

A WOODLAND SUMMONS.

Maiden frank and free, Leave the town with me; Leave the city for the woodlands, For the fields of emerald corn, For the meads with running streamlets Singing praises to the morn, For the hills that border the distance, Crowned with purple diadems, For the sunshine on the dewdrops, Decking trees and plants with gems.



PART III. CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

The captain was too bright to be in the way. He whipped out of sight in a moment, leaving Silver to arrange the party; and I fancy it was as well he did so. Had he been on deck, he could no longer so much as have pretended not to understand the situation. It was as plain as day. Silver was the captain, and a mighty rebellious crew he had of it. The honest hands—and I was soon to see it proved that there were such on board—must have been very stupid fellows. Or, rather, I suppose the truth was this; that all hands were disaffected by the example of the ringleaders—only some more, some less; and a few, being good fellows in the main, could neither be led nor driven any further. It is one thing to be idle and skulk, and quite another to take a ship and murder a number of innocent men.

At last, however, the party was made up. Six fellows were to stay on board, and the remaining 13, including Silver, began to embark.

Then it was that there came into my head the first of the mad notions that contributed so much to save our lives. If six men were left by Silver, it was plain our party could not take and fight the ship; and since only six were left, it was equally plain that the cabin party had no present need of my assistance. It occurred to me at once to go ashore. In a jiffy I had slipped over the side, and curled up in the fore-sheets of the nearest boat, and almost at the same moment she shoved off.

No one took notice of me, only the bow oar saying: "Is that you, Jim? Keep your head down." But Silver, from the other boat, looked sharply over and called out to know if that were me; and from that moment I began to regret what I had done.

The crews raced for the beach; but the boat I was in, having some start, and being at once the lighter and the better manned, shot far ahead of her consort, and the bow had struck among the shore-side trees, and I had caught a branch and swung myself out, and



"Jim! Jim!" I heard him shouting.

plunged into the nearest thicket, while Silver and the rest were still 100 yards behind.

"Jim, Jim!" I heard him shouting. But you may suppose I paid no heed; jumping, ducking, and breaking through, I ran straight before my nose, till I could run no longer.

CHAPTER XIV. THE FIRST BOAT.

I was so pleased at having given the slip to Silver, that I began to enjoy myself and to look around me with some interest on the strange land that I was in.

I had crossed a marsh, a tract full of willows, bulrushes, and other outlandish, swampy trees, and I had now come out upon the skirts of an open piece of undulating, sandy country, about a mile long, dotted with a few pines, and a great number of contorted trees, not unlike the oak in growth, but pale in the foliage, like willows. On the far side of the open stood one of the hills, with two quaint, craggy peaks, shining vividly in the sun.

I now felt for the first time the joy of exploration. The isle was uninhabited; my shipmates I had left behind, and nothing lived in front of me but dumb brutes and fowls. I turned hither and thither among the trees. Here and there were flowering plants unknown to me; here and there I saw snakes, and one raised his head from a ledge of a rock and hissed at me with a noise not unlike the spinning of a top. Little did I suppose that he was a

deadly enemy, and that the noise was the famous rattle.

Then I came to a long thicket of these oak-like trees—live or evergreen oaks, I heard afterward they should be called—which grew low along the sand like brambles, the boughs curiously twisted, the foliage compact, like thatch. The thicket stretched down from the top one of the sandy knolls, spreading and growing taller as it went, until it reached the margin of the broad, reedy fen, through which the nearest of the little rivers soaked its way into the anchorage. The marsh was steaming in the strong sun, and the outline of the Spy-glass trembled through the haze.

All at once there began to go a sort of bustle among the bulrushes; a wild duck flew up with a quack, another followed, and soon over the whole surface of the marsh a great cloud of birds hung screaming and circling in the air. I judged at once that some of my shipmates must be drawing near along the borders of the fen. Nor was I deceived; for soon I heard the very distant and low tones of a human voice, which as I continued to give ear, grew steadily louder and nearer.

This put me in great fear, and I crawled under cover of the nearest live oak and squatted there, hearkening, as silent as a mouse.

Another voice answered; and then the first voice, which I now recognized to be Silver's, once more took up the story, and ran on for a long while in a stream, only now and again interrupted by the other. By the sound they must have been talking earnestly, and almost fiercely; but no distinct word came to my hearing.

At last the speakers seemed to have paused, and perhaps to have sat down; for not only did they cease to draw any nearer, but the birds themselves began to grow more quiet, and to settle again to their places in the swamp.

And now I began to feel that I was neglecting my business; that since I had been so foolhardy as to come ashore with these desperadoes, the least I could do was to overhear them at their councils; and my plain and obvious duty was to draw as close as I could manage, under the favorable ambush of the crouching trees.

I could tell the direction of the speakers pretty exactly, not only by the sound of their voices, but by the behavior of the few birds that still hung in alarm above the heads of the intruders.

Crawling on all-fours, I made steadily but slowly toward them; till at last, raising my head to an aperture among the leaves, I could see clear down into a little green dell beside the marsh, and closely set about with trees, where Long John Silver and another of the crew stood face to face in conversation.

The sun beat full upon them. Silver had thrown his hat beside him on the ground, and his great, smooth, blonde face, all shining with heat, was lifted to the other man's in a kind of appeal.

"Mate," he was saying, "it's because I think gold-dust of you—gold-dust, and you may lay to that! If I hadn't took to you like pitch, do you think I'd have been here a-warning of you? All's up—you can't make nor mend; it's to save your neck that I'm a-speaking, and if 'ud I be, Tom—now, tell me, where 'ud I be?"

"Silver," said the other man—and I observed he was not only red in the face, but spoke as hoarse as a crow, and his voice shook, too, like a taut rope—"Silver," says he, "you're old, and you're honest, or has the name for it; and you've money, too, which lots of poor sailors hasn't; and you're brave, or I'm mistook. And will you tell me you'll let yourself be led away with that kind of a mess of swabs? not you! As sure as God sees me, I'd sooner lose my hand. If I turn again my dooty—"

And then all of a sudden he was interrupted by a noise. I had found one of the honest hands—well, here, at that same moment, came news of another. Far away out in the marsh there arose, all of a sudden, a sound like the cry of anger, then another on the back of it; and then one horrid, long-drawn scream. The rocks of the Spy-glass echoed it a score of times; the whole troop of marsh-birds rose again, darkening heaven, with a simultaneous whir; and long after that death yell was still ringing in my brain, silence had reestablished its empire, and only the rustle of the redescending birds and the boom of the distant surges disturbed the languor of the afternoon.

Tom had leaped at the sound, like a horse at the spur; but Silver had not winked an eye. He stood where he was, resting lightly on his crutch, watching his companion like a snake about to spring.

"John!" said the sailor, stretching out his hand.

"Hands off!" cried Silver, leaping back a yard, as it seemed to me, with the speed and security of a trained gymnast.

"Hands off, if you like, John Silver," said the other. "It's a black conscience that can make you feared of me. But, in Heaven's name, tell me what was that?"

"That?" returned Silver, smiling away, but warier than ever, his eye a mere pin-point in his big face, but gleaming like a crumb of glass. "That? Oh, I reckon that'll be Alan."

And at this poor Tom flashed out like a hero.

"Alan!" he cried. "Then rest his soul for a true seaman! And as for you, John Silver, long you've been a mate of mine, but you're mate of mine no more. If I die like a dog, I'll die in my dooty. You've killed Alan, have you? Kill me, too, if you can. But I defies you."

And with that, this brave fellow turned his back directly on the cook, and set off walking for the beach. But he was not destined to go far. With a cry, John seized the branch of a tree, whipped the crutch out of his armpit, and sent that uncouth missile hurtling

through the air. It struck poor Tom, point foremost, and with stunning violence, right between the shoulders in the middle of his back. His hands flew up, he gave a sort of gasp, and fell.

Whether he was injured much or little none could ever tell. Like enough, to judge from the sound, his back was broken on the spot, but he had no time given him to recover. Silver, agile as a monkey, even without leg or crutch, was on the top of him the next moment, and had twice buried his knife up to the hilt in that defenseless body. From my place of ambush I could hear him pant loudly as he struck the blows.

I do not know what it rightly is to faint, but I do know that for the next little while the whole world swam away from before me in a whirling mist; Silver and the birds and the tall Spy-glass hilltop, going round and round and topsy turvy before my eyes, and all manner of bells ringing and distant voices shouting in my ears.

When I came again to myself, the monster had pulled himself together, his crutch under his arm, his hat upon his head. Just before him Tom lay motionless upon the sward; but the murderer minded him not a whit, cleansing his blood-stained knife the while upon a whisp of grass. Everything else was unchanged, the sun still



Silver buried his knife twice in that defenseless body.

shining mercilessly on the steaming marsh and the tall pinnacle of the mountain, and I could scarce persuade myself that murder had actually been done, and a human life cruelly cut short a moment since before my eyes.

But now John put his hand into his pocket, brought out a whistle, and blew upon it several modulated blasts, that rang far across the heated air. I could not tell, of course, the meaning of the signal, but it instantly awoke my fears. More men would be coming. I might be discovered. They had already slain two of the honest people; after Tom and Alan, might not I come next?

Instantly I began to extricate myself and crawl back again, with what speed and silence I could manage, to the more open portion of the wood. As I did so, I could hear hails coming and going between the old buccaneer and his comrades, and this sound of danger lent me wings. As soon as I was clear of the thicket I ran as I never ran before, scarce minding the direction of my flight, so long as it led me from the murderers; and as I ran, fear grew and grew upon me, until it turned into a kind of frenzy.

Indeed, could anyone be more entirely lost than I? When the gun fired, how should I dare go down to the boats among those fiends, still smoking from their crime? Would not the first of them who saw me wring my neck like a snipe's? Would not my absence itself be an evidence to them of my alarm, and therefore of my fatal knowledge? It was all over, I thought. Good-by to the Hispaniola; good-by to the squire, the doctor and the captain. There was nothing left for me but death by starvation or death by the hands of the mutineers.

All this while, as I say, I was still running, and, without taking any notice, I had drawn near to the foot of the little hill with the two peaks, and had got into a part of the island where the wild oaks grew more widely apart, and seemed more like forest trees in their bearings and dimensions. Mingled with these were a few scattered pines, some 50, some nearly 70 feet high. The air, too, smelled more freshly than down beside the marsh.

And here a fresh alarm brought me to a standstill with a thumping heart.

CHAPTER XV. THE MAN OF THE ISLAND.

From the side of the hill, which was here steep and stony, a spout of gravel was dislodged and fell rattling and bounding through the trees. My eyes turned instinctively in that direction, and I saw a figure leap with great rapidity behind the trunk of a pine. What it was, whether bear or man or monkey, I could in no wise tell. It seemed dark and shaggy; more I knew not. But the terror of the new apparition brought me to a stand.

I was now, it seemed, cut off upon both sides; behind me the murderers, before me this lurking nondescript. And immediately I began to prefer the dangers that I knew to those I knew not. Silver himself appeared less terrible in contrast with this creature of the woods, and I turned on my heel, and, looking sharply behind me over my shoulder, began to retrace my steps in the direction of the boats.

Instantly the figure reappeared, and, making a wide circuit, began to head me off. I was tired, at any rate; but had I been as fresh as when I rose, I could see it was in vain for me to contend in speed such an adversary. From trunk to trunk the creature flitted like a deer, running man-like on two legs, but unlike any man that I had ever seen, stooping almost double as it ran. Yet a man it was. I could no longer be in doubt about that.

I began to recall what I had heard of cannibals. I was within an ace of call-

ing for help. But the mere fact that he was a man, however wild, had somewhat reassured me, and my fear of Silver began to revive in proportion. I stood still, therefore, and cast about for some method of escape; and as I was so thinking, the recollection of my pistol flashed into my mind. As soon as I remembered I was not defenseless, courage glowed again in my heart; and I set my face resolutely for this man of the island, and walked briskly toward him.

He was concealed by this time, behind another tree trunk; but he must have been watching me closely, for as soon as I began to move in his direction he reappeared and took a step to meet me. Then he hesitated, drew back, came forward again, and at last, to my wonder and confusion, threw himself on his knees and held out his clasped hands in supplication.

"At that I once more stopped. 'Who are you?' I asked. 'Ben Gunn,' he answered, and his voice sounded hoarse and awkward, like a rusty lock. 'I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am; and I haven't spoke with a Christian these three years.'

I could now see that he was a white man like myself, and that his features were even pleasing. His skin, wherever it was exposed, was burned by the sun; even his lips were black, and his fair eyes looked quite startling in so dark a face. Of all the beggar-men that I had seen or fancied, he was the chief for raggedness. He was clothed with tatters of old ship's canvas and old sea-cloth; and this extraordinary patchwork was all held together by a system of the most various and incongruous fastenings, brass buttons, bits of stick, and loops of tarry gaskin. About his waist he wore an old brass-buckled leather belt, which was the one thing solid in his whole accoutrement.

"Three years!" I cried. "Were you shipwrecked?"

"Nay, mate," said he—"marooned."

I had heard the word, and I knew it stood for a horrible kind of punishment common enough among the buccaneers, in which the offender is put ashore with a little powder and shot, and left behind on some desolate and distant island.

"Marooned three years ago," he continued, "and lived on goats since then, and berries, and oysters. Wherever a man is, says I, a man can do for himself. But, mate, my heart is sore for Christian diet. You might'n't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese—toasted, mostly—and woke up again, and here I were."

"If ever I can get aboard again," said I, "you shall have cheese by the stone." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRECIOUS PEARLS.

Famous Gems Owned by Great Ladies of the European Courts.

The most curious among famous pearls is that which three centuries ago the French traveler Tavernier sold to the shah of Persia for \$675,000. It is still in the possession of the sovereign of Persia. Another eastern potentate owns a pearl of 12 1/2 carats, which is quite transparent. It is to be had for the sum of \$200,000. Princess Youssouff has an oriental pearl which is unique for the beauty of its color. In 1620 this pearl was sold by Georgibus of Calais to Philip IV, of Spain at the price of 80,000 ducats. Today it is valued at \$225,000. Pope Leo XIII, again, owns a pearl left to him by his predecessor on the throne of St. Peter which is worth \$100,000, and the chain of 32 pearls owned by Empress Frederick is estimated at \$175,000.

One million dollars is the price of five chains of pearls forming a collar owned by Baroness Gustave de Rothschild, and that of Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild is almost as valuable. But these ladies are enthusiastic collectors of pearls, and their jewelers have instructions to buy for them any pearl of unusual size or beauty which they may happen to come across. The sister of Mme. Theris, Mlle. Donne, is also the owner of a very valuable string of pearls which she has collected during the last 30 years.—Philadelphia Press.

An English Wedding Celebrated.

A Liverpool medical man was called in to attend a patient seized with cholera cramps as the result of excessive drinking, and found together about a dozen persons, mostly young women, in a room with full glasses before them, a three-gallon jar of strong ale on the table, and several bottles of whisky, which from time to time were replenished. This remarkable session was kept up for five days. It was in celebration of a wedding, and all had saved up for weeks in anticipation of the event. The father pawned his watch and most of his furniture; one young fellow pawned his coat, hat and watch. The whole party, 20 or 30 in number, slept together on the floors, or anywhere—the house being a small three-roomed cottage in one of the streets of Toxteth park. When the five days' revel was ended they all "proceeded to the house of Father Nugent and signed the pledge."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Curiosity Satisfied.

"What has become of that fellow called Three-Fingered Sam?" inquired the traveling man in a far western town. "Him as was alus gettin' mixed up in suspicious concernin' hosses?" inquired Derringer Dan.

"Yes. Isn't he hanging around here any more?" "I reckon he is—unless some o' the committee took a notion to cut 'im down since 'yistiddy."—Washington Star.

A Harmless Disease.

"Teacher was tellin' us to-day about having moral character when he was young. Did you have moral character when you was young, grandpa?" "I think so." "Didn't leave no marks, did it, grandpa?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

STEADFAST TO HIS DUTY.

Reasons That Were Alleged by a Young Indiana Man for Refusing Conversion.

Many men have laid down their lives for their country and a still larger number for their families and friends, but to defy the devil and all his cohorts for the love of others is a thing not frequently encountered in this world of selfishness. Exactly this thing, however, was done recently by a young man at a camp meeting in Laporte county, Ind.

It was the third day of the meeting. A large number had been converted and the mourner's benches were well crowded, when the local clergyman, who was acting as first lieutenant in the important evangelist in charge of the work, approached a young man who stood in the rear of the seats busily chewing a cigar.

"Come forward, John," said he. "The kind arrows of conviction are flying straight to unrepentant hearts. Your father, mother, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins are all in the fold. Come."

The young man shifted his feet uneasily for a moment, then threw away his cigar, brushed the hair out of his eyes, yielded to the persuasive hand of the clergyman and took a few forward steps. Suddenly he stopped and asked:

"Has Cousin Bill Foote jined?" "He's under conviction and is now wrestling with Satan."

"Then I can't go, parson."

"But you will lose your immortal soul."

"I'll have to chance that. We've been a powerful wicked family, parson."

"I know it, John, and I want to make a clean sweep. It's my duty."

"Probably you think I ain't got no duties. It's this way, parson: I'll watch the game and if the devil bests Bill Foote, I'll jine."

"And if he does not?"

"Then I've got a duty to perform. I'll have to stay outside to swear and fight for the family."—Chicago Chronicle.

HARD SOAP.

Two Simple Formulas for Making the Common Kind for Household Use.

A simple way to make a small amount of hard soap is to buy a can of prepared potash and dissolve it in one quart of cold water. The potash will cause the water to boil like lime when the mixture cools, and just before it is cold stir in five pounds of melted grease. Stir the soap for ten minutes over the fire, and then pour it into an old dripping-pan or some similar square-cornered dish. An old wooden box, if the joints are tight, is the best thing to put it in to harden. Where there are stationary washrubs these may be utilized to cool the soap. When it is soft, cut it into suitable-sized bars and let it become hard. It can be used 24 hours after it is made, but it is better for ripening a month.

Still another way of making soap is with soda and lime. Dissolve six pounds of common washing soda and three pounds of unslacked lime in four gallons of boiling water. Let the mixture stand until the water above it is perfectly clear. Drain off this water. Now pour in two gallons of cold water and let it settle clear. Drain this second water off in a pan. Put six pounds of clean grease with the lime and soda, and let the mixture boil slowly for two hours till it begins to harden. Thin it as it boils with the two gallons of water which was drained into the pan. Add this water as it is needed; it will not require all, only enough to prevent the soap from boiling over. When a little of the cooled soap hardens, add a handful of salt and mix well, and pour into a mold that has been well wet with water to prevent the soap sticking to the mold. When it is solid cut it into bars. Let the bars dry for three months.—N. Y. Tribune.

Living Sweetly Under Trials.

Many of us find life hard and full of pain. The world uses us rudely and roughly. We suffer wrongs and injuries. Other people's clumsy feet tread upon our tender spirits. We must endure misfortune, trials, disappointments. We cannot avoid these things, but we should not allow the harsh experiences to deaden our sensibilities or make us stoical or sour. The true problem of living is to keep our hearts sweet and gentle in the hardest conditions and experiences. If you remove the snow from the hillside in the late winter you will find sweet flowers growing there beneath the cold drifts, unharmed by the storm and by the snowy blankets that have covered them. So should we keep our hearts tender and sensitive beneath life's fiercest winter blasts, and through the longest years of suffering and even of injustice and wrong treatment. That is true, victorious living.—J. R. Miller, D. D., in Detroit Free Press.

A New Decoration Article.

The latest thing to be utilized by the grasping decorator is the ribbed pasteboard similar to that in which bottles are wrapped. This dull, tinted, corrugated surface has attracted their artistic eyes, and they have boldly seized upon it to accomplish some very good effects. As usual, they take the country houses for their daring experiments, because there one expects, or at least forgives any bizarre scheme in the way of decoration. The pasteboard is used in its natural color or a sort of coffee brown, or it is sometimes painted over in a dull red, green or yellow.—N. Y. Post.

Had Proof Enough.

Gusher—So you think alcohol bad for the memory? Lusher—Yes, indeed! It has often made me forget myself.—San Francisco Examiner.

When Hot Don't sweat and fret, but keep cool and take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is good advice, as you will find if you follow it. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a first-class summer medicine, because it is so good for the stomach, so cooling to the blood, so helpful to the whole body. Make no mistake, but get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla America's Greatest Medicine. Hood's Pills cure Liver Bile; easy to take, easy to operate.

Remember the name when you buy again Battle-Ax PLUG

All Kinds of Stamps. There are stamps and stamps, and the banks are worthily aware that there are. The record of one Boston bank for stamps received on checks is this: Internal revenue stamps of the '60s. Regular postage stamps. Omaha postage stamps. Proprietary stamps. Documentary stamps of 1898. Postage due stamps. The receipt of two one-cent "postage due" on a check broke the record. How anybody outside of the post office department could have had them in possession to put on is how the mystery.—Boston Transcript.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pains and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Englishman Kicked. New Arrival—How much is the fare from New York to San Francisco? Ticket Agent—One hundred dollars. "You bloomin' robber! I can travel clear across England for \$20!"—Puck.

Wheat 40 Cents a Bushel. How to grow wheat with big profit at 40 cents and samples of Salzer's Red Cross (89 bushels per acre) Winter Wheat, Rye, Oats, Clovers, etc., with Farm Seed Catalogue for 40 cents. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

Misunderstood. "How much is a ticket, mistah?" "Fifty cents is for the grand stand." "How much is de tickets for to sit down, mistah?"—Up to Date.

Immediate Reconciliation. She—You know you married me, John Henry, to get into good society? He (having stopped to count five)—Of course I did, dear. And I got into it, too—your society.—Chicago Tribune.

To Care a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. Bacon—"Are the flies bad up your way?" Egbert—"I think not. A great many of them seem to go to church Sundays."—Yonkers Statesman.

TO MRS. PINKHAM From Mrs. Walter E. Budd, of Pat- chogue, New York.

Mrs. Budd, in the following letter, tells a familiar story of weakness and suffering, and thanks Mrs. Pinkham for complete relief:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I think it is my duty to write to you and tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I feel like another woman. I had such dreadful headaches through my temples and on top of my head, that I nearly went crazy; was also troubled with chills, was very weak; my left side from my shoulders to my waist pained me terribly. I could not sleep for the pain. Plasters would help for a while, but as soon as taken off, the pain would be just as bad as ever. Doctors prescribed medicine, but it gave me no relief.

"Now I feel so well and strong, have no more headaches, and no pain in side, and it is all owing to your Compound. I cannot praise it enough. It is a wonderful medicine. I recommend it to every woman I know."

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