

# IN SPIRE OF HIS BIRTH.

They were obliged to procure another for the yacht's boat was not large enough to accommodate them all, and Ned's heart bounded with hope, as seeing an oar, he helped to propel the light craft toward the vessel, where his friend Hunting was awaiting him, and where he believed the stolen treasure would soon be rescued and restored to his employers.

They reached the yacht a little before midnight, and without encountering any other boat on their way; and as they stepped upon the iron stairway leading to the deck, Mr. Hunting leaned over the railing above, and called out in a low, anxious tone:

"Heatherton, is everything all right?"

"All right," Ned answered, cheerily, and in less than two minutes the five newcomers were all standing upon the deck.

The chief soon made his arrangements for the night. He stationed his three men in various portions of the yacht below, to make sure that no mischief should be done in that quarter; then he, with Ned and Mr. Hunting, remained upon the deck to await the return of the first mate and his companions.

It was between three and four in the morning when they came.

Everything was quiet on board the yacht, and they had not a suspicion of the fate awaiting them in that quarter.

"Ship ahoy!" the mate called out, as the boat shot alongside the iron stairway.

"Ay, ay, sir," was the subdued response that greeted the greeting from above, whereupon the men ran lightly up the steps, to be immediately confronted by the powerful policeman, Ned, and Mr. Hunting.

"Not a word, my men," said the chief, as he leveled a revolver at them; "you are my prisoners. Behave yourselves and no harm shall befall you; make any disturbance and into irons you will go quicker than you will relish."

"What is the meaning of this invasion of the most deserted, in a voice that was far from steady."

"It means that you, with all the rest of the crew, are under arrest."

"What for?"

"That is a question that will have to be answered later."

"Where is the captain?"

"In his state-room, subject to the same restrictions as yourself."

The mate, without furthering his resistance, but submitted, with his companions, to be led below and locked up, while Ned, Mr. Hunting and the officer continued their watch on deck for the remainder of the night.

When morning dawned the steward was released upon solemnly promising that he would attend to his regular duties, and make no effort to release any of the crew.

The men must all be fed, and there seemed to be no better way to supply their needs.

He was only too glad to comply with whatever conditions the chief chose to impose upon him, but his movements were closely watched by one of the officers below.

Nichols was also detailed to do service on deck, under the eyes of the three watchful men stationed there.

After a good breakfast, Ned was upon the point of setting out for the city, in the company of one of the officers, to telegraph to the ——— bank his suspicions that the stolen treasure was concealed aboard the Bald Eagle, when he was stopped in the distance a boat containing two persons making toward the yacht.

They concluded to wait a while, hoping that the orders which the captain was expecting from the owner were about to be delivered.

They were not disappointed. The boat headed directly for the yacht; and when it was within halting distance, one of the men sang out:

"Is Captain Bleiberg, of the Bald Eagle, on board?"

"Tell him yes," the chief commanded.

ing, toward Gertrude. He knew her address, and was half tempted to go to her that very day and explain to her all the mysterious circumstances of the last two weeks.

Then he told himself that it would be wiser to wait until everything was settled, and he could go to her cleared from all suspicion.

While he was sure that she would have faith in him and believe what he should tell her, yet he would not be able to prove anything until the treasure was found and restored to those to whom it belonged.

"Then he could face her, proud in his own integrity, and feeling that no one could cast a slur upon his name.

CHAPTER XLIII.

But could Ned have known the treachery of which his dear one was about to become the victim, his joy over the recent conquest which he had achieved would have been greatly marred. Could he have known that even then a message, purporting to come from him, was being prepared to lure Gertrude into a miserable trap, he would have been wretched indeed.

Bill Bantling had been greatly chagrined by the scornful reception and rejection which the beautiful girl had accorded his proposals of marriage to her. Knowing that he would yet humiliate her haughty spirit, and at the same time revenge himself upon Ned, he began from that moment to plan for the accomplishment of his purpose.

As we have seen, he was associated with Gould, in his various crimes and schemes, and it was only with his assistance that the man had been able to carry out to a successful issue the bold robbery of the ——— Bank. Consequently he had been obliged to agree to certain conditions which Bill named, and among others, that he should be allowed to flee the country in a yacht with him, and that Gould should also assist him to decoy Gertrude aboard the vessel, and compel her to be the companion of their flight. This could be very easily accomplished, he said, since the girl was already in Halifax. The wretch hoped, by thus compromising her, to finally force her to marry him.

Gould protested that such a proceeding would be very unwise, if not dangerous; they would have enough to do, he said, to look out for their own safety, without burdening themselves with a woman. While, too, with Ned also on board, the lovers would be liable to discover the presence of each other, and make them no end of trouble.

But Bill was obstinate. He said they could drop Ned at the first port they sighted, and he need never suspect that the girl was on board.

Gould knew that he was in the fellow's power, and he did not dare refuse to co-operate with him. Therefore, he appeared to yield his objections, though he secretly vowed that he would get rid of Bill at the first foreign port they ran into, and thus save the girl from the wretched fate he had planned for her.

We know that a little more than a week after the robbery and disappearance of Ned, Gertrude left for Halifax with her friend, Mrs. Page, and the following Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Langmaid sailed for Europe.

Gertrude, as may be supposed, went back feeling very sad and unhappy, for aside from her anxiety about her mother's health, she had many misgivings regarding the fate of her lover, and she began to grow pale and hollow-eyed, greatly to Mrs. Page's amazement.

The good lady exerted herself to cheer her, and planned many ways to keep her mind occupied, and prevent her from brooding over her troubles.

During the day while they were together, she succeeded to a certain extent, but when night came and Gertrude retired to the solitude of her own room, the old anxieties would return, and she spent long hours in tears and sobs.

Ned and his friend, Mr. Hunting, achieved their wonderful triumph over the crew of the Bald Eagle on Thursday night, and for Friday Mrs. Page had planned a little excursion into the country for the benefit of her young charge.

She owned a farm a few miles out of the city, which she rented on shares, and she thought it might be a pleasant change for Gertrude to spend a day or two there, while she herself had business with the farmer, which would require her own presence there.

But the poor girl had spent such a wretched night, that she was not able to rise from her bed when Friday morning dawned, so the trip for her was utterly out of the question.

This was a great disappointment to Mrs. Page, who, having promised her tenant that she would go that day, to give some directions to the carpenters regarding needed repairs, felt that it was absolutely necessary for her to keep her appointment.

Gertrude told her not to mind leaving her, that she only needed rest, and would lie quietly in bed and try to sleep the time away, while she was gone.

Her friend promised that she would return that day, although she could not reach home until evening, and after giving orders to the servants to attend faithfully to her life with a good-by and departed.

Gertrude slept most of the forenoon, for she was literally exhausted with so much crying and fasting, when she awoke, feeling greatly refreshed, she arose and dressed herself.

After partaking of a tempting breakfast she sat down to the piano, thinking to while away an hour or two in learning a difficult nocturn which her teacher had recently given her.

While thus engaged the door bell rang a violent peal, and presently a servant entered the drawing-room and handed to her a note, bearing the local postmark.

It was addressed to her in bold, but unfamiliar character, and she opened it with no little curiosity.

"My dear Gertrude," the note began.

"Why, who in Halifax knows me well enough to address me thus?" Gertrude exclaimed; then referring to the end of the note, she read with great astonishment and no little excitement, the name of "Edward Heatherton."

The name, however, was not like the other writing. It resembled Ned's

chirography, but looked as if it had been traced with difficulty and with a trembling hand.

Turning back to the beginning of the note, she read with a pale and startled face, the following:

My dear Gertrude—You will doubtless wonder at receiving a note from me, written in a strange hand; but I am ill and not able to write myself. I am also in deep trouble, as, of course, you already know, and am at present confined to my stateroom on board a vessel, in which I shall sail to-morrow, Saturday, for a foreign country, and thus forever sever every tie which binds me to my native land.

It is much that I would like to say to you regarding what has recently occurred, and I feel that I cannot go without seeing you once more, for it is probable that we shall never meet again. Will you come to me, Gertrude, for a final farewell? It is a bold request, but I dare not go to you; and, for the sake of the rest, I entreat you not to fail me in this my hour of despair. I must also ask you to observe the utmost secrecy, if you access to my request, for my personal safety depends upon it. A carriage will be waiting for you at the corner, near your residence, at eight o'clock this evening, and a guide will be with it to assist you. If your heart has not become so hardened against me that you have no desire to see me again.

Oh! I pray you do not deny me this last hope, before I have time to become an alien and an outcast, for all time. As you approach the carriage speak the word "Eagle" and the guide will know that you are the one he is to bring to me. Ever, but hopelessly yours, Edward Heatherton.

Gertrude was in tears before she had half finished reading the letter, and a feeling of utter despair settled upon her heart.

The tone of the whole epistle went to prove that Ned was guilty of the dreadful crime attributed to him. It had, in fact, been cunningly worded with this intention: It seemed to the stricken girl that she could not bear the fresh sorrow, for, in spite of all her loyalty to her lover, and her repeated refusal to attend to her father, that she would never lose faith in him, she was now compelled to believe that he had fallen, and that he was, indeed, lying in his grave. She could not marry a felon, and when Ned left the country, they would surely be "parted for all time."

"I cannot have it so," she wailed, a tempest of agony, of utter desolation and despair, sweeping over her soul. "He seemed so intently noble and true, I never would have believed, but for this, that he could be guilty of such a crime! How can I give him up? What shall I do? How can I let him go away into exile and never see him again? My whole life is ruined also. I have loved him with my whole heart. I love him now, in spite of all, and to him—or at least to what I believed him—I must be true until death."

She walked the floor in restless wretchedness, tears raining over her face, great, heart-breaking sobs bursting from her quivering lips, while she tried to decide whether she would go to him or not.

"He is ill, poor fellow," she murmured, referring again to the letter. "In a moment of temptation he has fallen, and his real feelings are left in his bitter act. Oh! Ned, Ned! it does not seem as if I could believe it, even now, with this terrible evidence before me. Who can have written this note for him? How can I, as she studied the strange writing, yet never questioning the truth of the epistle, since it had that familiar signature at the end. Can it be some accomplice, and are they both going to escape to another country with their booty? I am afraid so! Shall I go to him? May I not, at least, if I have no other way to restore to my husband, and pray him, for my sake, never to yield to temptation again?"

Her heart said "yes," her judgment said "no." "I would do a very unwise thing to do; that it would be far better, if they must part forever, to avoid a harrowing and probably a useless interview."

And yet, he was ill, he was so weak, to restore to my husband, and pray him, for my sake, never to yield to temptation again?"

"I could see how hard enough to refuse it, could she allow him to feel that she condemned him, and was indifferent to his misery?—and he must be suffering keenly since he had not been able to write himself, and could hardly trace his signature in a legible manner."

"Oh, if Mrs. Page was only here!" the deeply tried girl sighed, "I would confide in her and ask her advice; but she will not be back until long after eight, and thus I must act upon my own responsibility. Papa forbade me to have anything more to say to him," she continued, musingly. "I suppose he would tell me, if he were here, that it would be my duty to give him up to the authorities, but that I could not do. Was ever any one placed in such a trying position before?"

She threw herself upon a lounge, exhausted from the conflict within her, and trembling with nervous excitement, and utterly unable to think her way out of the perplexing situation.

She shrank from going out alone, even to meet for the last time the man she so dearly loved, and from trusting herself to a strange guide. All the finer instincts of her womanly nature revolted against the arrangement.

And yet she knew if she refused this last appeal—if she allowed Ned to go forever out of her life with a good-by and departed, without a word of kindly farewell, without earnestly entreating him to restore the money, which she was forced to believe he had taken, and to strive to live honestly, and to return, she would always regret it, and never cease to reproach herself for having neglected the opportunity.

For his heart-broken mother's sake also she felt as if she owed him this much, and finally, after hours of mental struggle, she resolved to brave everything, and grant him the boon he had craved.

Still, as the hour grew near, she recalled more and more from the trying ordeal, wishing most fervently that Mrs. Page was at home to go with her, as a protector, for she believed that she would attend her in this hour of bitter trial, even though she might not approve of what she contemplated.

Once she resolved that she would take one of the servants; then she reasoned that it would be a great risk—it might result in Ned's arrest, trial and conviction, followed by long years of imprisonment, and she would

always feel that she had doomed him to the wretched fate.

At all, she went to see him so alone; and, finally putting aside all personal feeling, she decided that she would hazard everything for the sake of comforting Ned and possibly persuading him to do what was right.

At half-past seven she went to her room, telling Mary, the second girl, that she did not wish to be disturbed again that night; if Mrs. Page returned to say that she was better, and hoped to be quite herself in the morning.

Then, locking herself in, she donned a dark street dress and hat, and tied a thick brown shawl over her face, after which she stole softly out of the house without attracting the attention of any one.

She had a latch-key which Mrs. Page had given to her when she first came to Halifax, therefore she knew that she would have no difficulty in getting in again, and hoped that no one would be the wiser for her night's adventure.

It lacked just five minutes of eight as she ran lightly down the steps into the street.

The night was cloudy, consequently it was darker than usual at that hour, so that Gertrude did not fear being identified by any one.

She sped along to the corner where she found a carriage standing as she had expected.

The driver was standing by his horses, as if waiting for some one, and when Gertrude uttered the password "Eagle," which she had directed her to use, he responded, respectfully:

"Yes, miss; it's all right, and the gentleman has sent a stewardess to take your company."

He opened the door as he spoke, and Gertrude caught sight of the outlines of a woman's figure seated within the vehicle.

She was greatly relieved, and felt that Ned had been very thoughtful, while she was also very glad that she had not brought a servant along, as she had been tempted to do.

She unhesitatingly entered the carriage, taking the seat opposite her companion, who was of some years, indeed, in proportion. The door was closed, the driver sprang upon his seat, and away they went, through the darkness, at a lively speed.

"You are a stewardess?" Gertrude remarked, after several moments of oppressive silence.

"Yes, marm," was the brief but half-smothered reply.

"What is the name of the vessel to which you belong?"

"Bald Eagle, marm," in the same tone as before.

"Bald Eagle," repeated Gertrude, and conversing with one so taciturn, she used the latter word as a signal.

"Yes, marm."

"The woman did not appear inclined to be very communicative, Gertrude thought; but she was so nervous and excited she felt that she must talk to some one, so she continued her questions.

"When does the vessel sail?" she inquired.

"To-morrow morning, marm."

"What port is she bound for?"

"Athen!—couldn't say, marm, exactly. In some—some foreign port, most likely."

"You have a bad cold, haven't you?" Gertrude observed, for her companion's tones sounded strangely husky and unnatural.

"Ye—ye, marm," supplemented by an embarrassed cough.

The young girl felt there was not much satisfaction in trying to carry on a conversation with one so taciturn, therefore she gave up the attempt, and fell to musing upon the approaching interview with her lover.

The carriage finally stopped, after a rapid drive of perhaps fifteen minutes.

## HEROIC FATHER BROSNAW.

### Work of a Devoted Priest Among Fire Victims.

#### CONSOLATION FOR THE DYING.

One of the most impressive and pathetic sights of the dreadful catastrophe at Hoboken, N. Y., where so many persons perished by fire, was the heroic action of Rev. John Brosnaw, of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary.

Father Brosnaw was walking along the Battery when he heard of the fire.

"Suddenly he saw the fire boat New York coming in under her pier. On her decks were dark forms in an instant he recognized what they were, the forms of men dying, unconscious, men burned or crushed, or half drowned—the evidence of a great disaster."

Sending to the Mission for the holy oils and Viaticum, Father Brosnaw administered conditional absolution to all on board.

"Are there others?" he asked of a fireman.

"Father, there is worse, if you have the nerve to face them. There are men burning to death before one's eyes on the roof of the building."

"My good man," said Father Brosnaw, "if men are suffering and dying there, the place for Christ's mercy is to go, and the consolation of His religion. How can I get there?"

"I will take you, Father," said Captain Roberts, of the tugboat Mutual. The priest started on board and the big tug steamed over to Communipaw flats, where the doomed vessel was slowly settling to the bottom.

The priest, standing in the bow of the tug, sturdily, impressive—a figure to inspire awe in his simple vestments—held up a crucifix before him. It was stern of the setting vessel, he saw right in front of him a human face wearing a look of agony such as the old masters were wont to paint on the pictures they marked "Ecce Homo."

It was the face of a young man, but it looked like the face of seventy, the bloodshot eyes had little of life or intellect left in them. For three hours the man had been in agony—three hours—an eternity!

The good priest's eyes filled with tears. Horrors are not his forte, and standing in the presence of one, it was not so much the horror as the pathos of it, which struck him, though he was keenly sensible to the former. He looked beyond the ghastly spectacle of a human being propped beyond all hope of saving, with coolness and fresh air and health and happiness just beyond his reach, and saw a soul struggling to be free.

He stood on tiptoe and tried to reach the crucifix to the lips of the dying man. But the distance was too great. He uttered the sacred words of peace and benediction.

The dying man opened his eyes. They lit up with the light of understanding. He could not talk English, but he understood the blessing, and with the understanding it seemed as if his face softened and changed and lost its horrible, repellant look.

The tug passed on. From one port hole to another it was pausing long enough for the priest to carry consolation to those within.

The last port hole was empty. At the next to the last were the face and hands of a man, about twenty-seven. The rising water had reached his chin. He was too weak to raise it. He spoke English, and when the priest began to pray for him he cried weakly:

"God bless you, Father! I saw what you were doing, and feared you would not reach me. Christ forgive me."

As the tug's bow rose on a swell the priest reached in and touched the crucifix to the man's black lips. He kissed it, then uttered a long sigh. The creeping water rose. Now the brine reached his eyes. He weakly tried to raise his head above the waves, but lacked the strength, and sank out of sight. Blessed his last prayer answered, the young man had died with faith in his soul.

It was 3 a. m. before Father Brosnaw found there was no further call for his ministrations.

Speaking of the affair, Father Brosnaw said: "I did not stop to inquire whether or not the sufferers were of my religious faith. I administered extreme unction to thirty persons before they were carried to the hospital."

"It seems to me as though I had brought consolation to some of them. Death they knew was certain. There was no way of escape. Many of whom I saw did not seem to be frozen."

They spent their last moments in praying with me.

"Many and splendid were the deeds of heroism during this awful scene. I thank God that it was given to me to carry consolation to some of the dying. These are the terrible emergencies that produce real heroism."

Father Brosnaw is a native of Ireland. He was educated in France and in Rome, and recently came to New York to labor in the mission.—Catholic Transcript.

#### DORSET HUMOR.

### When Hanging Was a Popular Entertainment.

(Continued from page 1.)

A widower in a somewhat prominent position in life had inscribed upon his late wife's tomb, "The light of mine eyes is gone from me." Taking upon himself a second wife with remarkable promptitude, a Dorset yokel scribbled as his comment upon the text set forth upon the tablet, "But he soon struck another match."

A kind-hearted and wealthy man who had from small beginnings built up a large fortune, was to allow the public to freely traverse two of his estates. He had put up a notice, asking for good conduct from his visitors, and stating that "the two estates is the property of So-and-so, Esq." Some humorous passer-by struck out the word "is" and wrote over it "am."

The owner of the property, seeing the alteration, turned to a friend who was with him, and in all innocence asked, "Which is right?" His companion gently suggested that it might be even better if the word "are" was substituted.

Mr. Francis Fane, who first sat for Dorchester in 1740, was desperately fond of practical joking and traveling one day to London inside the coach, the heavily-laden pocket in the coat-tail of the Dorchester barber, who was outside, hung down temptingly near the open window. Mr. Fane could not resist the opportunity of slipping the barber's pocket and extracting its contents, which proved to be a large packet of bank notes, which had been entrusted to the barber to deliver safely in London. When the barber discovered his loss his dismay was great, and after he had been reduced to a state of desperation, Mr. Fane produced the packet of notes, and by way of amends proposed to give the barber a dinner at the White Horse Cellar in London. The dinner took place on the afternoon fixed for the barber's return to Dorchester, and the barber, waxing mellow, plied with good liquor, Mr. Fane assisted him into the night coach for Dorchester in a Ford.

What to the barber the bewilderment he had in the early hours of the morning could not tell, he found his local landmark, the town pump, hard by which was his sign.

Times were tougher in those days than now. "Hanging" were those days looked forward to as a pleasant break in the dullness of life. Said an old Dorset shepherd, pointing to where the gibbet stood on the wild downs near Cranbourne, "A hanging was a pretty sight when I was a boy, for the sheriff and javein men came a horseback, and they all stopped for refreshment at the inn nearby, as they'd come a long way, and we all had a drink." And did the man who was going to be hanged have anything?

"Lor! yes, sir, as much strong beer as he liked, and then they hanged him, and then they buried him by the gibbet."

The gay wit of Lord Alington needs no burlesque. When County Councils were no burlesque, in 1880, Lord Alington stood for a division in Dorset as a County Councillor, and had for an opponent a country parson from the neighborhood. The parson, carried away by the fervor of the contest, told his would-be constituents, in somewhat rhetorical language, that he "was prepared to defend them." In spite of this generous offer, when the contest was over, it was found that Lord Alington had been returned by a thumping majority. In his address that evening to the electors, thanking them for his election, Lord Alington humorously said that he had no intention whatsoever of dying for his constituents, he meant to live for them, and he thought that they had shown, by electing him, that they considered that "a live lord was better than a dead parson."

#### Chinese Learning.

There is much to be learned after the world captures China. Many scientists believe that the nucleus of great events is imbedded amid the mysteries of that great region of country, which may not be so benighted as is generally supposed. The preservation of grapes to make use of one illustration of Chinese industry, is one of the many things that is only known in that country. Millions have been spent in civilized countries in futile attempts to preserve this fruit. (The Chinese have known the secret for many centuries, and millions more have been vainly used in the effort to drag from them the recipe.)

## CHAFING AND ITCHING SKIN

### Exasperated by Summer Heat, Become Intolerable—Relief is Prompt and Cure Certain When Dr. Chase's Ointment is Used.

To many fleshy people summer is the time of much misery from chafing and skin irritation. Some complain particularly of sore feet, caused by perspiration while walking. Others suffer from itching skin diseases, such as eczema, salt rheum, rash, or hives.

Persons who have tried Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching or irritated skin are enthusiastic in recommending it to their friends, because it is the only preparation which affords instant relief and speedily brings about a thorough cure.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Chase's Ointment has come to be considered the standard preparation for itching skin diseases, and has by far the largest sale of any similar remedy.

Try it when the feet are chafed and sore with walking. Try it when the skin is chafed, inflamed and irritated. Try it for pimples, blackheads, hives, eczema, salt rheum, and every form of itching skin diseases. It cannot fail you.

Mr. John Broderick, Newmarket, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled for thirty years with salt rheum. I used many remedies and was treated by physicians all that time, but all failed to cure me. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get relief, but all in vain. My son brought me a trial sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I found great relief, and had the first night's rest in years. It stopped the itching immediately. One box cured me. Publish these facts to suffering humanity."

Mr. M. A. Smith, Brockville, Ont., writes: "I suffered many years with chafing, burning and itching of the skin, and never found anything to do me good, or even give me relief, until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. I would advise all sufferers, and especially bicycle riders, to always have it on hand."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has never yet been known to fail to cure piles. It is the only remedy guaranteed to cure piles of every form. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman-Bates & Co., Toronto.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES  
TORONTO