# Che Pittsburgh Euzette.

## THE BOY WHALER: The Young Rovers!

### A BOY'S AND GIRL'S VOYAGE

BY LEON LEWIS, Author of the "Witch Fluder," "Water Wolt," "Boy Magician," "Silver Snip," "Red Knife," etc., etc.

> CHAPTER L THE YOUNG LOVERS.

Among the many charming homes by which the eastern shores of Long Island had become adorned, a score of years ago, was one which pre-eminently engages our attention. It was situated upon the fairest of the broad inlets which characterize the southern side of Shelter Island, and was occupied by Mr. James Lawrence, a retired merchant prince of New

York. There were but two persons visible about the grounds.

The one was a mere boy, a youth of sixteen or seventeen years, but one whose every look and action, young as he was, gave striking promise of no ordinary

The companion of our hero was, like himself at the very threshold of actual existence, scarcely turned of fourteen. flushed with the promise of a noble and glorious womanhood.

She was Lily Lawrence, the only child and heiress of the retired merchant. Behind the young couple were the grounds and mansion; before them two small sail-boats, one of them bearing this

name—The Water Lily.
"I begin to be tired Richard," at length, murmered the girl. "The boat is now in the shade, as pleasant as can be, rocking softly on the beach. Let us

t down in it."
"Agreed, Lily,", responded the youth.
"We'll have a good talk with each

"Well, what shall we talk about?" demanded the little maiden. "Let's talk about our future, Lilywhat we will do when we grow up,

suggested Richard. can't look forward farther than tonight," said Lily, smiling. "Papa and mamma will be home about ten from New York, with loads of presents for you and me, Richard. Let's guess what they will

"Well: I guess a new dress for you, Lily, some jewelry-and a lot of puzzles games. 'I guess a lot of books for you, Dick,

and a new set of chessmen, and a splendid gold watch." The boy's eyes sparkled. "How good father and mother are to me!" he said, with deep feeling. "They could not treat me better if I were their

own son, instead of a waif washed on their beach years ago, before you were

to New York on mysterious business.".
"Mysterious business?" echoed the lad. Lilly nodded her head sagely.

"Yes." she said. "You know. Richard, I've got a dreadful uncle, an awful trouble?".

had man that used to make papa lots of "Yes, Lily." "Well; it's my opinion that my wicked

uncle has turned up!" said Lily, sol-"On, I hope not, Lily!" Richard exclaimed, "He's a rough, bad man. He used to live with father and do nothing sign of her:

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till you were born, expecting to inherit your father's wealth. But, after your birth, he cussed you awfully, and father eyes in every direction, saw no sign of sent him off, and he went to sea, and father thinks he's now the mate or captain of a vessel." "Would you like to be a sailor, Dick?" "No, Lily; I don't love the sea. It

cast me on this beach, a forlorn and helpless child, robbing me of all my friendsof even my name," and the lad's bright face clouded over. "I wish I knew my real name, who I am, and if I have any relatives living. Mother says I was expensively dressed when they picked me up, half drowned, and that I wore this chain and locket around my neck," and he drew from his bosom a slender Florder form despair, as his course led him past a group of fishing boats returning homeward from the first form his bosom is a group of fishing boats returning homeward from Sag Harbor. "Stop that beat! It got loose from Shelter Island! Help!"

His excited voice immediately compared to the first form the fi er put it on my neck, and I shall always wear it. See, Lily! There are two locks of hair within the locket—a yellow, and perhaps, the fishermen, instead of seek a black one, with the names Richard and ing the missing boat, drew near to ques Anna.' I suppose they were the names of my parents."
"Of course!" said Lily, as he restored

the trinket to his bosom. "It's a pity they didn't put their full names; but if they had, I shouldn't have had my brother."

"I'm glad I'm not your brother, Lily," said Richard, gravely.
"Glad!" cried Lily, startled—"glad!"
"Yes, I am glad!" reiterated the lad, a

soft glow of tenderness sufficing his noble features. "If you were my sister you would leave me sometime, and I want you always with me."

'I'll live with you. Dick'" assented But I should want you for my wife, Lily," urged the lad, with the ardor and

tenderness of many an older lover. "Will you marry me dear Lily?" "Why, of course," said the little maid-en, naively. "I expected to marry you, Richard, when I should be old enough."

ost of tender names that came rapidly to

his tongue.

to have one."
"You shall have a diamond one when I go to New York!" hastily promised the young lover. "If you wouldn't mind a plain gold one, Lily, I've got one that's too small for me among my things. Will you wear it till I can get a handsome

Lily graciously assented, and Richard hastened toward the mansion.

When he had gone, the little maiden looked out upon the pleasant bay.

"We ought to live here," she mused.

"I am sure this is the prefilest spot in the whole world."

whole world!' She watched the ships idly.
One of the ships exhibited a bustle and

"She is going for whales," murmured Lily, half unconsciously; "ahe may be gone two or three years—most of the

whale ships are." She was still gazing at the outwardbound whaler, wrapt in her musings, when a dark and sinister face was thrust cut from the shelter of a dense clump of flashing across the beach, and over the bushes a score of rods east of her, near lawn.
the water, in the shadow of some cliffs, "They are looking for Lily and me,"

cheming expression. This wicked-looking face was withreturning footsteps rang out on the

graveled path.
"Here it is, Lily," said Richard,
bounding over the beach into the boat,
and proudly exhibiting the little circlet that was to be the seal of the childish be-trothal. "Let me put it on your finger." "I shall show it to mamma when she comes home," said Lily, "and tell her that we are engaged. See that ship, Dick, starting out on a voyage," she added pointing at the distant vessel she had been watching. "I wish we had your pocket telescope here, Dick; I

whaler." He bounded away and Lily sank down on the cushions, pillowing her head upon one of them.

> CHAPTER II. A DESPERATE RESOLUTION.

She was tired with her day's sports and

wanderings.
It was little wonder, then, that her head had scarcely pressed the cushion when she

utes, returning to his sleeping charge when the shadows of evening were set-tling permanently around her. His search for his portable telescope had for some time been unsuccessful.
"Here it is, Lily," he said, springing

to the side of the boat. "I thought I never should find it, and, now I've got it, it's too late to use it. Why, Lily, darling are you asleep?"

ered her tenderly.
"Poor little tired Lily," he whispered, "It would be a pity to wake her softly.

wonder if I couldn't carry her into the house without waking her."

He was about to carry the idea into execution, when he suddenly remembered a softly-cushioned hand-wagon which had been purchased for Lily's use the previous year, after a long illness which had left her too weak to walk. left her too weak to walk.
"I'll get the wagon" he thought, "and

draw her to the house without a jolt. She'll awake on the parlor sofa after father and mother come home. What a surprise it will be for her!"

Eager to carry out his design, he hastened in search of the invalid wagon. He was not long absent, returning sofuly, fearful of disturbing his young charge.

The boat was gone! Looking wildly around, he caught a glimpse of it, fifty yards away, with its "They love us equally, Dick," said
Lily, tenderly. "I hope they won't forget our presents," she added, "and I'm
half afraid they will, because they went

gimpse of it, nity yards away, with its
sail flapping, and yet going rapidly seaward. Even while he gazed, the gathering mist and gloom closed in upon the
mere point the boat presented to his sight, and it abruptly vanished. For a moment the lad was stunned with

the dreadful truth. "The host has floated off the beach!". he exclaimed. "I might have foreseen it" The tide has risen, and the wind with it. The wind is driving her seaward; but I

the missing boat and girl, he was shaken by a sharp and dreadful apprehension.
"Oh, Lily! my poor little Lily!" he groaned, with an anguish too great for expression, but without pausing in the earnest pursuit. "What does this mean? earnest pursuit.

Where can the boat be? Why does it drift so swiftly? Oh, Lily!" Keeping his eye fixed in the supposed direction of the Water Lily, he strained every nerve, spread every sutch of sail, in his wild frenzy, and yet he perceived

no sign of her.
"Help, help!" he shouted at last, in manded attention. Naturally enough,

perhaps, the fishermen, instead of seektion the pursuer:
In broken words, tremulous with excitement and reviving hope, Richard told

his story as briefly as possible.

Before many minutes had passed, the Water Lily was overtaken and stopped. Richard's boat fairly skimmed over the Sound, his veins throbbing with his exuitant joy, his heart brimming over with a

mighty thanksgiving.
"Is she asleep yet?" he asked. She was very tired. I will not wake her up." The fishers looked at each other in silence. Then one of them silently took lantern and flashed it over the Water

The boat was empty!
There was a dent in the cushion where Lily's golden head had rested. But Lily herself was gone!
"Where—where is Lily?" Dick gasped

One of the fishermen answered:
"She must have waked up dazed like. He drew Lily to him, showering kisses out of bed. Poor little Lily Lawrence was host of tender names that came and the line was entabled. We all know'd her pretty awas fine. Most likely she didn't know where she pa's place khout her wishin' me luck, and "Richard, said Lily, "engaged ladies twas so with the rest. She was an angel, always wear engagement rings. I ought and she's gone home to live, Master Dick, with the rest or the angels !"

cried the boy, "Dead 1 drowned !" wildly. "Yes, she is dead !" He stood there, white, tearless and despairing, like a statute of grief.
"Her folks ought to be told," said one

of the fisherman, in a low tone.

Blowly and reluctantly he trimmed his sail, and set out upon his errand. The remaining fishers then strove. in their rude, kindly way, to comfort the atricken lad. But the sound of their voices jarred on his tortured spirit, and to the black cook, who immediately obey-

body!" he said, aloud, peering over into the dark waters. "Oh, if I might only pany—"

join her!" At length he sat up, and looked with haggard face toward his home.
Lights were gleaming from the windows of the dwelling, and lanterns were

and a pair of fierce and inflamed eyes re-garded her a moment, with an evil and ther have come home. Oh, I can never, never face them again! They took care This wicked-looking face was with-drawn almost immediately into the depths of the bushes, as the sound of the lad's a return I have made! They left Lily in my charge, and return to find her ivories. drowned! They will loathe the sight of "And

me. It was through my carelessness hould gladly have laid down my own life! I cannot go back—oh, never, never!"

"And, Scipio, you are not her prayers and beseechings."
"No, cap'n," said Scipio.
"And if I tell you to flin board, you will do it?"
"Yes, cap'n," said the negree." With sudden eagerness for flight he

should so like to see the people on that drew nearer and nearer, as did the lights As he approached the vessel in the darkness, and marked its signs of imme-

diate departure, a desperate thought en tered his mind. "She is only waiting for some of the stragglers of the crew," he thought. "The wind is right. She'll soon be off. Where can I lose myself to father and mother so completely as on a whaler?"

He approached the vessel as quietly as

possible. She was lying to, just without fell asleep,
Richard was absent full twenty minand. The night was dark, and only a few men were visible on her deck. jurid light of the lantern enabled Richard to note all these circumstances sufficiently

for his purpose. He crept under the bow softly, seized the martingale by a desperate leap, and began to climb to the bowsprit, and thence, in the shadow of the jib, creeping down to the deck. He paused when h had gained a secure footing, and removed He looked down upon the unconscious his shoes, looking around and seeing that little maiden, caressed her hair, and cov- his arrival was unnoticed. He then moved softly along the deck to the companion-way, slipped down, and found himself in a dimiy-lighted, disagreeably-

smelling cabin. The steward's pantry was off this, and Richard beheld a couple of individuals within it, engaged in imbibing hot liquors. Their backs were toward him, and the boy crept along the shadow, gained an empty state-room, slipped in and con-cealed himself beneath the bunk.

#### CHAPTER III.

LILY AND HER CAPTOR. While our young heroine lay asleep in ner boat, upon the beach in front of her father's dwelling, as recorded, the sinister face which had peered upon her from a neighboring cluster of bushes, was again thrust into prominence. Upon this repulsive visage had now appeared an expression akin to villainous contentment. "It certainly looks so," muttered, in a house voice, the individual to whom that evil-looking face belonged. "The

As already stated, the shadows of night had enveloped the scene. Favored by the darkness, the intruder gained the beach unseen, sprang beside the boat, and

There was light enough for him to mark her features, and an exultant glow lit up his own, as he muttered:

will soon overtake her. Lily, darling, I'm coming!"

He sprang into the remaining boat, pushed off, set the sail, and hurried off in and seated himself in the stern. The pursuit of the girl, straining his eyes wind immediately swelled the canvas, through the darkness to discover some blowing from the west, and the little blowing from the west, and the little craft speed out into the gloomnow hover-

ing over the water.
"The thing's done," breathed the vil lin, in a scarcely audible whisper, he looked shoreward and saw no sign of life or motion. "I shall get off with my prize without trouble."

When he had placed what he deemed a sate distance between his unconscious pursuer and himself, he allowed his boat to fall off a little, he peered anxiously around him into the darkness.

"It was about here I ordered the boat to be in waiting," "Ah, there it is yon-

His cautious, hissing whisper was answered by a low, irregular whistle, "This way, boys!" he said, making out the outline of an ordinary whale-boat near at hand, which had been waiting for

The villain then lifted Lily very care fully in his arms, and stepped over into the whale-boat, treading upon Lily's hat as he went.

"Now for the ship boys," he whispered.
"Let the boat I came in drift where she will. Amay with us-quick!"
The whale boat darted away in obedi ence to these orders, and the Water Lily was left to be the sport of the winds and the waves, until found by the pursuer.

The little maiden stirred uneasity in the mbrace of her enemy, and awakened with a sudden start.
"Is it you Dick?" she asked. "Where we're on the water. Dear Dick, let's go

be there! "Shut up, you young one!" commanded her enemy, menacingly. "Not a word—not a cry—or I'll chuck you

over into the water!" Lily almost fainted with fright, her eyes looking wildly up at her captor, and her heart almost ceasing its pulsations. Such a shock she had never before ex-

perienced. The whale-boat avoided the fishinghoats upon the sound, steering straight for the whaling vessel which the young couple had remarked, and about which Lily had indulged in so many specula-tions, and which had so mysteriously delayed its departure."

In a short time the boat was alongside,

the captain climbed to the deck with his liget burden, and hastily descended to the cabin.
What a place for a delicately-nurtured, daintily bred Lily!
There was no one in the cabin, but a hideous black face looked out of the

cook.

Captain Stocks set down his pale and trembling burden upon a wooden beach to the black cook, who immediately obeyto the black cook, who immediately obeyed the summons.

exciaimed thiy. "I am going ashore to days, Bill," said the captain, at last, when the mate arose. "I might be now if.

She sprang up, darting toward the 'twan't for two young una-my girl in there and a by that's nothing to nobody, arefuse of the waves, but who may stand to the black cook, who immediately obeyed the summons.

ed the summons. "I want to be alone. Let me go off by "This is my daughter, Scipio," said the brought him beside her, and h myself! Oh, Lily, Lily!" captain, keeping his eyes fixed menacing hand was laid on her shoulder. The fishers drew off silently and sadly, ly upon the little captive. "I told you "None o"that!" he said, with

resterday that my, wife, ran away from me years ago, and took the girl with her, confusion that showed it was on the deeming it best to leave the lad slone point of departure. It was a whaling with his grief, and soon Richard was solvessel, as its build and appearance plainly declared.

"Perhaps I am over Lilly's drowned that the law into my own hands, and brow, ht my girl off to keep me com-

pany\_\_\_\_''
"It isn't so, " interrupted Lily, desperately, strugglin," with her astonishment and grief. "I am not this man's daughter, and I wouldn't be for a million worlds. I am Lily Lawrence, and my father lives on Shelter Island, and I want

"You hush up !" cried the captain, with a look that made her shudder with fear. "You understand, Scipio, that ou are to keep your eye on this young lady. You are not to let her out of your sight. "I'll remember, sir," said Scipio, with a grin that showed his double row of

"And, Scipio, you are not to listen to "No, cap'n," said Scipio.
"And if I tell you to fling her over-

"Yes, cap'n," said the negro, who had evidently been previously instructed what adjusted his sail, and directed his course to say on the present occasion; "if you toward Sag Harbor, his only idea being say so," and he drew a nuge claspsay so," and he drew a huge clasp-knife from his pocket and assumed a

screamed with fright.
"That is right," said Captain Stocks, satisfied that the desired impression had been made upon his captive. "Go into the pantry, Sciplo; I want to talk with the girl alone."

The cook obeyed, closing the door be-The captain stood in front of Lilv. looking exultantly upon her.

He was a great, powerful man, with
sandy hair and beard, a pair of sinister. eyes, and a face that showed a nature iven up to evil and wickedness. His brawny hands were rough, the cords being heavily knotted; his neck was thick and short; and his entire appearance was at once formidable and unprepossessing. No wonder that delicate little Lily shivered and trembled before him, vaguely

wondering if it were not all a bad dream, and she would wake from it by and by.
"Do you know who I am?" asked th captain, after suveying her a little while in silence. "I know you are a dreadful man," said Lily, with a great sob, not daring to avoid

answering.
"Well, who do you suppose I am?" "I-I suppose you are the very worst man in the world," said poor, frightened little Lily, alarmed at her own temerity. "You flatter me," replied the captain, with a sinister smile; "but you don't quite get my idea. Let me tell you a lit-tle story. Children are fond of stories, I

with a sinister smile; "but you don't tiger,, said sciplo, whita grin. "Why, juite get my idea. Let me tell you a little story. Children are fond of stories, I selleve.

"Once on a time—to begin in the good of way—there were two half-brothers. The younger was a wild wicked boy," aboard, "said Tawkins, reflectively. "I know of a ship once, where the captain's wild was a board, and the ship was lost. old way-there were two half-brothers. The younger was a wild wicked boy," and he sneered. "He didn't like to go to school—that's what they say in the biographies of wicked beys, ain't it? He and every soul drowned. It's a temptin' ran away to sea, and made his father o' Providence to take women to sea!" trouble. The elder boy was a good lad, industrious and thoughtful, and studious, captain's will!" declared Scipio. and all that"-and again he sneered. The father of these boys died when the boys got to be young men, and it was found that he had left all his wealth to the good, elder boy, and left the bad, younger son dependent upon the bounty of his brother. Can you understand all that?"
Lily was looking up at him with wild and wondering eyes, her tangle of golden

hair pushed back from her white brows, and her pale face all aglow with suppres-"The good brother built him a splendid home on Shelter Island, and married a rich girl, and was very happy"-and the captain's sneer was fearfully bitter. "The wicked brother lived with this good and happy couple a whole year, thinking if further pile of blankets. they were to die, how rich he would be. But a baby came at the end of a year, and he knew that all that property would urely selecting the required stores.

"What did you say the young lady's go to her, so he ran off and was never heard of by his brother again—never, until the other day, when this bad brother happened to be in New York, and wrote a letter to his rich brother, pretending to be sorry, and desiring to be forgiven. The rich brother and his wife hurried off to bring the prodigal home, and their only child was left unguarded to fall into the wicked man's hands. In culty he could prevent himself from utter-

short, Miss Lily, your papa went to New | ing a shout. York on a wild goose chase, just to give me the opportunity to ateal his dearest "And you-and you-" gasped Lily, with dilating eyes.
"I am Captain Stocks, of the whaler Dolphin, otherwise Hadley Lawrence, the wicked brother," said the captain with

a mocking bow and a sneering smile. "Then you must be my bad uncle!" ejaculated Lily, full of horror and surme off in this manner?" "I mean," he said, to give you a voy-

age around the world!' "I-I don't understand vou." said Lily, with a pitiful quiver of her lip.
"No? Then let me explain. My vesin safe custody in some far off quarter of out back files of papers, read the affecting "Is it you Dick?" she asked. "Where account of the fate of Miss Lily Lawrence, and inherit all the Lawrence property are you taking me? Why, it dark, and only child of James Lawrence, and then Poor little Lily! My heart aches to comopen negotiations with my afflicted relaright home! Papa and mama will soon tives. Should my brother and his wife both be dead of griet—and I believe and expect they will be—I shall enter into possession of the property, kick out that nameless, interloping boy—your 'dear Dick'—and settle down into a virtuous,

happy existence, keeping you well guarded in your far off prison. Can you understand my programme?" "Yes, I understand you!" cried Lily, indignantly. "I should think you would choke with so many wicked words." He opened a door beside Lily, and ex-hibited the small state-room. A large new trunk stood against the wall, the key in tened to prepare.
the lock. The captain lifted the lid dis The two men talked over their wine a the lock. The captain lifted the lid dis-playing its contents.

Why, those are my own things!" cried Lily in astonishment, recognizing in the miscellaneous heap, dresses, underclothing, shoes, and hats she had worn, "How did they come here?" "I got them out of your house this morning, when you were in the garden, and the servants were off by themselves."

way, the captain's broad strides had "This is my daughter, Scipio," said the brought him beside her, and his heavy phin, I may get you to dispose of my fine
"None o"that!" he fald with an ugly young gentleman for me. By George!

you.

He thrust her into the dark state-room. locked the door, putting the key in his pocket, and ordering the negro to keep a close guard over the captive, He then went about his business,

The child thoroughly exhausted herself with the vehemence of her emotions and exertions to escape, calling wildly on her parents for rescue, but at last she dropped in o her berth, mosning and sobbing Oh, Dick, dear Dick, come to me!

Come and save your poor Lily!"

The poor little captive had no suspicion of Richard's presence, and yet, by a merciful Providence, the desperate resolution of our young hero bad carried him aboard of that very vessel!

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHT IN DARENESS.

How lonely and desolate he was! No word can describe his sadness. For a long time he lay there, thinking toward Sag Harbor, his only idea being to hide himself somewhere where the reproachful glances of Lily's parents might never reach him.

The great lantern of the whaling yessel and the lights represent the same of the same

was before him!
"We are fairly out to sea," he said, at last, as the rolling and pitching of the vessel declared the fact. "I must own up soon." I wonder what the captain will

say when he sees me! He wiped away his tears manfully, repulsed the feeling of desolation that came over him, and began slowly to emerge from his concealment. As might have been expected from the life he and Lily had led, spending half their time on the water, neither of them felt the slightest inclination to sea sickness. But to both the peculiar greasy odor pervading the vessel was almost intolerable, and Richard began to long for the fresh air of the decks.

He crept across the state room, and placing himself noiselessly in the stairway, peered into the dingy cabin. The door of the steward's pantry was open, and the steward—a negro named Tawkins—was engaged in entertaining Scipio with a tempting beverage, receiving in return all the news at Scipio's

"So the captain has brought his daughter aboard, has he," said Tawkins. "I jest wish I could see her. Does she look like the captain?"

"About as much as a lamb looks like a tiger,,' said Scipio, with a grin. "Why,

"It'd be worse luck to go against the he can rage worse than the wind can, and the weight of his arm is somethin' awful. Last v'yage, you know, he liked to killed one of the sailors, and that very feller is in the New York 'ospitle now

with a generally used up body. Can't walk, nor talk, nor nothin'-so I hear. The captain is awful!" Richard began to think he might better have remained ashore.
"Is the captain's bed made, Tawkine?"

The steward replied in the negative. "I'll make it then," said Scipio, "and you can help. Where are the blankets and

Richard, anticipating the reply, closed the door and concealed himself behind the A moment later, the two negroes entered the state-room, and commenced leis-

name is, Sciplo?" inquired Tawkins, holding a lantern, while his friend tum bled over the piles of blankets. "I didn't say, but it's Lily, "The cap-tain found her on Shelter Island." "What a great leap Richard's heart gave. He started so violently as almost to betray himself, and it was with diffi-

A conviction of the glorious truth flashed across his soul with the quickness of lightning. Lily was living-was on board this

very vessel. While his mind was in a maze of blissful rapture the two men passed out, and he was left to himself. His first impulse was to fling himself at full length and sob like a child. His joy and thanksgiving found vent in a prise. "What do you mean by carrying shower of tears, which seemed to refleve alike the pressure on heart and brain. Notwithstanding that the girl had been

spoken of as the captnin's daughter, be believed her to be his own lost Lily. As sel is bound on a three years' voyage.

Before my return home, I shall put you in safe custody in some far off custody.

My vesturate grew clearer, his mind grew busy with speculations, and he soon arrived at apides somewhere near the truth.

"Lily's uncle is a sailor, and what called the soon arrived at apides somewhere near the truth. his brain grew clearer, his mind grew the globe. I shall then come back, search He is going to take her far away, and maybe he means to kill father and mother, and inherit all the Lawrence property. fort her. The key is inside her door. 1

must go to her!" He again arose and peered out into the capin. The door of the captain's stateroom was open and the two negroes were busy making up the berth. He could not move yet to Lily's assist-

ance. He must wait-he must have patience While he stood there, his (see paling and flushing, his heart sinking and swelling with despondency and hope, the captain and mate came down the companion-way and sat down at the cabin table, calling for sundry drinks, which Tawkins has-

full hour, telling what they should do in case their present whaling expedition proved successful, and drinking repeated. ly to the desired success. It seemed to Richard, as if they never

would separate.

He crouched behind the closed door, waiting for their departure, and trembling so that he could scarcely stand. "I shall be a rich man one of these "But I am not going off with you!" "I shall be a rich man one of these xclaimed Lily. "I am going ashore to days, Bill," said the captain, at last, when One of these days, Bill, when you are captain instead of mate of the old Dol-

look. "I've got to go sshore again on business before we sall, and I'can't waste more time here. No use in your trying to escape. Scipio has got his eyes on should be glad to see the same, for a favor done to Captain Stocks was sure of reward. He then went up on deck, leaving the commander to himself.

Richard instinctively understood the "fine young gentleman" referred to to be himself. His suspicions that the captain was the brother of his foster-father and benefactor had received confirmation. It was another full hour before the cap-tain retired. He talked to Scipio, enjoining on him a ceaseless vigilance toward the captive, promising him tempting re-wards for faithfulness. He listened at Lily's door to assure himself that she slept, and finally he withdrew into his state-room, closed his door, and his loud breathing soon attested his somnolence. Scipo flung himself on the bench that served as a cabin divan, and tossed and

rolled about sleeplessly, a full half hour more. But at length he, too, slept. Then Richard, who had remained sleepless and vigilant, again opened the door and looked out—with what breath-

lessness, with what subdued excitement. can be well imagined. can be well imagined.

The negro was snoring, with his face to the wall. Beside him, there was no one in the cabin. The smoky lamp burned dimly, and the sound of steady tramping came from the deck, where members of the watch were walking and talking together.

Breathless with excitement, Richard

stole out into the cabin, closing his stateroom door behind him. The time had come for action. Creeping noiselessly along the wall, his restless gaze divided between the negro, the companionway, and the captain's

door, he stole to the entrance of Lily's apartment. How he trembled as he turned the handle; pressing upon it!

It yielded to his touch—the door was

not locked. He softly glided in! Closing the door behind him, he softly ocked it finding the key in its place. Then he crept up to the berth and

looked in, as well as the darkness permitted. Yes, there was his Lily-his lost Lily -faint and pale as one dead, her golden hair streaming over her pillow, her long, curling lashes on her cheeks, vailing the sweet, shut eyes, and her breath faintly coming and going between her parted

lips.
Weary, strengthless and despairing, she lay there like a broken flower.

How Richard's heart swelled with joy and rapture, as he looked on the lovely face he had thought lying under the restless waves! What a mighty yearning filled his soul at sight of her living,

breathing form!

"Lily!" he whispered softly, taking her lifeless hand in his own.

The eyelashes stirred a little, and the hand quivered a little in his grasp.
"Lily!" he whispered again, with a

solemn, ineffable tenderness. "Lily, darling—it is Dick!"
"The words seemed to galvanize the little creature 'nto new life. She opened wide her wandering eyes, looked at him wilkly—then a sudden comprehension of her great joy rushed over her, and she buried her face in his bosom, weeping out her thanksgiving.

She made no outcry—she uttered no

scream-such raptufe as here finds expression best in silent tears. heart, and shed upon her bright head tears like hers—solemn, joyful tears! What mattered all else? the perils they had passed? the dangers to come? To be continued in the NEW YORK WEEKLY, No. 50, now ready, where THE BOY WHALER can be found, and for sale by

every news agent throughout the Union. AMUSEMENT?

NEW OPERA HOUSE. Second night of the celebrated and popular Tra-

Mr. JOSEPH PROCTCR, Who will appear this evening in his great char-ETHELWOLD. MONDAY EVENING, October 11th, 1869, the new dramatic romance in five acts extilled

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## are on the ground floor in the rear.

LEGAL. A LLEGHENY COUNTY, 883-A SARAH E. MYFRS, by her next friend, J. ... Smith, vs. JAMES MEYERS In Coert of Common Pleas, No. 133, June Term, 1869, Libelin Divorce. Term, 1869. Libel in Divorce.
To James Meyers, the respondent above named:
You are hereby notified to be and aspear
at a const o Common Pleas, to be held in
the City of Pittsmark. In and for said county,
on the FIRST MONDAY OF DECEMBER next.
to show cause, if any you have, why the said
Barain E. Meyers should not be divorced from
you by the decree he said Court. agreeably to the
prayer of her petition, as filed in the sbove case.

RAMUEL B. CLULEY, Sheriff.

FHERIEF'S OFFICE.
PITTSBURGH, Sept. 27,1869. EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.-Letlers testementary upon the estate of ECK-hard DENNY, late of East Deer Township, Alleghedy compy, P.a., dee'd, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons having claims against, the valid estate will mease present them for activement, and all persons indebted to said estate will please wake immediate payment.

\*\*serings-r\*\* JAMES M. DENNY, becomes.

KEYSTONE POTTERY. S. M. RIER & Co., organi Manufacturers on

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