AT LOVE'S COMMAND.

By John A. Steuart.

"I know more about fowling-pieces than pistols," I a wered, taking one with a trembling hand. Well, well, you'll soon get used to it. Nothing trains a man with the pistol like knowing he may be turned into a target at less than a moment's

"And do you really mean to say there's danger ?' "That's just as you look at it. If the risk of being killed without prayers is danger, then we are not in the safest place on earth. That's a good one, Mr. Kilgour; take it with you." I stowed the weapon away while he rummaged in the box. "Here, will you have one of these ?" he asked, a moment later, holding up

a sheaf of daggers. But they were too suggestive, and I declined the "Well, well, so be it," he remarked, had my sconce dented in the bunk, putting back daggers and pistols into and Mr. Watson swept the floor with their place. "Since you won't have a his back like a kind of incontinent dagger, I suppose it's no use offering you a sword. No, I thought so. Well, now for the copestone of the counsel," he continued, standing erect and looking me straig'et in the eyes. "Don't with the cat-like agility of a sailor, let anyone get too familiar. The moment you smeil trouble, draw and blaze away. If you don't kill, you will be respected; if you do kill, it's but justice anyway. If you deliberate, you're lost. And, now, lest they should suspect a plot, let's go out," saying which he opened the door and

we went on deck. For the rest of that day I was hot, nervous, depressed, and ill at ease, yet with a certain feeling of consequence. Firearms give courage as the saddle confers authority. The touch of my pistol hilt thrilled me, and many a time did I surreptitiously slip in my hand just to gain assurance by grasp-

I kept, as you may think, a keen eye on the crew, for though there was not a whit more danger now than there had been from the beginning, I detect-ed treachery and a murderous intent in every act and look of the men. I expected bloodshed, and tried to convince myself I was prepared for it.

But indeed it was to matter little to me whether I were armed or not. The feeling of heat and depression grew upon me hour by hour. At first I naturally referred it to my conversa-I was mistaken. I went to bed deadly sick, to toss in feverish paroxysms on us. Wind and fire and water, all aid ever plummet sound," coffined in visit. Nor was I disappointed. ing I was so giddy that on attempting | that, we're waterlogged and the into rise I staggered and sank to the floor. When I gathered myself together, the room was whirling like a huge spinning-wheel, carrying me with it in its gyrations. Steadying myself a little, I managed to crawl back to my berth on hands and knees, my eyes well-nigh sightless and my brows throbbing as if there were steam machinery inside. My skin burned with a prickly heat, and my throat and tongue were

parched, sore, and swollen.
"I am in for it," I groaned. "God in heaven, and in such a hole as this!" And presently when Mr. Watson looked in to see why I was not get-ting up my worst fears were confirm-

"I'm devilish sorry to see this," he said, after examining me and hearing my symptoms. "You've got the fever that Portuguese chap died of. You brought it on board with you. It was raging in some quarters of the city. I'm devilish sorry, we're so ill off for medicine, or indeed, for anything that a sick body needs. But we'll do our best. I'll make you comfortable, and then I'll send the captain to see you.' In the course of half an hour or so the captain came in, looked at me for a moment as he would at a sick beast. asked some perfunctory questions, and left me. A little later the mate, too, came in, and his kindness was, if possible, more cruel than the captain's

"There's no saying how this may go, you know, Mr. Kilgour," he said, after lying in his throat by saying he was sorry for me. "Fevers on board ship are bad at any time. They're doubly bad on East India traders. There's little room, evil smells, no resources, and the devil for a physician. If you have any message you would like delivered to your friends or anything to return to Scotland, I am at

A man may be dying, but it hurts him to be brutally told so. For the first time in my existence I appreciated the boon of life, of the simple privilege of continuing to be and of the sovereign balm of sympathy. I shook with fright, and great beads broke out on my brow. Yet neither sickness nor fear could keep off anger. To die with fortitude, to renounce hopes, schemes, ambitions, to lay down life in its rosy morning hours, when the world is full of promise of bliss-to do this at a moment's notice and with resignation is possible, but it is not in human nature to be grateful for cruelty. The disease had not yet wholly mastered my spirit. There was one fierce spark left, and so, rising on my elbow and speaking in a voice that trembled and quivered, I ordered the "Go," I said. "Let me never look

come to die pray you have a better He went without a sign of compassion or contrition, indeed, with a smirk of disdain, and I, falling back with a feeling of being forsaken by God and man, lost heart, and a scalding torrent soaked the coarse blankets. And | momentary rifts in the careering bilmemory. The thwarted plans of my father, the unheeded sorrow of my mother, were as arrows of fire in my soul. Fate had indeed permitted me to please myself, but she was now exacting payment, and the payment was

on your face again. And when you

I had a feeling. I say, of being forsaken, but in the graciousness of Providence I had a friend even now. Not long after the mate left me, Mr. Watson returned, gave me some medicine, spoke cheerfully to me, telling me to keep up my heart, for that many a man had fever on shipboard and lived long years afterward to tell the tale. But I could see that out of his humanthoughts, and so I determined if pos-

sible to get at them. "You have seen cases of this sort before," I said. "Is it serious? Be plain, and tell me if you think I have a chance to pull through.' He seemed unwilling to answer the question, which, of course, was an incentive to me to press him. If you don't answer," I said, "I'll

know it's because you're afraid to tell me the worst.' "You know the old proverb, Mr. Kilgour," he returned, slowly, "that while there's life there's hope."
"Just so," I said, "and that in cases like mine doesn't mean much, or, rather, it means a great deal." "I will not mislead you, Mr. Kil-

gour," he rejoined, shifting about un-easily on his feet. "I think you have a bad attack, and this is a foul hole, and we are without proper remedies. But then you are young and have a good constitution, and that, as any doctor will tell you, is worth gallons of

drugs."

"Thank you," I said. "I wanted your candid opinion." And now, when I thought there was no chance of life, I grew calmer. Indeed, my fear almost vanished, for, as the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, there is hardly an evil but brings its anodyne with it.

Mr. Watson left me abruptly, but presently he came back, carrying a book in his hand. It happened to be Sunday evening, and I fancied he was going to empley his leisure in reading a story to me. But it was a Bible, not a story-book, that the good soul

held in his hand. "I have been a good many years away from Scotland, Mr. Kilgour," he said, rather sheepishly, sidling up to my bed, "but I haven't quite forgotten toms of my native land, and I am going to do now what, I think, your mother would be well pleased with."

And, sitting down on the edge of my berth, he began to read. His voice was not very steady, and he coughed a good deal more than seemed at all As for me, I listened in a dreamy, half-conscious state, feeling no fear,

only dimly pitying the reader, whose emotion was so keen. When he had finished reading, he bent over me, stroking back my hair. "It's got the golden glint of boyhood in it yet," he murmured, and then, lower and very huskily, "Would you like me to pray?" It was a trouble to speak, so I held out my hand, caught kis, and pressed it by way of answer. He returned the pressure, looking down upon my hand and caressing it for a moment, then, holding it softly but firmly between his rough palms, he went on his knees. When he rose, something at the porthole seemed suddenly to attract his attention. He stared hard a tremendous broadside hurled me back I the cradle of her firstborn.

faced, side-long glance at me. "Damme, if I've played the parson for years before," he laughed, furtively drawing the back of his hand across his eyes, then, as if fearing an answer, he hurried away.

It might be that same evening, or it might be some days or even a week later, for I have but a dim and confused memory of that period, that he came to me with a terrified face, saying the ship was in imminent peril. His speech was not immediately intelligible, for I seemed to be recovering from a stupor, but at length I caught the word "waterspout," and even to my dull sense it sounded ominous. Hardly had the word passed his lips when the brig shook to her centre as a cannon was fired on deck. "That's to try to break it," he said.

'Good God," he cried, in the same

breath, but in a tone that was start-

lingly different, "it's apon us! Mate, this means hell and destruction." Instantaneously there was a great rash, as if a sudden blow had rent ur tenbers, and the brig flew up at the bows like a fisherman's punt when a heavy weight is swung on behind. I besom. When in the rebound the stern went up in turn, I fell back to my place breathless and helpless, and the supercargo, scrambling to his feet

made desperately for the companion-Then for an instant the vessel seemed to lie still, but the next she was reeling and dancing like an eggshell in a boiling caldron. Now she would rear from the bows, now from the stern, then tumble on her beam ends, careening till mast and keel must have been level, then rebound, then spring, shaking herself like a thing demented with pain, and all the while she cried and groaned in every timber with a terrorizing, human-like sense of the pangs of dissolution. I clung to my bunk with all my feeble might, unable to discern anything clearly, yet con-scious in spite of darkness and terror

of the swish of water rushing through the open door. After awhile Mr. Watson came back. His face was very white and his manner excited. I looked at him beseechingly for news, for in the tumult I could not hope to make myself heard. He did not keep me long in suspense. "Smashed by the stern!" he shouted, at the pitch of his voice, bending over me as he held on by the side of my berth. "The spout hit us, carrying with it masts and rigging, and now we're reeling in the grip of a tor-

fernal crew threatening to take to the boats. Captain's keeping them at it with the pistol. Keep you still; I'll There was a pang in the thought that come back again." I could say nothing, I could do nothing, only lie and listen to the raging in the great lull, the lasting quiet that of pandemonium and speculate what would come of it all. Presently Mr. Watson returned, his face whiter than

"The brig's done for," he shouted. "The first blow killed her. It's ter-I have been through simoon and tornado and never saw anything like this. They're going to batten down, though heaven knows why. I must run. But don't you be frightened; I'll not desert you.'

He bolted up the companionway, and the hatches closed with a bang. I passed an eternity hearkening in the darkness, which the lightning made lurid, expecting every moment to feel the sction and hear the gurgle of death as the ship went down. But we were dying hard.
By and by I began to think the fury of the tempest was abating and that the movements of the brig were stead-

ier. Then I wondered why they were keeping me closed down there like a rat in its hole. Another eternity passed ere there was any evidence that I was remembered. At last the hatches were thrown open, and I looked with joyful and frantic eagerness for Mr. Watson. To my horror, he did not Sicker with fear than disease, I got to my elbow to listen. In a momentary lull of the blast I heard the rattle of ropes on the ship's side, and then a splash, as if some flat-bottomed object had struck the water. A terrible fear, a terrible suspicion, struck into my vitals, and weak as I was I rose, and groping my way through the darkness to a porthole thrust my face against the glass. There were boats alongside, and the officers and crew, who looked like demons in the livid light, were struggling and fighting to get into them. With the frenzy of death, twisting and tugging and tearing, I tried to open the port, but the screws were stiff and my fingers nerveless, and I failed. Then. my face against the glass, I shrieked as only a lost man can. The next instant the glass was in shivers, and I was imploring those without not to abandon me. But the tempest drowned my voice. No one heard-at least, no one heeded me. One by one in the hellish conflagration of sea and sky

CHAPTER VII.

the boats rowed away, leaving me

alone on the sinking brig.

WIDE SEA." By the glare of streaming fires I could watch the boats driving deliriously before the wind, which still blew with hurricane force. To any eve but that sharpened by the terror of despair the flying, leaping specks would not have been distinguishable from there smote upon my conscience the was no ocean and no sky, but high lightning-like stroke of an accusing and low a whirling chaos of foam and spray, with gleams of ghastly green in the breaking mountains and of hellish lividness in the swirling chasms and shattering crests.

The din was as the crack of doom. Sea and thunder crashed together as if the universe were splitting and rending, the wicked treble of the tempest breaking in at times like the spiteful screams of congregated demons exulting in the work of destruc-The waves, in certain aspects blood and red, and dripping a crimson froth, reared and curled like monstrous snakes as they rushed. trampling, upon the helpless and staggering brig. They seemed alive and mad with a passion to destroy. Leaping upon their victim like the furies broken loose, they would pound her as with steam hammers, then catch her and throw her aloft as if to see her go to pieces in the fall; then, disappointed at her toughness, hurl her headlong into a boiling gulf, and as she floundered heavily fling themselves afresh upon her in a frenzied effort to put her forever out of sight. Then there would be a swift recoil and a momentary pause, but only because the infuriated waters were gathering for a fiercer and deadlier attack. Rallying in piled up, seething masses, on they would come again in vreathed and yeasty avalanches, burying her deep and crushing and tearing

tighter sailer than many a craft with a prouder head and a better reputa-Smothered and pelted and tossed, only the tenseriess of grip which the fear of death gives to nerve and muscle could have held me in my place. As often as I had vent I shrieked in competition with the storm-shrieked till my voice failed me, and my cry sank to the hoarse, gasping rattle that tere chest and throat as raw as if barbed cylinders revolved inside. My situation was the more cruel that I had strength enough to feel, and none to act. Had I been myself, I should have been on deck in an instant, and headlong into the surging wilderness in pursuit of the deserters. My fate would have been soon decided, for the swimmer did not exist who could that night have escaped the devouring maw of the sea. But there would have been an instant's diversion in battling and a speedy end to suffering. As it was, even the solace of making an effort was denied me, so I stood there with my head crushed into the porthole and the jagged edges of the broken glass like saws in my flesh, battered, buffeted, choked by There are those-miserable philoso-

her timbers till she groaned and cried

like a thing in the last agony. How

good sailer she must have been in spite

of her ugly looks and evil name, a

she lived was a marvel. A right

seas, yet frantically straining to hold on and to hail the quickly vanishing Every fibre in my body shook with a mortal weakness and terror. My fingers were getting cramped and paisied; my breath was gone to a gásp, yet ever as my strength waned the desire to shout for succour became the desire to shout for succour became the more desperate. Have you ever seen a spent animal panting with open mouth for a little aid in its extremity? starving and drink to the parched. Even so I panted then with distended | Again and again I sucked in the debut voiceless lips. I would have given | licious cordial, feeling its grateful efa million worlds, had I owned them, fects in the uttermost fibres of my for the return of my voice just for frame. When I had inhaled till I was an instant to make one last appeal dizzy, I leaned forward as far as I for help that would rise above the could and feasted my eyes on the glitvoice of the storm. But my weakness | tering water now rolling lazily in big on, or address dcomed me to silence.

the pitching ship and the breaching

with a bellyful of salt water. I scrainbled up, sputtering, to hit and knocked down again. The second time I rose with greater difficulty, and clutching dizzly at the porthole, looked over the weltering flame-lit waste. There were no boats. Either the sea had swallowed them, or they were hidden in the scudding mist of spray. In either case they were lost to me. A sudden sickness seized me, my head got strangely light, the din fell to a far off murmur, and slipping my feeble hold I sank splashing into the water on the floor. A period of unconsciousness must have followed, for I remember no more until, half crawling, half swimming, and in utter darkness, somehow got back to my berth. Then, with my mind settled in the conviction of a doom that was not to be averted, no words could tell the

I thought it would really have been an act of humanity on the part of my late companions to have thrown me into the sea or drawn a sharp blade across my throat. Either would have ended my tortures quickly, whereas I



had now to be looking into the face of a death advancing upon me by irches. To be tortured thus is to die many times. But the brig could not long hold out, and when she should I closed my burning eyes, feeling that ro light would ever more fall on them till that light rose that shall not fade away. Ere the morrow the black hulk of the engulfed brig, and no mortal should ever look on my grave among the green and slimy things that strew the Indian ocean. no one could mark the place where I slept. But that pang, too, must pass was at hand. I lay very still, for there was no

longer any motive to move. The tempest was evidently much abated, though the waves were still leaping madly against the ship's sides, and sometimes making clean breaches over her. I wondered why she held so long afloat. But doubtless she was going steadily, if slowly, down. She would sink gradually for awhile, then in the crucial moment, when the flood should have gained a proper hold, she would descend headlong with a dizzy gurgle and swirl as if sucked by the lips of the maelstrom. I could anticipate the mction, and my own sensations in the embrace of death. There would be a momentary, involuntary effort to hold back, a gasping for breath, a brief pain as of one choking, a sudden giddiness fading swiftly into unconsciousness, and then absolute peace. I wished that the ordeal were not so long delayed. I wished that the hurricane might blow anew, and that the billows would rise and overwhelm us at once, so faithless is man in ex-

But no fresh hurricane came, only after a great while there was a loud sudden splash by my berth side, followed by a sharp cry that made me start in alarm, though why I should be alarmed who had nothing worse to fear nor better to hope than of death, is a question I cannot answer. Start, however, I did, with a frightened look into the blackness of darkness about me to see what uncanny thing this might be that was disturbing my parting hour. I could of course see nothing, but presently I understood from the splashing and squealing that the rats were prowling around, and were greatly disgusted at finding the cabin floor under water. As for me, I was glad of their company. "If the creatures could only speak to me," I said to myself. "If we

could only exchange sympathies and converse together on our fate, there would be some satisfaction even yet." And as I lay listening to their interchange of sentiments, which to my ear seemed to express disappointment, thought of the marvellous instinct, amounting almost to intuition, which is attributed to rats in regard to sinking ships. An old story occurred to me. A vessel had foundered in midocean, the crew took to the boats, even like the crew of the Bird of Paradise, ALONE, ALONE, ALL, ALL and as the last man was stepping off ALONE; ALONE ON A WIDE, a company of rats appeared, and without ceremony or hesitation leaped into the boats with the men. The ship was going down, and they knew it. My companions were doubtless endowed with this instinct also. What if the brig were not sinking after all? It seems an absurd thing to take any comfort from the actions of rats, and yet a wild hope that I might still be saved thrilled through my in that moment of dire punishment, lows, for in that terrific scene nothing heart. One hope begets another. I grew with my growing strength, and as if present evils were not enough, was distinct, nothing individual. There went on to think that, since the brig my strength increased hourly. was settling down so very slowly she might keep afloat till we should be discovered. A drowning man clutches

at straws, and hope, as the poet says, springs eternal in the human breast. Well for us that it is so. The thought that I might be rescued kept with me through the long hours of darkness, and when the morning light returned and found me in no worse plight than I had been in at sunset on the previous evening my hope strengthened. My physical strength increased with my mental, and when the sun was fully up, the sun I had not extranscendently glorious it was after that night in the tomb to feel the warmth and mystic potency of the returning light.

In the first great burst of joy I won-dered why I should ever have been de-pressed, so inexplicable do despair and dismal thoughts become to us in moments of supreme exaltation. My heart welled into my eyes in thankful- it had pulled down, the unfurled sails ness as I drank in the full deep draught of happiness, and yet I was so full of wonder that more than once I doubted whether the whole thing were not a vision, a trick of the imagination. It was as if Plato's fantastic dream were realized, and after ages of immurement in a subterranean cell a man were brought forth to behold the rising sun for the first time. Yet the illustration is incomplete, for while Plato's supposititious character would have been overwhelmed with awe I was filled with gladness. The creature of Plato's dream would have veiled his face in terror before the sun's majesty. I thrust mine forward in eager and rapturous welcome. I had risen from the dead. Here was the joyous exuberance of life again. I lived, and that was enough I saw the east kindling with a divine illumination that was as the light of a resurrection morn. Higher and higher the blaze of glory rose, till the flood of life had mounted to the zenith and held undisputed sway. Death had vanished. The world was born anew, fresh, lusty, jubilant as on that primal morning when the Omnipotent said, "Let there be light." When the great orb showed the edge of its flamacross the ocean to the derelict brig. It came like a kiss of salutation, benediction, a promise of life. Then

will find an ar swer to their silly ques-With my new-found strength I tried the screws which had baffled me in the breath, which was as meat to the smooth billows that rocked the brig In a sudden darkness the shock of almost as gently as a mother rocks

as the sun rose slowly, monarch of the

world, and the waves of light, inex-

pressibly beautiful and holy, came

rolling toward me, I was ready to cry

out in worship. O God, how sweet is

life after death-paradise after pit!

phers-who ask with sapient wisdom

whether life is worth living. Toss

them into danger, and I dare say they

t know not whether it was the peculiarity of my disease or whether the newborn hope gave such fresh vitality to my system as enabled it to throw the fever off, or whether it was owing the first delirium of joy had passed. there came a short period of depression and relapse, but I strove to keep up my courage, and the feeling of convalescence soon returned.

My improvement may be judged

from the fact that ere long I began to think there are worse things in the JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK. world than a morsel of food. I got out of my berth, and, after some rummaging on hands and knees, I discovered a box of biscuits, for happily I had ample provisions on board, awful sense of desolation that fell upcrew at their departure having bemore afraid of drowning than of getting hungry. My fare was rather dry, and not so much as might be supposed to suit the taste of a sick person, but I gnawed with so much relish that when the first biscuit was done I took up another; it, too, was finished. Then I took a drink of wa-

ter, bathed my hands and head, and felt much revived. So much was I restored indeed that it occurred to me to go on deck, and take my reckonings, and see how the crippled brig looked, and perhaps hoist a signal of distress. But that proving an enterprise still beyond my strength had another mouthful of fresh air and returned to bed. Lying there I tried to judge of the ship's condition by her movements, but these guided me to no conclusion save what I might have arrived at without taking them into account-namely, that since she had floated through the storm she might continue to float in the calm and that I might still be saved. So my courage remained good. That day I passed in a sort of dream.

had greatly troubled me in the earlier stages of the disease, was now clear, albeit occasionally rather light. I continued to enjoy the boon of fresh air, having by this time opened every port I could get at. When night fell, I was lonely, but untroubled by the multitude of horrors which had weighed upon me all the previous night. Nor on this second night was I doomed to darkness. During my peregrinations in the day go down, all would be instantly over. I had found an oil lamp, which, after careful trimming and lighting, I swung

> On the approach of darkness I lighted it, then lay and waited for the rats. squeak, then a furtive scraping, and half a minute later a whiskered gentleman peered cautiously in to see how matters might stand. Being in a fantastic humour, I called on him to enter, which, of course, had the effect of sending him instantly into hiding. But presently he came back, bringing a companion with him to keep up his heart, and the two standing just outside the door cocked their heads very wisely and surveyed the apartment. Then they retired as if for consultation, then came advancing boldly into the centre of the floor, but catching sight of me scampered off in great alarm. When they returned after the space of some minutes, they were accompanied by numerous friends, and the entire body reconnoitred, now advancing, now retiring, and all the time

from a rope in the centre of the cabin.

I threw a shower of crumbled biscult, with which I had provided myself, on the floor, and they made off again; but, gaining courage, presently they came back, and with many cautious looks and squeaking whispers. began tentatively to nibble. The second shower disturbed them less than the first, the third less than the second, and the fourth hardly at all. By the time the sixth fell they were quite at home and feasting royally. I should say the whole company did not number more than a score, though to judge by the chatter there might have been several hundreds. The banquet lasted for fully half an hour, and I am sure the host enjoyed it quite as much as the guests. Having finished the feast, they slipped quietly away, judging it good manners evidently to take their departure with as little fuss as

Next night they returned with in-

keeping up a running commentary of

reased confidence and good will, and indeed every night so long as we remained on the brig they came to cheer my solitude and eat their supper. We gradually got so familiar that toward the close of our strange companionship they evinced no fear or bashfulness whatever in my presence, but ate as if they knew they were welcome, hardly even getting out of my way when I moved about the cabin. Had we continued long enough together, I am confident I could not only have taught them to love me, but to gambol and perform tricks. As it was, they knew my evening whistle and would come with questioning eyes and looks of expectancy to have their meals. Meanwhile the Bird of Paradise continued miraculously to float. Many days passed ere I could make a survey and ascertain the actual damage she had sustained or what stress of weather she might still be able to stand, but after the first day it was obvious that if the crew had not been cowardly in leaving her they had at least been precipitate. But as I grew accustomed to the loneliness-my hope keeping strong-I was not sorry they had gone; indeed as time ran and I was still safe 'ny fear was that they might spy the brig and return. The wish that I might never look on one of them again, Mr. Watson only exceptedand he, I knew, must have perishedsome time the fever troubled me in the evening, but hope and a good constitution, with a few grains of quinine per day, gradually overcame it, and within a week I was able to make my

way with comparative case about the lower part of the ship. It might have been the fifth or sixth day from the time I was deserted when I managed to crawl up the companionway, and surely never shall I forget the strange, ecstatic feeling that came over me on stepping again into the sunlight and the open air. It was lonely and desolate enough, heaven pected to see again, I leaped from my bed to welcome it, almost forgetting on board a derelict ship in the midst my fever. Had I Shakespeare's gift of the ocean, but even with desolation of expression ten times over I am sure it was returning life, and I was glad could not half tell how sweet, how beyond expression. I stood for awhile at the head of the stair inhaling the balm, then I turned my attention to

the brig. She was as ragged and battered as any craft that ever encountered and survived a hurricane in the tropics. The jib boom was gone, the broken foremast lay over the side entangled in a mass of shrouds and rigging that were hanging in ribbons, showing that the blast had caught us unexpectedly and found us unprepared, and the deck not discover, however, that the hull had suffered very seriously. There were sprung planks and boards indeed, the bulwarks were smashed, as well as part of the after deck, but as these injuries were above the water line they might not mean much. The most serious damage was to the steering gear, which was completely wrecked. The brig lay heavily to one side like a vessel funning close hauled, and she was going so slowly that there was scarce a ripple at her cutwater. My examination increased my hope. So long as the weather held fair I was safe, My survey finished, I sat down on the booby hatch to take the air. The ocean was asleep. There was not a sound in all the wide solitude, nor, so far as I could see, any living thing to break the eternal silence. The brig was all alone, "a speck on sky-shut seas," and a very insignificant speck, too, when you come to think of it. I wonder if any man ever before sailed those seas in a plight like mine or was so utterly alone since Robinson Crusoe built himself a hut on his island. I suppose it is evidence of the inherent cupidity of human nature that very soon I began to think how I should dispose of my goods in the event of my being picked up or of my drifting into some port. Would the profit be honourably mine or ought t to go to Mr. Matheson? Yes, it should be his, for he owned both ship and cargo. I decided to sell the goods. return to Bombay, hand him over his money, report the conduct of his men ar.d turn to my own affairs. My experience had not yet taught me the folly of speculation. Providence had

To be Continued.

decreed that ship and cargo were to

be disposed of in a manner that I lit-

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