

man, who attempted to push against him and throw him down—"sir, I never make way for a fool." "I always do," replied Wesley, stepping aside and calmly passing on.

THE YOUNG HERO.

THE young hero was a thin, pale faced boy, whom a worthless father-in-law had smuggled on board a Liverpool steamer, and who was discovered three days after stowed away among the cargo. The mate disbelieved the boy's story, suspecting that some one of the crew was in the secret, and that the lad lied in order to screen him. Here is the test to which the poor boy was subjected, as related by the second engineer of the ship:

"Now, my lad," says the mate, in a hard square kind of voice, that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall; "you see that lere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess;" (he took out his watch and held it in his hand); "and if you don't tell the truth before the time is up, I'll hang ye like a dog!"

The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a growl went among 'em, like a wild beast awakin' out of a nap.

"Silence there!" shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. "Stand by to run for'ard!" and with his own hands he puts the noose round the boy's neck. The little feller never flinched a bit; but there were some among the sailors (big strong chaps as could ha' felled a ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself of *my* little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang *him*; and at the very thought on't I tingled all over, and my fingers clutched themselves as if they was a-grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold of a handspike, and held it behind my back, all ready.