

WHEN I GO HOME.

When I go home—a simple spell, These words, to cheer a toilsome way...



PART VI. CHAPTER XXXII.

THE TREASURE HUNT—THE VOICE AMONG THE TREES.

Partly from the damping influence of this alarm, partly to rest Silver and the sick folk, the whole party sat down...

Silver, as he sat, took certain bearings with his compass. "There are three tall trees," said he...

"I don't feel sharp," growled Morgan. "Thinkin' o' Flint—I think it were—as done me."

"Ah, well, my son, you praise your stars he's dead," said Silver. "He was an ugly devil," cried a third pirate...

"That was how the rum took him," added Merry. "Bluel well, I reckon he was blue. That's a true word."

Ever since they had found the skeleton and got upon this train of thought they had spoken lower and lower...

"It's Flint, by —!" cried Merry. The song had stopped as suddenly as it began—broken off, you would have said...

"Come," said Silver, struggling with his ash lips to get the word out, "that won't do. Stand by to go about. This is a rum start, and I can't name the voice..."

His courage had come back as he spoke, and some of the color to his face along with it. Already the others had begun to lend an ear to this encouragement...

"Darby McGraw," it wailed—for that is the word that best describes the sound—"Darby McGraw! Darby McGraw!"

The buccaners remained rooted to the ground, their eyes starting from their heads. Long after the voice had died away they still stared in silence, dreadfully, before them.

"That fixes it!" gasped one. "Let's go." "They was his last words," moaned Morgan: "his last words above-board."

Dick had his Bible out and was praying volubly. He had been well brought up, had Dick, before he came to sea and fell among bad companions.

Still, Silver was unconquered. I could hear his teeth rattle in his head; but he had not yet surrendered. "Nobody in this here island ever heard of Darby," he muttered; "not one but us that's here."

a great effort: "Shipmates," he cried, "I'm here to get that stuff, and I'll not be beat by man nor devil. I never was feared of Flint in his life, and, by the powers, I'll face him dead. There's £700,000 not a quarter of a mile from here. Who did ever a gentleman o' fortune show his stern to that much dollars, for a boozey old seaman with a blue mug—and him dead, too?"

But there was no sign of reawakening courage in his followers; rather, indeed, of growing terror at the irreverence of his words.

"Blay there, John!" said Merry. "Don't you cross a sperrit." And the rest were all too terrified to reply. They would have run away severally had they dared, but fear kept them together, and kept them close by John, as if his daring helped them. He, on his part, had pretty well fought his weakness down.

"Sperrit? Well, maybe," he said. "But there's one thing not clear to me. There was an echo. Now, no man ever seen a sperrit with a shadow; well, then, what's he doing with an echo to him, I should like to know? That ain't in nature, surely?"

This argument seemed weak enough to me. But you can never tell what will affect the superstitious, and, to my wonder, George Merry was greatly relieved.

"Well, that's so," he said. "You've a head upon your shoulders, John, and no mistake. 'Bout ship, mates! This here crew is on the wrong tack, I do believe. And come to think on it, it was like Flint's voice, I grant you, but not just so clear away like it, after all. It was liker somebody else's voice now—it was like—"

"By the powers, Ben Gunn!" roared Silver. "Ay, and so it were," cried Morgan, springing on his knees. "Ben Gunn it were!"

"It don't make much odds, do it, now?" asked Dick. "Ben Gunn's not here in the body, any more'n Flint." But the older hands greeted this remark with scorn. "Why, nobody minds Ben Gunn," cried Merry; "dead or alive, nobody minds him."

It was extraordinary how their spirits had returned, and how the natural color had revived in their faces. Soon they were chatting together, with intervals of listening; and not long after, hearing no further sound, they shouldered the tools and set forth again. Merry walking first with Silver's compass to keep them on the right line with Skeleton island. He had said the truth; dead or alive, nobody minded Ben Gunn.

Dick alone still held his Bible, and looked around him as he went, with fearful glances; but he found no sympathy, and Silver even joked him on his precautions.

"I told you," said he—"I told you, you had sp'iled your Bible. If it ain't no good to swear by, what do you suppose a sperrit would give for it? Not that!" and he snapped his big fingers, halting a moment on his crutch.

But Dick was not to be comforted; indeed, it was soon plain to me that the lad was falling sick; hastened by heat, exhaustion, and the shock of his alarm, the fever, predicted by Dr. Livesey, was evidently growing swiftly higher.

It was fine open walking here, upon the summit; our way lay a little downhill, for, as I have said, the plateau tilted toward the west. The pines, great and small, grew wide apart; and even between the clumps of nutmeg and azalea, wide open spaces bared in the hot sunshine. Striking, as we did, pretty near northwest across the island, we drew, on the one hand, ever nearer under the shoulders of the Spy-glass, and on the other, looked ever wider over that western bay where I had once tossed and trembled in the coracle.

The first of the tall trees was reached, and by the bearing, proved the wrong one. So with the second. The third rose nearly 200 feet into the air above a clump of underwood; a giant of a vegetable, with a red column as big as a cottage, and a wide shadow around in which a company could have maneuvered. It was conspicuous far to sea both on the east and west, and might have been entered as a sailing mark upon the chart.

But it was not its size that now impressed my companions; it was the knowledge that £700,000 in gold lay somewhere buried below its spreading shadow. The thought of the money, as they drew nearer, swallowed up their previous terrors. Their eyes burned in their heads; their feet grew speedier and lighter; their whole soul was bound up in that fortune, that whole lifetime of extravagance and pleasure, that lay waiting there for each of them.

Silver hobbled, grunting, on his crutch, his nostrils stood out and quivered; he cursed like a madman when the flies settled on his hot and shiny countenance; he plucked furiously at the line that held me to him, and, from time to time, turned his eyes upon me with a deadly look. Certainly he took no pains to hide his thoughts; and certainly I read them like print. In the immediate nearness of the gold, all else had been forgotten; his promise and the doctor's warning were both things of the past; and I could not doubt that he hoped to seize upon the treasure, find and board the "Hispaniola" under cover of night, cut every honest throat about that island, and sail away as he had at first intended, laden with crimes and riches.

Shaken as I was with these alarms, it was hard for me to keep up with the rapid pace of the treasure hunters. Now and again I tumbled; and it was then that Silver plucked so roughly at the rope and launched at me his murderous glances. Dick, who had dropped behind us, and now brought up the rear, was babbling to himself both prayers and curses, as his fever kept rising. This also added to my wretchedness, and, to crown all, I was haunted by the thought of the tragedy that had

once been acted on that plateau, when that ungodly buccaner with the blue face—he who had died at Savannah, singing and shouting for drink—had there, with his own hand, cut down his six accomplices. This grove, that was now so peaceful, must then have rung with cries, I thought; and even with the thought I could believe I heard it ringing still.

We were now at the margin of the thicket. "Huzza, mates, altogether!" shouted Merry; and the foremost broke into a run.

And suddenly, not ten yards further, we beheld them stop. A low cry arose. Silver doubled his pace, digging away with the foot of his crutch like one possessed, and next moment he and I had come also to a dead halt.

Before us was a great excavation, not very recent, for the sides had fallen in and grass had sprouted on the bottom. In this was the shaft of a pick broken in two and the boards of several packing cases strewn around. On one of these boards I saw, branded with a hot iron, the name "Walrus"—the name of Flint's ship.

All was clear to probation. The cache had been found and rifled—the £700,000 were gone!

CHAPTER XXXIII. THE FALL OF A CHIEFTAIN.

There never was such an overturn in this world. Each of these six men was as though he had been struck. But with Silver the blow passed almost instantly. Every thought of his soul had been set full-stretch, like a racer, on that money; well, he was brought up in a single second, dead; and he kept his head, found his temper, and changed his plan before the others had had time to realize the disappointment.

"Jim," he whispered, "take that, and stand by for trouble." And he passed me a double-barreled pistol.

At the same time he began quietly moving northward, and in a few steps had put the hollow between us two and the other five. Then he looked at me and nodded, as much as to say: "Here is a narrow corner," as, indeed, I thought it was. His looks were now quite friendly; and I was so revolted at these constant changes that I could not forbear whispering: "So you've changed sides again."

There was no time left for him to answer in. The buccaners, with oaths and cries, began to leap, one after another, into the pit, and to dig with Ben Gunn.



"That man there knew it all along," screamed Merry.

their fingers, throwing the boards aside as they did so. Morgan found a piece of gold. He held it up with a perfect spout of oaths. It was a two-guinea piece, and it went from hand to hand among them for a quarter of a minute.

"Two guineas!" roared Merry, shaking it at Silver. "That's your £700,000, is it? You're the man for bargains, ain't you? You're him that never bungled nothing, you wooden-headed lubber!"

"Dig away, boys," said Silver, with the coolest insolence; "you'll find some pig-nuts, and I shouldn't wonder." "Pig-nuts!" repeated Merry, in a scream. "Mates, do you hear that? I tell you, now, that man there knew it all along. Look in the face of him, and you'll see it wrote there."

"Ah, Merry," remarked Silver, "standing for cap'n again? You're a pushing lad, to be sure."

But this time everyone was entirely in Merry's favor. They began to scramble out of the excavation, darting furious looks behind them. One thing I observed, which looked well for us; they all got out upon the opposite side from Silver.

Well, there we stood, two on one side, five on the other, the pit between us, and nobody served up high enough to offer the first blow. Silver never moved; he watched them, very upright on his crutch, and looked as cool as ever I saw him. He was brave, and no mistake.

At last, Merry seemed to think a speech might help matters. "Mates," says he, "there's two of them alone there; one's the old cripple that brought us all here, and blundered us down to this; the other's that cub that I mean to have the heart of. Now, mates—"

He was raising his arm and his voice, and plainly meant to lead a charge. But just then—crack! crack! crack! three musket shots flashed out of the thicket. Merry tumbled head foremost into the excavation; the man with the bandage spun round like a teetotum, and fell all his length upon his side, where he lay dead, but still twitching; and the other three turned and ran for it with all their might.

Before you could wink Long John had fired three barrels of a pistol into the struggling Merry; and as the man rolled up his eyes at him in the last agony, "George," said he, "I reckon I settled you."

At the same moment the doctor, Gray, and Ben Gunn joined us, with smoking muskets, from among the nutmeg trees. "Forward!" cried the doctor.

"Double quick, my lads. We must head 'em off the boats."

And we set off at a great pace, sometimes plunging through the bushes to the chest.

I tell you, but Silver was anxious to keep up with us. The work that man went through, leaping on his crutch till the muscles of his chest were fit to burst, was work no sound man ever equaled; and so thinks the doctor. As it was, he was already 30 yards behind us and on the verge of strangling when we reached the brow of the slope.

"Doctor," he hailed, "see there! no hurry!" Sure enough, there was no hurry. In a more open part of the plateau we could see the three survivors still running in the same direction as they had started, right for Mizzen-mast Hill. We were already between them and their boats, and so we four sat down to breathe, while Long John, mopping his face, came slowly up with us.

"Thank ye kindly, doctor," says he. "You came in about the nick, I guess, for me and Hawkins. And so it's you, Ben Gunn!" he added. "Well, you're a nice one, to be sure."

"I'm Ben Gunn, I am," replied the maroon, wriggling like an eel in his embarrassment. "And," he added, after a long pause, "how do, Mr. Silver! Pretty well, I thank ye, says you."

"Ben, Ben," murmured Silver, "to think as you've done me." The doctor set back Gray for one of the pickaxes, deserted, in their flight, by the mutineers; and then, as we proceeded leisurely downhill to where the boats were lying, related in a few words what had taken place. It was a story that profoundly interested Silver, and Ben Gunn, the half-fidiot maroon, was the hero from beginning to end.

Ben, in his long, lonely wanderings about the island, had found the skeleton—it was he that had rifled it; he had found the treasure; he had dug it up (it was the half of his pickaxe that lay broken in the excavation); he had carried it on his back in many weary journeys from the foot of the tall pine to a cave he had on the two-pointed hill at the northeast angle of the island, and there it had laid stored in safety since two months before the arrival of the "Hispaniola."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LITTLE HEROINE.

The Courageous Act of a Young Spanish Girl.

Baron Lejeune, who played a conspicuous part at the siege of Saragossa during the Peninsular war, narrates in his "Memoirs" a singular story of that terrible time, a story that speaks equally well for the chivalry of the soldiers of France and for the courage of a Spanish girl.

There had been fearful carnage within the walls of the unfortunate city; even the convents and monasteries were reeking with evidences of warfare, and the inhabitants of Saragossa were in a desperate plight.

A band of Polish soldiers, belonging to the French army, had been stationed on guard at a certain point, with orders to fire upon any Spaniard who might pass them. Suddenly a girl of about 15 years of age appeared among them. A cry of warning was heard on every side as she approached, but the child seemed not to hear. She only continued to utter one ceaseless and piercing wail: "Mia madre! mia madre!" as she hurried from one group of dead and wounded Spaniards to another.

It soon became evident that she was in search of the body of her mother, and the pale, agonized face of the child, whose filial love had made her almost insensible to danger, touched the soldiers' hearts with pity.

A moment later a despairing cry announced that she had found that for which she had risked her life. The Polish guards watched her movements with something like awe as she stooped and tenderly wrapped the mutilated form of the dead woman in a cloak and began to drag it away. Suddenly the girl paused and seized a heavy cartridge box that lay in her path, with an energy that seemed almost supernatural. Her frail, delicate form swayed and staggered beneath the weight of her burden, but she did not hesitate.

A thrill of mingled horror and admiration filled the astonished watchers as they perceived that there, before their very faces, she was taking from them an instrument for future vengeance upon them.

The inhabitants of the besieged city were almost destitute of ammunition, and the motherless daughter sought to put into the hands of her countrymen a means by which her wrongs might be in some degree avenged.

But the strain was becoming almost more than she could bear; she stumbled, and a cry of terror broke from her lips. The Polish soldiers glanced from one to another, and then, moved by a chivalrous impulse, they lowered saber and musket, as with one accord a hundred voices called out: "Do not be afraid! It is she! We will not hurt you!"

And the Spanish maiden passed with her grewsome burden between a double line of her country's foes, who made a silent salute as she crossed their boundaries and returned to her desolate home.—Youth's Companion.

Old-Time Weather Indications.

The earliest weather vanes in New England were cocks, trumpeters, simple plates, disks and arrows, and, not to be overlooked, the sacred codfish. In Boston cocks or broad arrows were on all the old churches. On the Province house, where Gen. Gage had his headquarters, there was a statue of an Indian with drawn bow and arrow, ready to shoot. Prints of the city of New Amsterdam as it was in the good old Dutch days show the churches and many of the houses surmounted by the gilded cock or the plain arrow.—N. Y. Sun.

The man who knows nothing except what he has learned from books is poor; he educated.

HUMOROUS.

Clara—"I saw some funny looking nugs in a window on Fifth avenue the other day." Cora—"What club was it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Grace—"But what do you mean by saying Mr. Dashaway is such a lady-like man, dear?" Flo—"He can't raise a mustache."—World's Comic.

Mrs. Hoyle—"So, your servant lighted the fire with kerosene and suffered the consequences?" Mrs. Doyle—"Yes, the mean thing. It wasn't her day out."—Town Topics.

First Jurymen—"What did you think when the judge committed Dobson to prison for contempt of court?" Second Jurymen—"I was glad he wasn't a mind reader."—Green Bag.

"No," said the positive girl, "I will never tie myself down to one man." "Perhaps," he replied, sarcastically, "if I organize a syndicate you will consider our offer."—Philadelphia North American.

"I see that they are going to play golf on Sunday in Chicago." "Well?" "It doesn't seem quite right to give up Sunday to ordinary sports." "Why, bless your heart, golf isn't a sport."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hicks—"It is hardly possible that a marriage should come out of it between two such persons." Wicks—"I don't know. He is a regular stick, and she has got enough brimstone in her to make a match."—Boston Transcript.

"What do they call the microbes that breed diseases, John?" "Please, sir, germs." "Correct—and what do they call the people who know how to handle germs in a scientific way?" "Please, sir, Germans."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

First Girl—"I was in front last night, dear, to see you play Juliet." Second Girl—"Yes, I know you were; but you needn't have talked so loud all through my best scenes." First Girl—"Oh, but you must be mistaken, dear; it couldn't possibly have been I. I never talk in my sleep."—Punch.

BROKE HIS BONES ON AUG. 26.

The Remarkable Series of Accidents Which Regularly Befell an English Collier.

As might naturally be expected from his hazardous occupation, the collier is frequently injured by accidents underground, but the following particulars, deserve, I think, a space in the Lancet because of the strange series of fractures sustained by a man, as well as the remarkable coincidence in the date of their occurrence.

A man aged 44 years, short and well built, was first attended by me on August 26, 1890, for a compound fracture of the left leg, resulting from a portion of the roof or top falling and striking him while following his employment in Risca collieries. The patient made an uninterrupted recovery, and was able in about six months to resume his work underground.

The patient's previous history, told by himself, and corroborated by others, is very remarkable. With the exception of an attack of typhoid fever, which he had when 18 years of age, and two or three attacks of quinsy subsequently, he had not suffered bodily in any way. He was always very temperate, and for about 18 years a total abstainer. But his misfortunes in the mine were many and are remarkable from the fact that they all happened on the 26th day of August. Here is his record. At the age of ten years he fractured his right index finger. It happened on August 26. When 13 years old he fractured his left leg below the knee through falling from horseback, also August 26. At 14 years of age he fractured both bones of the left forearm by stumbling, his arm striking the edge of a brick, August 26. In another year, on August 26, when 15 years of age, he had compound fracture of the left leg above the ankle by his foot being caught under an iron rod and his body falling forward. Next year, again on the same date, August 26, he had compound fracture of both legs, the right being so severely crushed that it had to be amputated at the lower third of the thigh. This was caused by a horse, hitched to a tram of coal, which, running wild under ground, caught him in a narrow passage, crushing both legs severely. After this he did not work on August 26 for 28 years, and little wonder, but in the year 1890 he forgot his fateful day and went to work, with the result that he sustained the compound fracture which I have mentioned in the beginning. After this he has studiously avoided working on August 26, though never missing work at other times.—London Lancet.

Gold Coins in the World.

It will probably be a shock to many to learn that all the gold coins current throughout the world could be comfortably stowed away in any one of thousands of English drawing-rooms. A careful estimate of the gold currency of the world placed its amount at £755,000,000. Although this enormous sum will probably exceed our entire national revenue for the next seven years, it could, if converted into English sovereigns, be placed in a room 35 feet long, 30 feet wide and 20 feet high. The process of packing the sovereigns would, indeed, be a labor of time and infinite patience. If the sovereigns were placed in position at the rate of one a second, working for eight hours a day, a child of eight, commencing the task to-day, would see his eightieth birthday before the last sovereign was in position and the door could be locked. To convey this gold to the strong room would require the utmost strength of 4,000 horses, which would have to pull a weight of 3,951 tons. The sovereigns thus accumulated would make a golden carpet for the whole of St. James park, with a remnant of 3-2-3 acres to spare; and, if placed edge to edge, they would form a footpath of gold, six inches wide, between London and Constantinople.—London Tit-Bits.

Soldiers From the War

Bring the germs of malaria, fevers and other diseases, which may prove contagious in their own families. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a special boon to soldiers, because it eradicates all disease germs, builds up the debilitated system and brings back health. Every returned soldier and every friend and relative of soldiers should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla America's Greatest Medicine. 81; six for 45. Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25 cents.

Why He Did It.

As young Hankinson looked furtively at the girl in the pale blue dress talking in an animated manner to young Spornmore in the cozy corner beyond the piano he bit his lip.

But it was an accident. He was trying to bite his mustache, and it wasn't long enough.—Chicago Tribune.

The Ledger Monthly.

The publishers of the New York Ledger announce the discontinuance of that publication as a weekly and its appearance in future as a monthly.

The Ledger was founded by Robert Bonner. The world knows the history of that venture. He took into his work new ideas and a determination to succeed. He made the Ledger the foremost weekly in the realms of fiction.—World-Herald, Omaha, Neb.

Confused.

"You went fishing with Miss Keedick yesterday, didn't you?"

"Catch anything?"

"Well, we came back engaged, but I didn't know whether I caught her or she caught me."—Illustrated American.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

A perfectly trained husband is one who gives the impression that the hardest work of his life was in coaxing his wife to marry him.—Atchison Globe.

Don't Neglect a Cough. Take Some Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar instantly. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

We have a great deal to be thankful for, if we could only spare the time.—Town Topics.

Freeze and fret? Why? St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia. Soothes it down.

For every mistake of your own that you notice, you make a dozen that you never aware of.—Atchison Globe.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. Hardy, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '94.

It is harder work to neglect work you should perform than it is to do it.—Atchison Globe.

He struck it. St. Jacobs Oil struck his Rheumatism. It was stricken out.

Ven Aye see faller feelin' sad all tem Aye get mat at hes liver an' pity hem.—Denver Times-Sun.

In the morning well. St. Jacobs Oil cures soreness and stiffness.

Trip—"Between a beautiful woman and a rich woman, which would you prefer?" Grip—"The second first."—Town Topics.

Lawsakes. It cured my aches. St. Jacobs Oil makes no mistakes.

Advertisement for Ayer's Hair Vigor. Only Thirty and Gray. How is this? Perhaps sleepless nights caused it, or grief, or sickness, or perhaps it was care. No matter what the cause, you cannot wish to look old at thirty. Gray hair is starved hair. The hair bulbs have been deprived of proper food or proper nerve force. Ayer's Hair Vigor increases the circulation in the scalp, gives more power to the nerves, supplies missing elements to the hair bulbs. Used according to directions, gray hair begins to show color in a few days. Soon it has all the softness and richness of youth and the color of early life returns. Would you like our book on the Hair? We will gladly send it to you. Write us! If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the Vigor, write the doctor about it. He may be able to suggest something of value to you. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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