

topsy-turvy and the lamp out to boot I heard a man say: 'Come quick! my old woman's dying and she wants to see you.' I recognized the man as the one who, with his family, moved into the old deserted Peaney cabin, over the ridge, the spring before. You all recollect who I mean, the people who came from the north and who did no work, and had no means and nobody knew just how they lived. They begged, and they might have stolen, but I can't say that. When he finished he started away again, and I put on my coat and followed him the best I could. I finally got to the cabin, and after I entered I see in one room a woman with pale features and a wasted form lying on a mattress, with no comforts or attention such as the sick should have. Hunger and poverty were evidently nothing new to her. There was a poorly burning candle, which furnished the only light, just like you read about—a tremulous blaze, which threw fantastic shadows,' as the book-writers say. A motion from the woman's hand drew me to her side, and in a faltering voice she ordered her husband and several sickly looking children to quit the room, and they obeyed just like wooden figures, as if they had been used to being bossed about. When we were alone she propped herself up in the corner and in a low voice told me to take down an old broken vase which was standing on a shelf and hand it to her, which I did. With great effort she drew bits of paper and rubbish from the top of the vase until she came to a roll of bills tied tightly with a string and done up in a bit of muslin. This she handed to me saying: 'I am about to die. For weeks my strength has been failing me, and there isn't a bite in the house to eat. This money I have saved for years, and the only comfort I have had in living for the last year was in knowing that I should get a Christian burial when I died. I pray to God to relieve me from my pains, as heaven knows there is nothing in life, but misery and torture for me. There is \$100 in that package. Don't ask me where I got it—don't ask me anything—just see that I am buried decently.'

"I was in a queer position and I told the woman that she should hand the money to her husband and let him make arrangements when she died. She wouldn't listen to this, and I argued with her, but to no use. I had to take the money and promise her to do as she said. She grasped my hand and covered it with scalding tears and kisses. I then left, and two weeks passed and the husband didn't come to tell me of his wife's death. I grew uneasy, and finally visited the cabin and found to my surprise everybody gone, and to where the Lord only knows. I have heard nothing from them since and don't expect to, but still that \$100 will lay in the safe until I die if the woman doesn't come to claim it."

Plodkin's dramatic recital had affected every one in the room ex-

cept one, and that was Sol Martin, the town clerk, who at the conclusion of the story buttoned his coat and drew the ear-laps of his coonskin cap in place preparatory to facing the cold night in the direction of home. When Sol laid his hand on the knob of the door he paused, and, looking straight at the undertaker, cleared his throat and said: 'That was a sort of queer experience of yours, and you used some pretty highfalutin words in the telling of it, which we and you ain't used to, but it han't been more than a year since you read me a story like that in that undertaker's paper that comes to you once a month.'—*Chicago Mail.*

AFLOAT IN A STORM.

Late in November of 1850 the good bark *Eagle*, laden with timber, sailed from Quebec, bound for Swansea in Wales. There were on board, the captain, first and second mates, cook and steward, twelve sailors and two passengers. Twenty-four hours after sailing, the second mate and 'his watch' left the anchor windlass and moved in a body toward the after cabin. The captain met them midship to inquire the cause, when they stated that the ship was leaky and unseaworthy and that they would not go to sea in her.

The captain replied that though the ship was leaky, she was seaworthy, that he valued his own life and those of the crew and passengers, that the ship should go to sea, and any one who refused to obey orders would be put in irons. A commotion ensued and the mutineers made a rush to seize the captain. Almost as quick as thought he raised a handspike and three of the leaders lay on the deck. The rest turning tail were followed to the fore-castle and put in irons. The other watch lifted the anchor, sail was made, and our bark proceeded down the St. Lawrence river.

The beauty, extent and grandeur of the scenery of this river has been often described. We saw St. Amas mountains, the Saguenay river, a mile wide at its mouth, with its placid flow, 1500 feet deep, through headlands 1500 feet high as it entered the St. Lawrence; passed Bic lighthouse, that shows its beacon from a promontory for miles up, down and across this great river's expanse of water; sailed through schools of thousands of porpoises; came near enough to count Seven islands, which, as rocky sentinels, stand up 1000 feet high (it would seem to protect Seven Islands' bay, making it a safe harbor for 1000 ships.) Keeping north, we sailed near enough to the island of Anticosti to see Gamachi's bay and the Southwest point lighthouse, and then clear out on the broad Atlantic without further adventure.

The pumps had all the time been kept at work keeping the water from gaining in the hold of the ship.

The mutineers, upon promise of good behavior, were now released, and none too soon, for as we reached the Banks of Newfoundland, and with short notice by the barometer,

a whole gale of wind from the northwest struck our ship. To handle the best equipped ship at such a time is no child's play.

Sails that could not be furled in time were split in ribbons, the sea broke over the gunwale, "washed the deck clean" as sailors express it, carrying two boats, the cook house and water casks overboard, daylight gone, water gaining in the hold with two additional men at the pumps, and at midnight one of the pumps declining peremptorily to suck.

Our captain, none daunted, had the wooden duct of the pump hauled on deck, which was found to be perforated with wormholes and almost rotten. With the aid of a man, who was called the carpenter, "the writer holding the lamp," he wrapped the pump duct with canvas soaked in pitch, placed it again in position and a good flow of water was obtained. To pile on the agony still more, the other pump acted in a similar ungenerous manner and had to be doctored in the same way.

Such was the condition as daylight dawned with a storm that increased in fury as the day progressed.

This state of affairs continued for several days, no abatement of the storm, and as the waves increased in power with the water in the hold steadily gaining in depth and the ship necessarily gradually sinking.

All relief watches ceased, each man, passengers included, stayed on deck, with the exception of one at a time who got one hour's relief in his turn.

Our brave little ship behaved well, a beauty truly, but too heavily handicapped. She gradually settled down in the water, so that it became necessary to run her before the wind to prevent the sea from making general havoc by coming on board over her side. But the sea now outstripped in the race, and the novel spectacle of the sea breaking over her stern, rolling on over the decks and pouring off over the bows, ensued. The position was grand, indeed, while sad, to see a vessel that had made a passage from Quebec to Liverpool in sixteen days almost panting for breath, her stern pushed under water as the waves boarded her, throwing her bow up in the air. Grand, because the relentless ocean had asserted its power—nay, rather old Boreas, who in his wrath had lashed the quiet sea and made her do his bidding.

Thus the seas continued to sweep our decks from stern to stern, making necessary the lashing of the steersmen and the pumpers to prevent their being washed overboard. Several times "man to the wheel" was called as one became disabled by the force of the waves. The pumpers were frequently lifted off their feet and floated as far as the repeated around their waists would permit, affording much merriment. An Italian who acted as steward, no favorite with the crew, was caught in a wave, and went sliding out through one of the gunwale gates; he had tied a rope around his waist to protect him as he made the errands on deck. As he slid overboard several went to his rescue