

AN END TO ALL TOILING.

There's an end to all toiling some day—sweet day! But it's weary, the waiting, weary! There's a harbor somewhere in a peaceful bay. Where the sails will be furled and the ship will stay. At anchor—somewhere in the far away—But it's weary, the waiting, weary! There's an end to the troubles of weary oppress'd, But it's weary, the waiting, weary! Some time in the future when God thinks best He'll lay us tenderly down to rest, And roses'll bloom from the thorns in the breast—But it's weary, the waiting, weary! There's an end to the world with its stormy frown. But it's weary, the waiting, weary! There's a light somewhere that no cares can drown. And where life's sad burdens are all laid down. A crown, thank God! for each cross a crown. But it's weary, the waiting, weary! —N. Y. Evening World.



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 Sidmouth 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 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, 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 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 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 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 their weapons, being told they will be sold as slaves on reaching Panama. The ship's cook they find to be Mac Ivraeh, "frae Clagvarloch," so a friend. Four days later the Spaniard is overhauled by a buccaner flying the English flag. The three Englishmen and Mac Ivraeh plan to escape to the buccaner on a rude raft. Sellinger, the last to attempt to leave the Spaniard, is disabled. Just after the others put off they see a figure dangling from the yard arm, whom they suppose is Capt. Sellinger. Hailing 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 her 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. The assault on the city is begun. Many of the buccaners fall, and Ardick is wounded. Through the smoke he sees Pradey approaching. The city at last falls. Ardick, coming to, finds Tym had rescued him from Pradey's murderous hand by killing the villain.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

At daybreak the trumpets were blown, and the companies assembled under their respective leaders. Breakfast was hastily eaten, no delays being made for cookery, but all taken cold, and shortly the word was given to march. A little before this we had learned that Morgan's plan was to proceed first to the governor's castle, making a stern show of warlike force on the way, and there Morgan himself would remain, keeping with him 50 men, and the rest were to scatter and plunder and ravage at will. Certain rules, however, were to be observed, one being that all must deposit their spoil in the hall of the castle, where it should remain till the final decision; another was that prisoners—that is, slaves—were to remain the property of those who seized them. If, nevertheless, it was added, any desired to bring their slaves to the castle, having a mind to sell them there, they could do so, and such slaves should be guarded and cared for till their disposal. The sun was creeping up and the breeze had fallen when at last we caught step and set forward down the chief street of the city. The drums were beating spiritedly and the trumpets sounded thrilling blasts, and with our soldierly array, the headpieces, cuirasses and musket barrels flashing in the sun, I thought we presented a fine and altogether awing spectacle. The place was deathly quiet. Every house was closed, and as far as we could see down the street not a person was in sight. Still we traveled along, and at last, just as I was wondering at the extent of this part of the city, the street ended, and we broke out into a considerable square, or plaza. Here the buildings were large and of a more pretentious sort than any we had yet seen. All were of stone, some of a brown or reddish color, and some of a common or well set in red cement, but few were above three stories in height. The roofs of all were flat, and most had low parapets, on which stood pots of bright flowers or handsome shrubs, and the walls of some were nearly covered with climbing greenery. Like the street we had left, the plaza was completely deserted, the shutters of every building around being up.

"Hoots!" said Mac Ivraeh, in a low tone, "but they have secreted like dog and cat as well as themselves. I was wishing for bit stir o' some sort. Sie stillness no seems crany."

This I conceive pretty well expressed the feelings of us all, who felt a kind of oppression in the continued silence. Morgan had halted a moment, but presently had us forward again, and without any interruption or change in the appearance of things we continued on till we reached the castle. This was a considerable stone structure, standing on the top of a little plateau, and was defended by high walls and one strong tower. It looked as though this were an excellent place for a mine or other device, but I was speedily told that this fear was unfounded, for the place had been entered and the chief rooms explored, but nothing in the nature of a trap had been found. The keys had been given to Morgan, and the guns spiked. We were but a moment in entering, and while one of the captains, at Morgan's command, went up to haul down the Spanish flag and put our own in its place, the different companies were formed up in their order, and the last words of advice and command given. Among other things, all were bidden to be sparing of the wine till it was proven that it was not poisoned, to return to the castle at nightfall, and to hasten thither at once if two successive cannon shots were fired. These were to mean some sudden or imminent danger. All this being attended to, the companies, save the picked detail to remain with Morgan, broke ranks and shortly quitted the castle. "There to be removed from the horrors we must see here?" I answered. "I am favorable to it."

CHAPTER XV.

OF THE CONCLUSION OF OUR GREAT SURPRISE AND WHAT FOLLOWED AT THE HEELS OF IT.

Even Mr. Tym changed color, and for my part my legs grew weak and my heart thumped like a falling hammer. "Why, trumpets, don't ye know me? Do ye take me for a ghost?" It was the same old hearty, sea-rough voice that we knew so well. It was no spirit, but the man's mortal self! Mr. Tym was the first to pull himself together. He rushed forward, and with a little cry of gladness seized Sellinger by both hands and danced the strong skipper about. I was next, and could scarce keep back the tears as I gripped the big brown hands. Even Mac Ivraeh grinned like a merry-andrew and cut one step of a caper as he took his turn. "But, man," cried Mr. Tym, as we at last released the skipper and stood delightedly about him, "how can this be? Did we not see you hanged? Aye, dangling your length from the yard-arm of the Pilanca? Why, we made out the very white shirt you have on—surely the only one among the crew!" The captain first gave a stare of astonishment and incredulity, and then broke into a low whistle. "Aye, aye, I see how it was. It was the boatswain, Pedillo. Marry, I never thought of your taking him for me! You see the old governor conceived the notion that the fellow was more responsible than anybody else for our little break, and so danced him up to the yard. I believe one of the priests gave him a shirt, or frock, to be turned off in, and so that was where you got your white tog. Aye, aye, I understand the thing now."

And so, of course, did we, and it was simple enough, to be sure. He asked a question or two in turn, which we answered, and then I went on to inquire how the Spaniards used him after our escape. "Why, not so bad," he answered. "My wound was attended to, and then I was clapped in the brig. When the ship reached Chagre I was set upon the midships of a mule and brought here. Since then I have lived in the house of—Faith! but that reminds me, I have run at my best speed hither, not alone to sail in your company, but because of another matter of urgency. Will you come along with me and make no stay for questions?"

"Surely!" cried Mr. Tym, without hesitation. And Mac Ivraeh and I said the same. "Then this way." He turned, and set off up the same street he had emerged from. I had, of course, noticed his dress and other appearance, ere this, and found that he looked and was habited as formerly. He was armed now, however, being girded with a belt, to which was hung a short hook pistol and a Spanish hanger. We fetched up at a high stone wall, which I perceived must set off a considerable estate. A little way along this wall was a strong iron gate, the top defended by sharp spikes. The captain plucked a key out of his pocket, with which he unlocked this gate, and urged us all in before him, hastily locking it again. I now perceived that we were in an extensive garden, fruit and shade trees standing thickly about and the walks bordered with flowers. A little way in the rear I could partly make out a handsome, low stone house. The captain hurried us up the main walk, making no concealment now of speed, and at a fair run we brought up before the door of the house. I perceived then that the place was strong as well as handsome, the building being of some yellowish stone set off with a cage fashion of balconies in the Spanish style. The chief entrance was

directly before us, a step leading up to it, and I noticed that the door was a very strong affair and in height and bigness was sufficient for a little church. The captain knocked sharply twice, when the door was slowly opened and an old negro put out his head. "All's well, Tonto. These are the friends I went to seek."

The old fellow looked at us a little suspiciously, I thought, but without objection stood aside. "These quarters," said the captain, turning to us, "belong to Don Enrique de Cavodilla. You recall him, I think." We readily did so, for he was one of the grandees of the Pilanca. "Well," went on the captain, "he is—or has been—my master, and, having used me very well, I am somewhat beholden to him. Yet even more I would do a good turn to his wife, Dona Isabella, and to his niece, Senorita Carmen. You see now the reason of my hurry."

"Surely," said Mr. Tym, "and we will gladly help you." Mac Ivraeh and I also heartily assented. "I am free to say I know not how the thing is to be managed," said the captain, sinking his tones a little, "but that we will immediately consider. We must first consult the don." As he spoke a door shut and a man came out at the head of the stairs. Even in the dim light I recognized him at once as the old Spaniard. He was a tall, spare, erect man, with plenty of gray in his beard and hair, but in bearing still in his strength and prime. He was dressed in the saddle-colored velvet of the ship, with the ruffles and other finery. "Go on, Ardick, and tell him how matters stand," said Sellinger; "I am still without a hold on the rascally Spaniard."



"You will deliver my wife and the poor child." My life is of little worth, but they—Ah, come with me, senores, and assure these poor creatures that you will succor them!" "Lead on, senor," I said, not a little touched. "Be assured we will do what we can."

He lost no more time, but led us hastily to a rear chamber, where he threw open the door. Two ladies were within, who quickly rose. The shutters of the windows were open, for the room looked out on an enclosed court, and the bright sunlight, checked merely by the draperies, brought out everything clearly. I immediately recognized Dona Isabella. She was small and slight, with a proud, handsome face, but a faded skin, and was richly gessed with many bright ribbons and ornaments. Dona Carmen was, as I instantly perceived, passing beautiful. Something tall, and yet of such proportions that she scarce seemed so, she all but startled me with the unusual combination of yellow hair, great Spanish black eyes—mean those with the wonderful long lashes—a skin Saxon-fair, nose, mouth and chin delicate and in exact harmony, and an expression vivacious and to appearance intelligent.

Don Enrique now flourished us forward. "Isabella, and you, poor Carmen, here are the brave English friends of Capt. Giles," he said. "Take heart and thank the Virgin, for they have come to deliver us!" Each lady in turn dropped a stately Spanish courtesy, and with more resolution than I had looked for, though, to be sure, unsteadily, thanked us. "Well, what is to be done?" said I. The captain looked at Mr. Tym, and the latter, after a moment's hesitation, said: "Let us first understand our bearings, captain. What are the private ways out of this place?"

"By the gardens," answered Sellinger, "and rearward through a court to a narrow street. Thence it is a straight course to the water." "These gardens border upon what?" "Considerable streets." "And the ships and boats have all been taken, and our fellows will have an eye upon the water front," said Mr. Tym, shaking his head. "That will not do." We were silent for a bit, I racking my brains to hit upon something, when he suddenly resumed: "I have a thought. What is to prevent us from claiming these people as our slaves? That will be but one each, which must be safe enough."

I thought he had hit it, and began to say that nothing could be better. But the captain shook his head. "I fear it will not serve," he said. "You must know that Don Enrique and the ladies were yesterday engaged and well-nigh captured by a party of buccaners, and I cannot doubt that the same fellows would know them again. Doubtless they would claim them, under the usual freebooters' rule." "Why, yes," admitted Mr. Tym, reluctantly, "since such are the facts." My hopes were suddenly dashed, and I sighed with disappointment. "But why should these callants see them?" put in Mac Ivraeh. "Can we not hide them away?" "With difficulty," said Mr. Tym. "It might be managed here, but when it came to the march all must come out. Moreover, I doubt whether any place or house would be suffered to remain barred against searching parties. It would be thought some trick was going on, such as plunder hidden away."

A COUNT'S VISION.

Remarkable Instance of Telegraphic Perception—Foretelling a Tragedy.

I can vouch for the truth of the following interesting case of clairvoyance: On August 12 a young man named Livio Cibrario, belonging to one of the most ancient families of Turin, while attempting to climb the peak of Rocclamelone, in the Maritime Alps, lost his way, and on the following morning a search party found his body, terribly crushed and bruised, at the bottom of a deep crevasse.

Count Cibrario, the unfortunate young man's father, who was at Turin, and knew nothing of his son's expedition to the Rocclamelone, on the night of the accident aroused the rest of the family, announcing with tears that Livio was dead. He had seen him distinctly, he said, blood flowing from his battered head, and had heard these words spoken in a voice of terrible anguish: "Father, I slipped down a precipice and broke my head, and I am dead, quite dead."

The other members of the family tried in vain to persuade the poor count that the ghastly vision was nothing but a nightmare, and the bereaved father continued in a state of anxiety bordering upon distraction till the morning, when the official confirmation of the terrible accident reached him. This case of telepathy, or whatever name may be given to similar phenomena, is considered all the more remarkable as Count Cibrario is a very quiet, matter-of-fact person, and has never suffered from disorders of the nervous system or dabbled in spiritism.—Rome Cor. London Mail.

Justice.

"What did you assault him for?" "He called me a lobster, your honor." "Called you a lobster, did he? What is your business?" "I've got an atty cleaning contract, your honor." "In this ward?" "Yes, your honor." "That's sufficient. I know how the alleys are cleaned in this ward. The lobster, my friend, is a scavenger of the sea, but he is a good scavenger. You are a scavenger on land and a mighty poor one. The lobster is the one to complain of the comparison, and the fine for striking this boy for calling you a lobster will be five dollars and costs. Next!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Pope and the King.

It is not probable that the following from the letter of an American in the early '50s is entirely authentic: "At sunset we reached Gaeta. This place abounds in historical interest, and it is here that the pope found refuge when he fled from the republic in 1849. Among the stories of the place is one to the effect that the pope and the king of Naples, who had come to visit him in exile, went on board an American man-of-war. The commander welcomed them in these terms: 'Pope, how are you? King, how d'ye do? Here Lieut. Jones, you speak French, parleyvous and take a drink. King, come on.'—Chicago Chronicle.

Why They All Bowed.

At an ancient church at Valsbol, in Russia, it has been customary for the congregation to turn to a blank wall and bow reverently before leaving the church. Why they did this nobody knew except that their forefathers had done so, and had handed down the custom. In making some repairs recently the origin of the custom was discovered, for beneath many layers of whitewash and paint a picture was found of the Virgin Mary, which must have stood out brilliantly on the wall five or six centuries ago.

'Tis False.

"Woman's crowning glory is her hair," he quoted. "Not now," returned his pessimistic friend. "What does you mean?" he demanded. "In many cases now woman's crowning glory is some other woman's hair," and answered his pessimistic friend; and before the optimist could indignantly deny the assertion he noticed some of it advertised in the paper he was reading and wisely held his peace.—Chicago Post.

A Helping Hand.

The Landlord (in surprise)—Why, Mr. Hallrume! What are you doing? Putting that butter in your tea? Mr. Hallrume—I was always taught, Mrs. Starvum, that the strong should help the weak.—Puck.

EAST INDIAN FAKIRS

One of Their Most Wonderful Tricks Exposed in Detail.

How a Hindoo Who Had Been Buried Alive Came Back to His Friends—Nothing Miraculous About the Feat.

"It was on the way from Punnah to Bewah, in southern India," said the bronze-faced man to a Cincinnati Commercial reporter. "Our party had just reached the dark bungalow about four o'clock in the afternoon, and found assembled there near a large banyan tree a number of fakirs. Their tricks were more than usually clever, and they kept us amused for a considerable time. Finally, as a parting stroke, they suggested that for a small sum of money one of their party should be buried alive. Our curiosity was not proof against such a tempting offer, and the rascals set to work.

"It did not take them long to make an excavation from 7 to 8 feet in length and 2½ feet wide at the top. When they got down about 4 feet they suddenly narrowed the grave to a width of 2 feet, leaving an even margin or ledge all around. Below this they dug some 1 foot further, making a total depth of 6 feet.

"A slim, wiry-looking man, with a cast in his left eye, was selected as the victim. The chief fakir, with the usual incantations and passes, soon had him rigid in a sort of hypnotic sleep; then, wrapping him loosely in a white cloth, he was lowered into the narrow part of the grave. Over him, resting upon the sandy ledge described, was placed a layer of thin boards to prevent the soil from coming in contact with his body. This done, the others set to work with a will to shovel in, tramping down the earth solidly every few inches.

"I must confess that by this time I felt a trifle qualmish. The scene was



BURYING THE FAKIR. (Subterranean Passage is Connected with the Grave.)

rather too realistic for my fancy. Could it be deliberate murder and I accessory to the act? A sickly feeling crept over me, but the Hindoos, noticing my uneasy looks, only shoveled dirt and stamped the harder. In about 15 minutes they had smoothed over a neat mound and afterward sodded it evenly down.

"This was surely no common conjuring trick, and, try as I might, I could not shake off the uncomfortable feeling that this Hindu had laid away for his final sleep. I succeeded, however, in repressing my emotions, and assumed an indifferent air I was far from feeling.

"In turns we watched the grave during the night, and next morning I was about to leave my quarters for the place at about nine o'clock. A light hand tapped me upon the shoulder. I turned quickly, and to my unutterable amazement, who should confront me, grinning and bowing and scraping, with his 'Salaam, sahib, bakshush,' but that long, wiry rascal with the cast in his left eye, the same whom the night before I had left securely planted beneath six feet of compact earth. It would have been bad policy to show astonishment, so I simply nodded and passed on with him to the grave. There it remained, not a sod disturbed, and one of my companions standing by, still on guard duty. It was a resurrection, sure enough.

"It cost me 50 rupees to worm the mystery out of that wily fakir," the bronze-faced man went on, "but I was bound to know if it had cost me a hundred. There was, as I said, a large banyan tree close to the grave. That tree was hollow. Between it and one end of the tomb was a subterranean passage just big enough for a thin man to creep in. The victim then had merely to break through a thin wall of soft earth, worm his way into the hollow of the tree, and wait there until the darkness afforded an opportunity to escape."

Echoes in Churches.

In a Sussex church there is said to be one of the most remarkable echoes known, while in a Hertfordshire church the tick of a watch may be heard from one end of the building to the other. It is also stated that in the Cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door to the cornice behind the altar, a distance of about 150 feet.

Said to Extinguish Fire.

Sand would be used to extinguish fire. It should be one in the new telephone company's exchange at Indianapolis. It is used because it is less injurious to the electrical apparatus than water or chemicals would be. The sand is stored in a large tank above the exchange room, and is sifted automatically to any or all parts of the building in such manner as to smother the fire very effectively.

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