

WAITING.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly," And yet should we our blessings wholly forget? When the seedtime tasks were done, We know how the earth and air and sun brought us a beautiful harvest at last— Then wait.



PART II.

CHAPTER XII. COUNCIL OF WAR.

There was a great rush of feet across the deck. I could hear people tumbling up from the cabin and the fore-cabin; and, slipping in an instant outside my barrel, I dived behind the foremast, made a double toward the stern, and came out upon the open deck in time to join Hunter and Dr. Livesey in the rush for the weather bow.

There all hands were already congregated. A belt of fog had lifted almost simultaneously with the appearance of the moon. Away to the southwest of us we saw two low hills, about a couple of miles apart, and rising behind one of them a third and higher hill, whose peak was still buried in the fog. All three seemed sharp and conical in figure.

So much I saw almost in a dream, for I had not yet recovered from my morbid fear of a minute or two before. And then I heard the voice of Capt. Smollett issuing orders. The "Hispaniola" was laid a couple of points nearer the wind, and now sailed a course that would just clear the island on the east.

"And now, men," said the captain, when all was sheeted home, "has any one of you ever seen that land ahead?" "I have, sir," said Silver. "I've watered there with a trader I was cook in."

"The anchorage is on the south, behind an islet, I fancy?" asked the captain. "Yes, sir; Skeleton island they call it. It was a main place for pirates once, and a hand we had on board knew all their names for it. The hill to the north they call the Foremast hill; there are three hills in a row running southward—fore, main and mizzen, sir. But the main—that's the big 'un, with the cloud on it—they usually call the Spy-glass, by reason of a lookout they kept when they was in the anchorage cleaning; for it's there they cleaned their ships, sir, asking your pardon."

"I have a chart here," says Capt. Smollett. "See if that's the place." Long John's eyes burned in his head as he took the chart; but, by the fresh look of the paper, I knew he was doomed to disappointment. This was not the map we found in Billy Bones' chest, but an accurate copy, complete in all things—names, and heights, and soundings—with the single exception of the red crosses and the written notes. Sharp as must have been his annoyance, Silver had the strength of mind to hide it.

"Yes, sir," said he, "this is the spot, to be sure; and very prettily drawn out. Who might have done that, I wonder? The pirates were too ignorant, I reckon. Ay, here it is: 'Capt. Kidd's anchorage'—just the name my shipmate called it. There's a strong current runs along the south, and then away northward up the west coast. Right you was, sir," says he, "to haul your wind and keep the weather of the island. Leastways, if such was your intention as to enter and careen, and there ain't no better place for that in these waters."

"Thank you, my man," says Capt. Smollett. "I'll ask you, later on, to give us a help. You may go." I was surprised at the coolness with which John avowed his knowledge of the island; and I own I was half frightened when I saw him drawing nearer to myself. He did not know, to be sure, that I had overheard his council from the apple barrel, and yet I had, by this time, taken such a horror of his cruelty, duplicity and power, that I could scarce conceal a shudder when he laid his hand upon my arm.

"Ah," says he, "this here is a sweet spot, this island—a sweet spot for a lad to get ashore on. You'll bathe, and you'll climb trees, and you'll get hurt goats, you will; and you'll get along on them hills like a goat yourself. Why, it makes me young again. I was going to forget my timber leg, I was. It's a pleasant thing to be young and have ten toes, and you may lay to that. When you want to go a bit of exploring, you just ask old John, and he'll put up a snack for you to take along."

And clapping me in the friendliest way upon the shoulder, he hobbled off forward and went below. Capt. Smollett, the squire and Dr. Livesey were talking together on the quarter-deck; and, anxious as I was to tell them my story, I durst not interrupt them openly. While I was still casting about in my thoughts to find some probable excuse, Dr. Livesey called me to his side. He had left his pipe below, and, being a slave to tobacco, had meant that I should fetch it;

but as soon as I was near enough to speak and not be overheard I broke out immediately: "Doctor, let me speak. Get the captain and squire down to the cabin and then make some pretense to send for me. I have terrible news."

The doctor changed countenance a little, but next moment he was master of himself.

"Thank you, Jim," said he, quite loudly, "that was all I wanted to know," as if he had asked me a question. And with that he turned on his heel and rejoined the other two. They spoke together for a little, and though none of them started, or raised his voice, or so much as whistled, it was plain enough that Dr. Livesey had communicated my request; for the next thing that I heard was the captain giving an order to Job Anderson, and all hands were piped on deck.

"My lads," said Capt. Smollett, "I've a word to say to you. This land that we have sighted is the place we have been sailing to. Mr. Trelawney, being a very open-handed gentleman, as we all know, has just asked me a word or two, and as I was able to tell him that every man on board had done his duty, a low and aloft, as I never ask to see it done better, why, he and I and the doctor are going below to the cabin to drink your health and luck, and you'll have grog served out for you to drink our health and luck. I'll tell you what I think of this: I think it handsome. And if you think as I do you'll give a good sea cheer for the gentleman that does it."

The cheer followed—that was a matter of course; but it rang out so full and hearty that I confess I could hardly believe these same men were plotting for our blood.

"One more cheer for Cap'n Smollett," cried Long John, when the first had subsided.

And this also was given with a will. On the top of that the three gentlemen went below, and not long after word was sent forward that Jim Hawkins was wanted in the cabin.

I found them all three seated round the table, a bottle of Spanish wine and some raisins before them, and the doctor smoking away, with his wig on his lap, and that, I knew, was a sign that he was agitated. The stern window was open, for it was a warm night, and you could see the moon shining behind on the ship's wake.

"Now, Hawkins," said the squire, "you have something to say. Speak up."

I did as I was bid, and, as short as I could make it, told the whole details of Silver's conversation. Nobody interrupted me till it was done, nor did any one of the three make so much as a movement, but they kept their eyes upon my face from first to last.

"Jim," said Dr. Livesey, "take a seat." And they made me sit down at table beside them, poured me out a glass of wine, filled my hands with raisins, and all three, one after the other, and each with a bow, drank my good health, and their service to me, for my luck and courage.

"Now, captain," said the squire, "you were right and I was wrong. I own myself an ass, and I await your orders." "No more an ass than I, sir," returned the captain. "I never heard of a crew that meant to mutiny but what showed signs before, for any man that had an eye in his head to see the mischief and take steps accordingly. But this crew," he added, "beats me."

"Captain," said the doctor, "with your permission, that's Silver. A very remarkable man."

"He'd look remarkably well from a yard-arm, sir," returned the captain. "But this is talk; this don't lead to anything. I see three or four points, and with Mr. Trelawney's permission I'll name them."

"You, sir, are the captain. It is for you to speak," said Mr. Trelawney, grandly.

"First point," began Mr. Smollett. "We must go on, because we can't turn back. If I give the word to turn about they would rise at once. Second point, we have time before us—at least until this treasure's found. Third point, there are faithful hands. Now, sir, it's got to come to blows, sooner or later; and what I propose is to take time by the forelock, as the saying is, and come to blows some fine day when they least expect it. We can count, I take it, on your own home servants, Mr. Trelawney?"

"As upon myself," declared the squire.

"Three," reckoned the captain; "ourselves make seven, counting Hawkins here. Now about the honest hands?"

"Most likely Trelawney's own men," said the doctor; "those he picked up for himself before he lit on Silver."

"Nay," replied the squire, "Hands was one of mine."

"I did think I could have trusted Hands," added the captain.

"And to think that they're all Englishmen!" broke out the squire. "Sir, I could find it in my heart to blow the ship up."

"Well, gentlemen," said the captain, "the best that I can say is not much. We must lay to, if you please, and keep a bright lookout. It's trying on a man, I know. It would be pleasanter to come to blows. But there's no help for it till we know our men. Lay to, and whistle for a wind, that's my view."

"Jim here," said the doctor, "can help us more than anyone. The men are not shy with him, and Jim is a noticing lad."

"Hawkins, I put prodigious faith in you," added the squire. I began to feel pretty desperate at this, for I felt altogether helpless; and yet, by an odd train of circumstances, it was indeed through me that safety came. In the meantime, talk as we pleased, there were only seven out of the 26 on whom we knew we could rely; and out of these seven one was a boy, so that the grown men on our side were six to their 19.

PART III. MY SHORE ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XIII. HOW I BEGAN MY SHORE ADVENTURE.

The appearance of the island when I came on deck next morning was altogether changed. Although the breeze had now utterly failed, we had made a great deal of way during the night, and were now lying becalmed about half a mile to the southeast of the low eastern coast. Gray-colored woods covered a large part of the surface. This even tint was indeed broken up by streaks of yellow sand-break in the lower lands, and by many tall trees of the pine family, out-topping the others—some singly, some in clumps; but the general coloring was uniform and sad. The hills ran up clear above the vegetation in spires of naked rock. All were strangely shaped, and the Spy-glass, which was by 300 or 400 feet the tallest on the island, was likewise the strangest in configuration, running up sheer from almost every side, and then suddenly cut off at the top like a pedestal to put a statue on.

The "Hispaniola" was rolling scuppers under in the ocean swell. The booms were tearing at the blocks, the rudder was banging to and fro, and the whole ship creaking, groaning, and jumping like a manufactory. I had to cling tight to the backstay, and the world turned giddily before my eyes; for though I was a good enough sailor when there was way on, this standing still and being rolled about like a bottle was a thing I never learned to stand without a qualm or so, above all in the morning, on an empty stomach.

Perhaps it was this—perhaps it was the look of the island, with its gray, melancholy woods, and wild stone spires, and the surf that we could both see and hear foaming and thundering on the steep beach—at least, although the sun shone bright and hot, and the shore birds were fishing and crying all around us, and you would have thought anyone would have been glad to get to land after being so long at sea, my heart sunk, as the saying is, into my boots; and from that first look onward, I hated the very thought of Treasure Island.

We had a dreary morning's work before us, for there was no sign of any wind, and the boats had to be got out and manned, and the ship warped three or four miles round the corner of the island, and up the narrow passage to the haven behind Skeleton island. I volunteered for one of the boats, where I had, of course, no business. The heat was sweltering, and the men grumbled fiercely over their work. Anderson was in command of my boat, and instead of keeping the crew in order, he grumbled as loud as the worst.

"Well," he said, with an oath, "it's not forever."

I thought this was a very bad sign; for, up to that day, the men had gone briskly and willingly about their business; but the very sight of the island had relaxed the cords of discipline.

All the way in, Long John stood by the steersman and coned the ship. He knew the passage like the palm of his hand; and though the man in the chains got everywhere more water than was down in the chart, John never hesitated once.

"There's a strong scour with the ebb," he said, "and this here passage has been dug out, in a manner of speaking, with a spade." We brought up just where the anchor was in the chart, about a third of a mile from either shore, the mainland on one side, and Skeleton island on the other. The bottom was clean sand. The plunge of our anchor sent up clouds of birds wheeling and crying over the woods; but in less than a minute they were all down again, and all was once more silent.

The place was entirely land-locked, buried in woods, the trees coming right down to high water mark, the shores mostly flat, and the hill-tops standing round at a distance in a sort of amphitheater, one here, one there. Two little rivers, or, rather, two swamps, emptied out into this pond, as you might call it; and the foliage round that part of the shore had a kind of poisonous brightness. From the ship, we could see nothing of the house or stockade, for they were quite buried among trees; and if it had not been for the chart on the companion, we might have been the first that had ever anchored there since the island arose out of the seas.

There was not a breath of air moving, nor a sound but that of the surf booming half a mile away along the beaches and against the rocks outside. A peculiar stagnant smell hung over the anchorage—a smell of sodden leaves and rotten tree trunks. I observed the doctor sniffing, and sniffing, like some one tasting a bad egg.

"I don't know about treasure," he said, "but I'll stake my wig there's fever here." If the conduct of the men had been alarming in the boat, it became truly threatening when they had come aboard. They lay about the deck growling together in talk. The slightest order was received with a black look, and grudgingly and carelessly obeyed. Even the honest hands must have caught the infection, for there was not one man aboard to mend another. Mutiny, it was plain, hung over us like a thunder-cloud.

And it was not only we of the cabin party who perceived the danger. Long John was hard at work going from group to group, spending himself in good advice, and as for example no man could have shown a better. He fairly outstripped himself in willingness and civility; he was all smiles to every one. If an order were given, John would be on his crutch in an instant, with the cheeriest "Ay, ay, sir!" in the world; and when there was nothing else to do, he kept up one song after another,

as if to conceal the discontent of the rest.

Of all the gloomy features of that gloomy afternoon, the obvious anxiety on the part of Long John appeared the worst.

We held a council in the cabin. "Sir," said the captain, "if I risk another order, the whole ship'll come about our ears by the run. You see, sir, here it is. I get a rough answer, do I not? Well, if I speak back, pikes will be going in two shakes; if I don't, Silver will see there's something under that, and the game's up. Now, we've only one man to rely on."

"And who is that?" asked the squire. "Silver, sir," returned the captain; "he's as anxious as you and I to smother things up. This is a tiff; he'd soon talk 'em out of it if he had the chance, and what I propose to do is to give him the chance. Let's allow the men an afternoon ashore. If they all go, why, we'll fight the ship. If they none of them go, well, then, we hold the cabin, and God defend the right. If some go, you mark my words, sir, Silver'll bring 'em aboard again as mild as lambs."

It was so decided; loaded pistols were served out to all the sure men; Hunter, Joyce and Redruth were taken into our confidence, and received the news with less surprise and a better spirit than we had looked for, and then the captain went on deck and addressed the crew.

"My lads," said he, "we've had a hot day, and are all tired and out of sorts. A turn ashore'll hurt nobody—the boats are still in the water; you can take the gigs, and as many as please can go ashore for the afternoon. I'll fire a gun half an hour before sundown."

I believe the silly fellows must have thought they would break their shins over the treasure as soon as they were landed; for they all came out of their sulks in a moment, and gave a cheer that started the echo in a far-away hill, and sent the birds once more flying and squalling round the anchorage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DIED AT HIS POST.

A Reporter Who Was Faithful in His Work.

Mathieu Donzelot is still remembered in Paris as one of the most faithful and courageous men who ever served a paper as a reporter. His last assignment and what came of it is told by M. Trimm in the Petit Journal.

One day a riot was apprehended, and Donzelot was sent to the Pantheon to report the events in that quarter. Already the stones were flying, and the lawless mob had begun to tear up the streets and barricade them.

One of Donzelot's friends saw him as he was running by, and said to him: "What are you doing here? Run and save yourself!" Donzelot made no reply, and again his friend urged him to leave so dangerous a spot.

"I am not going to move," he said; "but as you are going, kindly take this copy along with you to the paper; you will save me time."

An hour passed, and the disorder was at its height. The mob had already begun to clash seriously with the authorities. Suddenly the garde nationale fired a volley, and Donzelot fell, his breast pierced by a bullet. A surgeon rushed up to him.

"You are hurt?" he asked. "Yes," replied Donzelot, "seriously. I think; I cannot use my pencil."

"Never mind your pencil," returned the surgeon, sharply. "The question is to save your life."

"Don't be in a hurry," returned Donzelot, quietly. "To each man his own duty. Mine is to get the story, and you must help me. Here, write at the foot of this page this postscript: '3:20 p. m. At the fire of the troops three men fell wounded, and one was killed.'"

"Why, which one is killed?" asked the doctor.

"I am," replied the reporter; and he fell back dead.—Youth's Companion.

An Amusing Malapropism.

The story goes that some ladies were collecting pennies from poor people toward the women's offering to the queen upon the occasion of her majesty's jubilee. One old democrat flatly declined to give a farthing or let his wife give. He said the queen had too many overfed, overpaid servants. "There's the lord chamberlain," said he, "he do draw £5,000 a year, he do; and what do 'e do for it? Only makes the beds, empts a few slops and that sort of thing!"—Troy Times.

His Object.

"Don't eat that," cried an officer to a soldier who was trying to eat a persimmon one day during the "short ration campaign" that ended in the capture of Atlanta. "Don't eat that," he repeated, "it's not good for you." "I'm not eating it," replied the man, "because it's good for me. I'm just trying to pucker up my stomach with it to the size of the rations I get. That's all, sir."—Military Gazette.

Judicial Definition of Love.

A certain learned judge in New York (all judges are learned) handed down this opinion the other day, along with some sage counsel to a poor man who had been contemplating the illegal act known as felo de se, or self-slaughter: "Don't get so melancholy and love-sick about a woman," said the judge, speaking as one having experience and authority. "There are others. Love doesn't amount to much when you sift it down."

An Excellent Authority.

Mr. Dolley—Miss Tenspot called me a puppy, doncher know. Mr. Trivet—Well, Miss Tenspot is a good judge of dogs.—Up-to-Date.

Talks Through His Hat.

Smith—I wear out six hats every year. Jones—Why don't you use a telephone?—Chicago News.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A Gentle Hint.—She—"I wish all men were like Admiral Dewey!" He—"In what way?" She—"He believes in short engagements!"—Puck.

Her First Trip.—"What are we stopping for now?" "We're going to put the pilot off." "How cruel! What did the poor man do?"—Truth.

Griggs—"That was a great dance. I hope I made an impression on that girl." Griggs—"I guess you did. She has been limping ever since."—Life.

Gerald—"Do you love me?" Geraldine—"No, sir." Gerald—"Is that true?" Geraldine—"Part of it." Gerald—"Which part?" Geraldine—"The 'sir.'"—Town Topics.

"Bobby," cried Tadley, to his young hopeful, angrily, "my father used to whip me when I behaved as badly as you are doing." "Well," answered Bobby, thoughtfully, "I hope I'll never have to tell my little boy that."—Truth.

A Protest.—"I think," said the star boarder, "that patriotism can be carried too far." "For instance?" queried the third floor front. "Well, there is no reason why the landlady should persist in feeding us on army rations."—Philadelphia North American.

He Knew.—"Can you tell me," asked his wife scornfully, after looking over the property he just purchased, "what ever induced you to buy this place?" "I can," he answered, promptly. "What?" she demanded. "One of the smartest real estate agents in this part of the country."—Chicago Evening Post.

SQUARE MEAL IN A CAPSULE.

You Need Only to Take One with a Drink of Water and You Are Full of Soup.

The samples of various things devised for the comfort of the soldiers and the models of implements to be used in warfare received by the president would, if placed on exhibition, eclipse the sights in the National museum. The secretary of the navy is also deluged with all sorts of contrivances and devices, as well as samples of improved methods in cooking and clothing. In one of the rooms of the navy department are shown some of these "supplies," and they are more interesting to see than the famous Hotel Cluny in Paris. One man has actually "bouillon capsules" that you swallow at one bolt, then drink some water, and lo and behold! your stomach is full of soup. Another genius has sent to the department specimen bottles of prepared castor oil, to be used in connection with the edibles. A benevolent old gentleman of Pennsylvania sent a recipe—there are 16 pages of it—for preparing all kinds of food for soldiers sans teeth, who have only their gums to depend upon and who must either swallow soup or starve.

In the war department the same story is told. One bright genius has put up specially prepared packages of Paris green, and wants Secretary Alger to require every soldier to carry one in his knapsack. The idea is that all the bugs of Cuba will thus be kept at bay—as if the troops were tomato plants. Some of the patent medicine men have evolved "yellow pills," which are warranted a sure cure for yellow fever. Then there are patent splints for setting broken limbs, which almost dispense with a doctor, and litters on wheels. This last invention is the work of a well-known artist, Mr. Remington. It is nothing more nor less than the ordinary bicycle wheel, carrying the framework for a cot, upon which the wounded is placed and pushed to the hospital. Another curious invention offered the government is an apparatus for peering into the depths of the ocean to hunt for cables, and keep a sharp lookout for submerged mines and torpedoes. The invention is called an "aquascope."—Army and Navy Journal.

Novel Form of Insurance.

A new form of accident insurance policy, guaranteeing the holder against the consequences of the damage he may inflict upon others, is being issued in Paris. Parisian drivers are notoriously reckless, and they look upon this method of protecting themselves at small cost as a good thing. The scheme robs the running down of pedestrians on the streets of half its terrors for the cabbies and other drivers, but doubles the danger for the unfortunate pedestrian. This may account in part for the news that Paris pedestrians have threatened to arm themselves with revolvers as a protection against the operators of the automobile vehicles.—Chicago Chronicle.

Peasant Book Collectors.

A peasant family which has been collecting books on its farm for over 300 years, has been discovered in the parish of Hesslingen, Germany. The books are on all possible subjects, the oldest being a "Muscovite History" printed in 1563. A curious fact about the family is that its members have always remained peasants, none having tried to change his station, even to become a village schoolteacher.—N. Y. Sun.

Odd Source of Income.

A question in the British parliament the other day elicited the curious information that in the first eight years of the existence of postal orders the treasury came into windfall of nearly \$200,000—the proceeds of orders purchased and never presented for payment. The annual profit from the same source is at present estimated at \$50,000.—N. Y. Sun.

\$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 slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Housler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

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