

THE PLOT AGAINST HAWLEY.

CHAPTER I. HOW THE PLOT ORIGINATED.

Near noon, the 5th of September, 1852, a man laboring under great excitement was walking hurriedly up Broadway, New York. His features were flushed and convulsed, his glasses wild and restless, his whole mien indicative of keen anguish.

Turning to the right into Bleecker street, he soon reached a plain three-story and basement house, to which he gave himself admittance.

"Are you there, Ruth?" he called from the hall.

A step was heard overhead, followed by the rustling of a dress, and a young lady descended the front stairs. Her several points of marked contrast, there was a lady of whom the couple that proclaimed them to be brother and sister.

"Why, what's the matter, Luke?" cried the latter, starting at sight of the disturbed countenance that met her eye.

"I've just received bad news," replied the brother, leading the way into the parlor—"news which has given me a terrible shock."

"Shocked? You! What has happened?" "In a word, Clara Aymer is married!"

"Nor can I see why Hawley should prefer Clara Aymer to me!" said Miss Pedder, as she glanced at her reflection in one of the long mirrors that hung in a hired attendant, or something of that kind—the creature.

"I don't know," said the brother, as he strove to calm his painful emotions. The Pedder moaned. Her eyes filled with tears.

"I thought all the world of him," she murmured. A long silence fell between the couple.

"Well, well, they're husband and wife," at length muttered Pedder gloomily. "I suppose, if I were, I am there to be said."

"Miss Pedder compressed her lips until they bled, starting at her brother with a glance of lightning fire.

"No! no!" she breathed fiercely. "The matter shall not end here. That marriage—that abominable marriage—must be shattered at its heart again, as if suffocating."

Pedder opened his eyes widely. "Why, what can you mean?" he queried. "You don't mean to murder Hawley, I suppose?"

"But there is a way, Luke, of undoing that marriage."

"Well said, Ruth. I think we can count upon him. The plot he came out to see me for is now vacant, and I will accordingly have it offered to him, just as if nothing had happened."

"Exactly. You needn't speak of his marriage, or seem to know anything about it. You can simply offer him the plot to leave him alone on the desolate island, and of the extraordinary adventures which were before him."

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"I mean to get our water aboard before dark, Captain Pedder, and to avoid leaving a night here," said the young executive, totally unconscious of the plot to leave him alone on the desolate island, and of the extraordinary adventures which were before him."

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Moyers' Column.

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Miscellaneous.

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Rail Roads.

ON and after Monday, June 1st, the Passenger Train will depart from this station at 10:30 A.M. and arrive at West Philadelphia at 1:30 P.M.

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