

ICE BOUND.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL. Author of "The Week of the Greenhorn," "Jack's Conquest," "My Watch-Bow," "The Lady Maid," &c.

It was twenty minutes after the hour at which the mines had been framed to explode when the last party barked, but we waited another quarter of an hour to make sure that it was the last, during all which time the growling and roaring noises deep down continued, as if there was a battle of a thousand tons raging in the vaults and hollows underneath. The smoke had been settled away by the wind, and the prospect was clear. We ran below to see to the fire and receive five minutes of heat into our charred bodies, and then returned to view the scene.

I looked first over the starboard side, and saw the great split that had happened in the night torn in places into immense yawns and gulfs by the fall of vast masses of rock out of its sides, but what most delighted me was the hollow sound of washing water. I lifted my hand and listened.

"The swell of the sea bowing into the opening," I exclaimed with a gasp. "That means," said Tassard, "that this side of the block is dislocated from the main." "Yes," cried I, "and if the powder ahead of the bows has done its work, the head of the ocean will do this, and the water will be made our way to the forecastle over a deep bed of splinters of the ice, lying like wood shavings upon the deck, and I took notice as I walked that every glorious crystal pendant that had once adorned the yards, rigging and spars had been shaken off. I had expected to see a wonderful spectacle of havoc in the ice where the barrels of gunpowder had been poised; but saving many scores of cracks where none was before, and vast ragged gashes in the mouths of the crevices down which the barrels had been lowered, the scene was much less imposing. The Frenchman stared, and exclaimed, "What has the powder done? I see only a few cracks."

"What it may have done I don't know," I answered, "but depends on it such heavy charges of powder must have burst to such purpose. The dislocation will be below, and so much the better, for 'tis there the ice must come under if this block is to go free." He gazed about him and then rapping out a string of oaths—English, Italian, and French, for he was in all the languages he spoke, which, he once told me, were five—he declared that for his part he would not powder wasted, that we had done as well to fling a hand grenade into a fissure; that a thousand barrels of powder would be but as a peepgun for ridding the schooner's bed from the main; and, in short, with several dissenting looks and a face black with rage and disappointment, gave me very plainly to know that I had not only played the fool myself, but had made a fool of him, and that he was heartily sorry he had not shot me dead as a traitor to contrive the cursed mines or to assist me in a ridiculous project that might have resulted in blowing the schooner to pieces and ourselves with it.

I glanced at him with a sneer, but took no further notice of his insolence. It was not only that he was so contemptible in all respects—a liar, a rogue, a thief, a poltroon, hoary in twenty walks of vice—there was something so much more in his looks and bearing than in his words, that he had been as good as dead for eight and forty years; that it was impossible anything he could say could affect me as the rancorous tongue of another man would. I feared and hated him, because I knew that he was already my assassin; but the mere insolence of so incredible a creature could not but find me importunate.

"There is nothing to be seen by staring," he exclaimed, presently, speaking so loudly, "I am hungry and freezing, and shall go below!" And with that he turned his back and made off, growling in his throat as he went.

THAT WAS NOT poor comfort too; it threatened a terrible long spell of waiting, with perhaps disappointment in the end, and months of forced association with a creature with whom I should have to live in fear of my life.

When I was getting supper Tassard came, quitted his mattress and came to his bench. "Has anything happened while I slept?" "Nothing," I answered. "The ice shows no signs of giving," he asked. "I see none," said I.

"Well," cried he, with a sarcastic sneer, "have you any more fine schemes?" "Thy turn now," I replied. "I try your hand. If you fall I promise you I shall not be disappointed." "But you English sailors," said he, wagging his head and regarding me with a great deal of wisdom in his eyes, "speak of your- selves as the finest seamen in the world. Justify the assertion, and you shall not be disappointed by showing me how we are to escape with the schooner from the ice."

"Mr. Tassard," said I, approaching him and looking him full in the face, "I would advise you to sweeten your temper and change your tone. I have borne myself very moderately toward you, submitted to your insults with patience, and have done you some kindnesses; I am not afraid of you. On the contrary, I look upon you as an swaggering bully and hoary villain. Do you understand me? I am a desperate man in a desperate situation. But if I don't fear death, depend upon it I don't fear you; and I take God to witness that if you do not meet me with the civility I have the right to expect, I will kill you!"

My temper had given way; I meant every word I spoke, and I meant to do it, and I sincerely trusted my speech very formidable. I approached him by another stride; he started up, as I thought, to seize me, but in reality to recoil, and this he did so effectually as to tumble over his bench, and down he fell, striking his bald head so hard that he lay for several minutes motionless.

"What I may have done I don't know," I answered, "but depends on it such heavy charges of powder must have burst to such purpose. The dislocation will be below, and so much the better, for 'tis there the ice must come under if this block is to go free." He gazed about him and then rapping out a string of oaths—English, Italian, and French, for he was in all the languages he spoke, which, he once told me, were five—he declared that for his part he would not powder wasted, that we had done as well to fling a hand grenade into a fissure; that a thousand barrels of powder would be but as a peepgun for ridding the schooner's bed from the main; and, in short, with several dissenting looks and a face black with rage and disappointment, gave me very plainly to know that I had not only played the fool myself, but had made a fool of him, and that he was heartily sorry he had not shot me dead as a traitor to contrive the cursed mines or to assist me in a ridiculous project that might have resulted in blowing the schooner to pieces and ourselves with it.

SAVED HIS LEG! SCROFULA BONE CURED! LENTEN BEANON GOODS. A salt and smoked fish, fine white fat mackerel, codfish, smoked halibut, canned salmon and lobsters, etc.

BURSK'S, NO. 17 EAST KING STREET. REMEMBER CLARKE'S NEW NUMBERS. 12 and 14 South Queen Street.

CLARKE'S SOAP! SOAP! 3 Pieces Electric Soap, 5c. 1 Piece Bar Soap, 5c. 1 Piece Toilet Soap, 5c.

CLARKE'S NEW TEA AND COFFEE STORE, 12 and 14 SOUTH QUEEN STREET. FREE DISTRIBUTION. REIST'S Greatest of All Free Distributions TO MORROW, SATURDAY, APRIL 14TH.

ACME SOAP! What is it? The best Laundry Soap on the Market. We have taken out of it in real earnest, and will positively give a bar (not a sample one) to every man, woman, or child who will visit our store.

REIST, Wholesale & Retail Grocer, Cer. W. King and Prince Sts. NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS AND OTHERS. I hereby give notice that I have been granted a license to trespass on any of the lands of the owners and possessors of the same.

DON'T FORGET BARGAINS IN CARPETS. Metzger & Haughman's NOS. 38 AND 40 WEST KING STREET, Opposite the Cooper House.

BARD & McELROY, 33 and 35 South Queen Street, Opposite Fountain Inn. ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NEW THINGS IN DRESS STUFFS.

FAHNESTOCK'S, 35 & 37 EAST KING ST., LANCASTER, PA. JEWELRY. I have this day admitted my Son, GODFRIED Z. RHOADS, to a Partnership in the Watch and Jewelry Business at No. 4 West King Street.

ENGLETREE STOCK FARM. STORM KING, 1861. By Happy Medium, sire of 20 from 2:12 to 2:30. The most prolific reservoir of speed that ever lived.

H. S. SHIRK & SONS, Corner West King and Water Streets, Lancaster, Pa. CARPET HALL. BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

LEVAN'S FLOUR. USE LEVAN'S FLOUR. It Always Gives Satisfaction.

McCALLUM & SLOAN. Carpets, Brussels, and Ingrain. NEW GLEN ROSE MILLS, Complaining WILTON, BRUSSELS, and INGRAIN.

McCALLUM & SLOAN, 1012-1014 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA. Our Opening Day Is Past.

H. SWILKEY, 24 North Queen Street. A Rare Chance, 5 PERCENT REDUCTION. March 31st to April 30th.

REMEMBER, We have our Goods marked in Plain Figures and not in Letters or Characters. We Mean Just What We Say!

FREY & ECKERT, The Leaders of Low Prices in Boots & Shoes. NO. 3 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

Central Machine Works, CORNER OF GRANT AND CHRISTIAN STREETS, (Near of Court House), LANCASTER, PA.

FOR SALE OR RENT. RESIDENCE ON THE EAST SIDE of the city, near the Orange and Chestnut, for Rent. Inquire of A. J. ZEINBAUM, 1012 Chestnut Street.

PUBLIC SALE. ON MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1888, at No. 40 South Christian Street, in Lancaster city, the complete machinery lately used by the Lancaster & Reading Turnpike Company.

POSITIVE PUBLISHERS. ON FRIDAY, 27th DAY OF APRIL, A. D. 1888, the undersigned, surviving partner of the firm of Rhoads & Zeinbaum, will expose to public sale at the Cooper House, in Lancaster city, the following real estate.

WATCHEES. For Farmers and Railroaders will to sell at great reduction in price. Also signs, wall-paper, Aurora, for which I am sole agent, and other articles at wholesale prices.

WALTER C. HERB, No. 101 North Queen Street, LANCASTER, PA. WE OFFER AT PRESENT Decided Bargains.

WALTER C. HERB, No. 101 North Queen Street, LANCASTER, PA. WINS AND LIQUORS. GROFF SPRING DISTILLERY.