

MORNING.

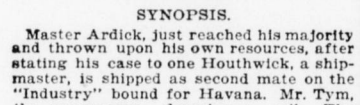
The mocking-birds are singing. The golden sun is flinging his beams of light across the fields—another day begun. The bees are feeling lazy. A little meadow daisy lifts up its tiny head to catch the first kiss of the sun.

The cock is crowing loudly. And lifts his head so proudly to let the farmer know 'tis time his labor to begin. The fields of wheat are gleaming. Where the sun's first rays are beaming. And Mother Nature seems to smile a welcome to all men.

L'ENVOI.

Oh, Life, with all thy heartaches, thy golden hopes and fears, Thy rugged path that leads at last from out this vale of years. Where many hearts grow sad and break, and just a few stay warm—Oh, would that thou couldst always be like morning on the farm!

—Phil H. Armstrong, in Atlanta Constitution.



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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. The Industry is little damaged, but Houthwick and one of the crew are killed. Sellinger, first mate, takes charge and puts into Sidmouth to secure a new mate. Several days later, when well out to sea, an English merchantman, the Pradey, whose captain has a letter addressed to Jeremiah Hope, at Havana. The crew of the vessel tell strange tales of the buccaner 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, Ardick learns of a plot among the crew, headed by Pradey, the new mate, to take the Industry and join Morgan's fleet. Ardick consults Mr. Tym. They resolve to secure the mate, but Pradey, having slipped 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. Sellinger is for immediately falling upon the mutineers, but Tym argues that they are a light crew but still more than two to their 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 set away just before their vessel sinks. 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 Irvach, "frae Clagvarloch," so a friend. Four days later the Spaniard is overhauled by a buccaner flying the English flag. The three Englishmen and Mac Irvach plan to escape to the buccaner on a rude raft. Sellinger, the last to attempt to leave the Spaniard, is disabled. Just after the other put off they see a figure dandling from the yard arm, whom they suppose is Capt. Sellinger. Halting the buccaner, our three friends find themselves in the hands of their old mate, Pradey. He treats them kindly and offers to do them no harm if they will but remain quiet concerning the mutiny he headed. The Black Eagle, Pradey's ship, comes to Chagre, Cuba, which town they find Morgan has taken under the English flag. From there the Black Eagle with Morgan's fleet proceeds to Panama. The command consists of about 1,200 men. Having landed, they march on to the city.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Above this fort was communication by a steep path with a still more complete defense, good walls and bastions being here, and finally was the sharp, sudden rise of the great rock itself. At this point we could not but wonder at the desperate valor of Brodely's men, for from here to the summit the only regular ascent was by a flight of narrow, rock-hewn stairs, and the chance for placing scaling ladders was of the worst and riskiest. Yet up here they had won their way, and the fragments of some of the ladders, and more than that—a stain of blood here and there still remained as witnesses to it! At the top of the stairs was a large, square building that we afterward found was designed to hold military stores, and from here a straight walk led to a narrow, deep chasm, the castle itself lying on the other side. There had been a bridge here, but the Spaniards, in their final defense, had destroyed it, and in its place was now a rude affair of planks partly supported by guys. On the other side was a kind of barbican, and then the wall of the castle proper. The structure was of no great size, rising merely in a small tower or keep, and thence stretching out in two short, low wings. By this time the sun was pouring down fiercely, and, as we had explored the greater part of the place, we concluded to seek a more comfortable spot, and accordingly descended the hill again. The excursion had afforded us much pleasure, besides letting us into the knowledge of things that was profitable for us to know. More than all, perhaps, it gave us the assurance of the desperate and seemingly resistless valor of our present comrades. It was not long after we had returned to the bottom of the hill that we met five or six of the garrison, and with them a sturdy middle-aged man, who turned out to be the hero of the late battle, Capt. Brodely. He was busy just then in giving some orders about the strengthening of the breast-works, and we merely got a short nod from him in exchange for our salute, though this proved to be but the beginning of our acquaintance. I can now compass the events of two weeks or more into a very brief space. My companions and I passed most of the time ashore, and though we did not seem to slight our shipmates, took care to have as little of their rough and unacceptable company as possible.

But these small things soon passed out of our thoughts, for one morning Capt. Morgan's fleet was sighted. In a moment there was the liveliest sort of stir and excitement. Flags were taken from the ships and hoisted on the castle and forts, and the guns were made ready to fire salutes. Everyone furnished up his arms and harness, and the ships were cleaned and made trim. At first the wind was contrary, but finally one craft and then another beat its way in, and before nightfall all had fetched the mouth of the river. Here a rather serious misfortune happened, for, what with our rejoicing and their own pleasure and tumult, the people of the first four of the ships steered upon the dangerous sunken rock, and their crafts were wrecked. The north wind coming on to blow completed the mishap, and it was only by considerable exertion that all the men and contents of the ships were landed, the vessels themselves being hopelessly wrecked. At last Capt. Morgan himself stepped on shore, having till now stuck to his ship, and at once our men broke out in a great cheer, and, rushing down, caught him up and placed him on their shoulders and bore him up to the castle. My companions and I fell into the wake of the crowd and continued on to the castle, where at last the panting and shouting buccaners set Morgan down. At the same time a final salute of all the cannon about the place was let off. Morgan removed his headpiece, giving a flourish of acknowledgment, and in a few words thanked the company for this cordial display and assurance of confidence. There was nothing more of note done that day, and I saw no more of Morgan, though I was once or twice again on the mountain. In the morning orders were given to build up the barricades, and all the crews were mustered and set to work. We found the chief's design was to make this a strong place, that we might have a haven of refuge in case things went wrong at Panama. By the end of the next day we had the place in a very fair posture for defense, whereupon Morgan had us knock off, and preparation was forthwith made for the great expedition. There were at this time in the river some small Spanish vessels, named, I think, chatten, and these, with the four little ships that had been there at first, Morgan fetched up close to the quays and armed with cannon. The object was to strengthen that approach to the castle. A fleet of canoes that likewise had been captured, together with the greater part of our boats, were then brought up to the main quay, and when 500 men had been told off to garrison the castle and 150 more left on the ships, we entered the boats and the gun was fired for starting. Capt. Brodely was still left to keep San Lorenzo, as the castle was called, and looked a bit rueful as he saw the rest of us so gayly setting forth. Little did he know what was to happen to us, or what a desperate thing the expedition was to be, or he had scarce worn so long a face. Our command numbered just 1,200 men, including Morgan himself, and for conveyance we had five barges, ten ships' boats and 32 canoes. However, we knew that we were not to cover the whole distance by water, as there must be some leagues of a march from the head of navigation to the city. Every plan save one was carefully made, but that one proved of passing importance. It was the matter of provisions, which Capt. Morgan thought we should take but a light supply of, as he conceived we must be able to find a sufficiency on the way. On a bright and not over-warm morning, then, with flags flying from the stern of the boats and two trumpeters blowing merry blasts, while those on shore waved their hats and cheered, the oars were set going and we started up the river. My companions and I were still in Pradey's command, not having found a sufficient excuse for transference, though indeed it made little difference, for all the companies were as one large one, with Morgan at the head. That day nothing of special note happened. We all greatly relished the embowering of the woods and greenery, after so long dwelling about the sea, and for a time the men sang and laughed and splashed their hands in the water like so many joyous children. That day we made only six leagues, and then, as the men complained of the crippling of their legs consequent upon so long crouching in the boats, Morgan gave the order to land, the place being an attractive little savanna with a bend of the forest all about. The woods were now dense and the marching soon grew so bad that Morgan made us halt, and after a little talk with his captains decided to take again to the canoes, sending along a few hundred men at a time, and this, though with great labor, was done, and the reserve force then being brought up, we were once more all together. The fourth day a great part of us marched by land, being faint with hunger, but finding a few wild fruits, of which, at some risk (for we were not sure whether they were harmful or not), we partook. That day we were nearly exhausted, Mac Irvach being compelled to abide altogether in one of the canoes, but at nightfall we found some huts containing several empty leather bags, and these we desperately cut to pieces, and, having removed the hair, boiled, pounded and cut them in small bits, were only too glad to make our supper of them. The eighth morning we still staggered along, weak, but in a sudden way determined. But now the terrible strain was nearly over. On the ninth day our guides showed us a little mountain, which, having ascended, behold there lay the South sea! We were even able to make out some ships which must have sailed freshly from Panama. Going down from the mountain into a vale, what was our joy to find a con-

siderable herd of cattle! These were attacked as though we had been a pack of wolves, and after slaying all we could we cut off the flesh in great flakes, and, having pitched it into hastily-made fires, drew it out half roasted and greedily devoured it. It was a sight to startle one to see the half-starved wretches at their repast. They gnawed and grunted, and between times broke out in laughter, the blood running down their hands and staining their garments to the waist. As to myself and my companions, particularly Mr. Tym, it is but fair to say we behaved somewhat less like beasts, though, in truth, the taste of that charred, warm flesh was to a sweetness and deliciousness beyond words of mine to describe! Greatly refreshed and now in heart again, we pushed on, and having ascended a considerable hill, beheld at last the steeples of Panama. At that the men broke into joyous shouts, as though the city were already ours, and the drummers began to beat and the trumpeters to blast. We had scarce made this din when there was a noise of hoofs, and a little company of Spaniards appeared on the opposite hill. The distance was short, and we distinctly heard their threats as they broke out savagely at us. "We will go into camp now," said Morgan, coolly. "To-morrow we shall have to test these gentlemen's menaces." The men set up a cheer, the second I had heard since the beginning of the terrible march, and immediately broke ranks. I slept but ill, and that not only because my mind was excited but because in the night the Spaniards fetched some cannon out of the city and began firing upon us. Fortunately, they advanced their battery but a little way, and none of the shot hurt us, but only kept up a considerable noise and cut down branches from the trees about us. Mr. Tym seemed much less disquieted than I was, though once or twice he sat up and watched the commotion of the shot among the trees. I fell asleep at last, though I had not believed so till I found myself coming out of a troubled dream and my comrades beginning to stir about. It was the gray of dawn, and everything looked dim and cheerless, the men not talking much and no fires yet alight.

CHAPTER XIII.
OF THE OPENING OF THE BATTLE.

We were speedily in order, and every captain went to the head of his company. Morgan looked in a satisfied way along the lines and drew his sword. At that moment he seemed to have lost a little color, but his bearing was bold and steady. He pointed toward the hill, and with the loud word "Forward!" led us into the road. It seemed but a moment before we were over the rise and marching down into the little plain. There, to the no small stirring of my pulse, were drawn up the Spanish forces. I thought there must be 3,000 of them. The greater part were foot, but



The Spaniards had destroyed the bridge.

well abroad into the meadow, and so trudged sturdily along. Some paces on they went, the enemy making no movement to stay them, and then of a sudden one of the bands of horse trotted into the road, and at the blast of a trumpet broke forward at a swift gallop. I almost held my breath, as did I am sure my companions. Down thundered the horse. They deployed right and left, and were almost upon our men. Then the cool buccaners lifted their guns, and following the roar I saw the foremost of the riders flash out of their saddles. There was a pulling up and rearing and plunging of frightened animals, and almost before I could realize it the remainder of the troop had reined about and were thundering back whence they came. We broke into frantic cheer, and by a common impulse the entire square surged forward. "Lead on, Morgan!" thundered Paul Cradde; "we can wipe those fellows off the earth!" "Not yet!" shouted Morgan, his face now red and fiery, and his voice set almost to the pitch of a laugh. "We must repel another charge or two first." And so it proved. There was a little confusion in the Spanish ranks, as the flying riders rode back and wheeled to regain their old station, and then another trumpet sounded and the entire body of foot moved forward. "Stand fast!" said Morgan in deep tones. The enemy came on slowly, and of a sudden stopped. The line of guns glittered, and instantly everything was confused in flame and smoke. As it cleared away I saw half a score of our advance fellows down, and the other running at full speed toward us. No one in the main body, as far as I could see, was hurt. On the Spaniards came, their flanks expanding and their horse circling out into the meadow. In a flash the whole army seemed to be inclosing us. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Only, They Breathe!"

Our father was a typical officer of the time of Nicholas I. Not that he was imbued with a warlike spirit, or much in love with camp life; I doubt whether he spent one single night of his life at a bivouac fire, or took part in one single battle. But under Nicholas I. that was of a quite secondary importance. The true military man of those times was the officer who was enamored of the military uniform and utterly despised all other sorts of attire; whose soldiers were trained to perform almost inhuman tricks with their legs and rifles (to break the wood of the rifle into pieces while "presenting arms" was one of those famous tricks), and who could show on a parade a row of soldiers as perfectly aligned and as motionless as a row of toy-soldiers. "Very good," Grand Duke Mikhail said once of a regiment, after having kept it for one hour, motionless, "presenting arms"—"only, they breathe!" To respond to the then current conception of a military man was certainly my father's ideal.—Prince Kropotkin, in Atlantic.

Somewhat Tangled.

A minister and his man were returning from a real old-fashioned marriage. "We had better gang in by the back, the night," said the minister, on arriving near the manse. "What way?" queried Sandy. "Aweel, there's been a deal o' whisky gaein', and I think it wad be better." "Na, na, straucht forrit, straucht forrit," persisted Sandy. "Very weel, then; but, at any rate, I'll walk on in front a meenit, and you'll tell's how I'm daein'." The minister then walked on a few yards, and called back: "How am I daein', then, Sandy?" "Brawly, sir, brawly," said the beadle, "but wha's that wi' ye?"—Scottish Life and Humor.

A Scriptural Character.

Little five-year-old Clara's papa had been away on a protracted business trip, and her mamma was putting things in order and making sundry preparations for his return. Clara watched her closely for awhile and then observed: "Mamma, you make as much fuss as old Mr. Prodigal." "What do you mean, dear?" asked her mother. "I never heard of Mr. Prodigal." "Oh, yes, you did, mamma," was the reply. "Don't you know the Bible tells about what a fuss he made when his son came back?"—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

His Ship His Sweetheart.

The word "ship" is masculine in French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, and possesses no sex in Teutonic and Scandinavian. Perhaps it would not be an error to trace the custom back to the Greeks, who called all ships by feminine names, probably out of deference to Athene, goddess of the sea. But the sailor assigns no such reasons. The ship is to him a veritable sweetheart. She possesses a waist, collar, stays, laces, bonnets, ties, ribbons, chains, watches and dozens of other feminine valuables.

Very Unusual.

"Remarkable man, that," said Mr. Blykins under his breath. "I never met anybody quite like him." "He's quite ordinary in appearance and conversation." "Yes, but he was beat at a game of billiards without saying a word about how well he used to play before he got out of practice."—Washington Star.

Used to Royalty.

"There's a man, sir, in whose presence I have know princes of royal blood to turn pale and tremble." "Why, who is he?" "He's a pigsticker at the stock yards."—Chicago Tribune.

WITHOUT PROTOTYPE

Some Personal Traits of President John Paul Kruger.

His Early Training Has Made Him What He Is To-Day—Simplicity of His Habits—A Man That Knows Not Fear.

The state historian of the South African Republic, Mr. Van Oordt, has recently published a history of the Transvaal, which contains the biographies of its notabilities, among the chief of whom is the president, familiarly known as Oom Paul.

The founder of the family was a certain Jacob Kruger, who arrived at Cape Town in 1713 as a youth of 17, in the service of the Dutch East India company. Jacob Kruger was a German. A descendant of his, Caspar Kruger, married and settled on the Bulhoek farm, near Colesburg, in Cape Colony. It was there that Stephanus Johannes Paul Kruger was born on October 19, 1825. While still quite a child he had to help his parents, in his ninth year sometimes acting as shepherd, and even leading the oxen yoked in the wagon. Later, when yet too small to handle the heavy musket of the period, he went after game with bow and arrows, and returned to the farmhouse with many a hare and partridge.

Then came the trek into Natal, and he went out into the wilderness to begin a life of toil, care and danger. That was the school in which he was reared and in which he was trained to be what he is. He received his baptism of fire in battle with the Matabele before the occupation of Vechtkop, and took part in the repulse of the Zulus in the attack on the laager which followed the massacre at Weenen, in Natal. At 18 he became assistant field cornet, and two years later attained full rank. Later on he served as commandant and commandant general, was one of the triumvirate during the war of independence (in 1880-83), and has been president



PRESIDENT KRUGER.
(Chief Executive of the South African Republic.)

since the retrocession of the territory of the republic by Great Britain to its own government. By his people he is spoken of as the Lion of Rustenburg.

The personal habits of President Kruger are extremely simple. He never takes strong drink himself, but has said that he believed God gave man strong drink to use, and that there is no harm in its moderate use. Although fairly wealthy he lives the ordinary life of a well-to-do Afrikaner, indulging neither in ostentation nor festivities. To poor burghers he has lent money without any security, knowing, as he said, that they were honorable men. In character Oom Paul is stiff-necked—obstinate some say—and full of hardihood. This quality he has displayed on many occasions.

While still a youth his gun, which he had overladen in order to make sure of a rhinoceros he was hunting, burst and shattered the top of his left thumb. Before he could get assistance the wound began festering, for he was far distant from surgical help, and threatened mortification. He thereupon amputated the thumb at the first joint with a pocketknife, but, finding the first operation insufficient, he cut off the second joint, after which the hand healed. As his biographer says: "The man who could do this is not the man to be easily frightened." Many stories are told illustrating his strength of will and endurance, of racing contests with Kaffirs lasting a whole day, and his personal strength in struggles with animals.

As to his place in history, Mr. Van Oordt says, Paul Kruger has been compared with Washington, with Lincoln and even with Ulysses and Blucher and many other illustrious historical personages. It sounds well, says the state historian, but the fact remains that he can be compared with no one. The circumstances of his bringing up, those in which he has gained his influence and ruled over his people for 16 years, have been so exceptional that Paul Kruger can be compared with no other historical character. To the Dutch of South Africa he is simply Paul Kruger, a man of themselves, born into their troubles and tribulations, who has contributed to their triumphs, and is now, in his last years, steering them through new dangers.

Mr. Van Oordt, in concluding his sketch, thus apostrophizes him: "All peaceful lies the Lion of Rustenburg, his eye fixed on God, his paw upon the flag of independence. You mark no signs of attack; only the Lion takes a watchful protecting grasp. But, take care! At the first approach of danger he erects his mane and rises up. And woe! woe to him, however mighty he be, who dares touch the flag of Transvaal independence. The Lion then will fight; he will defend himself to the last drop of his blood; and if he must fall dying and conquered, then shall he be enwrapped in the treble, which shall make the shroud of Stephanus Johannes Paul Kruger."

\$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,
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