

THE GRECIAN BEND.

Not to be found in any of the Books.

When Fashion was exhausted quite... And knew not, next, what to invent...

Well! quoth the nymph, the thing is that... Just match this trail which now we wear...

It made those Grecian girls supreme... Though slaves to barbarous enemies...

THE WRECKER'S RETURN.

CHAPTER I.

"Messmates here, and brother sailors... King the dangers of the sea?"

"A stormy night, this, on the coast... of Cornwall," said Launcelet Blacklock...

"Yes," said Raymond, "the worst night I have known, since I can remember..."

"Well, my son, go back a great way... further than you— but for all that I have never seen man was better than to-night..."

"You see," said old Launcelet Blacklock... stirring up the large fire on the hearth...

"But, father," said his daughter Margaret... "how many eyes would be lost, if a vessel came ashore to-night?"

"No, they are not so dangerous, as the coasts are not so rocky, and you have more warning of their coming..."

"I see nothing to hinder his return," said old Burrows... "Thousands go to and come from those parts every year..."

* The "wreckers" of Cornwall, England, are a class of men long celebrated for their skill and daring in boarding and clearing out wrecks.

accident of triumph that he at length exclaimed: "Well—we shall have no vessel ashore to-night..."

"Yes," replied the incorrigible Launcelet... "and they will be safe—but their safety will be our loss."

"Well, Raymond, my boy, I suppose to-morrow will see you on your way to the West Indies?"

"Yes," answered Raymond... "I shall go to London to-morrow. The ship, I hear, lies at Gravesend, waiting for the Captain who is on a visit to his friends..."

"So you must go to-morrow, Raymond?" asked the old wrecker's daughter of her lover...

"There is no use in crying," said old Launcelet... "perhaps it is better, after all, that he should go..."

"Yes father," she replied... "but how many chances there are that Raymond may never return!"

"Well," said Margaret... "I trust it may be as you say. But I do wish that you were returning instead of going away..."

"You will get used to Raymond's absence after a while," said the old wrecker to his daughter...

"No, I shall never get used to his absence, if it could be so that he might take me with him, I think I would go. But of course, that cannot be!"

"True; you will have to wait, as many have waited before you," said the old wrecker.

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of an old sailor... one to the Coast Guardsmen—who entered for the purpose of warning himself...

"Yes," said Launcelet Blacklock... "I have seen many storms on this coast for the last forty years—but few to surpass this one. It appears to be growing worse."

"It is growing worse," said the Coast Guardsman... "I pity any craft which comes ashore this night. There will be no one left to tell the tale..."

"Have you ever been in the East Indies, Mr. Burrows?" asked Margaret Blacklock... "They tell me there are great storms there also."

"Yes, I have been there, and I have seen some of the greatest storms in the Indian Ocean, that ever blew under the canopy of Heaven. But this one to me, he will hold its own with any I have ever beheld."

"No, they are not so dangerous, as the coasts are not so rocky, and you have more warning of their coming..."

"Well," said the Coast Guardsman, rising and advancing toward the door...

"My station is outside, and thither I must go. Good night to you all. Hope Raymond will have a smooth voyage to the West."

"Well, Raymond," said Margaret... "if it is so that you must leave us to-morrow, I shall have to hear it. But I do wish you had not to go."

"Two years will not be long going round. And when I come back you will say that it was better for us both."

"I hope it will be that way," said she. "But some how I cannot help having fears for the result. But I shall hope, and hope, and hope, for your sake."

"You will not hope in vain," said Raymond... "I feel that I shall return to you safe."

"What time to-morrow do you leave for London?" asked Margaret of her lover.

"Four o'clock in the afternoon. There is a lighter going from here, and I go aboard of her. She sails to Gravesend. And now, as it is getting quite late, I shall bid you good night. To-morrow afternoon I shall see you on the beach. There are many things which I should like to say to you before I go. But to-morrow afternoon will suffice for the purpose. So, Good Night!"

"Good Night," Raymond said, and Margaret. And with this they parted for the night.

A short time after, the old wrecker, his daughter, and an old woman who had long acted as house-keeper, retired to rest, and nothing was heard around the cottage save the roaring of the tempest on the rocks beneath.

CHAPTER II. "Oh heed not what the landsmen say. Who tempt with doubts the constant mind—The path lies safe, when you are true."

The morning sun had risen gloriously upon the coast. The storm had passed away, leaving the sea in that fitful, heaving state incident to the mighty convulsions which it had experienced during the night. No wrecks were to be seen on the rocky beach—no sign of desolation or destruction was to be seen, save the swollen waves and scattered planks, corks, and other such articles which were floating on a sea coast, especially after a winter storm.

The neighboring village clock had tolled the hour of noon as Raymond Willmott and his daughter entered the cottage of Launcelet Blacklock. He was dressed in a full sea-dress, and as he sat down he said:

"Well, my daughter, I am glad to see you. I hope you will have a safe voyage to the West Indies. I shall be glad to hear of you when you return."

"Yes, father," she replied... "but how many chances there are that Raymond may never return!"

"Well, my son, go back a great way further than you— but for all that I have never seen man was better than to-night..."

"You see," said old Launcelet Blacklock... stirring up the large fire on the hearth...

"But, father," said his daughter Margaret... "how many eyes would be lost, if a vessel came ashore to-night?"

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so. If you think you can wait for me, let me hear it from you now."

"You, Raymond," said she, "I feel that I can wait for you, even for five years. As for Roger Harley, I don't ever marry him. And he knows it. Yes, believe me, I shall wait for you. All the solitudes I have, and you may never return. You know the dangers of the sea—we have them here every day."

"Well, then," said Raymond... "I shall believe that you will wait for me. The thought of it will give me strength every day, which I must have when I am away from you."

"Raymond," said Margaret... "I think that you will be back in two or three years. I shall wait for you when you return."

"No, my daughter," she replied... "but how many chances there are that Raymond may never return!"

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"Well," said the Coast Guardsman, rising and advancing toward the door...

CHAPTER III. "I have never seen man was better than to-night..."

Four years have passed away since the departure of Raymond Willmott. For years and the months of waiting had almost brought the conviction to the mind of Margaret Blacklock that her lover would never return. And the representations of her friends only served to confirm this suspicion. Old Launcelet suggested to his daughter that she could not do better than wed Roger Harley; that, as he was growing old and disabled, he would wish to see her provided for; and that, as for Raymond Willmott, it was now certain that she would not see him again—he must either have been cast away, or have wedded some one else. Moved at length, by the expostulations of her father and of her friends, Margaret's resolution began to waver.

"Well, father," said she, "it will be four years, to-morrow, since I parted with Raymond Willmott on the beach by you. He was our last hope, and two a o'clock longer. If Raymond does not return within that time, I shall wed Roger Harley."

"Let it be so, then," replied old Launcelet... "let it be so," fully convinced that the absent lover would not return, and rejoiced at the prospect of seeing his daughter provided for.

Roger Harley shall know of your determination to-night," resumed the old wrecker; "it is a pity that you had not come to this conclusion long since, I think."

"I am not sorry that I have waited, after all, though," replied Margaret, gazing at the ring which Raymond Willmott had given to her on the beach, when they parted on that October evening.

"But you have lost that much time, and much happiness," said the old man, as he arose and left the cottage.

It is Christmas Eve. The stipulated two months have passed away, Raymond Willmott has not returned—and this evening Margaret Blacklock is to become the wife of Roger Harley.

There by the fire sat Roger Harley, himself conversing with old Launcelet Blacklock.

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All Sorts of Paragraphs. —Mrs. Caudle was the first and last female lecturer.

—The latest "Bigelow paper" contains a full and complete list of the names of the men who have been elected to the office of Mayor of New York City.

—A sign painter in Boston has the legend over his door: "In his sign shop."

—Chicago recently sent to California on a single train, 15,000 pounds of mail matter.

—Important to Tobaccoists!—A Denver paper has a sign: "FYN! KUTZ! BAK! OH!"

—One Connecticut firm has sold 300,000 pounds of brass a year since the string tips.

—Presentations of the day have been made from Dalton to the Chicago Central Association.

—An exchange says: "The man in the typewriter is crowded out by the man in the typewriter."

—Selling Pepper has been the business of the Boston market for some time past.

—The Times has a long notice of the "Red Paper" which is not in the market for some time.

—The following are the names of the men who have been elected to the office of Mayor of New York City.

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