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Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is a book of 1,008 pages and over three hundred illustrations. This book is free. You may have it in all its usefulness, and in strong paper covers, for 3 one-cent stamps, which pays the cost of customs and mailing only, or in cloth binding for 50 stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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TO CONTRACTORS.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to April 19th, at noon for finishing the inside of Afton Hall, West River, according to plans and specifications to be seen at the office of C. B. Chappel, Architect. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
JOHN McMILLAN,
Secretary Building Committee.
Apr 18 - 21



(Continued.)
SYNOPSIS.

Peter Clephane and Andrew Kilgour are cousins, students at Edinburg University, between whom is a bitter feud. The former is the son of a rich city lawyer and his cousin is the heir of an estate in the Highlands that has almost passed into the hands of creditors. After a bitter fight with his cousin, Kilgour is on his way home when he falls in with company at the "Hound and Stag" inn at Perth. Arrived home his companion on the journey turns out to be his uncle, Peter Clephane's father. To retrieve his family's fortune Andrew is sent to India.

— A sudden darkness the snook or a tremendous broadside hurled me back with a bellful of salt water. I scrambled up, sputtering, to be hit and knocked down again. The second time I rose with greater difficulty, and clutching dizzily at the porthole, looked over the weltering flame-lit waste. There were no boats. Either the sea had swallowed them, or they were hidden in the scudding mist of spray. In either case they were lost to me. A sudden sickness seized me, my head got strangely light, the din fell to a far off murmur, and slipping my feeble hold I sank splashing into the water on the floor. A period of unconsciousness must have followed, for I remember no more until, half crawling, half swimming, and in utter darkness, I somehow got back to my berth.

Then, with my mind settled in the conviction of a doom that was not to be averted, no words could tell the awful sense of desolation that fell upon me.

I thought it would really have been an act of humanity on the part of my late companions to have thrown me into the sea or drawn a sharp blade across my throat. Either would have ended my tortures quickly, whereas I

start in alarm, though why I should be alarmed who had nothing worse to fear nor better to hope than of death, is a question I cannot answer. Start, however, I did, with a frightened look into the blackness of darkness about me to see what uncanny thing this might be that was disturbing my parting hour. I could of course see nothing, but presently I understood from the splashing and squealing that the rats were prowling around, and were greatly disgusted at finding the cabin floor under water. As for me, I was glad of their company.

"If the creatures could only speak to me," I said to myself. "If we could only exchange sympathies and converse together on our fate, there would be some satisfaction even yet."

And as I lay listening to their interchange of scintillations, which to my ear seemed to express disappointment, I thought of the marvellous instinct, amounting almost to intuition, which is attributed to rats in regard to sinking ships. An old story occurred to me. A vessel had foundered in mid-ocean, the crew took to the boats, even like the crew of the Bird of Paradise, and as the last man was stepping off a company of rats appeared, and without ceremony or hesitation leaped into the boats with the men.

The ship was going down, and they knew it. My companions were doubtless endowed with this instinct also. What if the brig were not sinking after all? It seems an absurd thing to take any comfort from the actions of rats, and yet a wild hope that I might still be saved thrilled through my heart. One hope begets another. I went on to think that, since the brig was settling down so very slowly she might keep afloat till we should be discovered. A drowning man clutches at straws, and hope, as the poet says, springs eternal in the human breast. Well for us that it is so.

The thought that I might be rescued kept with me through the long hours of darkness, and when the morning light returned and found me in no worse plight than I had been in at sunset on the previous evening my hope strengthened. My physical strength increased with my mental, and when the sun was fully up, the sun I had not expected to see again, I leaped from my bed to welcome it, almost forgetting my fever. Had I Shakespeare's gift of expression ten times over I am sure I could not half tell how sweet, how transcendently glorious it was after that night in the tomb to feel the warmth and mystic potency of the returning light.

In the first great burst of joy I wondered why I should ever have been depressed, so inexplicable do despair and dismal thoughts become to us in moments of supreme exaltation. My heart welled into my eyes in thankfulness as I drank in the full deep draught of happiness, and yet I was so full of wonder that more than once I doubted whether the whole thing were not a vision, a trick of the imagination. It was as if Plato's fantastic dream were realized, and after ages of immurement in a subterranean cell a man were brought forth to behold the rising sun for the first time. Yet the illustration is incomplete, for while Plato's supposititious character would have been overwhelmed with awe I was filled with gladness. The creature of Plato's dream would have veiled his face in terror before the sun's majesty. I thrust mine forward in eager and rapturous welcome.

I had risen from the dead. Here was the joyous exuberance of life again. I lived, and that was enough. I saw the east kindling with a divine illumination that was as the light of a resurrection morn. Higher and higher the blaze of glory rose, till the flood of life had mounted to the zenith and held undisputed sway. Death had vanished. The world was born anew, fresh, lusty, jubilant as on that primal morning when the Omnipotent said, "Let there be light." When the great orb showed the edge of its flaming disc, a golden shaft shot straight across the ocean to the deserted brig. It came like a kiss of salutation, a benediction, a promise of life. Then, as the sun rose slowly, monarch of the world, and the waves of light, inexpressibly beautiful and holy, came rolling toward me, I was ready to cry out in worship. O God, how sweet is life after death—paradise after pit! There are those—miserable philosophers—who ask with sapient wisdom whether life is worth living. Toss them into danger, and I dare say they will find an answer to their silly question.

With my new-found strength I tried the screws which had baffled me in the night. Joy succeeded joy—they yielded, and the port opened. Then I thrust out my head well up to the shoulders and drew a long, deep breath, which was as meat to the starving and drink to the parched. Again and again I sucked in the delicious cordial, feeling its grateful effects in the uttermost fibres of my frame. When I had inhaled till I was dizzy, I leaned forward as far as I could and feasted my eyes on the glittering water now rolling lazily in big smooth billows that rocked the brig almost as gently as a mother rocks the cradle of her firstborn.

I know not whether it was the peculiarity of my disease or whether the newborn hope gave such fresh vitality to my system as enabled it to throw the fever off, or whether it was owing to an extra dose of quinine I had taken from a box of pills which Mr. Watson had left me, but from that time I began to improve rapidly. True, after the first delirium of joy had passed, there came a short period of depression and relapse, but I strove to keep up my courage, and the feeling of convalescence soon returned.

(To be Continued.)



Frantically straining to hold on and to hail the quickly vanishing boats.

had now to be looking into the face of a death advancing upon me by inches. To be tortured thus is to die many times. But the brig could not long hold out, and when she should go down, all would be instantly over. I closed my burning eyes, feeling that to light would ever more fall on them till that light rose that shall not fade away. Ere the morrow morning I should be "deeper than did ever plummet sound," confined in the black hulk of the engulfed brig, and no mortal should ever look on my grave among the green and slimy things that strew the Indian ocean. There was a pang in the thought that no one could mark the place where I slept. But that pang, too, must pass in the great lull, the lasting quiet that was at hand.

I lay very still, for there was no longer any motive to move. The tempest was evidently much abated, though the waves were still leaping madly against the ship's sides, and sometimes making clean breaches over her. I wondered why she held so long afloat. But doubtless she was going steadily, if slowly, down. She would sink gradually for awhile, then in the crucial moment, when the flood should have gained a proper hold, she would descend headlong with a dizzy gurgle and swirl as if sucked by the lips of the maelstrom. I could anticipate the motion, and my own sensations in the embrace of death. There would be a momentary, involuntary effort to hold back, a gasping for breath, a brief pain as of one choking, a sudden giddiness fading swiftly into unconsciousness, and then absolute peace. I wished that the ordeal were not so long delayed. I wished that the hurricane might blow anew, and that the billows would rise and overwhelm us at once, so faithless is man in extremity.

But no fresh hurricane came, only after a great while there was a loud sudden splash by my berth side, followed by a sharp cry that made me

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