

THE MAN IN THE CAB.

Safe and snug in the sleeping car. Are father and mother and dreaming child. The night, outside, shows never a star. For the storm is thick and the wind is wild. The frenzied train in its all-night race. Holds many a soul in its fragile wains. While up in his cab, with a smoke-stained face. Is the man in the greasy overalls. Through the fire-box door the heat glows white. The steam is hissing at all the cocks; The pistons dance and the drive-wheels smite. The trembling rails till the whole earth rocks. But never a searching eye could trace— Though the night is black and the speed appalling— A line of fear in the smoke-stained face Of the man in the greasy overalls. No halting, wavering toward he, As he lashes his engine around the curve, But a peace-encompassed Grant or Lee, With a heart of oak and an iron nerve. And so I ask that you make a place In the Temple to Heroes' sacred halls Where I may hang the smoke-stained faced Of the man in the greasy overalls. —Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.



PART IV. CHAPTER XIX.

NARRATIVE RESUMED BY JIM HAWKINS — THE GARRISON AT THE STOCKADE.

As soon as Ben Gunn saw the colors he came to a halt, stopped me by the arm, and sat down. "Now," said he, "there's your friends, sure enough." "Far more likely it's the mutineers," I answered. "That!" he cried. "Why, in a place like this, where nobody puts in but gentlemen of fortune, Silver would fly the Jolly Roger, you don't make no doubt of that. No; that's your friends. There's been blows, too, and I reckon your friends has had the best of it; and here they are ashore in the old stockade, as was made years and years ago by Flint. Ah, he was the man to have a headpiece, was Flint! Barring rum, his match was never seen. He were afraid of none; not he; on'y Silver—Silver was that genteel." "Well," said I, "that may be so, and so be it; all the more reason that I should hurry on and join my friends." "Nay, mate," returned Ben, "not you. You're a good boy, or I'm mistook; but you're on'y a boy, all told. Now, Ben Gunn is fly. Rum wouldn't bring me there, where you're going—no rum wouldn't; till I see your born gentleman, and gets it on his word of honor. And you won't forget my words: 'A precious sight' (that's what you'll say), 'a precious sight more confidence'—and then nips him." And he pinched me the third time with the same air of cleverness. "And when Ben Gunn is wanted, you know where to find him, Jim. Just where you found him to-day. And him that comes in to have a white thing in his hand; and he's to come alone. Oh! and you'll say this: 'Ben Gunn,' says you, 'has reasons of his own.'" "Well," said I, "I believe I understand. You have something to propose, and you wish to see the squire or the doctor; and you're to be found where I found you. Is that all?" "And when?" says you, he added. "Why, from about noon observation to about six bells." "Good," says I, "and now may I go?" "You won't forget?" he inquired anxiously. "Precious sight, and reasons of his own, says you. Reasons of his own; that's the mainstay; as between man and man. Well, then—still holding me—I reckon you can go, Jim. And Jim, if you was to see Silver, you wouldn't go for to sell Ben Gunn? Wild horses wouldn't draw it from you? No, says you. And if them pirates came ashore, Jim, what would you say but there'd be widders in the morning?" Here he was interrupted by a loud report, and a cannonball came tearing through the trees and pitched in the sand, not 100 yards from where we two were talking. The next moment each of us had taken to his heels in a different direction. For a good hour to come frequent reports shook the island, and balls kept crashing through the woods. I moved from hiding-place to hiding-place, always pursued, or so it seemed to me, by these terrifying missiles. But toward the end of the bombardment, though still I durst not venture in the direction of the stockade where the balls fell oftentimes, I had begun, in a manner, to pluck up my heart again; and after a long detour to the east, crept down among the shore-side trees. The sun had just set, the sea breeze was rustling and tumbling in the woods, and ruffling the gray surface of the anchorage; the tide, too, was far out, and great tracks of sand lay uncovered; the air, after the heat of the day, chilled me through my jacket. The "Hispaniola" still lay where she had anchored; but, sure enough, there was the Jolly Roger—the black flag of piracy—flying from her peak. Even as I looked there came another red flash and another report, that sent the echoes clattering, and one more round shot whistled through the air. It was the last of the cannonade. I lay for some time, watching the bustle which succeeded the attack. Men were demolishing something with axes on the beach near the stockade; the poor Jolly-boy, I afterward discovered. Away, near the mouth of the river, a great fire was glowing among the trees, and between that point and the ship one of the gigs kept coming and going, the men, whom I had seen so gloomy, shouting at the oars like children. But there was a sound in their voices which suggested rum.

At length I thought I might return toward the stockade. I was pretty far down on the low, sandy spit that incloses the anchorage to the east, and is joined at half-water to Skeleton island; and now, as I rose to my feet, I saw, some distance further down the spit, and rising from among low bushes, an isolated rock pretty high, and peculiarly white in color. It occurred to me that this might be the white rock of which Ben Gunn had spoken, and that some day or other a boat might be wanted, and I should know where to look for one. Then I skirted among the woods until I had regained the rear, or shoreward side, of the stockade, and was soon warmly welcomed by the faithful party. I had soon told my story, and began to look about me. The log-house was made of unsquared trunks of pine—roof, walls and floor. The latter stood in several places as much as a foot or a foot and a half above the surface of the sand. There was a porch at the door, and under this porch the little spring welled up into an artificial basin of a rather odd kind—no other than a great ship's kettle of iron, with the bottom knocked out, and sunk "to her bearings," as the captain said, among the sand. Little had been left beside the framework of the house; but in one corner there was a stone slab laid down by way of hearth, and an old rusty iron basket to contain the fire. The slopes of the knoll and all the inside of the stockade had been cleared of timber to build the house, and we could see by the stumps what a fine and lofty grove had been destroyed. Most of the soil had been washed away or buried in drift after the removal of the trees; only where the streamlet ran down from the kettle a thick bed of moss and some ferns and little creeping bushes were still green among the sand. Very close around the stockade—too close for defense, they said—the wood still flourished high and dense, all of fir on the land side, but toward the sea with a large admixture of live oaks. The cold evening breeze, of which I have spoken, whistled through every chink of the rude building, and sprinkled the floor with a continual rain of fine sand. There was sand in our eyes, sand in our teeth, sand in our sippers, sand dancing in the spring at the bottom of the kettle, for all the world like porridge beginning to boil. Our chimney was a square hole in the roof; it was but a little part of the smoke that found its way out, and the rest eddied about the house, and kept us coughing and piping the eye. Aed to this that Gray, the new man, had his face tied up in a bandage for a cut he had got in breaking away from the mutineers; and that poor old Tom Redruth, still unburied, lay along the wall, stiff and stark, under the Union Jack. If we had been allowed to sit idle, we should all have fallen in the blues, but Capt. Smollett was never the man for that. All hands were called up before him, and he divided us into watches. The doctor, and Gray, and I, for one; the squire, Hunter, and Joyce upon the other. Tired as we all were, two were sent out for firewood; two more were sent to dig a grave for Redruth; the doctor was named cook; I was put sentry at the door; and the captain himself went from one to another, keeping up our spirits and lending a hand wherever it was wanted. From time to time the doctor came to the door for a little air and to rest his eyes, which were almost smoked out of his head; and whenever he did so, he had a word for me. "That man Smollett," he said once, "is a better man than I am. And when I say that it means a deal, Jim." Another time he came and was silent for awhile. Then he put his head on one side, and looked at me. "Is this Ben Gunn a man?" he asked. "I do not know, sir," said I. "I am not very sure whether he's sane." "If there's any doubt about the matter, he is," returned the doctor. "A man who has been three years biting his nails on a desert island, Jim, can't expect to appear as sane as you or me. It doesn't lie in human nature. Was it cheese you said he had a fancy for?" "Yes, sir, cheese," I answered. "Well, Jim," says he, "just see the good that comes of being dainty in your food. You've seen my sauff-box, haven't you? And you never saw me take snuff; the reason being that in my sauff-box I carry a piece of Parmesan cheese—a cheese made in Italy, very nutritious. Well, that's for Ben Gunn!" Before supper was eaten we buried old Tom in the sand, and stood round him for awhile bareheaded in the breeze. A good deal of firewood had been got in, but not enough for the captain's fancy, and he shook his head over it, and told us we "must get back to this to-morrow rather livelier." Then, when we had eaten our pork, and each had a good stiff glass of brandy grog, the three chiefs got together in a corner to discuss our prospects. It appears they were at their wits' end what to do, the stores being so low that we must have been starved into surrender long before help came. But our best hope, it was decided, was to kill off the buccaneers until they either hauled down their flag or ran away with the "Hispaniola." From nineteen they were already reduced to fifteen, two others were wounded, and one, at least—the man shot beside the gun—severely wounded, if he were not dead. Every time we had a crack at them we were to take it, saving our own lives with the extreme care. And besides that we had two able allies, rum and the climate. As for the first, though we were about half a mile away, we could hear them roaring and singing late into the night; and as for the second, the doctor staked his wig that, camped where they were in the marsh, and unprovided with remedies, the half of them would be on their backs before a week.

"So," he added, "if we are not all shot down first they'll be glad to be packing in the schooner. It's always a ship, and they can get to buccaneering again, I suppose." "First ship that I ever lost," said Capt. Smollett. I was dead tired, as you may fancy; and when I got to sleep, which was not till after a great deal of tossing, I slept like a log of wood. The rest had long been up, and had already breakfasted and increased the pile of firewood by about half as much again, when I was awakened by a bustle and the sound of voices. "Flag of truce!" I heard some one say; and then immediately after, with a cry of surprise, "Silver himself!" And at that I jumped up, and, rubbing my eyes, ran to a loophole in the wall. It was still quite early and the coldest morning that I think I ever was abroad in; a chill that pierced into the marrow. The sky was bright and cloudless overhead, and the tops of the trees shone rosily in the sun. But where Silver stood with his lieutenant all was still in shadow, and they waded knee deep in a low white vapor, that had crawled during the night out of the morass. The chill and vapor taken together told a poor tale of the island. It was plainly a damp, feverish, unhealthy spot. "Keep indoors, men," said the captain. "Ten to one this is a trick." Then he hailed the buccaneer. "Who goes? Stand or we fire." "Flag of truce," cried Silver. The captain was in the porch, keeping himself carefully out of the way of a treacherous shot should any be intended. He turned and spoke to us. "Doctor's watch on the lookout. Dr. Livesey, take the north side, if you please; Jim, the east, Gray the west. The watch below, all hands to load muskets. Lively, men, and careful." And then he turned again to the mutineers. "And what do you want with your flag of truce?" he cried. This time it was the other man who replied. "Cap'n Silver, sir, to come on board and make terms," he shouted. "Cap'n Silver! Don't know him. Who's he?" cried the captain. And we could hear him adding to himself: "Cap'n, is it? My heart, and here's promotion!" Long John answered for himself. "Me, sir. These poor lads have chosen me cap'n, after your desertion, sir"—laying particular stress upon the word "desertion." "We're willing to submit, if we can come to terms, and no bones about it. All I ask is your word, Cap'n Smollett, to let me safe and sound out of this here stockade, and one minute to get out o' shot before a gun is fired!" "My man," said Capt. Smollett, "I have not the slightest desire to talk to you. If you wish to talk to me, you can come, that's all. If there's any treachery, it'll be on your side, and the Lord help you." "That's enough, cap'n," shouted Long John, cheerily. "A word from you's enough. I know a gentleman, and you may lay to that." We could see the man who carried the flag of truce attempting to hold Silver back, nor was that wonderful, seeing how cavalier had been the captain's answer. But Silver laughed at him aloud, and slapped him on the back, as if the idea of alarm had been absurd. Then he advanced to the stockade, threw over his crutch, got a leg up, and with great vigor and skill, succeeded in surmounting the fence and dropping safely to the other side. I will confess that I was far too much taken up with what was going on to be of the slightest use as sentry; indeed, I had already deserted my eastern loophole and crept up behind the captain, who had now seated himself on the threshold, with his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands, and his eyes fixed on the water as it bubbled out of the old iron kettle in the sand. He was whistling to himself: "Come, Laases and Laads." Silver had terrible hard work getting up the knoll. With the steepness of the incline, the thick tree stumps, and the soft sand, he and his crutch were as helpless as a ship in silence. But he stuck to it like a man in styes, and at last arrived before the captain, whom he saluted in the handsomest style. He was tricked out in his best; an immense blue coat, thick with brass buttons, hung as low as to his knees, and a fine laced hat was set on the back of his head. Silver had terrible hard work getting up the knoll. With the steepness of the incline, the thick tree stumps, and the soft sand, he and his crutch were as helpless as a ship in styes. But he stuck to it like a man in styes, and at last arrived before the captain, whom he saluted in the handsomest style. He was tricked out in his best; an immense blue coat, thick with brass buttons, hung as low as to his knees, and a fine laced hat was set on the back of his head. "Here you are, my man," said the captain, raising his head. "You had better sit down." "You ain't a-going to let me inside, cap'n. It's a main cold morning, to be sure, sir, to sit outside upon the sand."



"When Ben Gunn is wanted you know where to find him, Jim."

"Why, Silver," said the captain, "if you had pleased to be an honest man you might have been sitting in your galley. It's your own doing. You're either my ship's cook—and then you were treated handsome—or Cap'n Silver, a common mutineer and pirate, and then you can go hang!" "Well, well, cap'n," returned the seacock, sitting down as he was bidden on the sand, "you'll have to give me a hand up again, that's all. A sweet, pretty place you have of it here. Ah, there's Jim. Doctor, here's my service. Why, there you all are together like a happy family, in a manner of speaking." "If you have anything to say, my man, better say it," said the captain. "Right you are, Cap'n Smollett," replied Silver. "Dooty is dooty, to be sure. Well, now, you look here, that was a good lay of yours last night. I don't deny it was a good lay. Some of you pretty handy with a hand-spike end. And I'll not deny either, but what some of my people was shook—maybe all was shook; maybe I was shook myself; maybe that's why I'm here for terms. But you mark me, cap'n, it won't do twice, by thunder! We'll have to do sentry go, and ease off a point or so on the rum. Maybe you think we were all a sheet in the wind's eye. But I'll tell you I was sober; I was on'y dgotired; and if I'd awoke a second sooner I'd a caught you at the act, I would. He wasn't dead when I got round to him, not he." "Well?" says Capt. Smollett, as cool as can be. All that Silver said was a riddle to him, but you would never have guessed it from his tone. As for me, I began to have an inkling. Ben Gunn's last words came back to my mind. I began to suppose that he had paid the buccaneers a visit while they all lay drunk together around their fire, and I recoiled up with glee that we had only 14 enemies to deal with. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

**SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.**  
**Macias Was Raised from the Ranks by Queen Isabella.**  
**Puerto Rico's Captain General Was Immortalized by Offenbach, the Famous Composer of Comic Operas.**  
The Puerto Rico campaign has brought to the surface of Spanish politics two men who have long been known to possess extraordinary prestige, influence and power in the royalist party in Spanish politics. These two are Capt. Gen. Macias, in command of Puerto Rico, and the political governor, Gen. Munoz. A way back in the fifties a young soldier of remarkable physical pulchritude enlisted in one of Spain's Basque regiments. Six feet in stature, with fine dark eyes, he was the perfection of a good looking youth whose mental endowment was not equal to his personal attractions. As he was trained in military exercises, well set up by his drill, he soon became the talk of the "eminence part of Madrid—that is, of the middle and lower class women in domestic service, who are walking indexes of the talk and gossip of their mistresses. The queen, Isabella Segunda of Spain, was a good deal like her antetype Catherine of Russia, in at least one respect—she liked a fine figure of a man." One day it happened that the young Basque recruit was among the detail drawn for guard duty at the palace. The queen saw him. She distinguished him by speaking to him. The honor so disconcerted the Basque recruit that he forgot to present arms at the proper time, and was consequently told off for heavy punishment drill. But it never came. Two weeks thereafter, says the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the recruit, whose name was Francisco Caesar Santa Ana Macias, "because of extraordinary capacity"—so read the royal rescript—was gazetted to be lieutenant in the Cazadores Royal de Biscaya, one of the oldest regiments and most honorable in the service of Spain. "Who the devil is this fellow Macias?" swore Capt. Gen. Concha, the honorary colonel of the Cazadores de Biscaya, "and who recommended him for promotion?" The old courtier to whom this was addressed did not answer. He looked his friend in the eyes and slowly winked. There was more eloquence in the sign than in a dozen orations by Emilio Castellar. In six months Macias was a full colonel. "His merit was extraordinary," her majesty explained to Concha. Macias made no enemies. He studied to improve himself. He had masters in all branches of culture and became one of the first scholars in the army and the first swordsmen of Madrid. He went up, step by step, until he was captain general of Madrid, the youngest to hold the honor. The story infiltrated itself through the society of all the European courts. Offenbach, the composer, heard it. It delighted his cynical soul. He has embalmed Macias for immortality as Gen. Boum, in "La Grande Duchesse de Gerstein." The grand duchesse promotes Boum in 15 minutes from private soldier to general. This opera made Offenbach's fortune. All Europe recognized the characters as being very historical indeed. Capt. Gen. Macias has the chief military command in Puerto Rico. He has been a good executive officer for a man of the Spanish court. His rule is charged with no scandals. Capt. Gen. Concha returned from Cuba after four years of rule with 20,000,000 Spanish pesetas. Munoz, the governor general, is the son of a great house. As he is illegitimate, he does not bear his father's name. These are the two personages whom Gen. Miles had to fight when he conquered Puerto Rico. **Yellow-Colored Glasses.** Hitherto workmen and others who had to bear very strong white light in their work or profession have been in the habit of wearing blue glasses to relieve their eyes from the possibility of being blinded. This is the case with sailors who operate the powerful searchlights that are now so necessary an adjunct to the war vessels and commercial craft, especially if their eyes happen to be blue or gray. But recently it has been demonstrated that yellow-colored glasses will serve their purpose better, and it is expected that they will be used hereafter. **Education in Mexico.** There are in Mexico 11,512 schools. Of these 8,552 are sustained by the state, 3,212 by cities and 2,442 are private schools. Of the total, 6,627 are for males, 3,104 are for females and 2,331 are mixed. The actual attendance at these schools is 490,746, and the amount appropriated for the support of public schools is nearly \$5,500,000.



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