

GOLD DUST

THE BEST WASHING POWDER

Arizona Day by Day

Live News Taken From Territorial Exchanges.

F. J. Watron of Holbrook has received word that there are ninety cases of smallpox in the Mogul villages and fourteen deaths have occurred.

The funeral of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Bravin was had this afternoon, immediate friends of the family following the remains to the cemetery.—Tombsston Prospector.

A. T. Cornish of Flagstaff spent a couple of days in Winslow last week looking after his business interests there. While there he circulated a petition to the legislature for the changing of the reform school to a normal, and it was signed by nearly every citizen of that town.

Yesterday was Arbor day, but as dynamite is high priced and overcast scarce there were no trees planted in this section of the country. Governor Murphy, in his proclamation, recommends that in northern Arizona the various school boards provide for a proper observation of the day later in the season.—Williams News.

E. F. Greenlaw returned from a two weeks' stay in Jerome Thursday. While there he started his son and Claude Emerton in the hay and grain business. Mr. Greenlaw says that Jerome is prospering and that the town is one-third larger than before the recent fire and the prospects are that in a few years it will be the largest town in Arizona.—Cocconino Sun.

Colonel Epes Randolph, president of the King of Arizona Mining and Milling company and division superintendent of the Southern Pacific, makes the prediction that Arizona will this year produce \$12,000,000 worth of copper and half that amount in gold and silver.

With such returns there will be little temptation for Arizonians to leave home in search of mining prospects.

John Berry, the master of the lodge of Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at Winslow, has left the country and taken with him \$290 of the lodge's money. The lodge has been advised by Winslow a week ago, and the money embezzled by Berry was collected from the sale of tickets to the dance. Berry failed to put in an appearance at the dance and the firemen were obliged to take up a collection to defray expenses. Berry leaves a wife and four children in destitute circumstances. He is believed to have gone to Mexico.

Mr. C. C. Bab, who has charge of the government work at the Buttes, was in Florence Thursday, says the Tribune. He brought the cheering news that the rock has been penetrating by the diamond drill, the core showing a solid granite, impervious to water. It had been feared that the box canyon between the Buttes was a bottomless rift, upon which a foundation for the dam could only be built with great difficulty. The fact as found by Mr. Bab removes all doubts of the main engineering difficulties, and nearly insures the completion of the work by the government.

Jack Hogue, who has been employed by the Santa Fe Pacific at or near Chino for several years, was discharged the other day. He came to Holbrook and intended to go to Winslow. Saturday night, while walking along the railroad track, he was struck by a freight train, and severely injured. He was picked up by the train crew and taken to Winslow, and returned to Holbrook on No. 2 Sunday. He was then turned over to the care of Under Sheriff Bargman, who administered to his wants. He died at 5 a. m. Thursday. He has relatives in Kansas who were notified of his condition before he died. He was about 35 years old.—Holbrook Argus.

Joe Mulhatten was in Florence last week from the Riney country, where he has recently discovered a magnetic calc, which from his account, must be a wonderful species of vegetation. Its attractive powers are so great that it draws birds and animals to it and impales them on its thorny spikes. Mr. Mulhatten approached no nearer than 100 feet to the calc, which is of the sahara variety, yet at that distance it was all he could do to resist its influence to drink him to it. While in town he purchased a long cane, which he will tie around his body, and four of his friends will take hold of it and allow him to approach near enough to

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..THE REPUBLICAN'S NEW STORY..

TREASURE ISLAND

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART I.
THE OLD BUCCANEER.
CHAPTER I.
THE OLD SEA-DOG AT THE ADMIRAL BENELOW.

Squire Trelawney, Dr. Livesey and the rest of these gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the beatings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace 17—, and go back to the time when my father kept the Admiral Benbow Inn, and the brown old seaman, with the sabre cut, first took up his lodgings under our roof.

I remember him as if it was yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea chest following behind him in a hand-barrow; a tall, straight, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his faded blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails, and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cave and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea song that he sang so often afterward:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
In the high, old tattered voice that seemed to have been tanned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste, and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

"This is a handy cove," says he, looking at length; "and a pleasant situated place, much company, much rum." My father told him no, very little company, the more was the pity.

"Well, then," said he, "this is the berth for me. Here you, matey," he cried to the man who trundled the barrow; "bring up alongside and help up my chest. I'll stay here a bit," he continued. "I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. What you might call me? You might call me captain. Oh, I see what you're at—there; and lie three down three or four gold pieces on the threshold. You can tell me when I've worked through that," says he, looking as fierce as a commander.

And, indeed, for as his clothes were, and exactly as he spoke, he had none of the appearance of a man who called before the mast; but seemed like a mate or skipper, accustomed to be obeyed or to strike. The man who came with the barrow told us the mail had set him down the morning before at the Royal George; that he had inquired what inn there was along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as handy, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence. And that was all we could learn of our guest.

He was a very silent man by custom. All day he hung round the cove, or upon the cliffs, with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlor next the fire, and drank rum and water very strong. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to, only look up suddenly and fierce, and blow through his nose like a fog-horn; and we and the people who came about our house soon learned to let him be. Every day, when he came back from his stroll, he would ask if any seafaring men had gone by along the road? At first we thought it was the want of company of his kind that made him ask this question; but at last we began to see he was desirous to avoid them. When a seaman put up at the Admiral Benbow (as was now and then some did, making his way by the road for Bristol), he would look at him through the curtain door before he entered the parlor; and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such was present. For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter; for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms.

He had taken me aside one day, and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if I would only keep my "weather-eye" open for a seafaring man with one leg, and let him know the moment he appeared. Often enough, when the first of the month came round, and I applied to him for my wage, he would only blow through his nose at me, and stare me down, but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bring me my fourpenny piece, and repeat his orders to look out for "the seafaring man with one leg."

How that personage haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house, and the surf roared along the cave and up the cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions. Now the leg would be cut off at the knee, now at the hip; now he was a monstrous kind of a creature who had never had but the one leg, and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch, was the worst of nightmares. And altogether I paid pretty dear for my monthly fourpenny

piece in the shape of these abominable fancies.

But though I was so terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one leg, I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than his head would carry; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea songs, rousing nobody; but sometimes he would call for glasses round, and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories or hear a chorus to his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum;" all the neighbors joining in for dear life, and the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other, to avoid remark. For in these fits he was the most overbearing companion ever known; he would slap his hand on the table for silence all round; he would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or sometimes because none was put, and so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow anyone to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.

His stories were what frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were; about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and plots on the Spanish main. By his own account, he must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea; and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people almost as much as the crimes that he described. My father was always saying the inn would be ruined, for people would soon cease coming there to be tyrannized over and put down, and sent shivering to their beds; but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it; it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life; and there was even a party of the younger men who pretended to admire him, calling him a "true sea-dog," and a "real old salt," and such like names, and saying there was the sort of man that made England terrible at sea.

In one way, indeed, he had fair to ruin us; for he kept on staying week after week, and at last month had been long extended, and all my father never plucked up the heart to insist on having more. If ever he mentioned it, the captain blew through his nose so loudly that you might say he roared, and stared my poor father out of the room. I have seen him wringing his hands after such a rebuff, and I am sure the annoyance and the terror he lived in must have greatly hastened his early and unhappy death.

All the time he lived with us the captain made no change whatever in his dress but to buy some stockings from a hawk. One of the corks of his hat having fallen down, he let it hang from that day forth, though it was a great



He would look in at him through the curtain door.

annoyance when it blew. I remember the appearance of his coat, which he patched himself upstairs in his room, and which, before the end, was nothing but patches. He never wrote or received a letter, and he never spoke with any but the neighbors, and with these, for the most part, only when drunk on rum. The great sea-chest none of us had ever seen open.

He was only once crossed, and that was toward the end, when my poor father was far gone in a decline that took him off. Dr. Livesey came late one afternoon to see the patient, took a bit of dinner from my mother, and went into the parlor to smoke a pipe until his horse should come down from the barn; for we had no stabling at the old Benbow. I followed him in, and I remember observing the contrast the neat, bright doctor, with his powder as white as snow, and his bright, black eyes and pleasant manners, made with the coltish country folk, and above all with that filthy, heavy, bearded scowrow of a pirate of ours, sitting far gone in rum, with his arms on the table. Suddenly he—the captain, that is—began to pipe up his eternal song:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

At first I had supposed the dead man's chest" to be that identical big box of his upstairs in the front room, and the thought had been mingled in my nightmares with that of the one-legged seafaring man. But by this time we had all long ceased to pay any particular notice to the song; it was now, that night, to nobody but Dr. Livesey, and on him I observed that it did not produce an agreeable effect, for he looked up for a moment quite angrily before he went on with his talk to old Taylor, the gardener, on a new cure for rheumatism. In the meantime the captain gradually brightened up at his own music, and at last flapped his hand upon the table before him in a way we all knew to mean—silence. The voices stopped at once, all but Dr. Livesey's; he went on as before, speaking clear and kind, and drawing briskly at his pipe between every word or two. The captain glared at him for awhile, flapped his hand again, glared still harder, and at last broke out with a villanous, low oath: "Silence, there between decks!"

"Were you addressing me, sir?" says the doctor; and when the ruffian had told him, with another oath, that this was so, "I have only one thing to say to you, sir," repeats the doctor, "that if you keep on drinking ruin the world will soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel!"

The old fellow's fury was awful. He sprang to his feet, drew and opened a sailor's clamp knife, and, balancing it open on the palm of his hand, threatened to pierce the doctor to the wall. The doctor never so much as moved. He spoke to him, as before, over his shoulder, and in the same tone of voice; rather high, so that all the room might hear, but perfectly calm and steady:

"If you don't put that knife this instant into your pocket, I promise, upon my honor, you shall hang at the next assizes."

Then followed a battle of looks between them; but the captain soon knuckled under, put up his weapon, and resumed his seat, grumbling like a beaten dog.

(To Be Continued.)

Secretary of the Navy Long dislikes society and is rarely seen at the social functions of the capital.

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