

LIFE PATHS.

It's a wonderful world we're in, my dear, A wonderful world, they say, And blest they be who may wander free

But narrow our path may be, my dear, And simple the scenes we view, A heart like thine and a love like mine

TREASURE ISLAND

PART VI. CHAPTER XXX.—CONTINUED. Silver was a changed man, once he was out there and had his back on his friends

"Why, John, you're not afraid?" asked Dr. Livesey. "Doctor, I'm no coward; no, not I—not so much!"

"So, Jim, you're not afraid?" asked Dr. Livesey. "Doctor, I'm no coward; no, not I—not so much!"

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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.

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."

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.

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 so cunning as he did then.

"Ay, mates," said he, "it's lucky you have Barbecue to think for you with this here head. I got what I wanted, I did. 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."

"As for hostage," he continued, "that's his last talk, I guess, with them he loves so dear. I've got my piece of news, and thank you to him for that; but it'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, in 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 cast down. Should the scheme he had now sketched prove feasible, Silver, 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 pirates 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 that he was forced to keep his faith with Dr. Livesey, even then what danger 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 pocket 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 powerful teeth. For all the world I was led like a dancing bear.

The other men were variously burdened, some carrying picks and shovels—for that had been the very first necessary they brought ashore from the "Hispaniola"—others laden with 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 eatables, 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, who should certainly have kept in shield—

and straggled, one after another, 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 muddled, unbalanced condition. Both were to be carried along with us, for the sake of safety; and so, with our numbers divided between them, we set forth upon 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. E. "Skeleton Island, E. S. E. and by E. "Ten feet."

A tall tree was thus the principal mark. 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, bending to our left, we began to ascend the slope toward the plateau.

At the first outset, heavy, miry ground 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, indeed, 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 nutmeg trees were dotted here and there with the red columns and the broad shadow of the pines; and the first mingled their spice with the aroma of the others. The air, besides, was fresh and stirring, and this, under the sheer sunbeams, was a wonderful refreshment to our senses.

The party spread itself abroad, in a fan shape, shouting and leaping to and fro. About the center, and a good way behind the rest, Silver and I followed—I tethered by my rope, he plowing, with deep pants, among the sliding gravel. From time to time, indeed, 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 George 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 nature!"

Indeed, on second glance, it seemed impossible to fancy that the body was in 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 gradually enveloped his remains) the man 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 pint of Skeleton Island, stickin' out like a tooth. Just take a bearing, will you, along the line of them bones."

is one of his jokes, and no mistake. Him and these six were alone here; he killed 'em, every man; and this one he hauled here and laid down by compass, shiver my timbers! They're long bones, and the hair's been yellow. Ay, that would be Allardyce. You mind Allardyce, Tom Morgan?"

"Ay, ay," returned Morgan, "I mind him; he owed me money, he did, and took my knife ashore with him." "Speaking of knives," said another, "why don't we find his'n lying round? Flint war'n'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 loaves, "not a copper dot nor a bacey box. It don't look nat'ral to me."

"No, by gum, it don't," agreed Silver; "not nat'ral, nor not nice, says you. 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 are now."

"I saw him dead with these here dead-lights," 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 another; "now he raged, and now he holter 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 doubloons."

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.

Wren's Vindication. When Sir Christopher Wren was building the town hall of Windsor, a fidgety member of the corporation—so the story goes—insisted that the roof required further support, and desired the architect to add more pillars. In 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 architect and patron were dead, cleaning operations in the roof revealed the fact that the supposed additional supports did not touch the roof by two inches, though this was not perceptible to anyone below. By this ingenious expedient did Sir Christopher pacify his critics, while vindicating his own architectural skill to future generations.—Leisure Hours.

An Ornament to the Profession. Plankinton—I understand that you had to go to law about that property that was left you. Have you a smart lawyer? Bloomfield—You bet I have. He owns the property now.—Tit-Bits.

Give It a Chance. She—Oh, James, how grand the sea is! How wonderful! I do so like to hear the roar of the ocean. He—So do I, Elizabeth. Please keep quiet.—Boston Traveler.

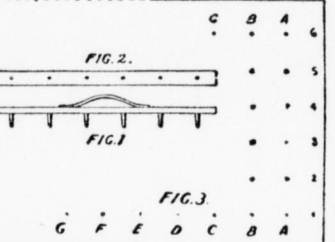
Domestic Gifts. "What is a genius, mamma?" "A genius is a man who can get what he wants out of the ice chest without upsetting the milk."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



HANDY GARDEN MARKER.

It insures the setting of plants at regular intervals in Green-house Benches.

A convenient marker is shown in Fig. 1 that will insure the setting of plants at regular intervals in green-house benches. For convenience of explanation let us suppose the greenhouse bench to be 3 1/2 feet wide and the interval between the plants to be seven inches. Select a piece of pine 42 inches long, 3/4 inches wide and three-fourths of an inch thick. Bore a three-fourths of an inch hole 3/4 inches from each end of the board and



A HANDY MARKER.

others at each seven-inch mark between 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 neatness 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.

Don'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 answered 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 I grow, then, which will not be injurious to growth of my trees? In one-half of my first peach orchard I set strawberries the first year, and on the other half I grew beans and sweet corn. The trees on the first half nearly died, though I cultivated and fertilized 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 and corn grew.

PRESERVING EGGS.

The Sulphur Process Here Described Has Been Practiced with Considerable Success.

Take a common starch box with a sliding lid. Put the eggs in the box, and upon an oyster shell or other suitable substance place a teaspoonful of sulphur. Set fire to the sulphur, and when the fumes begin to rise briskly 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 packing material be treated to the same process it will be all the better. If a barrelful is to be preserved, place the eggs in a tight barrel two-thirds full, with no packing whatever. Fire a pound of sulphur upon a suitable substance on top of the eggs in the vacant space over them, shut up tightly, let stand an hour and then take out the 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 barrel, and turn the barrel every day to prevent falling of the yolks, using each end alternately, and they will keep a year, or, according to the efficiency of the operation, a shorter or longer 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 a pound of sulphur as ozone for two dollars.—Poultry Keeper.

\$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 shins 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. HENRY AUGER, President.

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