

JES' TO BE ALONG O' YOU.

Why, dearie, seems I couldn't tell like how it 'pears to me To be with you, and only you, 'thout mind-



TREASURE ISLAND PART II. CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

On our little walk along the quays, he made himself the most interesting companion, telling me about the different ships that we passed by, their rig, tonnage, and nationality, explaining the work that was going forward

When we got to the inn, the squire and Dr. Livesey were seated together, finishing a quart of ale with a toast in it, before they should go aboard the schooner on a visit of inspection. Long John told the story from first to last, with a great deal of spirit and the most perfect truth.

CHAPTER IX. POWDER AND ARMS.

The Hispaniola lay some way out, and we went under the figureheads and round the sterns of many other ships, and their cables sometimes grated beneath our keel and sometimes swung above us.

The last was a sharp-looking man who seemed angry with everything on board, and was soon to tell us why, for we had hardly got down into the cabin when a sailor followed us. "Capt. Smollett, sir, axing to speak with you," said he.

"I am always at the captain's orders. Show him in," said the squire. The captain, who was close behind his messenger, entered at once and shut the door behind him.

"Well, sir," said the captain, "better speak plain, I believe, at the risk of offense. I don't like this cruise; I don't like the men, and I don't like my officer. That's short and sweet."

"Perhaps, sir, you don't like the ship?" inquired the squire, very angry, as I could see.

"I can't speak as to that, sir, not having seen her tried," said the captain. "She seems a clever craft; more I can't say."

"Possibly, sir, you may not like your employer, either?" says the squire. But here Dr. Livesey cut in.

captain. "Blabbed, I mean. It's my belief that neither of you gentlemen know what you are about; but I'll tell you my way of it—life or death, and a close run."

"That is all clear, and I dare say, true enough," replied Dr. Livesey. "We take the risk; but we are not so ignorant as you believe us. Next, you say you don't like the crew. Are they not good seamen?"

"I don't like them, sir," returned Capt. Smollett. "And I think I should have had the choosing of my own hands, if you go to that."

"Perhaps you should," replied the doctor. "My friend should, perhaps, have taken you along with him; but the slight, if there be one, was unintentional. And you don't like Mr. Arrow?"

"I don't, sir. I believe he's a good seaman; but he's too free with the crew to be a good officer. A mate should keep himself to himself—shouldn't drink with the men before the mast!"

"Do you mean he drinks?" cried the squire. "No, sir," replied the captain; "only that he is too familiar."

"Well, now, and the short and long of it, captain?" asked the doctor. "Tell us what you want."

"Well, gentlemen, are you determined to go on this cruise?" "Like iron," answered the squire. "Very good," said the captain. "Then, as you've heard me very patiently, saying things that I could not prove, hear me a few words more. They are putting the powder and the arms in the fore hold. Now, you have a good place under the cabin; why not put them there?—first point. Then you are bringing four of your own people with you, and they tell me some of them are to be berthed forward. Why not give them the berths here beside the cabin—second point."

"Any more?" asked Mr. Trelawney. "One more," said the captain. "There's been too much blabbing already."

"Far too much," agreed the doctor. "I'll tell you what I've heard myself," continued Capt. Smollett; "that you have a map of an island; that there's crosses on the map to show where the treasure is; and that the island lies—"

"And then he named the latitude and longitude exactly. "I never told that," cried the squire, "to a soul!"

"The hands know it, sir," returned the captain. "Livesey, that must have been you or Hawkins," cried the squire.

"It doesn't much matter who it was," replied the doctor. And I could see that neither he nor the captain paid much regard to Mr. Trelawney's protestations. Neither did I, to be sure, he was so loose a talker; yet in this case I believe he was really right, and that nobody had told the situation of the island.

"Well, gentlemen," continued the captain, "I don't know who has this map; but I make it a point, it shall be kept secret even from me and Mr. Arrow. Otherwise I would ask you to let me resign."

"I see," said the doctor. "You wish to keep this matter dark, and to make a garrison of the stern part of the ship, manned with my friend's own people, and provided with all the arms and powder on board. In other words, you fear a mutiny."

"Sir," said Capt. Smollett, "with no intention to take offense, I deny your right to put words into my mouth. No captain, sir, would be justified in going to sea at all if he had ground enough for that. As for Mr. Arrow, I believe him thoroughly honest; some of the men are the same; all may be for what I know. But I am responsible for the ship's safety and the life of every man Jack aboard of her. I see things going, as I think, not quite right. And I ask you to take certain precautions, or let me resign my berth. And that's all."

"Capt. Smollett," began the doctor, with a smile, "did ever you hear the fable of the mountain and the mouse? You'll excuse me, I dare say, but you remind me of that fable. When you came in here I'll stake my wig you meant more than this."

"Doctor," said the captain, "you are smart. When I came in here I meant to get discharged. I had no thought that Mr. Trelawney would hear a word."

"No more I would," cried the squire. "Had Livesey not been here I should have seen you to the deuce. As it is, I have heard you. I will do as you desire; but I think the worse of you."

"That's as you please, sir," said the captain. "You'll find I do my duty." And with that he took his leave.

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "contrary to all my notions, I believe you have managed to get two honest men on board with you—that man and John Silver."

"Silver, if you like," cried the squire; "but as for that intolerable humbug, I declare I think his conduct unmanly, unsailorly, and downright un-English."

"Well," says the doctor, "we shall see." When he came on deck, the men had begun already to take out the arms and powder, yo-ho-ing at their work, while the captain and Mr. Arrow stood by superintending.

The new arrangement was quite to my liking. The whole schooner had been overhauled; six berths had been made astern, out of what had been the afterpart of the main hold; and this set of cabins was only joined to the galley and fore-cabin by a sparred passage on the port side. It had been originally meant that the captain, Mr. Arrow, Hunter, Joyce, the doctor, and the squire were to occupy these six berths. Now Redruth and I were to get two of them, and Mr. Arrow and the captain were to sleep on deck in the companion, which had been enlarged on each side till you might almost have called it a roundhouse. Very low it was still, of course; but there was room to swing two hammocks, and even the mate seemed pleased with the arrangement. Even he, perhaps, had

been doubtful as to the crew, but that is only guess; for, as you shall hear, we had not long the benefit of his opinion.

We were all hard at work, changing the powder and the berths, when the last man or two, and Long John along with them, came off in a shore-boat.

The cook came up the side like a monkey for cleverness, and as soon as he saw what was doing, "So ho, mates!" said he, "what's this?"

"We're a-changing the powder, Jack," answers one. "Why, by the powers," cried Long John, "if we do, we'll miss the morning tide!"

"My orders!" said the captain, shortly. "You may go below, my man. Hands will want supper."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the cook; and, touching his forelock, he disappeared at once in the direction of his galley.

"That's a good man, captain," said the doctor. "Very likely, sir," replied Capt. Smollett. "Easy with that, man—easy," he ran on, to the fellows who were shifting the powder; and then suddenly observing me examining the swivel we carried amidships, a long brass nine—"Here, you ship's boy," he cried, "out o' that! Off with you to the cook and get some work."

And then, as I was hurrying off, I heard him say, quite loudly, to the doctor: "I'll have no favorites on my ship."

I assure you I was quite of the squire's way of thinking, and hated the captain deeply.

CHAPTER X. THE VOYAGE.

All that night we were in a great bustle getting things stowed in their place, and boatswain and the squire's friends, Mr. Blandy and the like, coming off to wish him a good voyage and a safe return. We never had a night at the Admiral Benbow when I had half the work; and I was dog-tired when, a little before dawn, the boatswain sounded his pipe, and the crew began to man the capstan-bars. I might have been twice as weary, yet I would not have left the deck; all was so new and interesting to me—the brief commands, the shrill notes of the whistle, the men bustling to their places in the glimmer of the ship's lanterns.

"Now, Barbecue, tip us a stave," cried one voice. "The old one," cried another. "Ay, ay, mates," said Long John, who was standing by, with his crutch

under his arm, and at once broke out in the air and words I knew so well: "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest— And then the whole crew bore chorus: "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

And at the third "ho!" drove the bars before them with a will. Even at that exciting moment it carried me back to the old Admiral Benbow in a second; and I seemed to hear the voice of the captain piping in the chorus. But soon the anchor was short up; soon it was hanging dripping at the bows; soon the sails began to draw, and the land and shipping to flit by on either side; and before I could lie down to snatch an hour of slumber the "Hispaniola" had begun her voyage to the Isle of Treasure.

I am not going to relate the voyage in detail. It was fairly prosperous. The ship proved to be a good ship, the crew were capable seamen, and the captain thoroughly understood his business. But before we came the length of Treasure Island, two or three things had happened which require to be known.

Mr. Arrow, first of all, turned out even worse than the captain had feared. He had no command among the men, and people did what they pleased with him. But that was by no means the worst of it; for after a day or two at sea he began to appear on deck with hazy eye, red cheeks, stuttering tongue, and other marks of drunkenness. Time after time he was ordered below in disgrace. Sometimes he fell and cut himself; sometimes he lay all day long in his little bunk at one side of the companion; sometimes for a day or two he would be almost sober and attend to his work at least passably.

In the meantime, we could never make out where he got the drink. That was the ship's mystery. Watch him as we pleased, we could do nothing to solve it; and when we asked him to his face, he would only laugh, if he were drunk, and if he were sober, deny solemnly that he ever tasted anything but water.

He was not only useless as an officer, and a bad influence amongst the men, but it was plain that at this rate he must soon kill himself outright; so nobody was much surprised, nor very sorry, when one dark night, with a head sea, he disappeared entirely and was seen no more.

"Overboard!" said the captain. "Well, gentlemen, that saves the trouble of putting him in irons." But there we were, without a mate, and it was necessary, of course, to ad-

vance one of the men. The boatswain, Job Anderson, was the likeliest man aboard, and, though he kept his old title, he served in a way as mate. Mr. Trelawney had followed the sea, and his knowledge made him very useful, for he often took a watch himself in easy weather. And the coxswain, Israel Hands, was a careful, wily, old, experienced seaman, who could be trusted at a pinch with almost anything.

He was a great confidant of Long John Silver, and so the mention of his name leads me on to speak of our ship's cook, Barbecue, as the men called him. Aboard ship he carried his crutch by a lanyard round his neck, to have both hands as free as possible. It was something to see him wedge the foot of the crutch against a bulkhead, and propped against it, yielding to every movement of the ship, get on with his cooking like some one safe ashore. Still more strange was it to see him in the heaviest of weather cross the deck. He had a line or two rigged up to help him across the widest spaces—Long John's earrings, they were called; and he would hand himself from one place to another, now using the crutch, now trailing it alongside by the lanyard, as quickly as another man could walk. Yet some of the men who had sailed with him before expressed their pity to see him so reduced.

"He's no common man, Barbecue," said the coxswain to me. "He had good schooling in his young days, and can speak like a book when so minded; and brave—lion's nothing alongside of Long John! I see him grapple four and knock their heads together—him unarmed."

All of the crew respected and even obeyed him. He had a way of talking to each and doing everybody some particular service. To me he was unweariedly kind, and always glad to see me in the galley, which he kept as clean as a new pin; the dishes hanging up burnished and his parrot in a cage in the corner.

"Come away, Hawkins," he would say; "come and have a yarn with John. Nobody more welcome than yourself, my son. Sit you down and hear the news. Here's Cap'n Flint—I call my parrot Cap'n Flint, after the famous buccaneer—here's Cap'n Flint predicting success to our voyage. Wasn't you, cap'n?"

And the parrot would say, with great rapidity: "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!" till you wondered that it was not out of breath, or till John threw his handkerchief over the cage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JUDGE DOOLITTLE'S JOKE. It Put Senator Fessenden in a Bad Position.

The old senator was a great story teller and related many interesting and humorous accounts of what he had seen in public life. One of his favorite stories was at the expense of Senator Fessenden, a warm personal friend. The judge and Senator Fessenden had been appointed on a commission with several others to treat with the various chiefs of the Sioux nation on an important Indian question of the day. It was long before railways had been introduced into the far west, and the members of the commission had to travel on horseback. Judge Doolittle was chairman of the commission, but at the conference shifted that duty to the shoulders of Senator Fessenden. The latter was highly pleased at the honor conferred on him and much "puffed up" in consequence. The judge had method in his madness, however, for he had heard of the peculiar reception tendered by the Indians to the spokesman of any party of visiting whites.

At the appointed time the two parties to the conference congregated. There were probably 200 Indian chiefs present with their wives. Senator Fessenden advanced to do the honors for the commissioners, when to his dismay the whole body of Indians—squaws and all—advanced, and, after embracing the chairman, gave him, according to their custom, a welcoming kiss. Judge Doolittle often said he thought that Fessenden never quite forgot him for the trick.—Boston Herald.

Same Tale. There is the old story of a British railway. A traveler had left his wrap in a railway carriage, and the guard, opening the door, inquired: "Is there a black mackintosh here?" "No," answered one of the big highlanders inside; "there is no black Mackintosh, but there are six red Macgregors."

This story would almost seem to have been copied in another railway story. A clerical passenger looked up from his book. "Have you read 'Lamb's Tales'?" asked he. "No," said the man opposite, who happened to be a commercial traveler, "but I have black sheepskin rugs."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Matrimonial Item. Gilbooly applied to a matrimonial agency for a companion, and the gentleman in charge said: "I've got just the kind of a woman you want. She is tall and slender, lovely blue eyes, golden hair, and a beautiful complexion. Her figure—"

"Now you are getting down to business at last. How much is her figure?"—Tammany Times.

Wives to Work for Them. An old Georgia negro, meeting his former master, was asked about his family. "Well, suh," he replied, "some is railroadin', some is 'sputing and spoundin', some is in office, some in de chalmang, but mos' er dem is good citizens en got wives ter work fer 'em!"

Not That Kind of a Boy. "Little boy," said the kind gentleman, "I hope you do not read those pernicious dime novels?" "Naw," said the little boy, "not w'en I kin git bully good stories for a nickel apiece."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

QUEER LITTLE BUILDING. (The Source of Much Costly Litigation in New York.)

Deering, agent for the De Peyster estate. It was triangular in shape, the sides being 9½, 19½ and 21½ feet, and the overhanging second story was supported by massive iron pillars. It was erected in Mrs. Samuel's absence from the city, and when she returned she entered an indignant protest against what she termed "claim jumping." The building was recently removed.

"I went to see Mr. Brown," Mrs. Samuel said, "but he denied that I had any title. My lawyers have the matter in hand now. I defeated the plan to seize my land by building that house on it last year, and I will defeat this."

J. Romaine Brown said that Mrs. Samuel had not a shadow of claim to any part of the land. "The court of appeals decided long ago," he said, "that title to all of it rested in the heirs of Nicholas de Peyster, and the Title Guarantee and Trust company has guaranteed our client's title. Frederick Entz is a retired business man. These matters were settled long ago by the courts. Mrs. Samuel simply bought a 'tax title,' but never paid the back taxes. The property was redeemed by the owners, and Mrs. Samuel can recover her money from the city. She is simply laboring under a misapprehension, though I tried to explain to her the untenable position she was assuming."

COUNT DE CASSINI.

Russia's New Ambassador at Washington Is a Diplomat and Scholar of Great Renown.

Count de Cassini, the new ambassador from Russia, who brings to Washington a message of the kindest import from his imperial master, is a gentleman of noble ancestry—ancestry more distinguished than noble, for it was the family of Cassini whose members, from father to son, for more than 174 years were the directors of the great observatory of Paris. The ambassador's immediate family went to Russia to live early in



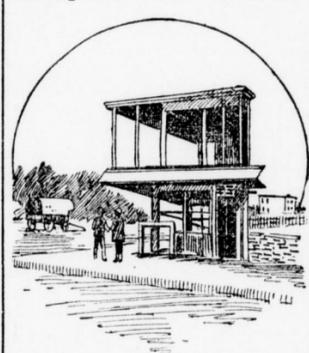
COUNT DE CASSINI. (Just Appointed Russian Ambassador to the United States.)

the present century, when that great state began to become "Europeanized." The family was always scientific, and the present count is the first of his line to take to politics and diplomacy rather than the profession of his ancestors. At the same time, few men in secular life in Europe can boast his attainments in the way of scientific and classic knowledge. His diplomatic work for Russia in the orient ranks with that of the best talent in the world. He was the czar's representative in the complications which followed the Chinese-Japanese war, and it was he who secured all the important concessions to Russia recently granted by the Chinese emperor. His reward for these distinguished services was the embassy to Washington, now considered one of the highest diplomatic stations by the governments of Europe. Count Cassini speaks seven languages fluently, including a few oriental tongues, and he is rapidly acquiring English for the purpose of better facilitating his work in the important new post.

FIGHT FOR A CORNER.

Claim Jumping Seems to Be Practiced in New York City as Well as the Far West.

That queer little building which was erected just a year ago on the southwest corner of the boulevard and One Hundred and Eighth street is called to mind by a dispute which is now on as to the ownership of the triangular plot of land on which it stood, says the New York Herald. Mrs. Johanna C. Samuel, a wealthy widow, claims it, and shows an alleged abstract of title. J. Romaine Brown & Co. are just as positive that Frederick Entz, their client, is the owner, and hold another alleged abstract of title. Michael McDermott erected the building under a lease from James A.



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\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and shabs on the truck of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Housler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY AUGER, President.

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