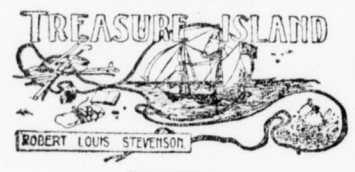
DUTY.

Thank God once more for Duty! when we lie
With some hot anguish on our brow,
Or walk in weakness 'neath some heavy load,
Or fall by the wayside, while the world
Goes on with all its merry whirl of noise,
And never heeds that one is left behind;
And when our longing eyes scan spaces far,
And see through clouds the red sun moving down
The western slopes of sky; or when we hear
The voices of the loiterers wandering by,
Who bear away the last faint hope of cheer—
Then, then thank God for Duty! bending near,
Like dear, old-fashioned, half-forgotten friend,
Who stopped at home while joy was of our guests,
But who, when youth and strength and courage fair
Have fled and left us shadowed by despair,
Comes softly in and by the bedside bends,
With a touch so tender and a voice so true
That healing drops upon us as her gift.

Full simple clad is she—no gorgeous robe
Rustles and shines obtrusive on sick sight,
But softest gray and white, like garb of nun,
And nun-like, too, she keeps in sight her cross;
Her hands untremblingly hold the bitter cup
That, hard to drink, yet quickens the tired pulse,
And lifts us up to go our way again.

Aye, more than this! soft-stepped along the road
Hour after hour she journeys by our side,
Faithful with cup, with staff, with warning word,
And though no traveler cheer the way,
She makes the westward journey all aglow
With light, such as shall be at eventide,
On paths where shadows of her sweet cross fall.
—Mary Lowe Dickinson, in Washington Home Magazine.



PART VI.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—CONTINUED.

When the doctor had wormed his secret from him on the afternoon of the attack, and when, next morning, he saw the anchorage deserted, he had gone to Silver, given him the chart, which was now useless—given him the stores, for Ben Gunn's cave was well supplied with goats' meat salted by himself—given anything and everything to get a chance of moving in safety from the stockade to the two-pointed hill, there to be clear of malaria and keep a guard upon the money.

"As for you, Jim," he said, "it went against my heart, but I did what I thought best for those who had stood by their duty; and if you were not one of these, whose fault was it?"

That morning, finding that I was to be involved in the horrid disappointment he had prepared for the mutineers, he had run all the way to the cave, and, leaving Squire to guard the captain, had taken Gray and the maroon and started, making the diagonal across the island, to be at hand beside the pine. Soon, however, he saw that our party had the start of him; and Ben Gunn, being fleet of foot, had been dispatched in front to do his best alone. Then it had occurred to him to work upon the superstitions of his former shipmates, and he was so far successful that Gray and the doctor had come up and were already ambushed before the arrival of the treasure hunters.

"Ah," said Silver, "it was fortunate for me that I had Hawkins here. You would have let old John be cut to bits and never given it a thought, doctor."

"Not a thought," replied Dr. Livesey, cheerily.

And by this time we had reached the gigs. The doctor, with the pick ax, demolished one of them, and then we all got aboard the other, and set out to go round by the sea for North Inlet.

This was a run of eight or nine miles. Silver, though he was almost killed already with fatigue, was set to an oar, like the rest of us, and we were soon skimming swiftly over a smooth sea. Soon we passed out of the straits and doubled the southeast corner of the island, round which, four days ago, we had towed the "Hispaniola."

As we passed the two-pointed hill, we could see the black mouth of Ben Gunn's cave, and a figure standing by it, leaning on a musket. It was the squire; and we waved a handkerchief and gave him three cheers, in which the voice of Silver joined as heartily as any.

Three miles further, just inside the mouth of North inlet, what should we meet but the "Hispaniola," cruising by herself. The last flood had lifted her; and had there been much wind, or a strong tide current, as in the southern anchorage, we should never have found her more, or found her stranded beyond help. As it was, there was little amiss, beyond the wreck of the mainsail. Another anchor was got ready, and dropped in a fathom and a half of water. We all pulled round again to Rum cove, the nearest point for Ben Gunn's treasure house; and then Gray, single-handed, returned with the gig to the "Hispaniola," where he was to pass the night on guard.

A gentle slope ran up from the beach to the entrance of the cave. At the top the squire met us. To me he was cordial, saying nothing of my escapade, either in the way of blame or praise. At Silver's polite salute he somewhat flushed.

"John Silver," he said, "you're a prodigious villain and imposter—a monstrous impostor, sir, I am told I am not to prosecute you. Well, then, I will not. But the dead men, sir, hang about your neck like millstones."

"Thank you kindly, sir," replied Long John, again saluting.

"How dare you to thank me!" cried the squire. "It is a gross dereliction of my duty. Stand back!"

And thereupon we all entered the cave. It was a large, airy place, with a little spring and a pool of clear water, overhung with ferns. The floor was sand. Before a big fire lay Capt. Smollet; and in a far corner, only duskily flickered over by the blaze, I beheld great heaps of coin and quadrilaterals built of bars of gold. That was Flint's treasure that we had come so far to seek, and that had cost already the lives of 17 men from the "Hispaniola." How many it had cost in the amassing, what blood and sorrow, what good ships scuttled on the deep, what brave men walking the plank blindfold, what shot of cannon, what shame and lies and cruelty, perhaps no man alive could tell. Yet there were still three upon that island—Silver, and old Morgan, and Ben Gunn—who had each taken his share in these crimes, as each had hoped in vain to share in the reward.

"Come in, Jim," said the captain. "You're a good boy in your line, Jim; but I don't think you and me'll go to sea again. You're too much of the born favorite for me. Is that you, John Silver? What brings you here, man?"

"Come back to do my dooty, sir," returned Silver.

"Ah!" said the captain; and that was all he said.

What a supper I had of it that night, with all my friends around me; and what a meal it was, with Ben Gunn's salted goat, and some delicacies and a bottle of old wine from the "Hispaniola." Never, I am sure, were people gayer or happier. And there was Silver, sitting back almost out of the firelight, but eating heartily, prompt to spring forward when anything was wanted, even joining quietly in our laughter—the same bland, polite, obsequious seaman of the voyage out.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AND LAST.

The next morning we fell early to work, for the transportation of this great mass of gold near a mile by land to the beach, and thence three miles by boat to the "Hispaniola," was a considerable task for so small a number of workmen. The three fellows still abroad upon the island did not greatly trouble us; a single sentry on the shoulder of the hill was sufficient to insure us against any sudden onslaught, and we thought, besides, they had had more than enough of fighting.

Therefore the work was pushed on briskly. Gray and Ben Gunn came and went with the boat, while the rest during their absence piled treasure on the beach. Two of the bars, slung in a rope's end, made a good load for a grown man—one that he was glad to walk slowly with. For my part, as I was not much use at carrying, I was kept busy all day in the cave, packing the minted money into bread bags.

It was a strange collection, like Billy Bones' hoard for the diversity of coinage, but so much larger and so much more varied that I think I never had more pleasure than in sorting them. English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Georges and Louises, doubloons and double guineas and moidores and sequins, the pictures of all the kings of Europe for the last hundred years, strange oriental pieces stamped with what looked like wisps of string or bits of spider's web, round pieces and square pieces, and pieces bored through the middle, as if to wear them round your neck—nearly every variety of money in the world must, I think, have found a place in that collection; and for number, I am sure they were like autumn leaves, so that my back ached with stooping and my fingers with sorting them out.

Day after day this work went on; by every evening a fortune had been stowed aboard, but there was another fortune waiting for the morrow; and all this time we heard nothing of the three surviving mutineers.

At last—I think it was on the third night—the doctor and I were strolling on the shoulder of the hill where it overlooks the lowlands of the isle, when, from out the thick darkness below, the wind brought us a noise between shrieking and singing. It was only a snatch that reached our ears, followed by the former silence.

"Heaven forgive them," said the doctor; "'tis the mutineers!"

"All drunk, sir," struck in the voice of Silver from behind us.

Silver, I should say, was allowed his entire liberty, and, in spite of daily rebuffs, seemed to regard himself once more as quite a privileged and friendly dependent. Indeed, it was remarkable how well he bore these slights, and with what unwearying politeness he kept at trying to ingratiate himself with all. Yet, I think, none treated him better than a dog; unless it was Ben Gunn, who was still terribly afraid of his old quartermaster, or myself, who had really something to thank him for; although for that matter, I suppose, I had reason to think even worse of him than anybody else, for I had seen him meditating a fresh treachery upon the plateau. Accordingly, it was pretty gruffly that the doctor answered him.

"Drunk or raving!" said he.

"Right you were, sir," replied Silver; "and precious little odds which, to you and me."

"I suppose you would hardly ask me to call you a humane man," returned the doctor, with a sneer, "and so my feelings may surprise you, Master Silver. But if I were sure they were raving—as I am morally certain one, at least, of them is down with fever—I should leave this camp, and, at whatever risk to my own carcass, take them the assistance of my skill."

"Ask your pardon, sir, you would be very wrong," quoth Silver. "You would lose your precious life, and you may lay to that. I'm on your side now, hand and glove; and I shouldn't wish for to see the party weakened, let alone yourself, seeing as I know what I owes you. But these men down there, they couldn't keep their word—no, not supposing they wished to; and what's more, they couldn't believe as you could."

"No," said the doctor. "You're the man to keep your word, we know that."

Well, that was about the last news we had of the three pirates. Only once we heard a gunshot a great way off, and supposed them to be hunting. A council was held, and it was decided that we must desert them on the island—to the huge glee, I must say, of Ben Gunn, and with the strong approval of Gray. We left a good stock of powder and shot, the bulk of the salt goat, a few medicines and some other necessaries, tools, clothing, a spare sail, a fathom or two of rope, and, by the particular desire of the doctor, a handsome present of tobacco.

That was about our last doing on the island. Before that we had got the treasure stowed, and had shipped enough water and the remainder of the goat meat, in case of any distress; and at last, one fine morning, we weighed anchor, which was about all that we could manage, and stood out of North inlet, the same colors flying that the captain had flown and fought under at the palisade.

The three fellows must have been watching us closer than we thought for, as we soon had proved. For, coming through the narrows, we had to lie very near the southern point, and there we saw all three of them kneeling together on a spit of sand, with their arms raised in supplication. It went to all our hearts, I think, to leave them in that wretched state; but we could not risk another mutiny; and to take them home for the gibbet would have been a cruel sort of kindness. The doctor hailed them and told them of the stores we had left, and where they were to find them, but they continued to call us by name and appeal to us, for God's sake, to be merciful, and not leave them to die in such a place.

At last, seeing the ship still bore on her course, and was now swiftly drawing out of earshot, one of them—I know not which it was—leaped to his feet with a hoarse cry, whipped his musket to his shoulder and sent a shot whistling over Silver's head and through the mainsail.

After that we kept under cover of the bulwarks, and when next I looked out they disappeared from the spit, and the spit itself had almost melted out of sight in the glowing distance. That was, at least, the end of that; and before noon, to my inexpressible joy, the highest rock of Treasure Island had sunk into the blue round of sea.

We were so short of men that everyone on board had to bear a hand—only the captain lying on a mattress in the stern and giving his orders; for, though greatly recovered, he was still in want of quiet. We laid her head for the nearest port in Spanish America, for we could not risk the voyage home without fresh hands; and, as it was, what with baffling winds and a couple of fresh gales, we were all worn out before we reached it.

It was just at sundown when we cast anchor in a most beautiful land-locked gulf, and were immediately surrounded by shore boats full of negroes, and Mexican Indians, and half-bloods, selling fruit and vegetables, and offering to dive for bits of money. The sight of


I was kept busy all day packing the money into bread bags.

so many good-humored faces (especially the blacks), the taste of the tropical fruits, and above all, the lights that began to shine in the town, made a most charming contrast to our dark and bloody sojourn on the island; and the doctor and the squire, taking me along with them, went ashore to pass the early part of the night. Here they met the captain of an English man-of-war, fell in talk with him, went on board his ship, and, in short, had so agreeable a time that day was breaking when we came alongside the "Hispaniola."

Ben Gunn was on deck alone, and, as soon as we came on board, he began, with wonderful contortions, to make us a confession. Silver was gone. The maroon and connived at his escape in a shore boat some hours ago, and he now assured us he had only done so to preserve our lives, which would certainly have been forfeited if "that man with the one leg had stayed aboard." But this was not all. The sea cook had not gone empty-handed. He had cut through a bulkhead unobserved, and had removed one of the sacks of coin, worth, perhaps, three or four hundred guineas, to help him on his further wanderings.

I think we were all pleased to be so cheaply quit of him.

Well, to make a long story short, we got a few hands on board, made a good cruise home, and the "Hispaniola" reached Bristol just as Mr. Blandly was beginning to think of fitting out her consort. Five men only of those who had sailed returned with her. "Drink and the devil had done for the rest" with a vengeance; although, to be sure, we were not quite in so bad a case as that other ship they sung about:

"With one man of the crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five."

All of us had an ample share of the treasure, and used it wisely or foolishly, according to our natures. Capt. Smollet is now retired from the sea. Gray not only saved his money, but, being suddenly smit with the desire to rise, also studied his profession; and he is now mate and part owner of a fine full-rigged ship; married besides, and the father of a family. As for Ben Gunn, he got £1,000, which he spent or lost in three weeks, or, to be more exact, in 19 days, for he was back begging on the twentieth. Then he was given a lodge to keep, exactly as he had fared upon the island; and he still lives, a great favorite, though something of a butt, with the country boys, and a notable singer in church on Sundays and saints' days.

Of Silver we have heard no more. That formidable seafaring man with one leg has at last gone clean out of my life; but I dare say he met his old negress, and perhaps still lives in comfort with her and Capt. Flint. It is to be hoped so, I suppose, for his chances of comfort in another world are very small.

The bar silver and the arms still lie, for all that I know, where Flint buried them; and certainly they shall lie there for me. Oxen and wain-ropes would not bring me back again to that accursed island; and the worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf booming about its coasts, or start upright in bed, with the sharp voice of Capt. Flint still ringing in my ears: "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight!"

THE END.

GREATLY FRIGHTENED.

A Young Lady's Experience in a Railway Car.

A young lady who lately journeyed from Wimbledon to London had a very uncomfortable adventure. She reached the station just as the train was starting, and had only time to jump into the first compartment, where she dropped upon a seat. Not until the train was in motion did she notice that she had a single fellow-passenger, a man, young, well-dressed, but of a somewhat forbidding aspect.

The young lady unfolded a newspaper and began to read, but as the first station was passed she chanced to glance again toward the other end of the carriage. The man was there, but his face was no longer serene. He appeared to be greatly agitated, and was gazing intently in the direction of the young lady.

A sudden, overwhelming fear took possession of her. All the wild stories of railway murders to which she had ever listened rushed through her mind. She felt herself doomed. She thought of shrieking for help, but her tongue refused to move.

The monster—for so he seemed to her—looked anxiously about him, apparently to assure himself that the time was ripe for his murderous design. Then he advanced to the other end of the carriage, came quite close to his panic-stricken fellow-passenger, and put his right hand in his overcoat pocket. Was he feeling for a knife, or a revolver? Springing to her feet, the frightened traveler faced him in despair.

"What do you mean?" she cried, half fainting with fear.

He bent toward her, smiled grimly, and said:

"Excuse me, madam. I offer you ten thousand apologies if I have alarmed you. Such a thing was farthest from my thoughts, but the fact is, I have to alight at the next station, and since you entered the train you have been sitting on my hat."

The revulsion of feeling on the lady's part can be better imagined than described. Blushes took the place of panic. Fortunately the hat was a soft one.—Youth's Companion.

Tells No Flattering Tale.

No doubt the human race would consider it little short of a universal tragedy if there were no looking glasses. Yet, in spite of their widespread use, it is an astonishing fact that none of us have ever seen ourselves as others see us. In the first place, the reflection in the mirror does not portray our likeness with any attempt at accuracy. The hair is wrong in tone; the eyes are not correct in color, and our complexions are hopelessly libeled by this specious household deceiver. It is certain that if the looking glasses spoke the truth the sale of various complexion washes would decrease to half, for any fair skin looks gray and pallid in the glass, and numbers of women who have splendid complexions ruin them by trying to improve them because they look bad in the mirror. You may be certain that, however plain your face seems, it is by no means so plain as it appears in the telltale mirror. Secondly, you cannot assume your natural expression while peering in the looking glass. The eye must be in a certain position before you can see at all, and the eye, so far as expression is concerned, governs the face. The consequence is that you can see only one of your expressions in the glass, and that expression is one of attentive examination. All the other expressions by which your friends know you, favorable or unfavorable, you have never seen, and never will see.—London Answers.

The Servant Was Willing.

At a dinner party the coachman had come in to help wait on the table. Among the guests was a very deaf old lady. Coachman, in handing vegetables, comes to the deaf party. "Peas, mum?" says Jehu. No answer. "Peas, mum?" (louder). Still no answer from the D. P., but placing her ear trumpet to her ear she lifts it interrogatively to the man, who, glancing down and seeing the tube, ejaculates: "Well, it's a rum way of taking them, but I suppose she likes it. Here goes!" and down went the peas into the ear trumpet.—San Francisco Wave.

The Retort.

Here is a retort which a "dull" student once made:

Professor—You seem to be very dull. When Alexander the Great was your age he had already conquered the world.

Student—Well, you see, he had Aristotle for a teacher.—Chambers' Journal.

Step Was Necessary.

Mrs. Kruger—I understand that Mr. Tallman kissed you on the steps last night.

Miss Kruger—Why, yes, mamma; he's so tall he had to.—Odds and Ends.

DAIRY MANAGEMENT.

How to Keep the Cows in a Prime Condition of Health and Insure Pecuniary Success.

Twice each day, 14 times each week, our cows are driven from the field to the stable during pasture season and milked, each cow tied in her own stall and fed a supplementary ration of grain, but not a balanced one except that it aids digestion and assimilation with pasture consumed during the day. This grain ration is made up largely of bran, with 25 per cent. of chop added. We do not feed grain for the purpose of quieting our cows, but for the specific purpose of obtaining revenue, and always feel that it pays to do it in such a degree as good judgment permits.

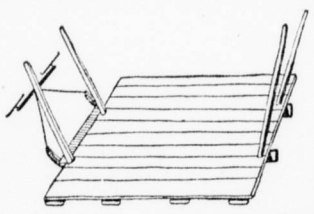
Our cows are driven quietly to and from field, which is not far, nor should it be distant. We saw a man go one mile to a rented pasture to milk. This was on the right side of economy as against driving cows the distance to and from pasture. We fear some of our dairymen are not sufficiently careful during the summer in caring for stables, keeping them cleanly and removing daily some of the products that soon produce noisome odors. Everything should be kept absolutely clean and every stain dusted with gypsum or what is almost as good, common road dust.

Almost daily our stalls are swept and the walk behind treated likewise, so that they present a tempting place for the cows to go to eat and rest while they are speedily pailed. We advocate rapid milking when done in a masterly way. In fly time a burlap cover closed up at the rear is thrown over a cow while milking her, and she stands perfectly quiet and cannot use her tail to the annoyance of the milker. Udders and teats are dusted before milking, thus avoiding foreign substances getting into the milk, which we consider very important. At once after cows are milked they are turned out to avoid soiling the trench. We are poor authority on kicking cows. The best way to break them is not to have them. Kicking cows are, we think, the result of poor handling and training.—George E. Scott, in National Stockman.

HAULING CORN FODDER.

Description of a Sled That Is Easier and Far More Convenient Than Any Wagon.

A handy sled for hauling corn fodder from the field to the rick or barn is shown herewith. It is far easier and more convenient than a wagon. I drive within a foot of the shock, push the shock over with a pitchfork and the man on the sled takes hold of the top and pulls while the man with the fork pushes. I begin loading at the front end, and fill one side, then fill the other. Then drive to where it is wanted and set the shocks off whole. This mehod is better than stacking, as it does not break up or waste it. I want to haul


SLED FOR HAULING CORNFODDER.

every shock of my corn up and set it off around the lots so I won't have to go out blizzardy days and get it from the field. I use four horses abreast on it, for the field is hilly and a good ways to haul. Dimensions are: Hickory runner poles 18½ feet long and six inches at butt, four feet four inches apart. Cross pieces are ten feet long, hickory poles hewn down about square and bolted to runners. The runners want to be braced strongly in front so they won't pull together. The boards are 16 feet, outside pieces four by four inches to add strength. Runners have two-inch holes bored in them for stakes, which are of hickory. The front ones fit tight, but the back ones are loose, so they may be removed when putting the last shock on.—J. T. Hubbard, in Farm and Home.

HINTS FOR DAIRYMEN.

Do not depend on beauty of form in the selection of the good dairy cow alone. One among the best butter cows we ever possessed was of undeniable "scrub" origin and exceedingly angular.

While a great many people find fault with the Devon on account of their long horns, yet they have proven themselves a good beef cattle; besides, they have excellent milking qualities.

In the Elgin district there are probably produced 100,000 pounds of butter per day, which would require 2,500,000 pounds of milk and a loss of ten cents per hundred would mean a loss of $2,500 per day, or nearly $1,000,000 a year.

One really good cow will furnish as much milk as two ordinary ones, while the one will cost but half as much as the two for keeping. In the latter case the profit all goes in keeping the extra cow. If we would prosper we must keep our wits awake.

Skip one feeding period after the calf is removed so it will have a good appetite, then give from three to four pints of whole milk fresh from the cow; it will then drink without the finger. Feed only twice a day and the first week feed its mother's milk fresh.—Western Plowman.