THE MOST FASCINATING OCEAN ROMANCE SINCE THE DAYS OF COOPER AND MARYATT.

HAPTER II. - (CONTINUED.)

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denched his hands till the pressure nails was painful and forced an from his lips. His eyes ngest and become bloodshot and s the boy spoke. Then, without a warning or angry preparation, he foot and with the heavy heel boy upon the breast as he knelt the cabin. and sent him, stunned and reeling, gacross the deck. kill " yelled Dolan. " Why do I

for a moment that the boy lay and panting, beneath the savage hat had been made upon him. Pale with his dark hair dashed by the across his brow, while his eyes, rexpressive of affection and conlerness, flashed a new light, he his feet and confronted Dolan and

nat had passed, he had stepped ver be of any use on board the Rift." boundary line that separates "Never," said Martin. lifrom daring youth.

had some concealed weapon, the flesh and blood. Keep her off a bit." er for which might at that moment

· Dolan, henceforward, between e there is neither affection, peace and that the pirate crew shrank good trade can be done." pleast down their looks, and the Martin muttered to himself :

sand pounds!" has in the wintry sky-a rift among ring clouds, right overhead, at this elet the softest ray from the Wina stream down upon the world beandthat ray encircled in its bright, treting embrace the boy who so gal-

defied man to put trust in God ! new of the pirate cutter glanced at mer, and one said, half audibly : brought down this bit of sunlight by ed: tr Father which is in Heaven."

bolan recovered from his choking which the bold defiance of the boy rwahim, and he made a rush towards rieshouted:

mhere san end! An end at once!" er can be no doubt that the object of than captain was to do the lad some injury and probably cast him into but with the quickness of thought, passed him and sprang upon the corthat Dolan himself had mounted in make his observations of sea and air, poising the light hatchet in his eralderied:

meon, then, Dolan! Life for lifewowled rage that burst from the lips of

semed scarcely human, as he seized n landspike and raising it above his th both hands was about to make a the boy with it. the pirate crew, as if by one impulse

are the whole of them a movement, as excited by one view on the instant, to pay express charges can be between Dolan and the boy, cted from price of gun.

a Bowline in his deepest tones called Dealer in Canada, 69

> No! We are bad ones. We are we may be something worse-Methere is a plank of the Rift between siwater, and while I set my foot on with you don't harm the boy, Captain

> Iolan was in vain. Ben Bowline tel the iron bar from him, half dislois wrist in the process, and flung it

You don't harm him. What say wes, is it to be as I say or not?" ay! cried every voice. eusacheer, then.

trah! hurrah! hurrah!"

CHAPTER III.

FRIEND BETRAYED TO DEATH.

tree cheers rang over the surface of and startled the French fisherman mieur, the maire of the little French Tat nestled in all its ricketiness on

Dolan staggered back to the had lain to within a couple, of hundred yards the companion-way, on which he of the Frenchman. a groan of rage and despair.

whined: " my own son and my own ea. to take his part against me; oh, dear! what will the world come me to your father, Gerald !"

put on a look of proud disgust. at want to hurt you." Tshook his head and kept a firm

te hatchet, for he saw a hyena-like aing out of the eyes of Dolan.

you yet. This boy-" ahead!" sang out one of the men

speedily on the lookout. What is she ?"

That's it. The Coquette." the Coquette," cried captain Dolan, de boy below."

Alooked at the crew and hesitated. lare that to do," added captain Doboy stay."

said old Martin. "The captain is the captain, and when he says go below, why, it's only right to do it."

"I will go," said Gerald. Still with the hatchet, to which he clung with a tenacity that sufficiently showed he looked upon it as a needful defense, Gerald, stepped across the deck and slowly descended backward down the companion way to

Then Ben Bowline spoke to Dolan in his growling, bear-like fashion:

"Captain Dolan, you had better let the boy alone; one volunteer, you know, is worth a dozen pressed men and I don't know that a pressed boy is worth anything at all, seeing that a volunteer of that sort always wants two able-bodied seaman to go after him and see what he is about. Ain't that it Martin ?"

"Well, then, Captain Dolan, you'd much roice of the boy was altered better let the boy alone and put him on and it seemed as though in that shore next voyage, d'ye see? for he will ne-

"Well, well," growled Dolan. "Don't polan shrank back a step and bother about it; only it's hard lines that a is hands into his vest, as though | man mightn't do as he likes with his own

" Ay, ay, sir." "You know, my men, that this is to be said Gerald; and the clear, our last voyage, hereaway if so be as we relied voice of the boy rang through are successful in what we agreed to do." The crew murmured an assent.

"You see the Coquette there? Well, The tie of nature, if such there you know that she trades with us, bringing nus, you have, before Heaven, us French goods and money both, for which I defy you! You may kill me! we give her English goods and money. Now all lefy you! I will not aid you in this time, she brings an extra cargo and will denounce you and with a good round sum for English goods then and where I can! Dolan, never she expects of us. Well, asthis part of the all the word father pass my lips in coast is getting too hot to hold us and as I to you. I have but one father now know, for certain, the admiral of the stahas but one father. It is 'Our tion, Sir Thomas Clifford, has brought which is in heaven." These last down here a schooner, well armed and were uttered with such a gentle manned, on purpose to lay out for us and to and the eyes of the boy, retain- follow us into shallow water, why, I protheir tenderness and affection, danced pose that we be off to another coast, up by ineffable love and confidence the north sea, where, from Dutch ports, a

The crew assented with various expressions of satisfaction, while the steersman and not harm a hair of his head for baffled the French lugger, the Coquette, which evidently wished to come to close quarters with the Rift."

"Now," added Dolan, "what I propose is, to take the Coquette, and all in her.

"That'll do," said Ben Bowline. "Clear her out!"

" Ay, ay !" " And then scuttle her."

There was a pause of irresolution among the crew of the Rift and Dolan hastily add-

"They or us! They or us! If one is left to tell the tale, it will be told and a chessemaree will go across to Falmouth with a flag of truce and the admiral of the station will know all about us."

"Its an ugly trick," said Ben Bowline. "But they are only Frenchmen," remarked one of the crew.

"There's something in that," said Martin. "Are you all agreed?" cried Dolan. "Ay, ay, sir !"

"Then you see it is just as well that Gerald should not be on deck," added Dolan, while the strange, malignant look flashed from his eyes.

By this time the French lugger apparently had begun to suspect that the Rift, for some reason or another, was dodging her and she shortened sail and lay to, making only a little headway with the tide and surface wind.

A brief order, then, that altered the trim of the Rift to a limited extent and her course a point or two, brought her down rapidly toward the Coquette and when within hailing distance Captain Dolan sprang on one of the guns and shouted:

"Coquette, ahoy! What cheer?" A light, active, little old man leaped with the agility of an ape on to the bowsprit of the Coquette and screamed out:

"Captaine Doolan, vat for you-vat you call ?- make one game at our Coquette? therery and another struggle on the Captaine Doolan, sis l'honneur—le sang du

"Wind and currents," shouted Dolan, "All's right. Any news?" "Ma foi, non! What you shall call common-much usual. Plus de gloire pour la

Grande Nation!" "Oh, of course. Smashed the English

"Oui, certainement." "What does the animal say?" Growled Ben Bowline. "That the French have beaten the Eng-

lish fleet." "Does he? Does he? The lying old-

well, it don't matter. He's a going-Ben pointed into the sea and the crew of the Rift grinned at each other as the lugger now slowly drifted alongside the Rift, which

These two vessels, long engaged in smugwn flesh and blood to turn against gling transactions, were adapted in every way for the rapid interchange of cargoes. Slowly they were allowed to drift broadside to each other and then, by apparatus which was produced on both vessels, they were locked together, so that they heaved and

rolled in the tide as one. The little French captain leaped on the deck of the Rift and lifted his cap with great grace to Captain Dolan and then to then you won't," shouted the pir- the mate; Ben Bowline, and then to the as he sprang to his feet. "Now crew, and each time that he did so he gave men. I will tell you what I have an amiable grin, similar to that which is ably. adopted by very polite people at public dinners when they take wine with some one.

"Well, Captain Mocquet," said Dolan, "will you step below ?" "Oui, Capitaine Doolan, oui, I sall step below; but I sall, if you sall please, capitaine, bring goods."

"All right !" The French captain, then, with great voat don't want witnesses. But if lubility, gave some orders to the five men then have a witness that may hang that made up the whole crew of the Cothen he likes, why, have him and quette, and they commenced transferring to the deck of the Rift various barrels and better go below, Mr. Gerald," packages, not one of which was of sufficient let loose."

size or weight to exceed the power of a single man to lift and deal with,

The object of this was that, should it become necessary so to do, the smuggled goods might be easily flung into the sea, without much fuss or observation.

The French captain then descended with Dolan to the cabin of the Rift, where the first person his eyes fell upon was Gerald, who was close to one of the small ports, with the hatchet still grasped in his right hand.

"My son," said Dolan, gruffly. The French captain lifted his cap and gave 'nou ?' his usual amiable grin. Gerald bowed with a sad look upon his face.

"Le petit monsieur is not-what you say? -good-well-eh ?"

" Not very well," said Dolan. A whispered conference then took place between Dolan and the French captain, which seemed to have reference to a sum of ten thousand francs, and to some cases of English cutlery, and marine chronometers, and nautical instruments, but the particulars of which Gerald did not catch.

Then they went upon deck, the French captain not forgetting, as he left the cabin, to bestow upon Gerald the inevitable grin again, and the lift of the cap. "Francois!" cried Captain Mocquet, "ap-

portez." One of the crew of the Coquette appeared then on the deck of the Rift with a square box, around which some canvas was carefully sewn. Then Dolan took the Frenchman by the cuff of the coat, and on the pretense upon the swinging table in the cabin. The

space by the side of it. "My dear Mocquet!" said Dolan. The Frenchman looked curiously in Dolan's face, with his head on one side. "My dear Monsieur Mocquet you

must know-"

" Eh !" wanted here." As he spoke, Dolan clutched the French her go!" captain by the collar and his waist, and with one effort plunged him down the por

tion of the skylight of the cabin which was open. He fell with a crash on the table beneath. "Batten down!" shouted Dolan, then, in a voice that rang through both vessels.

"Down with them! Quick-quick! That will do! Ha, ha!" The five Frenchmen were seized by as many of the Englishmen, and dashed headlong down the forecastle-hatch of the lugger | Rift. on which they immediately placed its foulweather covering, which they fastened in a

The Coquette was taken and rode side by side with the Rift, at the mercy of Dolan and his crew.

"A strange sail to the nor'west!" sang out Martin, who was sweeping the sea with a glass, at the direction of Dolan, to find if any vessel was sufficiently near to observe his proceedings in regard to the Coquette. "What is she?"

"Don't know, sir. She looks foreign." "Not likely that; but be quick! Follow me, my men. You six, I mean who are carpenters,. Follow me with your tools.

"Ay, ay, sir !" cried six of the crew of the Rift, who had been privately spoken to Rift, was a schooner with St. George's enby captain Dolan, and whose duty now was sign flying. to scuttle the Coquette, while he repared to Captain Mocquet's cabin, in order to see if any small valuables could be found there which it would be a pity to let go down with the lugger.

So completely taken by surprise were the crew of the Coquette, that scarcely one of them uttered an exclamation, when they were seized and flung down the forecastle hatch of their own vessel.

Now when Dolan and his six men went on board the Coquette, all they heard was subdued knocking on the other side of the hatchway covering.

"Let them knock," he said. "It will

'Ay, sir." "Keep a good watch there." of the Rift and Ben nodded; for he had seen

the French captain cast through the opening in the skylight. While, then, the six men from the Rift ! went into the hold of the lugger to scuttle

her, Captain Dolan dived into Captain Mocquet's cabin. At first he could see nothing that was at all likely to excite his cupidity, although he glared about him with the most eager eyes. Then he forced open the drawer of a locker

and was gratified to find a watch and some fine articles of jewelry. Another drawer had in it a pair of silver-mounted pistols of great beauty of workmanship, although, from their being of Turkish make, they were but toys in comparison to English firearms. "I may as well have them," said Dolan,

as he thrust them into his breast. He tried still another drawer of the locker and found that it was a deep one, that

held sequins and other matters, apparently medicines. "That will do," he said. "Good-bye to the Coquette soon, and a good riddance, too;

for I do believe that Captain Mocquet by, dint of prying about and questioning some of my men, had half found out our great secret of the entrance to the cavern by the foreland thereaway, and in that case I would take his life or the life of any man who is

"A sail westward!" shouted a voice on! board the Rift.

"Another!" growled Captain Dolan, as could carry away with him. "I wonder if these candlesticks are silver?"

"Hand over hand, sir, this way. A schooner, with the king's ensign at the fore," cried a voice from the Rift, speaking apparently, in answer to some questions that had been put by Ben Bowline, prob-

"Hillo!" cried Dolan, from the door of the Coquette's cabin, "are you ready? Have you done it ?"

A strange rushing sound came upon his ! she cry again ?" ears, and he could almost fancy that the lugger shook beneath him as the sea rushed into her.

"All's done, captain," said one of the

"When will she go?" "Not for ten minutes good yet, sir." "That will do."

"The Frenchmen are praying, sir, to be

"Let them pray." Once more Captain Dolan turned to the cabin of the Coquette and coursed his eyes slowly around it, to be certain that he had escaped nothing, when he almost uttered a shout of surprise and fright to see a portion of the paneling of the wall suddenly slide aside, and the most charming of faces appear at the opening-while, in the silvery accents of childhood, a young girl of not more than twelve years of age, said :

"Bon jour, mon cher pere. Ou sommes-

Captain Dolan stood aghast, while with a look of unmitigated surprise, into which fear was each instant growing, the young French girl fixed her beautiful eyes upon his face. The Coquette rocked a little from side to side and the water gurgled and rush-

ed into her hold. "She's going by the board, sir!" cried one of the crew of the Rift. "Tumble up, sir! She's going!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE STARS AND STRIPES ARE UNFURLED. So thoroughly surprised was Captain Dolan to find that there was any one on board the Coquette but the French captain and her crew that although warned of the sinking state of the lugger, he was for a few minutes

transfixed and incapable of action. But the utter selfishness of the nature of Dolan was not likely to keep him for many moments inactive, when personal peril to that he had something to say to him, he led | himself was at hand. He recovered from him close to the skylight that looked down | his faculties with a shout of fear, and flew towards the companion-way, only pausing for one half instant to cry out:

skylight was half off and left a considerable "Who are you? Who are you?" The girl made some reply which he did not understand; and as he fled to the deck, he just saw her glide out of the little berth in which she had been sleeping.

"Let her go! Let her go with the rest!" he said, hoarsely, "I did not place her "That there you go; for you are not | there. He should not have brought her.

There was a faint stream from the cabin, and then the Coquette visibly settled in the

Captain Dolan made but one leap on to the deck of the Rift, and then he shouted: "Let go! Let go! she is going down! Let her go! Keep all clear fore and aft, away.

The fastenings that held the two vessels together were hastily removed, and the Coquette slowly surged away down from the

Then it was that Ben Bowline stepped up to Captain Dolan and said, in a low voice: "Sir, I don't like the look of things."

"What things?" "The craft there-away."

So absorbed had been Dolan in his interest in the fate of the Coquette, that he had forgotten the two announcements that had been made of sails at hand; but now he turned his gaze in the direction indicated by Ben Bowline; and at about three miles in the offing he saw a small vessel, yachtbuilt and rigged, and evidently bearing down upon him; while, at about the same distance from that again, but in a slant line, which brought it within five miles of the

"I know her," cried Captain Dolan.

"Which, sir?" "The schooner. It's the Spray. She is sent after us by Sir Thomas Clifford. I told you of her."

"And the other?" "Oh! a mere yacht." "She has no colors, sir."

"Of course not."

"Ah, yes! Look, sir; loek! I began to to think that-" "What-what?" Slowly and gracefully as the yacht-like

vessel altered her point of sailing a little, a flag unfurled itself, and shaking its folds be short work with them. Ben Bowline, out to the breeze, presented the stars and stripes of the Great Republic. "American!" cried Dolan.

"No doubt of that, sir; and a clipper. Captain Dolan pointed to the cabin hatch | Look how she cuts her way, with scarce a ripple in her wake !"

"What's that?" Boom came the report of a gun from the schooner, And, as if the elements had only awaited that as a signal, a dense fog came whirling from the French coast, and in a few minutes began to encircle the Rift in its misty embraces in such a manner that it was quite clear, if it did not soon dissipate, her captain, would not be able to see from stem

to stern. Boon came another report, and Captain Dolan cried out:

"How is it? That's a big gun for a "Special service, sir," said Martin. "Lord bless you, Captain! I was once aboard of one that was rigged out for special service, and they took a couple of twenty-fours with them, and blazed away like a good one."

"What special service?"

"After a pirate." "In-deed. Ha! Well, my men, the example has been followed; for I happen to know that the schooner Spray is on special service, and that special service is to hunt

down the Rift." A suppressed execration burst from the

smuggler crew, and then Dolan cried out: "Is she gone—the Coquette?"

"There she goes, sir !" Through the thickening mist, just faintly visible, as though it had been miles away, could be seen the low-lying hull and light spars of the French lugger-spectral-like he still lingered in the cabin of the Coquette, she gloomed through the fog; and what of loth to loose any article of value that he her could be seen appeared to sway about as though she were in the grasp of a tempest while, in reality, the little soft breeze that had been stirring was almost entirely quenched by the mist.

A shriek—one shriek—uttered in tones that Captain Dolan felt that he recognized, came upon the light wind; and he felt his heart grow cold as he listened to it.

"The girl in the cabin," he said. "The girl in the cabin, no-no! It was not safe to rescue her-not safe. I could not. Will

A rushing noise now took place, and no longer was to be seen the shadowy form of the French lugger. Captain Dolan drew a long breath. The girl had not uttered another cry, and he was saved the terror of its remembrance.

But the one was enough ! He evenhe thatman steeped ininiquity and sin; that man, whose hands were the

gentle look in those child-like eyes, and the soft cadences of the senet voice, as she spoke the few words, the meaning of which was unknown to him. He passed his hand over his brow and a cold perspiration settled upon his face, and he shook in every limb.

"Gone! gone! I know she is gone. Why did she move the panel? Why did she look at me? Why did she speak to me? Gone! gone!"

"The lugger, sir, I mean."

Dolan started as if from a dream; and

then, in a voice of rage, he said: "I know she has gone! Don't speak to me-and be hanged to you all! I know she is gone! Keep her off there; we drift in-I am sure of it; the fog thickens!"

"Ay, ay sir ! it does !" said Martin. "And it won't clear away till midday, I should

"Cutter ahoy!" shouted a voice evidently through a speaking-trumpet, at this moment, although through the dense masses of white mist there could not now be seen anything of the American yacht or the king's schooner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ventriloquism.

Men will never cease to wonder over ventriloquism, though the accomplishment has often been explained, and is mastered without great difficulty. In former times the people stood in awe of the ventriloquists. Comte, a famous French prestidigitateur, was exceedingly fond of mystifying country people, and once caused a pig, which a peasant woman was trying to sell, to talk. The pig was accused of sorcery, and led by the ears before the judge, terrifying the man who led him by calling him an "idiot" all

the way. At Tours Comte caused the people to break in the front of a closed shop, from which cries for help seemed to proceed. At Nevers he made a donkey accuse the peasant It is his doing, not mine. Let her go ! let | who rode him of cruelty, and the peasant, believing the donkey bewitched, leaped off the animal's back and took to flight. At Fribourg Comte was accused of witchcraft, and taken to a furnace by an excited crowd to be burned alive. But he caused a dreadful voice to issue from the doors of the furnace itself, and the frightened people ran

Although people nowadays are in no fear of witchcraft, some clever ventriloquism is practised. An Englishman counterfeits soskilfully the noise made by doors creaking and windows rattling in a draught, that people draw up their collars and button their coats to save themselves from taking cold. Most of our ventriloquism, however, is done with puppets and manikins, which one man apparently causes to speak in different voices.

La Nature, a French scientific journal, explains the art of ventriloquism in a recent article. It is based on a well-known acoustic phenomenon, the difficulty which the ear experiences in locating the precise point from which a sound comes. We have only to lead the mind to suppose that a sound comes from a certain point to make it seem

to the ear to do so. The chief difficulty in the art is the keeping of a perfectly straight face, and speaking without moving the muscles. The deception is assisted by the ventriloquist's moving his lips and face in a very apparent manner when he asks his questions in his own proper voice, and then restoring his face to a perfectly motionless state, or one in which the lips seem to move only in a

slight smile. Ventriloquists fill their lungs very full of air, and expel it slowly aud gradually in speaking. Facility in imitating various sounds is obtained by practice. Saint Gilles, a Parisian grocer, who became celebrated as a ventriloquist a century ago, and whose fame has come down to the present time, mastered his art in eight days of

'Steering Straight For Home." BY NORA LAUGHER.

steady practice.

[A thoughtless young gentleman when crossing the Atlantic had his attention called to the bright, happy look of one of the common sailors—a man of some sixty years -who, upon being questioned as to why he always appeared so cheerful, replied promptly, as he reverently bared his head and looked up to the clear, blue sky "I don't know, sir, unless it is because "I'm steering straight for home." What an eloquent sermon do not these

In storm or shine I'm happy, sir, As o'er the waves I roam, I'll tell you why if you like, sir, I'm steering straight for Home.

few words convey ?]

I do not mean my home on land, I lost that when Bess died, She and the young 'un too, sir, They both lie side by side.

You'd see upon the main, That's why I always try to steer Straight Home to Bess again. Oh! I shall ne'er forget the night

She was my wife, the bonniest lass

When I breasted thro' the foam To find my girl's life ebbing fast, For she was nearing H.me. I was a careless chap, sir, then, Just thirty years ago;

But my life changed with her last words, Uttered so soft and low. She said, as she clasped our little 'un And her head lay on my breast "I'm drifting from you, Jack, my dear,

And oh! I cannot rest Until you give me your promise That you will try and come Where I shall wait you, near the Sea. Say, Jack, you'll steer for Hom.?

The bitter tears rolled down my cheek.

And since that day, sir, I have kept My oath, made to the dead. Tis easier every day, sir, I look across the foam

And hear my Bessie calling me

I knelt beside the bed.

To steer right straight for Home. Since the earthquake we are beginning to suspect that the South is not as solid as repre-

sented. "She did wrong to look back; didn't she, Bessie?" "Yes, mamma." "And what do you think Lot thought when he saw his poor wife turned into a pillar of salt." "I don't know, mamma; I spect he wondered where he could get a fresh one." red ones of a murderer, could not forget the