TRUE TO HIS WORD.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

"Let us round the next headland, and if nothing is to be seen of her, then we will put back."

Francisco, at the tiller, raises his shoulders half an inch, his eyebrows a whole one and lights another cigarette. This Englishman, who seems to be in love with a "yat," is incomprehensible to him, but he is generous and deserves to be humored. As they round the promontory he has indicated, an immense reach of sea comes into view, but not a sail is to be seen upon it.

"The 'yat' must be five-and-twenty miles to eastward of us, signor, if she"——

"There she is!" interrupted Walter eagerly. His quick eyes had detected her to the right of them, almost close in shore.

"What can this mean?" muttered Francisco, a gleam of interest crossing his dark features. "There must be something wrong here."

"Wrong? Why so? She looks safe enough."

"Ships do not ride at anchor with all their sails set, signor. See! she is drifting this way and that; she has no steersman!"

"The man must have gone to sleep; let us make haste to warn them," cried Walter, nervously seizing the light oars.

A few minutes brought the boat within hailing distance of the Sylphide, for such she undoubtedly was. Not a soul was to be seen upon her deck, but a light was gleaming in the stern cabin. Though she carried a crowd of canvas—every stitch she had, indeed, was set—her progress was very slow; but what there was of it was erratic: she seemed like a ship in a dream.

"In ten minutes she would have been on shore," observed Francisco.

"But in such a night as this there could have been no danger?" urged Walter, alarmed even at the supposititious peril from which their opportune arrival was about to preserve his Lilian.

"Perhaps not," said Francisco sententiously, steering straight for the vessel. As they neared her, he stood up and scrutinized her narrowly from stem to stern. The unaccustomed excitement in his face aroused in Walter an indefinite anxiety.

"What is it that you fear, Francisco? Nothing can surely have happened to the crew—to the passengers?"

"I know not what to think, signor. Shall we go on board?"

Walter hesitated; the occasion was certainly sufficiently momentous to excuse such a step; but he shrank from thrusting his presence on those to whom it would be so utterly unexpected, so unexplainable and—in the case of Mr. Brown, at all events—so unwelcome.

"Let us row round her first," said he; and they did so. Not a sound was heard save the dip of their own oars; not a living being was to be seen. The Sylphide's boat was fastened at her stern, so it was plain that the crew could not have left the vessel by that means. They pushed between it and the yacht, so that Walter, as he stood up, could look right into the window of the stern cabin. A lighted lamp swung from the roof of it, and made all things visible within it, but it had no tenant. From no other window or port hole was there sight or sound of life; the exterior of the hull above the water line exhibited no trace of damage; no appearance of any collision with ship or rock made itself apparent anywhere.

The yacht was empty.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TO THE RESCUE.

"She will be ashore in five minutes, signor," Francisco cried, "if we do not drop her anchor." And with that he sprang on board, and Walter followed to assist him.

Having succeeded in bringing the yacht to a standstill, the two young men proceeded to make a thorough investigation of her. The deck was clean, and the neat coils of rope were in their proper places, showing no traces of any struggle. Upon deck, however, a second examination revealed some blood stains close to the tiller, which marked the place perhaps where the steersman had been struck down by some unseen or unexpected foe.

"Great Heaven! there has been murder done!" murmured Walter hoarsely. Was it possible that the butchery had been wholesale, and that the bodies of the victims had been cast into the sea? A sharp spasm shot across his heart at this frightful thought, which was, however, dismissed almost as soon as entertained.

"Francisco," exclaimed Walter, "for Heaven's sake, speak a word to me or I shall go mad! What has happened? what can have happened? This is your own land—not mine. I feel like one in a hideous dream, where all is unreal and monstrous. Have you any explanation of this frightful thing to offer? Have you any hope to give me? if not, at least tell me your fears."

Francisco looked furtively towards the shore, and laid a finger on his lips. "Yes, signor, I think I know what has happened," answered he in his soft musical tones. "Come down here into the cabin; there is no knowing who may be watching us up here, or whose sharp ears may be listening."

"Well, well, what is it?" inquired Walter impatiently, when they had descended the stairs. "You would never look like that if my friends had been murdered, surely."

"O, no, signor, there has been no murder!" answered Francisco quietly—"that is, unless there was some absolute necessity for it. Milord and the signora in any case are safe; I will stake my life on that. Look you, the 'yat' was becalmed and close in shore; and these gentlemen of the mountains"——

"What! the brigands?"

"Hush! Yes; they doubtless came out in boats and captured her by surprise."

"But who ever heard of brigands turning pirates?"

"Not one, signor, up to this moment; but the circumstances, you must allow, were very uncommon. Milord's departure was a most serious disappointment for them. They took it—it is no wonder—much to heart, and clung to hope to the last. They had scouts all along the shore, or perhaps they watched the vessel from their own woods up yonder, and descended when the opportunity offered. I don't know that it was so, but to me, who am acquainted with the captain, it seems probable."

"The captain! What captain?"

"Corralli."

"Great Heaven! Do you think, then, that my countrymen have become his captives?"

Head, eyes and fingers all combined in giving a most unmistakable "I do."

"But the signora?"

"She is doubtless in his hands, but only for the present. He will send her back, since the troops will be called out, and she would impede his flight. But he will keep milord."

"They will not injure the young lady in any way?" asked Walter imploringly, as though it had been in Francisco's power to prevent them.

"Certainly not. There are women in the band; the captain's sister, Joanna, is always with him, and has power; the signora will doubtless be placed under her protection."

Walter had listened to his companion's words with enforced attention, but now that the information had been obtained—now that he had something to go upon—he became all impatience for action. Every moment in which he was not engaged in promoting Lilian's release seemed a waste of time and a reproach to his loving heart. "Our best plan, I conclude," said he hastily, "is at once to return to Palermo, and give notice of what has occurred to the police."

"To the police? O, no, signor!"

"To the soldiers, then?"

"Nay; that would be worse still. Your best hope to see milord again is to communicate with—his banker."

Walter was astounded; it seemed to him that Francisco was humoring British prejudices in making a commercial transaction out of this abominable outrage.

"Indeed, signor," continued the other quietly, "that is your best chance. If you can get the ransom before the government stirs in the matter, your friends may be released at once; but otherwise the transaction will be forbidden; the soldiers will be sent out, and there will be danger. Not to the signora," he added hastily, perceiving Walter to change color. "I cannot but think that she will be sent home in safety. But to her father—— If Corralli is now disappointed of a plot he has so long calculated upon, he will be capable—it is idle to deny it—of any atrocity."

"But how shall I know what is the sum demanded?"

"There is no fear upon that point," answered Francisco smiling. "To-morrow or the next day—so soon as he considers himself in safety—Corralli will send in his terms."

"But in the meanwhile we are losing precious time," broke in Walter impatiently. "If we were in Palermo now, for example, a pursuit might be organized, and these brigands forced to give up their prey."

"It would be the height of imprudence even then, signor," replied Francisco confidently; "but we are not in Palermo, nor could we sail there in this calm under six hours at quickest."

"But we could go by land in half that time."

"The signor can go if he wishes it," was the stolid reply. "For myself, I have seen Captain Corralli face to face already; I do not desire another interview. It is true he may be in the mountains by this time; but his people are everywhere, and on the road to Palermo to-night, above all places—you may be sure of it—to intercept this very news."

This lad had good reason to shun the brigands, whether his fears on this occasion were well grounded or not. He was not in love with Lilian, nor interested in saving the money of Mr. Christopher Brown. It was unreasonable therefore to despise him—who moreover had a father who loved him as the apple of his eye—for refusing to risk life and liberty on such an errand.

"Francisco," said Walter gently, "take you the boat at once back to Palermo, and give information of what has occurred, if I have not already done so. Should you not find me at home, go straight to Sir Reginald Selwyn, at the Hotel de France, and tell him what has happened. And now put me ashore."

Unmistakable compassion looked softly out of Francisco's eyes. "The way is long," he said—"twelve miles at the very least; and it is doubtful whether at any village the signor will find a conveyance."

"No matter; I can run the distance in three hours. The road goes by the coast, does it not? and cannot be mistaken."

"The road is straight enough, but—— Is the signor quite determined?"

They had reached the deck by this time, and Walter's only answer was to step into the boat, which was fastened alongside the yacht. The muffled dip of the oars alone broke the silence of sea and shore; the hills, the woods seemed steeped in slumber; through the orchard trees the white road could be seen empty and silent.

"Keep in the centre," whispered Francisco, pointing towards it, "and do not stop for a shot or two. They do not shoot well flying, these gentlemen. But if they once capture you, make no attempt to escape or they will kill you to a certainty; that is a point of honor with them."

Here the boat touched land, and Walter leaped lightly upon the shore.

"Good bye, Francisco, till to-morrow morning," said he cheerfully. "I shall beat you by three hours for a ducat."

"Good bye, signor; and may the blessed saints protect you from all harm!"

The next moment the boat had shot into the bay, and Walter was pushing his way through the little orchard that lay between the sea and the high road.

(*To be Continued.*)

ADVICE TO THE MARRIED MAN.

Just a few words my married friend at this time may be of much use to you in after years.

Are you one of the married men who, when you go home for a meal, commence to grumble and turn over on the plate what your dear wife has provided for you, and act with it as if it were not fit to eat?

Let me say that you might as well drive a dagger to your wife's heart, it could not give her greater pain. Of course you do not intend to hurt her feelings and annoy her; you do it because you are out-of-sorts and feel miserable. We know your trouble and will tell you how to get rid of it.

Your liver is out of order; your digestion is bad, or you are worried mentally. Get rid of these troubles at once for your wife's sake, She has work enough and worry enough of her own, and you should at all times and in every way help and encourage her.

You require that grand remedy Paine's Celery Compound to make your disordered liver work properly; your digestive organism is weak, and requires toning up by the use of this Compound. By its use you will be strengshened physically and mentally, and your irritability will vanish. You will be a different in every respect; you will acquire happiness and contentment, and in this way will add much to your wife's joy.

The Great Dailies of 1890.

Valued Reporter—Anything for me today?

City Editor Great Daily—Yes. There is much talk in the papers about the scandalous way in which divorces can be obteined on any sort of trumped up charge without letting the defendant know anything about it. We wish to make a complete expose of the thing.

Valued Reporter—Yes, sir. What am I to do first?

City Editor—Go and get a divorce.

Valued Reporter—Eh! Wha— A divorce from my darling little wife?

City Editor—Oh, don't worry, the paper pays all the expenses.—New York Weekly.

There is, generally speaking, nothing green about a widow, notwithstanding her weeds.

ELEMENTS AS MAN'S HELP.

THE FORCES OF NATURE HAVE SUPERSEDED HUMAN CONTRIVANCES.

All our strength and success in the work of our hands depends on our borrowing the aid of the elements. You have seen a carpenter on a ladder with a broadaxe chopping upward chips from a beam. How awkward! at what disadvantage he works! But see him on the ground, dressing his timber under him. Now, not his feeble muscles, but the force of gravity brings down the axe; that is to say, the planet itself splits his stick. The farmer had much ill-temper, laziness, and shirking to endure from his hand-sawyers until one day he bethought him to put his saw-mill on the edge of a water fall; and the river never tires of turning his wheel; the river is good natured, and never hints an objection.

We had letters to send; couriers could not go fast enough, nor far enough; broke their wagons, foundered their horses; bad roads in spring, snow drifts in winter, heat in summer; could not get the horses out of a walk; but we found out that the air and earth were full of electricity; and always going our way, just the way we wanted to send. Would he take a message? Just as lief as not; had nothing else to do; would carry it on time. Only one doubt occurred, one staggering objection, he had no carpet bag, no visible pockets, no hands, not so much as a mouth, to carry a letter; but after much thought and many experiments, we managed to meet the conditions, and to fold up the letter in such invisible compact form as he could carry in those invisible pockets of his, never wrought by needle and thread, and it went like a charm.

I admire still more that the saw mill, the skill which, on the seashore, makes the tides drive the wheels and grind corn, and which thus engages the assistance of the moon, like the hired man, to grind, and wind, and pump, and saw, and split stone, and roll iron.

Now that is the wisdom of a man, in every instance of his labor, to hitch his wagon to a star, and see his chore done by the gods themselves. That is the way we are strong, by borrowing the might of the elements. The forces of steam, gravity, galvanism, light, magnets, wind, fire, serve us day by day, and cost us nothing.

Our astronomy is full of examples of calling in the aid of these magnificent helpers. Thus, on a planet so small as ours, the want of an adequate base for astronomical measurements is early felt, as, for example, in detecting the parallax of a star; but the astronomer, having by an observation fixed the place of a star, by so simple an expedient as waiting six months and then repeating his observation, contrived to put the diameter of the earth's orbit, say two hundred millions of miles, between his first observation and his second, and this line afforded him a respectable base for his triangle.

All our arts aim to win this vantage. We cannot bring the heavenly powers to us, but if we will only choose our jobs in directions in which they travel, they will undertake them with the greatest pleasure. It is a temporary rule with them, that they never go out of their road. We are dapper little busybodies, and run this way and that way superserviceably; but they swerve never from their forordained paths—n either the sun, nor the moon, nor a buble of air, nor a mote of dust.—Emerson.

How Time is Distributed by Telegraph.

The Naval Observatory at Washington considers it an important part of its business to determine and give away to any one who chooses to ask for it absolutely correct time at noon each day. Experts paid by Uncle Sam make the computations and press the button at precisely twelve o'clock, thus communicating the hour to the various departments in this city. The Western Union is permitted to have its instruments in the room whence the message is sent, with an attachment to the button, so that the news is flashed directly from the observatory, without even the aid of an operator, all over the United States, reaching even so distant a point as San Francisco within the space of not more than one-fifth of a second. For such is the utmost twinkling required for the passage of an electric spark through 3,000 miles of wire.

To accomplish this the telegraph company is obliged to take all other business off the wires each day just before twelve o'clock. Three minutes and a half before noon arrives operators in all parts of the country cease sending or receiving messages, and devote their attention to attaching wires in such a manner as to establish unbroken connection from Washington with points in every section of the Union to which the lines extend their ramifications. A dozen seconds before the time bell is to strike a few warning ticks come flashing along, and at the very moment when the sun passes over the seventy-fifth meridian a current gives a single throb from Maine to Florida and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, informing an expectant nation of the time of day.

Now the way in which the telegraph company makes money by distributing the time in this manner is by selling it to people all over the United States who have clocks and find it of importance to keep them right. In this manner it keeps corrected by electricity to absolute solar time no less than 7,000 clocks in the city of New York alone. All that the company is obliged to pay is the cost of maintaining its instruments at the observatory and the wires connecting these instruments with the main office in Washington. But it must be remembered that the cost of stopping telegraphic operations for four minutes in the busiest part of each day throughout the entire country is not inconsiderable.—Com. Gazette, Pittsburg.

Barrels of Paper.

After three years of experimental work, an English company has succeeded in producing paper barrels which are able to compete favorably with barrels made of wood. The paper barrels are used at present principally for the carriage of gunpowder, mining fuses, fruit, flowers, molasses, paint, cement, matches, chemicals, dyes, asbestos, sugar, size and extract of meat. The materials used in making the barrels are waste paper, cardboard and (for the better quality) old sacks.

When cardboard is used it is soaked or boiled for six hours, and afterward treated in the same manner as the other raw material. This is carefully sorted and put into a rag engine or beater, where it is beaten and torn to pieces by a series of knives for about an hour and a half. It is afterward mixed with water until a pulp of uniform consistency is gained. This is rolled, joined, shaped and dried, and the barrel is finally covered with hoops.

Before the tops and bottoms are put in, the barrels are painted with a water-proof composition, made of linseed oil and resin, for ordinary purpose barrels, and with a special varnish where they are used for food products. The standard size made is sixteen and a half inches in diameter by twenty-eight inches long. The price at which these barrels can be produced enables them to compete favorably with wooden barrels; a barrel costing thirty-four cents in wood can, when made of paper, be sold for twenty-eight cents. One great feature is that there is no waste with the process, all "wasters" being beaten up into pulp again.—New Orleans Picayune.

Laziness a Foe to Originality.

We do not know who said it, but it is a fact well stated, and we regret not being able to give the writer proper credit. The great enemy to individualism is laziness, and those who know anything of human frailties will, I am sure, bear me out when I say that "mental" laziness is far more common and far more difficult to overcome than that of the body. It is so much easier to accept dogmatic teaching, and to shift the responsibility of our views on to others rather than concentrate our thoughts and work out the lessons of our own observations. It is much more pleasant to butterfly from theory to theory than truth with patient tenacity; why trouble ourselves to learn self-reliance, when natural indolence protests against the sacrifice.

It is easier to imitate than to originate; plagiarism and mimicry are such prominent features in our lives, that their presence might almost be quoted as an argument in favor of our evolution in past ages from simian ancestry. How plausible are the excuses we make for our want of this individualism? We are so dreadfully afraid of being thought bumptious, we are so delightfully humble, we do not wish to intrude our opinion, and yet all the brightest light of our profession have been men of strong individualism.

To the Corpulent.

You may thump your little sand-bag
And swing your Indian club,
You may hustle weighty dumb-bells
You may also get a rub,
But, if you really want reducing,
And that without much drill,
Then step right into *——— for
His sugar-coated pill.

*Druggists can have their name inserted here at the usual advertising rates.

Say, Swipes—If dat ar man, Jimmy McShane's 'lected to be de Mayor, you'll soon find de city over-run with burglars—blamed soon. How's dat, Snipes? Well, ye see, de high tariff at de present time is against 'em. It costs so much to import de tools, and although money am mighty close jes now it am not close enuf ter reach widout de tools; still, when de citizens 'lect dat ar individooal dey'll have pervided de burglars wid de "People's Jimmy." Catch on, Swipes?