

MOONDYNE.

BOOK FOURTH. THE CONVICT SHIP.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

VIII.

FACE TO FACE.

The convict ship, with all sail set, before a strong quarter breeze, ploughed heavily round the South of England, and then spread her arms like a sea spirit as she swept majestically toward the deep southern seas.

No need to moralize afresh on the weird contrast between the tall ship, nobly and beautifully breasting the waves, and the hideous secret she bears within.

"Who, as she smiles in the silvery light, spreading her wings on the bosom of night, alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky, a phantom of beauty, could dream with a sigh,

That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin, And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within."

In that hour, he was alone on the poop; Mr. Wryville had gone below. Draper, looking down through the glass roof of the dining room, saw that a bright light was burning in Sheridan's room. As he looked at the light, secretly and alone, a desperate hatred burned in his heart like poison. The years of his guilt were melted down into that one hour, and they took the form of a blighting curse. Could malediction have murdered Sheridan, he would have been withered to death by the baneful light of Draper's eyes.

But the hatred of a man so naturally evil as Draper is apt to turn into practical jealousy. The coward who hates is never at rest; he will either malign his enemy with foul words in secret, or he will dig a pit for his feet. It is only many men who can hate and hold their tongues.

As Draper paced the deck, towards the end of the hour, his tread actually became stealthy and fearful, as if he dreaded lest the nature of his thoughts might be read in the sound of his steps. Slowly and carefully he turned the circumstances over in his mind. Wryville certainly did not know of his relations with Sheridan. Sheridan himself had evidently been surprised at the meeting. Only one knew none else had any interest in knowing. That one must be silenced, or—be, Draper, must face disgrace. Once before, Sheridan had eluded his design; but this time—and, as he concluded his walk and plot together, he glared at the light in Will Sheridan's room, like a serpent in the outer darkness,—this time there would be no mistake or hesitation on his part.

IX.

HOW A PRISONER MIGHT BREAK A BAR.

The days slipped into weeks as the *Hougenout* sailed southward down the great commercial highway of the Atlantic. The mild airs of the warmer latitudes surprised and delighted those who had only known the moist climate of Britain. As the vessel sailed close to the island of Pico, one of the Azores, the deck was crowded with gazers on the unknown land.

It was the forenoon of a lovely day. The sun shone with radiant splendor on the soaring peak and purple cliffs of Pico. The island seemed to most of those on the ship like some legendary land of fairy lore. They had never seen any country but England, and they had never before heard even the name of this important-looking place.

On the bow of the convict ship, standing on the raised deck, which was the roof of the punishment cell or compartment, stood three men, looking up at Pico. These three, from the day of the ship's sailing, had been drawn together by inherent attraction; and now, among all the queer new friendships of the voyage, there was none stronger than theirs. And yet they were very dissimilar, inwardly and outwardly.

One was a tall man, solemn-faced and severe, dressed in sombre garments; the next was a small man, mild of face and manner, clad in old-fashioned sailor's blue; the third was a very black man, whose hair stood upright on his head when he removed his immense fur cap, and whose body from throat to feet was clothed in furs.

Strange it was, that this seemingly discordant trio, Mr. Haggett, Officer Lodge, and Nagra jil, had developed a mutual attraction, each for the other, and after a few weeks at sea, had spent almost their whole waking time in each other's company.

They did not converse much, if any. Ben Lodge did not quite understand Mr. Haggett's solemn scriptural illustrations and heavy comments; Mr. Haggett did not pay much heed to Ben Lodge's dreary tale of the life of the business bombardier; and neither of them understood Nagra-jil, nor did he comprehend a word they said.

Yet they passed day after day in each other's company, leaning over the vessel's side on sitting on the sunny verandah. The presence of Officer Lodge on board needs explanation. Two days before the convict ship sailed, Mr. Wryville walked into the lock-up at Walton le Dale, followed by Nagra-jil.

Officer Lodge met him with a mild, every-day air, and pointing with a black ward motion of the hand toward the cell, informed him that it was "empty."

"Have you any relatives or others depending on you?" asked Mr. Wryville, falling into the matter-of-fact simplicity of the little policeman.

"No, sir; no one as can't get along without me. I've lived here alone for fifteen years. I don't know a man, though, to walk on to take my place. There's a deal of trust in this office, sir; a deal of trust."

"What property do you own here?" asked Mr. Wryville.

"It is now noon; I will return to London on the 2 o'clock train. Meanwhile, I will walk through the village." Turning to Nagra jil, Mr. Wryville said in his own language, "You can remain here."

Wryville walked straight to the old home of Alice Walsley, and lingered a long time in and around the deserted and decaying cottage. There was a warm feeling in his heart, a new and happy growth, which was thrilled and strengthened as his eyes fell on objects that might once have been familiar to Alice Walsley.

As he left the place, to return to Officer Lodge, it seemed as dear to him as if he had known and loved it all his life. He turned towards it, as he walked down the road, and there was a quiet gladness in his face.

"She will leave it all behind," he murmured. "There shall be no picture of its wretchedness in her memory."

He passed to the court-house. Officer Lodge and Nagra jil were sitting in the office, silently looking at each other. At first, Officer Lodge had spoken to his companion; but Nagra jil had answered only by a grunt and unintelligible monosyllables. They then had subsided into perfect silence.

"Are you ready?" asked Mr. Wryville. "Yesir." "Come."

They went to the railway station, and took their seats for London. Officer Lodge and Nagra jil sat opposite each other, and continued their acquaintance in the same silent fashion which had marked its beginning in the station house. They then had subsided into perfect silence.

At these three stood near the bow of the *Hougenout*, looking up at the purple cliffs of Pico, there rose an extraordinary commotion on the deck, among the convicts.

That morning two men, the worst and most disorderly characters in the ship, had been locked up in the punishment cell. They had first been sentenced to work at oakum picking; but they sat within the bars, starting out at the crowd of convicts on deck, and singing and shouting. For this they had been again reported, and the officers had now come to take them out for further punishment.

The officers stood waiting for him who had the key of the barred door; and he was searching vainly in his pockets. After a while, it was evident that the key had been mislaid or lost. The officers could not open the barred door.

The two culprits within were the first to understand this, and they set up a howl of derision. They danced about in their den, cursing the officers and snapping their fingers at them through the bars.

At length a dreadful light struck one of the desperate wretches. His eye had fallen on the heap of loosely-picked oakum inside the bars. With a yell he seized an armful of the inflammable material and threw it far within the cage, against a heap of tarred rope ready for picking.

The officers stood outside, watching the fellow's action with alarm. When he had gathered all the oakum into a pile he drew from his pocket a lucifer match, and dashed it before the officers' eyes with a grin of triumph and a devil's meaning.

His brutal assault with the lucifer upon whom the meaning of the preparation, broke suddenly at sight of the match, gave a wild shout of delight and defiance.

"Damn you!" he cried, shaking his fist at the powerless warders, "you can't help yourselves. We'll set fire to the ship before your eyes!"

The dreadful threat struck terror into the convicts on deck, who began to huddle together like sheep, and covered his action from the eyes of the officers.

In another instant he sprang to his feet, holding a blazing rope of loosely twisted oakum. With a laugh that rang through the ship, he applied the torch to the pile of oakum, and the yellow flame licked up the ready material with fearful rapidity.

At sight of the flame, a cry of alarm rose from the huddled convicts, drowning the reports of the officers' pistols, who were shooting down the incendiaries. It was too late. Had they used their pistols before the match was struck, they would have acted in time. To slaughter the wretches now was to insure the continuation of the fire. Were the prisoners left alone they might have become terrified at their own danger, and had quenched the blaze before it had seized the ship.

"No!" shouted Wryville with such sudden force that the man staggered back in dismay.

Mr. Wryville looked at the lock, and saw its condition. He shook the bars with amazing force.

A gust of flame and smoke now rushed through the bars, and drove every one back, even Mr. Wryville. He rushed forward again; then turned to the officers, who had retreated to the format, and called them to him. Not one moved—they were cowed.

Another instant and a tall man pushed through the crowd, and stood beside Wryville. It was Mr. Haggett. Their eyes met for one instant. They understood each other.

"What do you want?" asked Haggett, in a low, steady voice.

"The silk curtains from the dining-room—quick!" answered Mr. Wryville in the same tone.

Next moment Haggett was clearing a lane for himself through and over the crowd. He disappeared toward the cabin. They knew he would return, and they kept the way open for him. In half a minute he flew back, in each hand a long red silk curtain, torn from the cabin window.

Mr. Wryville stood waiting for him, holding in his hand a heavy iron belpashpin, which he had taken from the rail. He took one of the curtains, twisted it into a rope, and pushed one end through the bars. This end he brought out four bars off, and around these four bars he wound both curtains, one after the other.

When the curtains were entirely wound in this way, he inserted the two central bars, and began to turn it over and over like a lever. The first turn made the silken rope rigid; the second steeled it; the third called out all the muscular power of the man. But there was nothing gained.

Mr. Wryville turned, and looked toward Haggett, who approached. Both men seized the iron lever, and pulled it down with all their force.

"This is a convict's trick," said Haggett, as they paused for breath; "but continued the tremendous leverage. There was a cry from the convicts; they saw the massive bars yielding—the two outer bars bending toward the centre under the terrific strain.

Once again the upper end of the lever was seized by both men, and with a united effort of strength pulled and pressed down. The next turn was easily made; the mighty bars had bent like lead in the centre and then broken, leaving two gaps wide enough to allow the entrance of a man.

When this was done Mr. Wryville and Mr. Haggett fell back, while the officers and sailors dashed into the burning cage, smothering the flames with wet sails, and the vessel was saved.

The vessel was saved, and not one minute could have been spared. In the wild uproar that followed, each one giving vent to the pent-up excitement of the moment, Mr. Wryville, turning in the crowd, met the eyes of Haggett, earnestly fixed on his face. He had often observed his watchfulness before; but there was another meaning in his eyes to-day.

Without a word, Mr. Wryville put out his hand, while Haggett grimly seized it. "That's not right," said Haggett; "you have saved all our lives."

Mr. Wryville negatively shook his head, with his usual grave smile, and was about to pass on. Mr. Haggett slowly let go his hand, still looking at him with the same strange expression. They had parted a few paces when Haggett strode after Mr. Wryville with a new impetus, and met his eyes with a grip of iron in strong emotion, every possible reef in his immense lips quivering with suppressed feeling.

"Forgive me!" he said; and without another word he dropped Mr. Wryville's hand, turned, and strode off to his room on the other side of the ship.

That night when the excitement had died, and the usual quiet had been restored, Mr. Wryville and Sheridan walked the poop for hours. Mr. Wryville made no mention of Haggett's strange conduct. Toward midnight they went to their rooms. The extraordinary events of the day had kept them from talking about Captain Draper, though the subject had been for days uppermost in both minds.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM. A CATHOLIC ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW OF ITS SCOPE.

Truly the word socialism is the bete noir of many respectable people who can boast of a snug account at their bankers. If to it, however, we prefix the qualifying adjective Christian their trepidation thereby undergoes considerable diminution. Let it be once for all understood that we are not socialists. Nor are we the apologists for much that is irregular and inadmissible in socialist propaganda; albeit we frankly acknowledge that a socialist is one whose arguments, at least some of them, are not easily disposed of by hand. Whilst we thus define the limits of our position we cannot attempt to disguise from ourselves that there is much in our social system utterly unsound, absolutely gagged; much that needs a thorough searching and probing; much through which the legislative scapel must pass if the disease is to be kept from spreading. The rottenness must be removed, be the process never so painful and difficult, if social life is to be saved and utter collapse avoided. This, however, must needs be done in a Christian-like manner. Society, or that portion of it which had been disordered, must be reorganized, if it is to be reconstructed at all on a solid Christian basis, all disregard being paid to Christian tenets and the laws of natural equity.

The constructive task has become necessary has long been patent to us, and events of recent occurrence have served to convince us all the more of its urgency. There is not one of our readers that does not scan the pages of some one or other of our dailies. Let them recall for a moment, and endeavor to recall even a part of what has been recorded for the last three or four weeks. Thousands of our people are on the verge of starvation. Many of them have fallen on our highways, weary and emaciated to rise no more. The rigid forms of lifeless women are discovered in the recesses of our bridges. The cries of countless little ones, waiting for a crust, fall with painful cadence upon our ears.

Death is here and death is there. Health is busy everywhere. And what efforts have been made to relieve the sufferings of our starving poor? No work nor bread have they. Clemency like most they live, subsist on light and air.

Family is on their cheeks. The sick and depression stare in their eyes. Contempt and misery hang upon their neck. The child is not their friend, nor the world's. This is one side of the question. Turn we now to another.

Bedford dies and "ton" is flattered. When dead some days is leaks out he committed suicide. We have nothing to say in the management of the late noble man, whose remains, in accordance with his own expressed wishes, were prematurely reduced to ashes a few days since at Woking. He once entertained the Queen of Holland at his gorgeous mansion of Woburn Abbey. Her Majesty, possessing that rather epicure quality of inquisitiveness, would fain ask the Duke the amount of his yearly income. Regarding the imperial question in the light of a command, the Duke answered *soo voce*, "I must plead guilty, your Majesty, to more than £300,000 a year."

The Covent Garden Market property alone, where his tenants are literally done to death with the cold and the draughts, brought him in the respectable sum of £18,000 annually. Woburn Abbey, with its galleries of antique marble, and priceless painting, and its park of two thousand five hundred acres, dotted with innumerable pleasure-houses, is one of the noblest mansions in the kingdom. Woburn Park! The Duke, unfeigned with pleasure, knows not how to spend the twentieth part of his net annual income. He is well fed whilst countless thousands starve. Yet they are men as well as he; with human wants and human cravings. Did nature, we wonder, ever intend that the world's leisure and treasure should be so divided? That the many should be driven raving mad with the pang of hunger, whilst the few, fatted and revelled. Surely there must be something wrong something awry in the state of society which furnishes us with a contrast. The many, the multitudes, must not, shall not, starve. They must get work, or they must get bread. A stone will no longer be sufficient for them. Stress and poverty may, according to the immutable equity, give a man a claim to his neighbor's aid, but the man who becomes destitute in which the goods of life become a common property. It may never come to that pass with us. Yet the present stolid indifference to the needs of the poor may entail a Nemesis of blood in the not far distant future.—London Universe.

Misery vs. Comfort. Misery is one result of biliousness or liver complaint. Comfort is the first result of taking Burdock Blood Bitters as a remedy. Cure is the final result always obtained. We back this with the strongest proof by testimonials from reliable Canadian people.

Nasal Balm has cured the worst cases of catarrh after all other remedies have failed. Give it a trial and be convinced that it will cure you. Sold by all dealers.

Should Be Loosened. A cough should be loosened at once and all irritation allayed. To do this nothing excels Haggard's Pectoral Balm. Obstante coughs yield at once to its expectorant, soothing and healing properties, which loosen phlegm and allay irritation. That tired feeling and dull, oppressive headache that so frequently accompany catarrh can be instantly removed by the use of Nasal Balm. Sold by all dealers.

AN INACTIVE or Torpid Liver must be aroused and all bad bile removed. Burdock Pills are best for old or young. Some symptoms of worms are: Fever, color, variable appetite, restlessness, weakness and convulsions. The unfailing remedy is Dr. Low's Worm Syrup.

AS A PICK ME-UP after excessive exertion or exposure, Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine is grateful and comforting.

80000,000 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N. Y., out work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can show you quickly how to earn from \$5 to \$10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time or spare moments to the work. All in work, great pay \$100 for every worker. We start you, furnish everything, EASILY, SPEEDILY, IMPROVED, PATENTED, FREE, without charge. Write to JOHN R. GOODWIN, 100 N. FORTLAND, MASS.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. Millions of men and women are in the dark gloom of disease. The way out is by using Burdock Blood Bitters, a tried and sure remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, scrofula, bad blood, and all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, and blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Pississewa, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Dandelion, and other valuable vegetable remedies, every ingredient being strictly pure, and the best of its kind it is possible to buy.

It is prepared by thoroughly competent pharmacists, in the most careful manner, by a peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process, giving it its curative power.

Peculiar To Itself

It will cure, when in the power of medicine, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning, Cancerous and all other Humors, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and all difficulties with the Liver and Kidneys.

It overcomes that Tired Feeling, Creates an Appetite, and gives good mental, nerve, bodily, and digestive strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Each Palm Leaf or Head is from 3 to 5 feet long, and opens like a fan, a spread that forms an almost perfect circle. The beautifully-meshed streaks of gold and green, ending in the light gray, give them the appearance of rays of sunlight. Prized and worn in variously devised forms, they make adornments for the Altar or for the Catholic Home that at once attract the eye by their stimpie beauty."

REAL PALMS & PALM SUNDAY. THOMAS D. EGAN, NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY. 42 BARTLEY STREET, NEW YORK.

For the fifteenth consecutive year I am ready to supply Real Palms for Palm Sunday, and respectfully solicit the patronage of the reverend clergy.

My attention is for the coming Palm Season, as they have been in the past, complete as to assure thorough satisfaction to each and every one of my patrons, and secure to them prompt delivery in prime condition, and in ample time for Palm Sunday of the full quantity of Palms that may be desired.

I have received abundant testimonials to this effect from the Most Rev. and Right Rev. Archbishops and Bishops, and from the Rev. Clergy throughout the land. From many of them I have the honor to bear a standing order to supply them every year.

PRICES OF REAL PALMS. When sent to an address. 25 Heads, \$1.00; 50 Heads, \$1.50; 100 " " 2.00; 200 " " 3.00; 300 " " 4.00; 400 " " 5.00; 500 " " 6.00; 600 " " 7.00; 700 " " 8.00; 800 " " 9.00; 900 " " 10.00; 1000 " " 11.00; 1100 " " 12.00; 1200 " " 13.00; 1300 " " 14.00; 1400 " " 15.00; 1500 " " 16.00; 1600 " " 17.00; 1700 " " 18.00; 1800 " " 19.00; 1900 " " 20.00; 2000 " " 21.00; 2100 " " 22.00; 2200 " " 23.00; 2300 " " 24.00; 2400 " " 25.00; 2500 " " 26.00; 2600 " " 27.00; 2700 " " 28.00; 2800 " " 29.00; 2900 " " 30.00; 3000 " " 31.00; 3100 " " 32.00; 3200 " " 33.00; 3300 " " 34.00; 3400 " " 35.00; 3500 " " 36.00; 3600 " " 37.00; 3700 " " 38.00; 3800 " " 39.00; 3900 " " 40.00; 4000 " " 41.00; 4100 " " 42.00; 4200 " " 43.00; 4300 " " 44.00; 4400 " " 45.00; 4500 " " 46.00; 4600 " " 47.00; 4700 " " 48.00; 4800 " " 49.00; 4900 " " 50.00; 5000 " " 51.00; 5100 " " 52.00; 5200 " " 53.00; 5300 " " 54.00; 5400 " " 55.00; 5500 " " 56.00; 5600 " " 57.00; 5700 " " 58.00; 5800 " " 59.00; 5900 " " 60.00; 6000 " " 61.00; 6100 " " 62.00; 6200 " " 63.00; 6300 " " 64.00; 6400 " " 65.00; 6500 " " 66.00; 6600 " " 67.00; 6700 " " 68.00; 6800 " " 69.00; 6900 " " 70.00; 7000 " " 71.00; 7100 " " 72.00; 7200 " " 73.00; 7300 " " 74.00; 7400 " " 75.00; 7500 " " 76.00; 7600 " " 77.00; 7700 " " 78.00; 7800 " " 79.00; 7900 " " 80.00; 8000 " " 81.00; 8100 " " 82.00; 8200 " " 83.00; 8300 " " 84.00; 8400 " " 85.00; 8500 " " 86.00; 8600 " " 87.00; 8700 " " 88.00; 8800 " " 89.00; 8900 " " 90.00; 9000 " " 91.00; 9100 " " 92.00; 9200 " " 93.00; 9300 " " 94.00; 9400 " " 95.00; 9500 " " 96.00; 9600 " " 97.00; 9700 " " 98.00; 9800 " " 99.00; 9900 " " 100.00.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE. GLASS, PAINTS, OILS, ETC. ALSO FRENCH BAND SAWS. JAMES REID AND COMPANY, 118 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

BELLS! BELLS! PEALS & CHIMES FOR CHURCHES. School Bells, Clock Tower Bells, Fire Bells, House Bells, Hand Bells.

MANUFACTURING UNDERTAKERS. Wholesale and retail. Outside the combine. Always open. R. DRISCOLL & CO., 424 Richmond-st., London, Ont.

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS. W. J. THOMPSON & SON, Opposite Bevere House, London, Ont.

McShane Bell Foundry. Finest Grade of Bells, Chimes and Peals for Churches, Colleges, Tower Clocks, etc. Fully warranted satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price and catalogue. JOHN McSHANE & CO., BARRINGTON, N. B., Montreal, Canada.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY. Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Faneels, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free. VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

MENEELY & COMPANY. WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS. Favorably known to the public since 1836. Church, Chapel School, Fire Alarm and other bells also Chimes and Peals.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY. CINCINNATI, O., sole makers of the "Blythe" Bell. Catalogue sent Free. Established with over 3000 testimonials.