

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a vertical crease down the center. There are a few small, dark spots and faint markings scattered across the surface, including a small dark mark near the bottom left and a faint horizontal line near the bottom center. The overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

<p>Barbados Molasses.</p> <p>Landing ex. Herbert from Barbados:</p> <p>52 Puncheons</p> <p>Choice Grocery Molasses</p> <p>M. WOOD & SONS.</p> <p>Sackville, Aug. 1889. 8m.</p>	<p>Brandram's Paints</p> <p>Received per S. S. Damara from London.</p> <p>Brandram's Genuine White Lead.</p> <p>" White Zinc Paints.</p> <p>" Colored Paints.</p> <p>aug-8m M. WOOD & SONS.</p>
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competition, for a poem entitled "The Maiden's Sacrifice," and the poem and a picture of Mr. McLeod as the author were published. The poem was so popular that it was reprinted. The poem was written nearly twenty years ago by Mr. James Hannay, now editor of the St. John *Gazette*, and was published at that time in the St. John *Telegraph*. These facts have been received with interest and approval on his part, and he estimates prize money and makes no sign. It seems a pity that the law provides no punishment for such an offence, for any young man whose conscience is sufficiently seared to allow him to be guilty of such a kind of crime, is bound to be insensible to the well-merited contempt in which he is held by all right-thinking people.

—The announcement is made by the Canadian Pacific that they intend running a fast mail train from Vancouver eastward on the arrival of the Japanese steamers, covering the distance from Vancouver to St. John in four days. The last through English mail over the line contained four thousand letters, and in addition to the mail destined for Canada and the States, shown that already

led by Rev. Dr. Stewart, assisted by Rev. Dr. Burwash and Rev. F. W. Harrison, and a musical solo by the choir of St. Mark's. After an interval spent in leave-taking the newly-wedded pair started amid showers of rice for the station where they took for Halifax, from whence they train steamer for New Scotland, and the hosts of laborers who accompanied to the station by a large number of friends, and a warm atmosphere of benevolence and interest among whom was a band of students, who took a novel and somewhat singular method of manifesting their appreciation and good wishes by throwing handfuls of rice. The residence of Mrs. Andrew Anderson was last Tuesday morning the contracting parties being Mr. E. L. Ford, of Sackville's legal luminaries and Miss Louise Anderson daughter of the late Walter M. Anderson, the well-known businessman supported by his cousin, Rev. W. E. Hall tied the nuptial knot. Shortly after the ceremony he happily eke up left by the C. P. R. train for Fredericton. The hosts of friends congratulated in both cases.

The Supervisor is looking hale and hearty as most men do at sixty. The thorough way in which he has looked after the work in his department this summer is proof; if proof were needed it could hardly be found more aptly than by displacing him as some of his very dear friends wanted to do.

—There is nothing special to note about the weather except that it is fine and pleasant for the season, only a few nights with frost yet. Water is scarce hereabouts because of the drought. The abundant threshing machine is doing its rounds, and is proving clearer so that the grain crop is a light one. About half a car, barley fair, wheat and buckwheat good, but little sown. Potatoes are a very light crop, other roots are fair.

Hotel Artisan

Barnes-Hooks — Oct. 10. Royal Knicker, Win. ally, Cookeville, Chickasaw County, Md Maun-
ell, Miss Mansall, Fred-Proctor, D O Firth,
Morgan, Wm L. Mearns, J. H. Morgan, C.
Crowder, Geo A Furwell, Sackville David Whar
ton, E B White, John R. G. Brown, J. P. Crowl,
Crawford, Joe A Maxwell, St John J D Gregory,
Jesse A. McCallum, George T. Smith, J. B. Deane,
Edeard de McManna, Memrancook; F B Murche, Sir
John Macdonald, James C. Thompson, J. B. Constan-
tin, Dr J Black, William F R Murray, II, I.
Gordon, J. H. Gordon, Jr., J. B. Brown, J. R. G. Brown,
D. B. G Brown, J. C. D Ward, Sackville, Major
James C. Thompson, J. B. Constantin, J. B. Con-
stantin N Beal, R Gilbert, T S Kirkpatrick, Alje

—Steamer *Draconia*, which arrived at Halifax last Thursday from Bordeaux, brought a cargo of brandy and 500 tons being for St. John and 100 tons for Halifax. The rest of the cargo is for Montreal and Quebec.

—Constable Halsten, of Keowatin, had a shot instantly killing Joe Pearson on Friday, and the coroner's jury returned this verdict: "That Joe Pearson came to his death by a pistol shot."

—The Halifax City Council has appointed a committee to enquire into the advisability of buying its own electric light plant and lighting its streets independent of any company.

—The catch of Scotch herring has been so large that the fishing smacks are leaving for home, the fish being plentiful and cheap that it does not pay to catch them.

—The Brooklyn Tabernacle, of which Rev. Dr. Talmage is pastor, as burned on Sunday. Loss, \$150,000; well insured.

Amherst.
WE KEEP EVERYTHING IN
Staple & Fancy
DRY GOODS.
Ready-Made Clothing.
Overcoats.
Gents' Furnishings.
Fur Caps.
Ladies' Fur Jackets.
FUR COATS.
Fur Boas, &c.

Dec. 11th, 1888.

In Stock & for Sale at Bottom Prices :

Flour, Corn Meal, On Meal, B. W. Meal,
Feeds, Granulated and Brown Sugar,
Molasses, Vinegar, Tea, Coffee,
Cheese, Raisins, Currants,
Rice, Hulled Barley, Peas,
Beans, Onions, Biscuits,
Nuts, Confectionery, Soap,
Pickles, Pressed Hops,
Apples, Dried & Pickled Fish,
Pork, Ham, Bacon, Sausages,
Lard, Tobaccos, Beef, Mutton, Lamb,
Canned Goods, Spices of all kinds, with
other Goods too numerous to mention.

ED. READ,
Sackville, N. B.

Whignecto Hall Block !

New Stock Just Received per Steamship
Oregon :

Scotch & English Tweeds,
Suitings, Diagonals, Worstedes, &c., &c.
Selected for the Spring and Summer Trade.

A Full Line of
Spring Overcoats & Trousers.

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"I Heartily Recommend Putner's Emulsion To All Who Are Suffering From Affections of the Throat And Lungs. And I Am Certain That For Wasting Diseases Nothing Superior To It Can Be Obtained."

"I have been suffering from Pulmonary Disease for the last five years. About two years ago, during an acute period of my illness, I was advised by my physician to try Putner's Emulsion. I did so with the most gratifying results. My sufferings were speedily alleviated, my cough diminished, my appetite improved. I added several pounds to my weight in a short time and began to recover strength. This process continued until life, which had been a misery to me, became once more a pleasure. Since then Putner's Emulsion has been my only medicine. As one who has fully tested its worth, I hereby recommend it to all who are suffering from affections of the Lungs and Throat, and I am certain that for any form of wasting disease, nothing superior can be obtained."—Robert R. J. Emerson.

Sackville, N. S., Aug. 1889.
Barnes Bros. & Co., Halifax, N. S.
Tennyson Revised.

(From the Portland Advertiser.)
Lord Tennyson begins his new poem with the untimely assertion:—
Summer is coming, Summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
That is undoubtedly true, but Winter is coming first, oh blow it, oh blow it, oh blow it.

The Alert Watchman.
W ARNS us of approaching danger, a lurking enemy, warns us of coming consumption. Take them by the forelock and use Hagar's Pectoral Balm, the surest, safest and best cure for coughs, colds, asthma, hoarseness, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

Mill Property for Sale.

I WILL SELL my Mill Property and Farm at Cookville and about 2,000 acres of Land, well timbered. The Mill is in good repair and will be sold at a Bargain. Payments easy and possession given immediately. Apply to
GEO. W. TOWSE.
Cookville, July 31, 1889.

House for Sale.

THE property on Salem Street occupied by subscriber, consisting of a very neat and comfortable Cottage, with roof collar, a never-failing well of soft water, barn, &c., and about one acre of Land in good state of cultivation. Terms easy. A large portion of the money may remain on mortgage. Apply to
J. W. SANGSTER,
March 7th, if Dentist.

Public Notice.

THE subscriber offers for Sale all that valuable Lot of New Marsh lying between the Old Dyke or Commissioners' Dyke enclosing the Au Lac Body and No. 1 River. The Lot contains upwards of 35 Acres.
For Price and Terms of Sale, apply to
FRANK FAULKNER,
Or to MESSRS. POWELL & BENNETT,
Solicitors.
Sackville, N. B., April 25th, 1889.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold by Public Auction on FRIDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D. 1889, in front of the Court House at Dorchester, in the County of Westmorland, between the hours of twelve o'clock, noon, and five o'clock in the afternoon:
All the Right, Title, Interest, Property, Claim and Demand of EDWARD LESTER, his possessory right and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of and to certain Lands and Premises situated in the Parish of She-
Joshua Wood, M. E., on the South by Lands of the said Joshua Wood, and on the East by Lands of Hazen Lowther, and containing one hundred and fifty acres, more or less, being the same Lot of Land conveyed by Deed by one Eli Lett and Fennell, his wife, to the said Edward Lester, bearing date the thirtieth day of March, A. D. 1889, and Registered in the Westmorland County Records on the third day of April, A. D. 1889, by Number 54,512, Folio 561, Libro M. 5, as reference to the said Records will more fully appear.

Also all other Real Estate of the said Edward Lester, whosoever situate or howsoever described within my bailiwick—the County of Westmorland—the same having been seized under and to be sold by virtue of an Execution issued out of the County Court of Westmorland at the suit of Harris Chapman against the said Edward Lester and Jacob Lett.
Dated at Dorchester, in the County of Westmorland, August 13, 1889.
ANGUS McQUEEN,
Sheriff.

Direct from Factory:

5 Cases Reed & Barton's and Roger Bros'.

SILVERWARE,

Cake Baskets, Casters, Pickle Dishes, Preserved Dishes, Napkin Rings, Butter Dishes, &c., &c.

These Goods are the Newest and Prettiest Designs in the Market.

100 dozen Knives, Forks and Spoons, (Chop and H. & P., 200 Nickel Alarm Clocks, which I will sell at \$1.50—regular price \$2.25; Ladies' and Gents' Watches, wholesale and retail, at a full stock of Diamond and Gem Rings, at all prices; 1 gross of Waterbury Watches for the boys, at \$2.75—every one warranted.

My personal attention given to repairing fine watches.

C. S. McLEOD,
Black's Block, opp. P. O., Amherst.

1890 SUBSCRIBE 1890

FOR THE

Weekly Empire,

CANADA'S LEADING NEWSPAPER.

Patriotic in Tone.

True to Canada.

The Empire is now

THE GREAT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

OF THE DOMINION.

And special arrangements are being made to add new and attractive features, which will greatly increase its interest and value.

The Subscription Price of the Weekly Empire is one dollar per year. But to all our subscribers we are able to send the Paper to all new or paid-up subscribers of the Post from now to the end of 1890 for the small sum of sixty-five cents.

Subscribe now and get the Empire gratis for the balance of this year.

Labrador Herring!

NOW IN STOCK:

50 Barrels Labrador Herring,

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Sept 12th-4 J. R. AYER.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Killa Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

RHODES, CURRY & Co.,
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,
Manufacturers and Builders.

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS, WOOD, Mouldings, etc.

SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials.

Jan 27 Send for Estimates.

Boots and Shoes!
FALL AND WINTER!
AMHERST BOOT & SHOE CO. (Retail),
MOFFAT'S BLOCK.

WE have now on exhibition a Complete Stock of Fall and Winter Goods, which will be sold at prices which cannot fail to please. The Stock includes:
Ladies' Skating Boots, from \$1.50 upwards,
Walking Boots, in Button and Lace,
Felt Boots and Shoes,
and Gents' Solid Comfort German Felt Slippers, sure cure for cold feet,
Ladies' and Gents' American Rubbers, 1st quality.

Also a Fine Assortment of
GENTS' ENGLISH BOOTS,
Including the Celebrated "K" WATERPROOF BOOT, Every Pair Warranted. Do not fail to see these Goods.

Custom Work a Specialty.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY & NEATLY DONE.

Flour & Sugar. BETTER THAN EVER.

I OFFER LOW FOR CASH:
Flour, Sugar, Tea, Kerosene Oil, Lard, Raisins, Currants, Soap, Pickles, Cheese, Apples, Lobsters, and other Goods usually kept in a GROCERY STORE.

Also, another shipment just to hand of
China & Crochery Ware
CONSISTING OF
TEA SETS, CHAMBER SETS, TEA CUPS, Dinner Plates, Soup Plates, Breakfast Plates, Tea Plates, Meat Platters, Vegetable do, and a good supply of separate pieces.

GLASS SETS
I have 10 Different Styles to select from. Also
Preserve Dishes, Fruit Dishes, Nappies, Goblets, Tumblers, Butter Coolers, Ten Different Styles Lanters, Globe Lamps, of all kinds, from \$50. up to \$4.00, Lamp Chimneys, of All Sizes.

China Gift Cups & Mugs.
The Best and Cheapest that I ever offered. Also,
Breakfast Casters,
In Silver and Melonics, Silver Teaspoons and Tablespoons, Knives and Forks, Kitchen Furnishing Goods of all kinds, Brushes—in Scrub, Shoe, and Horse, Wigs & Brooms, and lots of other articles. Give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, and be convinced that I sell the Cheapest of any in Sackville.

decd C. W. KNAPP.

APPLES, SALT, &c.
JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE.
150 Bbls.
Choice Winter Apples,
120 Bags
COARSE SALT
20 Bbls. No. 1 Labrador Herring.

Our Customers can be supplied at our Stores at Baie Verte or Port Elgin.

E. C. GOODEN & CO.
Baie Verte, Dec. 3rd, 1888.

JUST RECEIVED AT
T. H. GRIFINS, Amherst, N. S.:
3 CASES,
CONTAINING
\$800 Worth of High-Class Silverware,
ALL ELEGANT GOODS.
Remember Special Sale
—AND—
Discount of 20 per Cent.
DURING THIS MONTH.

White Rose Kerosene Oil
150 CASKS of this favorite Brand of Oil, received by Sch. Mary C. from New York, and for Sale by
M. WOOD & SONS,
Nov. 20th, 1889.

MRS. C. W. MAIN'S
STOCK OF
MILLINERY
Is going to be finer than ever this season. New Goods arriving daily. The best and most complete.

STOCK OF FEATHERS
In the Country, and our Whole Stock most complete in every particular. A Complete Line of.

Art Needle Work Materials.
Call and inspect our Goods, and be satisfied that we mean what we say. Orders for Trimmed Work promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. C. W. MAIN,
Douglas Block, Amherst.

NEW
Dry Goods Store
Bank of Nova Scotia Building, Amherst.

WE beg to announce to the People of Sackville and surrounding country that we have opened a
First-Class Dry Goods Store
In the above place, where will be found a Large Stock of everything usually kept in an A. 1 Establishment.
Being direct importers, we are in a position to quote specially Low Prices, and would respectfully invite comparison.
We have also started, in connection with the above, a
Dress and Mantle-Making Department.
Under the management of experienced hands, and can, with confidence, guarantee perfect satisfaction.
Samples mailed on application, and orders promptly attended to.

ap117 J. B. CASS & CO.
THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Unlocks all the clogged passages of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and humors of the secretions at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Bilelessness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Distensions, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Emission of Urine, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

2. HILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

RAISINS.
VALENCIA RAISINS.
VALENCIA LAYERS.
Choice New Fruit, received & for sale by
Nov. 22, '89 M. Wood & Sons.

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

The two lights still gleamed on the deserted deck, and the two watchers still watched on.
Meanwhile, nature had not long been idle. Away in the distant horizon great masses of fleecy clouds began to pile themselves up one above another, gradually extending themselves across the northern heavens. The cloud-packing went on for more than half an hour, accompanied by not puffs of wind which now and again ruffled the waters. The sky every minute grew blacker, and the clouds more dense; vivid flashes of lightning shot across the sky, and there were mutterings of thunder in the distance.
The slight watch in the cuddy saw nothing and heard nothing of all this. His head had sunk heavily on his bosom, and he slept. Suddenly there was a noise beneath the deck like the scratching of a rat; then, slowly and noiselessly, the trapdoor under the table was lifted, and through the aperture a head, and with curly red hair and fierce, appeared. They were those of Jarvis, the mate. After pausing to see that all was clear, he placed his hands on the deck, and then, with a supreme effort, he silently lifted himself into a sitting posture, and again he paused to listen.
He could hear the regular breathing of his companion as he slept peacefully, and a grim smile of satisfaction passed across his wild and haggard face. Silently and steadily he crawled clear of the table, and stood up erect on his feet. His eyes glared wildly, and his breath came quick and short as he drew a knife from his bosom and poised himself to strike.
All unconscious of his peril, Captain Dunnett slept on. He had no idea of danger from such a quarter; no idea that the mate had for two days past been laboring with malicious patience and tenacity to clear an opening through the cargo, and had at length succeeded in making his way to the cabin hatch.
Jarvis stood over his intended victim, his eyes glittering with a diabolical light; the blow was in the act of descending, when his arm was arrested. The cabin was suddenly illuminated with a blue, electric light, and a peal of thunder, loud as the crack of doom, broke over the ship. The mate stood with his arm raised, as though it had suddenly been paralyzed.
The crash of the thunder awoke Captain Dunnett from his slumbers, and he sprang to his feet. He took in the situation at a glance; and, springing on his would-be murderer, sought to disarm him. The struggle was for a few seconds, and the mate, with a desperate effort, managed to get his arm free. He then, with a suddenness and strength prevailing, and Jarvis was once more at his mercy.
"Strike, man—strike!" shrieked the mate. "It is your life or mine!"
"You mad, Jarvis!" exclaimed the Captain.
"Yes, I am; but strike man—strike!" Put an end to this torture; I can stand no more of it."
"No!" cried the Captain, throwing him from him.
The mate turned and left the cabin, locking the door behind him.
"Out on the deck a grand and startling sight met his view. The whole of the northern part of the heavens was enveloped in the blackest of darkness, while the southern half was lit up by a brilliant light. The next instant the northern half was ablaze with the most vivid light. But it was not this that caused such excitement in the breast of Captain Dunnett. The central object in this scene was a large, bright, more than a mile and a half distant, bearing down to the ship, and by noon it had blown itself out, the clouds rose, and the weather cleared up.
Captain Dunnett and the mate were attended with all the kindness and attention which was necessary for men in their exhausted condition. Jarvis was delicious; and many more restless nights passed before he showed any signs of recovery. But he pulled through at last. The Captain was also for a time entirely prostrate; but he, too, gradually regained his strength, and in a fortnight was on deck again.
Poor Jarvis was greatly embarrassed when he first met his old commander. He was naturally of a humane disposition; and now that the frantic passion which was begotten of despair had passed away, he was heartily ashamed of his conduct.
"I was not myself, Captain Dunnett," he said apologetically. "I was mad with hunger and despair. The devil seemed to have got into my heart; and when I reflect on the thoughts that have passed through my mind, and the things I planned during that time, my mind is filled with horror, and I blush with shame when I think of them."
"I am sure you do, Mr. Jarvis," replied the Captain soothingly; "let us forget all about it."
"Forget it, Captain Dunnett!" cried the mate plaintively; "I shall never forget it! The misery and torment of that dreadful time will haunt me to my dying day."
"A dreadful time truly," replied the Captain solemnly; "and I can only pray heaven that no other two men may ever be called on to pass through such a dreadful ordeal as we did."
"Amen!" cried the mate.

Almost Driven Insane.
"I Had such distress in my stomach and head that I thought I would lose my reason, but on trying Burdock Blood Bitters I derived great benefit. I have used three bottles and am now as well as I ever was in my life. Thanks to your medicine."
Miss LIZZIE DOUGLAS, Redversville Ont.

Take no Chances
BUT depend on solid facts. Nothing so equal as Hagar's Yellow Oil for burns, scalds, frost bites, chilblains, neuralgia, croup, sore throat and aches and pains of every description. No matter where the pain or soreness is, or from what it arises, Hagar's Yellow Oil will give quick relief.

A Doomed Ship.

Out on the broad blue ocean, not far from the equator, thousands of miles from any land, lying motionless on a calm sea, was a dismantled ship. Nothing remained of her tant masts and spars but the mizenmast the bowsprit, and flying jib-booms. From the mizen topmast and cross-arms, hung a ragged strip of canvas, and out at the far ends of the flying jib-boom depended part of the stay and some fragments of a sail, torn and rent, just as it had been left after the fierce gale which had rendered this gallant ship so helpless a wreck. Not a breath of wind was stirring in the heavens; not a cloud was in the deep-blue sky; not a ripple or a flaw disturbed the far-stretching ocean. It was high-noon and the sun was almost vertical. All was silent. The sea was pouring down its fierce tropical rays on the blistered deck and on the vast calm sea. There she lay, a spectral ship upon a silent ocean. There was not a sign of life on board, not a could be heard, except now and sound again when a swirl of water made the rudder chain creak, as the wheel moved a few spokes backward and forward; or, when an albatross flapped up from the sea, hovered over the ship, and then flew away into the distance.

The day passed slowly, as many days had passed; the sea began to sink lower and lower in the western sky, and once more, like a blood-red shield, it sank into the bosom of the ocean, leaving behind it a flood of overcast light which liged the sky with its unsmiling hues, and these, reflected in the water beneath, caused the ship to appear as though she was floating in a sea of blood. The crimson faded into orange and pink, and then into gray, and then slowly over the scene; and one by one the stars came out and shined the whole of the cloudless firmament.

Suddenly there came from the cuddy window a stream of light, and a man, gaunt and emaciated, came out on to the deserted deck. A few minutes afterwards another gleam of light shot from a small aperture in the door of the forecastle deckhouse, and two eyes, cruel reddish brown eyes, also peered cautiously out. These two men had been for days waiting and watching for each other's death. They were one the captain and mate of the vessel, who, when the crew had taken to the boats, had refused to desert her. For days and weeks—how many they had no idea, for they lost all count of time—had they been alone on the pathless deep. At first, they had made the best of their situation; day by day hoping and expecting that succor would come and they would be rescued. They had put themselves on short allowances of both food and water; but, notwithstanding, the food was at length nearly consumed, the water was quite exhausted, so they had nothing left that was drinkable but a few bottles of wine and brandy. To the torture of hunger was now added the agony of thirst. One of them, thirst which wine nor brandy would not quench, but rather intensify.

Anything more horrible than their situation cannot be imagined, and the dreadful conviction was being forced upon them that they must die. This was the state of affairs three days previous to the opening of this story. The captain was sitting with his eyes apparently closed, and the mate was watching him with eager, hungry eyes. Up to this point the mate had been the most hopeful of the two; but now he had abandoned himself to despair.

No succor could reach them he knew while the calm lasted; but this was not the thought that was haunting his mind. "One of them must die—the death of one would be the preservation of the other." This was the mental refrain, which, as it were, formed the chorus to every other thought. "The death of one would be the preservation of the other."

He sat there eyeing the captain with a diabolical leer. He was no longer a man, he was a demon. Suddenly he started up; by a revulsion of feeling, which is by no means uncommon in such cases, he had passed from being depressed and enervated into furious delirium. With a hoarse cry he sprang at Captain Dunnett, brandishing a long knife in his hand. A fierce struggle ensued; it was short and sharp, and the mate, after being disarmed, was pushed forward, and fell violently upon the deck. Captain Dunnett was the younger and stronger of the two, and had been so inclined, could have dispatched the mate with ease; but he contented himself with disarming him, threw the knife into the sea, retreated to the cabin, and shut and locked the door.

The mate after this grew more furious, and after vainly attempting to enter the cabin, withdrew to the forecastle and took up his abode there; and now for three days he had been waiting and watching for the captain's death.

To be buried alive has been thought to be beyond question the most painful of all deaths; but it is doubtful if the long drawn agonies which were being endured by these two men were not the more painful of the two.

"How long—how long can this last?" moaned Captain Dunnett, as he sat and gazed out into the night. A painful sort of spasm seized him over his head. He had no hope, he made no effort, he had no longer any wish to live. If death were coming his only prayer was that it might come quickly.

Slowly, minute by minute, the life was ebbing out of him; for the moon and the stars had all disappeared, and the sky was a vast pall of inky blackness. Brad sheets of lightning now and again shot up from the bottom of the ocean, illuminating the whole mass of sea and clouds with a blue spectral light, which made the portentous aspect of the heavens more visible, while the silence, when unbroken by the thunder, was solemn and oppressive.

But what was curling up from the open hatch in the cabin? It is smothered, a fire it came in small wreaths; but now it was pouring out in a great volume. The lightning, which had shivered the mizen mast, had descended into the hold and set fire to the cargo, and

danced and flickered right away to the distant horizon.
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Meanwhile, nature had not long been idle. Away in the distant horizon great masses of fleecy clouds began to pile themselves up one above another, gradually extending themselves across the northern heavens. The cloud-packing went on for more than half an hour, accompanied by not puffs of wind which now and again ruffled the waters. The sky every minute grew blacker, and the clouds more dense; vivid flashes of lightning shot across the sky, and there were mutterings of thunder in the distance.
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Jarvis stood over his intended victim, his eyes glittering with a diabolical light; the blow was in the act of descending, when his arm was arrested. The cabin was suddenly illuminated with a blue, electric light, and a peal of thunder, loud as the crack of doom, broke over the ship. The mate stood with his arm raised, as though it had suddenly been paralyzed.
The crash of the thunder awoke Captain Dunnett from his slumbers, and he sprang to his feet. He took in the situation at a glance; and, springing on his would-be murderer, sought to disarm him. The struggle was for a few seconds, and the mate, with a desperate effort, managed to get his arm free. He then, with a suddenness and strength prevailing, and Jarvis was once more at his mercy.
"Strike, man—strike!" shrieked the mate. "It is your life or mine!"
"You mad, Jarvis!" exclaimed the Captain.
"Yes, I am; but strike man—strike!" Put an end to this torture; I can stand no more of it."
"No!" cried the Captain, throwing him from him.
The mate turned and left the cabin, locking the door behind him.
"Out on the deck a grand and startling sight met his view. The whole of the northern part of the heavens was enveloped in the blackest of darkness, while the southern half was lit up by a brilliant light. The next instant the northern half was ablaze with the most vivid light. But it was not this that caused such excitement in the breast of Captain Dunnett. The central object in this scene was a large, bright, more than a mile and a half distant, bearing down to the ship, and by noon it had blown itself out, the clouds rose, and the weather cleared up.
Captain Dunnett and the mate were attended with all the kindness and attention which was necessary for men in their exhausted condition. Jarvis was delicious; and many more restless nights passed before he showed any signs of recovery. But he pulled through at last. The Captain was also for a time entirely prostrate; but he, too, gradually regained his strength, and in a fortnight was on deck again.
Poor Jarvis was greatly embarrassed when he first met his old commander. He was naturally of a humane disposition; and now that the frantic passion which was begotten of despair had passed away, he was heartily ashamed of his conduct.
"I was not myself, Captain Dunnett," he said apologetically. "I was mad with hunger and despair. The devil seemed to have got into my heart; and when I reflect on the thoughts that have passed through my mind, and the things I planned during that time, my mind is filled with horror, and I blush with shame when I think of them."
"I am sure you do, Mr. Jarvis," replied the Captain soothingly; "let us forget all about it."
"Forget it, Captain Dunnett!" cried the mate plaintively; "I shall never forget it! The misery and torment of that dreadful time will haunt me to my dying day."
"A dreadful time truly," replied the Captain solemnly; "and I can only pray heaven that no other two men may ever be called on to pass through such a dreadful ordeal as we did."
"Amen!" cried the mate.

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

A Doomed Ship.

Out on the broad blue ocean, not far from the equator, thousands of miles from any land, lying motionless on a calm sea, was a dismantled ship. Nothing remained of her tant masts and spars but the mizenmast the bowsprit, and flying jib-booms. From the mizen topmast and cross-arms, hung a ragged strip of canvas, and out at the far ends of the flying jib-boom depended part of the stay and some fragments of a sail, torn and rent, just as it had been left after the fierce gale which had rendered this gallant ship so helpless a wreck. Not a breath of wind was stirring in the heavens; not a cloud was in the deep-blue sky; not a ripple or a flaw disturbed the far-stretching ocean. It was high-noon and the sun was almost vertical. All was silent. The sea was pouring down its fierce tropical rays on the blistered deck and on the vast calm sea. There she lay, a spectral ship upon a silent ocean. There was not a sign of life on board, not a could be heard, except now and sound again when a swirl of water made the rudder chain creak, as the wheel moved a few spokes backward and forward; or, when an albatross flapped up from the sea, hovered over the ship, and then flew away into the distance.

The day passed slowly, as many days had passed; the sea began to sink lower and lower in the western sky, and once more, like a blood-red shield, it sank into the bosom of the ocean, leaving behind it a flood of overcast light which liged the sky with its unsmiling hues, and these, reflected in the water beneath, caused the ship to appear as though she was floating in a sea of blood. The crimson faded into orange and pink, and then into gray, and then slowly over the scene; and one by one the stars came out and shined the whole of the cloudless firmament.

Suddenly there came from the cuddy window a stream of light, and a man, gaunt and emaciated, came out on to the deserted deck. A few minutes afterwards another gleam of light shot from a small aperture in the door of the forecastle deckhouse, and two eyes, cruel reddish brown eyes, also peered cautiously out. These two men had been for days waiting and watching for each other's death. They were one the captain and mate of the vessel, who, when the crew had taken to the boats, had refused to desert her. For days and weeks—how many they had no idea, for they lost all count of time—had they been alone on the pathless deep. At first, they had made the best of their situation; day by day hoping and expecting that succor would come and they would be rescued. They had put themselves on short allowances of both food and water; but, notwithstanding, the food was at length nearly consumed, the water was quite exhausted, so they had nothing left that was drinkable but a few bottles of wine and brandy. To the torture of hunger was now added the agony of thirst. One of them, thirst which wine nor brandy would not quench, but rather intensify.

Anything more horrible than their situation cannot be imagined, and the dreadful conviction was being forced upon them that they must die. This was the state of affairs three days previous to the opening of this story. The captain was sitting with his eyes apparently closed, and the mate was watching him with eager, hungry eyes. Up to this point the mate had been the most hopeful of the two; but now he had abandoned himself to despair.

No succor could reach them he knew while the calm lasted; but this was not the thought that was haunting his mind. "One of them must die—the death of one would be the preservation of the other." This was the mental refrain, which, as it were, formed the chorus to every other thought. "The death of one would be the preservation of the other."

He sat there eyeing the captain with a diabolical leer. He was no longer a man, he was a demon. Suddenly he started up; by a revulsion of feeling, which is by no means uncommon in such cases, he had passed from being depressed and enervated into furious delirium. With a hoarse cry he sprang at Captain Dunnett, brandishing a long knife in his hand. A fierce struggle ensued; it was short and sharp, and the mate, after being disarmed, was pushed forward, and fell violently upon the deck. Captain Dunnett was the younger and stronger of the two, and had been so inclined, could have dispatched the mate with ease; but he contented himself with disarming him, threw the knife into the sea, retreated to the cabin, and shut and locked the door.

The mate after this grew more furious, and after vainly attempting to enter the cabin, withdrew to the forecastle and took up his abode there; and now for three days he had been waiting and watching for the captain's death.

To be buried alive has been thought to be beyond question the most painful of all deaths; but it is doubtful if the long drawn agonies which were being endured by these two men were not the more painful of the two.

"How long—how long can this last?" moaned Captain Dunnett, as he sat and gazed out into the night. A painful sort of spasm seized him over his head. He had no hope, he made no effort, he had no longer any wish to live. If death were coming his only prayer was that it might come quickly.

Slowly, minute by minute, the life was ebbing out of him; for the moon and the stars had all disappeared, and the sky was a vast pall of inky blackness. Brad sheets of lightning now and again shot up from the bottom of the ocean, illuminating the whole mass of sea and clouds with a blue spectral light, which made the portentous aspect of the heavens more visible, while the silence, when unbroken by the thunder, was solemn and oppressive.

But what was curling up from the open hatch in the cabin? It is smothered, a fire it came in small wreaths; but now it was pouring out in a great volume. The lightning, which had shivered the mizen mast, had descended into the hold and set fire to the cargo, and

danced and flickered right away to the distant horizon.
The two lights still gleamed on the deserted deck, and the two watchers still watched on.
Meanwhile, nature had not long been idle. Away in the distant horizon great masses of fleecy clouds began to pile themselves up one above another, gradually extending themselves across the northern heavens. The cloud-packing went on for more than half an hour, accompanied by not puffs of wind which now and again ruffled the waters. The sky every minute grew blacker, and the clouds more dense; vivid flashes of lightning shot across the sky, and there were mutterings of thunder in the distance.
The slight watch in the cuddy saw nothing and heard nothing of all this. His head had sunk heavily on his bosom, and he slept. Suddenly there was a noise beneath the deck like the scratching of a rat; then, slowly and noiselessly, the trapdoor under the table was lifted, and through the aperture a head, and with curly red hair and fierce, appeared. They were those of Jarvis, the mate. After pausing to see that all was clear, he placed his hands on the deck, and then, with a supreme effort, he silently lifted himself into a sitting posture, and again he paused to listen.
He could hear the regular breathing of his companion as he slept peacefully, and a grim smile of satisfaction passed across his wild and haggard face. Silently and steadily he crawled clear of the table, and stood up erect on his feet. His eyes glared wildly, and his breath came quick and short as he drew a knife from his bosom and poised himself to strike.
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