(Continued.) CHAPTER V.

The morning proved foggy and overcast, as are seven-eighths of the mornings in the grey city of Laverpool. Colonel Wolcott roused himself from troubled, unrefreshing sleep, with a feeling that the hopes and desires which had seemed to him most secure were shaken to their centre. He had an oppressive sense of the strange change in his own wishes and position. At his last waking he had plumed himself upon his independence: now he woke, like Gulliver, invisibly but closely tied. He was a lover, "lost could he not win"; a husband and a father, without claim to wife or child. Possibilities of every kind lay broad before him. His courage was good, his will strong, and his purpose plain; besides which, though self-reliant in some ways, he possessed that natural humility which, because it will sacrifice anything short of self-respect to gain its purpose, is the strongest element in success—a foundation upon which good fortune may be securely built.

At an early hour he applied at the Blue Crescent office for a passage on board the Crimes, which was to sail at noon that day.

"Impossible. Every berth is taken. A party from New York engaged every vacant

Crimes, which was to sail at noon that day.

"Impossible. Every berth is taken. A party from New York engaged every vacant state-room two days ago."

"I must go in the Crimes," cried Colonel Wolcott. "Can you tell me of any one likely to sell me his ticket for this passage?"

Before the clerk could answer, a man rushed into the office, stout-built, sandy-haired, and purple with anxiety and hurry.

"Can I give up my berth in the Crimea?"

"We never return passage-money."

"We never return passage-money."
"I have got a round-trip ticket. I want to exchange my passage back for a berth in the Bulgaria."

"Joseph Dobson."
"Well, Mr. Dobson, we might do it in that case; but there is a difference to pay."
"How much?" What name?" Five pounds. Shall I book you by the

Bulgaria?"

"If you please. Here's my ticket and your five pounds. It's a good deal, though."

The clerk deliberately wrote out another card, regardless of the impatience of the two men who stood before him, and, when he had watched Dobson out of the office, turned to

"You are in luck," handing him the ticket, "Mr. Dobson has a very good berth, near the companion. What name shall I say ?"
"No matter," said the colonel. "No need

No matter, said the colonel. "No need to alter the ship's manifest. I can travel very well as Joseph Dobson."

"As you please. The tender starts precisely at ten with mails and passengers."

As Colonel Wolcott left the office he met Captain Moore of the Crimea coming in.

"Are all my papers right? All ready for me this morning?"

"Are all my papers right? All ready for me this morning?"

"Yes, Captain. It's a fine season of the year for you to cross in. You will make one of your quick runs."

"Yes; if the machinery will bear full pressure. I am a little anxious this trip about the machinery. Let me see, to-day is the 6th of June: you will see me back here this day month, if all goes well."

"There's a fellow. Captain, on the pas-

ister's entertainment, two mights before, and Wolcott's oriental beard had been envy of the men and the admiration of

He was by this time on board the tender which was lying at the Crimea's wharf, waiting for mails and passengers. Soon the little may became crowded. The scene was one of ively bustle. Huge trunks were being hoisted in. Gay parties, homeward bound, were in high spirits. Commercial travellers, accustomed to the trip, felt a sort of proprietorship as their feet quitted the shore-plank, and sheerfully made themselves at home on passing through the gangway.

ing through the gangway.

In some groups there were tearful partings,
There were beloved ones spending together
their last moments, with hearts too full to
make the boon of any value, never to meet
again, had they but known their fate, until again, had they but known their fate, until that "time of the restitution of all things," when parting shall be one of the trials that is forever done away; there were Mark Tapleys, striving to be "jolly"; women with their hearts oozing from swollen eyelids; gay girls, in smart travelling costumes, initiating the firtations of the voyage; mothers of families, careful and troubled about many things; fathers in chase of luggage; children in mischief; wonderment and mirth, bustle and hurry, everywhere, and universal unmindfulhurry, everywhere, and universal unmindful-ness of the approaching horrors of a "chop-

All the Americans had an air of being at home on board the tender. The English, although not yet out of their own port, already seemed like foreigners. Had not every American on board made at least one ocean voyage? Crossing the ocean is a thing of such every-day experience to an American, either in his own person or in that of those about him, that it is robbed of half its terrors. "We fear and hate the utterly unknown," says Canon Kingsley, "and that only." The leading interests of daily life in America are connected with the Atlantic Ocean. There it is regarded as a link—by an Englishman as a separation. The ocean is the highway which brings everything most delightful to an American's home. It is not to him, as to the Englishman, a waste of waters parting him from his associations, cutting him off from all he holds of interest in the world. An American's news, letters, books, clothes, prima donnas, fashions, ancester, and shows a servicious eithers.

the world. An American's news, letters, books, clothes, prima donnas, fashions, ancestors, and church associations, all come to him from across the seas, while to an English traveller the voyage seems like cutting adrift from civilization, to venture, Columbus-like, into an unknown world.

The colonel, standing near the gangway, watched everyone who came on board, butsaw nothing of his wife or of her boy. He had been into the cabins; he had explored dim corners of the little vessel; he had even visited the engine-room, on the presumption that the intelligence of the child might have made him curious about machinery. He examined all the faces in the crowd, but saw no

amined all the faces in the crowd, but saw no signs of Lance or of Adela.

At last, just as the shore-plank was about to be drawn in, a carriage drove rapidly to the wharf. The old gentleman of the railroad train alighted. A stout man, who had been pointed out to Colonel Wolcott as Capbeen pointed out to Coronel wolcott as Cap-tain Moore of the Crimea, shook hands with him, and assisted him in helping out Adela. The three crossed the plank. No boy was with them. Adela, closely veiled, was sob-

ong otterly.
"Good heavens !" cried her husband. "She has left him behind! She must have come over to England to hide him from me!" he child, go on to the Continent, and begin he honeymoon of our true marriage!"
But then other thoughts arose, "Until he proceeds of my book come in I have very ittle money," he told himself. "I should be simply an adventurer, living upon her ather's purse—her father, whom I despise. Who knows if we are not divorced already? Who knows in what relation we are now tanding to each other? Why did I not telegraph to Deane last night for information? the has left Lance behind, she thinks she has nade him safe. Her one idea is to get rid of ne, and hold on to our child. She shall have

once ? How can I, in this terrible confusion

once? How can I, in this terrible confusion? No man upon earth would dare to risk his chance in such a crowd, or could plead with any justice to himself, No!" he continued, repeating a Mohammedan proverb, "Deliberation is of God, haste is of the devil." I will trust to the chances of ship life, when we are together on board."

All this time the puffing tender was plunging towards the black hull of the leviathan which lay in the stream, her vast bulk swaying up and down with the indolent, dull heaving of the tide, while watery sunshine gleamed faintly through the mist, and began to light up the smart gilt-work which has usurped in naval art the place of the time-honoured figure-head.

Old Mr. Smith was standing guard over Adela. Her husband drew as near her as he could, and listened, with an echoing groan from his own heart, to the muffled sobs which told her misery.

told her misery.

The lawyer, however, made him a sign to

The lawyer, however, made him a sign to draw apart, as a little crowd of gay Americans closed in around Adela, to look over her head on the port side of the boat, and take a view of the Crimea.

"Sir," he began, "I do not know your name"—Colonel Wolcott bowed, but did not, as the other hoped, supply the deficiency—"I am head of a London law firm, employed by Mrs. Wolcott's lawyer in New York to advise and assist her while she remains in England. You are aware, I presume, that a divorce suit is pending between her husband and herself. I deem it important that he should not be fully informed of her movements for the present. It is much to be regretted that yesterday she was betrayed by un enjant terrible—her little boy."

"He has done her no harm with me, sir," said Colonel Wolcott. "I do not see the child on board. Has she left him in Liverpool!"

child on board. Has she left him in Liverpool?"

"I am glad to hear you say so," said the lawyer, evading any answer to his question.

"In the name of humanity, sir, have pity on the poor woman. The man who takes her child from her would be more cruel, it seems to me, than those coarse brutes brought up every day at our police courts for cruelty to women. A lady of her feelings and condition might have the life knocked out of her by such a blow. It seems to me that, if you see your friend, you would do well to advise him to arrange the matter quietly; or, better still, to reconsider it. Are you going back with us in the tender?"

Here the crowd pressed them apart again, and no time was left for further remarks or explanations. The tender was ander the shadow of the mighty hull, and was being laid alongside of the Crimea.

Colonel Wolcott had only the opportunity to say, "I am an American, and am making the voyage—"

the voyage—"
"An American! I thought you were
A——, the Englishman in his book. You
met him, did you not, in that hill fort of Cashmere?"
"I was born in America. Tell her that is

"I was born in America. Tell her that in everything I shall consult her wishes—"
Here the crowd parted them. The ladder was lowered, the ropes manned. Passengers and their friends began to swarm up the black side of the great ocean-going steamer.

Colonel Wolcott kept beside his wife, but she did not even see the hand he offered her. She was overwhelmed by her great grief, and with that grief was mingled at that moment a strain of bitterness against the man whose cruel hand had dealt such a blow. She went down to her own state-room at once, escorted by the captain and the elderly stranger.

Colonel Wolcott, as in a dream, watched the confusion round him. He saw partings in hot haste, and heard brave words of "Godspeed" and "good courage." The coloured

"There's a fellow, Captain, on the pasenger list, travelling under a false name, with an enormous black beard. You had set have a sharp eye on him. He sails as toseph Dobson, and has got one of the berths in the port side aft, near the companion."

"What kind of man is he?"

"Tall—all black, eyes and beard. Somehing foreign or Jewish about him, may be a fississippi gambler. Too much hair about smart, gold-banded caps. There was an outcry about one of Mrs. Tontine's trunks, which had been lowered into the hold through a mistake; but he connected no memories at that moment with Mrs. Tontine. His thoughts were with the mother of his child, who was sobbing her heart out under his feet in the largest and most expensive cabin in the boat, called on board the Bridal State-room.

The great bell rung. Those for the shore were warned to leave the vessel. As the old lawyer passed through the gangway, blowing his nose, Colonel Wolcott stopped him.

"Excuse me. Tell me, is she already divorced?"

"I cannot say. She may be, American proceedings are so rapid. Allow me to say, sir, that I think American facilities of that nature infamous!"

nature infamous !"
And with these words he went over

side of the vessel.

The ship drew in her breath. The final order was given. Round went the steam-capstan till the anchor was hove up, a sail or capstan till the anchor was hove up, a sail or two was set, her smoke streamed like a giant's feathers. The great steamship moved majestically down the Mersey. Little Lance was lef. behind. Colonel Wolcott, on the guards, was rough-ly pushed about, requested to stand aside, ordered this way and that, as he stood, inat-tentive to things round him.

tentive to things round him, gazing shore-ward at the heights crowned by suburban villas on the edge of Liverpool. The wind was getting fresh and the bos

egan to roll.

Alone with her grief, in the big state-room

Alone with her grief, in the big state-room, looking shoreward at one of those villas where her boy remained behind, stood the other bereaved parent.

The ship's dog, a setter, of the Gordon breed, black touched with tan, had, ever since the colonel came on board, dogged his steps, looking wistfully into his face and nestling its nose into his fingers; but Colonel Wolcott, though ordinarily the friend of animals, was in no humour to notice him. He was thinking of the last words of the English lawyer and cursing the wickedness of those was tainking of the last words of the English lawyer and cursing the wickedness of those state laws which tempt uneasy married people to discontent, by holding out to them a knife with which to cut the bonds of matrimony, when probably, if never led into temptation by the offer of that knife, they might easily have accordance to the laws of the english have accordance to the second to the english that are the second to the english that are the english that are the english that easily have accustomed themselves to the emporary galling and discontent which nevitably accompanies the wearing of a nev inevitably accompanies the wearing of a new and unfamiliar obligation.

> CHAPTER VI. LIFE AT SEA.

The remainder of the day was passed by the little world in the Crimea in getting everything "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," and in settling the preliminaries of social intercourse during the voyage. The passengers were growing practically familiar with their strange entourage and with each other's faces.

For some reason, never made clear to the uninitiated the greet skip sleeked has street

uninitiated, the great ship slacked her speed when fairly in the Irish Sea, and at last cam to a dead stop for several hours. T stewardess told the ladies that the engine was oiling the machinery, the officers invent ed other nonsense for inquisitive male pas sengers—the truth being that the machiner was not in good order. It had been examine in Liverpool and pronounced competent for the voyage, but it was advised that the Crimes should go into dock immediately or her arrival at New York, and be thoroughly verhauled by the workmen of the comp All this, however, was not known be All this, however, was not known bey the engine-room, excepting to the capt and chief officer; but it became evident anyone capable of calculation that the aldue at Queenstown in about eighteen how would not be off the Cove of Cork till lat the afternoon of the next day, Sunday.

"I am sorry I did not engage my pass in the Cunard Line," said one of the papersors.

engers.
"If a voyage begins unlucky it will end o," said another.
"It is unluckier to turn back," was the

"And this trouble is not one of any consequence. It is only a little bolt, the engineer lays, that is out of order." She's an American ship, and her owners can overhaul her much cheaper in New York, provided they can patch her up to run this

"Moore is a very careful captain. I should feel perfectly secure with him at any time." "And the Crimea is a first-class boat, though old-fashioned in her accommodations. I've made three voyages in her." Such was some of the talk circulating that

Such was some of the talk circulating that afternoon in the smoking-room and the saloon of the steamer. Once on board, it is a matter of loyalty to put faith in the captain and the vessel. Those who had experience remembered how safe previous voyages had been; those who had none, supposed that to worry about the safety of the ship was part of the customary disquietude of a sea-voyage.

Meantime the captain, officers, and engineers were really anxious, though they reassured everybody and made light of the delay. They, however, considered the ship perfectly safe, and apprehended nothing worse than a little extra trouble and detention on the voyage.

perfectly safe, and apprehended nothing worse than a little extra trouble and detention on the voyage.

At dinner Colonel Wolcott discovered that his place as Joseph Dobson was far removed from the seats of the aristocracy, while at their meat at the captain's table. His wife's seat, though now vacant, was beside the captain's chair, for—as daughter of Mr. Engels, and travelling by herself—she was in an especial manner under his protection. At the captain's table, too, were Mrs. Toutine and her party. He had leisure now to notice his old flame. How changed since he had seen her! Was it possible that he ever could have wasted passion, hope, happiness, upon that ill-bred, fussy, faded woman, who seem ed to have retained nothing of her former self but her worldliness, her unmodulated voice, her love of being conspicuous at any price, and of attracting the attention of every male creature who came in her way?

She had an English governess in her train, and an over-dressed, sallow little girl, about the age of Lance—a child devoid of every charm which we associate with the idea of childhood. No tender reminiscence of baby days clung or could cling to her pinched little features and pert, aggressive manner. Those lips could never have cooed music, one would

days clung or could cling to her pinched little features and port, aggressive manner. Those lips could never have cooed music, one would think, even to a parent's ears, those hands never have bestowed endearing baby pats, nor those sallow cheeks invited kisses. Her earliest utterances must have been querulous, impatient screams; her first thoughts have been lisped, not in the sweet, imperfect nouns and verbs of infancy, but in vulgar, wilful, unpardonable bad English.

Colonel Wolcott looked at her with a bitter kind of scorn—a swelling of the heart, such

is furious with himself for ever coming to sea, and would give all he owns to behold a reef of hear a breaker. Every other moment he kept imploring "somebody" to fling him overboard, that somebody being generally a low-bred, loud acquaintance made in the smoking-room, who stepped in now and then to see how he got on, and to administer brandy-and-soda and sarcastic observations. Neptane had overlooked his organism as yet, and he met his friend's deplorable entreaties with a laugh, offering to get the steward to bring him a Welsh rabbit, a slice of fried ham, or a box of sardines—brutal propositions, at which the victim groaned.

the victim groaned.

The Crimea was again upon her way, but the swell had sent every lady to her cabin, except the very few who, under the influence the deck bravely," were expending endurance worthy of a better cause in making themselves objects of loathing, misery, and aversion to other people.

There are certain afflictions of the human

system, cruel and powerful afflictions too, which never assume the dignity of suffering. They might be called the comic maladies which flesh is heir to, were it not impossible to associate the word "comic" with any

which flesh is heir to, were it not impossible to associate the word "comic" with any kind of suffering.

The rancid smells of smoke and "stewing oil" make the quarter-deck of a steamship, whenever the wind is at all against her, almost intolerable; and steamers, besides the roll common to ships at sea, have a tremulous, unrhythmic jar from their machinery, which to some people is more trying than the ordinary pitch and toss of a labouring vessel. Still, who, in the present quarter of the nine-teenth century, would take his passage in a sailing ship instead of a steamer? Something is due to the civilization we live under, and that civilization precludes sails.

Colonel Wolcott, just off a sea-voyage, and not constitutionally disposed to sea-sickness, walked the wet decks, and thought over his situation. The Crimea seemed to be steaming past "the land of fog and mist." A darkness that could be felt was settling down upon them. There was a dismal drip from yard and sail, and each far-off fog-bell on the coast was answered by a horrible steam-shriek, as

was answered by a horrible steam-shriek, as if the mighty creature were in pain or peril.

Foggy and chilly as it was, two ladies, after Foggy and chilly as it was, two ladies, after dark, stole out on deck, and Captain Moore, after some protests, made them comfortable in a little cubby-house, appropriated to his own use, on the poop, where he worked his observations, and kept various little private matters—liqueurs, extra fine cograc, cigars, the medicine-chest, photographs of those he loved at home, his books, and a few papers.

Colonel Wolcott was on the guards outside, loved at home, his books, and a few papers.

Colonel Wolcott was on the guards outside, where the ship's dog, a creature privileged to wander at will about the decks, still kept him company; and as the ladies talked with unmodulated voices, and took no precautions against being overheard, he did not feel himself obliged to leave his sheltered corner, outof reach of the spray and drip, in order to be beyond the sound of their conversation.

"They say we stopped because both wind and tide were dead against the ship," said one of them, who piqued herself on being a good sailor. "I thought it was all nonsense about oiling the machinery. The captain says we shall not be off Queenstown till tomorrow afternoon."

"Well," said the other, accepting the wind and tide theory, "I am not sorry myself for the delay. Did you ever land at Queens-

the delay. Did you ever land at Queenstown?"

"Yes; it is lovely in its green, you know—very Irish and rural, with a bright-blue, beautiful bay."

"Poor Mrs. Wolcott is dreadfully annoyed at the delay," said the first speaker. "She is wild to get home to New York and see about that divorce suit with her husband. I never saw a woman so cut up as she is about leaving her little boy. I went into her stateroom, after dark, and found her lying dressed upon her bed, still sobbing as if her heart would break. That's a beautiful room she has, that bridal state-room—much too big for a woman travelling by herself. However, Mr. Engels engaged it for the round trip. He has plenty of money."

"Yes; the Engels can afford anything," replied the other.

plied the other.
"What do you know," said the other oice, "about Adela Wolcott and her husband? They write me word she is going to and? They write me word she is getting the

brought her boy over to England to put him look, which imposed silence, and, after the out of his father's reach if it should go against meal was over, sought him in his pantry.

out of his father's reach if it should go against her."

"So that's what sent her out so mysteriously on the last trip of the Crimea?"

"Yes; she would not even bring a maid with her. Her object was to cover up her tracks, and you can't keep a maid from talking, you know. I never saw a woman so bound up in a child as Adela Wolcott is in that little fellow. She brought him to Newport, when we were all there last summer, because he had had measles or something. They stayed in the same house with us for a week or two. There was a bishop there who used to quote something about her life being bound up in the bundle of life with that of her child. I declare, I do believe that she will die if his father takes him from her. Why can't that Wolcott come home after his travels, and live respectably, like other people? He could not find a better wife than Adela, and he certainly won't if he gets the one they say he wants."

"I don't believe that any judge would consent to let him have the child if he were made to understand that its father is going tomarry a woman like that," was the answer.

"There is no knowing what the law won't do," said Mrs. Hobbs, "nor a man either, for the matter of that, if his wife goes against him. I told Adela, just now that she had better give up and make an amicable arrangement, as he told my uncle to propose to her. Then she might stipulate to keep the child—a compromise, you know. But she flew out at me with her religious notions. 'My dear,' I said, 'that may be all very proper, and I respect the prayer book and the marriage services as much as you do; but I've got some of the old Adam in me—and before I'd cling to a man who wanted to shake me off and to take up with such a flirt as Cora Noble, Mrs. Tontine—'"

Colonel Wolcott's start at this speech prevented his hearing its conclusion, but he heard the answer.

"May be there's not a word of truth in what is said about that, after all. It would be quite like Cora. Tontine to set such a report in circulation. I formed a very high opinion of C So that's what sent her out so mysterious

every word."

"There is nothing that Mrs Tontine would like better, I imagine, than to worry her rival. Well, shall we go in? This fog is taking all the starch out of my clothes; and before I go to bed myself, I want to see Adela, and get her to undress, poor dear! and drink a cup of teases that the that she felt so lost and lonesome in that big room by herself. When also came out, she had her little boy. You see all?"

"And this is what I have brought her to!" cried Adela Wolcott's husband to himself, as

"And this is what I have brought her to!" cried Adela Wolcott's husband to himself, as the gossips descended the companion. "Alone on this steamer, unfriended; pitied, discussed, and patronized by two such women! And yet it might have been a great deal worse. Their sympathy was all for her, their blame for me. They took her part. They were not unkindly. Cora Noble! Cora Tontine! How dare that detestable woman proclaim herself a rival to my wife, and couple her name with mine? Thank Heaven, if she did write to me, I never had her letter. And Adela—if she had heard such stuff, what must she think of me?! Divorce! What devil made me think about divorce? The only thing that put it into my head was the idea that it was an easy thing to get in Indiana. We

me think about divorce? The only thing that put it into my head was the idea that it was an easy thing to get in Indiana. We had made a terrible mistake, as it seemed, in marrying at all, and I supposed she would be as glad as I to dissolve the bond and be at liberty. I never dreamed of doing her a wrong. I did not understand marriage. We were both going to be just where we should have been if we had never met, as I imagined. I should be glad to be independent of her family, and she to be freed from a Southerner whose principles she despised. There was a certain pride in giving up her wealth, and she did not care for me, I told myself, and I should be free to choose again, or live 'a youth light-hearted and content,' as I might prefer. I forgot how much I never could give her back. I see it now. In marriage there is no equality between man and woman. The bridegroom receives more than he bestows upon his bride, and if he breaks the bond, he leaves—a ruin!"

He had been walking rapidly up and down in the excitement of these thoughts, and now paused beside the bulwark to look over the ship's side into the heaving water. The night was foggy and starless, with only a sharp gleam of wavering, silvery light upon the wake, under the lights of the steamer.

"No wonder," he resumed, "that she has thrown away my picture: no wonder that she will not mention me to Lance. In what way shall I begin to make her understand that it was not unruly passion, nor treachery such as those women hinted at, that prompt-

way shall I begin to make her understand that it was not unruly passion, nor treachery such as those women hinted at, that prompted me to propose divorce, but actual thoughtless ignorance and want of consideration? I never saw till now that in divorce the liberty so-called is all the man's—the whole weight of the braken chair in according to the braken chair in according to the control of the braken chair in according to the control of the braken chair in according to the control of the braken chair in according to the control of the braken chair in according to the control of the braken chair in according to the control of the braken chair in according to the control of t of the broken chain is carried by the woman."

He took a few more restless turns upon the deck, and then paused for another look over

the quarter.

"My hopes seem just like that," he said, looking down into the troubled seal, and unconsciously repeating the experience of all true lovers.

With that he ascended to the hurricane-

deck, on the roof of the saloon, where he found several officers, to whom, as he perceive

"You have grown a long beard in the past two weeks, since you came over with us last two weeks, since you came over with us last twoyage, Mr. Dobson," was the remark of the third officer."

"Dobson," thought Colonel Wolcott, "is probably a commercial gent, who crosses and recrosses in the Crimea. Doubtless he is well known to every one on board of her. It would be, therefore, impossible to pass myself off for him."

"I presume I have also changed the colone." myself off for him."

"I presume I have also changed the colour of my beard, and grown a foot taller, sir," he said, "if I may judge by what I saw of Mr. Dobson in Liverpool. I purchased his ticket at the last moment, and with it, I presume, the right to use his name. At any rate, you will find me booked as Dobson on the manifest. How son do you avport that we shall

CHAPTER VII. CHURCH AT SEA.

look, which imposed silence, and, after the meal was over, sought him in his pantry.

"Why, Mas' Lancelot, doesn't you know Mel—Melchizedeck Quin? Me an' you's been coon-huntin' an' possum-treein an 'giggin' eels an' settin' lines an' diggin' after muskrats, menny's an' menny's an' menny's a night, upon de ole plantation. Laws, Mas' Lancelot, don' tell now you's forgotten Mel, nor dat ar' black Gordon pup you's broke—las' month six years—when you was broke—las' month six years—when you was hidin' in ole Blacksmith Harry's cabin? De ole pup has been a smellin' and a whinin' roun' your legs sence you .comed aboard. 'Peers like he don' know what makes of you. Specs he thinks you an' me an' him'd be right glad to be back upon de ole plantation. Law sakes! how dem Union soldiers done come 'long an' swep' up all de dogs! Didn't leave a sheep's dog nor a watch dog nor a huntin' dog on de ole place, 'ceps jus' dis pup, 'cos I done hid him—jus' cos you done broke him, Mas' Lance—inside an ole box what I had my bed on. Now I done got him rated ship's dog aboard dis steamer."

"But, Mel," said his old master, after an earnest hand-shaking, "don't you betray me yourself nor let the dog betray me. I am in hiding now, as I was at Blacksmith Harry's before Lee's surrender. You seem to have done well for yourself. How is it with your father?"

"Mas' Lancelot, he done got swep' up by

done well for yourself. How is it with your father?"

"Mas' Lancelot, he done got swep' up by Sherman's march, jus'like de dogs. Got to haulin' something or nudder for a colonel of infantry. An' he hauled, an' he hauled, an' he hauled, an' dat ole blonel was mos' on-merciful, an' kep's put an an's putten on his mules, an' nebber done let him an' de mules off until he hauled straight into Washington. Den he took sick, an' went in hospital, an' got discharged, an' couldn't do no good day's work; an' what was worse, after he took sick, Government done stole his mules."

"My mules, you mean, Mel," said his old master.

master.

"Well, may be so, Mas' Lance. Anyhow, when he took sick, Government got 'em. But whar's you boun' for now, Mas' Lancelot?" he went on, changing the subject. "Seen you come creep—creepin' up de ship's side, 'longside of Miss Adela."

"Miss Adela! How come you to know Miss Adela?"

impatient screams; her first thoughts have been lisped, not in the sweet, imperfect nouns and verbs of infancy, but in vulgar, wilful, upardonable bad English.

Colonel Wolcott tooked at her with a bitter that other woman's often feel when, comparing their own fledglings with alien broods, they thank Heaven for not having given them that other woman's child.

From the remote table at the further end of the salcon, at which fate and the head at steward had consigned him to the society of commis-voyageurs and bag-men, the colonel could watch what went on at the table of the captain, and observe the firstations of "that Tontine widow," as she was called by some of the people round him, who had made a previous passage in her company. She must have been a widow for some time, for her grief was passing off into black slik and bugles and an infinitude of orige lisss.

As to the child—Harrie they called her—Colouel Wolcott thought he had never seen anything so disagreeable, forward, impertianely the county of the county of the colouel wolcott thought he had never seen anything so disagreeable, forward, impertianely the county of the self-order of the six of the county of the self-order of

"Young missee real sweet—an' rich, too, Mas' Lancelot, She, make your fortune. What for you don' come home, build up de ole place; an' live like your pa done before de war, in Georgy? Young missee comed out with us las' trip, an' Mas Lancey. Ah! ain't his mother's heart jus' sot on that young gentleman? Where Mas' Lancey now, sah? Don' know how his mother done persuade herself to part with him. Stewardess done say she crying herself sick down below. Don' you want to go down an' see after her? I'll show you de way—"

"Hush, Me!" said his master. "You must promise me—we were boys together on

must promise me—we were boys together on the old place before the war, you know—not to whisper who I am to any person on board this ship. You understand me—to nobody, especially not to—to my—my—your Miss Adela. Remember, too, Mel, that my name on board this ship is Joseph Dobson. I have a reason for wishing, for a few days, to conceal my own."

ceal my own."
"Nothin' done gone wrong, is there, Mas'
Lancelot, 'bout dem Union 'ffairs? Heard
dey had made it all right for your case in de "Yes, I am all right as to the government. But now, Mel, remember; mind what I saw, Have you told any one I am on board this

Have you told any one I am on board this steamer?"

"No; not one single livin' soul, Mas' Lancelot—nor I won't! I won't tell no one on dis ship, sartin, sacred sure, sah!"

"Well, Mel, I must trust you. If yon keep my secret, I will make it worth while for you. Indeed, you might do Miss Adela and myself great harm at present. Keep a close mouth and a still tongue.

"Mr. Quin, sah, head steward say, See all clar for morning service. New York parson on board. Sunday mornin', sah!" interrupted an inferior steward.

In a moment Mel was at his post, superintending the clearance of the saloon tables, and laying the captain's official Bible and prayer book in the place of honour.

Colonel Wolcott was watching near the door of the saloon, when he saw his wife come up the brass-bound stairs with her prayer book and hymnal in her hand. The prayer book and hymnal in her hand. The Reverend Doctor Danvers was already at his

post, and the congregation was assembling. She looked pale and worn, with purple circles round her eyes, and a weary, beseeching ex-

As her unsteady feet ascended the glittering steps of the companion-ladder, he sprang forward, and offered her the support of his arm. She tried to acknowledge the attention with a smile. They stood together for a few moments, gazing at a grey, grim sky overarching a grey, grim, shadowless sea.

The ship was rising and sinking in long opaline swells with a prolonged heave in them, shearing through their crests as they rose under the fore-foot, scattering spray and foam. Each wave, as she surmounted it, glided away under her, crinkled and dull green, till she sank into another opaline trough, with another opal-tinted elevation rising before her.

Not a word was exchanged between wife and husband. Their hearts were burthened with unutterable thoughts; and though each was far from guessing what was passing in the mind of the other, each felt magnetic sympathy in the scene before them. They were awed by their first sense of being out of sight of land, "alone on the wide, wide sea," with no familiar object in sight except the sky above them. "I would as soon make love to a princess on her birthday, before all her court," says Jean Paul, "as worship Nature in the midst of an impertinent, chattering crowd"—like that, he might have added, which makes up the majority of passengers

in an ocean steamer.

"Are you coming to church?" she said, after a few moments' contemplation of the sky and sea. Her tone and smile were an in-

the responses.

So near, and yet so far! The two, once husband and wife, rested their faces on their hands at the same table, and read from the same Book of Common Prayer. He could

"Long were the prayers the good man said, But they seemed not long to me. For in my heart I prayed the while, And still I prayed for thee."

And still I prayed the while,
And still I prayed for thee."

as he whispered by her side the first real prayer that he had uttered since boyhood—that her heart might be moved to forgive him his trespasses, and that God would defiver them both from the evils among which they seemed astray, and give them back to each other and to their child.

We must begin by praying for what we really want, or we shall never learn the worth and power of prayer. We must gradually rise from outward wants to spiritual things. Old age and vigorous manhood alike have their childhood in religious life; and as the child puts up its little plea in faith for what matured Christians are apt to think inadequate or irreverent things, so those who begin by asking earnestly for what they want, will end, after they have ripened in the Christian life, by raising the tone of their petitions. Great harm has been done to beginners in the habit of prayer, by checking the natural impulses of genuine aspiration.

So Colonel Welectt whe had the of genuine aspiration.
So Colonel Wolcott, who had learned no

So Colonel Wolcott, who had learned no prayers beside his mother's knee, and had imbibed German notions of the irrationality of prayer, now thought of his little Lancey, who had lisped an innocent plea for his unknown father during his perils in Central Asia; of the prayer that had escaped his wife's lips at the moment of their slight accident between Manchester and Liverpool; and as he listened to her fervent, broken words, and watched her clasped hands, strained together to give emphasis to her petitions, he added a fervent "Amen!" to whatever she was asking.

was asking.
"Give me her love and trust again!" he rayed, "Grant me her forgiveness and thine own, O gracious Heaven, give me back my wife and child?"

The clergyman, at the right pause, gave out a hymn from the American Church Hymnal. He had intended to select one of

those appointed for service at sea, but in turning to the place his eyes lighted on another, which seemed appropriate to his in-He designated, therefore, the first two verses of the two hundred and sixty-second

hymn. "Mrs. Wolcott," he whispered, "will you "Mrs. Wolcott," he whispered, "will you do us the kindness to raise the tune?"

Then for the first time Colonel Wolcott heard the swell of his wife's voice, and knew that she could sing. He had heard her, during their courtship and brief married life, sing silly, sentimental ballads of the kind dear to school-girls; but now her very soul, like a bird's, seemed poured forth in her notes, and thrilled his heart with an emotion almost greater than he could bear.

Ah! music penetrates where language cannot pass. In that respect, great are her advantages over eloquence or literature. Music has a part in everything most supreme, most calculated to draw us out of self. She is the voice of nature, both in nature's outward

voice of nature, both in nature's outward works and in the secret souls of men. She stirs the heart of peasant and of prince alike; she inspires brave men with enth deepens every genuine emotion; she wails over our griefs, she triumphs in our deliver-

"Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck.
But oh, the joy, upon the shore
To tell our voyage troubles o'er! "The prize, the prize secure!
The warrior nearly fell,
Bore all he could endure,
And bare not always well;
But he may smile at troubles gone,
And set the victor garland on."

Twelve lines beneath contempt as verse, so poor that they have been omitted from last edition of the American Church Hymi

last edition of the American Church Hymnal; but united to music and sung by his wife's voice, every line adapted itself to his emotions: no poem, pæan, harmony, or chant had ever so excited him.

"But only not a wreck!" exclaimed his heart. "But only not a wreck! I have been wrecking everything worth bringing into port; wrecking her, wrecking Lance, wrecking myself, her motherhood, her hispiness, perhaps her honout! And I did it from ignorance—pure ignorance! Wrecked, but not lost! Wrecked, but still able to get into port. into port.

"And oh, the joy, upon the shore
To tell our voyage troubles o'er!"

In a reverie of happiness his soul floated away during the sermon. Doubtless the good doctor gave an excellent discourse, full of comfort and instruction for such of his hearers as were prepared to profit by it; but Colonel Wolcott, almost a heathen, was during its delivery.

He was a man of tender, generous impulses,

fitted by nature for the enjoyment of domestic life, and the fulfilment of all family claims on his affections. He barely remembered his father, and never had a mother such as his own wife seemed to be to his own son. Wife and child, indeed, his fate had given him, but he had flung the gift away. Yet Adela seemed more his own at that moment than she had done during their brief matrimony of three months, or their subsequent nine years of seemerships.

of separation.
One thing, at least, was certain. He asked far more of marriage now than he had done at first. New cravings, new longings, new possibilities of excellence and delight, opened to his apprehension. " And only not a wreck !"

"And only not a wreek?"
That was not all he asked. He panted to refresh himself with happiness—a happiness that was all new to him, a happiness which, for years past, he had discredited and dis-The "youth, light-hearted and content,"
the "wandering Arab" of society, now seemed to him a tramp and outcast, either vainly

seeking entrance to a better life, or not ele-vated to the point of understanding what was good for him.
Yet such he felt might still be his own fate, should he lose this new hope. The door might be already shut: she might not

rise and open it for him.
"But this, at least, I can do," he exclaim in thought, as he looked at his wife's clasped hands as she prayed to God beside him. "One prayer which she is now praying I can grant. I call on God, who is, the preacher tells us, present in this place, to hear my vow—that, so far as in me lies, she shall not be parted so far as in me lies, she shall not be parted from her boy, whatever happens, and if she will not let me share him, I will go back—to Asia—into darkness—what matter where?"

The services were over. They ended by another hymn, in which Adela led the singing. The little congregation then dispersed. Adela was handed by the captain on to the guards. Then an entirely new experience came suddenly to her husband. He found her the object of attention to all the gentlemen on deck, and he himself shut out from

her the object of attention to all the gentle-men on deck, and he himself shut out from her society.

Sir George Beevor, Dr. Danvers, Captain Moore, and several New York young men clustered around her; and when he saw their deference and their devotion, and realized how charming the poor girl he had so long despised could make herself to men of cultivation and taste, his whole heart thrilled with indignation against himself and with an impotent jealousy against the rest of mankind.

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.) AN INFATUATED GIRL. A Sheriff's Niece Releases and Elopes with a Murderer.

LEBANON, Mo., Nov. 19 .- Wm. J. Martin Lebanon, Mo., Nov. 19.—Wm. J. Martin, a murderer, under sentence of death, confined in gaol here, has been released by the sheriff's niece, a girl fifteen years old, with whom he has eloped. The girl has been the prisoner's principal custodian of late. Their flight took place some time during the day, as everything was all right when the sheriff was called away on business in the morning. The guilty pair have been traced to a point on the Tuscombia road, a few miles distant. It is not thought probable that Martin will be captured alive, as he is a desperate character, and armed with a Spencer rifle which he took from the gaol.

KILLING HIS CHILD WIFE.

Six Months After Marrying a Girl Not Yet Thirteen.

AN ASTONISHING FAMILY HISTORY.

RED BANK, N.J., Nov. 12.-At Cranberry RED BANK, N.J., Nov. 12.—At Cranberry Brook, a little hamlet two and a half miles south of Eatontown village, last night William Voorhees Grover, an army veteran, formerly sergeant of the 14th New Jersey regiment, shot and fatally wounded his wife Jemima, a mere child, not yet thirteen years of age. The child bride lay, with two pistol balls in her head, in her mother's residence, at Pine Brook station, this evening. Dr. S. H. Hunt, of Eatontown, made two efforts today to probe for the bullets, but the girl's exhaustion forbade. The assassin is a descendant of James H. Grover, of Monmouth county, and his victim the daughter of an old war comrade. In 1861 William Voorhees Grover went with the old Fourteenth regiment of volunteers from Freeheld. Fourteenth regiment of volunteers from Free-hold, N.J., to the seat of war, leaving a wife in Freehold. After the battles of the Peninin Freehold. After the battles of the Penin-sula Grover was discharged on account of physical disability. Soon after his return home his wife died, and then it is said Grover's mind became affected. He was not able to work, and what support he got was from his father. Notwithstanding his help-lessness he married a second wife, a sister of his first one, and both wife and husband were thereafter supported by Grover's father. The

thereafter supported by Grover's father. The second wife lived only two years. Grover's father then assisted him by giving him a little piece of property near Cranberry Brook. This little good fortune was followed by Grover receiving \$1,200 back pension money from the Government. Government.
Grover now told his parents that he was about to take a third wife, and they disapproved of his choice. He said that on the battle field he promised to befriend a deceased comrade's family. That comrade was Charles Chambers, whose widow had remarried, leaving a girl barely twelve years of age, Chambers' daughter, with little support. That comrade's daughter, Grover said, should be his wife. Grover's mother, then dying, drew from him a promise that he would not marry the girl while she lived, and he assented. the girl while she lived, and he assented.

In May last Grover took the child Jemima Chambers for his wife. She protested against being married to him, as he was verging on fifty; but her mother (now Mrs. Aumack), who has a large family by her second husband, insisted upon her union with Grover, as he had money and a comfortable home, while she (the mother) could not support her. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. James Marshall, of the Eatontown Baptist Church, on the 13th of May last.

on the 13th of May last.

For a few months the child wife and her middle-aged husband lived happily on Grover's place at Cranberry Brook. The pension money which Grover had received, it is said, he lavished upon his wife until it was exhausted. It is alleged that then Grover began to treat his wife harshly. On Saturday last he beat her, and in terror she fled to her mother's home, which is near Pine Brook. On Monday Grover went to the home of his wife's mother and demanded that his wife should return to his house, threatening to kill her if she did not.

The young wife, accompanied by her moon the 13th of May last.

The young wife, accompanied by her mother, went before Justice of Peace Smith, of Eatontown, the next morning and asked for a warrant for Grover's arrest, as she, Jemima, was apprehensive that he would take her life. Justice Smith, astonished at the youthfulness of the girl who called herself Grover's wife, refused to proceed against Grover until he could make an investigation.

On Wednesday the young wife against staining her clothes from her husband's house, as she did not dare to go back and live with him. This was denied her, but a letter was sent to Grover, who replied that his wife was welcome to her effects if she would call for

Accompanied by two relatives, Mrs. Grover yent to her husband's house at Cranberry Brook, last night, to obtain her clothes. At the door Grover met the trio, and, addressing his wife, said, "Come in; you shall have them all." Grover fell to packing up her effects, all." Grover fell to packing up her effects, and at one time said, "Jemmie, I am awful jealous of you, because I love you, and because

jealous of you, because I love you, and because I love you you can have everything worth anything in the house."

As Mrs. Grover and her two relatives were preparing to depart Grover exclaimed, "Jemmie, come up stairs; there's something you forgot." The unsuspecting girl fell into the trap which the unsane husband had laid for her, and, following him, lightly tripped up the staircase. As she reached the top up the staircase. As she reached the top step she was confronted by her husband with a drawn revolver. Instantly, before she could turn, Grover fired. The ball struck her just below the right eye. She reeled and fell backward, and another shot was discharged, the ball crashing through the skull and em-bedding itself in the brain. The wounded girl fell headlong to the bottom of the staircase. A third shot went spinning by her, not taking

effect.
Rushing downstairs and over the prostrate Rushing downstairs and over the prostrate body of his wife, Grover escaped to the street. Medical aid was soon summoned, but Dr. Hunt said that fatal results would follow probing. An hour later Constable Robert Fay, of Eatontown, arrested Grover on the highway. When told that he was under arrest Grover said, "I expected it; I only shot her for fun." The prisoner was taken before his wife, who lay pale and suffering on a soia. To a deposition made by the two relatives who saw the shooting she feebly signed her name. The paper was then read to Grover, and he said, "Yes, all right." He betrayed no remorse. He was handcuffed and taken to Freehold gaol.

It is believed this evening that the girl cannot live. She would have been thirteen years of age on the 18th inst. There is no doubt but that Grover is demented.

but that Grover is demented.

In Eatontown it is said that the child was In Eatontown it is said that the child was forced upon Grover by her mother, in order to get a share of the pension money. The widow Chambers had remarried, and thus forfeited the pension due her as the widow of the soldier Chambers. Grover, when arrested, had his pistol in his back pocket. He quietly gave it ap to Constable Fay. Three of the chambers were empty.

Mr. Mott, brother-in-law of Grover, says that Mrs. Aumack tried to have Grover marry her eldest daughter Elizabeth, but that she

her eldest daughter Elizabeth, but that she rejected him. The mother then conceived the notion of marrying her youngest daughter to Grover, with his \$1,200. The Grovers strenuously objected to the marriage on account of Grover's weakness of mind and the extreme youth of the girl Jemima.

Those of the Grover family who dwell at Red Bank are of the highest respectability.—
N. Y. Herald.

LOVE ON THE TRAPEZE. Romantic Story of a Well-Known Female

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—A marriage occurred yesterday which has been the cause of much gossip for the past few days, the gentlemand being Ernest Grunebaum, of Vienna, Austria, and the lady Leona Evaline Stuart, formerly known in western cities as Leona Dare, a trapeze performer. The story is, that Leona, when a girl at Charleston in this State, ran away with a circus and became a tight-rope performer, adopting the above name. Subsequently she married Frank Hall, a banip player, but alleged that he deserted her and she sought her fortune in Europe. There she met Grunebaum, a wealthy young Austrian, who became infatuated with her. At Hamburg she met with an accident which caused her retirement from the trapeze. Gunebaum's suit was continued and she was married in England last spring, having learned that her previous husband Hall was dead. She then came to America. She spent the summer in previous husband Hall was dead. She then came to America. She spent the summer in Chicago, and also visited her old home in Charleston, where she learned to her sorrow that Hall was not dead. She at once proceeded to get a divorce from him, which was granted on the 12th November. She then returned to Chicago, procured a license, and was re-married according to the laws of Illinois.

THE FAR

EDITORIAL NOT On the basis of enquiries various parts of Ontario, th North Star predicts that nex vitness a larger influx of settle oka than that for some yes hinks that if its advantages as migration were as fully known as those of Manitoba, the benefit to the older settled parts of the attract a good class of settlers.

The Belleville Intelligencer e eading manner in which R deal with market prices. Wh barley stood at 60c. in Am Prince Edward, this price, haps 5c. below the average, was the N. P. Now that barley to 95c., or some 30c. above the rye to 86c., or nearly double 1878, the journals carefully ave the sub ect.

Lard butter is the latest for tion. It is stated to be very exten factured in Chicago, and doubt troduced into Canada before margarine having been thorough margarine having been thorough this new compound is taking place among fraudulent prepa said to yield an extensive mar The ungent need of some mor tem for the prevention and food adulteration is shown by which such compounds are foil

The Summerside, P. E. I., I that some thirty holdings in h in that province, are advertise the sheriff, at the suit of the ment, because the occupants able to fulfil the obligations the as purchasers of Government the Progress denounces as "wo lordism." Why not, it says, ex and give them a chance to pa in many cases the Governmen nothing from the sales, as she vers fees for will set, me the yers' fees, &c., will eat up the much of this sort of red tape w policy in the long run. The great requirement of the

the past has been capital whe tend its farming operations an vast increased resources. This being fully supplied. The rate constantly falling, and loans are paid in by the people of this pr a feeling of contidence as to the country which has led to the large amounts of capital in C. ties. The same cause had prices of stocks. If asked to led to the development of the there is but one explanation—the present tariff and the able the present tariff and the able of public affairs by the present

The stock-raising industry markably prosperous in the v of the province this season. of cattle from the county of E past twelve months aggrega \$275,000, while the exports of and pigs swell the total of live sent English cattle regulations slaughter of all American ca barkation work in favour of C of course, this cannot b raisers of its locality to can only be done by bringing

A report issued by the I Agriculture at Washington of diseases among farm and importance of preventive regul introduction of American stoo visitations of Texas or splen A fatal disease known as l quarter, or bloody murrain has tensively in Pennsylvania and South. Distempers have been western and many of the South-and scab and foot-rot among ported from fifty-five cont lague has caused enormous ouri and the North-West, a eep rot, and minor diseases in some parts of New England

The Peterborough Review that immediately before the ge it pointed out that in the me had imported 2.732.520 bush wheat, and that it urged that of a duty would have the ef out that wheat and giving the home market. It says that a tariff could be framed very large percentage of Can has been fully realised. Fully much as while previous to the cents below white fall wheat about the same amount higher white wheat." The Review thin ine out of a hundred farmers trade sophistries, "fully unde s to-day, and has been all t would have been had there

on the same." Recent experiences have sh liar adaptability of the entire ritory lying along the easter Rocky Mountains from Ma monton southward to stock poses. The Mountains exert a fluence upon the winter tem rolling character of the coushelter from storms, while the water and the luxuriance of the ine to render the research. bine to render the raising of easy. Several of the settlers ginnings have become the own heads. The Benton Record 1877 the Indian Department 1877 the Indian Department this range 600 head of cows which herd now numbers over addition to a great number tailed from time to time to feed the seen feel to them during they have been on the rang speaks strongly for the grazing the Macleod country.

The old adage that the dista nest receives fresh illustra he westward movement of p of the distinctive features of l inent. From the Southern St igland, from Quebec, and d now from Illinois, itself me western point a few ye tream of travel toward the dians, move to the Northfortunes in a prairie count conditions. The negroes towing into Mississippi to a from the old order of this the moving into Mississippi to a lives from the old order of this calves from the old order of this calves from the old order of this calves from the old order of the calves from the calves from the natural movement of pards new lands which can be ominal sums. It is only in that it is ascribed to tariff ur neighbours frankly acknow beyond the control of tariffs of the calves. Not even a stringen robibition prevented Americaning and colonizing the Black

rican agriculture is he ent time chiefly by the pre