

The Daily Examiner.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

"This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EURYPIDES.

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1883.

VOL. 14.—NO. 11.

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Advertising at most moderate rates.
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quarterly, half-yearly or yearly advertise-
ments, on application.

ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER, 1883.

MOON'S CHANGES.
First Quarter, 7th day, 7h. 33.5m., a. m.
Full Moon, 13th day, 11h. 15.5m., p. m.
Last quarter, 21st day, 3h. 55.9m., a. m.
New Moon, 29th day, 3h. 47.2m., a. m.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Moon	High	Days
M	ris	sets	water	len
1 Saturday	7 39 4 10	8 39 11 46	9 04	
2 Sunday	30 10 9 24	morn		
3 Monday	31 9 10 5 0 23			
4 Tuesday	32 9 10 41 1 0			
5 Wednesday	33 9 11 14 1 40			
6 Thursday	34 9 11 44 2 25			
7 Friday	35 9 12 14 3 15			
8 Saturday	36 8 0 43 4 52		8 54	
9 Sunday	37 8 1 15 5 39			
10 Monday	38 8 1 51 7 1			
11 Tuesday	39 8 2 26 8 10			
12 Wednesday	40 8 3 15 9 6			
13 Thursday	41 8 4 14 9 57			
14 Friday	42 9 5 16 10 43			
15 Saturday	43 9 6 24 11 28		8 50	
16 Sunday	44 9 7 32 12 12			
17 Monday	45 9 8 35 0 51			
18 Tuesday	46 9 9 46 1 32			
19 Wednesday	47 10 10 54 2 14			
20 Thursday	48 10 11 57 3 0			
21 Friday	49 11 0 53 3 54			
22 Saturday	47 12 0 53 4 59		8 51	
23 Sunday	47 13 1 52 6 8			
24 Monday	48 13 2 51 7 12			
25 Tuesday	48 14 3 50 8 7			
26 Wednesday	48 15 4 46 8 52			
27 Thursday	49 15 5 42 9 34			
28 Friday	49 16 6 33 10 14			
29 Saturday	49 17 7 22 10 51		8 52	
30 Sunday	49 18 7 59 11 28			
31 Monday	7 49 4 19 8 44	morn		

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS
SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
—GOLD MEDAL PARIS 1875—

BOSTON STEAMERS.
STEAMERS:
Carroll, 879 tons, Capt. Brown,
Worcester, 865 tons, Capt. Blankenship
ONE of the above FIRST-CLASS STEAMERS will leave
Charlottetown for Boston
EVERY
THURSDAY AFTERNOON, AT 5 P. M.
PASSENGERS will find this the Cheapest and most pleasant trip to Boston. Accommodations on both steamers are splendid.
CARVELL BROS.,
AGENTS.
Ch town, May 17, 1883.—pat her raj

STEAMER
"HEATHER BELLE."
FALL ARRANGEMENT.
On and after Tuesday, Oct. 16th, 1883, the steamer "Heather Belle," will run as follows:—
Will leave Orwell Brush Wharf for Charlottetown every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday mornings at seven o'clock, calling at China Point and Halliday's Wharves.
Leaving Charlottetown for Halifax, the China Point and Orwell Brush Wharf same evenings, at two o'clock, remaining at Brass Wharf every Tuesday and Wednesday nights, and Thursday night returning to Charlottetown, arriving about eight o'clock.
Every Friday morning, at seven o'clock, leave Charlottetown for Crapaud; leaving Crapaud for Charlottetown at eleven o'clock, remaining at Charlottetown same night.
Saturday, leave Charlottetown for Crapaud, at nine o'clock, a. m., leaving Crapaud for Charlottetown, about one o'clock, p. m.
JOHN HUGHES,
Agent.
Ch town, Oct. 13, 1883.
[2aw wly pat ne her pres lm]

Merchants' Bank of Halifax,
CHARLOTTETOWN AGENCY,
Savings Bank Department.
—WILL BE—
OPENED 1ST NOVEMBER, 1883,
on and after which date DEPOSITS OF \$5 AND UPWARDS, will be taken and interest at the rate of
Four Per Cent. Per Annum
ALLOWED THEREON.
For further particulars apply to
F. H. ARNAUD,
Oct. 30, 1883. AGENT.

AUCTION SALES,
—ON—
MARKET DAYS,
—AT—
Stevenson's Building, Queen Street,
(NEAR THE MARKET).
AUCTION SALES OF Furniture, Farm Implements, Carriages, Sleighs, etc., promptly attended to on market days at the above central stand for market-day sales.
A. McNEILL,
Auctioneer.
EDWARD T. RUSSEL & CO.,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
NO. 234 STATE STREET,
BOSTON.
Particular attention given to the sale of Fish and Produce of all kinds.
June 22, 1883.—6m

LIFE INSURANCE.
United States Life Insurance Co.,
—OF THE—
CITY OF NEW YORK.
ORGANIZED 1850.
New Features, Incontestable Policies, Prompt Settlement of Claims Guaranteed.
Apply at residence, Weymouth Street, from 8 to 10 a. m., and 4 to 6 p. m.
A. H. McPHERSON,
Agent.
Sept. 25, 1883.—2aw

McLEOD, MORSON & McQUARRIE,
Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law,
SOLICITORS, NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC.
OFFICES:
reform Club Committee Rooms, Opposite Post Office, Charlottetown, P. E. Island,
Merchants' Bank of Halifax Building, Summerside, P. E. Island.
MONEY TO LOAN, on good security, at moderate interest.
NEIL McLEOD, W. A. O. MORSON,
NEIL McQUARRIE.
Nov. 24, '82.—pres her
SULLIVAN & MACNEILL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Solicitors in Chancery,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building, Great George Street, Charlottetown.
Money to Loan.
W. W. SULLIVAN, Q. C. | CHESTER B. MACNEILL,
Jan. 16, '83.

L. ARTHUR & CO.,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,
(ROSS MARKET)
BOSTON, MASS.
Eggs and Produce a Specialty.
April 26, 1883.—wly tf
GEORGE TWEEDY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, &c.
OFFICE—West Side of Queen Street, Charlottetown, next door to Stevenson's Tin Shop.
July 25, 1883.—dy wly 6m

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
FOUL PLAY.
By Charles Reade.
CHAPTER XI.
The fearful, sickening truth burst on him in all its awful significance.
Some miscreant or madman had locked the door, and so fastened him to the sinking ship, at a time when, in the bustle, the alarm, the lishness, all would be apt to forget him, and leave him to his death.
He tried the door in every way; he hammered at it, he shouted, he raged, he screamed. In vain. Unfortunately, the door of this cabin was of very unusual strength and thickness.
Then he took up one of those great augers he had found in the mate's cabin, and bored a hole in the door; through this hole he fired his pistol, and screamed for help.
"I am shut up in the cabin! I shall be drowned! Oh, for Christ's sake save me! save me!" and a cold sweat of terror poured down his whole body.
What is that?
The soft rustle of a woman's dress.
Oh, how he thanked God for that music, and the hope it gave him!
It comes toward him; it stops, the key is turned, the dress rustles away, swift as a winged bird; he dashes at the door; it flies open.
No body was near. He recovered his courage in part, fetched his bag and his tools, and ran across to the starboard side. There he found the captain lowering Miss Rolleston, with due care, into the cutter, and the young lady crying—not at being shipwrecked, if you please, but at being deserted by her maid. Jane Holt, at this trying moment, had deserted her mistress for her husband. This was natural; but, as is the rule with persons of that class, she had done this in the silliest and cruelest way. Had she given half an hour's notice of her intention, Donovan might have been on board the cutter with her and her mistress. But no; being a liar and a fool, she must hide her husband to the last moment, and then desert her mistress. The captain, then, was comforting Miss Rolleston, and telling her she should have her maid with her eventually, when Hazel came. He handed down his own bag, and threw the blankets into the stern-sheets. Then he went down himself, and sat on the mid-ship-thwart.
"Shove off," said the captain; and they fell astern.
But Cooper, with a boat-hook, hooked on to the long-boat; and the dying ship towed them both.
Five minutes more elapsed, and the captain did not come down, so Wylie hailed him.
There was no answer. Hudson had gone into the mate's cabin. Wylie waited a minute, then hailed again.
"Hi! on deck there!"
"Hullo!" cried the captain at last.
"Why didn't you come into the cutter?"
The captain crossed his arms, and leaned over the stern.
"Don't you know that Hiram Hudson is always the last to leave the sinking ship?"
"Well, you are the last," said Wylie. "So now come on board the long-boat at once. I dare not tow in her wake much longer, to be sucked in when she goes down."
"Come on board your craft and desert my own," said Hudson, disdainfully. "Know my duty to my employers better."
These words alarmed the mate.
"Curse it all!" he cried; "the fool has been and got some more rum. Fifty guineas to the man that will shin up the tow-rope, and throw that madman into the sea; then we can pick him up. He swims like a cork!"
A sailor instantly darted forward to the rope. But, unfortunately, Hudson heard this proposal, and it enraged him. He got his cutlass. The sailor drew the boat under ship's stern; but the drunken skipper flourished his cutlass furiously over his head.
"Board me! ye pirates! The first that lays a finger on my bulwarks, off goes his hand by the wrist!"
Suiting the action to the word, he hacked at the tow-rope so vigorously that it gave way, and the boats fell astern.
Helen Rolleston uttered a shriek of dismay and pite.
"Oh save him!" she cried.
"Make sail!" cried Cooper; and, in a few seconds, they got all her canvas set upon the cutter.
It seemed a hopeless chase for these shells to sail after the dying monster, with her cloud of canvas all drawing, aloof and aloft. But it did not prove so. The gentle breeze was an advantage to light craft, and the dying "Proserpine" was full of water, and could only crawl.
After a few moments of great anxiety, the boats crept up, the cutter on her port, and the long-boat on her starboard quarter.
Wylie ran forward, and, hailing Hudson, implored him, in the friendliest tones, to give himself a chance. Then tried him by his vanity.
"Come and command the boats, old fellow. How can we navigate them on the Pacific without you?"
Hudson was now leaning over the taffrail, utterly drunk. He made no reply to the mate, but merely waved his cutlass feebly in one hand, and his bottle in the other, and gurgled out:
"Duty to my employers!"
Then Cooper, without a word, double-reefed the cutter's mainsail, and told Welch to keep as close to the ships quarter as he dare. Wylie instinctively did the same, and the three craft crawled on in solemn and deadly silence for nearly twenty minutes.
The wounded ship seemed to receive a death blow. She stopped dead and shook. The next moment she pitched gently forward, and her bows went under water, while her after-part rose into the

INSURANCE OFFICE.
Queen Insurance Company,
OF ENGLAND.
CAPITAL, TEN MILLION DOLLARS.
Lancashire Insurance Company
CAPITAL, FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS
Insurance effected on all kinds of property at current rates. Losses settled promptly and equitably.
DESBRINAY & ANGUS,
General Agents.
Office—South Side Queen Square.
Ch'town, Sept. 15, 1882.

STANDARD
LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
At the 57th Annual General Meeting of the Standard Life Assurance Company, held at Edinburgh on Tuesday, the 24th of April, 1883, the following results for the year ended 15th November, 1882, were reported:—
3,938 new proposals for life assurance were received the year for \$ 9,754,086 38
2,561 proposals were accepted, assuring 7,239,048 13
The total existing assurances in force at 15th November, 1882, amounted to 56,936,302 91
(Of which \$7,553,031.15 was reassured with other offices)
The claims by death which arose during the year amounted, including bonus additions, to 2,462,226 59
The annual revenue amounted at 15th November, 1882, to 4,267,546 00
The invested funds at same date amounted to 29,503,416 00
Being an increase during the year of 1,062,648 35
JOHN LONGWORTH,
Agent for Charlottetown.
THOMAS KERR,
Inspector of Agencies.
Ch'town, August 3, 1883.

MONCTON
Sash and Door Factory.
MR. P. LEA, in returning thanks to the public for the liberal patronage extended to him while in business in Charlottetown, begs leave to inform his old customers and the public generally, that he, in company with Mr. William Rogers, has appointed
Messrs. B. Williams & Co.,
Lumber and Coal Dealers, Pownal Wharf, Charlottetown, as agents, who will keep constantly on hand a full supply of Mouldings, Window Sashes, Doors, etc., at
LOWEST CASH PRICES.
All orders entrusted to them will receive prompt attention.
LEA & ROGERS,
Moncton, N. B.
Sept. 5, 1883.—2aw wly
MRS. SOPHIA POTTER'S
Bone Rheumatic Liniment
IT is a fact worth knowing that Mrs. Sophia Potter's Bone Rheumatic Liniment cannot be excelled for removing pain and soreness. It is no worthless trash, as some may suppose, simply because they have been imposed upon by others, but is positively the "King of Pain." Sore throat cannot stand before its power.
All we ask is a trial that you may be convinced of the truth of our statement. Our experience is that one bottle tried also sells many more.
See circular for particulars and testimonials, and try a bottle—it will not fail to do all that is promised.
R. V. BARKER, St. John, Wholesale Agent.
W. R. WATSON, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
J. A. CROSSMAN, Middleton, Lot 27.
Oct. 22, 1883.—eod wly

LABRADOR HERRING.
200 BARRELS AND HALF-BARRELS choice Labrador Herring. For sale by
HORACE HASSARD.
Nov. 2, 1883.—lm eod

MURDER AND SUICIDE.
TERRIBLE DEED OF A JEALOUS MEDICAL STUDENT.
A horrible story of murder and suicide comes from Scotland. A medical student named William Brown, residing in a village of Lanarkshire, near Glasgow, had recently been paying his court to a Miss Spiers. Jealousy on Brown's part had caused many disputes, and his morbid disposition had recently given great uneasiness to the relatives of the girl. On the 24th ult., Brown met Miss Spiers by appointment in the highway near her father's house. He renewed his accusations and, finally, becoming beside himself with rage, he drew a knife and made a rush at the unfortunate girl. Her shrieks brought a maid servant, who had probably been on watch, to the rescue, and the two women struggled desperately in the darkness for their lives. Brown quickly overpowered them, cut Miss Spiers' throat in such a manner that death resulted almost instantly, and fatally stabbed the servant. He then cut his throat and fell beside the victims.
The servant, whose wounds did not immediately render her unconscious, managed to crawl back to the house. She knocked faintly at the door, but, receiving no reply she traced with her bloody fingers on the doorstep the following words:—"Willie did it."
Later in the night the prolonged absence of Miss Spiers and the servant caused a feeling of alarm. Search was immediately made, and Brown and his sweetheart were found lying side by side in the roadway, and the servant on the threshold—all dead. The parties were eminently respectable and well known.
Home News Items.
Hon. Speaker Kirkpatrick has returned from his bridal tour.
According to a statement in the Standard on Tuesday, the French Government has granted a subsidy to Mr. Senechal for a line of steamships between Rouen and Montreal, calling at Swanes.
Wonderful accounts are arriving from Calgary of the mineral virtues of the Rocky Mountains and of the great finds of copper and other ores in that region. If these stories turn out to be correct, a rush to the Mountains may be anticipated next spring.
In closing his interesting report on Canada, made to the British Institute of Agriculture, Professor Tanner says:—"To capital, skill and industry, Canada offers many and great inducements, and as a natural consequence there are steadily flowing into that country, spreading prosperity and contentment along their course. At the same time it is especially worthy of record, that there is an entire absence of that lawlessness which is far too common in other districts. The right of property are most clearly recognised and firmly maintained, and it may be confidently stated that there are no subjects of Her Majesty more thoroughly true and loyal to the Crown than the people of Canada."
The Toronto World, in announcing the appointment of Mr. Geo. W. Ross, as Minister of Education in the Ontario Government, says:—"While this last move may increase the strength of the Government, it is none the less a confession of their critical condition. The all-powerful party that Edward Blake turned over to Oliver Mowat has nearly run its race so far as the present control of the province is concerned. And it must not be forgotten that Mr. Mowat's gain through securing him is Mr. Ross's loss at Ottawa in parting with his mother. Mr. Blake has parted with his most successful man in the House, and Sir Richard Cartwright's chances of getting back as the financial exponent of the Reform party are greatly improved.
Considerable excitement was caused at Winnipeg recently by the falling of a large meteor. To the ordinary observer the sight was a startling one, and its appearing in daylight intensified the feeling amongst those unacquainted with astronomy. Those who first saw it speak of it as approaching the earth from a northwesterly direction at an angle of forty five degrees. The meteor, to all appearance, was about the size of a cannon ball, and had a greenish blue flame encircling it that gave it a weird look, and the flash when the meteoric substance exploded shadowed the entire city as if it were a flash of lightning. In its descent to the earth it resembled somewhat a rocket that would be discharged at a pyrotechnic display. The fire and smoke which followed in its wake stretched across the heavens for a distance of about twenty degrees, and faded from view about fifteen minutes after the explosion.
British News Notes.
Seven years ago the United Kingdom had 345 packs of hounds, against 324 to-day. Ireland now has fifty-eight as against seventy.
Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has the finest private library in England at Althorpe, his country seat. It fills thirteen rooms and the volumes in the smallest of these are worth \$300,000.
The Princess of Wales, says the London World, wore a high dress at a recent ball, as H. R. H. was suffering from a severe cold; and when she selected Prince Albert Victor for her partner in one valse, it was hard to believe that the tall young man could be her own son.
George Augustus Sala has gone to Italy for the winter. Like a good many other Londoners, Mr. Sala finds a time has come when he can no longer breathe with comfort or safety the curious mixture of soot and fog and exhalations of wood pavements and churned and recharged air from four millions of human lungs.

air, and revealed to those in the cutter two splintered holes in her run just below the water line.
The next moment her stern settled down, the sea yawned horribly, the great waves of her own making rushed over her upper deck, and the lofty masts and sails, remaining erect, went down with sad majesty into the deep; and nothing remained but the bubbling and foaming of the voracious waters, that had swallowed up the good ship and her cargo, and her drunken master.
All stood up in the boats, ready to save him; but either his cutlass sunk him or the suction of so great a body drew him down. He was seen no more in this world.
A loud sigh broke from from every living bosom that witnessed that terrible catastrophe.
It was beyond words, and none were uttered except by Cooper, who spoke so seldom; yet now three words of terrible import burst from him, and uttered in his loud, deep voice, rang like the ship's knell over the still bubbling water:
"SCUTTLED—BY GOD!"
(To be continued.)
[FOR THE EXAMINER.]
The Hen Fever.
Many have had it, some badly. Some have it now. It is catching. Hens don't, the human biped is the victim. Beware of it; prepare for it. It begins with the idea that there is money in the egg-producing business.—Idea No. 1, and a good one it is, with a proviso. Next follows the idea that the money is a sure thing, then that the more hens the more eggs—the more eggs the more egg-money—the more egg-money, the more overplus money. Herein is the fallacy, the string of fallacies. The reverse is more likely to be true. There is money—profit I mean—derivable, but let twenty go into the business, and nineteen will rue it. I mean to say this will follow if they go into it big and rashly. Where eggs bring 15 or 16 cents a dozen on an average, eight months of the year, and feed is cheap and plenty egg-producing to a reasonable extent does and ought to pay under judicious management. Nearly a quarter of a million of dollars was got for eggs by P. E. Islanders last year; fully that will have been received this year or I misjudge. Much of that money is got to profit by the producers. The trade is enlarging. Pullets are being reared and kept—this is well—old hens are being held on to; this is not well. At two or at most three years of age hens should be got rid of. They lay too few eggs after that. The Boston market is large but it has its limits. At the present rate of increase in three years time the egg shipment from P. E. Island to Boston—the only market at present—will have reached its desirable limit, or I am mistaken. Hens are not sure to be a safe individual investment. They are not Dominion bonds; they are bank shares. Hens are egg-making machines—natural, not mechanical. They cannot be oiled, wound up, set agoing and left to go ahead with certainty of continuous, satisfactory operation. How can a reasonable quantity of eggs be produced to profit most economically? That is a query. Have you the hen fever? Think; think twice. Put the pros and the cons in the balances. Say to yourself: Hens are fowls, fowls are birds, birds are not pigs; sheep or cattle; birds are the sons and daughters of liberty, the wild wood their habitation. To them "the prison is a gulf and fettered feet the worst of ills." They are children of the day, owls and night-hawks excepted. They enjoy the light; they revel in the sun-light. The untamed, uncontaminated breeze is their native air; the water of the spring and of the forest stream, their drink. Say to yourself, egg-making as a business is not natural to the bird. Being unnatural nature cannot be expected to carry it to long unassisted and uncontrolled. Being unnatural and exhaustive loss of productive power soon or follows. If the bird lay the many as left to herself she naturally would lay and make birds of in her natural lifetime, can she be expected to keep on laying at that rate three, four or six years longer? People seem to think so. Reason says no; experience answers no. Again, and I ought to have before alluded to this, observation tells that fowls seek and swallow coarse sand or fine gravel when at liberty, and under ordinary circumstances; and we partly know why it is needed. Reason assures us that eggshells cannot be made continually without shell-making material be supplied as needed. Then the humble egg-producing hen is wont to sport herself in dust and ashes when she can, and it is important that opportunity for the indulgence be afforded her. Then there is ordinarily to the fowl, when at liberty, choice and variety of food, and also of the little this, that and the other, which like mustard, pepper, and that sort of thing with us, render their food appetizing and capable of digestion and assimilation; not to speak of the plants and herbs which, in common with the brute creation, they instinctively partake of, for the fowls to which their flesh is heir. And, then, birds delight in warmth,—the sunny side of the hill; in winter, southern latitudes. Birds, too, are cleanly in their habits; they loathe and abhor dirt. Now, to sum up, buy one, two or three hundred hens—not pullets—(hens not likely to be the youngest of the flocks they come from, three to six years old most likely) crowd them into an ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, ill-suited, out-building, with or without a coupled-up outside enclosure—a prison pen—a Libby prison—provide one or two sorts of food for them, and put Tom, Dick or Harry in charge; or worse, depend on three or four of the household, all and singular, to attend to them, and expect the thing to pay! Pah!
The most eminent physician of the age recommends Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for all bronchial troubles. [eod 3 lw wly]

FOUL PLAY.
By Charles Reade.
CHAPTER XI.
The fearful, sickening truth burst on him in all its awful significance.
Some miscreant or madman had locked the door, and so fastened him to the sinking ship, at a time when, in the bustle, the alarm, the lishness, all would be apt to forget him, and leave him to his death.
He tried the door in every way; he hammered at it, he shouted, he raged, he screamed. In vain. Unfortunately, the door of this cabin was of very unusual strength and thickness.
Then he took up one of those great augers he had found in the mate's cabin, and bored a hole in the door; through this hole he fired his pistol, and screamed for help.
"I am shut up in the cabin! I shall be drowned! Oh, for Christ's sake save me! save me!" and a cold sweat of terror poured down his whole body.
What is that?
The soft rustle of a woman's dress.
Oh, how he thanked God for that music, and the hope it gave him!
It comes toward him; it stops, the key is turned, the dress rustles away, swift as a winged bird; he dashes at the door; it flies open.
No body was near. He recovered his courage in part, fetched his bag and his tools, and ran across to the starboard side. There he found the captain lowering Miss Rolleston, with due care, into the cutter, and the young lady crying—not at being shipwrecked, if you please, but at being deserted by her maid. Jane Holt, at this trying moment, had deserted her mistress for her husband. This was natural; but, as is the rule with persons of that class, she had done this in the silliest and cruelest way. Had she given half an hour's notice of her intention, Donovan might have been on board the cutter with her and her mistress. But no; being a liar and a fool, she must hide her husband to the last moment, and then desert her mistress. The captain, then, was comforting Miss Rolleston, and telling her she should have her maid with her eventually, when Hazel came. He handed down his own bag, and threw the blankets into the stern-sheets. Then he went down himself, and sat on the mid-ship-thwart.
"Shove off," said the captain; and they fell astern.
But Cooper, with a boat-hook, hooked on to the long-boat; and the dying ship towed them both.
Five minutes more elapsed, and the captain did not come down, so Wylie hailed him.
There was no answer. Hudson had gone into the mate's cabin. Wylie waited a minute, then hailed again.
"Hi! on deck there!"
"Hullo!" cried the captain at last.
"Why didn't you come into the cutter?"
The captain crossed his arms, and leaned over the stern.
"Don't you know that Hiram Hudson is always the last to leave the sinking ship?"
"Well, you are the last," said Wylie. "So now come on board the long-boat at once. I dare not tow in her wake much longer, to be sucked in when she goes down."
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A sailor instantly darted forward to the rope. But, unfortunately, Hudson heard this proposal, and it enraged him. He got his cutlass. The sailor drew the boat under ship's stern; but the drunken skipper flourished his cutlass furiously over his head.
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He tried the door in every way; he hammered at it, he shouted, he raged, he screamed. In vain. Unfortunately, the door of this cabin was of very unusual strength and thickness.
Then he took up one of those great augers he had found in the mate's cabin, and bored a hole in the door; through this hole he fired his pistol, and screamed for help.
"I am shut up in the cabin! I shall be drowned! Oh, for Christ's sake save me! save me!" and a cold sweat of terror poured down his whole body.
What is that?
The soft rustle of a woman's dress.
Oh, how he thanked God for that music, and the hope it gave him!
It comes toward him; it stops, the key is turned, the dress rustles away, swift as a winged bird; he dashes at the door; it flies open.
No body was near. He recovered his courage in part, fetched his bag and his tools, and ran across to the starboard side. There he found the captain lowering Miss Rolleston, with due care, into the cutter, and the young lady crying—not at being shipwrecked, if you please, but at being deserted by her maid. Jane Holt, at this trying moment, had deserted her mistress for her husband. This was natural; but, as is the rule with persons of that class, she had done this in the silliest and cruelest way. Had she given half an hour's notice of her intention, Donovan might have been on board the cutter with her and her mistress. But no; being a liar and a fool, she must hide her husband to the last moment, and then desert her mistress. The captain, then, was comforting Miss Rolleston, and telling her she should have her maid with her eventually, when Hazel came. He handed down his own bag, and threw the blankets into the stern-sheets. Then he went down himself, and sat on the mid-ship-thwart.
"Shove off," said the captain; and they fell astern.
But Cooper, with a boat-hook, hooked on to the long-boat; and the dying ship towed them both.
Five minutes more elapsed, and the captain did not come down, so Wylie hailed him.
There was no answer. Hudson had gone into the mate's cabin. Wylie waited a minute, then hailed again.
"Hi! on deck there!"
"Hullo!" cried the captain at last.
"Why didn't you come into the cutter?"
The captain crossed his arms, and leaned over the stern.
"Don't you know that Hiram Hudson is always the last to leave the sinking ship?"
"Well, you are the last," said Wylie. "So now come on board the long-boat at once. I dare not tow in her wake much longer, to be sucked in when she goes down."
"Come on board your craft and desert my own," said Hudson, disdainfully. "Know my duty to my employers better."
These words alarmed the mate.
"Curse it all!" he cried; "the fool has been and got some more rum. Fifty guineas to the man that will shin up the tow-rope, and throw that madman into the sea; then we can pick him up. He swims like a cork!"
A sailor instantly darted forward to the rope. But, unfortunately, Hudson heard this proposal, and it enraged him. He got his cutlass. The sailor drew the boat under ship's stern; but the drunken skipper flourished his cutlass furiously over his head.
"Board me! ye pirates! The first that lays a finger on my bulwarks, off goes his hand by the wrist!"
Suiting the action to the word, he hacked at the tow-rope so vigorously that it gave way, and the boats fell astern.
Helen Rolleston uttered a shriek of dismay and pite.
"Oh save him!" she cried.
"Make sail!" cried Cooper; and, in a few seconds, they got all her canvas set upon the cutter.
It seemed a hopeless chase for these shells to sail after the dying monster, with her cloud of canvas all drawing, aloof and aloft. But it did not prove so. The gentle breeze was an advantage to light craft, and the dying "Proserpine" was full of water, and could only crawl.
After a few moments of great anxiety, the boats crept up, the cutter on her port, and the long-boat on her starboard quarter.
Wylie ran forward, and, hailing Hudson, implored him, in the friendliest tones, to give himself a chance. Then tried him by his vanity.
"Come and command the boats, old fellow. How can we navigate them on the Pacific without you?"
Hudson was now leaning over the taffrail, utterly drunk. He made no reply to the mate, but merely waved his cutlass feebly in one hand, and his bottle in the other, and gurgled out:
"Duty to my employers!"
Then Cooper, without a word, double-reefed the cutter's mainsail, and told Welch to keep as close to the ships quarter as he dare. Wylie instinctively did the same, and the three craft crawled on in solemn and deadly silence for nearly twenty minutes.
The wounded ship seemed to receive a death blow. She stopped dead and shook. The next moment she pitched gently forward, and her bows went under water, while her after-part rose into the

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
FOUL PLAY.
By Charles Reade.
CHAPTER XI.
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