

HER ONE ERROR.

OR THE FISHERMAN'S BRIDE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

He gained the information here of the manner in which his prey had been conveyed from out of his very grasp, and which good Chob would certainly have withheld, little as his own experience could have disposed him to regard with favor the sex he had befriended; but the host of the Blue Moon did further assist his guest with such suggestions as occurred to him on the probable route the woman had taken.

A wagon had gone out of the yard but a few minutes before, having two women and a child by way of passengers, and driven by a lad; it was a likelihood so visible, that Nelly should have been offered a seat in the vehicle and have accepted it, that Meghohn's eagerness quickly converted the hint into a certainty, and taking an abrupt leave, was quickly in pursuit of his readers know what—an empty chase.

He came up with the wagon, and called on it to stop in a manner that set the women screaming for help and murder, and the boy on his knees to blubber, while the supposed highwayman rummaged the straw and packages, and, with an oath, started again forward at redoubled speed, to make up for lost time.

The remainder of the course he had traced for himself was achieved with as little success. He thus had completed almost a circle, interested, as it were, by his various tracks; but had not returned to the first, which, with few deviations, the unhappy woman continued to pursue, and thence struck across the open country, enduring various hardships and distress, till, in her extremity, Providence sent her help, as I have described in my last chapter.

Meanwhile, the Daredevil lay at anchor, and her crew, rigidly fitted to the name of the vessel they manned, began to murmur at the delay. "It won't do, yer honor! upon my soul I can't keep 'em quiet no longer, and I won't try. I ax pardon, capt'n, if I offend. I ax pardon, yer honor, but I put it to you, capt'n, if you would ha' stood it, man or boy? to snuff the salt water, day in and day out, and to see the guns rusting, as ye may say, and the luck a-giving ye the go-by, and a-rotting the while, like a long-shore man, or a sick gal in yer hammock."

"They had met, mate and master, in the cavern at Deepgang; the setting sun tinged the waves like blood, that rolled up the sands and rippled to the feet of the two men, as they stood without the cavern.

"These ten days as we have wasted, yer honor," the mate went on, "what we might ha' made on em!"

"There, there; be silent, be silent," said his superior, hastily; "have I not said we will sail the day after to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, an' to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow!" muttered the veteran; "why not to-night, yer honor? why not to-night? A fair wind and a clear sky, and the first o' the month!"

"I must have one more day, Yawmans," said Saul, hurriedly, "one more!"

"One more, and then another, and again one more," Mat growled; "well, yer honor will do as ye please, but for me—"

"Well, for you!" his commander said, fiercely, and turning sharply round, "go on, 'for you!"

"Well, capt'n," the other said, after a pause; "I've sailed under you years in and years out, and this here hand has been at your service many's the day, and never shirked of nothin'—but I do say I'd cut it off, ay, I'd as lief cut it right off as ever I'd ha' come to see yer honor a-taking on and a-shallyin' ashore, with the wind fair, and the Daredevil manned, and a strainin' at her cable like a full blood-horse at his bridle-bit. And I do say it's a sorrow and a sin, and that's all!"

Saul's eyes flashed fire, but he said nothing till the man had done speaking; then, with folded arms he stood, crushing his heel down into the golden sand and snow-white shells that flecked it thickly.

"I must have to-morrow," he repeated. "And then?" the mate asked, gloomily.

"Bring her round here to-morrow night," replied Meghohn, "and when I give the signal send a boat off."

"The signal?"

"A red light upon the cliff."

"It shall be done," said Yawmans. "And yer honor won't fail us now, the lads—"

"Did I ever fail them?" interrupted the pirate hoarsely, and facing round upon his subordinate, who quailed, as of old, beneath the flash of that eye he now marvelled he could have braved so lately.

"Ay, ay, it shall be done," muttered Yawmans, as the captain signed that the conference was ended, and moved forward to the beach, while Mat commenced ascending the cliff.

"It's easy saying, but does he mean it? It passes me altogether to see a man like him, as would ha' faced the very old one himself, laid on his back for a bit of a woman. Why, I mind the time when he didn't care a straw for a whole cargo of as black-eyed Spanish wenchies—well, well, it's my belief this piece of goods have bewitched him, and that's just it. She'd never ha' made her way out of that cove-shed, where she'd cast anchor that blessed night, if she hadn't been more'n ordinary. But we'll be here, we'll be here, never fear, capt'n."

He paused for a few minutes upon the summit of the cliff to look back. Meghohn was pacing to and fro still, with folded arms, and eyes bent upon the ground; now and again, he stopped to crush his heel into the sands, or kick from his path a coil of sea-weed or mesh of twisted maiden hair, cast upward by the waves.

"Eh! I wouldn't be her to fall into his hands just now," muttered the

outlaw, interpreting after his own fashion these silent demonstrations of his chief. "I wonder what'll he kindly to-morrow night to show us a light," he mused; "the church, maybe, if it bea'n't too far in-shore."

Meghohn visited his lonely dwelling but once more that night, and then only to buckle on anew the cloak and belt which had rarely been laid aside these ten days past.

A sudden inspiration had brought him back from the heat of his pursuit to Deepgang two days before. He had made the tour I have described, and pursued his search to a considerable distance in another direction; but as he failed of the least clue, without success, and had suddenly bethought him of the possibility that the flight of his wife might have been feigned, to send him in pursuit, he remembered she must have been unprovided with resources, and that she having lain in wait till he was fairly away, might returned to procure the money or valuables.

Acting on this idea, he turned his horse's head—it was the third animal he had taken into service—and spurred homewards, to desolation and discomfort. Yawmans who had guessed pretty much of the truth, had arrived soon after, and listened to the tale of the escape without surprise, and, in fact with secret satisfaction.

He expressed his conviction of the supernatural aid which alone could have released the prisoners, and urged his remonstrances upon his superior. But Saul, though well nigh weary of his pursuit, and despairing of success, was yet disinclined to own himself vanquished, and while sneering at Mat's conjectures of the supernatural, he could not resist the idea that Nelly must have been aided in her plan of escape by some person more astute, and better furnished with the needful means than she could possibly be.

He felt intuitively that his good fortune, hitherto proverbial, was forsaking him—that Fate had declared herself for the opposition; and with a gloomy desperation he listened to the argument of his mate for what he knew full well was his imperative duty, resolved on one last and comprehensive swoop, and then, with the fierceness that impelled his every action, to tear himself away from the scene of that fatal and deceptive act in his existence, and to plunge anew into the risks and daring of his former life.

"So now for it!" he cried, as he strapped on his riding cloak, and set forward to where he should take horse to commence his familiar journey.

"I don't know what it is," he muttered, "makes me fancy I shall come up with t'em this time—I care not with whom she be, I care not who be by; she may do her worst, and I'll trust to my wits to answer her, or my own strong arm to drag her back. Let the brat go, I care not—but she is my wife, and she shall come with me, though she have a hundred to back her, or may have discovered the worst."

For the best part of that night he was on foot; the early dawn found him at a lonely spot miles distant from Deepgang, at a solitary dwelling amid rocks, half public-house, half fisherman's hut, and where the owner again seemed on terms of intimacy with the outlaw, and where more than one fleet horse awaited his selection.

Yawmans been here?" was the query with which he returned the hoarse greeting of the host.

"Not since yesterday, capt'n." Brevity seemed to suit both equally. No more was said; some meat and rum, taken standing and hastily, broke his fast; then he mounted the horse that stood just without the shed that housed him and his fellows, and rode away up the flinty and winding path with ease that showed the animal to be well accustomed.

It is needless to dwell upon that day's pursuit, which differed in no way from the last save in its headlong speed, and the recklessness with which he now made inquiries of all he met.

For many reasons Meghohn would, at another time, have been chary of exhibiting himself in broad day, and in a style so calculated to fix the observation of his fellow-men. But now, all idea of caution was lost in the one sole, fixed desire that held possession of his being.

Between the rising and the setting of the sun he had made a circuit of some seventy miles—neither food nor rest had he taken since he seated himself in the saddle; his horse was growing weary, and flagged in its pace; but for himself a fever glowed in every nerve that forbade him to think of repose.

He saw the day close, and night come down upon the world. The "one day more" was over—his task was ended; nothing remained but to cast the past to the winds, and begin anew to live for "glory" and for gain.

"She has escaped me—it is plain," he said within himself. "I must delay no longer, unless I would be reckoned a traitor and false to them, and forfeit forever the name I have so long maintained, Bah!" he cried with an oath; "she is not worth it—poor, weak fool!—miserable wretch, that could not understand nor share the force and fire of a passion such as mine! So even let her go! But oh! if we meet—ever meet—oh! she shall feel—she shall understand and answer to me the agony she has made me feel."

He had turned his horse's head now towards the beach, and the bridle lay loose upon its neck.

The horseman looked up at the building, then round him, up and down the road—he failed to recall such a landmark; and then, for the first time, perceived he had missed the road.

He again took the reins in hand, and endeavored to regain the path he had quitted; but the night was very dark—the similarity of hedge-row, field, and sheep were so similar, that he found himself getting only more confused; for Saul's excursions had rarely led him far inland.

In one of his turns he found himself at a wing of the house apparently inhabited—saw the reflection of a light, and thought he distinguished voices.

He rode round till he came to a side door, from a low window near which

the light had been visible. He dismounted, and leading his tired horse, knocked loudly—intending to inquire whereabouts he was, and, perhaps, to seek other information, should appearances give any encouragement.

At the first knock a chorus of canine voices rose upon the air, and effectually prevented any other sound being audible.

Saul waited till the clamor had somewhat subsided, and then knocked more gently; at the same time, raising his voice, he begged to be told the name of the place, and how far it was from the coast.

For a minute all was still—the dogs appeared to have been quieted; there was a hurried movement within, and the light disappeared.

Again he knocked, and again in angry tones repeated his demand.

But no answer came—the loud bark of the dogs sounded from another part of the building; and, after a few minutes' delay, Saul, with another dreadful oath, went on his way.

CHAPTER XXV.

AT FAULT.

But Nelly was unaware of her second deliverance, insensible to the narrow escape she had had; for her, the terrors of anticipation or the gratitude for danger avoided no longer existed; for the time, life and all its cares, all her own troubles, and weariness, and heart-breaking were a blank.

When good dame Tibbetts again visited her patient, before herself retiring for rest—after the alarm of her self and niece, occasioned by the unusual application at their doors, had subsided—she found the poor woman in a high fever, and in a state of mind bordering on delirium.

There needed not much consideration on her part to decide on remaining by the bedside of her strangely-found charge, and, dismissing her niece at once to her night's rest, she entered upon the self-imposed duty, like the veritable Samaritan she was.

Through a whole week of painful, tedious sickness these kind creatures nursed the unhappy Nelly; the dame administering her own simple remedies, soothing her troubled mind, and restoring the fainting and suffering frame.

The malady did not take any turn so alarming which the good woman deemed to call for medical aid. She had, through a long life, neither sought it for herself nor others whom she had nursed through far worse affliction; and perhaps she did not err very much in the reliance on Nature, left to herself.

The stranger was suffering, in fact, from the reaction consequent upon excessive tension of the powers, bodily and mental; the last stroke of terror had overcome her, and she lay utterly prostrate.

For two days and a night she wandered pitifully in her mind; at times, talked of things utterly incomprehensible to her kind watcher, chiefly exhorting her to protect and save her child, of whose welfare she never lost sight, though failing to recognize even her presence.

As much as was possible, they kept Ida from her room; the pretty niece, Rachael, being quite content to make her her constant care. The child was never happy but by her mother's bedside, yet she yielded to the young woman's kindly caresses, and was won upon to relate, in her artless way, many incidents of their weary flight, and of much preceding it, that set Rachael pitying, and filled her with curiosity to know more.

Rest and kindness, nourishing food, and more than all, a blessed sense of safety, gradually restored the sufferer, and at the end of the week she had left her bed, and was sitting, with her child upon her lap, beside her good Samaritan to whom she had been relating so much of her story as sufficed for the general understanding of her situation.

The good woman sat for some minutes in silence, then she said, gently—"I guessed much of what the last told me; perhaps it might be from some of what the last said in thy sickness, unknowingly. And I am glad the last told me the truth, else I should have thought worse of thee, judging, as I say, what was thy grief. Young woman, I am sorely grieved for thee indeed, and thy case seems a sad one, yet I cannot approve thy act."

"Thou say'st thy husband was harsh and unkind, and thy life was away; yet thee shouldst remember that He who lays the burthen upon us will not suffer it to bear us to the earth, and that, though we bend and groan beneath its weight, we have no right to cast it from us, nor to say, 'It is heavier than I can bear, I will no more of it!'"

She stopped, for Nelly, leaning over her sleeping child, was weeping.

"Nay," the dame went on, "do not think me harsh nor unkind. Indeed, I am but saying that I believe, and which I deem most wise and prudent, and befitting one who has a Christian part to fill.

"God had seen fit thou shouldst be this man's wife, and thou hadst so accepted him. Was it then for thee, after thou hadst so become, to judge him? to cry, 'He is unworthy of me: I will quit him who is my master and my husband, to whom I have pledged my life and my truth? What wouldst thou say of a servant, even, who should so quit thy service unadvised?—and how much more wert thou to him thou so didst leave?'"

"But my child?" sobbed Nelly. "I felt I could not live long—and to leave her to him!"

"Has the good Lord not cared for the smallest of those?" said the old woman, solemnly. "Will He sleep now, dost thou think, that thou shouldst tremble for His charge?"

"I have not told you all, quite," urged the afflicted woman. "I had cause to suspect him of a fearful crime—a crime that would cause his life to be forfeited. I did not wish to be his death; but I could not, could not—"

"Till death do us part," murmured the dame, in a clear, urgent tone; "it was so thee didst say, my child, and has thy oath been kept?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

NICKELS WITH WHISKERS.

How Unfeeling Boys Make Life Miserable for "L" Road Ticket-Sellers.

"What are you doing that for?" asked the writer, says the New York World, of a downtown elevator boy, who was industriously hacking the edges of a nickel with a sharp knife.

"Puttin' up a job on one of de 'L' rakes," he replied, as he started the elevator with a velocity that doubled up the knees of a puny-looking man who wanted to go to the top floor.

"Who are the 'L' rakes?"

He left two girls on the second floor and blew a chewed wad at a messenger-boy on the third; then he answered:

"De rakes are de fellows wat pull in de coin at de elevated station windows. Dey tink der mighty slick in makin' change, and de lazy way dey slide it out makes you tired. But we fellers are on to 'em. We whittles sharp edges on a coin like dis and flogs it down on de wood. De man paws it, but it don't rake. He tries it again, but his fingers slip off. It's fun to see him get rattled when ders a big crowd waitin'." Tree of de fellers had a man wold last night. We mixed up in a 7 o'clock crowd and each of us had a cut coin. De ticket man was slidin' change his purtiest when a lad chucked down a nickel with whiskers on. He pulled at it six times and then had to pick it up. After a few people had passed I struck him wid a sharpened dime. It took him a minute to rake it in and gimme change, and a Holium tram went up with a big crowd pushin' to get through de gate. De de money slipped all right for a minute, but another of de gang set down a fixed piece. It stuck fine and de man was so mad de station trembled. It's de last joke out—nint' floor!"

Fun on an Electric Car.

The electric street cars between this place and Birmingham have always been a source of pride and wonder as well to the people of the two towns. Never a country visitor comes to see his relatives but he is taken for a ride on the electric cars, and the workings are explained to him. Some of the cars "leak," and the metallic parts are highly charged with electric fluid. One car especially is noted for this. The conductor and those who know the secret have lots of fun seeing the look of painful surprise that spreads itself over the faces of those who are shocked. Yesterday a lady got on the car as it started, and as her feet touched the iron doors she gave a startled scream, and a look of blank amazement spread over her features, as she remarked: "Something is the matter with my limbs; I can't move them." The conductor gave her a little push into the car, and a sigh of relief escaped her as she sank into a seat, and blushed like an Italian sunset.

The next one to enter was a big Irish washerwoman. She was fat and jolly, and her size required an effort on her part to squeeze through the door. She planted both feet on the iron plate and then screamed: "How-ly Moses! Me legs is full of pins!" The conductor didn't laugh, He had too big a job to push her off the sill. There came a gentleman, whose little dog followed him. The dogs feet struck the door sill, his tail dropped down, the hair on his back rose up and with a pitiful howl he drooped back, jumped off the car and has not been seen since.—Ansonia Dispatch to the New York Sun.

Gypsy Jewelry.

Like their more favored and better civilized sisters, gypsy women are represented by the best authorities to be passionately fond of jewelry, notwithstanding the fact that their extreme poverty renders it impossible for many of them to gratify this taste. Trinkets of greater or less value, according to circumstances, are worn by them, being limited in number only by the means of the wearer. If the gitana is unable to have her ornaments of gold, silver jewelry will do, and if silver trinkets are beyond her means brass will suffice.

As brilliancy of color is the first consideration in a gypsy's attire, size is the chief merit of her jewels. Among the wealthier gypsies, if there be such a thing as wealth connected with the race, the Moorish, Egyptian and Oriental designs find most favor. The poorer content themselves with strings of coins or cheap medals, without regard to the event or personage they are intended to commemorate, and even with rudely designed ornaments of brass made by the male artisans of their tribes. Large earrings are preferred to any other articles, and the comparatively opulent gitana indulges in bangles, beads and necklaces.—Jewellers' Weekly.

Safe Sweeping.

The common and necessary operation of sweeping the floor of a school-room, factory, or other large apartment is generally carried out with great inconvenience to the sweepers, and with the result that a large proportion of the dust removed from the ground is transferred to every object in the room where it can find a resting place. The air, too, is contaminated for a long time afterward with floating particles, which are very distressing to those who have to breathe it. All this can be avoided by dispensing with the common practice of sprinkling the floor with water previous to the use of the broom and by applying the moisture in a different way. By laying a line of wet sawdust right across one end of the apartment and by sweeping it foot by foot to the other end, it will in its passage lick up every bit of dust without raising any in the air. By adding to the wet sawdust a small proportion of any disinfectant it is obvious that the cleaning will be still more effectual.—Chamber's Journal.

GEN. GRANT'S SPEECH.

A Story Which the Late Gen. Sherman Was Fond of Telling.

The following characteristic anecdote of Gen. Grant was told, and illustrated with exquisite humor, by Gen. Sherman at a little dinner:

"Grant and I were at Nashville, Tenn., after the battle of Chattanooga. Our quarters were in the same building.

"One day Grant came into the room that I used for an office. I was very busy, surrounded with papers, muster rolls, plans, specifications, etc., etc. When I looked up from my work I saw he seemed a good deal bothered, and, after standing around awhile, with his shoulders thrown up and his hands deep down in his trousers pockets, he said:

"Look here; there are some men here from Galena."

"Well," I said,

"Looking more uncomfortable every minute, he went on:

"They've got a sword they want to give me, and looking over his shoulder and jerking his thumb in the same direction, he added:

"Will you come in?"

"He looked quite frightened at the idea of going to face them alone, so I put some weights on my several piles of paper to keep them from blowing around and went into the next room, followed by Grant, who by this time looked as he might if he'd been going to be court-martialed. There we found the mayor and some members of the board of councilmen of Galena. On the table in the middle of the room was a handsome rosewood box containing a magnificent gold hilted sword with all the appointments equally splendid.

"The mayor stepped forward and delivered what was evidently a carefully prepared speech, setting forth that the citizens of Galena had sent him to present to Gen. Grant the accompanying sword, not as a testimonial to his greatness as a soldier, but as a slight proof of their love and esteem for him as a man, and their pride in him as a fellow citizen.

"After delivering the speech, the mayor produced a large parchment scroll, to which was attached by a long blue ribbon a red seal as big as a pancake, and on which was inscribed a set of complimentary resolutions. These he proceeded to read to us, not omitting a single 'whereas' or 'hereunto.' And after finishing the reading he rolled it up and with great solemnity and ceremony handed it to Grant.

"Gen. Grant took it, looked ruefully at it and held it as if it burnt him. Mrs. Grant, who had been standing beside her husband, quietly took it from him, and there was dead silence for several minutes. Then Grant sinking his head lower on his chest and hitching his shoulders up higher, and looking thoroughly miserable, began hunting in his pockets, diving first in one and then in another, and at last said: 'Gentlemen, I knew you were coming here to give me this sword, and so I prepared a short speech, and with a look of relief he drew from his trousers pocket a crooked, crumpled piece of paper and handed it to the mayor of Galena, adding, 'and gentlemen, here it is!'"

Like other Bonapartes of his generation, Prince Napoleon has found sepulture in a foreign land. The hospitality of the royal family of Italy has furnished a grave to the son-in-law of Victor Emmanuel in the ancient burial place of Sardinian kings. The Great Napoleon, in the unrivaled tomb under the dome of the Invalides, lies alone of all the distinguished men of his line in the soil of France.

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