

Literature.

JOHN BROWN, OF A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

BY HARRIETTE MURRAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

(Continued from last issue.)

"Adopted Fiddlersicks; I am not going to have him for my brother, with his stuck up ways. I will make him eat humble pie at my feet before we get across the water."

The captain laughed. "Hah! pussy; it is a case of the fox and sour grapes, is it? You better let him alone, or you may be the one to eat humble pie."

"Well, you will see, papa," was the quick retort. She caught up the pug dog and rushed out on deck.

"Who was Emma talking about?" asked Mrs. Love, looking up from the novel she was reading.

"The mate, my dear," replied the captain, with his face wreathed in smiles. "She feels cross because he won't make a jumping-jack of himself for her amusement."

After a while the captain went out on deck, put his hand upon the mate's shoulder, and asked:

"How is she running, Jock?"

"The wind is light, sir. She is only making three knots and I don't like the looks of the weather."

The captain scanned the heavens a moment, then replied:

"We are outside the Banks, now, and if we get a cupful of wind, she will have plenty of room to kick up her heels."

"Aye, aye, sir; so she will."

The sentence was never finished. With a sudden spring, he shouted:

"Launch a boat!"

Putting one hand upon the bulwark, he sprang into the sea.

"What does all this mean?" asked the captain.

"Your daughter is overboard, sir," cried the man at the helm.

The boat went rattling down the side of the ship, and two sturdy fellows jumped in and caught up the oars.

"Bring the ship to," ordered the captain.

Leaving over the side of the ship, he shouted:

"Pull, boys—for God sake, and mine-pull!"

There was no need to tell them to pull, for they loved the little, frolicsome child, and their young mate, also.

The captain removed his hat and watched the scene with his head uncovered. He saw the upturned face of his child; her long curls floating out on the water; he saw the swimmer reach the spot and throw one arm around her. If ever a man prayed in agony, he did. He could not take his eyes from the spot until the boat reached them. He saw the child lifted in, then the mate, and his eyes filled with tears of thanksgiving, and the scene was blotted out. He wiped them away that he might watch the return of the boat. He looked again.

"Aye, aye," he said aloud. "There is my lad, holding my darling" in his arms. Oh, God! I thank Thee! I thank Thee!"

When they reached the ship, and the child found herself once more safe in her father's arms, she burst into hysterical weeping.

"Oh, papa!" she sobbed. "I thought the sharks would get me; and when I saw him coming, I was sure it was a shark, until he said, 'don't be afraid; I will save you.' Then I seemed to go to sleep, and I didn't know anything after that, until I was in the boat, and he was holding me in his arms. Oh, papa, papa! I will never say another word against him—never, never!"

"Hush, child, hush!" said the captain, soothingly, "or you will frighten your mother. She does not know you were overboard. Go, now, my darling, and get on some dry clothes, for I must go and thank your lordly mate."

"Oh! papa, papa, never mention that again, for I feel so ashamed of myself."

The captain looked around for the mate but, he was nowhere to be seen, and it being near the dinner hour he joined his family in the cabin.

"What does this mean," asked Mrs. Love, in a pained tone. "Emma says she has been overboard, and you never let me know."

"And if you had known it, dear, what good would it have done? You women always make such a fuss," replied the captain, with a smile.

"Well, I think you might have let me know," she answered.

"There was no time, my dear, for the case required prompt action, and had it not been for the mate's promptness, Emma would have been drowned, for I did not see her fall overboard. Tell me, Pet, how did it happen?"

"Well, papa, my dog got naughty and would not fetch me the ball. I was going to punish him by wetting his feet. I leaned over so far I could not get back, and before I could call for help, my hand slipped, and I fell into the water."

She shivered and covered her face with her hands.

"Was the pup drowned?" asked Mrs.

Love. "No, mamma; he found him when he was coming to me, and put him on his shoulder. You do not know how awful the thing looked, with two heads, coming straight for me, and making the water splash at such a fearful rate."

"And you thought it was a lordly shark going to dine upon you, my poor, little lass, and the captain drew her closer to him, and kissed her again and again."

"Dear! dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Love, "this adventure has nearly upset me. It is more startling than anything in 'this book,' taking up the novel she had been reading. 'I must see the hero of the rescue. Perhaps he may turn out to be a duke or a lord, and heir to a large fortune, just like the hero in this story. Ask him in, Archy, to have dinner with us; then I can thank him personally.'"

"Aye, that I will," and he left the cabin.

John had changed his wet garments for a becoming suit of navy blue, and was attending to his duties, when the captain came up to him, and, grasping his hand, shook it up and down as if it were a pump handle.

"God bless you, my lad!" he at length exclaimed, "you have made me your debtor for life."

The captain's voice trembled and his eyes were full of tears.

"It was nothing, sir," replied John. "I hope the young lady is not feeling any the worse for her setting."

"She is a little off her course now, but, will soon get her bearing again. Mrs. Love wants you to take dinner with us, that she may have an opportunity of thanking you."

"Excuse me, but I would rather not, sir," and the color swept over John's face.

"No disobeying orders, on this ship," said the captain, with a smile, "so come right along."

It was with a very red face that John followed the captain into the presence of Mrs. Love. She thanked him with heartfelt gratitude for his bravery.

"It did not require much bravery," he replied, "for I like to swim. I was afraid the sharks would get her, however, for they are very plentiful in this latitude."

"She thought you were a shark with two heads," said the captain, with a comical look on his face.

John smiled.

"You don't know how awful you looked," said Emma, looking up in his smiling face. "Where is my pug?"

"I wiped him dry, and put him in my berth to get a sleep. When he wakes I will bring him to you," replied John with his eyes fixed upon her face.

"Thanks, you have been very good to me, and my dog. I have been a naughty girl and said things to you that I should not have said. Will you forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive," he said, with the same smile on his face.

Turning to Mrs. Love, he asked: "Will you excuse me? The bells have just struck, and I must relieve the man at the helm."

Then he bowed and left the cabin.

"Why, my little lass," said the captain, in an anxious tone, "what have you been doing?"

"I have been very naughty to him, papa, because he would not take any notice of me, and I thought if I got an opportunity I would lower his topsail, as you would say. When I went out on deck, the pug caught up my ball and would not give it to me. The mate let me chase the dog until I was tired out. Then he caught him and taking the ball from him handed it to me. I snatched it from him, and said:

"Just attend to your own business, and let the dog and I alone."

"I thought he would beg my pardon."

"And did he do so?"

"Not he! His eyes sparkled with fun, and he stood for a moment looking down on me, as if I were beneath his notice, then turned and just walked away."

The captain's hearty ha ha he heard out on deck.

"Why, Emma," said her mother, closing the novel, but keeping her finger between the leaves, "if I should turn out to be the son of a duke and heir to a large estate—just like the one in this story."

Again the captain's merry laugh rang out.

Having got the idea in her head that John came from aristocratic parents, Mrs. Love patronized the young mate and would make him take his meals with them, and in this way an intimacy sprang up between the young people that was very pleasing to the captain. He had followed the sea all his life and loved it dearly. He had no higher ambition for his daughter than to see her a captain's wife. He was well served in his own mind that John would soon command a ship of his own.

Emma changed after her rescue from drowning. From a giddy, selfish child, she became sober and womanly. She read and studied—taking a deep interest in navigation. When the weather was fine, she would sit upon deck and ply her father with questions about latitude and longitude until he would jump up and say:

"I can't be bothered." Jock will explain it to you." And away he would walk with his eyes gleaming with merriment.

Then John would sit down beside her and be her teacher for a while. Their

conversation would soon drift into different latitudes. John had a very graphic way of describing his subject that amused Emma, and when her merry laugh would reach the ears of her fond father, he would smile and mentally soliloquize:

"They have got into the Gulf Stream."

Captain Love reached his destination, discharged the lumber, and taking in ballast returned to St. John.

CHAPTER III.

We will now pass over a period of four years—while Emma is finishing her education under good Dr. B—Mrs. Love's health has been gradually failing during those past four years. Doctors have recommended a sea voyage and once more we find them on board the ship Flora—bound for Liverpool.

Emma has grown into a tall, dark complexioned, rosy cheeked maiden. John—who has never left his friends—is looking more manly than when we saw him last, as he walks around giving his orders to the men. The old captain has given up command of the vessel to him.

"Take the command of the ship, my lad," he had said to Jack. "I am getting very near the harbor, and I feel as if I would like to rest a wee bit."

Mrs. Love's health did not improve. As the days went by she gradually grew worse, and as they reached mid-ocean, she passed peacefully away.

Tearful and sad was the little company that gathered around the open gangway to hear John read the burial service, before the body of Mrs. Love was committed to the deep.

After his wife's death, Captain Love seemed to lose his hold upon life. He took no notice of what was going on around him. He read his Bible constantly. His daughter's love and tenderness, and John's increasing fidelity had no effect in arousing him from the lethargy that had taken possession of him. It was not until they reached Liverpool that the dark cloud of sorrow seemed to lift from his mind. Then for a while he seemed to take some interest in life. He gave directions about the cargo and other business matters, and became quite cheerful again until the ship started upon the return trip to St. John.

They had been out about a week, and were nearing the latitude where Mrs. Love had been buried. The captain had been unusually lively all day, but after they had finished their tea, and John was about to leave the cabin, the captain laid his hand upon his arm to detain him.

"Sit down, Jock," he said. "I want to talk to you. Come here, Emma, and sit beside me, where I can talk to both of you. You have been a good lad, Jock, and I have always loved you as a son, and I know a dear little craft you would like to call your own, and have been too bashful to ask for her."

"Aye, aye, sir. I love your daughter, but, I did not like to ask for her until I had a ship of my own. Will you give her to me, then, sir?" grasping the captain's hand.

"Aye, lad, she belongs to you for you saved her life."

"Thank, sir; a thousand thanks. I will take good care of her."

"Aye, lad; I know you will. Here are papers of recommendation. With those, you will have no difficulty in getting a vessel. The Flora is getting old, you had better get a new ship."

"She has been a fortunate ship for me, sir."

"Aye, lad, but, all things earthly soon come to an end."

Giving Emma a bank book, he said: "You will find in the Bank in St. John a little marriage portion for you, my dear lass, and he kissed her tenderly."

"Oh! papa, keep the book. You will live to use the money yourself. Do papa, for my sake and John's say you will live, dearest papa."

She threw her arms round his neck and burst into tears.

"Na, na, my pet. I will soon be where the gold never rusts."

Tenderly taking their hands he joined them and said, fervently:

"God bless you, my children."

There was a moment of silence, then he asked:

"Have you got your Bible chart, my lad?"

"Aye, sir."

"Has it ever steered you out of the right course, lad?"

"Na, no, sir."

"Well, keep on steering by it, lad, and when you and the lass reach the port of Heaven, I will be there to welcome you."

He paused.

"How many days have we been out, lad?"

"Five, sir."

After a few moments, he said, as if speaking his thoughts aloud:

"The sea, the sea, the beautiful sea! let me be buried in the sea!"

The next morning, Emma, not hearing her father moving around the cabin as usual, went softly in for fear of disturbing him. He was lying with one hand under his cheek, as if he was sleeping.

One look at his face told her his spirit had cast anchor in that Harbor from which no vessel has ever returned.

John heard her shriek, and hastened to learn the cause. He found her prostrate across her father's lifeless form.

He lifted her tenderly in his arms and laid her down upon a sofa, and used every means he knew of to restore her to consciousness. It seemed hours to him be-

fore she began to show signs of returning life. Then she opened her eyes and starting up, exclaimed wildly:

"John, John, oh, papa, papa!"

Then she burst into sobs and tears, that greatly relieved her overwrought feelings.

John's face was nearly as white as her own, but he let her weep on, knowing that it was nature's own balm for grief.

Taking her hand in his, he said, "Emma, my own dear one, be brave, and we will bear this great sorrow together. We are alone in the world, now; but, we will always remember his last words, to steer our lives by this Book."

He took the Bible from his pocket and read:

"And Jesus said, I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believes in Me though he were dead yet shall he live."

It was a clear, calm morning upon the day that the body of Captain Love was to be consigned to the sea he loved so well. Old Neptune seemed to smile as if glad to gather again to his children to his bosom. The flag floated at half mast, the ship was brought to, and all hands called. The gangway was opened, and two planks run out until the end touched the water. Upon those planks the body of the captain was laid—prepared in the usual form for a burial at sea.

John stood with his head uncovered, and the prayer-book in his hand, on one side of the planks. Emma, stood by his side, weeping bitterly. On the opposite side stood the crew, holding their souls' western in their hands, while the tears streamed down their weather-beaten cheeks. Two of the men who had sailed with the captain for some years, were stationed at the end of the planks.

John read the burial service with a trembling voice. As he read the words "we commit the body of our dear, departed Captain to the deep, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection," the men raised the ends of the planks and the captain's body moved slowly down and disappeared beneath the waves. Emma's restrained feelings could stand it no longer. Stretching out her arms toward the spot where her father had disappeared, she cried out, in a wailing voice:

"Oh, papa, papa, come back, come back to me!"

John put his arm around her, and led her back to the cabin.

When he returned to the deck there was no sign of the sad scene that had just taken place. The ship was on her course, the flag floated from masthead, and the men were at work as if nothing unusual had happened.

Our hero seemed destined to pass through another trouble. Off the coast of Newfoundland they encountered rough weather. Their masts were carried away and a plank started. In this helpless condition they drifted around for two days. Then they were rescued by a vessel and taken into Halifax.

When our hero reached St. John he learned that a fine ship was soon to be launched at Courtney Bay. He had no trouble in obtaining the position of commander as soon as she was ready for sea. A month later and the good ship E— was ready for her young captain. Then a quiet marriage ceremony was performed at the hotel, and Captain Brown and his wife started out upon a double voyage.

For many years he sailed the sea—never losing a vessel. He was beloved by his men and trusted by his employers—always steering his life by his Bible-chart. Seventy years had whitened his hair and wrinkled his face when he retired from the sea to spend the last few years of his life in quiet—until the order should come from the Great Captain, to weigh anchor and sail into the Port of Heaven.

(The End.)

Have Not Surrendered.

MADRID, May 14.—The Filipino committee has issued a manifesto to the press declaring that the "Filipino government" will reject all negotiations for peace on the part of the Americans, based upon any scheme of autonomy, and will demand that the United States fulfil the agreement made before the declaration of war with Spain. The manifesto denies that Gen. Antonio Luna has surrendered and asserts that Major Gen. Lawton is routed and that the hospitals are "filled with Americans," hundreds of whom are insubordinate.

Mr. Gibbs went to an entertainment, and by mistake sat on his neighbor's silk hat, reducing it to a shapeless mass. The owner of the hat was naturally indignant, and breathed threats of vengeance.

"Sir," said Mr. Gibbs, calmly, "I am very sorry, and must admit that I was awkward. But," he added, complacently, "it might have been worse."

"I don't see how it could have been," roared the victim.

"Oh, yes, it could!" said Gibbs, "I might have sat down on my own hat."

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