

TWIXT CHAPTERS II. AND III.

'I shall be at the Deermans' party on Thursday. That is we are both leaving England for a space, with our best, to do last, meeting for some 4 or 5 months' conversation then to a tale?'

That was the note written by the promising young author, Aubrey Young, to Miss Alice Ashton. Here is the latter's reply, in a struggling hand, upon rose tinted paper—

I will not arrange to give you the tele-act conversation you impudently request.

Aubrey Young read the reply many times before finally depositing it in a cabinet drawer that already held quite a number of broken kneed aspirations—excluding a dramatic poem and a pastoral play. Then he turned the key, drew in a long breath, stirred the fire until it blazed again, kicked the toy-terrier that fawned sympathetically between his legs, and began to whistle softly one of Mendelssohn's songs.

Then he remembered that the song was the one she had so often played at his request; he changed it for the tag of a ditty roved by a passing butcher's boy, and ended by laughing aloud—at his own misery.

'Good-bye!' he murmured, addressing an imaginary companion. 'We part friends, I presume! They generally do in fiction, and surely that dream of mine was the sorriest fiction I ever perpetrated. So good-bye! You answer was cruelly brief, but so much to the point that it absolutely prohibits complications. The dream of a year! The masterpiece of my life! Finish! At Chapter Two!'

Accepting the situation as pitilessly inevitable, Aubrey Young opened his remaining letters. One—and the most important at this juncture—was from the master of a schooner lying in the river, and to him the heart-sick man repaired.

'As I said in my letter,' said Captain Green, 'we'd best talk the matter over. How I understand you is just this: you're going to write a novel and your plot makes it necessary that you go on a voyage in a trading vessel and mix with the hands.' 'That's it. And to study these fellows in their element, without the modifying influence of a stranger's presence, I propose actually to sign as one of your crew and to be in every respect subject to your orders and discipline, captain, even as the youngest apprentice. I know a rope's end from a station and can rough it with the toughest. Lead your crew to believe that I was bred to the sea, had a bit of luck, spent my opportunity, and am obliged to return to my earliest vocation. I'll do the best.'

'Well, said the captain, 'if owners don't object I don't. You know your way about a ship, and when, as Mr Jones in cap and and j-rav, you step upon by deck, you'll have to make yourself useful, and put up with what you find 'em air.' On Thursday evening, the night of the Deermans' crush, Aubrey Young went aboard the schooner Bonifacia, and spent the dreary hours conjuring up mental pictures of the lost party, picturing which, despite the efforts he made to be general, could resolve themselves into two familiar with a background of ocol palms in the leavlight of softly shining fairy lamps—Alice Ashton and Sidney Preece.

Joe Blewett's glowing eyes challenged the opinion of mates, but there was none to accept. The crew of the Bonifacia simply nodded acquiescence. Mr. Blewett had put their own thoughts into suggestive words.

'On is he. anyway?' asked one, with an upward nod towards the deck where Aubrey Young was engaged.

'The cap'n knows,' said the ship's carpenter. 'E's a pal o' his, like as not, runnin' from the g-lers.'

'E's got a awful uneasy conscience.' 'Ah! exclaimed Joe Blewett. 'You've heard 'im dreamin', 'ave yer?'

'Lots o' times.' 'So've I. An' it's my firm belief—an' far be it from me to say a wrong word agin John Jones!—Joe Blewett dramatically extended his arms to the heavens—'My holy belief, mates, that that John Jones, as he calls himself, is guilty o' murder, an' that either 'im nor us'll have a minute's peace till 'oe's off this ship.'

Joe Blewett resumed his seat amid a solemn, acquiescent applause. Again had he expressed the thoughts that for days had vaguely flitted through the heads of his audience.

'What does the skipper think?' queried one.

In work, he had concluded, lay his salvation, and while all day he labored with a hunger easily suggestive of an unhappy conscience, more than half the time spent in his bunk was divided between recollections of the woman he had loved and lost and the details of his coming novel.

And as his feelings were distraught and dramatically tense, so did he cast the hero of his fancy 'mid scenes of exciting realism. Hence his troubled sleep, in which the figures of his imagination played their invested parts. Whole scenes of wild excitement revolved in his restless brain, and daring scraps of dialogue escaped his burning lips.

His shipmates overheard, and were awed. To their superstitious minds the awful matches of nightmare admitted but of one explanation: John Jones had committed a murder and was suffering the mental anguish of the righteously tormented.

That night was a memorable one for the crew of the Bonifacia. Enveloped in a terrifying fog, with the captain stricken with a mysterious illness and the first mate hovering between life and death, with the second mate, borne down by his responsibility, alternately ramping and praying, and the crew, exhausted with superstitious fears, grouped upon deck, a cially awaiting their doom, the inevitable reaction was near.

Joe Blewett gave whisper to the dead. The man with the wicked conscience was at the bottom of their imminent peril. Nothing but bad luck could be expected on the vessel. In his early removal lay their one hope of ever reaching port and looking again into the longing eyes of wife and bairn. They were by no means blood-thirsty. They wished no harm to the man whose very presence on board the schooner was fraught with evil. But men with comparatively clear consciences must be considered before one whose hands were stained with another's life. Therefore John Jones must go overboard before the next watch.

The unsuspecting author was leaning over the rail peering into the dense fog. Suddenly his arms were pinioned from behind, and before he could shriek an alarm piece of cotton waste was stuffed into his mouth and secured by a scarf tied at the back of his head. Then, quick as thought, a couple of life-belts were slipped under his arms.

'This ship ain't big enough to 'old you an' yer untappy conscience,' explained Joe Blewett. 'S' w're gona' to put yer back against the side. The second mate, 'oe calculates as a line o' rocks lays 'alf a mile to Leeward. Swim for 'em, mate, and—' 'Avin' 'elp yer! Now, mates! Lower away!'

Chance, and the tide, drifted Aubrey Young towards the line of rocks. Conscious that his body was bruising itself against a solid substance, he took a grip and feebly pulled himself on to a rocky ledge and liberated his choking mouth.

Then, immediate danger past, he fell into a semi-conscious swoon, with Joe Blewett's broken sentences leaping in his brain and the swish of the beating waves playing fantastic airs to his imagination.

Later, he became sensible of a pain in his arm that grew ever more acute. An effort to relieve it by a change of position forced a cry from his lips. His arm was broken.

Truly his fate seemed hopeless. The bewildering fog—wet and chilling—grew more dense as the long night passed and trebled the sense of utter desolation engendered by his hopeless position.

For the fog was reminiscent of home—the Alice Ashton and Sydney Preece. The lapping of the tide against the rocks cunningly turned itself to Mendelssohn's Venetian song, played by Miss Ashton at the young author's half-whispered entreaty.

'To die, to sleep. To sleep; perchance to dream.' 'That was his last memory; that the tune that rocked him to a restless slumber from which, a half-formed whisper suggested there would be no awakening.

'Too late! He's gone! poor chap!' (Aubrey Young, washed from the rocks by the flowing tide, was rocking in the sea. An officer of a passing liner engaged in pointing out treacherous rocks—a matter of anxiety until the fog lifted—to a passenger, had brought his glass to bear upon the young author's body. A boat was instantly launched.)

But Aubrey Young opened his eyes and rested them momentarily upon the ship's boat.

'Not him! cried a sailor's voice. 'See his eyes open? Steady! 'Lads! Easy's the word! Now's the time? Got 'im?'

Oh, please don't try to get up. No, no I insist. I came here to offer an explanation, and—if you don't keep perfectly still, I'll—

'An explanation? Not the—' 'The letter! It was tampered with after I wrote it. I have it, on conscience, that—'

'Sidney Preece—' 'Sh! I would rather not. It is only necessary to say that the letter was intercepted on its way to the post, and two words added—"not" and "impudently." You know I often leave big gaps at end of my lines. Most foolishly I forgot to seal the envelope; the rest was easy. But I thought—the crimson flush had left her face; it was now pallid. She seemed to be trembling nervously—"I thought—some explanation—was due to you for my apparent rule—"

'Alice!'

The crimson blush returned to her cheeks. It was the beginning of Chapter III.

Two months later the Bonifacia was reported overdue. It has long since been given up for lost.

'I am going home to mother,' said the young wife, 'and what is more, I am not coming back till I hear you have eaten that pie I took so much trouble and pains to make for you.' 'I am glad to hear,' meekly said the young husband, 'that you think enough of me to attend my funeral.'

Of the late Earl of—, who, when young, was noted for cajoling his creditors with a future pay day, it was observed by one of his friends that it was a pity that fortune should neglect so promising a young gentleman.

Downtown—'Here comes Jackson. He's got a new baby, and he'll talk us to death.' Upton—'Well, here comes a neighbour of mine who has a new setter dog. Let's introduce them to each other, and leave them to their fate.'

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BORN.

- Hallifax, May 24, to Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Hubley, a son. Digby, May 18, to Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Haines, a son. Springhill, May 22, to the wife of Warren Johnson, a son. Puffin's Cove, May 23, to the wife of Geo. Harvey, a son. Truro, May 17, to the wife of Fred W. Henderson, a son. Moss Glen, April 24, to the wife of Alfred G. Brien, a daughter. Middleton, May 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dudley, a son. Springhill, May 24, to the wife of Arthur Gilroy, a daughter. Halifax, May 26, to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Thomas, a daughter. Halifax, May 28, to the wife of J. E. McKinnis, a daughter. Fort Saxon, May 12, to the wife of Leuit. A. McLean, a daughter. Spry Harbor, April 18, to the wife of Peter Gerard, a daughter. Pope's Harbor, May 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred D. Hay, a son. Elwood City, Penn., May 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Rod. Root, a son. Parker's Cove, May 23, to the wife of Thomas Milner, a son. Santa Cruz, Cal., May 11, to Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Milard, a daughter. Pope's Harbor, May 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Conrad, a son. Clark's Harbor, May 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Newell, a son. Fredericton, May 27, to the wife of C. Fred Chastain, a daughter. Brockton, Mass., May 19, to the wife of Frank Caldwell, a son. Kingsport, May 18, to the wife of Mr. W. H. Farham, a son. Lock port, May 21, to the wife of Rev. Geo. I. Foster, a daughter. Brookline, Queens, May 18, to Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Dexter, a daughter. Bristol, Queens, May 19, to Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Minard, a daughter. Sand Beach, May 15, to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Wyman, a daughter. Milton, Queens, May 16, to the wife of Leonard Kempton, a daughter. Fox Lawrence, N. S., May 27, to the wife of E. H. Aikman, a daughter. Fredericton, May 23, to the wife of W. Fred Nicholson, a daughter. Clark's Harbor, May 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Crowell, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- New Glasgow, by Rev. A. Rogers, Foster P. Deane to Minnie MacKay. Pictou, May 24, by Rev. Dr. Harris, O. E. Smith to Ada B. Sargent. Amherst, by Rev. A. F. Newcomb, Winifred Treach to Viole Rena O'Brien. Onslow, May 24, by Rev. J. H. Chase, James A. Morrison to Margaret Bates. Woodstock, May 22, by Rev. E. D. Marr, Wm. A. Searle to Margaret Appleby. Grimsby, Ont., by Rev. E. B. McKay, P. G. Mode to Maud Frances Woyterson. Woodstock, May 15, by Rev. E. D. Marr, Wilnot Jarvis to Minnie Cunningham. River Bourgeois, May—by Rev. Fr. O'Hanley, Fina Carter to Lizzie Burke. Springhill, May 16, by Rev. R. D. Sambrook, Archibald Fure to Violet L. Ely. Advocate, N. S., May 28, by Rev. M. Porter, Clarence Froid to Flora Masd Harvey. Folly Village, May 24, by Rev. J. B. Maclean, Alex McDonald to Louisa Bentley. Folly Village, May 24, by Rev. William Dawson, G. Mitchell Chisholm to Annie Smith. New Richmond, May 17, by Rev. Jas. F. McCurdy, John H. Hamilton to Addie Harrison. Thornhill, May 20, by Rev. J. A. MacKenzie, Alex. Fergus to Barbara J. MacDonald. Springville, May 19, by Rev. James Sinclair, J. Fraser McInnes, to Catherine McDonald. Albert Co., May 25, by Rev. C. W. Townsend, Walter Robert Kilian to Josephine Hawk. Melrose, Mass., May 20, by Rev. Joel H. Leonard, Albert Walter Barakat to Essie McDonald Hurdock.

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DEAD Hallifax, May 24, Louis Baker 69. Southville, May 20, Hows Snow 64. Westport, May 20, Daniel Welch 68. Riga, May 20, William Chisholm 65. Port Monson, May 19, Joseph Fisher. Milton, May 20, Alex. de M. Leblond. Middleton, May 22, Henry Taylor 70. Essex, May 21, William H. Bauld 72. St. John, May 20, John Macdonald 62. Halifax, May 20, Francis P. O'Brien 60. Sinsborg Falls, May 21, Frank McEwen. Moose Harbor, May 18, Edward M. 61. Dartmouth, May 20, Dr. W. E. Weeks 61. Southampton, May 22, Amos Lawrence 61. Margate Forks, April 29, Cecily Coady 61. Peggwash, May 20, Mrs. Donald McLeod 61. Kingston, Ken. Co., Mrs. David Palmer 61. Halifax, May 20, wife of Cornelius de laun 64. Five Islands, May 24, William Freudenstadt 70. Brenton, N. B., May 13, Joseph A. Danforth 3. Cumberland, May 21, Christopher Edgson 66. Alma, A. Co., May 22, Charlotte A. Wilson 14. Sambro, May 23, Hannah, wife of James Gray 67. Cape George Point, May 15, Catherine McLain 61. Halifax, May 24, Herbert, son of George Holdcroft 61. Kingston, Kent Co., May 21, Mrs. David Palmer 61. Weyville, May 23, Minnie A., wife of Thomas Dak- on 61. Sydney, C. B., May 22, Matilda, daughter of Thom- as Post. Moncton, May 27, widow of the late Richard Dala- bun 70. Annapolis, May 20, Martha, wife of Capt. Joseph Mitchell. Gates Mt. May 24, Levia, widow of the late John Bowry 64. Halifax, May 24, Mary, widow of Godfrey M. Schwarz 64. Lawrencetown, May 24, Amariah, widow of the late W. F. Dodge 73. Hampton, N. B., May 21, Elizabeth, wife of Rob- ert D. Scribner 70. Providence, C. B., May 21, Bella, widow of the late Donald McDonald 38. Judique, May 20, Sarah A. infant daughter of Don- ald McDonald 7 months. Harvey, York Co., May 28, Gertrude E., daughter of Andrew Dexton 6 months. Lower Salmon Creek, Queens' Co., Matilda Jane, widow of the late James Wilson 74.

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If you wish you can read... VOL. XII. Is Progress... Well, the subject... I will just give... know it. Mrs. Dan... was the only daughter... a very wealthy man... Germany. He was Franco-German; was leaving all his wealth... Louise and in 1876... D'an of Manchester. On the 18th of Dec... Dear set sail for Eng... charge leaving his w... the English channel... and, while attending... he was swept overbo... the sad news reach... overwhelmed with gre... for a time that she... in delicate health. By her doctor to... She made the jour... brother, also Wm. H... ments, Cal., who... mines and was also... she gave birth to a... infant was but two... leaving her an orph... tant relative on her... Mrs. Deas, with who... always lived believ... mother, until last Sep... she was told the truth... had told in a letter... him to keep it until... when I should tell her... but I suppose he was... there, he could not... not matter to the... the city will recogni... as a very rich hei... \$500,000 from her... through the death o... A P... HALIFAX June 3— and intolerance is still... this city by the res... and action are almost... to certain pulpit ora... members of their res... hardly seems credible... friend of mine that a... has been reported to... for exhibiting in his... female form divine c... enough to make a horse... as, at prudence. Obj... well-formed bust, or a... What modesty must de... people, who in their eff... world, measure every... own firm rule, fess... are unfortunate, fou... or cadaverous form, and... more suited for bean... object to looking... and contour of fem... beauty. Such persons... in milk and treated... for methinks, that mat... ing and their eye-sight p... That a comely figure... brought up into the world... to a pure-minded pe... good sense and comm... only those who pers... female form: when the... and nobody looking wh... in display of adorne... that never enters into... miserable prying stick-