

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

I rise exultant from the mountain's crown. Leaping, sparkling, Through dark and rocky courses rushing down. Shining, sparkling, I throw my spray to kiss the ferns and daisies. And keep them green; The harebell and the lily sing my praises And o'er me lean.



PART V.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

We were both of us capsized in a second, and both of us rolled, almost together, into the scuppers, the dead red-cap, with his arms still spread out, tumbling stiffly after us. So near were we, indeed, that my head came against the cocks' foot with a crack that made my teeth rattle. Blow and all, I was the first afloat again, for Hands had got involved with the dead body. The sudden canting of the ship had made the deck no place for running on; I had to find some new way of escape, and that upon the instant, for my foe was almost touching me. Quick as thought I sprang into the mizzen shrouds, rattled up hand over hand, and did not draw a breath till I was seated on the cross-trees.

I had been saved by being prompt; the dirk had struck not a half foot below me, as I pursued my upward flight; and there stood Israel Hands with his mouth open and face upturned to mine, a perfect statue of surprise and disappointment.

Now that I had a moment to myself, I lost no time in changing the priming of my pistol, and then, having one ready for service, and to make assurance doubly sure, I proceeded to draw the load of the other and recharge it afresh from the beginning.

My new employment struck Hands all of a heap; he began to see the dice going against him; and after an obvious hesitation, he again hauled himself heavily into the shrouds, and, with dirk in his teeth, began slowly and painfully to mount. It cost him no end of time and groans to haul his wounded leg behind him, and I had quietly finished my arrangements before he was much more than a third of the way up. Then, with a pistol in either hand, I addressed him.

"One more step, Mr. Hands," said I, "and I'll blow your brains out! Dead men don't bite, you know," I added, with a chuckle.

He stopped instantly. I could see by the workings of his face that he was trying to think, and the process was so slow and laborious that, in my newfound security, I laughed aloud. At last, with a swallow or two, he spoke, his face still wearing the same expression of extreme perplexity. In order to speak he had to take the dagger from his mouth, but in all else he remained unmoved.

"Jim," says he, "I reckon we're fouled, you and me, and we'll have to sign articles. I'd have had you but for that lure; but I don't have no luck, not I; and I reckon I'll have to strike, which comes hard, you see, for a master mariner to a ship's younker like you, Jim."

I was drinking in his words and smiling away, as conceited as a cock upon a walk, when, all in a breath, back went his right hand over his shoulder. Something sung like an arrow through the air, I felt a blow and then a sharp pang, and there I was pinned by the shoulder to the mast. In the horrid pain and surprise of the moment—I scarce can say it was by my own volition, and I am sure it was without a conscious aim—both my pistols went off, and both escaped out of my hands. They did not fall alone; with a choked cry the cocks' foot loosed his grasp upon the shrouds and plunged head first into the water.

CHAPTER XXVII. "PIECES OF EIGHT."

Owing to the cant of the vessel the masts hung far out over the water, and from my perch on the cross-trees I had nothing below me but the surface of the bay. Hands, who was not so far up, was, in consequence, nearer to the ship, and fell between me and the bulwarks. He rose once to the surface in a lather of foam and blood and then sunk again for good. As the water settled I could see him lying huddled together on the clean, bright sand in the shadow of the vessel's sides. A fish or two whipped past his body. Sometimes, by the quivering of the water, he appeared to move a little, as if he were trying to rise. But he was dead enough, for all that, being both shot and drowned, and was food for fish in the very place where he had designed my slaughter.

I was no sooner certain of this than I began to feel sick, faint and terrified. The hot blood was running over my back and chest. The dirk, where it had pinned my shoulder to the mast, seemed to burn like a hot iron; yet it was not so much these real sufferings that distressed me, for these, it seemed to me, I could bear without a murmur; it was the horror I had upon

my mind of falling from the cross-trees into that still green water, beside the body of the cocks' wain. I clung with both hands till my nails ached, and I shut my eyes as if to cover up the peril. Gradually my mind came back again, my pulse quieted down to a more natural time, and I was once more in possession of myself. It was my first thought to pluck forth the dirk; but either it stuck too hard or my nerve failed me, and I desisted with a violent shudder. Oddly enough that very shudder did the business. The knife, in fact, had come the nearest in the world to missing me altogether; it held me by a mere pinch of skin, and this the shudder tore away. The blood ran down the faster, to be sure; but I was my own master again and only tacked to the mast by my coat and shirt.

These last I broke through with a sudden jerk and then regained the deck by the starboard shrouds. For nothing in the world would I have again ventured, shaken as I was, upon the overhanging port shrouds, from which Israel had so lately fallen. I went below and did what I could for my wound; it pained me a great deal and still bled freely; but it was neither deep nor dangerous, nor did it greatly grieve me when I used my arm. Then I looked around me, and as the ship was now, in a sense, my own, I began to think of clearing it from its last passenger—the dead man, O'Brien. He had pitched, as I have said, against the bulwarks, where he lay like some horrible, ungainly sort of puppet; life-size, indeed, but how different from life's color or life's comeliness! In that position I could easily have my way with him, and as the habit of tragical adventures had worn off almost all my terror for the dead, I took him by the waist as if he had been a sack of bran and, with one good heave, tumbled him overboard. He went in with a sounding plunge, the red cap came off and remained floating on the surface, and as soon as the splash subsided I could see him and Israel lying side by side, both wavering with the tremulous movement of the water. O'Brien, though still quite a young man, was very bald. There he lay, with that bald head across the knees of the man who had killed him and the quick fishes steering to and fro over both.

I was now alone upon the ship; the tide had just turned. The sun was within so few degrees of setting that already the shadow of the pines upon the western shore began to reach right across the anchorage and fall in patterns on the deck. The evening breeze had sprung up, and though it was well warded off by the hill with the two peaks upon the east, the cordage had begun to sing a little softly to itself and the idle sails to rattle to and fro. I began to see a danger to the ship. The jibs I speedily doused and brought

tumbling to the deck; but the mainsail was a harder matter. Of course, when the schooner canted over the boom had swung out-board and the cap of it and a foot or two of sail hung even under water. I thought this made it still more dangerous; yet the strain was so heavy that I half feared to meddle. At last I got my knife and cut the balyards. The peak drooped instantly, a great belly of loose canvas floated broad upon the water, and since, pull as I liked, I could not budge the downhaul, that was the extent of what I could accomplish. For the rest, the "Hispaniola" must trust to luck, like myself.

By this time the whole anchorage had fallen into shadow—the last rays, I remember, falling through a glade of the wood and shining, bright as jewels, on the flowery mantle of the wreck. It began to be chill, the tide was rapidly fleeing seaward, the schooner settling more and more on her beam-ends. I scrambled forward and looked over. It seemed shallow enough and, holding the cut hawser in both hands for a last security, I let myself drop softly overboard. The water scarcely reached my waist, the sand was firm and covered with ripple marks, and I waded ashore in great spirits, leaving the "Hispaniola" on her side, with her mainsail trailing wide upon the surface of the bay. About the same time the sun went fairly down and the breeze whistled low in the dusk among the tossing pines.

At last, and at last, I was off the sea, nor had I returned thence empty-handed. There lay the schooner, clear at last from buccannery and ready for our own men to board and get to sea again. I had nothing nearer my fancy than to get home to the stockade and boast of my achievements. Possibly I might be blamed a bit for my truancy, but the recapture of the "Hispaniola" was a clinching answer, and I hoped that even Capt. Smollett would confess I had not lost my time.

So thinking, and in famous spirits, I began to set my face homeward for the block-house and my companions. I remembered that the most easterly of the rivers which drain into Capt. Kidd's anchorage ran from the two-peaked hill upon my left, and I bent my course in that direction that I might pass the stream while it was small. The wood



was pretty open, and, keeping along the lower spurs, I soon turned the corner of that hill, and not long after waded to the mid-calf across the water course. This brought me near to where I encountered Ben Gunn, the maroon, and I walked more circumspectly, keeping an eye on every side. The dusk had come nigh hand completely, and, as I opened out the cleft between the two peaks, I became aware of a wavering glow against the sky, where, as I judged, the man of the island was cooking his supper before a roaring fire. And yet I wondered, in my heart, that he should show himself so careless. For if I could see this radiance, might it not reach the eye of Silver himself where he camped upon the shore among the marshes?

Gradually the night fell blacker; it was all I could do to guide myself even roughly toward my destination; the double hill behind me and the Spy-glass on my right hand loomed faint and fainter; the stars were few and pale; and in the low ground where I wandered I kept tripping among the bushes and rolling into sandy pits.

Suddenly a kind of brightness fell about me. I looked up; a pale glimmer of moonbeams had alighted on the summit of the Spy-glass, and soon after I saw something broad and silvery moving low down behind the trees, and knew the moon had risen. With this to help me I passed rapidly over what remained to me of my journey; and, sometimes walking, sometimes running, impatiently drew near to the stockade. Yet, as I began to thread the grove that lies before it, I was not so thoughtless but that I slacked my pace and went a trifle warily. It would have been a poor end to my adventures to get shot down by my own party in mistake.

The moon was climbing higher and higher; its light began to fall here and there in masses through the more open districts of the wood, and right in front of me a glow of a different color appeared among the trees. It was red and hot, and now and again it was a little darkened—as it were the embers of a bonfire smoldering. For the life of me I could not think what it might be. At last I came right down upon the borders of the clearing. The western end was already steeped in moonshine; the rest, and the block-house itself, still lay in a black shadow, checkered with long silvery streaks of light. On the other side of the house an immense fire had burned itself into clear embers, and shed a steady, red reverbation, contrasted strongly with the mellow paleness of the moon. There was not a soul stirring, nor a sound beside the noises of the breeze.

I stopped, with much wonder in my heart, and perhaps a little terror also. It had not been our way to build great fires; we were, indeed, by the captain's orders, somewhat niggardly of firewood; and I began to fear that something had gone wrong while I was absent. I stole round by the eastern end, keeping close in shadow, and at a convenient place where the darkness was thickest, crossed the palisade. To make assurance surer, I got upon my hands and knees, and crawled, without a word, toward the corner of the house. As I drew nearer, my heart was suddenly and greatly lightened. It was not a pleasant noise in itself, and I had often complained of it at other times, but just then it was like music to hear my friends snoring together so loud and peaceful in their sleep. The sea-cry of the watch, that beautiful "All's well," never fell more reassuringly on my ear.

In the meantime, there was no doubt of one thing; they kept an infamous bad watch. If it had been Silver and his lads that were now creeping in on them, not a soul would have seen daybreak. That was what it was, thought I, to have the captain wounded; and again I blamed myself sharply for leaving them in that danger with so few to mount guard. By this time I had got to the door and stood up. All was dark within, so that I could distinguish nothing by the eye. As for sounds, there was the steady drone of the snorers, and a small occasional noise, a flickering or pecking that I could in no way account for. With my arms before me I walked steadily in. I should lie down in my own place (I thought, with a silent chuckle) and enjoy their faces when they found me in the morning. My foot struck something yielding—it was a sleeper's leg; and he turned and groaned, but without awaking. And then, all of a sudden, a shrill voice broke forth out of the darkness: "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!" and so forth, without pause or change, like the clacking of a tiny mill.

Silver's green parrot, Capt. Flint! It was she whom I had heard pecking at a piece of bark; it was she, keeping better watch than any human being, who thus announced my arrival with her wearisome refrain. I had no time left me to recover. At the sharp, clipping tone of the parrot, the sleepers awoke and sprung up; and with a mighty oath, the voice of Silver cried: "Who goes?" I turned to run, struck violently against one person, recoiled, and ran full into the arms of a second, who, for his part, closed upon and held me tight. "Bring a torch, Dick," said Silver, when my capture was thus assured. And one of the men left the log-house, and presently returned with a lighted brand. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Step Was Necessary. Mrs. Kruger—I understand that Mr. Tallman kissed you on the steps last night. Miss Kruger—Why, yes, mamma; he's so tall he had to.—Odds and Ends.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"My husband is hard to please," "He must have changed considerably since his marriage."—Vanity Fair.

Tagleigh—"What is the Spanish method of defense?" Wagleigh—"Establishing an alibi."—Town Topics.

Birdie—"There's a Frenchman behind us; I'd better tell you this in English." Bertie—"On the contrary, you'd be safer if you were to speak French."—Judy.

Polite Young Man (in street car)—"You are at liberty, madam, to take my seat." Woman Suffragist (daring up)—"No liberties, sir; no liberties!"—Boston Herald.

"I used to fondly hope that some day I would have lots of money," "And now?" "Now I would be thankful if I could only dream, some night, that I was rich."—Chicago Daily News. "Did you get back that gold five dollars which your little boy swallowed?" "No; the doctor said he would keep it in memory of one of the most remarkable cases that have come under his observation."—Goteborgs Aftonblad.

The grammar was giving little Tommy a grammar lesson the other day. "An abstract noun," she said, "is the name of something which you can think of but not touch. Can you give me an example?" Tommy—"A red-hot poker!"—Bangor News.

Mrs. Greene—"Now, tell me truly, do you believe it is any benefit to punish children?" Mrs. Berch—"Certainly. You can't imagine how much better I feel after I've given Tom and Mabel a good trouncing."—San Francisco Evening Post.

VISIT TO EL MISTI.

It is a Long and Hard Climb to Harvard's Lofy Meteorological Station There.

To the Harvard university belongs the credit of having established the highest meteorological station in the world. It is nearly four miles above the sea level, and is situated on the summit of El Misti, a quiescent volcano near Arequipa, Peru. The main station connected with the Harvard observatory is at Arequipa itself at an altitude of 8,059 feet. There are seven other stations at varying altitudes, including one at the base of El Misti, 15,700 feet above the sea level. The one on the summit is at an altitude of 19,200, about 3,500 feet higher than the meteorological station on Mount Blanc. These observatories were established under the will of Uriah A. Boyden in 1891 and subsequent years, the one on the summit of El Misti being started in October, 1893, by Prof. Solon I. Bailey, then in charge of the Arequipa observatory, after an unsatisfactory trial of a station established by Prof. William H. Pickering in the preceding year on Charcani at an elevation of 16,650 feet.

The trip to the summit is by no means an easy one, and the altitude of the Misti is so great that almost everyone going up suffers from mountain sickness. Although it has thus far been impossible, in view of the great altitude and the distance of the Misti station, to secure complete and continuous records from it, still the broken records which have been obtained are so interesting that this to a considerable extent makes up for their fragmental character. The writer visited the Misti station twice during a recent stay of three months in Arequipa. The trip up and back occupies two days, and is accomplished entirely on muleback.

It is, of course, an extremely fortunate circumstance that no physical exertion need be made in the ascent, for if persons unaccustomed to climbing at high altitudes were obliged to go on foot up the mountains they would doubtless suffer severely from mountain sickness, for it is well known that exercise always increases the disagreeable symptoms of this malady.

At the height of 13,400 feet, where it was necessary to walk about 300 feet slightly uphill to visit the instrument shelter, the writer was obliged to walk slowly, and even then got quite out of breath, but no considerable effects of the altitude were noticed until after the arrival at the "M. B." hut, at the altitude of 15,700 feet. Here the slight exertion of dismounting from the mule and walking into the hut brought on a violent headache, and the feeling of exhaustion was so great that any exercise, even of the most trifling character, seemed impossible.

While the ascent of the Misti is a very easy one, and is not for a moment to be compared to the difficult climb up such mountains as Aconcagua or Mount Blanc, the altitude is so great that a study of the physiological effects it produces is interesting. The writer fared very well, better, in fact, than most of those who have made the ascent. One of the former assistants of the observatory, to be sure, made the trip more than 50 times, and never experienced any discomfort, and one gentleman who was able to smoke there. These, however, are the exceptions. Almost everyone has headache, nausea, and a feeling of intense weakness, and many are subject to faintness. The experience of the native guides, who are of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, is very striking in contrast to that of foreigners. These natives are usually able to walk all the way to the summit from the hut without any difficulty, and feel as well on the top as they do at the base.—Boston Transcript.

Artificial Propagation.

The Chinese have devoted themselves for nearly 4,000 years to the artificial propagation of fishes, shell-fishes and fowls, pearls and sponges.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

KNOWLEDGE ENOUGH.

Although She Was from Boston She Cared Not for a Higher Subject Than Beans.

Notwithstanding her nose turned up, there were specs on it, and she was from Boston, which may be considered to be competent testimony that heredity isn't everything. She was visiting in Brooklyn before the hot spell and the first young man she met was one who prides himself on his intellectuality. Whether anyone else does or not is another story. As it happened, the young man had an opportunity shortly after the meeting to talk with the young woman alone, and he did not fail to throw a few brains at her.

"Ah, Miss Sophia," he said, with a soulful yearn in his gentle voice, "I presume you attend several of the numerous schools of philosophy in white; Boston is so rich and Brooklyn is so poor?" "I am sorry," she hesitated, "but really, Mr. Blank, I do not attend any."

"And does not the subjective idealism of existence in delightful Boston profoundly affect the reality of your Ego?" "So far I have not observed that it did," she said, apologetically. "The sphere of your knowledge must be far wider than it is with us."

"No," she answered, measuring her words carefully. "I should say it was not. Don't you know as long as we Bostonians know beans when the bag's open, we don't worry overmuch about the rest of it. Why should we? Isn't that enough for us to know?"

THE APPARENT REASON.

She Readily Accounted for the Constant Wearing of the Halos.

Dotty sat on a stool beside her mother looking at the pictures in an old church book. There were angels and cherubim and harpists galore, and in them the child found much to interest her. The last picture in the book was of a dozen or more angels floating on the clouds. Above the head of each shone the symbolic halo. Those halos bothered Dotty. She had never seen such a head dress and she was perplexed.

After a minute's thought she held the book up to her mother and said: "See, mamma, the ladies what's got wings and funny things on their heads."

The mother looked. "Those are angels, dear," she said. "And what's the funny rings on their heads, mamma?" the child asked. "Those are halos, Dotty."

"Do they wear them always, mamma? Does all angels wear them?" "Yes, Dotty. All angels wear them and they wear them all the time."

"When they're in the house?" "Yes, Dotty." "When they're asleep?" "Yes."

"I guess they wear their halos all the time, mamma, 'cause they're afraid if they took 'em off and hung 'em on the hat rack they'd get broke, don't they?"—Detroit Free Press.

When They Knew Him.

"There are plenty of women who would be glad to get me," he said. "Very likely," she replied, pointedly, "but none of them would care to keep you after she once had you."

He went outdoors to say what he wanted to say after that thrust. He felt that he couldn't do justice to it in the house.—Chicago Post.

A SOLDIER'S ESCAPE.

From the Democrat-Messenger, Mt. Sterling, Ill.

When Richmond had fallen and the great commanders had met beneath the historic apple tree at Appomattox, the 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers, prematurely aged, clad in tatters and rags, broken in body but of dauntless spirit, swung into line for the last "grand review" and then quietly marched away to begin life's fray anew amid the hills and valleys of the Keystone State. Among the number Asa Robinson came back to the old home in Mt. Sterling, Ill., back to the friends that he had left at the call to arms four years previous. He went awfully happy, healthy farmer boy in the first flush of vigorous manhood.

He came back a ghost of the self that answered to President Lincoln's call for "300,000 more."

To-day he is an alert, active man and tells the story of his recovery as follows: "I was a great sufferer from sciatica rheumatism almost from the time of my discharge from the army. Most of the time I was confined to my bed, and of any kind, and my sufferings were at all times intense. At times I was bent almost double, and got around only with the greatest difficulty. Nothing seemed to give me permanent relief until three years ago, when my attention was called to some of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had not taken more than half a box when I noticed an improvement in my condition, and I kept on improving steadily. I took three boxes of the pills and at the end of that time was in better condition than at any time since the close of my army service. Since then I have never been bothered with rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only remedy that ever did me any good, and to them I owe my restoration to comparative health. They are a grand remedy."

Unshaken Confidence. "It's always pretty safe to judge a man by the company he keeps." "Oh, I don't know. There are exceptions. My Uncle John's business makes it necessary for him to associate with aldermen a good deal, and still I'd trust him with every dollar I've got in the world."—Chicago Evening News.

His Answer.—Little Ike—"Fader, vot fish 'untoldt vealth?" Old Swindelbaum—"Dot vich der tax assessor don't find: oudt about, mein sohn."—Puck.

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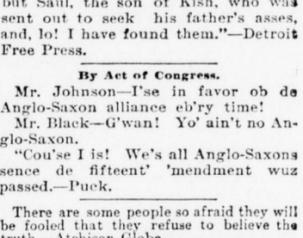
A Farmer's Reporter.

A story is told of Rutherford B. Hayes that while attending school at Kenyon college he was in the habit of taking daily walks in the country. These trips were shared by two intimate companions who were of a fun-loving disposition, which frequently got them into trouble. On one occasion they more than met their match in repartee in an old farmer whom they met on the highway. The long white beard of the farmer gave him a patriarchal appearance, and while he was approaching the students they arranged to give him a "jollying," which eventually terminated in the discomfiture of the youths. One of them doffed his hat with great respect as he said: "Good morning, Father Abraham." The second saluted the farmer saying: "Good morning, Father Isaac." Hayes, not to be outdone in politeness, extended his hand as he said: "Good morning, Father Jacob." Ignoring the outstretched hand of Hayes the farmer replied: "Gentlemen, you are mistaken in the man. I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, who was sent out to seek his father's asses, and, lo! I have found them."—Detroit Free Press.

By Act of Congress. Mr. Johnson—Use in favor of de Anglo-Saxon alliance eb'ry time! Mr. Black—G'wan! Yo' ain't no Anglo-Saxon.

"Cous'e I is! We's all Anglo-Saxons sence de fifteen' 'mendment wuz passed.—Puck.

There are some people so afraid they will be fooled that they refuse to believe the truth.—Acheson Globe.



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