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L. J. WISE, California,
my-16-tf St. Mary's County, Md.

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AMERICAN SENTINEL

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Select Poetry.

HOW TO KEEP A SECRET.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"'In violet" my mamma says,
A secret should be kept;
I heard her say so to papa
Last night before I slept.
I heard her talking in my room
With papa, soft and low,
'Secrets are kept in violet,'
And I'm so glad I know;
For I've the loviest secret
I want to talk about;
Of course I can't tell anyone,
Lest it should be let out;
But I can tell the violets"—
She darted down the walk,
"You see, they are just the very ones,
For violets don't talk."

The violets heard a whisper,
A murmur soft and low,
Then warningly she ended with,
"You mustn't tell, you know."

I knew her small first finger tip
Was scarred with needle pricks,
And that something was often brought
For dear mama to fix.
And on my birthday by my plate
A handkerchief I found,
All snowy white, and neatly hemmed
With tiny stitches round.
"'Tis yours," she cried; "I was so 'fraid
I could not get it done.
See all the stitches round the edge;
I hemmed them every one.
It was a secret. Did you guess?
I kept it; no one knew,
'Cept mama and the violets,
'Twas being done for you."

"'Tis beautiful," I said, and kissed
Her shining curls of gold;
And it was kept inviolate,
For not a violet told.

Select Story.

GOODY GALE.

A poor, patched figure stood in the low door, his thin legs tottering under him, his worn old face puckered with anxiety.

"Goody Gale," he groaned, "somebody's been and stole my money—twenty silver dollars that my old woman hid in a stocking up the chimbly—twenty dollars, all I had in the world!"

The person addressed took the short black pipe from her mouth and looked at the speaker. She was toothless and shrunken, yet sharp and bright as a newly whetted knife. Her keen black eyes retained much of the fire of youth, her black hair was untouched with gray. She wore a red kerchief crossed on the bosom of her homespun gown, and a string of gold beans twisted about her nut-brown throat.

"Well, now, Jacob, what do you want of me?" she said, dryly.

The miserable figure in the door shifted its weight from one leg to another.

"Goody Gale, Marblehead folks call you a witch, and I suspect they're about right. For the Lord's sake, tell me who took my money, and if I'll ever get it back. It's a hard loss for an old man, sick and poor, like me—a hard loss."

Goody Gale knocked the ashes from her pipe.

"The thief is in your own house," she answered; "it is your grandson, Job—the good-for-nothing! He has buried the money under the horse-trough at the corner of the barn. Go home and dig it up and send the boy to sea—it's the best thing you can do for him. No, you needen't fumble in your pockets, Jacob—you haven't a cent there—moreover, I want no fee from such as you."

Muttering his thanks, the old man turned from the low door. Goody Gale resumed her pipe. The room in which she sat was strewn with fine beach-sand, and lighted by a drift-wood fire and two tallow dips that burned in curious brass sticks upon the wooden mantel. A four-posted bed occupied one corner; a dresser, covered with pewter and old delf, another.

One narrow window opened on as wild a view of rock and sea as could be found in all Marblehead.

"For miles around Goody Gale's reputation for skillful dealing with things invisible was firmly established. Her neighbors believed implicitly in her supernatural powers. She could avert danger from homebound vessels, assure prosperous voyages to doubting mariners, and success in love to disconsolate lovers.

Presently the door opened again, and this time a round-cheeked girl in a cotton gown appeared with a basket of eggs in her hand. She looked timid and anxious as she put her offering down on the old dresser.

"Goody Gale," she faltered, "I've brought you these and I want you to tell me what's come over Nat Harmon, who's been keeping company with me a spell back. I'm worrit a'most to death about him."

"He doesn't come to see ye as he used to—eh, Polly?" said Goody Gale.

"True," sobbed Polly, as she hid her pretty, tearful face against the old dresser, "and he scarcely looked at me in the meeting-house, Sunday."

Goody Gale shrugged her shoulders.

"Forget him, simpleton," said she; "he's found another sweetheart over in Salem; he'll never think of you again."

"Couldn't you charm him back to me?" suggested poor Polly.

"No. He's charmed in another direction. Stop your whining, child—he's but a worthless fellow—he'll come to no good."

Polly departed, sobbing bitterly, and Goody Gale was again alone. Up the rocky shore swept the salt wind in fitful gusts. By-and-by she cocked her head, like some alert she-fox, and listened.

"Somebody's coming over the rocks," she muttered, though no ordinary ear could have detected any sound save that of the snapping fire within and the restless sea without. Ten—fifteen minutes passed, then an imperative hand shook the latch.

"Come in, John Dartwell, rich merchant, man of trouble," called Goody Gale, derisively, and, in obedience to the invitation, a man stepped into the room.

He was middle-aged, with a heavy, arrogant face and a stout person, clothed in the best broadcloth. Massive gold buckles glittened on his shoes, costly lace ruffles fell over his hands. He was evidently a person of importance. Goody Gale looked at him with a cunning gleam in her black eyes. "I heard you coming a mile away," she said; "I knew by the sound of your step that something was wrong with you."

He seated himself in a flag-bottomed chair on the stone hearth.

"Eh? How did you know it?" he queried.

"How do I know anything?" answered Goody Gale, dryly.

John Dartwell drew out a gold snuffbox and took a pinch of snuff.

"I am here to ask your assistance," he burst out. "I can do nothing with that cursed girl—she is as contrary as an unbroken filly!"

"Ha!"

"I've shut her up on a diet of bread and water; I've coaxed and threatened her by turns—it's all to no purpose."

"Ha!"

"Satan take you, woman! Can you say nothing but 'Ha'? I tell you Dorothy will not marry me!"

Goody Gale laid down her short black pipe.

"What's the matter?"

"Another man—a lover—the captain of my best merchant ship, the Flying Scud—a good looking young beggar. He ought to be drowned for daring to lift his eyes to my ward. They've exchanged rings, or some nonsense of that sort, and I've come to you for help."

"Well!"

He stared gloomily into the drift-wood fire. His heavy face grew absolutely repulsive. As Goody Gale looked at him she did not wonder that Dorothy Wyeth refused to take him for a husband.

"I want you to put him out of the way," explained Dartwell; "Captain Boone, I mean. You're in league with spirits, and you can do it. The Flying Scud is on her way home from the West Indies, with a big cargo of rum and molasses."

Goody Gale nodded.

"I know. She's three day's sail from Salem Light. Captain Boone has had good winds and weather thus far."

There was a certain weird look in her foxy eye that made Dartwell's flesh creep.

"You old sorceress!" he cried; the Scud must never reach port. You must sink her, cargo, crew, and, above all, her captain, fathoms deep this very night!"

Goody Gale started, then grinned.

"Is it possible—your best ship, John Dartwell? That means a heavy loss to you, and you are a man who loves money. Are you sure you won't regret it?"

He left fall a wicked oath.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars, woman—half down this very moment, and the rest when the deed is done."

"So the only way to conquer the girl is to kill her lover—eh?"

"Kill is an ugly word. You sink the Scud—the rest is my affair. Come, is it a bargain or not?"

She extended her skinny hand.

"It's a bargain!" she said.

He drew forth a well-filled purse and counted out the money in shining gold pieces. These the old woman dropped one by one into the pocket of her homespun gown.

"Take my advice, John Dartwell, and release that girl Dorothy at once," said she. "You fool! no woman was ever managed in that fashion."

He arose and pushed his chair across, the hearth.

"She'll marry me when Boone is out of the way," he answered, sullenly; "meanwhile, what proof have I that you'll deal fairly with me, Goody Gale?"

"How is it that the house is standing, Mehitable?" he stammered; "the like of such a squall I never before knew!"

"Squall, Brother John?" echoed Miss Mehitable Dartwell; I have seen none—heard none!"

He was silent from sheer astonishment, then he said:

"There's been a great blow down on the beach, and I've heard news, Mehitable—bad news. The Flying Scud is lost, and all aboard of her."

Miss Dartwell uttered a pious ejaculation.

"The treasures of this world are perishable, brother. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away. This will be sad news for Dorothy."

John Dartwell bounded up from his chair.

"Is the girl asleep? I want to speak to her."

"No, she is not asleep. I heard her pacing her floor just now."

He seized a candle and ascended an oaken stairs to his ward's chamber. At the small-paned window sat Miss Dorothy Wyeth, gazing out into the night. For the sake of a face like hers a man might be pardoned for sinking a good merchantship, with captain, crew and cargo. She looked like one of Copley's pictures. Her eyes were big and black, her nut-brown hair was dressed high and slightly powdered, her smooth, oval cheek glowed like some Autumn leaf. She wore a lute-string gown on a black damask petticoat—the square neck and elbow-sleeves displayed to perfection her dazzling throat and creamy, dimpled arms. Timidly John Dartwell, the owner of vessels with brass and mahogany, and there sank into the nearest chair.

"I'll give you proof enough before you reach home," answered the old woman, dryly.

He left her puffing at her pipe, and stepped out of the low door into the peaceful night.

In the breast of this hard, unscrupulous man of the world jealous hate had triumphed over all other considerations. The Scud must go down. He cared not what the loss might be to himself, providing his handsome young rival could look no more in the melting eyes of Dorothy Wyeth. He was grossly superstitious. He believed in Goody Gale's powers, but was he quite sure of the old woman?—would she keep faith with him?

"Duce take the witch!" he muttered; "she ought to have lived in Cotton Mather's day. Nothing could then have saved her from Gallow's Hill."

He left the low, black house behind him, and started homeward across a lonesome beach. Here he was startled by a sudden darkness, which fell, as if by magic, on shore and sea, blotting out the moon that but a moment before had been shining brilliantly. He looked up. East, west north and south the sky had grown intensely black, and an infernal red glare fringed all the edges of the swiftly gathered clouds. At the same moment he heard from the sea a long, low moan—first note of the advancing tempest. Then a terrific blast struck the water; breast high the waves came tumbling in, splashing John Dartwell from head to foot with their salt spray. Crack! crack! went the thunder overhead, like salvos of artillery.

Instantly a mad shrieking and roaring filled the air on all sides, as though an army of demons had been suddenly loosed from the bottomless pit. Off on the rim of the horizon something even darker and fiercer raged—there the ocean was one phosphorescent glare, and livid, continuous lightnings gashed the wild, black heaven above. John Dartwell had never seen anything more infernal.

A gust of wind belabored him like a strong, angry hand. His hat was whirled from his head, he was blinded and deafened all in a moment. Seized with an uncontrollable fright, he started, in spite of his five-and-forty years, and ran over the rocks and into the road until he reached Burying Hill—an old graveyard, overgrown with weeds and briars, and well filled with the bones of drowned mariners.

The wall was low and broken. Near the entrance stood a stone, carved with the skull and cross-bones peculiar to the times. On the top of this tablet he saw—could he believe his own senses?—Goody Gale sitting, her eyes like two live coals, her red kerchief knotted like a flame about her lean, dark face, her black hair flying like snakes from her head. In

"Don't talk of love to me! You have been false to the trust which my poor father committed to you and have treated me like a brutal tyrant! Marry you? Never! There is but one man in the world who can be my husband—him only do I love—to him only will I give my hand."

"You mean Robert Boone?"

"I do—I do!"

John Dartwell smiled wickedly.

"I have news of him and of the ship he commands. You will never see his face again. The Flying Scud has gone down at sea with all on board. I have lost my best merchant-vessel, Dorothy, and you your lover."

All the rich color faded from her proud face. She staggered back a step.

"Oh, it cannot be true!" she gasped.

"It is as true as gospel!" he answered, pitilessly.

She swayed, and, without word or cry, fell senseless at his feet.

The next morning John Dartwell appeared at Goody Gale's cottage and put fifty dollars down on her low, wooden mantel—the remaining half of the price of Captain Boone's life.

The pair looked hard at each other.

"So you are satisfied?" said the old woman, dryly.

"I am satisfied," answered Dartwell, with a wonderful elation in his voice and manner.

Goody, who was blowing her fire with a pair of wheezy bellows, stopped to stare and shrug her shoulders.

"That girl has consented to marry you?" she said, with conviction.

"Yes," he answered, triumphantly.

"And when is your wedding to be?" she asked, with a derisive smile.

"In three days."

"Ha! then you have told her that Robert Boone is drowned, and her high spirit is broken—eh?"

He rubbed his hands.

"Yes; she has become as docile as a lamb. She doesn't care a fig what happens to her now."

Her black eyes seemed piercing him like gimlets.

"And in that frame of mind you will take her to be your wife, John Dartwell?"

"Who cares about her frame of mind!" he sneered; "she's but a child—she'll soon forget Boone, and all such nonsense—I'll show her that I'm her master."

Goody Gale broke into a shrill laugh.

"I wish you joy, man," she cried; "I wish you joy of your marriage. You're an impatient bridegroom. Three days! It's a short time—ha! ha!" Then she turned on him, as if she was about to fling her wheezy bellows at his head. "You got a bad fright last night, John Dartwell?"

"Yes," he assented; "yes, woman. Long ago I suspected that you were a imp of satan—I'm sure of it now."

"Ha! maybe I am, but don't call names—it isn't polite; besides, I'm in a bad temper this morning—I want no visitors here—take yourself away!"

"There's your money on the mantel."

"Faugh! I see it. Be off!"

Quite unmoved by this surly dismissal, John Dartwell departed with the step of a conquror. Good cause had he to rejoice, for Dorothy Wyeth was his own at last.

Poor Dorothy? crushed and stunned by the news of her lover's death, she no longer offered any resistance to her guardian's will. An apathy of despair had fallen upon her; while it continued, she was in his power; but he must make the most of his opportunity, for at any hour she might awake to a sense of what she was about to do, and to the old lively aversion which she had long shown to himself.

Mehitable Dartwell had unlocked the prisoner's door—she was now at liberty to go in or out; but alas! freedom had lost its value, for Robert Boone was dead, and the girl's brief sun had set in hopeless night."

"Dorothy," said Mehitable, who pitied the young creature, in her own cold way, "we must all be resigned to the will of Heaven. You have consented to marry my brother. I wish he had fixed his choice on one nearer his own age, but let that pass. He is a good man, and in trying to make him happy you will forget your own sorrow." Dorothy, hollow-cheeked and pale as death, sat looking out on the cruel sea with weary, woful eyes.

"I do not want—I shall not try to make him happy," she answered, bitterly. "I wish I were dead. I have nothing left, no hope, no future. As for my heart, it is lying in the sea yonder—it would be well for me to follow it—to throw myself off the rocks, and so end my troubles."

"I beg you will not fly in the face of Providence," answered Miss Dartwell, severely; "try Dorothy, and be a good wife to John. He is a rare match for you—you need some capable person to take care of your fortune."

"My fortune! I care little what becomes of it now," said Miss Wyeth, wildly. "Go away, Mehitable; if you bore me with further talk I will not marry him at all."

Three days passed. Such hasty preparations as John Dartwell thought necessary for his marriage were now completed—on the morrow Dorothy Wyeth would be his wife.

It was the afternoon of the third day. As he was leaving one of his own warehouses by the waterside, he ran plump up against a grizzled fisherman.

"Halloo, sir!" cried the latter, beaming with the news he was about to communicate: "I came over from Salem half an hour ago, and the story about the Flying Scud being lost was all a yarn. Dang it! She's just sailed up the harbor, safe and sound with a big cargo of West Ingy rum and lasses aboard."

John Dartwell's face grew as gray as ashes. He staggered back as if he had received a blow.

"You lie!" he cried, hoarsely.

"Not a bit of it, sir. I seed her with my own eyes. And the young skipper, Bob Boone, came ashore while I was standing on the wharf. I'll swear to it.

The next moment John Dartwell was rushing up the street as if a legion of demons pursued him. He stopped at the stable-door and shouted for his horse.

The animal was brought forth, ready for the road. He sprang into the saddle and dashed off to Goody Gale's low, black house among the rocks. The old woman was not at home—at least the door was fast, and all his pounding thereon availed nothing. He turned his horse's head and galloped to Salem.

He reached that town in a state of miserable dread and apprehension. The sun was shining brightly on the blue ocean, a balmy south wind fretted the harbor into little ripples, and there, anchored placidly like a duck on a millpond, John Dartwell saw the Flying Scud, his own good merchantman, which he had believed to be lying fathoms deep beneath the sea. The sight drove him nearly wild. At that moment he could have strangled Goody Gale with his own hands. Tranquilly the ship lay resting after her own journey from tropic waters. Dartwell hailed a boat, and, with an ugly oath bade the owner row him out to the Scud. On the deck he encountered the first officer.

"Where's Captain Boone?" he demanded, wildly.

"Gone ashore," answered the man.

"What sort of a voyage have you had from the Indies?" said Dartwell.

"Encountered any squalls?"

"Well, three days ago we met with a queer one," answered the mate, as he rolled a quid of tobacco in his cheek. "'Twas by night, and so sudden you could scarcely believe your eyes, sir. I've sailed 'twixt wind and water for twenty years, and I never saw aught like it. The waves ran mountain high, and the gale was like the report of cannon; but, by the land! it parted right before the old Scud, and we went through it, and under it, and never lost so much as a stitch of canvas, nor even got a wet deck. It was a curious thing, sir, for all hands were expecting to go straight to the bottom. The skipper will tell you about it. He was mightily stirred up—he was sure that witches and devils were in the squall—I think they were; but, anyhow, the old Scud came out of it unharmed. Have a glass of brandy?—you look pale."

"John Dartwell drank the fiery liquor and returned to shore. Whither had Boone gone? to Dorothy Wyeth? Now, by all the inmates of the infernal regions, he must keep those two apart for a few hours longer! The winning cards were in his own hands. Dorothy was his ward—she was in his power, she had promised to marry him on the morrow. If he could conceal from her the fact of her lover's safety, if he could reach Marblehead before his rival, all might yet be well. He set spurs to his horse and started homeward at break neck speed.

He had gone but a little distance when, all of a sudden, the sunlight vanished, the landscape grew dark. A dense fog rolled in from the sea, and fell upon everything, like a huge blanket. It was a hopeless, bewildering fog, thick enough to cut—John Dartwell could scarcely see his horse's nose in it. Upon him and around him it dropped, an impenetrable curtain, shutting out sky and shore and water. As if in utter consternation, the animal he rode stopped short in the highway.

"Go on!" cried Dartwell, but the brute refused to move.

A black suspicion flitted like a bat through the rider's mind.

"Curse that old witch!" he muttered; "this is her work. She is playing me some abominable trick!"

At that instant the last of the daylight vanished—total darkness settled about him—a clammy, clinging, unwholesome darkness. It was no longer possible to see anything. John Dartwell drove his spurs into his horse; the animal dashed forward for a few rods, then turned sharply, and began to splash about in what seemed to be pools of water. Horror! he had stumbled into a marsh. The salt, coarse grass rattled about his stirrups. Overhead a seabird screamed wildly in the darkness. The wretched fog drenched him like rain. His horse was struggling up to the girths in slimy ooze, and snorting with terror.

"Help! help!" shouted John Dartwell, at the top of his lungs, but no voice answered.

Far off, the sea roared, the harsh reeds snapped under his animal's bewildered hoofs, but that was all. The more he spurred and jerked, the deeper the poor beast seemed to sink in salt marsh mire. To the right, to the left, he turned, but in vain—he could not regain solid earth, nor extricate himself from his dangerous plight.

"Help, Goody Gale!" he implored, at last. "Disperse your cursed witch-fog, woman, and guide my horse out of this slough, and though you have deceived me shamefully, I will forgive you!"

Was it imagination, or did he hear there among the reeds, close to his ear, a low, mocking laugh, full of infinite malice and scorn?

"Hag!" he cried, wildly; "listen to me! Keep Dorothy and her lover apart till I can reach her, and I will give you half of my entire fortune!"

No living thing was near, but again the ghostly laugh rang out, much louder and harsher than before, "Ha! ha! ha!"

After that there was unbroken silence.

* * * * * * *

In the waning light of that same afternoon, Goody Gale sat knitting in the door of her low black house and looking warily up and down the rocky, desolate shore. Click, click went her rapid needles; hither and thither
Gale
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Goody Ga
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"Miss
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Gale wa
round
picked up
A half-h
loud and firm
black house by
mong the rocks.
ing young fellow, brow
and with an eager, joyous
ing in his hawk-like eyes, leape
ly on the broad stone which
as a threshold to the door.
"Halloo! Mother Gale,"
in that ringing voice which
sailor, "how wags the wo
to-day?"
She seized the he
her in both he
into his hands
odd scrutiny.
"Welcome hom
The world wags wel
a good voyage?"
"Capital!" he answere
mellow laugh. "You have
the promise which you made me wh
I sailed—to ward away all danger
from the Flying Scud so long as I
should be her captain. Three days
ago we encountered a terrific squall
—enough to sink a fleet. I shall
never quite comprehend how it was,
but we escaped without the smallest
damage. I will tell you about it la-
ter."

She put her wrinkled hands on his shoulders, and looked him full in the eye.

"Lad, you have not come a moment too soon. Half an hour ago Dorothy Wyeth passed this way. You will find her somewhere on the beach yonder. To-morrow she is going to marry John Dartwell."

He grew deadly pale, and fell back a step.

"Marry John Dartwell!—Dorothy—my Dorothy? Great Heaven! What are you saying?"

"You have been gone many weeks, Robert Boone. She thinks you dead. If you win her at all it must be by a bold stroke. You have no time to lose, I tell you."

He strode away from Goody Gale's cottage with flashing eyes and a pale set face. The tide was coming in in long, white swells; the setting sun shone redly on the blue, dimpling sea. He found Dorothy Wyeth reclining against an iron-gray rock, her fair head resting listlessly upon it, her weary young hands fallen in her lap. At a little distance upon the beach, Miss Mehitable, unconscious of danger, was hunting for sea-mosses. Dorothy heard a quick step and looked up. He was close beside her then, breathless, and eager, his blue eyes shining like stars.

"Dorothy!" he cried; "my darling, my darling! I am here—it was all a vile lie. See! I am alive and well, and you shall never marry John Dartwell. I defy him to take you from me."

He knelt at her feet, flung around her his strong, living arms. She stared at him one moment in wild, incredulous joy, then her head fell, like a storm-beaten flower, upon his shoulder.

"It was a lie! You have come back! Oh, can it be possible?" she sobbed; and then, as a remembrance of her own situation rushed upon her! "Save me, Robert! If you love me, save me from that man!"

And he, straining her to his heart, and covering her pale face with his kisses, promptly answered:

"I will—as God hears me, I will!"

Mehitable Dartwell wandered along the wet sand, gathering delicate mosses, her ears deafened by the incoming tide, her mind full of solemn abstraction, until, of a sudden, she remembered her charge and turned back to seek her; but when she reached the spot where she had left Dorothy, no living thing was to be

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The following remarkable account has been culled from the writings of Joaquin Miller, and has reference to the volcano of Mauna Loa, in the Sandwich Islands:

After visiting the American consul at Honolulu, we started for the volcano, and after a hard, hot climb, reached the edge of a precipice overhanging a lake of molten fire, 10 miles in circumference and 100 feet below us. This is called by the natives Kilianea, or god of fire.

It is the largest active volcano in the world, and is 6,000 feet above the sea level. This molten mass went dashing against the cliffs on the opposite side with a noise like the deep and mighty surges of a stormy ocean. Waves of blood red fiery liquid lava hurled their billows on the ironbound headland and then rushed up the face of the cliff to toss their gory spray high in the air. This restless, heaving lake of fire boiled and bubbled, never remaining silent for a single instant. There is an island on one side of this lake which the fiery waves attack unceasingly, and with relentless fury, as if bent on hurling it from its base.

On the other side there was a large cavity into which this burning mass rushed with a loud roar, breaking down in its impetuous, headlong career the gigantic stalactites that overhung the mouth of this cavern, and flinging up the liquid material for the formation of new ones. It is terribly grand, magnificently sublime, but no words can adequately describe such a scene, and no power but that of Omnipotence produce it.

The First Electric Victim.

The first death in the world, so far as we know, from artificially conducted electricity was that of Professor Richman, of St. Petersburg. He devised what was practically the first lightning rod and was killed by it. He ran an iron to the top of his house in present lightning rod manner and waited for a thunder storm. It came. There was a terrific flash of lightning. The professor's appliance worked well, and he was found dead by the side of it.

If cloth can be made out of fine spun glass, it would seem a simple matter to make it out of wood. This is now done by boiling strips of fine-grained timber, crushing them between rolls, carding the filaments into parallel lines, as with ordinary textile material, and spinning them into threads, from which the cloth can be woven in the usual way.

The world's population is placed at 1,400,000,000 people.

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