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Chatham, N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

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STORIES OF THE SEA

By EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.

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

"By Jove!" said the other, laughing loud and long. "Take a man up for murder because he has a black eye! You'll be able to seize a dozen of these fellows downstairs on that score before two days are over. There's a gang of gamblers on board."

"No. Is there?"

"Yes. I found 'em out last night. I've not been a gentleman's gent, and all over Europe, from St. Petersburg to Biarritz, not to speak of Homburg and Monaco, for nothing."

Mr. Crog looked respectfully at his Jewish friend. This was the very man to help him to dig out the criminal from the mine of humanity below there.

"Well," replied Mr. Crog, "there's a hundred pounds for you if you pick him out, dead or alive."

"A hundred pounds, sir," cried the other, in a contemptuous tone. "Do you suppose I'm going to share with you at any less than half the money? I'll see you hanged first. Wait until I've talked it over with some of the officers."

Mr. Crog was quick enough to see that the astute stranger had caught him, and being a man of sense, he agreed with the fellow quickly, whiles he was in the way with him, seeing that now it would be that or nothing. They shook hands over the bargain, and then the stranger tried to rise to his birth. He could scarcely move.

"Well," he said, "I am stiff! I shall have to lie up, I can see. Well, don't you be in a hurry about that fellow. I shall stay quietly in my berth for a day or two, and listen to what goes on, especially if this infernal weather lasts."

"By the way," said Mr. Crog, "what's your name?"

"Stillwater," replied the other. "James Stillwater. I've given up my ticket to the purser's steward, so you need not bother me about that I'll look after myself."

He crawled slowly down the hatchway, and limped along to the men's quarters, where he had selected the most retired, the darkest, and most disagreeable berth in the ship.

CHAPTER IV.

Sir Benjamin Peakman, K.C.M.G., was a new knight, but not a new light in the colonial world. His name had been associated with the business and politics of our transatlantic possessions for now very nearly a third of a century. Hard and astute, he knew how to conceal his shrewdness and sternness under an air of good humor and even of deference, which, if it reminded one too much of the sleek affectation of a cat, bent on a hunting excursion in a bird-frequented garden, was at all events generally agreeable. He was not a handsome man, but he had large teeth, and he showed them with adroitness. He was always smiling. He smiled to himself when he was by himself, and when you would have thought, he fancied no one was looking. The truth was he always saw everybody and everything. He forgot nothing. His manners were invariably gentle and conciliatory, specially so, some people said, when he meant mischief. He purred, whichever way you stroked him, which proves that the feline analogy is not quite perfect. He had been like this from the time when he first emerged from obscurity into a visible and noticeable life. People in Quebec could remember him—when Quebec was the greatest commercial place in Canada — an errand boy for the shipping house of Macwhappy and Salt. It was said that he had come to that post from the Eastern Townships, where many a time he had driven the team that dragged his father's plough. If mentioned at all, that ought to be put down to his credit, for never did plough-boy carry into town a gentler mien or a more natural deference than Benjy Peakman, when he deserted agriculture for commerce. He was a big boy too, and a sharp one. His mother was descended from a family of U. E. loyalists, who had selected a home in the colony of Quebec when, with a sturdy love of Monarchy and Toryism, they were obliged either to flee the new republic, or to fight to establish it. It was by her impulsion that young Benjy, who had received a tolerable education at a village school, conducted by an honest Presbyterian Scotchman, was led to leave the tending of his father's flocks, and try his luck at fleecing in a larger arena. The result did honour, in some sense, to the maternal instinct. Master Benjamin had been brought up in a hard school. He had rarely handled money. When he did see it he appreciated it. His small eyes danced in his large face whenever he held it in his hand. The propensity of trade, of winning wealth, of keeping it, and making it grow, absorbed his soul. There are such boys with faculties otherwise noble and worthy. Had I such a boy I should pray that this devil might be cast out of him, for I know none worse. I could cherish some hope for a profligate, prodigal, debauched, or drunken character; but the steady establishment in any human being, by a gradual process from early youth to manhood, of the trading soul and spirit, with all that follows it of selfishness, hardness, want of scruple, low subtlety of intelligence, bloodless heart, impenetrable conscience, consuming hunger and thirst after wealth and indomitable determination to possess it at all hazards—present and future—is the most dismal and hopeless perversion of a God-made nature that it is possible to conceive. Rather than that, be happy to see your son making ducks and drakes of his fortune, if you are fool enough to give him one, and with some scraps of honour, of good feeling, of generosity, of conscience, still glowing amid the embers of his disordered being.

However, this may seem to be rather hard upon Sir Benjamin Peakman, besides appearing to forestall or prejudice the reader's opinion of him. Wherefore it is to be accepted distinctly as in no way referring to him, but as an interlocutory and abstracted remark, for the relevance and propriety whereof there is ample precedent in numerous works, ancient and modern, admitted by all the critics to be perfect both in matter and form.

Young Peakman's policy from the first was like that of the British Government when it means mischief; it was a policy of conciliation. No one could put him out of temper. His mates could never bully him into a fight or tempt him to a harsh word; his employers, when they swore at him, saw him accept their oaths as if they were blessings; he disarmed the most ill-tempered debtors to the firm or its most impracticable customers, by the gentleness with which he parried their rude remarks, and the quiet steadiness and the crafty devotion with which he insisted on carrying out his employer's commands. He was one day hit on the head by a jack-boot thrown at him by a captain of one of his employers' ships who was in bed at an hotel. He picked it up, and respectfully returned it to the owner, saying, "What message shall I give, sir, to Messrs Macwhappy and Staff?"

All this was very amiable, and to many persons seemed to be very praiseworthy. And so it would have been, had it been the natural ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. But it was not. It was simply cunning of the meanest order. Twenty years later, when Captain Gumbo was a veteran, and Benjamin Peakman had become a ruling partner in the firm of Macwhappy, Salt, and Peakman, the old man was turned off at the first chance like a mangy dog; and when he went to Peakman and pleaded his long service and his six children, and besought that he might not be sent into hopeless poverty, Mr. Peakman, in his blandest manner and with the smile of an angel, said, "Captain Gumbo, I am sorry I cannot hold out the least prospect of our requiring you again. You have perhaps forgotten a little incident which occurred so many years ago, when I was a boy in this office and you were the senior captain? I wish you good-morning, sir."

The captain told this story all over Quebec. Everybody commiserated him but everybody respected Benjamin Peakman the more. They saw that he was not to be trifled with. Sir Benjamin Peakman was known, then, to be an able man, a steady, resolute, even a dogged man; a man who hid from other people equally his aims and his manner of working them out. A trustworthy friend, if it were worth his while; but a man whom if you crossed, he would have his revenge out of you in some way, and, by general opinion, would not be nice about the means. But always so oily, so acute, so studious of the people he dealt with, so wide awake to their weaknesses and so subservient to their wishes, that all the world, with a few exceptions, regarded him as the "ablest," the "nicest," the "altogether most attractive" man.

Hence when Mr. Peakman, then a wealthy colonist and a member of the Upper House and a colonial cabinet minister, was sent over to London to make certain financial and political negotiations with the Home Government, he at once made his way. His deference just suited the courtly ministers; his ability took those who were men of business. The whole Colonial Office, from the doorkeeper to the Secretary of State, regarded him as the pink of colonial statesmanship. When he had gone away they found he had got a great deal more out of them than they could well defend in Parliament.

To be Continued.

PERTAINING TO THE KITCHEN.

Interesting and Curious Items in the Culinary Art.

Marvellous economy is practised by the poor of Italy, in looking after the wants of the inner man. Coffee-grounds from the wealthy man's kitchen are dried and resold to the poor. In a similar way oil is twice, and sometimes three times used, the drippings after each successive frying being gathered from the pan and sold to the poor.

Epicures may be interested to know that continental bakers are in the habit of mixing soap with their dough to make their bread and pastry nice and light. The quantity of soap used varies. In fancy articles, like waffles and fritters, it is much larger than in bread. The soap is dissolved in water, oil added, and the mixture, after being well whipped, is added to the flour.

Canned fruit should be emptied immediately after opening. Often a most dangerous acid is formed by the chemical action of the air upon the solder of the cans. It is this acid, indeed, which is responsible for much of the prejudice against canned food. Many of the reported accidents have been traced to this form of kitchen carelessness.

One of the many useful things which absolute privation has been the means of making known to the world is Irish moss. The poor inhabitants of the Irish coast were driven to its use by the pangs of hunger. When boiled it produces a thick nourishing and not unpalatable jelly. It is most beneficial for diseases of the throat and lungs.

Kitchen utensils made of aluminum are light, clean and durable. They are also free from poison, and require no tinning or enamelling within or without. Further, they cook more quickly than iron, as they retain the heat better. Portable canteens, basins, cups, plates, salt-cellars, trays and toast-racks are also made of this white and shining metal, which is coming rapidly into general use.

Horse-flesh, ass-flesh, and mule-flesh are now eaten in such large quantities in France that the regular butchers who deal in beef and mutton are getting uneasy. In the dingy restaurants frequented by the lower orders of Rome, Florence and Naples they go one better. There a dish composed of the harmless wood serpent's flesh is regarded as something of a dainty.

WEDDING SUPERSTITIONS.

Here are some quaint wedding superstitions:—

The bride who finds a spider on her wedding dress may consider herself blessed.

The bride who dreams of fairies the night before her marriage will be thrice blessed.

If the groom carry a miniature horseshoe in his pocket he will always have good luck.

Ship marriages are considered anything but lucky. Get married on land or don't get married at all.

No bride or groom should be given a telegram while on their way to church. It is positively a sign of evil.

If the wedding ring is dropped during the ceremony the bride may as well wish herself unborn, for she will always have ill-luck.

Maidens eager to wed should give dishwater heated to the boiling point a wide berth. It means that they will not marry for a long time if they attempt to cleanse dishes in water so hot.

Should a bride perchance see a coffin while being driven to the railway station prior to departing upon her wedding tour, she should order the driver to turn back and start over again, or else she will surely meet with bad luck.

WORSE THAN SERMONS.

Remember, said the good man, that there are sermons in stones.

Not in those that you run against with your bike, retorted the cynic, and the argument was necessarily, at an end.

A MAN'S HOUSE EXPERIENCE.

"Maria," observed Peter Grigwell to his better half, as he decapitated his second egg at the domestic breakfast table, "I suppose your strongly developed feminine proclivities will not allow of your foregoing, for once in a way, the delirious delights of a thorough 'spring cleanin'?"

"If, Peter, in plain English, you mean that you wish me to shirk my duty as a British housewife by neglecting to clear away a twelvemonth's accumulation of grime and cobwebs, you suppose correctly," retorted Mrs. Grigwell in a dry, matter-of-fact tone of voice that ought to have silenced any average man.

But Peter had become so acclimatized as it were, to his wife's very own style of oratory that it had ceased to impress him ever so slightly.

"Twelve months' accumulation!" he cried, in well-feigned astonishment. "Why, I have always labored under the impression that the house was kept pretty clean, week in and week out."

"Pretty clean, of course," returned Mrs. Peter, with a sniff and toss of her head, "but the carpets are not taken up weekly. But perhaps you have been so absorbed in the consideration of weightier matters that you have failed to notice such a detail as that." This was said in Mrs. G.'s most sarcastic vein, but it only elicited a gruff "Humph!", from her husband, so she returned to the charge with: "Then look at the ceilings. You cannot truthfully deny that they require whitening, and badly, too."

"I suppose the process is inevitable," observed Peter, a trifle wearily. "No home complete without it, so to speak."

"I should think not," exclaimed the lady in a ringing voice of triumph.

"There is one thing I am fully determined upon, though," said Mr. Grigwell, calmly, "and that is, I am not going to be mulcted to the same tune as I was last year. Dasher's bill was a paralyzer. A few more like it would compel me to undergo the process of whitewashing myself."

"What do you intend to do, then?" asked Mrs. Grigwell, in a voice as hard as the primest cut of beefsteak.

"I intend," answered Peter, in a self-reliant tone, "to whitewash myself."

"Yes," observed Mrs. Grigwell, sweetly—bitter sweetly, in fact, "but who is going to whitewash the ceilings?"

Peter gave his wife a penetrating glance, having a hazy notion that she was trying to get at him, as the saying goes, but as she bore his gimlet-like stare without flinching, he appeared satisfied, and said:

"Yes, I am determined to distemper—they call it now in the bill—the ceilings entirely on my own. See?"

Mrs. Grigwell felt the situation to be desperate, indeed, but knowing from experience gained in the past how utterly futile would any attempt be on her part to reason with the self opinionated Peter, she determined to try the effect of ridicule.

"Peter Grigwell," she said, in her most withering manner, "you will surely never be quite such an idiot as to attempt to whitewash the ceilings of this house?"

"Madam," retorted Mr. Grigwell, grimly, "your remarks are in exceedingly bad taste, and ill become the wife of a far-seeing husband, whose sole intent is the welfare of his family, and to preserve them from being plundered by rapacious distempering demons."

"You will find that your silly fad will cost you dear in the end," retorted Mrs. Grigwell, with a derisive laugh.

"Bosh!" exclaimed Peter, hotly. "That's just the way! — but there, what's the use of arguing with a woman! Lemme see, to-day is Wednesday; I shall make a start with this room to-morrow at 10 sharp. You hear, Maria, at 10 o'clock.

Peter spent the remainder of the forenoon in getting together all the old newspapers in the house, and with the aid of a large lobster tin full of paste, a brush and a pair of garden shears, he fashioned from several of the broad sheets mysterious looking things bearing a weird resemblance to inordinately roomy trousers, and an expansive coat with balloon-like sleeves.

Next morning Peter was up in good time, and set about mixing his whitewash in a zinc bucket, so as to be in readiness for his work as soon as breakfast was out of the way. By 10 o'clock the course was clear for Peter to commence his wrestle with the distemper business. He, with calm politeness, requested that he might be left alone, as he required no assistance, and the whole thing would be done within an hour. Mrs. Grigwell gave her husband a pitying look, then silently left him to his own devious devices.

Then Peter set to work in desperate earnest. With a number of newspapers he enshrouded the various articles of furniture; then spread a further quantity all over the carpet. Next he proceeded to invest the walls with the order of the paper collar, as one might term it. All this done, Peter looked around upon his handiwork, a smile of satisfaction meandering across his face as he did so.

"Who said it was impossible to whitewash a ceiling without spoiling everything in the room?" he soliloquized. "I'll show 'em how it's done."

The self-satisfied Peter then proceeded to conceal his own rotund form with the mysterious paper combinations previously mentioned. Certainly his appearance was more that of a circus clown than of a respectable rate-paying citizen, especially when he concluded his toilet by placing on his massive (some called it fat) cranium a paper cap of the orthodox sugar loaf shape so much affected by grotesques of the sawdust. However, there was nobody present to see him, so what did it matter?

Up the handy pair of steps sprang Peter, bucket and brush in hand, and without unnecessary delay he made dash No. 1 at the ceiling—which, by the way, he had forgotten should have first been water washed— with the brush heavily charged with the beautifying mixture. The result was not quite as the amateur distemperer may have wished. A far greater percentage of the whiting descended in a thick shower on Peter's paper dittoes than went on to the ceiling, to say nothing of sundry big splashes upon various parts of his upturned face, causing him to sneeze so violently as to very nearly lose his balance and topple off the steps ignominiously to the floor.

After ten minutes' wild dabbing and splashing Peter thought he might as well assist exhausted nature by blowing the fragrant weed during work, just as though he were a real British workman. So he came down from his perch, found his beloved briar, charged it with some of Taddy's "Myrtle Grove" and lighted it with a British-made match. This latter he —British workmanlike — dropped while still aflame on to his improvised paper drugget.

No sooner had Peter again mounted his rostrum than, glancing downward, he saw to his dismay the devouring element skimming along the floor. Downed scuttled the alarmed distemperer with the intention of stamping out the blaze. But alas! in the excitement of the moment poor Peter forgot the nature of his improvised overalls. The next moment the tongues of the fiery serpents crawling on the floor had licked Peter's "ready-mades" and he was soon frantically occupied in tearing off the paper covering and burning his hands to a rather "sulphury" tune.

The situation threatened to develop into something serious, as the fire had commenced to mount the walls, so Peter was reluctantly compelled to fling open the door and yell for assistance.

Mrs. Grigwell rushed forth from the back regions, and, giving a wild look into the room, fled, screaming, to the street door, which she flung open, and then she proceeded to shriek out:

"Fire! fire! Police! police!"

Suddenly a great commotion was heard in the front, the street door was thrown violently open and a brass-helmeted figure loomed faintly through the thick smoke which filled the entrance hall. The next instant a shining copper tube was pushed forward into the room, and before Peter could find breath to tell the man who pointed the nozzle full at him that all danger was past he was almost off his feet by a powerful jet of water which drenched him to the skin.

However, he soon found his tongue sufficient to overwhelm the fireman in some choice vernacular that nearly had the effect of starting the fire afresh.

With an injured look beneath his metal headpiece, the fireman threw down his hose and, going to the street door growled out to his colleagues outside:

"Turn off!" * * *

The following day the professional "distemperers" came as heretofore, and at Christmas their little (?) bill will come to Peter Grigwell as usual. The house furnishers too, will benefit by Peter's laudable but misdirected effort to economize. Taken altogether, Mrs. Grigwell's prophecy was pretty accurate.

MAGNANIMOUS.

King Willem III. of the Netherlands, the father of the young Queen Wilhelmina, married a second time when he was well-advanced in life; and in order to please his amiable young wife, purchased a very beautiful service of Sevres porcelain for ordinary use in the palace.

As it was costly, he wished to have it preserved, and accordingly gave orders that any servant who should break or injure one of the pieces might expect immediate dismissal.

One day a servant went to the young queen greatly distressed. He had broken one of the delicate teacups. He had been in the king's service for many years, and was heart-broken over what seemed to him the prospect of being dismissed in disgrace.

The queen tried to comfort him by suggesting that the cup could be mended, as it was a clean break, and the two edges could be put together with cement. The servant shook his head, and remarked that his majesty had a sharp eye, and would be certain to detect the crack in the cup at once.

The queen told him to mend it as well as he could, and to be careful to serve the cup to her that afternoon in the king's presence at tea-time. The servant followed her directions, and with trembling hand filled it with tea and served her. The queen turned aside, drank the tea, and rising suddenly from her chair, let the cup fall upon the floor, where it was broken into fragments.

"Think of me as one of the most awkward of your majesty's servants," she said, with humility. "I have broken one of your precious Sevres cups. You must discharge me at once. I don't deserve to remain in your service."

The arbitrary old king was amused by her demure manner, and considered the accident a very good joke. The poor servant, standing behind the tray, cast a grateful look in the direction of the queen who had protected him. He remained in the service of the king, who never learned the truth about the broken cup.

The consideration which Queen Emma displayed for the feelings of a servant was a proof of her kindness of heart. After the king's death she became regent during the minority of the young Queen Wilhelmina, and won the confidence and sympathy of her Dutch subjects by her unfailing tact and amiability.

PRACTICAL SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

See to the sheep's feet and clip the overgrown hoofs. The sole is to be trimmed smoothly to avoid the irritating effct of sand or gravel it.

Be on the lookout for the first indications of the parasites which worry the flock. The first sign of failing condition is the warning to be heeded.

Foot rot in a flock immediately convicts the shepherd of neglect and inflicts the fine for this delinquency. We cannot escape this penalty for this neglect.

The short supply of western lambs for feeding is due to two causes, viz.: an unusually short lamb crop in most of the range states and territories, and a disposition among ranchmen to hold the ewe lambs to increase their flocks.

We hear much of the profit of poultry, but while a hen is making a dollar, a sheep will make two on the same allowance of feed. The fleece will pay all the cost of a sheep, leaving the clear profit, and 100 per cent of it.

A surplus of feed and fodder should be secured for the flock on the range. Due provision should be made for shelter probably to be needed. It is better to be sure of this than sorry for neglecting it. No man more than a shepherd needs to keep this head level. He must not get too elated by present good fortune or become depressed by and by a possible charge.

It is estimated that there are 50 per sent more ewe lambs in the range country this year than male lambs, a fact that may be traceable to the larger use of young rams and ram lambs than were formerly used on range flocks. If this be true, the theory of French experimenters, that young sires get more ewe lambs than ram lambs, is pretty well attested by American experience on a broader scale.

The tendency of ranchmen to feed their own lambs and wethers at home on the produce of irrigated farms sheds a new light on the feeding situation. So strong, indeed, is the present tendency in this direction that within two or three years the bulk of the in two or three years the bulk of the male lamb crop will be fed where raised, and eastern feeders will be compelled to look elsewhere for the millions of lambs they are accustomed to feed annually east of the Missouri river. As there is no elsewhere from which to obtain these lambs in large supply, there is but one solution of this most serious problem and that is for the feeders and their farmer neighbors to raise the lambs themselves.

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