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"It is like a dream," said the girl. "Yet I could swear that the other was Mr. Davenire."

Mr. Matthews rose upon the ladder and, came in his slow walk along the poop. He looked pale and hollow, as though just out of a hospital.

"Sorry to say there's a hand dead in the fok'sle, and the others seem in a bad way. I've done what I could for them."

"The villains should have surrendered and saved this loss of life," cried the commander, stamping his foot.

"As I came along," continued Mr. Matthews, "your bos'n told me that one of the prisoners had gone mad. I put my head over the hatch to listen and heard the voice of Mr. Caldwell shouting. It mainly concerned you, Miss Mansel—you and the man Masters. D'you remember him—the worm eaten, rather good looking chap that was believed to have lost his heart to you?"

"I'd rather not hear such things," said the commander stiffly, while Miss Mansel's cheeks began to glow.

"What is that dreadful Caldwell saying?" said the girl.

"Oh, he was shouting and shouting, and all I could collect was—but he swears so—'I never would have shot you, you wretched idiot, if I'd known she was alive! Why in the name of brimstone did you challenge me for a dead woman, as you thought her? There's Davenire here will tell you we did it in the interests of the gang for er your sake, you'— Here he began to shout and rave again, but it was all to the same effect. He's gone mad and is talking to the ghost of Mr. Masters, and I never heard the others speak a word."

"Caldwell's assistant, then, was the giant?" said the commander.

"I have all along said it," exclaimed Miss Mansel, and she appeared to watch the proceedings of the two boats.

"What's our programme, now, sir?" said Mr. Matthews, with a slow gaze of fatigue and horror at the distant brig.

"Up helm for that craft there as soon as ever you like," answered the commander, "and a straight course for the island, where I hope we shall find the gold. Refresh yourself first, pray, and, Mr. Matthews, let the hands have a bumper all round. Get that boat stowed as smartly as the men are able to do it, and, Margaret, come below, my dear, and help me to find the materials for a glass of grog."

POSTSCRIPT.

The story of the issue of this daring and long memorable enterprise may be intrusted to Miss Mansel, who sent a copious account of the whole of the transactions on board the ships Queen and Wellesley to her aunt, Miss Julia Horne, Richmond, Surrey. Dating from Sydney, N. S. W., after six sheets of close writing she proceeds thus:

"When this dreadful fight was ended, Robert, who was kindly permitted by Mr. Matthews to remain in command of the bark until the island was reached, ordered the vessel to be steered for the brig, which was still in sight, like a little piece of paper at the end of the sea. Sail was made (I cannot help expressing myself in the language of nautical men) and we very soon overtook her. We then sailed in company through the night.

"'Give us that longboat and our liberty,' said the giant Davenire. 'Give us meat and drink for a fortnight. Give us a chance, in short, to escape the horrors to which I suppose you mean to carry us, and I swear by my heart's blood to tell you where the gold is, and you shall be deceived—so help me God—in nothing!'

"Such a proposal, of course, could not be listened to. Robert, looking at him in his stern way—and he can look very terrifying, I assure you, when vexed by his men, or when things go wrong—said:

"'You are one of the persons who tried to murder Miss Mansel. There sits the other man.' And he pointed to Caldwell, who was squatting in a dark corner, scarcely visible, sometimes mumbling and sometimes chuckling, but clearly giving no heed to what was passing. 'God has visited him, and his punishment is hard enough. The young lady whom you gagged and threw overboard has consented to be my wife and I shall not lose sight of you when we get ashore, Mr. Davenire.'

"The huge man made no reply, Robert said. The rest kept silence and Robert came away.

"We were off the island early next morning. When I awoke and came on deck, I beheld a beautiful scene of bright green land, most sweet and refreshing to the sight after long days of blue water. It lay out upon what is called the port beam. Soon afterward both vessels anchored. Robert from the poop of the Queen incessantly viewed the land through a glass, but told me he could see no sign of the men.

"'Depend upon it,' said he, 'they are in hiding. The boat left the island yesterday on a piratical cruise—that is, with the idea, since they had lost the bark, of falling in with a small vessel suitable to their purpose, seizing her and sending her people adrift. Lock how well they were armed.'

"I suggested that if the three men were not on the island they might have been killed in quarrels.

"'We shall soon find that out,' he exclaimed.

"Before he went ashore he entered the steerage to exhort the prisoners to tell him where the gold was hidden. He said that a confession would be of great use to them, while their silence could simply signify nothing but the inconvenience of detention, for he was determined not to leave the island without the nuggets.

"Davenire asked if the island was in sight, and, being answered, inquired if the commander had been ashore. This was all he said. He grinned leveringly at the others, Robert told me, who were as dumb as dogs. Quite as likely as not that wretch of a giant was hoping and thinking that the nuggets would not be found, that something would befall to free him, so that he could return to the island in due course properly equipped, and possess himself of the whole of the gold. Surely for the others would have confessed the hiding place but for some such wild dream.

"Caldwell had been taken out of the steerage and put into the cabin into which Trollope's body was conveyed. I think I told you that the remains of that miserable man were buried in the evening. Caldwell was now growingly and dangerously mad and needed a sentinel with a truncheon. He was safe enough, however, with irons on his feet and handcuffs on his hands, and in this dreadful, degrading condition Robert told me he lay in a bunk guarding his watchman, babbling secrets of horror and blood and grimacing with the face of satan at the upper deck.

"Well, very soon after the ships were anchored the longboat—that historic longboat—was lowered into the water and eight men and Robert entered her.

"The boat went ashore at 11 o'clock in the morning. It was very fine weather. Indeed we were most fortunate in this respect throughout. The ships lay with their topsails beating to pulses of light and shade as they lightly rolled upon the smooth undulations. Many birds glanced like showers of broken glass over the island and some drew near on arched wings with coarse shrieks. They were evidently not used to being disturbed by visitors. William was in the longboat. Robert had refused the services of Harry, pronouncing him a contemptible little murderer, unfit to oppose men in a fair fight.

"I watched the boat through an opera glass as she grounded upon the beach and two men were left in charge of her. This reduced the strength of the commander's little company, but of course it was necessary that the boat should be watched. Likewise there was the chance of her being seized by the three men rushing down upon her. But that was a risk not to be seriously apprehended. What use could they make of her? The brig's boat would fetch Robert and his party, who would immediately give chase to the robbers. I should add that the boat was without mast or sail, for these things the commander did not require to go ashore with.

"Well, I watched Robert and his six men march along the white sand. Robert trudged with a cutlass in his grasp. The others were armed with the fine weapons as well as muskets and pistols, and they entered a little valley, or, as I might say, a sort of hollow in the wood that was very thick upon this part of the island, and disappeared.

"Then for two hours we could get no news either by eye or ear. Impatience became a torment. I longed and yet dreaded to hear the crackling of fire

At the entrance stood Mr. Burn.

arms that I might know matters had been brought to a head. At about 1 o'clock, feeling a little faint, I went into the cuddy to get some wine and cake. When I got back to the poop, I saw a dark line on the beach, and when I looked through the glass I counted a procession of ten men. My heart beat so hard that I could scarcely see. However I was not mistaken. I looked again. They were ten men and I distinguished Robert, but not the rest, as they trudged to the boat.

"Forgetting myself I shrieked in my excitement to Mr. Matthews, who was busy with some shipboard work:

"'They have got the men!'

"'Then,' says he, 'they'll have got the gold,' striking his leg hard in a manner of marveling.

"When the boat drew close I saw Cavendish, Johnson and Burn among the crowd which filled her. They jumped into the chains (as the platform on the ship's side is called) and climbed over the bulwarks, the seamen in the boat coming quickly after them.

"I had observed that the three gentlemen stared hard at the bark while the boat approached, but I don't think they clearly knew who I was until they were on board, and then they stood as men petrified. They were white with astonishment. Never could ink convey their varying expressions of dismay and incredulity, but chiefly amazement profound and thrilling. Johnson spoke to the commander and they both looked at me. Johnson then whispered to Cavendish. Burn stood a little apart.

"Cavendish looked the wickedest man you could imagine, with his mean little eyes and sinister, fawning expression, and his chin unshorn and his hair wild as the wind that had blown it. The other, Mr. Peter Johnson, I had always rather admired for his intelligent eye. He was black bearded and a little bald. Oh, aunt! Such respectable men, you would have thought, to figure in so audacious, I may say murderous, business! I heard Robert say, 'I shall not put you in irons; but, gentlemen, this is your road, and down there you will find a few of your old friends,' and in a moment, in obedience to a gesture, some seaman laid hold of Mr. Cavendish and Mr. Johnson and walked them out of my sight to the hatch under the break of the poop.

"Mr. Burn was left standing just where he had sprung from the rail and where the sight of me had nailed him. Robert said, 'Step this way,' and Burn followed the commander into the cuddy. I guessed by this treatment that he had turned informer and was heartily glad and relieved to believe it. I looked through the skylight, and saw them talking together at the cabin table, and presently the commander pulled out a pocketbook, on a blank page of which Burn made a sketch. I heard the unfortunate man ask Robert for a glass of beer and the commander fetched a bottle and a glass from the pantry, and after Burn had drunk he began to cry, and then he spoke of Mr. Masters. He said that he had loved Masters and abhorred Caldwell for his murder (as he called it). Neither he nor Masters had the least suspicion that Caldwell and Davenire, with the knowledge of the others, had brutally gagged and thrown me into the sea. He and his friend, I overheard him say, were never in close sympathy with the gang. Masters died in the desire to avenge my murder, and had he shot Caldwell he would have stood up a minute later to the giant Davenire.

"I had never suspected any particular partiality for me in Mr. Masters. He had been a very handsome man. He had the handsomest profile of any that ever I saw in human face. Any woman would have been proud to have reclaimed such a person. I was much affected, and stepped away from the skylight that Robert should not know I was listening, for judging by his looks I thought he did not relish this passage of Mr. Burn's discourse.

"Presently I heard his voice distinct and loud under the skylight.

"'I trust you have not deceived me.'

"'I swear by heaven I have not,' answered Burn in his bubbling voice, full of tears and beer.

"'You will enter that cabin and stay there. You are of course my prisoner. But your behavior has been very different from that of the rest, and when I have got the gold back into this ship you shall not be deceived in my promise of good usage.'

"The commander came out of the cuddy, and looking up spied me. He kissed his hand and exclaimed in his deep, intoning voice (which habit I shall hope one day to correct): 'I am now off for the chests, Margaret. I have full particulars and you may look for me in an hour or two.'

"He then called for a boat's crew and went ashore. Sure enough, about half an hour after his company of men had landed I saw them coming out of the woods on to the beach, loaded with the chests. They brought some chests to the boat and went back for more, and when all the chests were together—a goodly heap—they loaded the boat and pulled to the ship.

"For my part, though I had been thinking a great deal about the gold, I found my mind dwelling more upon Mr. Masters than upon the chests as they came over the ship's side. The commander stood in the waist attending the shipment. I never shall forget while life lasts his face of delight. Deep were his smiles as the chests were handed up. It was indeed a wonderful recovery and all brought about by their trying to drown me!

"Within three hours of the time when Mr. Burn gave the commander the information about the gold the chests were safe in their former locker among the wool, nailed up securely under the eye of the commander, and the hatches battened down. When the order to make sail was given, Mr. Matthews, the mate of the Queen, came up to the commander and was so affected, poor man, that he could scarcely speak. He extended his hand and Robert silently pressed it.

"'We owe this magnificent result first to you, Miss Mansel,' said he, 'and very much to you next, sir.'

"'It is a true, glorious haul for us all,' said the commander, 'and it shall make us both richer if not better men, sir.'

"He then left us to hail the brig. The little vessel was quite close at the time. The commander roared out, 'I suppose you know, Hardy, that we have recovered the chests?'

"Mr. Hardy made a sailor's motion of congratulatory joy with his hand as he stood upon the brig's taffrail, the queerest figure of a mariner you can picture, his flowing trousers forever shivering in the breeze as though his legs were under some ceaseless uncontrollable influence of the hornpipe.

"'I will dine on board this ship,' shouted Robert, 'and be with you before sundown.' And he turned his great, red, dear old face round the sea to find out how the weather promised.

"He told Mr. Matthews and me the story of his going ashore and getting the men and the nuggets. He found the woods very thick and walked with great anxiety, fearing that they might be shot at by the men in concealment. The grass was tall and their tread soundless. There was no dry bush or brushwood to crackle. After they had gone a few hundred yards in a green twilight of wood, they arrived suddenly at an open space of sunshine and grass, in the midst of which was a tent. It was a little tent shaped like a house and contrived out of spars and spare sails. At the entrance stood Mr. Burn, who yelled when he saw the commander and his men, then let his arms fall and stood like one thunderstruck, deprived of speech by a stroke. The others were inside asleep. Robert noticed plenty of bottles and some glasses and the remains of a meal. All three were secured, two of them scarcely awake when they were seized. The commander asked them to tell him where the gold was. Cavendish grinned hideously; the three kept obstinately silent. They began to look at one another, however, when Robert told him that the longboat was captured and Trollope dead and the balance of the gang in irons aboard the Queen, which, with the Wellesley, lay out of sight upon the sea beyond the trees. Still they would not speak, but as they marched down to the beach, Burn, who walked behind his two associates, signed to the commander and softly addressed him, and Robert gathered that he would be willing to make a clean breast of it when he was alone.

"They found the chests in the place where Mr. Burn had told them to look. They were in a cleft or fissure at the foot of a hill facing east, so bountifully and luxuriously concealed by the wild growths of that spot of land that it was wonderful they should have lighted upon it. Robert told me he might have explored the island in vain for months. The 18 cases were there intact. Burn assured the commander they had not been opened since the day when they had been removed from the ship's hold. They had proposed indeed to open one that contained dust, with the idea of buying a small vessel, but fell out over this, as indeed they quarreled about nearly everything, and the longboat sailed away, as Robert had cleverly concluded, on a piratical mission to seize.

"Well, before I close this letter, which I am sure you would not wish shorter, I must give you a few interesting items of news which the commander picked up from the traitor Burn, who talked very freely, being evidently hopeful that Robert would intercede for him. He said that it was well known that a great purchase or cargo of gold was to be consigned from the diggings by the ship Queen. Trollope met him one day in Sydney and asked him if he was willing to join a gang who meant to sail as passengers in the ship and seize her at sea. He went with Trollope to the house of one Moses Jacobs, who, it seems, found the capital for this enterprise, and there met Davenire, Caldwell and others. They wanted a company of ten. Some believed they could not do with less, and so he introduced Masters. The brigantine that was to rendezvous at the island was commanded by Jacobs' brother in-law. This man was brought in here, dead of paralysis, a fortnight ago. He lived till the vessel entered Sydney harbor, so he had his wish and was buried by the side of his child.

"On our arrival we heard that Jacobs, for whom, as you may suppose, inquiries were immediately made, had vanished shortly after the brigantine anchored. He has not yet been found. He is the worst of the culprits, but his loss is heavy. Robert calculated that he could not have put less than £2,500 into this venture! This without any other security than the arrival of the brigantine at the island! This on the chance of the men rising and successfully seizing the ship and navigating her to the island! This on the chance of Saunders remaining loyal! I do not think that the people of the nation to which Mr. Jacobs belongs are commonly great lovers of such loose, insecure speculations as this. And yet you do hear of money lenders advancing large sums on notes of hand at crushing rates of interest and then carelessly suing the persons to whom the balance was advanced.

"Robert and I have been made much of here. Robert is the hero of the hour. Hundreds go down to the water side to look at the Queen, which, by the way, Mr. Matthews will command on her voyage home. I cannot tell what the award will be, but as the value of the treasure is very great, it is generally thought that £20,000 will be divided in sums proportioned to rating and so forth among the people who were engaged in the work. How much do I deserve? But for me the gang would have got off clear with the gold, letting Jacobs in, and themselves dispersing in various countries.

"It is not yet known how Davenire and his crew will be dealt with. It is believed that all of them, excepting Burn and another, will be sent to Norfolk island. That other is Mr. Dike Caldwell, who is out of his mind and promises to be incurably insane. The rest are sure to get a life sentence. Indeed, as Robert says, it may end in the gallows, for, though all the boats of the Queen have been accounted for, a lady, Mrs. Peacock, died in one of them, and it is to be seen whether they cannot hang the men for causing her death.

"My hand aches now and I have no time to write more by this mail."

THE END.

One Way to Get Rich.

If you want to get rich and famous at a single stroke, write a popular song.

"I'm devoting my talent now to writing a topical song," said a young musical enthusiast the other day. "That's the easiest way to get before the public and get a pile of money besides.

"I may happen to hit the popular fancy, and then I'll be fixed for life. Take this little song, 'You Can't Play in My Back Yard.' That made a big roll for the fellow who wrote it. He was a Chicago fellow and was as poor as Job's turkey. He lived in a little house on Taylor street—410, I believe—that didn't even have a back yard. One night the theme was suggested to him by a song that an actor friend of his had written on pretty much the same lines, and he sat down and wrote this silly little effusion, 'You Can't Play in My Back Yard.'

"That effort cinched things for him. Life was smooth sailing after that. He's now rolling in plenty.

"How Charles K. Harris made a fortune out of "After the Ball" is an old story. Raymond Moore got on Easy street just because he was the first to sing 'Sweet Marie.'

"There's a fortune in it if you touch a popular vein, and that's what I'm aiming at."

Immigrants from Galicia and Dakota are arriving at Winnipeg in numbers.

MET THE HEIRESS.

"An heiress, and handsome! By George, I must have an introduction." This was what Ralph Fitzsimmons said to himself. Aloud he uttered these words: "Made an impression on you, evidently, Howard."

"I'm going down to Rossville to be married to the only girl worth loving in the world," said Howard Gray, with a lover's excusable exaggeration; "but Miss Eleanor is a charming young lady, and I am intimate enough to introduce you, if you like."

"Ah!" said Fitzsimmons, veiling his delight, "thank you. I'm aged, I suppose; and engaged girls are such bores!"

"Heart free, I believe," said Howard. "She's extremely hard to please. Well, I'll ask her permission, and we'll call on Saturday evening."

To marry an heiress had been Ralph's dream ever since his whiskers began to grow. It was the easiest way of coming by a fortune of which he had ever heard; and Ralph detested labor and was fond of ease.

At present he was merely a clerk in a fancy store, on a salary which was certainly a small one, and he had resolved to marry and settle as soon as possible, whenever he could find any one whose purse was long enough.

And now that he was actually thrown in the way of a handsome woman, not only young and amiable, but good-looking, so said Howard, and Howard was a judge, his joy knew no bounds.

"Hard to please, is she?" said he to himself. "Ah, well, all the better for me. I fancy that I have a certain way with me that women find it difficult to resist, and I am certainly a very handsome man—remarkably handsome."

"Won't I go it?" said he to himself, as he munched his rolls and swallowed his coffee. "I was meant for a jolly life, and I'll have it."

And turning his hat sideways on his head he hurried to "the store," where his entrance was greeted by an angry glance from the proprietor, who advanced, watch in hand, and inquired courtly:

"Well, Mr. Fitzsimmons, are you aware that you are fifteen minutes late?"

"Perfectly, sir," said Fitzsimmons, gently. "Fifteen minutes and a half. Mulct me a penny, sir. About the amount lost, I believe."

The head of the establishment turned purple with rage, but as the entrance of customers prevented him from "having it out with the young man," as he desired at once, he contented himself with howling, "No. 4, forward!" in terrific tones, and Fitzsimmons, otherwise "No. 4," did "forward" to his place, but slowly, and with much dignity, when a lady entered the store, and advancing straight to his counter, requested to "look at floss silks for embroidery."

She was a tall young lady, of very independent manners, dressed plainly. No one of any importance, of course, Fitzsimmons decided, would shop in such attire.

"What color?" he said, without moving, and with his hands in his pockets.

"Let me see your stock," said the lady.

"Can't you tell me what you want?" said Fitzsimmons.

"I have told you that I wish to look at your floss silks," said the lady.

"Oh," said Fitzsimmons. "Well, there they are. If they don't do I can't help it. I can't gratify the whims of females in regard to shades, and I've given up the attempt. Six and six are twelve, and——"

"I shall take none of those silks," said the lady, rising.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, cried the proprietor, advancing. "Has anything——"

"Mr. Fitzsimmons called her a female," said "cash," who, like all "little pitchers," had "great ears."

"Mr. Fitzsimmons," hissed the indignant master of the store, "you and I must part. This won't do. You're a—a——"

"You're another," said Fitzsimmons, completing the sentence over which the first gentleman had fallen flat, "and I'm rejoiced to leave this confounded retail hole."

A few hours later he strutted into a gorgeous drawing room in Fifth avenue, in the wake of his friend Howard. Three people arose to greet them—an old gentleman, an old and a young lady.

"Mr. Brown, my friend Fitzsimmons. Mrs. Brown, Miss Eleanor."

Fitzsimmons smiled and bowed. The old gentleman began to talk, the old lady ditto. The young lady sat silent, and embroidered, with green floss silk on white velvet certain vine leaves and tendrils.

Fitzsimmons looked at her. He had seen her before. An awful memory flashed across his brain. He strove to banish it. Perhaps she would not recognize him. Perhaps——

"Industrious this evening, Miss Eleanor?" said Howard.

"Yes," said Eleanor. "I'm making a wedding present, and weddings are like time and tide—they wait for no one. I'm behind hand, too."

"Pity," said Howard.

"Yes," said Miss Eleanor. "Shopping for green silks of a certain shade kept me out all day."

"So hard to find?" asked Howard.

"Very," said Eleanor. "And you know the people in stores can't find time to gratify the whims of females, and have given up the attempt. Haven't they, Mr. Fitzsimmons?"

Fitzsimmons turned scarlet. The bright eyes had flashed upon him for once with meaning in them. The heiress was the lady in the waterproof, and she recognized him.

He had lost his situation, and his heiress also, merely because he had not been civil to a person in a waterproof cloak. It was a shocking reflection, but perfectly true; for the visit to the store had been no chance one on Eleanor's part.

She was romantic, and having had a glowing picture painted of Ralph's charms, desired to see him off guard for the first time, and thereby judge him better.

Faith.

Faith stands for the religion of the heart; work stands for the religion of the life. These two God has joined together. Let no man put them asunder; for there is no genuine religion without them in active union. Just as love in the soul finds a way to manifest itself so as to attract the attention, please and benefit the one loved, so genuine faith in the Lord Jesus moves its possessor to earnest, joyful action along lines of practical Christian usefulness. Where there is no such action there is no genuine faith.

According to the report of the Department of Fisheries, the value of the Canadian fisheries for 1896 is computed at $20,199,898, being a decrease of more than half a million dollars as compared with the previous year.