

A Star Hunter's Discoveries.

It was a summer morn, slender, active and fair, with a harvest half-bush, with a very distinctive air.

They drove they dashed and they tested, and they tried away the day, in the cool of evening and in the stillness of the night.

But off on the moonlit evening, when they strolled along the shore, they encountered a darker light than they had ever seen before.

As they gazed at it with coldness, as the faintest of swallows came, they discovered a new star in the firmament.

It was engaged to a London girl, and she to a New York man in life.

The Help that Comes to Late.

It was a warm sun, it was a world of sun, with its tangled web and its web, its web that mother the spring flowers.

And it was the help that comes to late, when the sun is low and the moon is high, when the stars are dim and the moon is bright.

It was the help that comes to late, when the sun is low and the moon is high, when the stars are dim and the moon is bright.

MOONDYNE I

Book Second.

The Sandalwood Trade.

BY JOHN BOLLE O'REILLY.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

Draper knew, too, that his face could be read by keen eyes; and he had made the habit of concealment, until at last his duplicity had become extremely artful and hard to be discovered. But he always knew the people who had caught his eye and read his secret; he never tried his boisterous manner on them again, but treated them gravely and quietly. But these were the people he hated.

Seven years before, when he and Will Sheridan were school boys, Sheridan not only saw through the falsehood of Draper's manner, but exposed it before the whole school. Nearly every boy in the school had some reason to dislike Draper, but his loud good-natured way had kept them from speaking. But when Will Sheridan publicly pointed out the warm laugh and the cold eye, the friendly word and the cruel act, every one saw it at a glance, and a public opinion against Draper was instantly made among his school fellows, which no effort of his could quite remove.

From that day he nourished in his soul a secret desire to do Sheridan some injury that would cut him to the quick.

Not that Draper had no friends—indeed he was always making new friends—and his new friends were all ways loud in his praise; but when they ceased to be new, somehow, they ceased to admire Sam Draper, and either said they were mistaken in their first impression, or said nothing.

Both young men were sailors. Some years ago, the English merchant service was almost as well ordered and precise in discipline and promotion as the Royal Navy, and young men of good position entered it as a profession. On his last voyage Draper had become first mate; and Will Sheridan had lately engaged to take his old place on the Canton as second mate.

As Draper stepped from the shrubbery and hailed Will with a cheery word, his hand was outstretched in a most cordial way, and his lips smiled, but his eyes were keen and unyielding and as cold as ice. He had known for years of Will's affection for Alice Walmesley; and it was commonly said in the village that Alice returned his love.

"Why don't you ask Alice to go skating this afternoon?" said Draper. "I have just asked her," said Will, "and she is going."

"Herrn!" said Draper, in a hearty tone, so far as the sound went; "I thought she would like to be asked, when I told her half an hour ago that we were going."

Will Sheridan had some light word on his lip, but he did not speak; and his smile faded, though without apparent cause, while he looked at Draper's pleasant face.

"She didn't say he had told her," he thought, and somehow the thought troubled him. But he put it away and forgot all about it before the afternoon.

The will pond was covered with albatross when Will and Alice arrived. They had often skated together before, and because Alice was fond of the ice, she used to hold Will's hand or take his arm; and now and then she would be as cold as ice, and they would be as cold as ice.

Unconsciously they had assumed certain positions toward each other—their eyes, their mouths, their hands, and in the end of their lives.

To-day there was a disturbing element somewhere. Before they had been ten minutes on the ice, Will noticed that Alice was, for the first time in her life, looking intently at his words. And more than once he saw her looking over his shoulder, as if seeking some one in the crowd of skaters. After a while the evident friend whom she had sought, and her face brightened. Will, at the moment, asked her some question, and she did not hear him at first, but made him repeat the word.

With a strange sinking of the heart, he followed the direction of the girl's eyes, and was just in time to see Sam Draper kiss his hand to her—and Alice smiled.

Will Sheridan was a sensitive and proud young fellow, and his quick feelings of honor were wounded by what he perhaps too hastily deemed the desert of Alice Walmesley. A change had certainly come in her relation to him, but what right had he to charge her with deceit? He had made a bet on her—had never spoken a word of love to her in his life. The evening had closed when he left her at her mother's gate. They said "Good-night" in a new fashion—the words were as cold as the wind, and the firm touch of the hands was brief and formal.

After that Will did not ask Alice to walk or skate with him. He called no more at her mother's house as he used to do. He went to none of the usual places of meeting with her. If he had gone, he should have been all the more lonely; for he could not pretend to be pleasantly engaged with others while his heart was full of pain and unrest. But he could not help watching her from his room window; and surely it were better for his happiness had he overcome this, too.

He saw that where he used to be, there every day was his rival. He heard Draper's loud and happy voice and laughter; and he noticed that Alice was happier and far more boisterous than ever he had known her—and that her happiness and glee became even louder when she was with him.

But at last came the time of the Canton's sailing. On the evening before leaving, Will Sheridan went to Mrs. Walmesley's to say good-by, and he had always been a favorite. After a while he heard the gate swing, and saw Alice approaching the house, and Draper looking after her from the garden.

When Alice entered, he was standing and bidding farewell to her mother, who was weeping quietly. Alice understood all, and the flush faded from her cheeks.

"Good-by, Alice," he said, holding out his hand. "You know I am going away in the morning." He had walked toward the door as he spoke, keeping his hand, and now they stood apart, gazing at each other.

"He said tears in her eyes, and his courage gave way, for he had only a boy's heart to bear a man's grief; and he covered his face with his hand and sobbed.

In a few moments he was calm, and he bent over the weeping girl. "Alice," he whispered, tenderly, and she raised her tear-stained face to his breast. "Will," he said, "remember that I do not see, only pressed her hands in his, and stooping kissed her on the forehead again and again. Then he walked, tear-blinded, down the straight path to the gate.

A moment after, he felt a man's hand on his collar, and turning, met the hard eyes of Draper. Sheridan's face was still quivering with the powerful emotion he had just felt.

"What do you mean, Draper?" he demanded angrily, dashing his hand aside.

"I mean to let you know," said Draper, contemptuously, weighing the soul as he spoke, "that you are my enemy, and that I have seen all your impudent attentions to that girl."

Will Sheridan controlled himself by a violent effort, because the name of Alice Walmesley was in question. "That girl, as you impudently call her," he said, calmly, "is one of my oldest friends. My attentions have never been impudent to her."

"You lie, you cur!" brutally answered Draper, and he was about to strike.

Though few words had been spoken, here was the culmination of an enmity that was old and rankling. On both sides there had been repeated feelings; but now the match had touched the powder, and the wrath flamed.

The word had barely passed the lips of the man, when he recoiled and tumbled headlong from Sheridan's terrible blow. As soon as the word was delivered, Will turned, and walked toward his own home, never even looking behind.

It was half a minute before Draper picked himself from the frozen earth, still dazed with the shock. He showed no desire to follow, or continue the quarrel. With teeth set like a vice, and a livid face he looked after the strong figure of Will, till he turned into his father's house.

Next day, the young men left the village, and entered on their duty as officers of the Canton, which lay in Liverpool dock. "No one knew of their quarrel, as neither had spoken of it, and there had been no witnesses.

The preparation for sea kept them apart for several days. The vessel sailed from Liverpool, and soon cleared the Channel. Two weeks later when the ship passed on a beautiful night within sight of the Western Islands, the young men came face to face on the poop. Will Sheridan had a more dangerous enemy than he had ever met; and he was as cold as ice.

Draper's dry lips—his lips were always dry—moved as if he were speaking, but no words came. His cold eyes became wells of hate. He passed by Sheridan without reply, and went to his room.

There are a hundred ways in which the chief officer of a large ship can give his inferior a lesson every day of his life; but these occasions he did not heed. He knew that underneath these occasions lay a more dangerous enemy than he had ever met; and he was as cold as ice.

"What form of the attack might be, he knew not. But he prepared himself for emergency. Will Sheridan was not only a brave and straight-

"My insulting words—let me see, what were they? Ah, yes—he spoke slowly, as if he meant to wound the repetition—I think I said that I had been a witness to your sublimity scene of farewell—and that I was acquainted with your unsought and impudent attentions to that girl. By the way, I may tell you that he himself made no acquaintance with the oft-repeated persistence of her obvious admirer."

"She told you?" said Will, staggered by the word. "She said my love was offensive to her?"

"Ha! no—not love exactly," said the other, with the same biting sneer. "I believe you never gave her a chance to fling that in your teeth."

"Take care, Draper!" said Sheridan.

"Let us go on with the insulting words as you choose to call them. I also said you were a liar, I remember well; and a cur—did I not?"

"Why do you repeat the foul words, Sheridan? If you say that, indignantly. Why? Because—and then after careful choosing—because they are true! Stay!" he added, raising his voice, and backing to the rail, as he saw Sheridan approaching. "I am the first to raise your hand against me, I will show you like a dog. We'll have no mutiny here."

"Mutiny!" cried Sheridan, more astounded and puzzled than angry. "What is the meaning of that word?"

"I want to be calm, Draper, for old time's sake. You call me vile names, and threaten my life, and yet I have given you no earthly cause. What did you mean?"

"I mean, that he who pretends to be friends, while he ruins my character, is a liar; and he who tells a slander in secret is a coward."

"Slander your character?" said Sheridan. "If you say that, I will have you arrested for libel."

"You have made a charge," continued Sheridan, sternly, "and you must explain it. How have I slandered you?"

Draper hesitated. He hated the man before him, like a fiend; but he hated still more the subject he had now to touch.

"You know about that girl in Calcutta," he said, now fairly livid with passion; "no one in England knew it but you."

"Yes," said Sheridan slowly, "I learned something about it, against my will."

"Against your will?" inquired the other, "as it against your will you told the story to—her?"

Draper never repeated Alice's name, as if it were unpleasant to his tongue. "I never mentioned your shameful affair," answered Sheridan, "with scorn and indignation; but you are justly punished for having thought so."

"You excite me!" cried Draper, "terribly did you, you told her about my marriage!"

"Your marriage?" and Sheridan stepped back, as if recoiling from a reptile. Then, after a pause, as if speaking to a condemned culprit, he said, "I did not tell her anything about your marriage."

"Your infamy is deeper than I thought," said Sheridan, "I do not know that your victim in Calcutta was also your wife."

Will lightning rapidly Draper saw the dreadful confession his error and led him into the cabin, while Sheridan spoke the truth, and he hurriedly attempted to close the grave he had exposed.

"She is dead," he said, searching Sheridan's face, "you should have known that, too."

"Dead or alive, God have pity on her!" answered Sheridan, whose face and voice were filled with revulsion and contempt. "For her sake, I pray that she may be dead; but I do not believe you. I shall see that those who were warned in time who are still in danger."

Sheridan deliberately turned on his heel and entered the cabin, while Draper, confounded and dismayed at his self-conviction, leant on the rail looking out at sea, cursing his own stupidity that had betrayed him.

"Who else could have known?" he muttered, and who else could have told her? But she doesn't wholly believe it—and when I swore it was false that last evening, I think she believed me. I'll take care, at all events, that she shall have no chance to annoy my word."

For hours the brooding vulture watched the poopdeck, till the watch was changed, when he went below, and tried to sleep.

forward young fellow, but he had a clever head on his shoulders.

"Why should I let this cunning scoundrel enjoy me?" he asked himself. "His villainy is easily seen through—and I'm going to watch him closely."

He did watch him, and it served him well. Every secret and dangerous move he saw and disarranged. A temporary plan of mutiny among the crew—which would have excited bloodshed, and the shooting of an officer, perhaps, by accident—was nipped in the bud, and almost exposed the machination of him who hatched it.

Draper soon understood that he was playing with his master, and changed his method. He began to wait for an opportunity instead of making one.

This will be the case almost invariably; when honest men are fighting cowards and slanders, the surest way to defeat them is by constant watchfulness. Bewildered people are generally shallow, and easily controlled. Only when they are contemned they should be blown up, and never spared.

The Canton touched at Singapore for orders, and was detained a week. Will Sheridan, who had been on the night before she sailed, would leave the ship. Draper seemed to divine his purpose, and watched him like a tiger. But Will's constant attention to duty, and his noble character, deceived the watcher.

The night before the Canton was to sail, Will dropped a bundle into a dingy under the bow, swung himself after it, and went ashore. A close search was made for him next day by the police, headed by Draper, the law in those parts being rigid against deserters. But he could not be found, and the Canton sailed without her second officer.

The first thing Will Sheridan did when he knew he was out of danger was to write to Mrs. Walmesley, warning her of Draper's marriage in India.

This done, he set about getting some sort of employment.

He was in a strange place, and he knew no business except that of the sea. In a few days he shipped as mate on a bark bound for Western Australia, in the sandalwood trade. A large and lucrative trade in sandalwood is carried on between China, India, and the Peninsular States in West Australia are covered with this precious wood, which is cut by ticks-of-the-men, pasties, no one in England knew it but you.

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Will Sheridan was dumbfounded and grieved to the heart. In all his previous home, in his efforts to crush out of his heart a hopeless passion almost as strong as his life, he had, he thought, sounded the depths of his love for Alice Walmesley. But now, when he knew his wife, he found his search, and saw opening before her a desert life of misery and despair, the pity in his heart almost killed him. He would have given his life then that his enemy might be an honorable man. Her letter did not wound him because he knew that she had been deceived.

At first, he knew not what to do. He feared he had been hasty—he did not actually know that the report was true; his own accusatory word was not enough, perhaps, or it might bear an explanation. Should he write to Alice and take back his cruel charges? Or should he remain silent, and let time unravel the trouble?

To do the first would be wrong—to do the second might be fatal. The true course was to find out the truth; to go to Calcutta and learn for himself, and if he were wrong, to publicly make acknowledgment. If he were right, he could remain silent if he were the best.

Two months afterward, Will Sheridan returned from Calcutta to Singapore. He had found out the truth. He proceeded at once to Western Australia to join his ship, and from that time he wrote no more to England. One part of his life, the sweet and tender part, with its hopes, its had suffered woefully, and had died before his eyes. It was shrouded in his memory and buried in his heart. Like a heavy man, he would not sit and mope over the loss. He set his face to his duty, and praying that time would take the gnawing pain from his heart.

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"What is it?" said he to the dame, "That answers to this curious name. What is it made of? What's its use? My ignorance you'll please excuse."

"You're not the merchant for my dime, I see you're quite behind the times. For COTTOLENE, I'd have you know, is now the thing that's all the go. An article of high regard; Its composition pure and clean; For cooking give me COTTOLENE."

As from his store the lady fled, The grocer quickly scratched his head— On his next order, first was seen, "One dozen cases COTTOLENE."

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|----------------------|-------|-------|------|-----------------------|-------|-------|------|
| STATIONS. | Exp't | Accom | Ar't | STATIONS. | Exp't | Accom | Ar't |
| Charlottetown | 6:00 | 2:40 | P.M. | Charlottetown | 6:00 | 2:40 | P.M. |
| Royalton Junction | 6:14 | 3:01 | P.M. | Royalton Junction | 6:14 | 3:01 | P.M. |
| North Wiltshire | 6:28 | 3:15 | P.M. | North Wiltshire | 6:28 | 3:15 | P.M. |
| Summerbridge | 6:42 | 3:29 | P.M. | Summerbridge | 6:42 | 3:29 | P.M. |
| Montserrat | 6:56 | 3:43 | P.M. | Montserrat | 6:56 | 3:43 | P.M. |

| TRAINS FOR THE EAST. | | | | TRAINS FROM THE EAST. | | | |
|----------------------|-------|-------|------|-----------------------|-------|-------|------|
| STATIONS. | Exp't | Accom | Ar't | STATIONS. | Exp't | Accom | Ar't |
| Charlottetown | 8:00 | 6:20 | P.M. | Charlottetown | 8:00 | 6:20 | P.M. |
| Royalton Junction | 8:14 | 6:34 | P.M. | Royalton Junction | 8:14 | 6:34 | P.M. |
| North Wiltshire | 8:28 | 6:48 | P.M. | North Wiltshire | 8:28 | 6:48 | P.M. |
| Summerbridge | 8:42 | 7:02 | P.M. | Summerbridge | 8:42 | 7:02 | P.M. |
| Montserrat | 8:56 | 7:16 | P.M. | Montserrat | 8:56 | 7:16 | P.M. |

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