

RECOMPENSE.

I wonder if for those who try, but fail, Sleep comes complete? For those who grope alone up life's hard trail Is rest more sweet? Through all of outward life we see and know That, soon or late, For every loss, some sturdy strength shall grow To compensate. Then, shall the spirit that has met defeat By fate's accord, For all the battles bravely met and fought, Have no reward? I wonder if for those who try, but fail, In life's sure plans, Some end of justice will, at last, prevail? I wonder if through all th' enshrouding veil, God understands?—Maude Meredith, in Midland Monthly.



SYNOPSIS.

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. Mr. Tym, the supercargo, describes a sail. The strange vessel gives chase, but is disabled by the Industry's guns. In the fray Capt. Houthwick and one of the crew are killed, but the Industry is found to be little damaged. Sellinger, first mate, takes charge and puts into Sismouth to secure a new mate. Several days later, when well out to sea, an English merchantman is met, whose captain has a letter addressed to Jeremiah Hope, at Havana. The crew of the vessel tell strange tales of the buccaneer Morgan, who is sailing under the king's commission to take Panama. One night a little later, the English vessel having proceeded on her course, a bit of paper is slipped into Ardick's hand by one of the sailors. This is found to be a warning of a mutiny plot headed by Pradey, the new mate. Ardick consults Mr. Tym. They resolve to secure the mate, but Pradey, ear-dropping in the cabin, makes through the door and arouses the crew. Capt. Sellinger joins Ardick and Tym. The crew break through the now barricaded door, but are forced to retire, having lost seven of their number. Finding themselves now too short-handed to manage the boat, Pradey decides to scuttle and desert the vessel, taking his men off in the only available boat. The captain, supercargo and second mate soon discover their plight, but hastily constructing a raft, bet away just before the vessel is scuttled. The next morning a Spaniard draws near them. The man in the rigging shouts: "If you would board us, take to your oars. Be speedy, or you will fall short." On board they are sent forward with the crew, being told they will be sold as slaves on reaching Panama. The ship's cook they find to be Mac Ivrah, "frae Clagvarloch," so a friend. Four days later the Spaniard is overhauled by a buccaneer flying the English flag. The three Englishmen and Mac Ivrah plan to escape to the buccaneer on a rude raft.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

ON RETURNING to the deck we found the situation in a small degree changed. The buccaneer still stormed along in our wake, but now with a little gain, and the Pilanca continued to lug the wind. By eight bells the enemy was clearly rising, and at two bells he was not greatly beyond cannon range. I stood by, ready to jump and haul, and with a quickening of excitement awaited the next turn of events. It was not long in coming. Capt. Placido swung upon the lee bulwark, holding on by the main shrouds, and bellowed: "Down helm! Slack lee braces! Haul on the weather!" "By heavens! He means to run the gantlet!" exclaimed Mr. Tym. So it seemed. The buccaneer had been on our lee bow when first discovered, and was still well to the south. By squaring our yards, then, and deliberately pointing our nose south-west, we meant to run under his very nose. "And yet it stands to be his safest plan," said Capt. Sellinger. "A ship like this, riding light and with a poop like a church, will do nothing save with the wind. Once let us fetch by and our chances are doubled." The buccaneer had altered his course as we altered ours, and was now standing a few points south of east. He could scarce be better than a mile and a half away, and we saw plainly the moving black dots of the crew about his decks. He was a handsome, tigerish-looking fellow, let him be who or what he might. Nearer and nearer swung the buccaneer. I could catch even the flash of his wet side now, as he rolled, with a sort of swagger, to the successive, uplifting seas. Nearer still, till a half mile is reeled off, and less than a whole one separates us. A drum on our quarter deck beat. The armored guards fell into line, and their captain drew his sword and stepped out upon the flank. Three of the dons came out of the cabin, all in cuirasses, buff gantlets, and broad belts hung with pistols. Don Luis Delasco, the governor's son-in-law, was one of the trio. Then it was Capt. Placido's turn. He came to the break of the quarter deck and faced us. "Bring up powder and ball for the deck guns. Take the hoods off the brass pieces. Two more men at the helm. Gunners for the port guns below. Master Pedillo, unlock the arms chests and have the hangers and pistols passed up. Master Lonzelo, rake six men and fetch up the pikes. Pedro, see that buckets of water are set about, and when all is ready put on the hatches." Larger and larger grew the buccaneer. The black dots took on the shape of human figures, and the eight ports in his side cut out square, each with its round, target-like ring. A gun! The jet of flame leaped from the foredeck, and the powder cloud blew off to leeward. But it was harmless. It had been fired across our bows. Then something shook out above the heads of those on his quarter-

deck, and up to the mizzen topgallant mast traveled a flag. It blew out as it went, broad, double cross on a crimson field. "English!" I could not help saying, with the water ready to start in my eyes. "God bless her!" "She would merely ask us to heave to," said Capt. Sellinger in my ear. "Marry, a modest request for a craft of 200 tons to make of one of five! Now, let's see what the old peacock will do." Capt. Placido hurried up to the governor and said a few words. What the answer was I could not guess, but at once the captain ran to the main hatch, lifted it, and roared down: "Train your broadside and fire!" Then he waved his arms and shouted to those manning the guns: "Aim and fire!" The ship trembled with the tremendous concussion. Smoke seemed to rise from everywhere, and the buccaneer disappeared momentarily behind the veil. When it drifted away at last he was still driving toward us and seemingly unharmed. Some one touched me on the arm; I turned and discovered Mr. Tym. "Bide a moment and then come below. Let the hatch drop after you." I was brought abruptly back to our own business and shook myself together. Nobody seemed to be paying any attention to me. I slipped over and dropped quietly down the hatch. The place was in some gloom, for the port on the cook's side—that is, the one toward the enemy—was closed, and the other stood but an inch or two upon the hulk. "The crisis is not far off," said Mr. Tym; "wherefore we must be prepared. Should the Pilanca stand the battering and break by, we could scarce be too speedy in taking leave." I apprehended him. Once get the buccaneer astern, and the Pilanca stood fair to shake him off. In that case we must needs act quickly or not at all. I now inquired for Mac Ivrah, and was told that he would be with us presently. "Let us see how near she is," said I, and I unhooked the starboard port. "Marry, she is on our quarter!" I exclaimed in surprise. "She is not above half a mile distant, and we have clearly dropped her." The others looked anxiously over my shoulder. "Nay, you are a little in error," said the captain. "She is more astern, but quite as near." "She should put forth her best efforts now, wherever she is," said Mr. Tym, after a critical glance. "She is not sure of finding another such opportunity." "She fetches about to give us her other broadside!" I exclaimed a moment later. I felt secretly thankful that at least the after part of the ship now pretty effectually shielded us, but— "By heavens, they have winged us!" cried Capt. Sellinger, as a sharp, crackling noise rose above the other sounds, followed by the thump of some heavy object. "A big spar, or I am a liar!" he went on. "Nay, but the buccaneer manages bravely!" "That may bring the matter to a head," said Mr. Tym, coolly. "I think we should now do well to arm." We ran over to our own corner, accordingly, and hurriedly produced our concealed weapons. These had been hidden away since first we came on board. With other preparations, Mr. Tym failed not to screw in his curious arm dagger. Scarce was this done when some of the Pilanca's guns began in turn to thunder. None were of large caliber, being merely a few deck pieces on the stern, and we felt little fear of their work. "Some one comes!" I cried, for at that moment the hatch in the fore-castle banged sharply down. "I think Mac Ivrah," cried Mr. Tym, stepping out where he could command the view. "Aye," he immediately announced, "it is the cook." The fellow came to a run. "Launch the raft," he cried, "and dinna stop to claver! A' thinks hae gaen wrang!" We paused for no more than to get the sense of his words, and flew to the raft and dragged it out. There were now varied thumping noises on deck, which I took to be the clearing away of the fallen spar and other debris, and I was just wondering whether the ship's people felt assured of their escape when there was a commotion of voices aft, and immediately a little thunder of trucks showed that the door leading into the soldiers' berth had been run open. "Quick!" cried Mr. Tym. "Out with it! The guards are upon us!" We snatched up the raft as though it had been a clothes pole and made one fair thrust of it into the water. "Dell tak the airn pots!" growled Mac Ivrah. "They hae brought about this banchle! Their craving ballies couldna bide till the mess." "Listen, friends," said Mr. Tym without turning his head. "We must fetch this thing to a close. In a moment they will have firearms, and it will be too late. I see no hope except that the captain and I may stand them off till you, Ardick, with Mac Ivrah retreat to the raft. That done, we will make a diversion and attempt to join you." "It shall be done, sir," said I promptly. "Get you upon the raft," I said, hurriedly to Mac Ivrah. "I will cast off and follow." "Vera gude," he answered, coolly, and slipped through the port. I was to follow, for the time indeed pressed, when the fellows in the fore-castle gave a triumphant shout. "They hae pistols!" cried the captain, warningly. "They are going to shoot!" The frail bulkhead was no barrier to bullets, and I threw myself flat. As I did so I saw Mr. Tym drop to all fours.

Two heavy reports followed, and the smoke drove in at the doorway. I scrambled to my feet and had Mr. Tym instantly in my eye. He was straightening up and glancing around. The captain was close behind him, but sitting flat with his knee cradled in his hands. "They have disabled me. Fly!" I heard him say, and with that men burst in at both entrances.

CHAPTER X.

OF A MYSTERIOUS DECREE OF FATE. I cannot pretend to give clear details of what followed. Mr. Tym lunged back desperately, and I saw one fellow double up and fall. The next man tripped over him and the supercargo improved the time to wheel and rush to my side. "Out!" was the one word he said, and I let go the painter and sprang upon the ledge of the port. As the end of the line whisked clear I stooped and shot heading down. I rose to the surface at once and shook the water from my eyes. The first thing I saw was the great impending bulk of the ship. It towered far over me, and was rushing past, flooding back frothing and divided seas. I fought my way to the top of the next crest and looked around. To my joy Mr. Tym was close at hand, spitting and shaking his head, as though he had just come up from his dive, but riding lightly and easily. Turning my head to see what had become of Mac Ivrah and the raft, I saw the structure pitching up and down on a neighboring sea, but to my sorrow without the Scotchman. In the line of the raft, but near a mile away, was the pursuing ship. She was a bad mess forward, for her spirit topmast had been shot away, and some of the litter was dragging over the bows. I had time for no more than this flash of a look about. All my attention was now upon the rushing bulk of the ship. She was so near that I could see little higher than her bulwarks. Her ports on that side were open, though the guns had not been used, and in each opening were the protruding heads of the gunners. The ship seemed to lift away from us, and at once we got the range of her whole side. To my dismay all the bulwarks were overhung with heads and a dozen or more of the steel-shelled guards showed above the low poop rail. The story of our doings had spread over the ship at last, and doubtless the angry dons were primed for vengeance. There seemed to be nothing that we could do, unless it was to dive, as they



made to fire, and that would be likely to prove of little avail. Our main hope must be in the poorness of their aim and the little time we should be within range. I did not forget also that our bobbing heads presented rather inferior targets. They let go soon enough, for I had scarce gotten the whole range of their side when a score or more of guns and pistols were aimed, some from as far forward as amidships, and a blaze among the whole line followed. "Poor shooting, sir!" I shouted, not a little relieved and even exhilarated. "Shall we swim for the raft?" We turned as he spoke, and to my astonishment there was the raft close at hand. For some reason it had come before the wind faster than I could have calculated and was ready now as a very timely refuge. We disregarded further danger from the shooting and faced about. The raft came on, climbing a crest at the moment and riding swiftly down again, and it was then that both of us cried out in amazement. For a human head was sticking above the stern end, and a familiar shock of light hair, albeit now darkened a little with the wet, covered the head. In a word, it was the worthy cook. "Is he there in a blink," he called "Dinna ye waste your strength." We gave over further effort accordingly and directly the affair rode down to us. I was the first out of the water, and gave Mr. Tym a pull, after which Mac Ivrah himself crawled out. We seized his hand and shook it heartily. "And you saw us, and urged the raft along?" I said. "Seasonably done, for we were like to be weary ere we fetched it." "Is not the buccaneer recovering himself in some sort?" inquired Mr. Tym, after a moment or two. I rose as high as my knees and took a shrewd look. "Aye, he has got the greater part of the mess cleared away, and holds on his course," I answered. "Ah, me! if the poor captain were but with us!" I added with a sigh. "Mither o' God!" burst out Mac Ivrah. "Look yonner!" We had taken our eyes for a moment from the Pilanca, but at this dreadful exclamation half sprang up and turned that way. What we saw struck the blood from our cheeks, and left us silent with consternation. The ship had fetched, perhaps, two points to the

wind, so that again we had an oblique view of her side, and a scene on her main deck was brought to view. A group of figures there moved, and in the instant a single shape rose above their heads and traveled up swiftly to the main yardarm! There it seemed to dangle for a moment, and then fell into the motion of the ship, and swung pendulum-like, in board and out.

It was a time of horror, and I scarce know what we said. We had no doubt that the man was the captain, for who else could be executed at such a time? Moreover, when I came to look more intently, I made out a patch of white about the upper part of his figure, which would answer for the captain's shirt, none of the crew wearing a garment of that description, but only blouses and dark tunics. We crouched low again, and watched the poor body as it jerked and swung. There was a dreadful fascination in the sight, and for one I could not take my eyes from it. I have the thought that the supercargo broke out as swearing once, not loud, but as I might say between his teeth, and that I laughed savagely when I heard him.

The buccaneer continued to bear down upon us, and as soon as he was within reasonable signaling distance Mac Ivrah took off his waistcoat and waved it. It was as large a distress flag as we had, for all of us were without coats.

HE 'FUMIGATED.'

Uncle Got Rid of the Cigarette Fiend Without the Slightest Trouble. An aged colored man stood on the rear platform of a Cedar avenue car a few evenings ago and listened to the talk of the young men who were his fellow passengers. Five of these young men were smoking cigarettes, much to the disgust of the aged uncle. He sniffed audibly several times and at last one of the cigarette youths turned to him and facetiously said: "You don't like cigarette smoke, do you, Mr. Johnson?" "I'd like it bettah, sah," replied the veteran, "ef I was an undertaker."

There was a general laugh at the smoker's expense, and he puffed viciously at his cigarette. "An' ef I don't like it," continued the old man, "I kin always foomergate agin it."

He therefore drew from his coat pocket a short black pipe and proceeded to fire up. At the second puff the young men who happened to be nearest him turned pale. One of them was the funny cigarette smoker, and he was evidently hard hit. Another puff and this particular victim threw away his cigarette and at once got down on the step. With an imperturbable countenance the ancient colored person continued to puff that diabolical pipe. "Oh, Lord!" groaned the second cigarette smoker, and he stopped smoking, too. Puff, puff, puff! Two men got off the car before they reached their usual stopping places. Four more stepped down on to the running board. Two men crawled into the car interior. When the conductor came out from his fare gathering trip the colored man and his all-conquering pipe were sole monarchs of the back platform.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kirmess. In some portions of Germany the kirmess, or church mass, formerly danced in honor of the dedication of the church, is now observed with the special character of a harvest home. It marks the close of the year's labors, and is celebrated by three days of music, feasting and dancing, with partners chosen or allotted, according to degrees of comeliness, at the preceding May festival. In southern Germany the end of harvest is marked by the sickle feast. The last sheaf is carried in triumph to the barn and placed on the floor, while the younger couples dance around it. One-half of it is then decked with ribbons and hung aloft, while the other half is burned. Its ashes are treasured as a remedy for rheumatism and are sometimes used in making amulets or charms. The peasants leave for Wodan, or "the old one," a few ears of corn and a small number of apples, it being considered unlucky to strip either field or tree entirely bare.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Bare-Faced Insult. "When I think," exclaimed Mrs. Strongmind, "of the apathy, nay, the sneers and insults, of the unthinking mob that constitutes our voting population, of its utter disregard for abstract justice, its ignorance of the principles that lie at the foundation of all civilized and enlightened government, and its total unfitness to exercise the functions of suffrage, I am at a loss to give adequate expression to the indignation that burns within me!" "Why don't you make a vow not to shave until they've a woman president?" called out a disrespectful voter in the audience.—Chicago Tribune.

About Surnames. A curious custom which was prevalent in England, even as late as the seventeenth century, gave rise to a number of surnames. It was the custom of wearing patches on the face which originated with the ladies of the court, who wore plasters cut in the shape of crescents, stars, circles, diamonds, hearts, crosses, etc. Hence the word "court-plaster." Some went so far as to patch their faces with a coach and four, a ship in full sail, a chateau, and many such things. From this curious circumstance came the names Cross, Ship, Coulter, Castle, Trump, Shrow, Cloak, Sickles, Vain, Flagg, Crow and Crabbe, and many others of equal significance.—Detroit Free Press.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Not So Poetical.—"She has a complexion like a tinted china cup." "Yes, it's a beautiful mug."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. De Broke—"How much is this bill going to be?" Photographer—"Ten dollars. Look pleasant, please." De Broke—"Impossible."—Jewish Comment. Accepted Suitor—"And now, dearest, about the ring. What kind do—?" She (a telephone girl)—"Oh, mercy me! Let's don't talk shop."—Ohio State Journal.

Bacon—"When a man is in love everything looks different to him." Egbert—"Yes; it's the same way when he knocks his head against a gas bracket."—Yonkers Statesman. Mrs. Greene—"There are few things that John does not know all about." Mrs. Gray—"And it was just my luck to ask him only about the things he knew nothing about."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Murphy—"Now, which way of youse byes trun that ball 'tro' me basement windy?" The Pitcher—"All ricks must be registered with the umpire, laddy. Play ball, fellers!"—Up-to-Date. "Adolph, where is the letter I left on my desk?" "I mailed it, sir." "But I hadn't put the name and the address on the envelope." "That's just it, sir—I supposed it was an anonymous letter."—Le Petit Journal Pour Rire.

Mrs. Stiles—"I shall never invite Mr. Funniman to dinner again." Mr. Stiles—"Why not? He is a very entertaining chap." Mrs. Stiles—"That's just it. He tells such funny stories that he makes the butler laugh."—Harper's Bazar. Lady of the House—"I should think a big, strong fellow like you would rather work than go around begging." Sloppy Sim—"I ain't got no fambly meself, and I'm afraid if I went to work I might crowd out some poor chap wot has little ones to support."—Boston Traveler.

Hired by Weight.

Among the Turks the Women Singers Must Be Fat to Be Popular.

In Turkey the most beautiful and desirable woman is the one who weighs the most. A thin and willowy creature would have no standing in Turkey and would be a total failure on the stage in Constantinople. Unless a woman is fat she cannot secure an engagement in a music hall, and the fatter she is the more enthusiasm she arouses and the larger is her salary.

On Monday evening after my arrival in Constantinople I went to the Concordia Music hall with my American acquaintances, and there I saw more feminine breadth, depth, thickness, heft and circumference than I had ever before seen under one roof. Practically the whole show was given by women—women with moon faces, rolling jowl, judiciously dusted with powder, and elephantine forms that defied the confiding hold of any corset. Fat women! Women who were built straight out from the chin and then retreated toward an indefinite waist line; women whose dimpled arms were the shape of bolsters and whose bursting slippers squeaked beneath the weight put on them.

Judging from the arrangement of the bill and the applause bestowed on the various mastodon soubrettes, I would say that in Constantinople a woman weighing 225 pounds and possessed of a fair singing voice could get an engagement at a music hall, but she would be compelled to accept a low salary and appear early in the bill. A woman weighing 250 could get a slightly larger salary and a better place on the bill. The salary would thus increase as the weight increased. In Constantinople they hire their soubrettes by the pound. One who can weigh in each evening at 350 or more is sure to get her name in black type and draw the star salary, no matter whether she can sing or not.

In the bill at the Concordia were French and German women, one lone American (estimated weight, 275), and several from Turkish Europe. The first woman who sang was fat, the second was fatter, the third was—no, not fatter, although she was much heavier than No. 2. She was merely the promise of what was yet to come.

They were holding back the really big artists for the finale. At last these two came on. They were "sisters," and they made a large family by themselves. We called them the Behemoth Sisters. They were in white and they waddled out on the stage.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the man from Lafayette. "Why didn't they roll them on the stage? How much do you suppose they weigh?" "A ton apiece," ventured the New Yorker.

"Too low, too low." The house rose in joy as the two vast egg-shaped objects appeared on the stage. The Turks, who had been sitting stolidly in the boxes looking with dull unconcern at the frail vocalists who weighed less than 300, now straightened up and clapped their hands. A Turk in front of us (he had checker-board trousers and a low white vest) shouted "Bravo!"

The two sisters were the hit of the show. They had to sing until their globular faces were pink with exertion and their balloon-like costumes rose and fell with the heavings of their exertion. We wondered if they ever had come opera in Turkey, and if it would be safe to put an entire chorus on one stage.—Chicago Record.

Hardest to Heat.

Water is the hardest of all substances to heat, with the single exception of hydrogen gas. The easiest two are mercury and lead, which stand in this respect on nearly the same footing.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

\$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 Howler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY AUCIUI, President. 83-ct.

FINE LIQUOR STORE

EMPORIUM, PA.

The undersigned has opened a first class liquor store, and invites the trade of Hotels, Restaurants, &c. We shall carry none but the best American and imported WHISKIES, BRANDIES, GINS AND WINES, BOTTLED ALE, CHAMPAGNE, Etc. Choice line of Bottled Goods.

In addition to my large line of liquors I carry CIGARS AND TOBACCO. Pool and Billiard Room in same building. CALL AND SEE ME. A. A. McDONALD, PROPRIETOR, EMPORIUM, PA.

F. X. BLUMLE, EMPORIUM, PA. Bottler and Dealer in BEER, WINES, WHISKIES, And Liquors of All Kinds. The best of goods always carried in stock and everything warranted as represented. Especial Attention Paid to Mail Orders. EMPORIUM, PA.

GO TO J. A. Kinsler's, Broad Street, Emporium, Pa. Where you can get anything you want in the line of Groceries, Provisions, FLOUR, SALT MEATS, SMOKED MEATS, CANNED GOODS, ETC., Tea, Coffee, Fruits, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars. Goods Delivered Free any Place in Town. CALL AND SEE ME AND GET PRICES. NEAR P. & E. DEPOT

EMPORIUM Bottling Works, JOHN McDONALD, Proprietor. Near P. & E. Depot, Emporium, Pa. Bottler and Shipper of Rochester Lager Beer, BEST BRANDS OF BEER. The Manufacturer of Soft Drinks and Dealer in Choice Wines and Pure Liquors. We keep none but the very best Beer and are prepared to fill Orders on short notice. Private families served fully if desired. JOHN McDONALD.

PATENTS. Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A PANHANDLE. "How to Obtain Patents," with list of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address, C. A. SNOW & CO., OFF. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C. THIS PAPER IS ON FILE IN CHICAGO AT THE NEW YORK OFFICE OF A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO.