

TO MY WIFE.

Sweet lady, queen-star of my life and thought, Whose honor, heart and name are one with mine, Who dost above life's turbulent currents shine...

A DOOMED SHIP.

Out on the broad blue ocean, not far from the equator, thousands of miles from any land, lying motionless on a calm sea, was a dismasted ship.

The day passed slowly, as many days had passed; the sun began to sink lower and lower in the western sky, and once more, like a blood-red shield, it sank into the bosom of the ocean, leaving behind it a flood of orbiculent light...

Suddenly there came from the cuddy window a stream of light, and a man, gaunt and emaciated, peered out on to the deserted deck. A few minutes afterwards another gleam of light shot from a small aperture in the door of the fore-castle deck-house...

For days and weeks—how many, they had no idea, for they had lost all count of time—they had been alone on the pathless deep. At first, they had made the best of their situation; day by day hoping and expecting that succour would come and they should be rescued.

This was the state of affairs three days previous to the opening of this story. The captain was sitting with his eyes apparently closed, and the mate was watching him with eager, hungry eyes.

No succor could reach them he knew while the calm lasted; but this was not the thought that was haunting his mind. "One of them must die—the death of the other would be the preservation of the other."

He sat there eying the captain with a diabolical leer. He was no longer a man, he was a demon. Suddenly he started up; by a revulsion of feeling, which is not uncommon in such cases, he had passed from helpless despondency into furious delirium.

The mate after this grew more furious, and after vainly attempting to enter the cabin, withdrew to the fore-castle and took up his abode there; and now for three days he had been waiting and watching for the captain's death.

To be buried alive has been thought to be beyond question the most painful of all deaths; but it is doubtful if the long-drawn agonies which were being endured by these two men were more painful of the two.

"How long—how long can this last?" moaned Capt. Dunnett, as he sat and gazed out into the night. A painful sort of apathy was stealing over him. He had no hope, he made no effort, he had no longer any wish to live.

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deserted deck, and the two watchers still watched on. Meanwhile, nature had not long been idle. Away, in the distant horizon, great masses of fleecy clouds began to pile themselves up one above another, gradually extending themselves across the northern heavens.

The silent watcher in the cuddy saw nothing, and heard nothing of all this. His head had sunk heavily on his bosom, he slept. Suddenly there was a noise beneath the deck like the scratching of a rat; then, slowly and noiselessly, the trap-hatch under the table was lifted, and through the aperture a head, with curly red hair and fierce eyes, appeared.

All unconscious of his peril, Capt. Dunnett slept on. He had no idea of danger from such a quarter, no idea that the mate had for two days past been laboring with maniacal patience and tenacity to clear an opening through the cargo, and had at length succeeded in making his way to the cabin hatch.

Jarvis stood over his intended victim, his eyes glittering with a diabolic light; the blow was in the act of descending, when his arm was arrested. The cabin was suddenly illuminated with a blue, electric light, and a peal of thunder, loud as the crack of doom, broke over the ship.

The crash of the thunder awoke Capt. Dunnett from his slumbers, and he sprang to his feet. He took in the situation at a glance; and, flinging himself on his would-be murderer, sought to disarm him. The struggle was for dear life, and the mate fought savagely. But at last the captain's superior skill and strength prevailed, and Jarvis was once more at his mercy.

"Strike, man—strike!" shrieked the mate. "It is your life or mine!" "You are mad, Jarvis!" exclaimed the captain. "Yes, I am; but strike, man—strike! Put an end to this torture; I can stand no more of it!"

"No!" cried the captain, throwing him from him. Then he turned and left the cabin, locking the door behind him. Out on the deck a grand and startling sight met his view. The whole of the northern part of the heavens was enveloped in the blackest darkness while the southern half was clear and bright.

For a second or two he stood rooted to the spot. Then in a wild transport of joy, he threw up his arms, and cried: "Saved! Saved! Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!"

All thoughts of Jarvis's diabolical attempts on his life vanished, and in an instant he had unlocked the cuddy door, and, seizing the mate by the arm, dragged him, half-stunned and dazed by his fall, out on to the main deck, and, as another flash of lightning disclosed the brig again to their view, cried: "There! there! See what a merciful Heaven has sent us!"

A second or two afterwards, a vivid flash of lightning moved over the mizzen-mast; it ran down the mast, which tottered, and, with a crash, fell over the side. With the first crash of thunder that followed, Jarvis rushed toward the side, and was in the act of springing into the sea, when Captain Dunnett seized him by the collar, and flung him violently back on the deck, where he lay, stunned and bleeding.

The lightning flashed almost incessantly. The wind came in hot puffs. The brig still held on her course. By this time she was within half a mile of them. But suddenly the hot puffs ceased, and she lay motionless on the water.

All this while Captain Dunnett and the mate, who had soon recovered his consciousness, stood watching her in an agony of suspense. The gloom was rapidly deepening; the clouds were hurrying on; the moon and the stars had all disappeared, and the sky was one vast pall of inky blackness. Broad sheets of lightning now and again shot up from the bosom of the ocean, illuminating the whole mass of sea and clouds with a blue spectral light, which made the portentous aspect of the heavens more visible, while the silence, when unbroken by the thunder, was solemn and oppressive.

But what was curling up from the open hatch in the cabin? It is smoke! At first it came in small wreaths; but now it was pouring out in a great volume.

The ship is on fire! The lightning, which had shivered the mizzen-mast, had descended into the hold and set fire to the cargo, and the conflagration was spreading rapidly.

The two men, when they made this discovery, stood appalled with horror. They knew they were standing, as it were, on a volcano, for, in the magazine below, was stored a quantity of gunpowder, which might explode at any moment and blow the ship to atoms.

The smoke belched forth in large volumes, and now and again a bright, flicker-flame shot up from the hatchway.

In another few minutes the flames were pouring into the cuddy, and the whole structure was on fire. The flame extended, and in less than ten minutes the whole after part of the ship was on fire, the lurid glare lighting up the superincumbent clouds and leading sea, and producing a scene of surpassing grandeur.

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And now another danger was threatening them. Away in the distance there was a dull, sobbing moan, which each minute became more distinct—the tornado was fast approaching.

The last time they had looked at the brig she was lying becalmed; and they had imagined that at the rate the conflagration was extending, there was little chance of succor arriving in time to save them, for now the deck was getting hot under their feet, and the fire had extended to the fore-castle deck-house; but at that moment they were startled by a sharp cry of "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!" and looking in the direction from whence the sound came, they saw a boat, manned with four oars, pulling rapidly towards them.

No time was to be lost; the storm was brewing in the north, and it burst upon them before they reached the ship, their doom was certain. Again, the powder in the hold might explode at any minute, so they hurriedly lowered themselves into the boat and pushed off.

While the second mate was rescuing the two men from the burning ship the captain and mate of the brig were making preparations for the coming gale; and, before the boat had got alongside, the sails had been furled and everything made snug.

Capt. Dunnett and his mate had been kept up by the excitement of the situation, but the moment they were on board the brig they fainted dead off, and were taken below in a state of unconsciousness. This had scarcely been accomplished, and the quarter-boat hoisted up and made fast, when the tornado burst upon them with terrific fierceness. For a few minutes they could neither see nor hear anything but the roaring of the tormented waters, and the howling and thundering of the wind. At first the brig reeled and bent before it; then she rose up, and like a furious steed, dashed on frantically in the wake of the burning wreck.

It was a scene of grandeur and horror, which it would be difficult to equal, and excited awe in every heart. The force of the wind was tremendous, and the two vessels drove on madly before it. The wreck was now one mass of flames, the red glare of which lit up the foaming sea and the sky above, showing the outlines of the brig, and the faces of her crew, with terrible distinctness. The two vessels were running in parallel lines, and were not more than half a mile apart. Suddenly a towering mass of smoke and flame shot up into the sky. This was followed by a terrific report, and then all was black darkness. The powder in the magazine had exploded, and that was the last that was ever seen of the poor doomed ship.

All that night the gale continued, and shortly after daylight it moderated, and by noon it had blown itself out, the clouds rose, and the weather cleared up.

Captain Dunnett and the mate were attended with all the kindness and attention which was necessary for men in their exhausted condition. Jarvis was delirious; and many more restless nights passed before he showed any signs of recovery. But he pulled through at last. The captain was also for a time entirely prostrate; but he, too, gradually regained his strength, and in a fortnight was on deck again.

Poor Jarvis was greatly embarrassed when he first met his old commander. He was naturally of a humane disposition; and now that the frantic passion which was begotten of despair had passed away, he was heartily ashamed of his conduct.

"I was not myself, Capt. Dunnett," he said apologetically. "I was mad with hunger and despair. The devil seemed to have got into my heart; and when I reflect on the thoughts that passed through my mind, and the things I planned during that time, my mind is filled with horror, and I blush with shame when I think of them."

"I am sure you do, Mr. Jarvis," replied the captain soothingly; "but let us forget all about."

"Forget it, Capt. Dunnett!" cried the mate plaintively; "I shall never forget it! The misery and torment of that dreadful time will haunt me to my dying day." "A dreadful time, truly," replied the captain solemnly; "and I can only pray heaven that no other two men may ever be called on to pass through such a dreadful ordeal as we did."

"Amen!" cried the mate.—All the Year Round.

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STEAMER "BELLISLE" WILL LEAVE "HEAD OF BELLISLE," every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7 o'clock, for Indiantown. Returning, will leave wharf at Indiantown every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 12:30 p. m.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. COMPANY. (LIMITED.) SUMMER SAILINGS. On and after 1st June, the CITY OF MONTREAL will sail from the Company's wharf, Reed's Point, on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

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RAILWAYS. NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY. "ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c. Commencing July 8, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 16:40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

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RAILWAYS. SHORE LINE RAILWAY! St. Stephen and St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. On and after MONDAY, JUNE 17, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

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RAILWAYS. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex..... 8:30 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11:50 Fast Express from Halifax..... 14:50 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 20:10 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Miramichi..... 23:30

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