

MORNING IN SUMMER.

How soft and sweet the light winds blow From off the hillsides and the sea, How soft you brook sings in its flow In rippling, rhythmic melody.

From out each copse and leafy bower There comes the twitter of young birds In cozy chatter as they cower Within their nest which safe engirds.

From tree to tree and over fields The darting oriole flashes bright, And through the space come merry peals Of song as from some fairy sprite.

The sun-tint golden buttercup, The daisy and sweet clover bloom, From among the tangled grass look up, And laud the air with sweet perfume.



ARDIEK BUCCANEER

Master Ardick, just reached his majority and thrown upon his own resources, after stating his case to one Houthwick, a shipmaster, is shipped as second mate on the Industry, bound for Havana.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

They first devoted their attention for a brief space to the Dutchman, who was still by little falling behind, though he had at last set some manner of fore topsail, and continued doggedly to follow us, and when this scrutiny was ended they walked over to where I was standing.

"Well, Master Ardick," began Mr. Tym, "doubtless you and the crew would by this time relish some information as to the future business of the voyage. Master Sellinger and I have taken counsel together, and think, please God, to go presently on with it. We shall stand forthwith into Sidmouth, where we hope to procure a first mate, which done, with Master Sellinger raised to be captain, we shall straightway fetch our course again for Havana."

Of course my opinion was not sought, but merely my curiosity was vouchsafed to be satisfied, so I only bowed, and said that the decision would please the fore-castle, as it did me, and with that I withdrew and went forward.

After a time the Industry's course was changed, and she was laid with her nose almost due north, and this she held as the Devonshire coast gradually rose and out a clearer outline. By this time poor Hans Butterbox had become discouraged and given up the chase.

I was beginning to be surprised that nothing had been done touching the disposal of the bodies of the captain and Dingsby, which were still extended on the quarter-deck, covered with the tarpaulins, but I was now to understand the reason of the delay and apparent neglect. Master—or I must now say Captain—Sellinger presently came to the confines of the quarter-deck, and, having called us before him, told us that it was Capt. Houthwick's oft-expressed desire to be buried in the sea, which desire, he said, he had determined to comply with. As Dingsby was an old sailor, and was not known to have any family, it was the opinion of Mr. Tym and himself that it would be well and fitting to let his body accompany his old captain's. No one raised any opposition to this, or indeed struck in with a word, and so the sea burial for both these brave mariners was settled upon. We sewed the two bodies up in their canvas shrouds, heavy weights were placed at their feet, and they were balanced on planks across the bulwark. All uncovered, and Mr. Tym read a prayer. As a rough voice or two joined in the amen, Capt. Sellinger gave the signal and the bodies were shot into the water. The splashing they made was lost in the racing by of the next sea, and we solemnly drew in the bare planks and the doleful business was over.

We ran into Sidmouth without trouble or delay, and when the anchor was cast Capt. Sellinger ordered the gig, and was pulled ashore. He did not return till morning, and then fetched with him a stranger, whom he presently declared to us as the new mate. I immediately fell into some wonderment at the looks of this man. He was tall—taller by an inch than I—round-backed, gaunt, and marvelously old looking in the face, though he could not have been above five-and-thirty. His hair was jet black and coarse, and there was scarce a thread of gray in it, despite that his countenance was so worn.

I could hardly conceive why Capt. Sellinger should choose such a man, for it seemed to me that he must be harsh and of an ill temper, which the captain was not, and had never seemed to approve of. It soon came out that the port was almost bare of good seamen, as some were gone in the new fleet (of the King's), and others had shipped in the many vessels bound for America, so that a choice of mates, as the case stood, must needs be passing narrow.

We soon made sail, and after a time

worked out from the coast and fetched our bows once more to the west. We kept a sharp lookout for suspicious craft, but saw no signs of any, and at last began to think that our bad luck was over, and that we might now be speeded by good fortune, having begun so ill.

CHAPTER IV. OF THE MOVING TALK OF THE YOUNG SAILOR AND THE STRANGE BEHAVIOR OF AN OLD ONE.

In reasonable time we cleared the channel and began to climb the long Atlantic swells. We saw nothing more of the Dutchman and little apprehended any further alarms from him, as he must by this time have consulted prudence and taken himself out of these waters. We had repaired the little damage he had done to our spars and rigging, and thus, as we finally made the open sea, we seemed in good case to go blithely on with the voyage.

Several days now passed, during which we had favorable winds, and the Industry made very good progress. One morning, being sent on some matter to the hold, I heard running about and shouting on deck, and on calling up to learn the cause was told that a large ship was in sight.

"She's a fast craft—by the way we are raising her," said the fellow who was speaking, "and the captain is in a hurry to bring her into his glass. He is half way up the weather shroud, agogging away as though for his life."

I dropped what I was doing and climbed hastily out of the hatch. I was up the main shrouds at once, the captain and Master Pradey being in the fore, and when I had well cleared the deck I stopped and took a long look.

The stranger was in the southwest-ern seaboard, hull down and with only his topsails and the upper part of his courses showing, and at the moment was standing on the starboard tack. This brought him well forward of our lee beam, as we were on the larboard tack and headed somewhat south of southwest. He was rising rapidly, as his swift whitening and enlarging showed, and at this rate would be hull up and distinct in the course of a few minutes.

Of a sudden the captain lowered his glass and said something to the mate. I did not catch what it was, but Master Pradey gave a nod, as though of satisfaction, and at once swung down to the deck.

"Run up the colors!" he shouted, flourishing back the knot of men who presently drew about him.

A sailor sprang away and in a few seconds the flag was mounting aloft. While this was doing I saw Mr. Tym descend from the mizzen rigging, his telescope strapped on his back, and guessed from his easy mien that he, too, was satisfied with the looks of the stranger.

After a little Capt. Sellinger shut up his glass and descended to the deck, and upon espying me called me to him and ordered me to put the Industry in a posture for defense. "You ship flies the English flag," he said, "but she may be an enemy for all that, and we will not be caught napping."

She drew gradually nearer, and soon with the naked eye we could make out the design upon her flag. It was St. George's Cross, as we had suspected, and, moreover, we could now read English build and rig in a score of little peculiarities, discernible at least to a sailor's eye. She was a handsome craft, not too narrow in the beam, yet shapely, and with a perfect cloud of white, well-fitted canvas on her tall spars.

When we were less than half a mile apart the stranger began to luff, edging along only with a small way, and so crept within a quarter of a mile, when he clewed up some of his sails, and came squarely into the wind. The two ships now lay head and head, rising and falling gently with the swell. Our captain took his trumpet, and a tall, dark-bearded man coming to the rail of the other ship, also with a trumpet, the hailing began.

"Ship ahoy!" bellowed the other captain. "What ship is that?" "The Industry, Sellinger master," returned our skipper.

"Where bound?" came from the other trumpet. "Havana."

"This is the Happy Bess, Capt. Torrycorn," announced the skipper of the other ship after a little pause. "We are from New York for London. Will you take a letter for us?" "Aye, aye!" bellowed our captain back.

At once there was a stir on the deck of the other ship, and in a few moments a boat dangled down from the davits, the captain and two sailors in her, and dropped with a neat splash into the water.

"Put over the gangway ladder," said Capt. Sellinger; which we did, and the other captain was soon with us.

After passing a word or two of the usual sort—that is, concerning their respective ships, ports and so on—they came to the business in hand, and Capt. Torrycorn produced his letter.

"It is for Mr. Jeremiah Hope, of Havana," he said, "a gentleman that you very likely know. By some going astray it was put aboard my ship, and but for you must have taken a long tack before it was delivered."

"I will cheerfully relieve you of it," answered Capt. Sellinger. "I do not know Mr. Hope, but have heard of him, and understand that he is a gentleman of worth and consequence. But step into my cabin now, and let us have a drop, as we say, to sweeten the bilge. After that we will go into matters more at large."

Before Capt. Sellinger closed the door he ordered me to summon Master Pradey, who was on the after part of the poop, and likewise to have aboard the two sailors, that were till now keeping the

we might not, for the ship's sake, broach a cask of ale, and was kindly answered in the affirmative; whereupon I hastened to execute both commands.

Master Pradey was never a sociable man, but I suppose he conceived that the captain's wish was well enough to regard; therefore, with a cold nod to me, he repaired to the cabin.

I made known the captain's good nature to the men, by whom it was received with great favor, and they were not slow in having the two tars out of the boat. Then, having fetched up the ale, all proceeded to set off their pipes and gather round for the news.

I took my own stand near by, a bit outside the circle, but within hearing. Both the visitors—judged at a glance—were ordinary English sailors, brown, bluff and sturdy, with jaw tackle doubtless on an easy run, once the bowl had passed. They gave us a brief account of their ship, growled over the provisions, which, it seems, were of a particularly wretched sort, and in turn fell to questioning us. We gave them the home news, and added some spice at the end by an account of our brush with the Dutchman. This brought out a lively round of talk, the purport of which was that the Dutch had wondrous assurance, but for a fair fight, with even metal, were naught beside the English. When this had passed some one brought up the doings of our ships abroad, and notably in piratical waters, and from here we naturally fell to talking of the buccaneers.

"Nay, mates," said the younger of the two sailors, "I think I can say a word here that shall put a little tingle into your blood. I trow every jack of you has heard of Henry Morgan?"

"Ay, ay," cried near all our fellows together. "The great freebooter," added several.

"Belay, there, mates, and hear me," said the sailor, flourishing his pipe for silence. "Hast heard what Capt. Morgan is now about?"

"No, no!" cried the crew. "Well, mates, it is the greatest thing conceived by English sailors since the days of Drake. Naught less than the taking of Panama!"

Our men broke out in a hearty note of applause. "Stay a moment," I struck in at this point, and speaking with a disapproving air. "I think but little of this news of yours. What have the Spaniards done to us that we should deal with them in such a fashion? To my thinking it is no better than rank piracy."

"Yet it has the warrant of the king, else report is a liar," said the sailor, briskly.

"Nay," said I, coldly, "I must needs have proof of that. I cannot think his majesty would consent to such ill-doing. Besides, England and Spain are at peace, and this would surely involve them in war."

"Well, Master Ardick, you take me out of soundings there," said the sailor, with a laugh. "I must stick to my facts—for facts I still think they be—and such deep matters go."

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captains came up from below, and our visitors knocked the ashes from their pipes and hid them to their boat. The other captain gone, we got the cloths upon the ship, and shortly she was drawing away on her course.

Matters on the Industry now went on as before, and, except that we had more Morgan talk and a little mooning and sighing from some of the men, there was nothing to disturb the former monotony.

One evening, being newly come out to take charge of my watch, I lighted my pipe and sauntered off leisurely to the poop, meaning to take a look at our course. I had proceeded as far as the ladder, and I think even had one foot upon it, when I heard my name sharply yet stealthily called. I halted, in some surprise, and found that the speaker was old Jack Lewson.

"St! Master Ardick," he said, shuffling up hurriedly. "Belay jaw tackle and stow this way. Overhaul it when nobody is looking."

He thrust a bit of paper into my hand and slipped away.

What could be in the wind? [TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW STORMS ARE RECORDED.

A Scale of Figures Which Were Devised for That Purpose by the Late Admiral Beaufort.

It requires a life-long familiarity with the perils of the sea to become as philosophical as Barney Buntline, who, as the old song has it, remarked to his shipmate, Billy Bowline:

"A stiff nor'-easter's blown, Bill, Hark! don't you hear it roar? Lor', how I pity them poor folks Who's got to live on shore!"

and who, while the storm raged and the seas were mountains rolling, took great comfort in the fact that he was on board a tight little craft, all reefed down snug, and was in no danger from the falling tiles and chimney-pots that threatened the luckless wights abroad in the storm on land.

But it is no joke to be overtaken by one of those terrible hurricanes that, every summer and autumn, sweep over the North Atlantic ocean; and while it may be pleasant afterward to relate thrilling stories by one's fireside of "fearful nights at sea," yet, at the time, the narrator would no doubt have gladly foregone the future pleasure to have been safely out of the present danger.

These dreadful disturbances that are variously known as "hurricanes" in the North Atlantic, "cyclones" in the Indian ocean, and "typhoons" in the China seas, are all of the same general character, and equally dreaded by Jack, no matter what they are called.

In old days, sailors described the wind, in their logs, as a breeze, a gale or a hurricane; but the late Admiral Beaufort, royal navy, devised a much more definite, though very simple, system of record, which is now universally used at sea. This scale runs from 0 (calm) to 12 (hurricane), and the force of the wind is estimated by the amount of sail a vessel can safely carry. It is rough, of course, but it gives a sailor an instant idea of the exact state of things. Here are three or four possible records taken at random: 1 means a very light air—that the ship is barely moving; 5, a good fresh breeze—all sail set; 7, a moderate gale—topsails double-reefed; 12, a hurricane—the ship "under bare poles."—Lieut. Charles M. McCartney in St. Nicholas.

SHE FOOLED THE COW.

If None of the Visitors Saw Her, Though, Who Discovered How She Did It

It would scarcely be fair to use the young lady's name, but a Madisonville girl had resort to a heroic method in her efforts to milk the family cow one evening lately.

The cow, a placid, even-tempered Alderney, has one peculiarity—she will let nobody come near her to milk her save the men. On the evening referred to the men happened all to be away, and visitors dropped in, making it necessary that the cow be milked before supper.

The young lady made bold to try the experiment, and sauntered down to the cow lot with her milk pail. All her endeavors, though, were futile. The cow absolutely refused to allow the milkmaid to come near her.

Finally in desperation the determined young lady went back to the house, and after some trouble and exertion that might have combined with her maidenly decorum to call the beautiful color to her cheeks, she reappeared clad in coat and trousers and stiff hat belonging to her brother. Picking up her milk pail she once more essayed to perform the task of milking the perverse bovine, and the success that crowned her efforts was complete.

The visitors, who enjoyed a glass of cold, rich milk little knew the extremity to which the daughter of the household was put, and will only learn of it as they read it now.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Economist Repulsed.

"We ought to keep a regular account of receipts and expenditures," said the practical politician's wife.

"What for?" "So that you can show just what money you have and how you got it."

"Great Scott! That's just what we're trying not to let on about."—Washington Star.

Driven to Extremes.

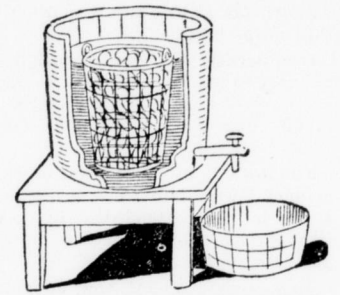
"Did you read about that Iowa preacher who was engaged to 17 girls?" "Yes; I presume the poor man was trying to keep his choir together 'trough the hot weather."—Chicago Record.



TREATMENT FOR SCAB.

How to Disinfect Seed Potatoes with out Going to Much Work and Needless Expense.

To make the solution, first get a good-sized wooden tub, tank or wide barrel. Dissolve two ounces of corrosive sublimate (bichloride of mercury) in two gallons of boiling water; then add water enough to make 15 gallons. If needed, make double this quantity. Stir until thoroughly dissolved. It is a good plan to have the tank, or whatever it is, stand upon a bench or other support high enough so you can put in a faucet for emptying the solution when



TREATING POTATOES FOR SCAB.

done using into some other convenient receptacle. If you have a basket-maker living at no great distance from you (as I have) you can get him to make a plain, strong open basket of the shape as that shown in illustration, large enough to hold about a bushel of potatoes. Or if such a basket is not at hand or cannot be procured, then you can take a coarse gunny-sack and fill it with potatoes. Whatever receptacle you have, immerse it with the potatoes into the tank or tub, and leave it in about 90 minutes. Then lift the basket or sack out of the liquid, empty the potatoes out to dry, and fill with a new lot to go through the same performance. When the potatoes are dry, cut as wanted and plant. Do not let any of the treated tubers lie around, as they are liable to poison any animal that would get hold of and eat them.—Farm and Fireside.

ORCHARD COVER CROPS.

Their Value and Advantages Officially Recognized by the Agricultural Department.

The growing of green crops in an orchard should not be done with the view of scattering crops for use, but to benefit the trees as a covering. The agricultural department has given this matter its attention and pointed out the advantages in a special bulletin. A force crop, to serve as a blanket and protect the soil, may be secured with the use of mammoth clover, cow peas, buckwheat, rye, crimson clover or anything that will remain on the ground all winter. Cover crops, unlike those grown throughout the season, do not, as a rule, injure the trees by drying out the soil, and even where the weather during the fall is normally dry, the injury is less than in summer, since plants evaporate less water from their leaves in the cooler weather and shorter days of fall than in the longer and hotter days of summer. Cover crops not only do not, as a rule, dry out the soil injuriously, but they also add directly to the moisture holding capacity of the soil by the humus formed in their decay, and they hold much of the snow until it melts and is absorbed by the soil. They are also rarely as injurious as crops grown throughout the entire season, and are often beneficial because their growth is made after the trees have stopped growing and are maturing their wood for winter. Trees make their greatest growth early in the season, and therefore require much less moisture the latter part of the season than earlier in the year. In fact, in some localities it is considered an advantage to cease cultivation by midsummer and grow some secondary crop which will check the growth of the trees and cause them to mature before winter. It has also been found that wherever cultivation or irrigation has been kept up late in the season, and the ground in a moist condition, with the trees thrifty and growing, the frost did but little damage.

TIMELY DAIRY TOPICS.

If the cow will convert her food into milk, feed her all she will eat.

Don't keep the cows all the time upon one food. Give them variety. They like it.

If you have a common cow—a scrub—feed her generously, and take the best care of her. She may astonish you in results.

Was the cow comfortable all winter? If not she is losing you money. The cow must be kept warm and fed such foods as she can digest.

If you let the cow get cold, her milk will shrink and she never again can give as much milk as she did before she was chilled, until she has another calf.

Always feed the cow that is with calf well; and remember that the calf is a bunch of muscle and bone. Therefore feed such as will make muscle and bone. Do not feed too much corn.

Pay no attention to the man who tells you that you cannot feed quality into milk. It is nonsense, pure and simple. Good, rich food will make better milk.—Western Rural.

First Talk, Then Act.

Call a public meeting in your neighborhood, find out the best way to improve your roads, and then do something.—Good Roads.

\$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 slabs 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 AUCHU, President.

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