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rs on water.

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THE BOY MAGICIAN;

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CHAPTER I. THE PRISONER OF MID-OCEAN.

Late one summer afternoon, a dozen years ago, a solitary white man stood before an idolatrous temple on an is-

He was of middle age, tall thin, and gaunt, with rugged featurers and sorrowful eyes, and with every sign of goodness and intelligence. Beside him was a grim stone idol, in

grotesque human form, more than twice as tall as himself which he had just finished, and was indicated by the mallet and chisel in his hands. "It is done," he muttered. "And these heathen little suspect that I have

cut my name and story in the base of this idol." He ran his eye rapidly over the inscription in question. It was as fol-

"The 8th of May, 1852, I, David Lester of the firm of Lester & Nichols, of Norfolk, Virginia, sailed as a passenger from Charleston to Hong Kong, via Cape Horn, in the ship 'Heela.' A cyclone struck us in mid-ocean, the ship foundered, and we took to the boats, which all filled, with the exception of the one I was in. After drifting several days, during which my companions perished, I reached this island, The Idolatrous inhabitants made me a slave in their temple, and for more than four years I have been doing menial offices and carving images. I have been chained every night, and watched continual ly by day, but have neverthess made three attempts at escape, and shall soon make another-doubtless my last, as I am resolved to succeed or die, preferring death to a longer cappreferring death to a longer captivity. I therefore write these words upon this idol, praying any one who may see them to report my fate, if possible, to my family at Norfolk, Virginia. Finished this inscription this 7th day of July, 1857."

For several minutes the prisoner contemplated these lines in silence, and

"Three times I have tried to escape in a canoe," he mutered," "and every time I was caught, and visited with I will risk all the first opportunity

the eastward, far out upon the ocean. home to-morrow." There, miles and leagues away, was lay becalmed upon the waters.

"A ship! a ship!" cried Lester, sob bingly. "At last, oh Heaven! At last my prayer is answered!

THE PRISONER'S HOME. On the east bank of the Elizabeth river, just out of Norfolk, and overlooking Hampton Roads, stood a beautiful cottage, the home of the wife and daughter of David Lester, the prisoner of the lone island in the far Pacific. Near the close of a lovely afternoon

in May, Mrs. Lester and her daughter sat together upon their front veranda. The mother was a lovely sweet-faced, sad-eved woman of two-and-thirty

The daughter, Amy Lester, not yet fifteen, was a strange compound of "You are thinking of father, dear

mother?" murmured the maiden, as she marked the lady's longing gaze. "Yes, child. Your father, my hus-

band; where is he? Somewhere under the sea waves, wrecked on a desert island, or languishing on a hostile shore? It is five years since he left us on that fatal voyage to China. My reason assures me that he is dead; yet, Amy, I can only think of him as liv-

"It is so with me, mother," said A my, with a tremulous quiver of her lips. "I dream often that he is living -that he is coming home!"

"We need him in a hundred ways," said Mrs. Lester, sighing. If anything were to happen to me Amy, I shudder to think what would become of you. You have been brought up in luxury, and would feel keenly any change to poverty." "Are we not rich, then, mother?"

asked Amy, in surprise.

"I supposed so, dear, until three years ago," replied the mother sadly. "Your father was a merchant and ship-owner, a partner of Colonel Nichols. Bu. two years ago Colonel Nichols informed me that the out-standing debts of the firm more than balanced the assets; in short, Amy, that he was on the verge of bankruptcy, his fortune and ours alike wrecked!"

"I don't like Colonel Nichols!" said Amy, thoughtfully. "If he lost all his money with ours, how does he live in such grand style? To whom do his ships and great house belong?"

"To his nephew, Ally Bell. Colonel Nichols is Ally's guardian. The Colonel has nothing of his own, excepting a farm or two up country, which were not risked in the business.

Amy contracted her little brows reflectively, and was about to reply, when the garden gate swung on its hinges, and a boylsh figure came lightly up the walk. "It's Ally, mother-it's Ally Bell!"

exclaimed Amy, all smiles and blushes. "I'll bring him to you." The young girl ran lightly down the varandah steps and met the new- tion paid to his cry.

comer, linking her arm in his and drawing him gently toward the house. stunned by the knowledge of his situ-He was a lad of seventeen, an orphan, the nephew and ward of Colonel

Nichols. Bright and gay and handsome, Allen Bell was also impetous, ar- LESTER ESCAPES AND HEARS FROM dent, and intelligent-one of those noble, manly boys who mature early into grand and noble men. Boy as he was, he loved Amy Lester with a pure

BEDFORD, PA., THURSDAY MORNING OCTOBER 21, 1869.

delivered it, he strolled with Amy down the garden walks into the cool the garden.

"I've been expecting you this good ing frankness. "I thought you would be down here to try those scientific experiments to-day."

We'll try them to-night, Amy," replied Ally. "The blue lights show finely in my chemistry, Amy. I like was threatening. it best of all my studies."

"I am sure you do," said Amy earn-

Ally Bell laughed aloud. Amy's child-like simplicity and outspoken ing, he beheld a sight that turned all truthfullness, were her greatest charm

"The sight of that brig yonder," said Ally, "reminds me that I promised to meet Colonel Nichols on board of it directly after I delivered that letter to your mother. I must go now, but "She is coming this way. I am saved you may expect me as soon as it's dark."

He clasped her in his arms and kiss-

ed her. For a minute the youthful lovers stood at the garden gate, toward which they had slowly walked, and here they parted soberly-All to go down to the heart and soul in his voice. brig where he had engaged to meet his

She found Mrs. Lester, the open letter in her lap, silent and motionless as from her deck, falling into his canoe. a statue, her attitude that of profound

wild alarm, springing to her side. Mrs. Lester looked at her daughter with a woe-stricken face.

"Oh, Amy!" she cried, turning to me that we are beggars. He reminds gladness of this hour!" me that he has asked me three several says he knows your father to be dead, and he offers himself to me for the last tortures. To be caught again in such time. He reminds me of my ill health, ships—the Cyclone; that that ship was an attempt will be certain death. Yet of your youth and helplessness. And commanded by a bitter foe in league he says"-and Mrs. Lester's voice with Colonel Nichols, who, on recogthat offers. This longing for freedom | broke down in a tempest of sobs- | nizing him, would without remorse and my family is becoming a positive madness. Oh, my God! what is wealth, comfort, and happiness, on the the Pacific in his Indian canoe. other poverty and sorrow. If I refuse He gazed in perfect stupofaction to him he swears to turn us out of our

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Amy, a ship, her white sails gleaming as she with a sharp cry, as she hid her face in wiping the stain from his face with its her mother's bosom.

CHAPTER II. ALLY ENTRAPPED

Before Ally Bell reached the brig lying at the wharf, his uncle, Colonel Nichols, had been there and arranged with the Captain, who went by the name of Hiley, to carry Ally off to China, for which service the Colonel promised to give the Captain the brig and ten thousand dollars, in case the boy never came back. Hiley was a murderer, whose real name was Sprouls, and Colonel Nichols knew it. And Colonel Nichols had robbed Mrs. Lester, and now wanted to rob his

Ally Bell should never see Norfolk a-"Where is the lad?" he asked, as he and Colonel Nichols finished drinking success to their nefarious schemes, to which the Colonel replied:

nephew and have him murdered, and

Hiley knew that, and resolved that

"He should be here at this very moment. Ah, I hear his step on deck now! Here he comes!" Even as he spoke Ally Bell came

hurrying into the cabin, his face flushed with pleasurable excitement. "I'm just in time to see you off, Cap-

tain Hiley," he said, not noticing the guilty looks of the conspirators. "The wind is fair, and the crew anxious. A good voyage to you, Captain. Bring me some rare shells when you return. They are for a little girl's cabinet, and must be pretty."

"Aye, aye, Mr. Allen." responded the Captain heartily. Didn't you see my collection of shells in yonder stateroom? No? You are welcome to your choice of them all, sir."

He advanced and flung open the state-room door.

Ally bent forward and looked in. With a quick thrust, Hiley pushed him into the little room and hurriedly locked the door. With an exultant smile Colonel

Nichols said adieu and went ashore. The next minute the hurried trampling of feet was blended with the songs of the stout seaman, as the brig moved slowly from the wharf toward the sea. Ally's first thought, on finding

himself shut up in Captain Hiley's state-room, was that the two men were joking-merely intending to scare him | tred and exultation. a little, and then let him out; but he soon discovered that the Quickstepthe brig was so named-had left her wharf and was standing down Elizabeth river toward the ocean. The truth flashed upon him.

will be bad for you!" No reply was made to him-no atten

He saw that he was fast, and was ation.

CHAPTER III.

HOME.

We left David Lester on his lonely island, planning his escape, with a ship in sight from the elevated point where and chivalrous love, which bade fair he was at work. He waited till night to deepen in time into the great love and until a priest of the idolatrous temple came to chain him in his dun-He was the bearer of a letter from geon, where they nightly confined him; his uncle to Mrs. Lester, and having and then suddenly leaping upon the priest, he bore him to the floor, chained and gagged him, disguised himself shadows of a grove at the bottom of in his priestly robes, stained his face brown with dirt, went to the shore where the canoes were lying, entered while, Ally," said Amy with charm- one of them, and paddled out to sea in which he had seen the ship.

He paddled for hours with all his strength, 'had gone so far that the lights of the island could not be seen. and yet no ship had been found; and better at night. I'm getting along now the wind was rising and a storm

"Oh, God! Am I forsaken?" he cried, in an awful anguish, seized with estly, "You are the nicest boy I ever a fear that the wind would take the ship from him. "Must I perish here?" At that moment when hope was dy-

> his wild woe into yet wilder ecstasy. There, to the northward, was a ship standing directly towards him with all sails set to catch the rising breeze, and not half a mile away. "Yes, there she is!" he shouted.

-saved!" He raised his arms to heaven in a mute thanksgiving and sobbed aloud the glad tears streaming down his worn and haggard cheeks.

The ship came nearer and nearer. Heerdoubled his wild shouts, his

An answering cry came suddenly uncle, and Amy to return to her moth- from the ship's deck, and she drew steadily nearer-swerved from her course slightly, and a rope was thrown

He seized the rope in desperate eagerness, and a group of sailors leaning "What is it, mother?" cried Amy in over the ship's side drew him aboard. In an instat more the ship had resumed her course, and was moving in stately fashion before the breeze.

"Safe at last!" murmured Lester, that brave, childish heart for strength | leaning against the bulwarks, weak and comfort, "Colonel Nichols writes and nerveless as an infant. "Oh, the Poor man! He did not dream at times to marry him. And Amy, he that moment that his adverse fate was even then relentlessly closing around him; that he was on one of his own

"that on the one hand he offers me consign him again to the mercies of On inquiry Lester learned that the vessel was the Cyclone, and in the light of the cabin lamp recognized her captain. Tearing off his priestly robe, and

coarse folds, he exclaimed:

"Captain Sales, dont you know "David Lester!" cried the Captain, turning ashy pale, and grasping his stationery seat as though he had receiv-

Lester wiped his brows and sat down, the Captain taking a seat opposite

He had so much to ask that his emotions choked his utterance, and prevented him from observing the look of deadly hatred with which the Captain regarded him. But he finally plied his questions fast, and learned that his wife yet lived, that his daughter Amy had grown into a lovely girl, and that both wife and daughter had long mourned him as dead. He also

learned of his wife's poverty. "Colonel Nichols settled up the firm affairs," said the captain reservedly, "and there was nothing left for Mrs. Lester. She has been living off his bounty these two or three years!-When your interest in this ship was sold, I bought it. The Colonel owns

the other half!" "But this is base fraud!" exclaimed Lester. "The Colonel has been untrue to the trust I reposed in him. I have had suspicions of his integrity during my long exile, but I have never dared to entertain them. I'll make matters straight on my return. I can prove my claims and bring him to justice, the dastardly villian! My poor Mar-

garet!" and he groaned. Lester's threat concerning Nichols eemed to stir up all the malice of the Captain's nature. He beheld his inter" est in the ship, fraudulently acquired, threatened, and he hated still more the lawful owner whose right in the

Cyclone he had usurped. "If report speaks truly," he said, "Mrs. Lester need not be called 'poor." Colonel Nichols has long been paying her attentions, and when I left port, five months ago, the story was that they were engaged. The Colonel told me himself that he loved her and meant to marry her. No doubt by this time they are married."

This cruel thrust struck home to the poor husband's heart, and uttering a great cry, he fell forward with his face upon the table, while the Captain re garded him with a look of mingled ha-Leaving his victim thus stunned,

Captain Sales went on deck, and see ing that a storm was rising, and thinking the time favorable for getting rid of Lester, he informed the crew that the strange man in the cabin was an in-"I see it all!" he cried, leaping to sane creature, whom it would be unhis feet. "Hiley is taking me to sea safe to keep on board, and easily conwith him! Captain Hiley!" he shoutvinced them that it was their duty, as ed, pounding on the wall, "open the they valued their own lives, to set him door this minute! Let me out, or it adrift again. He then went below, called Lester on deck, and at once set him adrift in a well provisioned boat, notwithstanding the wretched man's petious appeals for mercy. The Cyctone then sailed on, and Lester's boat was soon lost sight of in the darkness. A short time afterward the storm hard to you, Colonel. David Lester i I paper in the world.

broke furiously, and Captain Sales rubbed his hands as he thought of the certain fate of the poor waif whom he

had so recently exposed to its power. But the storm was of short duration; Lester's boat outrode it; and the next day he succeeded in reaching the Cloud Islands. His fame as an image carver had preceded him, and the Chief of the Cloud Islands, who was named Lanati, at once compelled him to go to work on an idol, informing him that he should spend the remaininder of his life in that odious service. The unhappy man was driven to despair by this terrible announcement. He toiled day how he alone remained alive to tell the after day, and night after night he planned to escape. But all his plannings were in vain, as he was heavily ironed, and closely guarded at night. But finally, after mouths of disappointment, when the attention of his guards was attracted elsewhere by the ceremo- that shot from his bloodshot eyes .-nies of a feast, he succeeded in eluding their vigilance, and getting rid of his lose by his life and gain by his death?" irons he escaped from the guard-house. and dashed wildly toward the sheltering obscurity of a thick forest, which he reached in safety, but not before his claimed. "The fact is, Colonel, I flight had been discovered, and scores

An overuling Providence had so ordered it that a short time before Lesters's escape, Alley Bell had been left islands. He was in a frail boat, the by Captain Hiley on an uninhabited island, within sight of the group on which Lester then was. Alley had while in a deep sleep had been left on Nichols. "And he may be picked up the island, with his chest, a basket of by a vessel at any time, and come provisions, and a full set of tools.

of the islanders had started in pursuit

The boy on awakening, and finding himself thus left alone in the vast Pa- to you." cific Ocean was crushed by a sense of and he soon rallied, and set at work to ried steps. make the best of his case. He built himself a hut, and having a lot of fireworks in his chest, he arranged them so that he could play them off with effect, in case of any savages from the as a ventriloquist, was so great that he Magician," which title he determined but a few days when he saw a fleet | must not come back! He shall not of cances and sail boats approaching come back !" his island, and hastily getting his fireworks in perfect order, he calmly atinguish eagerly gazing at his cabin.

CHAPTER IV

THE MOST FIENDISH PLOT OF ALL. The summer slipped away, and Sep-

tember was drawing to its close. One morning late in the month, Colonel Nichols sat in his office, idly drumming on his desk with his fingers, an expression of satisfaction on his features.

He had been persecuting Mrs. Les ter with his attentions, which she disdainfully repulsed. He had also conceived a vehement desire to avenge himself on her daughter Amy, who, believing that Ally had been sent off by Colonel Nichols, had been a constant thorn in his side for months.

"Well," he muttered, with a long, drawn breath, "I finished closing up my affairs yesterday. What is to be my next move? I can leave Norfolk and his eyes gleamed luridly, "and I at any time. It might not be a bad i- arrive out there, to find that he has dea to take Mrs. Lester and Amy to my Cape Henry house. People begin to look coldly on me here, and they look on Mrs. Lester as an injured saint!"

He frowned darkly, as if unpleasant

memories were recurring to him. At this moment there sounded a The clerks had all been discharged within the month, and there was no business doing. Nichols, therefore, did not stir from his seat, nor trouble himself to inquire the business of the

The heavy tread approached the inner office, the door was opened, and a man looked in. Nichols saw him and sprang to his

feet in astonishment. "Captain Sales!" he ejaculated. "It can't be possible! Come in! Come right in !"

The man entered, closing the door behind him. It was indeed Captain Sales, of the ship Cyclone—the same man who had inhumanly set David Lester adrift in the South Pacific, in the very teeth, as

The two men-fitting companionsshook hands heartily. "When did you arrive, Captain?" demanded Nichols, proffering a chair. "This is a surprise! I wasn't expecting

he had supposed, of a terrific tempost!"

you this month !" 'I suppose not,' said Sales seating himself. "I ran into the Roads this very morning, and cast anchor not an hour ago. I concluded you didn't see me, since you didn't come off. We had a gale all the way home that blew us twilight shadows.

On the steps of the kitchen porch,

voyage out and in." Nichols went to a closet cupboard, and brought out a bottle of brandy and a tumbler.

"Have a drink," he said, filling the glass. "How about your trading bsuiness? Seems to me you didn't stay long enough to do well." "Well, I haven't done so well as usual, Colonel, that's a fact," replied

Sales, between swallows of the liquor. "But I've got something of more importance to you than a thousand dollars more or less, Colonel." "And what is that?" demanded Nichols.

Sales tossed off the remainder of the brandy, and sat the glass down heavily as he responded:

alive."

"Alive!" Nichols reeled as if a bullet had enentered his heart. His complexion

turned livid. "Alive!" he repeated, in a shrill, cutting whisper. "He has come back? He is in Norfolk ?"

He looked around him wildly, as if seeking an avenue of escape.

"No, Colonel, he is not here. He boarded us just after a calm in the South Pacific. I saw him face to face, heard him tell how the vessel he went out in had been lost in a cyclone, and

"And you brought him back?" cried Nichols, in that shrill, incisive whisper, putting his livid, scared face close to that of Sales, and fairly startling the latter by the glance of evil meaning "You let him live-you, who will

A regretful expression crossed the face of Captain Sales.

"If I did, I didn't mean to!" he exmeant to dispose of him in the quickest manner. I thought there was a big storm coming, so I set him adrift in an open boat. The storm blew over, and Lester, I am sure, made for the nearest poorest of the lot, and I allowed him

only a small allowance of provisions." "Then he may be alive now on one been drugged by Captain Hiley, and of those Pacific islands!" ejeculated back to ruin me. I was sure he was dead. Tell me his story as he told it

Sales complied with the order, while his calamity. But he was a brave lad, | Col. Nichols paced the floor with hur-"Yes, he must have gone back to the island he escaped from, or to some

neighboring island," cried Nichols, when his confederate had concluded. "What a cursed fatalify seems to purneighboring islands should come to sue me! Sales, Lester is liable to come molest him. His knowledge of chem- back, as I said before, at any time. His istry and of fireworks, and his skill return would be my ruin. I tell you," he added excitedly, "I have done had acquired the title of "The Boy things for which he could send me to the state-prison. I should have to fly to make good in case any savage visi- with the officers of justice on my track, tors should attempt to work him mis- and I should never dare return to claim chief. He had been in his new home my nephew's fortune. Sales, Lester

it ?" asked Sales. "No doubt he went waited the arrival of the painted bar- back to the Land in the Sea, and was barians, whom he could already dis- set to idol-carvings again; but he may escape again, or a friendly ship may rescue him, or some chance set him "But there shall not!" interrupted

"And how are we going to prevent

Nichols, with increasing agitation. 'Is the Cyclone seaworthy?" "Yes, Colonel. She's in splendid order. Could be got to sea at an hour's notice, if she were provisioned."

"Provision her at once. See to ev-

erything. She must be off within twenty-four hours. I am going in search of David Lester." "What! to rescue him?"

"No," hissed Nichols; "to destroy

He continued his walk with increas ing violence. "And I will not go alone: Margaret Lester and her daughter shall go with me! If I succeed, and Lester perishes, his wife shall become mine. If I fail." been rescued, I shall hold his wife and child as hostages, and demand my safe-ty as the price of their freedom."

"I'm in with you, Colonel," said Sales admiringly. "And what is more,

I can keep every one of the crew by being a little liberal with them "Then go to work immediately.--Set the men to unloading. Provision At this moment there sounded a the ship, and be sure to provide wine heavy, uneven tread in the outer office. and dainty stores for the woman and girl. I will send aboard furniture for three state-rooms, and one of my servants to set them in order. The

> vant will accompany us, to cook and wait on the ladies. You under

"Yes; but how are we to get the ladies aboard?" "They must be taken aboard to-night, and we must slip out of the Roads in the darkness that comes before daylight. You and I will go up to Mrs. Lester's cottage soon after dark, and gain an entrance into the house.

The rest will be easy

funds, and they separated—Sales to return to the ship, and Nichols to make certain purchases, and to send his servant down to the Cyclone. They did not meet again until evening. The shadows were falling thickly when the two stealthily enter-

This programme, with amplifications, was resolved upon. Nichols provided

his confederate with the necessary

ed her garden, approaching the house while keeping in the shadow of the Mrs. Lester and Amy were in the parlor, the windows of which were wide open, the security of months hav-in restored Mrs. Lester's former confidence. The two men could see the elder lady seated in her arm-chair, and the young girl, dressed in white, the piano, upon which she was softly playing, accompanying the instrument with her voice.

The room was not lighted, both mother and daughter loving the gray the colored serving-woman was sitting, and in the garden old Nicholas Collins and his wife were holding a lively dis-

cussion on some domestic question. "Now is our time!" exclair Nichols, in a whisper. "Got the wool-en socks over you boots? Good! Come along softly, I know Mrs. Lester's room, and the girl's adjoins it. Old Collins sleeps in the rear part. Now for it!"

The confederates softly mounted the steps of the verandah, entered the unlighted hall, and stole up stairs, unheard and unseen. The next moment they had secreted themselves in the closet adjoining Mrs. Lester's room' and were ready for the execution their villainous project. The New York Ledger containing the continuation of this story is for sale at all the bookstores and news depots. Ask for the number dated October 30, and in y as he responded:
"It's a piece of news that will come | it you will get the next installment.
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