Nowhere aboard of her was so much as a printed letter. On her stern, she carried, in place of a name, a gilded device of a rising sun; and the same, in smaller size, was on each bow. She was copper-fastened through out, and the tiller of solid brass, was a fine piece of work running in a graceful curve to a dolphin's head. The sails were of light but very strong cotton; her spars of that grand wood, the Kauri pine of New Zealand. From a few indications about her, legible only to the eye of a seafarer, I judged her of French build. And in that at least the sequel proved me right.

A week passed without my sighting anything, the weather fine, but the winds growing perceptibly lighter, when one morning, taking my customary look around before casting off, I espied a gleam of canvas in the north-east. But I could make nothing more of it until noon, by which time I had risen the object sufficiently to see that it was a small pointed-boat under topgallant sails, topsails, and foresail, and judging from the way her head fell off and came to, with a seeking sort of motion that reminded me of a dog nosing after a lost scent, steering any way. And as I neared her I saw that she was, as sailors say, "all anyhow." Only one small dingy hung at her davits; no smoke poured from her galley funnel; no faces looked over her high bulwarks. A pretty creature of a brig, too, of some 300 tons, with a yacht-like bow, and clean run aft to a square stern; masts painted a buff colour tapering away up to gilded trucks; lofty and squarely rigged—too much so for my fancy—her copper glistening in the sun like a new kettle at each lazy roll, and all about her, to a sailor's mind, a touching air of loneliness and desertion, accentuated rather than relieved by the outstretched arm of a white female figurehead.

"A derelict, for a dollar, Nanny," said I, luffing up as we got closer. "Anyhow, I'll hail her," and I shouted out, "Brig ahoy!"

Listening, I imagined I heard some sort of reply, sounding muffled and dull.

"Brig ahoy!" I roared again. "Is there anybody on board?"

And as I sat and stared, all at once, over the rail, forward of the main-rigging, came a head and stared back at me—a great round black-and-yellow head with eyes that glowed like balls of fire, and a big, open, red cavern of a mouth, showing white teeth, long sharp, and cruel, and that answered my hail by such a deep, savage roar as made me jump to my feet and exclaim, "The devil, Nan! I think that's a specimen of her crew, if we'll clear!" And Nan seemed to be of the same opinion; for meeting those fierce green eyes she gave a lamentable bleat and scuttled aft, and crouched between my legs as I hurriedly put the helm up, and, very slowly, for the wind had nearly died away, drove astern. As I passed the brig's quarter I observed a rope's-end towing overboard, and having some desire to see more of this strange business, I caught hold, and finding it came handsomely off the deck veered away until brought up, when I took a turn round the iron traveller of the foresail. Jumping to let go the gaff-heads, I was startled by a voice overhead, and looking up, I saw a man's face poking out of one of the two little stern windows—a furiously red, choleric face, fringed with bristling white whiskers; a stiff gray moustache sprang from under a big hooked nose; and from the shelter of shaggy eyebrows, gleamed a pair of deep-set, light blue eyes.

"Hi, hi, you sir!" roared the voice. "Confound it, are you deaf? Why, by gad, he's got my boat! What are you doing with my boat, eh, eh?"

Too much taken aback by this second surprise to answer at once, all I did was to stare at the astonishing apparition; as it returned the compliment with interest, framed like a picture in the small port which it almost filled. Was the vessel bewitched? Tiger amidships and madman aft; or both together? Or were they one and the same being? I protest that something of this kind went to make up the notions that floated through my brain at the moment, mingled with memories of sea-stories I had heard—strange, weird stories of haunted vessels wandering on unknown seas, manned by evil spirits, able to change their shapes at will.

And I must have shown it in my face, too, for the other one grinned as I shouted: "Well, when you're done looking frightened, perhaps you'll come aboard and let us out. How much longer are we to be boxed up in this hole, eh, eh?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," I retorted, finding my voice at last; "you've got a deck passenger I don't much relish the out of."

"Why, confound it, sir! I crippled—the face was beginning, when suddenly at the other window, appeared another face—a girl's face, pale but beautiful, lit by great dark-brown eyes; a perfect nose, lips arched like a Cupid's bow over double rows of pearl, and a voice that rang sweet and firm and true as she interrupted the other.

"No," said she eagerly as I gaped in amazement, looking I dare say, foolish enough. "Don't come on board—at least not yet. Tippoo is only lame. He'd hurt you—he's become so savage since"—and here I saw her face blanch and a sort of shiver pass over it as she continued, more hurriedly, seeing, I suppose, the utter bewilderment impressed on my features as I stood holding on to the forestay and

gaping up at her: "There's no one here except my father—Major Fortescue—and myself. Our crew left us up in that very boat, after shutting us up in here, trying to set fire to the brig, and letting Tippoo—that's the tiger—loose. My father shot some of the men and afterwards smashed Tippoo's leg. But where," she suddenly broke off, "did you come from?" eyeing Nan with a swift look of surprise as the animal came and took up her place alongside me and bleated loudly at the strange faces.

"I was second mate of a ship," I replied shortly, for I was all thirst to hear more; "I fell overboard; and after drifting about with Nan here, I found the boat and two dead men in her."

"The infernal scoundrels!" shouted the other head from its window; "the murdering thieves!—There, there, Helen, you are so impatient! Can't you let the man tell his story without constantly interrupting him! Yes, sir, he went on his face turning so purple with rage at the remembrance of his troubles that I thought he'd choke every minute—"yes, sir; nothing but misfortunes since we left Colombo! First the captain died, then the mate. Then I took charge, she's my own ship, sir, cargo and all. Then the brutes of niggers mutinied." I hardly wondered at it, "and wanted to leave, saying the ship was doomed. I put two of 'em—the ringleaders—in irons with my own hands. Then, sir, one night they locked us up here and got the boat overboard, but not before I'd shot four or five of 'em. Gad, sir, if they hadn't cleared I'd ha' potted the lot at short range! They tried to set us afire, too. But it rained; and I kept 'em jumping, with my big express; they didn't do much at the fire business. And they let Tippoo loose—as quiet a cub as you ever saw—until, well, he's a man-eater now, and I dare say you'd better kill him before you come on board. No trouble; I broke his leg the other day. I'm glad my boat's proved of service to you, sir; and, eh, eh,"—putting a glass to his eye—"gad, yes, your goat also." All this he paid out as fast as he could reel it off, bringing up with a sudden sort of a gasp, quite plain to hear.

As he finished speaking, with a loud roar, there sprang on to the brig's taffrail, a three-parts-grown tiger, lashing his tail in fury and swaying unsteadily on three legs to the motion of the vessel. His rear front leg he kept bent upwards, with all that part between the knee and claws hanging loose. His regard was fixed on Nan who shivered and bleated in terror. Fearing that he was about to spring, I slipped my line, and seeing that presently there would be some manoeuvring, I hoisted the mainsail, and foresail, put the helm up, and a light air filling the canvas, the cutter began to draw ahead.

"Don't desert us!" exclaimed the girl appealingly.

"No," I said, "I will not. But I don't quite see how I'm to get on board whilst that brute's there."

"Can you shoot?" she asked.

"I'll try," I said, "although I haven't had much practice at big game. However, if you'll lower me down a rifle and some cartridges I may hit him."

At this both heads withdrew, and in a minute or two the Major—to call him as I always did henceforth—had a stout line out of the window with some kind of firearm dangling from it. Giving the boat a sheer, I took her right across the brig's stern, not without some apprehension of the tiger's making a flying leap; but, owing to his broken leg, perhaps, he only growled in a menacing, low, throaty note. Clutching the gun and a bag of cartridges attached thereto, I drew out again from the Hebe—the brig's name in gilt letters on a blue scroll athwart her stern—and loaded. As luck would have it, I was not only something of a shot, but understood how to handle a rifle, and I heard the old Major grunt in a disappointed sort of a manner as I showed the cartridges in.

Jibbing, I got the cutter round with her stern to the Hebe's, and taking careful aim, fired—and missed. The motion of the boat had been too much for me, and I saw the bullet knock chips off the rail a full foot to port of the brute, who at once disappeared. "Never mind!" shouted the Major as I told him. "Follow him up! He's cunning after my hitting him. Make the goat bleat—that'll fetch him!"

That I could do at any time by simply ma-a-ing to Nan; and drawing ahead, I presently got another shot as the tiger, unable to resist the sound of the bleating, came to the rail amidships where I had first seen him. This time I was sure of a hit for I heard the thud of the heavy bullet and the fierce growl as the brute fell back.

It was getting late in the afternoon, and quite tired of this game of hide-and-seek on the high seas, I determined, in the face of this last successful shot, to try and end it. So, making the long painter fast to the brig's mainchains, I scrambled into them, rifle in hand, and cautiously peered over the rail. There lay the tiger biting savagely at a wound in his shoulder from which blood oozed in a thick stream. With a good rest for my rifle I made no mistake this time, but sending the bullet into his head just below the eye, had the satisfaction of seeing him roll over and stretch out dead.

CHAPTER IV.

Stepping on to the brig's deck, I looked around with not a little curiosity—after making quite sure that the tiger was dead. Almost the first thing to catch my eye was a great heap of oakum, old canvas, all well tarred and

evidently formed for the reception of just such a boat as lay alongside. The fire had burnt through the tarpaulins and charred the hatches, but had been extinguished before doing further damage—a very narrow squeak though. Close to the forward end of the hatch was a little galley; farther along, a good-sized deck-house, painted white; and the after ends of both these structures were fairly riddled with bullet-holes. And everywhere about the deck lay scattered bones,—fragments of human skulls, vertebrae, arms, and thighs, many of them crunched and broken, but all clean picked and dried by the hot sun. Still, the planking thereabouts looked like the floor of a slaughter-house, and the smell was an equal proportion of dissecting-room and menagerie combined.

There was no poop to the brig. The space was taken up by a house running right aft to the wheel, with a narrow-alley-way on each side between it and the bulwarks. A handsome brass railing ran round the top of this sort of poop, to which there was no entrance from the quarter-deck. But I noticed a couple of small windows in its front with the glass in them smashed. Houses and fittings were immensely strong, and built with great solidity. Heavy semicircular double doors, fronting the wheel and binnacle, gave access by a few steps to the cabin; and these doors had been secured by a kedge anchor and a couple of spare chain topsails—sheets in such fashion that, opening outwards as they did, it would be an utter impossibility for any one within to move them. Indeed, it was fully a quarter of an hour before I was able to open them myself. But at last I flung them wide and pushed back the hood of the companion, and stepped aside, waiting with some curiosity the appearance of the prisoners.

First to emerge was the old gentleman whose features I already knew so well—a tall, rigid figure, dressed in a long, frock-coat of some thin, dark material, immaculate linen with large diamond studs and sleeve-links, polished tan shoes, and a solar-toupee, as big as a beehive—altogether a most amazing spectacle under the circumstances.

Introducing himself as Major Fortescue, late of the 14th Bengal Native Infantry, he shook hands, and stepping to the taffrail, sniffed and snorted, and drew great breaths of air into his lungs saying: "Killed the beggar, hey? Well done! By gad, it's a treat to get out again! Then catching a whiff from the maindeck: "Piff, pah! how those brutes smell yonder! Must get them cleared away presently!"

"How long have you been locked up down below?" I asked as we ascended the little ladder to the top of the deck-house, I meanwhile keeping an eye lifting for a sight of the girl, and wondering what was delaying her.

"Eight days," said the Major, answering my questions. "Eight interminable days! Luckily we had plenty to eat and drink. But the heat was infernal! I've been coffee-planting in Ceylon. Gave it up, after a year or so. Doctors advised a sea-voyage for my daughter, who had been ailing for some time. So I bought the Hebe here, and loaded her with coffee for the Cape. Meant to sell ship and cargo there, and go home in the mail-boat. Nice mess it's turned out to be! Nothing, sir, but bad luck! Third week out the captain took ill, lingered another week, and died. That was bad enough! Then the mate fell from aloft and broke his thigh; mortification set in, and he died. Light winds, mostly ahead, and calms all the time. Then, sir, the coloured crew—ten of 'em—got rusty—swore the ship was accursed, and what not. But I know the nigger, sir; and I bounced 'em up to their work. You see, there wasn't another white on board now. But the serang, or boat-svamin, as you'd call him, knew how to sail the Hebe; and as I was a bit of a navigator, I thought we might pull through. But the brutes jibbed; and I had to knock the serang and the tinda—his mate—down, and put irons on them for drawing their knives on me. I dragged the pair into the bathroom there—pointing to a little sentry-box of a shop on the port side of the quarter-deck—and locked them in. But that night, Helen and myself being both below, the beggars rushed aft, let the two out, and fastened us up in the cabin. Then the brutes started to get the boat overboard, cock billing the mainyard, as you see, and putting a tackle on it, whilst I was making good practice at them with my heavy express through those front windows. Gad, sir, it reminded me of the old Mutiny days! I drove 'em into the deck-house and out again, into the galley and out again. I had lots of ammunition and didn't spare it. Four I know, I accounted for. But then night came, dark as a dog's mouth, and it was only guess-work; and they got the boat over in spite of me. And before they went they lit a roaring fire on the hatch there, and loosed Tippoo, whom I was taking to a friend in Cayetown. Helen and I did all we could to get out; but the house was too solid, and you can't cut teak with a table-knife. And all the time the fire was flaming and blazing in such a fashion that it seemed as if nothing could save us from being roasted—not alive; I would have taken care of that—when down came a perfect deluge of rain and extinguished it. By then the boat must have been out of sight, or, surely, they had returned and finished their work. Helen couldn't bear to think of the tiger eating those bodies whose remains you see there; so, to please her, I tried to shoot him—an ungrateful act, as but for his scavenging they might have bred a pestilence. But after getting hit he went into his cage, and only came out at night. He was a quiet tractable creature enough—we had him from the time he was a cub—but after his first taste of human flesh, of course, blood-thirsty as the rest of his tribe. And the niggers reckoned on this when they let him go, well knowing what an excellent sentry he'd make over us. Well, sir, I think that's all for the present; and the Major turned and

sooner expect to meet in a military club than on the deck of a derelict brig in the Indian Ocean.

I was going to make some remark, but just then I became aware of a graceful figure that had stepped up alongside us, and was holding out her hand to me, and looking at me scrutinisingly with those wonderful deep-brown eyes of hers.

(To be Continued.)

AFRAID OF INDIANS.

Experience of Two Young Emigrants in the County of Oxford.

About sixty-five years ago, says a writer in the Montreal Witness, two youths came from Scotland, and struck out for the wilderness of Oxford County, in what was then Upper Canada. They had heard that Indians might be found in the region, and they kept a sharp and somewhat fearful watch. Nearing their destination, they encountered one chilly night by the side of a stream. While they were getting their lunch, hovering over the fire, they were overwhelmed with astonishment and fear by seeing a small band of Indians suddenly arrive.

As it was too late to try to escape, and as the Indians were too many to fight, the young fellows decided to parley with the savages; but their "parleying" was rendered of no effect by the fact that while the Indians spoke not a word of English, the Scotch boys were totally ignorant of the sign language in which the Indians tried to converse.

But presently the savages made a gesture which the boys understood. It was a beckoning sign, and plainly meant, "Come along."

"Well," said one of the boys to the other, "it is evident that we have got to die, and we may as well die at their camp as here."

"In any event, we will die like men," said the other.

"We will!"

So they started along, following the Indians, or rather followed by them. Soon they reached a large Indian lodge, which they entered. The Indians beckoned to them to sit down in front of a large fire in the centre of the lodge, which was directly beneath a hole in the roof that served for chimney, window and ventilator.

The Indians offered them food, but appetite had been scared out of them. The Indians ate, and then got out hatchets and knives.

"Our time has come," said one of the boys.

"So it seems," said the other, "but let us sell our lives dearly!"

However, instead of falling upon them with the weapons, the Indians procured a lot of strips of ash wood and went to work making baskets, stripping, measuring, splitting and bending the wood. The boys were a little reassured, and yet they argued that probably the savages would pretend to fall asleep, and would murder them in the night. They resolved that but one of them should lie down, while the other would sit up and watch, each taking his turn.

After the Indians had worked at basket-making for some time, one of them, who seemed to be a sort of chief, suddenly gave a yell that froze the blood in both boys' veins. The Indians threw down their implements, and formed in a circle about the fire and the white boys. The terrible ceremony of death was about to begin!

Then the chief Indian sounded a note with his voice, and all the Indians began to sing; but what was it that they were singing? The Scotch boys, piously reared, knew the tune well; it was the one to which they were accustomed to sing the words:

How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"

The boys looked at each other in astonishment and when the Indians had sung this song,—in their own language, of course,—they sung a greater and more thrilling one: "Rock of Ages cleft for me!"

The fears of the boys were gone. In their own tongue, they joined in the song with more unction no doubt, than they had ever before known in singing it; and when the Indians had finished their devotions,—for it was with a devotional purpose that they had sung,—the boys lay down to sleep, and slept soundly in the warmth of the fire.

The tribe was one which had been visited by missionaries, and the men had no other purpose than one of grateful hospitality in bringing these wandering white youths to their lodge. The next morning they ate with gusto the food which their hosts offered them, and expressing their thanks as best they could, went their way.

OCEAN AND EARTH.

A bucket 743 miles deep and 743 miles from side to side would hold every drop of the ocean. This bucket could rest quite firmly on the British Isles. To fill the bucket one would need to work 10,000 steam pumps, each sucking up 1,000 tons of sea. But to get rid of the earth would be 4,555 times more difficult, requiring 2,000 great guns, each firing 1,000 projectiles a second, each projectile consisting of 100,000 tons of earth. At the end of 1,000 years this mundane sphere would be all shot away.

THE BARN OWL.

When the barn owl has a young family it hunts diligently and brings to its nest about five mice in an hour. As both of the parent birds are actively employed both in the evening and at dawn 40 mice a day is a low estimate for the total capture.

MUST BE TREATED IN TIME OR IN CERTAIN DEATH

Some of the symptoms are Pain After Slight Exertion, Sometimes Palms, Dizziness and Fainting Can Be Cured.

From the Echo Plattville, Ont. The Echo has read and has many statements from people who have been cured of various ailments by the timely and judicious use of Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but never before have we had personally convincing proof of its efficacy as in the case of Mrs. Taylor, who with her husband and family reside in this village. Echo reporter Mrs. Taylor gave the following history of her illness, and asked that it be given in widest publicity, so that others might be benefited: "I am thirty-two years of age," said Mrs. Taylor, "and my husband and myself were living on a farm in Perth county, and there I was first taken sick. The doctor who was called in said I was suffering from heart trouble, due to nervous debility. All his remedies were of no avail, and I steadily grew worse. The doctor advised a change, and we moved to Moncton, Ont. I put myself under the charge of another physician, but with no better results. At the last exertion I would palpitate violently, I was frequently overcome with dizzy and fainting fits. While in my limbs would become cold and my husband thought I was dying. I tried several medicines, but with no better results, and I did not expect to recover, in fact I often thought I would be better if the end came. My life was one of misery. We came back to the farm, and then I read the statement of a lady who had been cured of similar troubles by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I said to my husband that I would try this medicine and it seemed to me it was my last chance. Before the box was finished I felt an improvement in my appetite and felt that this was a hopeful sign. By the time I had three boxes more my trouble was to be entirely gone, and I have had a single recurrence of the old troubles. Since moving to Plattville, I have used two boxes and they have effected of toning up the system, curing slight indispositions. Day I am a well woman and owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My restoration seems almost short of a miracle. I was dead and brought back to life. I cannot speak too highly of this medicine, or urge too strongly that those who are afflicted to give it a trial."

It has been proved time and again that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure heart troubles, nervous debility, matism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, stomach trouble. They make the blood and build up the nerves, giving the glow of health to pale and low faces. Be sure you get the genuine as there is no other medicine the same as "just as good" as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If your dealer does not have them they will be sent you on payment of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MAKING WOOD ALCOHOL

Be Deadly Substance That Threats Sometimes Drink.

It is necessary first to convert the wood into liquid. The strongest hydraulic pressure would not squeeze one per cent. of the moisture from wood, but by putting the same material into an iron retort and converting it into charcoal by means of heat, gases and smoke, to the extent of 65 per cent. of the weight of the wood may be condensed into pyroxylic acid, from which are obtained alcohol, acetate of lime and wood pyroxylic acid. A cord of wood weighing 4,000 pounds produces about 2,650 pounds of pyroxylic acid and 700 pounds of wood pyroxylic acid. The pyroxylic acid from a cord of wood produces nine gallons of 82 per cent. crude wood alcohol, 25 pounds of acetate of lime, and 25 gallons of tar, besides 85 pounds of charcoal. After the pyroxylic acid is neutralized with lime the alcohol is distilled off, leaving the acetate of lime in solution. The remaining liquid is boiled in pans to a sugar, which is dried to become the acetate of lime in commerce. Acetate of lime is used in making acetic acid.

Fully three-fifths of the wood alcohol and acetate of lime produced in the world are made in the United States. A considerable quantity is also produced in Sweden, and an exhibition now being held in Stockholm specimens may be seen. The alcohol affords a perfect substitute for grain alcohol for manufacturing mechanical purposes, and at least one-third the cost. It is used as a solvent in the making of lac varnish and in making cellulose and photographic paper. It is a beautiful dye tint, and is antiseptic and is used for liniments and for skin bing in bathhouses.

DIPHTHERIA IN RUSSIA.

In Russia 11 laboratories are engaged in the manufacture of diphtheria serum, in which the entire people place great confidence, and without reason, as in 4,631 cases in which the serum was used the death rate was but 14 per cent., while 31 per cent. of the 6,597 cases in which it was not employed.

WANTS FOR THE FARM

deep an underdrain to the beginner to de to the depth to which to freeze in winter. about the depth to rain the surface from rain sows will readily leach not seem necessary in ay subsoil, to dig more and one-half feet, as b soil has always been w or no veins throu water may be led to th We know a farmer w deep underdrainage, and, but who had one low field with heavy water ditched only two an underdrain ever across the field, and deeper underdrain at where there was a b about this drain was more than if the tiles had, and farther apart. Bu two-inch seer tile were and, though at first the underdraining w two feet depth was not e by water, yet the actio water, and of growing roo in a few years penetrat and even occasioned ne by roots growing int drains through the joint In fact, we doubt, w a tile as this laid shall permanent. The effect of main is to constantly inc to which winter free grate. It was not many these drains filled up and relaid. Even the roots rains would work th and clog it. For two or th friend held to the hope t was a flood of water, every spring, sometime it flush the conduits, a had clogged them up. B depth the mass of roots, in the end the tiles w and drains three feet through. These did not fill through soil are below freezing that will injure opinion it is much bette underdrain at first at le deep. In the heaviest may need that some loose over the tile, to make a the water down through are no stones in the ne brush or even coarse w the object being only day soil up while water c under and through it. do this to clay very quid one or six years the ow drained clay soil will go down fully as low as where, wherever a clover will be ever after suit of water to the e wished.

ROLLING THE CANKER insect has in some seas harm to apple trees, an ravages have been uncheo three years, it has eve trees. There are two kind forms, as well as other habits. One form dep during October and Novem twigs of the apple tree her appears during warm winter and early sprin moths are wingless an pressed their pupal form the only way they ca branches is by crawling of the trees. Some end the moths, as they asse placing bands of paper trunk and smearing the other hands and traps. actual they must be app the moths ascend the tr kept in a condition to er, whenever the ground rous task and, as ev, some of the insects may e principal reliance ev failures are reported, b long, or that it was no The eggs hatch about th hatched in previous year, spraying should be give blossoms open, and it alien, and again if nec ray should be in the f to hold the arsenite up mixture. This will a training when the work b fully done, and will per larger amount of paris arsenite. Although it w from the cost of the w are attacked upon their ab fungus, it will gen add bordeaux mixture material. If bordeaux not used, a good formul paris green, 10 lbs lim water; or use 1-4 lb, with 40 gals of bordeau