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Chatham, N. B., Sept. 24, 1898.

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STORIES OF THE SEA

By EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.

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

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"I'll bet you ten dollars I'll find him!" cried the nettled journalist. He spoke in haste, and unadvisedly.

"Do-one," said the German, gravely. "Ve vill at vonce de money shtake. Dere is my ten dollars." And he drew out of a greasy pocket-book two five-dollar notes.

"I haven't any Canadian money about me, I guess," answered the editor, shoving his hands ostentatiously into all his pockets, out of which, as he had been able to anticipate, nothing was evolved. "You'll have to trust me."

"No," said the German, with a prolonged and exasperating intonation, as he restored his money to its case. "I nevare trustish a Canadian editor. Dare is von bill of sixty dollar of see-gar, dat vas all smoke up by de editor of de 'Toronto Scalper,' but for me it all end in de smoke. He offer me to take it in advertising, but I tell him to advertise in his paper von whole ten years vas not for me von customer more."

The laugh was turned against the journalist, who registered a vow that one of the earliest numbers of his paper, after his return, should contain a letter from Kingston, alluding in scathing terms to the return of Mr Weiss, the German Jew, from his native Hamburgh, with a consignment of bad tobacco and German cigars, which he was palming off on a trustful public for genuine Havanna.

A few minutes later Lord Pendlebury again passed the smoking-room door. He had left Mr. Corcoran chatting with the captain. The red-faced man slipped out of the cabin and approached the peer as he stood near the wheel-house.

"My lord," he said, taking off his hat, "I hope your lordship will permit me to offer my humblest apologies for any rudeness I may have committed in ignorance of your lordship's rank, when speaking to you at table!"

"Oh, I was not aware of anything, Mr.——"

"Stretcher, my lord. Your lordship will allow me to hand you my card. One of the best shops in Montreal, for all that a gentleman can need your lordship, and I shall feel deeply honoured by your distinguished patronage, my lord."

"Oh! very well, Mr. Stretcher. I accept your advertisement. Your apologies are unnecessary."

And Lord Pendlebury resumed his walk. His mind was occupied in considering with an earnestness and sagacity beyond his years the puzzling dilemma in which he saw his two friends to be placed. He was satisfied of Corcoran's good faith. The late Master in Chancery was a well-known man in Dublin society, lively, agreeable, amusing, not always either dignified or discreet, fond no less of conversation than of toddy, a favourite with men and women. Moreover, he was for his age an excellently preserved man. The late Mrs. Corcoran, now Mrs. Belldoran, at one time a handsome person, was Scotch, of good family, high bred, exceedingly particular in her bearing, manner, conversation, and associates.

They had married late in life. No children had blessed their union. Not understanding her husband's Irish nature, or his fondness for irony of speech and situation, and often disturbed by the flavour of his racy humour or the freedom of his manners, Mrs. Corcoran's confidence in her husband become seriously shaken. Suspicions were excited. Sharp words were exchanged. Mr. Corcoran, conscious of his own honesty, keenly resented his wife's reflections, and did what many a man foolishly does in such circumstances—he affected to become more extravagant than ever. An unusually hot matrimonial skirmish having taken place at Homburg, Mrs. Corcoran left her husband without notice, and, returning to London, placed herself in the hands of solicitors. Mulrooney and Cadge "got up" a case for her with exemplary readiness and disastrous success. A cause celebre was tried at Westminster, for the pair had been married in England. A German waiter was produced, who swore to conduct on the part of the learned Master which satisfied the judge and shocked his friends. A divorce was decreed. Upon this Mr. Corcoran retired from the Mastership. He had a considerable fortune, and finding life in Dublin, notwithstanding the fact that many of his friends remained staunch, to be painfully changed for him, he resolved to take a tour in America. To be perfectly free from any embarrassing inquiries, he assumed the whimsical name of Fex.

Lord Pendlebury, as aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant, had seen a good deal both of Mr. Corcoran and his wife, and had been extremely shocked by the circumstances and results of the appeal to the Divorce Court. And now, when by a most extraordinary fatality they were brought together under conditions which seemed to be favourable to a reconciliation, here was a Canadian auditor-general, or some other official, expecting to meet Mrs. Belldoran, as his fiance, at their port of destination. The young lord viewed his own position with some anxiety, and not without a sensation of amusement. Both parties had chosen to make him a confidant of their hostile griefs. He fancied that he detected on either side a tone of regret at the past, which might, were experienced tact only at hand, be nourished into some effort to retrieve its sorrowful and disastrous consequences. He was specially alive to the necessity of securing the aid of some woman of sense and spirit in the delicate task which circumstances had thrown upon him. Lady Peakman occurred to his mind, only to be discarded. He saw that Mrs. Belldoran would not suffer interference from any one of Lady Peakman's manners and temperament. There was only one other person even distantly available, namely, Mrs. McGowkie, a quaint, gentle, pleasant little Scotch wife, without a shadow of experience in the way of the wicked world.

"Well," he said to himself, "there can be no harm in making them acquainted. The Scotchwoman's simplicity and genuineness may have some effect on the elder lady. And who knows? They may 'foregather,' as Mr. McGowkie would say."

So, before an hour was over, Lord Pendlebury had managed to bring the proud Mrs. Belldoran and the blushing little Mrs. McGowkie together. To the latter he had given no information He left the two ladies to mature an acquaintance and exchange confidence if they pleased. At the same time the cunning young peer kept his friend upon the deck, engaged in a peripatetic conversation, during which he several times designedly took him past the place where the two ladies were sitting. Hence Corcoran and his former wife were obliged to exchange glances, and every time they did so their hearts were bleeding.

Mean time Mrs. McGowkie, being taken in hand by a superior tactician, had told her prouder countrywoman all about herself, and her early life, and her marriage, with unaffected, and not in the least vulgar or offensive, candour. There was a freshness about this young person which was soothing to Mrs. Belldoran's disquiet. The familiar native accent also fell with a gentle charm on the lady's heart.

"You know," said Mrs. McGowkie, prattling away, "it is so pleasant to feel you are really loved and respected by the man you marry — and so easy to agree with him. I never could imagine how two people who loved each other sufficiently to become man and wife could ever have a difference. He is the 'head of the wife,' as she is a 'crown unto her husband.'"

"Why, you silly little chit," said Mrs. Belldoran, looking down magnificently on this commonplace and inexperienced little sciolist. "Do you not know that very few people become man and wife because they love each other? There are much more ordinary and unsentimental reasons than that."

Mrs. McGowkie blushed.

"I know nothing about them madam. If people choose to begin wrong, they must e'en end wrong,"

"Ay, but again it is said that love matches generally end the worst. Affection is easily satiated. People get bored with each other's company, suspicious of each other's faith."

"Ay, that's people 'in the world,'" interrupted Mrs. McGowkie. "I've had little to do with the like of them. To their own master must they stand or fall. I am sure, my dear madam, you have no experience of that sort!"

Mrs. McGowkie's simple heart having been deeply pained by her companion's cynicism, she spoke this with some intensity of feeling and expression. In the earnestness of the moment she laid her hand, in its little brown kid glove, on the arm of her haughty companion, and gave it a pressure. The lady looked embarrassed.

"Oh, believe me, lady," continued Mrs. McGowkie, adopting, in the warmth of her feeling, the language and accent of her home life, "Suld ye na ken it, as I trust in God ye doo, when twa hearts is in tune the ane wi t'ither, and baith takin their note from the Great Master in heaven, though noo and again earthly imperfections may waken a bit discord throo trouble or anger, His hand will sune set the chords aricht. He bindeth up the broken hearts; and surely He can harmonise the broken music of earnest an' loving souls."

"You know little of the world, my child," said the lady, bending over and kissing the soft blooming cheek, ere she rose and hastily retreated to her cabin. Mrs. McGowkie wiped away a tear-drop that was coursing down her face. It had not come from her own eye.

"Mebbe," she mused to herself, "I ha' done wrong. The puir leddy will dootless hae a sair heart of her ain. But it was a' true, and truth canna harm if it's kindly told."

CHAPTER XI.

Lady Peakman did not leave her berth. She was suffering from a violent headache. Sir Benjamin came and went. Araminta flitted in and out. the maids succeeded each other in their attendance. But her ladyship, in a state of prostration, would only open her eyes painfully and languidly. Every half hour the fine-toned bells rang out, first on the poop, then on the forward deck. As eight bells struck in the afternoon, that rancorous dinner gong again gave iron tongue to brazen discord. Although the knight came in and persuaded her to make an effort, she would not go to dinner. Nor would she eat. She sent away her maid to take an airing on deck. She simply wished to be alone.

Every one had gone to the saloon. Stewards could be heard passing to and fro along the corridors. Clattering dishes, chattering tongues, the clink of bottles and glasses at the bar, the noise of people talking on the other side of the saloon bulkhead, disturbed her painfully. She could not think. Her brain was throbbing with anxiety and terror.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Was it that man again? No, he must be waiting on Sir Benjamin. Drawing her robe around her, she called out to the inquirer to come in. A head of a man unknown to her, looking mysterious, was inserted through the half-open door. It gazed round. It vanished an instant. It came back immediately with the body to which it belonged. To the body were attached two arms, and on the hand of one of the arms swung her ladyship's jewel-case.

"If you please, my lady," said the man, touching his hair in front, "may this be yours?"

She hardly glanced at it. There was no necessity. She felt what it was. Her heart sank within her. She knew that her name lay across the top of it in proud letters of gold.

"Yes. Who are you? Where did you get it?"

"Mr. Crog, may it please your ladyship. Steerage steward. This case was found, mum—my lady—stowed away under the mattress of Sir Benjamin's new valet, Mr. Stillwater."

"Gracious goodness!"

"Yes, my lady. Might you have given it to him to take charge of my lady?"

"Certainly not."

"Because,' said Mr. Crog, "this morning early, my lady, when eight bells rang—which is four o'clock a.m., my lady—I was one of the stewards that had to turn out, and I had occasion to go and arrange some things, my lady, at the main hatchway; and there, at that hour of the morning, my lady, I see a figure cut across from the port passage, here between the cabins, and run slap into Slovenly George—a sailor we calls by that name, my lady. Well, it was dark, and I shouldn't a known the individual, but the sailor speaks to him and he answers the sailor, and I recognises Mr. Stillwater's voice immediate. Says I to myself, my lady, 'What's this fellar a runnin' about the ship at this hour of the day for? And a carrying somethin' heavy in his hand, moreover?' Howsomever, I know that gentleman on board is wanting their servants at all hours of the day or night, and so I says nothing at the time, but thinks I—I'll watch your movements, Mr. Stillwater.' So I tips the wink to my friend Mr. Benbow, the steward of the first-class cabins amidships, larboard side, to look out sharp all round the cabin in making up the bed, and see if he could find anything; and he found this under the mattress, my lady. And, my lady, there's a description on board, and a reward offered for a man who has committed a murder and robbery; and if it weren't that the walley had his hair as red as carrots, when it ought to ha' been dyed black, I would have him in irons ten minutes after dinner was over."

"How do you think he got it?"

"He must ha' slipped in when you was alseep, my lady."

"Oh, dear!" said her ladyship, giving a little scream. "Surely not! How shocking! A man in my room! I should certainly have heard him. . . . . Mr. Crog."

"My lady."

"Don't say anything about this. Now I come to think of it, Sir Benjamin, who is always very anxious about this valuable case, may have asked the man to take charge of it. No doubt that is the explanation. I will speak to Sir Benjamin. But I am none the less indebted to you. Here is a sovereign for you.

"Thank you, my lady," said Crog, who however felt deeply disappointed that Mr. Stillwater was to be let off so easily.

"That will do now, Mr. Crog. You need not speak to Sir Benjamin about it. I shall see him directly after dinner, and if there is anything wrong I will send for you; but I hope it is all right."

Mr. Crog vanished as mysteriously as he came. In returning to his quarters he slipped into Mr. Stillwater's cabin, to take an observation on his own account, being assured that at the moment the valat was in attendance on his master in the saloon.

"I don't half like the look of this cove," said Mr. Crog to himself. There was no special reason why Mr. Crog should have been seized with this profound suspicion of Mr. Stillwater, beyond the fact that Mr. Stillwater had proved too sharp for him. Mr. Crog's amour propre had been wounded by the quick rough way in which Mr. Stillwater had pulled him up on the subject of the division of plunder. It is only human nature. If you take a man down even one peg, he will be ready to hold you a thief and a murderer on very slight evidence.

"Now," said Mr. Crog to himself, in continuance, "here's this cove's baggage. A large pockmantle, brown leather, very seedy-looking, been a number, of woyages, leather cut and cratched all over. Ha! a stout hasp and a good lock too; don't want no intruders. No name thereon, leastways so far as I can see. Wot's this? 'Hotel de l'Europe, Homburg,' 'Kaiserhof, Koln.' What's that, I wonder? Then some place or other 'Monaco,' 'Hotel des Etoiles, Biarritz.' Here's one torn off—lets see. 'r-n-l'—that's a railway station mark—'r-n-l.'" He took out the paper containing a description of the runaway. "Ha! 'Darnley' is the name of the place where the murder was committed. Well this is rum, to say the least of it. Anything else? Hat-box—wot! A hat-box, Mr. Stillwater! You are a swell, for a walley out of place, you are!—Small trunk or case two feet long, with brass nails all over it. No other mark but 'Stillwater' in ink on the bottom. All locked up, tight as the specie-room.—Nothing else about? No, not even a pocket-handkercher. You're a dark un, Mr. Stillwater. 'Still waters run deep.' Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" echoed a voice in the cabin, within a couple of feet of him. Mr. Crog turned sharply round, and his eyes encountered those of Mr. Stillwater, which at the moment were lit up with a dangerous sparkle. He promptly shut the door and locked it, putting the key in his pocket.

"What are you doing in here, Mr. Crog?" inquired the valet, in an angry tone. "You ain't the steward of this part of the ship, you know."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Crog, recovering a little from his surprise, "I wanted to see you, and I was waiting for you. I think I have some information about our much-needed friend."

"You do, do you?" replied Mr. Stillwater, searching Mr. Crog's eyes to their very depths, and not satisfied with the result.

"Yes. I believe I have him. There's a German has been lying among the men down there, where you were stowed away so snugly. He don't answer the description as to hair, etc., settery, but you know it is easy to shave or die, and if that rests suits, we hadn't need to stand on ceremony."

Mr. Stillwater looked at Mr. Crog again, with a quick, keen, penetrating inquiry. The steward, a powerful fellow, had recovered his assurance. The cabin in which they were standing was next to the mess-room of the engineers. Several of them could be distinctly heard talking on the other side.

"Now, guvnor," said Mr. Crog, think it advisable to remind him of this fact, "don't talk so loud, or these parties will overhear us. Come along with me and we will take a peep at the cove I've spotted." Stillwater did not move.

(To be continued.)

KITTY WITCHES ROW.

It is in England and the Narrowest Street in the World

Great Yarmouth, in England, has the narrowest streets in the world. They are called Rows and are merely narrow passageways between the buildings. There are forty-five of them in all, stretching in the aggregate more than seven miles in length. The narrowest of them all is called "Kitty

Witches" Row. The entrance to it is but twenty-nine inches in width and the other end spans fifty-six inches. People living across from each other can easily shake hands across the intervening space. One reason given for their construction is that in case of invasion, these narrow lanes would prove invaluable as means of defense. Another reason suggested is that the high tides might flow through these streets as outlets.

QUESTION OF PROPRIETORSHIP.

Your wife? asked the casual acquaintance as the aggressive-looking woman passed.

Well, replied the little man doubtfully, perhaps it would be a little more appropriate to say that I am her husband.

THAT IS WHAT HE MEANT,

He says he loves her for all he's worth, remarked Fangle,

He means for all she's worth, added Cumso.

THEY ARE GREAT SMOKERS.

The Prince of Wales' Notable Collection and the Duke of York's Shabby Briar-Wood—Why King Humbert Gave Up Smoking.

There is as wide a gulf between the cigars with which the Austrian Emperor solaces himself and the costly brands affected by the Prince of Wales as between the city man's shilling Partagas and the shag of the laborer. It is a mistake, however, says Tit-Bits, to imagine that the cigar is the favorite form of nicotine worship in royal circles. Most royal princes have a weakness for a briar pipe, which, the weakness and not the pipe, they share with their most lowly subjects.

The Duke of York has among his treasures a shabby briar, burned almost half way down the bowl, which was his cherished companion as a "middy," and which has poured out its incense in almost every latitude.

Even now he regards a cigar as a luxury and his pipe as a solace, and the Duke and the Czar of all the Russia, alike in tastes as in appearance, have been seen together smoking a couple of briars with as much zest as a city clerk in the rapture of his morning pipe.

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

too, is at least a pipe smoker, and his briar is more often his Sunday companion as he makes his tour of the Sandringham farm and stables than a cigar. The Prince is a great cigar smoker, although he rarely buys a cigar. His stock, which is the finest amateur collection in England, is replenished every year by large consignments from the Austrian Emperor and the Czar, and some of his most costly brands are valued at fifty guineas a hundred.

The Prince, too, is not superior to the cigarette, and it was with a box of exquisite Turkish cigarettes that he tempted the Middle Temple Benchers to relax their rule against smoking in Hall during the Prince's treasureship of the Inn. The fragrance of those cigarettes, for they were circulated through both the messes, lingers yet in grateful memory among Middle Temple barristers—for to it they owe the revived privilege of producing even the seasoned briar when the cloths are removed.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg is as much addicted to the briar as to the cigar, and it is his constant companion on his fishing and shooting excursions.

King Humbert was for many years as inveterate a smoker as Bismarck; but the strong, green cigars which he affected played such havoc with his nerves that he was obliged to foreswear them. Not so the Austrian Emperor, whose weakness was the same. He still smokes an incredible number of cigars which would be dear at 10s, a hundred, and they rarely leave his lips from his early morning ramble in the Palace Gardens to his final "good-night" to his favorite horses in the imperial stables.

Like most of the Austrian male royalties he occasionally

SMOKES A PIPE;

and Prince Ferdinand, when he takes his long rambles incognito and hob-nobs with wayside innkeepers and stray travellers, is almost inseparable from his "cherrywood."

The Kaiser prefers cigars to a pipe for reasons not unconnected with nausea, and when on horseback often smokes cigarettes, which he throws away after a few whiffs, to be scrambled for by his loyal subjects if they are near.

The cigarette is in great favor among the royal ladies at most European courts, and even the Czarina's "rescript" against smoking has done nothing to banish the cigarette except at her own court. Her imperial mother-in-law, the Dowager Czarina, and her sister, Princess Henry of Prussia, are inveterate smokers, and the Duchess of Cumberland follows their example.

The Empress of Austria used to banish her sorrows in cigarette smoke, and the Queen Regent of Spain finds them a solace in her trouble, while "Carmen Sylva," the gifted Roumanian Queen, writes her romances under their inspiration.

Some royal ladies even aspire to a cigar, and it is a matter of history that the former Queen of Naples fought lustily at the defence of Gaeta in regimentals with a cigar between her pretty lips.

BRITISH LABOUR DISPUTES.

Some Interesting Statistics in the Commissioner's Report.

Mr. H. Llewellyn Smith, the British Commissoner for Labor, has just published his report on the trade troubles of 1897, with a great mass of statistics. One of the most significant facts proved by these figures is the great magnitude of some of the trade disputes in Great Britain in recent years. In 1893 occured the great coal dispute in the federeted districts of England, affecting 300,000 miners, and another in South Wales, affecting 90,000 miners; in 1894 70,000 Scottish miners were out; in 1895 the boot and shoe trade had a great dispute, affecting 46,000 operatives. In 1896 no dispute occurred approaching in magnitude any one of those mentioned, but in 1897 occurred the great engineering dispute, affecting 47,500 work people. Apart from these great strikes the figures show that during the last five years only about 200,000 working people were involved annually in strikes of all descriptions, a very small fraction of the working population. A table setting forth the results of disputes shows that on the whole the balance of advantage in the settlement of disputes of 1897 was on the side of the employers, 44.5 per cent. of the workpeople being engaged in disputes settled wholly in favour of the employers, and only 21.6 per cent. is disputes settled wholly in favour of workpeople. This general result unusual in a year of active demand for labor, was mainly determined by the settlement of the engineering dispute. The building and clothing trades gave the largest percentage of results in favour of the workpeople, the engineering and textile trades the largest percentage of results in favour of the employers.

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