

A SEA STORY OF TO-DAY.

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY,

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

A very gracious presence indeed was Helix Fortescue as she stood there, clad in a close-fitting dress of some soft gray stuff, with narrow white cuffs fastened by silver buttons at the wrist. Under her collar was knotted a blue silk kerchief, and on her head she wore a round straw hat trimmed with ribbon of the same color. And she looked as dainty and fresh and spick-and-span as her father; indeed, the pair might have gone as they were to the swellest of garden parties. Neither beauty nor age in distress was there a sign of! And still they must have had a pretty trying experience.

All this time Nanny had been bleating loudly from the boat, missing me; as we three walked on to the main-deck, the girl—she was only about twenty—picking her way repugnantly. I jumped over, and placing Nan in the chains, which in the Hebe were large and roomy, I easily lifted her thence on board.

"Poor Tippoo, a bad ending for you!" the girl said as we passed the tiger. "I had him when he was not much bigger than a kitten," she explained to me. "And until this awful voyage—and she looked around shuddering—"he was quite a pet, fond of me, and very quiet."

"Perhaps Mr. Vallance," (I had told him my name when he introduced himself), here put in the Major very politely, "you would not mind helping me to clear up these decks a little whilst Helen gets us something to eat? I am sorry to have seemed inhospitable. But, really, all we had to offer below there was some cold preserved stuffs and bitter beer. Our water gave out yesterday, and we had no means of cooking anything in the cabin. It was a great oversight on my part forgetting to bring a spirit-lamp. By the way, I once knew a Colonel Vallance—old crony of mine—Somersetshire man, I think. Any relative of yours?"

I replied that I thought he most likely was, as I had heard my father talking of a militant branch of the family settled near Taunton. This seemed to please the old boy excessively, and he rather dropped the curt, somewhat high and mighty style he had hitherto affected. But the question almost made me laugh, so ludicrously inapposite did it appear to our surroundings. However, we turned to with a will, triced open a big port there was amidstships, dragged Tippoo over and through, and sent his collection of bones after him.

"That," said the Major as he kicked a skull into the water, "was Lal Mohammed the cook's, and a better hand at a curry never lived."

"Where are the other boats, Major?" I asked presently as I bent on a bucket, and the Major stood ready, broom in hand and sleeves rolled up, to scrub whilst I drew water.

"There never were any more," replied he. "When I bought the Hebe she had lost all her boats in a storm, and none were procurable in Colombo, except the dinky yonder. So, acting on my agent's advice, I purchased the one you picked up from a French builder on Point de Galle. I always kept her well stocked with provisions, ready for an emergency. You found, I think you told me, plenty left?"

"I said I had, and as we worked described the state of the boat more particularly than I had hitherto done. "Aha," said he, chuckling. "Like Tippoo, the lot made a bad end. There must have been five or six in her; one or two, probably, wounded in the dark, for I kept at 'em. There was a nice breeze springing up as they left. I remember, because of its fanning the fire. By-and-by they became hungry and thirsty, and they tackled the rum. Then the Nagapatam and the Tanjore men got drunk; knives were drawn and they went for each other. Presently the serang and the tindal found themselves the only survivors of the fight. Those were the two fellows you found on the boom—the ring-leaders the ones I put in irons. I can see the whole affair as plainly as possible. And I am pleased, sir, for they were an uncommon bad crowd. Fancy a nigger drawing his knife on me!"

only able to strum on the piano, talk nonsense, and be more or less saucy to their elders.—And, (to his daughter), "my dear, I think, as you and I at least have had enough of the cabin, and the night's fine, we'll take tea on the deck house."

"Very well, then," I put in; "and while it's preparing, don't you think, Major, I might as well clew up and furl those topgallant-sails? It won't take me long, and we can't be too snug."

"Certainly, if you think it necessary," replied he. "Sorry I can't go aloft; but at all events I can pull and haul as well as any two Lascars."

So pretty soon I was perched aloft on the fore topgallant-yard, and quickly had the sail snugged. Then down I came and clew up the maine, helped by the Major, who well justified his boast, for he was a muscular, hearty old man. When I reached the deck again it was still light, and I found that the others had set out quite an appetising repast on the roof of the after-house. Camp-stools and a table appeared from somewhere; and as I took my place I felt rather ashamed of my sun and salt stained attire, compared with these well-dressed people and the appurtenances of civilisation surrounding them; unable either, at times, to realise that the brig had lately been the scene of a terrible tragedy, and that the calm, scrupulously-dressed old gentleman sitting opposite me had been one of the chief actors in it, shooting down his fellow-creatures like rabbits. A tight hand the Major, without a doubt; and perhaps, I thought to myself, it wasn't such a wonder, considering that his 'niggers' should have preferred his room to his company and his 'bossing!' All the same, I couldn't forgive them for trying to roast his daughter, whose soft eyes, as I now told my story in a more connected form, rested on me. I thought, with looks of sympathy and interest.

"By gad, sir," commented the Major as I finished, "as narrow an escape as I ever heard of in my life! And the goat—why, she saved you!"

"How glad I am, after all, that they did take the boat!" said the girl gently; and the tone in which she spoke made my heart jump. Then she talked drifted.

"Yes," said the Major, "I gave £700 for the Hebe, and the cargo's worth another £1200. But I would gladly take her price now for the lot, and cry quits. I'm afraid, as a speculation, it's going to turn out unsatisfactory. We're nearly seven weeks out to-day. Where we are I don't know. My last observation made us longitude 77 deg. 39 min., latitude 15 deg. 20 min. But Heaven only knows where we've wandered to since then! We'll see to-morrow, anyhow. Helen, my love, this curry is not up to Lal Mohammed's. He was an artist; and I'm half sorry now I potted him."

I stared; but I soon realised that the Major was quite in earnest. Glancing at the girl, I saw her smile faintly as I caught her eye; and I blushed, feeling that she read my thoughts in my face. Honestly, I was inclined to be vexed at the self-absorbed particularity about trifles shown by a man who had just narrowly escaped from a very unpleasant adventure, to put it mildly, and who was probably on the eve of others. Also, with my sodden clothes and bare feet, I was ill at ease in such fine company. You will remember that I was young, and that I had seen little of the world beyond my ships and my father's vicarage. Thus the Major's pernickiness, I can find no better word, half amazed, half disgusted me; and I think, I repeat, that his daughter saw it, and also intuitively guessed how I felt respecting that matter of outward seeming; for she said presently; "Mr. Vallance, I have taken the liberty of making poor Captain Davis's berth ready for you. I'm almost sure his clothes will fit you. I found some, nearly new, and put them out. You have had a much harder time than we two, so will please go and try the things on, and then take a rest."

This was thoughtful indeed, and I said as much, adding that, as for rest, I was in no need of it; and that, not knowing the moment the long spell of fine weather might break, I meant to sleep on deck. Even now there was a light air sneaking about that it might pay to trim the yards to.

But my ideas jumped well to that notion of a clean rig-out, and I made my way down, for the cabin was really below the level of the deck into a very handsome little sea-parlour, lit by a swinging lamp; for it was by this dark under hatches, although a nearly full moon had risen, and on deck it was almost as bright as day. I found the berth and the clothes—a good suit of light tweeds; and not only these, but a full equipment of underclothing and a pair of canvas shoes. And everything fitted fairly well. There were razors too, and being able, as most of us sailors are, to shave by touch alone, I soon had week's stubble off my chin. There was a glass, but the berth-lamp was too dim. However, I made a fair job of it, and what with that and the clean shift, felt a new man all over.

When I went on deck again the pair were still sitting in the moonlight. Miss Fortescue, as I stood before them, just stared us at a stranger, then smiled; and the Major, putting up his glass remarked; "Well, by gad, here's a seachange, eh, eh? Why, now, that's something like, eh, Helen?"

Then for an hour longer, all the wind having died away, we sat discussing our chances of finding help to work the brig; and the Major doing off after his last glass of wine, we two others talked together like very old friends—she telling me about the dimly dreary time they had of it below after the mutineers left the

And presently she drew me on to talk about the dear old people at home, and the quiet parsonage, and the village buried amongst apple-orchards, and deep lanes of hazel and hawthorn, far from the sound of the sea. And she listened, it seemed to me, with something of eager longing in her eyes, as of one who asked nothing better than such restful life in such a land. Everywhere was almost absolute stillness. Not a sail stirred. The water was like glass, without a ripple. Over the royal mast-head swam the moon, making of the brig a silver model swimming in a silver sea. Opposite to us the Major breathed heavily; between us Nan chewed her cud, stopping at times to nose the delicate white hand that played amongst her hair.

For long the silence reigned unbroken, the girl gazing out to sea with fixed, unconscious eyes; myself watching the perfect features thrown into full relief, as her hat, tilted back and allowing a few stray curls to wander down the broad, white forehead, brought the sweet face out of its shadow. Our mutual reverie was interrupted prosaically by the Major chomping with a horrible sound that made us start. And then we found out how late it was; and the Major called for hot water, and insisted on brewing a night-cap. So Helen and I went to the galley together and revived the dying fire, and filled the kettle and brought it aft. Then I bundled a mattress and some rugs up from the skipper's berth; whilst the others, with many good-nights, went below to their own—the Major sleepily asking to be called if a change came. "Helen can steer, mind you," said he; "and so can I. We'll keep watch and watch when the wind comes, Vallance."

And I replied formally and obediently. "Ay, ay, sir!" smiling to myself at such a soldier-like formula, and thinking that it would be very long before I got tired of at least one of my watch-mates. Ay, verily, this last trip of mine was making up abundantly for all the eight years' dullness of seafaring; I had been wont to wonder and grumble at!

Alongside the little bathroom was a snug corner, sheltered from the dew by the over-hanging edge of the deck-house. There I spread my mattress, and stretching out, lit one of the Major's cigars and thought of many things, but mostly of the fairest girl I had ever seen—his daughter Helen. Then, dozing, I heard the clip, clip, of Nan's hoofs along the deck as she searched for me, and presently snugged down like a dog at my feet. I had many dreams that night; but all were pleasant, and at least they all moved a woman's face—the face I had watched so long in the moonlight. Yes, I was indeed far gone in my first love!

CHAPTER V.

I awoke at daylight, after a very sound and pleasant night's sleep. No one else was stirring, and I had a good wash, lit the galley fire and a pipe, milked Nan, and went on the fore-castle-head. The weather was still the same, and the brig had not steered away on her. Running out to the jib-boom-end, I got a good view of the vessel, and thought that the Major had bought her a bargain—for a prettier model of a little ship I never clapped eyes on. Coming inboard, I looked into the fore-castle—the large house on deck. But there was nothing to be seen save the usual array of bunks, a few bags, one chest, and any number of native mats, pipes, etc. The after bulkhead was full of bullet-holes, evidently made by heavy metal, four ounces, as I found later on, for many of the balls had gone clean through the galley first and then into the fore-castle. No wonder the poor devils left hurriedly. I thought under such a bombardment. And except Tippoo's great cage—larger than Nan's even—there was absolutely no shelter about the deck for a crowd of men.

That mainyard all askew offended my eye, and setting to work, I presently squared it by the lifts and braces, and ranning aloft, sent the tackle down, knowing it was quite useless for three of us to attempt to heave-in a two-ton boat, even with the help of the winch. By the time I had arranged these little matters the sun rose red and very angry-looking, with the whole eastern sky aflame—promise of a regular scorcher of a day. There was a small furling awning aft, and I cast it adrift, and was spreading it, when Helen Fortescue came on deck.

"Oh," she said, glancing forward and aloft as she shook hands "how busy you have been Mr. Vallance! I feel quite a sluggard. My father is not awake yet. The excitement of yesterday has tired him, I think. Now I will go into the galley and see about breakfast."

I noticed that she had a pair of rough gloves and an apron ready to put on; and it struck me forcibly as she walked forward, with her fine lithe figure adapting itself unconsciously to the light roll of the brig, that there, indeed, was a girl with no thought of harking work about her, good blood showing in every feature and trait—ready with the man she loved, to meet any hap the world might hold for them.

Presently up came the Major, looking brisk and lively, and coking a sort of soldier-sailor eye knowingly aloft and around.

"Hot day, sir," he said; "hot as blazes;" and without further ado he hopped on to the rail and began tying the awning-points. Then we stood aft looking at the boat.

"Help may come." "Shall I take anything out of her?" I asked. "Not a thing," replied the Major. "You know what somebody—I forget who—said about casting bread upon the waters: By gad, sir, when you came across our stern yesterday I was flabbergasted to see my boat again with such a big loaf in it. I wonder whether the thing could possibly happen twice?" and the old chap laughed not being able to see into the future. And in view of his Christian-like behaviour in the matter of her stores, I refrained from pointing out that his parallel wouldn't stand good, for in the former instance bread and beer had been set adrift without any consent of his.

(To Be Continued.)

SPANISH PUNCTILIO.

Amusing Phase of Castilian Character Exhibited by a Cabinet Crisis.

The cabinet crisis which took place in Spain in 1888 exhibits an amusing phase of Spanish character. The ministerial crisis had existed almost a year when the resignation of the cabinet took place as the result of a trivial question of military etiquette. The queen had left Madrid for an excursion to Valencia, which the minister of justice insisted on her making, according to the published arrangement lest the postponement should be construed as a sign of fear of the Zorillist republicans, who had convoked a mass meeting in the same city. The Infanta Isabel, who was left to represent her, decided to take a journey also, and informed General Martinez Campos that her sister, the Infanta Eulalie, would give out the military watchword. The military Governor of Madrid replied that the married infanta was not legally competent to perform that office, and that it was impossible, according to military rules, for him to receive the parole from her husband, Prince Antonio, Duc de Montpensier, who was only a captain in rank. The minister of war, who was not on good terms with the captain general, sent a brusque telegram, ordering him to receive the password from the Princess Eulalie, whereupon General Campos offered his resignation. All attempts to accommodate the quarrel failed, and as a majority of the cabinet sided with the captain general, General Cassola and the ministers who had supported his view resigned their portfolios. Senor Sagasta handed in the resignation of the entire cabinet to the queen regent, but subsequently, upon the latter's request, formed a new ministry.

THEY DON'T DRINK.

King Humbert I. of Italy is a teetotaler. On his tables no wine will be seen near him. The very odor is repulsive to him, and he drinks only water, and occasionally harmless mineral preparations. Queen Victoria is said to have been a total abstainer for the last three years. For many years Her Majesty partook of wine and spirits in sparing quantities, but some three years ago, by way of experiment, she abandoned their use entirely, and since that time not a drop of intoxicating liquor has passed her lips. The French President, Felix Faure, and most of his Cabinet are teetotalers, as also are the Maharajah on Baroda and his entire court.

TIGHT SHOES AND PAIN.

Patent leather shoes for walking are almost a distressing to their wearers as the compressing shoes of the orientals. The first spring days are apt from an unknown cause to produce discomfort after walking over the hard pavements, and the advice of a chiropodist to bathe the feet nightly in salt water is worth repeating. Handfuls of salt should be damped and rubbed over the feet from ankles down, taking care to get up a hearty circulation in heels and toes. This treatment persisted in will do much toward overcoming painful tendencies.

OLD TIMES.

Host—Now, old boy, make yourself comfortable and let's talk over old times. Haven't seen each other since we were schoolboys together. I told you I had married. Well, this is my house, and my wife will be in presently. By the way, you once lived in Niceville, didn't you?"

Returned Traveler—Yes, lived there some years. Then you may have met Miss Flirtie?

Met her? I was engaged to her. But so were all the other fellows one at a time. What has become of her?

Why—she was just going to tell you that she is the one I married.

CHOOSING A BRIDE.

"In selecting a wife," says an exchange, "always go by the mother of the girl. There is a good long stretch of future before most people who make up their minds to get married, and for a considerable proportion of that stretch the girl will be much more like her mother than like herself. It's easy enough to choose a wife so far as the present is concerned, but if you want to know something of your wife for the future you should take her mother into account. When you see a truly charming mother you may be pretty sure that her daughter is to be depended upon when she reaches the same age."

THE HEALTH OF THEIR DAUGHTERS SHOULD BE CAREFULLY WATCHED.

Young Girls Susceptible to Troubles That May Result in Decline—Pale Faces, Headaches and Field's Appetite and Symptoms of Early Decay.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

Some months ago Maggie, the thirteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sweeney, of John street, in this town, began to fail both in health and spirits. Her face was almost as white as chalk, her appetite very feeble, and her limbs began to swell. Now she is standing her growing weakness she persisted in attending school until one day her teacher advised her to go home and not to return until she felt better. At the same time the father, who knew the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such cases, advised her to take them. The advice was followed, and Mrs. Sweeney told our reporter that almost from the outset there was an improvement in her daughter's condition. Her appetite became better, the color returned to her face, and the miserable headaches had made her so much better than she has done for many months.

It is quite evident that this young maiden was suffering from a lack of blood, as do so many young girls who are just at a critical point in life, and it is quite apparent that there is no other remedy the equal of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such cases. They enrich the blood, stimulate the nerves, and build up the entire system, and mothers will act prudently if they insist upon their daughters taking a few of these pills. We know from experience that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done great good in Orangeville and vicinity, and there is scarcely a day that our reporter does not come in contact with some one who has a good word to say for this wonderful medicine.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every package purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

SMALL FARMS.

Two Acres Enough to Maintain a Farm and His Family.

In Belgium a two-acre holding is sufficient to maintain a farmer, and his family. The typical two-acre farm in that country contains a patch of wheat or rye and another of barley, another fair portion grows potatoes. A row of cabbage grows all round the sloping sides of the ditches with a row of onions just inside, leaving bare walking room between them and the grain. The shade trees round the house are pear trees. Every foot of land is made to produce, and the farmer keeps pigs and chickens. In Germany, out of 5,276,000 farms, 1,200,000 of 23 per cent. of the whole are each under 2 1-2 acres in extent, and of the farms, above 56 per cent are cultivated by the owner himself; over 70 per cent partly so, or about 85 per cent altogether; leaving 15 per cent out of every 100 per cent that are let to tenants. In Germany, notwithstanding the small size of a large proportion of the farms, 178 out of every 1,000 inhabitants are nevertheless engaged in agriculture, whereas in England no more than 52 are thus occupied, in Scotland only 61, though 195 per 1,000 in Ireland being thus engaged raises the proportion in the whole United Kingdom to 73 out of that number, less than half, however, the percentage so employed in Germany. In Cheshire, England, a form of allotments has been tried with admirable results. Plots of land, sufficient to maintain one cow, and ranging from 2 1-2 to 3 1-2 acres, are let with each cottage, at an ordinary farm rent.

BROKEN HEARTS.

It appears that it is quite possible for the heart to break. People who are of broken hearts, so called, do not actually succumb from disruption of the structural arrangements. In this regard the phrase is a misnomer. It is generally applied to people who are owing to intense mental suffering, or from blighted affection, or the loss of friends. Thackeray has said that a man ever dies of a "broken heart" in his love affairs, and it is very certain that in this respect the term has an actual meaning. The heart, however, does physically break, either from sudden shock or from over-strain. A captain on a vessel, who had set out to marry a lady, on reaching his destination was abruptly informed that she was married, and the man fell to the ground and expired. The heart was discovered to be literally rent into two pieces.

Again an instance is on record of a boy, very strong and healthy, who, in attempting to raise a sheaf of corn, fell dead in the effort. In this instance the post-mortem disclosed a large rupture in the heart. The sudden propulsion of blood upon the left ventricle, which is the hardest-worked portion of the heart, and where the rupture generally takes place, forces the tissues asunder.

PREMATURE ANNOUNCEMENT.

What a pretty sailor suit your little Willie has, Mrs. Slimson. And, Willie, where shall you wear it?

I think mamma intends to take me on your yacht.

On the Farm.

ROWING POTATOES IN DR.

all of the new varieties of potatoes attain popularity grow them in compact bunches that can be dug out by a single thrust of the old-fashioned Peabody as the old-fashioned spread so as those roots spread so as those those of hills three feet apart, and with more or less ground in the middle of the rows, to be grown by anybody now well remember, says American farmer, when \$8 per acre was the price for digging Peabody potatoes, the Early Rose potato, many bushels, would bring \$10 per acre. And the man who did miss some potatoes on the hill or between the rows of the hill or between the rows to reasonable bounds, justified the practice of hilling potatoes so as to confine the tubers to the ridged-up hill. Most kinds of potatoes occupy more than a square foot of ground. It is necessary that there be rows, three feet apart, and ten inches, in which to grow one way. But on good soil more potatoes of all the kinds of potatoes at least, can be drilled three feet apart and hilled fifteen to eighteen inches than to plant them in hills, cultivate both ways. When first adopted, the strong objection was that to run the culture one way, greatly increased the work in planting the potatoes, were twice as many hills to be covered. But if the rows are eight and a potato coverer, horses is used to cover them, the seed, doing the work faster than it can be done, and also better. One of the advantages of this method of covering is that not only is cultivation before the potatoes are needed. The first rain will do the work in the hollows between the ridges. Cultivating the next work is to harrow, go longwise and across, and then down. This leaves a mellow bed between the rows, very little hill around the potatoes, so that the potatoes will be near the surface, and the cultivation will be on the surface with firm soil, and the potatoes will be better fitted to the ground much better than usually fitted by hand labor. The work should be taken in dropping the seed. They should be planted in a regular line and at regular intervals. To keep the seed from being pressed with the foot, the soil, so far as possible, level on the under side and the top. The seed will be in contact with firm soil, and the potatoes will be better fitted to the ground much better than usually fitted by hand labor. The work should be taken in dropping the seed. They should be planted in a regular line and at regular intervals. To keep the seed from being pressed with the foot, the soil, so far as possible, level on the under side and the top. The seed will be in contact with firm soil, and the potatoes will be better fitted to the ground much better than usually fitted by hand labor. The work should be taken in dropping the seed. They should be planted in a regular line and at regular intervals. To keep the seed from being pressed with the foot, the soil, so far as possible, level on the under side and the top. The seed will be in contact with firm soil, and the potatoes will be better fitted to the ground much better than usually fitted by hand labor.

GROWING POTATOES IN DR.

With a rich soil thoroughly ploughed a good tith, with good seed, and with thorough cultivation, potatoes give a good yield, and usually a profitable crop to grow. It is usually difficult to grow potatoes rich. The objections to growing potatoes in hills, rather than in rows, is that the soil is usually contains the weed, and where stable manure is used, it is thoroughly rotted so that it is thoroughly incorporated with the soil. Onions feed near the surface, and the fertilizer should be well mixed.

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