

# ON THE ICE.

Like most sailors, I fell in love, but the course of my affections ran anything but smoothly. At the usual age I joined her Majesty's service as a midshipman, donning my blue jacket and anchor buttons with considerable pride. I had chosen the navy as my profession much against the wishes of my widowed mother. Though far from wealthy, she was comfortably off, so I did not consider myself bound for her sake to throw aside all the dearest wishes of my heart, and condemn myself to a stool in some merchant's office until such time as I should have made my way in the mercantile world. Quill driving was an abomination to me; and, if the truth must be told, English diction was not my forte. My father had been a sailor before me; and for his sake I loved the service, even though it had taken him from us when I was quite a child. There was no green mound by which to linger, no white stone whereon to trace the beloved name. My father was one of those who perished in the fearful gale which raged from the 13th to the 16th November, 1851, in the Black Sea—days never to be forgotten by those who lived through them.

The *Prince* was my father's ship, a new magnificent steamer, conveying a cargo valued at one hundred thousand pounds—supplies well-nigh indispensable in carrying on the siege of Sebastopol, medical stores, food for want of which our unfortunate soldiers were dying—and clothing to keep out the bitter cold. All these comforts were on board the *Prince*; but they never reached their destination. She had carried out troops also, who had fortunately been landed, and the perils of her voyage seemed over. She was anchored in twenty-five fathoms of water outside Balaklava harbor, when the fury of the hurricane burst upon her. In some of the reports it was stated that a transport fouled her; at any rate, in the cutting away of her masts her screw became entangled in the rigging, so that her steam-power, which might have saved her, was lost. The port-chain broke, the starboard anchor would not hold alone, and the gallant ship drifted to her doom.

It must have been an awful scene—the rugged frowning rocks around the bay of deep-blue water, which, generally smooth and placid, was lashed into a fury of seething foam.

Thirty vessels were riding upon its bosom; none were uninjured, and many were lost. The *Prince* struck six times, then broke across the middle and was torn to pieces. In a few minutes there was nothing to be seen of the splendid vessel and her crew. Out of a hundred and fifty souls one midshipman and six sailors alone lived to tell the sad tale; and my father was not among the saved. No wonder that my mother did not love the sea—no wonder that I did!

The service suited me, and I suppose I suited the service, for at eight-and-twenty I found myself a post-captain. At thirty-one I was at home on half-pay, staying with my mother in her pretty cottage until I should be appointed to another ship. It was then I fell in love.

Everybody liked my mother; she was one of those few women who are content to remain just as nature has made them, without calling in art to improve their appearance, and she never pretended to be young. She knew most of the people in the neighborhood, and was friendly with them; so, when I went home, time did not hang heavily on my hands—on the contrary, I could scarcely keep up with the engagements which poured in upon me. But I soon found that, greatly as parents may like a naval officer as a visitor, they do not care for him as a son-in-law, especially when, in answer to certain questions from "papa," he is bound to confess that there is more gold on his uniform than in his pockets.

About half a mile from my mother's cottage was an unusually handsome pair of gates, with bold pillars surmounted by demigons rampant. Visitors rang the mediæval bell, which gave an alarming clang and brought out an old man with one arm. If they did not guess at the first glance that this retainer had been a soldier, he did not leave them long in doubt as to the cause of his misfortune; for whenever he opened his lips it was to tell the story of the charge of Balaklava, when he had ridden into the fiery fangs of death side by side with his brave comrades, led by Col. Boothby, his present master.

It was at the colonel's house that I first met Celia Blake, his niece. Celia's mother was a Boothby, and had married a rich city man, somewhat against the wishes of her family; but since she had married him they were very good friends, and Mr. Blake had built for himself a modern mansion in grounds adjoining those of the colonel.

A little farther down the road, beyond the rampant lions, were two very exalted herons standing on either side of a gorgeous gate of bronze ornamented with gold. This was Mr. Blake's palatial residence. Everything about it was undoubtedly handsome; but it seemed as though fifty years would be needed to "tone down" the place and give beauty to the freshly-planted trees and shrubs.

There was, however, one thing beyond the bronze gates of the Herons which was quite perfect, and that was Celia.

Of the Blakes my mother knew little, but she was very familiar with the Boothbys; so it was only natural that Celia and I should be thrown together. Our courtship was short, as sailors' courtship usually are. When we see a prize, we like to take possession of it at once. A very little time passed before I told Celia of my love and asked for her's in return. The dear little girl yielded up her heart without a struggle, and vowed she was ready to bear the troubles and anxieties of a sailor's wife for my unworthy sake.

Oh, how pretty my little sea queen looked, with her blushing cheeks and bonny blue eyes, bright with new-born happiness! And I was not the only one who saw the change in her. There was a twinkle of delight in the old soldier's gray eyes as he grasped my hand and told me to beware of breakers ahead. There were breakers ahead indeed!

Mr. Blake would not hear of our engagement. He had a better position in view for his daughter—which meant that he was encouraging the advances of an effeminate sickly-looking, high-art baronet, whom I could have taken by the collar and shaken as a terrier does a rat. Nor was this the only aspirant to the hand and heart of my Celia; for the new vicar was deeply smitten

and increasingly attentive. But Celia—Heaven bless her!—preferred her sailor to any of them.

I am afraid the poor girl had a very trying time of it in those days at the Herons—when there were not paternal storms, there were maternal contrary winds—but Celia steered through them all, exchanging now and then a silent hand-clasp with the man she loved, to keep the helm straight.

As for Col. Boothby, I felt I could not be grateful enough to him for his kindness. He declined to enter into the discussion at all. As an old friend of my father and mother, he said he certainly should not shut his eyes against me for such a crime as falling in love with Celia. He agreed with me that no man could help it, and avowed that only the fact of his near relationship and the possession of a wife already kept him out of danger himself. So Celia and I still saw each other at the colonel's house, and enjoyed those clandestine meetings, which were all the sweeter for being stolen.

There was one trouble that must sooner or later come upon us—when I should be appointed to a ship, how could we communicate with each other? It would be impossible for Celia either to write or receive letters without the knowledge of her parents, unless she resorted to such duplicity as would have been repugnant to her innocent mind and incompatible with the honor of a sailor. Before our love was put to this terrible test, however, fortune favored me.

It was a bright winter day. Snow had fallen and lay many inches deep; the shrubs were covered with frost; the leafless branches of the trees glistened like silver in the sunshine. It was nothing to me that all the water pipes were frozen, that bands of men were to be met with singing their motonous melancholy ditty of *We've Got No Work to Do*, that the faces of the poor were pale and pinched with the bitter cold winds. At that time I could think only of Celia, and I knew that Col. Boothby's lake was fit to bear, and that he had invited his neighbors to skate.

All the morning Celia and I glided over the ice together hand in hand. Then we went into the house to lunch, after which we started off again. It was I who fastened the skates to my darling's little feet, I who taught her how to acquire the swift even motion which she mastered so well—for Celia was only a tyro in the art which I had learned on the North American station.

In the afternoon the lake became crowded. Mr. Blake left the city early, and came down with his pet baronet at his heels. The vicar was also present, gliding quietly over the ice in straight lines, as befitted a cleric of high church views, with his coat-tails floating behind him, and his long clean-shaven face looking very placid, under his broad-brimmed corded and tasseled hat. The vicar was a very great favorite with the ladies of Silverlake, but I cannot say that I myself thought much of Mr. Morris.

The afternoon was not so pleasant as the morning had been, for I could not skate with Celia. As she whirled past me, first with one admirer, then with another, a strong desire came over me to do them some bodily injury; but I was so successful in restraining my feelings that I only smiled as I passed them.

One thing became evident as the afternoon wore on—a thaw set in; which fact had the effect of making every one more eager to get as much skating as possible while the ice lasted. The branches of the overhanging trees dripped upon the passers-by; but still they continued skating. I feared to speak to my Celia; nevertheless I followed her like a shadow, ever ready to reciprocate the bright glances of confidence which she gave me from time to time.

Celia, although not a coquette, did not frown on anyone who worshipped at her shrine—she had a gracious smile for each and all; but I was content, knowing well that for none other than myself would the love-light beam from her star-like eyes, which were as beacons on a rock-bound coast, telling me where the land lay.

I did not wear the willow all that afternoon because I could not be alone with my darling. I skated with the other girls, and tried to make myself agreeable; and perhaps I succeeded, for I had no lack of partners on the ice.

"Come, Mrs. Boothby," I cried to the colonel's wife, who was sitting on a chair watching us—she was a fine aristocratic-looking woman of some fifty years—"let me put on your skates for you!"

"No, no!" she cried, laughing. "So long as I stay here everyone will think I am a good skater, but, if I once begin, they will very soon see that I am not. I will let them go on believing in me."

"That is what we call 'sailing under false colors,'" I answered. "Come round with me; I'll steer you as straight as a flagstaff!"

"No, I'm not to be tempted—if I stand upon skates, I shall soon tumble down. But there is Huni with some cherry brandy; it would be a charity if you would get me a glass—I am most frozen!"

I made a sign to Huni, the colonel's Swiss butler, who came towards us gingerly over the ice, with his tray; but no sooner had his mistress helped herself than, upon hearing the ice crack, the man grew very pale.

"I go off!" he cried; and off he went much quicker than he had come on; and nothing would induce him to return.

Huni stood upon the safe eminence of the bank, and, as he would not venture upon the ice again, all who wished for cherry brandy were obliged to go to him.

"Capt. Capel," called Mrs. Boothby, with a mischievous look in her eyes, "I know you like to be useful. Look at that unfortunate girl—she can't get along at all. Beauty in trouble! Now won't you go and assist her? It would be quite a pretty sight."

I forgot to answer, for Celia, who had been in the house to rest, had just returned with her skates in her hand, and the baronet was by her side. He was the sort of man I despised, not because he looked as though a puff of wind would blow him across the equator—for that he could not help—but because of his languid manners and his rapid conversation. He was always talking of cracked tea-cups, stately lilies, and art draperies.

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READY ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF FEBRUARY.

"No, thank you," replied my darling, glancing meaningfully at me.

I smiled back at her, knowing that she meant me to put the skates on for her in spite of her father's being on the ice.

"Oh, but you must!" exclaimed Sir Reginald Adolphe Bouverie.

"But I won't!" declared Celia, stamping her little foot impatiently.

"What an unkind answer, Miss Blake!" said the baronet, with a reproachful glance that was meant to wither her.

"There are some people to whom one is bound to speak plainly," she answered, handing her skates to me.

With a triumphant glance in the direction of the baronet, I quickly put the skates on Celia's dainty feet.

Mr. Blake, happening to pass at that moment, glared at us both; and the baronet joined him, to lodge his complaint against Celia for her conduct towards him.

My little darling, gliding away in the opposite direction, lost her balance, and sank quietly upon her knees. I started to her assistance, but the vicar, being close at hand, was at her side before me, and I arrived to hear his words of wisdom.

"Are you humbly praying to be lifted up?" he asked, in his quiet, smooth tones.

But it was to me, not to his reverence, that Celia Blake turned for a helping hand; and I blessed her with all my heart for her staunch allegiance to the man of her choice.

Backwards and forwards skated the girls in their picturesque dresses and their pretty fur hats, some hand in hand with each other, like twin cherries on a stem, some helped by stronger arms, and all looking exceedingly joyous and happy.

They were wearing out my kitchen chairs," said Mrs. Boothby, as I passed again. "Why cannot you help those beginners and save my unfortunate chairs, Capt. Capel?" Then she lowered her voice and added, "I don't think Celia cares much for the baronet, after all—do you?"

Our eyes met, and the colonel's wife laughed mischievously.

"Do you know, Mrs. Boothby, that the ice is very wet? If you are really not going to skate, I should advise you to have a chair on the bank; the soles of your boots must be under water."

"And so they are!" she exclaimed. "And a very nice cold I shall have! Help me to shore—there's a good creature—and your petitioner will ever pray—What shall I pray for you, Capt. Capel?"

Mr. Blake passed us on his way towards the farther side of the lake, behind the little ait which served as a home for the swans, who spread their white wings there when the waters were not ice-bound.

"Oh, go after him, please," said Mrs. Boothby, "and tell him that the ice is not safe round there! I thought every one had been cautioned; and we even had boards put up! What can he be thinking about? It is quite rotten under those trees!"

Without a moment's hesitation I started off after the portly figure, and, being a good skater, I overtook Mr. Blake before he came to the dangerous part. It was true that he and I were not good friends; still there was no reason why I should stand by quietly and see him imperil his life; for the lake was very deep, I knew, and had a bed of soft mud at the bottom which would be a great danger to any one who happened to break through the ice.

I skated by his side, told him of the risk he was about to run, gave him Mrs. Boothby's message, and did all I could to per-

suade him to turn back, but without any good result. Opposition seemed merely to strengthen his determination to proceed. With a cold bow and colder thanks he passed on, muttering some ungracious words as to knowing the lake quite as well as I did. I relieved him of my company, but stood still and watched to see if he got over to the ait safely. He did, and returned, to triumph over me—not in words, but with contemptuous looks. Having performed his feat out of obstinacy, I thought of course that, having proved me to be wrong, he would be satisfied; and I went back swiftly to Mrs. Boothby, to finish my interrupted walk with her over the ice.

"So he would do it!" she exclaimed. "I only wonder that it bore him. He could not have realized his danger."

I carried her chair to the bank, and had just handed her to it, when the sound of many voices raised in warning reached our ears, and before we could look round there was a crash and a cry for help, followed by the screams of frightened women.

I turned at once, and saw the hole that Mr. Blake had made—he himself had entirely vanished; and I noticed Sir Reginald Adolphe Bouverie going quietly off the ice in the opposite direction, while the vicar was by Celia's side, already talking to her of Christian resignation! These were Mr. Blake's two greatest friends; but neither of them offered him a helping hand in his time of need. Mrs. Boothby had turned a pale face in my direction, and had looked at me in speechless horror.

I glanced swiftly at my Celia, and then I thought suddenly of a long piece of rope which had been brought down to the lake to fasten back the branches of a weeping willow; but it could not be secured, and the rope was cast aside. I threw off my two coats and skated on, seized one end of the rope, and let the other trail behind me on the ice. As I neared the hole I slipped off my high-low shoes, skates and all—as a sailor, I had no fear of cold water—and plunged in, just hearing Celia's bitter cry of anguish as I disappeared.

All this was the work of a few seconds. I could dive well, and after some groping about under the ice I found Mr. Blake, as I expected, with his feet stuck deep in the mud, and, fortunately for me, quite insensible.

I towed him up, guiding myself to the hole by means of the rope, and felt nearly exhausted when I drew him to the surface. I was now shivering with the terrible coldness of the water, and I had great difficulty in getting him through the broken ice. A cheer greeted us when we appeared in view of the spectators; but I could not get Mr. Blake out until a ladder had been laid flat upon the ice, a suggestion of the colonel's. I hauled Mr. Blake on to the ladder, and willing hands dragged it along till the dangerous region of broken ice was passed.

I helped to carry the still insensible man to the colonel's house. Every one said he was dead, but I felt nearly sure that they were mistaken. I was acquainted with the Humane Society's directions for the restoration to life of those apparently drowned. It was fortunate that I was, for no one else present knew them.

We sent for medical assistance, but the doctor was out. We undressed the patient, wrapped him in hot blankets, cleansed his mouth and nostrils, drew forward his tongue, placed him on his back, slightly on an incline, with a firm cushion under his shoulder-blades. Then we grasped his arm above the elbows, drawing them gently and steadily upwards until they met above

his head; we kept the arms in that position for a few seconds, for the purpose of drawing air into the lungs. Afterwards we quietly drew down the arms and pressed them up towards the shoulders, against the sides of the chest, to force up the air from the lungs, repeating these actions alternately until we saw a spontaneous effort to breathe. Then we rubbed him with dry, warm flannels, from time to time dashing first hot and then cold water over his chest, and rubbing with the flannels again. Smelling-salts were constantly passed under his nostrils, but not retained there. When respiration was restored, we put him for five minutes up to his neck in a hot bath, then rolled him in hot blankets and carried him to bed, where he was again rubbed under the blankets. He was then given a little warm brandy and water in very small quantities, and large mustard plasters were placed on his chest and below his shoulders, to relieve the breathing, which seemed distressed.

By the time all this was done I found I was chilled myself; and, as I prepared to leave his bedside, satisfied that all would now be well, Mr. Blake gave me a grateful look and held out a feeble hand to me.

Outside the room door I found Celia weeping.

"Will he live?" she asked, her sad eyes raised to mine.

"He will be as well as ever tomorrow, my darling," I whispered, as I took her in my arms.

"Oh, Edward, how can I ever thank you for saving him?" she said earnestly.

"I will tell you how," I answered, kissing her fresh young lips for the first time.

"Why, Ted, how wet you are!" she exclaimed, as I clasped her in my arms.

"You will catch a terrible cold, I fear!"

"I hope not," I answered, with a smile. "I must run home at once, but I shall consider my cold well earned in saving your father, my pretty one."

"It was indeed good of you when he had been so unkind." Then a mischievous smile lighted up her face. "Has anything been heard of Sir Reginald since?" Even in my terror I saw him making off.

"I think he took the first train to London, to be out of harm's way," I answered; and we both laughed as heartily as if on one had been in danger that afternoon.

I ran all the way home to warm myself, and frightened my poor old mother nearly out of her wits.

"Turn on the hot water for me, *mater*, and bring up the salt and mustard!" I exclaimed, as I ran up stairs.

The dear old lady quickly had a bath prepared for me, after which I found a bright little fire burning on the hearth in my bed-room. The hot bath, with a couple of table-spoonfuls of salt and mustard mixed in the water, saved me from having a severe cold; and the next morning I received a letter of heartfelt thanks from Celia's father, and a request that I would come round and see him.

I went. The waters of the colonel's lake must have been the waters of Lethe, for not only did Mr. Blake seem to have forgotten all the objections which he had raised to my suit, but he took me by the hand and told me I had proved myself worthy of his daughter, and bade me name the wedding day.

Need I say that I took him at his word, and named a very early day indeed? On the 14th of February Celia and I were married. She was my valentine; and neither of us has ever regretted her father's immersion in the lake.—*Ex.*

## MEDICAL SCIENCE.

A Wonderful Discovery Which Will Benefit Thousands of Sufferers.

The civilized world has recently been deeply agitated over the announcement that Dr. Koch, an eminent German physician, had discovered a lymph for the cure of consumption. This discovery has been heralded throughout the world, and is looked upon as one of the greatest achievements of modern medical science. Of equal, if not greater in importance, is a discovery made by a well-known Canadian druggist, which, while it does not pretend to cure consumption after the lungs have been affected, is offered with every confidence as a preventative of that disease. Medical testimony bears out the statement that more than two-thirds of the cases of consumption, occurring in this country annually, are of catarrhal origin. The trouble begins with a cold in the head, which the sufferer treats as a light matter, and too frequently neglects. This in time invariably develops into catarrh; the mucous membrane becomes thickened, inflamed and hardened, and there is a profuse discharge of watery and poisonous matter from the nostrils, or else the poisonous secretions become clogged and hardened. In either case the breath is inhaled over this poisonous matter, and produces baleful results. The inflammation gradually extends to the bronchial tubes, and thence to the lungs, which, already poisoned and weakened by the foul breath inhaled, are ripe for that dread disease—consumption, which ends in death. A remedy that will prevent these disastrous consequences must be regarded as a boon to mankind, and, as already stated, such a remedy has been discovered by a Canadian druggist. There is no case of cold in the head which it will not instantly relieve and permanently cure. Do not, for an instant neglect a cold in the head, for, by its prompt treatment, you will prevent its developing into catarrh—the second stage on the road to the grave. If, however, catarrh has already developed, the use of this great remedy will prove equally beneficial, as it affords speedy relief, and will effect a certain cure even in the most aggravated cases, if persistently used. It removes the secretions, frees the clogged nostrils, and sweetens the breath, stops the inflammation and thus saves the lungs and prevents the disease developing into consumption. This great discovery is known and sold throughout the country under the name of Nasal Balm. It is a positive and certain cure, and the thousands of testimonials in the hands of its proprietors prove that it is all they claim for it. It is sold by all dealers, and every sufferer from cold in the head or catarrh should use it.—*Advt.*

Where the Fun Does Not Come In.

Tobogganing down on a slippery slide

Is the

blissfullest

kind of

bliss;

But it isn't so funny when you strike a stone

And land

no

your

head

like

this!

Lead Us to It.

Get acquainted gradually; if you expect to borrow \$5 from a new acquaintance to-morrow, ask him for \$2 today.—*Ex.*