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Caught In His-Own Trap.

"Confound the boy! what does he mean? Does he think I am going to be a father to him and not be obeyed as a father? Does he think I'm going to give him my money to spend in business, and take only ingratitude in return? What can the young dog be thinking of? Plague the youngster! What business has he to go and fall in love with a poor piece of trash? I'll fix him! I'll—but here comes the rascal, the spurner of my counsels!"
And as Captain Jerry Pleman thus

spoke, he sauk into a great stuffed chair, and looked daggers; and twice he stamped his dumpy foot vehemently to keep up his stern purpose. He was a round-bellied, red-cheeked bachelor, just five-and-forty. Most of his life he had spent at sea, and had lately settled down ashore with an immense fortune, for the purpose of enjoying the rest of his days "after his own heart," as he expressed it. His pate was just large enough to carry his jolly face high up over his brow, but yet he had a good quantity of dark curls clustering about his short, fat neck. The only near relative he had in the lower world was Jack Kendall, an only child of his only sister. Jerry Pleman had loved his sister fondly, and when she died, -she was a widow then-she left a prayer upon ders, he had hit upon the huppy exrecord that her brother would care for her orphan boy. And Uncle Jerry had done it faithfully. For ten years he had provided for his nephew, keeping him at one of the best schools for a while, and then paying his way through college. But now that he had settled down in a home, he had Jack come and live with him.

"Ah, you are here, are you?" growled the uncle, looking up with a dagger-like expression.

, Jack Kendall was twenty-three, somewhat taller than his uncle, but with the same family look. He was a handsome, good-natured, generous, af-fectionate fellow, and loved-his uncle

Jerry with his whole soul.
"Yes, uncle, I am here," he replied, taking a seat, "and I know you are glad to see me.'

"Aye, I am glad, for I have something to say to you," the bachelor resumed, looking more daggers. "Have you seen that baggage again?"
"Baggage, uncle?"

"Baggage, sir. I said baggage. Have you seen her?" "Her, uncle? Baggago? Her? Why

-what do you mean?' "You know very well what I mean. mean that piece of poverty-that hanger-on-that-that baggage-that

-that girl!" "Oh, you mean Lizzie Brown. The girl that--"

"Thinks to eatch you, and thus catch my money!" interrupted Uncle Jerry, emphatically.

"It is hardly fair to say that, uncle, seeing that I made all the advances myself." . "Nonseuse, don't you suppose I

know? I say she set the trap for ye! But I won't have it. If I'm to be a father to ye, you must obey me. Now I've got a good chance. I want you to marry Susan Garland."

"But she's a widow, uncle." "So much the better. She'll know

how to make a home for ye. "And she's older than I by a dozen

"Just five years. She's only twenty-eight. It's all the better for that." "But I can't love her."

"Can't love her!" cried the uncle, looking an immense number of very sharp pointed daggers. "Can't love Susan Garland! Can't love the woman who was the wife of the most faithful friend I ever had? Let me tell you, sir, that when the Gazelle was cast upon the rocks of Barnegat, Bill Garland saved my life and lost his own, He died in these arms, sir, and the last words he ever said to me were. 'Be kind to my poor Susan,' and I will be kind to her," the captain added, wiping a big tear from his cheek. "I'll give her a husband-a graceless husband, perhaps-but who shall have money enough to keep her above

of doors in an instant! I'll see you starve before I'll give you another penny. I'll take away all I ever did

give you." "Ah, you couldn't do that, uncle. The education I have gained under your noble, generous patronage, is a mine of wealth, of which you cannot rob me; and I would not to day exchange it for all the wealth you everpossessed. I can live by my own

"Aha! you threaten me, do you? You mean to rebel, do you? mean to disobey me outright?"

"You do not understand me, uncle. You surely would not force me to helie my own heart. If you could but

"Lizzie Fiddlestiek! I don't want bright smiles and sparkling wit of bis to know her, I known Susan Garland, fair hostess. and that is enough. I've had this plan fixed ever since I came home. I plan fixed over since I came home. I promised Bill I'd take care of her, and I must do it; and how can I do it if Finally the widow came and sat you don't let me have her for a niece?"

"Why not have her for a wife?"

asked Jack, quietly.
"Wife-me! Why, you young rascal! what do you mean? Me-marry! Zounds! Do you think I am crazy? I

am old enough to be her father,' "Only seventeen years, uncle. Just enough to give you character as a husband.'

"Silence, villain. Would you have me make a fool of myself, just as I am settling down for comfort and quiet? Don't you dare mention such a thing again. I shall go and see Susan to-morrow, an I shall tell her you will have her. That's enough. I won't hear any more. By the big fish, I'll

keep my promise!' Jack know it would be useless to say any more at present, so he held his peace. William Garland has been his uncle's first mate during the last two voyages, and the Captain not only liked him much, but also thought much of Susan, having stopped at her home while her husband was living. When Captain Jerry came home with the care of the widow upon his shoulpedient of making her his niece by marriage, and thus having the right to care for her without exciting scandal. Jack knew how his uncle had cherished this plan, and be feared it would be hard to thwart him. The old fellow was as stubborn as he was kind hearted, and where he felt he had authority he would not yield.

Finally Jack retired to ponder upon the subject, and before dark he had resolved to see the widow in advance of his uncle, and he went that very

evening. Susan Garland was a very pretty woman, with a plump form, and a dimpled, cheerful face, over which the sweet, genial smiles were continually playing when she was happy. She had been alone about two years. She welcomed Jack kindly, and after some commouplace remarks the young man came to the point. He related the conversation which passed between himself and his uncle that afternoon, and expressed the hope that the would

help him. "Surely you would not wish to take me from the being I love," he said.

"Of course not," the widow replied, with an earnest smile. "I should be decidedly opposed to any such thing. I know Lizzie well, and I know, too, that she will make you a good wife. You may depend upon my assistance, for I can tell your uncle that I won't,

and that will be the end of it."

They chatted a while longer, and then Jack took his leave.

"He will be here to morrow foremoon," the young man said, as he companies to such a relation?"

The widows's long lashes drooped, and the dark tresses upon her bosom

"I shall be ready for him," was the reply, and a funny light twinkled in the widow's eyes as she said so.

About 11 o'clock on the following day Uncle Jerry called upon the widow. She had left off her weeds, and now appeared fresh and fair as a maid of sixteen. She welcomed the cap-tain with one of her sweetest smiles, and finally took a sout close beside him. By a dexterous turn she got him engaged in relating wonderful stories of his adventures at sea, and thus an hour slipped away. Of course he must now stop to dinner.

"Oh, no, I must go home to diuner," said he. "But before I go, I have a little business matter to touch upon. nounced the widow decisively. "It is my dinner hour, and I must prepare it.

Wait and eat with me, and then I'll listen." And with this Susan drew out the table, spread the snow-white tablecloth and soon had the dishes in their places. She finally went away to the sitchen, and soon the captain heard

the pots and kettles rattling, the meat spluttering, and a brisk culinary want. You shall marry her, sir."

"But suppose I should refose?"

"Refuse! refuse your uncle? You himself, "she's a splendid craft. What dare not do it, sir! I'll turn you out a lean build. If I had come across such a woman years ago, I believe I

should have made a fool of myself."

In due time the dinner made its ap-Now make yourself at home," the

widow said, with a charming smile; for I look upon you as one of the dearest friends I have." "Egad, if she ain't a beauty," Un-better part now. You have spoken cle Jerry said to himself, as he moved my doom. Farewell?" up to the table.

The lamb chops were done as the captain had never seen them done be-

"Zounds!" he muttered, while she

the sofa. Her dimpled cheeks were all aglow; her bright eyes sparkling with a beaming lustre; and over her white shoulder flowed a wavy, curling tress, which trembled ever and anon, as though there were some strange emotion in the bosom beneath it.

"Now, sir," she said, "I am ready to

"Well-well," Uncle Jerry managed to say, after a prodigious effort at the sunlight streaming into his room, clearing his throat, "you must pardon He arose and sat down by the window. me if I come right to the point." "Of course."

"Then here it is—you know I promised Bill—that is—Bill Garland—my old mate-or I should say my young

mate—that I would look after you—eare for you; you know that."

"Yes, sir," continued Susan, with a grateful look; "I know that, and I have blessed you many times for your kindness to poor me. Alas! I don't know what I should have done but for your generous bounty."

"Tut, tut, don't talk so. How could I help being good to you?" "Ah, but everybody don't have

hearts like yours.' The captain rather liked the compliment; and then it came from an agreeable source, too. So he did not dispute it. But he made another prodigious effort to clear his throat, and then said:

"I have tried to be good to you, Susan, and I hope I have been; but I can't do all I want to do for you at present. I am coming right to the point now." (Another clearing of the throat.) "You know you are a wid-

"And you know you are yet young and very beautiful."

"Oh, no! not beautiful; and surely not very young," "But you are not old, and-you are beautiful. Now this won't do. Scandal will reach you. I-ahem-am not go old myself but that the shaft of scan

dal might reach me, too. "You, old?" uttered Susan, looking up reprovingly, and yet admiringly. "Why, you are right in the very prime of manhood. A man at your age and with your genial, happy disposition, has just reached the dawn of life at

five-and-forty." Uncle Jerry rather liked this, so be did not contradict it, as he had at first

a will to do. "Then, of course," he returned, applying the compliment to his own purpose, "it is still more necessary that there should be a new and nearer re-

trembled perceptibly.

"If it is your wish, sir, I should have no opposition to make, she said. "And you'll come and live with

me? "And wo'll be as happy as kings!" "Oh, I should be very happy," she whispered; and as she did so, her head

rested upon the captain's shoulder, and the bright tress fell upon his hand, with several tear-jewels glittering amid its curls. "What a time we'll have!" Uncle

closely to him. "When you are Jack's wife, we'll-"Jack!" repeated Susan, breaking from his embrace, and springing to her feet. "Jack's wife!" she uttored, man."

plump form, and drawing her more

dashing the tears from her eyes. "Why, bless me, yes." "And you have meant for me to marry him?"

"Lord bless me, who should I mean ?" "And do you suppose I'd marry with a mere boy? Are there not girls enough for the youngster? Sir, you mistake me-you mistake my heart, you

mistake my love, if you think I could give my heart to your nephew."
"But bless me-ahem-a-h-hem-

"I know, sir-I know him well. He In due time the dinner made its appearance, and the captain was invited to partake of it.

is a fine youth, a worthy youth, and may be a noble man if be lives long enough. But I can say no more. I am sorry to disappoint you. I am-amdeeply gratified for all your kindness to me, and I pray to God for his blessing upon you continually. But we had

"But Susan, Here! Stop! Bless

Susan did not stop, and Uncle Jerforce. So juicy, so rich, so delicately spiced—and so splendinty cooked. And then the little et caterus, and the cake, and the rich golden coffee. But above all he was entranced by the

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dy and silent. When he went up to his chamber he commenced to mutter again; and be kept muttering and pondering till be fell asleep. Finally he began to dream. He dreamed that Susan Garland became his wife, and down by the side of the captain upon he held her to his bosom and wondered that he could ever have thought of such a foolish thing as allowing Jack to have her. But as he held her thus, who should appear in the nuptial chamber, but Bill Garland, pale and cold, with sea wood for hair, and dark green ocean moss for raiment! And the cadaverous presence said, "Give me my wife!" The dreamer awoke with a sharp cry of fear, and found He arose and sat down by the window, and finally be said, in a deep, fervent

"Thank God; Bill Garland hasn't come back !"

For three whole days, Uncle Jerry was like a newly converted sinner. He could not eat, be could not read, he could not sleep, and the burden of his remarks to Jack was:

"Clear out, you rascal!" On the evening of the third day the captain made an extraordinary toilet. and then went up to see Susan Garland. She walcomed him with a warm greeting, and finally, at his particular request, sat down by his side upon the sofa, just as she sat before. "Susan," said be—he spoke bluntly,

for his courage and determination had been duly brought up to the sticking point before he started — 'you said the other day that you should be very happy to come and live with me. Did you mean that you would be willing to become my wife?" There were a dozen tresses upon

that white shoulder now, and they shook like aspens. "That's a curious question, sir," she

replied.
"But tell me plainly, did you mean that ?" "If I mistook your meaning, sir, you have no right to question mine. "But, Lord bless me! suppose I

should ask you to become my wife? Answer me that." Answer me that."

"You never did ask me, sir."

"Then by the car of old Neptune, I ask you now. Susan Garland, will you be my wife?"

"Jerry Pleman—I will!"

"What!" cried the captain, starting

back, and gazing into her blushing, tear-wet face, "do you mean that you can love an old man like me-that you can love me always!"

"You are not old, and as for loving you. I have loved you for a long while; and if you take me for a wife, I'll love and bless you to my dying hour!

"Then come here! Come here, Su-san! Come right here; and if I ever cense to love you, to cherish you, and lation between us. I love you too cease to love you, to cherish you, and well to have a single breath of suspiweed ghost come back!"

About ten minutes after this Uncle

Jerry made the following very sensiremark "Why, bless my soul! we are acting

like two fools! The widow only smiled and said: "Two very happy ones, aiu't we?" And Jerry said : "Bless my soul -- we are!" On the following day Jack happen

ed to pass near the widow's house, and he dropped in. In a few moments he was the happiest fellow imaginable. "Bot," said Suzan, carpestly, "don't misunderstand me. I have leved your uncle—loved him well and truly, and I believe he loved me, but dared not Jerry cried, winding his arm about her say so. Had it not been thus, I could not have done this. I would have helped you all the same, by simply and flatly refusing you, but I could not have toyed or trifled with him.

"So he is," said Jack. And then

Jack went home. The youth found his uncle in the library, reading a book—said book being bottom end up. He sat down and peeped wickedly out of his eyes, while an ill-mannered smile kept play-

ing around the corners of his mouth. "What are you winking and blinking, and squinting and grinning at, you young dog?" asked the old captain, with tremendous ferocity.

"I was thinking of a story I read once," replied Jack, quietly. "A story, ch? What is it, you scape

"I'll tell you, uncle," said the nephew, with a smile and twinkle more wicked than ever. It was a very funny thing-it is the funniest thing I ever heard of. A man once went to set a trap in which to catch a very respectable and "honorable young friend of his. He had got the trup all nicely set as he supposed, when -what do you think?"

"When, what, you graceless raseal?" "Why, uncle, when the thing was all fixed, there was the funniest thing happened you over heard of. Instead

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]