

THE BETTER WAY.

A grave old man and a maiden fair
Walked together at early morn;
The thrushes up in the clear, cold air
Sang to the farmer planting his corn.



PART V.

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

Foraging about, I found a bottle with
some brandy left, for Hands; and for
myself I routed out some biscuit, some
pickled fruits, a great bunch of raisins,

of the island flashing by, and the view
changing every minute. Soon we were
past the high lands and bowling beside
low, sandy country, sparsely dotted
with dwarf pines, and soon we were be-

CHAPTER XXVI. ISRAEL HANDS.

The wind, serving us to a desire, now
hailed into the west. We could run so
much the easier from the northwest
corner of the island to the mouth of the
North inlet.

"Cap'n," said he, at length, with that
same uncomfortable smile, "here's my
old shipmate, O'Brien; s'pose you was
to leave him overboard. I ain't parti-

"You can kill the body, Mr. Hands,"
but not the spirit; you must know that
brandy," I replied. "O'Brien, there, is
in another world, and may be watching
us."

"Ah!" says he. "Well, that's unfortu-
nate—appears as if killing parties was a
waste of time. Howsomer, sperrits
don't reckon for much, by what I've
seen. I'll chance it with the sperrits,

"Some wine?" I said. "Far better.
Will you have white or red?"
"Well, I reckon it's about the blessed
same to me, shipmate," he replied; "so
it's strong, and plenty of it, what's the
odds?"

"All right," I answered. "I'll bring
you port, Mr. Hands. But I'll have to
dig for it."

With that I scuttled down the com-
panion with all the noise I could,
slipped off my shoes, ran quietly along
the sparred gallery, mounted the fore-

Yet I felt sure that I could trust him
in one point, since in that our interests
jumped together, and that was in the
disposition of the schooner. We both de-

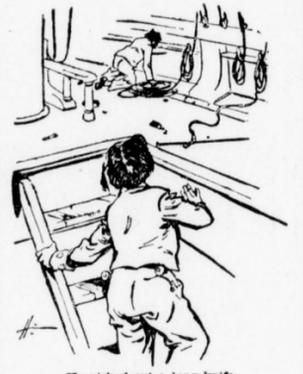
might be; and until that was done I
considered that my life would certainly
be spared.

While I was thus turning the business
over in my mind I had not been idle
with my body. I had stolen back to the
cabin, slipped once more into my shoes,

Hands lay as I had left him, all fallen
together in a huddle, and with his eye-
lids lowered, as though he were too
weak to bear the light. He looked up,

"Why?" I cried. "You were asking
me just now about the dead. You've
broken your trust; you've lived in sin
and lies and blood; there's a man you

"For 30 year," he said, "I've sailed
the seas, and seen good and bad, better
and worse, fair weather and foul, provi-
sions running out, knives going, and
what not. Well, now, I tell you, I never



He picked out a long knife.

must be nicely handled to be got in.
I think I was a good, prompt subaltern,
and I am very sure that Hands was an
excellent pilot; for we went about, and
dogged in, shaving the banks, with a
certainty and a neatness that were a
pleasure to behold.

Scarcely had we passed the head be-
fore the land closed around us. The
shores of North inlet were as thickly
wooded as those of the southern an-
chorage; but the space was longer and
narrower, and more like, what in truth
it was, the estuary of a river. Right be-

"Now," said Hands, "look there;
there's a pet bit for to beach a ship in.
Fine flat sand, never a catspaw, trees all
around of it, and flowers a-blowing like
a garding on that old ship."

"And once beached," I inquired, "how
shall we get her off again?"
"Who, so?" he replied; "you take a
line ashore there on the other side at
low water; take a turn about one of
them big pines; bring it back, take a
turn round the capstan, and lie to for
the tide. Come high water, all hands
take a pull upon the line, and off she
comes as sweet as natur'." And now,

So he issued his commands, which I
breathlessly obeyed; till, all of a sud-
den, he cried: "Now, my hearty, luff!"
And I put the helm hard up, and the
"Hispaniola" swung round rapidly, and
ran stem on for the low-wooded shore.

The excitement of these last man-
euvers had somewhat interfered with
the watch I had kept hitherto, sharply
enough, upon the cocksawin. Even
then I was still so much interested,
waiting for the ship to touch, that I
had quite forgot the peril that hung
over my head, and stood craning over
the starboard bulwarks and watching
the ripples spreading wide before the
bows. I might have fallen without a
struggle for my life, had not a sudden
disquietude seized upon me, and made
me turn my head. Perhaps I had heard
a creak, or seen his shadow moving
with the tail of my eye; perhaps it was
an instinct like a cat's, but, sure

enough, when I looked round there
was Hands, already half-way toward me,
with the dirk in his right hand.

We must both have cried out aloud
when our eyes met; but while mine
was the shrill cry of terror, his was a
roar of fury like a charging bull's. At
the same instant he threw himself for-
ward, and I leaped sideways toward the
bows. As I did so I left hold of the
tiller, which sprang sharp to leeward;
and I think this saved my life, for it
struck Hands across the chest, and
stopped him, for the moment, dead.

Before he could recover I was safe
out of the corner where he had trapped
me, with all the deck to dodge about.
Just forward of the mainmast I
topped, drew a pistol from my pocket,
drew a cool aim, though he had already
turned and was once more coming di-
rectly after me, and drew the trigger.
The hammer fell, but there followed
neither flash nor sound; the priming
was useless with seawater. I cursed
myself for my neglect. Why had not
I, long before, reprimed and reloaded
my only weapon? Then I should not
have been, as now, a mere fleeing sheep
before this butcher.

Wounded as he was, it was wonderful
how fast he could move, his grizzled
hair tumbling over his face, and his
face itself as red as a red ensign
with his haste and fury. I had no
time to try my other pistol, nor, in-
deed, much inclination, for I was sure
it was useless. One thing I saw plain-
ly; I must not simply retreat, before
him, or he would speedily hold me
boxed in the bows, as a moment since
he had so nearly boxed me in the stern.
Once so caught, and nine or ten inches
of the blood-stained dirk would be
my last experience on this side of eter-
nity. I placed my palms against the
mainmast, which was of a goodish big-
ness, and waited, every nerve upon the
stretch.

Seeing that I meant to dodge, he also
paused, and a moment or two passed in
feints on his part, and corresponding
movements upon mine. It was such a
game as I had often played at home
about the rocks of Black Hill cove;
but never before, you may be sure,
with such a wildly beating heart as
now. Still, as I say, it was a boy's
game, and I thought I could hold my
own at it against an elderly seaman
with a wounded thigh. Indeed, my
courage had begun to rise so high that
I allowed myself a few darting thoughts
on what would be the end of the affair;
and while I saw certainly that I could
spin it out for long, I saw no hope of
any ultimate escape.

Well, while things stood thus, sud-
denly the "Hispaniola" struck, stag-
gered, ground for an instant in the
sand, and then, swift as a blow, can-
tered over to the port side, till the deck
stood at an angle of 45 degrees, and
about a puncheon of water splashed
into the scupper-holes, and lay in a
pool between the deck and bulwark.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HER MAJESTY TRIED IT.

Got a Glass of Grog, but Found it to
be a Trifle Weak.

A droll incident once happened on
board the royal yacht Victoria and Al-
bert. Her majesty was sitting on her
camp stool near the paddle box in com-
pany with Lady Canning and Lady
Broomfield, when a commotion was ob-
served among the sailors, little knots of
men talking together in a mysterious
manner. First one officer came up to
them, then another, and at last Lord
Adolphus Fitz Clarence was called.

The queen, much puzzled, inquired
whether there was going to be a mutiny.

Lord Adolphus laughed, but replied
that he really did not know what would
happen unless her majesty would gra-
ciously move her seat.

"Move my seat?" said the queen.
"Why should I? what harm can I be
doing here?"
"Well, madam, the fact is your maj-
esty is unwittingly closing up the door
where the grog tubs are kept, and so
the men cannot have their grog."

"Very well," said the queen. "I will
move on condition that you bring me a
glass of grog."

This was accordingly done, and after
testing it the queen said: "I am afraid
I can only make the same remark I did
once before, that I think it would be
very good if it were stronger."

This, of course, delighted the men
immensely.—Durham Observer.

Heredity.
"Doctor, what do you regard as the
surest hereditary trait—that is, what
peculiarity is most likely to be inher-
ited?"

"My observation leads me to believe
that the desire to escape work is about
the most common thing that people in-
herit."—Chicago News.

The Dusky Philosopher.
"I specs," remarked Rastus Snow,
"dat I's a heap like one ob dese yeah
chameleons."

"Like one ob dese yeah welches?"
asked Jim Slewfoot.

"Chameleons. It makes me blue
every time I remembers dat I'm black."
—N. Y. World.

Wordsworth Was Tired.
Wordsworth, the poet, was not given
to bursting forth with "unpremed-
itated art." The following is from the
journal of Dorothy Wordsworth:
"William has come back tired; he has
spent all the day in thinking of an ad-
jective for the cuckoo."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Pointed Question.
Miss Elderly—I declare, I was so flus-
trated when Mr. Bleecker called that I'm
sure he will think I acted like a goose.

Miss Younger—Well, you certainly
don't expect him to think a woman of
your age would act like a spring chick-
en, do you?—Chicago News.

Cowards are ever dying, but the
brave man never dies till his time
comes.

MERRITT'S REPORT.

He Tells of the Military Operations at
Manila and Gives Much Praise to His
Soldiers.

Washington, Oct. 1.—The report of
Maj. Gen. Merritt, of the operations
about Manila, was made public Friday.
After giving briefly the story of his
embarkation and arrival at Manila, and
the disposition of the troops there he
says:

"I found Gen. Greene's command en-
camped on a strip of sandy land run-
ning parallel to the shore of the bay
and not far distant from the beach,
but, owing to the great difficulties of
landing supplies, the greater portion
of the force had shelter tents only,
and were suffering many discomforts,
the camp being situated in a low, flat
place, without shelter from the heat
of the tropical sun or adequate protec-
tion during the terrific downpour of
rain. I was at once struck by the
spirit of patient, even cheerful, endur-
ance shown by the officers and men
under such circumstances, and this
feeling of admiration for the manner
in which the American soldiers accept
the necessary hardships of the work
they have undertaken to do, has grown
and increased with every phase of the
difficult and trying campaign which
the troops of the Philippine expedition
have brought to such a brilliant and
successful conclusion."

The remainder of the report treats
in detail of the operations that led to
the capture of Manila and contains lit-
tle that has not been given to the pub-
lic through the press dispatches from
time to time.

A ROAST FROM SHAFTER.

The General Pays His Respects to Yellow
Journalists Who Attacked His Conduct.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 1.—Postmaster
Wills received a letter from Gen. Shaf-
ter yesterday dated Camp Wikoff, in
which he says of newspaper attacks upon
him:

"The attacks of the yellow press
upon me and others of the adminis-
tration are simply outrageous. The
articles are filled with untruths, be-
ginning with the one that I was re-
sponsible for the equipment of the
army with Springfield rifles, which
you and every other sensible man
knows is a lie. The behavior of some
of the yellow journalists was so ou-
trageous before we even got into Cuba
that I had to put my hand on them,
and after we got into Cuba it was still
worse. Their letters are the result of
personal spite. If I had come back
with a defeated army there might have
been some excuse for their talk, but
having commanded one of the most
successful campaigns of modern mili-
tary history, it is simply an outrage.

"I am very fond of Evans (pension
commissioner) and am very glad that
you are defending him. Some of the
G. A. R. are simply unbearable and
seem to think that if they can't have
the treasury turned over to them they
are being defrauded. Very truly
yours,

"WILLIAM R. SHAFTER."

Henry George Named for Governor.

New York, Oct. 1.—At a meeting of
the Chicago platform democrats last
night Henry George, the son of the
single tax advocate, was nominated to
head the independent democrat ticket.
The nomination of Elliott F. Danforth
for lieutenant governor by the regu-
lar democratic convention at Syracuse
was endorsed. The other candidates
nominated are as follows: Secretary of
state, Gideon J. Tucker; comptrol-
ler, J. McDonough, Albany; treasurer,
M. C. Caton, of Buffalo; attorney gen-
eral, Ole F. Snyder, Buffalo; engineer
and surveyor, James A. Lee, Rockland
county.

Uncle Sam Will be Represented.

London, Oct. 1.—A dispatch from
Moscow says: United States Minister
Hitchcock has communicated to the
government the decision of the Wash-
ington government to be represented at
the disarmament congress. The
Moscow papers publish remarks cred-
ited to the American consul general
that to "the gratitude the Americans
felt for Russian sympathy in 1864 is
now added the admiration of the pres-
ident and American people for the
czar's peace circular."

A Split Verdict.

Chicago, Oct. 1.—The coroner's jury
in the Jennie Hickey murder case yes-
terday returned a split verdict, five
jurors declaring it a case of murder
and one asserting it a case of suicide.
The police have all along contended
that the girl drowned herself, and the
coroner's physicians declare that the
injuries which caused death were of
such a nature that they could not have
been inflicted by the girl herself.

A Better Outlook.

Jackson, Miss., Oct. 1.—There is
nothing new in the fever situation.
The weather is cooler and this oper-
ates against a spread of the disease.
The negroes of the city have organ-
ized a relief association to assist the
citizens' committee in caring for the
negroes confined in the cordoned dis-
tricts. Reports from over the state
are more favorable.

Actor Sidelights.

New York, Oct. 1.—Scott Inglis, an
actor in Julia Arthur's company, shot
himself through the heart last night
in a theatrical boarding house where
he had been living. Inglis was dis-
missed from the company a few days
ago for failure to attend a rehearsal,
and had been refused reinstatement.
He was without funds.

Indiana Will be No General Strike.
Indianapolis, Oct. 1.—M. D. Rat-
chford, president of the Mine Workers'
union, says that the report of an im-
pending general strike among the
miners is untrue. "There will be no
general strike," said Mr. Ratchford,
"during the life of the Chicago con-
tract which lasts until next May."

Made a New World's Record.
Malone, N. Y., Oct. 1.—Dan G. owned
by J. H. Bronson, of New Haven, made
a world's record Friday on the half-
mile track at the Franklin county fair
at Malone, pacing three heats in
2:10 1/2, 2:09 1/2, and 2:09 1/2.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for in-
formation that will lead to the arrest and
conviction of the party or parties who
placed iron and shab on the track of the
Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near
the east line of Franklin House's farm,
on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

HENRY AVOUR,
President.

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