

At Sea In a Wagon.

All my life I had wanted to make a trip to the Gulf. When Murphy, who was going to move to the lower coast, well down toward Mexico, offered to hire me to haul part of his household goods, I worried father into letting me go.

After nearly three weeks of slow travelling, we were following a winding road through a level country, overgrown with clumps of catclaw and mesquit bushes, and suddenly we came to a bluff.

'And tho'th the Gulf of Mokthico, ith it?' Poss remarked, as he looked solemnly down upon the bay.

Travelling along the bay shore, we soon came to the house of some relatives of Murphy named Rogers, and this was the end of our journey.

Before we had been here an hour, Poss and I and Al Rogers, a tall, cheerful boy of seventeen, went for a swim in the surf. We spent the next day or two fishing and swimming and sailing.

'Gues we'll have to go over in a wagon,' he remarked. 'It's easy enough. You see, it's only five or six miles to the upper end of the island, and there's a bar all the way across.'

The next day we crossed without any difficulty, for the bottom was hard and smooth, and the water hardly up to the hubs. The bar was fully a hundred yards wide in most places, and could easily be distinguished, the shoal water being dark and the deep water green.

With more and more force came the waves, till they began to lift the side of the wagon. We threw ourselves desperately against that side, but even our combined weight could not hold it down.

With our heads close together, we debated what to do. I was in favor of getting out and taking our chances on the shallowest place we could find on the bar; but Al was sure we would be swept off if the storm became much worse.

'We'd better stick to this wagon-bed, whatever it does,' he said. 'Keep close to the end, so that we can get out if it turns over. But grab hold of something and hang to it for life. It's our only chance.'

At last there came a wave so big that the wagon was lifted up on its side, as it seemed. We were about to tumble out at the rear end, when the wagon came down again. Keeping close to the end, we waited anxiously, but the next wave had less force.

It had been very dark since the storm came up, except when the lightnings flashed, but at last it began to grow darker still and we knew that night was at hand. Now we were more frightened, if possible for we would probably have to spend the night here.

There was still a little light when Al, who had taken a look out of the fore end came crawling back to us with a troubled face.

'Do you know what these waves are doing?' he asked. 'Every time one strikes you can feel the wagon move a few inches. They're driving it backward and sidewise at the same time. The bar is narrow here and if it keeps up long, we will be off in deep water.'

This was startling news—especially now that night was upon us. I went to the fore end and saw that what Al said was true. The iron post had been a few yards north west of the wagon when we unhitched the oxen; now it was somewhat farther to the northeast.

'We can take Coaly's rope,' I replied, jumping at the suggestion. 'But do you think you can get to the post? Won't the waves carry you off your feet?'

'Maybe not. I'll have hold of the rope, and can at least come back to the wagon.' Getting out into the water, I took the

reached the place where boats crossed that I was about to stop the oxen, but Al called out: 'Put 'em through! Get across as quick as you can!'

The waves dashed against Coaly's side and against the wagon-bed. We had barely reached the shallow water when the storm swooped down upon us. A gust of wind and blinding rain, accompanied by an unusually high wave, met the oxen, and the foam was dashed into their faces.

'Back, Lep! Back, Coaly! Back! ba-ck! ba-a-ck, you rascals!' I shouted emphasizing every word with a cut of the whip. 'Back' to the left so short that the oxen nearly upset. Then I shouted, 'Who-oo! who-o-oo! who-o-o-oo!' with all my might; but I might as well have shouted 'Get up!' for all the good it did.

'Look out! They're going straight to the deep water!' Al cried. 'They'll drown themselves and us, too!'

He jumped out. I followed him, and we succeeded in heading the oxen, although not till they were in water half way up their sides. There were ropes in the wagon, and Poss handed them out. We put one round the horns of each ox.

The wagon was now on bottom that sloped toward the deep sea, and the waves striking the rear end, were driving it out farther. We walked at the oxen's heads, leading them in a circle. They were terrified, and glad enough to keep near us.

Unhitching the oxen, we led them back to the sheltered side of the wagon, the wheels of which we locked. We ourselves climbed up into the wagon and sat under the sheet, still holding the ropes and looking out upon the raging sea.

The next lightning flash showed her somewhat nearer, the bow being down and the stern up. We could see men on board. She appeared to be driving straight toward the wagon. We heard a shout, but whether the sailors were shouting to us or to each other we could not tell.

Anxiously we waited for the next flash. A minute must have passed before it came. Then we were half scared out of our senses. The schooner's bow was almost overhanging us!

The man at the tiller had seen the danger and shifted her course somewhat. As the bow came down and the schooner lunged forward, the sloping bow struck the rear end of the wagon a glancing blow with the result that the wagon was pushed forward a little.

When the lightning flashed again, the schooner was a yard or two away. We returned to the rear end to watch her.

When the lightning flashed again, the man by the mast shouted something to us, but his words were drowned by the storm and breakers. The schooner was now safe across the bar, and we caught only a glimpse of her rearing and plunging, before she finally disappeared.

'Pretty close call!' said Al. 'Hope there won't any more vessels come along. We're right in their course.'

Those men must have seen the wagon in time to keep clear of it, but I guess they didn't have the schooner under good control.

Not long after this the storm began to subside. Soon both wind and rain had ceased altogether. Gradually the stars came out. The waves were still running high and crashing over the bar; but at last they had so far subsided that Al said: 'It's time for us to get out of this.'

So we got ready and started. Al waded twenty or thirty yards in advance, while I also waded, leading oxen. We went slowly and cautiously. It was after midnight when we got ashore, and two hours later when we reached Al's home.

and pork and other food needed for the convicts and the state institutions and asylums.

This system is carried out to every item so that there will be no cash expense for the payment of the officers, guards and others who operate the penitentiary.

A novelty in the management of the convicts is the introduction of a system of physical examination for the purpose of determining what class of work the men are best suited to.

No man, it is said, is a hero to his vatet. The association is too intimate. But a man may be a hero to his reporter.

The Republican reporter was detailed, during the recent presidential campaign, to follow Mr Bryan wherever he went, and to take full notes of his speeches, sending the same by wire every night to the paper on which he was employed.

After the campaign was over the two brothers met at the paternal mansion for the first time in many weeks, and they looked rather sheepishly at each other.

'Well, George,' said one of the two, 'after campaigning with Bryan three months I've come back a Democrat. I've come back a Democrat. I'm of your politics now.'

'Not a bit of it!' returned the other. 'I've been campaigning with Roosevelt, and I've come back a Republican!'

BORN.

- Nietax, Jan. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Hiltz, a daughter.
Erlarwood, Feb. 7, to the wife of Joseph Keele, a son.
Halifax, Feb. 3, to the wife of Setgt. T. Larder, a son.
Bridgetown, Jan. 18, to the wife of W. F. Gibbons, a son.
Scots Bay, Jan. 26, to the wife of E. M. Ellis, a daughter.
Amherst, Jan. 27, to the wife of W. L. Ormond, a daughter.
Westport, Jan. 18, to the wife of Frank Cousins, a daughter.
Westport, Jan. 28, to the wife of Barlow Sutherland, a daughter.
Annapolis, Jan. 30, to the wife of R. I. Phinney, a daughter.
Wolfville, Jan. 27, to the wife of R. W. Ford, a daughter.
Bridgewater, Jan. 23, to the wife George J. Kelly, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Jan. 22, to the wife of Alfred Frazier, a daughter.
Nictaux Falls, Jan. 26, to the wife of Jas. Narver, a daughter.
Berwick, Jan. 23, to the wife of Capt. R. C. Cocke Hill, a son.
Lunenburg, Jan. 14, to the wife of James Kaulbach, a son.
Watertown, Conn., Jan. 3, to the wife of Arthur Rose, a son.
New Ross Road, Jan. 28, to the wife of Walter Welton, a son.
Campbellton, Jan. 23, to the wife of Henry McIntyre, a son.
North Sydney, Dec. 29, to the wife of Daniel Knight, a son.
Parrsboro, Jan. 22, to the wife of Capt. James Ogilvie, a son.
Bridgewater, Jan. 27, to the wife of Dr. Dugald Stewart, a son.
Yarmouth, Feb. 1, to the wife of Capt. Arthur W. McKinnon, a son.
Roxbury, Jan. 16, to the wife of George M. Talbot, a daughter.
North Sydney, Jan. 28, to the wife of J. Hector McDougall, a son.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 26, to the wife of Geo. A. Kinney, a daughter.
Scott's Bay, Jan. 16, to the wife of Jotham McDonald, a daughter.
Clark's Harbor, Jan. 25, to the wife of Duncan Garland, a daughter.
South Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 18, to the wife of John Hemlow, a son.
St. Andrews, Jan. 29, to the wife of Wm. A. Robertson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Milltown, Jan. 4, John Dugan to Miss Walker, a daughter.
Halifax, Jan. 31, by Rev. N. LeMoine, Ernest C. Scott to Mabel D. Hillis.
Sydney, Jan. 19, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, John Burnett to Kate McKinnon.
Yarmouth, by Rev. Fr. Crezier, Albert Mulise to Philomene LaFave.
Truro, Jan. 30, by Rev. Dr. Murray, Harold Putman to Mary H. Lawrence.
Sydney, Jan. 16, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Andrew Fullerton to Bessie Hunt.
St. Ann's, Jan. 15, by Rev. John Fraser, Angus McAnlay to Mary McKillop.
Brookfield, Jan. 23, by Rev. Geo. Miller, Wm. Henry Ford to Ellis May Proctor.
New York, Jan. 20, by Rev. Dr. Russell, Harry A. Johnston to Jessie Durkee.
Sturgeon, Jan. 20, by Rev. Wm. Phelan, William White to Minnie Campbell.
North Sydney, Jan. 17, by Rev. J. Sharp, George Burridge to Harriet Bragg.
Springhill, Jan. 29, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Reuben L. Patrinquin to Alice M. Collis.
Everett, Mass., Dec. 31, by Rev. W. I. West, John S. Waterman to Annie I. Murray.

- Clementsport, Jan. 25, by Rev. J. Lockward, Arthur W. Johnson to Ida May Jordan.
Sydney, Jan. 15, by Rev. E. B. Rankin, Kenneth M. McLeod to Johanna McScherer.
Gaspard, C. B., Jan. 15, by Rev. D. Sutherland, Donald Munro to Mary A. McDonald.
Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 15, by Rev. J. Herbert White Wm. V. Patton to Cora May Cann.
Strathadam, N. B., Jan. 29, by Rev. J. D. Murray, James Condon to Annie B. Adams.
Moncton, Jan. 15, by Rev. J. Eastman Erown, Robert A. Boyce to Marilla Maud Godsoe.
Kinistino Park, N. W. T., Dec. 26, by Rev. Jas. Bryant Chester Arthur to Gertrude Beatty.
Frisco's Head, C. B., Jan. 21, by Rev. T. Richard, Merrick LeBlanc to Sophia Chasson.
New York, Jan. 17, by Rev. Geo. Calvert Carter, James P. Deane to Lillian B. Wardlaw.

DIED.

- Pictou, Jan. 19, Alex. Garvie, 87.
Digby, Jan. 6, Henry Clarion, 74.
Crapaud, Jan. 23, Mrs. John Lee.
Pictou, Jan. 17, John McLeod, 38.
Port-au-Pique, Jan. 15, Jehiel Carr.
Pictou, Jan. 20, Bernard Flynn, 46.
Boston, Jan. 24, Lena Cullinan, 30.
Halifax, Mrs. Francis J. Ahern, 19.
Halifax, Feb. 2, Margaret Grant, 78.
Waver, Jan. 23, Thos. Sullivan, 72.
Weston, Jan. 30, Wallace Inley, 22.
Shediac, Jan. 26, James I. Evans, 83.
Pictou, Jan. 27, Willie Matheson, 28.
Stanhope, Feb. 9, Edward Douglas, 88.
Wallace, Jan. 22, Winnie Dickson, 53.
Lynnfield, Jan. 23, Daniel Leeman, 80.
Fitzburg, Jan. 6, Henry Claxson, 74.
Springfield, Jan. 28 Allan Cameron, 42.
Yarmouth, Jan. 19 Timothy A. Doane.
Parrsboro, Jan. 19, Edward Power, 27.
Lorne, Jan. 24, Mrs. James Dunbar, 60.
Sunnyside, Jan. 26, Hugh Manning, 70.
Yarmouth, Jan. 26, Edward Bridge, 43.
Halifax, Jan. 24, Isabel A. Stevenson, 3.
Lyndale, Jan. 23, Mrs. Sarah McLeod, 45.
Big Bras d'O, Jan. 22, Lillie B. Steele, 3.
Fredericton, Jan. 26, Mrs. James Sillican, 40.
Frisco's Head, Jan. 26, Mrs. Ellen Dugan, 55.
Halifax, Feb. 1st, Mrs. Ellen Dugan, 84.
Bridgewater, Jan. 24, Angus McDonald, 97.
Colechester, Jan. 13, Mrs. Samuel Creelman.
Brookside, Jan. 21, Mrs. Donald McKinnon.
New Glasgow, Jan. 29, Ellen H. Walker, 20.
Sydney Mines, Jan. 14, Annie M. Dorsay, 4.
Greenwich, Kings, Jan. 10, Mary Tufts, 78.
Scotch Settlement, Feb. 1, Donald Duff, 60.
Middle Simons, Jan. 13, Elijah Ebbett, 75.
Cumberland, Dec. 16, Elizabeth Stevens, 72.
Yarmouth, Jan. 26, Mrs. Hannah Huesie, 71.
Gunning Cove, Jan. 19, Mr. Timothy A. Doane.
George's River, Jan. 17, Mrs. John Moore, 31.
Howard Cove, Jan. 27, Emily Macgregor, 22.
Glenkerry, Pictou, Jan. 29, Donald Gordon, 75.
Cumberland, Jan. 10, Mrs. Sarah Angevine, 81.
Greenvale, Dec. 21, Archibald MacPherson, 84.
Shag Harbor, Jan. 24, Esther, wife of Geo. E. Kenney, 88.
Little River, Feb. 8, Henry Edward, infant son of Wm. H. and Emily Underbay.

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Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax; Express for Halifax and Pictou; Express for Sussex; Express for Quebec and Montreal; Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney; A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:05 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex; Express from Quebec and Montreal; Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene; Express from Halifax and Sydney; Express from Halifax and Campbellton; Accommodation from Point du Chene and Moncton. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. A. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager, Moncton, N. B., Nov. 26, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.