

RIFT AND SPRAY;

OR,

LOVE AND VENGEANCE AMONG THE SMUGGLERS.

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

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

We left Gerald and Grace in conversation about their future hopes and prospects, just as Mrs. Wagner made her appearance before them apparently in one of her most imperious moods.

"Come," she said to Grace, "do not be idling there; I have some work for you to do."

"I am talking with my brother," said Grace, quietly.

"Then you will cease talking with your brother. Come this way at once!"

"No," said Grace.

"No!" said Gerald.

"What! you defy me, do you—you two hateful imps? You think you are getting, both of you, old enough to have your own way, I suppose, but you will find to the contrary of that. It is you, Grace, I wish to speak to; and it concerns your safety so much that if you refuse to listen to me I don't know what may become of you."

"I do not refuse to listen to you," said Grace.

"Say what you have to say, Mrs. Wagner."

"I wish to say it to you alone."

"That will do no good, as I should tell it at once to Gerald, be it what it may; so you may as well, M. S. Wagner, say it here, that he may listen to it at once."

"Very well. You will not obey me and I shall be forced to find one whom you must listen to; but, for your consolation, I can tell you that your Gerald that you make so much fuss with has fired on a king's ship, and so, if anything happens wrong about the Rift, he will be worse off than any one else."

"That is false," said Gerald.

"I thought so, dear," said Grace.

"Oh, you two wretches!" screamed Mrs. Wagner. "I will be even with you both before I have done with you. I could tell you something that you would like to hear, but I won't—no, I won't. You might have made friends with me and then I would have told you, but I won't now. Do you hear me?"

"Very well," said Grace.

This indifference to her shouts and to her blandishments raised the ire of Mrs. Wagner to fever heat, and going up close to Grace she said:

"I know your father—ha! ha! How my ire starts now—ha! ha! ha! Well, I don't mind telling you this much. Dolan is not your father."

"Not her father," said Gerald. "Then she is not my—"

"Sister!" gasped Grace.

"Nor is Dolan your father, for the matter of that," added Mrs. Wagner.

"We may still, then, dear Grace, be brother and sister."

"We are, Gerald. We shall ever be—in affection—in dear affection, if not in fact."

"Ever and ever," said Gerald.

"Very good," says Mrs. Wagner; "and now when you want to know a little more, perhaps you will be civil to me, for I only can tell you and make my terms with you."

Mrs. Wagner turned away, and as she did so she muttered something to herself about Dolan being out of his senses and that it was high time she (Mrs. Wagner) looked after herself.

Grace and Gerald continued silent for some time and looked in each other's faces by the dim light that marked the recess where they were and then Gerald took Grace's hands and placed them upon his breast as he said:

"My Gracie, on board the Rift is this young French girl whom I saved from the sea. She is very affectionate, and—and—I think—"

The color went and came in the face of Grace and she could only see Gerald through a mist of tears.

"You think, dear Gerald, that she loves you. I, too, love you, and so will that—that—"

as they went, they made up their minds thoroughly to trust him and to get him to concoct with them some means of saving Captain Mocquet and Marie from the cabin of the Rift.

The old sailor was anxiously expecting them, and when they appeared, he said:

"Come right away, as fast as you can, on to the plateau, my children; I want to speak to you both."

"And we to you, Joseph."

"Well, then, I'll hear you first."

"No, Joseph," said Grace, "you tell us what you want to say, and then we will make every confidence with you, for you have a good heart."

"Thank you, miss, for saying that, and God bless you. Well, then, what I want to say is, that I think Captain Dolan is going to desert the ship."

"Lord bless me! I mean the cavern; and I don't mean that he is merely going to desert it, but I think he is going to betray the whole lot of us to the preventives."

"Indeed, Joseph?"

"Yes, Master Gerald. I know him pretty well, you see, and have had more than one voyage with him when he was only a smuggler. I'm afraid, now, he's something worse."

"It is, indeed?"

"Just so, Master Gerald, and I think he knows the game is pretty well up here, and he will be off with all he can lay his hands on; and the crew will find, before they can say Jack Robinson, that they will all be taken."

"Yes, yes," said Gerald, "and that was why he wished so particularly to make me go this one voyage—it being his last—in order that I should be convicted with them."

"That's about it, Master Gerald."

"O Gerald! Gerald!" said Grace, "what shall we do?"

"Levant!" said Joseph.

"What, Joseph—what is that?"

"Be off, miss—you, me, and Gerald, and one more."

"Who is that?"

"Martin, and here he is."

"Well, Bo," said Martin, as at this moment he came on to the plateau, "how is the weather?"

"West by north, mate, and puffy. Here's the two children. I've been a talking to 'em about him."

"Dolan?"

"Aye, aye! mate, and I've been a saying that you and me, and them, too, had better up anchor and sheer off, with all the canvas we can set to the wind."

"I think so, too," said Martin. "I can't go without others. There are two people in the cabin of the Rift that I have promised to stay by, and sink or swim with."

Martin nodded.

"I thought as much. The Frenchman's little girl is there, is she not?"

"She is."

"I thought it by the poor old man's work, but how she got there I can't think. Dolan has told Bowline that he has seen a ghost in the cabin, and that he wouldn't go into it for a thousand pounds. He wants Bowline to go and clear out his lockers for him."

"I saved Marie Mocquet," said Gerald, "and brought her into the cabin, by the help of her father, through the port."

Martin whistled.

"Hold hard," said Joseph. "There's wind enough."

"All right, Bo. Well, Master Gerald, we will do the best we can. A Frenchman, I take it, is, after all, a human being."

"No doubt of it," said Joseph.

"And he can't help being a Frenchman."

"Not a bit, mate."

"And this one, I will say, seems to me as if he had the feeling of a Christian. Now, Master Gerald, we will get him and his baby away somehow."

"It is not a baby," said Gerald.

"Oh, ain't it? Very good! I propose that we wait quietly till all's at rest in the sea cave, which won't be till after the cargo has been taken to the shore. That Mr. Suffles will be there to buy it, as usual; and then, when the boats come back, Dolan will go to rest and the Rift will be left to ride out the night with only one man on board, as a night watch."

"But how shall we get off?" said Gerald.

"Can we get to the ravine easily from the sea cave? I only know of a way through the large cavern."

"Oh! you leave that to us," said Martin.

"I dare say, Master Gerald, that Joseph and I know a little more of the old cliff than you do."

"And now, mate," said Joseph, "when we get away where are we to go to?"

"Look here," said Martin, "I think that you and I, my Bo, have had enough of this kind of life. Let us make our way right away eastward till we come to some nice little place, and then we will buy a boat, and set up respectable, and get a living for these two young ones by fishing, and what else turns up. I have more than enough money to set us afloat."

"That's it!" said Joseph.

"And do you think," said Gerald, with emotion—"God bless and reward you both!—do you think that I would let myself be a burden to you, and my dear Grace, either? Oh, no—no! I will find something to do that will help us all."

"All right, Master Gerald," said Martin. "You make your mind easy about the Frenchman and his baby."

"I tell you again," said Gerald, "it is not a baby, but a young lady."

"Why, you stupid fellow," said Joseph, "what's making babies run in your head—oh! He said as she wasn't a baby."

"It was Dolan said she was a child, and as I thought of a baby; but I won't do so again. You keep all snug, Master Gerald, and you, too, Miss Grace, till the boats come back, and then I will need you and Joseph here, and we will set to work."

"We shall be very grateful to you," said Grace.

"Don't you think of that, my dear! You can take care of the Frenchman's baby—Lord bless me, mate, when once you get a baby into your mind how difficult it is to get it out."

Grace laughed and Gerald looked annoyed as he said:

"I tell you again and again that she is a beautiful young girl, and she is—"

"Go it!" said Joseph.

"Come, dear," said Grace, as she still had her arm within that of Gerald. "Come, you want rest, Gerald."

It was deep in the night when that same little party were assembled on the chalky plateau of the old cliff.

CHAPTER XXV.—CAPTAIN MORTON ON THE TRACK OF HIS DAUGHTER.

When Captain Morton went from Admiral Clifford so abruptly for the purpose of seeking the woman Wagner, from whom he now fully expected he should be able, by fair means or by foul, to procure the information he required, in order to enable him at once to clasp to his heart his long-lost child, he was in that state of mental excitement that submerges everything in the one dominant idea.

That the cottages he sought by the sea beach were some distance off on the coast, and lying in a hollow of the beach he had been sufficiently informed, and it at once appeared to him that the best and the easiest way to reach them was by cruising round to them in his own yacht.

On board that yacht he had likewise several men, on whom he knew he could depend in any emergency to perform for him any service that required courage and address, and how could he tell but that those qualities might be largely called into action yet in the proceedings necessary to enable him to gain possession of his daughter? If he could find that she was at one of the cottages, with what joy would he clasp her at once to his arms, and despite any and all possible opposition that might be offered to him carry her on board the Nautilus.

In the noble little vessel that had brought him in safely over the swelling billows of the wide Atlantic he felt that he had a friend and an ally, and in the few brave hearts who had adventured that voyage with him he knew he had those to whom he had only to say that heart and hand were wanted in the right and they were all his own.

Thus was it, then, that Captain Morton felt much more hopeful of the recovery of his daughter, by going to the cottages by the beach in his yacht, the Nautilus, than as if he had sought them by land and with the whole posse comitatus of Falmouth at his heels.

Skimming gallantly over the waves, the Nautilus soon passed the group of cottages, in one of which the old dying—now dead—smuggler, Hutchin, had made to Captain Morton such important revelations. After that spot was passed there were several bluffs and little headlands, and there, in a wildly picturesque spot, where the full force of the land slip so long ago had been felt, he saw the group of fishermen's huts he was in search of.

A brief order brought up the Nautilus on another tack, and she beat up for the little half bay, half indentation—rugged and unequal in its dimensions as it was—on the margin of which were the cottages.

Then a touch of the helm and the Nautilus rode so lightly off and on the wind that she scarcely shifted her position twenty yards in the water, although she carried one sail and there was nothing to hold her to the bottom of the deep.

A boat was lowered from her side and with one of his men only Captain Morton pulled for the shore.

That shore presented rather a curious aspect.

The beach was low and level, just before the eight or ten cottages, and looked from the sea like very fine sand, but it was in reality rather rough shingle, mingled with the debris of the chalk cliffs.

Lying on the beach were various fishing nets drying; for although the men who composed the lawless crew of Dolan never gave themselves to so calm and tranquil a pursuit as fishing, yet some of them had families and the children had taken to the nets, and had made a kind of pleasurable business of that which in the first place their fathers had effected to do, as a mere blind for their more nefarious and guilty pursuits.

From several of the chimneys of the huts there curled thin wreaths of smoke, and a couple of boats on the beach, both in good order with the oars carefully secured in them and the thole pins hanging by cord, testified that care was taken to have, at all events, the means of readily going to sea from that spot.

The boat of Captain Morton grounded on the shingle and he sprang to shore.

A ragged looking urchin, with his trousers curled up to his knees, came into the water to help pull up the boat, but it was not Captain Morton's instructions that it should be beached.

"No," he said, "that will do."

The boy looked at him, then inquiringly and said, as he touched his cap:

"The spring, sir."

"What spring?"

"Thereaway, sir. They say it's all rain that's in the water, but I never seed rain that away like, sir, afore."

A chalybeate spring gushed out of a huge fragment of the fallen rock and Captain Morton shook his head as he said:

"No, I do not come for the spring—which is the cottage of Mrs. Wagner?"

"That one, sir."

The boy indicated one of the cottages, from the chimney of which came rather more smoke than from any of the others, and then he added:

"But I don't think she's at home, sir; though, mayhap, old Madge be."

"Who is old Madge?"

"She minds the cottage while Mrs. Wagner goes a fishing with Mr. Dolan. I'll go and see if she be there, though, for a penny, sir."

"I can do that myself. Perhaps this Mr. Dolan may be there."

Captain Morton had been walking up the shingle as he spoke to the boy at the rather slow pace which such a place necessitates, and as he got a few paces in front of the hut he suddenly heard a very shrill whistle behind him and found that it proceeded from the boy, who pronounced it by a reed he had at his lip.

"What do you whistle for?"

"Nothing, sir."

That it was for something, however, was fully evident for the door of Dolan's cottage was on the moment opened, and a female looked out. Then the door was closed again, and there seemed to be the attentive ears of Captain Morton the sound of descending stairs.

The captain looked at the boy with a good deal of consideration, and he said:

"You have only done your duty?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

There are nearly 100 more pupils for the Belleville High School than there is accommodation for.

At the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, there are at present seven Canadians holding fellowships. Of these five were students of Upper Canada College.

A boy arrived at Port Hope the other night almost frozen and famished. He had walked all the way from Toronto. Efforts are being made to find him employment.

A motion has been introduced into the Winnipeg City Council to extend the municipal franchise to unmarried women and married women holding property in their own right.

The women of Toronto are getting up a petition to Mayor Howland to initiate a movement looking to shorter hours for saleswomen in retail stores. They base their application on the fact that Mr. Howland was supported by women in the late mayoralty contest.

Duncan Cameron, of Dunwich, who was sentenced for forgery two years ago has served his term in the Kingston Penitentiary and has returned home. He was visited while in prison by Rev. Thos. Bone, missionary, who states that he has become a converted man and has had charge of a Bible class in the penitentiary for a number of months past.

At the inquest on the body of Michael Delan, a section man from Cataract, who was found dead on the Canadian Pacific Railway track, the verdict was that he came to his death purely by accident, no blame being attached to any of the railway employees. His left arm was torn off, his right leg fractured, the neck dislocated and the base of the skull fractured. He leaves a wife and family.

There is a big sensation in Frankford over the recent death of a lady and the early marriage of her husband. After the death of the lady, who was beloved by a large number of the villagers, a few days only elapsed before the husband sought another wife, which aroused no little gossip. It is now hinted that the first wife may have met with foul play and her body is likely to be exhumed.

A brutal murder was recently committed near the mouth of the Fraser River, B. C. A man named J. A. Harris, not having been seen for some days, a neighbor visited his house, found the body on the floor with three cuts on the head and one on the throat, the latter nearly severing the head from the body. There is no clue to the murderer. The knife with which the murder was committed was found near the body. The house was ransacked and the door closed and locked from outside.

The latest report from the discoverers of spirits on the ship Squando at Bathurst, N. B., is that the spirits are engaged in unloading and reloading the cargo every night. Two good men and true swear that the side of the ship opens at midnight and the spirits proceed to move the deals out on the ice, beginning with those in the lower hold. After discharging part of the cargo they reload. There are four ghosts in all. One of them has no head, and he is thus enabled to carry deals without making himself lopsided.

Mrs. Cooper, whose husband met his death in a gravel pit last summer, has removed to Salem and is keeping house for Mr. Prior. She weighs 272 pounds, and claims to be the largest woman in the country. She is only 32 years of age, and is the mother of two children. Mr. Prior weighs about 135 pounds, and the father of a grown-up family. Rumor says that this female Sampson and this well-known Zacheus are soon to be made one flesh.

One day recently Mr. James Poe, a Bid-dulphfarmer, was driving toward St. Mary's. There was a heavy snowstorm prevailing at the time, and as he approached the crossing he could hear or see no train near. He drove on, but just as his horses got on the track a snow plough came rushing along, striking the sleigh, and throwing the horses on one side of the track, and Mr. Poe and part of the sleigh many feet distant on the other side. The horses were instantly killed, but their driver miraculously escaped. The sleigh was knocked into pieces.

Mr. J. P. Ashley, of Nanaimo, B. C., writes as follows to the Albany Journal:—

"I saw some time ago an extract from your paper stating that Sergeant somebody, 'I forget the name,' who was with the Greely expedition, intended to make another attempt to reach the North Pole. I have made a machine with which I can make the distance from 80 to 90 degree in from 2) to 30 hours' travel and carry two persons besides myself and 200 pounds of baggage. To satisfy him that I can do it, I will give him a trial trip from Winnipeg, Manitoba, to York Factory on Hudson Bay 'next winter,' and back, if he so desires. I have travelled on the Dakota prairies in some of those blizzards that you no doubt have read about, at the rate of 60 miles an hour, but I prefer to travel at a 25 or 30 mile an hour rate, which, of course, can be regulated. You can put him in communication with me or give him this letter if he lives in your vicinity. My address will be for the next few months Victoria, B. C., care of A. M. Carpenter. It is several years since I first operated the machine, and I have never thought of applying it to this use until lately or I might have been to the North Pole long ago, or at least have rescued the Greely party much sooner than they were."

A Hamilton woman swallowed her artificial teeth, last week; but her mouth is said to be so big that she could swallow her own head if the point on her face wouldn't gag her.

"Now, children," said the teacher of the infant school history class after the peculiarities of the crab had been discussed, "is there any other member of the animal kingdom that has the power to move rapidly backward?" "Yes," said one of the most promising of the little scholars, "the mule can do it."

The truth may cost many a pang to utter, but it is a fact that they have to try up many a coveted gain, the courage of principle may be the only thing that will so highly prize or the position so eminently desirable, but upon the whole, they will lead their adherents to a position of honor and happiness compared with which all that had been sacrificed seems utterly trivial.

Two-thirds of a bushel of ginger in a pint of strong ale will excite the appetite of a ship that is fastened.

A writer in the *Daily News* says: "The very poorest smudge I have ever seen has been in the slices of agricultural colleges. Fact."

Even in the coldest weather the manure from horse stables should be drawn out on the land at least once a week. It heats rapidly and soon becomes "fire-fogged," which greatly injures it.

One use for old tin cans is to cut them up into strips two or three inches wide and tack them over mouse holes in the house or barn. We line the corners of our corn crib with such strips, and think it will be proof against rats and mice, from below, at least.—Indiana Farmer.

It is never best to churn all the cream on hand. That which was skimmed last has not had time to get into uniform condition with the rest, and most of its butter goes into the buttermilk. It also makes butter come slowly, and after a long time has been needlessly spent in churning.

It is important that land plaster be sown early enough in the season to have it thoroughly dissolved by rains. Any time in the winter is better than after dry weather has come in spring. It is a common practice in places where it is used largely to sow it on clover in the winter before other and hurrying work begins.

A farrow cow may be fattened by high feeding while still giving milk. But unless there is especial use for the milk it is not good policy to do so. Dairymen who can make every quart of milk pay high prices do it, but farmers who rely on turning milk into buttermilk will do better to dry early and fatten all the faster. They thus get the profit of making oleomargarine without its attempted fraud.

It is slow, hard work to cut stalks by hand for a number of cattle, requiring one or two hours per day, which, if time is valuable, as it ought to be, should not be wasted in this way. For a few dollars a horse-power cutter can be got, which in a single day will cut all the stalks to be used during the winter. The farmer is a poor manager who cannot use the time of himself or men thus saved in some better way than competing with horse or steam power.

The old-fashioned buckwheat bran is excellent feed for milk cows, as it is very stimulating to milk production. In many families where the old-fashioned buckwheat flour is used the finer portions of the middlings are sifted and mixed with it as a measure both of economy and healthfulness. If good old-fashioned buckwheat flour could be had there would be an active demand for it at half a cent a pound, or even more advance on prices charged for that adulterated wheat flour. This extra price would about represent the profit that the manufacturers make by the adulteration of the genuine product.

Machinery is not labor-saving. The man who works with a threshing machine, works as hard as his father did with a flail, but he produces greater results. To those who think only of the price of wages, machinery is a fraud, but to the consumer of manufactured articles it is a boon. Our mothers used to card their own wool, spin and weave and wear it, and it is no disparagement to our wives and sweethearts that they do not. They can't afford to. If it were not too expensive, the present race of women and girls would do this and more too. Machinery has not obviated the necessity of work, it has only given it a new direction. Good machinery is a good thing, but the man who expects it to do his work will be fooled; it helps him to do more work.—Ex.

Nervous Horses.

Finely bred, intelligent horses are very often nervous. They are quick to take notice, quick to take alarm, quick to do what seems to them, in a moment of terror, necessary to escape from possible harm, from something they do not understand. That is what makes them shy, bolt and run away. We cannot tell what awful suggestions strange things offer to their minds. For aught we can tell, a sheet of white paper in the road may seem to the nervous horse a yawning chasm, the open front of a baby carriage the jaws of a dragon ready to devour him, and a man on a bicycle some terrifying sort of flying devil without wings.

But we find the moment he becomes familiar with those things or any other that affright him, and knows what they are he grows indifferent to them. Therefore, when your horse shies at anything make him acquainted with it; let him smell it, touch it with his sensitive upper lip, and look closely at it. Remember, too, that you must familiarize both sides of him with the dreaded object. If he only examines it with the near nostril and eye, he will be very apt to scare at it when it appears on his off side.

So, then, rattle your paper, beat your brass drum, flutter your umbrella, run your baby carriage, and your bicycle, fire your pistol, and clatter your tinware on both sides of him and all around him until he comes to regard the noise simply as a nuisance and the material objects as only trivial things liable to get hurt if they are in his way. He may not learn all that in one lesson, but continue the lesson and you will cure all his nervousness.

LIBERTY.

BY JOHN IMBRIE, TORONTO.

Sweet Liberty!—thou birthright of mankind,

Yet which some autocrats would fain destroy!

How like our God to give!—like man to take!

What God hath given so freely in his love

To make our fallen earth seem bearable!

Though man loves liberty, yet—miser-like—

Seeks to withhold it from his fellow-man,

And boasting, prides himself in larceny!

Go to! thou false vile traitor to thy race,

Thy stony heart is index if on thy face!

While loving liberty, thou—deny!

To those within thy power, thy liberty!

The soul that seeks to bind his fellow-man

Shall soon be measured by an infant's span!