HIS OWN TRUE WIFE.

6

(Continued.) CHAPTER X. TO CHERISH

Meantime Adela Wolcott, aglow with the citement of her conversation with her hun ad, and her subsequent encounter with s. Tontine, went down into her state-room are she flung herself upop

Mrs. Tontine, went down into her state-room. There she flung herself upon a seat beside the bed, clasped her hands over her face, and hid it in the pillows. Doubts, fears, and emotions toesed her to and fro, till her whole soul seemed like a troubled sea. What did her husband mean by all he had said to her? His incognito was the incognito of a royal personage, meant only to mislead those whom it was convenient to deceive. It was not to hide him from her-self, that was certain. Did it hide him from her-self, that was certain. Did it hide him from others? Did it hide him from Mrs. Tontine? He had said. "All hangs upon the next He had said, "All hangs upon the next He had said, "Ail hangs upon the next two weeks with me. I may go abroad for-ever and become an Asiatic. I may take the dusky woman for my companion, in my de-spair. If I am wrecked, adrift, why not? This is a crisis in my life. Many years ago'I wrecked myself, and lost what might have made me now a good and happy man. Not many hours since I saw the chance of win-ning back my blessings. A few days will de-cide my fate."

But did this really mean, as it had at first ned, that he was asking her consent to the procein order to regain lost happiness by rying his first love? Was she not wrongmarrying is inst love: Was she hot wrong-ing and dishonouring her husband by im-urning him capable of the trickery of wrest-ing her words to his own advantage, and oribing her to wrong her sense of right by iffering her the custody of Lance if she with-irew all opposition to his second marriage?

The situation, as she conceived it, was that he had proposed divorce, through Mr. Deane, to herself and to her family; that he had been advised that she intended to oppose it; and that he was now anxious, under ial shelter of an assumed name, to conin person a negotiation which might induce her to consent to an amicable compromise. She had no idea that the only news he had received from Mr. Deane was the result of that ceived from Mr. Deane was the result of that lawyer's first interview with Mr. Engels, which had never been fully made known to her; and that the lawyer had informed his client that his wife and her family were as ready as he could be to break off the mar-

Doubtless he had come on board inco to make the voyage with the woman whom he loved and lost before he had ever known self. A woman's theories, when she make up her mind not to trust her inspirations, sually deceive her. The notion that Mrs. Tentine was his ob-

delivery.

ct, that the desire to be in her company ithout scandal had brought him on board the Crimea, seemed plausible at first; but still, as she thought it over, the instinct that dictates a woman's impressions before she has had time to bewilder herself in all the pros and cons of argument told her different-ly. A line from Browning shimmered through

" Let's trust the motive that we cannot see." ight not his motive be herself? she reflect-Was it not more consistent with the aracter with which she had invested him?

character with which she had invested him? She knew that their hearts had "beat to one measure" as they talked of little Lance. "And yet I do not understand," she inly cried, "what he can mean by placing me and himself in our present position. If he hated or despised me, I should know it quickhated or despised me, i should know it quick-ly enough : of that I am certain. My impres-sions are accurate though I see so imperfect-ly. He must know that I am ready—ah ! too ready—to respond to any word of reconcilia-

ready—to respond to any word of reconcilia-tion. "The law people have talked to me till they have made me so inightificates, so afraid, so little like myself, that I hardly know what I am doing. Oh, how I wish is could have seen his syes when we were talking on the deck? But there were tones in his voice, and his breath stirred my hair, and—O Lance-lot i husband ! how I could love you, live for you, if I had you back again ! I would be anything you pleased if you would—if you would love me—would come home, give me a chance to show—" She paused, rose, and stood for a moment, with clear, open eyes and a set face, looking through her port-hole at the heavens. Then, or distribution. "Dat ar's all right, dat sartain sure ! Nebler you done trouble yo'self. I'll fix that telegram. You don't need to think to more 'bout it. All right, sure."

town? My ladies atways minus are a sight as the ship runs in." "No, I believe not, Roxana. Bring me my telegram here. There will be everybody on deck. So many people !" She sat down, counting each beat of the machinery, which kept time to the throbs of her own heart, and for a little while all thoughts of her husband, of Cora Noble, the integration and here present position, were lost noughts of her husband, of Cora Moble, the ivorce, and her present position, were lost a sort of reactionary anxiety for news of he child, whom she had left drowned in tears he day before, at the house of a Liverpool ergyman, whose wife was in the habit of sking Indian children as lodgers and pupils. he day be CHAPTER XI.

own ? My ladies always thinks it's a prett

THE TELEGRAM.

THE TELEGRAM. The wail in "The Isle of Beauty"—that farewell song to England which is almost a national anthem—is for "one green leaf to look upon" when far at sea. Nature has pro-vided, by innumerable varieties of green (more than four hundred shades, they say) for the natural craving of the eyes for this colour. The want of vivid green—of "living green," as Isaac Watts has called it—is one of the tems that make up the sum of human misery in a sea-voyage. No sailor, says Uysses, but begins to yearn for land when he has been a week at sea. And if such were the case with of their own coast, how much more true is it of ocean-going landamen, twenty-six centuries fiter Homer wrote, disheartened by sea-sick ness, and that systematic compression of eyetything which is one of the chief discom-tor.

stewards had been making love to the stewardess, and had said he'd known Dobson when he came on board in spite of his false name, had known him ever since he was a boy, and had been brought up with him. The latter part of this information made little impression on Mrs. Tontine at the time, but subsequently, when, to use her own ex-pression, she "came to think it over and put two and two together," she remembered it. When Adels reached the guards, the tender was a cable's length from the Crimes, which was already beginning to move seaward. Adela darted up to the first officer. "Mr. Adkins, did no telegrams dome off from Queenstown ? There should have been one for me." "I cannot say, Mrs. Wolcott. Mr. Wood, where's the steward that had charge of the man from the telegraph office ?" "What's that, Mr. Adkins ?" asked the captain, from the bridge. The captain al-ways had an eye and ear for any wantor wish. of Peter Engels' daughter. "Mrs. Wolcott, sir, expected a telegram at Queenstown."

"A telegram about my little boy, Captain," "A telegram about my little boy, Captain," cried Adela. The captain raised his speaking trumpet : "Tender aboy! Was there any telegram for Mrs Wolcott?" "Ay, ay!" came the reply. "What did you do with it?" "Gentleman signed for it her many"

everything which is one of the chief discom-forts of a voyage? The captain had already stated, at dinner and on deck, that he should lay to only long enough to take in mails and passengers. He did not offer anybody facilities for going ashore at Queenstown. Colonel Wolcott's chum, however, and two other men, went back on the tender, forficiting their passage-money and sticking the white feather boldly in their caps, rather than endure any longer the fate of all landsmen " who go down to the sea in ships," whose "souls abhor all manner of meat, and are even hard at death's door." "The fool has made some blunder," said the captain. "He has given it to the wrong man. Send for the steward who had him in charge. It is on board, of course. We'll have it for you in a moment, Mrs. Wolcott. Here, you Quin, who's got the telegram for this lady ?" "Dunno, sah 1 Stewardess was looking

Roxana, have you ?" said Mrs. Wolcott, as

"Roxana, have you?" said Mrs. Wolcott, as at that moment she perceived Roxana in the companion-way.
Roxana shook her head, and darted a look of furious reproach at Mel, who dodged out of sight as rapidly as possible.
Adela turned deadly pale.
"Mr. Dobson—he has got it, Mrs Wolcott," whispered Roxana.
"Didn't some one say Dobson had gone ashore?" said a bystander.
Adela turned eick with apprehension. She understood it now. Her husband had fooled her. He had got possession of her child. He had intercepted the telegram, and had landed at Queenstown to return to Liverpool..
Adela was not Griselda. She was not capable of patiently sacrificing her child for any husband.
"No matter, Captain Moore," she said, with an instinct that at least she must preserve her dignity. "Be so good as to say no more about my telegram."
But she trembled till she could hardly stand. snips, whose souls aboot an manner of meat, and are even hard at death's door." Mel took it upon himself to stimulate the terrors of his master's room-mate, being very unwilling that Colonel Wolcott's dignity should be compromised by occupying longer a state-room with "any such person." state-room with "any such person." As soon as the tender came off shore, a tele-graphic agent made his appearance on the quarter-deck, with a bundle of telegrams, and a book to be signed by those to whom they were to be delivered—a precaution adopted at that period by the comrany, to secure itself from too much responsibility in the hurry of delivery

Roxana, faithful to her promise, was in Roxana, faithful to her promise, was in waiting at the gangway when the people from the tender came on board, not aware that the telegraph clerk, being amphibiously bred and an active fellow, had for sport swung himself up by the main chains and got on deck with-out the accommodation of a ladder. Mel was the steward appointed to assist him in the delivery of his messages, and fol-lowed him about to distribute them to pas-sengers.

stand. "You are ill, Mrs. Wolcott ?"

"I am not very well. The motion is too much for me. I will go into the cabin." Pausing again, before she turned to go down the companion, she said piteously, "You could not put me ashore, Captain, in a little bact "

sengers. "One for Miss Adela," he said, in a confi-dential tone, as he passed Colonel Wolcott. "Hand it to me," said the colonel, on the little boat?" "No, my dear madam," he replied, "that would be quite out of my power. It's a wild coast. The sea and wind are rising. We are going to have a blow. Has anything gone wrong with you, Mrs. Wolcott? The tele-gram must be on board. The third officer shall make it his business to look it up. I do not think anything can be the matter with the little boy." tle boat ?" impulse of the moment. "This gen'leman's her husband, so it's all right," said Mel to the clerk who held the

book, and put the telegram into his master hand. It ran thus :--MRS. WOLCOTT, CRIMEA-Colonel Wolcott on board, Better land. Go to hotel. Take next steamer, Will meet you to-morrow. CHARLES SMITH, of Smith & Griffiths. "Sign for it, sir, if you please," said the

clerk impatiently. "All right," said Colonel Wolcott, and signed with his own name. The pause was a very brief one. Presently the

not think anything can be the matter with the little boy." "No, Captain ; say no more about my mes-sage. I know who has it. The man landed at Queenstown. I—I shall be all right when I get down to my state-room." "It is getting too rough even for so good a sailor as you are, Mrs. Wolcott," the captain said, as he helped her with a sailor's tender-ness down the companion-way. He put her under Rozana's care, and returning upon deck found his passengers and officers in great ex-citement. A little steam-tug had put off from the pier at Queenstown as soon as the tender had got back, and, notwithstanding the disparity of size, was impudently giving chase to the proud and beautiful Crimes. CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XII. AT LAST.

When Cantain M

THE WEEKLY MAIL, TOBONTO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1880.

"There is much be skull."

"Here is my passport, Captain," said the colonel, "which have been travelling with over since HeftConstantinople. You can judge f I correspond with my official description.

hending shaming printed undersektion-har hending shaming printed have been haveling with a set of the first line in his fifs, do hending in head of the set of the set

ing." "Then, Captain, you will remember that my name is Dobson for the next two weeks ; and you will keep the secret I have told you?"

For some time after Adela recovered con-sciousness she lay with closed eyes, unwilling to open them upon the faces about her, and recalling the late scenes upon the deck with many an inward shudder. After a while she looked up and found that she was alone with Mrs. Hobbes; but the din of the gale was deafening—the creaking of the ship, the swash of the bilge-water, the rattle of the rudder-chains, and the roaring of the wind as it howled among the righting. and made this voyage—but no matter. I see you are as prejudiced against me as ever. The telegram was not what you supposed. It ras to put you on your guard—I will send it you by Mel—to warn you that I was on

"Why did you say anything about it to din of the gale was deafening—the creaking of the ship, the swash of the bilge-water, the rattle of the rudder-chains, and the roaring of the wind as it howled among the rigging. Beside her in a rocking-chair sat Mrs. Hob-bes, holding fast to one of the posts of the bed; for the "Bridal State-room" boasted exemption from the usual wooden coffins in which ordinary sea-going passengers sleep. The poor lady was beginning to feel the mo-tion of the ship, though thus far she had borne up bravely, and would have retired to her berth had she not felt under a sort of re-sponsibility to Mrs. Tontine, who had assum-ed the place of head-nurse to Mrs. Wolcott, and had strictly ordered her coadjutrix not to suffer any messages to pass between Mr. Dob-son and the patient, the doctor having ex-pressly prohibited them. "I won't have nothing to do with things like them," she aid. "My ladies is respect-able. I know that Mrs. Wolcott don't want nothing of that kind, when she gets well "Mrs. Tontine ! Nonsense. Can't you forget that, Adela ? I had my folly once ; but what have I to do with Mrs. Tontine ?" "But Lance?" she cried. "I left him half II, excited, unhappy ! I left him among trangers, for the first time in his life, that I night make this yoyage. I themselt I to

acie. I know that Mrs. Welcott don't want nothing of that kind, when she gets well enough to hear what is being said of him in the cabin. I don't want no foxes nor no 'pos-sums in sheep's clothing sneaking round my ladies. A young girl and her beau, now, I'd take a message for, but not this kind Mr. Mel "

"Well, but jus' tell me how she is, Miss Young. The poor feller does so want to know about her."

Young. The poor feller does so want to know about her." "Tell him she's none the better for seein' him, an' that's what the doctor said himself," said Roxana. "I think he's a real impudent feller—that Dobson—no matter if you was brought up upon de same plantation. "Pears like it must have been some ornary one-horse farm. 'Specs he was some low-down white trash; he looks like it, anyhow." "How do you find yourself, my dear?" said Mrs. Hobbes, as Adela, who had heard a portion of all this, lay endeavouring to devise some pretext of calling Mel into her state-room. Then, after, giving her some spoons-ful of beef-tea, she resumed, "My dear, I am an old woman and a grandmother. You am an old woman and a grandmother. You will not think it rude if I say that in your

will not think it rude if I say that in your situation you must give up a good many things—things that of themselves may be perfectly proper and reasonable." "I know that, Mrs. Hobbes. I have always tried to walk by that rule. I know it is the only safe one for a woman living apart from her husband."

binty sate one for a woman living apart from her husband." "Yes, dear. This young man Dobson, now, for instance. I dare say he is not a forger or a Fenian or a defaulter, as some people say; still, it is not quite the thing for you to be seen with him so frequently, or to go with him alone on deck in such a gale, and take him in to prayers, you know." "Dear Mrs. Hobbes, so far as taking any one to church goes, I don't know why people should comment on my having done so. I met him on the journey to Liverpool. I can't explain the case to you or any one. I sup-posed people knew me and would trust me. People always have been kind to me. No-thing disagreeable ever has been said of me before." World.

before." "There's something in that, of course there is," said Mrs Hobbes. "But, you see, people will gossip on a sea-voyage. The ship is like a world—they must have daily news to keep life going ; and you have a friend on board who is not very friendly. Mrs. Tontine would be glad of anything that put you in the wrong, or, at least, so it seems to me.". "Ah ! Mrs. Tontine," said Adela, with a sigh.

The missile was Harrie Tontine, who had shot down upon them from the after part of the saloon-deck on which they were standing, having lost her footing in the sudden lurch. The next moment the Crimea shipped a heavy sea. Colonel Wolcott, with his burden, lost his footing, and felt himself carried to lee-ward on the back of a green swell. For a few seconds he imagined that he and Adela were overboard. Then, as the ship rolled back, they were dashed against some brass-work, and he recovered himself as the water rushed down upon the guards and plunged over into the sea out of the scoopers. Adel had given one wild shrek as Harrie, followed by the rushing wave, bore down upon her. She clung tight to her husband's neck with full consciousness of the situation, for a moment, and then she fainted. and you will keep the seoret I have told you?" The captain nodded his head. "And you will give me any facilities you can for seeing my wife?" "I awill indeed, sir." "I aw

God and be sure that He hears ! Somehow, since that moment in her hus-band's arms she felt a senguine hope that she should win him yet. The blessedness of such success seemed to rise upon her, like a star of love and hope above a dark horizon. She would no longer despair. The reproaches she had addressed to him on the deck now seem-ed unjust and fretful. She had shown want of trust in God and faith in him. Was it isalousy that had made her even for a mojealousy that had made her, even for a moment, think that the man she loved would b

wards Adela's door. Their eyes met, but Mrs. Hobbes, by a movement of her foot, promptly slammed it in his face. It was a little comfort to Adela to remem-ber that movement as she tossed restless all night upon her bed. Her husband returned to the saloon, discomfitted, but somewhat consoled by the brief glance he had obtained

consoled by the brier grant of a single of her. "Well, Mr. Dobson," said Sir George, "you seem to have achieved a rapid conquest of the widow. They say that as black walls absorb light, so widows' weeds absorb the most attention." Tenting before she was a

absorb light, so widows' weeds absorb the most attention." " "I knew Mrs. Tontine before she was a widow-before she was even Mrs. Tontine," said Dobson, willing to give more of his confi-dence to an utter stranger than he would have done to an American. "I thought her attractive then-but how changed she is, Is the change only in her, I wonder, or can it be that I have changed ?" "It may be that marriage alters her," said Sir George, "or perhaps it was a case, on your part, when ""The first experience of unrine year

"'The first experience of unripe years Was Nature's error on the way to truth."

Was Nature's error on the way to inflith." They say that every woman improves or de-teriorates according as she marries." "What a motive for the careless to choose carefully ! said Lancelet thoughtfully. "But she was not noisy then—or—or coarse. How. ever, perhaps when I knew her first I looked at her with the sun shining in my eyes !"

(To be continued.)

LOVE AND POLITICS.

An Amicable Swap on a Political Basia. Not far from Neversink, N.Y., is the home of two young ladies, sisters, and aged respect-ively eighteen and twenty years. These two young ladies were receiving the addresses of two brothers who resided in a neighbouring village, and both couples were engaged to be married. A few days ago the four were sitting together at the residence of the girls, when the elder expressed a desire to attend a Demo-eratic political meeting. She asked her in-tended to accompany her, but he refused flatly, giving as his reason that he was not a Democrat. The young lady insisted, but he firmly refused. Finally, she turned to his brother, who is a Democrat, and asked him to accompany her. To the surprise of all, he at once consented, and off they went to the meeting. The two thus left at home un-mated, of course felt very indignant. Discus-sion made them all the more agry, and led to the discovery that they were both Republi-can in sentiment, while the two who had gone off were of Democratic prodivities. Little by little other similarities of tastes and habits were discovered, and finally they decided to break with the old loves and form a new alli-An Amicable Swap on a Political Basis, break with the old loves and form a new alliance. No sooner said than done, and the compact was signed and ratified by a kiss. Presently the others returned, and the Republican who had remained behind informed his brother of the new alliance. To his very great surprise he was informed that the other couple on their way home had resolved on the same course. Unless the couples con-

clude to "swap" again the double wedding will take place during the holidays.-N. Y.

tem of butter-making is foreshad is considered likely to revolution industry. A creamery is to be en quality. This difference will

The farmers in the neighbor Mary's have wisely resolved to industry of factory butter-makin sent they have to depend largely of

poorness of some of the lots of Dominion to the British mark

the factory system a uniform art class quality will be manufactu ment, and thus the industry will weloping a Canadian industry win The success of American batter been established. In Iowa about the farmers raise cattle for batt

making, and the Rose factory turns out two thousand poun daily. Factory butter-making st as general as cheese-making in

THE FARM

EDITORIAL NOTE:

A scheme is on foot in England the importation of meat from carrying over large quantities on the Great Eastern steamship the experiment prove successful large vessels. From 3,000 to 4,000 be carried at each trip, the or alaughtered on the vessel before the carcasses hung up and cooled also refrigerating system. The " air refrigerating system. The " ern Fresh Meat Company," whi cess of formation, proposes to ra of £300,000 for the undertaking.

" Colonies " of immigrants o tionality are the order of the day and this principle appears to a perior class of settlers. The latest Swiss company of two extensive to in the Eastern Townships. One situated on the Arnold river, at Lake Megantic, and the other at mmigration from Switzerland v oted, and several extensive che stablished. It is in contempla chase more extensive tracts shou

be attended with the

Mr. Jesse Sparrow, one of t farmers who visited the Domini gates on the invitation of the gates on the invitation of the Government, has written a long le has been published in the Bristo in which, after going largely into the subject of Canadian farming, " Canada is far beyond my exp many respects, with so beautiful phere and rich soil; the people courteous and refined in their o and manners, the result of good I should think they have the best est schools in the world." He opinion that there was never a opinion that there was never a than the present for the British come over here and purchase farm

About twenty-five years ago ported annually from fifty to housand dollars worth of chees she exports the enormous amoun lion dollars. It is estimated th the butter and cheese exports end of wheat by nearly four million d quality of the cheese has also proved, so that to-day Canadia and to any manufactured. T equal to any manufactured. rgely attributed to the factory adian cheese carried off the first Centennial Exhibition against the also at the International Dairy York in 1879. The same result tained by carrying out the proj habing butter factories. Let farmers enter into the task with manage is assured.

ess is assured. AN ANCIENT GHOST. An important change in the p A Mysterious Apparition in Olden Time-How it was Exorcised. About a mile from Ragley, bordering the

the joint-stock principle in the Blanchard, Perth county, in con which a system is to be adopted claimed has worked well in the U Instead of gathering the milk fr ers, as is now done, only the cr collected, lessening the expense the farmer the milk to feed his o stated that butter made in t realize from six to eight cents per than the best grades of dairy reason of its uniform character quality. Inis difference will in the cost of making. The crea has spread rapidly in the Unite introduction here is conside be equally beneficial to our dairy

as spring wheat has been a fa past two years, and they have, cided to enter into dairying. O ject of the factory will be to character of Canadian butter i land, where it has depreciated

the all this was His way of blessing ittle as we guessed it." counted by these reflections, recalling the strengthening herself and exonerating human, Adela paid little attention to mines overhead, which betokened that othing mas going on on board the vessel. he these had entered the Cove of Cork, he choice here the cove of Cork,

The series and entered the over of our and being through her port-hole, she saw senared a lovely picture set in a circular The green shore was not far off; the like line of sandy; beach lay under the dike line of sandy; beach lay under the the line of sandy, beach lay under the mak slope of the low cliffs, with small to rills gleaning through their greenery. Yes it possible, she thought, that even ges father had been able to put Lance out or thoughts that she had entered Queens-to thoughts that she had entered Queens-to harbour, without once recollecting that when we to meet a telegram, telling how ohld hore her absence, and if he were safe well a

well a called the stewardess. That personcaned the stewardess. Interperson-orana Young by name, though better d than Mel, who had been country-n Georgia, was pleased to permit the ions of that gentleman ; and there were attentions of that gentleman ; and there were love passages going on every day, in odd corners of the ship, between them. Roxana was a firt by nature, temperament, and ex-ample, having been brought up as maid to some young ladies of good family. She was an excellent stewardess, devoted to the cap-tain and the ship, faithful to her duties, tender, neat-handed, and intelligent; but, notwithstanding the various wants of her "ladies," sick or well, she found time and opportunity for carrying on with Melchizedeck her favourite pastime. She would have been lost without a beau to "wait upon" her : never had she been without one since she enlost without a beau to "wait upon" her : never had she been without one since she en-tered girthood, though she had no particular inclination to be married, and indeed believed firmly in "wise virgins." She was not a set-tled woman, as she owned. Managing the men of her own race came as natural to her as taking care of helpless passengers; and life would have seemed blank to her with-out white ladies to look after and a lover of her own colour to tyrannise over. Mel was lighter of hue than herself, being, as she de-scribed it to her intimates, " a real pretty oream colour;" but while she had long hair, silky, crimped, and glossy, his was frizzled, eream colour;" but while she had long hair, silky, crimped, and glossy, his was frizzled, like the wool of the blackest negro. It was a sad drawback to a bright mulatto to have woolly hair; and one way in which Roxana kept her hold upon Melchizedeck was never to let him forget her sense of this misfortune. Mrs. Wolcott called from the state-room,

and, giving her some money, said-"Roxana, when the ship stops, how shall I

"Hoxana, when the ship stops, how shall I get a telegram? I expect one to meet me at Uncenstown, about my little boy." "I don' know as Captain Moore means to go up to the town," said Roxana. "I heard him saying that he did not want to lose time, and that he'd rather not give anyone the chance to go ashore. I 'specs he'll have signalled for the tender to come off and bring aboard the mails and passengers. Then at the same time they'll send the telegrams." "Will you look out then, Roxana, and bring me rins the moment that it comes?" will you look out then, Roxana, and g me runs the moment that it comes?" Adels. "I cannot go down to the gang-myself, and I want it as soon as possi-fter it is bronght on board." Tes, certainly I will, Mrs Wolcott. Jus' ing down into her mother's state-room, where now, and see the harbour of Queenswill you look out then, Roxana, and bring me rains the moment that it comes?" said Adels. "I cannot go down to the gang-way myself, and I want it as soon as possi-ble after it is brought on board." "Yes, certainly I will, Mrs Wolcott. Jus'

you trust me.

The Underson in any since

to more 'bout it. All right, sure."

"Stop talking, Mr. Quin. A lady wants it. It's about her little boy she's left behind in Liverpool. The child was half sick when she came off to us, an' she's a'most worried to

she came off to us, an'she's s'most worried to death about him since we started." . "Now see here, Miss Roxana, you go right down to Miss Adela, an' I bring you her tele-gram. Wait by my pantry door. We's hard times readin' all de names, we've got such a lot dis mornin'." Roxana repressed a remark about her cer-tainty that there were no names he could read; for it was not consistent with her dig-nity to disparage in public the intellectual at-tainments of her lover. She had a comfort-able conviction also that Mel would do his best for her in an emergency, and was not aware that in this matter an influence more potent than her own was strong upon him. So she waited by the pantry door till he joined her.

"Where's my telegram, Mr. Quin?" said

"Where's my telegram, Mr. Quin?" said Rorana. "See yere, Miss Young," said Melchiz-edeck, "don' you say a word now, 'cos I havn't got no telegram for Mrs. Wolcott-my Miss Adela." "No telegram ! She made so sure of one. Wasn't there none ? I'll go and ask the clerk myself. Whatever did you keep me foolin' round this door for, waitin' for you ?" "No, no ! Don' go now, Miss Rorie. You see, it's too late anyhow. Done cast de ten-der off 'fore I left de deck an' done come here for you." "Do you mean to tell me that there wasn t nothing for her ? She'll be ready to cry her

"Do you mean to tell me that there wasn t nothing for her ? She'll be ready to cry her eyes out—and she's oried enough already, poor thing. I said I'd aak for it myself. That's what comes of trusting you, Mel Quin 1 Any nigger with wool like you's got has neb-ber got no sense in his head. I'll have ne more to do with you." "O Miss Roxie, you is a talkin' now, isn't you ?" said Mel, trying to get hold of the re-Inctant taper fingers. "Well, if you won't tell no one, I'll tell you. Dere was a tele gram, an'somebody as wants to gib it her

You'r and Mei, dryng we ger nom of the fer-inctant taper fingers. "Well, if you won't tell no one, I'll tell you. Dere was a tele-gram, an'somebody as wants to gib it her himself has got it. There now!"
""Who's that? Who signed the book for it? You've got no business, Mr. Quin, a foolin' about telegrams. You better done let such important things alone. Who is it has got that telegram? Yeu tell me, or I'll go right off an' inform Mrs Wolcott an' the captain. That's what I'll do."
""No, don't yer, Miss Rozie ! Hear me ask yer, please don't now. Don't make no fuss at all hout it. Let 'em done fix it dere own way. "I'l all gwine to come right. You done let de thegram alone. Jus' do as I asks you for a bit. I knows all 'bout it 'Specs you doesn't know."
""Who's got it then? Tell me ! Is it that Dobson that keeps eying her? Tells yer what, Melchizedeck Quin, I ain't used to have no gentlemen like that foolin' roun' any my ladies. My ladies don't have nothin' to do with tolks which has false names, like that Dobson. Everything 'bout them is fust-class, an' full price an 'respectable." "Hush ! hush ! Now, do hush, Roxie ! Jus' you lets 'em by 'mselves a bit. Tell you deys more to one nother dan you thinks for. You trust me. I known him all his life. Known him when he came aboard. Known him before de war. Come, now ! I dene raised with him !"" Toxana opende the eyes. Mel saw he had made an impression. He nodded his head rapidly, and was just about to close the con-versation with a kiss when Harrie Tontine, who, unperceived, had been stealing raisins in the pantry, dropped a spoon. Roxana startled by the noise, hurried down into the aldies' cabin, while Mel turned to defand the steward's stores, and to reprimand the mar-auder, who, with a shriek of laughter, flew

y awkward one. "I am not surprised to hear it, sir.

to Tak

That's Bible doctrine

CHAPTER XII
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Idd to the quarter-deck, clasping one of the stanchions.
"I must see you," she said, " and I cannot in the saloon or on the guards. I must understand, must speak. I cannot bear this suspence. , I am Lancey's mother. Tell me, who was it stood beside the man that hailed to sfrom the little steamer—the old man with fit the white hair 'I could not see who it was, but I guessed—I guessed."
"I knew the man at once," said Colonel Wolcott. "I recognized him immediately."
"Then it was Mr. Smith, "my London I hawyer—Mr. Smith, who travelled with us to Liverpool. He came to bring me news of h Lance! I thought I heard them shout my to an and that name that you go by on this ship. What has happened to my boy?
"Forgive me, Adela. I had no right to a husband's rights in everything concerning you. I was wrong, I acknowledge. But the telegram was put into my hands and I saw its contents. It said nothing about Lance. I fareed that it might make you and at Queenstown, which would take away from me all the same to the same you man and take sway from me all the same you. I was wong, I acknowledge.

eane-deck in this gale ? No passengers ever go up there when the wind blows." "Yes, but they do though," cried Harrie, "Mr. Dobson and Mrs. Wolcott are quarrel-ling up there pow. I saw him trying to put "Yes, but they do though," cried Harrie, "Mr. Dobson and Mrs. Welcott are quarrel-ling up there now. I saw him trying to put his arm round Mrs. Wolcott's waist and she would not let him. That's what I went up to look at. I knocked her down, I think, and then he got hold of her. Look, Mr. Adkins ! There he comes down now ! He is carrying her in his arms i" The officers hurried forward, but Colonel Wolcott would not give up his burden to them. He carried her, dripping and uncon-scious, down to the ladies' cabin, where, the door of her state-room being open, he entered, and laid her on the bed, crying, "Where is the doctor?" In a moment the stewardess and the doctor of the ship hurried in, followed by several ladies. "Come and change your things, sir," said Mr. Adkins, tapping the colonel on the shoulder as he stood gazing stupidly at his unconscious wife. "You are making all the cabin dripping wet. Don't you see ?" "Is she hurt, doctor? Did she strike against the bras?" he asked, paying no at-tention to Mr. Adkins. "No, Sir," said the surgeon, with some contempt—for Harrie was pouring out her version of the sevent to a circle of listeners in

"No, Sir," said the surgeon, with some contempt—for Harrie was pouring out her version of the event to a circle of listeners in the ladies' cabin—"nor do we want you here. Mrs. Wolcott has to be undressed. Go down and change your own clothes. Steward," to Mel, "get him a stiff glass of hot brandy and water."

water.", "You are sure she is not injured in any way ?" "Clear the state-room, if you please !" was all he could get out of the doctor.

XIII. JEALOUSY.

"Lancelot ! Lancelot !" were the first words that Adela uttered as she came to her-self. "That's her little boy she's asking for : his name is Lancelot," interpreted the stewardess to the ladies. "She is thinking about him." The first words that Adela heard distinctly

there in bed," he said to the other lattes.
"Now then, I'll go and see Miss Harrie, Mrs. Tontine."
"Here I am, doctor," cried the irrepressible Harrie. "I put on dry clothes, and had a glass of something hot the steward brought me. Stewardess, go and pick up my things! they are all in a wet puddle on the door of my state-room."
"Harrie had no business to be on deck, watching people," said Mrs. Tontine severely.
"Her governess, Miss Wylie, has been sick in her berth, and Harrie takes advantage. She sees everything she isn't meant to see."
"Doctor," said Mrs. Hobbes, "I'll sit with Mrs. Wolcott. What do you think it ishe fall, or sea-sickness, or some shock she had from somebody on deck, or grieving for her little boy?"
"We shall tell better to-morrow," said the doctor. "Meantime keep her quiet, and don't let her hold any communication with any one who might renew the excitement.
"You mean not with Mr. Dobson? No, doctor, Mrs. Hobbes and I, and my governess, Miss Wylie (if she's well enough), will see that she is not disturbed," said Mrs. Tontine.

Jealousy that had made her, even for a moment, think that the man she loved would be happier on a lower-level with an inferior woman? How could she so have disparaged him, even in thought, as to suppose that he could be content with a Mrg. Tontine?
Softly she repeated the Lord's Prayer over to herself, as was her custom when perplexed or beset by any trial. It was so confortable to have the right to lean on Him? Then she remembered Cromwell's favourite psalm, and in its words implored her Heavenly Father "to heal the breach, to be the Restorer of paths safe to walk in."
There was also satisfaction as she thought of the fame her husband had won. The man in whose favour the reading world had pronounced its verdict could no longer be crushed by her connections or by the disadvantage of her money. He seemed to her to have shaken himself free from much that in past years had marred their married happiness.

years had marred their married happiness.
Her soul floated into a rainbow-tinted dream of happy thoughts, from which she was roused by Harrie, shouting from the doorway of the state-room—
 "Mrs. Hobbes, mamma sends word that she hopes you are not angry with her for leaving you so long with Mrs. Wolcott. She will be down to take her turn directly. But she is up in the saloon, having a good time with the captain and Sir George and Mr. Dobson is drinking tea at the first table."
Adela, on hearing this, started up in her bed, eager to rise, but this Mrs. Hobbes prevented. She had not been satisfied with the effect produced by her hintsabout Mr. Dobson, and this message gave her an opportunity to try advice once more.
"You see, my dear," she said, "Mr. Dobson so meams very ready to take up with any lady who gives him an opportunity. Leave him to Mrs. Tother. I saw her ogling him when I was last upstains."
"It's mighty queer he should be cating at the captain's table anyhow." remarked Roxan, who just then came into the stateroom. "I thought Captain Moore knews not float's believe it anyhow. First place, there is a stiff gale an'a heavy sea. The captain does not often quit the deck such nights, an don't believe it anyhow. First place, there is a stiff gale an'a heavy sea. The eaptain does not often quit the deck such nights, an' he's mighty particular who he lets sit don't believe it anyhow. First place, there is a stiff gale an'a heavy sea. The eaptain does not often quit the deck such nights, an' he's mighty particular who he lets sit don't believe it anyhow. Hist allow nobolody to do that 'cept those he likes, an' whom he knows has everything to recommend them, it here knows has the olice was after him, and the reckoned the police was after him, and the reckoned the police was after him, and here to have to be the sub olice the sub float the deck such nights many he's mighty particular who he lets sit down't believe it anyhow. First place, there is a stiff gale an'a heavy sea. The

Adela heard this, and the pretty flowers of her hope folded their leaves. If he elected to be with Mrs. Tontine in her absence, it

to be with Mrs. Tontine in her absence, it corroborated her worst fears. Tresently a noise was heard upon the brass-bound stairs of the companion, then a noisy laugh and a loud voice, betokening that Mrs. Tontine was coming down from the saloon, supported by gentlemen. Adela sat up in bed. The door of her state-room had been left partly open by Mrs. Hobbes, and she saw Cora stagger into the ladies' cabin up-held by Captain Moore upon one side and on the other by Mr. Dobson. "You may go now," said the widow, re-linguishing the latter's arm. "You have no business in this cabin. It is only free to married gentlemen who have their wives on board, you know."

...For lack of food and rest she one day fell into a deep swoon, and was put to bed; whereupon she waked, and seeing that she was in her usual chamber adjoining the chapel, she struggled to escape, crying that no mortal should keep her there. Her bro-ther, fearing that she was possessed, had her tied to the bed, and acquainted Parson More, then at Ragley, who had much repute with humble folk in allaying disorders. Dr. More was brought by Lady Conway, and after much nervasion and shrinking. Alice Dr. More was and shrinking, Ander and after much persuasion and shrinking, Ander Slade described to them how, on three several Slade described to them how, on three several state that room she had seen, at the State described to them how, on three several occasions, in that room she had seen, at the stroke of twelve, a waving figure in a black habit, with the face bound up as if for burial, and that the said figure had afterwards beckand that the said figure had alterwards beck-oned to her as she was binding fagots on the chapel flags; and, "mithered as I was," ad-ded Alice, "I could but follow, till she sank under the stones at the window end; and on that spot I hear her singing and sighing every day." Lady Conway and Dr. More soothed the sufferer; and the eager interest of the visitors in any manifestations of Spiritualism the sufferer; and the eager interest of the visitors in any manifestations of Spiritualism afterwards caused Henry More to examine very carefully, under Alice's guidance, the place where the apparition disappeared. It was a plain slab, about two feet square; and bending with his car to the appoint the square ; and was a plan siab, about two rest square; and bending with his car to the ground, there cer-tainly came at intervals a sound like a sigh or a murmur. For a moment that pale, thought-ful face flushed; then it was turned to Lady

Conway. "Our senses are readily deceived," he said; "this may be but a counterfeit of nature-John Slade, bear a pickaxe this way, if ye

"Unit senses are reacing decision, in each both slade, bear a pickaxe this way, if ye have one." The slab was upheaved, and proved to be the entrance to a passage or vault extending of a roll of lighted flax set **A** oil, Henry More descended. He as wome human re-mains beneath the tomb of Lady Isabel de beanchamp and elsewhere, and at the en-rance, in a fair state of preservation, was a plain eilm coffin, having burnt in the lift. "Margaret Dyson, 1573. R. I. P." The mysterious noise was easily explained, for the systerious noise was easily explained, for the mysterious noise was easily explained, for the mysterious noise was easily explained, for the myster, oozing from a point near the surface, where a fragment of stone jutting out inter-outer dropping at intervals caused a gury. "Mangaret that the attendant thought sho was gone. This wonderful docto began by munuing a few sentences in a plaintive tone, taking her left hand meanwhile. Thereupon the sufferer opened her eyes fuses strokes and passes for which he was famous. He then enquired whether sho yould show him the Malvern Hills; whether would sho

The Heirs of Mary Stuart.

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The Kingston Whig strongly creased attention to sheep ra northern section of Frontenac there are thousands of some and burge, destitute of timber and for tillage. Arable land in the county is too valuable to warran devoting themselves principall raising, but if the large unoccup the back townships, at present almost valueless, were granted actions of from 400 to 800 acres ons of from 400 to 800 acres sections of from 400 to 800 acres, fixed period, the flocks being from faxation for five years, anticipates that the profit try of sheep husbandry would a tions similar to those reached in land. In that colony pasturage

large tracts at morely nomin export of wool in 1870 amounted R: considers that if sheep far fitable where the carcase is of pelt and tallow only, it should 1 advantageously pursued where find a ready demand. The tow are urged to present statements erament of the lots in the dif-tions which are not subject to and not fitted for tillage, acco petitions for their appropriat

pasturage,

HOME NOTES

By Telegraph and M

The apple crop of Annapolis car exceeds 100,000 barrels. vear exce The cheese factories of Seym their stockhoiders this season 000 and \$90,000.

The directors of the East Mid cultural Association met on S resolved to accept the Queen's wise known as Scott's grove, people of London persevered in mination to sell the present exhibit The Maidstone Journal learns A The Mandstone Journal learns losses continue to occur in the 1 Mommey Marsh graziers. The fit appears to have been latent in a 1 of sheep, and now that colder weather has prevailed they are su it. One grazier has lost 600 mother has lost forty during might

night. ^aMr. Thomas McCrae, Guelph

"Mr. Thomas McCrae, Guelph, November, shipped by the Gran way express a Southdown ram to on Baie de Chaleur. Thence the taken to its destination, close up dred miles further. Mr. McCra from sheep of his farm this seaso \$1,200. All of which goes to show the live stock of Wellington is a row the live stock of Wellington is a The extraordinary develop port trade in live stock from th Great Britain is shown by the turn. In 1874 the whole ex the Dominion to Great Britain amou 83 head of cattle. Four years fiscal year 1877-8, the trade

The first words that Adela heard distinctly were from the doctor. "What do you want, steward ?" "Please, sah, Mas' Dobson he want to know how's Mrs. Wolcott--Miss Adela ? I was to bring him word soon's she could speak." "Tell him to mind his own business. Mrs Wolcott won't be any the better for any-thing that he can do," grumbled the doctor. Adela struggled to get up. Her impulse was to be upon her feet, and to go again on deck, where she might meet her husband, but she fell back feebly upon her pillows. "Lie quiet, Mrs. Wolcott," said the doctor. Don't let her have any excitement, but keep her in bed, "he said to the other ladies. "Now when, I'll go and see Miss Harrie, Mrs. Tontine."

