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A Tale of July Ice,

By JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER I.

An American girl, Kate Penfield, had been reared and educated in the home of her uncle, William R. Penfield, at Albany, in the State of New York. A month before the opening of this story Mr. Penfield, wishing to go to Chili, had embarked at San Francisco for the ocean part of the journey aboard the merchant vessel Severn, commanded by Capt. John F. Turner. Kate was taken along in the hope that her delicate health might be strengthened by travel. The Severn was a stanch ship, and well outfitted for the voyage, save in one highly important particular. The eight sailors of the crew were desperadoes of the most murderous sort, and when they were nine days out, they murdered the captain, the second mate and Mr. Penfield, and took possession of the ship, which they meant to devote to the slave trade, then still existant in South America. Only two persons escaped the crew's butchery; these were Frank Evans, the first mate, and Kate Penfield, who had fallen in love with each other.

"At least spare this young lady," Evans said to Hance Walston, the leader of the mutineers; "you have nothing to fear from her."

"We will spare her, and you, too, on one condition," was Walston's rely. "It is that you navigate the Severn for us until we touch some foreign port."

Evans had no reason to reply upon the compact being kept, but to agree seemed the only chance of saving the girl he loved.

The masssacre took place 200 miles from the Chilian coast. Evans was compelled to lay the course thence towards Cape Horn, with a view to crossing the Atlantic to the west coast of Africa. The Severn had sailed a few days only when a fire broke out on board, and it could not be quenched. The ten imperilled persons hastily launched the long boat, put a few provisions and weapons into her, and had only time to sheer off before the burning vessel foundered. The survivors were in a critical position, and soon their peril was increased greatly by a violent storm, which drove the boat on an island.

The month was July, but the place was far south of the equator, where the Northern Summer is reversed into a Southern Winter. Nobody can realize this antipodal division of the earth if he has grown up a reader of literature in which July is described invariably as vernal, and has experienced only hot weather in that month, until he journeys down into the Southern Hemisphere. Walston and his companions suffered so much from cold and fatigue that they were almost dead when the boat broke on the reef. Five of them were swept out of it by a wave, and a moment later two others were flung on the sand, while Kate fell on the opposite side of the wreck.

The two men remained senseless for some time, and Kate did, too; and even after she regained a sort of consciousness she remained quiet and dazed, in a kind of trance, to which abnormal state she had since childhood been subject on rare occasions. It was a condition in which she was conscious, yet immovable. About 3 o'clock in the morning she heard footsteps near the boat, and with a mighty effort she broke the spell that bound her and took refuge behind a tree.

Hance Walston and a companion came close by, and Kate overheard their conversation unseen by them.

"Where are we?" asked Walston's fellow, named Rock.

"I don't know," said Walston. "It doesn't matter much. We mustn't stop here; we must go further in. When daylight comes we can look about us!"

"Have you got the firearms?"

"Yes, and the ammunition all right," said Walston, who took out of the locker five guns and several packets of cartridges.

"That is not much," said Rock, in a wild country like this. Where is Frank Evans?"

"Over there, watched by Cope, Brandt and Cook. He'll have to settle with us, whether he likes it or not; and if he resists I'll settle him."

"What has become of Kate?"

"Kate? There is nothing to fear from her. I saw her go overboard before the boat ran ashore and she is at the bottom of the sea now."

"That's a good job. She knew rather too much about us."

"She wouldn't have known it long."

Kate, who had heard all this, made up her mind to escape as soon as the men went away. And a few minutes afterwards Walston and his companions carried off the arms and ammunition, and what remained of the provisions in the long-boat's locker—that is to say, a few pounds of salt meat, a little tobacco and two or three bottles of gin.

The girl was an invalid at best. The sufferings and terrors of the mutiny and shipwreck had rendered her weak and ill. She had no more than overheard the conversation quoted when a deathly faintness overcame her. She staggered a few paces in the direction that the two men had taken, yielding to a vain hope of being helped, even by those murderous ruffians.

It was at that moment that she was joined by Frank Evans, who had contrived to slip away from his captors, and in whose strong arms she found what seemed, for the moment, a safe refuge. But the sense of security could not last under the circumstances.

"Can't we escape from them?" she asked. "They mean to murder me. I heard them say so:"

Instead of a reassuring reply from her lover, or any coherent answer at all, she saw that his eyes stared into vacancy, and his hands went to his head as though he were bewildered.

"This is July, Kate, isn't it?" he muttered.

"Yes," she answered. "What is the matter, Frank?"

"I don't know. Here is snow and ice in July."

"We're in the Southern Hemisphere—don't you remember? and so it is winter here. O, don't give way, Frank—don't go mad!"

The appeal seemed to dispel the irrational haze from Evans's mind for the time being, and he said: "We must hide from them. Even if we starve or freeze in doing so, it will be better to have taken the meagre chance of eluding these cutthroats. Come!"

He threw one arm around her, and together they made their way over a sand-blown hummock, then across a level space of ground, and thus reached a lake, the fresh water of which had begun to freeze in the fast lowering temperature. The edge of the lake was iced solidly to a distance of a hundred feet out from the shore. The pair did not see that they were on this ice until they came to its very limit and felt it cracking under their feet, they looked down and saw the clear, sharp reflections of themselves in the dark water.

Then a strange phenomenon took place. A psychological marvel! A physical wonder! Frank Evans' condition had some way been brought into abnormality. We cannot explain it. We only know that it was so, and we tell it as it happened. At the instant that he gazed down upon his inverted self in the water his soul quitted his corporeal body and transformed itself into the incorporeal image beneath.

It may be that the reversal of the seasons, upon which he had just commented worked the singular migration of his soul from his substance to his shadow. It may be something in the atmosphere of this island—but there is no use in conjecture.

The certain thing to narrate is that Evans' consciousness went down into the water, and that he believed himself to be submerged; but at the same time he retained a control of the physical faculties of the figure by Kate's side. This soulless Frank Evans strode away, like an automaton, utterly heedless of her, and leaving her amazed by the desertion.

"Frank, Frank!" she cried; "don't leave me!"

But he disappeared in the gloom, for it was still night, without looking back at the abandoned girl or slackening his rapid sliding pace over the ice. We know that his soul now, separated from his body by the layer of ice, kept right along underneath and doubtless guided his physical movements, and all his consciousness, all his mentality was down there in the water.

Impossible! Those may conclude so who disbelieve all that they cannot understand. Yet a phenomenal thing as to the reasonableness of which there will be no dispute (simply because states of trance are well attested by physicians) occurred to Kate Penfield. For a minute after the disappearance of Evans she stood dumfounded and motionless. Then a faintness began to overcome her, and the symptoms of a cataleptic attack, such as she had experienced several times already in her life, became unmistakeable. She lost consciousness and fell to the ground lifeless, though not dead. Not the faintest breath did she draw. Not a pulse flickered. Every function of animate life was suspended utterly.

She lay thus seemingly dead when, an hour later, Walston and his companion found her. They believed her lifeless, and, with characteristic brutality, they dragged her body to the edge of the ice and slid it off into the water.

CHAPTER II.

The island upon which the mutineers and their two honest companions had landed was a spot of not wholly uninhabited. A party of young men numbering five had been blown to its shore in a disabled and foundering yatch, and for months had dwelt in a half cave, half hut, subsisting on wild game and anxiously waiting for a rescue. Their place of temporary refuge was across the lake from the point where the survivors of the Severn had reached that body of water. It was on the ensuing day that the five islanders, headed by their leader, a young fellow named August Briant, started out as skaters on the ice, which had frozen completely and solidly over the lake during the bitterly cold night. Their skates had been cut out of wood, even to the blades, but they served the purposes of exercise and exploration very well. Two of these castaways, Donagan and Cross, had taken their guns with them, so as to be ready for any shooting that might turn up. Before giving the signal to be off, Briant had called his comrades together and said:

"I hope you will not be tempted into rashness. If there is little fear of the ice breaking up, there is always a risk of your breaking an arm or a leg. So be careful. Do not go out of sight. If any of you get far away remember that Gordon and I will wait for you here. And when I give the signal, mind you all come back."

But very soon Donagan and Cross were half a mile away in pursuit of the flock of ducks that were flying across the lake, and in their rapid rush became merely two points on the horizon of the lake. Even if they had time to return, for the day would last a few hours longer, it was unwise to go away so far. At this time of the year a sudden change of weather was always to be feared. A shift in the wind might at any moment mean a gale or a fog. About 2 o'clock Briant saw with dismay that the horizon had disappeared in a thick bank of mist. Cross and Donagan had not reappeared, and the mist, growing thicker each moment, came up over the ice and hid the western shore.

"That is what I feared," said Briant. "And now how will they know their way back?"

"Blow the horn! Give them a blast on the horn!" said one of the party named Gordon.

Three times the horn sounded, and the brazen note rang out over the ice. Perhaps it would be replied to by a report from the guns—the only means Donagan and Cross had of making their position known. Briant and Gordon listened. No report reached their ears. The fog had now increased and was within a quarter of a mile of where they stood. The lake would soon be entirely hidden by it. Briant called to those within sight, and a few minutes afterwards they were all safe on the bank.

"What is to be done?" asked Gordon.

"Try all we can to find Cross and Donagan before they are lost in the fog. Let one of us be off in the direction they have gone, and try to signal them back with the horn."

"I'll go," said Jack Baxter, a resolute fellow.

"That will do," said Briant. "Be off, Jack, and listen for the report of the gun. Take the horn and that will tell them where you are."

A moment afterwards Jack was invisible in the fog, which had become denser than ever. The others listened attentively to the notes of the horn, which soon died away in the distance. Half an hour elapsed. There was no news of the absent, neither of Donagan and Cross, unable to find their bearings on the lake, nor of Jack, who had gone to help them. What would become of all of them if night fell before they returned?

"If we had firearms," said one, "we might"—

"Firearms!" exclaimed Briant; "there are some at the quarters. Let us fetch them! Don't lose a moment!"

In about half an hour Briant and the others loaded two muskets and fired them. There was no reply, nor the sound of gun or horn. It was now half past 3 o'clock. The fog grew thicker and the sun sank behind a hill. The surface of the lake was invisible.

For an hour a gun was fired every ten minutes. That Donagan, Cross and Jack could misunderstand the meaning of this firing was impossible. The discharges could be heard over the whole surface of the lake, for in fog sound travels further than in fine weather, and the denser the fog the better it travels.

A few more shots were fired. Evidently if Jack were near he would have heard them and replied. But not a sound came in answer. Night was closing in and darkness would soon settle down on the island.

One good thing happened. The fog showed a tendency to disappear. The breeze, rising as the sun set, began to blow the mist back. With the glass at his eyes Briant was looking attentively.

"I think I see something," he said: "something that moves. Heaven be praised, it is Jack! I see him!"

They shouted their loudest, as if they could make themselves heard at what must have been at least a mile away. But the distance was lessening visibly. Jack, with the skates on his feet, came gliding on with the speed of an arrow towards them. In a few minutes he would be home.

"I do not think he is alone!" said one, with a gesture of surprise.

The boys looked, and two other moving things could be seen behind Jack a few hundred yards away from him.

"What is that?"

"Men?"

"No! Beasts!"

"Wild beasts, probably," said Briant.

He was not mistaken, and without a moment's hesitation he rushed on to the lake towards Jack. In a minute he had reached the skater and fired at the two pursuers, who turned tail and fled.

They were two bears. But Jack was saved, and great was the general rejoicing at his return. He had been several miles away when he heard the guns, he set off full speed towards the point from which the report proceeded. Suddenly, as the fog began to clear, he saw the two bears rushing in pursuit of him. He did not, however, lose his presence of mind, and his progress was swift enough to keep the animals at a distance, but if he had fallen he would have been lost.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A New York firm is introducing a new library series for news-stand trade, and to give their publications special prominence omit the titles from the first editions of each book. This is done for the purpose of allowing the readers to suggest titles for each novel, and cash prizes amounting to five hundred dollars for each set are given to the persons who shall give the best original titles for the work. Each book contains a coupon on which the title is to be written, and, together with the contestant's address, is forwarded to the publishers, who in turn submit the titles suggested for each novel to the author of the book, who will determine the merits and select the title. On all editions after the award is made the prize title will be used in connection with the praticcular book for which it was suggested. As it is necessary to provide a name for post-office entry, and that people may know what to ask for, the publication will be called "The Nameless Series," and temporarily designated as "No. 1," "No. 2," etc.—Printer's Ink.

The brusque and fussy impulse of these days of false impression would rate down all as worthless because one is unworthy. As if there were no motes in sunbeams! Or comets among stars! Or cataracts in peaceful rivers! Because one remedy professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all remedies worthless? Because one doctor lets his patient die, are all humbugs? It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate—to draw the differential line.

"They say" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have cured thousands.

"They say" for a weak system there's nothing better than the "Discovery," and that the "Favorite Prescription" is the hope of debilitated, feeble women who need a restorative tonic and bracing nervine. And here's the proof—

Try one or both. If they don't help you, tell the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., and you get your money back again.

The birth of a boy baby with a full set of teeth puzzles the medical men of Houston, Tex.

That tired feeling is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates an appetite, rouses the liver, cures headache, and gives renewed strength and vigor to the whole body. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself. Sold by all druggists.

Princess Laetitia, daughter of the late Prince Napoleon, has scandalized Paris by attending a bull fight and thus showing lax observance of mourning etiquette.

Red and rosy cheeks follow the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are nature's remedy for driving out all diseases resulting from poor and watery blood, enriching that vital fluid, building up the nerves and promptly correcting irregularities, suppressions and the ills peculiar to females. Sold by all dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of price—50c. per box, or five boxes for $2—by addressing The Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

Bryant Hart, a Democratic politician of Decatur, Ill., has been made insane by discussions of the McKinley tarrif bill.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

Mrs. Josie Armstrong, aged 110 years, died last Sunday in Chicago. She is said to have been the colored woman who nursed Abraham Lincoln's wife, and it is alleged that her son played with the future President before the latter learned the art of splitting rails.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

In a thunder storm at about 5 o'clock last evening the house of Mrs. Stephenson in Fredericton was set on fire and a servant girl was stunned and prostrated. Robert Hamilton, a servant of Sir John Allen also received a serious shock.

Edward Linlef of St. Peters, C. B., says—"That his horse was badly torn by a pitchfork. One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured him."

Livery Stable men all over the Dominion tell our agents that they would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT for twice the cost.

The Age of New York City Newspapers

The big noise made over the Tribune's anniversary is apt to mislead the younger and less-informed among us. The Tribune is not the oldest newspaper in New York by a long ways. Indeed it is among the younger, venerable as it seems in years, and sedate though its bearing may be. Of the papers now printed in New York the Commercial Advertiser is the oldest. It was founded in 1797 and is, therefore, rapidly nearing its centennial. The Evening Post comes next, dating from 1801. The Journal of Commerce was started in 1827, and the Courier des Etats Unis a year later, in 1828. The Sun—which still shines for all with remarkable brilliancy—first rose upon the literary horizon in 1833. The Staats-Zeitung is but one year younger than the Sun, having come into existence in 1834. One year after the Staatz-Zeitung, and two years after the Sun, the Herald was brought forth by the elder Bennett, and has always had a James Gordon Bennett at its helm. Horace Greeley founded the Tribune in 1841 the days of hard cider, log cabins, and Tippecanoe and Tyler, too. The old Evening Express—now merged into the Mail and Express—was started in 1864. The Times made its bow to the public under the editorial conduct of the late Henry J. Raymond, in 1851. The World was launched in 1860, and had a stormy and dubious time of it for a quarter of a century, until it fell into the hands of its present proprietors.—The Metropolis

A GREAT SPELLING MATCH—The greatest spelling match on record is that offered by Our Homes Publishing Co., in which the award will be following magnificent CASH PRIZES:—One prize of $300; one prize of $200; two prize of $100; four prizes of $50; eight prizes of $25; twenty prizes of $10; forty prizes of $5; one hundred prizes of $2; and two hundred of $1. These prizes will be awarded to the persons sending in the largest number of correctly spelled words found in the advertising pages of the February number of Our Homes, in which no letters occur but those found in the sentence: *Our Homes is Unrivalled as a Home Magazine.* Special cash prizes will be given away each day and each week during this competition, which closes April 25th, 1891. Send 10 cents in stamps or silver, for a sample copy of the February number, with rules and regulations governing the competition. Address, Our Homes Pub. Co., Brockville, Ont.

It is told of a Belfast Maine, citizen who occasionally goes on a spree that when he reaches a certain stage of exhilaration he arrests himself, walks up to the jail, and there remains until the next day. So heartfelt is his respect for the law that tears stream down his cheeks as he meditates upon the duty of expatriation. Once he was asked by a kind Samaritan the cause of his apparent grief. He replied that he had to go to jail. "Why don't you go home?" queried the stranger. "Can't" returned the inebriate, "have been drunk; ought to go to jail," and to jail he went.

Cause of Summer Complaints.

The direct cause of pain and looseness of the bowels, is an irritation of the mucous membrane of the same, sufficient to produce excessive peristaltic or worm-like motion in the interior of the bowels, by which means the matter in the bowels is naturally carried through them. This excessive irritation causes more than a natural peristaltic action; and the partially digested food matter is kept constantly passing along and evacuated freely. This is called a diarrhœa; where the irritation is sufficient to cause bleeding, we have dysentery. Medical causes of diarrhœa, by which an irritation is started, are intestinal dyspepsia, overeating, unripe or overripe fruit, tainted meats, or oysters, etc., torpor of liver, by which not enough bile is secreted; excessive flow of bile, etc. Treatment: Thoroughly evacuate the bowels with say, Parsons Pills, they are among the best to get rid of all irritating matter. Then take Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in teaspoonful doses diluted with water every four hours, and oftener if the case is severe. In case of Asiatic cholera, one teaspoonful should be given every half-hour. Thousands of people remember the year 1849, when the worst known epidemic disease spread over this country, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment at that time was but little known outside the state of Maine. In Bangor, Maine, the home of old Dr. Johnson, the cholera got a firm hold—people dying in that small town at the rate of "thirty-six in one day."

Many old citizens of that place look back upon that death scene even at this late day, and shudder at the pangs it cost. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, is now in its full vigor, and they feel that with it at hand cholera cannot again devastate their fair city as in 1849. But for its use at that time by its friends, many would not now live to spread the joyful news that any case of diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus, cholera, or kindred diseases, if taken in season, can be cured by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It never yet failed. No matter how well you know this medicine it will pay you to send to I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for a pamphlet free just to learn how to use this liniment economically. A teaspoonful properly used will often do more good than a half-bottle as some people use it.

Legitimate advertising in newspapers always pays. It is hardly a fair thing to ask a customer who has dealt generously with you to become an unwilling advertisement by carrying his or her bundles placarded with your business sign. The young lady who told the clerk to turn that wrapping paper the other side out hit the nail squarely on the head. She was right. That sort of wrapping-paper is a relic of cross roads storekeeping.—Jackson (Mich.) Courier.

County Representation.

The Manufacturers' Life and Accident Insurance Companies have established themselves at Chubb's corner, St. John.

The Manufacturers want representatives in every county in New Brunswick to solicit both Life and Accident Insurance. Address J. B. Paton, box 374. St. John, N. B.

Last year's railroad accidents in New Jersey numbered more than 1,600,317 of which were fatal.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

Room at the Top

Ambitious Youth: Do you know of any way by which young writers like myself can make money in literature?

Magazine Editor—Um—there is one.

"I am delighted to hear that. What would you advise?"

"Keep a news-stand."

We have a speedy cure for catarrh, diphtheria, coughs, and headache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

Not Powerful.

Spacer: What is the noise about in the next room?

Liner: I guess our friend, the poet, is struggling with an idea.

Spacer—Is the Idea his own?

Liner—Yes.

Spacer—Then he will probably escape unharmed.

The Grand Trunk System.

The Grand Trunk system differs from the human system in that the same troubles do not affect it and the same remedies are not needed. For all diseases of the human system there is no tonic purifier, renovator and strengthener as good as Burdock Blood Bitters. A weak system can be built up by B. B. B.

A Nationalist Plan.

A proposal, which would obtain favor with even the opponents of Nationalism, and contemplates the placing of a supply sufficient for each family of nature's great dyspepsia specific and blood purifier, B. B. B., in every house in the land. The benefits of such a boon to the people would be incalculable.

Health, Happiness and Prosperity.

All these depend on pure blood, for without it health is impossible; without health happiness is impossible, and without happiness prosperity is a mockery. No means of obtaining pure blood and removing bad blood excels the use of B. B. B., the best blood purifier known.

Imperial Federation.

Will present an opportunity to extend the fame of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry the unfailing remedy for cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all summer complaints, to every part of the Empire. Wild Strawberry never fails.

Mining News.

Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhœa, etc. It is a sure cure.

What's the Reason?

The causes of summer complaint, diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus, etc., are the excessive heat, eating green fruit, over-exertion, impure water and sudden chill. Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is an infallible and prompt cure for all bowel complaints from whatever cause.

K. C. D. is Guaranteed To Cure DYSPEPSIA And INDIGESTION or Money Refunded.

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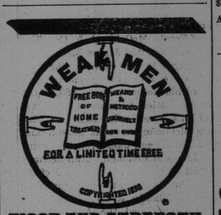

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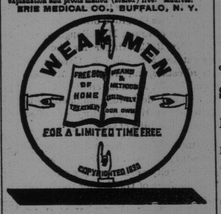

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EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

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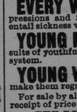

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