

"Grip's" Popular Series of Pirated Romances.

CLARA DeLACY ROCHFORT.

FROM MISS BR—DD—N'S LATEST ADVANCE SHEETS.

CHAPTER I.

"There sat three crows upon a tree,
And they were black as crows could be."—POPE.

MELVILLE FRANKFORT was the following, viz: good, brave, generous, rich, gifted.

He loved.

He loved but one. That was Clara DeLacy Rochfort, who was a female daughter of her parents.

Clara was beautiful as good, though she wasn't very good looking. She loved.

At this point the supper bell rang.

CHAPTER II.

Under a tropical sky, a bark with close reefed mizen mast and three sheets in the wind.

The captain, Signor Bendelari Boscovitski, paced the quarter deck.

"I apprehend a storm" roared the captain, "all hands reef the bowsprit."

Suddenly a noise was heard which interrupted these remarks.

When the smoke cleared away the vessel had disappeared.

But one survivor reached the shore, which lay in latitude 64° 29', longitude 28° 13', south-east by east, half east, 100 miles.

The writer couldn't learn the cause of this peculiar accident.

CHAPTER III.

A distant cottage near the border of a wood.

"Melville Frankfort," she exclaimed, "I shall certainly have you divorced if you will persist in getting drunk."

Could it be he? What?

Yea, verilie!

CHAPTER IV.

"Dear wife" said Sir John Rochfort, the next night, as they sat at the fireplace, she wearing a look of unusual care on her face, as might be discerned by the casual flicker of the burning coals; he, more moody and subdued than was his wont, and also appearing anxious and embarrassed, holding a short clay pipe in his left hand, and waving the fore-finger of his right hand lazily as he gazed vacantly into the fire—"Dear wife,—give us a match."

CHAPTER V.

Promise me, Claribel, that you shall be mine!" he said quickly and with much emotion.

He was a dark looking villain, with heavy eyebrows and felt hat. "I live upon your smiles; I bask in your back garden," he continued.

"I consent, sire," was her tardy answer.

N.B.—This was the person who escaped from the drowning vessel.

CHAPTER VI.

Melville Frankfort drew near to the house to which he had been directed. He had an expression of intense hatred on his face, particularly about his nostrils. He was armed to the teeth and intended to kill Bob Brandon, who, he understood, was being married to Clara.

"But haste," he whispered to himself, (the writer happened to be around there and heard him quite distinctly,) "haste, else the nuptials will be over and my pains useless."

He burst into the room without knocking and nearly collided with the bride, who turned out to be another girl and not Claribel at all!

"Sold! sold!" exclaimed the overjoyed Melville, "Sold, but happy!"

CHAPTER VII.

Claribel sat in her chamber gazing at the setting sun and thinking with rapture of her approaching marriage.

"He isn't good looking, nor nice, nor rich, nor educated, and I've heard say he gambles, and she heard he escaped from a pirate vessel, but what's the odds, so long as you're happy," she soliloquised.

The garden gate opened and in walked Melville Frankfort with his own honest, fearless stride. "What, Melville Frankfort?" she gasped, somewhat startled, but much pleased.

Claribel descended to meet him.

"I have come" said he, "to know my fate, fairest; shalt thou be mine?"

She blushed, but rallied sufficiently to utter "Indeed, yes, my noble Melville—indeed I will."

He departed, feeling too rich and happy to be comfortable.

CHAPTER VIII.

(The M.S. has been mislaid, and we have no time to search for it just now. Signed: The Printer.)

CHAPTER IX.

The night of Melville Frankfort's joy arrived! Decked in the proper style, and with feelings too numerous and subtle to mention or portray, he arrived at the mansion of Clara's father about eight o'clock, p.m. The guests were all present and appeared to be in the best of spirits—champagne and such like. How proud Melville felt as he strutted, a conscious son-in-law of this noble family, through the long hall and into the parlour where the fair company were assembled. Claribel was radiant, (we will not attempt any description). She met him at the door and he met her—just in the way circumstances required. "Dear Mell," said she, laughingly, "I really was forgetting my manners, I feel so joyful. "James" she shouted, turning her graceful head partly around. A clumsy and curious looking stranger in the garb of a hostler stepped up. "Mr. Frankfort," she lisped, "allow me to introduce you to my husband!! Why didn't you come sooner and see the ceremony, Melly."

CHAPTER X.

"With a firm step, and an appearance of bravado, the doomed man ascended the scaffold. After shaking hands with those about him, and making a few remarks to the crowd he knelt down. The drop fell and he hung till he was dead. The body was afterwards identified as having belonged to him."

So read the bar room lounge at one of the taverns; complacently casting the newspaper aside, he remarked "and so that's the end of Melville Frankfort; well, he deserved it—any man who would shoot a newly married bride and bridegroom, Sir John and Mrs. Montrose, and twelve or thirteen unoffending guests, and then burn down the house, deserves hanging, I say."

CHAPTER XI.

No doubt the kind reader will be anxious to know what became of Pirate Dick.

CHAPTER XII.

A band of Copperhead Indians had encamped on Dow's flat, and resolved themselves into Committee of the whole on the pale face question.

Writhing in bondages near by, were a white man, and a fair white woman.

"Ugh," remarked Spotted Tail, the chief; "the great brave, die, die."

The prisoners were brought out, and tied to stakes, and a roaring fire made.

2000 warriors set up a yell of joy.

Sharp crack of a rifle.

Squint Eye Bob was thar'.

Having slain all the redskins, he rescued the unhappy victims.

CHAPTER XIII.

These two rescued ones, dear reader, were Pirate Dick and the lawful wife of unfortunate Melville Frankfort, whom we saw hanged.

Together they repaired to New York and called upon Rev. Mr. Jones, to be united in matrimony.

They stood by the altar, each with the happy answers quivering on their lips.

"No you don't."

The voice came with a thunder of authority.

It was the policeman's. They were both then and there arrested, for larceny, on an old line.

THE END.

CROAKS FROM GRIP'S BASKET.

INHERITED INSTINCTS.—It is a fact worth the consideration of Darwin, that woman, having originally been formed from a rib-bone, has a love for a ribbon to the present day.

WHY MUST PROFESSOR WISE be angry many times before reaching Europe in his Graphic balloon? Because whenever he speaks there will be high words.

PLEASE DON'T FAINT.—A darkey, stealing fowls, lately, said the circumstance reminded him of a novel he read when young; because while robbing some crew so (Robinson Crusoe l)

THE man who paints the weather-cock of a steeple, needn't lay ridiculous claims to High Art.