THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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State Library July98

Grand Clearance Sale

OF Boots, SHOES and Rubber Goods.

A money saving sale for economical buyers—a sale which will be talked of in every family—a grand cut of prices on all goods, none will be spared. It will pay you to come miles to attend this sale—we need room and must reduce our stock and here are the low prices they will go at.

1 lot ladies' fine dongola pat. tip shoes, regular price $1 50, reduced to.....$ .90
1 lot ladies' waterproof kangaroo calf but. shoes regular price $1 40 reduced to .90
1 lot child's solar tip grain shoes, regular price 75c reduced to..... 50
1 lot men's fine satin calf shoes Eng. Bals., regular price $1.50 reduced to..... 1.00
1 lot ladies' heel and spring heel rubbers, regular price 35c reduced to..... .15
1 lot children's rubbers, regular price 25c, reduced to..... .10
1 lot men's all solid working shoes donble sole and tap, regular price $1.40, reduced to..... 1.00
1 lot ladies' fine dongola hand turn and hand welt shoes, regular price $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00, your choice at..... 2.00
1 lot ladies' warm lined shoes, regular price $1.25, reduced to..... .75
1 lot ladies' warm lined slippers, regular price 90c, reduced to..... .50

A line of holiday slippers which sold at 90c, $1.25 and $1.35 will be closed out at..... .65

Our stock of felt boots and rubber goods to be closed out cheap. Sheffield sole leather by the side 20c per pound and best cut, cut in strips at 25c per pound. Cut soles at 10c per pair. All kinds of findings and shoe-makers supplies at rock bottom prices.

Men's best felt boots with first grade woonsocket overs at.....$1.75
Boy's felts and best overs at..... 1.25
Youth's felts and best overs at..... .90
Men's woonsocket first quality rubber boots at..... 2.00
Boy's woonsocket boots at..... 1.25
Children's rubber boots at..... .75
Boy's storm king rubber boots at..... 1.50
Youth's storm king rubber boots at..... 1.25

JOHN BICKEL.

128 S. MAIN St. BUTLER. PA.

HUSELTON'S Great Mark Down Sale

IN BOOTS and SHOES.

There will be lively shoe selling in this house for some time to come. We have taken the balance of several of our fine lines—sizes are somewhat broken—and marked them down to

About 50c on the Dollar!

Misses' Shoes.

One lot of fine Dongola, plain toe, spring and heel, former price $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00, now 75c and $1.00—sizes 11½.

Children's, same style, 8½ to 11, reduced to 50c and 75c. Sizes 6 to 8, 35c and 50c.

One Lot Women's

Heavy Leather Shoes—former price 1.25; now 75c.

Men's and Boys' Shoes.

One lot of Calf hand-made Congress Shoes, former price $3.00; now $1.50. Sizes 6 to 8.

Boys' Shoes at 75c and $1.00. Sizes 1 to 5½.

Ladies' Shoes.

One lot fine Dongola, lace and button, former price $2.00, $3.00 and $4.00; now $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00. These are mostly narrow widths—A, B and C. Small, narrow feet will have a rare treat.

One lot of Ladies' Lace Shoes, former price $1 25 and $2.00; now 75c and $1.00.

One lot of Ladies' soft Dongola shoes, button and turns, plain and tip, former price $4.00 and $4.50; now $1.50 and $2.00.

Women's Rubbers at 18c, 20c and 25c.

Wool Boots and Stockings.

Men's Wool Boots and Rubbers at $1.35 and $2.00.

Men's Rubber Shoes, good at 50c. We have buckle and storm arctics at 75c and $1.00. Rubber Boots, all kinds you may ask for. Tell us what you want. We have it.

All Winter goods—warm lined Shoes and Slippers at a great reduction.

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Butler's Leading Shoe house. Opposite Hotel Lowry, 102 N. Main St., Butler, Pa.

J. S. YOUNG,

Tailor, Hatter and Gents Furnishing Goods.

Summer heat makes the problem of looking dressy and keeping cool a hard one But we've solved it; and for once economy, comfort and fashion go hand in hand Our summer suits are finer in fabric, nobbier in pattern and more stylish in cut than ever before, they fit your curves and yet they're not sweat bath outfits. The prices may surprise you.

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They Fit Well, will wear well.

NEW YEAR IDEAS. Unless your clothes are up-to-date they might as well be several years behind the times. If you want the best ideas in clothing you should get your clothing of men who have the ideas. You want them to look well and wear well. If they are not satisfactory you justly blame the tailor. We make the clothes in correct style and you are sure of them fitting for we guarantee them and make the clothes to suit you.

—MERCHANT TAILOR—

G. F. KECK, 142 North Main Street, Butler, Penn'a.

BIG SALE

Our Stock Must Be Reduced

before we take invoice, and in order to do so we will offer rare bargains from diamonds down to the smallest article in our line. Space will only permit a few of the many bargains.

Ladies' diamond rings $8 and $10 ones now $6; Good watch (guaranteed) $2.50; Fine watch, you pay $7 for now $5; 8 day clock, regular $4 ones now $2.25; Black iron clock gilt trimming, was $10 now $6; Alarm clock warranted 65c.

Come and examine our stock and get what you need in our line cheaper than you ever dreamed of

C. F. T. PAPE & BRO,

JEWELERS, 122 South Main St., Butler, Pa.

Old silver and gold taken the same as cash. Sale until Feb. 1st.

Advertise in the CITIZEN.

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Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

Hood's Pills

easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This Is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

We All Know

that the slovenly dressed man never receives the respect and consideration the well dressed man gets. One secret in dressing well lies in the selection of the right tailor.

our garments

are cut and made in our own workshop in this city. We are particular about the fit, fashion and all the minute details in their construction.

Would be pleased to show you a product of our shop and also give you a pointer in economy.

fall patterns now displayed

ALAND,

MAKER OF MEN'S CLOTHES

Selling Out —OUR— Entire Stock —OF— Wall Paper.

Choicest patterns are left.

We want to quit the business.

Bargains at a 5 to 1 rate —AT—

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Can surely find his every desire satisfied in our Spring 1897 stock, which contains all the shapes, colors and qualities most admired by connoisseurs. We have no fancy prices, but merely value for value.

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Furnishing Goods in the same manner, buying the best and selling as low as many charge for inferior goods. We are always glad to show visitors our goods

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242 S. MAIN ST. BUTLER, PA

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Rough & Worked Lumber

OF ALL KINDS.

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Shingles and Lath Always in Stock.

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Next to Court House Butler, Late Graduate La Port Harological institute

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Billy Bones, an old sea dog, much addicted to rum, lodges at Admiral Benbow inn.

CHAPTER II.—Stranger, called "Black Dog," meets Bones; an interview ends in fight and disappearance of stranger. Bones suffers apoplectic stroke.

CHAPTER III.—Blind beggar comes to inn, presses something in Bones' hand and leaves. "Ten o'clock!" Bones cries. "Six hours. We'll do them yet;" at which moment he is struck dead by apoplexy.

CHAPTER IV.—Near Bones' body is found a little round paper, blackened on one side, on the other the words: "You have till ten to-night." Gold is found in Bones' sea chest, and an oilskin packet. Flight taken from inn.

CHAPTER V.—Blind man (Pew) with companions attack the inn. Chagrined at not finding "Flint's fist," the scoundrels scatter. Blind Pew is run down and killed by a horse.

CHAPTER VI.—Young Hawkins takes packet to Dr. Livesey, who with Squire Trelawney opens it and finds minute directions for finding of vast treasure.

CHAPTER VII.—Trelawney fits up expedition to seek treasure.

CHAPTER VIII.—Jim Hawkins meets Black Dog at John Silver's inn. Black Dog runs away, and Silver avows ignorance of his identity.

CHAPTER IX.—Ship's captain thinks some things on board somewhat singular and asks to have certain precautions taken, among which are the storing of the powder and arms astern and giving the doctor and his friends berths beside the cabin.

CHAPTER X.—"Hispaniola" begins her voyage. Hawkins climbs into apple barrel and overhears plans of treachery on foot among the crew.

CHAPTER XI.—Plot (laid by Silver, ship's cook) provides for the strike for possession of the treasure immediately it is gotten aboard. Cry of "Land ho!" heard.

CHAPTER XII.—Hawkins tells of Silver's treachery to Livesey, Trelawney and Capt. Smollett, who hold a council of war.

CHAPTER XIII.—Mutiny begins to show in restlessness of men, and captain decides to give the men an afternoon ashore. Jim Hawkins slips off with them, but on the island gives them the slip.

CHAPTER XIV.—From cover Jim sees Silver kill one of the honest hands, and also learns of the murder of another in another part of the island and runs from the scene.

CHAPTER XV.—Jim meets Ben Gunn, a marooned sailor who has lived on island three years. Report of a cannon is heard. Both run for boat when they see in the wood the union jack.

CHAPTER XVI.—Hunter and the doctor go ashore in a jolly-boat, discover a block-house within a stockade and decide to provision it. Faithful party is joined by Gray, a mutineer, and the ship left with the five remaining mutineers on board.

CHAPTER XVII.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR—THE JOLLY-BOAT'S LAST TRIP.

This fifth trip was quite different from any of the others. In the first place, the little gallipot of a boat that we were in was gravely overloaded. Five grown men, and three of them—Trelawney, Redruth and the captain—over six feet high, was already more than she was meant to carry. Add to that the powder, pork and the bread-bags. The gunwale was lipping astern. Several times we shipped a little water, and my breeches and the tails of my coat were all soaking wet before we had gone 100 yards.

The captain made us trim the boat, and we got her to lie a little more evenly to the waves, and we were afraid to breathe.

In the second place, the ebb was now making—a strong rippling current running westward through the basin, and then south'ard and seaward down the straits by which we had entered in the morning. Even the ripples were a danger to our overloaded craft; but the worst of it was that we were swept out of our true course, and away from our proper landing-place behind the point. If we let the current have its way we should come ashore beside the gigs, where the pirates might appear at any moment.

"I cannot keep her head for the stockade, sir," said I to the captain. I was steering, while he and Redruth, two fresh men, were at the oars. "The tide keeps washing her down. Could you pull a little stronger?"

"Not without swamping the boat," said he. "You must bear up, sir, if you please—bear up until you see you're gaining."

I tried, and found by experiment that the tide kept sweeping us westward until I had laid her head due east, or just about right angles to the way we ought to go.

"We'll never get ashore at this rate," said I.

"If it's the only course that we can lie, sir, we must even lie it," returned the captain. "We must keep upstream. You see, sir," he went on, "if once we dropped to leeward of the landing-place, it's hard to say where we should get ashore, besides the chance of being boarded by the gigs; whereas, the way we go the current must slacken, and then we can dodge back along the shore."

"The current's less a'ready, sir," said the man Gray, who was sitting in the fore-sheets; "you can ease her off a bit."

"Thank you, my man," said I, quite as if nothing had happened; for we had all quietly made up our minds to treat him like one of ourselves.

Suddenly the captain spoke up again, and I thought his voice was a little changed.

"The gun!" said he.

"I have thought of that," said I, for I made sure he was thinking of a bombardment of the fort. "They could never get the gun ashore, and if they did, they could never haul it through the woods."

"Look astern, doctor," replied the captain.

We had entirely forgotten the long nine; and there, to our horror, were the five rogues busy about her, getting off her jacket, as they called the stout tarpaulin cover under which she sailed. Not only that, but it flashed into my mind at the same moment that the round shot and the powder for the gun had been left behind, and a stroke with an ax would put it all into the possession of the evil ones aboard.

"Israel was Flint's gunner," said Gray, hoarsely.

At any risk, we put the boat's head direct for the landing-place. By this time we had got so far out of the run of the current that we kept steerage way even at our necessarily gentle rate of rowing, and I could keep her steady for the goal. But the worst of it was that, with the course I now held, we turned our broadside instead of our stern to the "Hispaniola," and offered a target like a barn door.

I could hear, as well as see, that brandy-faced rascal, Israel Hands, plumping down a round-shot on the deck.

"Who's the best shot?" asked the captain.

"Mr. Trelawney, out and away," said I.

"Mr. Trelawney, will you please pick me off one of those men, sir? Hands, if possible," said the captain.

Trelawney was as cold as steel. He looked to the priming of his gun.

"Now," cried the captain, "easy with that gun, sir, or you'll swamp the boat. All hands stand by to trim her when he aims."

The squire raised his gun, the rowing ceased, and we leaned over to the other side to keep the balance, and all was so nicely contrived that we did not ship a drop.

They had the gun, by this time, slewed round upon the swivel and Hands, who was at the muzzle with the rammer, was, in consequence, the most exposed. However, we had no luck; for just as Trelawney fired, down he stooped, the ball whistling over him, and it was one of the other four who fell.

The cry he gave was echoed, not only by his companions on board, but by a great number of voices from the shore, and looking in that direction I saw the other pirates trooping out from among the trees and tumbling into their places in the boats.

"Here come the gigs, sir," said I.

"Give way, then," said the captain. "We mustn't mind if we swamp her now. If we can't get ashore, all's up."

"Only one of the gigs is being manned, sir," I added, "the crew of the other most likely going round by shore to cut us off."

"They'll have a hot run, sir," returned the captain; "Jack ashore, you know."

As Trelawney fired the ball whistled over our heads.

It's not them I mind; it's the round-shot. Carpet bowls! My lady's maid couldn't miss. Tell us, squire, when you see the match, and we'll hold water."

In the meanwhile we had been making headway at a good pace for a boat so overloaded, and we had shipped but little water in the process. We were now close in; 30 or 40 strokes and we should beach her; for the ebb had already disclosed a narrow belt of sand. The danger was no longer to be feared; the nearest point had already concealed it from our eyes. The ebb-tide, which had so cruelly delayed us, was now making reparation, and delaying our assailants. The one source of danger was the gun.

"If I durst," said the captain, "I'd stop and pick off another man."

But it was plain that they meant nothing should delay their shot. They had never so much as looked at their fallen comrade, though he was not dead, and I could see him trying to crawl away.

"Ready!" cried the squire.

"Hold!" cried the captain, quick as an echo.

And he and Redruth backed with a great heave that sent her stern bodily under water. The report fell in at the same instant of time. This was the first that Jim heard, the sound of the squire's shot not having reached him. When the ball passed, not one of us precisely knew; but I fancy it must have been over our heads, and that the wind of it may have contributed to our disaster.

At any rate, the boat sunk by the stern, quite gently, in three feet of water, leaving the captain and myself, facing each other, on our feet. The other three took complete headers, and came up again, drenched and bubbling.

So far there was no great harm. No lives were lost, and we could wade ashore in safety. But there were all our stores in the bottom, and, to make things worse, only two guns out of five remained in a state for service. Mine I had snatched from my knees and held over my head, by a sort of instinct. As for the captain, he had carried his over his shoulder by a bandoleer, and, like a wise man, lock uppermost. The three had gone down with the boat. To add to our concern we heard voices already drawing near us in the woods along shore; and we had not only the danger of being cut off from the stockade in our half-crippled state, but the fear before us, whether if Hunter and Joyce were attacked by half a dozen they would have the sense and conduct to stand firm. Hunter was steady, that we knew; Joyce was a doubtful case—a pleasant, polite man for a valet, and to brush one's clothes, but not entirely fitted for a man-of-war.

With all this in our minds, we waded ashore as fast as we could, leaving behind the poor jolly-boat, and a good half of our powder and provisions.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR—END OF THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING.

We made our best speed across the strip of wood that now divided us from the stockade, and at every step we took the voices of the buccaneers rang nearer. Soon we could hear their footsteps as they ran, and the cracking of the branches as they breasted across a bit of thicket.

I began to see we should have a brush for it in earnest, and looked to my priming.

"Captain," said I, "Trelawney is the dead shot. Give him your gun; his own is useless."

They exchanged guns, and Trelawney, silent and cool as he had been since the beginning of the bustle, hung a moment on his heel to see that all was fit for service. At the same time, observing Gray to be unarmed, I handed him my cutlass. It did all our hearts good to see him spit on his hand, knit his brows, and make the blade sing through the air. It was plain from every line of his body that our new hand was worth his salt.

Forty paces further we came to the edge of the wood and saw the stockade in front of us. We struck the inclosure about the middle of the south side, and, almost at the same time seven mutineers—Job Anderson, the boatswain, at their head, appeared in full cry at the southwestern corner.

They paused, as if taken aback, and before they could recover not only the squire and I, but Hunter and Joyce from the block-house had time to fire. The four shots came in rather a scattering volley; but they did the business; one of the enemy actually fell, and the rest, without hesitation, turned and plunged into the trees.

After reloading, we walked down the outside of the palisade to see the fallen enemy. He was stone dead—shot through the heart.

We began to rejoice over our good success, when just at that moment a pistol cracked in the bush, a ball whistled close past my ear, and poor Tom Redruth stumbled and fell his full length on the ground. Both the squire and I returned the shot; but as we had nothing to aim at, it is probable we only wasted powder. Then we reloaded, and turned our attention to poor Tom.

The captain and Gray were already examining him, and I saw with half an eye that all was over.

I believe the readiness of our return volley had scattered the mutineers once more, for we were suffered without further molestation to get the poor old gamekeeper hoisted over the stockade and carried, groaning and bleeding, into the log house.

Poor old fellow, he had not uttered one word of surprise, complaint, fear, or even acquiescence, from the very beginning of our troubles till now, when we had laid him down in the log house to die. He had laid like a Trojan behind his mattress in the gallery; he had followed every order silently, doggedly and well; he was the oldest of our party by a score of years; and now, sullen, old, serviceable servant, it was he that was to die.

The squire dropped down beside him on his knees and kissed his hand, crying like a child.

"Be I going, doctor?" he asked.

"Tom, my man," said I, "you're going home."

"I wish I had a lick at them with the gun first," he replied.

"Tom," said the squire, "say you forgive me, won't you?"

"Would that be respectful like, from me to you, squire?" was the answer. "Howsoever, so be it, amen!"

After a little while of silence, he said he thought somebody might read a prayer. "It's the custom, sir," he added, apologetically. And not long after, without another word, he passed away.

In the meantime the captain, whom I had observed to be wonderfully swollen about the chest and pockets, had turned out a great many various stores—the British colors, a Bible, a coil of stoutish rope, pen, ink, the log book, and pounds of tobacco. He had found a longish fir tree lying felled and cleared in the inclosure, and, with the help of Hunter, he had set it up at the corner of the log house where the trunks crossed and made an angle. Then, climbing on the roof, he had with his own hand bent and run up the colors.

This seemed mightily to relieve him. He reentered the log house and set about counting the stores, as if nothing else existed. But he had an eye on Tom's passage for all that; and as soon as all was over came forward with another flag and reverently spread it on the body.

"Don't you take on, sir," he said, shaking the squire's hand. "All's well with him; no fear for a hand that's been shot down in his duty to captain but it's a fact."

Then he pulled me aside.

"Dr. Livesey," he said, "in how many weeks do you and squire expect the consort?"

I told him it was a question, not of weeks, but of months; that if we were not back by the end of August, Blandly was to send to find us; but neither sooner nor later. "You can calculate for yourself," I said.

"Why, yes," returned the captain, scratching his head, "and making a large allowance, sir, for all the gifts of Providence, I should say we were pretty close hauled."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"It's a pity, sir, we lost the second load. That's what I mean," replied the captain. "As for powder and shot, we'll do. But the rations are short, very short—so short, Dr. Livesey, that we're perhaps as well without that extra mouth."

And he pointed to the dead body under the flag.

Just then, with a roar and a whistle, a round shot passed high above the roof of the log house and plumped far beyond us in the wood.

"Oho!" said the captain. "Blaze away! You've little enough powder already, my lads."

At the second trial the aim was better and the ball descended inside the stockade, scattering a cloud of sand, but doing no further damage.

"Captain," said the squire, "the house is quite invisible from the ship. It must be the flag they are aiming at. Would it not be wiser to take it in?"

"Strike my colors!" cried the captain. "No, sir, not I;" and, as soon as he had said the words, I think we all agreed with him. For it was not only a piece of stout, seamanly good feeling; it was good policy besides, and showed our enemies that we despised their cannonade.

All through the evening they kept thundering away. Ball after ball flew over or fell short, or kicked up the sand in the inclosure; but they had to fire so high that the shot fell dead and buried itself in the soft sand. We had no richochet to fear; and though one popped in through the roof of the log-house and out again through the floor, we soon got used to that sort of horse-play and minded it no more than cricket.

"There is one thing about all this," observed the good captain; "the wood in front of us is likely clear. The ebb has made a good while; our stores should be uncovered. Volunteers to go and bring in pork."

Gray and Hunter were the first to come forward. Well armed, they stole out of the stockade, but it proved a useless mission. The mutineers were bolder than we fancied, or they put more trust in Israel's gunnery. For four or five of them were busy carrying off our stores, and wading out with them to one of the gigs that lay close by, pulling an oar or so to hold her steady against the current. Silver was in the stern-sheets in command; and every man of them was now provided with a musket from some secret magazine of their own.

The captain sat down to his log, and here is the beginning of the entry:

"Alexander Smollett, master; David Livesey, ship's doctor; Abraham Gray, carpenter's mate; John Trelawney, owner; John Hunter and Richard Joyce, owner's servants, landsmen—being all that is left faithful of the ship's company—with stores for ten days at short rations, came ashore this day, and flew British colors on the log-house in Treasure Island. Thomas Redruth, owner's servant, landsman, shot by the mutineers; James Hawkins, cabin-boy—"

And at the same time I was wondering over poor Jim Hawkins' fate.

A hail on the land side.

"Somebody hailing us," said Hunter, who was on guard.

"Doctor! squire! captain! Hallo, Hunter, is that you?" came the cries.

And I ran to the door in time to see Jim Hawkins, safe and sound, come climbing over the stockade.

CHAPTER XIX.

NARRATIVE RESUMED BY JIM HAWKINS—THE GARRISON AT THE STOCKADE.

As soon as Ben Gunn saw the colors he came to a halt, stopped me by the arm, and sat down.

"Now," said he, "there's your friends, sure enough."

"Far more likely it's the mutineers," I answered.

"That!" he cried. "Why, in a place like this, where nobody puts in but gen'lemen of fortune, Silver would fly the Jolly Roger, you don't make no doubt of that. No; that's your friends. There's been blows, too, and I reckon your friends has had the best of it; and here they are ashore in the old stockade, as was made years and years ago by Flint. Ah, he was the man to have a headpiece, was Flint! Barring rum, his match was never seen. He were afraid of none; not he; only Silver—Silver was that genteel."

"Well," said I, "that may be so, and so be it; all the more reason that I should hurry on and join my friends."

"Nay, mate," returned Ben, "not you. You're a good boy, or I'm mistook; but you're only a boy, all told. Now, Ben Gunn is fly. Rum wouldn't bring me there, where you're going—not rum wouldn't, till I see your born gen'leman, and gets it on his word of honor. And you won't forget my words: 'A precious sight' (that's what you'll say), 'a precious sight more confidence'—and then nips him."

And he pinched me the third time with the same air of cleverness.

"And when Ben Gunn is wanted, you know where to find him, Jim. Just where you found him to-day. And him that comes is to have a white thing in his hand; and he's to come alone. Oh! and you'll say this: 'Ben Gunn,' says you, 'has reasons of his own.'"

"Well," said I, "I believe I understand. You have something to propose, and you wish to see the squire or the doctor; and you're to be found where I found you. Is that all?"

"And when?" says you," he added. "Why, from about noon observation to about six bells."

"Good," says I, "and now may I go?"

"You won't forget?" he inquired anxiously. "Precious sight, and reasons of his own, says you. Reasons of his own; that's the mainstay; as between man and man. Well, then"—still holding me—"I reckon you can go, Jim. And Jim, if you was to see Silver, you wouldn't go for to sell Ben Gunn? Wild horses wouldn't draw it from you? No, says you. And if them pirates came ashore, Jim, what would you say but there'd be widders in the morning?"

Here he was interrupted by a loud report, and a cannonball came tearing through the trees and pitched in the sand, not 100 yards from where we two were talking. The next moment each of us had taken to his heels in a different direction.

For a good hour to come frequent reports shook the island, and balls kept crashing through the woods. I moved from hiding-place to hiding-place, always pursued, or so it seemed to me, by these terrifying missiles. But toward the end of the bombardment, though still I durst not venture in the direction oftenest, I had begun, in a manner, to pluck up my heart again; and after a long detour to the east, crept down among the shore-side trees.

The sun had just set, the sea breeze was rustling and tumbling in the woods, and ruffling the gray surface of the anchorage; the tide, too, was far out, and great tracks of sand lay uncovered; the air, after the heat of the day, chilled me through my jacket.

The "Hispaniola" still lay where she had anchored; but, sure enough, there was the Jolly Roger—the black flag of piracy—flying from her peak. Even as I looked there came another red flash and another report, that sent the echoes clattering, and one more round shot whistled through the air. It was the last of the cannonade.

I lay for some time, watching the bustle which succeeded the attack. Men were demolishing something with axes on the beach near the stockade; the poor jolly-boat, I afterward discovered. Away, near the mouth of the river, a great fire was glowing among the trees, and between that point and the ship one of the gigs kept coming and going, the men, whom I had seen so gloomy, shouting at the oars like children. But there was a sound in their voices which suggested rum.

At length I thought I might return toward the stockade. I was pretty far down on the low, sandy spit that incloses the anchorage to the east, and is joined at half-water to Skeleton Island; and now, as I rose to my feet, I saw, some distance further down the spit, and rising from among low bushes, an isolated rock pretty high, and peculiarly white in color. It occurred to me that this might be the white rock of which Ben Gunn had spoken, and that some day or other a boat might be wanted, and I should know where to look for one.

Then I skirted among the woods until I had regained the rear, or shoreward side, of the stockade, and was soon warmly welcomed by the faithful party.

I had soon told my story, and began to look about me. The log-house was made of unsquared trunks of pine—roof, walls and floor. The latter stood in several places as much as a foot or a foot and a half above the surface of the sand. There was a porch at the door, and under this porch the little spring welled up into an artificial basin of a rather odd kind—no other than a great ship's kettle of iron, with the bottom knocked out, and sunk "to her bearings," as the captain said, among the sand.

Little had been left beside the framework of the house; but in one corner there was a stone slab laid down by way of hearth, and an old rusty iron basket to contain the fire.

The slopes of the knoll and all the inside of the stockade had been cleared of timber to build the house, and we could see by the stumps what a fine and lofty grove had been destroyed. Most of the soil had been washed away or buried in drift after the removal of the trees; only where the streamlet ran down from the kettle a thick bed of moss and some ferns and little creeping bushes were still green among the sand. Very close around the stockade—too close for defense, they said—the wood still flourished high and dense, all of fir on the land side, but toward the sea with a large admixture of live oaks.

The cold evening breeze, of which I have spoken, whistled through every chink of the rude building, and sprinkled the floor with a continual rain of fine sand. There was sand in our eyes, sand in our teeth, sand in our suppers, sand dancing in the spring at the bottom of the kettle, for all the world like porridge beginning to boil. Our chimney was a square hole in the roof; it was but a little part of the smoke that found its way out, and the rest eddied about the house, and kept us coughing and piping the eye.

Add to this that Gray, the new man, had his face tied up in a bandage for a cut he had got in breaking away from the mutineers; and that poor old Tom Redruth, still unburied, lay along the wall, stiff and stark, under the Union Jack.

If we had been allowed to sit idle, we should all have fallen in the blues, but Capt. Smollett was never the man for that. All hands were called up before him, and he divided us into watches. The doctor, and Gray, and I, for one; the squire, Hunter, and Joyce

"When Ben Gunn is wanted you know where to find him, Jim."

upon the other. Tired as we all were, two were sent out for firewood; two more were sent to dig a grave for Redruth; the doctor was named cook; I was put sentry at the door; and the captain himself went from one to another, keeping up our spirits and lending a hand wherever it was wanted.

From time to time the doctor came to the door for a little air and to rest his eyes, which were almost smoked out of his head; and whenever he did so, he had a word for me.

"That man Smollett," he said once, "is a better man than I am. And when I say that it means a deal, Jim."

Another time he came and was silent for awhile. Then he put his head on one side, and looked at me.

"Is this Ben Gunn a man?" he asked.

"I do not know, sir," said I. "I am not very sure whether he's sane."

"If there's any doubt about the matter, he is," returned the doctor. "A man who has been three years biting his nails on a desert island, Jim, can't expect to appear as sane as you or me. It doesn't lie in human nature. Was it cheese you said he had a fancy for?"

"Yes, sir, cheese," I answered.

"Well, Jim," says he, "just see the good that comes of being dainty in your food. You've seen my snuff-box, haven't you? And you never saw me take snuff; the reason being that in my snuff-box I carry a piece of Parmesan cheese—a cheese made in Italy, very nutritious. Well, that's for Ben Gunn!"

Before supper was eaten we buried old Tom in the sand, and stood round him for awhile bareheaded in the breeze. A good deal of firewood had been got in, but not enough for the captain's fancy, and he shook his head over it, and told us we "must get back to this to-morrow rather livelier." Then, when we had eaten our pork, and each had a good stiff glass of brandy grog, the [illegible] together in a corner [illegible] with fat it cans when fat is clear. The digestibility, therefore, of a roast basted with a little water in the pan is greater than when basted with fat alone.

As in all kitchens more or less frying is done, it is imperative that it should be done correctly. The common way of putting two or three inches of fat in a pan and frying in that is the worst possible. To fry economically and properly it is necessary to have fat enough in which to immerse the article. The purer the fat the higher the degree to which it can be raised without burning. Butter burns at the lowest temperature and olive oil at the highest.

The following shows the degrees at which the various fats begin to burn: Butter, 266 degrees F.; beef, veal and mutton suet, 302 degrees F.; clarified drippings, 336 degrees; goose grease, 500 degrees; lard, 392 degrees; olive oil, 608 degrees. Medium heat is suitable for most frying. Butter should usually be at 239 degrees; beef, veal and mutton suet, 226; clarified drippings, 302; goose grease, 446; lard, 336; olive oil, 572.

All fats should be heated gradually. Anything moist, like fish, oysters or croquettes, should have but a few put into the smoking fat at a time, as they reduce the temperature. The poorer fats, like lard or drippings, are better for croquettes than olive oil, as the perfect croquettes should be just heated through and creamy inside, while brown outside. The temperature for fish and croquettes should be much higher than for doughnuts.—Womankind.

Brown Bread.

Take four cupfuls of strong caramel-cereal, and add to this one-half cup of nut meal or two tablespoonfuls of nut butter, one-half cup of sugar, and a pinch of salt. Heat to boiling, then add one-third cup of rye flour, one-third cup of white flour, one-third cup of best corn meal, and three cups of cooked crystal wheat, in order named. Turn into an oiled mold or basin, and steam for three hours.—Good Health.

Apple Shortcake.

Take two cups of sour cream, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus and one of salt; beat well together, then stir in flour to make a smooth, rather stiff batter, that you can spread with a spoon. When done, split with a thin, hot knife and spread liberally with hot apple sauce well sweetened; put on the top crust, powder thickly with sugar and serve with cream. This is a favorite dessert with us.—Detroit Free Press.

NEEDED A FORTIFIER.

"Miranda!"
"What?"
"Will you please get the Bible and read to me about that patient man Job?"
—N. Y. Journal.

Infallible.

Steam drills are not used in New Jersey.
But why should that give you a shock?
They capture a good-sized mosquito
And let it drill into the rock.
—N. Y. World.