

TOWARD SUNSET.

O come, my love, and walk with me Through the orchard's leafy ways, And hear the song of bird and bee...



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SYNOPSIS.

Master Ardieck, left 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 VII.

OF THE GREAT STRAIT WE FOUND OURSELVES IN, AND HOW THAT SUTLE ROGUE, THE MATE, SEEMED STILL TO TRIUMPH. By this time some showing of what the captain had prophesied as to a change of weather began to appear.

in that glimpse I saw what it was that my companions had discovered. Against the yellow western band stood out a black dot, which could only be a sail!

My heart gave a great jump, and I could have shouted, but in the end I contented myself with saying two or three times profoundly: "Thank God!" and with that stood quietly on my straddled legs, waiting for the next rise of the raft.

"I raised her but a moment since," answered the captain. "She showed first as you see her, and must therefore be bows-on. But, pray you, pass me my glass, and I will see what further can be made of her."

I hastened to fetch his glass from his box of instruments, and when the next lift of the raft was he brought it to bear.

Mr. Tym and I hung on his words, for it was an anxious moment, and presently felt a vast relief when he broke out:

"Yes, a large ship, and bows-on. She can scarce be above four or five miles away, and so she does not change her course should fetch up to us within an hour!"

I could not restrain a step or two of a sailor's shuffle at this, so great was my delight, and Mr. Tym smiled.

"Let us have down the sail," pursued the captain, "for now it does us no good, and puts us to the labor of steering."

I perceived with this that the wind had indeed hauled much to the north, and was therefore driving us continually to leeward. I jumped to the sail and shut it up to the mast and whipped the sheet round it.

"I mistrust she is a Spaniard," said the captain. "She may well come from the Florida coast."

"I wish you might be wrong," said I, "for the Spanish have no love for us at this time. There has been too much doing by the buccaneers."

"Yet we could speak them fair," said Mr. Tym, "and if pushed to it compound with them in some small manner of ransom. I could raise a sum, given a little time."

"Marry," said I, quite with a light heart, for the prospect of escape had dawned like wine into my head, "I am for them, ransom or no ransom. Better a living slave than a dead sailor."

We continued to use the glass by turns and to discuss the thing, till at last we had raised the ship to her hull. She was standing fairly toward us, all her sails, including topgallant sails, spread, and looked to be a large, light-floating craft.

"She has bow ports," said the captain, who had the glass, "though they are scarce visible, as she is painted. Nay, but we must lose no more time, let her be what she may. Take a piece of this canvas, Master Ardieck, and display it from the mast."

I speedily had a distress flag flying. "She sees us!" cried Mr. Tym, who had the glass. "There is a line of heads along the forward bulwarks," he went on, "and a fellow with a telescope is climbing the fore rigging."

She came along fast, her yards all but square, and studding sails hung out aloft. Her tall bows sent up a great boiling of white, which sheared smoothly right and left as she came nearer, though with many plumes of spray, and in this gallant style she stormed down till, at last, being but a gunshot off, she clewed up some sail, put down her helm, and, with her long broadside swung around, came drifting down upon us.

A man in dark attire, with a trumpet in his hand, climbed a few feet up the main rigging.

"Now we shall know what nation she is," said Capt. Sellinger; "but from that steedle of a poop and the poor awkward ordering of those yards she should be Spanish."

So, indeed, it seemed to prove. The man presently hailed, and the speech was Spanish.

"Raft ahoy!" "Board the ship!" bellowed back the captain. "Nay, but I can go no further," he said, with a laugh. "Have scarce any Spanish. Do you finish the business."

He addressed me, and I sprang up and stood in his room. The ship had rapidly drifted down and was already within a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards. The man in the rigging shouted: "If you would board us, take to your oars. Be speedy, or you will fall short."

CHAPTER VIII.

OF OUR RECEPTION ON THE SPANISH SHIP.

I saw that this was the case, and likewise feared that he might be of that cruel or indifferent sort that would leave us in the lurch if we failed. Wherefore I let fall the talk with him and hurriedly told the others how the matter stood. The ship was not dead to windward, but in the course she was now traveling stood to pass us about 40 or 50 yards to the south, and it was to cover this gap that we must row. We fell to it, though it was but a poor piece of work, the raft being so clumsy, and at last drew pretty nigh the ship's bow. It was rising and falling at great heights above us, but a seaman ap-

peared on the boltsprit, and at the right moment cast us a line. I caught it and made it fast, and we quickly warped as near as we dared to the lofty side. The bulwark above us was now black with Dutch, and a dark fellow in a kind of Dutch rig raised himself on the rail, and from there directed us how to proceed. The fore chains were too nearly under the towering house of a foredeck to serve our turn, and the captain seemed too indifferent to put over a ladder, wherefore we were presently drawn along till we were near amidships, where, indeed, we might make shift to scramble up. This we did, first tying on our backs such articles of value as we cared to preserve, and when we were over the side the raft was cast adrift. We then put down our burdens, and with no little interest and anxiety fetched a look about us.

I may have been a bit confused for a moment, for I find I got nothing that sticks in my memory in that first glance. But presently I bring back a crowded deck, most of the faces being dark, and some persons in handsome attire standing a little way from the companion, and for general surroundings a short, flush waist of the ship, poop and foredeck like little castles, and overhead a great but not overnearly and shipmanlike spread of spars and sails. Immediately a tall, dark man in rough brown clothes, a wide, flapping hat and Flemish boots pushed out of the press, and I recognized the person who had held the trumpet.

"If you please, Senor Captain," said I, stepping to the front and touching my hat, "we three are escaped from the English ship Industry, which was scuttled and sunk." From here I went on and gave him the other chief outlines of our story. He listened without comment, and when I had finished made a sign to one of his officers and ordered the ship put upon her course. He then turned back to us, and from his cold and rather stern expression I was not expecting a very agreeable or hospitable answer, when there was some stir in the crowd, and those in front stepping aside a tall and stately looking gentleman came deliberately forward. He was, as one would guess, about five-and-fifty years of age, and was comely in the face, but thin, though sturdy and upright in figure. His dress was uncommonly rich, and was the most showy and striking I had seen up to that time.

I bowed low, somewhat impressed by his elegance, and waited with an air of deference for him to speak. I doubted not he was some rich grandee, and very

likely the owner of the ship and cargo. He looked at me coldly, yet with some curiosity, and after a brief glance at my companion, said in choice Spanish: "Who are you, senor, and how did you come upon the raft?"

I repeated what I had told the captain, though with some enlargement. As I proceeded I saw his brow darken, especially at the mention that we were English.

"I grieve, senor, to find that you and your friends belong to that nation of heretics and robbers," he said in a severe voice. "Pray, upon what business was your ship, and what was she doing in these waters?"

I perceived the dangerous thing that was in his mind, and suffered no delay in answering.

"Why, your lordship," I replied (I clapped this title to him at a venture), "our ship was a peaceful merchantman, and her business was to convey a cargo of English cloths and small wares to Havana, and fetch sugar, spices and the like thither. Our captain can give you more of this matter."

"And where, think you, went your escaping mutineers?" he inquired, without pause.

This disconcerted me a bit, but I felt it best to out with the truth.

"To join that scoundrel Morgan, if our guess is not greatly at fault," I let go boldly.

He smiled in a grim fashion.

"Aye, senor, such was my thought of the matter. They have gone to join that child of perdition, doubtless, and some good Spanish blood may be shed in consequence. What think you," he went on, looking at me fixedly, "shall I not be doing my sovereign and the church a service if I endeavor to discharge a small measure of this debt?"

I began to think that we had fallen out of the frying pan into the fire, for I was at no loss to guess what he meant. Nevertheless I was resolved not to quail, and, indeed, it was possible he might be only trying me. I collected myself, therefore, and answered him.

"A debt, your lordship, should be paid by the debtor, and not by him who has no part in it. The Spanish blood you speak of was not shed by me or by my comrades. We abhor piracy and every such lawless doing."

The Hidalgo nodded, but I could not see that I had produced any measurable impression on him. It was an anxious moment, and I discerned that my companions had detected something amiss and come closer, though I could not then give heed to them.

"Well, senor," he replied, at last, "there is reason in what you say, and

I am not disposed to deal with you harshly. Nevertheless"—here his look hardened again, and my spirits sank—"I cannot forget that you are Englishmen. If you yourselves have done my countrymen no harm, neither had the Spaniards of Puerto Rico and Maracaibo done the English harm. Your lives are safe, but you have forfeited your liberty, and on your arrival at Panama will be sold as slaves. You may go forward for the present and serve with the crew."

He nodded to signify that he had concluded, and, with the same stately precision as at first, passed in among the crowd and made his way out of sight.

I was in a measure dumfounded, and stood where he had left me, trying to grasp the full purport of what had befallen. Cast into slavery, and by the people of a Christian nation! What worse would it have been had we fallen among the heathen Algerines? I was aroused from this overwhelmed state by the voice of Mr. Tym, and, turning about, acquainted both him and the captain with what had passed.

"Slaves to the dons, is it?" said Sellinger, when I had finished. "A middling hard port to steer into, after all that has befallen us! The greasy loblscourers! I hope we shall manage to put a trick or two upon them before we are done. To think of such tallow-heads making slaves of free-born Englishmen!"

We had time for only a few words further, for soon one of the officers—the boatswain, as I presently discovered—came along and ordered us to pick up our things and follow him to the fore-castle. This we accordingly did I carrying the supercargo's box, to show him that much respect, though he tried to dissuade me. On the way I took some thought of the people about me, not having till now observed them with particularity, and found that most, save a few in armor, who seemed to be professional soldiers, belonged to the ship's company, the passengers not numbering above a score. Of these the greater part were dressed in a rather rich sort, though not comparable to the don, and about one-fourth were females.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He Draws the Line at His Wife. You may ask a Chinese friend about his mule or donkey, if there be occasion, but at your peril you mention his wife or daughter. A newly arrived American minister discomfited the whole Yamen by forgetting that such a trifling incident as a friend having a wife must not be referred to in polite society. With the best intentions the minister remarked that "the amicable relations between the United States and China ought to be strengthened by the fact that a distinguished Chinese officer had married a pretty Yankee girl." Besides the head of the department, Prince Kung, six gray-headed colleagues were present. The remark, not noticed the first time, was repeated. Solemn silence ensued, broken at last by the prince's remark: "It is fearfully hot to-day."—London Telegraph.

Spurgeon's Way. While Spurgeon was still a boy preacher he was warned about a certain virago, and told that she intended to give him a tongue-lashing. "All right," he replied, "but that's a game at which two can play." Not long after, as he passed her gate one morning, she assailed him with a flood of billings-gate. He smiled and said: "Yes, thank you, I am quite well; I hope you are the same." Then came another burst of vituperation, pitched in a still higher key, to which he replied, still smiling: "Yes, it does look rather as if it is going to rain; I think I had better be getting on!" "Bless the man," she exclaimed, "he's as deaf as a post; what's the use of storming at him?" And so her ravings ceased, and were never again attempted.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Changed the Subject. Fauntleroy Boy—Mamma, wouldn't it have been grand to have lived in the good old times, and had a big castle on a hill, and robbed everybody who came near it, just like the brave barons I read about in that big book? I wish I could have been one!

Mamma—Hush! You shouldn't talk so.

Boy—Can't I just think about such things?

Mamma—No, you sha'n't. Change the subject.

Boy—Mamma, when is papa coming back to the city?

Mamma—As soon as his summer hotel closes.—N. Y. Weekly.

Fraternity vs. Soap. Lowdown—I hold that one man is just as good as another. Now, why do you object to my society? Is it because of my poverty?

Highup—No, sir.

"Because of my nationality?"

"No, sir."

"Because of my religion?"

"No, sir."

"Then why?"

"Because you smell bad."—N. Y. Weekly.

An Error. Hostess (to gentleman her husband has brought home to dinner)—How well you speak English, Mr. —

Mr. — (not understanding)—I ought to. I have lived here all my life. In fact, I was born in New York.

Hostess—Why, how strange! I am sure my husband told me that you were a Bohemian.—Harlem Life.

Obedient Orders. Gertie (returned home)—Mrs. Jones gave me a nice piece of cake.

Gertie's Mother—Did you ask for it? Gertie—M'm.

Mother—And I told you not to.

Gertie—No, mamma. You told me not to ask for everything I saw. I didn't see the cake; it was in the pantry.—Boston Transcript.

BRAVE YOUNG WOMAN.

She Got Away with the Oysters But Not in the Usual Manner.

A young girl from the state of Washington who came east to visit a western senator's family last winter, had an experience she hasn't forgotten yet. The first few days of her stay in the capital were spent there, and her meals were sent to her room. On the very first evening she ordered oysters for dinner. Now, she knew nothing of a real, life-sized oyster, having spent all her days on the Pacific coast, where oysters are not oysters at all, but something altogether different. She was young and exceedingly inexperienced, and she said to the waiter: "Bring me 50 oysters."

The waiter gasped. "Is that all?" he said. "Oh, no," she answered, cheerfully. "Bring me—well, dinner, too."

She says herself that she had to shut her eyelids tight to keep her eyes from popping clear out of her head when she saw the 50 oysters.

"Isn't that more than 50?" she asked. "No, miss," answered the waiter. "Shall I take some away?" and he grinned. It was the grin that did it. Her western blood rose at it.

"No," she said, coolly. "It's not too many. I'm hungry."

She locked the door after the astonished waiter, and opened the window. It was a dark night, but she could see the roofs of the adjoining houses almost within arm's reach beneath her window. Only a narrow alley separated the buildings. She took a fork, and deftly and dexterously, one by one, she flung the oysters as far as she could. She could hear them fall moistly, softly, flabbily upon the roof opposite. When the waiter returned, two oysters lay on her plate. His eyes rolled wonderingly at her.

"Was—the oysters good?" he asked, and he did not grin. "Fairly good," she made answer, calmly; "but I wasn't really hungry, after all."—Washington Post.

TOO MUCH FOR HER NERVES. An Experience That Caused the Lady Clerk to Go Into Another Business.

"I used to work for a collecting agency in one of the northern cities," said a woman perfumery drummer, "and my experience was tolerably exciting. My duty was to sit at a roll-top desk in the office and impersonate the proprietor. Light work, did you say? Just you wait!—All day long men would come in to hammer the boss. 'Where's the fellow that sends out these blackmailing letters?' was the usual salutation. Then I would smile sweetly and say: 'I am the proprietress; what can I do for you?'

"At this the visitor would look dazed, utter things under his breath and walk off. Occasionally the real proprietor would peep through an inside window to see whether I was still alive, for I must admit our letters were calculated to give a man the homicidal mania."

"Well, things went along all right for nearly a month. There was one day a little wiry chap walked in carrying a thick case. 'Where's the boss?' he said. I gave the usual fairy story. 'Don't believe a word of it,' he replied, 'still, I can't beat a woman.' He thought awhile, and something in his eye made me feel creepy. 'I'll have to take it out of the fixtures,' he said, finally, and upon my word, he broke up every blessed thing in the shop."

"He did it quickly and systematically and you never saw such an awful rum! I screamed murder, but it did no good and he went right ahead. As a windup he smashed the diamond dealer and bade me a polite good-day. What the proprietor came in he had a fit. It was after that I went into the perfumery business. The work is harder, but it is much less trying on the nerves."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

A DEAF-MUTE GIRL'S CURSE. Scientific Value Attached to Its Alleged Fulfillment—Paralysis Follows Blow.

The right foot of Edwin Parker Trent, of Frankfort, Mo., has become paralyzed as a result of a tumor on the brain. The tumor was caused by a blow with a hatchet, struck by Bertha Trent, his deaf and dumb niece. The girl was sent subsequently to an insane asylum. Before starting she wrote the following on her tablet:

"I wanted to kill him, but failed. I hate him, and I hope he will die by inches from creeping paralysis, beginning at his feet and working up to his head."

Specialists who have studied the case declare that Mr. Trent has unwittingly been of great benefit to science, as the tumor has located beyond question the exact spot where the sensor nerves from the right foot connect with the brain. While the doctors account for the paralysis on scientific grounds, people in the village believe that Mr. Trent's malady is the beginning of creeping paralysis, which has come to him through the curse of his niece.

MARVEL IN SKIN GRAFTING. Arm Burned to the Bone is Saved by Application of the Flesh of the Sufferer.

A wonderful case of skin grafting is that of James Crowley, who was burned some six weeks ago at Fond du Lac, Wis. By the upsetting of a lamp his father was burned to death and, in his efforts to save his father, the younger Crowley had the flesh burned from one of his arms. He was taken to the hospital, and as the means of saving the arm and perhaps his life, Dr. Connell informed his patient that he must take skin from his lower limbs for grafting his arm. The patient was placed under the influence of morphia, and for nearly two hours the operation was in progress. Pieces of skin an eighth of an inch in width and from a foot to a foot and a quarter in length were taken from his legs and used on the arm. After ten days the patient was declared out of danger, and the arm, which was burned to the bone, is almost well now.

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