Poetical.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill b very slow. If you listen to all that is said as you go;

For people will talk.

If quiet and modest you'll have it presumed That your humble position is only assumed ; You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you gut don't be excited—keep perfectly cool—

nd then, if you show the least boldness heart, or a slight inclination to take your own part they will call you an upstart, conceited an

keep straight ahead-don't stop to ex For people will talk, Threadbare your dress, old-fashioned yo hat, Some one will surely take notice of that, And hint rather strong that you can't pa

And hint Thine.

your way;
But don't get excited, whatever they say.

For people will talk. If you dress in the fashion, don't think to es

cape, For they criticise then in a different shape; You're ahead of your means, and your tailor' unpaid, But mind your own business-there's naught For people will talk.

Now, the best way to do, is to do as you please Of course, you will meet with all sorts of abus

Miscellaneous.

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

I do not think I ever felt prouder in my life than I did one morning when accosted me as I was making ready the Milwaukie to take the through train

"Well, George, my boy, heard the news?" "Guess not, eh? You ain't got to run this route again !" I turned pale, fearing that I had got nyself into some scrape. But I only said-

"Why, sir ?" "Why," he replied, smiling at my scared looks, "because you are put up in Abe's place. You feel kinder spry, I

I did not teel " kinder spry," for Abe, s first-rate hand, had just been promoted, with a handsome douceur, for gallant conduct upon a certain occasion. I was nis companion on that occasion, and as the adventure was the cause of my being made an engine driver, I will, with your permission, proceed to relate it without

further preface.
Soon after my arrival in the States, I succeeded in obtaining a situation as fireman on one of the trunk lines. After a time I became associated with Abel Storer, who had the reputation of a firstciass engine driver, though he was to my little too reckiess, and when in iquor nothing daunted him.

From Abel I heard many tales respectng the encounters he had with the white Injune" as he denominated certain filibustering gentlemen who had playful habit of disguising themselves a Indians, and carrying off any species of mmunition contained in the wagons.— At times, indeed, I believe they did not hesitate to commit the most dreadful outrages under the guise of the war paint. One morning, about two months after my having been appointed fireman, we got orders to take a train down to Lan-

derville. Abel was accordingly in great hope of shooting some "Injuns" and provided himself with a quantity of ammunition for a six shooter. I, more skeptical, neglected this precaution. We started, however, having a quantity of specie in boxes, some valuable stores, and mixed cargo of notions in our charge. We had received instructions to walt at Bunker city for a faster train with passengers, and then, if it had not previously run into us, to assist it up the steep incline at that place, our train being subsequently helped by another locomo-

We arrived at Bunkum siding in safe ty about five o'clock, and then proceeded to look out for some food for ourselves.-We pitched upon a small store, where we managed to procure food and some of the most flery stuff, (miscalled whiskey) that I ever tasted. Abel drank it greedily, while I devoted myself to the food. We were on the eve of departure, as

two rough fellows entered, and demand. ed liquor, "taking stock" of ua as they swaggered about. Seeing that Abel was becoming more

passenger train must be due, I attempted to remove him, but one of the strangers, fuse, sat down, while the drink was be-During the concoction of the "reviver"

Abel kept wandering aimlessly about; awaggering recklessly against the tables, and when the glass was at length presented for my acceptance, he lurched heavily against the stranger. Crash went the tumbler upon the floor while amid a volley of curses, I dragged the offender from the house, and managed to regain the engine unmolested. Anticipating we should be followed, I

kept Abel's revolver in readiness, but after a time I noticed two figures proceeding in the direction of some log huts, which lay some distance down the line on the left. As the strangers disappeared over the brow of the hil, I turned my

attention to Abel. To my astonishment, he responded to my first adjurations by saying, as he gained a sitting position

Darn them cusses! They have got For a moment I stare

speechless surprise. "Why, I thought you were drunk," I cried at length.

"Drunk!" he echoed; "those fellows would have had you on your back in a coon's jump, but for me. I know them, the Injun thieves, they're after our spe cie, my boy, as sure as shootin'; but I'll

The American Company of the Company

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1872.

"Off with it, and tackle it on the pas senger train," cried Abel, excitedly we'll fix their flints yet, by gosh!" So we set to work with a will, but while we are uncoupling the wagon, the other train arrived. Abel communicated

his suspicion to the conductor, and in a few moments the specie was safely included among the passenger cars. By this time the evening was closing in, and we had placed the train on the siding at the top of the incline, to clear

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

the track for the passengers. I began to We ran down again with steam on to

get in the rear of the passenger train, and the other engine followed at a little distance. As our engine neared the point, just below the log huts I have mentioned, several figures rose from their concealment. Without warning of any kind they deliberately fired at the engines as Surprise, more than fear, kept us for a moment inactive, but Abel quickly recovered himself. Shouting to me to lie down, he discharged two barrela at our nearest assallant. With a groan, he fell dead in his tracks. In a few seconds we had run out of range, but those upon the other engine were less for

Unarmed as they were, the driver and fireman could make no resistance, and we, as well as the passengers, who were now turning out their assistance, were obliged to remain passive spectators. The poor fellows were tumbled off the engine, and the intention to seize the specie was now evident. But in this way they were foiled. Some of the passengers, having got within range, had by this time commenced a pretty hot fire on the fillbusters, who now found themselves in a fix.

as Abel reversing his engine, returned to the attack. Their position thus becoming untenable, they started their engine, and ran quickly out of the range of the passengers' fire. But Nemesis was behind them. Abel seeing their manoeu-yre, turned on full pressure, and swore e'd shoot them ere he slept. Now commenced the most extraordi-

nary chase I ever heard of. The engine in front had a start of about half a mile. but we had the great power and understood the management of the machine.-Both locomotives were well supplied with wood and water. One of our opponents attempted to jump off, and the speed was for a moment slackened, but he was hurled upon the line a bleeding mass. His terrible fate deterred his companions, who increased their distance and disappeared over the brow of the hill. We followed, going at a terrible rate, bumping and oscillating to such a degree upon the uneven track that I fancied we should run off the line. We kept our course, however, gaining lightly for

a time. Abel taking every opportunity of sending a bullet through the weather hourd of the retreating engine. As the excitement cooled a little, I, for

the first time, discovered that I had been hit. A tickling of blood from a wound in my arm, and a numb sensation, were everything but agreeable. Although a bandage stopped the bleeding and we were then at liberty to observe the chase once more. Darkness came on, yet the was no token of any abatement of speed nor any apparent change in our relative ositions. Occasionally a definite whistle was borne back to us, but still we swept through the night. Suddenly the red glow upon the track in front of us seemed to stop. We neared it rapidly. "Dive!" roared Abel, just in time. As he spoke two shots came whizzing thro' the glass in front, and fell harmless from

the iron plate behind us. " A shave, that!" laughed my compan ion, "but I'll be quits." As he sporke he got out upon the frame, and told me to " What on earth are you about ?"

reply made me shudder. I'm going to kill them on that er gin', good-bye, friend." He was gonecreeping over the wheel casings to th

buffer beam. Now determined to win, I employed every means to do so. We were surely gaining. Another log upon the already roating furnace. The valves discharged a cloud of hissing team, but on I went hurrying to destruction. In a few moments more the engine

were almost touching; another shot but no harm was done. We bumped! grinding noise was heard, then another nump. "Hurrah," I cried, or rather tried I could scarcely utter a sound, and regardless of risk, was about to join Abel, vhen a shrill noise rose beneath us, and the other engine shot off into the darkness ahead of us. With an oath I shut off the steam, (further progress I knew it was impossible with heated machinery,) and shouted to Abel. As soon as I con intoxicated, and recollecting that the pull up I jumped off and ran to the front. Abel had disappeared! Gracious heaven had he fallen when the engines touched? stepping forward, requested us to "liquor | I began to fear the worst, and to call him" before we started. Abel grunted a wildly in the vain hope that he might drunken assent, and I, not daring to re- hear, but the whisper of the wind was the only reply. It was impossible that he could have gained the foot plate of the other locomotive, and escaped instant death; had he fallen, the engine would have killed him. Thus I argued, and after a time mechanically filled a pipe, and took the lamp behind to oil the cranks. Looking at my watch, I found we had been running 30 minutes. and at such a pace I knew the up mail was not far distant, and that Landerville was only a few miles off. So I ran gently ahead again, and had not proceeded ar when a sudden " lift" of the eugine nearly threw me down. I stopped and lescended. At the side of the track lay body horribly disfigured. The cowatcher had struck him, and dragged

him along. An indefinite sensation o fear took possession of me. Was this Abel after all? It was too awful; I managed, however to turn the corpse upon its back. The features were indistinguishable, but all doubt was speedily set at rest; for by my lantern's light I recognized Abel's cap tightly clasped in the dead man s hand. I staggered against the engine, and now the excitement was all over, sobbed like a child. The passengers in the train we had left, the up mail, all were forgotten, until I had reverently placed the ooby on the engine. The silence was terrible. I persevered until I had cover-

rattle of an approaching train. I rosa and listened intently. After a pause, whistle long, though very faint, broke the stillness. I stood ready to run if occasion demanded it, when again the whistle rose, this time loud and clear; and after dying away into a long, wailing sound, suddenly ended in three sharp, quick notes. My heart leaped to my throat—this was Abel Storer's signal.

With trembling fingers I replied. In few moments a dark object loomed up in front, and Abel's "ballo" was ringing in my ears. In two seconds more I wa beside him. "Don't ring a man's arm off," he re

plied, "I'm rather done." "Good heavens! how did you escape?" "I'd a toughish 'bout of it," Abel re

plied, "but by gosh, I've won." "I fancied you were shot," said I.—
"Look here," taking him to his own engine I showed him the body which still lay there in all its ghastly reality. "Shot," he laughed, in no way affec

ed by the sight, "no sir; that's the coor I piped in the skull; he grabbed my cap, too, I may as well have it again, guess." So saying, he released the dusty head covering from his late antagonist's grasp, and calmly brushing it, continued -" Yes, you see, when the gines closed I leaped on the step, and spotted this fellow at once-didn't you hear the shot ?

I said I had heard a noise, but fancied

that it was a steam pipe that had given

'No." he said, "that was my first fire These Injune had but one "derrick" be-tween them, and this fellow was about to use it in my favor, but I luckily stopped that. The other tried a knife on my skin, but he was soon plugged. Then l had to go to Landerville to give informa tion, and was returning for you when I saw your head lamp and whistled accordingly-that's all!

"Is the unfortunate man dead?" l asked. "Not he," replied Abel, "I only sho arm, I reckon. We'd better be going and seeing about the passengers now. We then coupled the engines, and leav

ing the dead undisturbed on one, mounted the other. On arriving at Bunkum city we told our tale, to which the mangled body of the filibuster bore addition al testimony, and after a detention of rather more than an hour, the passenger were dispatched upon their journey. Upon our return to headquarters we were specially thanked, and otherwise more substantially rewarded. Abel was promoted to a more comfortable and per manent berth in New York city, while I was made an engine driver, with th highest scale of pay, in his stead.

What befel me in my new appointment, my readers may perhaps be informed upon a future opportunity.

FOR LIFE AND LOVE.

Harrie Van Gelder was the most pro voking, pretty, altogether charming little coquette that ever drove a devoted lover distracted with her capriclous ways. Fair-headed, blue-eyed Florian Courtland was handsome and winning yoman, but his heart was bound up in the brunette beauty who daily destroyed his peace. She loved him for all that, but he tried in vain to make her confess it.

It was in the springtime of the year and had rained almost incessantly for nearly two weeks. Harrie Van Gelder resided with her aunt, Miss Hannah Linwood, in Thornway, a village about eight miles from the city where Florian Courtland practiced law; and Florian grew impatient for fair weather and chance to visit his refractory beloved There was little immediate prospect of a cessation of the rain, and one morn. their last. He strained her to him. ing the ardent lover resolved to set the weather at defiance; and accordingly

he sent out for a horse, and prepare for his stormy ride. He came down from his room, arrayed in a water-proof coat, thick boots and coarse gloves; a glaced cap covering his curling golden hair, and a riding whip in his hand.

On any other errand it would hav been an exceedingly despairing ride and if he had been bound for any other destination, he would certainly have turned back; but the thought of meet to cry, for my throat was so parched that | ing Harrie stirred him forward. Th way grew worse with every mile; his horse plodded slowly through the mud, stumbling now and then, in some of the many ruts and pitfalls; the rain poured steadily down, beating into his face and running in streams from his cap; and he was very thankful when flood again. The poor beast trembled at last he came within the vicinity of Linwood," as the estate of Harrie's unt was named.

He had taken a seldom used by-roa shorten the distance to Linwood where the road was divided by a small stream, which bounded one side of the estate, and was crossed by fording. But now, the long rains had swollen the waters to a flood, and the streams ashed into foam and tossed into billows by its own velocity, rushed onward at a rate that made the thought of fording it a wild insanity. With a mental anathema against his own stupidity in not thinking of this Courtland turned to retrace his way to th main road, two miles back, where the little river was spanned by a bridge.-Opposite him, across the stream, he could see the gray walls of Linwood, and in his auxiety to be within them, the two miles seemed like twenty. But the bridge was reached at last

and crossed. Florian had noticed, as he approached the bridge, that the land, at a little distance which was low and flat, was completely flooded, the river overflowing here, having submerged it to a great extent. A point or knoll of land, close upon the river's bank, remained dry, forming a little island in the midst of the whirling muddy flood; and upon the island stood a small unpainted wooden house, which as Florian perceived with concern, was evidently occupied, for a thin blue wreath of smoke was ascending from the chimney. If there were tall 'em, the varmins. Which is the spe- ed the remains of my poor mate as well people in that dwelling their situation as possible, and as I sat down upon the was most perilous, as the water was came to his assistance; and in a few prominent ship-owner and merchant.

cover the land and sweep away the oundly thankful party.

Florian turned aside from the high way and rode down to the edge of the flooded lowland; as he approached the and a handkerchief was waved implor ingly toward him.

Unhesitatingly he rode into the wa ter, which, for some distance, was not | Hannah had caught a slight cold; Harover his horse's back: but it soon grew deeper, forcing the animal to swim.-Florian urged him forward, and drawing near the house, the door was thrown open, and he cried out in affrighted surprise, for there stood Miss Linwood and Harrie Van Gelder!

en's sake, how came you here?" "We came to see a sick woman," re plied Harrie, with prompt coolness, 'and the water rose before we—'' "It is rising now, and fast," he in

terrupted, excitedly, "and there is no time to waste. My horse will carry two. Which of you shall I take first? "The sick woman first," said Harrie, quietly.

Flirt, coquette, as she was called, and not without cause, vet the element of heroism was in her nature. She was as calm and cool, now, as she had eyer been in her life, while her aunt stood trembling, and Florian was pale with excitement. Florian trembled too, as he looked at the feeble old woman, whom Miss Linwood was assisting from her chair to the door, and whom he had not noticed, until Harrie called his attention to her. He trembled with the appalling fear that there would not be time to go and return twice, before the swiftly-rising waters should have torn the frail structure from its foundations, for there was already an inch of water on the floor. But he only cast one glance at Harrie's calm face, and stooped to lift the sick woman up before him. Without a word he turned his

horse toward the shore, and the good beast, with its double burden, struggled back through the flood. Harrie and her aunt waited shiver ing as they watched the water growing deeper and deeper upon the floor and heard the waves wash, with an ever the shock this event gives me. I'm louder sound, against the frail four walls that stood between them and death. They saw Florian reach the shore, place the sick woman upon the ground, throw off the heaviest of his clothing, and turn his now unwilling

steed toward the house again. They were standing knee deep i water when he once more approached she already shaking building. He did not speak a word, but looked silently from Harrie to her aunt, his white face growing whiter yet, as Harrie said, in

steady tones: " Aunt Hanna first." "Harrie-" commenced Miss Lin

"Go, aunt Hanna!" "Harrie, I won't !"

"You must," said Harrie firmly. " Harrie! Harrie! for pity's sake-You are delaying her. Miss Han nah," exclaimed Florian, hoarsely.-

"Come-she will not yield, if she With a groan Miss Linwood gave up and he lifted her upon his horse. The turbulent waters rushed into the room and Harrie staggered and clung to the wall for support. Florian's face was am none the less surprised. I suppose ghastly, and he bent forward and placed | that everything was favorable enough

his hand upon her shoulder whispering in a choked voice: "Kiss me Harrie." She put her arms around his neck and kissed him, a long, passionate kiss,

which was their first, and might be saving:

" Harrie, you do love me?"

"Yes, Florian." Then she leaned against the wall again, as he went, and hid her face, trying to shut out the sight of thos yellow waters, creeping up the side of the room, higher and higher with every wave that rolled in through the

As Florian reached the shore, a carriage was approaching in the distance rocking from side to side with the furious speed to which the driver was ashing the horses.

"It is the carriage from Linwood, said Miss Hannah, "we have bee afraid of a freshet, and they have taken alarm, and come to look for us."

Florian did not hear her; he was urging his exhausted horse into the and hesitated, but Forian spurred him flercely on, smiting him with his clenched fist, and shouting at him in his frantic excitement. He was half mad with agony, as he looked across the turbid waters to the half submerged house, and saw that they had risen above the top of its door, and Harrie had climbed up through the loft to the roof, where she clung in momentary

peril of death. When the hurrying carriage reached the spot, and Miss Linwood's coachman leaped to the ground, Florian was half way back to Harrie. Mistress and man stood with pallid faces and hearts that hardly beat, silently watching the peautiful girl, as she clung to her frail upport, and the young man, with his white face, and his golden hair blowing back, as he dashed madly through the flood to her rescue.

While they watched a great billow came rolling in from the river, roaring fearfully, and tossing its yellow water, as it dashed upon Harrie's refuge. Miss Linwood screamed, and her servant uttered a hoarse cry, for where the house had been was a whirling wreck of boards and timbers, and Florian's horse was struggling riderless toward the shore!

But another moment, and they saw that Harrie yet clung to the floating roof and Forian was beside her upon it. Seizing a long board, as the waters whirled it within reach, he guided the frail raft with it to the shore. As he neared the land, the coachman from Linwood leaped into the water and

"Number eight," I replied, wonder-fengine rail, I fancied I heard the distant rising fast, and threatened soon to moments they were all standing upon But in his latter days, the senior Ped. I hope, to turn out the present incumder had been unfortunate, and had the land, a wet, dripping, but pro-

They proceeded as fast as the carriage could carry them, to Linwood, where they all found plenty of employment water's edge he saw a female form at | for the remainder of the day in getting the window of the threatened dwelling, rid of the effects of their perilous adventure-so far as they could do so It transpired that the sick woman

had not received any injury; Miss rie had caught a severe one, and Flori an caught—Harrie. THE PLOT AGAINST HAWLEY.

CHAPTER I. HOW THE PLOT ORIGINATED. "Harrie!" cried Florian, "for heav Near noon, the 5th of September 1852, a man laboring under great excitement was walking hurriedly up Broadway New York. His features

> wild and restless, his whole mein in dicative of keen anguish.
>
> Turning to the right into Bleecke street, he soon reached a plain three story and basement brick house, to which he gave himself admittance. 'Are you there, Ruth?' he called

were flushed and convulsed, his glance

from the hall. A step was heard overhead, followed by the rustling of a dress, and a young lady descended the front stairs. Des pite several points of marked contrast, there was a family likeness about the couple that proclaimed them to be brother and sister.

'Why, what's the matter, Luke? disturbed countenance that met her view. 'Are you'ill?' 'I've just received bad news,' replied

parlor-' news which has given me' terrible shock. 'Shocked? You! What has happen

In a word, Clara Aymar is married? Married!' echoed the sister, recoil

'Clara Aymar married! Is i ing. possible? 'Yes, married! the girl I've bee laying siege to for years past—the only girl I ever cared a pin for. Imagine

nearly crazy.' 'Then you really loved her?' ' Loved her! I must have worship: ed her, or else this thing would not

have so completely upset me.' 'Oh, as to that, the loss of a thing al ways gives us an exaggerated notion of it value,' said the sister philosophically as she sank languidly into an easy chair, and smoothed out a fold in her showy morning robe. You are simply shocked, as you say. But by tomorrow you will hugh at the whole matter.

'Don't. Ruth!' implored the brother sinking heavily into the nearest chair, life! My love for her is a delitium! It's no such passing fancy as you suppose, but an everlasting passion rage-a flood of molten lava! And her. True, she has rejected me twice but I thought she'd change her

mindyou? 'No, of course not. She has neve given me any encouragement. But to my wishes. I knew that she wa young to marry-an orphan-withou money and without friends—presum bly without suitors; and I flattered

myself that she couldn't always re main insensible to my attentions.' 'You reasoned wisely enough, of course, Luke ; but reason never decide these matters,' declared the sister, with a sort of contemptous compassion. 'A. whim-a chance meeting-a smile or a word—a moment's weakness—any trifle-these are the things by which marriages are brought about.

who is the bridegroom?" 'Ah! that's a point that will touch you a little, I think. Can't you gues

'I haven't the least idea. Well, then, he's Will. Hawley.' The sister sprang abruptly to h feet, clasping both hands to lieart.-The changing colors of her brother, his agitation, his anguish, all passed to her own features.

Will. Hawley?' she gasped. you don't mean it' Luke !' But I do though. It's God's truth. Clara Aymer and Will. Hawley are husband and wife. A heavy fall succeeded. The siste

had fainted. She lay upon the floor a me dead. 'Did she think that much of Haw ley?' muttered the brother astonished: I didn't suppose-

He hastened to bring a pitcher water and bathe the white features and then set himself to chaffing the clenched hands.

Capt. Luke Pedder was twenty-seve years of age, with an originally light omplexion, which had reddened with generous living and bronzed with exosure to wind and sun. His form was of the average size and height, and his features of the most ordinary type. that burden. He's poor, therefore, as He was singularly selfish and unscrupulous, but of gentlemanly manners. being well educated and used to good society. His ability as a navigator was fair for a man of his age and experience, but he dwed his position as commander of a fine Australian clipper, more to respect for his late father and to sympathizing favor than to his own merits.

Miss Ruth Pedder was two years younger than her brother, and consequently twenty-five years of age, alhough she owaed to only twenty. She was tall, thin, and a little inclined in her outlines, as in her temper to angularity. She was not particularly right, but she was bold and unscrupulous, and possessed a flerce energy which was capable of compensating i any emergency for lack of genius.

The father of the couple had been a

broken up completely—a result has

ways and financial irregularities of his son. The old man's failure had soon to Ohlo, on account of his father's illbeen followed by his death, and already-for such is fame !-he was generally forgotten.

'How odd it is!' ejaculated Capt. Pedder, as he rubbed his sister's cold hands. 'She madly in love with Will. Hawley, and I crazy after Clara Aymer! And now Will, and Clara are married, and Ruth and I are left out in the cold.' Under the vigorous treatment he had

adopted, Miss Pedder soon recovered 'Are you sure they're married?' she

demanded. Perfectly. I learned the fact half an hour since from Hawley's com-mander Captain Greggs you know.— Captain Greggs was at the wedding. It took place last Friday evening the very evening after Hawley's retur from Rio. It was a quiet affair only a few friends were invited. But le me ask you a question. Did Hawley ever propose to you?" 'No. But I expected that he would

soon do so. He has been here often enough—, 'Yes he came several times to asl me for a berth in my clipper. I pro-

mised to think of him, for I knew in a general way that you liked him.' 'I thought he'd realize that you cried the latter, starting at sight of the Miss Pedder: 'I thought he'd rememand a few thousand dollars to do as I pleased with. I was conscious, too,

the brother, leading the way into the that I possessed a fair share of personal patractions, And as I supposed him to of anti-opared triumph.

And as I supposed him to of anti-opared triumph.

As to P-dden he twisted nervously in be entirely heart-free, I took it for granted that I should get him. His attentions seemed marked enough He treated you politery, or course atorrupted Peddor, and he couldn't have well done less, after asking me

to befriend him. But he never made any formal deglaration?', 'No, he didn't. As mate of a Rio ship, he was away seven-eighths of the time, and I didn't expect a regular courtship. But I took it for grant

Pedder made an impatient gesture. 'We've deceived ourselves,' he muttered. 'We've been carried away by our feelings. The girl's rejection of me was really intended to be final, and Hawley's visits here were merely visits of business and friendship. But why should Clara prefer Hawley to you can have Hawley seized by some me A can't imagine,' added Pedder drawing himself up haughtily. 'He has neither name, nor money, nor po

sition l' Nor can I see why Hawley should prefer Clara Aymer to me!" said Miss Pedder, as she glanced at her reflection Clara Aymer is more to me than my inlone of the long mirrors near then-"She's a hired attendant or something of that kind—the creature.

I I'd no idea that you thought 8 much of Hawley, observed the brothmotions. Miss' Pedder moaned. Her ey

filled with tears. I thought all the world of him,' she nurmured. 'A long silence fell upon the couple 'Well, well, they're husband and wife, at length muttered Pedder hoursely.-'And this, I suppose, is all there is to be

said.' Miss Pedder compressed her lins un they bled, staring at her brother with a fixedness amounting to ferocity. 'No! no!' she breathed flercely. matter shall not end here. That marriage—that abominable marriage—'

She clutched at her heart again, as sufficiating. Pedder opened his eyes widely. why, what can we do?' he queried You wouldn't have me murder Hawley, I suppose? That wouldn't make him usband. And, on the other hand, wouldn't do me any good if you were to kill Clara Aymar,'

But there is a way, Luke, of undoing that marriage.' Pedder started toward his sister, as iectrified. Do you mean it?' he demanded. I mean it, and I swear it! I'll never

I'll dig a gulf between them as broad as the ocean. I'll undo that marriage or die ! "Softly ! Where is Kate?" He referred to their single servant. She's out for the day,' answered Mi Pedder, arising and planting herself in a

onsent to that girl's having Hawley!

hair: There was little to do, you know, as I did not expect you home till dinner Then no one will hear us.' He drew a chair nearer to that of ster and sat down beside her.'s What's your idea?' he asked,

'My idea is to separate them-to turn their love to hate to dig a pit beneath their feet that will remain open forever!
'But how?' Will. Hawley is poor, isn't he?'

'Certainly; there is no mistake abo

that. His mother was a helpless invalid for the last ten years of her life, and Will. ineleted on her using for her com fort every penny he earned. It hasn't been six months since he was relieved of you say—poor as Job's turkey!' 'Then he'll have to leave his darling Clara, sneered Mrs. Pedder venomously. He'll have to absent himself from his

freary in order to earn their mutual read and butter. In short, he'll have to go to sea again ?! Well, yes; I suppose he will, assented Pedder. He can get better wages at sea than elsewhere. He'll sail again, soc

'I thought as much. 'And the sea is full of terrible dangers! When do you sail again for Australia?" "In about two weeks-possibly in ten lavs—as the ship's filling up rapidly.

'Hawley is thoroughly competent to e your first mate? Pedder looked wonderingly at his ter a moment, and then answered: 'Of course. I know of no better man

'He must be your first mate, then; You have influence enough with your owners, VOL. 59.--NO.4

Why, the post is already vacant. Mr: tened, it was whispered, by the wild Jarding-you have seen him-Mr. Jarding has just been called home, suddenly

> 'Good! That's fortunate. You must ecommend Hawley for the vacant place to your owners, and get them to engage him. The thing can be done !

Without the least doubt. It was understood, you know, as I just now remarked, that I was to help Hawley at the first opportunity. We'll accordingly suppose that he sails with me as first mate the next voyage. What then?' 'You must leave him-not dead, but a prisquer-on some desert island between here and Australia.

Pedder looked his astonishment. 'If it can be done,' he said after a pause, what next?'

'You must come back and report that he is dead, furnishing full details and good proofs. Those details and proofs will not be difficult to manufact Then you must be all kindness and sympathy to the young widow, as she will suppose herself to be, and in less than year thereafter she will be your wife.'

'Oh, if this thing were possible!' sigh ed Pedder, beginning to look relieved. And the moment you are married to Clara, I will take a trip to Australia for my health, and naturally enough, stum ble upon the very island where you have left Hawley; effect his rescue; tell him his wife is dead; condole and sympathize with him like an angel; and concould be of service to him,' explained clude the whole comedy by becoming his wife and settling in Australia. You'l ber that mother left me this house and thus have your Clara, on this side of the ocean, and I shall be happy with Hawley on the other.'

She was smiling now, with every sign his chir, scarcely venturing to breathe. There's just one difficulty,' he mutlored that of gotting Hawley on the desert island without his suspecting

'It can be done,' and the lips of Miss Pedder came together like the jaws of vice. There's no difficulty about finding a suitable island?" Not the least. I saw the island in my

mind's eye the moment you uttered the word, and a glorious one it is for our pur-'It will be easy for you to get Hawley upon it,' suggested Miss Pedder thought fully, 'If it's near your route, you can call there for water. If it's out of your way, you can be blown there by adverse winds, or be drifted there by unknown currents, or fetch up there by a mistake in your chronometer. And once there,

deserter from the ship or for a shipwrecked sailor, and then sail away with 'Say no more,' interrupted Pedder, with wild exultation! I see how to manage the affair from its Beginning to its end. 'And you now see that we can undo!

trusty agent, while he is ashore upor

business, or you can send him ashore

that hateful marriage? Perfectly-perfectly. The affair will course, and a little expenditure of mouey, but we are sure to triumph. Capital! glorious! What a load you have taken from my soul! Ruth, what a genius you

He leaned to his feet, and began pac ing to and fro rapidly, with the most extravagant signs and exclamations of

'First to get Hawley on his island,' re umed Miss Pedder musingly. Next for you to marry the preteaded widow.-Then for me to rescue the prisoner and marry him. And finally for you and me to be happy you in your way and I in mine-you with Clara in New York, and I with Will. in Australia. You comprehend the whole project clearly?"

From the first step to the last. There's only one possibility of failure—' And that one? A refusal on Hawley's part to accept

the post offered him-a refusal based upon his marriage: Miss Pedder turned pale at the thought 'But he won't refuse,' she soon declar-ed, recovering her equanimity. 'He has

Married or single, he can't neglect his bread and butter.' ... Well said, Ruth. I think we can count upon him. The post he came here to ask me for is now vacant; and I will accordingly have it offered to him,

long been wanting just such a place .-

ust as if nothing had happened. Exactly i You needn't speak of his marriage, or seem to know anything about ith. You can simply offer him the post in question, in accordance with the old understanding. And he will accept it. He can't possibly have any suspiion of anything wrong. Outwardly and apparently, we are all on good terms with one another, and will remain so .-Let the wages offered him be liberal. Possibly he may object to leaving his young bride so soon, but the next voy-

age after this one—' Pedder interrupted the remark by s esture of impatience. He was all eagerness now-all determination. That next voyage after this one will ot answer,' he declared. 'Hawley shall ecompany me on my very next trip. To nake all sure on this point, I will have him engaged this very day. In fact I

will see to this now.' He seized his hat and gloves, addressed few words to his sister, and quietly took his departure down town. The last glances the couple exchanged at the door were full of jubilant wickedness.

The next three or four hours passed slowly to Miss Pedder. She was beginning to fear that the whole project had miscarried at its very commencement and was fretting herself into a fever when Pedder suddenly made his appearnce. One glance at his vivid flushes at his dancing eyes, at his airy manner was sufficient.

'We triumph then?' she cried, throwing herself into his arms for the first time in years.

ful acceptance!

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with a rippling laugh. 'I knew the thing was feasible. And so in two weeks more our fond bridegroom will be plowing he sea again—'

'In two weeks more, Ruth? We shall o off in six or eight days. The cargo is fairly tumbling aboard the Fifting Childers, to say nothing of a fair list of passengers. The honoymoon of our loving doves will be abridged to six short days

CHAPTER II.

A GREAT STEP TAKEN. In the midst of the Antartic ocean, a little off the route from New York to Australia, there lies a large island named Kergulen's Land, or-as Captain Cook called it—the Island of Desolation.

habited then, and is to-day as deserted as ever. The smallest school boy among our eaders can find it upon his map of the

orld, about midway between the south and of Africa and Australia, well up to vard the South Pole. four times as large as Rhode Island.

Its coasts are so wild and dangerous ditions that he made to it, did not once bring his ships to anchor in any of its Its shape is very irregular, but something like that of an hour glass, it being nearly cut in two by a couple of large bays; but these two divisions are une-

and narrow, and its promontories are orrespondingly sharp and slender, reachng out into the ocean like fingers.
The body of the Island indeed resem-

A more terrific solitude than this isle f Desolation does not exist upon our wrecked planet. Neither the snows of Himalaya nor

savage-no house, no tree, no shrub, no dog—not even a snake or a wolf. Lone, blasted and barren, it looks

It may indeed be that Desolation is the relic-the surviving fragment-of a continent that went down here countless ages ago, with hosts of inhabitants some vast convulsion of nature. It has certainly undergone dreadful visitations: been rent by earthquakes.

Its mountains are only of moderate now.

plant resembling a small cabbage, and sort of cress. Its winds are raw and piercing, its winters those of the Polar Circles. The interior of the island is occupied

by immense boggy swamps, where the ground sinks at every step. The rains in Desolation are almost incessant, in their season, and the island is accordingly veined with numerous torrents of fresh water, some of which have worn out of the solid rock tremendous exvities and gullies. The only other season than that of the rains

well worthy of the rains, being of a cloud-like density, and hovering almost continually over the whole face of the The sun of Desolation is usually hidlen by a canopy of lead colored clouds,

moon itself, and the stars, the clouds and fogs rarely permit them to betray heir existence. No fish worthy of note, not even fishes of prey, abound in the adjacent waters, by reason, perhaps, of their conaihing poisonous minerals, or deadly

Yet the dark grim sea inclosing Desolation has done something to repair the stertility of the island. Penguins, ducks, guils, cormorants ind other marine birds are plentiful in

o be recorded in these pages. Near the middle of a dull, dismal afternoon, some eleven weeks later than the date of the preceding events, the good ship Flying Childers drew near to the island of Desolation; shaping her ourse toward its northermost alled by Captain Cook Christmas Har-

A fair breeze was blowing from the north, and the ship was carrying every stitch of her canvass, including stud-

about the deck, and her passengers—a score in number—had gathered in groups, mostly forward, and were gazing with great interest upon the wil?—rugged shores before them, so far as the fog suspended upon those shores permitted them to become visible.

requirer, totaling intustrial inspection, with Will. Hawley beside him.

I mean to get our water aboard before dark, Captain Pedder, and so avoid losing a night here, and so the plot to leave him alone on the desolate island, and of the extraordinary distriction with were before him.

more, you may be certain.'

ago, (in 1772), by the French naval offleer whose name it bears. It was unin-'.

It was discovered just a hundred years

It is a hundred miles in length by fifty in breadth, and is consequently three or that its discoverer, during the two expe-

qual in size, the northern peninsula being much larger than the southern. Its coast line is wildly broken and jugged, its innumerable gulfs being long.

bles that of some huge monster of the readlands resemble such a monster's unightly limbs and claws.

he sands of Sahara can outvie its ter-No inhabitant is there, not even a

like the skeleton of a land that has per-

neight, but are capped eternally with Its vegetation is limited to a few dwarfish plants, including some mosses, a species of lichen, a coarse grass, a

is one of almost constant snow. The fogs of that ghastly region are

ind appears, on the rare occasions when it is visible, scarcely brighter than the noon in other latitudes. As to the

chalations from the volcanic fires beeath them.

some of its harbors. Seals also abound.
Strange and terrible land!
Not a single human beling so far as is known has ever lived there, save as is

ding-sail. Her crew—both watches—were busy

The ship had come here for water, nearly all her water casks having been stove or started during a squall ten days previously, and every soul aboard of her having been since that date up-On short allowance.

Upon the quarter-deck stood Capt.

Luke Peddler, looking unusually hap-

'Completely! I saw my owners on the subject, and they sent for Hawley. He subject, and they sent for Hawley. He start offered some objections, as was natural, but the high wages, the great step upward, the kindly interest we all manifested, soon brought him to a grateful acceptance!'

'Splendid!' murmured Miss Peddler, adventures which were before him.-

under some pretence, such as looking for pulverized by frosts, lashed and wasted ov flerce tempests.