

With these words, which rolled a mountain off the heart of Jules, the tall Marquis made a gesture of dismissal; and the boatswain led the boy away.

After the strain was over, however, the young landsman found himself possessed by all the nameless torments of seasickness; and for a day or two, as he lay in a heap in whatever corner seemed most out of the way of the sailors' feet, he repented with all the fervor of his soul.

As he began to recover, he saw his father for the first time since the day of the farewells in the prison yard.

If Jules wanted the satisfaction of giving his father a surprise, he had every reason to be content. Christophe Saintine's first thought was that he was looking upon an apparition, sent to tell him that his son had just died in the far-off St. Malo cottage. The superstitious Breton turned ghastly pale with awe and grief. But when he realized that it was his very son, in the flesh, who clung passionately to his hands, his delight was fervid and unrestrained.

Jules was perfectly and boyishly happy for the rest of the voyage. The boatswain impressed him into his service, and kept him reasonably busy. The boy did not object to this. It gave him a sense of importance, and made him feel like a real sailor.

Jules loved the sea instinctively. The ship was his delight; and every day he could see and talk to his father.

The wind kept fair many days in succession; and at last a low, long line of sandy shore, half veiled in surf, was sighted.

Instantly the whole ship went wild with excitement, which subsided somewhat as the wary pilot announced that the pale coast was that of the dreaded Isle of Sands.

This island, which is still called Sable Island, from the French *Isle aux Sables*, is the most perilous spot in the Atlantic. Even as long ago as 1598, vessels had been wrecked upon it. It has been called "the Charnel-House of North America." Its hungry sands are gorged with wrecks.

Formed by the deposits of two meeting ocean-currents, it is continually shifting, even like the eddies of the tide.

On the day when Jules espied it from the deck of the Breton ship, it was nearly forty miles in length, and was a slim crescent of pale yellow set in the gray-green seas. Now it is little more than half as long. Then, as now, it was divided almost from end to end by a shallow fresh-water lake, the windy resort of innumerable water-fowl.

As the wind was light, and blowing off the island, the pilot said that a landing might be effected without risk, and the ship cast anchor about three miles from shore. It was dangerous to go nearer on account of the intricate shoals.

The Marquis was rowed ashore, and so struck was he with the inaccessibility of the island that he resolved to make use of it as a temporary prison for his forced colonists.

His design was to leave the convicts on the island while he should explore the coasts of Acadia for a fitting place to plant his settlement. As soon as the site had been chosen, and some buildings erected there which might prevent his sorry charges from betaking themselves to the woods, he would return to the island and get them. Meanwhile, in the fair June weather, and with the provisions he would leave them, he thought they would be comfortable, and he knew they would be safe.

The convicts themselves were by no means ill-pleased with this scheme, which was carried into effect without delay; and as for Jules, he had no difficulty in gaining permission from the kindly viceroy to stay upon the island with his father.

When the last boat-load had been landed through the surf and the boat had returned to the ship, and the ship had moved away with swelling sails, the hearts of those left behind sank low for a little while, as the unspeakable loneliness of their situation dawned upon them.

Rising only a few feet above the level of the ocean, their island could boast not a tree from end to end. Hummocks of sand, piled up here and there by the winds, were all that broke the monotony of the sky-line.

The first night or two, the weather being fine, they took no thought of shelter, and Jules slept, half-rolled in his father's coat, on a soft, sweet-smelling patch of wild peas, in a sheltered hollow. Their wakings in the cool, dewy mornings, with the clear blue above them and a light wind waving the

grass-tops and wild-rose thickets, seemed to them like passing from one delicious dream into another.

In wandering over the island they found acres upon acres of blueberry shrub in full bloom, so like the *airelles* or bilberries of their native land, and thought of the fruit that would soon be ready for their lips. In the inner meadows, and about the shores of the sweet-water lake, they came upon small herds of wild cattle, already established there from vessels wrecked upon the island, and several troops of shaggy ponies; while on the coast they saw wild hogs busy rooting in the sands, fattening on clams and other shell-fish.

With the sight of such abundance before their eyes they forgot to husband the provisions that had been left them by the Viceroy; and Christophe Saintine, more prudent by nature than his fellows, and made thoughtful by the presence of his boy, strove vainly to check the perpetual waste. He was, with but one rival, the most influential among the convicts; but on the question of economy his voice was little heeded.

It was not long ere cold east winds, and fogs that overhung the island like a pall for days together, drove the convicts to build themselves rude shelters out of some wreckage found along shore. The first gale, a very moderate one, visiting the island when they had been a fortnight upon it, blew down these flimsy shelters, and badly bruised some of the occupants. One man had his neck broken by a heavy timber falling upon it, and they buried him on the sandy shore.

(To be continued.)

Accidents—What to do in Emergencies.

RULES to be followed by the bystanders in case of injury by machinery, when surgical aid cannot be at once obtained. *Send for a physician.* The dangers to be feared in these cases are: Shock or collapse, loss of blood, the wound becoming a "septic" or poisoned one, and unnecessary suffering in the moving of the patient. Rule I. In shock, the injured person lies pale, faint, cold, and sometimes insensible, with labored pulse and breathing.

Apply external warmth by wrapping him up (not merely covering him over) in blankets, quilts, or extra clothes. Bottles of hot water, hot bricks (not too hot), may also be wrapped up in cloths and put to the arm-pits, along the sides, and between the feet, if they are uninjured. If the patient has not been drinking, give brandy or whiskey 1 or 2 teaspoonfuls in a tablespoonful of water every 10 minutes—less frequently as he gets better. Food (strong soup is best) should also be given now and then. Rule II.

Loss of blood. If the patient is not bleeding, do not apply any constriction to the limb, but cover the wounded part lightly with the softest rags to be had (linen is best). If there is bleeding do not try to stop it by binding up the wound. The current of blood to the part must be checked. To do this find the artery, by its beating,



Fig. 1.

lay a firm and even compress or pad (made of cloth or rags rolled up, or a round stone or piece of wood well wrapped) over the artery. (See Fig. 1.) Tie a handkerchief around the limb and compress; put a bit of stick through the handkerchief and twist the latter up until it is just tight enough to stop the bleeding, then



Fig. 3, Leg.

put one end of the stick under the handkerchief to prevent untwisting, as in Fig. 2. The artery in the thigh runs along the inner side of the muscle in front near the bone. A little above the knee it passes to the back of the bone. In injuries at or above the knee apply the compress higher up, on the inner side of the thigh, at the point where the two thumbs meet at A. Fig. 3, with a knot on the outside of the thigh. When the leg is injured below the knee, apply the compress at the back of the thigh, just above the knee

at A. Fig. 4, and the knot in front, as in Figs. 1 and 2. The artery in the arm runs down the inner side of the large muscle in front, quite close to the bone; low down it gets further forward towards the bend of the elbow. It is most easily compressed a little above the middle. (A. Fig. 5.) Care should be taken to examine the limb from time to time, and to lessen the compression if it becomes very cold or purple; tighten up the handkerchief again if the bleeding begins afresh. Rule III. To transport a wounded person comfortably. Make a soft and even bed for the injured part of straw; folded blankets, quilts or pillows, laid on a board, with side-pieces of board nailed on, when this can be done. If possible, let the patient be laid on a door,



Fig. 4, Leg.



Fig. 5.

shutter, settee, or some firm support, properly covered. Have sufficient force to lift him steadily, and let those who bear him not keep step. Rule IV. Should any important arteries be opened, apply the handkerchief as recommended. Secure the vessel by a surgeon's dressing forceps, or by a hook, then have a silk ligature put around the vessel and tie tightly. Rule V. Do not put the tincture of iron or any other astringent into the wound to stop it bleeding. These things make it impossible for healing to take place without the formation of pus or matter. Tight, direct pressure with a finger tip on the mouth of a bleeding vessel, will always control the loss of blood until the arrival of a physician. Above all do not let fingers, dressing or anything else not absolutely clean, come near the wound. The fate of an injured man is often determined by those who first try to help him. Clean wounds heal like bruises, dirty wounds always carry with them the risks of blood-poisoning. Send for a physician in all cases.

OFFICIAL statistics show that it requires the product of nearly three acres to support each head of population in the United States. In 1880 with a population of 50,200,000 a cultivated area of 148,600,000 acres was required, while the acreage so employed was 165,000,000 leaving an exportable surplus from 16,400,000 acres. The development increased during the next five years so that the surplus was 32,000,000 acres, but the highest point was then reached, and since the population has been increasing more rapidly than the development of the cultivated area, and it "seems wholly probable that the day is not far distant when domestic consumption will have quite overtaken production." The available area for cultivation, including that which may be irrigated from existing water supplies, is stated not to exceed 100,000,000 acres, "unless lands of very low fertility should be included," and of this "probably not more than 35,000,000 acres can be brought under the plough."

HERE is something worth reading:—1. Ascertain what crops are best suited for the soil of your farm.—2. Select those for which there is the best market.—3. Determine a judicious rotation of crops and adhere closely to it.—4. Keep the land in good heat.—5. If unable to get enough manure, plough in a green crop.—6. Remember that the liquid is the most valuable part of the manure; save it by absorbents as dry earth, straw, etc.—7. Only work as much land as you can do it thoroughly. Let your farm be as a garden. Ten acres well worked will yield more profit than fifty acres worked slovenly.—8. Take as much care of your implements as you would of a watch or a sewing machine.—9. Keep only the best stock. Save only the best seed. Raise only the best fruits.—10. Don't attempt too much. Start nothing unless you can see your way to finish it well.—11. Don't look to luck—it is a myth.