

THE FROZEN FIFTE.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER VII.

I AM STARTLED BY A DISCOVERY.

In this uneasy posture, despite the intense cold, I continued to sleep soundly during the greater part of the night. I was awakened by a horrid dream of some shape stalking down the slope of ice to seize and devour me, and sat up trembling with horror that was not a little increased by my inability to recollect myself, and by my therefore conceiving the canvas that covered me to be the groping of the ogre's hand over my face.

I pushed the sail away and stood up, but had instantly to sit again, my legs being terribly cramped. A drink of spirits helped me; my blood presently flowed with briskness.

The moon was in the west; she hung large, red and distorted, and shed no light save her reflection, that waved in the sea under her like several lengths of undulating red-hot wire. My haven was still very tranquil—the boat lay calm; but there was a deeper tone in the booming sound of the distant surf, and a more menacing note in the echoing of the blows of the swell along this side of the coast, whence I concluded that, despite the fairness of the weather, the heave of the deep had while I slept gathered a greater weight, which might signify stormy wind not very many leagues away.

The pale stare of the heights of ice at that red and shapeless disk was shocking. "Oh," I cried aloud, as I had once cried before, "but for one, even but for one companion to speak to!"

I had no mind to lie down again. The cold indeed was cruelly sharp, and the smoke sped from my mouth as though I held a tobacco-pipe betwixt my teeth.

I got upon the ice and stepped about it quickly, darting searching glances into the gloom to left and right of the setting moon; but all lay bare, bleak and black.

I pulled off my stout gloves with the hope of getting my fingers to tingle by handling the snow; but it was frozen so hard I could not scrape up with my nails as much as a half-dozen of flakes would make.

What I got I dissolved in my mouth and found it brackish; however, I suspected it to be sweeter and perhaps not so stonily frozen higher up, where there was less chance of the salt spray mingling with it, and I resolved when the light came to fill my empty beer-bottles with salt and pounded sugar for use hereafter—that is, if it should prove sweet; as to melting it, I had indeed a tinder box and the means of obtaining fire, but no fuel.

It seemed as if the night had only just descended, so tardy was the dawn. Outside the slanting wall of ice that made my haven the swell swept past in gurgling, bubbling, drowning sound, dismal and ghastly, as though in truth some such ogre as the monster I had dreamed of lay suffocating there. I welcomed the cold coloring of the east as if it had been a ship, and watched the stars dying to the dim and sifting dawn behind it, against which the outline of the cliffs ran in a broken streak of ink. The rising of the sun gave me fresh life. The ice flashed out of its slatish hue into a radiant white, the ocean changed into a rich blue that seemed as violet under the paler azure of the heavens; but I could now see that the swell was heavier than I had suspected from the echo of its remote roaring in the north. It ran steadily out of the north-east. This was miserable to see; for the line of its running was directly my course, and if I committed myself to it in that little boat the impulse of the long and swinging folds could not but set me steadily southward, unless a breeze sprang up in that quarter to blow me towards the sun. There was a small current of air stirring—a mere trickle of wind from the north-west.

I made up my mind to climb as high as I could; taking the oar with me to serve as a pole, that I might view the ice and the ocean round about and form a judgment of the weather by the aspect of the sky, of which only the western part was visible from my low strand. But first I must break my fast. I remember bitterly lamenting the lack of means to make a fire, that I might obtain a warm meal, and a hot drink and dry my gloves, coat and breeches, to which the damp of the salt clung tenaciously. Had this ice been land, though the most desolate, gloomy, repulsive spot in the world, I had surely found something that would burn.

I sat in the boat to eat, and while thus occupied pondered over this great field of ice, and wondered how so mighty a berg should travel in such compacted bulk so far north—that is so far north from the seat of its creation. Now leisurely and curiously observing it, it seemed to me that the north part of it, from much about the spot where my boat lay, was formed of a chain of icebergs knitted one to another in a consolidated range of irregular low steps. The beautiful appearance of spires, towers, and the like seemed as if they had been formed by an upheaval as of an earthquake, of splinters and bodies as of the frozen stuff; for, so far as it was possible for me to see from the low shore, wherever these radiant and lovely figures were assembled I noticed great rents spacious caverns, narrow and

embowed glass painted as eyes, the colors faded. He had a broad belt round his waist, and the hilt of a kind of cutlass peeped from under his cloak; otherwise he was unarmed. I thought he breathed, and seemed to see a movement in his breast, and I took him by the shoulder; but in the hurry of my feelings I exerted more strength than I was sensible of. I pushed him with the violence of sudden trepidation; my hand slipped off his shoulder, and he fell on his side exactly as a statue would, preserving his posture as though, like a statue, he had been chiselled out of marble or stone.

I started back frightened by a sort of life; but it was soon clear to me his rigidity was that of a man frozen to death. His very hair and beard stood stiff, as before, as though they were some exquisite counterfeit in ebony. Perfectly satisfied that he was dead, I stepped round to the other side of him, and set him up as I had found him. He was as heavy as if he had been alive, and when I put his back to the rock his posture was exactly as it had been, that of one deeply meditating.

(To be continued.)

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING.

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HAY.

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and cheap by Car Load delivered along line of

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WILLIAM MURRAY.

Chatham, Nov. 1st, '88.

GIFFORD SAYRE, M. D.,

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Bowel, Kidney and Liver, carrying

off gradually without weakening the

system, all the impurities and foul

humors of the secretions; at the same

time Correcting Acidity of the

Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia,

Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn,

Constipation, Dryness of the

Throat, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many

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ULSTERINGS.

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TWEEDS

Fancy Woolen Goods,

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White and Grey Cottons,

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JAMES BROWN.

Newcastle, Nov. 7th, 1888.

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The subscriber has on hand and will sell

TROTTER'S SULKY, weight 45 lbs; also 2

HOBBS one four years old, bred by "Zula

Chief," 1100 lbs. offers good, and one 12 year

old, weight from eight to twelve hundred lbs.

R. FLANAGAN

Chatham, Sept. 5 1888.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

The subscriber has on hand and will sell

TROTTER'S SULKY, weight 45 lbs; also 2

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WINTER Arrangement.

On and after WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28th, until further notice, trains will run on the

above Railway, daily, as follows:

CHATHAM TO FREDERICTON. FREDERICTON TO CHATHAM.

2:20 P.M. 2:20 P.M.

Chatham Junction 8:00 a.m. Fredericton 7:10 a.m.

Blackville 8:40 " " Marville 7:55 "

Blacktown (arrive 11:15) 11:35 " " Cross Creek 9:05 "

Blacktown 12:30 " " Blackville 10:30 "

Cross Creek 2:40 " " Blacktown (arrive 11:30) 11:55 "

Blackville 3:40 " " Chatham Junction (arrive 2:40) 3:05 P.M.

Fredericton 3:45 " " Chatham (arrive) 3:30 "

The above trains will also stop when signalled at the following flag stations: Nelson, Derby

Siding, Upper Nelson Brook, Chatham, Dry Rapids, Upper Blackville, Blissett, Stewart's, Lur-

ow, Asile Crossing, Clearwater, Portage Road, Forster Siding, Upper Cross Creek, Covel Bridge,

Zionville, Durham, Newmarket, Manoir's Siding, Pennicook.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with the INTERCOLONIAL

RAILWAY for points east and west, and at Blackville with the

N. B. RAILWAY system for St. John and all Western points; also at Cross Creek 15th Stage for

Stanley.

CHATHAM RAILWAY.

WINTER 1888-9.

On and after MONDAY, NOV. 26th, trains will run on this Railway in connection

with the INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY, daily, (Sunday nights excepted) as follows:

GOING NORTH. THROUGH TIME TABLE.

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

1:10 P.M. 1:10 P.M.

Leave Chatham 12:10 a.m. 12:30 p.m.

Arrive Chatham 1:10 " 1:30 "

Leave Chatham 1:10 " 1:30 "

Arrive Chatham 1:40 " 2:00 "

Leave Chatham 1:40 " 2:00 "

Arrive Chatham 2:40 " 3:00 "

Leave Chatham 2:40 " 3:00 "

Arrive Chatham 3:40 " 4:00 "

Leave Chatham 3:40 " 4:00 "

Arrive Chatham 4:40 " 5:00 "

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Arrive Chatham 5:40 " 6:00 "

Leave Chatham 5:40 " 6:00 "

Arrive Chatham 6:40 " 7:00 "

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Leave Chatham 10:40 " 11:00 "</