AN END TO ALL TOILING.

There's an end to all toiling some day—sweet day!
But it's weary, the waiting, weary!
There's a harbor somewhere in a peaceful bay,
Where the sails will be furled and the ship will stay
At anchor—somewhere in the far away—
But it's weary, the waiting, weary!

There's an end to the troubles of souls oppressed,
But it's weary, the waiting, weary!
Some time in the future when God thinks best
He'll lay us tenderly down to rest,
And roses'll bloom from the thorns in the breast—
But it's weary, the waiting, weary!

There's an end to the world with its stormy frown,
But it's weary, the waiting, weary!
There's a light somewhere that no cares can drown,
And where life's sad burdens are all laid down,
A crown, thank God! for each cross a crown
But it's weary, the waiting, weary!
—N. Y. Evening World.

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SYNOPSIS.

Master Ardick, just reached his majority and thrown upon his own resources, after stating his case to one Houthwick, a shipmaster, is shipped as second mate on the Industry, bound for Havana. Mr. Tym, the supercargo, descries a sail. The strange vessel gives chase, but is disabled by the Industry's guns. In the fray Capt. Houthwick and one of the crew are killed, but the Industry is found to be little damaged. Sellinger, first mate, takes charge and puts into Sidmouth to secure a new mate. Several days later, when well out to sea, an English merchantman is met, whose captain has a letter addressed to Jeremiah Hope, at Havana. The crew of the vessel tell strange tales of the buccaneer Morgan, who is sailing under the king's commission to take Panama. One night a little later, the English vessel having proceeded on her course, a bit of paper is slipped into Ardick's hand by one of the sailors. This is found to be a warning of a mutiny plot headed by Pradey, the new mate. Ardick consults Mr. Tym. They resolve to secure the mate, but Pradey, eavesdropping in the cabin, makes through the door and arouses the crew. Capt. Sellinger joins Ardick and Tym. The crew break through the now barricaded door, but are forced to retire, having lost seven of their number. Finding themselves now too short-handed to manage the boat, Pradey decides to scuttle and desert the vessel, taking his men off in the only available boat. The captain, supercargo and second mate soon discover their plight, but hastily constructing a raft get away just before their vessel sinks. The next morning a Spaniard draws near them. The man in the rigging shouts: "If you would board us, take to your oars. Be speedy, or you will fall short." On board they are sent forward with the crew, being told they will be sold as slaves on reaching Panama. The ship's cook they find to be Mac Ivrach, "frae Clagvarlooch," so a friend. Four days later the Spaniard is overhauled by a buccaneer flying the English flag. The three Englishmen and Mac Ivrach plan to escape to the buccaneer on a rude raft. Sellinger, the last to attempt to leave the Spaniard, is disabled. Just after the others put off they see a figure dangling from the yard arm, whom they suppose is Capt. Sellinger. Hailing the buccaneer, our three friends find themselves in the hands of their old mate, Pradey. He treats them kindly and offers to do them no harm if they wil but remain quiet concerning the mutiny he headed. The Black Eagle, Pradey's ship, comes to Chagre, Cuba, which town they find Morgan has taken under the English flag. From her the Black Eagle with Morgan's fleet proceeds to Panama. The command consists of about 1,200 men. Having landed, they march on to the city. The assault on the city is begun. Many of the buccaneers fall, and Ardick is wounded. Through the smoke he sees Pradey approaching. The city at last falls. Ardick, coming to, finds Tym had rescued him from Pradey's murderous hand by killing the villain.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

At daybreak the trumpets were blown, and the companies assembled under their respective leaders. Breakfast was hastily eaten, no delays being made for cookery, but all taken cold, and shortly the word was given to march. A little before this we had learned that Morgan's plan was to proceed first to the governor's castle, making a stern show of warlike force on the way, and there Morgan himself would remain, keeping with him 50 men, and the rest were to scatter and plunder and ravage at will. Certain rules, however, were to be observed, one being that all must deposit their spoil in the hall of the castle, where it should remain till the final decision; another was that prisoners—that is, slaves—were to remain the property of those who seized them. If, nevertheless, it was added, any desired to bring their slaves to the castle, having a mind to sell them there, they could do so, and such slaves should be guarded and cared for till their disposal.

The sun was creeping up and the breeze had fallen when at last we taught step and set forward down the chief street of the city. The drums were beating spiritedly and the trumpets sounded thrilling blasts, and with our soldierly array, the headpieces, cuirasses and musket barrels flashing in the sun, I thought we presented a fine and altogether awing spectacle.

The place was deathly quiet. Every house was closed, and as far as we could see down the street not a person was in sight. Still we traveled along, and at last, just as I was wondering at the extent of this part of the city, the street ended, and we broke out into a considerable square, or plaza. Here the buildings were large and of a more pretentious sort than any we had yet seen. All were of stone, some of a brown or reddish color, and some of common stone well set in red cement, but few were above three stories in height. The roofs of all were flat, and most had low parapets, on which stood pots of bright flowers or handsome shrubs, and the walls of some were nearly covered with climbing greenery. Like the street we had left, the plaza was completely deserted, the shutters of every building around being up.

"Hoots!" said Mac Ivrach, in a low tone, "but they hae secreted ilka dog and cat as well as theirsels. I wad be wishing for bit stir o' some sort. Sic stillness no seems canny."

This I conceive pretty well expressed the feelings of us all, who felt a kind of oppression in the continued silence.

Morgan had halted a moment, but presently had us forward again, and without any interruption or change in the appearance of things we continued on till we reached the castle. This was a considerable stone structure, standing on the top of a little plateau, and was defended by high walls and one strong tower.

It looked as though this were an excellent place for a mine or other device, but I was speedily told that this fear was unfounded, for the place had been entered and the chief rooms explored, but nothing in the nature of a trap had been found. The keys had been given to Morgan, and the guns spiked.

We were but a moment in entering, and while one of the captains, at Morgan's command, went up to haul down the Spanish flag and put our own in its place, the different companies were formed up in their order, and the last words of advice and command given. Among other things, all were bidden to be sparing of the wine till it was proven that it was not poisoned, to return to the castle at nightfall, and to hasten thither at once if two successive cannon shots were fired. These were to mean some sudden or imminent danger.

All this being attended to, the companies, save the picked detail to remain with Morgan, broke ranks and shortly quitted the castle.

"There to be removed from the horrors we must see here?" I answered. "I am favorable to it."

"And I," said Mac Ivrach.

But the words were scarce out of his mouth when a man came running out of the opening of the neighbor street and on seeing us pulled up short.

"Saunts and angels defend us!" cried Mac Ivrach, fairly staggering back. "The gaist o' the captain!"

For, indeed, the man appeared to be no other than Capt. Sellinger.

CHAPTER XV.

OF THE CONCLUSION OF OUR GREAT SURPRISE AND WHAT FOLLOWED AT THE HEELS OF IT.

Even Mr. Tym changed color, and for my part my legs grew weak and my heart thumped like a fulling hammer.

"Why, friends, don't ye know me? Do ye take me for a ghost?"

It was the same old hearty, sea-rough voice that we knew so well. It was no spirit, but the man's mortal self!

Mr. Tym was the first to pull himself together. He rushed forward, and with a little cry of gladness seized Sellinger by both hands and danced the strong skipper about. I was next, and could scarce keep back the tears as I gripped the big brown hands. Even Mac Ivrach grinned like a merry-andrew and cut one step of a caper as he took his turn.

"But, man," cried Mr. Tym, as we at last released the skipper and stood delightedly about him, "how can this be? Did we not see you hanged? Aye, dangling your length from the yard-arm of the Pilanca? Why, we made out the very white shirt you have on—surely the only one among the crew!"

The captain first gave a stare of astonishment and incredulity, and then broke into a low whistle.

"Aye, aye, I see how it was. It was the boatswain, Pedillo. Marry, I never thought of your taking him for me! You see the old governor conceived the notion that the fellow was more responsible than anybody else for our little break, and so danced him up to the yard. I believe one of the priests gave him a shirt, or frock, to be turned off in, and so that was where you got your white tog. Aye, aye, I understand the thing now."

And so, of course, did we, and it was simple enough, to be sure.

He asked a question or two in turn, which we answered, and then I went on to inquire how the Spaniards used him after our escape.

"Why, not so bad," he answered. "My wound was attended to, and then I was clapped in the brig. When the ship reached Chagre I was set upon the midships of a mule and brought here. Since then I have lived in the house of —Faith! but that reminds me. I have run at my best speed hither, not alone to sail in your company, but because of another matter of urgency. Will you come along with me and make no stay for questions?"

"Surely!" cried Mr. Tym, without hesitation.

And Mac Ivrach and I said the same.

"Then this way."

He turned, and set off up the same street he had emerged from. I had, of course, noticed his dress and other appearance, ere this, and found that he looked and was habited as formerly. He was armed now, however, being girded with a belt, to which was hung a short hook pistol and a Spanish hanger.

We fetched up at a high stone wall, which I perceived must set off a considerable estate. A little way along this wall was a strong iron gate, the top defended by sharp spikes. The captain plucked a key out of his pocket, with which he unlocked this gate, and, urging us all in before him, hastily locked it again. I now perceived that we were in an extensive garden, fruit and shade trees standing thickly about and the walks bordered with flowers. A little way in the rear I could partly make out a handsome, low stone house. The captain hurried us up the main walk, making no concealment now of speed, and at a fair run we brought up before the door of the house. I perceived then that the place was strong as well as handsome, the building being of some yellowish stone set off with a cage fashion of balconies in the Spanish style. The chief entrance was directly before us, a step leading up to it, and I noticed that the door was a very strong affair and in height and bigness was sufficient for a little church. The captain knocked sharply twice, when the door was slowly opened and an old negro put out his head.

"All's well, Tonto. These are the friends I went to seek."

The old fellow looked at us a little suspiciously, I thought, but without objection stood aside.

"These quarters," said the captain, turning to us, "belong to Don Enrique de Cavodilla. You recall him, I think."

We readily did so, for he was one of the grandees of the Pilanca.

"Well," went on the captain, "he is—or has been—my master, and, having used me very well, I am somewhat beholden to him. Yet even more I would do a good turn to his wife, Dona Isabella, and to his niece, Senorita Carmen. You see now the reason of my hurry."

"Surely," said Mr. Tym, "and we will gladly help you." Mac Ivrach and I also heartily assented.

"I am free to say I know not how the thing is to be managed," said the captain, sinking his tones a little, "but that we will immediately consider. We must first consult the don."

As he spoke a door shut and a man came out at the head of the stairs. Even in the dim light I recognized him at once as the old Spaniard.

He was a tall, spare, erect man, with plenty of gray in his beard and hair, but in bearing still in his strength and prime. He was dressed in the sad-colored velvet of the ship, with the ruffles and other finery.

"Go on, Ardick, and tell him how matters stand," said Sellinger; "I am still without a hold on the rascally Spanish."

"Sir," I said accordingly, stepping to the foot of the stairs, "Capt. Sellinger is here and has brought with him the friends he went out to seek."

"God be praised!" cried the old hidalgo with the deepest heartiness. "Sancta Maria, senor! I never heard sweeter words. Ascend, ascend, you and your friends!"

I briefly translated the don's speech, and with the captain in the lead we mounted the stairs.

The old man met us at the top and somewhat to my discomposure kissed each of us in turn.

"You will save us!" he cried. "You will deliver my wife and the poor child!

"You will deliver my wife and the poor child."

My life is of little worth, but they—Ah, come with me, senores, and assure these poor creatures that you will succor them!"

"Lead on, senor," I said, not a little touched. "Be assured we will do what we can."

He lost no more time, but led us hastily to a rear chamber, where he threw open the door. Two ladies were within, who quickly rose.

The shutters of the windows were open, for the room looked out on an inclosed court, and the bright sunlight, checked merely by the draperies, brought out everything clearly.

I immediately recognized Dona Isabella. She was small and slight, with a proud, handsome face, but a faded skin, and was richly dressed with many bright ribbons and ornaments. Dona Carmen was, as I instantly perceived, passing beautiful. Something tall, and yet of such proportions that she scarce seemed so, she all but startled me with the unusual combination of yellow hair, great Spanish black eyes—I mean those with the wonderful long lashes—a skin Saxon-fair, nose, mouth and chin delicate and in exact harmony, and an expression vivacious and to appearance intelligent.

Don Enrique now flourished us forward.

"Isabella, and you, poor Carmen, here are the brave English friends of Capt. Giles," he said. "Take heart and thank the Virgin, for they have come to deliver us!"

Each lady in turn dropped a stately Spanish courtesy, and with more resolution than I had looked for, though, to be sure, unsteadily, thanked us.

"Well, what is to be done?" said I.

The captain looked at Mr. Tym, and the latter, after a moment's hesitation, said:

"Let us first understand our bearings, captain. What are the private ways out of this place?"

"By the gardens," answered Sellinger, "and rearward through a court to a narrow street. Thence it is a straight course to the water."

"These gardens border upon what?"

"Considerable streets."

"And the ships and boats have all been taken, and our fellows will have an eye upon the water front," said Mr. Tym, shaking his head. "That will not do."

We were silent for a bit, I racking my brains to hit upon something, when he suddenly resumed: "I have a thought. What is to prevent us from claiming these people as our slaves? That will be but one each, which must be safe enough."

I thought he had hit it, and began to say that nothing could be better.

But the captain shook his head. "I fear it will not serve," he said "You must know that Don Enrique and the ladies were yesterday chased and well-nigh captured by a party of buccaneers, and I cannot doubt that the same fellows would know them again. Doubtless they would claim them, under the usual freebooters' rule."

"Why, yes," admitted Mr. Tym, reluctantly, "since such are the facts."

My hopes were suddenly dashed, and I sighed with disappointment.

"But why suld these callants see them?" put in Mac Ivrach. "Can we no hide them awa'?"

"With difficulty," said Mr. Tym. "It might be managed here, but when it came to the march all must come out. Moreover, I doubt whether any place or house would be suffered to remain barred against searching parties. It would be thought some trick was going on, such as plunder hidden away."

"Then," said the captain, "I see but one course to steer. They must fly. The question is whither?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A COUNT'S VISION.

Remarkable Instance of Telegraphic Perception—Foretelling a Tragedy.

I can vouch for the truth of the following interesting case of clairvoyance: On August 12 a young man named Livio Cibrario, belonging to one of the most ancient families of Turin, while attempting to climb the peak of Rocciamelone, in the Maritime Alps, lost his way, and on the following morning a search party found his body, terribly crushed and bruised, at the bottom of a deep crevasse.

Count Cibrario, the unfortunate young man's father, who was at Turin, and knew nothing of his son's expedition to the Rocciamelone, on the night of the accident aroused the rest of the family, announcing with tears that Livio was dead. He had seen him distinctly, he said, blood flowing from his battered head, and had heard these words spoken in a voice of terrible anguish:

"Father, I slipped down a precipice and broke my head, and I am dead, quite dead."

The other members of the family tried in vain to persuade the poor count that the ghastly vision was nothing but a nightmare, and the bereaved father continued in a state of anxiety bordering upon distraction till the morning, when the official confirmation of the terrible accident reached him.

This case of telepathy, or whatever name may be given to similar phenomena, is considered all the more remarkable as Count Cibrario is a very quiet, matter-of-fact person, and has never suffered from disorders of the nervous system or dabbled in spiritism.—Rome Cor. London Mail.

Injustice.

"What did you assault him for?"

"He called me a lobster, your honor."

"Called you a lobster, did he? What is your business?"

"I've got an alley cleaning contract, your honor."

"In this ward?"

"Yes, your honor."

"That's sufficient. I know how the alleys are cleaned in this ward. The lobster, my friend, is a scavenger of the sea, but he is a good scavenger. You are a scavenger on land and a mighty poor one. The lobster is the one to complain of the comparison, and the fine for striking this boy for calling you a lobster will be five dollars and costs. Next!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Pope and the King.

It is not probable that the following from the letter of an American in the early '50s is entirely authentic: "At sunset we reached Gaeta. This place abounds in historical interest, and it is here that the pope found refuge when he fled from the republic in 1849. Among the stories of the place is one to the effect that the pope and the king of Naples, who had come to visit him in exile, went on board an American man-of-war. The commander welcomed them in these terms: 'Pope, how are you? King, how d'ye do? Here Lieut. Jones, you speak French, parley-vous with the pope while king and I go down and take a drink. King, come on."—Chicago Chronicle.

Why They All Bowed.

At an ancient church at Valsbol, in Russia, it has been customary for the congregation to turn to a blank wall and bow reverently before leaving the church. Why they did this nobody knew except that their forefathers had done so, and had handed down the custom. In making some repairs recently the origin of the custom was discovered, for beneath many layers of whitewash and paint a picture was found of the Virgin Mary, which must have stood out brilliantly on the wall five or six centuries ago.

'Tis False.

"Woman's crowning glory is her hair," he quoted.

"Not now," returned his pessimistic friend.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"In many cases now woman's crowning glory is some other woman's hair," answered his pessimistic friend; and before the optimist could indignantly deny the assertion he noticed some of it advertised in the paper he was reading and wisely held his peace.—Chicago Post.

A Helping Hand.

The Landlord (in surprise)—Why, Mr. Hallrume! What are you doing? Putting that butter in your tea?

Mr. Hallrume—I was always taught, Mrs. Starvum, that the strong should help the weak.—Puck.

The "White"

RIDDEN by the professional racer, it has proven a winner oftener than any in competition. Ridden by the non-professional, by the "scorcher," for business or pleasure, it has a record second to none. Material used in its construction, pains-taking care in manufacturing details, ease in running, and handsome, symmetrical design are a few of its claims for superiority. Reasonable prices, coupled with high values, are characteristics of the "WHITE." Our long established reputation guarantees the excellence of our product.

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SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Fulton, Desplaines and Wayman Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

I have used Ripans Tabules with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tabules in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5-cent boxes of the Tabules and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tabules induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now. A. T. DEWITT.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tabules advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tabules. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tabules for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.
MRS. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tabules from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.
MRS. J. BROOKMYRE.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tabules. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bower, Ph. G., 583 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules with grand results.
MISS SUSAN WIRNHAR.

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TRADE RIPANS TABULES MARK

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper indorsing Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tabules regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tabules in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tabules. ANTON H. BLAUKEN.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a saffron color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tabules, I tried them. Ripans Tabules not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tabules. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions. E. W. PRICE.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. Ripans Tabules may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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