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STORIES OF THE SEA

By EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.

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

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Your paroxysms are exceedingly severe," says the medico ,who has been observing with his head on one side. He has said so to every one in the ship. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll order you squeezed lemon in potass water."

"The very thing! Just what I feel I want. Oh! my dear doctor (hysterically), how shall I ever sufficently thank you! I felt I was dying, and you have saved my life. Do come back in an hour, and see how I am getting on."

"By all means, my lady. Her ladyship must be kept warm," he says to the drooping Maria, and hurrying away, buries himself in the steerage far out of the call of the indignant dame when, an hour later, after a temporary struggle with his last prescription, she is once more screaming for the hapless medico. If he turns into his berth for an hour's sleep, he is aroused by a terrific thump on the door.

"Doc'ther, doc-ther!"

"What's the matter? Who's there?"

"It's me, yer honour," says a gigantic Hibernian, thrusting into the cabin a shock of red hair, from beneath which his eyes dance all over the bottles that are rattling about in their racks.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Biddy Maclore, me own wife, yer honour, is dyin' forenenst me eyes. Will ye come before she's gone clane off to glory?"

"Stuff! they're all dying. What's the matter with her?"

"She can't heave no furder, ye honour; and she says it'll be the death of her in five minnits, if ye don't come."

"Maclore!"

"Yer honour!"

"Do you see those cards in a little tray on your right?"

"I do, yer honour."

"They're orders for Bass's ale. Take one, and give half the bottle to Biddy as soon as you can and take the other half youself. You're looking seady under the eyes; and, mind you, don't you bother me again to-day."

"Thank ye, yer honour, ye've saved her life;" and helping himself to two cards, Maclore goes off to claim the "medicine."

Mr. Crog's engrossing cares had not prevented him from giving some attention to the subject of the fugitive criminal. Great indeed was his chagrin when it was announced on the morning of the third day that the man had been found, by a rival steward, and in the captain's cabin. He tried to look up Mr. Stillwater, who, having disappeared into the men's quarters, had not emerged again. But that person had very successfully concealed himself. He was provided with all that he needed, and he made no requisitions on the steward. He managed to get his tea brought to him by a fellow-passenger, who was just able to crawl up and down again with their tin mugs. Mr. Stillwater had kept his ears opened to everything that was said around him during the two days, and this acute listener acquired many a hint of the experiences, aims, and destinies of the emigrants.

Towards the afternoon of the fourth day, Mr. Crog, provided with a lanthorn, entered the men's quarters on the starboard side of the engine bulkheads and proceeded deliberately to scan the faces of all the invalids who tenanted its rows of cribs, top and bottom. The men lay four deep, side by side. At length, at the farthest end, in the inside berth of the lowest row, Mr. Crog recognized the great wide-awake, under which, even in the darkness, Mr. Stillwater concealed his face. The truth was, he had no objection to the skirmishing of rats over his countenance.

"Hallo!" said Mr. Crog. "Here you are! I thought you must be dead."

"More dead than alive," replied the other, shading his face from the light, "Take away that confounded lanthorn—it blinds one."

"All right. Are you able to get up? The weather's beginning to moderate, and the person you know of has been down to the steerage to ascertain if there's a wally aboard in want of a place."

"Bravo! That's all right. I shall get up directly. I've only been a bit lazy."

"I've such a game to tell you of, about our runaway friend. Come along as quick as you can."

Leaving his lanthorn for the man to take to the wash-room, the steward went off and waited for Mr. Stillwater at the top of the companion.

"Come," he said, looking at Mr. Stillwater's improved appearance, "you're all right now—and your eye is quite well."

He then related the story of Mr. Fex's arrest, and of the subsequent denouncement. The latter was not so much enjoyed by Mr. Stillwater as the former. However, he laughed at Mr. Crog's narrative, which, being the fourth or fifth edition, had become by this time considerably embellished.

"We still have to find our man. Well, the weather promises better now; it will bring him out," said Mr. Crog.

"I heard something while I was lying in there," replied the other, "which gave me a notion that there was somebody aboard connected with a robbery, at all events."

"No. Did you?" said Mr. Crog, keenly. "Tell us all about it."

"Better wait until I've got to the bottom of it," replied Mr. Stillwater, quietly. "Now, where shall I find this old gent, eh?"

"No. 35, port side, inside cabin. Knock. He expects you."

As Mr. Stillwater went off, steadying himself to the motion of the vessel, Mr. Crog looked after him, with a suspicious expression upon his face.

"You're too known', you are," he muttered. "I was a fool to let on to you. I shall have to watch you pretty close, my man, or you'll be doing me out of my share."

The interview of Mr. Stillwater with Sir Benjamin Peakman was satisfactory. The Knight, not feeling very well, required attentions which Mr. Stillwater undertook to minister for the sake of a few small coins of the realm, about which there was an amusing parley between the quick-witted knave and the much more able man of business. The latter had the best of it.

"If you should satisfy me," said Sir Benjamin, "I shall probably find a place for you in my house at Quebec. You can enter on your duties at once. And as I don't like your coming to wait on me from the steerage, I have arranged with the purser that you shall occupy a cabin amidship. Get your things removed there as soon as you can.

Mr. Crog was lying in wait for Mr. Stillwater when he returned, and was not sorry to hear that the latter was to remove from the steerage.

"He'll have enough to do to look after Sir B.," said the steward to himself."

Accordingly he assisted Mr. Stillwater with alacrity to remove his effects, among which was a heavy portmanteau, into his new berth. On his part, Mr. Stillwater was not sorry to get away from Mr. Crog's too familiar observation.

CHAPTER VII.

During the night the wind veered round to the east and considerably moderated, and the barometer leaped up an inch and a quarter. The late-rising sun emerged bright and clear from the horizon, and the vessel, being now fairly out in the open Atlantic, and running in a south-westerly direction, sped on through a warm, bright atmosphere. The huge swell of the disturbed ocean had given place to dancing waves, which seemed from the rapidly-moving deck to roll along in crystal-green battalions crested with snowy foam. Before noon, the awning-deck, fore and aft, was crowded with lounging convalescents, in every variety of costume, lying about in sheltered and sunny spots. Above them, now poising in relief against the clear blue sky, now hovering over the flaky wake of the vessel, and ever and anon darting down to pick up some of the garbage which the galley stewards had thrown down the shoots, were huge, graceful sea-gulls—the prettiest scavengers in nature. The watch, dispersed about the decks, overhauled the ropes, stays, tarpaulins, and other gear, which had been injured by the storm. A shroud-netting had been rigged on the quarter-deck, to keep off the passengers while the ship's carpenter and his mates endeavored to provide temporary bulwarks for the large piece which had been carried away by the wave.

In one of the most comfortable places on the lee-side of the deck-house, which had by her direction been secured at an early hour by her maid, Lady Peakman sat, propped up by cushions from the saloon bunkers, which any other passengers would have removed at their peril. Her ladyship, however, was accustomed to presume on her husband's wealth, and on her own superiority. She looked rather languid. The last few days had convinced her once more of the vanity of human wishes, and the weakness of the human stomach. Her large cheeks were depressed and flabby. Dark strokes underlined her eyes. A good deal of their brightness and fierceness was subdued, and the eyelids had a tendency to droop over them heavily. But she had caused Maria to array her in an elaborate toilette. Over her black-grey hair she wore a beautiful cap of unplucked sea-otter skin. Her dress was of olive cloth richly embroidered, over which had been thrown a fur-lined pelisse of more than half her length.

Miss Araminta, who had also suffered extremely, if less noisily than her mamma, was a charming little picture of a recovering invalid. She lay in the sun, in a scarlet cloak, left open, and displaying an elegant travelling dress of mouse-cbloured matelasse trimmed with feathers. On her head was a coquettish little felt hat, with a blackcock's feather, which suited admirably her fine auburn hair. Her little form, half hidden, half set off by a carefully adjusted rug of the fur of the white fox, while her head lay back on a soft pillow of eiderdown, presented a very pretty though overdressed picture to any unattached young gallant, peer or commoner, who might be loitering about. The two ladies were lying close to the open door of the purser's cabin. Within, upon the sofa, attended by a middle-aged maid of sedate deportment, lay a tall and handsome woman, herself of middle age, who listened with half contemptuous interest to the conversation that went on without. Seated on a camp-stool, with his back against the poop scantling, was the knight, reading a novel. His new valet had arranged the stool, with a skin upon it, and laid a small pile of books within convenient reach.

It was the first time this man had seen Lady Peakman. She was reclining, with her eyes half-closed, and took no notice of him. He, on the contrary, having glanced at her an instant, suddenly dropped his face, a habit he had, to shade his eyes, and regarded her with a fixed, keen look. Sir Benjamin, coming up at the moment, spoke to his lady, who opened her eyes directly on Mr. Stillwater's face, and catching his intent stare, coloured, frowned, looked away, and then with a startled expression looked at him again. But he had gone.

The knight saw this. "Oh!" he said, "you were wondering who that man was. He is the fellow I have engaged as my temporary valet. He understands his business, though I don't like his expression. His hair and whiskers are beastly red."

Lady Peakman made no observation, and the knight sat down and took up William Black's latest novel—one of those books that have charms alike for the rudest and the most artistic mind.

Presently Miss Araminta, who had been silently using her eyes, said, "There he is, mamma!"

A tall young gentleman, in a coarse tweed suit, passed from the companion, and slightly raising his hat to the young lady, proceeded along the deck further astern, where several persons were extended at their ease, protected from the slight wind by the saloon skylight and its high combing.

Lady Peakman glanced approvingly at the young lord's figure, but presently her face assumed an air of astonishment and disgust.

"Sir Benjamin," she said, "come here quickly." The knight, annoyed at being interrupted, came forward, smiling like a cherub.

"Look here, my dear. Lord Pendlebury has gone and thrown himself down on a rug at the feet of that vulgar Mrs. McGowkie; and do you, see, she has the impudence to smirk and chat with him as coolly as if he were a draper's assistant? Do go and tell him who those people are. He will be exceedingly mortified by-and-by and if you allow this to go on without warning."

Sir Benjamin, was not born a gentleman, and this is said to be a disadvantage which no after experience can make up. He put his book under his arm, and swinging his glasses in his hand, sauntered up the deck to the spot where the young peer was abandoning himself to the quaint and easy liveliness of the U. P. minister's daughter. Mr. McGowkie, who had met the young lord in the smoking-room, was aiding and abetting with admirable Caledonian coolness. Sir Benjamin standing above, and bowing to Mr. McGowkie in his most polished manner, and beaming on tthe whole party with his curious smiling eyes and large flashing teeth, said,—

"Oh, can I have a word with you, my lord?"

Lord Pendlebury, inwardly cursing Sir Benjamin for a troublesome old fellow, but thinking that he might have something to say about his friend Corcoran rose, and walked beside the knight, who led the way amidships. When they were fairly out of hearing, the latter said,

"Lord Pendlebury, Lady Peakman, who hopes you will permit me to present you to her, thought that I ought to convey to you a piece of information. She is, you probably are aware, quite an habituee of society; and I am sure that you will feel that she is only discharging her duty—and—and will accept her kindly little intervention in the spirit in which it is meant?"

Lord Pendlebury, astonished at this exordium, merely bowed, and looked straight before him.

"Lady Peakman was afraid, you know," said Sir Benjamin, who required all his blandness and all his resource to acquit himself of the delicate mission he had undertaken," lest you should think us remiss, being thoroughly conversant with our little colonial society, and therefore acquainted with all the colonial people on board—as no doubt you can understand persons in our position are obliged to be," said Sir Benjaman, apologetically, with a simper, which did not seem to exert upon the peer a soothing effect, for the quick-eyed knight saw his nostrils dilating, "if we did not inform you who and what they are. Because, of course, proceeded Sir Benjamin, with a winning effort at a smile, "we know that a peer would not care to be associated with any who—who though they might be very honest people—were not exactly persons of any position, you know; in fact, quite the reverse."

"Oh, you are quite mistaken about that," said Lord Pendlebury, brusquely, hoping to cut short this tirade, which was boring him extremely. "I rather have a fancy for odd company, and cards are my particular whim, But, to tell you the truth, I haven't been into the steerage yet. Is Lady Peakman afraid of fleas?"

"Oh dear no! You misunderstand me my dear Lord Pendlebury," cried the knight, flushing up. "Lady Peakman observed you were being addressed in very familiar terms by the person you were talking to when I came up—a Mrs. McGowkie—and she thought it would only be right to let you know that she is the only daughter of a Scotch dissenting minister, and that Mr. McGowkie, her husband, is what in England you would call a wholesale draper of Toronto."

"Ah!" said Lord Pendlebury, with greater tact than the knight had shown. "How kind of Lady Peakman to concern herself about me! I quite appreciate her good taste and her good feeling. Will you do me the honour to present to me to her ladyship?"

(To Be continued.)

ELECTRICITY IN THE HOUSEHOLD

Its Progress Slow for Domestic Uses—Electric Kitchens Hardly in Sight.

"I think" said the electrician with a weary air. "I saw something in a paper the other day about lighting closets by electricity. Opening the door turns on the light; closing the door turns it off. It's a beautiful scheme and as practicable as it is beautiful. But that's all the good it does. People will keep on pawing around in dark closets, or setting all their best clothes on fire by lighting matches among them until I am gray—or until you are, which you probably think will be longer.

"We hear a good deal of talk about the giant strides of science and things like that. I suppose it does seem to be getting over the ground when you look at it from one point of view. But in another way it seems fairly to crawl. For instance, twenty years ago there was in London an exhibition of cooking by electricity. Now you would think that in twenty years a process like, that one which comes home to every household, would have been adopted everywhere. People predicted then that the finish of the coal ranges and gas stoves was in sight. But I notice that the stove makers are still doing business and they don't seem to have a lean and hungry look.

"The invention of a thing isn't all that's necessary. That's only the first step. If you can't make your invention do its work as cheaply as its rivals you will never get the world to use it. Cooking by electricity is hardly any further along than it was five years ago, and, it won't be any further along until it gets to be as cheap as gas or coal. That time is coming slowly but surely nearer; in the meantime, though, you won't find many electric kitchens outside of exhibitions.

"It's as hard to push a new device in electrical household applicances as it is for some people to get into society. Take electric curling irons, or, rather, the heaters for these irons. Women go into the new hotels, where there are electric lights, and the only way in which they can heat a curling iron is to use an alcohol lamp. There is more damage done to furniture and carpets and hangings in this way than would cover the cost of the hotel man of providing the attachment for heating the iron.

"One trouble in getting private houses to use electricity is that they don't want to tear up the house to have the wires strung. The fine new houses are being provided with electric wires in the building, and many of the old ones have had them put in but people are slow to make radical changes of any sort. Physicians have been about as ready to avail themselves of the new opportunities as anybody. A great many of them have an office wire which taps the street wire and use electricity in cauterizing and for regular electrical treatment. It does away with any fussing with batteries, and is always ready. Dentists do the same way. But when it comes to really domestic uses we have to admit that electricity has gained ground very, very slowly. It's always the way, though. You will find men's offices equipped with the very latest conveniences, but the women's kitchens have to get on as best they can."

CARE OF EYELASHES.

The ancients made an art of the care of the eyelashes. It was considered a necessity to cultivate beautiful lashes. They recognized the fact that, besides adding to the expression of the eyes, the lashes preserved them from the dust, cold, wind and too glaring light.

It has lately become a question of paramount importance with up-to-date women, perhaps taking the example of their ancient sisters to heart, how to make the lashes grow longer and thicker and how to prevent them from falling out.

Long, sweeping lashes have from time immemorial furnished poets with many a rhythm, and man seems to find more beauty and seductiveness in the downcast eyes and velvet cheeks swept by long, curling lashes.

A word in your ear. If you will apply a little pure, white vaseline to your eyelashes every night it will aid their growth and strengthen them.

THE TRIAL SCENE MODERNIZED.

It was a beautiful morning in June, The fragrant air bore tidings of newly-awakened summer. The moon was shedding its silvery light, and chasing away the gloom of night, while the stars peered through the dusky air and seemed to envy this old world its happiness. Through my open window a gentle breeze carried the murmuring of the trees, and the sad, sweet echo of a distant fountain. Exquisite strains of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" were borne to my ears, and, although I had been suffering keenly from a nervous headache, I was being lulled to sleep by the soothing effect of the perfect whole, when I was suddenly roused from my blissful, half-unconscious state by a violent commotion beneath my window.

The reaction was so violent as almost to warrant my fear that a comet had come in contact with the earth, or that a thunderbolt had fallen into our midst. To my dismay, however, I found that we were to be indulged by a very prosaic concert given by all of the feline tribe from far and near. As the babel of voices grew more loud and more confused, some curious coincident recalled to my mind the trial scene in the Merchant of Venice, and the belief of the philosopher of Samos. I fell to musing on the feasibility of his theory; and, as my thoughts shaped themselves to the reality and I connected the Pathagorian belief with the performers below, I soon had the Venetian court with many modern accompaniments.

The chains with which my headache had bound me, were fast breaking as the picture grew in my imagination, and as I gave to the owners of the different voices the names of their Venetian ancestors. One deep-voiced animal, by the concentrated fury and hatred he expressed, recalled the Jew so distinctly, that without hesitation, I dubbed him Skylock. Another voice betokened him of a proud and dignified, but rather weak, nature; consequently he received the title of Duke. The patient, long, suffering toned onew as certainly Antonio's descendant; while the merry, happy hearted one who wanted a voice in everything, but seldom said anything worth hearing, appeared to be a close connection of Gratiano's.

In the first part of the scene, the deep voice, the patient voice, and the weakly-sprout voice, were heard alternately. The Bassanio cat and the Skylock cat snarled and spat at each other in a very unbecoming manner, then the deep voice seemed to be gaining the advantage, but Bassanio's representive was hopeful, and kept cheering him of the patient tone, while this latter worthy drawled out in the most melancholy notes, what I imagined to be:

"You cannot better be employed, Bassanio, than to live still, and write mine epitaph."

At this stage in the proceedings a cricket was heard to chirp for admittance, and, while the partakers in the play were listening respectfully to what the new comer had to say, I congratulated myself on the development of the act. Soon another cricket appeared, whereupon the Duke on his dignified voice made a short speech, which I interpreted as being an address to the newly-arrived one, "Come you from old Beliario?" this belief was confirmed as the reed-voiced cricket answered in high, shrill notes, and laid special stress on the second word, "I did, my lord." A few moments having elapsed, the proud voice was again heard, and in almost human accents the sonorous tones of the Duke commanded, "Antonio and old Skylock, both stand forth." Quite a commotion ensued, and then, as the sudden lull bespoke a listening posture, I, too, leant my ear, and heard again the famous merry speech. The deep-voiced accuser seemed to respect and admire this wise young judge, as I could gather from the full, prolonged notes that reached my ear:

"A Daniel come to judgment! Yes, a Daniel!"

Then the patient voice became still more patient; the Bassanio cat, more entreating; he of the reed-voice, more decided; the deep voice more exulting. Then the reed-voice wearied, the merry tone exulted, the deep voice became first alarmed, and afterwards dejected, and I was reminded of the words used by the Jew in the days long since gone by, "I am not well." Gratiano's supposed descendant grew tantalizing and unbearable to the miser's representative, who was beginning to grow "aweary of this great world." The chorus of cat cheers that reached my ears from time to time, I attributed to approval of the cricket, while the not unfrequent hisses, I supposed were intended for the "cutpthroat dog."

At this instant the window of the room adjoining mine was thrown violently open, and my irate student-brother, appeared, bearing in his hand his faithful ink well, which he shied with much force into the midst of the assembly, thereby, in the Duke's stead, dismissing the court. As the window closed with a bang, a groan was heard to issue from shylock's latter self, which had probably been hurt, nothing more being heard of him, and as the cats scampered off, I concluded that the Shylock cat, true to its nature, in proud silence, was hurrying home to nurse his wounds, while the street urchins and those of the pit were following close at his heels, and crying vengeance on him and on all his race, while they cheered loudly for the Merchant of Venice.

The night grew quiet. The moon looked down as before. Gentle murmurs, and sweet perfumes were wafted in through my open window, and, as once more the soft strains of the music carried me down the Danube, I forgot, in the return of my sleepy enjoyment, the disturbing element of my modern Venetian Court.

M. EVELYN THOMPSON.

BURNS WON THE DINNER.

This story is told of Robert Burns in his youth: One day he was passing through the town of Ayr when he saw two strangers sitting at one of the inn windows. With idle curiosity, he stopped to look at them. Seeing him and thinking that the rustic might afford some amusement while waiting, the strangers called him in and asked him to dine with them. Burns readily accepted the invitation, and proved a merry entertaining guest. When dinner was nearly finished, one of the strangers suggested that each should try his hand at verse making, and that the one who failed to write a rhyme should pay for the dinner. They felt secure in the challenge, believing that their rustic would pay for the meal. The rhymes were written and Burns read the following:

"I, Johnny Peep, saw two sheep, and these two sheep saw me, Half a crown apiece will pay for their fleece, and I, Johnny Peep, go free."

The strangers' astonishment was great, and they exclaimed: Who are you? You must be Robbie Burns!

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