

THE PERIL OF THE DEEP.

CHAPTER I. "Right away," proclaimed the clear tones of the guard, and with sonorous puffs the Liverpool express drew out of Euston Station.

Occupying a solitary first-class compartment in this train was a good looking young man, who heaved a sigh of relief as the welcome whistle announced the time of departure.

He had contravened the by-laws of the railway company outrageously, to procure for himself the privacy of a compartment, for he was not in the mood to endure the society of fellow-travellers, and he now had the leisure to meditate on matters which had hitherto been put aside for duties of more pressing moment.

So he was fairly on his way without interruption. What a period of trouble and anxiety he had undergone since—no matter what! He consulted his "Bra-shaw" and a shipping list with eager scrutiny.

He had no desire to contact the intimates which so frequently spring up in a six days' voyage, and which not seldom form the prelude of lifelong friendships.

Some of the first poignant of his grief and remorse were off under the healthy and briskening influence of the sharp sea air and the sound of rapid motion.

He managed to put it away, as it were, for a time, his dreadful burden sufficiently to preserve an untroubled appearance before his fellow-passengers. The only noticeable feature about their taitura, but not discourteous, companion was his habit of sleeping during the morning and pacing the deck during the night watches.

Throughout the bitter cold of the March nights he would pace to and fro along the promenade deck, muffled up in cap and overcoat, and smoking cigars in what seemed like endless succession.

So the time went on, and the constantly-maintained speed of the Alabama was rapidly bringing her within soundings. It was on a dark, clear, starlight night that Geoffrey learnt that they were approaching Sandy Hook. As is usual on the crack mail-steamers, an excellent look-out was kept.

With this careful watch, what suddenly happened was inexplicable. The Alabama, taking advantage of the clear, open atmosphere, was running at full speed—some eighteen knots per hour—and not a vessel was in the range of the seaman's vision, which must have extended five or six miles at the very least.

Geoffrey passed in one of his many paces on the deck, standing near to the look-out. He heard a muffled shout from forward, and the man at his side repeated it. Then the fourth officer, perched above the wheel-house, suddenly called out to his superior:

"Do you see that light on the port-bow?" "Yes, I see it," replied the first officer. Geoffrey turned quickly to the point indicated, and saw the faint glimmer of a green light; then in what seemed the matter of seconds, his eyes, preternaturally quick of sight from much night prowling, saw looming up the sharply-defined outline of a three-masted schooner, apparently, as he was some enough to perceive, close-hauled on the port tack.

In these seconds, however, the first officer had done his best. He had ordered the helm hard-a-port, and the rattle of the steering-gear spoke to the promptness of the alteration of the course.

But collision was inevitable. The speed of the two vessels was to great and the alarm too sudden to avoid what was to come. The ghostly schooner arising, as it were, from nowhere, and disappearing into the blackness of the night, struck the mail steamer forward of the bridge, on the port side, rebounding from the force of impact to strike another blow farther along.

Geoffrey instinctively rushed to the side in time to see a red light drift astern as the last trace of the fated schooner faded out of sight.

CHAPTER II. Geoffrey Durant stood leaning against the railing of Prince's Landing stage, surrounded by the usual busy crowd of voyagers and their friends, and the loafers and sightseers who are always to be found attending on the departure of a steamer.

The tender was rapidly approaching the wooden structure to pick up its last freight of passengers and baggage.

Geoffrey scarcely noticed the scene about him. He leaned with his face turned seawards, and his eyes fixed on the black hull that must be his home for a week.

Then he thought of Gwen turned tritride. Poor Gwen! She had been very fond of him, and now—now it was all over and done with.

He pictured her as she would be when she received the news of his crime and flight—her tall, graceful form bowed with shame and sorrow, her queenly head lowered from its usual proud pose, and the gray eyes dimmed with grief at the sad and disgraceful end of the voyage.

Poor Gwen! His own eyes became misty, and a something uncomfortable rose in his throat. For a moment the black hull of the Alabama was blotted from his vision, and it was not without an effort that he regained his customary self control.

Suddenly, to his dismay, he caught sight of a familiar face—Dickie Temple of the 26th Dragoons—and worse, still, Dicky saw him, too.

"Why, Jeff, old man, what on earth are you—elsewhere, are you doing here? According with the family plate, or doing an element with the family diamonds? Going across, eh?"

Geoffrey smiled somewhat nervously. "No, Dicky, not exactly that. Fact is, I'm going as far as Queenstown with another Johnny, who's doing the whole business, and I'm waiting for the Scrimmager to come on board."

"What! Going by the Alabama, and only as far as an old Ireland? No, my boy; that won't do. Too thin. Say, now, what's your little game?"

"Fact, 'pon my word, it's the absolute truth I'm going with—Smith, you know."

"Oh, ah, yes, of course, that accounts for it. Well, old man, give my love to—Smith, you know—by the way, which of him is it?—and say I'm sorry I can't come, too. And you might ask him if he knows Annasia while you are about it?"

Geoffrey cast an agonized glance at the tender which was looming up alongside

Dicky noticed this look, and with unusual tact made a move. "Well, bye-bye, Jeff."

Geoffrey, with his hand with more vehemence than is customary in society, and hurried away to join the throng on board the Scrimmager.

Dicky waited until the last rope was let go and the little scurrying machine was fairly under way. Then he turned with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"It's beyond me entirely," he muttered, gnawing his moustache. "Well, it's none of my business, I guess, but Jeff has fairly staggered me. What's come to him? Looks very like a mess of sorts. No, it's none of my business."

But all the same he adjured to the telegraph office and sent a wire to Steyning Towers.

CHAPTER III. Much to his relief Geoffrey Durant found that no one he knew was a passenger on the Alabama. With his six hundred and forty fellow-travellers he mixed but little, except in the ordinary amenities of the dining saloon and the smoking-room. He had no desire to contact the intimates which so frequently spring up in a six days' voyage, and which not seldom form the prelude of lifelong friendships.

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CHAPTER IV. The Alabama swung round under the influence of the port helm. In the meanwhile the first officer had stopped the engines and sent down to the captain, who quickly came on deck and superintended all subsequent actions.

So slight had been the shock of the double blows that no one at first thought that any damage had been done. The engines were set in motion again, and the steamer went to the eastward to see what had become of the schooner. But the closest scrutiny on the part of the officers, who scoured the horizon with their night-glasses, failed to detect any vessel.

Stranger still, it is not known to this day what vessel it was that ran into the mail steamer.

During the fruitless search no needful precautions were neglected. It was reported to the captain that the steamer was badly holed, and that water was pouring into her through two huge gaps in the side, which, unfortunately opened into separate compartments. The passengers were accordingly aroused, the shock of the collision not having had that effect, and the water-tight doors were closed below.

One, however, leading from the coal-bunker to the stoke-hold, could not be closed, and the water poured in through this passage, sweeping with it a man who was engaged in shoveling coal, and severely injuring him. The inability to close this door was of the gravest consequence, as will be seen, for it practically opened three compartments of the ten, into which the vessel was sub-divided, to the inroad of the sea.

Day broke, and two steamers were sighted, one to the south, the other to the north of the crippled and doomed vessel. Signals of distress were made, but the flashlights were apparently not seen, for the two strangers pursued their course.

In the meantime the vessel was settling down gradually by the head, and the end seemed to be not far off. The boats were therefore lowered and manned.

Shortly before one o'clock, more than eight and a half hours after the collision, the bows being quite under water, the stern of the Alabama tilted up slightly, while the escaping air made a sound like the exhaust of steam. More and more the stern rose, until the screw was out of water, and then the beautiful steamship

glided down into the bed of the ocean. As she slowly and majestically disappeared great volumes of steam were forced up over her with a roar like thunder.

Then all was calm once more. The strately vessel lay on an even keel in twenty-two fathoms of water, as level as if she were floating in dock, with her three masts—the foremost snapped in the final plunge—standing about ten feet out of the water.

CHAPTER V. Nothing could have been kinder than the action of the crew on board the Eida, which had picked up the shipwrecked passengers. Each vied with the other to show the greatest consideration for the people of the sunken vessel. Every man gave up his berth to the use of the rescued ladies, and no pains were spared to make one and all as comfortable as circumstances permitted.

For eight hours Geoffrey Durant had been working hard, calming men's fears and soothing women's distress, with a disinterested kindness of which he would have scarcely believed himself capable, and the constant strain had wearied him thoroughly.

So he sought a quiet nook as quickly as possible, where he could stretch himself at full length and snatch a little slumber, a little closing of the eyes in sleep.

How long he slept he did not say. He was roused by hearing a voice that he at once recognized, speaking in the well-known mocking tone.

"Have I found thee, O mine enemy?" He started to his feet. It was the dusk of the evening, and he shivered with cold. He had been sleeping on deck, exposed to the sea-breeze in March, and was chilled to the bone.

His brother's voice repeated the question and there, before him in the dim, shadowy half-darkness, stood the form that had haunted him for more than a week.

"Why do you trouble me?" he muttered, querulously. "Am I to have no rest? Am I to be always haunted and shadowed—ever before the daylight has faded out of the sky?"

The figure stood motionless. "I cannot get away from you, I know," continued Geoffrey, still in the same wearied, heartbroken tone. "I know that for that I should be glad to have you have you as a companion. What are you? Are you really poor Guy's wraith, poor Guy whom I struck down with that murderous force? God knows how it happened, and he would forgive."

"He would, indeed. He does." It had come at last, the long-expected answer. Geoffrey laughed mirthlessly. He had known it would come. Perhaps now he would get relief from this horrible visitor.

But the horrible visitor showed no signs of going. On the contrary, it stepped up to him, and gripped his hands in a clasp, not icy-cold as he expected, but warm and insistent as a man's hand.

"Jeff, old boy, you are ill. Forgive me for trying to frighten you. I didn't realize till now all that had happened and what it meant."

Geoffrey showed no surprise at this strange conduct on the part of the accusing spirit. He laughed feebly. Then something seemed to give way in his head, and he fell heavily to the deck.

Some weeks passed. Lord Steyning removed his brother from the Eida. He was suffering from a severe attack of brain fever.

Guy managed to get his patient into a quiet hotel in New York, and nursed him through all the illness with unremitting attention.

Skill and loving attention gained the day, and Geoffrey at last became conscious. His first lucid interval occurred when Guy was for a moment absent, and it was from the nurse that he learned whose hand had always been ready to minister to his wants, whose presence had always seemed to bring a sense of calm and peace, and he fell heavily to the deck.

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frey could not trust himself to speak; but presently he stretched out a hand and feebly clasped his brother's.

Guy still studiously avoided seeing the other's emotion, and after returning the hand-pressure, he jumped up and said: "Well, I mustn't jaw any more. The doctor said I mustn't see you for more than five minutes, else you wouldn't be able to go back with me in the Umbria, to-morrow week, 'twas hum,' as they say here, and Gwen."

And he left the room somewhat hastily. —G. F. Bird.

WHO IS HE?

A Genuine Business Knave!

What is His Object?

Profit, and That Without Regard to Your Life.

Your Condition Requires Paine's Celery Compound

The Wily Substituter Tries to Induce You to Take Something Else That Pays Him Larger Profits.

Beware of Dealers Whose God is Unholy Lucre.

Who is he? Just a business knave, known as a "substituter." A business substituter is a person whose dishonest intentions, puts, gives, or, by spurious and false arguments, induces a person to take some article in place of what is distinctly asked for.

The "substituter's" prime object in business is profit first and last, without any regard to your condition of health or life.

Are you prepared to risk your life by submitting to the wiles and treachery of any substituter?

Your first duty is "self-preservation" by taking care of your body—ridding it of the diseases and troubles that make life a burden to you.

Your condition demands the use of Paine's Celery Compound, that health-restoring medicine that has cured thousands of men and women who suffered as you now suffer.

When you are thoroughly and honestly convinced that Paine's Celery Compound is your sure hope, see that you get it when you ask for it. There is no other medicine that will so promptly and effectually meet your sufferings. Paine's Celery Compound always works a perfect cure.

Do not for one moment listen to the deceptive arguments of the retailer whose only God is unholy lucre. See that the bottle and carton show the "stalk of celery" and the name "Paine's"; other preparations are spurious and endanger life.

ARBITRARY NUMBERS. The Meaning of the Sizes Named for 800s Buttons, Buttons and the Like.

Pearl buttons are not numbered actually; they are described as having so many lines in their diameters. A line is 1/40th of an inch; a 12-line button has a diameter of 12/40ths of an inch, &c. In making thread, half the number of "hanks" (each containing 840 yards of yarn) that weigh a pound is the basis of numbering. Thus 30 thread is made from yarn 60 hanks of which are required to weigh a pound; 60 thread is made from 120 yarn, &c. The numbering of shot is arbitrary and originally did not express the size of the shot. So is the numbering of gun caps. At first there were three sizes of gun caps, numbered 9, 10, and 11; a fourth size was made larger than 10, smaller than 11, and it was called 12. The number of the bore of a gun depends on the number of balls fitting its barrel that will weigh a pound; thus a 12-bore gun carries a ball that weighs 1-12th

of a pound. The numbering of gun wads is purely arbitrary and originally indicated nothing. A cartridge is not numbered actually, but is spoken of as a 44-calibre cartridge, a 22-calibre, &c. The calibre of a rifle is expressed in hundredths of an inch. Lamp burners are numbered arbitrarily as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

The numbering of shoes is arbitrary. The dimensions are the ball, the waist, the instep, the heel; each size in length increases by 1/8 inch in each of these dimensions and in width by 2/8 inch. Hats, in their numbering, represent roughly the diameters of curves equal to the circumferences of the heads of the wearers. Thus a No. 7 hat fits a person whose head measures 22 1/2 inches. Nails are not numbered directly; a ten penny nail is one of such a size that 1,000 nails like it weigh ten pounds; 1,000 7-penny nails weigh 8 pounds, &c. So, 100, work nails numbered originally 1,000 No. 8 tacks weighed 8 ounces. But now the size indicates the length; every size varies from the next by 1-16 inch. Wire is numbered arbitrarily; its numbers indicate nothing really. The number of a screw indicates its gauge arbitrarily. There are two lengths to a No. 0 screw: four long to a No. 1 screw, &c., but here again the number has no actual relation to the size of the screw. It is curious to notice how many systems of numbering are arbitrary.—N. Y. Sun.

BORN.

Digby, Feb. 16, to the wife of Charles Trank, a son.

Canning, Feb. 16, to the wife of Harry Read, a son.

Nixson, Feb. 16, to the wife of Whitman Ruggles, a son.

Yarmouth, Feb. 16, to the wife of J. E. Ferguson, a son.

Windsor, Feb. 19, to the wife of J. C. Simpson, a son.

Belleisle, Feb. 14, to the wife of Campbell Willet, a son.

Moncton, Feb. 21, to the wife of W. W. Wilbur, a son.

Windsor, Feb. 16, to the wife of Fred Lavers, twin sons.

Smith's Cove, Feb. 17, to the wife of Geo. W. Potter, a son.

East Baccaro, Feb. 2, to the wife of Herbert Smith, a daughter.

Salem, N. B. Feb. 11, to the wife of Lotan J. Steeves, a son.

Truro, Feb. 18, to the wife of David C. McKenna, a daughter.

Hantsport, Feb. 6, to the wife of M. S. Treffy, a daughter.

Shelburne, Feb. 8, to the wife of Capt. Alex. Cox, a daughter.

Milton, Feb. 14, to the wife of Frank Steward, a daughter.

Cornwallis, Jan. 27, to the wife of Oscar Chase, a daughter.

Bonaville, Feb. 12, to the wife of N. J. Raymond, a daughter.

Middleton, Feb. 12, to the wife of J. F. Wilt, a daughter.

Toronto, Feb. 19, to the wife of Frank A. Anglin, a daughter.

Campbellton, Feb. 12, to the wife of Daniel Doucett, a daughter.

Digby, Feb. 19, to the wife of Capt. Fred Robinson, a daughter.

Beverly, Mass., Feb. 5, to the wife of H. E. Robson, a daughter.

Bridgewater, Feb. 11, to the wife of James Grosvenor, a son.

Lawrencetown, Feb. 16, to the wife of L. M. Durand, a son.

Upper Grandville, Feb. 14, to the wife of Frederick Wilson, a son.

Yarmouth, Feb. 15, to the wife of Adolphe B. Elie, a daughter.

Campbellton, Feb. 12, to the wife of Archibald McKenzie, a daughter.

Lawrencetown, Feb. 14, to the wife of Millidge Daniels, a daughter.

Annapolis Royal, Feb. 5, to the wife of Rev. G. J. C. White, a daughter.

Curran Hill, Yarmouth Co., Feb. 16, to the wife of James Bartlett, a son.

Philadelphia, Feb. 5, to the wife of John T. Smith, formerly of Yarmouth, a son.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISEING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn the feet. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

Osnabr, Feb. 13, Amelia H. Munro, 52.

Piscot, Feb. 13, John Russell Noonan.

Chatham, Feb. 18, Mrs. Wm. Johnson.

St. John, Feb. 21, William Stewart, 45.

Calais, Feb. 18, Hannah D. Wheeler, 61.

St. Stephen, Feb. 16, Frank Nash, 26.

Fort Station, Feb. 4, John Greenwood, 68.

Robbinston, Feb. 18, Oscar W. Holmes, 4.

Advocate, Feb. 15, Wm. B. Hilderkin, 18.

Bayville, Feb. 10, Mrs. Ralph Cookson, 82.

Fort Harbor, Feb. 4, Donald McAnally, 46.

Barnes's Mill, Feb. 12, Cyrus McChesney, 16.

Tosay River, Feb. 10, John McDonald, 87.

Woods Harbor, Feb. 4, Mary Branson, 81.

Golden Grove, Feb. 20, Helen W. Shaw, 22.

Publico, Feb. 15, Mrs. Matira, 47.

Kelly's Cove, Feb. 19, Jacob K. Osborn, 65.

Trunk Woods, Feb. 11, Whitford Poirer, 48.

Upper Selma, Feb. 10, Mrs. John Weldon, 76.

Pomeroy Ridge, Feb. 9, William Pomeroy, 63.

West Dorchester, Feb. 19, Samuel Bishop, 68.

Lakelse, Digby Co., Feb. 17, James Burns, 51.

Five Islands, Feb. 12, Capt. George Postigoire, 16.