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STORIES OF THE SEA

By EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.

Author of "Little Hodge," "Lord Bantam," "Ginx's Baby," &c.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"It is all coming," she said to herself, and setting her teeth together, braced herself as bravely as she could for what she felt certain was to follow.

"Do you remember," the knight went on, quietly, "that when you first saw him you showed a great aversion to him? I saw your glance, and evidently his aspect was repulsive to you, partly no doubt because of the villainous red hair he had assumed for a disguise. I can assure you he looked much better without it. Indeed, for a Jewish-faced rascal, he was not such a bad-looking fellow. Well, yesterday he was shut up in the carpenter's cabin, heavily ironed. He could, however, move his hands about, and lift them. Two men were placed outside, to guard him. They looked in on him last night at about twelve. You know how rough it was. A mattress had been arranged for him on the floor. He seemed to be lying on the mattress quietly enough. This morning at six the watch entered and found him dead."

"Dead!" cried Lady Peakman, sitting up in her berth, and looking at the knight in a way that startled him. "Dead, did you say?"

"Yes. He managed during the night to get hold of a sharp bradawl or auger, and with that he opened veins in both arms. The doctor says the man must have understood the business perfectly. The mattress was found deluged in blood, and he lay there quite cold. It is a horrible thing."

"Horrible!" echoed Lady Peakman, lying down again and closing her eyes.

Who could imagine what a torrent of conflicting emotions then surged through her mind! The man was dead whom she had believed to be dead before. Twice dead for her, each time, alas, most welcomely. This man, whom she had once loved, and yet whose resurrection had shaken her with a horror which was the most awful experience of her life. Dead? Alas, poor wretch! Gone to his account wicked and unrepentant. Dead? Ay, what a relief! He can no longer threaten her. Her secret is buried with him.

She was unconscious of Sir Benjamin's presence, waiting for her eyes to open, and her lips to speak. He addressed her. She turned her face and looked at him with a strange look he could not understand. She took his hand and clasped it nervously, warmly. Tears ran down her face.

"This terrible business has exhausted you," he said. "There now, lie down and be quiet awhile."

And he went out, leaving her to her own thoughts.

She knew not what to think of this strange, unlooked-for deliverance. It was scarcely possible to believe in it. Was it even right to accept it? So deeply, so truly had she realized all the terrors of exposure, that now, to be certain that the danger was removed, that only she and God held the secret, that her husband's and her daughter's honour were safe, seemed incredible, unreal. Yet the sense of relief gradually won its way over her mental and physical frame. And slowly it brought with it a blessed humbling influence. Turning to her Bible, she cast her eye over psalm after psalm, and words which humanity has ever found to be the fittest to express the deepest and most powerful emotions of the soul, welled up like a spring out of the experiences of past ages, as fresh, as reviving, as if they had been written for her to-day.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice, ad the voice of my supplication. If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

. . . My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning. I say, more than they that watch for the morning."

If we say that out of this dreadful experience this women by-and-by came forth altered, softened, chastened, bettered, who shall scorn it? The old life passed away. It died, with all its evil influences—and was buried. It had only slumbered when he— the Mephistopheles of its worst period—had awhile disappeared. There had been no real repetance. But now that he was gone who had come back in circumstances so horrible, now that the menace of a fearful retribution had departed from her, now that she could safely bury the past with him, she felt that a gentler spirit came in and took possession of her heart, she felt as if a humbling, but a holy influence had breathed upon her life. It was a shuddering dread to turn and gaze again upon that morose departing cloud carrying away with it the mist and darkness of a hard experience. But how much brighter shone the sun whose beams now cheered her way.

And it was clear that all this must for ever be locked in her own breast. The secret of her changed manners, pursuits, hopes, could not be revealed. To tell it to Sir Benjamin, would be to inflict a needless, and perhaps a remediless pain. For her innocent daughter's sake nothing must be risked. There was no human being with whom this burden should be shared. Perhaps it might be left where the pilgrim in the allegory left it; but if not, it must be carried bravely by her—alone.

God is more pitiful than man. He had closed up and sealed over for this poor, proud, erring woman such a past as a malignant society would have rejoiced to peer into, to uncover, to dissect, to set up in the light of day as a most delightful scandal. Could we, ever needing pity, only be as compassionate as He who requires it not! Could we, man and women, only imitate the Divine benevolence, and charitably veil for our brethern and sisters their dead disastrous past, in order to render more fruitful of hope the redeeming future! Could our Christmas time, our Christmas church-goings, our Christmas greetings, our Christmas pleasures, only bring near to us the spirit of the Christmas Childing, who in His manhood looking sadly upon discovered sin, reproved its malignant and hypocritical censors, while to the trembling sinner He gently said: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go in peace, and sin no more!"

CHAPTER XIII.

There were many signs on board the Kamschatkan that oits mariners were soon expecting to approach the land. The passengers now being accustomed to the motion of the snip, and tempted by the finer weather, gladly watched the sailors, under the direction of the quartermasters, busily overhauling the tackling and covering of the boats, or here and there, where there were marks of weather, putting on injured bulwarks a patch of paint, or, in that deliberate but skilful way in which sailors do these odd jobs, splicing and reeving, and sewing, and tarring stays, braces, ropes, rigging, netting, or tarpaulins which had been injured by the weather. The voyage had been an unexpectedly rapid one, and there was every hope of reaching Portland by Sunday afternoon, the 23rd of December.

On Friday, with a brisk breeze from the east, and a bright sun sparkling on the blue rolling waves with their crowns of snowy spray, it was a pleasure to pace the deck and gossip and watch the sailors at work, or the crowds of steerage passengers lounging about the warm quarters of the smoke funnels with their iron casings.

Lady Peakman was able to come up on deck—pale, weak an altered woman. Araminta, happily unconscious of her mother's thoughts, was in a mood as bright and sparkling as the little waveless that danced off the sharp bow of the glancing vessel. Wrapt in an ermine cloak, and with a scarlet feather in a little deer-stalking hat, she looked very saucy and dazzling. So thought Lord Pendlebury when he emerged from the smoking-room, where he had been amusing himself over his pipe with the conversation of Mr. Weis and the Ottawa editor, whose failure to discover the fugitive Kane left him at the mercy of the cunning and stolid German. The editor, however, was consoling himself with the thought that he only of "all the journalists in creation" was at present acquainted with the romantic and thrilling events which had occurred on board the Kamschatkan, and which would render her outward voyage one of the most memorable on record. He was already calculating how many dollars he would get out of the "New York Flasher" and other transatlantic journals for a highly-spiced and sensational account which he was preparing to send on speculation by telegraph from Portland. He was therefore not in so bad a humour as his dearest friends would have desired.

The decease of the man Kane, alias Stillwater, alias Moreno, etc., had been made the subject of a grave consultation in the captain's chart-room. Lord Pendlebury, Mr. Corcoran, Sir Benjamin Peakman, and Mr. Carpmael had been called in to assist the skipper with their advice. It was that the body should be thrown overboard after the doctor had made a careful examination and written an accurate description of the deceased. Mr. Carpmael was of opinion that the evidences of identity were sufficient without producing the remains, which, in any case, would have been of no use unless sent to England. Thus the last faint possibility that the dead man might be identified as the quondam Count Siracchino was removed. Lord Pendlebury as an English justice of the peace, and Mr. Carpmael, as a commissioner to take oaths for Canada, then took written depositions of all the persons who had any evidence to offer concerning the deceased, and these were placed in the captain's hands. This solemn business over, every one was glad to dismiss from his mind the horrid episode.

* * * *

Another meeting had taken place. When Mrs. Belldoran left the room where the culprit was under examination, she was stunned by the revelation he had made. Idle and baseless as her suspicions were now proved to have been, she had honestly believed in them. The bitterness of the thought that he had wronged her had hardened her heart against Corcoran, and she came on board the Kamschatkan with a clear conscience and a real satisfaction that she was about to shake off the memory of her former marriage, and to join her lot with one whom she esteemed to be in every way more worthy of her affections than the discarded Master in Chancery. But events had touched her heart. It was impossible to see him again, to know that he was miserable, to learn that he asserted his innocence, without a painful convulsion of heart. Moreover, the words of Mistress McGowkie, few and simple as they were, produced a strong effect. Mrs. Belldoran's resentment was softened.

But her embarrassment was keen, almost agonising. She was legally freed from this man whom she still conceived to have injured her, and she was under an engagement to another to whom her affections had been honorably pledged. Yet now the earlier love, and the memories of a happier past, and the promptings of a noble forgiveness, which Mrs. McGowkie had so inartificially but powerfully suggested, all wrought upon the mind and heart of the divorcee. In this state of her feelings, there came the confession of the criminal. With a woman's quick deduction she accepted the man's statement as true without a question. She had been deceived. Instead of being wronged, she was the wronging one. She forgot all the unhappy circumstances which had contributed gradually to bring her to the conviction of her husband's unfaithfulness. As her heart melted, sorrow settled upon it. She was without a friend to share and to sympathise with her difficulty.

In this extremity the proud lady turned to the little Scotchwoman. Her maid was sent off with peremptory orders to produce Mrs. McGowkie in the purser's cabin at once. Mrs. McGowkie came. In the moist and melting interview which ensued, there was perhaps a good deal said that was soft, and not a little that was incoherend and absurd; but the feeling in both hearts was genuine, and Mrs. McGowkie's quaint religion and unaffected purity and artlessness of character helped in no small degree to dissolve the more worldly ideas and prejudices of the elder lady.

"Of course ye'll be for seeing him," said Mrs. McGowkie—it was on this very Friday morning—"and you will just talk it all over together; and doubtless, by the blessing of God, now that its a' cleared up, ye'll be able to see eye to eye again—and may God bless ye both, my dear lady."

And squeezing Mrs. Belldoran's hand affectionately, while tears were bathing both their faces, the little Scotchwoman turned to the glass, as she wiped her eyes, and glanced into it, to see whether she was fit to present herself to company. Then she stepped out of the cabin into the clear sunny daylight.

Lord Pendlebury was talking to Araminta, beside whom reclined her ladyship. Mrs. McGowkie tripped along the deck, hoping that the peer would see her and join her, for she shrank from coming into contact with haughty Lady Peakman. Lord Pendlebury, however, was too absorbed in Miss Araminta's lively and naive conversation to notice any one else, so that at length Mrs. McGowkie was obliged to put a bold face on it, and approach the group. The exciting interview through which she had passed had brightened her colour, a wee tell-tale tear still glistened on one eyelash, and her nervousness showed itself in her quick and hesitating manner. Lady Peakman no sooner saw her than she raised herself from her recumbent posture, and held out her hand frankly and kindly. There was a painful pallor on her face.

"How do you do, Mrs. McGowkie? I am happy to see that you don't- appear to have sufered much by the voyage."

Mrs. McGowkie was surprised by the graciousness of this reception, and hardly knew how to acknowledge it. She said, however, the first thing her heart dictated, which happened to be the right thing, and her sweet Scotch accent and silvery tremulous voice sounded very soothing to the ears of the weary and sorrowful dame. Araminta was pleased to emulate her mamma and to be very gracious, the more that Lord Pendlebury at length rose and addressed Mrs. McGowkie with emphatic kindness and deference. She told him at length that she wished to speak to him. Giving her his arm, they walked away. This time no ill-natured remark fell from her ladyship, though Araminta looked a little disturbed.

In a few minutes the peer had been made acquainted with the state of affairs.

"You had best just ask the gentleman to walk straight into the cabin next his own, and talk to her himself," said Mrs. McGowkie, with the singular decisiveness that is natural to all her countrymen and countrywomen. "They must e'en settle it together, ye see, for there's no one else can do it for them."

Lord Pendlebury looked with such a gleam of quizzical admiration into the pretty blue eyes opposite to him, that the good little lady blushed scarlet, though a pleasant smile played about her lips. He left her, and hastened to the captain's cabin, where he found Corcoran in great distress. He was listening to weeping in the neighboring room, and tears stood in his own eye.

"Pendlebury," he said, when he saw his friend, "this cannot last. I must see her," pointing with his fingers towards the purser's cabin. "She is not happy, and I am sure that I am in an intolerable state."

The peer took his hand.

"My dear Corcoran," he said, "I came to tell you to go in to her and speak to her frankly and confidently—to assure you that you may safely do so. She is waiting—she will be glad to see you. A little bird has told me."

"You don't say so?" said Corcoran, with native impulsiveness, and without another word he darted out of the captain's cabin and into the next. Lord Pendlebury, anxious to avoid overhearing any portion of the interview, stepped quickly out of the room and shut the door. We shall imitate his delicacy.

* * * * * *

A half-hour passed—an hour. The young peer, filled with anxiety which he could not suppress, and feeling unable to resume the bantering conversation with Miss Araminta, paced the deck from amidships to the poop and back again, watching the door of the purser's cabin. The lunch bell had rung, but there was no sign. The deck became clear of passengers. Still Lord Pendlebury walked up and down. At length the purser's door opened. Corcoran emerged. He glanced round quickly, and perceiving Pendlebury, beckoned to him, and rushed into the captain's cabin.

"Thank God! my dear fellow!" cried the Irishman, squeezing the young lord's hand with great warmth. "It's all settled! She's my own once more. I'll never forget you for this, my dear friend. She's as gentle as a child. All the old love come back again. To think we must go back to the altar, to be man and wife once more! I'll be a Roman Catholic after this—they are right—the law of divorce is most wicked and unnatural! Take my advice, my friend. Never have a divorce under any circumstances."

Lord Pendlebury restrained his amusement at the whimsical mixture of humour and good feeling displayed by the worthy ex-Master. He congratulated him heartily on the reconciliation.

"Your Christmas will be a merry one, at all events," he said, cheerily.

"Faith, it will be merrier than his," he said, pointing in the direction of the land. "It's hard — eh? — robbing a poor fellow of an expected wife at this time of year, when he was looking out for her as a Christmas-box. But the difficulty is only beginning. What is to be done? Maybe he's an irascible customer, and he might shoot me, or perhaps the barbarous laws of this new country may deny me the right to marry my own wife again. Any way, there will be a scene. It is precious unpleasant."

"Let me think of a way out of that difficulty. Meanwhile, Corcoran, come with me, and let me introduce you to the dear little lady to whom you are most indebted for this happy re-arrangement. Forgive the word, but what else can I call it."

To be Continued.

LUCCHENI'S PRISON.

Dungeon in Which the Murderer of an Empress is Confined.

Lucchini, the murderer of the Empress of Austria, now under sentence of imprisonment for life—the utmost penalty allowed by the law of Switzerland—was removed on the day after the trial to the Prison de l'Eveche, so called from the fact that it was built

LUCCHENI'S PRISON.

on the site of the palace of the Bishop of Geneva. Here for the next six months Luccheni will undergo solitary confinement in an underground dungeon. Two days a week his food will consist only of bread and water. At the end of the six months he will be treated like other criminals, though with more severity in the event of misbehavior, or other breaches of the prison regulations.

LANGUAGE MAKERS.

The Medical Profession Has Introduced Many New Words.

Modern medicine possesses a vast technical vocabulary, which is at once rich and precise, and to which the progress of discovery is constantly adding fresh terms. The spread of education and interest in sanitation is more and more incorporating medical terminology into common speech. But besides this and besides the names of familiar names of diseases and remedies, we have numerous words, which originally taken from medicine, have become part and parcel of our daily speech, and are no longer confined to strictly literal uses. For example, there are such words as "crisis," "fever," "symptom," "chronic,' and many others. Going further back we have words derived from medical theories now superseded, as "mercurial," "jovial,' "martial," and "lunatic," "melancholy,' "phlegmatic," "chronic,' "humor,' with all its derivatives. As medical terminology is almost wholly derived from the classic languages this immense addition is purely foreign.

GARDEN OF EDEN.

Some Celebrated Explorers Believe It Can be Found.

The distinguished explorer, Major Seton Karr, has left Aden for Somaliland, in his earch for the precise position of the Garden of Eden. Henry M. Stanley's view of the matter, as set forth in his wonderful account of his explorations, has long since led many archaeologists to transfer their allegiance from the long-accepted site in Asia, to the valley of Shari. W. Marsham Adams, the distinguished authority on paleography, disagrees with Major Karr in placing the site of the garden in the valley itself, but agrees as to the vicinity, maintaining that the immediately adjoining plateau of Central Africa was the cradle of the human race.

It has been proved beyond all doubt that the territory of Eden was not a district through which four rivers had their full course, but was essentially a watershed, containing a single river and four "heads." This description exactly corresponds with the great basin of Central Africa, which contains the single river, the Shari, and the heads of four rivers, the Zambesi, the Niger, the Nile and the Congo. And in the eastern part of this plateau, "covering 3,000 square miles of the most gloriously beautiful land in the world," is a paradise full of all kinds of animal life. Stanley describes it as being likely, from certain rocky eminences which lie to the eastward of the basin of the Shari. The location almost exactly coincides with the description evolved from the later readings.

In the ceaseless war between the adherents of Scripture and the adherents of science any discovery which may throw a new light on the truth and falsity of the Pentateuch is eagerly perused. According to the Scriptural account our first parents went forth from Eden toward the East. This would just correspond with the most natural course, leaving the valley of the Shari, which would be to follow the course of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, which trends slightly to the eastward before turning toward the north. From here, as the human family continued to multiply the migrations would gradually reach up to the parts about Somaliland. This is now generally acknowledged by the Egyptologists to coincide with the land of Poont, the sacred land to which the people of the Ptolemys ever looked back as the land of their origin.

Still further down the Nile we come to the island of Meroes, where Moses, according to Josephus, when a commanding General, in behalf of his master of Egypt, gained an overwhelming victory over the inhabitants of the Soudan, and where the famous French explorer, Cailland, discovered the ruins of Assur.

Each of these points would lead to the confirmation of the Scriptures, a most important point to either the Christian or the historiographer. It is also a pleasing reflection to consider that the armies of the modern Egypt, she in whose service so many races struggled and won, now hold, perhaps finally, the territories over which those to whom is attributed the Pentateuch, strove and conquered.

TO BLOT OUT ENGLAND.

How Russia Should Prepare for the Supreme Battle.

A Reuter despatch from St. Petersburg, says: The Grashdanin publishes an article in which it asks whether Russia would not be acting wisely in renouncing the possession of Port Arthur and Talienwan.

This renunciation would have the following effects: Firstly, to give her a free hand; secondly, to rid her of harbours, where in the event of a war with Great Britain, her ships would be caught like rats in a trap; and, thirdly, to spare her the cost of enormous defences.

By occupying herself chiefly with affairs in Northern China, especially that part of China which borders on Russia's own possessions, and with the railway in Manchuria, Russia will be a "warning signal to the British, even in the south of China."

"Russia could then proceed," says the journal, "to develop her territory in the direction of Afghanistan, and prepare herself for the supreme combat which she must inevitably have, sooner or later, with Great Britain, profiting at the same time by the latter having scattered her forces in all directions—an error by which she will have weakened herself in India.

"It is absolutely essential that Russia should fight this supreme battle on land and not on sea, encountering her adversary simultaneously in the north of China and at the gates of India."

The Grashdanin rejects all notion of an eventual reapproachment with Great Britain, the inveterate enemy of Russia, from whom the latter can look for no advantage, and its advocates, on the contrary, an alliance with Germany, in which France might be induced to join.

GREEN CITY FOLKS.

Mrs. Hayseed—Yes, I had some city boarders durin' th' summer, but I didn't interdooce 'em around much 'cause I saw they wasn't fust-class folks what goes out of the city every summer.

Neighbhor—Oh! They showed they'd never been in the country before, did they?

Mrs. Hayseed—Yes, indeed. Why, the very fust meal they asked for cream.

MAKING IT RIGHT.

Madame, said the leader of the Best Citizen's League, I have come to inform you that we have just lynched your husband by mistake.

The bereaved women covered her face with her hands and began to moan.

There, There, the best citizen went on; don't cry. It'll come out all right yet. We expect to get the right man before night.

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