

THE COTIER CHILD'S LULLABY.

Bright on the hearth are the flame-billows leaping. Lurid and live do the live embers glow. While the old iron tea kettle, singing and hopping...



PART IV. CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"Well, here it is," said Silver. "We want that treasure, and we'll have it—that's our point! You would just as soon save your lives, I reckon; and that's yours. You have a chart, haven't you?"

"That's as may be," replied the captain. "Oh, well, you have, I know that," returned Long John. "You needn't be so hunky with a man; there ain't a particle of service in that, and you may lay to it. What I mean is, we want your chart. Now, I never meant you no harm, myself."



"Refuse that and you have seen the last of me but musket balls," cried Silver.

treasure by, and drop shooting poor seamen and stoving in their heads while asleep. You do that, and we'll offer you a choice. Either you come along aboard of us, once the treasure shipped, and then I'll give you my affidavit, upon my word of honor, to clap you somewhere's safe ashore. Or, if that ain't your fancy, some of my hands, being rough, and having old scores on account of hazing, then you can stay here, you can. We'll divide stores with you, man for man, and I'll give you my affidavit, as before, to speak the first ship I sight, and send 'em here to pick you up. Now, you'll own that's talking. Handsomer, you couldn't look to get, not you. And I hope—raising his voice—"that all hands in this here blockhouse will overhaul my words, for what is spoke to one is spoke to all."

I stand here and tell you so, and they're the last good words you'll get from me; for, in the name of Heaven, I'll put a bullet in your back when next I meet you. Tramp, my lad. Bundle out of this, please, hand over hand, and double quick." Silver's face was a picture; his eyes started in his head with wrath. He shook the fire out of his pipe. "Give me a hand up!" he cried. "Not I," returned the captain. "Who'll give me a hand up?" he roared.

CHAPTER XXI. THE ATTACK.

As soon as Silver disappeared, the captain, who had been closely watching him, turned toward the interior of the house, and found not a man of us at his post but Gray. It was the first time he had ever seen him angry.

"Quarters!" he roared. And then, as we all slunk back to our places, "Gray," he said, "I'll put your name in the log; you've stood by your duty like a seaman. Mr. Trelawney, I'm surprised at you, sir. Doctor, I thought you had worn the king's coat! If that was how you served at Fontenoy, sir, you'd have been better in your berth."

The doctor's watch were all back at their loop-holes, the rest were busy loading the spare muskets, and every one with a red face, you may be certain, and a flea in his ear, as the saying is. The captain looked on for awhile in silence. Then he spoke. "My lads," he said, "I've given Silver a broadside. I pitched it in red-hot on purpose; and before the hour's out, as he said, we shall be boarded. We're outnumbered, I needn't tell you that, but we fight in shelter; and, a minute ago, I should have said we fought with discipline. I've no manner of doubt that we can crush them, if you choose."

Then he went the rounds, and saw, as he said, that all was clear. On the two short sides of the house, east and west, there were only two loop-holes; on the south side where the porch was, two again; and on the north side, five. There was a round score of muskets for the seven of us; the firewood had been built into four piles—tables, you might say—one about the middle of each side, and on each of these tables some ammunition and four loaded muskets were laid ready to the hand of the defenders. In the middle, the cutlasses lay ranged.

"Toss out the fire," said the captain; "the chill is past, and we mustn't have smoke in our eyes."

The iron fire basket was carried bodily out by Mr. Trelawney, and the embers smothered among sand. "Hawkins hasn't had his breakfast. Hawkins, help yourself, and back to your post to eat it," continued Capt. Smollett. "Lively, now, my lad; you'll want it before you've done. Hunter, serve out a round of brandy to all hands."

And while this was going on the captain completed, in his own mind, the plan of the defense.

"Doctor, you will take the door," he resumed. "See and don't expose yourself; keep within, and fire through the porch. Hunter, take the east side, there. Joyce, you stand by the west, my man. Mr. Trelawney, you are the best shot—you and Gray take this long north side, with the five loop-holes; it's there the danger is. If they can get up to it, and fire in upon us through our own ports, things would begin to look dirty. Hawkins, neither you nor I are much account at the shooting; we'll stand by to load and bear a hand."

As the captain had said, the chill was past. As soon as the sun had climbed above our girdle of trees it fell with all its force upon the clearing and drank up the vapors at a draught. Soon the sand was baking, and the resin melting in the logs of the block-house. Jackets and coats were flung aside; shirts were thrown open at the neck and rolled up to the shoulders; and we stood there, each at his post, in a fever of heat and anxiety.

An hour passed away. "Hang them!" said the captain. "This is as dull as the doldrums. Gray, whistle for a wind."

And just at that moment came the first news of the attack. "If you please, sir," said Joyce, "if I see anyone, am I to fire?" "I told you so!" cried the captain. "Thank you, sir," returned Joyce, with the same quiet civility.

Nothing followed for a time; but the remark had set us all on the alert, straining ears and eyes—the musketeers with their pieces balanced in their hands, the captain out in the middle of the block-house, with his mouth very tight and a frown on his face. So some seconds passed, till suddenly Joyce whipped up his musket and fired. The report had scarcely died away ere it was repeated and repeated from without in a scattering volley, shot behind shot, like a string of geese, from every side of the inclosure. Several bullets struck the log house, but not one entered; and, as the smoke cleared away and vanished, the stockade and the woods around it looked as quiet and empty as before. Not a bough waved, not the gleam of a musket barrel betrayed the presence of our foes.

"Did you hit your man?" asked the captain.

"No, sir," replied Joyce. "I believe not, sir." "Next best thing to tell the truth," muttered Capt. Smollett. "Load his gun, Hawkins. How many should you say there were on your side, doctor?" "I know precisely," said Dr. Livesey. "Three shots were fired on this side. I saw the three flashes—two close together—one further to the west."

"Three!" repeated the captain. "And how many on yours, Mr. Trelawney?" But this was not so easily answered. There had come many from the north—seven, by the squire's computation; eight or nine, according to Gray. From the east and west only a single shot had been fired. It was plain, therefore, that the attack would be developed from the north, and that on the other three sides we were only to be annoyed by a show of hostilities. But Capt. Smollett made no change in his arrangements. If the mutineers succeeded in crossing the stockade, he argued, they would take possession of any unprotected loop hole and shoot us down like rats in our stronghold.

Nor had we much time left to us for thought. Suddenly, with a loud huzza, a little cloud of pirates leaped from the woods on the north side and ran

straight on the stockade. At the same moment the fire was once more opened from the woods, and a rifle ball sung through the doorway and knocked the doctor's musket into bits.

The boarders swarmed over the fence like monkeys. Squire and Gray fired again and yet again; three men fell, one forward into the inclosure, two back on the outside. But of these, one was evidently more frightened than hurt, for he was on his feet again in a crack, and instantly disappeared among the trees.

Two had bit the dust, one had fled, four had made good their footing inside our defenses; while from the shelter of the woods seven or eight men, each evidently supplied with several muskets, kept up a hot though useless fire on the log house.

The four who had boarded made straight before them for the building, shouting as they ran, and the men among the trees shouted back to encourage them. Several shots were fired, but such was the hurry of the marksmen that not one appeared to have taken effect. In a moment the four pirates had swarmed up the mound and were upon us.

The head of Job Anderson, the boatswain, appeared at the middle loop-hole. "At 'em—all hands!" he roared, in a voice of thunder.

At the same moment another pirate grasped Hunter's musket by the muzzle, wrenched it from his hands, plucked it through the loophole, and with one stunning blow, laid the poor fellow senseless on the floor. Meanwhile a third, running unharmed all round the house, appeared suddenly in the doorway, and fell with his cutlass on the doctor.

Our position was utterly reversed. A moment since we were firing, under cover, at an exposed enemy; now it was we who lay uncovered, and could not return a blow.

The log house was full of smoke, to which we owed our comparative safety. Cries and confusion, the flashes and reports of pistol shots and one loud groan rang in my ears.

"Out, lads, out, and fight 'em in the open! Cutlasses!" cried the captain. I snatched a cutlass from the pile, and some one at the same time snatching another gave me a cut across the knuckles, which I hardly felt. I dashed out of the door into the clear sunlight. Some one was close behind, I know not who. Right in front, the doctor was pursuing his assailant down the hill, and, just as my eyes fell upon him, beat down his guard and sent him sprawling on his back, with a great slash across his face.

"Round the house, lads! round the house!" cried the captain; and even in the hurly-burly I perceived a change in his voice.

Mechanically I obeyed, turned eastward, and, with my cutlass raised, ran round the corner of the house. Next moment I was face to face with Anderson. He roared aloud, and his hanger went up above his head, flashing in the sunlight. I had not time to be afraid, but, as the blow still hung impending, leaped in a trice upon one side, and, missing my foot in the soft sand, rolled headlong down the slope.

When I had first sallied from the door the other mutineers had been already swarming up the palisade to make an end of us. One man, in a red night-cap, with his cutlass in his mouth, had even got upon the top and thrown a leg across. Well, so short had been the interval, that when I found my feet again all was in the same posture, the fellow with the red night-cap still half-way over another still just showing his head above the top of the stock-

ade. And yet, in this breath of time, the fight was over, and the victory ours.

Gray, following close behind me, had cut down the big boatswain ere he had time to recover from his lost blow. Another had been shot at a loophole in the very act of firing into the house, and now lay in agony, the pistol still smoking in his hand. A third, as I had seen, the doctor had disposed of at a blow. Of the four who had reeled the palisade, one only remained unaccounted for, and he, having left his cutlass on the field, was now clambering out again with the fear of death upon him.

"Fire—fire from the house!" cried the doctor. "And you, lads, back into cover."

But his words were unheeded, no shot was fired, and the last boarder made good his escape, and disappeared with the rest into the wood. In three seconds nothing remained of the attacking party but the five who had fallen, four on the inside, and one on the outside, of the palisade.

The doctor and Gray and I ran full speed for shelter. The survivors would soon be back where they had left their muskets, and at any moment the fire might recommence.

The house was by this time somewhat cleared of smoke, and we saw at a glance the price we had paid for victory. Hunter lay beside his loop-hole, stunned; Joyce by his, shot through the head, never to move again; while right in the center, the squire was supporting the captain, one as pale as the other.

"The captain's wounded," said Mr. Trelawney. "Have they run?" asked Mr. Smollett. "All that could, you may be bound," returned the doctor; "but there's five of them will never run again."

"Five!" cried the captain. "Come, that's better. Five against three leaves us four to nine. That's better odds than we had at starting. We were seven to nineteen then, or thought we were, and that's as bad to bear."

"The mutineers were soon only eight in number, for the man shot by Mr. Trelawney on board the schooner died that same evening of his wound. But this was, of course, not known till after by the faithful party."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ready for Winter.

Teachers in the public schools of a large city hear many stories, some of them amusing, some of them pathetic. A young woman who teaches in a kindergarten in Boston, upon learning that one of her little pupils was sick, went to visit her. The teacher had been to Katie's home before, and so had no difficulty in finding the two little rooms at the top of a tenement house where Katie and her mother lived. The mother was absent, and Katie, well wrapped up, was sitting up in bed. After the usual inquiries and condolences, the teacher noticed that the little girl seemed to speak with some difficulty, and said:

"Katie, I am going to examine your lungs."

"Yes'm," responded the child, dutifully, and Miss C— began to loosen the child's waist. After removing it she found layer after layer of flannel, which she unfastened with some difficulty. Satisfying herself that there was no danger of pneumonia, she began to replace the child's dress, when Katie began to cry.

"My mother'll be awful mad at you when she gets home and finds what you've done."

"Why, Katie, what have I done?" "You've unfastened all my flannels, and ma had just got me sewed up for the winter!"—Youth's Companion.

An Anecdote by Mark Twain.

Years ago, as I have been told, a widowed descendant of the Audubon family, in desperate need, sold a perfect copy of Audubon's "Birds" to a commercially minded scholar in America for \$100. The book was worth \$1,000 in the market. The scholar complimented himself upon his shrewd stroke of business. That was not Hammond Trumbull's style. After the war a lady in the far south wrote him that among the wreckage of her better days she had a book which some had told her was worth \$100, and had advised her to offer it to him; she added that she was very poor, and that if he would buy it at that price, it would be a great favor to her. It was Elliot's Indian Bible. Trumbull answered that if it was a perfect copy it had an established market value, like a gold coin, and was worth \$1,000; that if she would send it to him he would examine it, and if it proved to be perfect he would sell it to the British museum and forward the money to her. It did prove to be perfect, and she got her \$1,000 without delay, and intact.—Century.

The Tables Turned.

On one occasion when a well-known wit was listening to the band on the pier at Brighton, some medical students who happened to be there thought they would have a joke with him, and accordingly one of their number went up with outstretched hand and said:

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. —! How do you do?"

"I am quite well, thank you," replied he, "but I really have not had the honor of your acquaintance."

"What," said the student, "you don't know me! Why, I met you at the Zoo."

"Young man, accept my apologies; but really I saw so many monkeys there that it is impossible for me to recognize them all again!"—Tit-Bits.

Everybody Satisfied.

"Who's dead?" inquired a man of the sexton who was digging a grave. "Old Squire Bumblebee."

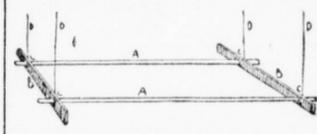
"What complaint?" "Sexton (without looking up)—No complaint. Everybody's satisfied.—What to Eat.



SENSIBLE PERCHES.

When Once Tried Hanging Roosts Will Take the Place of the Old Kind Everywhere.

It is a continual source of surprise that the poultry fraternity so slowly adopts the method of hanging perches, shown in accompanying drawing. The old style of fastening perches to wall, floor or dropping platform is a standing invitation to red mites, which usually occupy the perches entirely too much, at best. Perches, walls, platform, floor, all are accessible to lice when perches are directly attached or supported on trestles or timbers of any kind. Basing my assertion on actual experience, I assert that it requires several times as much effort and labor to keep poultry houses clean and free from lice by the old method as by the new one here described. It is possible that in extreme cases the lice may travel up and down the wires, but I do not know that it has been done. To prevent such contingency, place a touch of tar on each wire, or occasionally rub same with oil or grease.



IMPROVED PERCHES.

A, A, perches; B, B, perch supports; C, C, C, notches in B, B, to hold perches. D, D, D, D, wire hung from ceiling or side walls. Make perch poles shorter than the building is wide, and hang the supports so that neither perches nor cross pieces touch the building at any point. Use as many poles as desired. Make the supports of one by four-inch stuff, and long enough to accommodate your required number of poles. Cut notches in the supports one inch deep for the poles to rest in. Fasten a wire to each end of support and attach by staples to ceiling or side walls in such manner that the wires may be unhooked and removed for cleaning. Hang the perches level. Occasionally rub them with kerosene oil and there will be few lice.—Homer W. Jackson, in Agricultural Epitomist.

REMOVING HONEY.

Recent Invention Has Made the Once Dreaded Operation Comparatively Pleasant.

Among the recent inventions in bee-keeping there is nothing of more importance than the little bee escape. It is a very simple arrangement, easily operated and does not cost much. It overcomes to a great extent the laborious work of brushing bees from sections or frames in removing either comb or extracted honey from the hive. The escape consists of a small tin box with two small springs which nearly come together at the point, V-shape. The bees pass out between the springs at the point and cannot get back. To operate the escape, get a half-inch board the size of the top of the hive; cut a mortise in the center a little longer than the escape and place the escape in the mortise. The board should have a small strip about one-fourth of an inch thick nailed around both sides to form a bee space between the surplus case and also the brood chamber.

In using the escape I always lift the surplus case and put an empty case in its place, then put the escape board between the two cases, putting the case of honey and bees on top of the empty case, and also the escape board. If the escape is put on the hive in the evening the bees will be nearly all down in the empty case by morning. I propose to put the escape on in the evening, so the bees will be ready to go to work in the morning, if honey is coming in in sufficient quantities the empty case should be filled with sections, so that the bees will lose no time; remove the case of honey in the morning, or as soon as the bees are nearly all out. If the season is over and the bees are not very active they will be slower in going out of the case. I like to get the honey off as soon as possible, so there will be no danger of robbing should there happen to be any way for bees to get in. It is a great satisfaction to be able to remove sections from the case without being bothered with a great lot of bees to brush off.—E. S. Mead, in Ohio Farmer.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Use plenty of lime about the stable. Nobody ever saw a successful farmer who had inferior stock.

Try to hire brains when you hire a farmhand. Brains pay everywhere.

Use light tools in working on the farm and always have them in good order.

Blue grass has strong roots, and hence will stand a good deal of dry weather.

Cut the burdock off just below the crown and it will be the last of the burdock.

Parsnips are a good vegetable, although some people do not seem to realize it.

Cows are apt to shrink their milk for a time when changed from one food to another, although the latter food may be the best. Why, we do not know.—Western Plowman.

\$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 Housler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY AUGIER, President.

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