

The First Mate and the Second.

"And yet, dearest Gladys, you love me, one little bit? Tell me that, at least."

"Yes; and that is why I am so vexed. I love you a little bit; but then I did not intend to love you at all."

"I don't know if you've ever been young yourself, but do you know how it feels to be in love?"

"Look here, Grey," cried the second. "I don't know if you've ever been young yourself, but do you know how it feels to be in love?"

"Well, get it over as quickly as you can manage," growled the first. "because these sort of yarns are not at all in my line."

"I love her, Grey; and Grey, she loves me. Only not so much as I should like, for she reckons a man ought to be a hero, and how can one be a hero on an old wind-jammer?"

"Well, for myself," said the first, "I don't try. I just take my watch and see the men don't skulk their duty, and reckon up how much pay'd be coming due to me at the end of the trip."

"But I've got to do something!" moaned the second. "If there was only a mutiny, or some of those silly things that happen in books. Then I could come out with a dozen revolvers and cover myself with glory in the most approved stage-nautical style."

"Don't dwell on it, then," said the first; "there's not going to be any mutiny on this boat while I'm on her. If you want adventures, you ship in another packet."

"Just wait, laddie, and see. The little lady's a queer body, though I dare say worth her weight in gold; and I shouldn't be surprised if she puts a chance in your way sooner than you think."

The good ship Cupid was an old teak tea-clipper, renowned in the days of bounties for the quickest passage round the Cape; but steam and the Suez Canal had spoiled her China trade, and she was now cultivating a small 'miscellaneous' connection between Adelaide and the West India Docks.

The passengers came, mostly middle-aged, unattached persons with illnesses of imagination. Miss Vincent was as the first mate had tersely expressed the only lady on board that one could fall in love with.

"No," she said, "I am going to read." She sat on a deck-chair and opened her book; the second remained where he was, and watched her wistfully.

Suddenly Miss Vincent stood up and leaned over the side, seeming to look on something under the vessel's stern; and suddenly again, though how she could never afterward explain, she lost her balance, and with a shriek had fallen into the sea.

The second mate sprang forward; without waiting to take off even his coat he had reached her round the waist.

"Let go the lifeboat!" he shouted; and in a moment the lashings were cut and the chocks loosened and the boat swung outward over the sea, while the ship rounded to.

The first mate was on the starboard cathead; he happened to glance round and then of a sudden gave a start and swore beneath his breath.

He looked down over the side of the ship. The second mate had Miss Vincent on his shoulder, and was easily floating with her; they ran no risk of sinking, and the boat would be with them in an instant.

He turned again and looked at the fin of the shark, and with his eyes measured the distance.

The boat would reach them first, but the shark would be there too, before they could be lifted in.

"That was not in his calculation!" he swore again. "Then he flung off his coat and waistcoat. 'Give me your belt,' he said to a seaman standing near. And quickly put it on, sheath knife and all."

Meanwhile the life-boat had been lowered, with four men inside; and the mate cried "Give way!" The sailors bent to the oars, and the boat pulled quickly astern.

The first mate went on with a leisurely side-stroke, the knife glinting in his hand. The shark overhauled him, and turned on its back to bite, showing a belly glinting white, and a horrible gleam of teeth.

"The boat came rapidly on; a couple of men at the bows were leaning forward ready to catch them. One of them clutched the second mate by the arm; he shook him off."

"No," he managed to splutter. "Take the lady first." My king," whispered Miss Vincent, as she was pulled over the side, "my king," and promptly fainted at the bottom of the boat.

The second mate followed, with his mouth full of salt water; and the passengers cried "Bravo!" once more.

The boat rowed back, and they let the gangway down, and the second mate bore Miss Vincent up in triumphal procession as far as the door of her cabin, where the mate advertised doctor, now of use for the first time, took charge of her, and shut every one else out.

Then the skipper publicly shook hands with the second mate, and complimented him on his action; and the second mate could not speak for the water he had swallowed, and protested in dumb show, which was construed into modesty; and the passengers shook hands with him, too, and talked vaguely of a subscription; and Miss Vincent's father, who came last, took him on one side, and said with much emotion, "My boy, she's yours, and God bless you!"

Then he wrote up his log, and omitted any mention of the first mate, as requested; but he was part owner of the ship, and carried weight with the other owners, and the first mate signed on next trip, and every other trip afterward, at a greatly increased salary.

And eight bells sounded in the forecastle head and the first mate went out to change the watches.

The second was on the poop waiting for him, in another resplendent suit of uniform; but his face was pale and his manner uneasy.

They changed the watches as usual; a new man took the wheel, and the officers passed along the order for the course. And the first mate was walking away to turn in; but the second had stopped him at the gangway.

"Mr. Grey, old chap, I saw it, you know. You are a better man than I am."

"Older you mean Nelson?" "You saved her life, not I. You saved her life, and for that I thank you. And she will thank you too, when she knows, and she will worship you."

"But I don't want her to worship me," retorted the first mate testily. "I'm a married man with three children, and there's as much worship as I can manage waiting for me at Leytonstone every time I get home."

"I should have told her before, but she had fainted," continued the second slowly; "and she thinks that I alone have rescued her."

"And why shouldn't she think so, stupid?" interrupted the first. "It don't matter to me what she thinks, does it? So leave it like that, and be blessed to you!"

"No, no," cried the second, still slowly, but with determination. "I shall tell her the truth, I must tell her, even though I lose her."

"Don't be a fool, youngster," said the first, with a fine assumption of annoyance. "You've done all one could do, haven't you? And what more does she want, I should like to know! You've won her, my boy, and you shall have her; and it ever you say another word about the matter, I'll swear it's not true, and get the doctor to say you've had sunstroke and gone mad."

The second mate looked happier, in a half reluctant way.

"But the shipper?" he suggested feebly. "Oh, he knows," said the first. "I had to tell him of course, to clear myself. But he isn't going to tell, so you'd better not either, or else it's mutiny. So shut up, now, and lend me some more of that plug; and, if you like, I'll take this watch for you."

For he had seen Miss Vincent emerge on deck. Slowly up the companion she came, still pale, but walking very upright. In her eyes was the sparkle of happiness, and of the tears of happiness; her mouth arched under and quivered, but not with grief; and her face was transformed into a more perfect beauty still.

Slowly she came up to the second mate, who dared not to meet her; softly she put her little arms around his neck, and raised herself towards him; and there, before the whole ship, she kissed his lips and crowned him with the glory of her love.

The Prejudice Against Prepared Paint. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS. F. A. YOUNG, 736 Main St., North.

Turo, April 29, by Rev. H. F. Adams, Wm. Conway to Berna Topper. Halifax, May 2, by Rev. G. E. Ross, Richard Kidston to Lillian Hansa.

Freeport April 29, by Rev. M. H. Howe, Samuel Powell to Ada Frim. Boston, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, Angus MacPhail to Ada McGilvary.

Westville, April 25, by Rev. E. H. Fall, Geo. C. Wright to Elizabeth Nash. Canaan, April 30, by Rev. J. K. West, Allen Maval to Blanche Greene.

Vancouver, April 19, by Rev. John Reid, James Stewart to Mary Crockett. Annapolis, April 29, by Rev. G. J. C. White, David Jackson to Adda May Jackson.

St. John, April 29, Wm. A. Clark 44. Little River, Digby, Lena Trask 24. Pelton, May 1, John A. Sutherland 60.

St. John, May 8, George F. Lynam 79. St. John, May 6, Elsie Finwell 90. Boon, May 4, Thomas N. Hipwell 145.

Barton, April 30, Mrs. W. C. Morton 70. South Boston, May 4, James F. Lunders. Halifax, April 28, Edward J. Leonard 81.

Dufferin, April 24, Daniel B. McBean 68. Oxford, April 28, John W. McLaughlin 44. Tusket Wedge, April 30, Pierre LeBlanc 75.

DeWolfe Corner, April 19, Joseph Cook 62. Perry, Me., April 27, Charles McKeenolds 86. Centretown, Kings Co., May 3, John Digrey 90.

Blue Mountain, April 29, William McDonald 87. St. John, May 6, Ada C., wife of H. L. Maclean 28. Butte City Montana, May, wife of John Hosking 35.

St. John, May 8, Susan A., wife of Timothy Canby 58. Halifax, May 1, Ellen, wife of Patrick Monaghan 68. Weymouth, May 1, Emma, wife of Wentworth Allen 47.

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BORN. Digby, April 30, to the wife of Wm. Ellis, a son. Digby, May 3, to the wife of Geo. Cossett, a son. Blomidon, May 1, to the wife of R. Brown, a son.

MARRIED. Digby, April 29, to the wife of John Todd, a son. Digby, May 3, to the wife of Blair E. Dakin, a son. Oxford, April 22, to the wife of Albert Mvatt, a son.

MARRIED. Digby, May 3, to the wife of Maynard Turnbull, a son. Annapolis, April 29, to the wife of Rupert Parks, a son. Smith's Cove, April 18, to the wife of Edwards, a son.

MARRIED. Digby, April 27, Robert Burns to Sarah A. McKellan.

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