

## THE BUTTERFLIES.

Over the daisies above the meadow grasses,  
Above the daisies with their golden eyes,  
The shadow of a cloud that lonely passes;  
I walk with you, O wandering butterfly!

The freckled wings that flaunt and fall so  
gently,  
That cross before me dappling to the  
skies,  
The wings with fairy jewels marked so  
quaintly,  
Are you my childhood's happy but-  
terflies?

Dear butterflies that rest upon the clover,  
And joyous then in winged lightness rise,  
You know one pathway I would fain dis-  
cover,  
Ah, lead me home, free wandering but-  
terflies!

Show me what way you passed from my old  
summers,  
My childhood summers, under far-off  
skies;  
Familiar wings, you pilgrims, you light-  
comers,  
Home to old meadows, happy butterflies!

On one green hill with grassy chamber  
hollo,  
The old, old home, the long-lost garden  
lies;  
Flit not so high, too spent am I to follow;  
Yet soon I'll come, my laughing but-  
terflies.

And earth will place her ancient palm so  
tender  
A little while upon these darkened eyes,  
Then soft I'll wake, the early morning  
splendor  
To climb with you, my old, sweet but-  
terflies!

—Irene Putnam, in N. Y. Independent.



## PART I.

## CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

This appeal seemed to produce some effect, for two of the fellows began to look here and there among the lumber, but half heartedly, I thought, and with half an eye to their own danger all the time, while the rest stood irresolute on the road.

"You have your hands on thousands, you fools, and you hang a leg! You'd be as rich as kings if you could find it, and you know it's here, and you stand there malingering. There wasn't one of you dared face Bill, and I did it—a blind man! And I'm to lose my chance for you! I'm to be a poor, crawling beggar, sponging for rum, when I might be rolling in a coach! If you had the pluck of a weevil in a biscuit, you would catch them still."

"Hang it, Pew, we've got the doubloons!" grumbled one.

"They might have hid the blessed thing," said another. "Take the Georges, Pew, and don't stand here squalling."

Squalling was the word for it. Pew's anger rose so high at these objections, till at last, his passion completely taking the upper hand, he struck at them right and left in his blindness, and his stick sounded heavily on more than one.

These, in their turn, cursed back at the blind miscreant, threatened him in horrid terms, and tried in vain to catch the stick and wrest it from his grasp.

This quarrel was the saving of us; for while it was still raging, another sound came from the top of the hill on the side of the hamlet—the tramp of horses galloping. Almost at the same time a pistol shot, flash and report, came from the hedge side. And that was plainly the last signal of danger; for the buccaneers turned at once and ran, separating in every direction, one seaward along the cove, one slant across the hill, and so on, so that in half a minute not a sign of them remained but Pew. Him they had deserted, whether in sheer panic or out of revenge for his ill words and blows, I know not; but there he remained behind, tapping up and down the road in a frenzy, and groping and calling or his comrades. Finally he took the wrong turn and ran a few steps past me, toward the hamlet, crying:

"Johnny, Black Dog, Dirk," and other names, "you won't leave old Pew, mates—not old Pew!"

Just then the noise of horses topped the rise, and four or five riders came in sight in the moonlight and swept at full gallop down the slope.

At this Pew saw his error, turned with a scream and ran straight for the ditch, into which he rolled. But he was on his feet again in a second, and made another dash, now utterly bewildered, right under the nearest of the coming horses.

The rider tried to save him, but in vain. Down went Pew with a cry that rang high into the night; and the four hoofs trampled and spurned him and passed by. He fell on his side, then gently collapsed upon his face, and moved no more.

I leaped to my feet and hailed the riders. They were pulling up, at a rate, horrified at the accident; and I soon saw what they were. One, tailing out behind the rest, was a lad that had gone from the hamlet to Dr. Livesey's; the rest were revenue officers, whom he had met by the way, and with whom he had had the intelligence to return at once. Some news of the lugger in Kitt's Hole had found its way to Supervisor Dance, and sent him forth that night in our direction, and to that circumstance my mother and I owe our preservation from death.

Pew was dead, stone dead. As for my mother, when we had carried her up to the hamlet, a little cold water and salts very soon brought her back again, and she was none the worse for her terror, though she still continued to deplore the balance of the money.

In the meantime the supervisor rode on, as fast as he could, to Kitt's Hole; but his men had to dismount and grope down the dingle, leading, and sometimes supporting, their horses, and in continual fear of ambushes; so it was no great matter for surprise that when we got down to the Hole the lugger was already under way, though still close in. He hailed her. A voice re-

plied, telling him to keep out of the moonlight or he would get some lead in him, and at the same time a bullet whistled close by his arm. Soon after the lugger doubled the point and disappeared. Mr. Dance stood there, as he said, "like a fish out of water," and all he could do was to dispatch a man to B— to warn the cutter. "And that," said he, "is just about as good as nothing. They've got off clean, and there's an end. Only," he added, "I'm glad I trod on Master Pew's corns;" for by this time he had heard my story.

I went back with him to the Admiral Benbow, and you cannot imagine a house in such a state of smash; the very clock had been thrown down by these fellows in their furious hunt after my mother and myself; and though nothing had actually been taken away except the captain's money-bag and a little silver from the till, I could see at once that we were ruined. Mr. Dance could make nothing of the scene.

"They got the money, you say? Well, then, Hawkins, what in fortune were they after? More money, I suppose?"

"No, sir; not money, I think," replied I. "In fact, sir, I believe I have the thing in my breast-pocket; and, to tell you the truth, I should like to get it put in safety."

"To be sure, boy; quite right," said he. "I'll take it, if you like."

"I thought perhaps Dr. Livesey—" I began.

"Perfectly right," he interrupted, very cheerily, "perfectly right—a gentleman and a magistrate. And, now I come to think of it, I might as well ride round there myself and report to him or squire. Master Pew's dead, when all's done; not that I regret it, but he's dead, you see, and people will make it out against an officer of his majesty's revenue, if make it out they can. Now, I'll tell you, Hawkins, if you like, I'll take you along."

I thanked him heartily for the offer, and we walked back to the hamlet where the horses were. By the time I had told mother of my purpose they were all in the saddle.

"Dogger," said Mr. Dance, "you have a good horse; take up that lead behind you."

As soon as I was mounted, holding on to Dogger's belt, the supervisor gave the word, and the party struck out on a bounding trot on the road to Dr. Livesey's house.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE CAPTAIN'S PAPERS.

We rode hard all the way, till we drew up before Dr. Livesey's door. The house was all dark in front.

Mr. Dance told me to jump down and knock, and Dogger gave me a stirrup to descend by. The door was opened almost at once by the maid.

"Is Dr. Livesey in?" I asked.

No, she said; he had come home in the afternoon, but had gone up to the hall to dine and pass the evening with the squire.

"So there we go, boys," said Mr. Dance.

This time, as the distance was short, I did not mount, but ran with Dogger's stirrup-leather to the lodge gates, and up the long, leafless, moonlit avenue to where the white line of the Hall buildings looked on either hand on great old gardens. Here Mr. Dance dismounted, and, taking me along with him, was admitted at a word into the house.

The servant led us down a matted passage, and showed us at the end into a great library, all lined with book-cases and busts upon the top of them, where the squire and Dr. Livesey sat, pipe in hand, on either side of the bright fire.

I had never seen the squire so near at hand. He was a tall man, over six feet high, and broad in proportion, and he had a bluff, rough-and-ready face, all roughened and reddened and lined in his long travels. His eyebrows were very black, and moved readily, and this gave him a look of some temper, not bad, you would say, but quick and high.

"Come in, Mr. Dance," says he, very stately and condescending.

"Good evening, Dance," says the doctor, with a nod. "And good evening to you, friend Jim. What good wind brings you here?"

The supervisor stood up straight and stiff, and told his story like a lesson; and you should have seen how the two gentlemen leaned forward and looked at each other, and forgot to smoke in their surprise and interest. When they heard how my mother went back to the inn, Dr. Livesey fairly slapped his thigh, and the squire cried "Bravo!" and broke his long pipe against the grate. Long before it was done, Mr. Trelawney (that, you will remember, was the squire's name) had got up from his seat, and was striding about the room, and the doctor, as if to hear the better, had taken off his powdered wig, and sat there, looking very strange indeed with his own close-cropped, black poll.

At last Mr. Dance finished the story. "Mr. Dance," said the squire, "you are a very noble fellow. And as for riding down that black, atrocious miscreant, I regard it as an act of virtue, sir, like stamping on a cockroach. This lad Hawkins is a trump, I perceive. Hawkins, will you ring that bell? Mr. Dance must have some ale."

"And so, Jim," said the doctor, "you have the thing that they were after, have you?"

"Here it is, sir," said I, and gave him the oilskin packet.

The doctor looked it all over, as if his fingers were itching to open it; but, instead of doing that, he put it quietly in the pocket of his coat.

"Squire," said he, "when Dance has had his ale he must, of course, be off on his majesty's service; but I mean to keep Jim Hawkins here to sleep at my house, and, with your permission, I propose we should have up the cold pie, and let him sup."

"As you will, Livesey," said the squire; "Hawkins has earned better than cold pie."

So a big pigeon pie was brought in and put on a side-table, and I made a hearty supper, for I was as hungry as a hawk, while Mr. Dance was further complimented, and at last dismissed.

"And now, squire," said the doctor. "And now, Livesey," said the squire, in the same breath.

"One at a time, one at a time," laughed Dr. Livesey. "You have heard of this Flint, I suppose?"

"Heard of him!" cried the squire. "Heard of him, you say! He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that sailed. Blackbeard was a child to Flint. The Spaniards were so prodigiously afraid of him, that I tell you, sir, I was sometimes proud he was an Englishman. I've seen his topsails with these eyes, off Trinidad, and the cowardly son of a rum-punchon that I sailed with put back—put back, sir, into Port of Spain."

"Well, I've heard of him myself, in England," said the doctor. "But the point is, had he money?"

"Money!" cried the squire. "Have you heard the story? What were these villains after but money? What do they care for but money? For what would they risk their rascal carcasses but money?"

"That we shall soon know," replied the doctor. "But you are so confoundedly hot-headed and exclamatory that I cannot get a word in. What I want to know is this: Supposing that I have here in my pocket some clew to where Flint buried his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?"

"Amount, sir!" cried the squire. "It will amount to this; if we have the clew you talk about, I fit out a ship in Bristol dock, and take you and Hawkins here along, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year."

"Very well," said the doctor. "Now, then, if Jim is agreeable, we'll open the packet;" and he laid it before him on the table.

The bundle was sewn together, and the doctor had to get out his instrument case and cut the stitches with his medical scissors. It contained two things—a book and a sealed paper.

"First of all we'll try the book," observed the doctor.

The squire and I were both peering over his shoulder as he opened it, for Dr. Livesey had kindly motioned me to come round from the side table, where I had been eating, to enjoy the sport of the search. On the first page there were only some scraps of writing, such as a man with a pen in his hand might make for idleness or practice. One was the same as the tattoo mark, "Billy Bones his fancy;" and then there was "Mr. W. Bones, mate." "No more rum," "Off Palm Key he got it;" and some other snatches, mostly single words and unintelligible. I could not help wondering who it was that had "got it," and what "it" was that he got. A knife in his back as like as not.

"Not much instruction there," said Dr. Livesey, as he passed on.

The next ten or twelve pages were filled with a curious series of entries.

There was a date at one end of the line and at the other a sum of money, as in common account-books; but instead of explanatory writing only a variegated number of crosses between the two. On the 12th of June, 1745, for instance, a sum of £70 had plainly become due to some one, and there was nothing but six crosses to explain the cause. In a few cases, to be sure, the name of a place would be added, as "Off Caracacas;" or a mere entry of latitude and longitude, as "62 degrees, 17 minutes, 20 seconds, 19 degrees 2 minutes 40 seconds."

The record lasted over nearly 20 years, the amount of the separate entries growing larger as time went on, and at the end a grand total had been made out after five or six wrong additions, and these words appended: "Bones his pile."

"I can't make head or tail of this," said Dr. Livesey.

"The thing is clear as noonday," cried the squire. "This is the black-headed hound's account-book. These crosses stand for the names of the ships or towns that they have sunk or plundered. The sums are the scoundrel's share, and where he feared an ambiguity, you see he added something clearer. 'Off Caracacas,' now; you see, here was some unhappy vessel boarded off that coast. God help the poor souls that manned her—coral long ago."

"Right," said the doctor. "See what it is to be a traveler. Right! And the amounts increase, you see, as he rose in rank."

There was little else in the volume but a few bearings of places noted in the blank leaves toward the end, and a table for reducing French, English and Spanish moneys to a common value.

"Thrift man!" cried the doctor. "He wasn't the one to be cheated."

"And now," said the squire, "for the other."

The paper had been sealed in several places with a thimble by way of seal; the very thimble, perhaps, that I had found in the captain's pocket. The doctor opened the seals with great care, and there fell out the map of an island, with latitude and longitude, soundings, names of hills and bays and inlets, and every particular that would be needed to bring a ship to a safe anchorage upon its shores. It was about nine miles long and five across, shaped, you might say, like a fat dragon standing

up, and had two fine land-locked harbors, and a hill in the center part marked "The Spy Glass." There were several additions of a later date, but, above all, three crosses of red ink—two on the north part of the island, one in the southwest, and beside this last, in the same red ink, and in a small, neat hand, very different from the captain's tottery characters, these words: "Bulk of treasure here."

Over on the back the same hand had written this further information: "Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N. E. "Skeleton Island E. S. E. and by E. "Ten feet."

"The bar silver is in the north cove; you can find it by the trend of the east hummock, ten fathoms south of the black crag with the face on it."

"The arms are easy found, in the sand-hill, N. point of north inlet cove, bearing E. and a quarter N."

That was all; but brief as it was, and, to me, incomprehensible, it filled the squire and Dr. Livesey with delight.

"Livesey," said the squire, "you will give up this wretched practice at once. To-morrow I start for Bristol. In three weeks' time—three weeks!—two weeks—ten days—we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest crew in England. Hawkins shall come as cabin boy. You'll make a famous cabin boy, Hawkins. You, Livesey, are ship's doctor; I am admiral. We'll take Redruth, Joyce and Hunter. We'll have favorable winds and a quick passage, and not the least difficulty in finding the spot, and money to eat—to roll in—to play duck and drake with ever after."

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "I'll go with you; and I'll go bail for it, so will Jim, and be a credit to the undertaking. There's only one man I'm afraid of."

"And who is that?" cried the squire. "Name the dog, sir!"

"You," replied the doctor; "for you cannot hold your tongue. We are not the only men who know of this paper. These fellows who attacked the inn to-night—bold, desperate blades, for sure—and the rest who stayed aboard that lugger, and more, I dare say, not far off, are, one and all, through thick and thin, bound that they'll get that money. We must none of us go alone till we get to sea. Jim and I shall stick together in the meanwhile; you'll take Joyce and Hunter when you ride to Bristol, and, from first to last, not one of us must breathe a word of what we've found."

"Livesey," returned the squire, "you are always in the right of it. I'll be as silent as the grave."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

No Help for Him.

Poor fellow! He was "all broke up." Tears coursed down his red, puffed cheeks, and he would not be comforted.

"Come," said one of his friends, "brace up, old man. It's too bad that the banquet was too much for you, last night, and that you fell by the wayside; but that's liable to happen to almost any of us. Of course they'll discharge you when they find out how it was, and you needn't worry any about the money if they do fine you. We'll see that you get out of it, all right."

"Oh," cried the disconsolate one, "I'll never be able to live this down. It's awfully nice of you, boys, to try to help me out, but what has been done can't be undone."

"Pshaw! Others have been arrested by mistake before you, and got out of it all right. Why can't you do the same?"

"It isn't the arrest," he sobbed. "I don't care for that; but here it's nine o'clock in the morning, and I've got my dress suit on!"

Then he buried his face in his hands, and the others were silent. They knew that he was ruined forever.—Cleveland Leader.

Old Beliefs Knocked in the Head.

Queen Elizabeth was not the angelic creature represented in the histories and poems of her own times. Her hair was red, her temper red-hot. She sometimes drank too much, and at any provocation she would curse like a trooper. She frequently swore at her maids, and sometimes struck, kicked and pinched them. Mary Stuart, of Scotland, was not a beauty. She had cross eyes, and, to save the trouble of having her hair dressed, cut it off close to her head and wore a wig. When, after her death, the executioner lifted her head to show it to the people, the wig came off and showed a close-cropped skull, covered with gray hair. Horatius never defended the bridge. The story was manufactured by the same gifted author who gave the world the account of Scævola's heroism. Blondel, the harper, did not discover the prison of King Richard. Richard paid his ransom, and the receipt for it is among the Austrian archives.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Perlite Like."

Pat was an employee in a shop where the scarcity of help had compelled the grocer to take on an assistant who was entirely without any experience.

One day the grocer, in weighing out a purchase to a customer, searched in vain for a weight.

"Patrick," he called out, "where's the pound weight?"

"The pound weight, is it? Shure it's Mr. Jones that has the pound weight?"

"Mr. Jones has it? What do you mean?"

"An' didn't yez tell me to be perlite to the regular customers?"

"Of course I did."

"Well, this Mr. Jones comes in the day for a pound of tay, an' says he whin I axed him what quality of tay he wud have: 'Whatever ye give me,' he says, 'give me the weight.' So I put the pound weight in the package with the tay, perlite like, an' it's himself that's gone wid it."—Spare Moments.

Doubled the Dose.

Ragged Rob—W'y didn't ye come de pathetic racket on de judge—tell him ye had a family dependin' on ye?

Pensive Pete—I did, an' he fined me then for neglectin' to support me family.—N. Y. Journal.

## WILL GO TO CUBA.

Gen. Duffield's Brigade to Be the First to Reinforce Gen. Shafter Near Santiago.

Brig. Gen. Henry M. Duffield, whose brigade is to be the first to reinforce Gen. Shafter in Cuba, is one of Michigan's most prominent men. He is recognized in Detroit as a leading lawyer and a public-spirited citizen in every sense of the term. His family is inseparably connected with the history of Detroit in the early days of that city. He is a nephew of Gen. William Ward Duffield, who served with distinction in the



GEN. HENRY M. DUFFIELD.  
(Just Sent to Cuba to Reinforce Gen. Shafter's Forces.)

Mexican and civil wars, and was appointed superintendent of the coast and geodetic survey under President Cleveland. Gen. Duffield is also related by marriage to Justice Henry Brown, of the United States supreme court, the two jurists having married sisters, the Misses Pitts, of Detroit. For many years Gen. Duffield has been identified with the national guard of Michigan, giving much of his time and personal means to its upbuilding. He is considered a most capable tactician, and a really up-to-date military man, despite his long training in the law. His brigade is the equal in equipment and drill of any of the volunteer brigades, each regiment having a splendid reputation.

## CAPTAIN JOHN PHILIP.

The Gallant Commander Whose Battleship, the Texas, Demolished Socapa Battery.

John W. Philip, whose battleship Texas totally demolished Socapa battery on the left point of the entrance to Santiago de Cuba bay, is 58 years old and has been in the United States navy 42 years. The records of the navy have him as being born in New York, from which state he was appointed to the academy in 1856. He was made midshipman in 1861, and rose through all the grades between that and his present rank, to which he attained in 1889. Capt. Philip was in active service all through the civil war. During those years he served aboard the frigates Constitution and Santee, the Marion, the Chippewa, the monitor Montauk and the Pawnee. In 1865 he was removed to the Asiatic squadron as ex-



CAPT. JOHN PHILIP.  
(Commander of the United States Battleship Texas.)

ecutive officer of the Wachusett. From 1868 to 1871 he served with the European squadron and was again transferred to the Asiatic station. Since that time Capt. Philip has taken part in scientific expeditions, has done scientific work in various offices of the navy, has commanded several ships of war, and has been lighthouse inspector. He is one of the most reliable and most thoroughly trained sailors in the United States navy.

## What Crowned Heads Wear.

The sultan of Turkey is always seen attired in pale brown garments; the emperor of Austria affects gray. The young German emperor has what may be called a loud taste in clothes, and is never so happy as when wearing the showiest of uniforms or hunting costumes; indeed, when attired in the latter he looks as though he had stepped out of Drury Lane pantomime, so extraordinary and fantastic is his get-up on these occasions. The emperor of Russia, on the other hand, likes the simplest, darkest form of undress uniform, and he habitually wears that which became so familiar in all the photographs of his late father.

## Ostrich Ate Earbed Wire.

The stomach of an ostrich is often made the receptacle for strange things. One of these birds mysteriously died at a California farm, and a post-mortem was held. It had followed about a gang of men who were building wire fences, and swallowed the bits of wire they clipped off from time to time.

## Temperature of Comets.

As far as calculations can decide, the temperature of comets is believed to be 2,000 times fiercer than that of red-hot iron.

## A GUARDSMAN'S TROUBLE.

From the Detroit (Mich.) Journal.

The promptness with which the National Guard of the different states responded to President McKinley's call for troops at the beginning of the war with Spain made the whole country proud of its citizen soldiers. In Detroit there are few guardsmen more popular and efficient than Max H. Davies, first sergeant of Co. B.

He has been a resident of Detroit for the past six years, and his home is at 416 Third Avenue. For four years he was connected with the well known wholesale drug house of Farrand, Williams & Clark, in the capacity of bookkeeper.

"I have charged up many thousand orders for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," said Mr. Davies, "but never knew their worth until I used them for the cure of chronic dyspepsia. For two years I suffered and doctored for that aggravating trouble but could only be helped temporarily."

"I think dyspepsia is one of the most stubborn of ailments, and there is scarcely a clerk or office boy of the pills I used, but a victim. Some days I could eat anything, while at other times I would be starving. Those distressed pains would force me to quit work."

"I tried the hot-water treatment thoroughly, but it did not affect my case. I have tried many advertised remedies, but they would help only for a time. A friend of mine recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but I did not think much of them."

"I finally was induced to try the pills and commenced using them. After taking a few doses I found much relief. I do not remember how many boxes of the pills I used, but I used them until the old trouble stopped. I know they will cure dyspepsia of the worst form and I am pleased to recommend them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Impossible to Doubt.

Upguardon—There has been so many reports of those Cuban cables being cut when they haven't been cut at all that I don't take any more stock in stories of that kind.

Atom—Yes, but it's true this time. The news about the last cable that was cut came over the cable itself.—Chicago Tribune.

Try Allen's Foot-ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen feet, corns, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Good Example.

She—Did you ever see any rapid firing? He—Yes; I was in Washington when the Spanish minister and attaches were sent home.—Chicago Tribune.

On Wednesday, July 20th, the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y will run an excursion from Columbus, Zanesville and intermediate stations to Niagara Falls, via Cleveland and the elegant Steamer City of Erie or City of Buffalo of the Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Co. The round trip rate to Niagara Falls will be \$8.00 from Columbus and Zanesville, \$5.00 from Mt. Vernon, \$4.00 from Millersburg, \$3.00 from Akron and proportionately low rates from intermediate stations. Train will leave Columbus 11:30 a. m. and Zanesville 12:00 noon of that day, making fast time. For full information as to limits of tickets, trips beyond Niagara Falls and all details, apply to any agent of this company, or C. F. DALY, General Passenger Agent.

A Case of Memory.

The serenader stopped beneath the window. He unsling his guitar and touched its strings softly and lovingly. Then he looked about the dark shadows of the garden and along the line of fence that marked the street end of the handsome premises.

Nothing was in sight.

Looking again at the window, the youth ran his fingers swiftly across the strings, and then, hitting up his head and opening his mouth until the moonlight glittered on his teeth, he began in a shrill tenor:

"Oh, don't you remember—"

But he got no further.

The window above suddenly opened and a large, heavily-framed engraving of the battleship Maine was dropped from within and fell squarely