

Staggering to windward, I ran aft. There was no one at the wheel. Putting it hard up and slipping the becket over a spoke to keep it there, I raced forward, and flattening in the stay-sail sheet, had presently the satisfaction to feel the Hebe paying off and the sails filling again. Back to the wheel, and in a few minutes I had her again on her course. Lucky it was that we had no more canvas set, or it would have been 'Good-bye, Hebel'!

But where was the Major? Not forward, I was nearly certain, and surely he would not have gone below without first calling me! I had left a clear sky, when I fell asleep, beginning to fill with moonlight. Now it was covered with dark clouds, and there was, too, quite a tumble of a sea on. And where was the Major?

All at once, glancing astern, I notwithstanding the gloom, saw that the boat was gone, and I started as if I had received a galvanic shock with the premonition of evil that suddenly struck me. Then I stamped violently on the deck. But my shoes were too light, so, catching up the grating, I rammed away with it until a tall figure rose through the companion. At first I thought it was the Major's. But a voice singularly unlike his, with the suspicion of a laugh in it, said: "It is only two o'clock yet, Mr. Vallance! And then I saw that it was his daughter.

"Will you please see if the Major is in his berth?" I said. "I have only just come to the wheel. Waking, I found the ship a-back and the boat gone."

"Without a word, she sped below again.

"No," she said, reappearing presently, and speaking with a sort of despairing quiver in her voice, "he is not in the cabin. Can he be forward, do you think, Mr. Vallance?"

"If you will take the wheel, I'll search the vessel," I replied. And as she came to me and grasped the spokes I could hear her bravely attempting to choke back a sob. Longing to take her in my arms and comfort her—for, instinctively, I felt that the worst had happened—but without trusting myself to speak, I raced to the galley. Empty! So was the fore-castle! So was every corner about the decks! The Major and the Hebe had parted company. Certain of this, I let go the main-top-sail-halyards and hauled on the clew-lines until I got the yard as far down as I could. Then, backing the fore-top-sail yard, I practically had the brig ho-ve-to. Next taking out the port side-light, I carried it aft, and bending it on to the signal-halyards ran it up to the gaff-end. Then going below, in a minute I returned with the big express rifle, and all the cartridges I could find, and loading, began firing rapidly. All this I did with such desperate energy as left me breathless. Nor all the time did the dim figure at the wheel move or speak. But now, as I stood beside her, she exclaimed in an indescribable accent of misery and distress: "Oh, my father! my dear father!"

"Let us hope for the best, Miss Fortescue," I said. "I believe myself he is in the boat, and that if it was light he would still be in sight. Evidently finding that it interfered with his steering, he was leaning over,—having hauled up the boat—and had just cast adrift the end of the painter, when he overbalanced and fell. Look!" and I pulled in the rope that I had myself bent on the night before—a piece of stout new line, its end still retaining the half-shape of the carrick-bend I had used to fasten it. So I tried to cheer and comfort her, although, God knows, my own hopes were of the slightest. The Major may have hit the boat in falling (and this was my chief fear), or she might have slipped away too rapidly for him to swim to her. And he was far from a young man; also, as I supposed, short-sighted. But as I took her away from the wheel and secured it amidships, and made her sit down on the raised grating, I did my best to appear hopeful—nay, certain of seeing the boat with the Major in her again at daylight; pointing out, too, that the squall—for it was nothing else, although a precious heavy one—was now over, and that we could not be far from the spot, with the Hebe making no progress.

And talking thus, firing at intervals out of the big rifle—the same that had done such dire execution among the crew—I gradually drew her to think more hopefully; although, as I sat close beside her, I could feel a shudder pass through her frame every now and again, and the sight of the set, pale face, staring always astern, made my very heart sore.

Thinking, from her frequent shivering, that she might feel cold, although the night was a warm enough one, I ran down and got a wrap and placed it over her shoulders where she sat; and, as she thanked me, I could hear that she had been crying quietly to herself. And presently she rose and asked me if she couldn't be of some use; and I, knowing that occupation of any kind would be good for her, asked her to get more cartridges, if she could find them, also to trim the red light, which I now hauled down, as it was burning dimly. Then dark though it was, for the moon was hidden behind a heavy cloud-bank, I slung on the binoculars and went aloft, more for the sake of doing something than because I thought of it any avail. What I wanted to know was, how soon after I left him did the Major go overboard? It was a question no one could answer. But I was afraid not very long; and in that case it must have happened some hours—hours during which the brig, before the shifting squall struck

her, was probably coming to and falling off, but still making headway. And stare as I might, all that the glass gave me was a heaving field of black water. After that fierce and sudden burst the wind had fallen quite light, although I fancied there was more to follow them before very long.

By the time I reached the deck Helen had fixed up the lamp and got it ready to hoist. She also handed me a few cartridges, saying that these were the last. But beyond one swift glance at my face in the red glow of the lamp as we stood facing each other, she asked no questions. Truly it was a brave heart! I only hoped it would not break with the long, miserable waiting for a dawn that seemed as if it never meant to come again.

But it came at last, as most things must, and once the first faint streaks showed, it seemed only a minute until the whole eastern sky was alight with colour. Swinging into the rigging, I was soon perched in the main-royal yard, sweeping the horizon with my glasses.

All around, except where that gloomy cloud-bank still kept its position to the north, the ocean was clear—too clear, alas! Free from the least speck but I waited for the sun to fully show himself before descending. And even then, when there was no excuse for remaining longer, I hung aloft, dreading to go down and face those eyes, following my every motion so hungrily from the deck.

I need not have been frightened. Helen Fortescue was of the wrong material to make a scene, young as she was. But when I saw that that night's waiting had done for her, I protest I felt ready to set her an example and cry out and shed tears myself. And I think she must have seen something of the sort in my face, for as she came forward she put her hand in mine, and said: "No hope? No; I feared there could not be!" And when I, being unable to speak with the sight of the great sorrow in that haggard, woe-begone face, could only point to the dark and threatening cloud-bank as much as to say, "He might be there," she shook her head sadly, saying: "I fear not. Heaven help me, I have lost my father, the only friend I had in the world!"

But at that I found my tongue, albeit just then an unsteady member, and said: "Not the only one, as long as I am alive; Miss Fortescue," and moved by strong emotion, I carried the hand I still held to my lips. I saw a faint tinge of colour come into her face as she slowly withdrew it from my grasp. But she simply said "Thank you, Mr. Vallance. I am sure of it." And seeing that she looked at the companion with a sort of longing in her eyes, I gently supported her trembling footsteps to it, and closed the doors behind her as she went down the little stairway, thinking that she would wish as much as possible, to be alone with her sorrow. And I can tell you, my own heart was heavy enough that morning as I went forward to light the fire and feed Nan. I had begun to like the Major, spite of his crochety ways, and I missed his rather imposing presence about the deck. Nor had I much hope of his safety. Yet often his speech about the boat, and his refusing to let any of the things be taken out of her, recurred to me with a kind of insistent idea, that, although unconsciously, he must have had some kind of prevision of what was to happen, and that ergo he should be in her at that moment.

"Bad and unsatisfactory logic, Nan," I said, going back to my old habit, "God help him! I'm afraid we shall never see the poor Major any more."

CHAPTER VI.

Helen did not stay below very long; and when she reappeared, although still haggard and tear-worn, she looked more composed and resigned. But although she spoke little, she insisted on getting the breakfast ready and busy-ing herself about galley and pantry as usual.

Seeing this, and that it would not take much to start the tears going again; I once more went aloft with the glass to get a lookout; and presently away on the port bow, I saw the white glimpse of canvas—just enough to swear to, but no more. Whilst I was along, and, descending, I clapped a jigger on the fore-top-sail-halyards and started to mast-head the heavy yard. Helen, hearing me, came out into help, putting all her weight into the pull when I gave the word. But, as I might have known, it was too much for us. So, procuring a notched-block, I led the jigger-fall to the winch, and, with Helen holding on I managed to, in some sort, get the yard nearly up. We served the main one the same way; and presently Helen brought my breakfast to the wheel, eating, I noticed, nothing herself.

During the morning the vessel I had caught sight of turned out to be a small barque coming directly for us. And, indeed, the spectacle of the Hebe in such weather, under her too badly set bulging topsails, to say nothing of the reversed ensign blowing out from the halyards, and general all-round look of forlornness, would have been enough to attract a ship's attention and make her alter her course in any seas.

As the two vessels neared each other, the stranger backed his mainyards and lay-to within a couple of hundred yards of us—a pretty enough picture of a modern iron clipper, wedge-shaped, wire-rigged, and steel-sparred, as she rolled lightly, showing her bright-red composition-painted bottom glistening wet to the meeting of the black top-

yards down to her great courses as if in protest of delay. She swam light, with her Plimsoll mark well out of the water, and looked to be in ballast, or very nearly so. Two persons stood on the poop; and one of them, a red-whiskered, red-faced, stout man, after a long stare at the Hebe and her fair helms-woman—for I had been busy about our yards—hailed.

"What brig's that," he shouted, "an' what's the matter w' ye?"

In a few words as possible I told him, asked if he had seen anything of a boat adrift, and wound up—almost hopeless as I knew it must be—by asking him if he could spare us a couple of hands.

I cared nothing about his name or whether he was going; but he replied: "This is the Aurora o' Glasco; five-an'-forty days out; bound to Calcutta. Nae, I haw'n aseen your boat! An', mon, I can tell ye that there's nae mair cats aboard here nor there's mice to catch. I've only aucht for'ard," he told. Ye can count 'em for yourself!"

And, truly, there were exactly eight bearded faces gazing at us, all in a row, over her rail.

"That's a gey queer story o' yours, mon," he continued; "an' if ye've nae objections, I'll just come aboard o' ye, an' hear it mair to rights." And I saw him cast another wondering glance at the Hebe as he spoke.

"You're welcome," I replied shortly; and in a minute or two a gig with a couple of men and the speaker in her was pulled alongside the Hebe.

Coming up the light ladder I had thrown over, he gave a quick, rather suspicious glance around the decks, but made his best shore-bow as I introduced him to Helen. Presently the three of us went into the cabin, where producing decanters and glasses, I told my story more fully, interrupted often by exclamations of astonishment in very broad Scotch—the broadest Aberdeen could produce. "I think."

"Weel," said he, "I'll be keepin' a sma'nter lookoot for your boatie. I wish I could do mair; but ye'll ken yourself—nae better—that merchant-ships are na' muckle ower-manned these times; an' I'm afraid ye'll no be gettin' help unless it's frae one o' they passenger steamers or a mon-o'-war. An' it'll mebbe a month afore ye sight one or ither o' 'em; but if the leddy" with another bow to Helen, "wad accept o' a passage to Calcutta, she's welcome, vera welcome, an' Peter Macalister o' Newburgh—that's me—will be the pleased mon to hae her. An'," he went on, turning to me, "if ye like, Maister Vallance, ye can come w' us. But, ye see, ye're a sailor-mon, an' can mak' shift weel aneuch w' a soond ship an' twal months provisions until help comes. Nor can the leddy's bein' awa frae ye mak' ony possible differ in the result, as way or tither. An'—an'—weel, ye ken—and the skipper suddenly stopped as if he had been shot, whilst Helen divining what was coming, and what I never dreamt of, albeit my heart was in my boots, rose, her pale cheeks all aflame, and replied:

"Thank you very much, Captain Macalister, for your kind offer; but I could not think of leaving the Hebe as long as my friend, Mr. Vallance, stays by her. Besides, would you advise me to desert my poor father's property, when perhaps, I may possibly be of use to Mr. Vallance in helping him to save it?"

"Vera true, my dear young leddy," replied the worthy skipper, getting redder than ever, but obviously impressed by the latter view of the case; "it was just my ain bairns at hame that I was thinkin' on when I spoke an' how I wadna muckle relish the notion o' ane o' them driftin' about the sea w'—." But there, he broke off, feeling himself probably on perilous ground again, "it's nae business o' mine to interfere w'. A' I can do is to keep a gude lookoot for the Major; an' that I will w' pleasure. An' now I think on it, when we left Capetown they were expectin' Her Majesty's ship Alexandria in every day, a'st, frae the colonies—Australia, ye ken. If ye could but speak her ye'd be right. Ye hae Greenwich time aboard, ye say. Weel, I'll stand by ye till noon, an' we can compare oor observations. An' if the meantime, if ye like, I'll hae my men help us pit a reef in thee big top-sails o' yours, an' snug yon foresail. Ye'll be a' the easier, gin it comes on a bit o' a blow, ye ken."

Thankfully accepting his kind offer, the four of us, reinforced by another two from the Aurora, put a single reef in each of the Hebe's topsails, and restowed the fore-course. By that time it was close on noon, and the captain, bidding us a hearty farewell, went aboard; and presently, discovering that our chronometers and position were exactly alike, he braced his yards up, dipped his ensign three times in token of farewell, whilst a hoarse roar of a cheer arose from the men in the barque's fore-rigging, as she stood across our stern with her port tacks aboard, and gradually faded away to a white speck on the horizon.

I think we felt lonely as we watched her, each probably fancying that perhaps it might be long before we saw again the faces of our kind or heard familiar speech.

"How glad I am you did not accept the captain's offer!" I remarked presently to Helen, as she left the wheel for a minute to give me a pull on a brace. "I don't know what I should have done, all alone on the Hebe—gone mad, I expect."

She blushed as her eyes met mine, and replied, smiling faintly, "Captain Macalister evidently thought it would be the correct thing for me to do, and was within an ace of plainly saying so. You see, Mrs. Grundy's influence extends even into the India Ocean. Perhaps the captain was right; but I could not bear the thought of leaving the Hebe. It seemed almost like an act of treachery to my poor father—to desert her at the very first opportunity."

This time, you will observe, there was nothing about me; but I was satisfied, nevertheless, possessing my soul in patience until the right place and moment should arrive, as I felt, by now, they surely must.

other twenty-four hours would bring the Hebe well within the parallel of Cape Agulhas, and actually not many miles from the spot of ocean in which I had fallen overboard on the Antelope. During the nights our drift was inconsiderable, and always to the westward.

Since the Aurora left us there had been several heavy rain-squalls. To avoid these—although Helen wished me to come into the cabin—I had cleared out the deck-house forward, and in it on wet nights I pitched my camp. Lonely as it might be aft for the girl, I wished above all to refrain from anything that could bear the faintest resemblance to intrusion. And I think I did right; although Helen seemed just the least bit offended with me. However, the weather generally kept so fine that I was able to stay on deck all most nights. Wet or dry I would have done so, but that, once coming up, and finding me there in the rain, she very decidedly expressed her intention of staying in it also, unless I either took shelter below with her or forward with Nan.

(To be Continued.)

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER IN ASIA.

It is a Serious Problem for the English to Solve.

I have had an opportunity of seeing a great deal of the Russian army of Central Asia, and the more I have seen of it the less pleased have I been at the prospect of our Indian army having to encounter it, writes a correspondent. I have never feared the issue, because I am sure that at the last we shall pull ourselves together, and with a mighty effort, repel the Russians. But the cost, the labor, and the strain, will probably be terrible, and the nearer they approach to us the more difficult will become the task. I once held the Russians in supreme contempt, and, like many Englishmen, believed that we could make short work of them or any other foe. But the conviction has since slowly and steadily been impressed on my mind that the Russian army is for fighting purposes, in every respect, the equal to ours, and in some respects would have an immense advantage over us in the field. The men are all of one race, are stronger, more hardy and healthier than ours; there are no native followers; they require less transport and supplies and fewer luxuries; have an inexhaustible reserve, are nearer home, etc.

I have visited Transcaspia on eight separate occasions, have seen the Russian soldiers on and off parade, and have traveled with him for weeks together in trains and in steamers. It is, indeed, chiefly on board ship that I have amused myself by studying him. And I have arrived at the conclusion that he is the most docile, good tempered, till you scratch him, pig headed creature on earth, as hard as nails and generally of superb physique. He is stupid and ignorant, perhaps, but he has apprehension enough to shoot straight, and to understand when he is told to advance or to quit a post alive, and he never disputes an order or complains. And that, I take it, is sufficient for a fighting machine. He has had no school board education, and is, therefore, content with his lot and no lawyer.

MIMIC NAVAL COMBATS.

How the Emperor Claudius Entertained His Friends.

At the time of the Roman Empire, the love of splendid spectacle, in which flowed freely the blood of human beings, found gratification in naval combats which were exhibited like other shows, by the Emperor. They were termed naumachiae, and history gives a minute account of one that took place during the reign of Claudius.

The scene of action was Lake Fucino. Captives and criminals to the number of 1,900 were collected, placed on board a hundred ships, and drawn up in two opposing squadrons, called derisively the Rhodians and the Sicilians. The ships were large triremes and quadriremes. To prevent the escape of the combatants, guards were stationed round the lake and the rafts were guarded by towers and platforms, on which stood catapults and other engines to command the fighting ships. In front of the rafts were arranged vessels from the emperor's fleet to compel the victims to engage or to massacre them if they refused. In the middle of the lake rose a silver Triton which wound his horn for a signal and encouragement to fight, while artificial monsters played round him in the water. The rising ground about the lake was fitted with seats, like an amphitheater, and was occupied by an eager multitude, among whom was Claudius himself, and the princes of the blood in their military dress, and the emperor in a splendid gold and purple robe.

The poor wretches that were doomed to such ignoble battle, cried out to the emperor: "Hail, sovereign lord! We whose lives are forfeit salute thee."

The emperor answered, "Hail!" which the hopeful unfortunates took to mean that they were pardoned. Not so, for seeing that they delayed when the signal was given. Claudius sprang from his throne, and tottering on his weak knees ran round the lake, urging them on by gestures, and threatening them with instant destruction if they did not begin. Seeing that there was no escape, the poor victims to this brutal caprice attacked one another. At first there was little loss, but warming to the fight, on becoming desperate, they at length shed sufficient blood to satisfy the spectators, and the lives of the remainder were spared.

What gigantic possibilities would open to the domain of the world's politics should the mooted alliance between Great Britain and the United States become an accomplished fact!

With Spain, France and Russia banded against this great union of Anglo-Saxon races the latter would have a preponderance in the world which would practically render war impossible and give an incalculable stimulus to all the machinery of modern civilization.

The territory controlled by an Anglo-American alliance at its start would be 15,040,400 square miles, or 6,000,000 square miles more than one-third of all the land of the globe.

The population of this territory would be 458,684,000, or 200,000,000 more than the third of the globe's total inhabitants.

THE TOTAL WEALTH

of the alliance, exclusive of India, would be over \$125,950,000,000.

The number of miles of operating railway is 258,246, not to speak of the 600 miles of steam and electric railways in operation in United States railways alone, enough to encircle the globe several times.

The proposal of the United States to spend a billion dollars on the enlargement and perfection of its navy would add another great asset to the alliance, and the completion by Egypt from Egypt to Cape Town, would contribute a link to the chain of empire of untold value and significance.

The annual revenue of the Anglo-American alliance would reach the sum of \$1,717,745,000. A faint conception of this sum can be gained from the fact that it would purchase 42,000,000 loaves of bread, a quantity of food which would keep three million people from starving for a period of over 14,315 days, or thirty-nine years, with a fresh loaf of bread for every man, woman and child every twenty-four hours.

The tonnage of the merchant ships of the alliance would be 14,775,000 tons, which is an amount equal to the combined weight of all of the inhabitants of the Russian Empire, with those of France, the Netherlands, Egypt, Italy, Spain, Brazil, Portugal, Sweden, Norway, Belgium, Switzerland, Greece, Denmark and Venezuela, allowing the average weight of men, women and children to be figured at 150 pounds.

The total value of the imports for one year into the territory of the alliance would be 4,170,500,000, which if converted into one-dollar bills and laid end to end would form a line of greenbacks over

555,555 MILES IN LENGTH, or sufficient to encircle the earth twenty-three times.

The total exports of the Anglo-American alliance would be over \$3,354,500, not including anything exported from Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii or the Philippines.

The total indebtedness of the alliance would amount to \$7,864,500,000 or only one-ninth of all the indebtedness of every country in the world computed in one lump sum, and which in 1898 amounts to \$27,500,000,000.

The regular army of the Anglo-American alliance would have a peace footing of 248,900 men, together with a uniformed and thoroughly organized and drilled reserve, which would easily bring the number up to 763,800 officers and men. These would be ready to fight in three days.

So complete is the volunteer system of England and America that 25,000,000 men could be raised by them inside of three months.

BUILDER AND STRENGTHENER.

That is the Term an Ottawa Lady Applies to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Among many in Ottawa and the vicinity who have been benefitted one way or another by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the Journal has learned of the case of Mrs. Gilchrist, wife of Mr. T. V. Gilchrist, of Hintonburg. Mr. Gilchrist keeps a grocery at the corner of Fourth Ave. and Cedar Street, and is well known to a great many people in Ottawa as well as to the villagers of this suburb of the Capital. Mrs. Gilchrist states that while in a "run down" condition during the spring of 1897, she was greatly strengthened and built up by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Speaking of the matter to a Journal reporter, she stated that while able to get about at the time, she was far from well; her blood was poor, she was subject to headaches, and felt tired after the slightest exertion. She had read of different times of cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to try them. She was benefitted by the first box and continued their use until she had taken five boxes when she considered herself quite recovered. Mrs. Gilchrist says that she always strongly recommends Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a builder and strengthener, when any of her friends are weak or ailing.

UNRECOGNIZED GENIUS.

I thought that you told me, Eight, that you wrote a great deal for the magazines?

So I do.

But I never see anything published of yours!

I have nothing to do with that. I just furnish the stuff.

WE WANT
By A. W. Cameron
Commissioner
The Great Need of This Country
to Build Them Economical
Expert--Useful Hint
Builders of this Country

do we actually want good roads? Is the road the best? Has been raised throughout the continent. "We want good roads." Or has labor and money been poured on our roads for a century past, to occupy our time, and keep surplus capital in circulation, do not want good roads, if had roads, why should we want them?

We must have roads. That necessity has been placed upon us, the science which has taught us the wisdom of building other structures, initially, teaches us the economy of building roads that are good. We want labor and money spent in roads which will withstand wear. We want roads which will be good no matter what the state of the weather. We want roads which will not come ruined immediately the fall rains come, when the frost leaves the ground in the spring, remaining in ruts for a considerable part of the summer. A road which does this is a good road. The money and labor spent on it is largely forced down into the ground, it is plowed under within a year and wasted. A good road is an economical road.

In building an economical road, improvements must be made in such a way that they will last. Roads in Canada have been built on the same principle as a wagon which breaks down under the first load, and is used for wood after a year of service. Most of the leading roads of Ontario have been made and remade a score of times, and are still bad roads. They are the kind that "break up." A road that breaks up is like anything else. When road building is rightly understood in this country, township committees will no more think of building roads that break up in the spring. They will think of constructing roads that break up in the spring, or fences that break up in the spring.

The road builders of this country have not given sufficient consideration to the effect of building bad roads. Year after year work of a flimsy character is placed on the roads. The results are only temporary and are destroyed by a very little wear and traffic. In a very short time the work has to be done over again. But the evil does not end with this. This annual demand for repairs is so great that no township committee can repair when they need it. All the evils of bad roads follow. What bad roads are doing for the country is only one side of the evil. The other side is what they are doing. The loss does not arise so much from the money and labor wasted every year, as it does from the absence of benefits which good roads would bring. Our loss must be measured not so much by the money and labor we are throwing away on bad roads, as by the opportunities which would come to us if the roads were good.

One of the greatest obstacles in the way of road improvement is the narrow view taken of the question by some citizens of this country. They have been accustomed to think of roads merely as incidental to statute labor; and whereby each pathmaster can get a little work done in front of his farm which will be of direct personal benefit to him.

They do not see nor appreciate township, county and province. The good is merely individual benefit of labor spent on the roads of the township will enhance the value of every farm land; it will increase the productivity of the farm by reducing the expense of the farm. The dairying industry would be immensely benefited by some more remunerative, sale would be obtained for produce which is not reaching the market.

STATUTE LABOR.

The great majority of roads in Canada are under the control of township committees, and are built by statute labor system by money grants.

It suits the abilities



A CONCE