

BERTHA'S COMB.

Dear Bertha's hair is golden spun, As if unraveled from the sun...



TREASURE ISLAND CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

At last in strode the captain, slammed the door behind him, without looking to the right or left...

The captain spun round on his heel and fronted us; all the brown had gone out of his face...

"Now, look here," said the captain; "you've run me down; here I am; well, then, speak up; what is it?"

When I returned with the rum, they were already seated on either side of the captain's breakfast-table...

He bade me go, and leave the door wide open. "None of your key-holes for me, sonny," he said...

Then all of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion of oaths and other noises—the chair and table went over in a lump...

That blow was the last of the battle. Once upon the road, Black Dog, in spite of his wound, showed a wonderful clean pair of heels...

"Jim," says he, "rum;" and, as he spoke, he reeled a little, and caught himself with one hand against the wall.

"Are you hurt?" cried I. "Rum," he repeated. "I must get away from here. Rum! rum!"

I ran to fetch it; but I was quite unsteady by all that had fallen out, and I broke one glass and fouled the tap...

"Oh, doctor," we cried, "what shall we do? Where is he wounded?" "Wounded? A fiddlestick's end!" said the doctor...

husband, and tell him, if possible, nothing about it. For my part, I must do my best to save this fellow's trebly worthless life...

When I got back with the basin, the doctor had already ripped up the captain's sleeve, and exposed his great sinewy arm...

"Prophetic," said the doctor, touching this picture with his finger. "And now, Master Billy Bones, if that be your name, we'll have a look at the color of your blood, Jim," he said...

"Well, then," said he, "you hold the basin;" and with that he took his lancet and opened a vein.

"Where's Black Dog?" "There is no Black Dog here," said the doctor, "except what you have on your own back..."

"Much I care," returned the doctor. "It's the name of a buccaneer of my acquaintance; and I call you by it for the sake of shortness..."

Between us, with much trouble, we managed to hoist him upstairs, and laid him on his bed, where his head fell back on the pillow...

"Now, mind you," said the doctor, "I clear my conscience—the name of rum for you is death."

And with that he went off to see my father, taking me with him by the arm. "This is nothing," he said, as soon as he had closed the door...

CHAPTER III. THE BLACK SPOT. About noon I stopped at the captain's door with some cooling drinks and medicines...

He bade me go, and leave the door wide open. "None of your key-holes for me, sonny," he said; and I left them together, and retired into the bar.

"The doctor—" I began. But he broke in cursing the doctor, in a feeble voice, but heartily...

Then all of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion of oaths and other noises—the chair and table went over in a lump, a clash of steel followed, and then a cry of pain...

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"Now, boy," he said, "take me in to the captain."

paused when he had got into a sitting position on the edge. "That doctor's done me," he murmured. "My ears is singing. Lay me back."

"Before I could do much to help him he had fallen back again to his former place, where he lay for awhile silent. "Jim," he said, at length, "you saw that seafaring man to-day?"

"Black Dog?" I asked. "Ah! Black Dog," says he. "He's a bad 'un; but there's worse that put him on. Now, if I can't get away no how, and they tip me the black spot; mind you, it's my old sea-chest they're after..."

"That's a summons, mate. I'll tell you if they get that. But you keep your weather-eye open, Jim, and I'll share with you equals, upon my honor."

He wandered a little longer, his voice growing weaker; but soon after I had given him his medicine, which he took like a child, with the remark, "if ever a seaman wanted drugs, it's me..."

He got downstairs next morning, to be sure, and had his meals as usual, though he eat little, and had more. I am afraid, than his usual supply of rum...

He had tried it. "It is very sad, I admit," conceded the African chief, "but after living on a meat diet for all these years you can hardly expect me to become a vegetarian."

"Then," said the pale-faced missionary, his teeth chattering like a grove of magpies, "if you must eat human flesh, w-hy not—er—utilize some of your own race, instead of confining yourself to—Europeans?"

"That is exactly what your predecessors wished to know," replied the chief, "but I have frequently tried the experiment when missionaries were out of season."

"No, no, no, no; and an end of it!" he cried once. And again: "If it comes to swinging, swing all, say I."

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"Sir," said I, "upon my word I dare not." "Oh," he sneered, "that's it! Take me in straight, or I'll break your arm."

He gave it, as he spoke, a wrench that made me cry out. "Sir," said I, "it is for yourself I mean. The captain is not what he used to be. He sits with a drawn cutlass. Another gentleman—"

"Come, now, march," interrupted he; and I never heard a voice so cruel, and cold, and ugly as that blind man's. It cowed me more than the pain; and I began to obey him at once...

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EIGHT BIG SHIPS.

War Department Buys Them for Carrying Troops.

COST WAS FOUR MILLIONS

Are Likely to be Used for Porto Rican Expedition.

MARKS A NEW DEPARTURE.

Heretofore the War Department Has Chartered the Steamers It Needed, Instead of Buying—No Vessels are to be Seized on the Atlantic Coast.

Washington, June 25.—An important addition to the war department's list of vessels available for transport and freight service was announced Friday...

It was authoritatively stated yesterday that impression of ships on the Atlantic coast would not be resorted to, but such as were desired would be obtained in some other way...

Added to the dozen ships already available for this expedition, the eight vessels make up a fleet that will transport an army as large as that which Gen. Shafter took with him...

Man's Business Bulletin. New York, June 25.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: Very little of the new business seen in proportion to the aggregate has been caused by the war...

Troop Train Wrecked. St. Joseph, Mo., June 25.—As the second section of the Burlington train carrying the Torrey cowboy regiment from Fort F. A. Russell to Jacksonville, Fla., was pulling into the St. Joseph union station yesterday...

Killed by a Spanish Shell. Playa Del Este, Guantanamo Bay, June 25.—While shelling the batteries of Santiago de Cuba the battleship Texas was struck by a six-inch shell which passed through her port side, killing F. O. Blakeley, an apprentice, and wounding eight others...

Stephens Adds to His Confession. Easton, Pa., June 25.—George H. Stephens, the former Lafayette college professor and self-confessed fire fiend, yesterday confessed that he had a basket of paper under the pulpit in the college chapel and it was his intention to destroy South college with a fire he had planned to start in this basket...

Enough Said. "That will do," said Balaam. "You've talked enough." "Yes," retorted the ass, "I've talked enough to hand you down to immortality."

How He Did It. "The doctor put my husband on his feet in a week," she explained. "It was no trouble at all. The bill he presented lifted him out of bed."—Chicago Post.

The Beginning of the End. London, June 25.—The Madrid correspondent of the Telegraph says: When the cortes closed yesterday martial law was proclaimed. The Sagasta cabinet will resign and make way for a new government which will open negotiations for peace.

\$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 steel on the truck of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Houder's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

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THE undersigned has opened a first class liquor store, and invites the trade of Hotels, Restaurants, etc. We shall carry none but the best American and imported.

WHISKIES, BRANDIES, GINS AND WINES, BOTTLED ALE, CHAMPAGNE, Etc.

In addition to my large line of liquors I carry constantly in stock a full line of CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

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F. X. BLUMLE, EMPORIUM, PA.

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JOHN McDONALD, Proprietor. Near F. & E. Depot, Emporium, Pa.

Bottler and Shipper of Rochester Lager Beer, BEST BLEND OF MALT.

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