THE WRECK. The next day broke, thick, lowering, and grey, with a short, heavy swell. The atmosphere seemed to press down upon the ship. It was not haze, it was not fog, but a sort of It was not haze, it was not fog, but a sort of dead weight of atmospheric pressure. A heavy, leaden sky loomed over a dull, gloomy sea. The Crimea laboured terribly, rising with apparent effort on the back of every swell. The passengers were nearly all kept prisoners in their berths, though some few were in the saloon, from the windows of which they looked out on the grey-green heave which it sickened them to study. It was one of those uncomfortable days on shipboard when sailors have everything their own way, and when all a landsman can do is to hold on, physically and metaphorically, till things right themselves and restore the passenger element to supremacy.

There was not much wind as yet, though it was evident that a gale was coming up from the Bay of Biscay. Now and then, without warning, all things loose about the decks, animate or inanimate, were flung to leeward, and for a moment the ship floundered help-lessly till she rose upon another swell.

A sleepless night had more and more unsettled Colonel Wolcott's plans and feelings.

"Doubts tossed him to and fro.
Love keeping Hone Hone Love alive."

"Doubts tossed him to and fro, Love keeping Hope, Hope, Love alive." At one moment his courage sank as he recalled the look of wild reproach his wife had cast at him; at another, he thrilled with the remembrance of the instant during which he had held her in his arms.

On his reappearance among the officers of the ship and his fellow-passengers, he per-ceived alresh that he was an object of general avoidance and suspicion. At first it amused, then it annoyed him. In his present mood, isolation was hateful. He was yearning for

"I have no longer any reason to conceal myself from Adela. The die is cast, so far as she is concerned," he said. "And yet how can I admit the vulgar crowd on board into my confidence, how suffer it to watch the progress of a drama which is life and death to gress of a drama which is life and death to me? No! So long as the voyage flats, I must retain this name of Dobson. But as for you, old boy, you may recognize me now!" he suddenly exclaimed, stooping, with a new appreciation of sympathy, to the dog, who for four days had never ceased, whenever his master appeared on deck, to track his steps, and sniff about his feet with looks of mute in the company of the animal had been recognize with and sain about his feet with looks of mute in-quiry. The animal had been reasoning with-th himself, as we all know a good dog will, not able to set his confused perceptions right because no caress from the hand that once fondled him had responded to his demonstra-tions of delight, turning his suspicions into certainty.

But now Colonel Wolcott whistled as he took the dog's head in his two hands. The treature recognized the note; he recognized the voice he had been tutored to obey when, it years before, his master had lain wounded and in hiding in a cabin on his own plantation. With a low whine of yearning long suppressed, and then a sudden, quick bark of rapture and surprise, the creature knew him, the present of the present of the colonial suppressed and then a sudden, quick bark of rapture and surprise, the creature knew him, the present of the present of the creature knew him, the present of the present of the creature knew him, the present of the present art—perhaps because, like manly tender-as for little children, it makes a safety-list for strong emotion. No man is ashamed being moved by the affection of a beast or collect. Colonel Wolcott fairly broke down

It was early in the morning, and, as we have said, the swell was foo great to tempt passengers on deck from safer parts of the yessel. He and the deg had the ghards to themselves, and could give free vent to emotion. The man caressed and fondled the dog; the dog leaped round him. It was like one of those moments of abandon into which boys fing themselves with animals, in which it is hard to say if the creature is almost human or the boy almost dog.

Jeb was a black-and-tan setter of the Gordon breed, with eyes as tender, beseeching

don breed, with eyes as tender, beseeching.
and wistful as a woman's; and soft fringes on

his shapely legs.
As Colonel Wolcott played with this old As Colonel Wolcott played with this old companion the flood-gates of his heart were opened, and forth rushed a pent-up tide of long-repressed affection. To no one on board, mave Adela, could he have spoken about his hopes, but to Jeb he gave his confidence freely, "God help me, Jeb! God help me! I will win her back. I am a lost man if I fail; and if ever I have wife and child and house and home and happiness again, I'll have you and Mel too, I promise, Jeb."

Later in the day Mel put the following note into his master's hand:—

"Do not think me ungrateful or ungracious, though I may not be able to do all that you expect of me. I appreciate the generosity of your promise, made without conditions. I

though I may not be able to do all that you expect of me. I appreciate the generosity of your promise, made without conditions. I have seen your feeling for our boy. The sight of it and the attraction that he found in you made me perceive that a child needs both his parents, that boy is not like those little animals who only need a mother. I send you his address, that you may write to him or see him. You will not take him from me, nor will I any longer hide him from you. You gave me to understand that news of his birth never reached you. Letters were written at the time and afterwards, but I suppose they did not get through the lines. I wish I understood more fully what you would have of me. If it be what I fear, it is my duty to oppose you; but not for selfish or unworthy ends. I respect my marriage vow, and must act as I think right for him and myself and you."

Colonel Wolcott read this letter over and over. It was systematically cold, as if the writer had repressed herself with every word, but in it there was evident a wish to do him justice, a sympathy for him as the father of

but in it there was evident a wish to do him justice, a sympathy for him as the father of Lance, and openings that might lead to reconciliation. He read and pondered it over and over. He sought her on the decks, which were wet and lonely; looked into the ladies' cabin, where he had no claim to penetrate; watched for her among the groups who, after luncheon, were endeavouring to amuse themselves in the saloon in spite of the heavings and plungings of the vessel; but in vain; she did not appear.

He questioned the doctor, who answered him curtly that Mrs. Wolcott was ill and un-

him curtly that Mrs. Wolcott was ill and un-able to leave her cabin.

Pencil and paper was his only resource. It might be rash to write to her, to deprive him-left, at the supreme moment of his life, of the persuasiveness of look, tone, touch—of the persuasiveness of look tone, touch—of the look tone, touch—of the persuasiveness of look tone, touch—of the look tone, touch—of the persuasiveness of look tone, touch—of the look tone, t

nect her with her husband; but he burned with impatience to "put his fortunes to the touch," and would delay no longer.
"Adela, my. dearest wife," he wrote, "I have been blind and ignorant. Give me the opportunity to plead my cause. Make little Lance a link between us. Precious as he is to you, I shall not rest satisfied until you love his father just a little more. I love you, Adela, and will do my best to make you love me in return, unless your heart is wholly set against me. If I may plead with you, come out and join me in the captain's cabin, near the round house, I shall remain there till I see you.

"Devotedly, your husband,

This note he gave to Mel, and waited, with

This note he gave to Mel, and watted, with actionary misgivings, for the answer.

The steward soon came back.

"Miss Adela in her berth," he said.

"Did you give it to her, Mel ?"

"Yes, Mas' Lancelot. That is, I stood by nen de stewardess, she gib it her. Mrs. ontine an' dat ar limb, Miss Harrie, was in r state-room; an' Miss Harrie ask Miss lela if it was a love-letter, an' laugh an' say e knew it was from you."

ain't no fit place jus' now for ladies. 'Specs it's coming on to blow great guns."

Hour after hour passed. Colonel Wolcott took his place in the saloon at dinner. Few passengers, and those all men, were present. The captain was not there. Adela did not

The captain was not there. Adela did not appear.

He asked the captain, after dinner, if he had heard from her, and whether, if she came on deck, he might use the little cabin. He was comforted, on the whole, when the captain told him that he was very sure she would not come on deck that day, as peremptory orders had been sent down to keep all the ladies under hatches.

'It is as much as we can do to work the ship without having them to take care of," said the captain. "Ladies are best out of the way when it comes on to blow."

Still restless, Colonel Wolcott, about dusk, again went on deck. The night was lowering, though a small crescent moon at intervals broke with a sort of watery light through rifts in the flying scud, and lighted up the glimmering spray along the billow's edge.

"A roughish night," said one of the officers, shaking the water from his cap. They were more civil to Mr. Dobson since it was known that the captain had admitted him to his own table.

The steamer was labouring in the long swell. She was freighted with railroad iron, always' a most unmanageable cargo. It demoralizes the compass and is difficult to stow—indeed, it is almost impossible to load it so as to trim a vessel; besides which, should it by any accident break loose, it soon bumps a hole in the ship's bottom. The officers were all preparing for a stormy night. Every now and then the straining ship went down into a valley of black water, then rose upon the surging crest of the succeeding wave, the mighty mass washing her onward as she buried her bows in the grey seas which foamed over her forecastle. Now forward and now aft, she felt the full force of the sea and wind, and quivering as she rose to meet the blast from the protecting hollow of some giant billow.

An officer or two upon the hurricane-deck clung to the brazen railing, which alone pre-

An officer or two upon the hurricane-deck clung to the brazen railing, which alone prevented them from being washed, feet foremost, into the boiling sea.

"No place this for you," said Captain Moore to his passenger. "It needs sea legs to keep the deck to-night. You had better go into the saloon or find shelter just within the doorway of the companion. We cannot have you get a ducking every evening."

As he groke there was a sudden even.

have you get a ducking every evening."

As he spoke there was a sudden crash. A shiver ran through the whole framework of the vessel, the groans of the machinery ceased. The ship shook as though she would jerk all her masts out of her; the water poured over her bulwarks and swashed down the hatchways, carrying Colonel Wolcott off his feet. He brought up against something, he could not see what in the dark, and clutched it, while the great wave floated away from under him. As the water poured into the ship's waist, and ran off through the scuppers, he recovered himself, and sickened as he realized the escaped danger.

No one had noticed him, nor would have noticed him had he been washed away. All hands were busy, and an indescribable confusion prevailed both above and below; for in a few moments it had become known to all on board that the great shaft of the engine had been broken, and that the Crimea was at that moment drifting helplessly, little better that a wreck.

Before she could be brought under seated.

that moment drifting helplessly, little better that a wreck.

Before she could be brought under control with sails she shipped sea after sea. Two of her masts had been split (she carried four), the jib-boom was blown away, the fore-royal mast was broken in two pieces, and with its yards went over the side, where, till the crew could cut it loose, it remained thumping against the hull of the vessel, knocking in one or two of the dead-lights, and smashing in its

or two of the dead-lights, and smashing in its fall the skylight of the engine-room; it also crushed and ground two of the boats, which added greatly to the confusion and the alarm. As soon as Colonel Wolcott could recover breath, he made his way into the ladies cabin. There all was terror and confusion. Water was washing down the stairs, in spite of the efforts of the tread steward and his assistants. Ladies were clinging to their husbands and fathers, and imploring them not to leave them. There was no raving, no running to and fro; but every time the vessel lurched a shriek arose, "and great fear was upon all faces." faces."
Some women knelt in prayer in their state-

Some women knelt in prayer in their staterooms with the doors open, for an instinct to
be together seemed common to all the passengers; but the greater part were in the
open cabin. A heavy chandelier had swung
crashing against a mirror, and fragments of
broken glass were scattered everywhere.
Nearly all the lights were out, and the half
darkness aided the confusion. Each time the
ship rose on a wave—rolling as if she never
again could right herself—and made a sharp
downward plunge again, more water rushed
down the hatchways, swashing first to one
side, then the other, invading the state-rooms,
drifting and floating boxes, books, tables,
chairs, life preservers, and everything movable
about the cabins. It was no easy, rhythmic
swell, such as all who have ever been to sea
know and appreciate in a "stiff gale." She
was literally "trying." The steersman
could not keep her steady before the wind,
and the pitching was terrible.

Through the confusion Colonel Wolcott
made his way to his wife's state-room. Adela,
dressed, was standing within its threshold,
steadying herself against the door-posts and
the bulkhead. She turned and saw her husband. A rush of recollections overwhelmed
them for a moment. Their glances were more
eloquent than spoken words.

Bracing herself by back and feet against
the doorway, Adela half held out her arms.
Her husband put his round her. "God grant
that we are still husband and wife, Adela!"
he whispered.

"Amen!" she said. "Let us die husband

that we are still husband and wife, Adels!" he whispered.

"Amen!" she said. "Let us die husband and wife—let us die together!"

"No, live together. We are wrecked, but not yet lost," exclaimed Lancelot.

"Amen!" responded Adela fervently.

Through all the horrors of their situation they had a momentary glimpse of Eden, like a gleam of peaceful glory from a Christmas tree, flashed before the eyes of some despairing outcast in the street as the curtain falls within before the lighted window-pane.

The curtain in this instance descended with a jerk, for they heard Harrie Tontine's disagreeable titter. Just then there was a cry down the companion of "Volunteers wanted for the pumps!"

Lancelot lifted Adela, and put her back upon the bed in her state-room.

Lancelot lifted Adela, and put her back upon the bed in her state-room.

When he struggled up on deck, the night seemed gloomier that ever. Water came washing round his knees, and the wind was blowing a hurricane. He felt his way, steadying himself by the ropes, the stays, and ratlines, till he arrived about midships. Six passengers and as many sailors were at the pumps, presided over by an officer, but the work was very laborious and exhausting. The sea broke over them so roughly that sometimes they all stood in water to their waists, and in that water floated objects, which, before they were washed overboard, hurtled against everything they met, and bruised and injured more than one of the working party. Several of those who laboured at the pumps had already received bad wounds. When a great sea was shipped, the pumps stopped perforce for a moment; then, as the wave receded, rose the strong voice of authority, urging them cheerily on with their task again.

ask again.

About half an hour after this began, Mel About half an hour after this began, Mel made his way along the dangerous deck, saying as he came on, "Whar Mas' Lancelot? Whar my young mas'r?"

In the ordinary intercourse of life Mel, emancipated by the fate of war, would have scorned to call any man his master: now it seemed pleasant to revive every tie that involved a sense of relationship or protection.

He had brought a bottle of Cognac and a gutta-percha drinking-cup.

"Missee done send them," he said.

"Tell her God bless her, Mel!" was the answer.

him. The wandering Arab, who had congratulated himself not a week since on his freedom from all ties, was now in ecstasy at the reception of a mouthful of brandy from a wife's hand.

After another hour of tough work he was obliged to desist, from sheer exhaustion, and made his way back into the ladies' cabin. By this time the frightened passengers had grown more quiet. Many were sitting round Dr. Danvers at a table, where he alternately read passages of scripture and uttered prayers. A young man, badly hurt on the deck, had been brought down among the women and laid upon a sofa.

Adela sat-beside fanning him. She did not see her husband when he first opened the door, but he was met by a chorus of voices asking for news, and Mrs. Tontine seized upon him.

"Colonel, Colonel, save me, save me! Oh, for the sake of old times, take care of me!"

"Colonel, Colonel, save me, save me! Oh, for the sake of old times, take care of me!"
She flung herself upon his breast, she clung fast to him, while he stood powerless to unclasp her arms from his neck, yet fearing that Adela would misinterpret the situation.

"Pray calm yourself, Mrs. Tontine," he said. "Of course I shall do all I can for you. We are not lost yet. The ship is put about, and we are heading back to Queenstown."

about, and we are heading back to Queenatown."

"Yes, yes! But if the worst should come, save me! O Lancelot, save me! I am more to you than she can be. Think how you once loved me!"

Colonel Wolcott was utterly shocked. The woman was beside herself with abject terror, but he could not understand how, even at such a moment, personal fear could swallow up all womanly perceptions. He was trying to disengage her arms from his neck when Adela, steadying herself by the cabin bulkhead, came to his resone.

"Mrs. Tontine," she said, with a quiver in her voice. "stay with me. My husband will take care of you."

"He's not your husband! You have been divorced. I had it in a letter from New York!" screamed Mrs. Tontine.

"We think not, we hope not," said Adela.
"But, O Mrs. Tontine, standing as we all do in the presence of death, what is that to you!"

you?"

Mrs. Tontine sat on the floor half insensible. Several of those present carried her into her own state-room, and Adela closed the

door.
"Poor woman !" she said, and sat down b

"Poor woman!" she said, and sat down by the table, drawing her wet dress a little aside that her husband might, if he would, sit down beside her. It was no time for explanation or affection, but their hands sought each other under the table.

"Doctor," said Adela, leaning forward to the old ciergyman (for in moments of great danger reserved women sometimes prove themselves more expansive and emotional than others), "this is my husband, Colonel Welcott. Give us both your blessing."

Lancelot Wolcott laid his head upon the cabin-table, with a sob. His wife bent hers, with a calm smile of triumph and content, beside him.

beside him.

The old pastor understood the situation.

"Children," he said, laying his withered hands on both their heads, "I commend you to Him 'whose hand can set right that which none other can. One of the holiest men that ever lived taught that prayer to those whose troubles came from marriage." xv.

THE RESCUE.

The glimmer of another dawn shone at last upon the helpless passengers. The women on board, with the men belonging to them, were gathered in the condemned cell of the ship—the ladies' cabin. They were waiting for their death-warrant. All excitement (and fear is half excitement) seemed to have passed away. It was with them as it is with most of us in critical moments—they were drifting insensibly over the bar that separates time from eternity, life from death, the known from that we have no power to know. Death seldom leaps upon us like a wild beast or a water-spout. He steals forward gently. The moments we have dreaded glide in upon us. We find ourselves in the midst of what we most feared, and are full of an astonished tranquillity. Before we are conscious that we have embarked on the dark river, its rapids are half-way past.

are half-way past.

The sky of the new day was broken and the sky of the new day was broken and the sky of the The sky of the new day was broken and troubled. The fury of the gale seemed somewhat less than it had been during the night, but the sea ran mountains high. The Crimea huag low at her stern, and at times rolled fearfully. A donkey-engine had at last been got to work, and, being connected with the pumps, had relieved the weary sailors and their volunteer assistants.

The ship had three boats left upon her weather side. The boats on the starboard

their volunteer assistants.

The ship had three boats left upon her weather side. The boats on the starboard quarter had been crushed like nut-shells when the fore-royal mast went by the board. As the day dawned there was a general disposition among the passengers to escape from their places of confinement, and from time to time small parties ventured on deck, catching hold of every object that could steady their steps. The wet hair of the ladies blew about their necks and faces, entangling itself sometimes round the brase work or the ropes of the rigging, but no one seemed conscious of any disorder in dress. As a general thing, they were all quiet. To borrow a simile from Jean Paul, many were gazing through glass doors into eternity. They were waiting. Waiting for what? Each for a personal summons into the mysterious darkness which gathers at either end of life—a gloom no human eye, save that of One, has ever pierced; through which no forerunner, save One, has ventured back; a pathless waste, which believer or philosopher must tread one day for himself, the one alone in all the horror of great darkness, the other holding by his Saviour's hand.

In the cabin, Dr. Danvers, with many gathered round him, was still praying and exhorting. Colonel Wolcott and his wife had left their places, and together went up the companion way. The spectacle of the gloomy, troubled sky first broke on them as they came up, and then such a sea!

Before the ship, opened green hollows top-

companion way. The spectacle of the gloomy, troubled sky first broke on them as they came up, and then such a sea!

Before the ship, opened green hollows topped by tossing surges edged with sparkling foam; behind, a raging waste of waters mountains high pursued, and dashed over stern and quarter, flinging to the sky showers of salt foam. One close-rected sail only was to be seen on the ship—Adela was too ignorant of seamanship to know what sailors called it; it was the main topsail—but though it presented very little surface to the gale, each blast that struck the ship seemed to seize it and the bent mast that supported it in its teeth and shake them furiously.

A dim and sulky sun was visible above the misty, shifting line of the horizon. The squall swept after them. The ship, flying before both wind and sea, seemed less driven than pursued—one moment in the trough, the next, rising on the crest of an immense, green, crinkled wave, which, as the wreck ascended it, seemed mysteriously to slip away from under her, while she rushed down the slope, trembling and quivering like a hunted thing, and dashing before her tons of glittering spray.

As Adela and her husband reached the

and dashing before her tons of glittering spray.

As Adela and her husband reached the deck, there was a sudden cry, and a rush to the bulwark on the lee quarter. A frightful sea, combined with a roll more tremendous than usual, had swept four sailors from the bowspirit, as the ship rose on the crest of a ninth swell and planged down again, with one side half buried in the seething water. The lost men tried in vain to clutch at floating spars, ropes chains, they was resulted.

serious difficulties remaining; for, as we have said, the starboard boats were gone, and to round to while running before a gale with a disabled ship, so as to make it possible to lower those on the weather side of the ship, without their being sucked under her rudder or her stern, seemed impossible.

The ship was on their weather bow—a ship full-rigged—standing across their course, which Captain Moore dared not materially alter. At first, to the naked eye, nothing of her but her masta, like three needles on the edge of the horizon, was visible; then rose the glistening gliminer of a wet sail over the swell; and, lastly, as she neared them the back line of her hull.

Those on the wreck watched her with an anxiety known only to men in whom the love of life has been reanimated by a hope of rescue. Friends clung to each other weeping. Some broke into an incessant and unnatural stream of talk; others thanked God for deliverance, vowing to serve Him thenceforward; some, with renewed carnestness, resumed their prayers for succour.

Adela stood upon a coil of rope under the lee of the great mainmast, which sheltered her from theappray. She stood a little higher, by reason of her pedestal, than her husband, who, with arms uplifted, held her by the waist.

"Succour is coming, Adela," he said.

who, with arms uplifted, held her by the waist.

"Succour is coming, Adela," he said.

"Thanks to your prayers, I think, my dearest! This ship is eastward bound. We shall get back to Lance in a few days; and live happy ever after this experience, like people in a fairy tale. How sweet it is to love you! How empty my heart has felt all these long years!"

As he said this, Mrs. Tontine, who had not appeared on deek before that morning, rushed up the companion with a wild, white face and unbound hair. She glanced about her, awestruck, for a moment. Then her eyes fell upon Colonel Wolcott standing by Adela, and, falling at his knees, she clasped them, crying—

"Lancelot, Lancelot, save me, save me!"

"Lancelot, Lancelot, save me, save me!"

"We shall all be saved, I trust,"he said.

"Mrs. Tontine, stand up, I beg of you," trying to make her rise.

"No, net until you promise. Promise,

"No, nat until you promise. Promise, promise me to save me !"

"I promise that I'll do my best. Of course I'll do my best for you or any lady."

"Ma always thinks that she's of more account than anybody else," said Harrie, who had been on deck some time, and now made her way up to them. "Ma, you are looking like a perfect fright. You have not got half your hair on," added the enjant terrible.

"Hush, Harrie, hush," said Adela, who had stepped down from her coil of rope upon the deck, and stood clinging to her husband. "Your poor mamma is frightened; we are all frightened. See, that ship is coming to bring us help. Be quiet, Harrie, and thank God for sending her to save our lives."

The ship was now near enough to signal them. The captain made out her name with his glass. She was the Robert E. Lee of New York, homeward bound from Londonderry.

The gale was from the south-west. Ever since the Crimea had been put about she had been blown north-east of her true course to Queenstown.

Maantime Colonel Wolcott, had succeeded

Meantime Colonel Wolcott had suc

Meantime Colonel Wolcott had succeeded in raising Mrs. Tontine to her feet. She stood clinging to his arm with her whole weight. His wife was on the other side of him. Fear and excitement made Mrs. Tontine voluble. The disgust he felt for her increased his pity, and made it impossible rudely to shake her from him. rom him.
"O Lancelot Wolcott," she cried, "I did

love you! ... I never have loved anyone but you! I ought not to have given you up for poor Tontine... Can you pardon a most unhappy girl dazzled by false views of love and marriage? Can you forgive me the sacrifice I made of your whole life when I proved false

"Most heartily, Mrs. Tontine. I may even say I bless you. A week ago, perhaps, I might not have been so well able to feel the objection"—and his left arm pressed Adela cleer to his mide. "I am too happy now to bear's ordida against anyone."

"What on earth do you mean? Why are you happy?"cried Cora, looking up into his eyes. "Are you sure that you forgive me with all your heart?"

"Perfectly sure, Mrs. Tontine."

"Ah! Lancelot, if it is really so, let me be saved by you, or let us die together!"

"We are not going to die, I hope, Mrs. Tontine. We are going on board the Robert E. Lee. You are getting very wet, and have no wrappings. Let Sir George Beevor take you below. Believe me, I will come and look for you when it is time for the boats," he said earnestly, anxious to get rid of her.

"Will you really come for me? Will you give me the first chance? Do you promise?"

"He'll save his wife first, you may depend on that," said the captain, who, with Sir George and several others, had been attracted by so strange a scene at such a moment.

"She isn't his wife any more than I am, and she knows it!" cried Mrs. Tontine furiously.

Colonel Wolcott drew his right arm from

and she knows it!" cried Mrs. Tontine furiously.

Colonel Wolcott drew his right arm from her grasp, and with an angry word turned to Captain Moore, imploring him to remove her. Before this could be effected Adela had distinctly said, "We think you are mistaken. We have learned nothing which leads us to suppose that our marriage has been dissolved. But if we are divorced, we shall be married over again as soon as we get ashore, Mrs. Tontine."

No scener had Captain Moore managed to

over again as soon as we get ashore, Mrs. Tontine."

No sooner had Captain Moore managed to get the now hysterical lady below and to come back on deck, than the Robert E. Lee hove to, and made signals to have the Crimea's boats lowered. She signalled back that all the boats on her lee side were stove in. The Robert E. Lee then signified that she would send her own boats and to "make ready to transfer the ladies."

By this time all the passengers on the Crimea were in the ship's waist, watching every movement of those who were bringing them succour. As the Robert E. Lee pitched, tossing her bows and martingale like an uneasy horse, and lifting and falling with each long heave of the surge, it seemed impossible that any boat could live, if launched, in such a sea. One moment her bows would be completely out of water, showing the copper on her keel, and then the stern would be up, and the bows completely buried in a cloud of spray and foam.

The passengers on the Crimea did not see

cloud of spray and foam.

The passengers on the Crimea did not see the actual lowering of the boats, as that took place on the lee side of the American vessel, but presently they came into view from round her bows, and a wild cheer rose up from two hundred voices on the wreck, and was answered by the boats' crews. There were two boats—one of them a life-boat, capable of seating about thirty persons, the other a fine wooden boat with a square stern, carrying about twenty.

Laying to in such a gale increased the roll and pitch of the luckless Crimea. Several times the surge broke fairly over her starboard bulwark, as she heeled over to leeward,

awsers, which would attach her to the lesside of the ship by her bows and stern. Still here was terrible danger of her being sucked under with the roll of the wrecked ship, or round to pieces against the rudder.

As the passengers gazed down on the little craft, half hidden in spray and foam, their fears appeared to swallow up their new-formed certainty of safety. There was more actual terror exhibited now than had been shown before Some of the women fainted, and others went into hysterica. Moreover, the and others went into hysterics. Many who had borne themselves with calmness and dignity through the long hours of suspense, broke down as they realized the dangers that yet lay between themselves and safety.

"How many can you take?" hailed Captain Moore.

Moore.

"Thirty; women and children only. If too crowded, we may get some of them washed out of her." ed out of her."

Orders were given to pass forward the women and children—mothers first., It was too awful. The boat one moment would be lifted on a sea nearly up to the ship's bulwark, the next she would be at the bottom of a glistening gulf twenty feet below, hidden by the overlapping waves and the clouds of spray.

spray. "I dare not! oh, I dare not!" cried the first "I dare not! oh, I dare not!" cried the first poor woman led to the gangway, as she looked into the abyss where lay the tossing boat, and saw sailors standing up upon its thwarts, holding out their arms to catch her if she fell.

"I dare not! I dare not!" she shrieked. But two men, suspended over the great ship's side, slung by bow-lines, to assist in passing the women into the boat, seized her by the arms. The boat rose on the crest of a wave nearly to a level with the ship's,deck, then she dropped into a trough—a furrow between two waves—sheering away from the ship till a great yawning gap was left between her and the hull of the Crimea, over which the frightened woman hung suspended in midair, clinging to the men with held her up, and praying them to put her back upon the deck of the steamer. of the steamer.

Then, as the boat once more lifted, the men

in her cried "Let go!" One sprang and caught the woman by the feet. She was pulled in, and fell, rolling down into the bot-Another and another woman was passed in with varying success, some stretching out their arms to the ship, and calling on their husbands and children to come too. There was no time for selection.

"Now, Mrs. Wolcott, now's your chance!"

cried Captain Moore, who was standing at the

cried Captain Moore, who was standing at the gangway.

Something in her face as she clung to her husband led him to say—

"You next, ma'am," to a woman behind her, while he whispered to the colonel—

"If you wait for the next boat, perhaps you can go together."

In spite of the many and great dangers of transferring such helpless passengers, about thirty women and children were taken on board the life-boat.

Some touching incidents occurred in the confusion. Emma Wylie, Mrs. Tontine's English governess, drew back when her turn (which was the last) came, in order that the daughter of a woman already in the boat could go with her mother, saying simply—

"I have no one to care for me. Let her go first."

concise and comprehensive? The multitude of words is weak to paint what the poet of mature's God has given us in two touches.

Meantime, as those on the Crimea watched the course of their late companions, the wooden boat, which had been blown far out of its direct course, had gradually sheered in, and was now under her quarter.

It was understood that this boat mights hold both men and women passengers, and not a few of the former jumped into the sea with the wild intention of securing a place on board of her. Captain Moore had already given permission to his engineers and crew to save themselves in the Crimea's boats if they could get them into the water.

The scene of confusion became great and heartrending. Some of those who jumped were sucked under the Crimea's keel, or were dashed to pieces against her quarter.

were sucked under the Crimea's keel, or were dashed to pieces against her quarter.

"Make haste, Mr. Dobson," cried the captain. "She'll be full if you don't leok sharp, before you get your places in her."

He was on the point of passing Adela to the men who were loading the boat, intending to follow, when he felt himself close clasped around his neck by a frantic woman, who cried—

"Save me, Lancelot! You promised to save me!"

"Save me, Lancelot! You promised to save me!"
In vain he tried to disengage himself. In vain he felt that Adela, by this movement, had been pushed aside.
"Mrs. Tontine, I will not! Let me go! Let me go, I say! These men will—"
He did not finish his sentence. A dreadful

wave made a clean sweep over the boat, and swelled over the bulwarks of the fast-filling

after foothold, holding, by his jaws to chains or ropes, and giving an occasional low whine as his master lent a hand to him.

Few people were to be seen on board when they regained the deck. The Robert E. Lee's boat was already swept far away. Round the Crimea floated spars, planks, fragments of wreck, and the bodies of the drowned. Colonel Wolcott recognized poor Captain Moore, far off on the crest of a big wave. He had probably been injured in going overboard, for he made no effort for self-preservation.

and dashing before her tons of glittering spray.

As Adela and her husband resolved the deck, there was a sudden try, and a rush to the bulwark on the lee quarter. A frightful see, combined with a roll more tremendous than usual, had swept four sailors from the bulwark and more tremendous than usual, had swept four sailors from the bulwark and the spin rose on the crest of a minth swell and planged down again, with rose side half buried in the seething water. The lost men tried in vain to clutch at floating sailors, and the ground save them. For a moment they were seen struggling in the waves, were heard shricking for succour; but it was vain, their comrades with death. No boat could be lowered in such a sea. The great billows swept them after the ship, and must have borne them on and on till their powers of endurance were exanseted.

Adela gave a cry, and hid her face, clinging fan to her husband.

Half a flour after, as the ship was uplifted on another mighty wave, there was a pieroing shout of "Ship Ahoy!"

"Where away!"

"On the port bow!"

"Where away?"

"On the port bow!"

"On the port bow!"

"Where away?"

"On the port bow!"

"Signals of distress were made, and the order was passed to get roady the boats."

"On the port bow!"

"On the port of the moise of the tempose, and the groanings and creakings of the tempose, and the groaning and creakings of the same pass

and the few seamen who still remained at their posts.

They put her before the gale and let her drive; but she was separated forever from the Robert E. Lee.

(To be continued.)

"Death am de final lot of all," began th president as the last foot became quiet, "an yet de announcement of a sudden death in our midst strikes us wid a chill. I war' feedin midst strikes us wid a chill. I war' feedin' de pigs dis mawin' when word was brought me by a cull'd boy wid his fader's hat an' butes on dat Elder Goober Flatbush, of dis club, had passed away to be seen on airth no more. I presume dat mos' of the members am acquainted wid the fack, as many of dem war' at de fun'ral, which, I may say right hear, was fust-class frewout, an' dat six hacks an' a one-hoss' waggon formed de purceshun. What am de pleasure of de club?"

Waydown Bebee said that he had known the deceased for many years. The elder had does the thing take place?"
"Pretty d—d, quick," answered my

her, while he whispered to the colonel—
"If you wait for the next boat, perhaps you can go together."

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"I have no one to care for me. Let her go first."

Ten women still remained on board when the life-boat was cast off from the Crimea. She shot clear in a moment. Those left behind stood watching her as she laboared on her way back to her own vessel, climbing crest after crest of the big waves, like a fly, then plunging into those awful, beautiful hollows of green water and bright foam.

"They mount up to heaven, they go down again to the deepths," says the Psalmist. Has any description since been more perfect and concise and comprehensive? The multitude concise and comprehensive? The multitude concise and comprehensive? The multitude of the stribunal who decides such cases brought under walk. When they reached this point one of the rope was thrown to him. After any before the Probate Court. "Shedden against Patrick and others" twice any long the shear of the concise and comprehensive? The multitude concise and comprehensive? The multitude of the rope as man and wife in New York, where, as in Scotland, the acknowledgment by a man that a person with whom he cohabits is his wife suffices to legally such them. But the header then them. But the kessel, went to a wood-pile, and placking up an axe, speedily demolished the door. The leader of the rope and axe, speedily demolished the door. The stablish that relationship between them. But evidence to actisfy the English courts them. But this Act are heard before the Probate Court.

"Shedden against Patrick and others" twice came before that very able Judge, Sir C. Cresswell, and was a out the toughest of the many very tough cases which he tried. Poor Miss Shedden conducted, on appeal, her own case, and with conspicuous capacity, but an amateur lawyer is almost invariably a dose to a court, and Miss Shedden, with all her ability, proved a heavy trial of judicial patience. The appeal went against her: she appealed. The course went against her. Then she made a final appeal, and with similar result, to the House of Lords. The costs of all this were enormous, inasmuch as besides the expenses at home (including at the first trial distinguished counsel), there were commissions sent to New York to take evidence of an appeallingly voluminous character. In fact, the sent to New York to take evidence of an appallingly voluminous character. In fact, the mere mention of the name of Shedden sends a thrill through the Consulate-General here to this hour. After becoming as familiar to law-court frequenters as little Miss Flite, poor Miss Shedden sank into her grave, worn out in mind and body, with the object of her life unattained. It will be naturally asked out in mind and body, with the object of her life unattained. It will be naturally asked whence came the funds to carry on such proceedings. They were understood to be chiefly supplied by Lady Burdett-Coutts. Under the Act which Miss Shedden was mainly instrumental in getting passed, several curious and interesting suits have been brought. One of these placed a young man who had been a private in the army and in the Irish Constabulary in possession of a splendid seat and \$50,000 a year.—N. Y. Times.

He did not finish his sentence. A dreadful wave made a clean sweep over the boat and swelled over the bulwarks of the fast-filling. Crimes, carrying overboard many of those nearest the gangway, including Captain Moore and Sir George Beevor. Colonel Wolcott, with Mrs. Tontine still clinging to his neck, half sell, half sipped over the vessel's side, and found himself, half strangled, in the sea under the ship's quarter with Mrs. Tontine clinging to his neck, and Jeb tugging at his beard and hair. They were thirty reet, it seemed to him, below the keel of the Crimea, and then in another moment were almost on a level with her gangway.

The men in the boat were builting her with all their might. She had lost many of those who had secured places in her, but had righted, and was now tossing on the creet of a wave. Arms were stretched to pull him in with his burden, and at the same moment Sir George Beevor was dragged in on the other side.

Consigning Mrs. Tontine (whose frantic grasp was loosened only by the friendly violence of the sailors) to two of the boatmen, her effused the arms held out to him, and as the next wave lifted him within reach of the main chains, clung to them, and began to swing himself up on to the deck of the Crimea. To his surprise, his four-footed companing followed him, securing foothold after foothold, holding, by his jaws to chains or ropes, and giving an occasional low whine as his master lent a hand to him.

Few people were to be seen on board when they regained the deck. The Robert E. Lee's boat was already swept far away. Round the Crimea floated spars, planks, fragments of wreek, and the bodies of the drowned. One thing is noticeable and regrettable in these discussions, namely, the unwise and indiscriminating way in which different Sunday occupations are classed together and condemned. Bishop Bloomfield, for example, seriously injures his case when he places drinking in gin shops and sailing in steamboats in the same category. I remember some years ago standing by the Thames at Putney with my lamented friend, Dr. Benee Jones, when a steamboat on the river, with its living freight, passed us. Practically acquainted with the moral and physical influence of pure oxygen, my friend exclaimed, "What a blessing for these people to be able intellectual men and cultivated women, without observing a single occurrence which, as regards morality, might not be permitted in the Bishop's drawing-room. I will add to this another observation made at Dresden on a Sunday, after the suppression of the insurrection by the Prussian soldiery in 1849. Sunday, after the supplied in 1849. rection by the Prussian soldiery in 1849. The victorious troops were encamped on the banks of the Elbe, and this is how they ochanks of the Elbe, and were engaged in banks of the Elbe, and this is how they occupied themselves. Some were engaged in physical games and exercises, which in England would be considered innocent in the extreme; some were conversing sociably; some singing the songs of Uhland, while others, from elevated platforms, recited to listening groups poems and passages from Goethe and Schiller. Through this crowd of military men passed and received the girls of the city, tinked together we will sir arms around each other's neck. During hours of observation I heard no word which was unfit for a modest ear; while from beginning to end I failed to notice a single case of intoxication.—Prof. Tyndall, in Nineteenth Century.

You Have no Excuse.

Have you any excuse for suffering with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint? Is there any reason why you should go on from day to day complaining with Sour Stomach, Sick Headaobe, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Haart-burn, Waterbrash, Gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Couted Tongue, and disagreeable taste in the mouth, Coming up of food after eating, Low spirits, &c. No! It is positively your own fault if you do.. Go to your Druggist, and get a Rottle of Gneen's August Flower 107 Cents your our eat a Sample Bottle for Il cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you.

AN EPISODE OF BORDER LIFE.

What Oil Inspector Ramsey, of Pittsburg. Saw in a Mining Town in Colorado. "Wake up, Ramsey !" called out a companion of mine one morning at an early hour;
"wake up or you will miss the lynching." I
had gone to bed at an early hour, tired and
sleepy, and had heard nothing of the murder which had been committed during the night. "Hullo ! Jim, is that you?" said I. "When

midst strikes us wid a chill. I war feeding the pigs dis mawin' when word was brought me by a cull'd boy wid his fader's hat an butes on dat Elder Goober Flatbush, of dis lath, had passed away to be seen on arith no more. I presume dat mos' of the members am acquainted wid the fack, as many of dem war' at de fun'ral, which, I may say right hear, was fust-class frewout, an' dats its hacks an' a one-hose' wagon formed de purceshun. What am de pleasure of de club?"

Waydown Bebee said that he had known the deceased for many years. The elder had once cheated him in a dog trade, but was a good man as men go.

Samuel Shin had paid the elder 20 per cent. for money, but he grieved that a good man had passed away.

Giveadam Jones knew that Elder Flatbush occasionally thrashed his wife, but he always made up for it at the next Thursday evening prayer-meeting.

Articulate Boom had husked corn with the elder, and knew him as a man who would hide behind a hay-stack to take a chew of tobacco. The elder always had plenty of fine-cut, but was never known to pass ever his box. Still that was nothing against his general character, and his death was cause for grief.

"Elder Flatbush was mean in some fings an' good in odders," and the president—"jist like de rest of us. He would starve his own poss, an' yet he was the fust to give to the poo'. He had a bad temper, but he doubt had have will give him due credit. His char will be drasped in moarrain', his family card'fur, an' his name be written wild the seben odders who have jined our ranks to trabble on freu de dark valley an' de shadder."—Detroit Free Press.

A Daugister's Devotton.

The London papers lately announced the death of W. P. Ralston Shedden. It recalls a curious history. Mr. Shedden had a remarkable daughter, who, as she grew to womanhood, discovered that her father was regarded in England as being in law illegitimate, and on that ground had been apludged disentitled to certain property. His father and mother had lived together as man and wife in New York, where, as i

"Well," said, Jim, "go on; I suppose I must swing; this is the third man I've put away, so I suppose my time's up."

He had no sconer said the words than the rope was quickly pulled np, and Jim was dangling in a horrible manner. His hands not being tied, he reached up over his head and grasped the rope, and thus released the strangulation.

"That won't do, Jim," cried the leader, and they let the dangling victimedown again and speedily tied his hands behind him, and again elevated him, where he hung for nearly an hour. After it was ascertained that their victim was dead, the "committee" sent for the photographer, and had a photograph taken of the entire "gang." In the foreground the committee could be seen—every face easily recognized—while just behind them was the dangling dead man, his diamonds and jewellery shining in the early morning sun, and above him sat the assistant hangman, evidently proud of his station. The entire proceedings were as quiet as could possibly be; not a word or shout could be heard. The companion of the murderer was given six hours' time to get out of town, and was met some two miles away by some of his friends, who asked him where he was going.

"Oh, the boys gave me six hours to get out of town," said he, "and I am now five hours ahead of time."

This was my first initiation into western life.—Pittsburg Post.

"Several tons of fair hair are annually exported to England and Germany." Such is the amazing announcement contained in a recently-published report of the hair harvest in France, concluded a fortnight ago. The hair harvesters, however, do not confine their operations to France, but gather in huge crops periodically from German, Bohemian, and Hungarian villages, while Italy, Spain, and even Russia, are also laid under regular contribution, but at longer intervals, by their travelling agents. It appears from the to report above referred that the most luxuriant heads of hair in France are to be found among the peasant women of Normandy. Brittany yields plentiful crops, but of coarse quality and lacking in lustre. Limoges and its neighbourhood are productive of exceptionally long and glossy "back hair." Throughout the north of France dull hues characterise the capillary growths, a fact which the dealers attribute to the influence of the sea-air upon the human hair, which, in inland mountainous districts, is generally found to be dark and bright in colour and to grow with great rapidity to abnormal length and weight. The French hair dealer's chief customer is America, whither is annually exported as much of the commodity in question as to Great Britain and the Fatherland. Seeing that the last-named countries are supplied with "several tons" of fair hair alone every year, it would seem probable that Transatlantic belles are even more dependent upon artificial adjuncts for their "capillary attractions" than are our own native beauties.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the EPPS'S COCOA. GRATEFUL AND COMFORT

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breaks fast tables with a delicately flavoured bever age which may save us many heavy doctors bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished traine. "Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled "James Errs & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London, Eng." Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for afternoon use. 101-25

THE FARM EDITORIAL NOTE

It does not take much to ch heart. Anything injurious to C dustry suffices. The Brockville in great glee because a cargo of a ed for a new cider manufactory has been frozen in, thereby stortions at the mill. What a boorquake or a pestilence would be these people!

Mr. Read, an English gent visited this continent some time a rather cheerful sort of person. he British farmers that the Am becoming rapidly exhausted, a twenty-five years they will have fear from the competition of Can United States. Many of them cause they will be dead, An Elora correspondent writ

three or four Reform farmers wer on politics-particularly the N. I here a few days ago. One of the after the others left, and made the the storekeeper: / We Reformer into account the good or bad the done the country. It beat us, the look at. We object to it because The apple export trade is one fruit-growers and farmers might attention, with profit both to th their country. It is gratifying, know that the trade this year had cubled. Up to the middle of 126,633 barrels had been shipped from the port of Montreal alone \$40 barrels last year, while the sheal that the sheal th

The Minneapolis Tribune is afra ers of that section of the country ing the high character of the there. It says that "it is an at that on the line of the Northern Manitoba roads large tracts have with various soft varieties of whe millers are obliged to closely sor wheat they purchase, or they can the grade and strength of the flowear or two, farmers may be a support of the flowear or two, farmers may be a support of the flowear or two. year or two, farmers may succeed off their soft wheat, but the time come when no Minnesota miller ca grind soft wheat."

The Mennonites are thriving in West. Mr. Shantz says at the thirty miles south-east of Winn are 34 villages and 658 families. are 34 villages and 658 families.

ing is a statement of this year's cul
10,656 acres of wheat, 72½ acres of
barley, 2,679 oats, 1,393 flax, and
which produced 135,869 hushels
811 hushels of rye, 4,319 bushels
71,676 bushels of oats, 14,837 bush
seed, 915 bushels of millet, 20,920
potatoes. Besides they have 17,0
hay land, 1,077 horses, 155 colts, 3
steers, 1,047 cows, 1,353 head you
97 sheep, 2,622 pigs, 215 mowers, 2
7 horsepower threshing machines,
power threshing machines.

Bishop Ireland, the Catholic Minnesota, takes a deep interest nization of Irish emigrants, and g good advice. At a meeting in C good advice. At a meeting in Clother night, he said he could not comy more pitiable condition of affairs magnificent power of intellect with Irish race is endowed being smothethe purlieus of the large cities. have already shown that they are comy of holding their own on farm huying out their German, American huying out their German, American huying out their German, American huying out their German, and there could reason why, while there is we postunity, as many of them as possion to go to the farm. This is true of a Irishmen. The young Canadian is possessed of a devil which drives him large cities in search of what is cat apectable "employment, and he nothing; whereas the noble calling farm would have made a man of him wealthy man perhaps, but an ind

wealthy man perhaps, but an The general opinion that the soft of spring wheat produce larger crethe hard varieties is not accepted by it does not appear that the fact it does not appear that the fact fully established. Any variety grown for a series of years on the and in the same climate or locality time, "run out," and lose its vitality perience has proved that the same be transferred to a distant place, a produce bountiful crops. Some expense been tried in Minnesota. quantity of the Scotch fife wheat was from Quebec and sown in Minnesof first crop was all sown the following the yield was quite equal to the "Lost Nation" or other soft variety, from the extreme north-west of the provinces and sown. Minnesof the provinces and sown in but of seed of the same hard variety, from the extreme north-west of the provinces and sown in Minnesota, as same, results. It is believed that by selection of seed, and transfer from tion of the country to another, it warrieties of wheat will give to the as large a yield as the soft, and of milling quality. A decided advant milling quality. A decided advant hard varieties possess over the soft they are much less liable to be in storms during and after harvest, ar

. The report of the United States (sioner of Agriculture gives the total tural products of the country for \$1,919,954,397, the production of t rent year being estimated at two th millions. The value of agricultural millions. The value of agricultural for the fiscal year ending June, 187 \$717,093,777, as compared with \$823, for the fiscal year 1880. Of the expension of the experiments have been made with the 142 varieties of sorghum, the result be of 42 varieties of sorghum, the result be of 42 varieties of sorghum, the result be consisted and the construction of the cons

Cook your hog's flesh thorough! shocking case of a butcher dyin trichinosis caused through eating re has directed public and medical atte the matter. Among others who has sidered the subject is the Commiss. Health at Chicago, Oscar C. De Wo

"1. The hog infected with trichic every appearance of vigorous health commission of the living animal, or carcase, axide from microscopical erition of the muscle, can detect the lesience of the disease. This statement of the disease. This statement of the disease. This statement of the disease. The statement of the disease. The statement of the disease. The statement of the disease, and the disease of the disease. The statement of the disease of the disease. The statement of the disease of the di