

PIES.
When I was but a little maid
Of years not more than five,
I made mud pies beneath the trees,
The happiest child alive.
I molded them with fondest care,
I shaped them one by one,
Then crimped the edges prettily,
And baked them in the sun.
Since then a many years have flown
And still I'm making pies,
Although a difference I own
In methods and supplies,
And husband now, and children all,
Look with reproach at me,
If thrice upon the festal board
Each day no pies they see.
Ah, me, why was my childish play
Not nipped while in the bud!
Why did I try my "prentice hand
Upon those pies of mud!
For I have now so crusty grown,
Yet none do realize
That I'm a martyr to the cause
Of pies, pies, pies.
—Anna E. Treat, in Good Housekeeping.



TREASURE ISLAND

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

PART III.
CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

All this time he had been feeling the stuff of my jacket, smoothing my hands, looking at my boots, and generally, in the intervals of his speech, showing a childish pleasure in the presence of a fellow creature. But at my last words he perked up into a kind of startled slyness.

"If you ever get aboard again, says you?" he repeated. "Why, now, who's to hinder you?"

"Not you, I know," was my reply. "And right you was," he cried. "Now you—what do you call yourself, mate?"

"Jim," I told him.

"Jim, Jim," says he, quite pleased, apparently. "Well, now, Jim, I've lived that rough as you'd be ashamed to a hear of. Now, for instance, you wouldn't think I had a pious mother—to look at me?" he asked.

"Why, no, not in particular," I answered.

"Ah, well," said he, "but I had—remarkably pious. And I was a civil, pious boy, and could rattle off my catechism that fast, as you couldn't tell one word from another. And here's what it came to, Jim, and it begun with chuck-farthen on the blessed grave-stones! That's what it begun with, but it went further'n that; and so my mother told me, and predicted the whole, she did, the pious woman. But it were Providence that put me here. I've thought it all out in this here lonely island, and I'm back on piety. You can't catch me tasting rum so much; but just a thimbleful for luck, of course, the first chance I have. I'm bound I'll be good, and I see the way to. And, Jim—" looking all around him, and lowering his voice to a whisper—"I'm rich."

I now felt sure that the poor fellow had gone crazy in his solitude, and I suppose I must have shown the feeling in my face, for he repeated the statement, hotly:

"Rich! rich! I says. And I'll tell you what: I'll make a man of you, Jim. Ah, Jim, you'll bless your stars, you will, you was the first that found me!"

And at this there came suddenly a lowering shadow over his face, and he tightened his grasp upon my hand, and raised a forefinger threateningly before my eyes.

"Now, Jim, you tell me true; that ain't Flint's ship?" he asked.

At this I had a happy inspiration. I began to believe that I had found an ally, and I answered him at once.

"It's not Flint's ship, and Flint is dead; but I'll tell you true, as you ask me—there are some of Flint's hands aboard; worse luck for the rest of us."

"Not a man—with one—leg?" he gasped.

"Silver?" I asked.

"Ah, Silver!" says he; "that were his name."

"He's the cook; and the ringleader, too."

He was still holding me by the wrist, and at that he gave it a quiet wring.

"If you was sent by Long John," he said, "I'm as good as pork, and I know it. But where was you, do you suppose?"

I had made my mind up in a moment, and by way of answer told him the whole story of our voyage, and the predicament in which we found ourselves. He heard me with the keenest interest, and when I had done he patted me on the head.

"You're a good lad, Jim," he said; "and you're all in a clove hitch, ain't you? Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn—Ben Gunn's the man to do it. Would you think it likely, now, that your squire would prove a liberal-minded one in case of help—him being in a clove hitch, as you remark?"

I told him the squire was the most liberal of men.

"Ah, but you see," returned Ben Gunn, "I didn't mean giving me a gate to keep, and a suit of livery clothes, and such; that's not my mark, Jim. What I mean is, would he be likely to come down to the toon of, say £1,000 out of money that's as good as a man's own already?"

"I am sure he would," said I. "As it was, all hands were to share."

"And a passage home?" he added, with a look of great shrewdness.

"Why," I cried, "the squire's a gentleman. And, besides, if we got rid of the others, we should want you to help work the vessel home."

"Ah," said he, "so you would." And he seemed very much relieved.

"Now, I'll tell you what," he went on. "So much I'll tell you, and no more. I were in Flint's ship when he buried the treasure; he and six along—six strong seamen. They was ashore nigh on a week, and us standing off and on in the old 'Wairus.' One fine day up went the signal, and here come Flint by himself in a little boat, and his

head done up in a blue scarf. The sun was getting up, and mortal white he looked about the cut-water. But, there he was, you mind, and the six all dead—dead and buried. How had he done it, not a man aboard us could make out. It was battle, murder and sudden death, leas'tways—him against six. Billy Bones was the mate; Long John, he was quartermaster; and they asked him where the treasure was. 'Ah,' says he, 'you can go ashore, if you like, and stay,' he says; 'but as for the ship, she'll beat up for more, by thunder!' That's what he said.

"Well, I was in another ship three years back, and we sighted this island. 'Boys,' said I, 'here's Flint's treasure; let's land and find it.' The captain was displeased at that; but my messmates were all of a mind and landed. Twelve days they looked for it, and every day they had the worse word for me, until one fine morning all hands went aboard. 'As for you, Benjamin Gunn,' says they, 'here's a musket,' they says, 'and a spade, and pick-ax. You can stay here, and find Flint's money for yourself,' they says.

"Well, Jim, three years have I been here, and not a bite of Christian diet from that day to this. But now, you look here; look at me. Do I look like a man before the mast? No, says you. Nor I weren't, neither, I says.

And with that he winked and pinched me hard.

"Just you mention them words to your squire, Jim"—he went on: "Nor he weren't, neither—that's the words. Three years he were the man of this island, light and dark, fair and rain; and sometimes he would, maybe, think upon a prayer (says you), and sometimes he would, maybe, think of his old mother, so as she's alive (you'll say); but the most part of Gunn's time (this is what you'll say)—the most part of his time was took up with another matter. And then you'll give him a nip, like I do."

And he pinched me again, in the most confidential manner.

"Then," he continued—"then you'll up and you'll say this: Gunn is a good man (you'll say), and he puts a precious sight more confidence—a precious sight, mind that—in a gentleman born than in these gentlemen of fortune, having been one himself."

"Well," I said, "I don't understand one word that you've been saying, but that's neither here nor there; for how am I to get on board?"

"Ah," said he, "that's the hitch for sure. Well, there's my boat that I made with my two hands. I keep her under the white rock. If the worst come to the worst, we might try that after dark. Hi!" he broke out, "what's that?"

For just then, although the sun had still an hour or two to run, all the echoes of the island awoke and bellowed to the thunder of a cannon.

"They have begun to fight!" I cried. "Follow me."

And I began to run toward the anchorage, my terrors all forgotten; while, close at my side, the marooned man in his goatskins trotted easily and lightly.

"Left, left," says he; "keep to your left hand, mate Jim! Under the trees with you! There's where I killed my first goat. They don't come down here now; they're all fastened on them mountings for the fear of Benjamin Gunn. Ah! and there's the cemetery"—cemetery he must have meant.

"You see the mounds? I come here and pray, nows and thens, when I thought maybe a Sunday would be about doo. It weren't quite a chapel, but it seemed more solemn like; and then, says you, Ben Gunn was short-handed—no chapling, nor so much as a Bible and a flag, you says."

So he kept talking as I ran, neither expecting nor receiving any answer.

The cannon-shot was followed, after a considerable interval, by a volley of small arms.

Another pause, and then, not a quarter of a mile in front of me, I beheld the Union Jack flutter in the air above a wood.

**PART IV.
THE STOCKADE.**

CHAPTER XVI.
NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR.—HOW THE SHIP WAS ABANDONED.

It was about half-past one—three bells in the sea phrase—that the two boats went ashore from the "Hispaniola." The captain, the squire and I were talking matters over in the cabin. Had there been a breath of wind, we should have fallen on the six mutineers who were left aboard with us, slipped our cable, and away to sea. But the wind was wanting; and to complete our helplessness, down came Hunter with the news that Jim Hawkins had slipped into a boat and was gone ashore with the rest.

It had never occurred to us to doubt Jim Hawkins; but we were alarmed for his safety. With the men in the temper they were in, it seemed an even chance if we should see the lad again. Weran on deck. The pitch was bubbling in the seams; the nasty stench of the place turned me sick; if ever a man smelled fever and dysentery, it was in that abominable anchorage. The six scoundrels were sitting grumbling under a sail in the forecastle; ashore we could see the gigs made fast, and a man sitting in each, hard by where the river runs in. One of them was whistling "Lillibullero."

Waiting was a strain; and it was decided that Hunter and I should go ashore with the jolly-boat, in quest of information.

The gigs had been to their right; but Hunter and I pulled straight in, in the direction of the stockade upon the chart. The two who were left guarding their boats seemed in a bustle at our appearance; "Lillibullero" stopped off, and I could see the pair discussing what they ought to be. Had they gone and told Silver, all might have turned out differently; but they had their

orders, I suppose, and decided to sit quietly where they were and bark back again to "Lillibullero."

There was a slight bend in the coast, and I steered so as to put it between us; even before we landed we had thus lost sight of the gigs. I jumped out, and came as near running as I durst, with a big silk handkerchief under my hat for coolness's sake, and a brace of pistols ready primed for safety.

I had not gone 100 yards when I came on the stockade.

This was how it was: A spring of clear water rose almost at the top of a knoll. Well, on the knoll, and inclosing the spring, they had clapped a stout log house, fit to hold two score people on a pinch, and loop-holed for musketry on every side. All round this they had cleared a wide space, and then the thing was completed by a paling six feet high, without door or opening, too strong to pull down without time and labor, and too open to shelter the besiegers. The people in the log house had them in every way; they stood quiet in shelter and shot the others like partridges. All they wanted was a good watch and food; for, short of a complete surprise, they might have held the place against a regiment.

What particularly took my fancy was the spring. For, though we had a good enough place of it in the cabin of the "Hispaniola," with plenty of arms and ammunition, and things to eat, and excellent wines, there had been one thing overlooked—we had no water. I was thinking this over, when there came ringing over the island the cry of a man at the point of death. I was not new to violent death—I have served his royal highness the duke of Cumberland, and got a wound myself at Fontenoy—but I know my pulse went dot and carry one. "Jim Hawkins is gone," was my first thought.

It is something to have been an old soldier, but more still to have been a doctor. There is no time to dilly-dally in our work. And so now I made up my mind instantly, and with no time lost returned to the shore and jumped on board the jolly-boat.

By good fortune Hunter pulled a good oar. We made the water fly; and the boat was soon alongside, and I aboard the schooner.

I found them all shaken, as was natural. The squire was sitting down, as white as a sheet, thinking of the harm he had led us to, the good soul! and one of the six forecastle hands was little better.

"There's a man," said Capt. Smollett, nodding toward him, "new to this work. He came nigh-hand fainting, doctor, when he heard the cry. Another touch of the rudder and that man would join us."

I told my plan to the captain, and between us we settled on the details of its accomplishment.

We put old Redruth in the gallery between the cabin and the forecastle, with three or four loaded muskets and a mattress for protection. Hunter brought the boat round under the stern port, and Joyce and I set to work loading her with powder tins, muskets, bags of biscuits, kegs of pork, a cask of cognac and my invaluable medicine chest.

In the meantime the squire and the captain stayed on deck, and the latter hailed the cocksain, who was the principal man on board.

"Mr. Hands," he said, "here are two in a towing rage. 'Want? I don't want none of your old vegetables. What I want is for you to stop hollerin' in front of this house, or I'll have you arrested. You're enough to wake the dead. My husband works all night and he's just got into a little doze, and goodness knows it's hard enough to sleep daytimes such weather as this without a fiend like you standing in front of the house yelling like a Comanche. Now you get out of here and don't you holler no more or I'll get the police after you."

The huckster stood with set eyes and drooping jaw, the perspiration dropping off his chin, while this harangue was going on. When she had finished he came out of his trance, and said:

"Is that what you called me all the way up here for? Send for yer p'lice, lady; I'm going to yell to beat the band." And he went down the stairs and out of the alley and up the street in front of the house with four extra links let out of his throat. And if any person slept on that street it was under the influence of opiates.—Kansas City Star.

He Hit the Name.

The late Prof. Sylvester was traveling by coach in an out-of-the-way part of England, and at one station as he sat in the vehicle waiting to depart two villagers approached. One mounted beside the professor, and as his friend turned to retrace her steps the latter said: "Good-by, Mrs. Harris!" Prof. Sylvester was the last man in the world to let a good opportunity slip by, and as the coach drove off he called out: "Good-by, Mrs. Gamp!" The driver turned with amazement and said: "I thought you said you knew no one here? How did you know that lady's name was Gamp?" This tale is vouched for.—San Francisco Argonaut.

She Saved Him.

They were about to string him up to an oak limb when a woman rushed forward and threw her arms around him.

"Stop!" she cried. "Ef you won't lynch him I'll marry him and leave the state on his honeymoon!"

"Take him!" said the leader, "an' give me a dollar an' a half for the license!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Progress.

Mrs. Weston—I was reminded of my courtship days to-day by something John said to me.

Mrs. Easton—Some term of endearment, I suppose?

"Yes," he said I was a great goose. He used to call me his little birdie. You see, I have grown some since then."—Boston Transcript.

the bright steel shining far below us in the sun, on the clear, sandy bottom.

By this time the tide was beginning to ebb, and the ship was swinging around to her anchor. Voices were heard hallooing in the direction of the two gigs; and though this reassured us for Joyce and Hunter, who were well to the eastward, it warned our party to be off.

Redruth retreated from his place in the gallery and dropped into the boat, which we had brought round to the ship's counter, to be handier for Capt. Smollett.

"Now, men," said he, "do you hear me?"

There was no answer from the forecastle.

"It's to you, Abraham Gray—it's to you I am speaking."

Still no reply.

"Gray," resumed Mr. Smollett, a little louder, "I am leaving this ship, and I order you to follow your captain. I know you are a good man at bottom, and I dare say not one of the lot of you's as bad as he makes out. I have my watch here in my hand; I give you 30 seconds to join me in."

There was a pause.

"Come, my fine fellow," continued the captain, "don't hang so long in stays. I'm risking my life, and the lives of these good gentlemen, every second."

There was a sudden scuffle, a sound of blows, and out burst Abraham Gray with a knife out on the side of the cheek, and came running to the captain, like a dog to the whistle.

"I'm with you, sir," said he.

And the next moment he and the captain had dropped aboard of us, and we had shoved off and given way.

We were clear out of the ship, but not yet ashore in our stockade.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT SHE WANTED.

The Huckster Was Called Up Four Flights to Hear Something.

A huckster was going along an East side street early one morning last week making the welkin ring with his song—of "Po-ta-t-o-o-o-es, toma-t-o-o-es. Nice sweet cooking appools." As he drove slowly along he lifted his eyes to the windows on either side of the street.

Suddenly there appeared a woman's head at a window in one of the top flats. The huckster pulled in his horse and raised his ear to listen to the commands he expected would be coming. But the woman had not the lung power to make her voice carry so far, and the huckster called out: "How's that?"

Again the woman called out and her voice came down faintly. The huckster didn't know whether she wanted potatoes, cantaloupes, tomatoes or corn. So he marked the fourth flat from the corner and motioned that he would drive around to the alley. The woman was there waiting for him and called out once more, but he couldn't understand her.

Gathering a handful of samples of various vegetables from his stock he mounted four flights of back stairs and arrived at the top paunting. The woman stood there awaiting his coming.

"Couldn't hear what you said, lady," said the huckster, "so I brought up some of each kind an' you can pick what you want an' I'll go down an' get 'em."

"Want?" said the woman, who was in a towering rage. "Want? I don't want none of your old vegetables. What I want is for you to stop hollerin' in front of this house, or I'll have you arrested. You're enough to wake the dead. My husband works all night and he's just got into a little doze, and goodness knows it's hard enough to sleep daytimes such weather as this without a fiend like you standing in front of the house yelling like a Comanche. Now you get out of here and don't you holler no more or I'll get the police after you."

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