

RIFT AND SPRAY,

OR, THE RIFTS AND SPRAYS OF THE OCEAN.

AND VENGEANCE AMONG THE SMUGGLERS.

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

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

He looked him in the face, and while his hands were clasped around him, he spoke to him; and the words came out like a gentle, fair spirit before his eyes, like a gentle, fair spirit before his eyes, like a gentle, fair spirit before his eyes.

"On one condition; which is, that I restore to you your little daughter, whom I took out of your cabin, and have in perfect safety for you whenever you choose to give me an order for the money in some way by which I can get it."

The cool frontony of this speech, after what Mocquet and Gerald knew, was almost more than they could for the moment believe; and it was not until Dolan had repeated the words that they fully appreciated them.

"And, captain," said Mocquet, who spoke better English now under the impulse of his strong emotions than he had done before, "and captain, si, si—that is if I shall not say aye to that proposition?"

Dolan shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot take upon myself to say exactly what I will do, but you will never see your daughter again."

"You consent?" "Non—no!" cried Mocquet, as he dealt the table a blow that made it start again.

"You will?" "Non—no!" "The baleful look glanced from the eyes of Dolan and he muttered: 'Yes you will, and shall now leave you to consider it. Your money or your daughter, that is the question.'"

"Non—no!" "Oh, yes, it is. Gerald, you will do well, as you may be some time with this obstinate man, to let him know that I am very apt to be a man of my word. The day will soon wear away and I will come to you again. By the bye, your present quarters will be changed and I shall then trouble you to come on deck, for I shall want my cabin to myself. So see that you quickly decide, Captain Mocquet, for when on deck—when on deck, ha! in a sudden passion, a moment of rage—and I am rather subject to them, if thwarted—I'll fling a man into the sea, where you will join your daughter as food for fishes."

"But you said," remarked Gerald, "that you had saved the captain's daughter." "Oh?" "You said you had her safely and now you talk of her being food for fishes?"

"And how dared you put your oar in?" roared Dolan, as he bent a ferocious grin upon Gerald. "Look to yourself, boy—look to yourself!"

"I will." "It is as well that you should: for if I had not made up my mind to hang you, I should perhaps drown you! ha! ha! Look to yourself. I have your daughter safe enough, Mocquet—a pretty little creature, with large, fine eyes. I have her! I have her! Her price is twenty thousand francs—twenty thousand, and when you are prepared to pay them, she is yours. Think of it—I leave you to think of it."

"A sail!" shouted a voice from the deck. Dolan hesitated a moment or two, as though he either had something to say himself in addition, or thought Gerald or Captain Mocquet would make him some reply; but as they neither of them did, he, with a muttered imprecation, made his way to the deck.

"What shall I do?" said Mocquet to Gerald. "What shall I do? He is one grand voleur, and he will go to come, and my Marie will be discovered." "Hush! Oh, look! look!"

Through the little cabin window, by which Gerald had plunged into the sea to the rescue of Marie, they could see over the surface of the Channel, and at about a couple of miles distant, there was the schooner *Spray* making all sail, in evident pursuit of the *Rift*.

"We shall be saved yet," said Gerald. "Oh, yes! we shall be saved yet. And then, and then—"

The boy clasped his hands over his eyes and sobbed bitterly. "Ma foi!" said Captain Mocquet. "What for you (what you call it?) cry?" "That man is my father."

"Non—no!" "Yes! Oh, yes! I cannot deny him—I cannot deny him; and I cannot deny him. Oh, heaven, direct me! After all, that man is my father."

"I shall not believe. One father and one son shall not be as one north pole (as you call him) and one south pole is far away from the one and the other—I mean the difference—comprenezvous?—not like to like. It was not to be in the nature, Oh, non! No, no—ten times no! Bah."

Monsieur Mocquet had settled this so satisfactorily to himself that he looked quite contented about it and gazed through the cabin window at the advancing *Spray* with great interest.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REVENUE CUTTER MAKES A SHOT THAT TELLS.

The schooner, on emerging from the fog, had come at once in sight of the *Rift*, but the alteration in the trim and general appearance of the cutter completely deceived the sailing master of the *Spray*, who, in the *Rift*, now saw nothing but a strange cutter, from which he might possibly get some information concerning the smuggler.

It was no part of the design now of the *Rift* to try to overtake the *Spray*, toward the English coast, as in such a case she ran all the risk in the world of being intercepted by some government vessel that might be between her and the shore.

What Dolan now wanted was to shake off the *Spray* by force, and by sending her on some false tack in fancied pursuit of the *Rift*.

When, therefore, the *Spray* got within about three-quarters of a mile of the *Rift* and fired a shot, the *Rift* at once lay to, and looked on the *Spray* with a submissive and feeble air.

Had then the sailing master of the *Spray* understood so much on the dignity of a king's ship, but had he not a boat on board the *Rift*, some sharper eyes than common might

about the *Rift*; but he did not do so.

When the *Spray* lay to, the *Rift* soon raised over her bows the white flag between them and then Mr. Royle hailed through his trumpet: "Cutler, ahoy?" "Aye, aye, sir?" "What cutter?" "The *Sarah*—port of Plymouth."

"Come on board, sir." "Aye, aye, sir!" Captain Dolan had had practice in this kind of thing, and having a certificate from the Trinity House that had belonged to a Captain Thompson, and the regular papers of a cutter, *Sarah*, of Plymouth, in readiness, he quickly got into the cutter's boat, and Martin and Ben Bowline—on both of whom he knew he could depend, as regarded the discretion of their acts—pulled him over the short distance toward the schooner.

"Now, Martin," said Dolan, as they neared the schooner, "don't do things too shipshape!" "All right," said Martin, as he purposefully slipped his oar from the rowlocks and put the boat out of its course.

"Oh, you lubbers!" cried Mr. Royle. "I only wish I had you on board a king's ship for a spell. There, that will do. Don't run us down. Well, sir, who are you?" Dolan stepped on to the deck of the schooner and touched his cap respectfully.

"Any order sir?" "Well, I don't know as to that. Have you your papers?" "Yes, sir."

"Hem! Ah, hem! Captain Barnabus Thompson, of the port of Plymouth. I suppose it's all right—hem! Ah! the *Sarah*?" "Yes, sir."

"Well. Have you seen a cutter—about your size—mast raking out of all custom, with a yellow streak beneath her bulwarks—and a very large foresail that she oughtn't to have at all; in fact, she is rigged anyhow but sails as if the old 'un himself puffed her along?"

"Yes, sir." "Oh! you have?" "Yes, sir. Such a cutter tried to overhaul us, but we got out of her way, or else she gave it up and went off due west about an hour ago."

"Due west! We ought to see her." "So you ought, sir; and there is a sail right hull down that looks like a gull's wing on the water that I should say was the very cutter."

"It may be. Thank you." "You are welcome, sir. Can I be of any use—I am going into Falmouth?"

"No—yet stay a moment—you can report to Sir Thomas Clifford, the port admiral—that the *Spray* is off and on, looking out for the *Rift*, and hopes to bring her in soon."

"Good-day, I hope you may." "Yes, day, Mr. Thompson." "Good-day, sir." "As cool and calm and collected as it was possible for any human being to be, Dolan got over the side of the schooner and into his boat, and Martin and Bowline pushed off and dipped their oars into the water with long, vigorous strokes. It was at this moment that Mr. Green strolled up from the state-cabin—where the Honorable Charles Minto Grey was, as usual, enjoying his merriment—and going to the side next the *Rift*, he said:

"What is all this about, Mr. Royle?" "Only been trying to get some information from a stupid captain of a cutter yonder. The *Sarah*." "The what?" "The *Sarah*." "But she is not the *Sarah*." "Oh, yes, sir. I saw her papers and her name is on her stern. You will see, sir."

"Well, it looks to me like 'Rocket, South Shields.'" Mr. Royle took up his glass and looked, when to his eyes a very curious phenomenon, in regard to the name of the cutter, presented itself. There was a strip of something—wood or leather, he could not make out which—or it might be canvas, flapping about just under the carved woodwork at the stern of the cutter; and as this something flapped in one direction, there was on one side of it the name "Sarah, Plymouth," and on the other, "Rocket, South Shields."

"What do you make of it?" said Mr. Green. "I don't like it at all." "It's odd." "Very. Hullo!" "What now, Mr. Royle?" "Some one is fluttering a handkerchief from her cabin window. Why, good gracious!"

"What now?" "She is altering the rake of her mast, it seems to me, and setting more canvas. Unless I am a Dutchman, I should say that I can just see the corner of the muzzle of a gun on her deck half hidden by some matting and a tarpaulin. I don't like the *Sarah*, of Plymouth."

"Nor I! What if, after all, she should turn out to be the *Rift*?" "By the Holy, sir, it may be! Cutler, ahoy! Hilloa! Cutler, ahoy! Hilloa! Come back, sir—you Captain Thompson—we want to speak to you."

Dolan had got more than two-thirds of the way to the cutter when this new hail came upon his ears, and he glanced back at the *Spray* as if irresolute in regard to what he should do. Both Martin and Ben Bowline saw that look of Dolan's and the latter said at once:

"No—no. It won't do. There is something amiss." "Surely not." Martin ceased rowing for an instant and gazed earnestly at the schooner. Then he said quietly:

"Give way, Ben—give way. We are in for it now. Give way, or all is lost!" A shrill whistle from the deck of the government schooner came over the surface of the sea and then there was a splash in the water as her boat was aloft and half a dozen of her crew sprang into it.

"Now, Ben," cried Martin—"pull with a will!" The oars splashed in the water, and in a few seconds Dolan and Ben Bowline and Martin were on the deck of the *Rift*, and the boat properly secured. The little vessel had been slowly beating about the spot, taking tacks of some quarter of a mile each, and not the slightest delay need take place in her showing her heels to the schooner. There was not much anxiety on the mind of Dolan, for well he knew that there was no

chance, either of other vessels about in the Channel that in a stern chase would have the slightest chance of competing with the *Rift*.

The *Spray* was quite far enough to give his vessel all the start she wanted, and he knew that in the first five miles he should be able to show the government schooner how futile a pursuit would be.

"Now work on," he cried. "Show them a bit of our quality—for I don't like the looks of things on the deck of the *Spray* at all."

The boat that had been launched from the schooner had not got above a dozen of its own lengths from the *Spray* when she was recalled and the men rested with a dissatisfied look on their oars—for English sailors have a notion that they can board and take anything that swims; and it is by no means a very extravagant one, considering what has been done in that way under a Nelson and a Cochrane.

"Look out!" shouted Martin. "Down with the helm! That will do. Here she comes!"

A gun had been hastily prepared on board of the *Spray*; and even as Martin spoke, the report followed the flash, and there was a sharp whistle of the shot passing close to the weather-bow of the *Rift*.

"Very good," said Martin. "The fellow now knows what he is about. That will do, I think."

This last observation of Martin's arose from his observation of a very peculiar shaped sail, which had been—on the moment that speed became a prominent object in the proceedings of the *Rift*—bent to her cordage and mast. It was probably such a sail as cutter never carried before; but it had—rather the secret of its shape and use—been bequeathed to Dolan by an old buccaneer who had seen it used in the South Seas, and found how wonderfully effective it was, just on a wind.

The cutter made one dipping sort of motion, as though it had an intention, like a duck in diving, of gathering the sea over its decks, and then it flew, rather than sailed, on its course, north by west.

All further disguise was now useless, so far as the fact of the cutter finding it inconvenient to be overhauled by the government vessel—although those on board the schooner could, after all, only have a suspicion that it was the *Rift* they had in chase.

Mr. Royle looked fearfully savage at the recollection that he had actually had the captain of the cutter in his hands and had let him go again. With compressed lips and uttering low, growling expletives, such as are not usually addressed to polite ears—he watched the *Rift* as it sped its way over the sea.

But if a stern chase be a long chase; for it is one, likewise, that keeps the game long in view. The cutter might sail five feet to the schooner's three, but that only took it at the rate of two feet from the schooner at the given period of time; and now the *Spray* was crowded with all the canvas that could be put upon her, until she was in such a situation that had she been in a more treacherous sea than the English Channel, where sudden squalls, typhoons or cyclones might abound, but little chance of safety would have been left her. As it was, she made good speed.

"It won't do," Mr. Green, said Royle; "it won't do. She'll get away." "Cripple her. It is the only chance." "We will try it. Double charge the long carronade, you lubbers, and ram well home! We will hit her or burst, I take it! Clear away there! Now let me get to it!"

Mr. Royle flung himself at length by the breach of the gun and carefully sighted the chase. As the *Rift* rose and fell on the sea she was cutting her way through, he watched until the rise and fall of the *Spray* was coincident with that of the cutter; and then, rolling over from the position he had assumed in sighting the gun, he cried:

"Fire!" Bang! went the doubly charged carronade; and a circle of light blue smoke flew upward, hanging fantastically about the sails of the vessel. A gust of the rather fitful breeze that had got up within the last half hour cleared the vapor from before the gun; and then Mr. Royle uttered a loud cheer of exultation.

"Hit—hit!" he cried. "She's hit! Ready, my lads, to give it him again!" Mr. Green looked earnestly at the *Rift* through a glass, and that there was confusion on her deck was sufficiently evident—for there lay a heap of white canvas and she visibly altered her course a point or two to the north.

The fact was that the shot from the *Spray* had done the only mischief the *Rift* had to dread, and that was to bring down some of her gear. For the time the new and extraordinary sail that had given such speed to the smuggling vessel had been rendered useless, it having been brought down by the gun, and that was the white object that Mr. Green saw encumbering her deck.

The speed of the *Rift* was materially checked and all was hope and excitement on board the *Spray*, that the cutter might, in fact, be the very vessel they were commissioned to destroy or capture, and that they were in a fair way of being alongside of her in the course of half an hour.

"Now, again!" shouted Mr. Royle. And the carronade was once more pointed and fired. But this time the luck was on the side of the *Rift*, for the all flew harmlessly past her—certainly in rather too close proximity to the man at the wheel to be pleasant to him, but as Martin remarked, "A miss is as good as a mile, so that's all right."

But the damage was really very serious on board the *Rift*, and Ben Bowline looked Captain Dolan in the face as he said, in his usual unamiable manner, as regards the quality of his voice:

"It's not much use now. The new jimmaree of a sail is done for, and though we can beat him in plain sailing, he will sight right in to shore."

"Captain Dolan took a long look about him and then, in a suppressed voice, he said:

"One hour more daylight." "That's all, sir." "Keep on, then, with all speed for a few miles further. How is she as to trim—eh?"

A glance at the rake of the mast let Dolan know that he might, with effect shift some of his dead weight forward, and that was accordingly done, so that the cutter was soon placed in her best position for sailing, and then, after casting a long and anxious look at the *Spray*, which seemed, if anything to

have scared them by a trifle, Captain Dolan shouted in a loud voice:

"Aft, here, men of the *Rift*—aft here, I say!" That this portended some important communication to them the men well knew, and they gathered slowly about the main hatchway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The True Home.

The home should be as beautiful and pleasant as it is possible to make it. Home is the place for rest and pure enjoyment. It is the refuge from care, trouble, and all the tumults and turmoils of life. It is the one spot where the heart's purest affections gather themselves, and seek their chosen resting-place. It is the woman's first duty to make this dwelling-place, over which she is the mother-queen, as cheery, cozy, and lovely as she can.

The first requisite for this desired consummation is that she herself be happy, hopeful, pleasant, and contentedly agreeable. To become this she must live hygienically, she must eat proper food, wear comfortable clothes, and not be oppressed by too many cares and burdens. If she is her own housekeeper, she should study to do her work on the most simple and easy plan, cook but a few dishes at a time, and have each as perfect in itself as possible.

Woman has no more important duty than that of making home pleasant. Neatness and cleanliness are indispensable to a cheery, cozy-looking room. A plain room, plainly furnished and scrupulously clean, is far more bright and beautiful than a more pretentious one richly adorned with costly furniture that is soiled, mutilated, and always in disorder. A few thrifty, nicely kept flowering plants and trailing vines are one of the most enlivening adjuncts to a living-room, and a sheltered, sunny window is far better for them, in moderately cool weather, than the over-heated and often dusty inside position, and they are just as easily seen also.

Should there be unsightly objects in the room or recesses that contain necessary adjuncts to comfort and convenience, a bright chintz curtain will screen them from view, and will of itself make a pleasant resting-place for the eye. Should a bit of plastering fall from the wall, a piece of white muslin neatly pasted over the place will hide the defect and save all further scaling off and droppings of litter. In a thousand ways one can veil the ugly and add to the beautiful, until the humblest little home may become a very border of pleasantness and cheerfulness.

The love of the beautiful needs the fostering care of every one who would make life pleasant and happy. Whoever creates a lovely picture, whether on canvas, in a poem, or on the broad brown bosom of mother earth, or in a cozy, cheerful home, adds to the world's priceless treasure, and does something toward elevating, refining, and happying the race.

FALL FUN.

Sound conclusion—A dying echo. Carpenters generally talk plane. A hotel is known by the company it keeps. A woman's beauty is most perfect when it is backed by intelligence. A newspaper bustle is just the thing.

When an old maid gets married the groom should ring the chestnut bell. There's no joke in marrying an old maid. A coal-stove is a cast-iron paradox. It won't burn unless you put it up, and then it won't burn unless you shake it down.

When the husband slips in a front window and the other fellow slips out a rear window, which is the most proficient slipper? Hotel Proprietor—"We don't allow any games of chance here." Gambler—"This isn't a game of chance. My friend here has no chance."

"My daughter," exclaimed a fashionable mother, "is innocence itself. You can't say anything in her presence that will make her blush." According to Professor Procter, "the sun is 1,200,000 times as large as the earth." They must have an awful time hunting for the north pole up there.

The Phrenological Journal says: "In choosing a wife, be governed by her chin." A man is apt to be governed by the same thing after he gets a wife. Even pious souls are sometimes tempted to lapse into the wanton spirit of the little maiden who prayed: "Please, Mr. God, I'm tired o' bein' made good—won't you kill pa?"

Wife—"What do you suppose is the reason there are no marriages in heaven?" Husband—"You stupid goose! It is to offset the fact that there is no heaven in marriage."

It was pretty nearly half-past eleven o'clock when he began to sing "How can I leave Thee?" to his best girl. Pretty soon her papa came down stairs and he found out how easy it was. "So the missus is to be married, eh?" said the gardener to the cook. "Yis; and in filigant stoyle, too. She's goin' for to have a dhrass thray yarruds long, and four pall-bearers to kerry it."

When the Shower Had Passed By. Pat was one day lately going along a street, when it came on a very heavy shower of rain. To keep his coat dry he entered the doorway of a stationer's shop, but was immediately pulled up by the shopkeeper asking: "What's your business there, my man?"

Pat—"Och, thin, I wasn't wishing to disturb yis, but now that I've got yer attention, I was wanting a song called the 'Old Arm Chair.'"

Shopkeeper—"Oh, yes; here it is." Pat—"Thin I would like 'Annie Laurie.'" Shopkeeper—"Just at hand here, sir." Pat—"Thin 'The Last Rose of Summer,' and that will do."

The shower having abated, Pat was making for the door, when he was reminded that he had left his song and that the charge was three shillings. Pat—"Och, thin, just put the old arm chair in that corner, chap Annie Laurie in it, and stick the last rose of summer in her breast; and if the weather should weary, give her that good old song, 'Jilted by a Paddy,' to amuse her."