

If you would stop to think their feelings would get a much needed rest. If the teacher flogs a girl pupil he is a man; if the girl dodges she is a hit.

THE GOOD SHIP "MOHOCK"

BY W. OLARK RUSSELL

"Unless, indeed," said he, thoughtfully, "they should detain you as a witness. Not that they'll try at home. I expect if the Trojan finds the people on the Great Salvage she'll push straight on for England, for then she'll have everything on board for the machinery of the trial. In that case you may arrive too late, and so be spared an unpleasant experience."

"I presume the British Consul at King-son will assist me to get home," said I.

"I'll see to that," said he, smiling. "Not that I want any charitable help," said I, flushing. "I am independent of anything my stepfather could have done for me. He got and spent most of my poor mother's money, but my father provided against my sister's and my ruin by my successor. How long shall we take to get to Jamaica?"

"At this rate till the dead rise to the blast of doom. I hope you are in no hurry?"

"Not I. The poor man brought me this voyage to divert me, as he called it. A nice time of diversion we have had down to the hour of your coming on board of us!"

"Now he's dead, will you tell me," says the lieutenant, letting his eyes dwell upon mine with that importance of gaze which, in such beauty as his, few girls can harden their hearts to, "if Captain Sinclair had any deeper hand in this business than the story as I have it goes?"

I reflected a moment, still meeting his gaze. "He was the top and bottom of it," said I, "and shocked as I now am to think of his having deceived himself, I am sure in the course of a few days I shall be believing it was the wisest thing he could have done."

"There is a long blank morning before us," said the lieutenant, "we will have an awning spread and get chairs in the cool of it, and you shall spin me the yarn. Will you?"

CHAPTER I

All this morning Lieutenant Jervis and I paced on the quarter deck the pleasant violet gleam of the awning. The silence upon the sea was wonderful. The seamen went on with their work with the quiet of man-of-war-men; all was hushed to the ship save some languid boat of sail when the vessel rolled to an impulse blowing with more weight than the average of that tender sea-cradling.

I talked freely of my stepfather, and told all that I knew or suspected. He was dead and was bodiless. He had been that my stepfather too. Not was that all either. It may have been the vanity of the fool or the hope of the maid certainly it came into my head to fancy the lieutenant might fall in love with me before we reached Jamaica. Suppose this! My pride went before all things; and by the news of Captain Sinclair's share in the piracy we had found some branny whilst they carried the lieutenant into his berth where they stripped, dried and rolled him in a blanket. All this while the heavens were molten with streams of fire, the thunder belloved ceaselessly, and the rain roared with the sound of a raging sea on the planks overhead.

When I went into the lieutenant's berth with brandy, one man was rebelling him with what I instantly saw was a good skillful movement of the hand I told another to sit at his feet and rub. The poor fellow was insensible and bathed very slowly and low. One of the men held up the lad's coat which had been split from neck to tail; this man told me that one shoe had been ripped from the officer's foot as though out by a knife. They also showed me his watch chain, which had been broken and fused into little lumps of ore.

He lay for two hours in this state. I put my fingers on his wrist but found no pulse. Yet his low, slow breathings told us he lived.

Three of the four men had long before this left the cabin to look after the ship. The man who knew how to climb remained.

From time to time I continued to add mints--brandy with a small teaspoon.

"I believe," says the sailor in a hoarse whisper like the murmur of a dreaming dog, "that he'll pull round arter all. But what's it going to leave him?"

"Eh?"

"Oh, these here strokes often break the skull of a man of his intellects. They take the light out of his eyes, and some time don't leave him with spirit enough to stand upright on."

The lieutenant groaned. I liked to hear that sound. Anything better than the ghastly silence and the slow faint breathing which at any moment might cease. He groaned again, and uttered something meaningfully. I sprang my ear to his mouth and again he spoke, and now I knew by his voice that some-thing had gone wrong with his organs of speech. It was the noise of an idly guessing he was trying to speak, and beckoning for the lantern, I saw in the swift passage of the sheet of it over his face that he had his mind.

"All is well with the ship," said I. "The storm is passing and there is no wind. You have been struck down by lightning, and here you must rest silently and patiently till I nurse you into health."

I saw his smile by the lamp I had returned to the seaman's hand. By and by he began to vomit most dreadfully. When this heart-shaking attack was ended he rolled his face to the ship's wall and fell asleep. From time to time the shadows of seamen stole softly to the door to look in. One of them was the gigantic fellow who as I supposed, had been put to act as mate by the lieutenant. He filled the door way with his mighty presence, and in a whisper that trembled with power asked leave to speak to me. I went out. The bracket lamp was now alight in the lieutenant's cabin but its bright light could not extinguish the hues of the lightning as it played at the windows. Yet the storm was gone. The thunder rolled at a distance and musically, and I felt a soft refreshing air blowing in through the open ports.

"Is there any fear of his dying, d'ye think, miss?" said the man.

"I hope not. He sleeps peacefully now. Go in and look at him, but do not disturb him."

The man trod on naked feet. He beat over the figure, lingered listening, and returned.

"You see," said he, passing the sleeve of his jacket over his brow which ran with perspiration, "the lieutenant being down there's no navigator to take charge."

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"I must talk to my mates," answered the huge seaman. "Seems to me there's nothing to do but to keep her tawls' aback till something comes a-come to lea's a hand. The ship's course may be the course for another twenty-four hours, but arter?"

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When in the name of my good angel were my adventures in the Mohock to end? Had been kept up by the excitement of the storm and by my having to attend to the lieutenant, but when the evening came and I sat down at the table trying to eat a little supper, my heart fluttered they cold within me. It was not only the lieutenant lying there in his berth, moaning sometimes, treating pretty regularly it is true, and as I hoped, sleeping, though a dying man for all that, as it might prove; it was also the deep icy shadow cast upon my spirits by the suicide of Captain Sinclair. There was no noise of any kind now. A slow sound of groaning and grunting occasionally ran through the ship as she was heeled by the heave of the deep; it was all of a death-like silence on deck, with the stars shining brightly in the open frame of the companion, the seaman the big fellow had sent to assist me in watching sat nodding in the lieutenant's berth. So it was that the saloon showed as lonely as a churchyard with nothing stirring but the pulse of the lamp-light in the mirrors and a small rocking of the swing ways; in which time, a fit of horror came upon me when I thought of my stepfather lying naked and drowned close under our keel, for I could not conceive that our ship had moved her own length since he sank. I coiled him with my mind's eye, and wrought him out of memory, and he stalked in a pitiful shadow from his berth in his shirt sleeves with an ashen face; he came for the food I had seen him carry. It was a trick of recollection, yet I could have shrieked. The warmth, the light, the colour of the early days of this voyage flooded the interior. I saw the table cheerfully dressed, the people at eating, and Monsieur's calu face. I heard Mr. Jackson's laugh and the Colonel's ring nasal call across, and again I saw the apparition of my stepfather at the head, stern, with a lowering brow, directing a level shining stare at me till a sprang to my feet, and with a wave of my hand, beat the hysteric presentiment out of my vision. Then was I wise to help myself to a tumbler of spirits and water. My nerves were nearly gone.

I nursed the young officer all through the night. A long and dreadful night it was, roasting below. The little draft of air had died out, and going on deck for a mouthful of the sweetness of the dark I found sea and sky bent in one huge silent shadow tipped with brilliant which the water reflected, so that we seemed to hang poised in the centre of the immense profound. The seamen were very uneasy. One or another was constantly coming to the head of the steps to learn how the young officer did; the man who helped me gave them the news, and there was a great deal of hoarse whispering through those hot silent hours. The lieutenant was a little delirious at times, broke into fragments of song, and they were shocking to hear; for I was certain now the tongue had been paralysed in his mouth; his utterance was a mere wobble; it reminded me of

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I was sitting, perhaps dozing, in his cabin when the day broke. The seaman occupied a locker outside, close to the bulkhead. Presently I opened my eyes to the blaze of the light, flowing off the sea through the port-hole in tingling brand new needles, and found the young officer watching me. His expression of face was perfectly sensible, his eyes dark and eloquent as ever, full of meaning. He pointed to his mouth and shook his head.

"Yes," said I, with as cheerful a countenance as I could command, "but the power of speech will return to you."

Evidently he had tried to speak while I dozed, and had been shocked by the noise he made; he did not attempt to use his tongue. He put out his hand and flourished it to signify that he wished to write, and I brought him pen and paper. He tried to sit up, but could not, on which I slanted a book as a desk, and he wrote:

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"What can I do for you. I will do anything."

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I took the man outside to call Turner, and in a few moments that man-of-warman, whom I have described as a gaudy, arrived. He stepped to the bulkhead knocking his brow, and his rough black face, set massive as a carving in granite betwix his hedge like whiskers, looked noble with sympathy and feeling. Then the three of us made out to discourse thus: the lieutenant writing, I reading, and Turner answering.

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I was sitting, perhaps dozing, in his cabin when the day broke. The seaman occupied a locker outside, close to the bulkhead. Presently I opened my eyes to the blaze of the light, flowing off the sea through the port-hole in tingling brand new needles, and found the young officer watching me. His expression of face was perfectly sensible, his eyes dark and eloquent as ever, full of meaning. He pointed to his mouth and shook his head.

"Yes," said I, with as cheerful a countenance as I could command, "but the power of speech will return to you."

Evidently he had tried to speak while I dozed, and had been shocked by the noise he made; he did not attempt to use his tongue. He put out his hand and flourished it to signify that he wished to write, and I brought him pen and paper. He tried to sit up, but could not, on which I slanted a book as a desk, and he wrote:

"I cannot speak, and my legs are useless. I fear the lightning has paralyzed them."

"What can I do for you. I will do anything."

He wrote: "I thank you with all my heart. I must be patient and wait for something to heave in sight to help me. I shall not be able to navigate this ship. Will you send Turner to me?"

I took the man outside to call Turner, and in a few moments that man-of-warman, whom I have described as a gaudy, arrived. He stepped to the bulkhead knocking his brow, and his rough black face, set massive as a carving in granite betwix his hedge like whiskers, looked noble with sympathy and feeling. Then the three of us made out to discourse thus: the lieutenant writing, I reading, and Turner answering.

"This stroke has made a sheer hulk of me, Turner."

"I pray not, sir, o' God's name. Youth's a good hand spike, and arter them doctors 'll heave awhile they'll pawl 'ye to your old bearings."

"Was the ship injured?"

"Not a topgallant of her. The pumps suck, and all's right below. She lies under time tawls'. It's a sheer calm and nothing in sight."

"If you get a breeze this is your chance," the lieutenant wrote, but what that course was I do not remember. There's nothing in the road, and by heading straight you should be able to run Jamaica down." He shook his head after writing this, and added with his pencil, "We must have a navigator. The value of the ship is great. We are sixteen people."

"If ships ain't plentiful in this ocean, where are they to be found?" said Turner, with a slow look through the port.

"Keep a bright lookout," wrote the lieutenant, "and show your eusign union down when anything comes. Burn a flare sooner than lose a chance, and have rockets ready."

This was all the writing the poor young fellow then seemed equal to. His hand fell, and he looked faint. I got him some brandy and water, and damped his brow with toilet vinegar. I then went on deck to prepare with my own hands a light meal for his breakfast. I had some skill in the making of small delicate dishes, and the long days I had devoted to my mother had given me a tolerable idea of the needs of the sick room.

Before going I spoke to Turner of the fierce heat, and asked if there was no device by which the lieutenant's cabin might be cooled.

"We'll take a pair of wind sails and couple 'em," said he, "and lead one leg right into the door here. Yet if there ain't no breeze in heaven there can come no air on earth."

"Twas a wonderful, glorious, hopeless breast of ocean to look at from the deck of our becalmed ship. If you touched the rail you skinned your fingers. The horizon cooled shivering through a dim blue vapour that went sweating up from God knows what parts of the vessel. The three topsails swung softly, with a blinding glare of their own. The light in them overran their edges, and I noticed that every sail was framed with a faint film or tremble of airy silver.

Nothing noteworthy happened all that day. The lieutenant lay for the most part motionless, but intelligent and observant. I brought plenty of paper from the captain's cabin: it eased the poor fellow's mind to converse with Turner and one or two of the others in this way. Sometimes I'd catch his eye following me about, and when my gaze went to his the light of a grateful smile shone in his looks. I asked him if he suffered pain, and he made a slight grimace. But he was one of those who take their chastizements like a man.

I went to the ship's library for some books, and amongst the volumes found one on medicine: the word "lightning" was large in the page, and I read the description, treatment, and so on to him, and was glad to find that though I had not done much I had done right. From time to time I read from a volume of extracts: he listened to a brief tale of highwaymen, shipwreck, horrid murders, tales of sagacity in dogs, and the like. There is no better reading for the sick room than old fashioned volumes of this sort peppered with poetry, and embellished with oute which meltow at the narratives as the wigs of the age of the books did the heads of those who wore them.

(To be Continued.)

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HOMELY HINTS.

A good tooth powder may be cheaply prepared as follows: Take two ounces of prepared chalk add to it half an ounce of powdered orange root and a quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda. Mix and pass twice through a wire sieve.

It should never be covered with a cloth when taken from the oven, but laid on the side and allowed to become perfectly cold, then keep in a closely covered tin box, without any wrappings.

A neatly covered board that can be put through the sieves of wash shirt waists is a decided help in ironing.

A paste for wall paper is made as follows: Moisten some starch with cold water till of the consistency of cream then pour on boiling water and stir until it is quite smooth. Let it boil once, and just before taking it from the fire add a small quantity of powdered glue.

A few drops of turpentine sprinkled where cockroaches congregate will exterminate them at once, while it will also rid you of red and black ants.

Search marks in linen may be removed with lemon juice and salt rubbed gently on the place and set in the sun.

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The odor of the sweet pea is so offensive to flies that it will drive them out of a sick room, and is generally most agreeable to the patient besides.

When side combs refuse to stay in the hair try washing them thoroughly in warm water and plenty of soap.

Rice has a finer flavor if washed in hot water instead of cold, before cooking.

To preserve eggs: To each pint of water add one quart of fresh slacked lime and one pint of common salt. Mix well. Fill your barrel half full of this fluid, put your eggs in it any time after June and they will keep many months.

Salt and water, used as a gargle, is a simple cure for sore throat; it may be used as often as desired, and if a little be swallowed at each time, the irritation will be allayed and the throat cleansed.

To remove grease from boards or kitchen tables buy some fuller's earth--you can get a good deal for a nickel--make a paste of it with cold water spread it thickly on the greasy spots, and wash off after a few hours, and repeat if any grease remains.

TO THINK OF

True education enlarges in thought, feeling and purpose.

The better you understand yourself, the less cause you will find to love yourself.--Thomas a Kempis.

Credulity is perhaps a weakness almost inseparable from eminently truthful characters.--Tuckerman.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character.--Lowell.

The bounds of a man's knowledge are easily concealed if he has but prudence.--Goldsmith.

The greatest hatred, like the greatest virtue and the sorest dog, is quiet.--Jean Paul.

The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring.--Bayard Taylor.

That man is learned who reduces his learning to practice.--Hippodamus.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.--Carlyle.

If a man wishes to become rich he must appear rich.--Goldsmith.

Too elevated qualities often unfit a man for society.--Chamford.

Climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping.--Swift.

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