VICTORIA SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST.

"BROKEN BONDS"

Written By Hawley Smart

We must trust it may neve come in, won' ued, as they arrived at the

ddle and Sabre

picturesque dwelling was otain Holdershed, a pretty oried cottage, half-smoth. asmine, passion flower, and The little garden creeper. The little garden rated it from the road was flowers, and the walks, grass borders kept with scrupu-ness. The dining parlor on was fitted up with table chairs, etc., of Spanish ma ot your gimerack modern mahognay dark as night g like patent leather. was the sitting-roomm. please to bear in mi ably furnished ro enough, easy-chairs, and a huge d sofa. A modest book ned a supply of somewhat ed literature. The Way those of Marryatt (much the Captain these last), the Wakefield," Burns, Scott's Campbell's, Dibdin's songs volmes of the Spectator, the room contained no the best of all reasons; no one to make use of it en there. Nor were there ine frivolities, in the shape littered about the table atting, and embroider wer as the mysteries of Elleusis. was a ball of twine, a mesh, etting needle on the mantel-half-tied fly, and one of lovels lay on the little tabl ndow. A couple of fishing-ined in one corner of the a landing-net in another. lazed sailor's hat, with a blue flowers were everying against the wall, while few prints, chiefly description, decorated the erspersed here and there with ned chart or two-reminis the Captain of some voyage gone by. Such is Jennie's to which, tossing off her ting straw hat, she now ing straw r. Weaver. somewhat undecided in nd as to whether to c r visitor that she r visitor that she has good suppose Dainty Ellerton is ighborhood. Nance's vision has been the confidante of h, but she believes that upon sion Nance has really seen nd that it is no vague whim nagination; still, thinks Jen-quite possible he does not presence in these parts to liv known, and quick-witte s not deem her open-hearte ust the person to entrust Better keep such knowledg she thinks-at all events esent. And then sudden! across the girl that he may o endeavor to communicate mprisoned brother. A Portlass like Jennie is quite the illicit traffic carried the lift trainc carried on prisoners. She knows that those on the island who, by the activity of the coast-revenue officers to abandon daring and open smuggling buth, console themselves with similitude of it, and tura, le nenules which they them pennies, which they the conveying of other contraband in the prison walls, whose ble them to pay royally for ries. All this glances through ind, in less time than in has to write it. Her heart thrills tation as she whispers to this is so, he will want me. er. albeit he has contemlady of his love for some with mute admiration, is by r addicted to such taciturn on the contrary, he is a most

adorer, and now th-"Troth, Miss

breaks

Author of "Saddle and Sabre"

<text> dumbness come over you. be you're thinking of how have been to me lately. If I but imagine how much t is to give than to refuse, t is to give than to remse, much more becoming a yes pretty lips than a negative?" again, and so soon, sir!" ennie, while she admonished her forefinger. "Don't you, 've no business to get in gain for three weeks yet." aith?" exclaimed Mr. Weaver, "whe sould weeks lowe by the the could make love by the By me soul, I suppose you' only ask your consent i's at the full. It'd be a compliment to be naving o?" they do say," rejoined Tim, lancing with devilment, "that ded folks are not just retheir actions those aver," cried Jennie, "I see . It's only when you're not self that you go so far. Ah," ued, clasping her hands. in uish, "to think that I have nirer, and that, by his own even he's a lunatic." Miss Jennie, you know bet-ply funning I am. By the Cashel, I am in downright he laughter pealed from the as she exclaimed, "Undone, It's only funning he is, in earnest. mean laughing at everything ponded Tim tartly, "maybe I'm gone the better." e," said Jennie, "you know r angry with me. If I have ask pardon"; and as she ver angry with me. rose and dropped him a "Will that do, sir?" "n't tease," was the good-rishman's reply; but at this upon their ease the noise upon their ears the and above the noise of the se gruesome nautical invect-eded again by a deep bass ling out in sonorous tones little Tom Linstock, of Dover, i, and left Polly in pain; but her grief was soon over, she got married again. hen. you swab, who the, etc., u to lie-to----" Cottage, Captain," replied touching his hat. is—'spose it is Jas'm Cot-of that, sir?" demanded , fiercely. "Gentlemen don't nt to go home. Want to ad a li'le. Go on, you white-ptive-looking, shiny-hatted ampus!" ise Itia ant mariner wagosated in rriage, without this hat, his ng, and occasionally moprspiration fro mhis brows ge silken bandana, while on he gesticulated violently (To be continued.) been min arime