

The homeward voyage of the Winged Rover was a rapid one, but to Gilbert Drew it seemed that ages passed before he reached Rockport. He asked no one of the village people whom he met for news of Phebe. He could not find voice to, but he walked straight to the little stone cottage and entered the parlor unbidden.

A dress of snowy silk and a white bridal veil lay on the sofa, and his lips grew white with dread. But Phebe came into the room. She started back when she saw him, then held out her hands involuntarily, with a little glad cry, drawing them back the next instant and making an effort to greet him quietly and coldly.

"Phebe, you have not worn those?" he said, pointing to the sofa.

"No, I shall wear them to-morrow."

He saw the look of dread, almost of agony, that came over her face, and he caught her in his arms.

"My darling, you shall never wear them," he cried; and then he told all his story rapidly, breathlessly. At first Phebe was only able to realize the fact of Joe's death. But joy mingled with her grief when she understood the whole.

Mr. Gerald Bayne, as he called himself, needed no urging to induce him to leave Rockport for parts unknown, after an interview which Gilbert had with him that day. It was better so than to accuse him openly for Phebe's sake, Gilbert thought. Gossips were busy enough with the story as it was.

Two months later the Indian muslin dress that Phebe had laid carefully away, she thought forever, was brought out again; and when the Esperanza, Captain Drew's new ship, sailed out of Rockport harbor, a happy little bride went in her.

#### What Makes the Wind Blow.

If the question were asked, "Who makes the wind blow?" all our young friends would have a ready answer; they know that God controls all the forces of nature. But he uses means. The sun is His great wind-maker. To understand its action, think of the air as a great ocean like water, but much lighter, entirely surrounding the globe. The sun shines upon this ocean of air, and through it on the earth heating them both, and imparting most heat at the earth's surface. But the sun's rays shine more directly down on some parts than on others, and therefore heat them more. Thus, it is always hotter in the region of the equator than at the poles. Now heat expands a fluid, making it lighter, and when part of the air is expanded by heat it rises, and the cooler, heavier surrounding air rushes in to fill its place, and thus wind is produced. The following simple experiment will show just how this works:

Fill a large tin pail with water, in which scatter some fine bread crumbs.—Place a burning lamp under the middle of the pail, and the crumbs will soon begin to rise, carried by the heated column of water, then making a curve towards the sides will sink downward, and pass in a horizontal direction along the earth's surface. In a room containing a hot stove drop into the air in different places bits of light cotton, or dry thistle blossoms, and you will see how the air is moving to each point.

#### A Good Decision.

A miser, having lost a hundred golden eagles, sealed up in a bag, promised ten of the eagles as a reward to any one who should bring it to him. A poor man, finding the bag brought it to the old gentleman and demanded the ten eagles; but the miser, to baffle him, alleged there were 110 eagles in the bag when lost.—The poor man, however was advised to sue for the money; and when the cause came on to be tried, it appearing that the seal had not been broken, nor the bag ripped, the judge said to the defendant's counsel, "The bag you lost had 110 eagles in it, you say?" "Yes, your honor," says he. "Then," replied the judge, "according to the evidence given in court, this cannot be your money, for here are only one hundred eagles; therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears."

A writer in a contemporary mentions the case of a student of Trinity College, tried before Lord Gullimore for a petty theft. The defense was his station in life, his prepossessing appearance and his family. The judge charged in these words: "Gentlemen of the jury, this is a short issue. The prisoner at the bar is a young gentleman of attractive manners, and irreproachable connections who stole a pair of silk stockings—and you will find accordingly."

For the Bloomfield Times.

#### REGRET.

By W. F. C.

THE friendly smile oft disappears,  
And leaves the heart to find  
Solace from the doubts and fears,  
Wrought by friends unkind;  
Too soon, too oft, we say, farewell—  
Which ends the greeting smile;  
Too oft we part, and fall to tell  
The hopes which most beguile.

Pursued by doubts, which end in fears,  
The heart to gloom will yield,—  
'Tis then, alas! hope disappears,  
'Tis then our fate seems sealed.  
The rose nipp'd in the bud will fade,  
Nor be a full-bloom flower;  
A blighted friendship can't invade,  
Nor cheer a lonely hour.

We cannot in a day forget  
The joys and hopes now fled;  
We harbor still, a vain regret,  
And grieve o'er pleasures fled.  
When memory reviews the past,  
Old thoughts we can't forget;  
While the scenes we hoped would last  
Will bring a vain regret.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS WIDOW.

DURING the war of 1814, Commodore Samuel Tucker had been sent around to Penobscot Bay to protect the American coasters, and while the British sailed up the Castine, he lay at Thomaston.

It was a schooner that the Commodore commanded, but she was a heavy one, well-armed and manned and that she carried the true Yankee 'grit' the enemy had received from them too many proofs. On the morning of the 28th of August, a messenger was sent down from Belfast with the intelligence that a British frigate was coming from Castine to take him. Tucker knew that the British feared him, and that also Sir John Therbrook had offered a large amount for his capture.

When the Commodore received the intelligence his vessel was lying at one of the wharves where he would have to wait for two hours for the tide to set him off, but he hastened to have everything prepared to get her off as soon as possible, for he had no desire to meet the frigate.

The schooner's keel was just cleared from the mud and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bowline, when a wagon drawn by one horse came rattling down to the spot.—The driver, a rough-looking countryman, got out upon the wharf, and then assisted a middle-aged woman from the vehicle. The lady's first inquiry was for Commodore Tucker. He was pointed out to her, and she approached him.

"Commodore," she asked, "when do you sail from here?"

"We sail right off, as soon as possible, madam."

"Oh, then I know you will be kind to me," the lady urged in persuasive tones. "My poor husband died yesterday, and I wish to carry his corpse to Wiscasset, where he belongs, and where his parents will take care of it."

"But my good woman, I shan't go to Wiscasset."

"If you will only land me at the mouth of Sheepcot, I will ask no more. I can easily find a boat there to take me up."

"Where is the body?" asked Tucker.

"In the wagon," returned the lady, at the same time raising the corner of her shawl to wipe away the tears. "I have a sum of money with me, and you shall be well paid for your trouble."

"Tut, tut, woman; if I accommodate you, there won't be any pay about it."

The kind-hearted old Commodore was not the man to refuse a favor, and though he liked not the trouble of taking the woman and her strange accompaniment on board, yet he could not refuse. When he told her he would do as she had requested, she thanked him with many tears in her eyes.

Some of the men were sent upon the wharf to bring the body on board. A long buffalo robe was lifted off by the man that drove the wagon and beneath it there appeared a neat black coffin. Some words were passed by the seamen as they were putting the coffin on board, which went to show pretty plainly that the affair did not exactly suit them. It may have been from prejudice on their part; but then, seamen should be allowed a little prejudice once in while, when we consider the stern reality they have to encounter.

"Hush, my good men," said the Commodore, as he heard their murmured remonstrances. "Suppose you were to die away from home, would you not wish that your last remains might be carried to your poor parents! Come, hurry up, now."

The men said no more, and ere long the coffin was placed in the hold, and the woman shown to the cabin. In less than half an hour the schooner was cleared from the wharf, and standing out from the bay. The wind was light from the eastward, but Tucker had no fear of the frigate now that he was once out of the bay.

In the evening the lady passenger came on deck, and the Commodore assured her that he would be able to land her early on the next morning. She expressed her gratification, and remarked that before she retired, she would like to see that her husband's corpse was safe. This was of course granted, and one of them lifted off the hatch that she might go down into the hold.

"I declare," muttered Daniel Carter, an old sailor, who was stauding at the wheel, "she take on dre'fully."

"Yes, poor thing," said Tucker, as he heard her sobs and groans.

"D'ye notice what'n eye she's got?" continued Carter.

"No," said Tucker, only 'twas swollen with tears."

"My eyes! but they shone, though, when she stood there looking at the compass."

"Tucker smiled at the man's quaint earnestness and without further remarks he went down into the cabin.

When the woman came up from the hold, she looked about the deck of the schooner strangely for several minutes and then went off. There was something in her appearance that puzzled Carter.—He had been one of those who objected to the coffin's being brought on board, and hence he was not predisposed to look very favorably upon its owner. The woman's eye ran over the schooner's deck with a strange swiftness. Soon she went to the taffrail and looked over at the stern boat, and then she came and stood by the binnacle again.

"Look out, or you'll gibe the boom," uttered the passenger.

Carter started and found that the sail was shivering. He gave the helm a couple of strokes apart, and then cast his eyes again upon the woman, whose features were lighted by the binnacle lamp.

"Thanks, ma'am," said Dan. "Hold on—why, bless my soul, there's a big spider right on your hair. No—not there. Here, I'll Ugh!"

This last ejaculation Dan made, as he pulled something from the woman's hair, which he threw upon the deck with the Ugh above mentioned.

Shortly afterwards the passengers went below, and ere long Tucker came on deck.

"Commodore," said Carter, with a remarkable degree of earnestness in his manner, "is that woman turned in?"

"I rather think so," said Tucker, looking at the compass.

"But say, didn't you notice anything peculiar about that old woman?"

"Why, Dan, you seem deeply interested about her."

"So I am, Commodore, and so I am about the coffin, too. Wouldn't it be well for you and I to overhaul it?"

"Pshaw! you are as scared as a child in a graveyard."

"Not a bit. Just hark a bit; that woman ain't no woman."

The Commodore pronounced the name of his satanic majesty in the most emphatic manner.

"It's the truth Commodore I can swear to it. I pretended there was a spider on her hair, and I rubbed my hand against her face, By Sam Hyde, if it wasn't as rough and bearded as a holystone. You see she told me how I'd let the boom jibe if I didn't look out. I know there wasn't no woman there, and so I tried her.—Call somebody to the wheel, and let's go and look at the coffin."

The Commodore was wonderstruck at what he had heard, but with that calm presence of mind that made him what he was, sat coolly to thinking. In a few moments he called one of the men aft to relieve Carter, and then he went down to look after his passenger. The latter had turned in and seemed to be sleeping.—Tucker returned and took Carter to one side.

"No noise, now, Carter; follow me, as though nothing had happened."

"Sartin."

The two approached the main hatch, and stopped to raise it when Dan's hand touched a small ball that seemed to have been pinned up under the afterbreak of the hatch.

"It's a ball of twine," said he.

"Don't touch it, but run and get a lantern," replied Tucker.

Carter sprang to obey, and when he returned, a number of men had gathered

about the spot. The hatch was raised, and the Commodore carefully picked up the ball of twine, and found that it was made fast to something below. He descended to the hole, and there he found the ball of twine ran in beneath the lid of the coffin. He had no doubt in his mind now that there was mischief boxed up below, and he sent Carter for something that might answer for a screw-driver. The man soon returned with a stout knife, and the Commodore set to work.—He worked very carefully, however, at the same time keeping a bright lookout for the string.

At length the screws were out, and the lid was very carefully lifted from its place.

"Great God in Heaven!" burst from the lips of the Commodore.

"By Sam Hyde!" dropped like a thunderclap from the tongue of young Sam.

"God bless you, Dan!" said the Commodore.

"I know'd it," uttered Dan.

The men stood for a moment and gazed upon the coffin. There was no dead man there but in the place thereof was material for the death of a score. The coffin was filled with gunpowder and pitchwood. Upon a light frame work in the centre were arranged four pistols, all cocked, and the string entering the coffin from without, communicated with the trigger of each.

The first movement of the Commodore was to call for water, and when it was brought, he dashed three or four bucketfuls into the infernal contrivance, and then breathed more freely.

"No, no," he uttered, as he leaped from the hold. "No, no—men. Do nothing rashly. Let me go into the cabin first. You may follow me."

Commodore Tucker strode into the cabin, walked up to the bunk where his passenger lay, and grasping hold of the female dress, dragged its wearer out on the floor. There was a sharp resistance, and the passenger drew a pistol but it was quickly knocked away—the gown was torn off, and a man came forth from the remnants of calico and linen.

The fellow was assured that his whole plot had been discovered, and at length owned that it had been his plan to turn out in the course of the night, and get hold of the twine, which he had left in a convenient place; he intended to have gone aft, carefully unwinding the string as he went along; then to have got into the boat, cut the falls, and as the boat fell into the water, he would have pulled the twine.

"And I think you know," he continued, with a wicked look, "what would have followed. I should not have been noticed in the fuss—I'd have got out of the way, and you'd all have been in the next world in short order. And all I can say is, I'm sorry I didn't do it."

It was with much difficulty that the Commodore prevented his men from killing the villain on the spot. He turned out to be one of the enemy's officers, and he was to have a heavy reward if he succeeded in destroying the Commodore and his crew.

The prisoner was carried on deck and lashed to the main rigging, where he was told to remain until the vessel got into port.

"What a horrid death that villain meant for us!" said Carter.

"Yes, he did," said Tucker with a shudder.

"He belongs to the same gang that's been robbing and burning the poor people's houses on the coast," said one of the men.

"Yes," said the Commodore, with a nervous twitch of the muscles about the mouth.

A bitter curse from the prisoner now broke on the air, and with clenched fists the Commodore went below.

In the morning, when Tucker came on deck, Seguin was upon the starboard bow, but when he looked for the prisoner he was gone.

"Carter, where's the villain I lashed here last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know where he is, Commodore. Perhaps he has jumped overboard."

The old Commodore looked sternly in Carter's eyes, and he saw a twinkle of satisfaction gleaming there. He hesitated a moment—then turned away and muttered to himself:

"Well, well,—I can't blame them. If the murderous villain has gone to death, he has only met a fate which he richly deserved. Better far it be him than that my noble crew were now in the ocean's cold grave."

#### A Pneumatic Tube Four Hundred Miles Long.

The following extract from a letter describes the operation of a pneumatic tube between Glasgow and London. Probably few of our readers are aware of the existence of the process by which messages and packages are almost instantaneously transmitted between these two cities:

"I had occasion to send a telegram to London the other day, and in a few minutes received a reply which led me to suppose that a serious error had been committed by my agents, involving many thousand pounds. I immediately went to the telegraph office and asked to see my message. The clerk said, 'We can't show it to you, as we sent it to London.'"

"But," I replied, "you must have my original paper here; I wish to see that." He again said: "No, we have not got it; it is in the post office at London." "What do you mean?" I asked; "pray let me see the paper I left here half an hour ago." "Well," said he, "if you must see it, we will get it back in a few minutes, but it is now in London." He rang a bell and in five minutes or so produced my message, rolled up in pasteboard.

"It seems that for some months there has existed a pneumatic telegraph betwixt Glasgow and London and betwixt London and the other principal cities of the kingdom, which consists of an iron tube, into which the messages are thrown and sent to their destination. I inquired if I might get a message sent. 'O, yes, come around here.' He slipped a number of messages into the pasteboard scroll, popped it into the tube and made a signal.—I put my ear to the tube and heard a slight rumbling noise for seventeen seconds, when a bell rang beside me, indicating that the scroll had arrived at the General Postoffice, four hundred miles off! It almost took my breath away to think of it. If I could only go to Boston with the same relative speed, you might count on my passing an evening every week at No. 124 Beacon street, and returning home to sleep. Who knows but we may be conveyed in this marvelous manner before many years?"

"Perhaps you are aware there has been a large tube between the general post-office in London and the station in Eustace square in operation for a number of years. The mail bags for the north are all sent by this conveyance, so that the postoffice receives letters up to a few minutes before the train leaves, three miles off. The transit takes less than two seconds! Surely this is an age of wonders."

#### A Hard Story.

A Philadelphia paper says: There is a doctor in the northwestern part of this consolidated city who is especially remarkable for being, as the women term it, "short and crusty."

A week or two since, he was called to visit a patient who was laboring under a severe attack of cheap whisky.

"Well, doctor, I'm down you see—completely floored. I've got the tremendous delirium, you know?"

"Tremens, you fool! Where'd you get your rum?"

"All over in spots; broke out promiscuously, doctor!"

"Served you right!"

"Father died of the same disease; it took him under the short ribs and carried him off bodily."

"Well, you've got to take something immediately."

"You're a trump, Doc. Here, wife, I'll take a sip of old rye."

"Lie still, you blockhead! Mrs. B., if your husband should get worse before I return, which will be in an hour, give him a dose of that trunk strap; maybe that will bring him to a sense of his folly."

The doctor sailed out grandly, and within an hour sailed in again, and found his friend of the 'tremendous delirium' in a terrible condition, writhing and struggling with pain. His wife, a female of the kind but ignorant school, came up and laying her hand on the doctor's arm, said:

"Doctor, I gave him the strap, as you directed."

"Did you thrash him well?"

"Thrash him?" exclaimed the astonished woman, "no I cut the strap into hash and made him swallow it!"

"O, Lord, doctor," roared the victim, "I swallowed the leather, but—but—"

"But what?"

"I swallowed the whole strap, but I'm darned if I could go the buckle!"

The doctor administered two broad pills and evaporated.