

keep by it and take it ashore. To the horse, which now turned its head to listen, he said:

"Noble Dunderdyker, carry me well. Help ashore that lady."

Then raising his voice, less of a yell now, more a shout of triumph, he cried:

"True!" That dog wagged tail, and couched the ears. "Trust!" That dog wagged tail, and couched the ears. "Dunderdyker!" That noble cheval pawed with one foot, throwing back the ears. "Walter Fynken!" his own name; "off!"

The horse sprang clear from the rock, and plunged. The dogs leaping and plunging at the same instant. All disappeared a moment, but came to the surface together. They swam to the whirlpool, taking its lower side. There meeting the boat coming round on its circuit, the rider got athwart the bows; his horse all but the head under water; himself under water to the waist; the dogs one on each side of the boat; their heads only seen.

"Come!" he said; "I'm Walter Fynken; down from Chippewa to take you home. I live at Dunderdyke Mill; come! Fynken's my name. No ceremony; come right away!"

Conrad called to Pinkerton to steer the boat head out, and run the torrent, in company with Fynken. And this was being done as well as the imperfect paddle would act, when the sea trumpet of Clapper Hayvern sounded from shore.

"Avast there! Avast Tuffil Walter Fynken! Let the boat alone! Ware! Ware of Fynken! Warlock Tuffil! Ware! Ware!"

Too late the warning of danger, if in Fynken's offered convoy there was danger. The boat, now caught by the rapid, went swiftly away, coursing down stream as a cork may on the mill race; but gradually nearing Canada shore.

Pinkerton steered with energy in hope of running into one of the shore inlets. But he was past and away in the vehement momentum before such openings were discerned. Even had he seen them sooner the skiff could not have taken a turn abeam of the current and lived.

Some miles down, the Lundy plunged, and was suddenly brought to a crash between a fallen tree and a shore rock; the tree itself, root, trunk, and branches, wedged in between a pinnacled boulder and lesser fragments of the great overhanging precipice. But for the snaggy boughs of that far-travelled oak of the forest, Sylva Pensyldine would have been thrown in the stream, Conrad also. The latter caught on the boughs, and Sylva caught on him. Pinkerton was shaken; and the boat so crushed that it would have sunk only for the branches, amid which it remained wedged.

Torrent above; torrent below; rapids outside; deep water to base of the perpendicular rock, which rose a hundred feet; such was now the position of the hapless three. No food since yesterday; no prospect of any. Less probability of an agency of rescue approaching them there than even at the whirlpool. After some hours of uncertainty as to whether they were known to be alive, people were seen assembling on slopes of York shore. What was doing on Canada side they were not in position to observe. But something of a nautical kind was in progress on the plateau over the great precipice. It being known the lady and two men were yet alive at base of the cliff.

While Clapper Hayvern erects block and tackle on the trees, look around for Walter Fynken, True, Trust, and Dunderdyker.

On the previous day, hours before the accident occurred, Fynken at his homestead at Dunderdyke Mill told his wife that unexpectedly and unaccountably, he felt bound to ride to Chippewa and Drummondville on business. She sternly inquired what business. But Walter declined to explain. Something, he said, had come on his mind, he was bound to go.

Fynken was a farmer, miller, horse and cattle breeder, trainer, fast time trotter, fox hunter, steeple chaser, neck-or-nothing rider. Being of Dutch descent, some called him Tuffil Fynken.

Yet, foremost among men abroad, he was not "boss" at home. Nanetta Fynken, his wife, who in her youth could ride and clear six feet fences; and still, at a push, rode ahead of Watty when necessary to take horse and whip and turn him home, he being out without permission,—this dame "bossed" all Dunderdyke. The mill, kiln, farm, dairy, stud stables, men, maids, boys, dogs, township vote, county vote, and bank account, she governed. Yet permitted to Watty a running rein, not always tightly drawn. Being proud of him, he proclaimed her peerless among wives. Yet wore charms against her witching powers. Nanetta Birby by maiden name; half sister to Nelly Clyne.

"Unsaddle Dunderdyker, and come in the house," she commanded when Walter took the sudden turn to be off to Chippewa about something he could not or would not disclose.

She continued:

"I had a woful dream last night; thought my power over animals was wholly gone; could whisper to a horse and quiet him no more; make these beasts tame no more. I

dreamt that even my power over you was gone. It was a woful dream. Do not go to Chippewa to-day. Dear Walter, don't go to-day. Promise his own Nan not to go."

Fynken remained silent some minutes; looked in the air; looked on the ground; rolled his eyes, then spoke, gazing on Nanetta, the orbs glowing, but words weak:

"You had a woful dream last night? My certy, so had I. Dreamt that all Niagara was empty, had run dry; and I was dry—dry, oh, so dry; and not a drop to drink; when looking in the whirlpool hole I saw, Nanetta, what do you think? I saw the other side of the world, right through and through. From the other side the sky was shining, so starry and so blue. And from the sky an eye was looking, and a voice was speaking too. It was looking for Rasper Clyne, that eye; looking the world through. It bote to find Rasper Clyne that day; and bound me bail for you! Bail to surrender you, Nanetta, Nelly, and Clyne and you!"

"Thou'st the very Tuffil, Walter Fynken. Get in this moment, do. Thou ties red thread on thy finger, eh? Puts rowan tree in thy hat? Fear of a witch at thy own fireside! The whip to ye, Tuffil, take that! Ye want to go to Chippewa, d'ye? To the warlock of the vat? Call thy bosom wife a witch, eh? Call thy own Nanetta a cat? Sit and drink with the warlock? Drink, and sit, and sot! Dream Niagara's dry again? Take that! and that! and that!"

Thus governed, Walter Fynken unsaddled Dunderdyker, the noble steed which in harness trotted a twenty-two. In the night he rode out when Nancy slept, taking with him the dogs True and Trust. She awoke and missed them, but having previously mesmerized the whole stable and kennel, the mesmeric magnetism followed.

You have seen what they did on the rock. You saw them plunge in the flood. Missing hold of the boat by vehemence of the torrent, their mesmerism soon cooled away in the water. And all swam to land, over to York shore; barely escaping alive; yet getting home alive; Walter with the news that Rasper Clyne was dead, had gone down Hurly Hole—vortex of the whirlpool.

From vessels in Welland waters tackle was collected. From trees growing near the brink of the crags, and from spars got at the lake shore, block and tackle rigging was run out, sufficiently strong to lower a cradle platform over the rocks a hundred feet. But this work occupied twenty-six hours of time. Previous to night, however, food was let down in a water-proof basket locked, the key attached to open it. Also, cloaks, blankets, wrappers, female clothing. Whether one person or several partook of the food was then unknown. The basket came up empty, not containing any writing or thing indicating intelligence, though paper, ink, pens, pencils, had gone down.

The inferences were inability to write. The educated lady, if alive, was paralysed most likely; her male companions illiterate, or dead; crushed in the wreck, or drowned in efforts to escape. Of the varying suppositions, that of the men's non-acquaintance with the art of writing seemed the likeliest.

Hour by hour rumours, new and startling, went into circulation as to the number and quality of Sylva Pensyldine's companions. Two had been observed in the boat at the pool; both strangers, unknown to residents around the Falls. And others, said to have attempted their rescue, were alleged to be now in the wreck with the lady.

The position of the castaways could be seen only through telescopes; and then indistinctly in profile, from a point on Canada shore a mile away. From the New York shore the position was within half a mile; but partially concealed by the outlying boulder rocks. Moreover, a spectator viewing the unfortunate from the opposite shore had to travel several miles up, or as many down to effect a crossing; and the same distances up or down the Canada side after crossing to arrive on brink of the great precipice.

Such was the place of the lost ones, in respect to access, and telescopic observation. The men, whether dead or alive, were unfavourably described. Nobody knew their names, or condition of life. Therefore names, characters, occupations, countries of birth, were invented. By turns they hailed from Europe, from Canada, from the States. They had murdered an American woman. They had abducted one, but not killed her yet. They had allured away an American heiress. They were escaped convicts from a Canada penitentiary. A gang from New York. Pickpockets from England.

If wondering at this variety of rumour, it is likely you were never at the frontier in time of tumult.

Lady Mary Mortimer and Sir Kenneth had no cause to assume that two of the alleged desperadoes were the Hon. Captain Pinkerton and His Grace the Duke of Sheerness. Those gentlemen had suggested to her ladyship and the General to enjoy themselves in quiet rest, congenial conversation carriage airings, garden walks, American tourist society, evening assemblies, while they took a railroad run into the States a few days.

Incidentally the Duke and Captain Pinker-

ton met Rasper Clyne, whose frankness of manner, versatility of humour, characteristic of the hearty English squire rather than the taciturn people they were now meeting daily, pleased them. He was invited to join in their excursion. The three would have left by night mail train from Suspension Bridge. You know what occurred to prevent them.

Towards the whirlpool roads were devious and narrow, in places jammed with wheeled vehicles carrying people, spars, ship rigging and appliances of rescue. In addition to obstructions on roadways visitors endeavouring to reach the crags in sight of the pool, or now in sight of the second place of attraction, had to traverse waste spaces of ground on foot, through prickly bush, loose stones, reputedly infested by rattlesnakes.

The General hated rattlesnakes. He had known two or three human creatures of that kind; snakes in the grass of a man's life. And he had known serpents in India; did not like any of them and shuddered. Lady Mary had never known a human snake; could not think any fellow creature so bad, though many were very unfortunate. Yet she also shuddered when somebody described the wastes they might have to walk over to get in sight of the whirlpool, or the lower locality of interest where the wrecked and doomed people had now drifted. They kept away.

Clapper Hayvern assumed direction of the rescuing apparatus. None could tell why. It may have been through fluency of nautical phrases; by influence of vehemence; from aptitude in applying means; or success in procurement of means, labour, material, tools, transport, everything seemingly at his own cost.

Hand in pocket, workmen were paid on the spot. Hand in pocket, messengers were paid and despatched. That was the way Clapper Hayvern commanded. With messengers he sent notes of hand guaranteeing value for all purchased material, or loaned apparatus. But farmers with horses and waggons gave help cheerfully, refusing compensation from any quarter.

The old seaman might have done all this from an abounding good nature, even had the castaways been local waifs of Welland waters. But in this instance the habitual outpour of goodness in Clapper Hayvern got mingled with a dash of naval patriotism. The honour of the country he lived in as a portion of British Empire; the honour of the Crown he had served demanded he should do his duty. Said he in confidence to one—the only one who heard the words:

"An American woman, sir, in peril on British territory! Daughter of a foreign flag in jeopardy when trusting herself to protection of the British Empire! In name of my Sovereign Lady the Queen I assume the duty of rescue. Apply every resource; exhaust all means, material, science; exhaust nature itself; shiver timbers, burst boilers in rescue of the daughter of a nation the Queen has no quarrel with!"

Strangers present took Clapper Hayvern to be one in high authority; an admiral from the ocean probably. But for certain unparliamentary sea phrases of special emphasis, about "shivering timbers," "bursting boilers," he might, in show of authority, have been mistaken for Premier, or Governor-General.

Yet with all his prowess and resource, Captain Clapper Hayvern was nervously apprehensive about selecting a person of intelligence, courage, lithe form, disinterestedness in life and self, to man the cradle and descend over the cliff above the surging torrent.

He was himself required, by very imminence of the peril, to direct operations with the cable, lines, blocks, capstan. So could not go down. Daring men were not wanting. Canada and the other side have plenty of them; and many offered. Also bold brave youths, several mere lads. But friends interposed, preventing the boys. Some of the men were more or less in liquor; they would not suit.

During the night most of the farm workers and Welland Water ship-yard men went home. The few remaining were good tackle hands; but deemed incompetent for the descent, either by extravagant demands of reward, which, to Hayvern, suggested incapacity, or personal defect.

As to reward, the Hon. Mrs. Pensyldine, mother of the lady in peril, directed that any amount demanded should be engaged for, conditionally on Sylva's safety. Senator Pensyldine also telegraphed from Washington to the same effect; from whence he was now hastening to Niagara Falls by special express.

A youth who had voluntarily done active work in the day, when not prevented by local constables, prompted by down country policemen happening to be there, and who lingered in the bush all night, formed a resolution to descend in the cradle without any reward, if permitted. Even to refuse compensation should it be afterwards offered. As morning drew nigh, the capstan, cable, block and tackle rigging being ready for trial, the impulse became irresistible.

From an ardent, adventurous nature the young man's desire arose, no doubt. But it may have taken force and bias from other causes. His ruminations, reduced to words, read thus:

"Morning of life a cloud. Time of man-

hood approaching, still a cloud. One or two gleams of light, fiercely dazzling; no more. Yes, one soft and genial breath of love; its duration an instant only.

"Deception, fraud, lies, vile suspicion heading me; rushing alongside of me; following and stinging as wasps.

"Went to Montreal looking for the woman of the Renshaws. Found her not; but discovered detective policemen following me.

"Avoided Conway on journey up to escape them; and now they are here.

"What have I done? The delusion of being myself the lost one I was sent to look for, is none of my seeking or making; nor do I share it.

"Would it were a certainty, that I'm Lud the weaver's son; the world would look upon a sun shining it wots not of.

"Would I had the glory of saving alive those people at risk of my own life!

"If they are to perish; if the rigging is to break and some one to be dashed to death, or drowned and never heard of more, would it were Toby Oman, the outcast orphan boy of the parish workhouse!

"And my letter from Schoolar. All supply of money stopped from now. Accuses me of complicity in a fraud to impose on the family a false heir of Lillymere.

"Oh! cable, capstan, blocks and tackle, hold good until I descend and save the castaways.

"Then tackle, blocks, capstan, cable, and all rigging go out of joint: creak and break as I am swinging on return up to be applauded by the people, and send me down dashing, crashing, plunging, to be seen no more—seen no more. Only a parish orphan boy gone down."

Coming to Clapper Hayvern, Toby said:

"Look here, Captain, I catch to that high branch; swing with one hand, either hand, as you see. Or the feet, head down, as you see. Or I spring to that line, thus; and leap to the other, thus. I make fast that sailor's knot, and this on the instant almost. On the brink of the giddy precipice I walk along—see here, along the out-lying yard arm—see where I am! Fifteen feet from the rock, clear; looking down a hundred feet, sheer. Send me in the cradle, down for the people. I see one, two, three faces now gazing up. Send me down, I've nothing to lose, nothing to gain by the adventure, and want nothing. I would save those castaway people, that is all."

Having ended, Toby looked to Clapper Hayvern for reply; but the Captain for a time only stared on him. Then he said:

"Policemen warned me you'd pick pockets. They cautioned you away yesterday; hunted you away in the night, I saw. What's your name? An English orphan, parish boy, eh? Look here, I like you. They eyes, that face—honest and true; I'll trust thee, lad. Thou goes in the cradle. Put the lady in first. Fasten all this tackling to hold her safe, thus—thus. Let the men decide as to their turn. Two sideway riggings give us guy lines to guide you. And the signal lines which you work this way, d'ye see? They'll keep all right."

After a half hour, waiting for more help at the capstan, and organizing hands as they arrived, Clapper, addressing Toby, said:

"Come in my tent. Are you quite ready?"

"Quite ready, Captain: go any moment now."

"Nay, my lad; I think something remains to prepare you for this peril. See here"—reaching to a box where stood a bottle beside a book.

"Stop!" cried Toby; "none of that! I drink nothing; my nerve is otherwise strengthened."

"It weren't that I reached for, young man; this. D'ye pray? Kneel with me here—unseen of men; let us pray."

When they arose from kneeling three ladies stood near; one was the Hon. Mrs. Pensyldine, mother of Sylva. She spoke not; could not speak; but embracing Toby kissed him on the pure, bright forehead. And the others—a daughter and niece, beauteous angelic creatures, shining in tears, embraced him also.

He proceeded out with the projecting yard arm; not walking it foolhardily this time, Captain Hayvern forbade that; but going when the yard, which had receded inward, was again projected. An ingenious admixture of nautical and engineering science had devised this arrangement, in order that the cradle should swing clear of the precipice; and they who might arrive in it be received where the salvors had firm footing.

The capstan being completely under control, and side gearing of two supplementary yard arms giving guy lines to guide the platform, it descended evenly. A stronger cable might have carried all up at once; but its strength would have marred flexibility, ease, and despatch; possibly safety.

The lady, after exposure to chills and wet clothes, during two nights and days, was not in strength and nerve resolute and firm, as you may suppose; yet not helpless. Being of slight form, Sylva Pensyldine weighed lightly. Toby, therefore, when she was attached to the gearing, decided to go with her, and return alone to send up the others, one by one.

Sylva arrived safely, in arms of mother,