inate friend the coastend was so singular and

despondency, from

arration of his story had

d him-"all except one.

t, strange to say, was a

was the daughter of the the Blenheim. And she-

and Hubert's mother!

he narrative, and he now

on his breast and walk-

on. I followed him, full and horror at his story.

the clue to his depres-lucinations.

so long banished from

l now returned with re-

and had partly turned

his was the explanation

ge derangement. It be

taken off this unfortun-

d not help asking him

ious! That was very

What was the result?

d by courtmartial, but.

e held responsible. I did w to read the message, nderstand it. I was ac-

I could not acquit my-

d not have undertaken

i not fulfil; and I was.

e we had reached the

ttage, from which the

d pleasantly. And from

a streamed that Christ-r within it beamed two lough to light up the

ern that ever watching

in; and a face hand-

to brighten Paradise,

se eyes. At least I

e," said the old man, proach to cheerfulness, —(I should like to see

d be otherwise than

?" said Norrie bright-

but we'll have it he-never fear. Hubert is

to let the grass grow

once he reaches Der-

I the night will be-

him," said the coast-vind is likely to rise."

father. What does Hu-

rill sit up till he ne father. "Have you

" said she, leading, "and a right good

good one, a right

orrie merrily phrased as more, a steaming

e naver sat together

Eve before I do ver-

i man-under the ge-

self, the only discom-

nced was when I

orrie's beaming eyes. I could only see the

one does when he

whether Baron Roths-

ess Burdett Confts,

If they do, I fancy for higher stakes we played for the one halfpenny each.

ed to imagine that

drawing-rooms (ad-all laugh) as broke

y lips when she won

f the surroundings

t the storm?'

rlor, Norrie?"

r presence).

et. Norrie?'

age no light in all Bel-

ached the station-

fare afterwards?

better.

lady!

Norris, but no answer came. How could there? "I declare," cried she, as we slow ly retraced our footsteps, "I heard the words as plainly as if they were asked-"Were they spoken outside the door. It's very e all drowned," said he, ain into his former state and despondency, from

strange- isn't it?" A chill—a strange sort of dread came creeping oven my heart. But I braced myself to conquer it, and said

SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1904.

Horry, he wants us quick."

And in a twinkling we three, Nor-

sit first, were standing outside the door-But no human being was a-

The white clouds were sweeping across the face of the sky, occasionally obscuring the moon, just allowing

sufficient light at times to see the

ings. "Who calls) Who spoke?"

him off with the luggage,

"It was your anxiety that made you think so; it was the moaning of the wind through the trees."

"May be so," she responded, che (reassured, I was pleased to think, by my words), and we turned to our places and carried on

I did not think it could have been quite midnight when Norris, going to the door to listen for Hubert's comdeclared it was daybreak. No did I think the night had altered in its character until the roar of the wind through the trees, at the moment the door was opened, betokened that a gale was going on outside

"I don't think he'll come this morning after all," said Norris, ra-ther sadly. "It's blowing a regular gale outside. I doubt if he could come by the sea road; and if he takes the inner country road he will not be here sooner than noon. He'll surely Not come by a vessel."

"Not he! I think he'll come by the inner road," said her father; "but we'll wait for an hour or two more He may be easily delayed when the night has been so wild."

Then we had better say a decade of the Rosary, don't you think?' said Norrie. "Poor mother used always read one of a Christmas morn

had even half of it finished. lightful a thing it is to hear a de cade of the Rosary recited by a girl's sweet musical voice. When she had ended the prayer, I didn't think she had even half of it fin, shed.

At other times I used, I regret to say, consider a decade if anything a little too long; but with Norrie read ing it, it did not seem to me long enough. Just as I was reflecting what a pity it was that another cade or two had not been added on to it, Norrie hastily closed the prayer book and jumped up.

"That's Hubert!" cried she. hear his voice. Don't you hear him crying—'Help, father! Help, Norrie! Help! Help!' He is calling again, and I hear steps coming to the

set of steps, but a multitude of steps came running to the door before Norrie or I got there. She first.
"It is not Hubert, father," cried

she from the door. "But - there's something amiss on the shore. The people are all running in that direc tion. Come here !- quick!"

We did not want much pressing to go there; we were beside her before she had ceased speaking. "What's amiss?" I shouted through

the gate to one man who was running very hard. "I don't know," he shouted in re-

ply, without stopping his speed. think it's a house that's on fire."

house on fire," said the old man. "It must be Cyril Doherty's; let us go and see."

vance of him when we turned the corher of the grove.

I looked in the direction of the farmhouse, but there certainly was

I looked over the sea, and then my beating heart suddenly stood

Tossing, tumbling, heaving about on the roaring waters, with sails torn and flapping, or otherwise taut the gale; with topmasts, broken and the wind, with her rudder broke the sea, or rearing wildly on the crest of the waves, unmanaged and unmanageable, a huge three-masted three-decker was borne along by the force of the waves and winds!



trembling heart. I felt an extraordinary apprehension of coming dangers; I knew not what.

The laboring ship-driving forward, not riding the waves gallantly, nor facing with brave breast the angry seas, but tossing and tumbling helplessly, as a blinded and beaten price fighter stands up to be mashed and crushed by his victorious opponent— seemed to be unaccountably the Learer of misfortune.

I could only place my hand on his shoulder in sympathy as I watched with riveted eyes the doomed vessel. Strange!-and I noticed it half unconsciously at the time — his form never trembled or quivered under my hand, but remained firm as a rock whilst his eyes like my own, watched steadily across the waters.

"She's gone!" It was the roar of the watching crowd, all eyes bent on

A hoarse roar of voices of those surrounding us went up also on the gale-"She's gone!"

So I thought too. A wave had caught her in the trough of the sea, and had thrown her on her side, her tail masts and white sails lying prone on the water, flapping helplessly thereon.

For a second or two which seemed to the lookers-on as hours, she re-mained in that position, when she slowly reeled back and lifted masts once more skywards. An approving cheer went

round me. The ship for the moment seemed to be a living being, so strongly were the sympathies of the watching mui

titude gathered around her. "She'll never clear the Necdle Rock! she's going broadside on it!" went up in hoarse acclaim from hundreds of voices.

The Needle Rock was a treacherous reef that partly barred the entrance of Carrickfergus Bay, standing to the right of it-in the fair way coming from the North.

The ship was beating helplessly to wards it, but somewhat wide of it and to my mind there was just a faint chance that she might escape it and come safe.

But it was fated to be otherwise A huge wave came rolling along coming with all the strength of north-eastern hurricane to help !t and, catching the vessel, lifted her on to the rock; and, rushing past, left her for the moment high and dry upon it. For a moment she halanced herself, then, with a crash which readily reached our ears, she broke in two and disappeared under the

A crowd of objects-of drowning men, floating barrels, sails, masts, and wreckages of all kinds—floated immediately on the top of the waves! An immediate rush was made to the beach!

were tossed and tumbled along. Battling with the waves, as tried to keep himself afloat in the dead cold waters, turning now and then with the definess of a skilled swimmer to face the oncoming wave, and succeeding by a stroke or two in getting himself borne inwards on it, was one young fellow! His gallant efforts attracted universal attention, and as by his presence of mind and skill he came nearer and nearer to the shore, making the angry waves, despite of themselves, be his bear-ers, every heart throbbed with wild

Hundreds of eyes watched his every stroke, and hundreds of subdued cheers answered every brave and skilful effort of hist

skilful effont of his!

All hearts stood suspended as he neared the rocks. Turning himself to

much in accord was it with my own where we stood, his young white face and anguish from all around, bert!" "Hubert!"-I shall long re-

member the agony of that cry- and

leaped into the retreating wave! He succeeded in placing his arms around the youth, but they were both borne out to sea. No mortal aid could help them. The furious waves and the howling wind made succor impossible.

When the storm abated the bodies. locked in one another's arms, were washed ashore.

Hubert had come home by sea af-

ter all, but to meet his death. Norrie became my wife; and when the decade of the Rosary now, my heart melts when I think great sorrow and affliction on that other Christmas Day so many, many

The vessel that thus met her doom had only left Derry and come within sight of the Antrim shores morning. But what ship was it, visible to nobody but himself, coastguard had seen that day the previous week beating about on the Antrim coast? Visible to nobody but himself, but clearly enough visible to him.

Who can say? Who can tell what the premonition meant? There are so many strange things all around us in this world of ours. At all events, the strange sail was seen by him and but him, on the tossing waters for the six days of the previous week.

Did it come to warn him of his fate? Was it the spectre of drowned Blenheim of fifty years be-

Dear knows? Who can say?

Household Notes

Under this heading an exchange says: "You would not think of drinking stale or poisoned water, would you? You know that if you were to be shut in an air-tight death would result. Of all the neces sities to life, you can live longer without any of them than air. Impure air and darkened apartments are the cause of an untold number of deaths annually. You know that on a sunless day, with a close atmosphere, you are out of sorts at the best, if you are lucky enough to escape physical ailments, while you are mentally depressed. But once let the sun shine brightly and clear the at mosphere,-how different, how much better you feel in every way.

Cold weather is here, and when Men clambered on to the rocks, heedless of the terrible dangers that dows in the sleeping apartments open enough to at least give you sufficient dicate that it is healthy; far from it. A sleeper will soon breathe up all the fresh air in a room, and if there is not a constant supply of fresh air, he simply breathes over and over again the poison thrown off by his lungs. And the breathing of this vitiated air only tends to lower the temperature it is not as capable of withstanding heating to the body; in fact, upon it depends the combustion of the fuel in the body by which we are kept alive. This we should always bear in mind.

bear in mind.

Even with windows open during the night, bed chambers and bed clothing should be throroughly aired each morning, and allowed all the sunlight possible. During sleep, not only do the lungs throw off more poison than during the day, but it is expecially so with the body in its relaxed condition, and the pores all open. When sleeping, the body should have plenty of covering; better to have too much than not enough both to induce deep alumber and to keep the skin moist and the pores open that they may have the opportunity to rid the system from poison.

Fresh air in cold weather will cost money, as more fuel will be required, but it will be economy, for if it does not save sickness and doctor's bills, which it most likely will do, you will feel better and stronger for it.

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A REMINDER.

Resolve in the race of life not to forget the "one thing necessary."
"Why?" The links in the chain of life are made less as the years pass Since the chain is getting shorter don't forget to fasten it to what'Our Lord calls "the one thing necesary."

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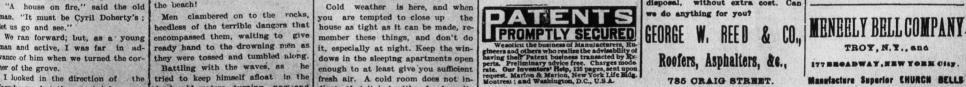
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