LIFE PATHS

It's a wonderfui world we're in, my dear, A wonderful world, they say, And blest they be who may wander free Wherever a wish might stray, Who spread their sails to the arctic gales, Or bask in the tropic's bowers, While we must keep to the footpath steep In this workaday life of ours.

For smooth is the road for the few, my dear,
And wide are the ways they roam;
Our feet are led where the million tread,
In the worn, old lanes of home.
And the years may flow for weal or woe,
And the frost may follow the flowers,

Our steps are bound to the selfsame roun In this workaday life of ours.

But narrow our path may be, my dear,

And simple the scenes we view,

A heart like thine and a love like mine
Will carry us bravely through.

With a happy song we'll trudge along,
And smile in the shine or showers,
And we'll ease the pack on a brother's back
By this workaday life of ours.

—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.



PART VI.

CHAPTER XXX .- CONTINUED.

Silver was a changed man, once h was out there and had his back on his friends and the block-house; his cheeks seemed to have fallen in: his voice trem bled; never was a soul more dead in carnest.

"Why, John, you're not afraid?

asked Dr. Livesey.
"Doctor, I'm no coward; no, not I—
not so much!" and he snapped his fingers. "If I was I wouldn't say it. But I'll own up fairly I've the shakes upon me for the gallows. You're a good man and a true; I never see a better man! And you'll not forget what I done good, not any more than you'll forget the bad, I know. And I step aside—see here—and leave you and Jim alone. And you'll put that down for me, too, for it's a long stretch, is that!'
So saying, he stepped back a little

way till he was out of earsbot, and there sat upon a tree-stump and began to whistle; spinning round now and again upon his seat so as to command a sight sometimes of me and the doctor, and sometimes of his unruly ruffians as they went to and fro in the sand, between the fire—which they were busy rekindling—and the house, from which they brought forth pork and bread to make the breakfast.

"So. Jim," said the doctor, sadly, "here As you have brewed, so shall you drink, my boy. Heaven knows, I cannot find it in my heart to blame you; but this much I will say, be it kind or unkind; when Capt. Smollett was well, you dared not have gone off; and when he was ill, and couldn't help it, by George, it was downright cow-

I will own that I here began to weep.
"Doctor," I said, "you might spare me.
I have blamed myself enough; my life's
forfeited anyway, and I should have been dead now, if Silver hadn't stood for me; and, doctor, believe this, I can die-and I dare say I deserve it-but what I fear torture. If they come to torture

"Jim," the doctor interrupted, and bis voice was quite changed, "Jim, I can't have this. Whip over, and we'll run for it.'

"Doctor," said I, "I passed my word."
"I know, I know," he cried. "We ean't help that, Jim, now. I'll take it shoulders, holus bolus, and shame, my boy; but stay here, I cannot help you. Jump! One jump, and you're out, and we'll run for it like

"No," I replied, "you know right well you wouldn't do the thing yourself; neither you nor the squire, nor captain; and no more will I. Silver trusted me; I passed my word, and back I go. doctor, you did not let me finish. they come to tortumme, I might let slip a word where the ship is; for I got the ship, part by luck and part by risking, and she lies in North inlet, on the south ern beach, and just below high water.

At half-tide she must be high and dry. "The ship!" exclaimed the doctor.

Rapidly I described to him my adventures, and he heard me out in silence. "There is a kind of fate in this," he observed when I had done. "Every step it's you that saves our lives; and do you suppose by any chance we are going to let you lose yours? That would be a poor return, my boy. You found out the plot; you found BenGunn -the best deed that ever you did, or will do, though you live to ninety. by Jupiter! and talking of Ben Gunn, why, this is the mischief in person. Silver!" he cried! "Silver! I'll give you a piece of advice," he continued, as the cook drew near again; "don't you be in any great hurry after that treas-

Why, sir, I do my possible, which that ain't," said Silver. "I can only, asking your pardon, save my life and the boy's by seeking for that treasure,

and you may lay to that."
"Well, Silver," replied the doctor, "if that is so, I'll go one step further; look

out for squalls when you find it! "Sir," said Silver, "as between man nd man, that's too much and too little. What you're after, why you left the block-house, why you give me that there chart. I don't know now, do 1? And yet I done your bidding with my eyes shut, and never a word of hope! But no, this here's too much. If you won't tell me what you mean plain out,

just say so, and I leave the helm."
"No," said the doctor, musingly, "I've no right to say more; it's not my secret, you see, Silver, or, I give you my word, I'd tell it to you. But I'll go as far with you as I dare go, and a step beyond, for I'll have my wig sorted by the captain, or I'm mistaken! And, first, I'll give you a bit of hope; Silver, if we both get alive out of this wolf-trap, I'll do my best to save you short of by best to save you, short of perjury."
Silver's face was radiant. "You

couldn't say more I'm sure, sir, not

if you was my mother," he cried.
"Well, that's my first concession,"
added the doctor. "My second is a piece of advice: Keep the boy close beside you, and when you need help, halloo. I m off to seek it for you, and that itself will show you if I speak at random. Good-by, Jim."

And Dr. Lives y shook hands with me through the stockade, nodded to Silver, and set off at a brisk pace into

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TREASURE HUNT - FLINT'S POINTER.

"Jim," said Silver, when we were alone, "if I saved your life, you saved mine; and I'll not forget it. I seen the doctor waving you to run for it—with the tail of my eye, I did; and I seen you say no, as plain as hearing. Jim, that's one to you. This is the first glint of hope I had since the attack failed, and I owe it you. And now, Jim, we're to go in for this here treasure-hunting, with sealed orders, too, and I don't like it; and you and me must stick close, back to back like, and we'll save our necks in spite o' fate and fortune.'

Just then a man hailed us from the fire that breakfast was ready, and we were soon seated here and there about the sand over biscuit and fried junk. They had lighted a fire fit to roast an ox; and it was now grown so hot that they could only approach it from the windward, and even there not without precaution. In the same wasteful spirt, they had cooked, I suppose, three imes more than we could eat; and one of them, with an empty laugh, threw what was left into the fire, which blazed and roared again over this unusual fuel. I never in my life saw men so careless of the morrow; hand to mouth is the nly word that can describe their way of doing; and what with wasted food and sleeping sentries, though they were bold enough for a brush and be done with it, I could see their entire unfitness for anythin like a prolonged cam-

Even Silver, eating away, with Capt. Flint upon his shoulder, had not a word of blame for their recklessness. And this the more surprised me, for I thought he had never shown himself

"Ay, mates," said he, "it's lucky you have Barbecue to think for you with this here head. I got what I wanted, I Sure enough, they have the ship. Where they have it, I don't know yet; but once we hit the treasure, we'll have to jump about and find out. And then, mates, us that has the boats, I reckon, has the upper hand."

Thus he kept running on, with his mouth full of the hot bacon; thus he restored their hope and confidence, and, more than suspect, repaired his own

at the same time.
"As for hostage," he continued, "that's his last talk, I guess, with them he loves so dear. I've got my piece o' news, and thanky to him for that; but t's over and done. I'll take him in a line when we go treasure-hunting, for we'll keep him like so much gold, ir case of accidents, you mark, and in the meantime, once we got the ship and treasure both, and off to sea like jolly companions, why, then we'll talk Mr. Hawkins over, we will, and we'll give him his share, to be sure, for all his

kindness." It was no wonder the men were in a good humor now. For my part, I was horribly east down. Should the scheme he had now sketched prove feasible, Sil ver, already doubly a traitor, would not hesitate to adopt it. He had still a foot in either camp, and there was no doubt he would prefer wealth and freedom with the pira'es to a bare escape from hanging, which was the best he had to hope on our side.

Nay, and even if things so fell out hat he was forced to keep his faith with Dr. Livesey, even then what dan-ger lay before us! What a moment that would be when the suspicions of his followers turned to certainty, and he and I should have to fight for dear life he, a cripple, and I, a boy—against five strong and active seamen!

Add to this double apprehension, the mystery that still hung over the behavior of my friends; their unexplained desertion of the stockade; their inexplicable cession of the chart; or, harder still to understand, the doctor's last warning to Silver: "Look out for squalls when you find it;" and you will readily believe how little taste I found in my breakfast, and with how uneasy a heart I set forth behind my captors on the quest for treasure.

We made a curious figure had anyone been there to see us; all in soiled sailor clothes, and all but me armed to the teeth. Silver had two guns slung about him, one before and one behind-besides the great cutlass at his waist, and a pistol in each pock et of his square-tailed coat. To complete his strange appearance, Capt Flint sat perched upon his shoulder and gabbled odds and ends of purposeless sea-talk I had a line about my waist, and followed obediently after the sea-cook, who held the loose end of the rope, now in his free hand, now between his pow erful teeth. For all the world I was led like a dancing bear.

The other men were variously burdened, some carrying picks and shov-els—for that had been the very first necessary they brought ashore the "Hispaniola"—others laden pork, bread and brandy for the midday meal. All the stores, I observed, came from our stock; and I could see the truth of Silver's words the night before. Had he not struck a bargain with the doctor he and his mutineers, deserted by the ship, must have been driven to subsist on clear water, and the proceeds of their hunting. Water would have been little to their taste; a sailor is not usually a good shot; and, besides all that, when they were so short of eat-ables, it was not likely they would be

very flush of powder.

Well, thus equipped, we all set out even the fellow with the broken head, "You who should certainty have kept in shad me cold inside to think of Flint. This

to the beach, where the two gigs awaited us. Even these bore trace of the drunken folly of the pirates, one in a broken thwart, and both in their mudbroken the safe, and be did not much be carried along with us, for the sake of safety; and so, with our numbers divided between them, we set forth upon "Ay, ay," returned Morgan, "I mind" the bosom of the anchorage.

As we pulled over there was some discussion on the chart. The red cross was, of course, far too large to be a guide; and the terms of the note on the back, as you will hear, admitted of some ambiguity. They ran, the reader may remember, thus:

"Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N. N. E. "Skeleton Island, E. S. E. and by E. "Ten feet."

A tall tree was thus the principal Now, right before us, the anchorage was bounded by a plateau from two to three hundred feet high, adjoining on the north the sloping southern shoulder of the Spy-glass, and rising again toward the south into the rough, cliffy eminence called the Mizzen-mast Hill. The top of the plateau was dotted thickly with pine trees of varying height. Every here and there, one of a different species rose forty or fifty feet clear above its neighbors, and which of these was the particular "tall tree" of Capt. Flint could only be decided on the spot, and by readings of the compass.

Yet, although that was the case every man on board the boats had picked a favorite of his own ere we were half-way over, Long John alone shrugging his shoulders and bidding

them wait till they were there. We pulled easily by Silver's directions, not to weary the hands prematurely; and, after quite a long passage landed at the mouth of the second river—that which runs down a woody cleft of the Spy-glass. Thence, bend ing to our left, we began to ascend the slope toward the plateau.

At the first outset, heavy, miry round and a matted, marsh vegetation greatly delayed our progress but by little and little the hill began to steepen and become stony underfoot and the wood to change its character and to grow in a more open order. It was, it leed, a most pleasant portion of the island that we were now approaching. A heavy-scented bloom and many flowering shrubs had almost taken the place of grass. Thickets of green nut meg trees were dotted here and there with the red columns and the broad shadow of the pines; and the first min-gled their spice with the aroma of the others. The air, besides, was fresh are stirring, and this, under the sheer sun beams, was a wonderful refreshment

The party spread itself abroad, in a fan shape, shouting and leaping to and



way behind the rest, Silver and I followed—I tethered by my rope, he plow ing, with deep pants, among the slid-ing gravel. From time to time, in-deed, I had to lend him a hand, or he must have missed his footing and fallen backward down the hill.

We had thus proceeded for about half a mile, and were approaching the brow of the plateau, when the man upon the furthest left began to cry aloud, as if in terror. Shout after shout came from him, and the others began to run in his direction.

"He can't have found the treasure." said old Morgan, hurrying past us from the right, "for that's clean a-top." Indeed, as we found when we also reached the spot, it was something very different. At the foot of a pretty big pine, and involved in a green creeper, which had even partly lifted some of the smaller bones, a human skeleton lay, with a few shreds of clothing, on the ground. I believe a chill struck for a moment to every heart.

"He was a seaman," said, Georg Merry, who, bolder than the rest, had gone up close, and was examining the

rags of clothing. "Leastways, this is a good sea-cloth." "Ay, ay," said Silver, "like enough; you wouldn't look to find a bishop here, I reckon. But what sort of a way is that for bones to lie? 'Tain't in

Indeed, on second glance, it seemed mpossible to fancy that the body was n a natural position. But for some disarray (the work, perhaps of the birds that had fed upon him, or of the slow-growing creeper that had gradenveloped his remains) the lay perfectly straight-his feet pointing in one direction, his hands, raised above his head like a diver's, pointing directly in the opposite.

"I've taken a notion into my old numskull," observed Silver. "Here's the compass; there's the tip-top p'int of Skeleton island, stickin' out like a tooth. Just take a bearing, will you, along the line of them bones."

It was done. The body pointed

straight in the direction of the island. and the compass read duly E. S. E. by E. "I thought so," cried the cook; "this here is a p'inter. Right up there is our line for the pole star and the jolly dollars. But by thunder, if it don't make

ow-and straggled, one after another, is one of his jokes, and no mistake. Him and these six were alone here; he killed 'em, every 23a; and this one he hauled here and laid down by compass, shiver my timbers! They're long

him; he owed me money, he did, and took my knife ashore with him."
"Speaking of knives," said another, "why don's we find his'n lying round? Flint warn't the man to pick a seaman's pocket; and the birds, I guess, would leave it be."

"By the powers, and that's true!" cried Silver.

"There ain't a thing left here," said Merry, still feeling around among the bones, "not a copper doit nor a baccy box. It don't look nat'ral to me."

"No, by gum, it don't," agreed Silvery and the state of the st

ver; "not nat'ral, nor not nice, says you. Great guns! messmate, but if Great guns! messmate, but if Flint was living, this would be a hot spot for you and me. Six they were, and six are we; and bones is what they

"I saw him dead with these here deadlights," said Morgan. "Billy took me in. There he laid, with penny-pieces on his eyes."

"Dead-ay, sure enough he's dead, and gone below," said the fellow with the bandage; "but if ever speerit walked, it would be Flint's. Dear heart, but he died bad, did Flint!"

"Ay, and that he did." observed an other; "now he raged, and now he hol-Her for the rum, and now he sung 'Fifteen Men' were his only song, mates; and I tell you true, I never rightly liked to hear it since. It was main hot, and the windy was open, and I hear that old song comin' out as clear as clear—and the death-haul on the man already."

"Come, come," said Silver, "stow this talk. He's dead, and he don't walk, that I know; leastways, he won't walk by day, and you may lay to that. Care killed the cat. Fetch ahead for the loubloons.

We started, certainly; but in spite of the hot sun and the staring daylight. the pirates no longer ran separate and shouting through the woods, but kept side by side, and spoke with bated breath. The terror of the dead buccaneer had fallen on their spirits.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HIS FRENCH MAID. Albert Gets Her Into a Serious Row with the Housegirl.

A youngster who is the only son of in-dulgent parents living in Avondale has French maid, whose business it is to talk to him in French at all times. In fact, she has to, as her knowledge is limited when it comes to speaking English The boy, though only seven, is as full of mischief as a young calf and he knows enough to know that he can fool the maid in more ways than one. He is something of a practical joker, too.

At lunchtime one day the maid was up a stump in regard to asking for salt She needed it in her soup, and to the housegirl she couldn't make her wants

"Le sel, Albair, le sel."

Turning to Albert, she said:
"Le sel, Albair, le sel."

Turning to the housemaid Albert said in English: "Oh, the old parley voo wants some sugar. Give it to her." She got the sugar in one of the silver boxes or dredges used for that condi-ment and dredged her soup in the ap proved French way and with decided disregard for the quantity she was using. Then when she tasted the mawky mess she broke out in a French tirade and wanted to whip the house girl. That is, it sounded like that, with her "Sacres" and "Mon Dieus."

"Oh, but she's cussing you," said Albert to the housegirl. "I'd tell mamma. I wouldn't let any old foreigner talk that way to me." "What's she saving?"

"Oh, 'dam' and other cuss words that are a heap worse."

Then the housegirl got back good and strong and told her she'd slap her in the mouth, and Albert had to do the interpreting. Of course he got things a little worse than they really were and poured oil on the flames. Both went to his mother, but when Albert explained his part in the row he was the one who got the scolding .- Cincinnati Commer cial Tribune.

Wren's Vindication.

When Sir Christopher Wren was building the town hall of Windsor, a fidgety member of the corporation—s the story goes—insisted that the roof required further support, and desired the architect to add more pillars. vain did Sir Christopher assure him that the danger was imaginary—he knew better. The alarm spread, and the great architect was worried into adding the desired columns. Years passed, and in later times, when archi ect and patron were dead, cleaning operations in the roof revealed the fac that the supposed additional supports did not touch the roof by two inches though this was not perceptible to any one below. By this ingenious expedien did Sir Christopher pacify his critics, while vindicating his own architectural skill to future generations .- Leisure

An Ornament to the Profession.
Plankington—I understand that you had to go to law about that property that was lert you. Have you a smar lawyer?

Bloomfield-You bet I have. He owns he property now.-Tit-Bits.

Give It a Chance

She—Oh, James, how grand the sea! How wonderful! I do so like to hear the roar of the ocean. He-Sc do I, Elizabeth. Please keep quiet.—Boston Traveler.

Domestie Gifts.

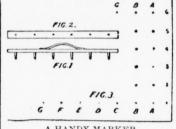
"What is a genius, mamma?"
"A genius is a man who can get what he wants out of the ice chest without upsetting the milk."-Louisville Cour



HANDY GARDEN MARKER.

It Insures the Setting of Plants a Regular Intervals in Greenhouse Benches

A convenient marker is shown in Fig. 1 that will insure the setting o plants at regular intervals in green bouse benches. For convenience of explanation let us suppose the green house bench to be 3½ feet wide and the interval between the plants to be seven inches. Select a piece of pine 42 inches long, 3½ inches wide and three-fourths of an inch thick. Bore a three-fourths of an inch hole inches from each end of the board and



A HANDY MARKER.

others at each seven-inch mark be tween them (Fig. 2). Drive pegs three inches long into each of these six holes, add a handle and the tool is ready for use.

To operate, lay the tool across the bed and press the pegs into the soil, making holes 1, 2, 3, etc. (Fig. 3). Lift and turn the tool at right angles to the row of holes just made, putting the first peg into hole A and pressing, as before, making holes B, C, D, etc. Lift again, and with the first peg in hole B make row B B parallel to row A A, and so on. The writer has used this tool in transplanting thousands of lettuce plants and can testify to the neat ness of the beds so laid off, as well as to the speed with which it can be used and the time saved thereby .- M. G Kains, in Farm and Fireside.

CROPS IN ORCHARDS.

Bon't Plant Any That Mature Their Seeds During the Growing Season of the Trees.

What crop can we grow in a young orchard without injury to the trees was asked in an exchange and was an ewered thus by A. B. Wood: If you have plenty of other ground on which to grow cultivated crops, don't grow anything but your trees and care for them just the same as though they were a corn crop instead. Many are not so situated that they can devote the entire land to trees, but must grow something to pay for the use of the ground till the trees yield fruit. Then comes the question again: What can grow, then, which will not be in jurious to growth of my trees? In one-half of my first peach orchard l set strawberries the first year, and or the other half I grew beans and sweet corn. The trees on the first half near died, though I cultivated and fer tilized thoroughly, using unleached ashes and rotted stable manure liberally; the other half grew nearly double the size of the former in the first two years, besides the trees were much healthier.

This taught me not to grow any crop which matured its seed during the growing season of the trees. Seeing my mistake, though too late, I immediately plowed under the berry vines and devoted the ground entirely to the trees. The result was surprising, for the trees seemed to take new life and made more growth the next season than in both the former ones though they have never been able to catch up with those where the beans

PRESERVING EGGS.

The Sulphur Process Here Describ Has Been Practiced with Con-

sliding lid. Put the eggs in the box and upon an oyster shell or other suit able substance place a teaspoonful of sulphur. Set fire to the sulphur, and when the fumes begin to rise briskl shut up the lid, make the box tight and do not disturb it for half an hour Now take out the eggs, pack in oats and the job is done. If the oats or pack ing material be treated to the sam process it will be all the better. If barrelful is to be preserved, place the eggs in a tight barrel two-thirds full with no packing whatever. Fire pound of sulphur upon a suitable sub stance on top of the eggs in the vacan them, shut up tightly, le stand an hour and then take out th eggs. As the gas is much heavier than air it will sink to the bottom, or rather fill up the barrel with the fumes. In another barrel or box place some oats and treat in the same way. Now pack the eggs in the oats, head up the barre and turn the barrel every day to pre vent falling of the yolks, using eac end alternately, and they will keep year, or according to the efficiency of the operation, a shorter or longe time.

It will be seen by the above that the process is a dry and neat one, and very inexpensive, sulphur being a very cheap article. The process was sold several years ago by certain parties as "Ozone," but is an old one, and the parties were exposed, not that the process was a fraud, but because they sold pound of sulphur as ozone for two dollars .- Poultry Keeper.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for to ormation that will lead to the arres conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabe on the track of the placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., seen the east line of Franklin Housley's fram. on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

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