

TREASURE ISLAND



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART I.

THE OLD BUCCANEER.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD SEA-DOG AT THE ADMIRAL BENBOW.

Squire Trelawney, Dr. Livesey and the rest of these gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace 17—, and go back to the time when my father kept the Admiral Benbow Inn, and the brown old seaman, with the saber cut, first took up his lodgings under our roof.

I remember him as if it was yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea chest following behind him in a hand-barrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pig-tail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails, and the saber cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cove and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea song that he sung so often afterward:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

In the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste, and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

"This is a handy cove," says he, at length, "and a pleasant sittin'at grog-shop. Much company, mate?"

My father told him no, very little company, the more was the pity.

"Well, then," said he, "this is the berth for me. Here you, matey," he cried to the man who trundled the barrow; "bring up alongside and help up my chest. I'll stay here a bit," he continued. "I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. What you mought call me? You mought call me captain. Oh, I see what you're at—there;" and he threw down three or four gold pieces on the threshold. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," says he, looking as fierce as a commander.

And, indeed, bad as his clothes were, and coarsely as he spoke, he had none of the appearances of a man who sailed before the mast; but seemed like a mate or skipper, accustomed to be obeyed or to strike. The man who came with the barrow told us the mail had set him down the morning before at the Royal George; that he had inquired what inns there were along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as lonely, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence. And that was all we could learn of our guest.

He was a very silent man by custom. All day he hung round the cove, or up on the cliffs, with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlor next the fire, and drank rum and water very strong. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to; only look up suddenly and fierce, and blow through his nose like a fog-horn; and we and the people who came about our house soon learned to let him be.

Every day, when he came back from his stroll, he would ask if any seafaring had gone by along the road? At first we thought it was the want of company of his kind that made him ask this question; but at last we began to see he was desirous to avoid them. When a seaman put up at the Admiral Benbow (as now and then some did, making by the coast road for Bristol), he would look at him through the curtained door before he entered the parlor; and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such was present. For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter; for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms.

He had taken me aside one day, and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if I would only keep my "weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg," and let him know the moment he appeared. Often enough, when the first of the month came round, and I applied to him for my wage, he would only blow through his nose at me, and stare me down, but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bring me my fourpenny piece, and repeat his orders to look out for "the seafaring man with one leg."

How that personage haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house, and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions. Now the leg would be cut off at the knee, now at the hip; now he was a monstrous kind of a creature who had never had but the one leg, and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch, was the worst of nightmares. And altogether I paid pretty dear for my monthly fourpenny

piece in the shape of these abominable fancies.

But though I was so terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one leg, I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than his head would carry; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea songs, minding nobody; but sometimes he would call for glasses round, and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories or bear a chorus to his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum;" all the neighbors joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other, to avoid remark. For in these fits he was the most over-riding companion ever known; he would slap his hand on the table for silence all round; he would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or sometimes because none was put and so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow anyone to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.

His stories were what frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were; about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and places on the Spanish main. By his own account, he must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea; and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people almost as much as the crimes that he described. My father was always saying the inn would be ruined, for people would soon cease coming there to be tyrannized over and put down, and sent shivering to their beds; but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it; it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life; and there was even a party of the younger men who pretended to admire him, calling him a "true sea-dog," and a "real old salt," and such like names, and saying there was the sort of man that made England terrible at sea.

In one way, indeed, he bade fair to ruin us; for he kept on staying week after week, and at last month after month, so that all the money had been long exhausted, and still my father never plucked up the heart to insist on having more. If ever he mentioned it, the captain blew through his nose so loudly that you might say he roared, and stared my poor father out of the room. I have seen him wringing his hands after such a rebuff, and I am sure the annoyance and the terror he lived in must have greatly hastened his early and unhappy death.

All the time he lived with us the captain made no change whatever in his dress but to buy some stockings from a hawker. One of the cocks of his hat having fallen down, he let it hang from that day forth, though it was a great annoyance when it blew. I remember the appearance of his coat, which he patched himself upstairs in his room, and which, before the end, was nothing but patches. He never wrote or received a letter, and he never spoke with any but the neighbors, and with these, for the most part, only when drunk on rum. The great sea-chest none of us had ever seen open.

He was only once crossed, and that was toward the end, when my poor father was far gone in a decline that took him off. Dr. Livesey came late one afternoon to see the patient, took a bit of dinner from my mother, and went into the parlor to smoke a pipe until his horse should come down from the hamlet, for we had no stabling at the old Benbow. I followed him in, and I remember observing the contrast the neat, bright doctor, with his powder as white as snow, and his bright, black eyes and pleasant manners, made with the coltish country folk, and, above all, with that filthy, heavy, bleared scarecrow of a pirate of ours, sitting far gone in rum, with his arms on the table. Suddenly he—the captain, that is—began to pipe up his eternal song:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

At first I had supposed "the dead man's chest" to be that identical big box of his upstairs in the front room, and the thought had been mingled in my nightmares with that of the one-legged seafaring man. But by this time we had all long ceased to pay any particular notice to the song; it was new, that night, to nobody but Dr. Livesey, and on him I observed that it did not produce an agreeable effect, for he looked up for a moment quite angrily before he went on with his talk to old Taylor, the gardener, on a new cure for rheumatics. In the meantime the captain gradually brightened up at his own music, and at last flapped his hand upon the table before him in a way we all knew to mean—silence. The voices stopped at once, all but Dr. Livesey's; he went on as before, speaking clear and kind, and drawing briskly at his pipe between every word or two. The captain glared at him for awhile, flapped his hand again, glared still harder, and at last broke out with a villainous, low oath: "Silence, there between decks!"

"Were you addressing me, sir?" says the doctor; and when the ruffian had told him, with another oath, that this

was so, "I have only one thing to say to you, sir," replies the doctor, "that if you keep on drinking rum the world will soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel!"

The old fellow's fury was awful. He sprang to his feet, drew and opened a sailor's clasp knife, and, balancing it open on the palm of his hand, threatened to pin the doctor to the wall.

The doctor never so much as moved. He spoke to him, as before, over his shoulder, and in the same tone of voice; rather high, so that all the room might hear, but perfectly calm and steady:

"If you don't put that knife this instant into your pocket, I promise, upon my honor, you shall hang at the next assizes."

Then followed a battle of looks between them; but the captain soon knuckled under, put up his weapon, and resumed his seat, grumbling like a beaten dog.

"And now, sir," continued the doctor, "since I know there's such a fellow in my district, you may count I'll have an eye on you day and night. I'm not a doctor, only; I'm a magistrate; and if I catch a breath of complaint against you, if it's only for a piece of incivility like to-night, I'll take effectual means to have you hunted down and routed out of this. Let that suffice."

Soon after Dr. Livesey's horse came to the door, and he rode away; but the captain held his peace that evening, and for many evenings to come.

CHAPTER II.

BLACK DOG APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS.

It was not long after this that there occurred the first of the mysterious events that rid us at last of the captain, though not, as you will see, of his affairs. It was a bitter, cold winter, with long, hard frosts and heavy gales; and it was plain from the first that my poor father was little likely to see the spring. He sunk daily and my mother and I had all the inn upon our hands, and were kept busy enough without paying much regard to our unpleasant guest.

It was one January morning, very early—a pinching, frosty morning—the cove all gray with hoar-frost, the ripple lapping softly on the stones, the sun still low, and only touching the hill-tops and shining far to seaward. The captain had risen earlier than usual, and set out down the beach, his cutlass swinging under the broad skirts of the old blue coat, his brass telescope under his arm, his hat tilted back upon his head. I remember his breath hanging like smoke in his wake as he strode off, and the last sound I heard of him, as he turned the big rock, was a loud snort of indignation, as though his mind was still running upon Dr. Livesey.

Well, mother was upstairs with father; and I was laying the breakfast



He would look in at him through the curtained door.

table against the captain's return, when the parlor door opened, and a man stepped in or whom I had never set my eyes before. He was a pale, tall, lanky creature, wanting two fingers on the left hand; and, though he wore a cutlass, he did not look much like a fighter. I had always my eyes open for seafaring men, with one leg or two, and I remember this one puzzled me. He was not sailorly, and yet he had a smack of the sea about him, too.

I asked him what was for his service, and he said he would take rum; but as I was going out of the room to fetch it he sat down upon a table and motioned to me to draw near. I paused where I was with my napkin in my hand.

"Come here, sonny," says he. "Come nearer here."

I took a step nearer.

"Is this here table for my mate Bill?" he asked, with a kind of leer.

I told him I did not know his mate Bill; and this was for a person who stayed in our house, whom we called the captain.

"Well," said he, "my mate Bill would be called the captain, as like as not. He has a cut on one cheek, and a mighty pleasant way with him, particularly in drink, has my mate Bill. We'll put it, for argument like, that your captain has a cut on one cheek—and we'll put it, if you like, that that cheek's the right one. Ah, well! I told you. Now, is my mate Bill in this here house?"

I told him he was out walking.

"Which way, sonny? Which way is he gone?"

And when I had pointed out the rock and told him how the captain was likely to return, and how soon, and answered a few other questions, "Ah," said he, "this'll be as good as drink to my mate Bill."

The expression of his face as he said these words was not at all pleasant,

and I had my own reasons for thinking that the stranger was mistaken, even supposing he meant what he said. But it was no affair of mine, I thought; and, besides, it was difficult to know what to do. The stranger kept hanging about just inside the inner door, peering round the corner like a cat waiting for a mouse. Once I stepped out myself into the road, but he immediately called me back, and, as I did not obey quick enough for his fancy, a most horrible change came over his tallowy face, and he ordered me in, with an oath that made me jump.

As soon as I was back again he returned to his former manner, half fawning, half sneering, patted me on the shoulder, told me I was a good boy, and he had taken quite a fancy to me. "I have a son of my own," said he, "as like you as two blocks, and he's all the pride of my 'art. But the great thing for boys is discipline, sonny—discipline. Now, if you had sailed along of Bill, you wouldn't have stood there to be spoke to twice—not you. That was neter Bill's way, nor the way of such as sailed with him. And here, sure enough, is my mate Bill, with a spy-glass under his arm, bless his old 'art, to be sure. You and me'll just go back into the parlor, sonny, and get behind the door, and we'll give Bill a little surprise—bless his 'art, I say again."

So saying the stranger backed along with me into the parlor, and put me behind him in the corner, so that we were both hidden by the open door. I was very uneasy and alarmed, as you may fancy, and it rather added to my fears to observe that the stranger was certainly frightened himself. He cleared the hilt of his cutlass and loosened the blade in the sheath; and all the time we were kept waiting there he kept swallowing as if he felt what we used to call a lump in the throat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CANNY SCOT.

Some Examples of His Unconscious Humor.

On his first visit to Aberdeen an English commercial traveler, having received some marks of kindness from one of its inhabitants, exclaimed, in an offhand way, on his departure:

"If at any time you or any of your people come up to London, don't put up at a hotel, but come to us."

"Oh, thank ye!" replied the Scot, laconically, and away the southron went.

Six months passed, and the Englishman had long forgotten the incident, when, to his surprise, he received one morning the following note:

"My Dear Friend: As myself, my wife and four children are coming up to London for a fortnight, we will be glad to avail ourselves of your kind invitation."

Facing the situation with unquestionable courage, the southerner put himself to unutterable inconvenience to accommodate his guests. He took them everywhere, paid for everything, and, at the end of the stipulated time, they announced their departure. The host accompanied them to the station, and in the fullness of his gratitude at the exodus, invited the father to have a parting drink.

"Come along, old fellow! What is it to be? Whisky and soda, as usual? Two Scotches and soda, please, miss!"

"Na, na!" replied the Scot, solemnly, "hane o' that! Ye've been vera guid to me and mine durin' the last fortnight—hane ta'en us everywhere and paid for everything! Na, na! We'll hane a toss for the last!"

Worry.

Don't worry. Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night, and to-morrow will find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe it, just try to reach after it and bring it back.

Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will last 15 or 20 minutes. Don't worry about things you can't help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry about things you can help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be penitent now and then it won't hurt you a bit to go into the sackcloth and ashes business a little. It will do you good. But worry, worry, fret, fret, fret—why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope, nor resolution in it. It's merely worry.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Powdered Crab as a Medicine.

A Russian journal that has recently come under our notice calls attention to the fact that for some 20 years past the inhabitants of a malarial locality in the government of Kharkov have used powdered crabs with great success in the case of fevers. The powder is prepared in the following way: Live crabs are poured over with ordinary whisky until they get asleep; they are then put on a bread pan in a hot oven, thoroughly dried and pulverized, and the powder passed through a fine sieve. One dose, a teaspoonful, is generally sufficient to cure the intermittent fever; in very obstinate cases a second dose is required. Each dose is invariably preceded by a glass of aloe brandy as a purgative. The powder is used in that locality in preference to quinine. So says the journal. We will not vouch for it.—N. Y. Ledger.

Twentieth Century Love Scene.

Suitor—"Ah, dearest Irma, what ecstasy lies in this sweet passion of love which makes the heart flutter and the pulse beat faster." Irma (recent graduate of a medical school, seizing his hand)—"Ha, villain! You are deceiving me! Your pulse is quite normal—only 72. Begone!—Fliegende Blätter.

How Alexander Treated His Wives.

Alexander the Great had a large number of wives, and was accustomed to reduce them to obedience by using the flat of his sword as a corrective.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

PEOPLE-IN-LAW.

Necessary Evils That Must Be Submitted to in Every Well-Regulated Family.

People-in-law are necessary evils. If people will marry they must submit to the infliction of a number of new relations. Sometimes this infliction is bitter, sometimes sweet and sometimes it has very little taste, but generally it has a taste.

When a man and a woman join hands at the altar they contract an alliance not only with each other, but, in an indirect way, perhaps, with their respective families. More do not attach much importance to this fact, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that no amount of sophistry can explain away.

A young woman has promised to marry the man who appears to her possessed of all the attributes that make up a manly man.

She has long ago made up her mind, however, that John's sisters are "loud" and his mother "impossible;" she wonders how such people can have a son and brother like "dear John," and after marriage she intends keeping them at a distance.

The wedding day arrives, and she hears John's mother call her "daughter," but to her ears it does not imply much; is only one of the forms to be gone through on that happy day.

Then comes the honeymoon time, and for two whole weeks the bride has John all to herself. No thoughts of his relations obtrude themselves on that blissful time.

When the couple returns to town to take up their abode in the cozy home that "dear John" has prepared, Mrs. John finds herself greeted by her mother-in-law and sisters-in-law, as well as by her own mother and quiet school-girl sister. The two latter, however, are quite overshadowed by John's relations, and Mrs. John resents the fact in her heart.

As the days go by she discovers that her people-in-law show no disposition entirely to relinquish John's society because he has married a wife. He is still the son and brother, although he has become a husband, and the first frown that she remembers to have seen on his brow is caused by a petulant remark of hers that she wishes his sister Flora would stop somewhere else than with them, while her own home is shut up during the temporary absence of the rest of the family.—Alan Cameron, in Lippincott's.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

From the Free Press, Detroit, Mich.

A prominent business man recently expressed the opinion that there is one thing that will prevent women from completely filling man's place in the business world—they can't be depended upon because they are sick too often. This is refuted by Mrs. C. W. Mansfield, a business woman of 31 Farrar St., Detroit, Mich., who says:

"A complication of female ailments kept me awake nights and wore me out. I could get no relief from medicine and hope was slipping away from me. A young lady in my employ gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I took them and was able to rest at night for the first time in months. I bought more and took them and they cured me as they also cured several other people to my knowledge. I think that if you should ask any of the druggists of Detroit who are the best buyers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they would say the young women. These pills certainly build up the nervous system and many a young woman owes her life to them.

"As a business woman I am pleased to recommend them, as they did more for me than any physician, and I can give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People credit for my general good health to-day.

Suddenly Prostrated.

Recovery of modern times has done so much to enable women to take their proper place in life by safeguarding their health as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions, they restore the strength and health to the exhausted woman when every effort of the physician proves unavailing.

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For paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and other diseases long supposed incurable, these pills have proved their efficacy in thousands of cases.

HER EXPLANATION.

She Told Him How He Would Make Her and Mamma and Aunty Happier.

There are incidents of real life which constantly prove that truth is often more amusing as well as more strange than fiction. A sweet, gentle-voiced girl—one from whose disposition sarcasm is as far as frost from an active volcano—won the affections of a young man. It was an unintentional conquest on her part, but none the less complete. He propounded the old question and she demurred. He bided his time and again proffered his suit. She again delayed an answer. But the third time she received his question first with silence and then with assent.

"And you will be mine?" he asked.

"Yes."

"It seems too good to be true. When shall the wedding take place?"

"I—I don't know."

"There is no use in putting it off."

"No," she answered; "I think not."

"Say a week from to-day?"

"Very well."

"I knew that you would realize that you can be happier with me than without me," he suggested, a little triumphantly.

"Yes," she answered. "I do realize it now. You see, since Uncle Bob went away, mamma and aunty and I have been quite alone. We all talked it over and agreed that it would be ever so much safer to have a man in the house at nights."—Washington Star.

A War Map at Home.

"Say, I've been living quite a spell," said Mr. Nobbleton, "but here is something quite new to me—a war map pinned on the wall in the dining-room at home, where it can always be found, and where all can look at it conveniently at once. Mrs. Nobbleton put it there. She's awfully interested in the war, as all women are, and when I say something about the situation of the Spanish fleet in the West Indies she walks up to this map on the wall and wants it illustrated and made clear by that."—N. Y. Sun.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Honaker's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

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