# RIFT AND SPRAY,

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

#### CHAPTER XIV.

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THE GHOST THAT PARALYZED THE PIRATE. nle of self defense.

he able to leave the deck.

Ben had released him from the gag and It's decidedly good." then Gerald reached the state-cabin of the draught of the brandy.

ch contain th exclaimed: it is this whic "Sacre, mon ami! I shall call one moris, the effect ecay. All sore ed in this wa

Jackson. I do not like de box." "What box ?" said Gerald. Gerald a feeble blow in the stomach.

"Oh! I understand. Marie—how is poor boy, and I don't care what he says or what dear Marie ?"

-what you call him ?-lamb." When a hors ding noise at the hatchway. and neglected

"Dolan!" said Gerald. "Sacre!" said Captain Mocquet.

in the voice of Ben Bowline. "We don't the breast of his apparel as he said:

e cord slippin Ben Bowline, what is it that you don't be- well where you are and I want you, Captain lieve?" , whereas if the such danger. "That Gerald wrote to the port adcause them

have no doub miral." e "wolf teeth"

es of the eyes lan, but Martin and I don't believe." " Martin and you are two mutinous ras- you, Captain Mocquet."

ased by defect time. I suppose, though, I may be permitted to go into my own cabin ?" t by removing "Well, as to that-" looking after,

"Oh, much obliged to you-ha! ha!rous. Driving much obliged !" keep a horse The rapid sound of Captain Dolan's de- Mocquet, I say !"

shys from side scending footsteps came plainly upon the do this, and em the driver g its habit, one where Marie slept, he dragg

ghtented from cached the cabin. All was darkness.

well and very

the brink of a well. of exceedingly ere broken, he had managed to crawl up, plaint against me. Ha, ha!" cts, and it has with such an accession of savageness and Dolan was just under the influence of the own, much less

ir labors. The the old, in this farmers, inraged, will proreight of his vengeance. be the better

"Hilloa!" he said; "hilloa!"

There was no reply. e way to make "Gerald, I say !

ething to turn No answer. year, as nearly grows special f money when

All was still.

ly. But to the nade upon him. ind that he has e sum of money. well speak—eh?—eh?"

but the leading ho of his own words.

in it. To make -I am armed!" not only plough the idea that such might happen came become drenched with tears.

telligently, but the craven heart of the ruffian and he reated a couple of steps up the hatchway | slept on as before. ar of the door.

knack of hit-"Hoy! a light here!" he said. "There and lit it on the steps. ill not realize

oney from the There you are, sir. "The Spray, where is she?"

Oh, she's—why, there she is!"

store of ice sufthat the shot flew wide of the Rift. supply of this "keep on," said Dolan, "keep on for the Mocquet: and let her just see us go in." ry next sum-

'Ay, ay, sir." This shall be the last," he muttered, as Kent into the cabin again, and set the that will do; and Gerald hanged present, I am safe." piracy. Ha, ha! what glorious news the admiral; when I tell him! Now, ere are you ?"

thand he said:

ery wise that—very cunning. As if, you give? How much—ch? If I tell you out, I say! How faint I feel! shaken me—very much shaken me, of rage: id to be this en from break-Ah, that is the thing."

blaced himself with a deep draught of through the panel!"

in his intellect or prudent in his and drew him back.

hat will do, that will do. I wonder

now who invented brandy? Some great genius, I should say; but whoever he was good luck to him say I. But he's past wish-Gerald had not known how the catastrophe | ing good luck to, of course, for brandy has the boat of the Spray had been brought been invented ever so long ago; so, bout or, perhaps, he would have shrunk | course, the worthy indivitual is dead dead. little from Ben Bowline, who had been the Well, we shall all be dead some day, when contriver of it. He would not have been our time comes; but I don't want my time to

mite able to enter into Ben's views and come. Oh, no, no! I have made too good deas as to how far you may carry a princi- a thing of smuggling and of the Rift altogether to want that. I shall be a great But it was an immense relief to Gerald to gentleman yet, if I look sharp and don't run on any rocks. That's the thing to do.

nut the handkerchief in his own pocket, and These last words applied to another

Rift, as it was called, he was at once receiv. I Dolan, then holding by the table in his alin the arms of Captain Mocquet, who, cabin, glared about him with a ferocity of while, he rubbed the region of his stomach, expression peculiarly his own and thoughts

of murder came into his mind. "I don't see," he muttered, "why what you say—duel that Monsieur should be troubled with Mocquet, as I shall be troubled. The sooner he is out of my way the better for me. He will go on shore "Dis box," replied Mocquet, as he dealt else, and there will be no end of bother. am here with him-here alone, except the

he sees. I will have him hung; and Sir "She sleep like one mouton; that is, small Thomas Clifford, the admiral of the port, shall see that even-handed justice is done; "Where is he? I will have him up !- I and then I will write him a letter-oh, such will have him !" roared the voice of Captain a letter! Ha! ha! such a letter! Oh, what Dolan at this moment, and there was a scuf- a letter that will be! Ha! ha! Oh! ha!

ha! Good gracious!" Dolan very near choked himself with the strained laughter that came over him at the "He shall yet come on deck. He shall idea of what a letter he would send to Advet fire on the schooner l I have sworn it !" miral Sir Thomas Clifford. It took him "He comes!" said Gerald, faintly. "An- some time to recover, and then he looked other struggle with that man! Oh, heaven, at the panel that would slide back and open direct me. Is he, indeed, or is he not, my a way to the berth leading from the cabin, and the deadly hyena-like glare flashed from "Hold, Captain Dolan!" was now heard his eyes again and he plunged his hand in

"Captain Mocquet! Captain Mocquet! I "You-don't-believe-it! And pray, want you, if you please. I know perfectly

There was no reply. "Oh, you won't speak. You won't come out and see your old friend, who has trans-"Oh, that's all very well. Captain Do- acted business with you for so long. Well, perhaps we will find some way of making

The silence was still unbroken. "Ah, you pretend to be asleep-you and Gerald. You are perhaps thinking that you will resist me—that both of you have

got into a sort of citadel, where you are hid, You will find yourselves mistaken. Captain

Dolan thought he heard a slight movethey see an ob- ears of Gerald and of Captain Mocquet. ment on the other side of the panel and he The latter seized upon Gerald; and, fling- dropped on his knees by the table and took le shyer takes ing open the sliding-door of the little berth a pistol with a long, bright barrel from his where Marie slept, he dragged him in with | breast and leveled it over the table, shutting one eye, as he thought, very slowly, so as It was at that moment Captain Dolan to take good aim at Captain Mocquet when THE AMERICAN CAPTAIN CATCHES A GLIMPSE he should make his appearance.

"Are you coming? Are you coming, Coming out of the faint night-light - my dear Captain Mocquet? I am waiting free. A man coming out of the faint night-light— my dear Captain Mocquet: I am waiting liarities and be shich, after all, is ever a sort of light in the for you. There is no danger—not a bit areless driving pen air, and gleaming from the surface of not a bit. Yet, stop; I want to say somedest and safest Rift was something very impenetrable and very nearly forgetting. Will you give me profound to Captain Dolan; and he paused that order for the twenty thousand francs n the threshold as a man might pause on Eh? Will you give me that and then I will tell you where your little daughter is ! his is the ques- He had been very much bruised by his Good, that! I will tell him where his little tal importance. all down the forecastle hatch As no bones daughter is and then he can have no com-

al managements age about his heart and brain that he was ardent spirits he had taken sufficiently to apable of any act of cruelty and oppres- have lost his discretion, and to utter aloud his secret thoughts, as well as those which The erew of the Rift he dared not, he he wished to keep to himself; so that Capknew, raise a finger against; so his tain Mocquet and Gerald, by both listening ist idea was to make Gerald feel the attentively, heard much that otherwise they could only have faintly guessed at.

They did both listen most silently. Marie slept.

It was strange what a deep slumber had come over the young girl; but it was, per-"Skulking, ch? Oh, we will soon put an haps, to be accounted for by the fatigue conto that—oh, very soon! Stop a bit, Moc- sequent upon the brief cessation of the orditet. hilloa! Captain Mocquet, holloa, nary current of life, when she was all but drowned, after the sinking of the Co-

"So you won't speak, either! No doubt | Certain it is that she slept soundlyare both agreed on that. But who knows | neither the confusion upon the deck of the oint to sell more won't find a way to make you both speak? Rift, nor the firing—both from it and from goes to town, ha! who knows? Come, now-I know the Spray-nor the struggle that had taken enough that you are both here, so you place with Gerald, when he was forced upon the deck, had sufficed to awaken her. th their digni- all the sound in the cabin was the hoarse But in her sleep she had a sort of con-

sciousness of that latter tumult. not be caught Oh, very well, very well. Please your- The young girl had moaned sadly when

uck or poultry don't think you will do any good the faint echoes of Gerald's voice came to her they were coninarticulate words and her eyelashes had But the noise had ceased and Marie had

She slept still.

Captain Mocquet and Gerald were close have the same one, but it is out. A light here. Hoy! to the panel that opened into the cabin, by selling too the crew brought a lantern down to but they had no notion that Dolan was presenting a pistol to that panel, which, at the caprice of a moment, he might discharge, possibly to the injury of Marie.

Had such a thought as that passed over the report of a gun from the Spray suffi- their minds, they would not have hesitated answered the inquiry, but it was evi- a moment to sally out and confront him. As it was, Gerald whispered to Captain

"I had better go to him and speak to

"Non-non. I shall." "Not you, sir! Have you not heard on the table—"this shall be the that his threats are directed against you. of it. No more voyages in the Rift for Me he reserves for some future fate, which A good round sum—twenty thousand will give him more satisfaction; so for the

Dolan spoke again. "Now I give you fair notice-both of you. I will have you out-out at once blan glared around him in surprise As for you, Gerald, I will—ha! ha!—I will empty state of the cabin, and then think of you; but you, Captain Mocquet, I fes fell on the little sliding-door to the may as well settle with at once. Come, now -about that little girl of yours-what will

did not know of that. Come out; where she is, how much will you give?" The stillness was now unbroken for a few brandy! Another drop. This moments and then Dolan cried out in a voice

"I tell you, Mocquet, if you don't come had found the case of liquors, and out at once and speak I will shoot you

"Ah !" said Mocquet, and he made a sten e in besidedly better, but not more forward; but Gerald took him by the arm

> " No-no. I will go! "Non-non!"

sigh she opened her eyes, and her idea was his breast which could not be withstood. that she was in her own little cot on board the Coquette. It is astonishing how the hands. "It is the Rift!" mind will, without consulting the concepall that had happened to separate her from her. the French lugger; or if it directly floated over her half-wakened recollection, it was but like the faint remembrance of a dream.

With precisely a similar action to that she had used while on board the Coquette, Marie stretched forth her hand and touched my eyes filled with tears? the brass handle of the sliding door; she drew it open, and glancing from the berth in which she lay, she said;

uttered when Captain Dolan first saw her in vain; no trace of the young girl could he the cabin of the Coquette, while bent upon discover. his plundering expedition among poor Captain Mocquet's lockers.

The attitude, too, of the young girl was the same; and around her waist hung the trifles move me. It is because I have suffersame bit of edging to her night-dress, which ed so much." he had noticed when her arm was out-

door on board the lugger, could see now well about him in the cabin- traying great exhaustion with feeling: to the last occasion on which he had seen you hear me?" her was very complete.

If death itself had breathed with its icy sighs upon the heart of Dolan he could not a basket, I say, which has been brought by a that this formic acid preserves honey and have been more completely paralyzed than young girl." he was at the moment.

he could consider to be nothing else than the in a faint whisper that he could speak. apparition before him.

How was it possible to be other than a supernatural being who now met his eyes? There was the girl whom he had met in the cabin of the Coquette—whom he could have sworn he saw go down with the French God! it is lured and fearful! and yetlugger. There she was, looking just as she | yet-" did; she uttered the same words, too; and there was the little fluttering lace that hung by her waist. He had happened particularly to notice that.

You might have counted twenty slowly, while Dolan, with parted lips and staring and then the agony of his fear, which else of fright that echoed through the ship.

He fell completely over on his back. He yelled again, and shrieked fearfully. He rolled to his knees again. He struggled half way so his feet.

"Help-help! Have mercy upon me? Ben, Martin! Oh, save me!" He reached the hatchway on his hands and knees; still yelling for aid or mercy he reached the deck and fell into the arms of the terrified crew, who, hearing such yells

## CHAPTER XV.

to the hatchway to ascertain the cause.

OF HIS LOST DAUGHTER.

Once more we take our way to that little bit of beach, on which now the advancing | Heaven! My darling-my Grace!" tide was surging, and listen to the wordsfew now and faint-which were falling from thing that had been uttered by Hutchins, of my child!" in relation to the child that had been saved from the wreck of the Sarah Ann, that the knock at the door of the hut had to be repeated before he paid attention to it.

The dying man heard it, however. It had all the effect upon him of a sum- has she fled? Oh, tell me! One.wordmons to the grave. With a loud cry, he sprang up to a sitting

arms before him, as though he would ward Then, with a wild rush, Captain Morton something off, he shrieked out:

-I know you too well!"

"Who is it?" said Captain Morton. "Death-death!" "Nay-you are deceiving yourself."

"No; it is death-death!" You may still seek for mercy where mercy frantic cries and the rapid footsteps. is infinite."

upon his miserable bed and said faintly: "Yes-yes."

at the request of the dying man had been closed, although it could easily have been history. opened from without. The captain flung it open, saying, as he did so: "Who is there?"

There was no reply from the person seekthe dim, very dim light, Captain Morton to the sea. could see that it was a young girl with a

hung down over her shoulders. "Who are you?" he said again. "Whom

seek you here, my girl?" "Jabez."

"Who is Jabez?" "Hutchins, sir."

"He is very ill-dying, I think-and cannot see any one. You come from some of the cottages, I suppose?"

"Oh, no-no! I have brought him this." She produced a little basket over which was a clean, white cloth; and it was just at that moment, while the captain had his basket and the young girl still retained her hold of the other that the sullen echo of a gun and then of another came from over the sea, apparently far off.

"Ah!" said the girl, "I fear-" "What do you fear ?"

"Poor Gerald-my poor Gerald! O, God, be good to him !" The young girl started from the open door of the little boat-house, and then, suddenly

pausing, she looked up into the night sky. A beautiful rocket rose high among the clouds and then bursting, sent down a rain | hotel, sir? of emerald-colored sparks. It seemed as if some faint reflection from that green rain of light found its way to the fair face of the the ribs as hard as you can? young girl, for as Captain Morton looked at it he could hardly persuade himself that

heart and he knew not why or wherefore, tenth story.

its beauty that met his eyes.

It was either her father's voice or Gerald's but the tears rolled up in his eyes and he which at this moment broke through the stepped toward the girl with his arms outprotracted slumbers of poor Marie. With a stretched, with an impulse to clasp her to

"The Rift !" she said, as she clasped her Another moment and, fleet as a chamois, tions, revive what it has concluded exists, she was gone. A light flutter of drapery

without dispute. She forgot, for the moment | in the darkness and he could see no more of

the boat-house like a man entranced. I thus full of agitation? Why does my heart Russia is the chief source of the flax supply

He leaned against the side of the old boat. The tide, with a surging hiss, was laying the beach, and he could hear the wind, with "Bon jour, mon cher pere. On sommes- a melancholy, dirge-like howl, battling with the waves in the Channel. He strove to Now these were the precise words she had pierce the darkness with his eyes, but all in

With a deep sigh Captain Morton re-enter-

ed th hut. "I am very weak," he said, "and little

The basket that the young girl had stretched to open the similar little sliding brought with her she left in the hands of the Captain, who now placed it on the side The lantern-by which Captain Dolan of the bed, as he said in a low voice, be-

sent a full ray through a hole in the side, "Hutchins, here is a basket, I suppose upon the face and form-partially rising containing some delicacies for you, sent by from the berth—of Marie. The resemblance some compassionate friend or neighbor. Do drop of formic acid, obtained from the pois-

Hutchins did not move.

The light had got very dim in the hut and tion. The confusion of his intellect was rapid Captain Morton could not very well see that and complete; and he could do nothing but awful look of another world which was now still kneel by the table, and glare at what on the face of the dying man. It was only

> "Come\_come\_come !" "Where? What?"

"Nearer-nearer. Come!"

"Yes." "I am going now! I see the light.

"Yet what? utter my name even my sinful name !"

"Be comforted." "Hush! hush! hush!"

eyes, regarded the fair image before him; light slowly waned away, and got dimmer bee with even a longer tongue than that and dimmer, he could hear the breathings of the Syrian variety, and such a bee is said would have killed him, found vent in a howl of the smuggler grow fainter. When the to be found only in the East Indies. dying man spoke again, it was in a low, faint whisper:

"Did you say a basket—a girl?"

"With fair hair, and so sweet a look-"I saw that she was fair, and very love-

With a writhing movement, the smuggler

"God! God!" "Some neighbor's child?"

approached close to Captain Morton; and in and shouts from the cabin, had made a rush a strange, spasmodic way, he whispered to

"That was the child that was saved from the wreck of the Sarah Ann. Her clothes were marked with the name of Grace Mor-

Captain Morton cried out aloud: "My child-my own-my little one! O

"You-you-you the father-" "I am-I am! I have come from afar the lips of the dying smuggler. Captain over the sea to seek for news of this little And strong as the hills that tower above? Morton was so deeply interested in every- one. I am Captain Morton, and you speak

> Boom ! came the thunder of a gun at sea; That tells in a breath the presence of Love ! and the spirit of the smuggler fled. "Speak again-oh, speak again!" cried Captain Morton. "Where is she? Where

"Thank-thank God !"

only one word!" All was still. The frantic appeals of the posture in his bed; and holding out his father were put to an insensible clod.

flew from the hut, and cried aloud: "No, no; not yet—not yet—oh, not yet! "Grace—Grace! my child! my own dar-I cannot go; I know you! Oh, spare me ling! It is your own father calls you yet-for the love of Heaven, and of Heaven your poor suffering father! Grace-my ven's mercy, spare me yet! Let me have own dear one! my own little one!-do you That quickens the pulse and glows on the time to repent. Oh, not yet! I know you not hear me? Grace! Grace! Whither have you fled? Your father calls you, to

hold you to his heart forever and forever !" With such shouts and cries Captain Morton fled along the beach and up the narrow | The language of Love that words cannot pathway that led to the town, and the fish-"Death does not come in a material form. ermen and their wives, who had retired to Compose yourself and hope for the best. rest, muttered prayers as they heard the

It is long now since we have set foot With a deep sigh the smuggler fell back within the precincts of that sea-girt house, And woo the heart's fond admiration? where first we descried the young girl in conversation with the old sailor, who had Captain Morton went to the door, which charge of the beacon of the cliff, as described in the first chapter of this veritable

We now return to that mysterious place. Joseph and the young girl are no longer on the top the cliff. They occupy a position | That rapturous outflow of feeling? on a sort of plateau, about halfway down ing admission to the boat-house; but by the face of it, and they are both looking out

"Come, come, Miss Grace," said Joseph, By fond hearts their fulness revealing! shawl placed over her head and pinned or "I advise you for the best. You will have tied beneath her chin, while the long ends Mrs. Wagner coming after you soon, and you know her."

"I do know her, Joseph; but I know that I am no longer a little child." "Well, no more you are, miss, if it comes

to that; but you know that your father-" "I will not call him father, Joseph." "Well, well, miss, don't then; and I can't say he's much of a father to you. What makes you shake so, Miss Grace, tonight? You don't seem like yourself."

"I hardly know, Joseph." "Why, now you are crying." "I know I am. I don't mind telling you. hand on one of the handles of the little I went, as you know, in the boat to Hutchins' cottage a little time ago."

> the little bit of coast, didn't he?" "He did. I went to take him the little basket of things that I always take him once a week."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Empty.

Tramp-Are you the proprietor of this Proprietor-Yes.

Proprietor-Certainly-there, how's that? Tramp—That'll do. Now, what I'm get-

#### VARIETIES

The Weish title of the aspen is "the leaf of the maiden's tongue."

. The standard of education in Spain is very low; but little more than twenty-four per cent. of the population being able to read and write.

Belgian farmers, without any special ad-Captain Morton stood on the threshold of vantages, have found the production of flax profitable enough to induce them to grow it "What is this?" he gasped. "Why am in increasing quantities for English markets. beat so rapidly and strangely and why are of England, and the British East Indies of the linseed we import.

Prussian state railways have for some time past employed women as guards at crossings. The work consists chiefly of the closing and opening of the bars and the lighting and sweeping of crossings, and the women in most cases are either the wives or widows of guards. Their daily wages are from sixpence to ninepence.

The cock partridge takes a share of sitting on the nest, but when the brood it hatched he feeds some yards ahead of is, and takes care of number one, and leaves his mate to cater for the young ones. Young partridges newly hatched live almost entirely on insects, which the old hen finds

When a bee has filled a cell either with pure honey or a mixture of pollen-dough' and honey, and has completed the lid, a on-bag connected with the sting, is added to the honey by perforating the lid with "Try to rouse yourself a little, Here is the sting. Numerous experiments show every other sugar solution from fermenta-

This pretty story is told with regard to the origin of the Corinthian capital. It is said that a loving nurse had placed a basket of toys, covered with a tile, upon the grave of a Corinthian girl, and that in the springtime an acanthus plant, upon which it stood, sent forth shoots covering the basket and curling over the tile, thus providing a model which was imitated directly by a celebrated sculptor of the time.

The red clover is a veritable bee-puzzle. Except the ordinary bumble-bee, "I hear soft voices praying, and they there are no bees in our apiaries capable of extracting the honey which is secreted at the end of the long tubes of its flowers. To tap the garnered nectar of a Captain Morton was silent; and as the red-clover field it is necessary to procure a

Coverings for the foot began with sandals. After these came shoes left open at the toes, then the wooden shoes of the ninth and tenth centuries, followed in the Middle Ages by shoes with long pointed and turned-up toes, which sometimes turned up as high as the knee. Later, a shoe was worn with an exceedingly wide toe-so very wide that it impeded the process of walking. Queen Mary restricted the wearing of this by a proclamation which ran to the effect that shoes should not be worn wider than six inches.

### HEART QUESTIONINGS.

BY JOHN IMBIE, TORONTO.

What stirs an emotion 'Tis the sound of a sigh, As the zephyrs go by,

What is seen in the glance, As true lovers advance, That kindles a flame which never can die? 'Tis a spark from above.

From the altar of Love,

Dropp'd unerringly down from on high! As the loving hands clasp, What is told in the grasp cheek?

speak! Whence the tones that can thrill, Without effort or will, They are notes from the choir,

With the golden lyre,

'Tis "the story of old,"

In that loving enfold,

Tuned by Love's sublime inspiration! Oh! from whence comes the bliss Of love's first fervent kiss, 'Tis a faint echoe given Of earth's foretaste of Heaven,

Whence the breathings of soul That defies our control, Those sweet communings of heart with heart?

'Tis a gift from above, 'Tis the token of love, Once possess'd, time or death cannot part!

# Standards.

The truest and fullest conception of right and duty which a man can form must be his standard for to-day; if he is living a true and noble life, increasing intelligence, wis-"Yes, miss; and Tom rowed you along | dom, and love will combine to form a still higher and better conception for to-morrow. We cannot always dwell in an imaginative state, be it ever so pure and good nor would it be desirable. Work of hand and head rightly absorbs much of our time and thoughts. Yet all duty will be better performed for the refreshing air and wide outlook gained by frequently dwelling on the heights—that is, by gaining and cherishing clear conceptions of the right, the good, the true, and the beautiful, and bringing all force to bear upon their still further eleva-

A writer in a recent number of the Amit was not something more than mortal in ting at is, don't yer want to hire me for a swican Naturalist gives an account of a swalperambulatin' dinner-gong? That holler low which set the broken leg of one of its A deep and strange feeling came over his sound would fetch people down from the nestlings, and afterwards carefully bandaged

it with horse-hair.

Tramp-Will you please punch me under