Rhymes About Eyes.

Here is a handful
Of Rhymes about eyes;
Perchance they are truthful,
Perchance they are lies.

The critics may flout them,
And vow they are wrong.
But a fig for their censure;
And here is my song.

Blue eyes for laughter,
Blue eyes for love,
Blue eyes that borrow
The azure above.

Green eyes for glory,
Grey eyes for greed,
Brown eyes for beauty:
Who runs so may read.

Calm eyes for courage
When contests begin;
Deep eyes for daring,
And squint eyes for sin.

Maid's eyes for wisdom,
Maids eyes for mirth,
Babes' eyes for secrets
Too sacred for earth.

Look now and listen,
The last rhyme appears:
'Tis young eyes and old eyes,
And all eyes for tears.

These lines that I've ended
In sorrowful wise,
Think you they are truthful,
Or think you they're lies?

Just About to Fall.

Have you seen the happy mother when
the babe begins to talk?
Have you seen her teach the tiny tangled
feet the way to walk?
Ever near each slender shoulder, yet so
feeble and so small,
With her ready hands to hold her, when
she's just about to fall.

Shut your eyes and you can see her in the
baby's childhood days,
When the golden gleam of sunset on her
tangled tresses play;
And the mother, though grown older, still
is near enough to call.
With her ready hands to hold her, when
she's just about to fall.

Now the baby is a woman and she's bending o'er a bed,
When the spirit from the body of her gentle mother fled;
As the lifeless limbs grow colder, "Mother! Mother!" hear her call.
But there are no hands to hold her, and she's just about to fall.

Launched alone on life's rough ocean, she's drifting with the years.
But the voyage is a lonely one, and sometimes through her tears
She can seem to see her mother; she can almost hear her call.
And by faith she sees another hand to hold her should she fall.

—Cy Warman, in the New York Sun.

MOONDYNE!

Book Second.

The Sandalwood Trade.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

'Mr. Sheridan,' said the kind old merchant, coming forward to meet him, 'you are welcome, for your own sake, and that of a dear old friend. You are not aware, I think, that your father and I were midshipmen together forty years ago.'

Will was surprised, but gratified. He had half expected to be patronized, and indeed was more than half prepared to resent such treatment.

Mr. McKay presented Will to his family—Mrs. McKay, an invalid, and his step-daughter, Miss Gifford, a handsome, buxom, good-natured maiden lady of a certain age.

They were all very kind, and they treated Will as an old and privileged friend. He forgot all about the patronage, and enjoyed himself immensely. Such an evening of home life, after years of rugged seafaring, was delightfully restful.

At dinner Mr. McKay recalled story after story of the time when his and Will's father were careless youngsters on His Majesty's ship Cumberland. Will was still more surprised to find that Mr. McKay had recently been in communication with his father.

'I saw your papers, Mr. Sheridan,' explained Mr. McKay; 'and, knowing that my old friend was in the Coastguard Service in England, I wrote to him. I found I was right in my conclusion; but I thought I would say nothing about the matter for some time. You will pardon me when I tell you that I have been observing you closely since you entered the service of our Company.'

This was the first reference to their relative positions which had been made. Will did not know what to answer.

'You have seen a good deal of our sandalwood trade,' said Mr. McKay, changing the subject; 'what do you think of its prospects, Mr. Sheridan?'

This was too extensive a question for Will, and he faltered in his reply. He had, he said, only considered his own duties in the trade, and they offered a limited scope for observation.

The old merchant, however, returned to the point.

'Captain Mathews tell me that you have expressed to him your dissatisfaction at the management of our affairs in Western Australia.'

'No, sir,' answered Will with a smile, 'not with the management, but with the mismanagement.'

'Ah, just so,' said Mr. McKay; 'we will talk more about this by-and-by.'

When the ladies had retired, Mr. McKay again took up the subject.

'You think our affairs in Australia are mismanaged, then?'

'Well, sir, it appears to me there is no system whatever on the other side, so far as the Company's interests are concerned.'

'How is that?' asked the keen business man, opening his eyes. 'Does not our agent purchase and ship the sandalwood?'

'Yes, he certainly does, and that's all he does—and that's nothing,' said blunt Will, 'at least for the Company's benefit.'

'Please explain,' said Mr. McKay, nervously.

'Well,' said Will, in his earnest way when interested, 'as you know, the sandalwood is cut away in the bush, from sixty to a hundred miles from the shipping-station at Bunbury. It is cut by ticket-of-leave men. From them it is bought by speculators who team it to Bunbury; and from these fellows, who manage to control the wood, your agent buys it at the wharf, paying whatever price is asked.'

'You would have him do more?' asked McKay.

'I would change the whole plan, sir, if it were my concern. First, I would lease all, or as much as I could, of the sandalwood land direct from the Government, then I would set my hired cutters to work, and then carry the wood in my own teams to the wharf. The original cost can be decreased at least fifty per cent. And, besides this, there are other valuable substances, such as gum, tanbark, and skins, that could be carried and shipped at the same time.'

The merchant listened attentively to the broad outline of Will's plans which he spoke about quite freely as one outside the matter, but familiar with it.

'Mr. Sheridan,' said Mr. McKay at length, 'our Company has decided to change our agent in Western Australia, and it gives me great pleasure to offer you the position. I will see,' he added, interrupting Will's surprised exclamation, 'that you shall have sufficient power at your disposal to carry out your ideas with regard to the extension of the trade.'

Will hardly heard another word for the rest of the evening. His mind scarcely took in the change—from the poor and unknown sailor, at one step, to a man of large influence and position for such would be the Australian agent of so wealthy a Company.

When he returned to the ship his face flamed with excitement, as he related the wonderful story to his old friend Captain Mathews, who became even more excited than Will—and declared many times over his glass of 'Old Tom,' that 'they were beginning to see things right at last,' and that 'no man could do land business so well as him who was trained at sea,' and divers other sentences filled with wisdom drawn from personal pride and marine philosophy.

IV.

THE TEAMSTERS' TAVERN.

'Curse that fellow!' hissed Lame Scotty through his clenched teeth, 'I hate him.' The word was emphasized by a blow on the rickety table that made the glasses jump.

The scene was a public house in the little mahogony town of Bunbury, Western Australia; the time, six months after Will Sheridan had assumed the sandalwood agency. The speaker was a ticket of leave man, a wiry eyed fellow of middle age, whose face had the cunning ferocity of a ferret. His auditors were a shaggy crowd of woodcutters and ex-convict teamsters the latter group sitting with him at a long table.

'Don't talk so loud, Scotty,' said a rough-looking man of immense stature, with an axe strapped on his back, who leant smoking against the fireplace; 'don't shout so, my friend, or Agent Sheridan will hear it, and kick you out of the team he gave you for charity.'

'Kick me out!' retorted Scotty, with an oath; 'he daren't touch me. Curse his charity; he gave me a team for his own interest.'

'Bah!' said the big woodcutter, without moving, 'you were always a brag. He gave work and wages to you and a lot of your ugly gang there, for downright charity; and, like the hounds you always were, you have no thanks in you.'

Though the gang so broadly referred to were at the table with Scotty, no one resented the woodcutter's epithet, though dark looks were flung at him.

'This agent has ruined the sandalwood trade,' said Scotty, addressing himself to the aroused woodcutters. 'Before he came here, a poor man could earn a few pounds; but now we ain't any better than chain-gang men.'.

A murmur of approval from the teamsters followed the remark, and Scotty felt that he had struck a popular note. Even one or two of the wood cutters at another table struck the board in approval.

'No, you ain't any better than chain-gang men, that's true,' said the brawny bearer of the axe, still quietly smoking; 'nor you never were. There's where the whole boiling lot of you ought to be still. You talk of ruining poor men,' he continued, slightly shifting his position so as to face Scotty, 'you darned fox! I know you—and these men know you,' pointing to the group of woodcutters. 'Before this new system came with this new agent, you and your rats there had the whole business in your hands. You bought from the cutters at your own price, and you paid them in rum. You cheated the woodcutters and swindled the dealers, till the wonder was that some day you weren't found chopped to pieces for your villany.'

'That's true as Gospel,' said one of the woodcutters who had lately applauded Scotty. 'You're an infernal set of wampires, you are!'

Scotty and his ill looking crew realized that the woodcutter 'had got the drop on them, dead sure.'

A stamping and tramping in the outer room or store suggested new arrivals, as the place was a kind of inn. All eyes were turned on the door, where entered, one after another, about a dozen powerful fellows, in the picturesque garb of stockriders, who noisily but good humoredly sat them down to the large central table, and called for something to eat and drink.

The interrupted discussion was not resumed, but a whispered and earnest comment on the new comers began among Scotty's gang.

'Where do you fellows hail from?' asked the big woodcutter, after waiting a while, and in a friendly tone.

'From Dardanup,' said one of the stockriders. The whispering between Scotty and his friends ceased, the last word passed round being strongly emphasized, 'Dardanup Irish.'

There was a colony of Irish settlers at Dardanup, free men, who had emigrated there forty years before, when the Western Colony was free from the criminal taint. The families were all related to each other by inter marriage; and the men of the whole settlement who had been born and reared in the bush, were famous throughout the colony for strength, horsemanship, good-fellowship, and hard fighting qualities.

'From Dardanup—eh?' said the big woodcutter, with a mischievous smile at Scotty's group. 'Then you be Agent Sheridan's new teamsters, maybe?'

'Ay, we're going to take those teams up to-morrow,' said a strong fellow; and then, to call the waiter, he hammered the table with his enormous fist.

'Why,' said the woodcutter in his bland way; 'it might be as you're Maguire boys from Dardanup?'

'Only eight Maguires in this crowd,' said the table-hammerer, with a pleasant look round the circle.

Scotty and one or two of his friends here gently left their seats, and sauntered toward the door.

'Don't go,' said the woodcutter pressingly; 'Don't be in a hurry, Scotty, man; why it isn't ten minutes ago since you wanted to chaw up that d——d Sheridan and his teamsters.'

Scotty scowled at the woodcutter. 'A man can come and go as he pleases, can't he?' he growled.

'O, ay; but don't leave the friends as you wanted to meet, just now. Here, you Dardanup fellows, this is your ganger in the teams; this is your 'boss,' as Yankee Sullivan says. This is the fellow that says Agent Sheridan darsn't order him, and that the agent went down on his knees and begged him to drive his black ox team.'

'He'll never drive it again,' said one of the Dardanup men.

'Why won't he?' demanded one of Scotty's friends.

'Because I'm going to drive that team,' said the six foot Australian, wheeling his seat with an ominous velocity.

'Ho, ho! ha, ha!' roared the big woodcutter, enjoying the fallen crest of the braggart; 'but you can't have that team, Maguire; Scotty will make ribbons of you.'

And the man with the axe heavily stamped on the floor in his boisterous enjoyment of Scotty's discomfiture.

The Dardanup man rose and walked toward Scotty, who sank back with so sudden a dismay that he stumbled and fell headlong, while a waiter, entering with a tray of plates and glasses, tumbled across the prostrate bully.

At this there was a loud laugh, and the six-footer from Dardanup sat down again. Scotty, too, was wise enough to profit by the hilarity. He picked himself up, laughing with the rest.

'Come,' he said in a jolly tone, but with a humiliated aspect, as if he feared his offer would be refused, 'let us have a drink and shake hands, no matter who has the teams.'

'Bravo!' cried the Dardanup men, who were just as ready to drink as to fight.

The bottle was passed round, and every man drank with Scotty, except the big woodcutter.

Scotty handed him the bottle and a glass, noticing that he had not tasted.

'No, thank you,' said the big man, with a shake of the head, 'none of that for me.'

A few moments afterwards one of the Dardanup men held up his glass to the big man of the axe. 'Drink with me,' he said.

'Ay, lad,' said the woodcutter, 'pass your bottle. I'll drink with you all night.'

Scotty pretended not to have noted nor heard; but as soon as he could he escaped from the room with his associates. The Dardanup men ate a mighty supper, and afterwards had a wild time, in which the woodcutter was a partaker.

Powerful and hearty fellows, full of good-nature, but dangerous men to rouse, these young Australians, and their strong blood was excited by the new enterprise they had undertaken.

A combination had been made among the ticket-of-leave teamsters and buyers against the new agent of the sandalwood trade, who had revolutionized the old system. It had come to a serious pass with the business, and Agent Sheridan, knowing that a weak front would invite ruin, and resolved to test the opposition at once rather than wait for its bursting.

He rode to Dardanup, and called a meeting of the stockriders, who though everyone born in Australia, and bred to the bush from infancy, had a warm feeling for Sheridan, perhaps because of his Irish name. He laid the case before them without hiding the danger.

The ticket of leave teamsters were resolved to destroy the sandalwood teams of the company, by rolling great rocks on them as they passed through the Blackwood Gorge.

The Blackwood Gorge was the narrow bed of a stream that wound among the Iron-stone Hills. In the rainy season it was filled with a violent flood; but for six months of the year its bed was quite dry, and was used as a road to reach the sandalwood districts. For more than thirty miles the patient oxen followed this rugged bridle path; and for the whole distance the way zigzagged between the feet of precipices and steep mountains.

It would be an easy matter to block up or destroy a slow moving train in such a gully. And that the discharged ticket-of-leave teamsters had determined on this desperate revenge, the fullest proof was in the hands of Agent Sheridan.

He had considered the matter well, and he was resolved on a plan of action. He told the Dardanup bushman that he wanted twenty-four men, twelve to act as teamsters, and twelve as a reserve. In a few minutes he had booked the names and settled the conditions with two dozen of the strongest and boldest men in Western Australia.

The meeting in the tavern was the first intimation the ticket-of leave men had that their plan had been discovered.

Next morning, the teams passed peacefully through the little town, while the discomfited Scotty and his friends looked on from their skulking places, and never stirred a finger.

That evening, in the tavern, Scotty and his men were moodily drinking, and at another table sat half a dozen Dardanup stockriders. The woodcutter with the axe was smoking, as he lounged against the fireplace.

'Why didn't you Dardanup boys go along with the others?' he asked the stockriders.

Scotty and his ill-looking group turned their heads to hear the reply.

'We stayed behind to watch the wind!' answered one, with a laugh.

'To watch the wind!' queried the big woodcutter.

'Ay,' said the Dardanup man, very slowly, and looking squarely at the ticket-of-leave teamsters; 'if the wind blows a stone as big as a turtle's egg down the Blackwood Gorge to-morrow, we'll put a swinging ornament on every one of those twenty gum trees on the square. The rope is ready, and some one ought to pray for fine weather. Just one stone,' continued the giant, who had risen to light his pipe; and as he passed he laid a heavy hand on Scotty's shoulder, as if by chance; 'just one stone, as big as a turtle's egg, and we begin to reeve that rope.'

'Ha, ha! ho, ho!' roared the woodcutter, and the shanty shook with his tremendous merriment. When his derision has exhausted itself, he sat with the Dardanup men, and drank and sang in great hilarity over the routing of Scotty's gang.

From that day, the new agent of the scandalwood trade was treated with marked respect by all classes in Western Australia.

V.

IN SEARCH OF HIS SORROW.

Nine years crowded with successful enterprise had made Will Sheridan a strong man in worldly wisdom and wealth. His healthy influence had been felt and acknowledged all over the West Australian Colony. His direct attack on all obstacles never failed, whether the barriers were mountains or men.

He had raised the sandalwood trade into cosmopolitan commerce. In nine years he had made a national industry for the country in which he lived; had grown rich himself, without selfishly seeking it, and in proportion had made millionaries of the company that employed him.

When men of large intelligence, foresight, and boldness, break into new fields, they may gather gold by the handful. So it was with this energetic worker. His practical mind turned everything into account. He inquired from the natives how they cured the beautiful soft kangaroo skins they wore as bokas and learned that the red gum, tons of which could be gathered in a day, was the most powerful tan in the world.

He at once shipped twenty tons of it to Liverpool as an experiment. The next year he transported two hundred thousand pounds' worth; and five years from that time Australian red gum was an article of universal trade.

He saw a felled buolah tree change in the rainy season into a transparent substance like gum arabic; and three years afterwards, West Australia supplied nearly all the white gum in the markets of civilization.

One might conclude that the man who could set his mind so persistently at work in this energetic fashion must be thoroughly engaged, and that his rapid success must have brought with it a rare and solid satisfaction. Was it so with Agent Sheridan?

Darkest of all mysteries, O secret heart of man, that even to its owner is unfathomed and occult! Here worked a brave man from year to year, smiled on by men and women, transmuting all things to gold; vigorous, keen, worldly, and gradually becoming philosophic through large estimation of values in men and things; yet beneath this toiling and practical mind of the present was a heart that never for one day, through all these years, ceased bleeding and grieving for a dead joy of the past.

This was the bitter truth. When riding through the lonely and beautiful bush, where everything was rich in color, and all nature was supremely peaceful, and sleepless under-lying grief would seize on this strong man's heart and gnaw it till he moaned aloud and waved his arms, as if to put physically away from him the felon thought that gripped so crully.

While working, there was no time to heed the pain—no opening for the bitter thought to take shape. But it was there always—it was alive under the ice—moving in restless throbs and memories. It stirred at strange faces, and sometimes it beat wofully at a familiar sound.

No wonder that the man who carried such a heart should sooner or later show signs of the hidden sorrow in his face. It was so with Will Sheridan. His worldly work and fortune belonged only to the nine years of his Australian life; but he knew that the life lying beyond was that which gave him happiness or misery.

He became a grave man before his time; and one deep line in his face, that to most people would have denoted his energy and intensity of will, was truly graven by the unceasing presence of his sorrow.

He had loved Alice Walmsley with that one love which thorough natures only know. It had grown into his young life as firmly as an organic part of his being. When it was torn from him there was left a gaping and bleeding wound. And time had brought him no cure.

In the early days of his Australian career he had received the news of his father's death. His mother and sister had been well provided for. They implored him to come home; but he could not bear to hear of the one being whose memory filled his existence; and so he never wrote to his people. Their letters ceased; and in nearly nine years he had never heard a word from home.

But now, when his present life was to outward appearance all sunshine, and when his future path lay through pleasant ways, the bitter thought in his heart rankled with unutterable suffering. Neither work nor excitement allayed the pang. He shrank from solitude, and he was solitary in crowds. He feared to give rein to grief; yet alone, in the moonlit bush, he often raised his face and hands to heaven, and cried aloud in his grievous pain.

At last the thought came that he must look his misery in the face—that he must put an end to all uncertainty. Answering the unceasing yearning in his breast, he came to a decision.

'I must go home,' he said aloud one day, when riding alone in the forest. 'I must go home—if only for one day.'

VI.

THE DOOR OF THE CELL.

It was winter again. A sunburnt, foreign looking man stood on the poop deck of a steamer ploughing with decreased speed past the docks in the long line of Liverpool shipping. The man was young, but, with deep marks of care and experience on his face, looked nearly ten years older than he really was. From the face, it was hard to know what was passing in the heart; but that no common emotion was there might be guessed by the rapid stride and the impatient glance from the steamer's progress to the shore.

It was Will Sheridan; but not the determined, thoughtful Agent Sheridan of the Australian sandalwood trade. There was no quietness in his soul now; there was no power of thought in his brain; there was nothing there but a burning fever of longing to put his foot on shore; and then to turn his face to the one spot that had such power to draw him from the other side of the world.

As soon as the steamer was moored, heedless of the Babel of voices around him, the stranger passed through the crowd, and entered the streets of Liverpool. But he did not know the joy of an exile returning after a weary absence. He did not feel that he was once more near to those who loved him. It was rather to him as if he neared their graves.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Rustico ville,	Stanley,	Grand River Bridge	Valleyfield,
North Rustico,	Malpeque,	Annandale,	Orwell,
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TRAINS FOR THE WEST.

STATIONS.	Exp's	Accom	Ac'm
	A M	P M	
Charlottetown ....dp	6 00	2 40	
Royalty Junction....	6 14	3 01	
North Wiltshire.....	6 48	3 50	
Hunter River.....	6 58	4 05	
Bradalbane	7 23	4 40	
Emerald Junction....	7 30	4 55	
Freetown.....	7 40	5 08	
Kensington	7 53	5 28	
Summerside ....ar	8 15	6 00	
Summerside ....dp	8 30		P M 1 40
Miscouche	8 45		2 02
Wellington	9 05		2 28
Port Hill.....	9 35		3 17
O'Leary.....	10 30		4 42
Bloomfield	10 47		5 08
Alberton.....	11 14		6 00
Tignish.....ar	11 55		6 55
			P M
Emerald Junction..dp			5 15
Cape Traverse.....ar			6 05

TRAINS FROM THE WEST

STATIONS.	Exp's	Accom	Accom
	P. M.	A. M.	
Tignish.....dp	12 25	6 00	
Alberton.....	1 05	7 05	
Bloomfield	1 30	7 44	
O'Leary.....	1 46	8 00	
Port Hill.....	2 37	9 35	
Wellington.....	3 07	10 17	
Miscouche	3 28	10 44	
Summerside ....ar	3 40	11 05	
Summerside ....dp	4 05		A. M 8 15
Kensington.....	4 29		8 48
Freetown.....	4 45		7 10
Emerald Junction...	4 55		7 20
Bradalbane.....	5 01		7 30
Hunter River.....	5 24		8 15
North Wiltshire.....	5 34		8 30
Royalty Junction...	6 08		9 19
Charlottetown.....ar	6 20		9 40
			A. M.
Cape Traverse.....dp			6 25
Emerald Junc.....ar			7 15

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS	Exp's	Accom
	P M.	A. M.
Charlottetown .....dp	3 00	6 30
Royalty Junction.....	3 15	6 50
Bedford.....	3 40	7 28
Mount Stewart Junc. ....ar	4 05	8 05
Mount Stewart Junc. ....dp	4 10	8 20
Morell.....	4 38	9 00
St. Peter's.....	5 00	9 30
Bear River.....	5 32	10 14
Souris.....ar	6 05	10 55
	P. M.	A. M.
Mount Stewart Junc.....dp	4 10	8 25
Cardigan.....	5 03	9 36
Georgetown.....ar	5 20	10 00

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	Exp's	Accom
	A. M.	P. M.
Souris.....dp	6 15	1 15
Bear River.....	6 48	1 58
St. Peter's.....	7 20	2 45
Morell.....	7 42	3 15
Mount Stewart Junc. ....ar	8 10	3 55
Mount Stewart Junc. ....dp	8 15	4 05
Bedford.....	8 40	4 49
Royalty Junction.....	9 05	5 15
Charlottetown.....ar	9 20	5 25
	A. M.	P. M.
Georgetown.....dp	7 00	2 15
Cardigan.....	7 17	2 37
Mount Stewart Junc.....ar	8 10	3 45

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. All trains run daily, Sundays excepted

J. UNSWORTH,
Railway Office, Ch'town, May 22, 1893.—6i Superintendent

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