THE NEW YORK SUN.
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THE SUN.

IT SHINES FOR ALL

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Advertisements—For every FOUR LINES (nonpareil, two words,) one day, 50 cents; two days, 75 cents; three days, $1 00; six days, $1 75. If inserted with side, 50 cents each day.
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WANTED.

NTED—A GOOD PAINT KEG MAKER
y cooper; good pay every Saturday, plenty of
3 years. Address a letter to
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NTED—A WET NURSE, WITH A GOOD
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German Protestant preferred. Apply at 707
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NTED—4 MEN TO MAKE AND RE-
r boys shoes, constant employment will be
Apply for 3 days 28 Prince st. d30 1*131

NTED—A SMART, ACTIVE BOY,
to reside with his parents in this city. Ad-
Box 1647, Post Office d30 5*135

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one a good horse shoer, and one good wagon
HENRY HEMMEN, Apply at Appleton,
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NTED—A MAN TO DRIVE A SOAP
art; none need apply unless used to the busi-
WM. PINNER, 119 West 17th st.
2*108

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young man to drive the wagon for a wholesale
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Recorder Employment Office, cor West 22d
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NTED—A MAN WELL ACQUAINT-
d with superintending the making and upholstering of first class sofas and couches, and able to attend successfully to the retail sales in a warerooms, a situation by addressing "Easy hair," box office, this week, stating his experience, ref and salary wanted. d29 3*101

T NURSES CAN BE SUPPLIED WITH
tutions, and their children taken care of at
very and Child's Hospital, 51st st, near 3d ave.
references required. d29 3tac107

NTED—A PRACTICAL MILLER WHO
has been accustomed to using Central Burr
Mills, and who thoroughly understands dressing
stones thereon in running order. Apply at No. 45
ock, S. Y. d28 4*139

NTED—FOR U. S. ARMY—100 ACT-
ive men. Pay from $11 to $22 per month, with
clothing, &c. Also, musicians wanted. Apply
recruiting Office, 98 Chatham st, or 193 South
st. d26 1*107

NTED—LADIES TO LEARN TO OPE-
rate on Wheeler & Wilson's and Singer's and
sewing machines, taught perfect on all for $5,
ranges taught perfect and recommended to shop
after learning; also all kinds of sewing ma-
to let, or $10 Henry st, near Grand. d19 6*87

NTED—LADIES LEARNED TO OPE-
rate perfectly on various kinds of sewing ma-
chines, and recommended to place; also ma-
for sale by Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Wheeler
Wilson's, Singer and Oliver sts,
West 26th st. d19 2*157

NTED—LADIES TO LEARN TO OPE-
rate on Singer's, Wheeler & Wilson's and other
machines, and practice till perfect on different
of clothing, by experienced teachers; also
ing, quilting and making guages taught properly
$1 to $1.50; also sewing machine for sale and
117 Allen st, near Delancey. d19 6*156

NTED—LADIES TAUGHT TO OPE-
rate on Singer's and Wheeler & Wilson's sewing
by the most experienced teachers in the city;
made perfect on all kinds of work and recom-
to places after learning. Binding, tucking,
and gathering guages included for $1. Sta-
machines for sale; operators $3 Clinton
Also operators wanted. d19 3*177

NTED—NEW SHIRT IRONERS.
good hands can have steady employment and
wages, by applying at 51 Leonard st; also
some girls to learn to iron. JAMES B. BIRR
d7 2*161

GOOD MANY WOMEN WANTED
ity—Good situations, good wages girls lately
and small girls; wages receive immediately at the
and Home, 128 Eleventh st, cor 6th ave. Call
ture. Conducted by a respectable American
d26 2*168

FFICIAL FLOWER MAKERS
Wanted,
At the Manufactory,
Mar*199 159 Chambers st.

FFICIAL FLOWER MAKERS Wanted
or 6 girls to learn button, good wages paid and
the year round; also 150 girls to learn to make
al flowers; wages paid while learning, and work
at home; and 10 small girls who understand the
Apply at 159 East Broadway, basement door.
Mar*199

AT HANDS—FOUR FIRST CLASS OP-
erators on Wheeler & Wilson's machine, and ten
to work on this coats; from $6 to $8 per
can be earned; none but the most experienced
work will be employed. Call at 578 Ninth av.
d 9*104

OMAN WANTED—OF BLIZ-
ETH WHEELER, a native of Co. Meath, Parish
nabreen, Ireland, by her cousin JOHN SEAR
Direct to ANDREW EMON, cor. of Flushing
underbilt ave., Brooklyn. 14

ORMATION WANTED—OF MARIA
CLIFFORD, who worked at Mr. Edgerton's Clock
ry in Canal st, about 3 months ago. If she
call at 65 Mott st, top floor, back room, she will
particular friend of hers. d29 2*109

AW HATS—A FEW GOOD TRIMMERS
anted immediately at 94 Houston st. d30 1*130

WING MACHINE—AN OPERATOR
having a machine with binding guage and some
of tailoring, can have a good room and some
by applying at 94 Houston st d30 2* 29

S. SAILORS IN "CONSTITUTION,"
under Capt. Percival, in 1812, please call on
EDWARD BISSELL,
Purser U. S. Navy, 271 Broadway, corner Chambers
street. d30 3tac118

00 YOUNG MEN AND LADIES CAN
make over 100 per cent profit in city and
business never overdone; $1 or more
and start. Come prepared to TOMPKINS & CO.
d7 6tac118

THE HOLIDAYS.

OAL OIL CARPETS AND FLUID
ing for the Holidays; also fancy goods, glass and
ny, French and English stone china, China and
ets, tea trays, crokery, cutlery and glass ware in
variety, at very low prices, at C. A. SALO'S 178
ruery, cor. Canal st. d24 3tac*115

SUITS—
BAILEY,
GITSON,
AND GUERNSEY
For the HOLIDAYS
Hats, Fine, Lemons, &c. &c. Very best quality
every other house—178, 172, 173, 175, 177 Bowery, 84 Ave
Ave; 2d ave, 2d ave, 2d ave, 2d Ave, cor
20th st, cor 20th st, cor 20th st, cor 20th st, cor
st, cor 20th st. Good Better 10 to 15s. fine white
or $3 Hats, Drapes, and best Silk for per lb. Gaiters
s and shoes at reduced prices. Best Flour, 25s
good 20c per bag. Last all who want
GOOD GOODS, AT LOW PRICES.
BAILEY, GITSON, 178, Bowery cor. 20th st
GUERNSEY, 172, Bowery cor. 20th st

QUORS FOR THE HOLIDAYS—SIGE-
Fifteenth Street Distillery—1859. The choicest
that can be had for brandies, wines, ratafias
Holland gin, &c. for wholesale and retail, at the
Fifteenth Street Distillery, adjoining the
GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite
d1 1tac*105 Broadway.

QUORS FOR THE HOLIDAYS—WISE'S
Cork whisker (our own importation) $3 per gal-
50 cents per bottle. Superior brandies, wines,
gin, &c. Genuine London porter, Scotch ales.
Broadway, 170 doors from Broadway.
d 1 1tac*105 F. A. HILL.

ADIES ATTENTION—DO NOT BE IN-
fluenced either by advertisements or otherwise
not your own interests. We do not wholesale fans,
o nick-nacks of odds and ends to offer at auction,
s per dozen; the article is worth because
ch on popular thoroughfares. Choice fans are
ry scarce, we have none but on the orders
been received from head quarters to the contrary,
hall commence off-selling to-day at the Great
dern and Northern Fur Trappers Depot Sales
ms, 9 Bowery, up stairs. d30 6*164

EW YEAR'S GIFTS.
Adams' celebrated Patent Coal Sifters are a fit
ent to those who wish to be comfortable in their
s, neat, tidy and clean in their appearance; we will
at the wholesale price for the benefit of the poor
charity, at EK. & POLLOCK'S, 48 Courtlandt
, and STEVENS, BROTHER & CO., 229 Pearl
d 1 1tac*105 SANFORD ADAMS.

E CHEAPEST AND BEST PLACE IN
the city to get every kind of cordials, wines and
y variety of liquors, is at HUGHES & COPE, 261
ninth ave. bet 18th and 19th sts. R. V. d30 1*132

50—ALWAY THE CHEAPEST—260
MENDING SALES OF
TEAS, COFFEES,
WINES,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
GOOD ALE AND UPWARDS.
POUNDED POTATOES,
SUGARS,
MOLASSES,
HAMS,
BACON, CHEAPER THAN ALL OTHERS. 260
his spacious establishment every day, $100,000 worth
the choicest and fresh Teas, the Coffees,
pots delivered free.
THOMAS B. ASHLEY,
d1 1tac*105 260 Greenwich and 9 Jones st.

HE WEEKLY SUN IS THE CHEAPEST
and one of the very best family newspapers in the
1 copy, 1 year, $1
" 5 " " 4
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" 2 " " 18
" 5 " " 40
" 10 " " 75
" 20 " " 150
" 50 " " 375
" 100 " " 750
" 1 year, with a copy to the Editor, and 10 copies
d 1 1tac*105 WOODS & BRACE,
Sun Office, New York.

THE HOLIDAYS.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!—IRISH WHIS-
KEY. JOHN McALLIFFE, returned from the
"Old Sod," now offers Irish Whiskey superior to the
vile trash, sold under that name; 10,000, and the Press
in New York have tested it, and hail it genuine Irish
Whiskey at last. Such as is drank in private families
in Ireland. 50c. per bottle, $2 50 per gallon. Depot
63 Reade st. d29 3*192

A. A. A. A. A. A. A.
A FINE ARTICLE. A FINE ARTICLE.
LESTER'S $3.00 HATS. LESTER'S $3.00 HATS.
A FIRST RATE HAT FOR $3.00. A FIRST RATE HAT FOR $2.00.
AT 16 BOWERY. AT 16 BOWERY.
Roseuth Hats, Scotch caps, Ladies' Hats,
Gentlemen's Hats, Seamless Caps, Misses' Hats,
Union Hats, College Caps, Boys' Hats,
California Hats, Crown Caps, French Hats.
CHEAP. CHEAP. CHEAP.
16 BOWERY. 16 BOWERY. 16 BOWERY.
d31 1*197

CLOTHING CHEAP FOR THE HOLIDAYS
15 OUNCE BEST OF
GEORGE A. GUSTAR & CO'S
MAMMOTH CLOTHING WAREHOUSE,
Nos. 289 and 291 BOWERY.
CASH SCALE OF PRICES—OVERCOATS.
Good Thick Beaver and Petersham.....$4 50 to $5 00
Fine Black Cloth and Beaver.....5 50 to 6 00
Superfine Choice Beaver, blk & brown.....6 50 to 12 00
Extra Fine Satinissimo Beaver.....10 00 to 15 00
FROCK COATS.
Black Frock Coats, well made and trimmed.....$4 50
Fine Black Cloth, Satin, diffc.....5 00 to 8 00
Superfine Cashion Satin, lined with silk.....10 00 to 14 00
BUSINESS COATS.
Strong Business Coats.....$4 00 to $ 50
Cassimere Frocks and Sacks.....4 00 to 6 00
French Satin Cloth Coats & Sackes.....6 00 to 8 00
PANTS.
Strong Working Pants.....$1 25 to $ 50
Broadway do.....2 00 to 3 00
Satin Cloth and Doeskin.....3 50 to 5 00
VESTS.
Cassimere, of all styles.....$1 25 to $ 50
Silk and Satin.....2 00 to 3 00
Fancy and Velvet.....1 50 to 5 00
THE CUSTOM DEPARTMENT is replete with
Cassimeres and Vestings, and a PERFECT
FIT GUARANTEED in every instance.
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
GEO. A. GUSTAR & CO., 289 and 291 Bowery.
d29 2tac*153

CHAPPED OR TENDER SKIN, ERUPTIONS,
SORES, SALT RHEUM, SCURVY, RINGWORM
AND ALL skin or flesh diseases, cured, and the
skin made white and soft as a child, by Jones' Italian
Chemical soap. This well known, fine article is sold
for 25 cts. at 100 Fulton street, 289 cnr. 3d, 289 Broadway,
138 Bowery, and Hayes, Brooklyn. d21 6tac*128

FURS, FURS, FURS—BUY YOUR FURS
at the great Rocky Mountain Co., 50 per cent less
than any other store in the city. Rock Martin, per
set, $7, worth $20; Fine Sable, per set, $8, worth
$10; French Sable, per set, $4, worth $10; Mink Martin, per set, $3, worth $20. Fifty ladies' buffalo robes
at $5 each, at FOSTER'S, 178 Chatham square, corner
of Mott st. d29 2tac*179

FOR THE LADIES—WE HAVE AN AR-
ticle for chapped hands, face, or lips, or for
chaps in children, which we will warrant to be equal
to none. It is called SKIN LOTION, and will be found
the best salve yet offered for the price, in cts. It is sold
at only 12½ cents a box, and has always been sold at
Fox and Lyon's, Hayes' Brooklyn, Wilson's, Brooklyn.
d14 3tac

FURS—FURS—FURS—WANTED ALL
the ladies who study economy to answer this question correctly, and tell us what it costs, or ought to cost, and why we can get as good, if not better, from $10 to $12 the full set, at the manufactory, 289 Bowery, corner 10th st? With our system we can sell a set of Furs as low as $4. Real Mink Muff from $2 up, and children's furs very cheap. Furs made, altered and repaired carefully and promptly, by a practical furrier. GEO. FRIGAR. d19 6tac*156

FURS!—FURS!!—FURS!!!
Genuine Mink Victorines, Muff and Cuffs at.....$12
" " " " " " " " " " " " 15
AT THE HUDSON BAY FUR CO.'S
WAREHOUSE, 54 BROADWAY,
Genuine Hudson Bay Sable Cape, Muff and Cuffs.....$40 00
French Mink Cape, Muff and Cuffs.....5 50
" Sable " " " " " 5 50
and all other kind of Furs at 50 cents less than at any
Bay Fur Co's Warehouse, 54 BROADWAY.
Call and Examine Goods before you buy elsewhere.
d27 6*160 HARM J. KING, DIRECTOR.

FURS! FURS! FURS!
By Royal Proclamation
THE HUDSON BAY FUR CO.
WILL sell their entire stock of
Ladies' and Children's Manufactured
FURS AT RETAIL,
40 to per cent. below cost
in consequence of having a larger quantity for the 1st prox.
d23 1*151 HARM J. KING, Manager
54 Broadway.

FURS—FURS—FURS—LADIES, NOW IS
the time to get your Furs, and OUTBILL, of 169
Fulton st., Brooklyn, up stairs, is just the man who
can supply you with as nice a set of SABLE, MINK,
SQUIRREL, or any other fur, and at cheaper rates
than any manufacturer in the city. Just call in and
examine his new assortment, as there is no charge for
looking.
French Mink, set.....$6 00
Water Mink do.....5 00
French Sable do.....4 00
Imitation Fitch do.....4 00
Mink Victorines.....6 00
Do Cuffs.....14
N B.—Gentlemen's FUR GLOVES of the best quality
always on hand or made to order. Don't forget the
No.—169 FULTON ST., up stairs, Brooklyn. d29 6*156

HOW TO SECURE YOUR FRIENDS—
Get one of them 60 per cent cost of merled Wines
and Liquors, put up by L. MOSERIEP, Wine Merchant,
204 Bowery, corner of Houston st., each quart
bottle contains 1 bottle fine Brandy, 1 do. of gin, 1 do.
port wine, 1 do. sherry, 1 medicine, Boston whiskey,
Bourbon, 1 do. Rye, 1 do. Madeira, and 1 Jamaica rum, every
article warranted perfectly pure. N. B.—A general
assortment of wines and liquors constantly on hand,
to send and in store. d26 1*127

HOLIDAY GOODS AT RETAIL BY
FRANCIS & LOUREL, Stationers,
d29 3*165 45 Maiden Lane.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS—STEREOSCOPES,
Stereoscopic views, magic lanterns, microscopes
telescopes, opera glasses, spectacles, glasses drops
by thermometers, &c. &c., at low prices, at HUSTED'S,
169 William st, near Beekman. d29 3*175

HOLIDAY PRESENTS—
J. LITTLEDALE'S
VINEGAR WORKS,
198½ BOWERY.
Millions of strangers visiting this city, should call at
this store, to inquire and see the choicest everything they
want, such as Mechanics' Tools, Mathematical Instruments, Guitars, Flutes, Accordeons, Clocks, Watches,
Pins, Earrings, Knives and Forks, Razors, Fishing
Were, Fishing Tackle, &c. Give him a call. 195

IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKIES—SOLD
as imported. $1 50 per gallon, 35 cents a bottle.
Brandies, wines, gin, Guinness' XX porter, in bottle or
stone—92 Vesey street, opposite Washington Market
JAMES CORBOY, sole importer of Jameson's, L.
Old Dublin. d26 2*138

IRISH WHISKEY — POSITIVELY THE
best brand known, and pays the highest duties, viz
$3 per gallon. Shillelagh Powers, Gold pure at 50c. per
large bottle or $2 per gallon. Comparison with other
brands invited. H. B. KIRK, 58 Fulton st. d23 3tac*133

$200,000. HOLIDAY CLOTHING IN
FOR MEN AND BOYS.
AT ALMOST HALF PRICE,
AT ALMOST HALF PRICE,
AT ALMOST HALF PRICE,
AT ALMOST HALF PRICE,
AT ALMOST HALF PRICE.
AT OAK HALL,
AT OAK HALL,
AT OAK HALL,
AT OAK HALL.
SELLING OFF
SELLING OFF
SELLING OFF
SELLING OFF
THE ENTIRE STOCK OF
WINTER CLOTHING
WINTER CLOTHING
WINTER CLOTHING
AT THE GREAT SACRIFICE BARGAINS
$3.50 FOR GOOD PETERSHAM OVERCOATS.
$3.50 FOR GOOD PETERSHAM OVERCOATS.
AT OAK HALL,
AT OAK HALL,
$5.00 FOR GOOD BEAVER OVERCOATS.
$5.00 FOR GOOD BEAVER OVERCOATS.
AT OAK HALL,
AT OAK HALL,
$5.00 FOR PILOT OVERCOATS.
$5.00 FOR PILOT OVERCOATS.
AT OAK HALL,
AT OAK HALL,
FINE OVERCOATS SELLING IN PROPORTION
FINE OVERCOATS SELLING IN PROPORTION
FINE OVERCOATS SELLING IN PROPORTION
AT OAK HALL,
AT OAK HALL,
BOYS' OVERCOATS!! BOYS' OVERCOATS!!!
BOYS' OVERCOATS!! BOYS' OVERCOATS!!!
BOYS' OVERCOATS!! BOYS' OVERCOATS!!!
AT WONDERFUL BARGAINS
AT WONDERFUL BARGAINS
AT WONDERFUL BARGAINS
AT OAK HALL,
AT OAK HALL,
AT OAK HALL,
I have still left an immense stock of
FINE SEQUIN'AUX BEAVER,
and other desirable goods in
OVERCOATS—NEW STYLE CAPE OVERCOATS,
Also, a large and splendid assortment of FINE
BLACK CLOTH DRESS and FROCK COATS, French
and English CASSIMERE BUSINESS COATS and
PANTS, and RICH VELVET, CASSIMERE and SILK
VESTS, all made equal to best BROADWAY CUSTOM WORK.
THESE GOODS MUST BE SOLD!!
THESE GOODS MUST BE SOLD!!!
THESE GOODS MUST BE SOLD!!!
DON'T FORGET DE GROOT'S, OAK HALL,
DON'T FORGET DE GROOT'S, OAK HALL,
DON'T FORGET DE GROOT'S, OAK HALL,
THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE,
THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE,
84 & 86 FULTON STREET,
84 & 86 FULTON STREET,
84 & 86 FULTON STREET,
And running through to
AT AND 49 GOLD STREET,
GRANITE HALL, 84 FULTON STREET.
d30 1tac*132 THEO. H. B. DE GROOT.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

WELCOME HOME.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

My Mary comes!—It is the hour
When I in vain to be have:
Taught by love's strongest mysterious power,
I know the she is near.
I hear the well dy sea sings
Beneath our happy home,
And now the wood is and cheerly rings
With Mary's welcome home.

II.

My Mary's voice!—I hear it the'll
In rapture o'er the gale,
As the canoe sailing down the hill
Is mistlessly the le.
In all the world, o'ind of cross,
Wherever she can roam,
Ho music is so sweet to me
As Mary's welcome home.

Undercliff, October, 1859.

WOLFGANG;
OR,
THE WRECKER'S BEACON.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE THE GALE.

The good sloop PATHFINDER, of New York, and bound to open begin, had run to the North Sea, having left the Spitzbergen Dane two days before.

The commander of the ship was a young man, not over eight and twenty and his name was MAURICE LESTER. He stood by the taff-rail, casting off from the harbor to the eastward ever and anon raising his hand above his head to feel if there was any wind stirring, and as frequently casting a look to see how the crew hung. As he noticed this last he muttered, and spoke to him:

"Are you thinking of this Crew?"

"I think we shall have a storm, sir," the master replied. "And I only wish it is Griffin," he added, after sweeping the ice along with his eyes, "when it comes will scare some of the New Yorkers out of their pluck, I'm thinking, and make them ready to pay down the money we have to settle with them for some of the places where they now to make their rendezvous."

"Why you think we'll have a hard one," said Griffin.

"Do you" answered the captain, with almost a shudder, "I feel it in my bones."

In the mean time Captain Lester had been watching the sky and the horizon, and he fancied that the signs of the storm were coming more and more palpable every moment. The sun was going down in a thick bank, giving to the whole western horizon a dull purplish red hue, and the clouds, which were spread in darker tints, like opening, through the gloom, cloud, looking upon a fearful blackness behind.

"Do you see how strangely it looks, Griffin?" said the captain, raising a few feet above the bulwarks and pointing with his finger towards the point where the sun was setting. "Do you believe in dreams?"

"Ay," returned Griffin, "I have been watching these dark places."

And others noticed the same thing, and spoke of it, too.

Seven o'clock came and went. Eight o'clock came, and the first watch was set.

"Don't go below," ordered the captain, as the men of the last watch, left their stations. "This calm can't last a great while. You had better batten down the hatches now, while there is nothing else to do, for I am sure there will be need of having them close before the morning."

The men had no thoughts of going below, for they could see and feel; and they were not wholly ignorant of what was coming, as they went at each and secured the hatches with thick tarpaulins, and where this was done, those who had no particular stations, collected about the wheel. Another hour passed away—and another. Ten o'clock came, and still not a breath. The sails hung up in the calm, and the sloop rolled with the heave and broke, and sails, rattling and flap lap as she was swayed to and fro by the lazy swells of the sea.

"What does it mean?" cried Griffin, as the boy struck five bells.

"Bark!" said the captain, almost instantly. "I guess you'll soon see. Did you feel that?—Hi!—and that?"

"It was a puff of wind, and a light living of spray; or, perhaps it was a spit of rain. At all events, the puff was felt; and the drops of water fell upon other cheeks than Maurice Lester's, and other ears than his heard the sound which came with the dark waters. Other ears heard the roar which followed, and other bodies quivered beneath the shock of the storm-giant when he came in his might.

And so came the storm in fact. It came with wind and rain, and with an angry heaving of the sea. It came with a darkness like Erebus and with the voice of thunder. The gale continued to increase in fury as the hours of night passed away. When the morning came the scene was one of awful grandeur. The wind was howling with terrible fury; and the broad sea was lashed into huge mountains, which would rise and fall and break along over the bosom of the deep, seeming every moment ready to whelm and engulf the frail bark that struggled within the demon grasp.

When Captain Lester had observed the storm in the morning, he feared that the storm would continue through the day, and so he told his mate. The sky was a hue of horror, and rain was now driving down mingling with the lashing sea. At noon it was still worse.

At length night shut in again, and not a sign yet of the passing away of the storm! The frightful howling of the tempest seemed rather to have increased than abated. The men gathered upon the quarter-deck, clinging for support to the ranges and rails—for the life-lines swayed so much in the gale that they were afraid of them—gathered as near to the light of the binnacle lamp as they could, as though even from such feeble beams they might find some comfort. But not all were there. No—not all! Four stout, true-hearted men had been swept away by the storm. Four more were left; but how many shall see the light of another day?

At nine o'clock Captain Lester went below. He took down a chart of the North Sea, and having spread it upon the table, he sat down to study it. He was thus engaged when Mr Griffin came down; but he did not look up until he had finished the calculation.

"How is it?" the mate asked, as he saw his commander lay down the dividers.

"I have been making a reckoning, and I find that we have cut little more than half the journey we have made since then, or more, to be exact, we must have been driving towards the coast of Northumberland. I think we have plenty of room to stand on until midnight; but we can not venture much longer if the gale does not abate by that time I know not what we shall do."

The captain started as from his chair, and would probably have waited across the cabin, but at that moment a heavy sea caught the ship, and gave her a pitch forward, which caused him to catch his seat as quickly as possible. As soon as the flood had gone from the deck and the vessel had settled to her place, the sloop, he looked into his companion's face, and said, in a voice made tremulous by deeper emotion than he had before manifested.

"Griffin, I have something upon my mind more than you know, and I am sorry on to communicate it, too. I must tell it now, for I have a strange foreboding of coming ill. Something is to happen that will bear great calamity to some of us. I cannot conceive—I am only reading what I see written in my soul. However, you shall hear my story. You have heard that my parents were to be lost at sea?"

"Yes," said the mate.

"And perhaps you knew that they were lost in this sea?"

"I have heard so, Sir."

"Aye—so it was. I was a boy then. They were on their way to Copenhagen, as we should be now, my father commanding the ship, she was called the 'Clara Jane.' She was owned for my mother; and she was a staunch, noble craft. I was at school then, in Troy, and when I knew that my parents would depart I was wild with grief. I fancied that—in my fretfulness of change, that my heart would break; and I think such would have been the case if they had kept me at school. But some of those who cared for me came to see me, and it was finally arranged that I should go to sea. And I prospered prospered so well that when I was twenty years old, they gave me command of a ship.

"The man who owned the ship which I first commanded was named Thornton. He had a daughter named Carrie—one of the sweetest pieces, and truest creatures that ever graced this poor life. I was the was four years younger than myself but when we met, I felt—and I felt—that such a school that than fourteen—she was a woman in intellect and grace, though a child in simplicity of love and confidence. Mr. Thornton did not object to my suit, so I loved her with all my soul, and was blessed in that she loved me in return. It had been arranged that we should be married when she was twenty years old—that had been our plan for more than two years, Mr. Thornton had set the time himself. It lacked two months of the time, and I had arranged to remain at home until we were married. But—Thornton had a heavy ship freighted for Copenhagen, and her captain was dying. We could find no one to take her but me, and he urged me to go. I could not refuse; but I asked that I might be married first. Mr. Thornton shook his head, and said no. But he had another plan which he said would better. Carrie was to come down to Copenhagen, where he had two brothers in business—they were in company with him—and he said he would take the next ship, and bring Carrie out with him, and then we could be married. I finally consented to take out the new ship, and Mr Thornton, with his daughter, was to meet me in Copenhagen, and there we were to be married, and all three come home together. Carrie was to take a passage with Carrie, and when I left her I felt that I was leaving my very life.

"Well," continued Lester, wiping his eyes, "I went to Copenhagen. I waited a month—then I heard that the American ship, *White Foam*, with William Thornton and daughter on board, had touched at Dover, and that all were safe and well when she left. I waited another week, and then I crossed over to Hamburg, but I did not find Thornton there. I went to London, and there I learned enough to assure me that the ship had been lost! On the second day after he left Dover a severe storm had arisen, and several vessels had been reported lost. The ship home in charge of the mate, and sent for me to assist in searching after the lost ones; but I could gain no trace of them. Not even a piece of the wreck could I find—not a mark of the ship nor of one of the crew! I remained in the city two weeks longer.

Maurice Lester stopped a few moments, and bowed his head upon his hands, for his feelings had almost overcome him. In a little while however, he looked up again, and said, in a tonic tone:

"Ah, my dear friend, you do not know what I have suffered—tortures caused by this mystery. That blow did break my heart—broke it in the rendering of its tendrils from the grandeur of all the earthly hopes!—Do you believe in dreams?"

The mate started, not so much at the character of the question, as from the sudden manner in which it was put.

"Well," said Lester in a lower tone, "I have had a dream repeated many times; but never has it come to me so directly, and so vividly as within the past three or four days. Carrie Thornton is not dead! I know she is not! She has appeared to me repeatedly in a dream, and calls upon me to save her! Bi-night, as I stood all alone by the mizzen rigging, trying to peer out into the thick gloom, I heard her voice as plainly as you now hear mine, and she called out for me to save her. Of course what followed was mere fancy, though even that affected me much; I thought I saw her standing out far off, upon a huge sea, with her arms stretched imploringly toward me—saw her there, with my eyes open, as I have often seen her in my sleeping dream!"

At this point the captain was cut short in his speech by the cry of "Lookout ho!" from the deck. They hurried up and found the men crowding forward.

"What is it?" Lester asked.

"I think it is a light, sir," replied Parker. "Here, sir—put it stand here—Now turn your eye about four points upon the larboard bow.—Wait, now, till she rises.—There!—there!—See!—Did you see it, sir?"

"Yes—he had seen it; and he knew it was the light upon the shore; but it was a great way off. He watched until he had seen it several times, and then he remarked to his mate that it must be a light-house. The light was bold and distinct, and evidently at a considerable height above the level of the sea; for, if it not been so, it would not have been seen at that distance. After a short consultation, during which reference was had to the chart of the Northumberland coast, it was decided that this light must be upon Coquet Island. To the pilot, Dodson, as the captain knew from personal experience, as well as from the chart, there was a snug harbor, of easy entrance. These things were settled.

As soon as it had been determined where the light was, Captain Lester made all possible haste to determine the course of action. Had the thing been yesterday, he would have laid his ship to; but that could not be done. None even gave it a serious thought. It was decided that the ship should stand on, at least till something further was discovered.

At half-past twelve the gale had increased considerably. The light was now to be seen very plainly when we the ship rose, and the captain and his officers felt sure that they were right in their assumptions.

"At all events," said the former, "we have no choice but to stand on, at least."

He was interrupted by a cry from the bows that made every one start with horror:

"BREAKING! BREAKING!"

Captain Lester leap d forward and in a very few moments he was still did that the warning had not been a false one; for he could not only see the awful roar of the breaking sea, but he fancied that he could see the gleam of the white foam and the black in the gloom of the night. The men could scarcely stand upon the deck, so fearfully did the ship pitch and roll. The sea was thrown up in huge masses, and the foam dashed over the bulwarks, and the ship plunged to the hissing sea, and the foam dashed were upon through the lawsuit and the light fog. Since were the sea and in a moment more the ship's stock was felt as the larboard anchor fell into the bottom but it came or not hold. The ship pitched as though it had been a hemp in strings, and on swept the devoted ship.

"I believe we are off," cried Griffin, "what does the sounding. Best Tom Bright is still sounding and bright. I answer—at least at a answer—and yet there are the rocks directly under our bows! What can it mean?"

Man for Lester did not answer; but an old weather-beaten seaman, who stood at the wheel, and who had looked a thousand dangers in the face, answered for him:

"It's a WRECKER'S BEACON! I've seen such things after. There is no mistake. It's the sun, sir. That light was put there to lead poor lives to their death that the crew of wreckers might get their money."

"BREAKING! ROCKS! *On the starboard bow!—No! On the larboard!—Four!*"

But the voice of the lookout was lost in a clap. The ship had struck three times. The lookout was on the rocks with a crash that sounded high above the roar of the elements.

CHAPTER II.

WOLFGANG.

Maurice Lester was near the starboard gangway when the ship struck, having started aft to look to the helm. The shock threw him upon the bulwarks, on his hands and knees, and he felt the ship lift and shake beneath him. He was conscious that the ship had struck, and that the sea was breaking over her; but he could not tell whether the ship was on the rocks, or not. He only knew that the ship had struck, and that he was thrown down. He was conscious that he was lying on the deck, and that the sea was breaking over him. He was conscious that the ship was lifted and thrown down, and then the lamp of his consciousness went out. When he came to himself, it was daylight, and the rays of the sun were beaming above him. He was lying on the deck, and he was conscious that the ship was still on the rocks, and that the sea was breaking over her. He was really alive and sensible, yet could not recall the events of the past, which he did, very clearly, up to the time of the storm. He was in pain, too, so that he could not move. He could not even raise himself upon his elbow, and tried to gaze about him. He found himself upon a bed of sail, but seen two inches of rope, and he knew that he was lashed to the deck, and the tide had gone out and left him. In all this while he rose to his feet, and managed to crawl up by the side of a stranded spar, over a low part of one of the rocks.

After rising all that was to be observed from this point, he moved on towards where he thought he should soon find an open beach for he felt faint and sick, and he wished to find help as soon as possible. After crawling over a slippery slimy rocks, and cruel, tearing crags, until his clothing was all torn, and his feet bruised and lacerated, he fell all reached an open space among the rocks, where many of those which had been left behind, and where he found the bodies of three of his men. He hastened to the spot where they lay—two of them he recognized in each other's arms—but he found no signs of life.

With a sad, heavy heart, Lester crawled on, and presently he found two more dead ones, and one of them was David Griffin, his chief mate. He kneeled down by the officer's side, and raised his head; but it was cold and stiff. Man, and the skull was fractured. Gently he laid it back upon the sand, and then moved on again. And he saw more dead men also! Could it be possible that he had been the only one left alive?

He waited—he was—he was—he was the life!

Maurice Lester hurried forward, as fast as his feeble strength would permit, and found two men lying by the side of a heavy spar. One of them was dead; but the other gazed up to his coming with a fixed face, and stretched out his hands as though he wants ask for mercy. His name was Dick Mangle, and he had been one of the best seamen on board the ship.

"Poor Dick!" said Lester, kneeling by his side and lifting his head. "Are you badly hurt?"

"They've done it for us!" the sailor answered, in a wailing voice. "They've killed Tom. Aint he dead?"

It was the body of stout Tom Bricket that lay close by, and when the captain had made himself sure that there was no particle of life in it, he reported the same to Dick.

"Curse—he added, "what do you mean? Who has done you harm?"

"Haven't you seen 'em?" the man asked, struggling for breath. "Wreckers! What do you mean?" demanded Lester, eagerly.

Dick started up to his elbow, and gazed around; but he seemed to find nothing to which he was looking, and he sank back again. Had he not made the effort he might have spoken further out the act of rising had exhausted him, and the last grain of strength was leaving him.

"What do you mean?" cried Lester, as he saw that the poor fellow was sinking. "Has anybody harmed you?"

He managed to raise his hand to his head—to a point above the left ear—and, as he did so, he whispered—

"Look out—they asked for the cast'a. That's where they struck me!" He tried to speak further, but failed in the attempt.

What could this mean? Maurice Lester started to his feet and gazed around. Who had killed his men?

The captain was disturbed in his meditation by the sound of voices not far off, and presently he heard some men coming up from the water. He was came in advance was a tall, muscular man, with a haunt handsome face, who seemed about fifty or fifty-five years of age, and habited in a garb of blue cloth, cut into a frock or shirt, which was secured at the waist by a broad pistol belt.

Maurice Lester was startled when he beheld the stalwart leader and his three ruffianly companions; and, considering all the circumstances, it is no wonder that he was startled. However, he had not much opportunity for reflection, for by this time he has fairly made out the party, they were upon him.

"Hello," the leader cried, as he saw our hero, "here we have another." And, as he came up he added—"Ape! I guess we'll count you among the dead too,—as that was a morning. Ha—who are you?"

The last sentence was addressed to Maurice, who quickly answered:

"My name is Lester. And, now to be fair, what is your name?"

"Well—I guess you've heard it before. Men call me Ryan. Wolfgang."

"WOLFGANG!" repeated Lester, with a start.

"Yes. That is my name."

Then WOLFGANG was not a myth after all. That mysterious wrecker, who so name was a source of terror to honest seamen, was a being of flesh and blood like other men. Lester gazed upon him with wonder and amazement, he felt that he looked upon a fiend incarnate. He had often heard of the pirate-wrecker, and so dark and mysterious had been that Joe which the North Sea drive had to do, that he had been induced to believe that the whole thing was a fabrication. Now, however, he had no more doubt, for the man before him looked as dark and bloody as were any of the pictures he had heard drawn of him upon the Exchange.

But our hero was not allowed much time for reflection. Wolfgang piled him with questions, to a lot which Lester gave straightforward answers; without thinking that they would serve no practical purpose, and hoping by his frankness to propitiate the man whose unrestrained power he knew himself to be.

Wolfgang the wrecker chief had elicited all the information he could, and learned with what a rich cargo the vessel was freighted, and that she had $40,000 in specie on board, he sailed grimly, and muttered to one of his companions that he was glad perhaps he a rich prize even this the *White Foam* had been a few years before. The mention of the name of the ill-fated ship which Carrie Thornton and her father had sailed in, seemed to Maurice Lester such a shock that he nearly fell to the earth. He grew deadly pale, and and his frame quivered convulsively.

"What's the matter?" said Wolfgang. "You don't seem well. Are you sick?—B