(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVI.

TILL DEATH DO PART. For a few moments after Colonel Wolcott regained the deck he suffered an agony of apprehension. He could see nothing of Adela. The dog's instinct was more keen than his awn. Jeb recognized Mel crouching under the lee bulwark near the poop, and with a low whine attempted to struggle down the deck, now sloping at a sharp angle from bows to stern. Near the steward, rigid in her grief, sat Adela, with her head upon her kness. Emma Wylie lay half-crouching at her feet; and Adela had thrown an arm around her. Harrie Tontine stood near the group, her. Harrie Tontine stood near the group, with a scared face, and holding on by a stanchion—her little heart bursting with indigna-tion against the mother who had saved herself and left her to destruction. Some instinct recognizing the eternal laws of motherhood was strong upon her. A terror of forsakenness oppressed her, and she gazed with an expression of intense bitterness into the boiling sea. It seemed so cruel in her mother to have saved herself and left her child to perish. Her fears were swallowed up in a great sense

Mamma! mamma! mamma!" she shriek-"Mr. Dobson, oh! what made you save mamma and let her leave me? * She has gone away, and left me to be drowned! Mamma, mamma, come back! You shall come back Don't leave me! I won't be drowned alone! Colonel Wolcott put his arm round the

rantic child and tried to soothe her.

In the noise of the storm his steps and th child's cries were both unheard by Adela and Emma Wylie. Their attitude expressed despondent resignation. Both were waiting for death without a murmur or a cry.

Adela sat, as we have said, on the deck,

with her face bowed on her knees. Her husband knew that she was praying. If he had ever read Southey's doctor—which he had -or could have thought of a quotation in a nomentso supreme, he might have remembered Dr. Dove's exclamation, when recalling his brief love-dream for the burgomaster's daughter at Leyden, "God forgive me! For while she was worshipping the Almighty, I was worshipping her!" Wending his way to where she sat, he stood some moments in ilence, his heart uttering an amen to her unknown petition. At last she looked up, with a wan, white face, and beheld him bending over her. Her flush was like a gleam of sun shine breaking through the clouds of a retreat

ing storm. Pointing in the direction where the Robert E. Lee had vanished, she said reproachfully—
"Are you here, Lancelot? I was thanking God that you were safe. I thought, I hope that by this time you were on board the

"Rid you think I would let myself b Then, in low tones, he whispered tender words; he called her wife and love—his "dear, dear Adela." She raised her eyes and fastened them on his with one of thos intense looks by which one soul sends a mes sage into another soul. He took her in his for she had risen : he kissed her, he murmured low, fond words in her ear, while she clung closely to his breast, sobbing with strong emotion.
"It was so wrong of you to come back!

You should have left me He answered her with kisses.
"Nothing can part us now, Lancelot?" "Nothing, my wife-forever and forever

Fresh kisses Love's language always is forever," says a Frenchman, writing on divorce. "Adam said it with manly confidence to Eve as he ed her to his bosom. Eve whispered it in a voice trembling with new emotion. For-ever has been the key-note ever since in the song of happy lovers."

all this time the Crimes was bounding forward to her fate. Men stood with folded arms, attempting no control over the elements. All felt that they were sweeping to on death, without a chance, without a

After a while a roll, even more fearful than any felt as yet, carried the port bulwark down so low that an immense green wave swelled over it, washing away everything it met, rushing like a cataract down the con panion-way, and bursting through the broken hatchways and skylight of the engine-room, though these were protected by every spa-sail to be had on board the steamer.

"I must put you out of the reach of seas like this," her husband said to Adela; and, drawing her more closely to himself, to pretossed in their wake, he went on, "Do you remember how the 'skipper's little daughter was lashed to the mast in the ballad? I am going to lash you to this mast, love. If the ship goes down in the night, we shall go with her. It will be better than being buffeted about in such a sea. We will quietly sink hand in hand-my wife, my love, my life-

"Better than living on estranged," she "But I think she will last till daylight, he went on eagerly, "and before that time we may fall in with a ship. We are in the track of vessels. At least, you will not suffer from the cold, my love. The 'salt waves' will not be frozen on your breast, nor the 'salt tears in your sweet eyes."
"Ah!" exclaimed Adela, "I have often

thought of that prayer which we have been told to gray, that danger may not come upon as in the winter. All horrors are so aggravated by cold." The only officer remaining on the ship was

The only officer remaining on the ship was making his way aft, and passed them at that moment. Even in the awful pre-occupation of his own and the ship's peril, he looked at them with curiosity. The colonel explained to him his plan for securing the women, apeaking of adela as his wife.

Mr. Wood, the officer, made no remark on the address though in reply he address.

the relationship, though in reply he addressed him, with a slight emphasis, as "Mr. Dobon," remarking that "Mrs. Welcott" would suffer greatly from eramp and from exposure greatly from eramp and from exposure e spray. But here on deck she is in constant peril

bom these frightful lurches, and no one any longer can go down below,"said her husband. Mr. Wood said no more, but turned into the captain's little den, and brought out blankets and railway rugs.
"Wrap the ladies and the child in these," he said. "Make mummies of them, that

ther may not feel the ropes, and draw one end of a rog ever their faces."

He assisted in doing this, first for Adela, then for Emma Wylie, then for Harrie; and Wolcott lifted each a few feet from the deck, he lashed her to the mast. and made fast, under the belaying pins, coil f rope, on which their feet might rest The colonel felt an unreasonable but intol

erable pang of jealousy that anything which tying of a sailor's knot, should be thus taker him. He would so gladly have per formed every service for her in the few m ments which remained to them.

Harrie resisted at first, but yielded on per

conscious of physical suffering, but was much subdued by the sense of desertion. He little heart, untaught, untrained, untamed was benumbed by the shock to her instinctive

I don't see how she could! I don't se low she could !" she sobbed from time to "I thought all mammas took care of their little girls, but my mamma has saved

"Horrible woman!" whispered Colonel Welcott to Adela.

She answered him by a caress, but smiled, and said, "Poor woman!" very softly.

"Could'we get anything to eat, Mel?"

"Dunne, Mas' Lancelot. I'll done try get inside the steward's pantry."

But Mel could not succeed in forcing open the door that led into the pantry. He brought

the door that led into the pantry. He brought back only a few spoiled biscuit, which they shared among them.

Between decks the water, coloured black

by coal, had broken through the bulkhes

by coal, had broken through the bulkheads, and was setting everything movable afloat, breaking up even the iron flooring and iron stairways of the engine-room, and making a loud, melancholy noise as it plunged from side to side of the vessel. It seemed a deep, black tarn.

"Real devilish black, like de ole pit, Mas' Lancelot," said Mel. "I'se 'fraid look down de hatchway, it's so black!"

When the women had been made safe, as far as the pitching and tossing of the ship was concerned, Colonel Wolcott left them for a moment, hoping to be more successful than a moment, hoping to be more successful than Mel in his search for food or brandy. He made his way down to his own state-room and then tried again to force the pantry

oors, in which he was not successful By this time the thunder-storm had rolled away. The dim clouds which had contained the tempest had parted, lightened of their wrath; and the setting sun looked forth between their rifts on the ruin that the day had

Finding he could get nothing to eat excep ome oranges, Colonel Wolcott went again into his state-room, took a few papers from his trunk, and then, his hands trembling with paste, tumbled out a quantity of clothes Adela had begged that he would put on dry clothing, and he now obeyed her by dressing himself from head to toot as if upon his wedding-day. He even smoothed his hair and passed a comb through his superb expanse of beard. One other thing he searched or in his trunk and found, and then he hurried back to Adela. It was the impulse to pay her a last tribute,

to act the lover to his wife for the first tin and the last, before they died together. He had tried to get into her state-room t secure for her some little comforts, but he found that was not to be done. Two feet of water was swashing about the ladies' cabin, with books, boxes, shoes, chairs, and other light objects floating in it, while on the lee side all the heavy furniture had broken through the bulkheads or was piled against he doors of the state-rooms. He managed to

to look his very best for this once in her eyes,

non the weather-side of the cabin, and hen struggled back to the deck. The object which he had taken from his trunk was an Indian shawl—such a shawl as eldom finds its way into the lands of sunset, costly and rare even to an Indian eye. was the gift of a rajah, who had bestowed it on his Frankish guest, as an offering of hospi

get pillows and blankets from the berths

Colonel Wolcott had laughed a little in his sleeve over the gift. He now remembered this with a pang; he had smiled, not sighed to think that he was without ties to any oman, had felt amused by the unsuitable ness of the princely gift to his bachelor condition. Now, with strange pride and joy and grief, he drew it forth for his love's winding-

Returning to her side, he saw by her eyes that his brief absence had disquieted and alarmed her. He spread his mantle of the East over her from head to foot. Even at such a moment she was too truly a woman not to feel delight in the costly offering.
"O Lancelot, is it for me "she asked

How superb it is, how soft and beautiful! "Thank God that I have yet the chance to rive it to you, my wife !" he cried, clasping s arms around her waist and resting his fac beside her knees. Her little feet nestled into his bosom. From time to time he looked into her eyes, which smiled back love upon him. The spray dashed over them, the billows raged, and the ship rolled; but their souls, parted for so long, drew together like two water-drops at this crisis of their fate. nd were fused into one another. They for gave without reason, they comprehended without speech, they trusted where they had no power to see. When did lovers negotiate ciliation? When did affection ever need a satisfactory explanation of past misunder

"Are you as comfortable as I can make u, dearest?"
"Ah, Lancelot, I am happier than I have An, Lancelot, I am happier than I have been for years. It seems strange to be so happy. I wonder if it is wrong to be so? But for me, you might have saved yourself. Perhaps God means to save us, after all. He has heard my other prayers. He has given me back you!"

They put no questions to the officer no walking on the poop, who paused occasionally at the taffrail to note the settling of the labouring vessel. He, too, was "strengthen ng up his courage to his fate," as he the ing up his courage to his fate," as he thought of the bright promise of his life so soon to end, of the family who, far away "down East," would mourn his fate.

The Crimea no longer pitched so heavily; for the last twenty-four hours she had lain

lmost on an even keel, but her stern was set ling deep, and from time to time she gave an No one was at the helm. The wheel had been lashed fast by a stout hawser. Attempts to bail or pump the water out had been given

np as hopeless.

Now and then Harrie uttered a little wait Then Colonel Wolcott, from where he lay would put out his right arm and clasp he The sense of his protection se to comfort her. From time to time the dog, too, howled and whined. Adela was happy Colonel Wolcott anxious, Emma Wylie calm they were drifting into death, astor

leath, the great event of life, should come to brain had "grown too tired to understand"; her own will and her own heart seemed merged into the Will Omnipotent and the Lo

Eternal./
"Adela." her husband whispered once the lull of the gale, "let me hear you say once more that you love me!" And with the old caress she answer Dear Lancelot, I have prayed daily, since ew days after you went away from us, that I

night live to hear you say those same word "And suppose-suppose we should be saved suppose I should again turn out a harsh,

unsympathizing husband suppose that should ever be unkind to you?" "Then I will think of my own short comings in our old married life. I will re nember that you are my own husband. do not know the strength it puts into woman to remember those three words are as much my own by the will of God as if

we had been born mated to each other."
"This is the proudest moment of my life "My happiest," she said, and laughed a faint, sweet laugh. "Who could imagine we should be happy at such a dreadful time? Oh, I should be so glad, except for Lance! How can I give up my boy? How can I bear Then, after a pause, she added, "But it is

etter for Lance even to have us die together than to see us living estranged. A house divided against itself cannot shelter its children. We must give him up as our joint dying gift to his Heavenly Father. His ther and grandfather will be good to im, still I wish you could have chosen him a guardian. To be a very rich young America a great trial.

paused; then suddenly her self-con trol gave way. "I cannot bear it!" she cried. "God, give me faith and trust enough to do "I cannot bear it!" she cried. what millions of other poor mothers do in faith, and be willing to give my child up on this strange death-bed! God has heard all this strange death-bed! God has heard all my other prayers. He has given me you back, I know He will take care of Lance for me! It is easier to trust him to God than to leave him to man. But I have hoped against hope, ever since he was born, that I might live to see my Lancelots proud of one ano-

With that she broke for the first time into wild weeping. When she grew calmer under his comforting, he said— "Sing me that hymn you sang on Sunday, three days ago, Adela. It went to my heart.

There is hope in its words."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "it is a hymn for ourning, a burial-service hymn. Was it for We'll take it for an omen." said her hus

To me it conveyed hope in every And then her voice rose clear and high, her whole soul pouring into the notes as a pours his heart out in his melody:

Torn sails, provisions short, And only not a wreck! But oh, the joy, upon the shore To tell our voyage troubles o'er

The song floated to the ears of the fo group of men huddled round the for They raised their heads to listen. two essayed a feeble cheer. Colonel Wolcott respon Wolcott responded

CHAPTER XVII.

ON A REEF. After midnight Adela became restless noving her arms and hands, apparently with out purpose, and muttering low, as if in troubled sleep. Her husband could not make out many of her words. The night was intensely dark. When he spoke to her she di

not answer him.

The strain of so many hours of exposu and suspense, the cruel and perpetual dash of the spray, and the want of food were telling fearfully on her strength. Once in a while he thought he could distinguish a low moan of "Water, water!" thirst probably being aggravated by the constant salt wetting.

Harrie seemed to feel physicial sufferiless keenly than her companions. Mi
Wylie's lips were closed in stern endurance She was a small, soft, plump creature in ap-pearance, trained in the self-restraints of English conventional propriety, and braced

to the endurance of a martyr.

When morning broke with a faint glim over their port bow, before it was possible to see near objects on the deck, Colonel Wolcott see near objects on the deck, Colonel Wolcott-glanced up at the sky above them. There were rugged rents and rifts here and there in the dun mass, but its prevalent tint was a lurid slate-colour, with low edgings of darker cloud fringing three parts of the horizon. The spray continued to be, as it had been all night, intolerable, wetting them through and through, like a prolonged shower-bath. The pale daylight grew, and at last Lancelot could see his companions. The rugs which protected them had fallen back, and each face lay on its wet pillow, calm, white, and

with salt spray, and too heavy to float, and all but Adela seemed to sleep.

Emma Wylie roused first. Her waking glance was full of great awe. Adela's eve were open—wide open—but neither memory, expression, nor intelligence beamed from them. Her husband gave a wild cry as he beheld her staring vacantly at him.

still as thought carved in marble; their long

hair hung down in wet strands, encruste

The cry woke Harrie, who had fallen into a troubled sleep, and Miss Wylie feebly moved and tried to turn her head. Worse than the worst that he had feared had come upon them. Adela was dying, and in her last moments she would never know low passionately he loved her.

He glanced despairingly, along the deck. During the darkness it had been swept by more than one great sea. The wreck had twice broached to, then quivered, righted, and gone on. He had fancied during the plack night that shrieks sounded above the creaking of joints and the howling of the tempest—shrieks, first shrill, then fainter, ying away along the foaming wake. But might have been mistaken: had grown confused in the loud jangle of dis

A few forms, he could not tell how many were still gathered round the stump of the mast, and all were gazing eastward. Upon the quarter-deck no one remained e cept themselves and Mel, who had not fol owed his master's example and advice to lash himself into the rigging. He was lying on the deck, with the dog licking his face and whining piteously. At first Colonel Wolcott fancied that the poor fellow was dead; but he was only in a negro sleep, which is almost as profound as death, and can be taken at any moment, like that of an animal. At his naster's call he roused himself, raised his head, and looked about him. He sprang up, instantly, with a sharp cry. His eye, which had been trained to some experience on ship-board, saw that the men about the mast were

intently gazing at a low speck in the far distance, a light line on the horizon to the east. He waved his cap, and was the first to short, The fog was lifting. In half an hour, plain before them, lay a long line of reef—a rugged ridge of rocks, dark and grim, with pools and straits and fiords on a tiny scale, running up into the hollows between the ridges. On to this reef the Crimea was adlong. The sea was still boiling and uning, the wind high; it had shifted a little

and was now a few points west of south.

"This is the east coast of Ireland, I suppose,
Mel?" said his master.

"Yes, Mas' Lancelot. Dere's where dis ship gwine to lay her bones. She'll strike her ole ribs broadside on dem rocks and go to

Nothing but a miracle, as it now seen ould save them. The ship had not a boat eft. Yet to a landsman there is an instincve comfort in the sight of land, even if that land be a lee shore. To Colonel Wolcott, who had lived much on the Atlantic coast, with othing but the sea between him and the ame rocks that he now gazed upon, there was even a kind of reassurance in the familiar sound of the low roar of surf and the dash of reaking billows.

His first care was to unfasten the women

The ship was now much steadier than she had been, and they could keep their footing. Miss Wylie and Harrie were too cramped and stiff to stand, and very weak and cold. Both were incapable of active thought or physical exertion. Adela shivered painfully, coherent words, and occasionally singing snatches of hymns; but her bodily power seemed greater than those of the other two,

and she stood up, clinging to her husband.

The little group waited the moment of the crash with their eyes fixed upon the reef, especially on one great rock which stood out far to sea, captain or sentinel to all the rest, and over which dashed a cloup of spray as the full force of the sea broke against it with a hollow roar.

The great hull of the steamship rolled ma

estically in, drifting before the gale directly towards the centre of the reef, settling slowly nto the hollows of the waves with each life

of the green heave under her.

As they rose on the waves, houses, and even people, became visible on the land beyond the reef; but the shore was parted from the rocks by a quarter of a mile of comparativel quiet sea, the reef forming a breakwater to pretty little bay. A flagstaff had been planted in the middle of the reef, upon one of its nighest ridges.

A sort of dull impatience took possession of

Colonel Wolcott. He longed to strike and ave it over. But the sailors, few in number s they were, animated by some fragment of last hope, stimulated by the sight of a new danger, or impelled, perhaps, merely by the sailor instinct to do their duty to the bitter end, made a further attempt to save the If it were possible to anchor, or to round

the point of the reef between the outlying black rock and the main ridge, they migh vet be saved. But six men were left with Mr. Wood, third officer—too small a force to work the ship successfully in any case; against such odds, almost helpless. Two anagainst such outs, and there was an instant of hope while one of the seemed to hold: but presently the drifting recommenced, and it was evident that the anchor wa dragging. Meanwhile the attempt was made to set a topsail, but again and again the wet and heavy canvas tore itself out of their hands; the thunder of its flapping rose loude than the voices of the winds or surf. and al efforts to alter the course of the ship, and to steer her towards the west end of the reef, proved in vain. She rocked and tossed, she acked like an uneasy horse, shipping great seas after each attempt; but every time her head fell off again in a shower of foam. Again and again they tried, and again they failed. At last they gave it up, and let her drift unchecked to her doom. Each time she lifted on a wave the grim rocks rose nearer to her bows, white as a bed of wool with spray and foam.

The fear of death was strong on Colone Wolcott, who had now so much for which he wished to live—stronger than it had been until that moment. His heart swelled with

a great repentance. There was no German questionings to disturb his spirit as he stood looking eternity in the face, measuring with his eye the lessening space between Adela and himself and the last enemy.

The tide was almost at the full, and in many places on the rocks dulse-weed lifted its long leathery strands upon the heave. The reef seemed solid rock except for this draping of dull brown. When the ship struck, there would not be even the poor struck, there would not be even the poor

neath them to soften the shock and receive their bones.

A man, the sturdiest seaman left on the wreck, was holding on to a splinter of the foremast, with his feet planted in jags and rents made when the spar had broken off. He, too, was keeping a lookout upon the reef and calculating what remnant of life remainded to them. ed to them.

The tide sucked her in fast. The boom or the rocks sounded nearer and louder each second, thundering their summons to eter-Another moment and the death-blow fell.

A tremendous roller lifted the Crimea over a low outer line of rocks, whose heads just showed themselves above the surge, and carried her half way over the reef, raising her

bodily. There was a mighty heave, a grind, a crack. The ship quivered, and then lifted with a strange impulse, and crashed down into a hollow between two rocks, where she stuck hard and fast. Her fate was sealed, her race was run. The elements might work their will upon her. She gave a heavy lurch to port, and settled herself to rest, like a nded sea-monster lying down to die. The concussion as she struck threw every

The concussion as she struck threw every one on deck against the bulwarks or upon their faces. The ship lay motionless, held fast in the grim jaws of the reef, at an angle of about twenty-five degrees.

For one moment the bitterness of death was tasted by all on board, except Adla, who was unconscius of all sevention. The who was und cious of all sensation. The oment passed. To their surprise, life was still left them. The ship had not broken up with the shock. The men forward made signs to Colonel Wolcott to bring the ladies to the forecastle, for the fore part of the ship was tight wedged between the rocks, while the stain, which was still at the mercy of the

waves, might break off at any mon the tide ebbed from under the vessel. They could now plainly see people watch-ng them from the shore, which, with its little illage under a round green hill, lay beyond the bay formed by the reef, at least half a mile away from them. When the tide at ength began to ebb, it became evident that arations were making to launch a boat. The fishermen of the place were coming off to help them. Very tiny looked their little craft as she danced under her reefed lug-sail over the rollers, which, even in the sheltered

nner bay, were still high and dangerous. was evident to those on board the Crimea that to get either from the ship's stern into the boat, or from the bows upon the reef, where, indeed, the slippery dulse-weed afforded no secure foothold, would be equally perilous; nor even, had they all been landed on some dry point of the reef, was it easy to see how to transfer helpless passengers the boat from its steep iron edge.

It was also more difficult than any lands-man can understand for the fishing skiff to approach the wreck while she lay in her pre sent position. She must have been dashed to pieces had her crew tried to round the reef in the wind's teeth. They knew better than to mpt fate by such a wenture, and contented themselves with beating towards the inner side of the reef, keeping as much as possible under shelter of the rocks that formed a reak-water, and there lay to.

Unless the men on the Crimea could effect a landing on the oozy, slippery ledge, and thence transfer themselves to the boat as she lay under the reef, which on the land side seemed almost perpendicular, those on board now began to think that nothing could be done for their relief until the storm was spent before which time it was evident the

must go to pieces.

"If a rope could be got from the end of the mainward and made last to the flagstaff on the reef," thought Colonel Wolcott, "we might be passed along it by a basket made of a small sail, or some others sailor's device, and us into the host upon the other how was a hawser to be got round the flag-staff? The sea was still breaking over the reef where the ship lay. The mainyard seem ed on a level with the foot of the staff, which was planted on the highest rock of the reef, about fifty yards away. The Irish fishermen were apparently not fertile in resources, or, with the wrecker's instinct, were waiting for the breaking up of the vessel to secure her cargo. Even if willing to afford help, they evidently required directions from those on board the ship, and communication was, so

far, impossible.

One or two of the Crimea's seamen made the attempt to land upon the reef, but it proved utterly impossible. The rocks, dash proved utterly impossible. The rocks, dashed over by a furious surf, and slippery with

slimy weed, gave no footing.
"Our only chance," said Colonel Wolcott,
after watching these attempts for some time
in silence, "is for some strong swimmer to find an opening through the rocks, or to weather the reef and communicate with the fishermen. Since their boat has got under the lee yonder, they can see neither us nor our signals. The men in her may have some plan with which we can co-operate. They are doing nothing, so far as we can tell. Very likely they only half understand our

He looked at the sailors as he spoke, was resolved to go himself if no more suitable volunteer should offer. His eye lighted upon Mel, who was already stripping off his cloth-

Mel was very agile, and in his boyish days had been renowned among his associates for wiming feats. 'I'se gwine, Mas' Lancelot," he "You stay with Miss Adela. Me an' de pup will do it, if so be it can be done!"

He turned quickly, shook the hand of his master; and then, with his bare feet patter-

ing along the deck, ran down the steep slop from the forecastle to the stern, flung off hi rom the forecastle to the stern, hing on his remaining garments on the poop, and, calling to the dog, sprang over the tatiral into the water. He held the slack of a light rope in his hand. The dog plunged after him.

The surf was still terrible. Luckily, the tide was now at ebb, but the force of the

wind drove in the waves with fury.

But for the help of Jeb, Mel, after his plunge, would have been dashed back against the chains of the rudder. Again and again he was whirled past the yielding, oozy weed that draped the reef, snatched at its treacherous

strands, and was washed back again, grasping a handful of wet dulse.

His shipmates watched him from the wreck, too breathless, too absorbed, for hail or cheer. But the struggle was unequal. At last one vast billow was seen to spin him round, as it rolled up after whirling him against the reef, and then it bore him back, back, back into the sea. He disappeared, with a black spot that darted after him, through surge and oam. They saw another roller lift up black specks a quarter of a mile away, and after that only the surf could be seen beating along the granite rocks of a lee shore.

After an interval of suspense, Jeb was perceived running along the bare part of the reef,

whining, and begging help from those "If we could get a rope round the dog" "If we could get a rope round the dog's neck, and make him reeve it round the flagpole, that might save us," said a foremast man. But in vain they called, in vain they coaxed or threatened. Jeb was the dog of the ship no longer, he was the friend of Mel; he would do nothing but run back and forth along the wester's adea slipping whising along the water's edge, slipping, whining, and mutely begging for aid, while on the other side of the reef the Irish boat lay tossng uselessly with her crew, willing, perhaps out not knowing how to afford the longed-f

lp. Colonel Wolcott, since the disappearance f, Mel, had been absorbed in caring for hi wife, who every moment was growing weaker He now roused himself and looked around him. His quick glance took in the difficulty. He placed Adela, with a look of earnest pleading, in the arms of Emma Wylie, and ran out upon the bowsprit which overhung

the ridge. There were several men upon it, trying to coax the dog to come nearer to

chistled. The animal stopped at once and ricked his ears. Colonel Wolcott whistled gain. The dog drew nearer, crouching autiously, with a low whine. One of the cautiously, with a low whine. One of the men far out upon the bowsprit threw a noose over his neck and captured him.

"That will do," said Colonel Wolcott.

"Pay out your line, now. Don't draw him in. I'll manage him."

He directed one of the men to bring him a gun, which had been loaded and laid in the captain's cabin to be used if necessary in

captain's cabin to be used, if necessary, in making signals. Again he whistled. Again, bewildered and surprised, the dog stood still and looked at him.

Then, selecting a gull flying low over the crest of the reef, not far from the flagstaff, he pointed it out to Jeb, shouting "Dead bird!" and fired. The instinct of a well-trained retriever, and his obedience to the order of the master who had trained him to his work, prevailed. Jeb bounded in the direction in which the bird had fallen. He passed the flagstaff, impeded but not stopped by the wet cord which trailed behind him. As soon as he was safely past the staff, Colonel Wolcott recalled him. The dog paus-

ed. The colonel whistled again. Je back slowly, but he returned without doubling round the pole, which was not what they had hoped of him. Again Colonel Wolcott shot This time, when the return and hied him on. signal was given, Jeb obeyed the motion of his master's hand, and returned on the right of the flagstaff, thus reeving the cord round

The men cheered. Colonel Wolcott encouraged him. Nearly choked by the tightening of the cord as he dragged it round the flag oole, he came nearer to the vessel. Con nunication with the land, if they could secure this cord, was now attained.
One of the sailors lowered himself daringl rom the bowsprit, till able to catch hold of able to preserve his balance with the weight of the dog added, and his comrades all began to haul in, with a loud cheer. Soon a stout nawser was safe reeved round the flagstaff, along which several sailors swung then hand over hand.

Once at the flagstaff, it was easy to run smooth water under the lee of the reef, which was very steep on the side towards the

village.

The tide, as we have said, was going down and the surf no longer made a clean breach over the reef. A "basket" for the women was quickly improvised out of a studding sail, and was worked by a guide-line along the hawser, attended by two seamen. Miss Wylie and Harrie Tontine went first, that Miss Wylie might be ready to receive Adela, whom the sailors would not allow to be accompanied by her husband. They fear ed to put too great a strain upon the line of nication. He therefore was obliged to consign her to the "basket," wrapping the Indian shawl around her carefully. On the next trip he followed her. Then the "basket," On the after two or three more trips to the ship to oring off landsmen, was attached to anoth hawser, one end of which was fastened to a point of rock on the land side of the ree lose to the little boat which lay in waiting. In a few minutes the ladies and Mr. Wood

cross the little bay in the direction of the ishing village.

Two or three of the Irish sailors, beside the erew of the Crimea, Colonel Wolcott, and the other male passengers, were left, waiting for its next trip. Mr. Wood, indeed, had pur-posely pushed off the boat to avoid being accompanied by "Mr. Dobson."

the officer, were on board of it, standing

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW WOMAN MAY PUT ASUNDER At first Colonel Wolcott was wild with vexation at being thus forced to let, his helpless wife go ashore without himself to keep guard over her. But he recollected that he had forfeited the right to keep her, in sickness or in health, and had no right to interfere with the young officer who had assumed the charge of her. He was told also that the boat was very small, and that Mr. Wood had

He next endeavoured to make arrange ments for sending out a party in quest of poor Mel, but found that none of the sailors were willing to waste time on an uncertain and perilous search for the body of an under from their officer to stay and look after the vessel. The fishermen, very possibly, migh be wreckers, who, if unwatched, wo quickly reap this harvest of the ocean. That Mel's body was on the reef the colo

was convinced, and he thought it possible that life might still be in him. He felt that he owed careful search, not only to the brave fellow who had been prompted to a gallant deed by attachment to himself, but also to the poor dog, who was howling on the ridge of the reef, and whose fidelity had saved all

their lives.

He applied for aid to the Irish fishermen.

They had brought water, bread, and whiskey in their boat, and their first care had been to give the women nourishment, which had wonderfully restored Harrie and her governess, and somewhat revived Adela, whom, through his glass, her husband could see lying quietly in the stern-sheets, with he head on the lap of Emma Wylie. The Irishmen were as little disposed as the sailors to search the reef for a dead body.

Colonel Wolcott then proposed to go himself and found a volunteer to accompany him in one of the Irish party, a tall, strong man who provided both himself and his companion with a pair of stout spiked brogans and a long pole, like an alpenstock, fitted with a bill-hook at one end. Staff in hand, and shod like an Alpin

climber, Colonel Wolcott, having refreshed himself by food and drink, set out on his earch. As they descended the ridge, on which the morning sun was now beating, they had a full side view of their stranded ship, whose vast size and enormous height were astonishing as

thus seen. What a prodigy of wood and iron she seem-There she lay, with her seams opening, the sea rushing in upon her wave after wave, like battalions reinforced by fresh battalions, each billow dealing a resounding blow upon the yawning timbers. Her joints were all agape, her wounds were widening.
"Thank God!" said Colonel Wolcott,

"Thank God! said Colones to the a sigh of relief. "Adela is safely out of her."
The dog was waiting for them on the ridge,
The dog was waiting for them on the ridge, and seemed to know their errand; he hem along the reef, where again and again, but for their shoes and poles, they must have lost their footing. Colonel Wolcott had a ship's glass with him, and from the higher points made a careful survey of the rocks, out nothing was to be seen of Mel. Still, dead or alive, he must be somewhere near, they thought, for the dog ran back to on them and trembled with excitement. At last they reached a sort of gully in the rocks into which the waves foamed furiously. Across this the dog took his way, jumping from shelf to shelf, and the men followed. When they came to the edge of the gully

they looked down into a tiny cave or bay roofed with black stones and floored with sparkling shingle. From this point, black rocks, invisible at high tide, seemed to extend far out to sea, rising, like the backs of porpoises, above the slaty blue of the ocean. Stooping over and looking down as the dog me to a point, they saw poor Mel immediately below them. The dog, as they guessed, had dragged him out of the surf, for there were the marks of his paws above the water-line. He sprang

down when he perceived that they saw what he had come to show them, and threw himself upon the body, licking its face with moans that were almost like a human cry.

Poor Mel lay with his face upturned to the sun's glare, his legs outstretched in a small pool left under a round rock by the retreating

The Irishman and Colonel Wolcott raise him. His face looked very calm. His wet limbs shone like a bronze statue in the sun. There were many wounds about his face and

breast, but none that seemed enough to kill "He is not dead. His heart beats! I can

"He is not dead. His heart feel it!" cried the colonel.

They had brought whiskey with them, some of which they now poured down his throat. After a while he opened his eyes, but his left arm hung powerless. They put it in a sling, and with difficulty and danger, and at great cost of time, got him over the reef to the flagstaff, when his shipmates relieved them, and carried him down to the landing-place, where the boat was now waiting to receive a second load.

Colonel Wolcott suffered during this inter-

val an intolerable agony of mind. Mel, saved, though still insensible, no longer occupied his thoughts. Paddy Byrne, the Irishman, had told him there was a doctor in the village. What might that authority, in whose hands life and death seemed to lie, have said by this time of the condition of Adela? The village before them appeared a strag gling hamlet, desolate and wild enough to be

nest of wreckers. He remembered, with sudden alarm, that Adela had valuable rings upon her fingers, and that a priceless shaw as wrapped about her. He questioned the men as, relieved of the burden of poor Mel, they went down the slope of the reef together.

The men told him that the ladies would most probably be taken to the house of the

rector, Mr. Darrell, and pointed it out on the side of a round hill, at the foot of which nestled the village.
"Is Mr. Darrell the Protestant rector of the place?"
"Shure he's no less, may it plaze your

"Has he a wife?" "True for your honour, and too true," was the answer. "Is she not a good woman?"

"I've nothing anent her. I would not be asy if I got anyone's ill will."
"Will she take good care of my wife?" "That I couldn't say, at all, at all. That'll be as it happens, plaze your honour.' By further pains and pressing, Colonel Wolcott got himself "discomfortably" informed that Mrs. Darrell was a woman very anpopular among her Roman Catholic neigh-

"His rivirince, Mr. Darrell, was a man," Paddy said, "but his lady was the divil for meddling. She hadn't no childer, an' no real work at all to do in life, and was always for making some trouble out of no-thing. She'd be good enough belike to the strange lady for a time, that is, if she took a fancy to her. But it was bad luck for them all when she came into the village. It was a pity that the likes of her couldn't be put to e for twenty or thirty hours in the twenty our hours of the day." Paddy evidently thought that even the tender mereies of the

rector's wife were precarious and undesirable. "And about this poor mulatto boy who is servant, and my dog," said Colonel Wolott, more and more anxious to get back to "How can I get them cared for? Is there an inn, or even a pot-house, in the rillage?"
"There isn't a public in the place, at all,

at all, your honour. There's a shebeen, but that's two miles off, over the hill, an' it hasn't but the one room in it. Anybody will be proud to take the dog and man-servant for Won't you do it yourself, Paddy?" the colonel said. "I'll pay you handsomely. Have you a cottage?"

hesitated.

be your honour's servant would be after wanting more nor the likes of us could offer 'Your cottage is better than the hu where he was born, on my estate," said Colonel Wolcott, making a mental inventory of the rags and makeshifts of Mel's native cabin

With all the pleasure in life, only may

What he wants is care and kindness. shall pay for these, and for any comforts he may need, and for the doctor." He put his hand into his breast-pocket, and then refrained from drawing out his purse, fo his doubts had returned, and he recollected that it might be dangerous to let it be known that he had money about him.

By this time they had reached the water's edge. The men in the boat told him that the ladies and little girl had been carried to Mr. and little girl had been carried to Mr.

Darrell's house, and pointed up the hi

white edifice of some pretensions.
"His rivirince, Father Joe, is waiting a he landing-place," they said, ouse to the jantleman. is very kind and hospitable." Colonel Wolcott, "but I shall go with my wife if the rector can take me in; if not, I must stay as near to her as possible." He said the same thing, on landing, to Father Joe, who met him on the little jetty with a hospitable invitation. The fathe then offered to see after Mel and the dog, who under his superintendence, were transported to Paddy Byrne's cottage, while Colonel Wolcott set off at full speed to the rectory.

The hill was very steep, and as he mounted he realized, for the first time, the full mea sure of his weakness and exhaustion. "There's Mr. Dobson, I declare, coming to nere," cried Harrie Tontine, who was terrib herself by this time, and was looking out of the rectory window. "He's the man we had on board under a false name. They said he was a thief or a defaulter, or something that kind. He acted real queer about Mr Wolcott. First place he frightened her, and tried to put his arm round her on the hurri cane deck one evening, and the officers were going to interfere, when I knocked down both

of them. Then afterwards, when he tied us

up in the rigging, and we could not help our selves, he kept kissing her and kissing her like everything."
"Little girl," cried the rector's lady. trust he is not coming to my house. Shelah Shelah!" to her maid; "don't let that man ome inside of this door. Do you hear now Colonel Wolcott, panting and very pale ntered the wicket-gate of the rector's garden His appearance was not in his favour. The thes of the previous night were dirty vet, and ragged; his beard was matted, ful sand and sea-weed; he had lost his own hat, and had accepted the tarpaulin of a fisher

man.
To his eager, breathless questions, "How my wife, Mrs. Wolcott? Can I see her Shelah was a good deal puzzled to reply. "The lady is very ill, sir. I was to say as you could not come in. You had better come

again and see the master. "
"I cannot go in? Who says so?" Colonel Wolcott, putting his shoulder against the sill of the door. "Ask Mrs. Darrell to speak to me. Say that I am Colonel Wolcott At this Mrs. Darrell, who had been listen ing behind her parlour-door, came from her hiding-place, with Harrie grinning behind her.

'Madam, I am Colonel Wolcott. Have the goodness to tell me how my wife is, and to show me to her room." "Go away, sir!" she said sternly. not intrude your most unworthy self into the esence of a lady who may be dying, for all ou know. Your character has been exposed and is known. Leave my house imm

ately!"
"Madam," cried Colonel Wolcott, "yor are under some very serious misapprehent I am Colonel Wolcott, the Asiatic trav whose book you may possibly have heard of I can refer you to the American Ambassado in London, or to my publisher. The lady under your care is Mrs. Wolcott, my wife, from whom I have been parted during vanderings for the past nine years. mand to see her. You have no right to keep me from her.' "My mamma said that Mrs. Wolcott

vasn't your wife," put in Harrie Tontine at this juncture.
"There, sir, you hear what the child says about you. Go away at once, or I will have you put out of my gate by force. You are t the man that you profess to be. Mr. Dobson, an impostor, a man under a false name, a defaulter and thief for aught I know,

or an escaped convict, perhaps a ticket-of At this moment her raised voice attracted Emma Wylie, who was looking out of an upper window—the window of Mrs, Wolcott's

"for humanity's sake, tell me how she is, what the doctor thinks of her!"
"He thinks she must be kept very quiet,

Mr. Dobson; and your voice has made her restless," replied Miss Wylie.

"Come down, then, if you please," said he, A moment after Miss Wylie came down-His voice was hoarse and hard, his eyes blood-shot and angry. He restrained him self, however, and in a whisper said excited

"Tell this-this lady, Miss Wylie, who I dare say means well, that Mrs. Wolcott re-peatedly acknowledged me to be her hus-band."

Emma Wylie hesitated. "Speak, Miss Wylie!"
"Indeed, Mr. Dobson," she said, bursting into tears, "I cannot bear to give you pain, I owe you a great deal. You saved our lives. But I cannot say what is not true. I do not remember Mrs. Wolcott saying that she was your wife, though during our last dreadful day and night many things that I did not hear may have been going on between you. I understood Mrs. Tontine, who often spoke about it in our state-room, that Mrs. Wolcott was a lady who had been divorced from her husband, who was somewhere in India: that

she was very rich, and was going home to her familv."But I am Colonel Wolcott, her husband: and I do not think that we have been divorce ed. If we have, we shall be remarried immediately. I only ask to see her, to be with her, till she gets better.'

"It is a disreputable piece of business any I ever heard of," said Mrs. Darrell. "I don't want any divorced people in my nouse, —nor any impostors, either. Here, Mr. Dar-rell, Mr. Darrell?"'she cried, as that gentle-rell, into his own garden, "what must we do about this fellow? Here is a man who will not go away, who says the lady who is so ill is his wife, and wants me to let hi go up to her room. The child and the young lady both declare that he is not her husband; that she is a divorced woman whom he had been paying attentions to on board the steamer; that he is travelling under a false name, and is a disreputable character They knew him on board ship as Mr. Dob

By this time the strain of so many ho of exertion, privation, and excitement had told on Colonel Wolcott. He staggered, and eaned, faint and sick, against the door. "Allow me, sir," he said, "to explain the atter privately. "Indeed, you shall do no such thing, Mr.

Darrell. Anybody can take you in, as we all know." cried his wife. "My dear, my dear?" said Mr. Darrell. "Softly, my dear, I beg of you. Remember the poor man has just been through great suffering and exposure. If I may so express myself without irreverence, 'a night and a day he has been in the deep'; and" (lowering

little out of his mind." Here Harrie, Mrs. Darrell, and Miss Wylie ut their heads together, as he whispered for their information: "They say down on the beach that he has a monomania for claiming everything. He spoke of his servant, who turns out to be the ship's steward; and of his dog, a Gordon setter, that has been ter voyages in the Crimea. They say he offered to pay for attendance on the dog and steward but did not show his money. Let me get him away quietly. The poor man is in want of rest and food."

"Worse and worse!" said Mrs Darrel 'A crazy man and a divorced woman! never wished to have anything to do with Americans. American cousins, indeed, as people in public speeches call them! I don't lieve that Americans are more respectable than any other foreigners. Where is the

"Gone to Killarney to telegraph to his owners and the Trinity House. He says the Crimea's owners will pay all reasonable exenses, and that the lady upstairs is very rich—so that's all right, my love!"

Here Adela's voice was heard through the pen window of her chamber, singing

"Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cordage, shattered deck, Torn sails, provisions short, And only not a wreck!" Colonel Wolcott flushed deeply and started to his feet, then sank down again with a sigh, and buried his face in his hands. The Darrells were more convinced than

ever that he was crazy.

"Now go, Mr. Dobson, there's a good man," said Mr. Darrell. "You may disturb the lady. I'll walk a little way with you down the hill. I'll go down to the wharf and find a place for you. You want a little care yourself after your shipwreck. It will you good to see the doctor," "Yes, sir; I intend to see the doctor when he comes out of your house, after his next visit to my wife," said Colonel Wolcott;

and I will see him here.' So_saying, he seated himself on a large stone outside the gate of the rectory, where for some time he remained motionless, over-come by the prolonged strain of the past week; for this was Wednesday, the 10th of June, six days after our narrative commenced, and not quite a week since we saw him run-ning gayly down the steps after the Minister's ball, rejoicing in his literary success, and congratulating himself that he was free from Il domestic obligations.

How much may happen in a week ! (To be continued.)

Flirting on Ocean Steamers. The officers of the ocean steamers, it is said, can, from their posts of observation on the bridge," tell more of what is going on among the passengers—firstations and elope-ments—and better judge of their character and characteristics, whether they are fugi-tives from justice, commercial travellers, clergymen, or grass widows, than the passen-gers learn below. One of these observing captains declares that he knows whether a young woman has left her lover at one port or expects to meet him at the other. The explanation, like the explanation of many other amazing things, is simple enough. If her lover is behind her, she cares nothing for wind, rain, or fog, but gets tanned, freekled, and roughened in a highly healthful and independent fashion. But, if her lover is waiting for her, she takes infinite trouble with veils

and other complexion preservatives.

How a Dumb Man Was Made to Speak One Howard, indicted here for burglary, soon after imprisonment feigned insanity and pretended to hang himself with the bedclothes, but at a time when he would be promptly taken down. When cut down he pretended to be paralysed and unable to walk. All efforts to induce him to walk or talk were useless, and for eight months he was an emigma to the gaol offic cers, as also a cause of trouble, a man being constantly in couch. Finally the galvanic battery was applied to him, when his muscles responded and he danced vigorously around the cell. Soon after this experiment he was tried and

He did not speak a word during the trial,

pretending to be affected with paralysis of the tongue, rendering him speechless. This, however, was found to be pretence. for when

nostrils, although three of the stoutest guards

the galvanic battery was

convicted.

were holding him, he broke away from them all, exclaiming, "My God, you don't intend to kill me, do you?"—Washington Despatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.

of our country is getting to be fearfully alarm ing, the average of life being lessened every real without any reasonable cause, death resulting generally from the most insignificant origin. At this season of the year especially a cold is such a common thing that in the hurry of every day life the common thing that in the hurry of every day life. common thing that in the hurry of every day lie we are apt to overlook the dangers attending is and often find too late that a fever or lung trouble has already set in. Thousands lose their lives in this way every winter, while had Boschee's German Syrup been taken a cure would have resulted and a large bill from a doctor been avoided. For all diseases of the throst and lungs Boschee's German Syrup has proven itself to be the greatest discovery of its kind in medicine. Every druggist in this country will tell you of its wonderful effect. Over \$50,000 bot les sold last year without a single failure known.

THE FARM.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Chicago Telegraph utters a f ing against the dangerous characte is food, and instances several receives the from triching. For more reason the Chicago people should

The Oshawa Vindicator says that woman residing in that town won thousand dollars who steals hens. that she is worth twenty thousan else she might steal turkeys. says you can tell what the Creator

money by the kind of people he giv In round numbers, eighty million worth of hogs are sold annual United States to foreign countries, great trade, wails the New York perilled by hog cholera! added "and trichina." breeders never had such an oppor now, what with swine and cattle over the line, to improve their po secure the European market.

In spite of the vigorous mea neighbours are taking to suppress the spread of pleuro-pneumonia an live stock, the disease continues t and gather force. Such a state of not exist without danger to Canad It, therefore, behoves our farmers ers to take every precaution, and remember that cleanliness is the of the trouble. In an item re number of afflicted animals disco Long Island farm, the significant found: "the cattle were found i and wretched condition. whole story.

The Chicago papers are still trichinæ. Two more persons have from eating ham containing the par piece of the ham was procured and to an examination under the Each ounce was estimated to con fifteen thousand. The disease too course. Pain in the stomach was i diarrhese and pain in the muscles, fever. The disease runs its cour five weeks. The triching do not but become permanently embed muscles, where they lie The danger from these parasi mient to cause pe flesh altogether. The only safe thorough cooking. It requires of temperature to kill the pests. A ing will not do. They fortably in the centre of a boiler is well cooked on the outsi thoroughly cooked in all parts b A little precaution dangerous.

Lord Derby, while adhering firm belief in free trade, apparently spairs of bringing other countries his views. In a letter to the chair South Wales and Monmouthship scale Committee he says :- "I a cannot hold out to you or to your hope of effective action being tak abolition of foreign import duties industrial productions. Diplor little in a matter of this kind. vise foreign Governments to alter to for their sakes, and we may ask t so for ours, but to both—the advis appeal-the same answer will be g appeal—the same answer will be gi nations regulate their financial sys cordance with their own ideas and own convenience.' We ourselves, not been convinced that the ado free-trade system would benefit would certainly not have been led it by advice or remonstrances from States. Why should we expect more compliant? The only hope foreigners to adopt the economics valent in this country lies in sh their failure diminished our faith in them or tion in their ultimate success. cold comfort, but I have no other Remember that the world moves that it is not forty years since were in a minority in the Englishment." The trouble is not, as his appears to think, that the world in slowly, but that it moves too fast we have come to recognise that in well as individual life, if we woul consideration must first be given

AGRICULTURAL NOTI

The erection of extensive flouring Stratford is agitating for the a

market fees, and with every prospe MR. MECHI, the well-known Eng culturist, has failed with liabi Hay pressing for export is being vigorously at Sterling. Some 500 be shipped during the winter.

To meet the views of the farmers, Mount Forest passed a l week declaring their market free. The London Council, at its nex will be recommended by the Ma mittee to throw the market open fr Simon Heslop, of Glanford, has Stewart farm in that township cash. One hundred acres is the ex The London Board of Alderme polved to abolish the market fees the county authorities do away with

Over four tons of Canadian pour been shipped from Belleville in one Frand Trunk railway, for the Eng Two hundred and seventy-five four hundred pounds of cheese we the West Nissouri cheese factory las an which \$31,400 was realized. The epizootic is raging among th Argentenil. The coughing, sneezing bility are so great that some horses ground, and others stagger from the

The Allan steamship Prussian, on, which arrived at Liverpool landed her live stock shipment of good order, with the exception of t ied on the passage.

The Farnham Beet-Root Sugar are making great progress with the The machinery is being made in Eng £5,000 was remitted on the 8th in payment for the same. Every farmer residing in the vi Wattord has devoted a day or two team in hauling brick and sand re-the buildings being erected in place destroyed by the recent disastrous fi

that hereafter all candidates for pul asking the support of the Granger requested publicly to express the ents upon railway corporations relation to the people. From a piece of ground only Patterson, of Percy, recently pubushels of carrots. This is what called an extraordinary crop, equal

The Ohio Grange has adopted a

loes, 900 bushels to the acre. An ingenious machine has been di separating the sound cranberries in from the unsound. They are pour at the rate of six barrels an hou at the rate of six barrels an hour sound ones, having elasticity, boun barrier, while those decayed remain. The Elmira December cattle fair in that town on Monday. About dred head of cathe were offered, as all were sold. Mr. Isaac Stauffer