Jurability and Fin

we offer them at the follo

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

HAPTER IV .- (CONTINUED.) for !" shouted Captain Dolan, in reply His majesty's schooner Spray."

impertinence. Who are you? Strike tell that we may know where you

Haven't got one. Down your helm, That's it. She'll send a shot into

Mary Jane-South Shields-Red and pickaxes !"

went a gun from the Spray; but Rift had altered its course, the shot armlessly past her, and it was only e fleeting moment, by the flash of the that the position of the Spray is seen through the fog. Jat you!" said Dolan. " Now I know

reu are. I can get out of your way. Liv two points east, Martin.

heht canvas which had been set on the Rift fluttered for a moment in the and flapped itself into action, with hange of position of the little vessel, then, at an accelerated pace, fought through the rising sea. the sea was rising ; for the fog ap-

to have condensed the air above the and to have produced some elemental -such as is evoked in nature by the at equilibrium and equalizationare the causes of meteorological in the Spray fired a gun in the sup-

direction of the Rift, but, like a spirit, flown off into the mist, and the bright of the piece of ordnance only for a brief. ent lit up the spars of the government i though, as was that illuminationthe mist, it showed to the officers

ward the Spray the yacht like vessel, which floated the stars and stripes of Not above a cable's length to ward the yacht was making a long tack as if it had become aware of its dangerous proximity to the French

from the Spray a voice hailed the and the sound came hoarsely through

What ship ? Ahoy !" Who are you?" shouted a voice from

His majesty's schooner Spray." reply was prompt : lacht Nautilus, United States of Amerlow did von get here ?

keel downward !" Hold!" cried a clear, sedate voice, of a different description to that which for?" p to this moment hailed and answered ONTAR mil of the government schooner. "Hold, Paintry! I will see to this. What ination is requested by his majesty's omer Spray that I, Captain Morton, of Mautilus yacht, can give ?" How came you here ?"

> have made the voyage from New hat boat ?"

bed luck to you, sir, and a safe return."

We are looking for a smuggler. If you vessel cutter-rigged with a yellow at just above water—

No. sir : I shall see no such vessel, cut-SCLUTELY PURE Tiged or otherwise!" said Captain "I am not about to effect myself a ementary custom-house officer for his annie majesty! Good-day, sir."

* Nautilus sped on her course, and the on board the Spray laid down his thet as he said:

onfound the fellow's coolness! That's with these American officers; they aways got some answer to you so pat tady that one can't think of what to after they have sailed off."

tan you think now, Mr. Green ?" ed Simon Royle, the old sailing master spray, and who in reality commanded

ell, s-a-h! Ch, of course! If he had wished. I should have said to him—a— -I should certainly have said something ar. av. sir !"

reen gave himself a congratulatory she descended to the cabin, muttering

only wish that the Rift, or whatever the name of the smuggling vessel, ounder, or that somebody else would ger in hand!"

the cabin of the Spray a young man degligently lounging on a couch with dem of a meerschaum between his lips a pair of red morocco slippers hung

Now, really," he said, as Mr. Green,

Well, sir, it is annoying."

Grey, who was in command of the of the Rift. "Annoying, do you call it, Green? the this? What is the use? Now, that man of mine, Simmons. He brute! You can sit down, Green. Mere's that Moselle! It is delicate, but

air—the sea air—Dem! it's the sea has it touched the wine, sir ?" I should say yes, and there's such of of bah! What is it?"

lar, I should say, sir ?" Mr. Doyle has been paying the schooner

"Paying? Dem! I'll pay him when I can! He's a brute, Green-an old brute! Now, really, as I say, what is the use of having a very well-Soda water !- it was all very well when I was in commission as captain of one of the ships in ordinary that were to

be some day in active service. No, Seltzer

water !- I won't have this. Simmons !" "Yes, sir !" "You are a fool!" "Yes, sir !" "Be off! As I was saying-let me see

what I was saying-well, what is the use of having a great uncle at the Admiralty? Sir Marmaduke said to me: 'Charles, you have rather committed yourself about that little racing affair, and the substitution of that bay, Tippoo Sahib, for the Light of Morn,' said he. 'And you must go and do some-

thing out of the way to make folks forget it. There's a smuggler and pirate and wrecker and all that sort of thing that Sir Thomas Clifford, the admiral of the port at Falmouth, is always bothering us to commission something specially to hunt down. You go-do it ! Ah !""

"Yes, sir !"

"Well, there was a row !"

"Yes, I refused-dem! Point-blank refused, and that same night a low, mechanical fellow; a tinker, or tailor, or candlestick maker, or something of that sort, he to be trying those words in different ways, got up in the House of Commons and he to see if he could extract any other meaning | While gently beating the water with his asked the First Lord of the Admiralty if he could tell him whether or not the Honorable Charles Minto Grey was still in commission as a post-captain in his majesty's navy, after the recent expose of the swindling transactions at the last Leger !"

"Oh! did he say that, sir?" "The very words-shocking !"

"Scan-dalous-hom!" "Well, my noble relative, the First Lord, he got up and he said that the young and gallant officer-meaning me-had been, for a moment, the dupe of designing people, but that with his characteristic gallantry and nice sense of honor, he had-meaning me-at once given up his command of the Orion and had volunteered to go in a schooner and rid the Channel of one of the most daring and blood-thirsty pirates that adieu!" had ever appeared upon the coasts of Great Britain-meaning me."

"You-the pi-"Dem, no! The volunteer."

"Oh, yes, sir!" "Well, then, all the treasury hacks and the government men cried, 'Hear, hear! 'Loud cheers,' said the Times, next morning. And that was the way I was, so to speak, pitchforked into this precious affair. of the Rift are thieves and bad men." Ah! More seltzer water-no champagneaptain Morton, owner, in command !" still? Be quick, will you? Ah, it's a

> The rapid discharge of a couple of guns above on the deck of the Spray disturbed the equanimity of the Honorable Charles Minto Grey, and then the voice of Mr. Royle was heard in almost shrieking vehem-

where to look for pirates and those sort of

ence, shouting: "Cutter ahoy? Heave to, or I'll sink

you! Who and what are you?" "The Rift, smuggler and pirate?" roared a voice in answer. The Honorable Charles Minto Grey step-

ped from the sofa on the floor of his cabin and Mr. Green ran to the hatchway. Then there was a sharp, ringing report, and crash through the oval light of the cabin of the Spray there came a six-pound shot, which passed over the head of the honorable captain and smashed a mirror, in which he had been in the habit of admir-

ing himself, on the opposite side of the cabin

"Good day !"

"Fire!" roared Mr. Royle, and there was a volley from the whole six guns which had been shipped on board the schooner for the special service she was on.

The smoke mingled with the fog, and for about five minutes enveloped the Spray in an impenetrable mist. When that in some measure cleared away, there was nothing visible, however faintly, through the va porv air, of the Rift.

"Make sail !" cried Mr. Royle. "If it' to be Falmouth, let us be after him. These rascals often speak the truth in bravado, thin ting, when they name a port, that that will be the last place to which you wil

follow them. Give her full way." The Spray was a fast schooner, and but that she was a little overladen with her metal; would have sailed well on a wind such as she now took advantage of; but even as she was, she sped through the water

at a respectable speed. The pirate lugger had disappeared. Had the mists or the waves swallowed her up?

CHAPTER V.

Turkish smoking-cap on his head, A FAIR YOUNG LIFE BESCUED FROM THE

WAVES. Captain Dolan, when he flung the French lieutenant, appeared-" Now, captain with so little ceremony through the Green, did you ever lead such a life? half open skylight, was not at all unmindful everything! Ah, what is it all about of the fact that Gerald was in the cabin, but situated as he was with the boy, he did not concern himself whether he heard a little

moying!" said the Honorable Charles | more or a little less of the peculiar business In fact, as his avowed object in bringing good deal worse than that. What is the boy on the voyage at all was to commit having a great uncle at the Ad- him to the common guilt of the cutter's crew, by if one has to go on deuced expedi- it was not likely that he would strive to

hide anything from him. The French captain had been so complete-He don't know anything ly taken by surprise that he had not made the least effort of resistance, but fell on the table in the cabin as if it had been an act of his own. It was only for a few moments, however, that he was thus mentally stunned

by the treachery of Captain Dolan. Springing to his feet, with a shout of anger, he made a dash at the skylight to regain the deck; but the wooden covering that was placed over it on the moment, by the crew of the Rift, defeated him, and then he dashed up the hatchway, but that was se-

cured, so that Captain Mocquet was a verit-

It was then that, after striking his breast quette. hittle yelike calin will that he was not Rather pale, with his hand reting on the

side of the cabin table, stood poor Gerald. kindest hearted and neblest men breathing I swim well. Let me go let me go !" -been in his ordinarily observant and cool condition, he must have seen at a glance that Gerald could be in no way concerned, he understood enough of it to be aware that great uncle at the Admiralty? It was all | except as a sufferer, with Dolan and his | he meant to make some effort to save his crew. But Captain Mocquet was thrown | daughter's life and he held him to his heart off his balance by the treatcherous act of which he had been the victim, and there was despair at his heart, for fortune, life, and what to him was more than either or both, was now at stake. "Voleur! what you say, villain, pirate?

Que life, one life !" He drew from the breast of his apparel a small pistol, and Gerald felt the cold muzzle of the weapon touch his forehead, while Captain Mocquet glared fiercely at him. The smile with which Gerald regarded him was so sweet and yet so full of sadness that the arm of the French captain slowly dropped, as he said faintly.

"Et vous ?" Gerald shook his head.

"Ah! vous ne parlez pas Francais, shall spoke English. You too-you tooyou are one prisonnier!" "I am."

Gerald, and then a voice from the deck of water. tho Rift cried out:

soon fill and go down!" from them than that which seemed obviously upon their surface. Then with a shriek of agony, he flew upon the hatchway and beat with his clenched hands upon the wood- man's child has gone down with the Coen covering.

"Non-non-no! Pitie-what you say-

Mercy, mercy!" the shricks and prayers of Captain Mocquet | that was about it. who then, with hands bleeding and such a look of despair and agony upon his face that it was awful to see it, half fell, half staggeron the floor he placed the pistol to his head: his eyes, he felt confident that it was a hu-

"Stop, sir!" said Gerald, as he snatched the pistol from Captain Mocquet's hands. "What would you do, sir? Don't you know that the good God would be displeased with

vou ?" "Le bon Dieu !"

"Yes, I know that much French. You are a man, sir, and should not be cast down to kill yourself because Dolan and the crew

"No, no. But you don't know; vous shall know my child (I cannot spoke de Anfatiguing life this, Green, and I don't know glaise well), my child, my Marie. She will kill on board one Coquette. Oh, you shall annoyances. Now, what on earth is that know. She is si belle, so beautiful, she sleep so unsuspect comme un ange, and she and de wild sea roll, roll over one head of my dear little child. Mercy! mercy! No mother, no mother, no father to say live and I will die for you, my Marie.

With tears, and sobs and frantic cries, Captain Mocquet then explained to Gerald that his little daughter was on board the Coquette and would be drowned in the vessel on its being sunk by Dolan and his crew, as it seemed to be their manifest intention to do. At the thought the image of his own dear sister Grace, who was the one being that he loved, and who made up that one charm and tie that held him to life with a beautiful hope and a happiness even in the midst of all else that spoke of harshness and misery, came up before the mind's eye of Gerald and he felt deeply for the despair of poor Captain Mocquet.

"Sir, sir !" he said, "tell me as plainly as you can. Do you mean to say that your little daughter is on board the Coquette?"

"Oui, yes: my child! my child!" "Good Heavens! They do not, they

cannot know it." Gerald rushed up the hatchway and knocked as loudly as he could against it to attract attention; and then with a voice that should have been heard even above all the bustle upon the decks of the two vessels, incidental to the transfer from the Coquette to the Rift of every portable article which any of the crew of the latter took a fancy

to, he shouted: "Martin! Martin! Ben Bowline! Hoy! On board the Coquette is Captain Mocquet's little daughter—a child, a child, Martin! Martin! you don't want to murder the little child-Captain Mocquet's child. Do you hear me? Save her! Save her! Martin -on board the lugger-a child on board. Save her! Save her! and Ben Bowline!

Help, help, help! He beat furiously against the . hatchway covering; but with as much effect might he have appealed to the raging sea to give up its dead-for not the remotest attention was

paid to him. Weak, and faint, and exhausted, then Gerald staggered back to the cabin. "It is all in vain !- it is all in vain !"

The French captain flung himself upon his face began to pray.

"All on board, clear away !" shouted the voice of Captain Dolan. "She is sinkingclear !"

"Ay, ay, sir !" shouted the crew. Then Captain Mocquet uttered a scream and fell upon his face.

Gerald felt as if his own heart had paused in its action at that moment, and he was then alarmed by the French captain suddenly springing to his feet and making a rush at the little oval opening that served as a window to the cabin. It was fastened by a screw and the wash of the sea each moment splashed upon the piece of thick, greenish glass that was let into the little frame.

It was evident that Captain Mocquet was seized with a desire to get out of the Rift

there was a commotion on the surface of the

The cry was the voice of Marie Mocquet.

The commotion was the an several times in his despair. he observed by Then a thought came ever Gerald, and the light that came dubiously in from the . while his eyes flashed with a new light that made him look something more than mortal,

he cried : "Who shall say God, who shall say It may be the will of Heaven, sir, that your Had Captain Mocquet-who was a fee to child should yet be saved, and that I, even revenue, both of France and England, but I, may be chosen as its instrument. You by no means anything else but one of the cannot pass through the window, but I can.

It was but imperfectly that Captain Mocquet comprehended all that Gerald said, but for one moment.

"Go! go!" he sobbed. "Go!" Lithe and active, slim and tall for his age, Gerald found no difficulty in projecting his

feet through the window, and in at once gliding into the sea. It had been the favorite pastime of Gerald from the earliest years he could remem-

ber himself as an inmate of the house of Captain Dolan, among the rocks and cliffs, to play in the sea as though it had been his native element, and he was thoroughly and fully at home in the water. The thick, white fog that had floated over

the channel and the Rift and the Spray and the Coquette and the Nautilus, from the coast of France, lay heavily upon the sea and was slowly making its way into the cabin of the Rift. The waves were washing to and fro with a slow, heaving motion, and the smuggling vessel was making at that | Clito. Captain Mocquet immediately embraced moment but slow progress through the

"Here, here!" whispered Captain Moc-"Don't be too quick over it, mates—she'll quet; and the light splash of a rope in the water close to him let Gerald know what he For a moment the French captain seemed | meant. The boy coiled it once around him and so was able to keep up with the Rift. feet, he gazed as well as he could through the fog over the surface of the sea.

"Lost, lost !" he said. "The Frenchquette!

Even as he spoke, a something glided past mercy! My Marie-mercy! Oh, non, non! him on the top of a wave-half on the top What you call to give all, all, pour ma Marie? of it and half below it-rolling over and over, and looking like anything but a human Not the remotest attention was paid to form, amid the fog and the light ocean spray

Gerald was impressed with the idea that it was some little child he was to look for; but this did not come up to that notion; ed back into the cabin, and flinging himself and when, upon dashing the salt ooze from "Adieu, adieu! ma belle France! Adieu, man form that was rapidly floating away ma chere belle! ma belle, mon ange: Adieu, from him, he did not think it was the fair girl who had spoken those few words we have recorded, to the villain Dolan, and who was the life and hope of poor Captain Mocquet's heart.

But still, that the object in the water was human, he now felt assured, so Gerald struck

out for it. And now a circumstance that neither he nor Captain Mocquet had calculated upon very nearly proved the complete destruction of Marie. Mocquet had found in the cabin of the Rift the rope he had flung to Gerald, and he had lashed the end of it firmly to a ring in the paneling of the cabin. Now, however, Gerald found that he was sudden-

white-looking object in the water was floating away from him rapidly, while he could not advance another inch in pursuit of it. "Cast off the rope!" he would fain have said; but his words would easier have reached the crew of the Rift, busy as they all were, then the ears of Captain Mocquet. So Gerald had only to make a struggle in the

ly brought up by this rope, and that the

water to get the rope from around him, which was no easy task, wet and tight as it had got. After several efforts, however, Gerald did slip the rope over his head, and was free. Then, with vigorous strokes, he swam after the floating white object in the water; and as he went with the same current that carried it, and swam likewise, he soon overtook it; and flinging one arm around it, he strove to raise the face of the young girl from the

waves, in order that if the lungs had not

yet ceased to play, they might inhale fresh life from the free air. She did not move. "Dead !" gasped Gerald, "Dead !"

He then looked for the Rift. It was at that time that Captain Dolan had ordered the first change in the course of the vessel, and that change had the effect of bringing it each succeeding moment nearer and nearer to Gerald, who found no difficulty in keeping his place in the water, although he might have found it an impossible task to swim after the Rift, burdened with the apparently dead body of Marie Mocquet,

which he still supported on his left arm. It was with a strange sort of rush that he heard rather than saw through the fog the Rift coming down upon him; and in fact it was with no small difficulty that he kept clear of her cut-water; and she rushed along past him at what looked like great speed, as he was floating at an angle in the other direction.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

A Palace Tragedy.

M. Maspero added an incident of a peculiarly horrible character to the story of the it is possible for friends or church to throw unwrapping of the royal mummies of Deirel-Bahari. Among them was found the body of a young man between 25 and 30 his knees and with tears streaming down. years of age, bearing neither name nor inscription of any kind, which is by itself an extraordinary circumstance. Instead of having been embalmed in the usual way the clear away! fore and aft there, keep all body had merely been dried by some skillful process, without removing any of the internal organs, and had been covered with a thick layer of some mixture at once fatty and caustic. Above all, the attitude of the corpse, its bent legs, its feet turned against each other, its clenched hands, the expression of its face—all combined to indicate that the unknown person had died in extreme agony.

At first M. Maspero was tempted to suspect that he had come across a case of the embalmment of a living man-a form of murder which is not difficult to reconcile with Egyptian usage. Medical men, however, who had been consulted, were disposby that opening, and it was equally evident ed, rather to recognize the symptoms of that it was far too small for any such pur. Poisoning. In any case, we are brought face to face with a palace tragedy, for a body Then there came a cry upon the air and found among the royal mummies of Deir-el-Bahari can hardly be other than that of a princely personage.

macht said the complete the

WOMEN'S DOINGS.

Queen Victoria's chicken house is a palatial, semi-gothic building.

Mrs Cleveland, it is remarked, has an excellent memory of names.

Mrs. Wm. H. Vanderbilt is said to receive about 100 begging letters daily.

Katie Putnam, the actress, has an annual income of \$10,000 from her fruit farm in Michigan. Lady Randolph Churchill goes to the

most every day. Minnie Palmer, having completed her tour of Ireland, has sailed for Australia for a ninemonths' engagement.

ladies' gallery of the House of Commons al-

Chung Sing, the Chinese doctor of Pueblo, is very sad over the death of his wife, for whom he had recently paid \$2,000.

The Duchess of Cambridge, who is verging on ninety, is still in good health and preservation. She takes as great an interest in affairs as the best of the young ones.

Sara Bernhardt will round the Horn for Chili and Peru, thence she will cross the Isthmus and visit Cuba and Mexico. Great woman, Sara; thin, but plucky.

Miss Belva Lockwood has developed into a pugilist of no mean pretensions. She threw a troublesome client out of the window of her law office in Washington the other day. Miss Ellen Terry is reported to have a won-

derful dog. She holds in her hands two biscuits, and calls one Clito and the other Faust. The bow-wow eats the Faust and leaves the The widow of John B. Gough has re-

ceived at her home in Boylston a letter of condolence from the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars in New South Wales.

Running stage routes is a favorite occupation with women in the free and boundless West. A maiden of 15 owns the stage (and drives the horses herself) that connects Hamline and Milnor, Dak.

Princess Ana Murat, now Duchess of Mouchy, is by birth an American, her native place being Bordentown, N. J. She was born in 1841, and is still regarded as one of the handsomest women in France. The fortune of the late Comtesse de Cham-

bord exceeded fifteen million dollars, the greater part of which came to her from the Duke of Modena. The mother of Don Carlos inherited one-half of the duke's fortune. Mrs. George E. Cooke, of Louisville, Ky., is spending her spare time embroidering a

superb altar-cloth for Calvary church, Louisville, the pastor of which is Mr. Minnigerode, son of the noted Doctor Minnigerode, of Richmond, a cousin of Prince Bismarck. An African Princess is living in Hanover county, Virginia. She is fourteen years old, and lives in the family of an Episcopal clergyman, who was a missionary in Western Africa some years ago. She is soon to return

to her native land to marry the King, and,

with her American education, she is expected to prove a useful Queen. English tailors have recently made dresses for the Princess of Wales with the entire front and sides of the skirt covered with dark braid on white or light grounds, while for her daughters, the young princesses, are wide side panels, merely braided across the foot as a border, or else, the entire lower half may be covered with braiding in open,

showy patterns. Mrs. Custer, whose first book, "Boots and Saddles," has met with such universal favor both at home and abroad, is arranging materials for a work on frontier life in Kansas just after the civil war. She and her husband lived in that locality five years at that time, and between the Indians and the fourfooted wild beasts the days and nights were

alike filled with danger and perilous escapes.

Jenny June has long been known as one of the cleverest of women newspaper writers, and that she has not made money will be a surprise to many. To an interviewer she recently said: "If I had not owned my house in New York I fear I should have had many hard times. I have never received high prices for my work, nor do I receive them now. Allow me to tell you, my young friend, that high prices paid for journalistic worth are a myth. Such prices are never paid. If one is a magazine writer things are different, but I have always worked for newspapers and received newspaper prices. I have been enabled to get a living and to educate my children. That is about all. am not a money-maker by any means. I never had any faculty that way.'

A Sad Tale. There lived in New York city during the last twenty-five years a family that consisted of a brother and two sisters. They were all members of the Presbyterian Church, and held that position in society that culture and a comfortable income secure.

It became apparent some years ago that the brother was tippling. His friends in the church expostulated with him, and as the effort availed nothing, afterwards sought counsel of his sister. The fact was admitted, vet excused and softened, and even to some degree exonerated. Ultimately the community were shocked to learn that the sisters had long drunk, and were then drinking heavily. The few counteracting cords that around the falling victims of our liquor. traffic were quite too slight to prevail at all against habit and appetite which drink had strengthened, while it had demoralized conconscience.

Rapidly the family passed the downward stages to poverty and contempt. It was during the last year that one of the sisters died. The sexton brought the case to the notice of one of the prominent ladies of the church, asking her to go and see what could be done. The details of the case were a single room; utter destitution; the living sister drunk upon the floor beside the dead; the landlord waiting only for the funeral to set what was left of the home, the income, and the respectability out upon the sidewalk. When a temporary lodging was sought for, it was found that in all that city there was not an institution that could. by its charter, receive the living woman. except the Tombs. And into its filth, with ignorance and crime, she was placed.

Out of this last startling fact grew an effort to establish a Home for inebriate women. But out of the sum of the facts, self-preservation, preaches to every one of us a powerful temperance sermon. The gist of it is-Let respectable people let drink alone.