By COLIN MCKAY.

bumboats, cat boats, yachts, or hospitals?"

"The agents bade me tell you to report at their office at once," quoth the lad nonchalantly.

The old man, grunting disgustedly, went off about his business, and the lad, left alone, proceeded to take a leisurely survey of his charge.

The "Eliza Mae," a three-masted schooner of 250 tons register, was old, and long service in the wearing, tearing coasting trade made her look older than she was. Now, having just taken in her cargo of coal, she was dirty and disreputable.

When the dandy mate had finished his inspection, a truckman appeared with his dunnage, and he went below to get into sea togs,
"Well," said Whalen of Ship Haphon, "that chap don't look long for this world. Spose he'll live to reach Halifax?"

The rest of us made no comment. Our

turn his attention to us—the hands—and raised hail columbia generally.

At length one morning we got under way, and, being an unhappy, undisciplined crowd, we weren't over-smart about it. The captain blustered and swore, and because we could not do the work of thirty men he averred that we were the worst lot of scalawags that ever cumbered a vessel's deck. Also he allowed the mate didn't know enough to hang himself, and, to prove it, came forward while we were getting the anchors on the bows and started to interfere and find fault with the work. Now, in invading a province so peculiarly the mate's, the old man was overstepping all bounds. No self-respecting mate could tolerate it.

"Captain Barker, go aft and mind your business," said the mate quietly. Captain Barker was dumfounded, but not for long. "None of your impudence, young man," he roared. "The master here and I'll do what I please. If I didn't superintend everything, I don't know what would become of the ship."

"Attend to your end of the ship; I'll

our plight.

"If this gale don't go down mighty sudden, this old tub will, sure," said whaten solemnly. "Time ye were saying your prayers, Sonny."

Sonny only smiled, and worked harder. He was we't to the skin, and must have been weary, but he looked better than when he came aboard. A ruddy color had crept into his cheeks and his eyes were dancing.

When we stopped for a spell, Whalen reported two feet in the well: and by supper time we had her pretty free. Night came—a ghostly, transparent night. A large oval moon peered pallidly through skurrying, gause-like clouds, its silver light irradiating the rage of the sea. Overhead the tall spars threshed dizzily to and fro; and beneath, the black hull, shuddering and straining, wallowed through the welter of phosphorescent water like some tortured leviathan. Slowly but surely the gale grew in violence, and the sea, in sullen sympathy raged beneath it. The old tub put her bow into it more and more, and our position at the pumps became perilous.

At last a tremendous roller broke abroad by the fore-rigging and roared aft in a chaos of black and white, knocking us helter-skelter. When the flood subsided I found myself sitting on the poop, bruised and dazed. Whalen was washing about the waist along with the wreckage of the long boat. Sydney and the seventh son were picking themselves up in impossible places. And Sonny—the youngest—was sitting astride the main-gaff, smiling imperturbably.

"Heigho, mate!" he yelled; "you'll have to watch those fellows if you don't want to drown us." Then, seeing the cook coming out of his gutted as alloy, "Here, old cook. Come, watch out for us. Let us know when you see a big fellow, so we can get in the rigging."

So. with old cook watching out, we started the pumps again. All hands were wet and warry and cold—for it was mid November—but we only knew that we must keep the pumps going. The captain was below in his bunk, sick and scared.

Old cook in the rigging, being a devout Catholic, began to make crosses at the sea; and while he kept

Just before the Mackenzie government was voted out of office it appointed, on August 2nd, 1878, a libral member of parliament, J. Lorne Macdeugall representative of South Renfrew, to the position of auditor-general of Canada, Great powers of controlling expenditure, of vetoling payments when they were considered illegal, were conferred upon the new auditor. The scheme originated with Edward Blake. It was thought out by him, and the bill on which it was based was drafted by him. Like everything Mr. Blake undertook this work was done thoroughly and well. For twenty-five years the audit act has stood the test of time. It has been found satisfactory and workable under successive conservative and liberal administrations. The auditor-general appointed by Mr. Mackennie has remained continuously in office. He is not an ordinary civil servant, in that he cannot be removed except by vote of government. He has had difficulties with well as theoretically, independent of the government. He has had difficulties with different ministers, has resisted their demands, and has used his statutory powers to pull some up short. But never has any attack been made in parliament upon his authority. It has remained for Mr. Fielding, the present minister of finance, to discover that fine auditor's powers are excessive, and an annoyance to the government, and to propose a curtailment of them.

Mr. Macdougall as He Is.

The auditor-general bears the appearance of a strong man physically, in spite of his sixty-five years. He is one of those quietly determined men who shrink from no task which is a matter of duty. The absolute efficiency of the audit office is the great aim of Mr. Macdougall. Whatever will conduce to that end meets with his cordial support, and whetever threatens it is resisted by him to the bitter end. Much heated correspondence passes such year-heated by the auditor in his bulky report of several thousand pages, which gives details, item by item, of fitty millions of dollars of public expenditure. When the auditor's rough

book after mine" said the help. Till cover after a summer the could be supported as the control of the help. The control



UNDER SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL

Macdougail says: "It was a common practice of his when on his way to the council chamber to call at my office and say quite abruptly: 'What the devil are you doing now?' 'About what?' 'About so-and-so.' After my explanation he would usually add: 'Ah, that isn't quite as I heard it. Perhaps you aren't very far wrong.' I knew that in nearly all of the cases he made my explanation in council."

The auditor-general, though a liberal in his early days, is not a politichan, and is careful to refrain from saying anything political. Yet a few months ago he said of Sir Mackensie Bowell: "I cannot restrain the tendency to acknowledge my obligation to this straightforward politician whenever his name is mentioned in my hearing. He seems to have the instinctive faculty of being on the honest side whenever money is involved."

GOVERNMENTS CHANGE, AUDITOR STAYS.

After keeping watch on his opponents for eighteen watch is the came Mr.

TOR STAYS.

After keeping watch on his opponents for eighteen years, it became Mr. Maodougail's duty in 1886 to supervise the expenditure of his crestwhile political friends. Would he be as alert as ever, or would he cease to guard the treasury? Mr. Macdougail chose the former course, and he has been kept busy. Until this session the government, the auditor tells us, had never shown a desire that he relax his vigilance. Now it has been guilty of an attempt to curtail his powers, an attempt which, if successful, would practically have abolished the audit. In the face of a determined opposition, ready after seven months' warfare to fight on through the winter, the government has withdrawn the bill, and the auditor remains in the unimpaired possession of his powers. — Mail and Empire.

A FISH STORY.

Bir,—The story in your paper about a boy whose nose was seized by a muscallonge that was dragged into the boat by the yelling youngster is, if true, the second instance of such an incident—if human testimony is to be credited.

It is now some thirty or with the control of the program of the

justice. Powder should not be used to any ex-tent on the face, as it makes a coarse grain to the skin, although a fine tal-cum may be rubbed in to take away any objectionable shine.

MATRIMONIAL POINTERS.

(Ransas City Journal.)

Mrs. Fred Dumont Smith, wife of the Kinsley editor and statesman, gives some advice in her husband's paper to girls who are contemplating matrimony. "Girls," she says, "should refuse at all hazard "he man who proposes at a dance the in the glamour of the ballroe an say what they wish unsaid in the morning.

"At a picule a girl may judge a man's character, because of the work to be done in washing up, carrying baskets, and opening bottles. It would be quite safe to accept a proposal made at one, especially if made before luncheon.

"Do not marry a man who writes ideal letters. He is invariably led away by his imagination.

"No woman need fistter herself she will ever either oure a drunkard or enjoy being an old man's darling.

"Do not marry a dyspeptic, for he will be insufferably disagreeable at breakfast.

"Do not marry a man who proposes by letter. He is a coward.

## SLAVE DAY MYSTERIES EXPLAINED

By a Gorrespondent Who Was Pemltted to Examine the Morris Home.

casily the most important station on the "underground" railroad across the state from the Ohio River to the lake. It proved a haven to hundreds of negro slaves being "railroaded" out of the slavery States into Canada, and of all it sheltered not one was ever captured inside its walls.

Why slaveholders should trace their slaves to the Morris home and there lose all sign of them was a mystery for decades. All sorts of theories were advanced, but the right one was never discovered until recently. Mr. Morris lived to be over ninety-five and up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1889, he lived in the old home. Until quite recently, when the property passed into the hands of its present owner, Charles Swarts, the old place remained in the possession of the family and its mysteries were safe.

Of late stories of mysterious chambers and tunnels have been heard, and last Sunday, for the first time, a newspaper man was permitted to examine the house and the grounds surrounding it. Then the safe disposal of the negro refugees was no longer a mystery.

HOUSE OF MYSTERIES.

The old house is no different from the ordinary run of houses of its time on its first and second floors, but the low attick and the cellar alike reveal systems of false partitions and secret chambers by which the fugitives were concealed in safety. The garret is a labyrinth. The main room plainly shows two false partitions, one on either side, forming two more rooms, but beyond and around these are many more, all so carefully constructed as to be able to deceive, as they did deceive in ante-war times.

The cellar also has secret chambers. There are two of them, each capable of forming a safe hiding place for a did deceive in ante-war times.

The cellar also has secret chambers were concealed by two big cupboards fixed to the sement doors which divided them from the main cellar.

But this is not all. Out of the cellar two tunnels lead, One runs to the site of an old barn, the other to the old concealed in the same manner as the sec-

during his lifetime tributes of appreciation came to him from every quarter of the country, from the occupants of the humblest negro cablo to presidents in the White House. A Quaker, living to the strict tenets of that faith, he was a home missionary in every sense of the word. Much of his life was passed on errands of charity, which carried him into many perilous places. He aided escaping negroes before the war. He followed the Union Army through the Virginia campaigns, giving such assistance as was in his power to the wounded and distressed. He went to Chicago during the great fire on mercy bent, and in one way or another made his figure a familiar one to the officers and inmates of half the charitable and penal institutions in the land. The story of his good deeds would fill a volume. Up to the time of his death he was reverenced by all who knew him, and the local negro population still holds his memory in honor for the good he did their people in their hour of need.

During the days of the "underground railroad" Mr. Morris worked in conjunction with Levi Coffin, one of the most pronounced abolitionists in the country, and a Mr. Rankin, who was accustomed to helping negro refugees in crossing the Ohio to Ripley, where they were started on their journey North.

North.

The route usally followed extended through Chillicothe, the first important station north of that place being at the home of Aaron L. Benedict, in Delaware county, from which they were forwarded to the home of Mr. Morris and thence north to Sandusky City.

Few of the colored refugees cared to strike Marion, as it was regarded as a most uncongenial spot in those days and the "Old Mud" pike, or the road to the east of it, was usually followed by the wagons employed in what was then forbidden traffic. Both these roads were marked with temporary places of safety, but if pursuit was hard and fast an effort was always made to get the negroes to the Morris home, near which the two roads passed.

HOW TO STOP HICCOUGHS.

An attack of hickoughs brings its vic-tim less sympathy, perhaps, than al-most any other ailment, the main rea-son being, that except in very rare cases, it is not attended with fatal re-sults, and that in most cases it attacks otherwise healthy persons. Still, it is one of the most annoying and most ob-stinate of difficulties. While the effort to cure it is being made, it generallys' disappears, yet it resists the most vig-orous effort of the will to control its vagaries.

breakfast.

"Do not marry a man who proposes by letter. He is a coward.

OKLAHOMA HUMOR.

(Weatherford, Okla., Chronicle.)

A book-agent took refuge under a haystack during a thunder storm and the lighting struck him on the cheek, glanced off, and killed a mule a hundred yards away.

We know a young man who attends church regularly and clasps his hands so tight during prayer that he can't get them open when the contribution box comes around.

How much do you charge for weighing hogs?" asked a gentleman of our hog buyer, Walker Moore. "Oh, just get on, I will weigh you for nothing." was the bland reply

A young girl named Mary Ann Aldridge had decasion to send a note to a gentleman and put two r's in her first name in the signature thus: Marry

Man Allan and the light was a light of the gluided by the will and ready without being guided by the will and ready without being g gentleman and put two r's in her first name in the signature thus: Marry without being guided by the will and never fall. Small, chocolate even work while we sleep. While they lor and accepted the proposal at once.

Workers. They wait on every breath money back. LAXA-CARA TALL and the signature in the signature

guide, as it were, run away, and like any runaway, have no care for the damage done. The effort to remove the disturber is the cause of the hiccough, and Mr. Overton's cure arrests these muscles in their wild escapade, brings them back to their duties, and like the patient servants they are, they resume

And here is the simple remedy, no medicine or apparatus required, it is a simple that Mr. Overton says the offer was received in derision often and wher tried and found a cure the boon was all the more acknowledged.

First, expell all the air from your langs very, very quickly. The pore, of the body they attend to is, as if were, collapsed, and now conneces the next and concluding part of the cure.

Second, commence to fill your lungs with air, but do so very slowly, but steadily. Pucker your mouth, and it possible leave an opening of your iten no larger than a pin, and through this inhale the air. Fill your lungs, rafe your arms and throw out your cheer and when you are full, these musely coughs are gone.

Chronic Constipation surely c

