

NIGHT ON THE SHORE.

Dark is the sea and dark the sky;
The hurrying clouds drive swiftly by,
And the waves are wild to-night!
They laugh at the bird that cries on the
crags.
The seaweed from off the rocks they drag;
There is never a one that cares to lag,
And they shout in glee at their might.

Hither and thither they ever roam,
Lashing themselves to glistering foam,
Over the black night sea.
They long to leap their rocky bound,
To seek the height where freedom is found,
To run with joy o'er the sandy mound,
And over the world to flee.

Then up and up the granite wall
They hurt themselves, but back they fall,
Down through the dizzying air,
Up, with a shriek of rage and pain,
They dash from the crest of the foaming
main.
Climbing so madly! But back again
They fall with a roar of despair.

The soul of man would sometimes leap
The environments that round it sweep,
But its bonds are set; like the mighty deep,
It must not seek to know.

As in the morning the waves will lap the
shore,
The soul must be content as before,
Till the great unknown is the evermore
Which God Himself shall show.
—Bessie A. Burrows, in Midland Monthly.



PART II.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"Now, that bird," Silver would say, "is' maybe, 200 years old, Hawkins—they live forever mostly; and if anybody's seen more wickedness, it must be the devil himself. She's sailed with England—the great Capt. England, the pirate. She's been at Madagascar, and at Malabar and Surinam, and Providence, and Portobello. She was at the fishing up of the wrecked plate ships. It's there she learned 'Pieces of eight,' and little wonder; 350,000 of 'em, Hawkins! She was at the boarding of the 'Viceroy of the Indies' out of Goa, she was; and to look at her you would think she was a baby. But you smelled powder—didn't you, cap'n?"

"Stand by to go about," the parrot would scream.

"Ah, she's a handsome craft, she is," the cook would say, and give her sugar from his pocket, and then the bird would peck at the bars and swear straight on, passing belief for wickedness. "There," John would add, "you can't touch pitch and not be mucked, lad. Here's this poor old innocent bird of mine swearing blue fire, and none the wiser, you may lay to that. She would swear the same, in a manner of speaking, before the chaplain." And John would touch his forehead with a solemn way he had, that made me think he was the best of men.

In the meantime, the squire and Capt. Smollett were still on pretty distant terms with one another. The squire made no bones about the matter; he despised the captain. The captain, on his part, never spoke but when he was spoken to, and then sharp and short and dry, and not a word wasted. He owned, when driven into a corner, that he seemed to have been wrong about the crew, that some of them were as brisk as he wanted to see, and all had behaved fairly well. As for the ship, he had taken a downright fancy to her. "She'll lie a point nearer the wind than a man has a right to expect of his own married wife, sir. But," he would add, "all I say is, we're not home again, and I don't like the cruise."

The squire, at this, would turn away and march up and down the deck, chin in air.

"A trifle more of that man," he would say, "and I should explode."

We had some heavy weather which only proved the qualities of the "Hispaniola." Every man on board seemed well content, and they must have been hard to please if they had been otherwise; for it is my belief there was never a ship's company so spoiled since Noah put to sea. Double grog was going on the least excuse; there was duff on odd days, as for instance, if the squire heard it was any man's birthday; and always a barrel of apples standing broached in the waist, for anyone to help himself that had a fancy.

"Never knew good to come of it yet," the captain said to Dr. Livesey. "Spoil folk's hands, make devils. That's my belief."

But good did come of the apple barrel, as you shall hear; for if it had not been for that, we should have had no note of warning and might all have perished by the hand of treachery.

This is how it came about: We had run up the trades to get the wind of the island we were after—I am not allowed to be more plain—and now we were running down for it with a bright lookout day and night. It was about the last day of our outward voyage, by the largest computation; some time that night, or at latest, before noon of the morrow, we should sight the Treasure island. We were heading S. S. W. and had a steady breeze abeam and a quiet sea. The "Hispaniola" rolled steadily, dipping her bowsprit now and then with a whiff of spray. All was drawing afoot and aloft; every one was in the bravest spirits, because we were now so near an end of the first part of our adventure.

Now, just after sundown, when all my work was over, and I was on my way to my berth, it occurred to me that I should like an apple. I ran on deck. The watch was all forward looking out for the island. The man at the helm was watching the luff of the sail, and whistling away gently to himself; and that was the only sound excepting the swish of the sea against the bows and around the sides of the ship.

In I got bodily into the apple barrel, and found there was scarce an apple left; but, sitting down there in the dark, what with the sound of the wa-

ters and the rocking movement of the ship, I had either fallen asleep, or was on the point of doing so, when a heavy man sat down with rather a clash close by. The barrel shook as he leaned his shoulders against it, and I was just about to jump up when the man began to speak. It was Silver's voice, and before I had heard a dozen words, I would not have shown myself for all the world, but lay there, trembling and listening, in the extreme of fear and curiosity; for from these dozen words I understood that the lives of all the honest men aboard depended upon me alone.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT I HEARD IN THE APPLE BARREL.

"No, not I," said Silver. "Flint was cap'n; I was quartermaster, along of my timber leg. The same broadside I lost my leg old Pew lost his deadlights. It was a master surgeon, him that amputated me—out of college and all—Latin by the bucket, and what not; but he was hanged like a dog, and sundried like the rest, at Corso castle. That was Robert's men, that was, and comed of changing names to their ships—'Royal Fortune' and so on. Now, what a ship was christened, so let her stay, says I. So it was with the 'Cassandra,' as brought us all safe home from Malabar, after England took the 'Viceroy of the Indies;' so it was with the old Walrus, Flint's old ship, as I've seen amuck with the red blood and fit to sink with gold."

"Ah!" cried another voice, that of the youngest hand on board, and evidently full of admiration, "he was the flower of the flock, was Flint!"

"Davis was a man, too, by all accounts," said Silver. "I never sailed along of him; first with England, then with Flint, that's my story; and now here on my own account, in a manner of speaking. I laid by 900 safe, from England, and 2,000 after Flint. That ain't bad for a man before the mast—all safe in bank. Tain't earning now; it's saving does it, you may lay to that. Where's all England's men now? I dunno. Where's Flint's? Why, most on 'em's aboard here, and glad to get the duff—been begging before that, some on 'em. Old Pew, as has lost his sight, and might have thought shame, spends £1,200 a year, like a lord in parliament. Where is he now? Well, he's dead now, and under hatches; but for two years before that, shiver my timbers! that man was starving. He begged and he stole, and he cut throats, and starved at that, by the powers!"

"Well, it ain't much use, after all," said the young seaman.

"Tain't much use for fools, you may lay to it—that, nor nothing," cried Silver. "But now, you look here; you're young, you are, but you're as smart as paint. I see that when I set my eyes on you, and I'll talk to you like a man."

You can imagine how I felt when I heard this abominable old rogue addressing another in the very same words of flattery he had used to myself. I think, if I had been able, I would have killed him through the barrel. Meantime he ran on, little supposing he was overheard.

"Here it is about gentlemen of fortune. They lives rough, and they risk swinging, but they eat and drink like fighting cocks, and when a cruise is done, why, it's hundreds of pounds instead of hundreds of farthings in their pockets. Now, the most goes for rum and a good flog, and to sea again in their shirts. But that's not the course I lay. I puts it away, some here, some there, and none too much anywhere, by reason of suspicion. I'm 50, mark you; once back from this cruise, I set up gentleman in earnest. Time enough, too, say you. Ah! but I've lived easy in the meantime; never denied myself of nothing heart desires, and slept soft and eat dainty all my days, but when at sea. And how did I begin? Before the mast like you?"

"Well," said the other, "but all the other money's gone now, ain't it? You daren't show face in Bristol for this."

"Why, where might you suppose it was?" asked Silver, derisively.

"At Bristol, in banks and places," answered his companion.

"It were," said the cook; "it were when we weighed anchor. But my old missis has it all by now. And the Spy-glass is sold, lease and good-will and rigging; and the old girl's off to meet me. I would tell you where, for I trust you; but it 'ud make jealousy among the mates."

"And you can trust your missis?" asked the other.

"Gentlemen of fortune," returned the cook, "usually trusts little among themselves, and right they are, you may lay to it. But I have a way with me. I have. When a mate brings a slip on his cable—one as knows me, I mean—it won't be in the same world with old John. There was some that was feared of Pew, and some that was feared of Flint; but Flint his own self was feared of me. Feared he was, and proud. They was the roughest crew afloat, was Flint's; the devil himself would have been feared to go to sea with them. Well, now, I tell you, I'm not a boasting man, and you seen yourself how easy I keep company; for when I was quartermaster, lams wasn't the word for Flint's old buccaners. Ah, you may be sure of yourself in old John's ship."

"Well, I tell you now," replied the lad, "I didn't half a quarter like the job till I had this talk with you, John; but there's my hand on it now."

"And a brave lad you were, and smart, too," answered Silver, shaking hands so heartily that all the barrel shook, "and a finer figure-head for a gentleman of fortune I never clapped my eyes on."

By this time I had begun to understand the meaning of their terms. By a "gentleman of fortune" they plainly meant neither more nor less than a common pirate, and the little scene that I had overheard was the last act in the corruption of one of the honest hands—perhaps of the last one left aboard. But on this point I was soon

to be relieved, for Silver giving a little whistle, a third man strolled up, and sat down by the party.

"Dick's square," said Silver. "Oh, I knowed Dick was square," returned the voice of the cockswain, Israel Hands. "He's no fool, is Dick. And he turned his quid and spat. 'But look here,' he went on, 'here's what I want to know, Darbrecue—how long are we a-going to stand off and on like a blessed bum-boat? I've had a'most enough o' Cap'n Smollett; he's hazed me long enough, by thunder! I want to go into that cabin, I do. I want their pickles and wines, and that.'"

"Israel," said Silver, "your head ain't much account, nor ever was. But you're able to hear, I reckon; least-ways, your ears is big enough. Now, here's what I say—you'll berth forward, and you'll live hard, and you'll speak soft, and you'll keep sober, till I give the word; and you may lay to that, my son."

"Well, I don't say no, do I?" growled the cockswain. "What I say is, when? That's what I say."

"When by the powers!" cried Silver. "Well, now, if you want to know, I'll tell you when. The last moment I can manage; and that's when. Here's a first rate seaman, Cap'n Smollett, sails the blessed ship for us. Here's this squire and doctor with a map and such—I don't know where it is, do I? No more do you, says you. Well, then, I mean this squire and doctor shall find the stuff, and help us to get it aboard, by the powers. Then we'll see. If I was sure of you all, sons of double Dutchmen, I'd have Cap'n Smollett navigate us half-way back again before I struck."

"Why, we're all seamen aboard here, I should think," said the lad Dick.

"We're all folk's hands, you mean," snapped Silver. "We can steer a course, but who's to set one? That's what all you gentlemen split on, first and last. If I had my way, I'd have Cap'n Smollett work us back into the trades, at least; then we'd have no blessed mis-calculation and a spoonful of water a day. But I know the sort you are. I'll finish with 'em on the island, as soon's the blunt's on board, and a pity it is. But you're never happy till you're drunk. Split my sides, I've a sick heart to sail with the likes of you!"

"Easy all, Long John," cried Israel.

"Who's a-crosin' of you?"

"Why, how many tall ships, think ye, now, have I seen laid aboard? and how



"Dick," he added, breaking off, "bring me an apple."

many brisk lads drying in the sun at Execution Dock?" cried Silver; "and all for the same hurry and hurry and hurry. You hear me? I see a thing or two at sea, I have. If you would only lay your course, and a pint to windward, you would ride in carriages, you would. But not you! I know you. You'll have your mouthful of rum to-morrow, and go hang."

"Everybody know'd you was a kind of a chaplain, John; but there's others as could hand and steer as well as you," said Israel. "They liked a bit o' fun, they did. They wasn't so high and dry, now, but took their fling, like jolly companions every one."

"So?" says Silver. "Well, and where are they now? Pew was that sort, and he died a beggar-man. Flint was, and he died of rum at Savannah. Ah, they was a sweet crew, they was! on'y, where are they?"

"But," asked Dick, "when we do lay 'em athwart, what are we to do with 'em, anyhow?"

"There's the man for me!" cried the cook, admiringly. "That's what I call business. Well, what would you think? Put 'em ashore like maroons? That would have been England's way. Or cut 'em down like that much pork? That would have been Flint's or Billy Bones'."

"Billy was the man for that," said Israel. "Dead men don't bite," says he. Well, he's dead now, himself; he knows the long and short on it now; and if ever a rough hand come to port, it was Billy."

"Right you are," said Silver, "rough and ready. But mark you here; I'm an easy man—I'm quite the gentleman, says you; but this time it's serious. Dooty is dooty, mates. I give my vote death. When I'm in parliament and riding in my coach, I don't want none of these sea-lawyers in the cabin—coming home, unlooked for, like the devil at prayers. Wait, is what I say; but when the time comes, why, let her rip!"

"John," cried the cockswain, "you're a man!"

"You'll say so, Israel, when you see," said Silver. "Only one thing I claim—I claim Trelawney. I'll wring his calf's head off his body with these hands. Dick!" he added, breaking off, "you must jump up, like a sweet lad, and get me an apple, to wet my pipe like."

You may fancy the terror I was in. I should have leaped out and run for it, if I had found the strength; but my limbs and heart alike misgave me. I heard Dick begin to rise, and then some one seemingly stopped him, and the voice of Hands exclaimed:

"Oh, stow that! Don't you get sucking of that bluge, John. Let's have a go of the rum."

"Dick," said Silver, "I trust you. I've a gauge on the keg, mind. There's the key; you fill a pannikin and bring it up."

Terrified as I was I could not help thinking to myself that this must have been how Mr. Arrow got the strong waters that destroyed him.

Dick was gone but a little while, and during his absence Israel spoke straight on in the cook's ear. It was but a word or two that I could catch, and yet I gathered some important news; for, besides other scraps that tended to the same purpose, this whole clause was audible: "Not another man of them'll jine." Hence there were still faithful men on board.

When Dick returned, one after another of the trio took the pannikin and drank—one "To luck;" another with a "Here's to old Flint;" and Silver himself saying, in a kind of a song: "Here to ourselves, and hold your luff, plenty of prizes and plenty of duff."

Just then a sort of brightness fell upon me in the barrel, and, looking up, I found the moon had risen and was silencing the mizzen-top and shining white on the luff of the foresail; and almost at the same time the voice on the lookout shouted: "Land ho!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE STOCKS.

One of the Minor Punishments of Puritan Days.

One of the marked tendencies of the present age is said to be an overrefinement of the analysis of sensation, whether physical or mental; a habit of regarding in a moral aspect much that was once dismissed as purely physical. So, in dwelling on some of the "minor" punishments of Puritan days, the mental sufferings of the unhappy beings who were exposed to the ignominy of the market place have come to be considered as the chief part of their punishment. An account drawn from an old record, however, testifies that the physical discomforts of such a position were by no means to be ignored.

One Mr. Hubbard was sentenced in Boston to the stocks, for having indulged in an unwarrantable fit of ill temper. When he had taken his seat, under the order to remain there for the rest of the day, there presently came along a drove of swine, which seemed to cast upon him those leering looks that only a fat pig can bestow. A dog followed, sniffing at the prisoner's feet, and making feints—unpleasantly approaching reality—of biting him. Then a cock, mounting to the very top of the stocks, crowed his derision upon the victim below; and presently a rough fellow after indulging in ugly taunts, threw at him fetid, toadstools and a dead snake.

Then an Indian appeared, who in a drunken rage, stimulated by some fancied injury, rushed at Mr. Hubbard with a tomahawk, probably intending nothing worse, however, than to give him a severe fright—which he certainly succeeded in doing.

Help came from an unexpected quarter; for at that moment an old bull came tearing down the road. His attention was attracted by the stocks, and with a roar he prepared for a charge.

Alarmed in his turn, the savage darted off. The bull made a dash at the stocks, and carried away the corner post, but without even grazing the object of his apparent wrath. Whether he was disgusted by the little he had accomplished or his animosity was thus satisfied, he started off bellowing and shaking his head, much to the relief of Mr. Hubbard.

And then the unfortunate man was left in comparative peace to his own meditations and the cutting sleet of a November day.—Youth's Companion.

IT WAS NO USE.

Goldsmith Could Not Work with an Amanuensis.

It is said that Goldsmith, much as he disliked exertion and trouble, either literary or other, was unable to avail himself of the help of an amanuensis.

"How do you manage?" he one day asked a friend, desperately.

"Oh, easily," said the other, an author of many voluminous but short-lived works. "I walk about the room and dictate to a clever man, who puts down correctly all that I tell him; all that I have to do is just to look over the manuscript and possibly make a few corrections before sending it to the press."

The indolent doctor was delighted with this idea and ordered the "clever man" in question to be sent to him the next day. The amanuensis arrived, and sat, pen in hand, waiting for the dictation to begin.

Goldsmith paced the room with great solemnity at first and then with rapidly-increasing disturbance of mind and features. At last he came to a sudden halt before the waiting scribe and thrust his hand into his pocket.

"It will not do, my friend," he said, with a shake of his head, holding a guinea to the young man; "it will not do for me. I find that my head and my hand must work together or there'll be no work done."

He never made the trial again, counting it as extra trouble rather than gain.—Youth's Companion.

The City of the Little Monk.

The city of Munich is called Muenchen in German. Before it was Muenchen it was "Moenchchen," the diminutive for "moench," the German word for "monk," so that the name of the city signifies "little monk." The name was received 700 years ago. In the middle of the twelfth century a number of monks flying from Hungary established a cloister and a colony on the site of the old town, and travelers used to speak of the place as "Dei den Moenchchen," later simply Moenchchen, now Muenchen.

Whether the Hungarian zeal was smaller than his Bavarian confederates or whether it was simply an expression of affection has not been ascertained.—Philadelphia Press.

Nearly every mother says her baby never causes her to lose any sleep. The father says nothing.—Washington Democrat.

SKILL OF DOCTORS TESTED.

Fifteen Years of Suffering.

"I thought I should surely die."

When the stomach begins to fail in its duties, other organs speedily become affected in sympathy, and life is simply a burden almost unbearable. Indigestion and dyspepsia are so common that only the sufferer from these diseases knows the possibilities of misery that inhere in them. A typical example of the sufferings of the victim of indigestion is furnished in the case of John C. Pritchard. He went on for fifteen years, from bad to worse. In spite of doctors he grew constantly weaker, and thought he would die. He got well, however, and thus relates his experience:

"For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from indigestion in its worst forms. I tested the skill of many doctors, but grew worse and worse, until I became so weak I could not walk fifty yards without having to sit down and rest. My stomach, liver, and heart became affected, and I thought I would surely die. I tried Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills, and they helped me right away. I continued their use and am now entirely well. I don't know of anything that will so quickly relieve and cure the terrible sufferings of dyspepsia as Dr. Ayer's Pills."—JOHN C. PRITCHARD, Brodie, Warren Co., N. C.

This case is not extraordinary, either in

the severity of the disease or the prompt and perfect cure performed by Dr. Ayer's Pills. Similar results occur in every case where Dr. Ayer's Pills are used. "They helped me right away" is the common expression of those who have used them. Here is another testimony to the truth of this statement:

"I formerly suffered from indigestion and weakness of the stomach, but since I began the use of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills, I have the appetite of the farmer's boy. I am 45 years of age, and recommend all who wish to be free from dyspepsia to take one of Dr. Ayer's Pills after dinner, till their digestive organs are in good order."—WM. STEINKE, Grant, Neb.

Dr. Ayer's Pills offer the surest and swiftest relief from constipation and all its attendant ills. They cure dizziness, nausea, heartburn, palpitation, bad breath, coated tongue, nervousness, sleeplessness, biliousness, and a score of other affections that are, after all, only the signs of a more deep rooted disease. You can find more information about Dr. Ayer's Pills, and the diseases they have cured, in Ayer's Cure-book, a story of cures told by the cured. This book of 100 pages is sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

WEAK SPOTS.

Everybody Comes Into This World With a Predisposition to Disease.

A Talk With Mrs. Pinkham About the Cause of Anemia.

Everybody comes into this world with a predisposition to disease of some particular tissue; in other words, everybody has a weak spot.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the weak spot in women is somewhere in the uterine system. The uterine organs have less resistance to disease than the vital organs; that's why they give out the soonest.

Not more than one woman in a hundred—nay, in five hundred—has perfectly healthy organs of generation. This points

to the stern necessity of helping one's self just as soon as the life powers seem to be on the wane. Excessive menstruation is a sign of physical weakness and want of tone in the uterine organs. It saps the strength away and produces anemia (blood turns to water).

If you become anemic, there is no knowing what will happen. If your gums and the inside of your lips and inside your eyelids look pale in color, you are in a dangerous way and must stop that drain on your powers. Why not build up on a generous, uplifting tonic, like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

Mrs. EDWIN EHRRIG, 413 Church St., Bethlehem, Pa., says: "I feel it my duty to write and tell you that I am better than I have been for four years. I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one package of Sanative Wash, one box of Liver Pills, and can say that I am perfectly cured. Doctors did not help me any. I should have been in my grave by this time if it had not been for your medicine. It was a godsend to me. I was troubled with excessive menstruation, which caused womb trouble, and I was obliged to remain in bed for six weeks. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine was recommended to me, and after using it a short time, was troubled no more with flooding. I also had severe pain in my kidneys. This, also, I have no more. I shall always recommend the Compound, for it has cured me, and it will cure others. I would like to have you publish this letter." (In such cases the dry form of Compound should be used.)

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