

# THE LONE STAR

## CHAPTER I.

Many years ago, not long after the death of Cromwell, and while the West Indies were still infested by a lawless crew of outlaws from all nations, a tall grig took her departure from Bristol, bound for Jamaica, with a cargo of considerable value, and numerous passengers, emigrants, supercargo, and others. The Royal Charley was a sound brig of 400 tons, a good sailor, well-knew almost every sea where the English flag had ever waved, and his passengers felt a proportionate amount of confidence from their knowledge of his experience. There were on board several personages of very ordinary character, but only a few connected with our narrative, and to these alone can we now refer.

Mr. James Bowen was a wealthy proprietor going out to reside permanently in Jamaica, accompanied by his daughter, a nephew, and several workmen whom he had selected for their intelligence and honesty. This gentleman was one of those straightforward, frank Englishmen who please at a glance, and whose lives of utility and perseverance prove as useful to those around them as they are profitable unto themselves. His wife had been an excellent and worthy woman; but after being his partner for nearly thirty years, she had recently died, leaving him an only daughter, who was now a very beautiful girl of about two or three and twenty. Well-informed, accomplished, and extremely fascinating, she seemed formed by nature to prove the delight of her parents, and the pride of him who should win her maiden affections. But Eleanor Bowen was a romantic girl, given to melancholy moods and reverie; having formed in her own mind a model of a man, she had as yet found no one to come up to her ideas—a very common occurrence when people expect any thing unreasonable. Fond of romance and poetry, well-read in Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and even Milton, Eleanor dearly loved mystery and idealism. A plain, positive man would never have done for her, and yet Henry Postans, her cousin by the mother's side, who accompanied them on their journey, was plain and positive enough, and he was the only serious suitor she had yet had. Henry was Mr. Bowen's only male relative. The child of a young and favorite sister, he had been educated as a clerk, and when old enough, had been taken by his uncle as a junior partner. He had in early youth been used to poverty, but since eighteen, his uncle's generosity had made him independent enough; and now that a marriage between him and Eleanor was projected, brilliant indeed was the prospect before him. The sole inconvenience was, that his cousin had flatly rejected him; but this the young man regarded only as coquetry, which time would get over. As he really loved her, he lived in hope.

Before starting, royal officers came on board and carefully examined every passenger. A leading officer of Cromwell's had been denounced as in England, and about to escape, and the vigilance of the officials of every port was great. The list was gone over, the vessel searched in every imaginable quarter, and then the anchor was weighed, the sails loosened to the breeze, and the Royal Charley started on her way. It was a lovely morning and Eleanor sat on the raised quarter-deck watching the evolutions of the crew and the physiognomies of the passengers. The crew was motley enough in character, but her eye at once singled out one among them who certainly formed a marked contrast to all his companions. He was a tall, handsome man of about thirty, with expansive forehead, eyes that pierced to the very heart, and a look of command which could not be mistaken. The young lady could not keep her eyes off him. From the time of the loosening of the sails, he had been busy every where, below and aloft. He hauled the ropes and halyards as if they had never been out of his hands, and yet his gait was to all appearance far more that of a soldier than of a sailor.

About two hours after leaving Bristol, and after a look round the horizon, Eleanor noticed him come aft, pass the captain, who bowed, she thought, with unusual respectfulness, and go down the ladder to the cabin. Our romantic young lady's ideas were at once excited. There was a mystery to unravel it was quite clear, and she could not help rejoicing at a circumstance which promised to take away from the tedious monotony of a sea voyage. Something to think about is almost as good as something to talk about or see, and what with her favorite poets and her mysterious sailor, Miss Bowen began to fancy she might pass the time of her journey pleasantly enough. She had been at sea too often to have the diversion of sea-sickness, which usually occupies a week with sensitive people, and the stranger was quite a godsend.

While these thoughts were in her mind the sailor came up on deck, but far differently clothed. He wore a semi-Spanish costume, with slouched hat and plumes, a sword and brace of pistols—all showing off a most remarkably handsome face and elegant figure. He advanced toward the group formed by the captain, Mr. Bowen and daughter, Mr. Henry Postans, and then rather haughtily bowed politely but rather black eyes on Eleanor, and then passed them to lean his folded arms on the bulwarks, where he sunk into a deep reverie. All the passengers were puzzled, while the young lady's heart quite beat with excitement. It was clear that she had met a man of genuine, undeveloped mystery, and she considered herself a very happy woman.

"A good leading breeze this, captain?" suddenly said the stranger, turning

round; "and one that, if it would but last, might run us to port in forty days."

"True, sir, true; but winds are variable," replied the worthy skipper with a smile and a bow; "and we'll be very apt to find it contrary before the week's out."

"Before night perhaps," continued the stranger, after a steady and careful examination of the heavens. "There's a south-easterly look about the sky I don't at all like. Perhaps it may keep off until to-morrow, but crack on every thing, Captain Montrose, if you would get off the land. Show out the studding-sail booms, and loosen royals."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the skipper, with whom the stranger's word seemed law.

"Wait a while!" cried the other quickly, looking down to leeward, and lowering his voice; "there's a sizeable craft yonder trying to get to windward of us, and maybe she's no good. Haul aft the starboard braces; helm a-weather."

The captain immediately followed his directions, which immediately brought the stranger astern, and the brig lay down to a pretty stiff breeze, going through the water with considerable rapidity. It soon became evident that the vessel behind was a man-of-war in chase, and the captain and stranger exchanged significant glances.

"We must keep on this tack for another hour," said the stranger; keep her rap full; don't lift the sails, boys. She'll stand the breeze, never fear. She's a good ship, and minds her helm."

The skipper now drew the other on one side. An animated conversation ensued. The tone of the captain was respectful, and even rather importuning; the other's was calm and commanding. Presently they looked over the stern.

"Her poop is now clearly visible," exclaimed the skipper; "an hour ago I ground fast, her maintop. She's gaining."

"She can't reach us before night, captain, and then we'll be amid the shoals and rocks I vot of, where she will never follow. Trust to me. I defy the myrmidons of the man Stuart."

"Hush!" said the skipper in alarm. There was no one near, however, but Eleanor, whose eyes were fixed curiously on the white sails of the stranger vessel; and who, although she distinctly heard the words, made no sign of having done so.

Hours passed without producing much evident change in the state of affairs, though it was clearly visible to an experienced eye that the man-of-war sailed at least a knot an hour better than the merchantman. But it was dark, and there was no moon until midnight. On this both captain and his mysterious passenger counted for safety.

The cabin passengers snuggled together, and when they came on deck it was dark. High land was clearly visible ahead, however, despite the gloom. The stranger took a keen look around, and then standing by the captain on the quarter-deck, gave his directions in a whisper.

"All hands about ship—tumble down with the helm—locks and sheets—mainsail haul—belay!" were orders as rapidly obeyed as given; and then when the brig forged ahead, according to plan previously arranged, dead silence prevailed, not a light was allowed to be shown, and the Royal Charley went back almost the way she had come. Presently the stranger sprang quickly to the wheel.

"Square yards!" he shouted; "haul up the weather clue of the mainsail; the skipper himself ran to obey, and in five minutes the Royal Charley was right before the wind, with foaming breakers right and left, and but a narrow channel in which she could move. This continued for about a quarter of an hour, when the stranger left the wheel, and bade the captain lay to. The yards were braced round, and those forward counteracting those aft, the brig came motionless. Every thing was now ready. An old jolly-boat, with a short mast, was lowered, an immense lantern was fastened to the top of the mast, and the thing lay loose. At a distance it presented all the appearance of a vessel anchored outside the breakers, afraid to move in the dark. This simple plan—one often resorted to, but still successful—carried out the sails were again filled, the helm put down, and course, free from all serious anxiety with regard to her pursuer.

## CHAPTER II

Early next morning Eleanor came on deck, where she found the unknown quietly walking up and down, with all the calm of a man who felt perfectly safe. There was nothing in sight but blue sky and water. It was a lovely day. The wind was fast, the sails belied to the breeze, the masts bent under the stiff pressure, and all seemed to promise a pleasant voyage out. Eleanor sat down and looked out upon the sea, but her thoughts were not there. She had scarcely slept all night for thinking of him who now walked by her, his arms folded, his brow knit, and his eyes fixed on the deck. She was strangely puzzled to know who he could be.

"You seem a good sailor, miss?" said he suddenly, speaking in a full, deep voice close by her side, and with all the ease, elegance, and grace of a polished gentleman.

"Pretty good," said Eleanor with a start of unfeigned surprise. "This is my fourth long voyage."

"You have been a traveller? I suppose you know the West Indies well?"

"I know nothing of them save what can be seen round my father's plantation in Jamaica."

The stranger, seemingly encouraged by her words, sat down by her side, and began speaking of the various islands round the Mexican gulf, of the buccaners and Spaniards, of the Spaniards of all the wonders and curiously little known. His descriptions were clear and deeply interesting, and Eleanor was much surprised at the immense knowledge displayed by so young a man, who from his conversation evidently spent the greater part of his life in England. He frankly owned the fact that he was an officer of the famous Ironsides, that he had been the favorite with Cromwell, and consequently was proportionately detested by the reigning powers. He had only been in England, he said, three weeks on family business; but during that time he had been tracked like a wild beast of the woods, and was glad to breathe the free air of the sea once more. He

entered into picturesque details of his adventures which singularly interested his listener, who, from education and religious feeling, felt much sympathy with the animated speaker. Suddenly, however, he turned his talk back to the gulf, as Mr. Bowen and Mr. Postans came on deck. A rapid glance made Eleanor aware that his confidential avowals were for herself alone.

"Good morning, father dear," said Eleanor advancing to meet him; "here am I up to my ears in histories of buccaners and pirates. Pray Heaven we meet none of them!"

"Art so fearful of them, lady?" remarked the stranger.

"And surely no wonder. They are terrible men. I would not like to fall into the hands of Henry Morgan, or Mowbray, or"

"Him of the Lone Star," continued the Ironsides with a smile.

"Pray who is he?"

"No man knows," answered the other. "He is said to own the loveliest craft in all the gulf, to lie about in unknown places, coming down like a thunder-bolt on unsuspecting merchantmen in the very places where they count themselves safe. Many a good ship has been picked up by his swift brigantine just off a port."

"God preserve us from the bloody-minded knave!" said Henry Postans. "We have heard enough of him in Bristol. He wages a war of extermination against the Spaniards, though he never touches English merchantmen; but, strange enough, he has captured many English men-of-war of twice his force by sheer cunning. A magnificent reward is offered for his apprehension."

"I never heard that he was bloody-minded," replied the Roundhead, quietly. "I always was told that he never lost a life except in fair fight; but there are many rumours afloat, and no man can say which are true and which are false."

The conversation continued some time in the same tone, and by breakfast-time a considerable amount of intimacy had sprung up between the parties. There is no place like a ship cockpit to raise between man and man. Some days passed over, and the Commonwealth officer became unceasing in his attentions to Miss Bowen. He was ever at her side, and as his talents, education, conversational powers, and experience were vastly superior to those of Henry Postans, Eleanor could not but pay him almost exclusive attention. At the end of a fortnight it was evident that the young men were declared rivals, and a contest ensued. The Roundhead became gay, light-hearted, merry; a smile was ever on his lip, and his eye beamed with inexpressible delight. The merchant became moody, sullen, and silent, and thus almost destroyed every chance of rivalry which might have existed.

Still Eleanor made no marked distinction between them, except as regards listening to the one more than to the other. This she could scarcely avoid, for there was no comparison between the colloquial powers of the rivals. The father seemed scarcely aware of what was going on. He had habituated himself to look on Henry Postans as his future son-in-law; and like many other parents in a similar position, he hardly thought it possible that another should attempt to interfere with such comfortable and satisfactory arrangements. About three weeks, however, before their departure from Bristol, two brief scenes occurred which brought matters to a climax.

(To be continued.)

## MRS. ARUNDLE SHOWED GRIT.

The Thief Asked for a Key and She Held Out a Revolver.

Mrs. John Arundle, of Ansonia, Conn., has pluck. A man came to her home on Prospect street, on Monday and said he had come for "those chickens." Mr. Arundle has a fancy for choice poultry, and has a fine flock of high-bred fowls.

"I bought six hens and a rooster of your husband this morning and paid him \$8 for them," exclaimed the Monday morning caller, "and I've come after them. I want 'em quick, too," and he unrolled a big bag he had carried under his arm.

Mrs. Arundle doubted his statement and refused to let him have the fowls. The man grew angry. If she would not give him the chickens he would help himself, as he would not have time to call again this week. He went to the hen house in the rear yard to force his way in.

"Hold on a minute; don't break the lock. I'll go in and get the key," called Mrs. Arundle.

In a minute Mrs. Arundle appeared in the door and said:

"Here's the key; come and get it."

The man turned and approached carelessly, not looking up until he reached the step leading up to the back door. Instead of a key Mrs. Arundle held in her hand a bright bulldog revolver ready cocked. He stopped and his jaw fell. Then Mrs. Arundle said:

"Now you get right out of here in a hurry. No chicken thief is going to rob me in broad daylight if I have my eyes open."

The thief grabbed up his bag, made for the fence, jumped over, and ran down Woodbridge avenue.

## BALLOON LIFEBOATS.

The big ocean greyhounds will soon, it is thought, be equipped with lifeboats harnessed to balloons, so as to be practically unsinkable. Cylinders filled with compressed gas will be placed in compartments of the lifeboats, and from these the balloon, which will be harnessed with cords to a hollow mast connected with the cylinder, is inflated. The mast, which is iron tubing, is adjustable, and, when turned forward, the big balloon acts as a sail, oars proving quite unnecessary. The combination boat will doubtless prove the greatest service in saving people far out at sea. In a recent test it was shown that, even with the boat lifting with water to the gunwales, the craft from either sinking or upsetting.

# AFFECTION FOR THE WEED

## CAUSES BLINDNESS IN ONE WHO USED IT IN MODERATION.

The Remarkable Effect of Smoking on the Eyes of George Lippert—To Save His Sight He Must Abstain Entirely From Liquor and Tobacco.

Temperance lecturers would find in George Lippert, a bookkeeper, of Cincinnati, a most striking example not only of the evils wrought by liquor, but those that follow in the wake of the affection for the weed. Not that Lippert is addicted to either to an inordinate degree, nor allowed his love for the brimming glass or the fumes that soothe to run away with his discretion. As a matter of fact, Lippert belongs to that class called moderate drinkers and smokers, who take an occasional glass with a friend or indulge in a cigar when the fancy strikes them. Gentlemanly in appearance, rather good-looking, of splendid physique, and without a sign that would indicate a disease which is the direct result of a habit of smoking. In fact, his system was so pointed with both that it is only by abstaining entirely from both, and with the aid of copious and frequent doses of strychnia and other powerful tonics that the physicians hope to save his sight.

APPROACHING BLINDNESS.

It was about two months ago that the strangely afflicted man had the first premonition of his impending fate. Its encroachment was so stealthy that he paid no heed to it, and went about his duties as usual, ascribing a dull pain in his head and eyes to overwork and sleepless nights. Then came a time when objects became blurred to his vision and assumed grotesque to the mental eye, which retained the recollection of the shape as it ought to be. For instance, if he looked at a pin, concentrating his vision on the head of it, that part would gradually disappear. In smaller objects this particularly expiring vision was most marked, although it was present in every case, the result, of course, being diminished as the object upon which his gaze rested was in proportion. When looking at a man, house, tree or any other object, that particular point upon which the sight was focused grew hazy or vague. Looking into a mirror, his face his features would disappear; looking at the trunk of the tree, he only saw the branches, and at the door of a house, only its walls and windows.

WHAT THE DOCTORS FOUND.

As this affliction became more and more pronounced day after day Lippert became alarmed, and in his misfortune finally consulted a well-known specialist. To the practiced eye of the physician the disease, while rare and seldom found outside of medical reports dealing with singular cases, was not unknown, and he recognized it as a genuine case of toxic amblyopia. Under the ophthalmoscope the advancing atrophy of the optic nerve was quite noticeable, although only a slight inflammation of the nerve itself was apparent. The visual test showed one tenth per cent of the right eye normal two sevenths per cent of the left.

Both eyes to the ordinary observer appear clear without a blemish on their outer surface. No inflammation of the lids, either without or within, can be seen, and, to all appearances, the eyes are full and round and free from discharge. Only upon a closer view the pupil and cornea present a blurred inner curtain, as if they had been seared with a red-hot iron.

Beyond the inconvenience and the apprehension he feels Lippert is none the worse for his peculiar affliction, and since he has been in the hands of the specialist treating him he follows strictly the rigorous regime described in the desperate hope of saving his vision. This treatment contains the strict injunction that the patient must abstain entirely from liquor and tobacco in any form.

ANIMAL WARS.

Twenty-five years ago the mongoos, the great enemy of snakes in India, was imported into Jamaica to destroy the rats which were devastating the sugar-cane and other crops of the island. Having exterminated the rats the mongoos next attacked poultry and all kinds of game, as well as snakes, lizards and turtles, and finally, even began to feel upon sugar-cane, bananas, pineapples, etc. But at length, according to the account recently published by Professor Duerden of Jamaica, the tables were turned against the invader. What its larger foes could not accomplish seems to have been done by ticks and other small insects. The natural enemies of these pests having been driven off by the mongoos the ticks multiplied enormously, until even human beings suffered from their attacks. The pests then fastened upon the mongoos, which within the past few years are notably diminished in numbers. And now, as the mongoos gradually disappears, the snakes, birds and lizards are beginning to return.

TWO FAVORITES.

A gentleman walking upon the street was beset at the heels by a yelping black-and-tan dog, the owner of which just behind, seemed quite oblivious to her dog's behavior.

Seeing that the woman made no effort to call off the animal, the gentleman turned upon his persecutor and administered a hearty kick which made the enemy recoil with his tail between his legs and a loud ki-yi.

Brute, cried the woman, to kick a little dog like that! That little creature, sir, is a pet, and is used to such treatment; and she bestowed a freezing glance upon the offender.

I beg your pardon, ma'am, replied he, I did not mean to hurt your dog. You should have called him off when he was barking and snapping at my heels.

He would not have hurt you, sir, replied the woman. He is a pet, I did not care to be bitten by him, notwithstanding that fact, ma'am, returned the gentleman; I am something of a favorite at home myself.

# CURE FOR HUNCHBACKS.

## New Treatment Which a French Doctor Has Successfully Tried Many Times.

Hereafter there are to be no more hunchbacks. At least there need be none in the future if children afflicted with that terrible spinal curvature are submitted to the treatment which the French doctor, Calot, has so successfully applied in the course of his practice in the Rothschild Hospital at Berk-sur-Mer.

Dr. Calot's process, in broad general terms, consists simply in pressing down the curved hump of the backbone until the vertebrae resume their normal place with reference to each other. It takes great force to do this and assistants pull vigorously at the shoulders and feet of the subject while the doctor with his hands bears down heavily upon the hump. The sound of the bones cracking as they come into place is distinctly audible, but the patient is under the influence of chloroform and is not conscious of pain.

For several months, or until the vertebrae are firmly in their places, the child is kept in a plaster of Paris mould but he is allowed to go abroad after a time with only the support of a tight-fitting corset. About ten months are required for complete cure. Dr. Calot has performed thirty-seven operations of this kind, all of them without accident and all resulting in the COMPLETE OBLITERATION of the hump, leaving the back as straight as anybody's.

History might have been changed had this Calot treatment been known in past ages. Hunchbacks have yielded great power at one time and another. Richard III. being a notable instance. They are very frequently vicious and impure in disposition, as the result of brooding over their deformity, and have wrought much evil in the world. Had Richard been subjected to the Calot treatment in childhood a bloody page might have been omitted from English history. He would have been a handsome man but for his deformity, and his remorseless cruelty very likely, had much of its origin in his morose misanthropy, the result of his malformation.

If the Calot process becomes general in the treatment of hunchbacks, the literature of the future will have to rely upon the product of the past and immediate present for a supply of this favorite literary monster.

In real life Alexander Pope, might have had the peevish, querulous dwarf, he was, but a fine handsome fellow, with a merry rather than a waspish wit, had his deforming hunch been pressed into place by a skilled surgeon.

THE COUNTRY AND INSANITY

The Dull, Monotonous Life is the Cause of Insanity in Farmers' Wives.

A recent article in a scientific journal stated that three-fourths of the women found in state asylums for the insane were farmers' wives. If this is true, and there is no reason to doubt it, it should be interesting to know why.

Another authority some time ago declared that the large number of delirious became insane through an exaggerated egotism, while the principal causes of lunacy among women were disappointed affection or the "dreadful round" of a "hard, monotonous, solitary life."

This last statement bears out the first. Nothing can be more wearing to the nerves than the constant strain of a never ending routine, coupled with the mental stagnation which farmers' wives have usually had to endure. No treadmill could be more endlessly recurring than the inflexible round of daily duty, early and late, which the farmer's wife of a few years ago had to perform.

Five o'clock in the dark and cold of winter morning saw her digging her way from the house, through the snow to the wood pile. Breakfast for the man and his men. Breakfast for the children, who must also be made ready for school. Baby to be looked after, dishes to be washed, milk to be skimmed, bread to be baked, beds to be made, sweeping to be done, vegetables to be prepared, dinner to be cooked, children to be looked after, ironing three afternoons in a week. Other days cleaning, baking, making pies, and doughnuts—"mother's famous doughnuts."

Evening brought no relief, or release for was not there always some gaping wound in jacket or trousers, the piled up stockings in basket, and lastly, the fire to "bank" and the buckwheat cakes to mix, before the wearied woman could stretch her aching body upon her often hard bed, too "beat out" to sleep.

Always tired. Always faced by some ever-recurring duty, no wonder the worn body and starved brain found relief in a madhouse.

For this was, after all, what it meant for farmers' wives—years ago; this is what it means for some women to-day; an absence of relation between the mental and physical forces—a want of equilibrium in both the gathering and expenditures of power. An overworked body and starved brain. An eager thirst for knowledge; for all that makes life worth the living, and feet chained to a rotary machine, like a dog to a churn.

A GIGANTIC PEAR-TREE.

A famous pear-tree, which had lived nearly six centuries, near Toulon, was destroyed recently by a violent wind-storm. The trunk was nearly twelve feet in circumference. Monsieur Ghabaud, the proprietor of the ground on which the tree stood, after corresponding with nearly all the botanical societies in Europe, could learn of no pear-tree equal in size and age to this one.

ROAD TO WEALTH.

Count that day saved whose Low descending sun Views from thy purse no Dollars on the run.

TWIXT EARTH A

"Good evening, Geo."

"Good evening, sir; rather late on for evening."

"Well, yes, either early. There's the twelve."

"Aye, sure enough what, sir. I never hear clock strike twelve me a queer, creepy feeling o' my back."

"Not ghosts, surely, who works among fun and is accustomed to ing lights and shadows earthy-looking be should be past that."

"Oh, aye, sir, a man his time on night shut o' that sort of no."

"Then what in the world about twelve midnight hardened man like you."

"It was summat a s than any ghost I ever seen that gave my nerves ne'er got o'er."

"Well, George, you to deny me the story, by all means. I can nerves."

"It's a thing I ne'er less I'm like, coliged often, but I'll tell yo' as You've come specially forge by night, an' it miss it."

So in and out among naeces of Messrs. M "forge" we went, my saw the grim worker waist, wiping the stration from their brows tow as black as their faces, or guiding the m hot, like a river of qu from the heart of the moulds prepared for it.

We saw the stokers rods and heavy shove mighty furnaces, and the doors, lanes of light the alley and made o while, every now and mass of iron would be ley to the puddlers, w red-hot metal as a breakfast roll.

It was a weird sight hours of the morning, I was too much intere and strange sights o think of George's story at the foot of the gre which shot up to the above our heads. G spoke:

"This is the very chin tellin' yo' about."

"Why, George, you tioned the chimney knowledge."

"Well, well! I thou that it was this very c set my nerves."

"Oh! It looks a feat "Height? Yo' shou top. Yo' don't see her down."

"I can believe you "It's five ye' sin", o o' February. They w chimney, an' repairin' o in fact, they were pu on the whole, I rounded fro' top to bot in', an' there were b form to platform, fro' I said to my mate, Jim foreman then—I mean top o' th' shaft, Jim, a are tak' down." Right he let's go to-night."

"So between th' head we've middin' th' time work like demons for it's o'er for a bit—bet I say, Jim an' me put for we knew it 'ud be went off quietly left furnaces, and began to ders."

"Up an' up we went Jim takin' step an' s I dar'n't look down o a pretty good head for exactly a born stepp form a somersault on Well, we kep' on Jim a stronger every minute, th' cornice as runs rou it's plenty wide enoug fortable like; an' then, was a platform o' pla as took considerably fr height."

Jim picked up a gr was lying on th' top, o a-penstened on th' side, lieve the hook had bee th' rope in as was dan o' pulleys at th' end beam. Th' hoistin' ad was used for hoist copin' stones an' other there, I can tell yo', an' numb; but we enjoyed it. The lights of the thousands down below, of the Town Ha' looked pepper-caster with a lid works, at look so big de like a good-sized bas cept for th' bit o' nos o our chaps below, it fast-asleep. I felt a bit er—not wi' cold—patt I says: 'Let's go down enough.' So Jim lays where he'd found it, a descend."

"We'd got about a th down, when Jim says; the next platform a minute, straight down. We cou th' top. We can stick our last chance! So we th' next stage we wen th' chimney peep o'er, depth it looked! Well, o' use askin' how it happ could tell. Things ha minute—because they' pen, I suppose—an' it's explain how. Perhaps