

A Dream of the Sea.

A farmer laid in his private home... Lay dreaming of the sea...

MOONDYNE.

BOOK FOURTH.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

XII.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Hideous incidents filled the days and nights as the convict ship sailed southward with her burden of disease and death...

XIII.

WOMAN'S LOVE AND HATRED.

On the later days of Captain Draper's illness he murmured and tumbled restlessly. One of the worst symptoms of the fever was its persistent hold on the brain...

During this series of mental pictures the action of the raving man plainly showed that his hand had cut the rope; and his exclamation at the completion of the murder was horrible to see...

"Do you not know this man named Sheridan?" "No." "The answer surprised him, and he became silent again. Presently he sent Harriet to her rest."

around the room. Mr. Wyville remained still and silent.

"Have you been here with me?" he asked at length. "You couldn't have been here all the time."

"Do you know who has nursed you through your sickness?" "Draper moved his head negatively."

"You know of whom I speak," said Mr. Wyville; "are you ready now to meet your unhappy wife, and ask her forgiveness?"

"I do not know what it is real. O, sir, did you not come to me and speak blessed words of comfort? Did you not say that he was guilty of part of my crime?"

"I want to see you," he said. "The poor woman raised her miserable face until their eyes met. Hers were streaming with bitter tears."

"Come here," he said at length, in a voice all the colder for his weakness. Harriet crept to the bed, and laid her head near his hand. But he did not touch her.

"I did not think it was you," said Draper, making no pretence to deceive her. "I thought you were dead years ago."

"I have made no man," said Harriet; "no one brought me here but myself and you—I am a prisoner."

"I suppose you robbed some one, or murdered?" "Yes, dear; a woman who has been nine years in prison, suffering for another's crime. And that other has confessed—Alice! Alice!"

"Dare" she blessed, "and I will tear the torgue from your cruel mouth!"

For half a minute the two regarded each other. It had been a habit of white heat of Harriet's love became red. Harriet, she had hated the one for whom Draper had deserted her, and had hated herself. Now, for the first time, she hated him.

"Villain! monster!" she cried, throwing the covert from her with fierce revulsion; "you speak of murder to the murderer! You have done in madness—O, God, God! is there no lightning to strike this man dead!"

"No," said the doctor; "he has come out of the fever quite strong. He will recover, unless something unforeseen interferes. He is out of danger."

THE DARKNESS OF DESOLATION. The recovery of Captain Draper was regarded as a good omen by the sailors and convicts; and with a return of confidence to them the fever daily declined.

When the heartbroken Harriet recovered from the excitement of the dreadful interview, her soul had only one feeling—remorse. As one dying of thirst might slake down on the burning sand, and commune with the devouring fire in the body, so this unhappy one sat down upon her pallet in the hospital room, and commenced for hours with the newly-lighted consuming fire in her soul.

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porting arms of the nun she would have fallen headlong to the floor.

Sister Cecilia did not alarm any one; she was experienced in emotional climaxes. She did the few things proper for the moment, then quietly awaited Alice's recovery.

In a few minutes the pale face was raised, and the mill eyes sought Sister Cecilia as if they asked a hitherto unasked question. The little Sister did not understand the appeal; so she only encouraged Alice by a kind word to regain strength.

"She is on board, my child; she is a prisoner, and a most unhappy one. She has no hope but the peace of atonement. God send her comfort!"

THE KINDLY WORDS THAT RISE WITHIN THE HEART. And thence it with their sympathetic tone, and claim a merit that is not their own. The kindly word is a sin—A sin that wraps itself in purest guise, And bids the heart that, doubting, looks within.

HOW LIFE MAY BE PROLONGED. Poets and novelists go into ecstasies over what they romantically call "beautiful spring," and "genial spring," and "white, no doubt, every one is glad to see it, and water release its icy grasp."

Mr. H. B. McKinnon, painter, Mount Albert, says: "Last summer my system got impregnated with the lead and turpentine used in painting; my body was covered with scarlet spots as large as a 25-cent piece, and I was in such a state that I could scarcely walk."

These intolerably painful and constantly harassing things could not be cured by Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil—the great external remedy for physical suffering and means of relieving pain. A very small quantity achieves results of the most gratifying kind.

"It is a woman, then?" said Alice. "Yes, dear; a woman who has been nine years in prison, suffering for another's crime. And that other has confessed—Alice! Alice!"

"I suppose you robbed some one, or murdered?" "Yes, dear; a woman who has been nine years in prison, suffering for another's crime. And that other has confessed—Alice! Alice!"

Makes the Weak Strong

The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong."

"Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me."

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The Handsomest

A FARMER'S PHILIP DEAR BOB—Your letter of the mail to-day. And so you want to marry, what will I say!

Remember this—A man who is patient and gentle and strong and beautiful and true to duty's call.

THAT PICTURE SACRED ILLUSTRATION. An early Spring had it had touched the buds clothed the trees with green.

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