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LIFE'S SPRINGTIME.

I fell to thinking the world was old, And joy had flown away: That the precious idols I dreamed wer read

gold Were, after all, but clay. For it seemed so far to the happy times When we met at the orchard bars, And breathed our vows in the old, swee

we two, and the happy stars. Last night as I came through the leaf

deil, Where long ago we strayed, I hearkt to a happy lover tell His vows to a fair young maid. I heard the song of the whippoorwill And the twilight coo of dove, And itp met itp with a bitssful thrill In the first sweet kiss of love.

I heard my daughter's daughter's voice I heard my daughter's daughter's volce-(A volce from the days gone by)-And it made my yearning soul rejoice And my heart beat warm and high. Por I know while youth and beauty meet And men and maidens woo, Lifer's wine shall still be good and sweet, And the old world glad and new. --Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.



PART VI. CAPTAIN SILVER.

CHAPTER XXVIII. IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

The red glare of the torch, lighting up the interior of the block-house, showed me the worst of my apprehensions realized. The pirates were in pos session of the house and stores; there was a cask of cognac, there were the pork and bread, as before; and, what tenfold increased my horror, not a sign of any prisoner. I could only judge that all had perished, and my heart that all had perished, and my heart smote me sorely that I had not been there to perish with them.

There were six of the buccaneers, all told; not another man was left alive. Five of them were on their feet, flushed and swollen, suddenly called out of the first sleep of drunkenness. The sixth had only risen upon his elbow; he was deadly pale, and the blood-stained bardage round his head told that he had recently been wounded, and still more recently dressed. I remembered the man who had been shot and had run ck among the woods in the great at tack, and doubted not that this was he.

The parrot sat, preening her plumage on Long John's shoulder. He himself I thought, looked somewhat paler and more stern than I was used to. He still wore his fine broadcloth suit in which he had fulfilled his mission, but it was bitterly the worse for wear, daubed with clay and torn with the sharp briars of the wood.

"So," said he, "here's Jim Hawkins, ehiver my timbers! dropped in, like, eh? Well, come, I take that friendly." And thereupon he sat down across the brandy-cask, and began to fill a

pipe. "Give me the loan of a link, Dick," said be: and then, when he had a good light, "that'll do, lad," he added, "stick the glim in the wood heap; and you, gentlemen, bring yourselves to!-you needn't stand up for Hawkins; he'll excuse you, you may lay to that. And oo, Jim"-stopping the tobacco-"here you are, and quite a pleasant surprise for poor old John. I see you were smart when first I set my eyes on you; but this here gets away from me clean, it

To all this, as may be well supposed, I made no answer. They had set me with my back against the wall; and I stood there, looking Silver in the face, pluckily enough, I hope, to all outward appearance, but with black despair in my heart.

Silver took a whiff or two of his pipe with great composure, and then ran again

"Now, you see, Jim, so be as you are here," says he, "I'll give you a piece of my mind. I've always liked you, I have. for a lad of spirit, and the picter of my own self when I was young and handsome. I always wanted you to jine and take your share, and die a gentleman, and now, my cock, you've got to. Cap'n

hatches till you're spoke, my friend," eried Silver, truculently, to this speak-er. "Yesterday morning, Mr. Hawkins," said he, "in the dog-watch, down came Dr. Livesey with a flag of truce. Says he: "Oap'n Silver, you're sold out. Ship's gone!" Well, maybe we'd been taking a glass, and a song to help it round. I won't say no. Leastways none of us had looked out. We looked out, and, by thunder! the old ship was gone. I never seen a pack o' fools look fishier; and you may lay to that, if I tells you that I looked the fishiest. 'Well,' says the doctor, 'let's bargain.' We bargained, him and I, and here we are; stores, brandy, block-house, the fire-wood you was thoughtful enough to cut, and, in a manner of speaking, the whole blessed boat, from cross-trees to keelson. As for them, they've tramped; I don't know where's they are.

He drew again quietly at his pipe "And lest you should take it into that head of yours," he went on, "that you was included in the treaty, here's the last words that was said: 'How many are you?' says I, 'to leave?' 'Four,' says he—'four and one of us wounded. As for the boy, I don't know where he is, confound him,' says he, 'nor 1 on't much care. We're about sick of im.' These was his words." "Is that all?" I asked. don't him.

"Well, it's all you're to hear, my son," returned Silver.

returned Silver. "And now I am to choose?" "And now you are to choose, and you may lay to that," said Silver. "Well," said I, "I am not such a fool but I know pretty well what I have to look for. Let the worst come to the worst, it's little I care. I've seen too mean dis since I foll in with you. But many die since I fell in with you. But there's a thing or two I have to tell you," I said, and by this time I was quite ex-cited; "and the first is this: Here you are in the bad way; ship lost, treasure are in the bad way; ship lost, treasure lost, men lost; your whole business gone to wreck; and if you want to know who did it—it was I! I was in the apple barrel the night you sighted land, and I heard you, John, and you, Dick Johnson, and Hands, who is now at the bottom of the sea, and told every word you said before the hour was out. And as for the schooner, it was I who cut her cable, and it was I who killed the men you had aboard of her, and it was I who brought her where you'll never see her more, not one of you. The laugh's on my side; I've had the top of this business from

the first; I no more fear you than I fear a fly. Kill me, if you please, or spare But one thing I'll say, and no me. more; if you spare me, by-gones are by-gones, and, when you fellows are in court for piracy, I'll save you all I can. It is for you to choose. Kill another and do yourself no good, or spare me and keep a witness to save you from the gallows."

I stopped, for, I tell you, I was out of breath, and, to my wonder, not a man of them moved, but all sat staring at me like as many sheep. And while they were still staring, I broke out again:

"And now, Mr. Silver," I said, "I believe you're the best man here, and if things go to the worst, I'll take it kind of you to let the doctor know the way I took it."

"I'll bear it in mind," said Silver, with an accent so curious that I could not, for the life of me, decide whether he were laughing at my request or had been favorably affected by my cour-

age. "I'll put one to that," cried the old mahogany-faced seaman-Morgan by whom I had seen in Long John' name public house upon the quays of Bristol.

"It was him that knowed Black Dog." "Well, and see here," added the seacook. "I'll put another again to that, by thunder! For it was the same boy that faked the chart from Billy Bones First and last we've split upon Jim Hawkins!"

"Then here goes!" said Morgan, with an oath.

And he sprang up, drawing his knife

as if he had been twenty. "Avast, there!" cried Silver. "Who are you, Tom Morgan? Maybe you thought you were captain here, perhaps. By the powers, I 'll teach you better! Cross me, and you'll go where many a good man's gone before you first and last, these 30 year back-some

as'll lay a hand on him-that's what I say, and you may lay to it." There was a long pause after this.

stood straight up against the wall, my heart still going like a sledge-hammer, but with a ray of hope now shining in my bosom. Silver leaned back against the wall, his arms crossed, his pipe in the corner of his mouth, as calm as though he had been in church; yet his eye kept wandering furtively, and he kept the tail of it on his unruly followers. They on their part drew gradually together toward the far end of the block-house, and the low hiss of their whispering sounded in my ears contin-uously, like a stream. One after another they would look up, the red light of the torch would fall for a second on their nervous faces; but it was not toward me, it was toward Silver they turned their eyes. "You seem to have a lot to say,"

marked Silver, spitting far into the air. "Pipe up and let me hear it, or

lay to." "Ax your pardon, sir," said one of the men, "you're pretty free with some of the rules; maybe you'll kindly keep an eye upon the rest. This crew's dissatisfied; this crew don't vally bullying a marlinspike; this crew has its rights like other crews, I'll make so free as that; and by your own rules, I take it we can talk together. I ax your pardon, sir, acknowledging you for to be capting at this present; but I claim my right, and steps outside for a coun-cil."

And with an elaborate sea-salute, this fellow, a long, ill-looking, yellow-eyed man of five-and-thirty, stepped coolly toward the door and disappeared out of the house. One after another the rest followed his example; each making a salute as he passed; each adding some apology. "According to the rules,' said one. "Fo'k's'le council," said Mor gan. And so, with one remark or an other, all marched out, and left Silver and me alone with the torch.

The sea-cook instantly removed his

"Now, look here, Jim Hawkins," he said, in a steady whisper, that was no said, in a steady whisper, that was no more than audible, "you're within half a plank of death, and what's a long sight worse, of torture. They're going to throw me off. But you mark, I stand by you through thick and thin. I didn't mean to; no, not till you spoke up. I was about desperate to lose that much blunt, and be hanged into the bargain. But I see you was the right sort. I says to myself: You stand by Hawkins, John, and Hawkins'll stand by you. You're his last card, and by the living thunder, John, he's yours! Back to back, says I. You save your witness, and he'll save your neck!" I began dimly to understand.

"You mean all is lost?" I asked. "Ay, by gum, I do!" he answered. "Ship gone, neck gone-that's the size



Then here goes," said Morgan,

of it. Once I looked into that bay, Jim Hawkins, and seen no schooner well I'm tough, but gave out. As for that lot and their council, mark me, they're outright fools and cowards. I'll save your life-if so be as I can-from them. But see here, Jim-tit for tat-you save

Long John from swinging." I was bewildered; it seemed a thing so hopeless he was asking—he, the old

buccaneer, the ringleader throughout. "What I can do, that I'll do," I said. "It's a bargain!" cried Long John. "You speak up plucky, and, by thunder!

I've a chance. He hobbled to the torch, where it stood propped among the firewood, and

"There's a breeze coming, Jim," said Silver, who had by this time adopted quite a friendly and familiar tone. I turned to the loop-hole nearest me and looked out. The embers of the

great fire had so far burned themselves out and now glowed so low and dusky that I understood why these conspirators desired a torch. About half way down the slope to the stockade they were collected in a group; one held the light; another was on his knees in their midst, and I saw the blade of an open knife shine in his hand with varying colors in the moon and torchlight. The rest were all somewhat stooping, though watching the maneuvers of this last. I could just make out that he had a book as well as a knife in his hand, and was still wondering how anything so incongruous had come in their possession, when the kneeling fig-ure rose once more to his feet and the whole party began to move together to-

ward the house. "Here they come," said I, and I returned to my former position, for it seemed beneath my dignity that they

"Well, let 'em come, lad—let 'em come," said Silver, cheerily. "I've still a shot in my locker." The door opened and the five men,

standing huddled together just inside, pushed one of their number forward. In any other circumstances it would bave been comical to see his slow advances, hesitating as he set down each foot, but holding his closed right hand

in front of him. "Step up, lad," cried Silver. "I won": eat you. Hand it over, lubber. I know the rules, I do; I won't hurt a depyta-

Thus encouraged the buccaneer stepped forth more briskly and, having passed something to Silver, from hand to hand, slipped yet more smartly back again to his companions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

The Prince of Wales Told to Send His

Mother. Amidst all the formality which ne-cessarily surrounds royalty, it must be quite refreshing to meet with a little genuine naturalness. Such a refreshment was at one time afforded the prince of Wales by a good magistrate

of one of the pottery towns. The duke of Sutherland had presented a park to the town to which the worthy man belonged, and it was felt that the opening was an event of sufficient importance to warrant the invit-ing of the prince of Wales to perform the ceremony. A deputation according-ly waited upon him, and a wealthy magistrate was chosen as spokesman. Honest John knew little of court etiquette,

and the proper behavior for the oc-casion. His claims to the position he assumed lay in the fact that he was large-hearted, rough and ready, and "real Staffordshire."

The prince expressed regret that an-other engagement would prevent him from officiating at the opening of the park. "I should have been most happy to have con.e," he said, "had I known

show thy face?" said the worthy spokesman. "We shall look fules when we get back."

face was an impossibility, and the deputation was at a loss to know how to proceed. Then a brilliant idea struck the leader, and his eyes brightened as he turned once more to the prince and said:

that their husbands don't neglect Probably the ass had the idea that

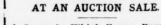
Balaam was taking her for a present to some woman.

When a man refers to Honolulu you may be pretty certain he isn't sure how to pronounce Hawaii.

A philosopher is a man who can admire a woman after he has found out that she doesn't admire him.

A woman will quarrel with her hus band for wearing his old coat around the house the same day she puts off combing her hair till after breakfast.





Scene in Which Every Bargain Loving Woman Will Find Something Interesting.

The vase was about 18 inches high and of varying diameter. It was of some sort of crockery or china ware, and it was as ornate as a Lonesomehurst cottage. On one side was a Wat teau young woman, clad in a truly rural pink satin puffy skirt, mostly all plaits, and an apple-green bodice, also satin, and a "shepherdess" hat that must have cost at least \$24.80, and white silk stockings that ended in pink satin slippers (high heeled), apparently No. 12 children's size. The young



"FIVE I AM OFFERED."

woman was engaged in holding on to the kind of shepherdess' crook the shepherdesses used always to carry in the olddays-gilded and with vari-hued silk ribbons tied all over it. She was

churl, with a businesslike uje, up near

the auctioneer's stand. "I perceive," said the auctioneer, sadly, "that a spirit of merriment perndes the room this morning. It is a sorry enough reflection that a gem, a prize of this character, ladies and gentlemen, that a generation ago would have been grabbed at by—" "Well, call it three," said the first

man to make a bid. "My friend," said the auctioneer,

shaking his head mournfully, "are you aware that it is among the possibilities-indeed, among the probabilities -that this vawze for which you now offer me such paltry sums may at one time have embellished the boudoirs of queens?--that the fated Marie An-toinette herself---"

"Three-fifty," said another man with a low forehead, but a bright, alert eye, It was at this point that the determined-looking elderly woman, with the poppy-covered bonnet and the fatold-fashioned purse, walked in. The love of tradition shone in hereyes, and she flashed a look of contempt at the

bidders. "Five dollars" said she, pushing through the crowd close to the auc-tioneer's stand. "Ah, madam," said the auctioneer,

"you have arrived in season. It is read-ily to be determined that you know a good thing when you—that you have a cultivated eye, that is to say, for such perfect products of a sadly deterio-rated art as this. Yet I fear you, too, strike too low a note. Five I am of-fered-who then, is to make it ten?who makes it ten?-ah, ten I am of.

Nobody in the room had spoken. The determined-looking elderly woman looked around defiantly and adjusted her spectacles defiantly. "-ten I am offered-who makes it fftaen ?-"

fifteen?-"Fifteen dollars," said the deter

mined looking woman, and all of the rest of the room's assemblage looked on with a very great silence.

"Fifteen I am offered-it is dreary enough to reflect upon it-but fifteen I am offered-fifteen-fifteen-now who is to display the acumen and make me-ah, twenty

Nobody in the room had spoken.

DAINTY FANCY DRESS FOR THE BABY.

Expensive materials are never very highly recommended for use in children's clothes, for, even with a maid to restrain it, a child cannot resist the temptation to sit in the dirt.

One very nice dress can be put aside for special occasions, when even the youngest nember of the family is expected to appear to best advantage. A very pretty dress for **a** two-year-old to have for such purposes is made of China silk of some very delicate color.

111 Pour

In this case the little gown is of baby blue. The skirt is made very plain and the only trimming upon it is four rows of heavy stitching of a shade of blue just a little darker than the dress material.

of blue silk fringe. Stitching is now the popular trimming upon ch ldren's d

sooner." "Canna tha spare half a day just to

But even the showing of the prince's

"Well, if tha canna come, send thy mother."-Youth's Companion.

A Bachelor's Sayings.

The main trouble with most wome them enough.

n, as I'll ollett's a fine sear to any day, but stiff on discipline. Dooty is dooty,' says he, and right he is. Just you keep clear of the cap'n. The doctor himself is gone dead again you-'ungrateful scamp' was what he said; and the short and the long of the whole story is about here; you can't go back to your own lot, for they won' have you; and, without you start a third ship's company all by yourself, which might be lonely, you'll have to jine with Cap'n Silver."

So far so good. My friends, then were still alive, and though I partly be-lieved the truth of Silver's statement, that the cabin party were incensed at me for my desertion, I was more relieved than distressed by what I heard

"I don't say nothing as to your be-ing in our hands," continued Silver, "though there you are, and you may lay to it. I'm all for argyment; I never seen good come out o' threatening. If ike the service, well, you'll jine; you and if you don't, Jim, you're free to answer no-free and welcome, ship-mate; and if fairer can be said by mortol seaman shiver my sides!'

"Am I to answer, then ?" I asked, with a very tremulous voice. Through all this sneering talk, I was made to feel the threat of death that overhung me, and my cheeks burned and my heart beat painfully in my breast. "Lad," said Silver, "no one's a-press-

ing of you. Take your bearings. None of us won't hurry you, mate; time goes so pleasant in your company, you see." "Well," says I, growing a bit bolder

"if I'm to choose, I declare I have a right to know what's what, and why you're here, and where my friends are."

"Wot's wot?" repeated one of the buc caneers, in a deep growl. "Ah, he'd be a incky one as knowed that!"

to the yard-arm, shiver my sides! and ome by the board, and all to feed the There's never a man looked me fishes. between the eyes and seen a good day a'terward, Tom Morgan, you may lay

Morgan paused; but a hoarse murmur rose from the others.

to that."

"Tom's right," said one. "I stood hazing long enough from one," added another. "I'll be hanged if I'll be hazed by you, John Silver.

"Did any of you gentlemen want to have it out with me?" roared Silver, bending far forward from his posihis pipe stin "Put a tion on the keg, with glowing in his right hand.

name on what you're at; you ain't dumb, I reckon. Him that wants shall Have I lived this many years, and a son of a rum puncheon cock his has athwart my hawse at the latter end of it? You know the way; you're all gentlemen of fortune, by your ac count. Well, I'm ready. Take a cut count. Well, I'm ready. Take a cut-lass him that dares, and I'll see the color of his inside, crutch and all, be-fore that pipe's empty."

Not a man stirred; not a man answered.

"That's your sort, is it?" he added, returning his pipe to his mouth. "Well,

you're a gay lot to look at, anyway. Not much worth to fight, you ain't. P'r'aps you can understand King George's English. I'm cap'n here by 'lection. I'm cap'n here because I'm the best man by a long sea-mile. You

won't fight, as gentlemen o' fortune should: then, by thunder, you'll obey, and you may lay to it! I like that boy

now; and I never seen a better boy than that. He's more of a man than any pair of rats of you in this here house,

"You'll perhaps batten down your and what I say is this: Let me see him | dark.

took a fresh light to his pipe. "Understand me, Jim," he said. re turning. "I've a head on my shoulders, I have. I'm on squire's side, now. 1 know you've got that ship safe some-Y. Press. wheres. How you done it, I don't know

but safe it is. I guess Hands and O'Brien turned soft. I never much be-I guess Hands and lieved in neither of them. Now you mark me. I ask no questions, nor I won't let others. I know when a game's up, I do; and I know a lad that's stanch. Ah, you that's young-you and me might have done a power of good together!"

He drew some cognac from the cask into a tin canikin.

"Will you taste, messmate?" he asked; and when I had refused: "Well, I'll take a drain myself, Jim," said he. "I need a caulker, for there's trouble on hand. And, talking o' trouble, why did that doctor give me the chart, Jim?" My face expressed a wonder so un-affected that he saw the needlessness of further questions.

well, he did, though," said he "And there's something under that, no doubt-something, surely, under that, Jim-bad or good."

And he took another swallow of the brandy, shaking his great fair head like a man who looks forward to the worst.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BLACK SPOT AGAIN.

The council of the buccaneers had lasted some time, when one of them reentered the house, and with a repeti-tion of the same salute, which had in my eyes an ironical air, begged for a moment's loan of the torch. Silver briefly agreed; and this emissary re-

tired again, leaving us together in the

A man never knows whether he is really in love with a woman till he has

tried to imagine how she would look with three of her front teeth out.-N.

The Wood Pulp Industry.

It is estimated that 3,000 to 4,000 cords of pulp wood a day enter into the manu facture of paper in the United States At the minimum, 3,000 cords, the tota for a year would be the enormous amount of 900,000 cords. It is safe to call it 1,000,000. If this wood were piled in one continuous string it would make a wall four feet wide and four feet high a little over 1,515 miles in length. I

can be seen what a prodigious thing the wood pulp industry is, and at what a tremendous rate it is devouring trees mainly spruce. Yet all this wood is converted into paper, which, after be ing used, vanishes from sight in a few days and goes back to dust, out of which element the trees grow.

The Family Skeleton.

Conan Doyle tells the story of a friend of his, who had been often told that there is a skeleton in the cupboard of every household, and he determined to put that opinion to a practical test Selecting for the subject of his experi ment a respectable merchant in standing, against whom the most cer sorious critic had never breathed word, he went to the nearest telegrap office and dispatched this telegram the merchant: "All is discovered! Fl. at once!" The merchant disappeared that very day, and has never been hear, of since.-Golden Dadys.

Long Journeys on Skates.

Laplanders think nothing of cover ing 150 miles a day on their skates.

the heavy embroidery silk is used instead of the ordinary spool silk

also industriously engaged in gazing into the branches of a sapphire blue cherry tree, wherein a very red and spankable Cupid was doing the act with a bow and arrow. On usual the other side a young man with more or less of the same make-up, without the skirt, was climbing a gilt ladder into a gilt balcony shaded by Tyrian purple vines.

The auctioneer held it up.

"What am I offered for this real thing?" he inquired, insinuatingly "Ladies and gentlemen, the age of thi vawze is beyond my humble computa-tions. Moreover, I do not like to go beyond facts that I know. I do know that this vawze adorned the home of the Russian minister-Cacky-Cackyowsky-something like that-to this country 72 years ago. It passed from the loss of her cow. The bovine was called to the household establishment Mrs. Hurd's home when it was at-of the czar. The many vicissitudes tacked by a buck deer. As a result of through which this vawze has passed the battle mulley died, and result of were too pathetic to relate. It suf-fices to say that it is a gem fit to have from killing the deer which chased nces to say that it is a gen fit to have i from kinning the deer which chased adorned Versailes—as, indeed, who and mortally injured her cow, the shall say that it never did adorn Ver-sailles? Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to make me an offering for this 'just as good," as the officesecker would say. vawze, keeping in mind-"

"Two dollars " said a coarse, brutal man at the far end of the room.

The auctioneer looked grieved. "Surely," said he, "you jest. Surely, you must be unaware of the merits of which this-" Birmingham for the construction of a "cycle railway," somewhat on the lines which this-

"Twenty-five dollars," said the determined-looking woman, and she didn't notice the grins of the canaille didn't about her.

"And sold to this lady with the culivated voice for twenty-five dollors,'

stid the auctioneer, snappingly. "Oh, yes," said the auctioneer, in an easy whisper to a friend, "when you can get 'em to bid against them-selves you're all right." Then he sold another vase of the same sort for \$2.50. Washington Star.

Plea of a Michigan Woman.

Among the laws of Michigan is one regulating the killing of deer. After mature reflection, Mrs. A. Hurd, of Harbor Springs, thinks she sees in the provisions of this statute a way by which she may be reimbursed for

English Cycle Railway

A cycle railway is something of a novelty in practice, though already somewhat stale in theory. A company is now in process of formation at

"Two 'n' a half," put in another low of a switchback.