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WILLIAM C. MILNER, Proprietor.

VOL. 13.-NO. 2.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 625.

Travellers Column.

Cumberland Hotel,
PARRSBORO, N. S.

Twenty yards from Railway Station.
Sample rooms. Delivery of
Sept. 7. THOS. MALLORY.

BY RAILWAY
PASSENGER TICKETS
H. C. HOBBS
ST. JOHN, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1891 WINTER ARRANGEMENT 1892

On and after MONDAY, the 1st
NOVEMBER, the Trains will run
daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE SACKVILLE:
Express for St. John and Quebec, 9.28 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 6.03 a.m.
Express for St. John, 1.30 p.m.
Express for St. John, 2.48 p.m.

WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER:
Express for St. John and Quebec, 9.56 p.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 5.35 a.m.
Express for St. John, 1.02 p.m.
Express for St. John, 3.10 p.m.

The Express Train from Quebec runs to
Halifax and St. John on Sunday morning,
and the Express Train from Halifax and
St. John runs to Campbellton on Sunday
morning.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
November 16th, 1881.

E. M. ESTEY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST.

MEDICAL HALL,
Moncton, N. B.

DEALER IN
Chemicals, Druggists' Sundries,
Profumery, Essences, and
Patent Medicines,
Sponges.

We buy DIRECT and sell at the lowest
quote Goods as cheap as any City.
Orders receive prompt attention,
and 1-year

UNDERTAKING
THE subscriber has constantly on hand
Caskets and Coffins,
in Walnut and imitation Rose-
wood. Orders filled at shortest
notice. Having obtained
A HANDSOME HEARSE,
in St. John, N. B., he is prepared
to attend funerals, and carry on
Undertaking in all its branches.
Prices very reasonable.
(CHARLES TRUENMAN,
Cranes Corner,
Sackville, N. B., Feb. 15, '82.)

C. FLOOD & CO.
87 KING ST.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
DIRECT IMPORTERS OF
Steinway & Sons
Chickering & Sons
Wm. Bourne & Son
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Pianos.

Wholesale Agents for the Maritime Provinces
for the
SMITH AMERICAN ORGAN CO.'S ORGANS,
Accordions, Concertinas, Violins,
Guitars, Banjos, Violin Strings,
and Band Instruments.
Of every description. Price List mailed
free on application. SILENT MUSIC and
Music Boxes.

NOTICE!
WE have just received our SPRING
STOCK OF
Ready-Made Clothing,
HATS AND CAPS,
Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,
all of the latest Styles, which we offer at
Moderate Prices.
E. C. GOOLEN & CO.
Bay Verte, April 26th, 1882.

Business Cards.

ROBERT BECKWITH,
Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c.
DORCHESTER, N. B.

R. BARRY SMITH,
Barrister, Solicitor and Notary,
Main Street, - Moncton, N. B.

D. I. WELCH,
Attorney-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE.....MAIN ST.
MONCTON, N. B.

All Legal Business attended to promptly.

DR. E. T. GAUDET,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office: Opposite St. Joseph's College,
MEMRAMOOC, N. B.

Special attention given to diseases
of the EYE and EAR. ly dec29

EMERY & BRADEN,
Wholesale Commission Merchants.
Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Produce,
Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Apples,
and Cape Cod Cranberries; also
Hay, Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, &c.
Quotations always given when desired.

55 Commercial and 62 Clinton Streets,
BOSTON, MASS.

Harness. Harness.
20 Sets Silver Plated Harness.
HARNESS IN NICKEL, BRASS AND JAPANESE.

These Harness are thoroughly made
and of the very best material.
Parties in want, please give me a call
before purchasing elsewhere, as I will not
be undersold by any in the trade.

C. B. GODFREY.
Dorchester, May 8th, 1880.

VICTORIA
TEA CONFECTIONERY WORKS,
R. WOODBURN & CO.,
44 & 46 DOCK STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. WILSON & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Marbled Slate Mantels
AND
GRATES;
DEALERS IN
Stoves, Ranges, &c.
104 PRINCE W. STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
H. PHINNEY, Agent for Sackville.

RHODES, CURRY & CO.
AMHERST, N. S.
HAVE REBUILT and are now run-
ning the
Amherst Wood-Working Factory,
and with the aid of good men and good
machinery are prepared to fill orders at
short notice for
Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Window and Door
Frames, Brackets and Moldings of
all descriptions, Kilm Dried Lumber
and Building Material,
Planing, Sawing, &c.
Stores and Offices fitted out. All
orders promptly attended to. may7

J. C. COLE,
AMHERST, N. S.

ORGANS
AND
PIANOS
THE
Cheapest
and Best
POSITIVELY

Tobacco!
IN WAREHOUSE:-
135 Boxes, } **TOBACCO,**
comprising the following:
Crown, Imperial, Campbell B,
Pilot, Hawthorn, Florence,
Napoleon, Little Sergeant,
Myrtle Navy, Countess
Bismarck.

FOR SALE AT LOWEST RATES.
Stephens & Figgures
DOCK STREET,
ST. JOHN.

Winter Apples.
100 Barrels of Winter Apples.
BLAIR ESTABROOKS.

Business Cards.

A. D. RICHARD, LL. B.,
Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, Etc.
DORCHESTER, N. B.

Special attention given to the collection
of Accounts in all parts of the
United States and Canada.

W. F. COLEMAN, M.D.
M. R. C. S. ENG.
OCULIST AND AURIST
To St. John General Public Hospital.
PRACTICE LIMITED TO
EYE AND EAR.
OFFICE: 40 GURNEY STREET, - St. John, N. B.

DR. MORSE,
AMHERST, N. S.
Graduate of Edinburgh University,
Physician and Surgeon.
SPECIAL attention devoted to the
Diseases peculiar to Females and
Children.

W. W. WELLS,
Barrister-at-Law, Notary Public,
Conveyancer, &c.
Office: - - - In the Court House,
DORCHESTER, N. B.

Special attention given to the Collection
of Debts in all parts of the Dominion and
the United States. may7

A. E. OULTON,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc.
OFFICE: - - - A. L. Palmer's Building,
Dorchester, N. B.

J. R. CAMERON,
Ennis & Gardner Block, Prince Wm. Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
DEALER IN
American and Canadian Oils, Chem-
icals, German-Steel, and En-
glish and American Lamps,
Burners, Wicks, &c.

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers
(Consulate of the Netherlands.)
(Consulate of Austria and Hungary.)
No. 127 WALNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
L. WESTERGAARD, 310 N. TOWNESEND, July 24

REMOVED TO
King St.
Over Colo-
nial Book
Store.
Electro and
Stereotyping.
Best work
and prices.

CH. FLEWELLING
ENGRAVER
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Nails, Tacks and Brads.
S. R. FOSTER & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CUT NAILS;
ALL KINDS OF
Shoe Nails, Tacks & Brads.
Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:
Georges Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

ALEXANDRA
Saw Works!
J. F. LAWTON, - Proprietor.
ST. JOHN, N. S.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
ALL persons having claims against the
Estate of the late John H. H. H.
of Sackville, are hereby notified, and
to present the same day after three
months from the date hereof, and
all persons indebted to the said estate are
requested to make immediate payment to
the undersigned or to A. D. RICHARD, Esq.
of Sackville, N. B.
Dorchester, March 21st, A. D. 1882.
VETAL BUREAU,
Administrator.

Winter Apples.
100 Barrels of Winter Apples.
BLAIR ESTABROOKS.

JACOBSON'S

TRADE MARK



THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest,
Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swell-
ings and Sprains, Burns and
Scalds, General Bodily
Pains.

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted
Feet and Ears, and all other
Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil
as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External
Remedy. A trial will convince the most
trifling sufferer of its efficacy, and every one suffer-
ing with pain can have cheap and positive relief
in five minutes.

Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS
IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Selling Out!
GREAT BARGAINS.
AS I INTEND MAKING
A Change in My Business,
I WILL SELL MY
STOCK OF GOODS
AT EXTREMELY LOW
Low Rates for Cash of
Produce.

Immediate payment is requested of
Bills due 31st December, 1881.
F. C. HARPER.
Bayfield, 28th March, 1882.

SEED!
SEED!
SEED!
Just Received:
A LARGE and well assorted Stock of
FRESH
Farm, Garden & Flower
SEEDS!
Timothy, Red Top, Kentucky,
Blue and Orchard Grass.
The last three are specially suited for
Pastures.

Red, Alsike and White Dutch
CLOVER.
Russian White Wheat, Oatmeal Wheat,
and Carling Red Wheat; Russian White
Oats.

The following VEGETABLE SEED
in great variety, by the ounce, or in papers
suit customers:-
Mangel, Turnip, Beet, Carrot,
Parsnip, Cabbage, Cauliflower,
Radish, Tomatoe, Onion, Cress
Lettuce, Celery, Cucumber,
Pumpkin, Squash, Spinach,
Pole and Bush Beans,
Broad Beans, Dwarf and
Pole Peas, Salsify,
Egg Plant, Pot Herbs, etc., etc.
For sale low for Cash.

ALEX. MCKAY,
Druggist, Seedsman, &c.
Dorchester, N. B.,
April 19th, 1882.

WE WANT
CONSIGNMENTS OF
SHIP KNEES,
SPILING,
R. W. TIES,
CORDWOOD,
TAN BARK,
POTATOES.

WRITE TO
HATHEWAY
Central Wharf,
Sackville.

LITERATURE

Above and Below.
BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

O dwellers in the valley-land,
Who in deep twilight grope and cower,
Till the slow mountain's distant hand
Shortens to noon's triumphant hour,
While ye sit idle, do ye think
The Lord's great work is done?
That light dare not creep the brink
Of noon, because 'tis dark with you?

Though yet your valleys slunk in night,
In God's ripe fields the day is cried,
And reapers, with their sickles bright,
Troop, singing, down the mountain-side
Come up, and feel what health there is
In the frank dew's delighted eyes,
As, bending with a pitying kiss,
The night-shed tears of Earth she dries!

The Lord waits reapers: O, mount up,
Behold! right comes, and says, "Too
late!"
Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
The Master hunders while ye wait;
Our day, for him, is long enough,
And when he giveth work to do,
The bruised reed is smugly tough
To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire
To lift thy earlier message to preach;
Keep back no syllable of fire,
Plunge deep the reeds of thy speech.
Yet God does not thine errand slight,
More worthy than our twilight dim;
For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
And following that is finding Him.

Lone watcher on the mountain-height,
Lest thou be slow to hold
The first long surf of climbing light
Flood all the thirteenth east with gold;
But who, in the shadow's idle too?
Know also when the day is nigh,
Seeing the shining force lead it
With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office; we have ours;
God looks not merely service here,
But what are thine eleven hours
He counts with us for morning cheer:
Our day, for him, is long enough,
And when he giveth work to do,
The bruised reed is smugly tough
To pierce the shield of error through.

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Keep back no syllable of fire,
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For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
And following that is finding Him.

The third is the devil's hitchin'
post."

On the first voyage of the Flying
Sprite, Capt. Cram started her for
Philadelphia, loaded with ice belong-
ing to himself and Lawyer Swanton;
cargo uninsured. Ice was worth six
dollars a ton in Philadelphia; this
particular ice had cost Capt. Cram
and Lawyer Swanton eighty-five
cents a ton shipped, including saw-
dust. They were happy over the
prospect. The Flying Sprite cleared
the port in beautiful shape, and then
suddenly and silently went to the
bottom in Fiddler's Reach, in eleven
feet of salt water. It required only
six days to float her and pump her
out, but owing to a certain insen-
sibility between ice and salt
water, the salvage consisted ex-
clusively of sawdust.

On her next trip the schooner
carried a deck load of lumber from
the St. Croix River. It was in
some sense a consecrated cargo,
for the lumber was intended for a
new Baptist meeting house in
Southern New Jersey. If the prayer-
ful hopes of the navigators, combined
with the prayerful expectations of
the consignees had prevailed, this
voyage, at least, would have been
successfully made. But about sixty
miles southeast of Nantucket the
Flying Sprite encountered a mild
September gale. She ought to have
weathered it with perfect ease; but
she behaved so shamelessly that the
church timber was scattered over
the surface of the Atlantic Ocean
from about latitude 40° 15' to about
latitude 43° 50'. A month or two
later she contrived to go on her
beam ends under a gentle land
breeze, dumping a lot of expensive
carved granite from the Rock Island
quarries into a deep hole on Long
Island Sound. On the very next
trip she turned deliberately out of
her course in order to smash into the
starboard bow of a Norwegian brig
and was consequently libelled for
heavy damages.

It was after a few experiences of
this sort that Capt. Cram craved
the old name from the schooner's
stern and quarter, and substituted
that Judas Iscariot. He could not
avoid no designation that expressed
so well his contemptuous opinion of
her moral qualities. She seemed
animated with the spirit of purpose-
less malice, of malignant perversity,
she was a floating tub of cursed-
ness.

A board of nautical experts sat
upon the Judas Iscariot, but could find
nothing the matter with her, physi-
cally. The lines of her hull were
all right, she was properly planked
and ceiled and caulked, her spars
were of good Oregon pine, she was
rigged taught and trustworthy, and
her canvass had been cut and stit-
ched by a God-fearing stit-maker. Ac-
cording to all theory, she ought to
have been perfectly responsible as
to her keel. In practice she was
trickily cranky. Sailing the
Judas Iscariot was like driving a
horse with more vices than hairs in
his tail. She always did the unex-
pected things, except when bad
behaviour was expected of her or
general principles. If the idea was
to luff, she wouldn't invariably fall off
to jibe, she would come round
lead in the wind and bang there
like Mahomed's coffin. Sending a
man to haul the jib sheet to wind-
ward was sending a man on a flying
horse; the jib habitually picked up
the ventrooom-navigator, and
after shaking him viciously in the
air for a second or two, tumbled him
overboard. A boom never crossed
the deck without breaking some-
body's head. Start on whatever
course she might, the schooner was
certain to run before long into one
of three things, viz, some other
vessel, a fog bank, or the bottom.

From the day on which she was
haunched her scent for a good, sticky
bottom was unerring. In the
clearest weather, fog followed and
enveloped her as misfortune follows
wickedness. Her presence on the
Banks was enough to drive every
fish to the coast of Ireland. The
mackerel and porgies were
always where the Judas Iscariot
was not. It was impossible to cir-
cumvent the schooner's fixed pur-
poses to ruin everybody who
chartered her. If chartered to
carry a deckload, she spilled it; if
lugged between decks, she dived;
if one of the trick mules which, if
they cannot otherwise discharge the
river, get down and roll over and
over. In short, the Judas Iscariot
was known from Marblehead to the
Bay of Chaleur as the consummate

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

"She formerly showed the name
Flying Sprite on starboard moulding,"
said Captain Trombull Cram, "but I
said Captain Trombull Cram, 'what I
said and did not think right to
say, and when he giveth work to do,
The bruised reed is smugly tough
To pierce the shield of error through.
But not the less do thou aspire
To lift thy earlier message to preach;
Keep back no syllable of fire,
Plunge deep the reeds of thy speech.
Yet God does not thine errand slight,
More worthy than our twilight dim;
For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
And following that is finding Him.

"That was an extraordinary
name," replied the
captain, as he absorbed another inch
and a half of nigger-head, "I
never a profane man or an irrever-
ent; but sink my jig if I don't be-
lieve the spirit of Judas possesses
that schooner. Hey, Aum?"

The young man addressed as An-
ani was seated upon a rickety bar-
rel. He deliberately removing from
his lips a black briar wood, and shook
his head with great gravity.

"The Cap'n," said Anani, "is nei-
ther a profane nor an irreverent.
What he says he mostly knows; but
when he sinks his jig he alters to
be depended on."

Fortified with this neighborly es-
timate of character, Captain Cram
proceeded: "You talk of the idea of
a schooner's soul? Perhaps you
have sailed 'em forty odd year up
and down this here coast, and
spinked yourself with their dispo-
sitions and habits of mind. Hey,
Aum?"

"The Cap'n," explained the gen-
tleman on the mackerel keg, "has
quoted an hex bished for forty-six
year. He's lumbered an hex iced.
When the Cap'n sees fit to talk about
schooners he understands the sub-
ject."

"My friend," said the Captain, "a
schooner has a soul like a human
being, but considerably broader of
beam, whether for good or for evil.
I ain't a-goin' to deny that I prayed
for the Judas in Tuesday 'n Thurs-
day evenin' meetin', week after week
an' month arter month. I ain't a-
goin' to deny that I interested
Deacon Plympton in the 'rastle for
her redemption. It was no use, my
friend; even the Deacon's powerful
prayers were clear waste."

I ventured to inquire in what
manner this vessel had manifested
its depravity. The narrative which
I heard was the story of a demon of
treachery with three masts and a
jibboom.

The Flying Sprite was the first
three-masted ever built at Newaggin,
and the last. People shook their
heads over the experiment. "No
good can come of such a critter,"
they said. "It's contrary to nature.
Two masts is masts enough." The
Flying Sprite began his career of
base improbity at the very moment
of his birth. Instead of launching
decently into the element for which
he was designed, the three-masted
schooner slumped through the ways
into the mud and stuck there for
three weeks, causing great expense
to the owners, of whom Capt. Trom-
bull Cram was one to the extent of
an undivided third. The oracles of
Newaggin were confirmed in their
teborodings. "Two masts is masts
enough to sail the sea," they said;

THE JUDAS ISCARIOT.

After commanding the Judas Is-
cariot for five or six years, Capt.
Cram looked fully twenty years older.
It was in vain that he had attempted
to sell her at a sacrifice. No man
on the coast of Maine, Massachu-
setts, or the British provinces would
have taken the schooner as a gift.
The belief in her demonic obses-
sion was as firm as it was universal.

Nearly at the end of a season,
when the wretched craft had been
even more unprofitable than usual,
a conference of the owners was held
in the Congregational vestry one
evening after the monthly missionary
meeting. No outsider knows exactly
what happened, but it is rumored
that in the two hours during which
these capitalists were closeted cer-
tain arithmetical computations were
effected which led to significant re-
sults and to a singular decision. On
the forenoon of the next Friday
there was a general suspension of
business at Newaggin. The Judas
Iscariot, with her deck scoured and
her spars scraped till they shone in
the sun like yellow amber, lay at
the wharf by Capt. Cram's fish house.

Since Monday the Captain and his
three boys and Andrew Jackson's
son Tobias, from Mackerel Cove,
had been busy loading the schooner
deep. This time her cargo was an
extraordinary one. It consisted of
nearly a quarter of a mile of stone
wall from the boundaries of the Cap-
tain's shore pasture. "I caulked,"
remarked the commander of the
Judas Iscariot, as he saw the last
loader disappearing down the main
mast, "that's nigh two hundred
fifty ton of stone fence aboard that
schooner."

Corrupture was wasted over this un-
necessary amount of ballast. The
owners of the Judas Iscariot stood
up well under the consolidated wit
of the village; they returned with
clim for witicism, and kept their
secret. "If you must know, I'll tell
ye," said the Captain. "I hear that's
a stone wall family over Machias
way. It's goin' to take mine over'n
middle it out by the yard."

Left entirely to herself, the
schooner rolled once or twice, tossed
a few bucketfuls of water over her
board, and fastened the rope with sev-
eral half hitches around the cleat,
thus lashing the helm, jumped into
a dory, and sailed over to the tug.

Left entirely to herself, the
schooner rolled once or twice, tossed
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schooner rolled once or twice, tossed
a few bucketfuls of water over her
board, and fastened the rope with sev-
eral half hitches around the cleat,
thus lashing the helm, jumped into
a dory, and sailed over to the tug.

Left entirely to herself, the
schooner rolled once or twice, tossed
a few bucketfuls of water over her
board, and fastened the rope with sev-
eral half hitches around the cleat,