

MY SORROW.

I saw Death's angel as it came from Heaven,
Mid cloud and blast;
I said: "I pity those who mourn to-morrow;
Much comfort from my own, their hearts shall borrow."

"LAL" RYDQUIST;
A Story of the Land and Sea.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE, IN ALL
THE YEAR ROUND.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"What should we have on this little island? We live on kabobo. Do you want to buy any? What is your name?"
"Barnabas B. Wattles, Cap'en of the Fair Maria, lying yonder. Guess you'd like to be aboard her. Well, business first. Let's trade something. Got no turtle?"

Rex told his story. It was all as Lal had divined from Dick's action. They sighted the island, being then half dead with hunger, and with difficulty managed to paddle themselves ashore. They were seized by the natives and a consultation was held as to whether they should be killed. They were spared.
Life on that island is necessarily simple. The people live entirely on kabobo, which is a sort of rough bread made of the pandang nut. They have no choice, because there is nothing else to live upon. It is the only tree that grows upon this lonely land. Kabobo is said to be wholesome, but it is monotonous.
Rex explained briefly that he had learned to talk with them, and won by slow degrees their confidence; that he had taught them a few simple things, and that he was regarded by them with some sort of affection; that after a year's residence on the island, a ship came in sight, but did not anchor. That a boat put off, manned by an armed crew, who, when the people came down to meet them, half disposed to be friendly, attacked them, killed some and carried off others, among whom was the Malay. This made them extremely suspicious. Since that event nothing had happened; nothing but the slow surge of the wave upon the reef and the sigh of the wind in the pandang trees.

"As for being altered, you are so changed that your own mother would not know you again. No fear of any old friends recognizing you. And, so far as a few dollars go to start with, say the word and you shall have them, with a new rig out."
Still Rex made no reply.
"Then, my offer, plain and open. I'm sorry for you, Cap'en Armiger. I really am, because she's out an' out the best set-up gell that walks. But two men can't both have her. And I mean to be the man that does—not you. And all is fair in love."
"Then, Cap'en Armiger, you stay just where you now happen to be. And a most comfortable location. Now, sir, make no error. Since the day that you landed on this island, have you seen any a sail on the sea? No. Ships don't come here. Even the Germans at Yap know that it's no manner of good coming here. You are out of the reach of hurricanes, so you can't expect so much as a wreck. You are hundreds of miles from any land; you have got no tools to make a raft, and no provisions to put aboard her if you could make one; you are altogether lonely, and hopeless, and destitute. Robinson Crusoe hadn't a more miserable a look-out. As for that young lady, you have no chance, not the least mite of a chance, sir, of seeing her ever again. You have lost her. Why, then, give her another chance, and let me say you are dead. Cap'en, you can write—that's another of my conditions—a last dying will and testimony on a bit of paper, which I will send her. Come, be reasonable."
Rex stood still, staring blankly before him. On the one hand, liberty and life—for to stay upon the island was death; on the other, perhaps a hopeless prison.
Yet—Lal Rydquist! If she mourned him as one dead, would it hurt to let her mourn until she forgot him? He shuddered as he thought of her marrying the cold-blooded villain before him. Perhaps she would never marry anyone, but go in sadness all her days.
I am happy to say that the third course open to him—to give his parole and then to break it—did not occur to him as possible.
He decided according to the nobler way.
"Go without me," he said. And then, without a word of reproach or further entreaty, he left the beach and walked away, and was lost among the palm-trees standing thickly upon the thin and sandy soil.
Captain Wattles gazed after him in admiration.
"Then goes," he said, "one of the real old sort. Bully for the British bulldog yet!"
The group of savages stood still, looking on and wondering. They suspected many things—that their white prisoner would run away with the boat; that the crew might fire upon them or try to kidnap them. They also hoped a few things, such as that the white Captain would give them things, fine beads, fine colored stuffs, or rum to get drunk with. Yet nothing happened. Then Captain Wattles, seeing that Rex Armiger had disappeared, bethought him of something. And he began to make signs to the black fellows and to show them from the stern of his boat things wonderful and greatly to be desired, and at the same time he gave certain directions to his crew.
Thereupon the savages, moved with the envy and desire of those things, did with one accord advance a few yards nearer.
Captain Wattles spread out more things, holding them up in the sun for their admiration, and making signs of invitation.
Then they divided into two groups, of whom one retreated and the other advanced.
Captain Wattles next displayed a couple of most beautiful knives, the blades of which, when he opened them, flashed in the sun in a most surprising manner. And he pointed to two of the islanders, young and stalwart fellows, and invited them by gestures to come into the water and take these knives.
The crew meantime remained perfectly motionless, hands on oars. Only those experienced in rowing might have observed that their oars were well forward ready for the stroke.
The advanced group again separated into two more groups, of which one, consisting of a dozen of the younger men, including the two invited, advanced still nearer, until they were close to the water's edge, and the others retreated further back. All of them, both those behind and those in front, remained watchful and suspicious, like a herd of deer.
Presently the two singled out plunged into the water and swam out to the boat. At first they swam round it, while Captain Wattles continued to smile pleasantly at them and to exhibit the knives. Also the crew dipped their oars without the least noise, and with a half stroke, short and sharp, not moving their bodies, got a little way upon the boat. The swimmers, with their eyes upon the knives, did not seem to notice this maneuver. Nor did they suspect though the oars were dipped again and the boat fairly moving.
For just then they made up their minds that Captain Wattles was a kind and benevolent person, and they swam close to the stern of the vessel and held up their hands for the knives.
It is very well known that the Polynesian natives tie long and thick black hair, which they tie up in a knot at the top of their heads.
What, then, was the surprise of these two poor fellows to find their top knots grasped, one by Captain Wattles, and the other by his interpreter, and their own heads held under water till they were half drowned, while the crew gave way and the boat shot out to sea.

There was a wild yell of the natives on shore, and a rush to the water. But the boat was too far out for missiles to reach or shouts to terrify.
"Then, said Captain Wattles, when the half-drowned fellows were hauled up the ship's side, 'we didn't exactly want this kind of cargo, and I had hoped to have stuck to legitimate trade! Well! this will make it very awkward for the next ship which touches here, and I don't think it will add to Cap'en Armiger's popularity. After all,' he added, 'I doubt I was a fool not to finish this job and have done with it. Who knows but some blundering ship may find out the place by mistake and pick him up?'"
When the Fair Maria returned to Sydney, some months later, the very first thing Captain Wattles did was to put into the post a bulky letter.
Like Captain Borlander he had written a Narrative. Unlike that worthy's story, this had all the outward appearance of vraisemblance. I would fain enrich this history with it, at length, but forbear. Yet was it a production of remarkable merit, combining so much that was true with so much that was false.
As a basis we may recall the history, briefly touched upon, of the kidnapping by the ship from the Ladronez.
This story put Captain Wattles upon the track of as good a tale of adventure ending with the death of Rex Armiger as was ever told. Some day, perhaps, with changed names, it may see the light as a tale for boys.
The local coloring was excellent, and the writer's knowledge of the natives made every detail absolutely correct. It ended by an appeal, earnest, religious, to Lal's duties as a Christian. No woman, said Captain Barnabas, was allowed to mourn beyond a term; nor was any woman (by the Levitical law) allowed to consider herself as belonging to one man, should that man die. Wherefore, he taught her, it was her bounden duty to accept the past as a thing to be put away and done with.
"Be forget," he concluded, "the sorrows of childhood; the hopes and disappointments of early youth are remembered no more by healthy minds. So let it be with the memory of the brave and good man who loved you, doubtless faithfully as you loved him. Do not hide it, or stifle it. Let it die away into a recollection of sadness endured with resignation. I would to Heaven that it had been my lot to touch upon this island, where he lived so long, before the fatal event which carried him off. I would that it had been my privilege to bring him home with me to your arms. I cannot do this now. But when I return to England, and call at Seven Houses, may it be my happiness to administer that consolation which becomes one who bears my christian name."
This was very sweet and beautiful. Indeed, Captain Wattles had a poetical spirit, and would doubtless have written most sweet verses had he turned his attention to that trade.
After the letter was posted, he was sitting in a veranda, his feet up, reading the last San Francisco paper. Suddenly he dropped it, and turned white with some sudden shock.
His friends thought he would faint, and made haste with a nobbler which he drank. Then he sat up in his chair and said, solemnly:
"I have lost the sweetest gell in all the world through the darndest folly! Don't let any man ask me what it was. I had the game in my own hands, and I threw it away. Mates! I sha'n't never—no, never—be able to hold my head up again. A nobbler? Ten nobblers?"
The letter reached England in due course, and, for reasons which will immediately appear, was opened by Captain Zachariasen. He read it aloud right through twice. Then he put it down, and the skin of his face wrinkled itself in a thousand additional crows'-feet, and a ray of profound wisdom beamed from his sagacious eyes, and he said, slowly:
"Mrs. Rydquist, ma'am, I said at first go off that I didn't trust that Yankee any more than the Borlander lubber. Blame me if they ain't both in the same tale. You and me, ma'am, will live to see!"
"I hope we may, Captain Zachariasen; I hope we may. Last night I lay awake three hours, and I heard voices. We have yet to learn what these voices mean. Winding-sheets in candles I never knew to fall, but voices are uncertain."
[TO BE CONTINUED.]
Castle Garden in 1850.
Castle Garden, which has been given over for many years to the invading hordes from Europe, was at one time (and to the present elder generation of New Yorkers it must seem not long ago) the most widely known and generally frequented place of popular amusement in the city. It began to be so used in the days when the lower part of Broadway and Greenwich street were "fashionable," and when the Battery was the favorite promenade; the great walk being thronged on fair afternoons, by elegant folk who took their daily needed "constitutional" of air and gossip. At Castle Garden were the grand exhibitions of fireworks; from Castle Garden balloons went up in the days when that peril supplied the craving for excitement now afforded by the flying trapeze; at Castle Garden the American Institute had its first fairs; at Castle Garden there were concerts and theatrical performances and operas; and there Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was performed, and well performed, at a time whereof those who went with large eyes and long ears to hear it at Steinway Hall, big with a consciousness of first discovery of its greatness, have no memory. —Richard Grant White, in Century Magazine.

FACTS AND FIGURES.
—Of the English-speaking people 15,500,000 are Roman Catholics and 59,000,000 Protestants.
—Over 12,500,000 feet of lumber are estimated to have been destroyed by the recent Pennsylvania forest fires.
—The Eureka District, Nevada, has produced ores to the value of \$31,000,000 during the past seven years.
—The Georgia Railroad and Banking Company has paid in dividends since the war the immense sum of \$4,626,576.
—Ohio last year made about 450,000 gallons of maple syrup and 3,000,000 pounds of sugar, and will have as much more this year. —Detroit Post.
—The English Channel tunnel is to be 22 miles long, 18 by 20 feet in diameter with two railroad tracks, and the income is expected to be \$6,000,000 annually, from which, if the eggs all hatch, there will be \$3,660,000 in dividends.
—The average distance for the old-fashioned railroad wheels to traverse was about 50,000 miles, but with the wheels with steel bands actually employed on passenger cars 300,000 miles have been frequently traversed, while 500,000 miles were traversed by two wheels belonging to one of the largest railroad companies.
—In New York last year there were 9,814 white males married, and 9,827 white females. Thirteen white women therefore married colored men. Of the men married 4,477 were native born, and of the women 5,336, so that more than 800 native born brides took foreign born husbands. Of the births during the same period 6,886 were children of native born parents, and 13,754 of children of foreign born parents. —Chicago Journal.
—A few days ago the application for settlement of final account and distribution of the estate of the late William S. O'Brien was granted in a modified form by Judge Finn, of San Francisco. Under this order a total amount of \$6,328,652.79, less \$1,143,750 to satisfy future claims against the estate, will be distributed. Of this amount Mrs. Maria Coleman receives \$2,592,451.39; Mrs. Kate Mary Macdonough receives \$2,160,376.17; Joseph Macdonough receives \$432,075.26.
—The cost of a private wire from New York to Philadelphia is \$2,500 a year, the company furnishing nothing but the wire and the instruments at both ends of the line. To Boston it is \$4,500 a year, and to Chicago \$7,000 a year. The expense of an operator at each end adds about \$1,500 a year to the total cost. There is a saving of money to concerns doing a large business, but the chief advantage is in the saving of time, especially to stock brokers, as minutes on the stock exchange sometimes represent fortunes. —Utica (N. Y.) Herald.
WIT AND WISDOM.
—Can a shepherd's crook be termed a ram-rod?
—"I'll make a note of this," as the sharper said when he got a farmer to write his name on a slip of paper.
—Smiles is the longest word in the language. Between the beginning and the end of it there is just a mile.
—Ex-Secretary Everts, who is increasing the size of his Vermont farm, is the man who, when asked by a friend for something from his pen, sent the gentleman a fine young porker. —Chicago Tribune.
—Just as we expected, Thomas Hardy's new novel is called "Two on a Tower," and already an intelligent compositor has set it up "Two on a Tare." He's been there himself with more than two. —Burlington Hawkeye.
—Powder explosion: A literary man, who had recently published a book, was observed to be very downcast last week. "What is the matter?" said a friend; "you look all broken up." "No wonder," was the answer, "I've just been blown up by a magazine."
—It is alleged of Melville that he is an inveterate punster, and that after the wreck of the Jeannette, as they were trying to make their way through a field of ice, one of his men remarked: "That ice will surely oppose our progress." "So ice suppose," was Melville's rejoinder.
—Useful dentistry: "You look cheerful, Mr. Spiser," said a friend who met the old gentleman arabling down the avenue. "Yes," said the interrogated; "I have just had a troublesome grinder pulled," and when the sympathizing gentleman asked him if it hurt him much, Seth cheerfully responded: "Not a bit; it was an organ-grinder, and a policeman pulled him." —Chicago Times.
—How dear to my heart is the school I attended.
And how I remember, so distant and dim
That red-headed Billy, and the pin that I bended
And carefully put on the bench under him;
And how I recall the surprise of the master
When Bill gave a yell and sprang up with the pin
So high that his bullet head burst the plaster
Above, and the scholars all set up a grin.
That active boy, Billy, that high-leaping Billy.
That loud-shouting Billy that sat on a pin. —Omaha Republican.
—A little Albany boy, aged eight years, was greatly annoyed by the destruction wrought upon his toys by his two-year-old brother. The other night he asked his father how to spell the word "dangerous," and the next morning his mother was startled at the warning "dangerous" printed in big black letters across the top of the box. "Why, Tommy," said she, "why have you spoiled your nice, new present?" "I ain't, ma. Jamie spoils all my things, and I put that on to scare him, so he'll leave my box alone." —Albany (N. Y.) Journal.