At Sea In a Wagon.

All my life I had wanted to make a trip to the Gult. When Murphy, who was going to move to the lower coast, well down toward Mexico, offered to hire me to baul part of his household goods, I worried father into letting me go. It was in the latter part of September that we set out on our journey, my team being Lep and Coaly, my father's oxen. Poss, Murphy's fifteen year old son, rode in my wagon most of the way. He was an oddity among boys, having a rather disagreeable temper the serious ways of a man of fitty, and a pronounced lisp.

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 buff. Below lay a wide expanse of water. The wagons were stopped, and all gazed in open mouth

wonder. 'And tho tha'th the Gulf of Mokthico, ith it ?' Poss remarked, as he looked solemnly down upon the bay. 'Well, it'th a whooper! Big ath all out-of-doorth.'

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 surt. We spent the next day or two fishing and swimming and sailing. Then we planned a visit to one of the islands that lie stretched like the links of a chain along the greater part of the Texas coast. The Rogerses had not been living here long, and owned no boat. We might have borrowed a catboat from one of their neighbors as we did several times when we wanted to go sailing; but Al did not like to ask for the use of it overnight.

'Guess 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. In most places on the bar the the storm raged over and around us. Alwagon bed. I've been across twice in a

wagon. 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. Poss and I soon forgot our fears. We had expected Coaly to be wild, and so he was at first, but he soon splashed along indifferently. The day was a bright one, and but for the breeze would have been warm. The ripples gurgled against the wagon-wheels.

A schooner was coming up the lagoon. By the time we were halt-way between the island and the mainland she had reached the bar, a few hundred yards ahead of us. 'She's going to cross there,' Al told us,

'and there's where we'll find our deepest water. That iron post marks the place. Only vessels of light draft can get over.' The water where the schooner had cross-

ed came close up to the wagon-bed, and the oxen held up their heads to wade it. The deep place was only a few yards wide. Sometime in the afternoon we reached

the island-a mass of sand, low and level on the lagoon side and piled up by the wind into hills on the gulf side. We camped on the shore of the pass, or strip of water separating this island from the one above it.

For our camp fire we picked up driftwood. There was grass for the oxen, and a pond of fresh water. We spent three days on the island, fishing, taking oysters, climbing over the sand hills, picking up shells and swimming in the surf on the

We had intended to start home on the morning of the fourth day; but in collecting pretty shells and investigating an old wreck, we spent so much time that it was considerably past noon when we reached the camp. As soon as we had eaten our lunch, we hunted up the oxen, put them to the wagon and started.

The weather had been fine, but now we could see a dark, purple cloud in the northeast, beyond the bay. As we were driving into the water, Poss stuck his head out from under the wagonsheet to look at the cloud, and said:

'I gueth we'd better thop! It ain't thate to croth thith thea when there'th a thorm

'Oh, you needn't worry about that rain,' laughed Al. 'Even if it's moving this way we'll be across before it gets bere.'

But when we had waded out on the bar about two miles, the cloud was rising tast. Poss demanded that we turn round and go back; but I only drove the faster, crack ing the whip over the oxen and shouting to them loudly. There was already some wind from the northeast, and the waves were running over the bar with some little noise and foam.

way,' Al said, as he pointed to the iron post. 'That schooner is hurrying to cross, too.'

The schooner was a few miles up the bay, but was coming rapidly before the wind. Presently the wind died out, and we could see her swing round slowly. The cloud was fast spreading over the sky. Jagged lightnings were darting across it, and the loud booming of thunder could be heard. Soon the schooner was obscured by the coming rain.

Al and Poss were tying the wagon-sheet down. I sat on the spring seat lashing the oxen, and kept them going as fast as they could wade. The noise of the surf was increasing. There was a wild look in the oxen's eyes. Knowing how prone they were to stampede, I kept talking to them

loudly to quiet them. The rain was so close by the time we Getting out into the water, I took the sweet and Irish potatoes, cabbages, beef

was about to stop the oxen, but Al called

'Put 'em through! Get across as quick

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. That was too much for the already frightened animals, and they began to turn.

'Back, Lep! Back, Coaly! Back! ba-ck! ba-a-ack, you rascals!' I shouted emphasizing every word with a cut of the whip. 'Back' to the left so short that the wages nearly upset. Then I shouted, 'Who-oa! who-o-oa! who-o-o-oa!' 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 botttom 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. The rain was falling in torrents, the thunder rolling, and every wave that came seemed higher than the one it followed. It was not easy to face or to make the oxen face the storm; but we finally succeeded in getting the wagon back upon the back about where it had been when the oxen first turned. There we had to stop.

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 wagon had been stopped so that the waves struck neither the end nor the side squarely, but the right fore corner, which Al thought would split them. Perhaps it did.

For an hour or two we sat there, while water isn't more than hub-deep. At the though the wind was not so strong as deepest place it won't quite run into the at first, the waves kept getting higher, till they threatened to overturn the wagon. We were all badly scared, but there was such an uproar that it was not easy to talk. With every wave, the water poured in upon us between the sheet and the wagon-bed. The oxen stood with their heads close to the wagon. They were terrified, but realized their helplessness.

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. 'If they keep getting heavier, the wagon's

bound to go over,' Al said. 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 it 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 it it turns over. But grab hold of something and hang to it for life. It's our only chance. The wagon bed will float off, and even if it's bottom-up it'll keep us from drowning."

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. After that the waves were smaller, although still heavy enough to lift the two wheels every time one struck.

It had been very dark since the storm came up, except when the lightnings flash. ed, 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. And a wretched night it would be. But we could only sit and shudder, and wish ourselves out of it. Fortunately there is no tide to speak of here-the difterence between the flood being only a few inches, and the water had been at its highest when the waves seemed about to upset

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

'Do you know what these waves are do. ing ?' he asked. 'Every time one strikes you can feel the wagon move a tew inches. They're driving it backward and sidewise at the same time. The bar is narrow here and if this keeps up long, we will be off in | tiary will be the only absolutely self-supdeep water. The wagon has already moved several yards from where it stood at first. I can tell by that iron post. We are now near the west edge of the bar, and the hind wheels have already moved back into the deep place where the beats

This was startling news-especially now that night was upon us. I went to the fore 'We'll get across the deep place, any 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 talked the situation over till the last trace of day was gone, but without suggesting anything practicable. We were afraid to put the oxen to the wagon, again, lest in the storm and pitchy darkness they should break away from us and plunge into

the deep sea. 'If we had another rope, I believe could fasten the wagon to that post.' Al finally said.

'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.

reached the place where boats crossed that | rope from Coaly's horns and tied him with the loose end of Lep's rope. The rain feit icy cold, but the sea water was warm. Coaly's rope was a forty toot lariat, new and strong. Leaving Poss to hold the oxen, I made my way to the fore end of the wagon. Al, with his boots off, was already in the water.

Tying one end of the lariat to the wagon tongue and the other round his waist, be waited till the lightning showed him the post, then struck out for it. Standing on the tongue, I anxiously watched him struggling with the waves.

Sometimes he was carried off his feet but each lightning flash showed him a little nearer the post. Now and then he was hidden by a wave. At last I saw him at the post. The next flash revealed bim half-way back, coming on the crest of wave. Returning was easy.

'Now we're all right,' he remarked, as we climbed into the wagon, wet but re-

It was not long till we heard a shout. was at the rear end, and quickly put out my head. The lightning flashed and the sight it disclosed was startling enough.

'There's a boat coming across the bar! I shouted. The others hastily raised the sheet to look. The schooner—the one we had previous-

ly seen, perhaps-was still several yards away. The sailors must have found the crossing by catching a glimpses of the guide post. Probably they had to cross to keep from drifting upon the bar. I could see only the masts and the bow, which was pointing skyward.

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. But we all shouted back.

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

'Look out! She'll run us down!' shouted Al. We all scrambled toward the front end, intending to jump; but before we could do so, the schooner struck the

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.

Just then a loud fierce barking came from the darkness. The lightning shone. One man was steering and another stood by the foremast, while a big, shaggy dog had his head over the side, barking furiously at the oxen. Lap and Coaly were frightened by the sudden appearance of the schooner and the dog, and tried to run. We had let go their rope, but it caught over the rear wheel, holding them fast although they nearly upset the wagon before we could get them quieted.

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 con-

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. A! wad ed 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.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH CONVICTS. Louisiana Trying te Make the Penitentiary Absolutely Self-Sustaining.

The new Penitentiary Board at New Orleans, has now 400 convicts at work at its new Angola plantation in West Feliciana and 400 at New Hope. The rest have not yet been disturbed. In time is is expected that the Louisiana State Penitenporting community in the world, producing everything, manufactured or unmanufac- | Clark's Harbor, Jan. 25, to the wife of Duncan tured, it consumes.

The principal employment of the convicts will be in raising cotton and cane, and manufacturing sugar and molasses, which industries are expected to give a net profit of about \$250,000 or \$300,000 a year. A large number of convicts will be employed in manufacturing and will pro vide for the prisoners who produce the money crops. Thus the Central Penitentiary at Baton Rouge is provided with all the machinery necessary to manufacture cotton goods and clothing.

In the same way instead of buying barrels for the sugar and molasses produced at New Hope, the Penitentiary Board has purchased a tract of wooded land, upon which a colony of convicts will be settled to manufacture barrels in order to avoid any cash outlay. A tourth batch of convicts will be employed in truck farming and stock raising and will raise all the rice,

and pork and other food needed for the convicts and the state institutions and asy-

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. The Louisiana plan is wholly state management. The state convict farms cover, 18,-800 acres.

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. Each convict is carefully examined by physicians and classified as 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5, in accordance with his strength, endurance and physical condition and is assigned to work on the basis of this classification. It is the intention not to give a weak man work too hard for him to do, or to give a strong man a task which a person of less physical ability could perform. Thus it is hoped to get the maximum smount of work out of the convicts without taxing them too severely. Even the invalids or those recuperating from sickness in the hospital will have something to do.

Two Converts.

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. There is a story of two brothers, shorthand reporters, working on different newspapers, one of the brothers being a Republican and the other a Democrat, which affords an illustration of this truth.

The Republican reperter was detailed, during the recent presidental 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.

To the Democratic reporter was given a similar assignment, except that he was to accompany Governor Roosevelt, whose speeches he was to report in full.

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, atter 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.

Nietanx, Jan. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Hiltz, a dangh-Briarwood, Feb. 7. to the wife of Joseph Keefe, a Halifax. Feb. 3, to the wife of Setgt. T. Larder, a Bridgetown, Jan. 18, to the wife of W. F. Gibbons,

Scotts Bay. Jan. 26, to the wife of E. M. Ells, a Amherst, Jan. 27, to the wife of W. L. Ormond, a

Westport, Jan. 18, to the wife of Frank Cousins, a Westport, Jan. 28, to the wife of Barlow Suthern, a Annapolis, Jan. 30, to the wife of R. I. Phinney, a

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 Frizzle, 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 Lunenburg, Jan. 14, to the wife of James Kaul-Watertown, Conn., Jan. 3, to the wife of Arthur

Rose, a son. New Ross Road, Jan. 28, to the wife of Walter Campbellton, Jan. 23, to the wife of Henry Mc-North Sydney, Dec. 29, to the wife of Daniel

Parrsboro, Jan. 22, to the wife of Capt. James Bridgewater, Jan. 27, to the wife of Dr. Dugald Yarmouth, Feb. 1, to the wife of Capt. Arthur W.

Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 30, to the wife of George M. 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 Mc-Donald, a daughter. 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.

MARRIED.

Robertson, a daughter.

Milltown, Jan 4, John Dugan to Minnie Walker, Halifax, Jan 31 by Rev N LeMoine, Ernest C Scott to Mabel D Hillis. Sydney, Jan 19, by Rev J F Forbes, John Burnette to Kate McKinnon. Yarmouth, by Rev Fr Crozier, Albert Muise to Truro, Jan 30, by Rev Dr Murray, Harold Putman to Mary H Laurence. Sydney, Jan 16, by Rev J F Forbes, Andrew Fullerton to Bessie Hunt. St Ann's, Jan 15, by Rev John Fraser, Angus Mc-Aulay to Mary McKilop. Brookfield, Jan 23, by Rev Geo Miller, Wm Henry Ford to Ella May Proctor.

New York, Jan 20, by Rev Dr Russell, Harry A Johnston to Jessie Durkee. Sturgeon, Jan 29, 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 Patriquin to Alice M Collis. Everett, Mass, Dec 31 by Rev W I Sweet, John S Waterman to Annie 1 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 McEachern, Gabarus, C B, Jan 15, by Rev D Sutherland, Don-ald Munro to Mary A McDonald. Rozbury, 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 Easturn Brown, Robert A Boyce to Marilla Mand Godsoe.

Kinistino Park, N W T, Dec 26, by Rev Jas Bryant Chester Arthur to Gertrude Beatty, Friar's Head, C B, Jan 21, by Rev T Richard, Merrick LeBlanc to Sophia Chiasson, 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 Classon, 74. Crapaud, Jan 23, Mrs John Lee. Pietou, Jan 17, John McLeod. 38. Portaupique, Jan 15, Jehiel Carr. Pictou. Jan 20, Bernard Flynn, 46. Boston, Jan 24, Lena Cullinen, 30. Hali:ax, Mrs. Francis J Ahern, 19. Halifax, Eeb 3, Margie Mihan, 15. Halifax, Feb 2, Margaret Grant, 78. Waweig, Jan 23, Thos Sullivan, 72. Weston, Jan 30, Wallace Ill ley, 22. Shediac, Jan 26. James I Evans, 83. Pictou. Jan 27. Willie Matheson, 28. Stanhope Feb 9, Edward Douglas, 83, Wallace, Jan 22, Winnie Dickson, 88, Lyr field, Jan 23, Daniel Leeman, 80. Pitts burg , Jan 6, Henry Classon, 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, 90. Sunnyside, Jan 26, Hugh Manning, 70. Yarmouth, Jan 26, Edward Bridgo, 43. Halifax Jan 24, Isabel A Stevenson, 3. Lyndale, Jan 23, Mrs Sarah McLeod, 45. Big Bras d'Or, Jan 22, Lillie B Steele, 3. Fredericton Jan 26, Mrs James Sillick, 40. Friar's Head, Jan 17, Mrs M LeBlanc 55. Halifax, Feb 1st, Mrs Ellen Duggan, 84. Rridgewater, Jan 24, Angus McDonell,97. Colchester, Jan 13. Mrs Samuel Creelman. Brookside, Jan 21, Mrs Donald McKinnon. New Glasgow, Jan 29, Ellen H Walker, 30. Sydney Mines, Jan 14, Annie M. Dorsay, 4. Greedwich, Kings, Jan 10, Mary Tufts, 78. Scotch Settlement, Feb 1, Donald Duff, 60. Middle Simonds, Jan 13, Elijah Ebbett, 75. Cumberland, Dec 15, Elizabeth Stevens, 72. Yarmouth, Jan 26, Mrs Hannah Huestis, 71. Sunning Cove, Jan 19, Mr Timothy A Doane. George's River, Jan 17, Mrs John Moore, 31. Howard Cove, Jan 27, Emily Macgregor, 22. Glengarry, Pictou, Jan 29. Donald Gordon, 75. Cum erland, Jan 10, Mrs Sarah Angevine, 81. Greenvale. Dec 21, Archibald MacPherson, 84. Shag Harbor, Jan 24, Esther, wife of Geo. E Ken-

Little River, Feb 8, Henry Edward, infant son of Wm M and Emily Underbay.



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Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton Express for Sussex. 16.40
Express for Quebec and Montreal. 17.05
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney, 22.13 A sleeping car will be attached to the train. leaving St. John at 17.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Halifax. 4 Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

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Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton *Daily, except Monday. 24.45

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