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## The Rockwood Review.

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# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. VI

NOVEMBER 1ST, 1900.

No. 9

It is hinted that a departing officer has already been given an oyster supper and has been the recipient of several presents and addresses. The young gentleman is as silent as the Sphinx regarding these matters, so possibly there is a certain amount of truth in the rumors.

Mrs. Peirce has returned from the West, fully restored in health.

Dr. Herriman who is said to be Dr. Webster's successor, was married to Miss Williams, of Johnstown, Pa., on October 19th. Congratulations.

Miss Bates kindly sang at the patients service on October 21st.

Pat McGrath is a great admirer of football and misses very few matches. He says that Rugby is not "in it" though with the Assassination variety of the game. Many people who have watched the Junior Series of the O.R.F.U. think that the youngsters style of Rugby favors strongly of the Assassination type.

Dr. Webster's promotion has given intense satisfaction to his many friends, as the Doctor has earned advancement. There are few more devoted or popular officers in the service. He will be much missed at Rockwood as he is greatly beloved both by patients and officials.

The patients at Rockwood are as keen over football as the "sports" outside—and a large deputation is always present at the great matches, thanks to the courtesy of the Athletic Association and the managers of the different clubs.

Mr. Archie Mullin, of Hamilton visited Kingston recently and received a warm welcome at Rockwood.

Professor T. Wesley Mills of McGill visited Rockwood recently.

Golden and Black-bellied Plover have been unusually common this autumn. It was feared that the Golden Plover has deserted this district as very few flocks had been seen of late years. It is pleasing to note Red-heads and Mallards among the ducks coming from the North. These birds, at one time common, have been exceedingly rare of late.

Miss Nellie Jackson has been spending her vacation in New York.

## MARRIED.

HERRIMAN—WILLIAMS—On Oct. 18th, 1900, at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, William Choate Herriman, M.D., of Hamilton, Ont., to Nellie Jane, daughter of Lewis Williams, Esq.

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Now that the question of professionalism in sport is really giving anxiety to those who should have faced the difficulty long ago, let the medicine administered be fairly distributed. It is useless to select one team or one person, when well known offenders are allowed to parade themselves as innocent, without question. The Toronto people are particularly virtuous, and yet that most innocent of sports, bowling on the green, is, in the Queen City said to be permeated by professionalism. Why cannot the tribunal which is said to regulate amateur athletics get after these offenders. We call attention to this particular phase of the question, as no doubt the Granites will attend to the football gentry. It is a well known rule of amateurism that a man must always appear in matches under his own name—a breach of this rule makes him a professional. Now as a matter of fact this is an extremely awkward thing for many Toronto gentlemen, who are not honest enough to let the world know that they occasionally indulge in the demoralizing and giddy game of bowls—hence the necessity for deception. Mr. Smith becomes Mr Jones on the green, and does not appear to realize the fact that he is almost as wicked as the Rev. Hopley Porter of Bab Ballad fame. No famous gentlemen—Kingston will give up its professionals with the best grace possible, but Toronto must not strain at a gnat and quietly swallow a camel and a very big camel at that. It would not be good form to suggest that some of the well known "mug hunters" in the bowling arena are

the most persistent offenders—but such has been hinted by others.

It seems that Dr. Clarke's name was not well received by the military gentlemen, when he was proposed as referee in the Queens-Cadet match. Who can blame the children after Dr. C's removal from the pinnacle of fame, by the hoodlums of Gananoque. We know the Doctor well enough to think that even if he had been accepted, he would have refused the honor, being already satisfied for the season, with glory reaped in the East. The papers are in error in stating that Dr. Clarke refereed last year's intercollegiate match. He was merely umpire and an exceedingly unwilling one at that. The innocent who acts as referee in a football match generally has enough for one year, so persistent are the losers in blaming their defeat on the Officials. It has become a part of the game.

Some good fish stories are being told at Rockwood and very large fish have been caught—that is if we can believe all we hear. Alderman McCammon's eighteen and three quarter pound pike heads the list and Mr. J. Dennison's thirteen pound pickerel is next in order. If Jonah were about he could easily be accommodated for a short trip. Sam Skinner says that if we are bound to entertain Biblical characters Ananias would be a most suitable guest.

Mr. W. Shakespeare Shea has been to New York. This means a complete change of programme for this season's entertainments, as Our Billy forgets little that he sees. McGinnis "has driven up to the door" for the last time and the Tailor will have to be content to shoot his crow in oblivion—that is where all crows should be at any rate.

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The death of bicycling as a sport is apparently near at hand, and the decline of interest in cycling as a pastime has been almost as rapid as was its development. The majority of people merely use the "silent steed" as a matter of convenience, and this is really its legitimate place. A few young men and women who are cooped up in offices and shops, no doubt find their bicycles of great use in giving them a maximum amount of outdoor exercise in a minimum of time, but the droves of red faced panting enthusiasts, who used to crowd the dusty country roads at all hours of the day, imagining that they were enjoying themselves, have disappeared. Even the Rockwood Bicycle Club is only a dim tradition, in which lager beer, Billy Shea and the ambulance waggon figure more extensively than the bicycle itself. All of this does not mean that the bicycle is not as prominent as it ever was, but merely emphasizes the fact that the wheel is no longer one "eternal round of pleasure."

Bicycle racing has very properly been ostracized by the general public. The professional—amateur wheel advertisements, pacers, and other paraphernalia soon ended the interest of those who had a true liking for the sport—then again those who raced found the track practice almost as monotonous as a criminal does the treadmill. We could not get along without the bicycle as a convenience. We can exist without it as a means of recreation.

The remarkable development of Queens as a University is an object lesson well worth studying, and Principal Grant is to be highly commended for cultivating the spirit of sturdy independence which has always characterized this successful institution. Kingston acted wisely in encouraging Queens. This bonus will bring more grist to the mill than half a dozen grain elevators.

A general hope is expressed that Mr. McCannan and his associates will revive the Dramatic Club of an early date. It is said that the unmarried men regard themselves as too good looking to make first classoons, so a minstrel show is out of the question. Several good farces are said to be on the market. Let us have some of them.

Mr. R. H. Mullin paid us a flying visit on the occasion of the Argonaut Granite Match, which by the way he refereed. It was no doubt the experience of his lifetime, but he dealt fairly with both teams, although the usual kick was coming from some of the players. The lot of the referee is not a happy one, and the touch line critics who are generally as ignorant of football knowledge as a bald head is of hair, are worse than the players themselves.

Rather a funny incident from which a moral might be extracted took place at a recent football match. A policeman, of football fame, was engaged keeping back the crowd that was rather troublesome. A dispute took place on the touch line and the angry onlookers of course took part in the discussion. The policeman forgot his duty entered into the altercation and was just about to hit one of the players with his baton, when the player quietly remarked that he thought the police were engaged to keep back the crowd and not to interfere with the game. The officer took the hint and sheepishly returned to consciousness and his duty.

A new arrangement is to come in force regarding Tuesday night entertainments. In deference to the wishes of those of delicate nerves the band will play once a month only, and will carefully avoid anything but the most soothing and seductive melodies. The orchestra will take a more prominent part than heretofore, and the new vocalists of talent who have recently been added to the staff will come to the front.

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Mrs. Forster visited Belleville recently.

Dr. J. Robinson, of the Toronto Asylum has retired owing to ill health. This is greatly to be regretted, as Dr. R. was a true friend both to patients and employees, one who was always thoroughly appreciated by those who knew him well. We sincerely trust that his health may be fully restored in the near future.

If one wished to learn the truth regarding matters political, a study of the party papers would prove rather confusing at the present time. The has of the party man can, when necessary, make straight things crooked and crooked things straight.

The football season has been full of surprises. The absolutely confident teams have gone down when least expected, thus proving Mr. W. Cochrane's "bon mot," that there's nothing so uncertain as a dead sure thing. Queen's II. in their first match—Cadets in their return match and Limestones against Queen's III. all helped to prove the truth of the statement. Football is a difficult game to play on "shape."

Dr. C. Y. Ford has been given the Degree of M.D., C.M. at Queen's. We heartily congratulate the young medico on his success.

At last there seems to be a prospect of having an electric light plant installed at Rockwood. We have been promised this improvement so frequently and been disappointed so regularly that it has become a subject of interest to guess when it really would be accomplished. Mr. Wickens, the Government engineer has been here though, and has an earnest look that seems to mean "business" this time. A "light" load may mean a heavy burden judging by the numerous figures which seem necessary in getting up an electric specification.

The south-western wall of the main hospital is being pointed.

The Gerda has been off for several short cruises lately.

A flock of rather rare black birds, yellow-headed, passed through Rockwood grounds on October 24th. This is the second occasion on which they have been observed here. Great horned owls have also been noticed.

Some of the local sports have been enjoying very fair shooting this autumn.

The death of the Rev. J. A. Allen is greatly regretted in this neighborhood. Mr. Allen's scholarly attainments have been fully noticed in the newspapers of the day, but little has been said of his personal characteristics. Mr. Allen was an ideal man and a noble example to his neighbors. He took a warm interest in the whole community and especially in time of trouble did his broad sympathy endear him to every one. No one has been more sincerely mourned than this kindly old man, whose familiar figure was always a welcome sight to both young and old.

A correspondent asks us "How does a Boer get a wife?" The answer is simplicity itself. In true Arcadian fashion, he Come-on-dear's her.

We are still receiving letters concerning the crowing crow. Our last correspondent declares emphatically, to us it seems a little dogmatically, that the crow does not crow. He then explains: "The cock crows. The cro cusses."

An old cricketer, wishing to be thoroughly sarcastic about the net stretched round the ground at Lord's, told a friend that the great advantage of the innovation was that now the gross total of runs credited to you would go down as net.



## THE DEEP SEA.

Shells and shingle and tangled weed  
From the deep green pastures under the sea,  
Where the wild white horses of ocean feed  
When the winds are still, and the tide runs free ;  
This is the largess they bring to me.

Flotsam and jetsam of wind and tide,  
Fairy blossoms with tints that glow  
Like sunset clouds from the sunward side,  
Out of the deep sea gardens below  
Where the pearl fish lives and the corals grow.

Gold and sapphire and amethyst,—  
Flowers the Indian diver sees  
Beckoning down through the sea-blue mist  
Where never a wind or the softest breeze  
May ruffle the leaves of the coral trees.

Over their heads the great ships go,  
As clouds drift over the summer skies  
When the winds are out and the trumpets blow  
And the wild white horses awake and rise  
And deep rent roaring deep replies.

But the lovely blossoms from under the sea,  
Which stress of the winds and waves release,  
Say to the murmuring soul of me  
Above us the tempests pass and cease  
But in the depths it is always peace.  
—K. S. McL.

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### SAM'S BOY.

W. W. Jacobs in Strand Magazine.

It was getting late in the afternoon as Master Jones, in a somewhat famished condition, strolled up Aldgate, with a keen eye on the gutter, in search of anything that would serve him for his tea. Too late he wished that he had saved some of the stale bread and damaged fruit which had constituted the dinner.

Aldgate proving barren, he turned up into the quieter Minorities skilfully dodging the mechanical cuff of the constable at the corner as he passed, and watching with some interest the efforts of a stray mongrel to get itself adopted. Its victim had sworn at it, cut at it with his stick, and even made little runs at it—all to no purpose. Finally, being a soft-hearted man, he was weak enough to pat the cowering schemer on the head, and, being frantically licked by homeless one, took it up in his arms and walked off with it.

Billy Jones watched the proceedings with interest, not untempered by envy. If he had only been a dog! The dog passed in the man's arms, and, with a whine of ecstasy insisted upon licking his ear. They went on their way, the dog wondering between licks what sort of table the man kept, and the man speculating idly as to a descent which appeared to have included, among other things, an ant-eater.

"E's all right," said the orphan wistfully; "no coppers to chivvy 'im about, and as much grub as he wants. Wish I'd been a dog."

He tied up his breeches with a piece of string which was lying on the pavement, and, his hands being now free, placed them in a couple of rents which served as pockets, and began to whistle. He was not a proud boy, and was quite willing to take a lesson even from the humblest. Surely he was as useful as a dog!

The thought struck him just as

a stout, kindly-looking seaman passed with a couple of shipmates. It was a good-natured face, and the figure was that of a man who lived well. A moment's hesitation and Master Jones, with a courage born of despair, ran after him and tugged him by the sleeve.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Samuel Brown, looking round. "What do you want?"

"Want you, father," said Master Jones.

The jolly seaman's face broke into a smile. So also did the faces of the jolly seaman's friends.

"I'm not you father, matey," he said good-naturedly.

"Yes, you are," said the desperate Billy; "you know you are."

"You've made a mistake my lad," said Mr. Brown, still smiling. "Here, run away."

He felt in his trouser-pocket and produced a penny. It was a gift, not a bribe, but it had by no means the effect its donor intended. Master Jones, now certain that he had made a wise choice of a father, trotted along a pace or two in the rear.

"Look here, my lad," exclaimed Mr. Brown, goaded into action by intercepting a smile with which Mr. Charles Legge had favored Mr. Harry Green, "you run off home."

"Where do you live now?" inquired Billy, anxiously.

Mr. Green, disdaining concealment, slapped Mr. Legge on the back and, laughing uproariously, regarded Mr. Jones with much kindness.

"You mustn't follow me," said Sam severely; "dye ye hear?"

"All right, father," said the boy dutifully.

"And don't call me father," vociferated Mr. Brown.

"Why not?" inquired the youth artlessly.

Mr. Legge stopped suddenly and, putting his hand on Mr. Green's shoulder, gaspingly expressed his inability to go any further. Mr. Green, patting his back said he knew how he felt, because

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he felt the same, and, turning to Sam, told him he'd be the death of him if he wasn't more careful.

"If you don't run away," said Mr. Brown, harshly, as he turned to the boy, "I shall give you a hiding."

"Where am I to run to?" whimpered Master Jones, dodging off and on.

"Run 'ome," said Sam.

"That's where I'm going," said Master Jones, following.

"Better try and give 'im the slip, Sam," said Mr. Legge, in a confidential whisper; "though it seems an unnatural thing to do."

"Unnatural? What d'ye mean?" demanded his unfortunate friend. "Wot d'ye mean by unnatural?"

"Oh, if you're going to talk like that, Sam," said Mr. Legge, shortly, "It's no good giving you advice. As you've made your bed you must lay on it."

"How long is it since you saw 'im last, matey?" inquired Mr. Green.

"I dunno; not very long," replied the boy, cautiously.

"Has he altered at all since you see 'im last?" inquired the counsel for the defence, motioning the fermenting Mr. Brown to keep still.

"No," said Billy, firmly; "not a bit."

"Wot's your name?"

"Billy," was the reply.

"Billy wot?"

"Billy Jones."

Mr. Green's face cleared, and he turned to his friends with a smile of joyous triumph. Sam's face reflected his own, but Charlie Legge's was still overcast.

"It ain't likely," he said, impressively; "it ain't likely as Sam would go and get married twice in the same name, is it? Put it to yourself, .Arry—would you?"

"Look 'ere," exclaimed the infuriated Mr. Brown, "don't you interfere in my business. You're a crocodile, that's what you are. As for you, you little varmint, you run off, d'ye hear?"

He moved on swiftly, accompanied by the other two, and set

an example of looking straight ahead of him, which was, however, lost upon his friends.

"'E's still following of you, Sam," said the crocodile, in by no means disappointed tones.

"Sticking like a leech," confirmed Mr. Green. "'E's a pretty little chap, rather."

"Takes arter 'is mother," said the vengeful Mr. Legge.

The unfortunate Sam said nothing, but strode a haunted man down Nightingale Lane into Wapping High street, and so to the ketch Nancy Bell, which was lying at Shrimpett's wharf. He stepped on board without a word, and only when he turned to descend the fore-castle-ladder did his gaze rest for a moment on the small, forlorn piece of humanity standing on the wharf.

"Halloa, boy, what do you want?" cried the skipper, catching sight of him.

"Want my father, sir—Sam," replied the youth, who had kept his ears open.

The skipper got up from his seat and eyed him curiously; Messrs. Legge and Green, drawing near, explained the situation. Now the skipper was a worldly man; and Samuel Brown, A.B., when at home, played a brass instrument in the Salvation Army band. He regarded the boy kindly and spoke him fair.

"Don't run away," he said, anxiously.

"I'm not going to, sir," said Master Jones, charmed with his manner, and he watched breathlessly as the skipper stepped forward and, peering down the fore-castle, called loudly for Sam.

"Yes, sir," said a worried voice.

"Your boy's asking after you," said the skipper, grinning madly.

"He's not my boy, sir," replied Mr. Brown, through his clenched teeth.

"Well, you'd better come up and see him," said the other. "Are you sure he isn't, Sam?"

Mr. Brown made no reply, but coming on deck met Master Jones'

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smile of greeting with an icy stare and started convulsively as the skipper beckoned him aboard.

"He's been rather neglected, Sam," said the skipper, shaking his head.

"Wot's it got to do with me?" said Sam, violently. "I tell you I've never seen 'im afore this arnoon."

"You hear what your father says said the skipper— ('Hold your tongue, Sam). Where's your mother, boy?"

"Dead, sir," whined Master Jones. "I've on'y got 'im now."

The skipper was a kind-hearted man, and he looked pityingly at the forlorn little figure by his side. And Sam was the good man of the ship and a leading light at Dimport.

"How would you like to come to sea with your father?" he inquired

The grin of delight with which Master Jones received this proposition was sufficient reply.

"I wouldn't do it for everybody," pursued the skipper, glancing severely at the mate, who was behaving foolishly. "but I don't mind obliging you, Sam. He can come."

"Obliging?" repeated Mr. Brown hardly able to get the words out. "Obliging me? I don't want to be obliged."

"There, there," interrupted the skipper. "I don't want any thanks. Take him forrad and give him something to eat—he looks half-starved, poor little chap."

He turned away and went down to the cabin, while the cook, whom Mr. Brown had publicly rebuked for his sons the day before, led the boy to the galley and gave him a good meal. After that was done Charlie washed him and Harry, going ashore, begged a much-worn suit of boy's clothes from a foreman of his acquaintance. He also brought back a message from the foreman to Mr. Brown to the effect that he was surprised at him.

The conversation that evening after Master Jones was asleep turned on bigamy, but Mr. Brown

snored through it all, though Mr. Legge's remark that the revelations of that afternoon had thrown a light upon many little things in his behavior which had hitherto baffled him came perilously near to awakening him.

At six in the morning they got under way the boy going nearly frantic with delight as sail after sail was set, and the ketch, with a stiff breeze, rapidly left Loudon behind her. Mr. Brown studiously ignored him, but the other men pampered him to his heart's content, and even the cabin was good enough to manifest a little concern in his welfare, the skipper calling Mr. Brown up no fewer than five times that day to complain about his son's behavior.

"I can't have somersaults on this 'ere ship, Sam," he remarked, shaking his head; "it ain't the place for 'em.

"I wonder at you teaching 'im such things," said the mate, in grave disapprobation.

"He?" said the hapless Sam, trembling with passion.

"He must 'ave seen you do it," said the mate, letting his eye rove casually over Sam's ample proportions. "You must ha' been leading a double life altogether, Sam."

"That's nothing to do with us," interrupted the skipper, impatiently. "I don't mind Sam turning cart-wheels all day if it amuses him, but they mustn't do it here, that's all. It's no good standing there sulking, Sam; I can't have it."

He turned away, and Mr. Brown unable to decide whether he was mad or drunk, or both, walked back, and, squeezing himself up in the bows, looked miserably over the sea. Behind him the men disported themselves with Master Jones, and once, looking over his shoulder, he actually saw the skipper giving him a lesson in steering.

By the following afternoon he was in such a state of collapse that when they put in at the small port of Withersea to discharge a por-

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tion of their cargo, he obtained permission to stay below in his bunk. Work proceeded without him, and at nine o'clock in the evening they sailed again, and it was not until they were a couple of miles on their way to Dimport that Mr. Legge rushed aft with the announcement he was missing.

"Don't talk nonsense," said the skipper, as he came up from below in response to a hail from the mate

"It's a fact, sir," said Mr. Legge shaking his head.

"What's to be done with the boy?" demanded the mate, blankly.

"Sam's a unsteady, unreliable, tricky old man," exclaimed the skipper, hotly; the idea of going and leaving a boy on our hands like that. I'm surprised at him. I'm disappointed in Sam—deserting!"

"I expect 'e's larning like anything, sir," remarked Mr. Legge.

"Get forrard," said the skipper, sharply; get forrard at once, d'ye hear?"

"But what's to be done with the boy?—that's what I want to know said the mate.

"What d'ye think's to be done with him?" bawled the skipper. We can't chuck him overboard, can we?"

"I mean when we get to Dimport?" growled the mate.

"Well, the men'll talk," said the skipper, calming down a little. "and perhaps Sam's wife'll come and take him. If not, I suppose he'll have to go to the workhouse. Anyway, it's got nothing to do with me. I wash my hands of it altogether."

He went below again leaving the mate at the wheel. A murmur of voices came from the forecabin where the crew were discussing the late behavior of their late colleague. The bereaved Master Jones whose face was streaky with the tears of disappointment, looked on from his bunk.

"What are you going to do, Billy?" inquired the cook.

"I dunno," said the boy, miserably.

He sat up in his bunk in a brown study, ever and anon turning his sharp little eyes from one to another of the men. Then, with a final sniff to the memory of his departed parent, he composed himself to sleep.

With the buoyancy of childhood he had forgotten his trouble by the morning, and ran idly about the ship as before, until in the afternoon they came in sight of Dimport. Mr. Legge who had a considerable respect for the brain hidden in that small head, pointed it out to him, and with some curiosity waited for his remarks.

"I can see it," said Master Jones briefly.

"That's where Sam lives," said his friend, pointedly.

"Yes," said the boy, nodding, "all of you live there, don't you?"

It was an innocent enough remark in all conscience, but there was that in Master Jones's eye which caused Mr. Legge to move away hastily and glance at him in some disquietude from the other side of the deck. The boy, unconscious of the interest excited by his movements, walked restlessly up and down.

"Boy's worried," said the skipper, aside, to the mate; "cheer up, sonny."

Billy looked up and smiled, and the cloud which had sat on his brow when he thought of the cold-blooded desertion of Mr. Brown gave way to an expression of serene content.

"Well, what's he going to do?" inquired the mate, in a low voice.

"That needn't worry us," said the skipper. "Let things take their course; that's my motto."

He took the wheel from Harry; the little town came closer; the houses separated and disclosed roads, and the boy discovered to his disappointment that the church stood on ground of its own and not on the roof of a large red house as he had supposed. He ran forward as they had got closer, and, perching up in the bows until they were fast to the quay, looked

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round searchingly for any signs of Sam.

The skipper locked up the cabin and then calling on one of the shore-hands to keep an eye on the fore-castle, left it open for the convenience of the small passenger. Harry, Charlie and the cook stepped ashore. The skipper and mate followed, and the latter, looking back from some distance, called his attention to the desolate little figure sitting on the hatch.

"I suppose he'll be all right," said the skipper, uneasily; "there's food and a bed down the fo'c's'le. You might just look round to-night and see he's safe. I expect we'll have to take him back to London with us."

They turned up a small road in the direction of home and walked on in silence, until the mate, glancing behind at an acquaintance who had just passed, uttered a sharp exclamation. The skipper turned, and a small figure which had just shot round the corner stopped in mid-career and eyed them warmly. The men exchanged uneasy glances.

"Father," cried a small voice.

"He—he's adopted you now," said the skipper, huskily.

"Or you," said the mate. "I never took much notice of him."

He looked around again. Master Jones following, briskly, about 10 yards in the rear, and twenty yards behind him came the crew, who, having seen him quit the ship, had followed with the evident intention of being in at the death.

"Father," cried the boy again, "wait for me."

One or two passers-by stared in astonishment, and the mate began to be uneasy as to the company he was keeping.

"Let's separate," he growled, "and see who he's calling after."

The skipper caught him by the arm, "shout out to him to go back," he cried.

"It's you he's after, I tell you," said the mate. "Who did you want, Billy?"

"I want my father," cried the

youth, and, to prevent any mistake indicated the raging skipper with his finger.

"Who do you want?" bellowed the latter, in a frightful voice.

"Want you, father," chirruped Master Jones.

Wrath and dismay struggled for supremacy in the skipper's face, and he paused to decide whether it would be better to wipe Master Jones off the face of the earth or to pursue his way in all the strength of conscious innocence. He chose the latter course, and, a shade more erect than usual, walked on until he came in sight of his house and his wife, who was standing at the door.

"You come along o' me, Jem, and explain," he whispered to the mate. Then he turned about and hailed the crew. The crew, flattered at being offered front seats in the affair, came forward eagerly.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mrs. Hunt, eyeing the crowd in amazement as it grouped itself in anticipation.

"Nothing," said her husband, off-handedly.

"Who's that boy?" cried the innocent woman.

"It's a poor little mad boy," began the skipper; he came aboard—

"I'm not mad father," interrupted Master Jones.

"A poor little mad boy," continued the skipper, hastily, "who came aboard in London and said poor old Sam Brown was his father."

"No—you, father," cried the boy, shrilly.

"He calls everybody his father," said the skipper, with a smile of anguish; "that's the form his madness takes. He called Jem nere his father."

"No, he didn't," said the mate bluntly.

"And then he thought Charlie was his father."

"No, sir," said Mr. Legge, with respectful firmness.

"Well, he said Sam Brown was," said the skipper.

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"Yes, that's right, sir," said the crew.

"Where is Sam?" inquired Mrs. Hunt, looking round expectantly.

"He deserted the ship at Withsa," said her husband.

"I see," said Mrs. Hunt, with a bitter smile, "and these men have all come up prepared to swear that the boy said Sam was his father. Haven't you?"

"Yes, mum," chorused the crew delighted at being understood so easily.

Mrs. Hunt looked across the road to the fields stretching beyond. Then she suddenly brought her gaze back and, looking full at her husband, uttered just two words:

"Oh, Joe!"

"Ask the mate," cried the frantic skipper.

"Yes, I know what the mate'll say," said Mrs. Hunt. "I've no need to ask him."

"Charlie and Harry were with Sam when the boy came up to them," protested the skipper.

"I've no doubt," said his wife.

"Oh, Joe! Joe! Joe!"

There was an uncomfortable silence, during which the crew, standing for the most part on one leg in sympathy with their chief's embarrassment, nudged each other to say something to clear the character of a man whom all esteemed.

"You ungrateful little demon!" burst out Mr. Legge, at length; "arter the kind way the skipper treated you, too."

"Did he treat him kindly?" inquired the captain's wife, in conversational tones.

"Like a fa—like a uncle, mum," said the thoughtless Mr. Legge.

"Gave 'im a passage on the ship and fairly spoilt 'im. We was all surprised at the fuss 'e made of 'im; wasn't we, Harry?"

He turned to his friend, but on Mr. Green's face there was an expression of such utter scorn and contempt that his own fell. He glanced at the skipper, and was almost frightened at his appearance.

The situation was ended by Mrs. Hunt entering the house and closing the door with an ominous bang. The men slunk off, headed by Mr. Legge; and the mate, after a few murmured words of encouragement to the skipper, also departed. Captain Hunt looked first at the small cause of his trouble, who had drawn off to some distance, and then at the house. Then, with a determined gesture, he turned the handle of the door and walked in. His wife, who was sitting in an arm-chair, with her eyes on the floor, remained motionless.

"Look here, Polly——," he began.

"Don't talk to me," was the reply. "I wonder you can look me in the face."

The skipper ground his teeth, and strove to maintain an air of judicial calm.

"If you'll only be reasonable——" he remarked, severely.

"I thought there was something secret going on," said Mrs. Hunt. "I've often looked at you when you've been sitting in that chair, with a worried look on your face, and wondered what it was. But I never thought it was so bad as this. I'll do you the credit to say that I never thought of such a thing as this. . . . What did you say? . . . What?"

"I said 'd—!" said the skipper, explosively.

"Yes, I've no doubt," said his wife, fiercely. "You think you're going to carry it off with a high hand and bluster; but you won't bluster me, my man. I'm not one of your meek and mild women who'll put up with anything. I'm not one of your——"

"I tell you," said the skipper, "that the boy calls everybody his father. I daressy he's claimed another by this time."

Even as he spoke the hand turned, and the door opening a few inches disclosed the anxious face of Master Jones. Mrs. Hunt, catching the skipper's eye, pointed to it in an ecstasy of silent wrath,

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There was a breathless pause, broken at last by the boy.

"Mother!" he said softly.

Mrs. Hunt stiffened in her chair and her arms fell by her side as she gazed in speechless amazement Master Jones, opening the door a little wider, gently insinuated his small figure into the room. The skipper gave one glance at his wife and then, turning hastily away, put his hand over his mouth and, with protruding eyes, gazed out of the window.

"Mother, can I come in?" said the boy.

"Oh, Polly!" sighed the skipper. Mrs. Hunt strove to regain the utterance of which astonishment had deprived her.

"I . . . what . . . Joe . . . don't be a fool!"

"Yes, I've no doubt," said the skipper! theatrically. "Oh, Polly! Polly! Polly!"

He put his hand over his mouth again and laughed silently, until his wife, coming behind him, took him by the shoulders and shook him violently.

"This," said the skipper, choking: "this is what . . . you've been worried about. . . . This is the secret what's—"

He broke off suddenly as his wife thrust him by main force into a chair, and standing over him with a fiery face dared him to say another word. Then she turned to the boy.

"What do you mean by calling me mother?" she demanded. "I'm not your mother."

"Yes you are," said Master Jones.

Mrs. Hunt eyed him in bewilderment, and then, roused to a sense of her position by a renewed gurgling from the skipper's chair, set to work to try and thump that misguided man into a more serious frame of mind. Failing in this, she sat down and, after a futile struggle, began to laugh to herself, and that so heartily that Master Jones, smiling sympathetically, closed the door, and came boldly into the room.

The statement, generally believed, that Captain Hunt and his wife adopted him, is incorrect, the skipper accounting for his continued presence in the house by the simple explanation that he had adopted them. An explanation which Mr. Samuel Brown, for one finds quite easy of acceptance.

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### CONTINUATION OF CORPORAL GEORGE FOX'S DIARY.

The winter was setting in when we began our long march, or series of marches of twenty to twenty-seven miles a day. Our route lay through Massachusetts, a small portion of Rhode Island, thence into Connecticut. Near where we crossed the Connecticut River, lofty hills were seen, which we were told were a continuation of the Green Mountains: we passed through no towns of any note during our march through New England, but lay in the woods frequently at night around bush fires, with merely a blanket over us. On one occasion when I arose there was snow on my blanket half a yard deep; we passed from Connecticut into New York State, all the time under a strong Military Guard; thence into the State of New Jersey; thence across the Delaware River, where we came into Pennsylvania and made a halt at a post town named Lancaster. A short time after this we crossed the Siscosanna River to a town called Little York. Mascoper then entered Maryland and marched on to Frederickton, where we arrived on Christmas day: next day we crossed the Potomac River at a place seven miles from where it forms the dividing line between Maryland and Virginia—and we marched into the last named State one hundred miles before we arrived at our journey's end. We were then placed in extensive woods and surrounded with a strong chain of sentinels, and we had to build log huts in a regular form, with streets between every



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range of huts, after the form of a country town in England. Six men were apportioned to a hut, with so many huts to a regiment, according to its strength; (and no nails were furnished us). The German troops were hutted in the same manner only a wider avenue separating them and us. An allotment was laid off for gardens wherein we were told we would have to grow vegetables to use with our salt provisions when spring should come. After this was done, we were ordered to lay off an acre for a grave yard and fence it in securely to prevent the wild and roaming beasts from breaking in. We also built a church, where Divine service was held every Sunday. There was besides a general hospital and a main guard house and other necessary conveniences to be built such as stables for the officers, and also a number of wells were dug to afford a sufficient supply of good water for the large encampment. A detachment mounted guard every day and a

a sargeant and a corporal and twelve men were kept patrolling the streets day and night to maintain order and prevent disturbances—through the fatigue and wearisomeness of the multifarious duties, quite a number of men deserted, and got away by night. To check this evil, a small reward was offered and paid to the people of the surrounding country for every deserter that they brought in, and these, on being brought back, were confined under a strict rebel guard and at last when the number of recaptures had reached three hundred, they were sent off under strong guard to Winchester jail, one hundred and forty miles distant. General Burgoyne having been allowed to go to England on his Parole, left us at Cambridge, New England, and after this we were under the command of Lieutenant General Phillips.

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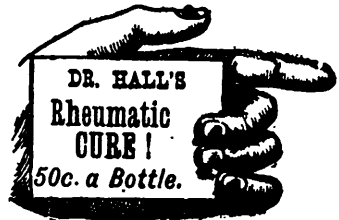
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