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Booby. (THE REPORTER'S). BY E. A. S. Time—What is it, gently stealing...

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close when Redwood Morton received the world-beat passenger into his sitting-room, and when she raised her veil, an expression of surprise fell from his lips.

"This is a surprise, Miss Walker," he said, recovering. "We have not met for five years. Indeed, I did not know that you were in the city, and had no idea that Mr. Farland referred to you in his conversation several hours since."

"I am the lady referred to," she replied, with a faint smile. "I desire to go to Havana, and must trust myself upon your kindness. The Petrel, I believe, sails to-morrow, and I have interest in Havana that must be looked after; hence, my eagerness to depart."

"She finished, and waited for him to speak, but he said nothing. Redwood Morton looked her visitor in the eye, and slowly rose from his chair."

"Miss Bertha Walker," he said, slowly, "the Petrel will sail without you. My business is not here."

"The next instant the woman was on her feet, facing him with flashing eyes. Her face was white, and her lips quivered with ill-motivated passion."

"I am content," she said, "but let me tell you that I will yet have my revenge. Redwood Morton, you do not know me as some men do. I have crushed hopes before this, as I would crush an egg-shell in my hand. My revenge shall be taken upon rocks, and my hate will drive you to despair. I know the doll-faced girl who believes that you love her. You love a woman I shall call Redwood Morton, the thought is absurdly wrong. For a penny I'd throttle her and hurl her at your feet. I say this to tell you how I hate you and everything on which you smile. The very grass you tread—the flag that waves over your destruction, and boldly tell you this. I will curse your ship till heaven, to close my mouth, enthralls you in a tempest which shall send you to the bottom—you and your cursed bark."

"She looked like a queen of tragedy as she spoke, and, though the Petrel's owner was pale, a sarcastic smile lurked beneath the long hair of his moustache."

"You'd make a good Margaret," he said. "Come, now, Bertha Walker, haven't you studied the character?"

"It takes no study to hate you," she answered. "I wish you were beneath my feet that I might grind you to powder. For a penny I'd throttle her and hurl her at your feet. I say this to tell you how I hate you and everything on which you smile. The very grass you tread—the flag that waves over your destruction, and boldly tell you this. I will curse your ship till heaven, to close my mouth, enthralls you in a tempest which shall send you to the bottom—you and your cursed bark."

"So, you are going down in the Petrel?" he inquired, and the woman said to him one bright afternoon. "Not down to the bottom of the sea, but down to the orange groves of Cuba," smiled Morton. "As the Petrel will be sold on her return, I have determined to take leave of her in her last voyage."

"Will you take any passengers?" "None. Do you want to go?" "No; but a female acquaintance of mine would be pleased to sail in the Petrel."

"A woman, eh?" ejaculated Morton, with a merry twinkle in his hard eyes. "Why, our conversation is getting romantic. Where does the lady wish to go?"

"Just to her liking; but as you say you will convey no passengers, she must content herself a while longer on terra firma."

"No, do not consider me positive, Farland," Morton hastened to say. "A lady passenger might add much pleasure to the voyage, and, besides, an affair of our kind might result from it. I am a bachelor, you see."

"Your acquaintance would call, if I am not mistaken, as the conversation had returned to the would-be passenger."

"I will see that she does. You sail—when?" "To-morrow."

"Good! I will brush up a bit, and give my furniture and prepare for her reception."

"A few minutes later Dott Farland left Morton's quarters and walked away."

"Ha! you'll never see Cuba, if you take her with you!" he muttered to himself. "When you see her I think you will adhere to your determination to take no passengers. Redwood Morton, you think I have overlooked your Beedwood trick, and that she might be a good source of profit. Time heals some wounds, but not such as you make."

"Dott Farland was a good-looking man of limited means. Though barred from the best society of the city, his poems were read and admired there, and he loved to boast that verses, written on the gaming table, were quoted in the model family circle of the best avenues. He was a fertile poet, but his associations kept him down."

"From Morton's house he went straight to a well-known European hotel, in the parlor of which he met a tall woman, with great blue eyes and fair auburn hair. She sat at the table, attired in a walking costume, and smiled when he entered."

"Well, what success?" she asked, anxiously, and with much impatience.

"Tolerably fair," he replied. "He wants to go."

"See me!" exclaimed the woman. "No, no; at least not now."

"Then you cannot sail in the Petrel, which departs to-morrow. You can disseminate your verses, but you will gladly take you out with him."

"Once at sea, and he will know that I have not forgotten," cried the woman, clenching her hands, while her eyes flashed. "To sail in the Petrel, you think I must see him?"

picked up his hat which he had placed on the table. "We can't bargain, then, he resumed. 'Come, let us go down.' 'No, I'll wait for you a thousand,' said the sailor. 'I guess I ought to know why you want the work done.'"

"'Good! your hand on that,' said the employer. 'Now, go down and enlist to-night; sink the accursed ship and come here for your money.'"

"The men left the attorney's office together, and after an hour had passed one returned alone. The sailor had been accepted by the Petrel's captain."

"'Everything works well,' the man in the law office said to himself. 'Redwood Morton, there is more than one way to win a woman, and after a man sends you to the bottom of the sea, I will make a bride of Lottie King.'"

"Ah! he did not know that Lottie King was to sail in the Petrel. When the morning came, he emerged from a fine hotel, and went down to the wharf and looked at Morton's ship."

"'Mine at last, Lottie King,' he murmured, and turned abruptly, for he heard the echo of the name. 'Dott Farland stood near conversing with a man of his own name. 'They will marry on their return, I suppose,' Dott's companion said. 'If they ever return—yes,' was the reply. 'If the Petrel reaches Havana, all on board sail, they may see there.'"

"The face of the listener grew deathly pale, and he glanced from the man to the Petrel, whose bright sails were beginning to fill. When she got under way, he exclaimed Dott Farland, 'May the wind and the waves send them to the bottom of the sea.'"

"'Yes, and the girl he is taking with him. Come, Dott, let us drink to his destruction.' The men walked away, leaving the man who had sent the sailor on board the Petrel standing alone."

"His eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets as he gazed at the vessel slowly moving off all at once these words fell from his lips: 'Heavens! what have I done? Lottie is on the ship, and I have hired a man to send it to the bottom of the sea.'"

"He watched the Petrel till her sails were no longer visible, then turned away with an oath on his lips, and flung himself into a chair in the law office where he had made the villainous compact."

"How do you like your men?" "The question addressed to Redwood Morton, fell from the captain's lips after the Petrel had got well to sea."

"Indeed, I have not noticed them," was the owner's reply. "But I trusted to your judgment, believing that it is, in such matters, far superior to mine."

"I took the first men who came," said the captain. "One is a thorough sailor, who was in the wreck of the Barbadoes, and the other seems to be more land-lubber than seaman. I almost wished I hadn't shipped him; but he was so eager to go that I had to take him. I have a few girls very often by a broad grin, with abundant show of teeth—but an articulate laugh is a rarity."

"It is interesting to watch how the mental traits of the race appear even in the most ordinary of men. If given them, they examine it gravely for a little while, and then let it drop. Observe how different this is from a white baby's actions. A bright little six-month-old at home will look at a new toy with intense attention: first, by looking; second, by touching; then by putting the object in its mouth; and finally, by banging it against the floor. The brown monkey just looks; he does not investigate. To see a child without troubling himself about the whys or wherefores; even such incomprehensible pursuits as fossil-collecting or butterfly catching, or sketching, or painting, or anything else, is a people look on quietly, sometimes asking a question or two, but soon dismissing the subject from their minds, as something they are incapable of understanding. With all this, to see a little Indian boy in a crowd, to see a lady of our party, hardly a person asked why she came. 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