

A STORM AT SUNSET.

I stand upon the ocean shore,
And hear her deep eternal roar.
And view across her heaving breast,
A gorgeous pageant in the west.

For marshaled there in radiant light,
Along the very verge of night,
Are bright battalions, massed on high,
Moving across the evening sky.

I mark the gleaming coats of mail,
The waving plumes, the faces pale,
I see the flaming falchions flash,
And hark! the loud artillery's crash.

As the guns' rapid lightning leap
From level plain, or lofty steep,
The while the trees move tremblingly,
'Neath steady rain of musketry.

I see the wild war-horses rush
Swift to the fray; th' o'erwhelming crush
Falls their impetuous way to bar;
They scent the carnage from afar.

But soon the gathering shadows hide
The battle's swaying, surging tide;
And all the grandeur of that sight,
Is swallowed in the shades of night.

Ah! silent now the battle ground,
The pale tents cluster all around,
Ere from the lonely shore I turn,
Afar, the glowing campfires burn.

—Ingraham, in Minneapolis House-keeper.

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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 ship-master, 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 Simons 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, Ardick learns of a plot among the crew, headed by Pradey, the new mate, to take the Industry and Morgan's fleet. Ardick consults Mr. Tym. They resolve to secure the mate, but Pradey, eavesdropping in the cabin, makes through the door and arouses the crew.

Capt. Sellinger joins Ardick and Tym. The break through the now barricaded door, by the aid of Sellinger, 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 in 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 get 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 Ivraach, "frae Clagvarloch," so a friend. Four days later the Spaniard is overhauled by a buccaner flying the English flag. The three Englishmen and Mac Ivraach 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 dangling from the yard arm, whom they immediately recognize as Pradey. 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 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 120 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 find Tym had rescued him from Pradey's murderous hand by killing the villain. The Spanish flag has been hauled down from the castle, and the men allowed to plunder the city at will. Mac Ivraach spies a figure coming toward them, and exclaims: "The ghost of the captain." It is indeed Sellinger. He recounts his late adventures, then he leads them to the rescue of Don Enrique de Cavodilla, who had been kind to him on the Florida, the Spanish vessel on which he had been a prisoner. Flight is the only course open to the don, his wife and daughter (Dona Carmen). They just manage to leave the building when Capt. Toward comes to claim the dona as his prize, under the buccaners' rule. Mr. Tym parries to gain time for the flight of his party, then he claims the don, and comes upon his dead body. They find also his wife has been slain and the young dona taken prisoner to the castle. They immediately conceive a bold plan for her rescue, and Mr. Tym goes to spy out her whereabouts.

she was, and this, I may say, I did easily. After some further talk, I took leave of him, and while he passed into one of the under rooms I descended to the dungeons. I did this that I might seem consistent, having declared that I had some small curiosity about these places. From the dungeons I came again to the hall and thence ventured to peep above-stairs, where I found a man on guard, and so turned back. The fellow did not observe me, as I had approached softly and his attention was elsewhere, and this I was glad of, as I did not wish to arouse his suspicions.

I could think of nothing more that might profitably be done, and so I returned hither. "Why, I count that excellent," I said. "Indeed, it is beyond our reasonable expectation."

"I grant you," said Mr. Tym. "But now, since we have made an end here, let us see if we can learn how it fares with the captain. In truth, I have some anxiety."

So, indeed, did Mac Ivraach and I, and I may say that this matter was now uppermost in my mind since the other was concluded. We therefore dropped the discourse and set off once more for the water.

As yet the captain was not in sight, though we scanned the water in all directions for him; wherefore we judged that he had not yet succeeded in his undertaking.

At last, just as we were beginning to feel some disquiet, a small boat popped out of the concealment of the neighbor jetty, and there, to be sure, was the captain.

He shot his craft up to the beach and leaped out, and as we made forward gave us a cheerful nod.

"I have secured an indifferent little sloop," he said. "How fared you?"

We had him into the shade, and in a few words made him acquainted with our success. Then he gave us his account. It seemed that he meant to have no commerce with the buccaners, fearing lest he might rouse suspicion, but instead watched for a native fisherman, and was at last fortunate enough to bring one to. With him, after a little bantering (each had some trouble in understanding the other), he managed to conclude a bargain. The craft was a clumsy affair, it seemed; in length it might be 7 and 20 feet, by above eight in the beam, and was undecked, though it had a rude sort of cuddy. The single sail was old and patched, but looked to be fit for moderate service, and was set to a boom and a short gaff.

She had no vessels or any kind of tools or implements aboard, being furnished solely with a pair of rude oars. Nevertheless she appeared staunch, and would, he thought, be likely to do the work required of her.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Tym, when the matter had reached this stage. "We seem to want nothing now but to complete the details of our plan. Let us go at once about it."

We were at a good deal of pains here, debating many things, but, after all, the matter sifted down to this: Toward the middle of the night, before the moon should rise—which it did now very late—we were to slip up to the passage leading to the seniorita's room, beguile and overpower the guard, gag and bind him, and force the seniorita's door. A few words from me would explain what was afoot, and, having thrust the guard into the chamber and secured him there, we would quietly descend to the hall and boldly pass out. Of course, our main reliance must be upon the general carelessness and disorder, and upon the fact that nothing of the business was suspected. As for the minor details, it seemed best that Mr. Tym should lead off, and at the point where he wished us to fall upon the soldier should make a certain prearranged sign.

By this time it was close upon sundown, and late enough for us to be thinking of returning to the castle. In fact, we had still some preparations to make, such as bringing down the stores—not forgetting a breaker of water—and an extra supply of clothing and weapons. Included in the clothing must be some for the poor lady, though I was sorry that none of it could be of a sort suitable to her sex.

We likewise thought of an iron bar, or pry, with which to force the chamber door. All these matters, I will say in brief, we attended to, in no way encountering any mishap or seeming to arouse any suspicions. Finally, we hid the little skiff, and returned for the last time to the castle. It was now quite dark, the twilight in those parts being exceeding brief, and wanting no great while of the hour we had set for our undertaking. This, it will be remembered, was the early part of the night, before the confusion and disorder were like to have abated, and ere yet it was moonrise. At last it wanted only a few minutes of nine, and as we deemed that nothing was to be gained by waiting longer, we saw to our weapons and made along to the arched gate.

The door at the end of the passage stood open, and we caught a small glimmer of light and heard voices. Pushing on, though I confess with some uneasiness on my part (for I thought of Morgan), we presently found ourselves in the great hall. Here were perhaps a score of our fellows, the most sprawled about or sitting on the long table, and only four or five talking. A few had horns or flacons by them, and others were smoking, but I perceived that nearly the half seemed to be heavily asleep. Perhaps three or four candles were burning, put in a cloud, indeed, by the tobacco smoke, and bringing out little of the immediate surroundings with distinctness. Of the persons who were talking, one lay flat on the table and, by the bandage about his head, should be wounded, and another paced up and down, his arm in a sling.

In chief these are fellows who are drunk or disabled," I thought, "and

therefore in the better case, as far as we are concerned."

We were past them presently, none hailing us, and having gone out by the rearward door were at last in the hall of the stairs. Here it was dark, save for the little illumination of the buccaners' candles, and all deserted and quiet. We did not close the door after us, both because the light was of some use and because we thought the act would seem suspicious, though, indeed, the fellows had scarce appeared to notice us. One thing now puzzled me a little, which was that it seemed so dark at the top of the stairs. To be sure, the guard might have deposited his lantern, or candle, at the far end of the passage, but even then, I thought, some faint light would show. However, there was little time to think on this, even supposing it to be of import, for Mr. Tym had already begun to ascend the stairs. We fell into his train, the captain first, I next, and Mac Ivraach last, and all crept softly up. I now thought a faint bit of light was stealing down from the passage, but guessed that it might be nothing but starlight. I glanced as well as I could by the captain, and kept Mr. Tym's figure in a vague way in view, feeling, with some quickening of the pulse, that it must now be soon that he would reach the top and come under the observation of the guard. The flight was long, but presently I saw his figure out into black and more distinct, and knew he was in the passage and obstructing a window. It was now certain that there was no light, save of the stars, and this must be the reason why the guard had not as yet perceived him. He turned, for I caught the narrowing of his shape, and immediately the window was free again, and now he had surely advanced down the passage.

I slipped alongside the captain, and he looked at me, the wonderment on his face coming out in the faint light. We were now close to the top of the flight, but as yet could not command the passage, the continued wall cutting us off. Of a sudden I heard a soft, long step, and the window above darkening. I looked up and saw Mr. Tym.

"All's well," he said, in a sharp whisper full of relief. "The coast is clear."

This was such brave news that for an instant it fairly brought the captain and me to a standstill. Yet only while one might catch his breath. We made a straddling bound of it to the top, Mac Ivraach close behind.

"We must improve the opportunity," went on Mr. Tym, as soon as we were fairly beside him. "Yonder is the door; Master Ardick, do you hail the seniorita, and then proceed as speedily as you can with the breaking in."

The business wanted no more discussion, and quickly we were all be-

hind the door. A very faint bit of light came from the open keyhole, but all within was quiet. To make quite certain that the door was locked, I first gently tried it, but found, as I expected, the bolt shot. Stooping then to the keyhole, I spoke the seniorita's name, raising my voice as high as I dared.

There was a little stir, and presently the lady's voice, low and shaken, answered: "Who is there?"

"Friends lady, Capt. Sellinger and others that you wot of. We have come to deliver you."

I heard her give a little cry, and she seemed to have come up close to the door.

"We are about to break in," I continued. "Yet, stay—are you dressed?"

"Yes, senior. Ah, the saints have heard my prayers!"

"She understands the matter," I said back to my companions. "Hand me the pry, Mac Ivraach."

The Scotchman had fetched along this implement—a short bar of iron, with one end flattened into a spray—and now passed it over. I jammed it in midway up, near the lock, and gave a heave. The door was of wood, but heavy and strongly set, and this first effort only made it strain and crack. Growing impatient and anxious, I punched again, and this time threw my weight against the bar. The bolt instantly snapped and the door swung quivering open. The light within—a single candle—hardly brought out the place with distinctness, yet one glance resolved nearly all. Just within the entrance stood the seniorita, pale, and with her yellow hair falling down her shoulders. At her back were the details of the room, mainly a little cumbersome furniture and the scant drapery of the barred windows.

As soon as the poor creature got the light fairly upon us, and especially as soon as she made out the captain, she ran forward and fell on her knees at his feet.

"Oh, senior, may Christ reward you! I had all but given up hope!"

"Why, it is all right, seniorita," said the captain, awkwardly. He forgot that the lady did not understand

his English. He gave her his hand and she rose, looking sweetly and gratefully at the rest of us.

But this was no time for sentiment. We immediately withdrew a little and took counsel together. "There seems to be no new phase to the matter," said Mr. Tym. "The seniorita's disguise will still serve."

"Say the captain and I go first," said Mr. Tym. "The lady and you, Ardick, would do well to come next, and Mac Ivraach can bring up the rear. We must all take care to stroll along carelessly."

We fell into the understood order accordingly, and in silence passed out into the passage. Mac Ivraach lingered a little, and took the precaution to close the door, and we were thus, for the time, in comparative darkness, the stars fetching the place out only in a faint glimmer.

I touched my elbow to the seniorita's to encourage her, and in this fashion we slipped softly along, and without hearing an alarming sound reached the head of the stairs. Here Mr. Tym halted, but after a glance began to descend, and we, catching the noises now plainer from below, but still nothing menacing, quietly followed. As before, we found this rearward hall safe and deserted. Mr. Tym gave a glance back at us, as though to see that all were ready, and with a bold step passed on and turned in at the door. Capt. Sellinger fell a careless pace or two behind and followed. I did not hesitate, but as I felt the lady tremble whispered to her to take heart, for there was but small danger, and so saying pressed her arm hard with mine, and with that we passed in.

All was as we had left it. The buccaners were still sitting or lying about, save he who nursed his arm and walked up and down, and the haze of the tobacco smoke continued. We marched down the hall, I, as must confess, in some perturbation, and made toward the vaulted passage. It seemed an interminable distance, but, to my tremendous relief, no attempt was made to stop us, and at last we passed safely inside. The first part of the strain was now over, and with a congratulatory look or two, but no words, for those were too risky, we continued on and entered the court. Here we found the former disorder and confusion, some of the buccaners straggling about laughing or roaring drunken songs, some ordering their arms, and others in groups talking.

Morgan was not in sight, but Towland's rival, the savage and hard-fighting Capt. Blyte, was sprawled near by on a bench. His back was luckily toward us. There was but a single other captain in sight, one Steaves, who was lounging in the main gate. This last person, as I thought, was the officer of the guard, for I noted that three of his company were close by, and that one carried a lantern. Two more buccaners, though I could not say who, seemed to be stationed at the other gate—that is, the postern—for I could catch the gleam of their armor as they paced to and fro.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Drift of a Derelict.
If a derelict is full of lumber, she is like a rock. If water-logged, these silent freebooters cannot be sunk unless broken in such a manner that the cargo is released. Fire has been found effective in destroying derelicts. It was successful in all but four cases in forty-five. One of the failures was with the Fannie E. Wolston, an American schooner, one of the most remarkable derelicts of which we have record. She was abandoned October 15, 1891, between the capes of Virginia and Hatteras. She drifted about half-way across the ocean (the hydrographic office received numerous reports of her), her course veering to the south, until she was about opposite Madeira. There she zigzagged until February, 1893. Then she drifted south until May of that year. From May until May of 1894 she was drifting towards the Bahamas. February 1 she was about north of Nassau. On the pilot chart for June, 1894, she is located on the eastern border of the gulf stream and southeast of Cape Hatteras. In June, 1894, she had been a derelict 950 days, and had drifted over 7,000 miles, the longest track of the kind on record, to find herself within a few miles, comparatively speaking, of the point at which she was abandoned.—Gustave Kobbe, in St. Nicholas.

Unfamilar Object.
Bill—Did you read about that fellow writing a poem on a \$50 bill?
Jill—No; the editor kept it, of course.
Bill—No; he returned it.
Jill—What! An editor return a \$50 bill?
Bill—Yes; he didn't know what it was.—Yonkers Statesman.

Had Its Effect.
Laura—How do you get along with your husband?
Cor—Just lovely; we've had only one quarrel since our marriage.
Laura—I suppose you gave him a good scare by threatening to leave him then?
Cor—No; I threatened to send for mother.—Up to Date.

A PRESIDENT'S WIDOW.

Mrs. Anson Jones, whose husband once was Chief Executive of the Texas Republic.

One of the remarkable women of Texas is Mrs. Anson Jones, widow of the president of the republic of Texas from 1844 to 1845, when the republic ceased to exist. Mrs. Jones was born in Arkansas July 24, 1819, and her eightieth birthday was celebrated the other day—quietly, and without public demonstration, by the Daughters of the Republic of Texas—at her home in Houston. In 1833 Mrs. Sarah Smith emigrated to Texas, bringing with her her only child, the subject of this sketch; the journey was one of much peril in those days, and was only accomplished

after many hardships. Mrs. Smith settled in Houston, and soon thereafter married John Woodruff, who was one of the pioneer hotel men of this country. At the home of her stepfather Miss Smith met and married McCrooy, but their happiness was very short lived, as the young husband died within seven weeks of the ceremony which united them. This marriage license was the first ever issued in what is now Harris county, of which the capital is Houston.

In 1840 she was married to Dr. Anson Jones, one of the foremost men of the state. Dr. Jones had just returned from his post as minister to the United States to take his seat in the senate of Texas, when he met her, and at the time of the marriage was on the road to the presidency, to which he was elected in 1844, and he signed the instruments which added the broad domain of Texas to the Union. The president found in his wife a woman equal to her high position, and she was of much assistance to him as an adviser, as well as mistress of his home. In 1857 Anson Jones was defeated for a seat in the United States senate, and this undoubtedly hastened the beginning of her second widowhood, President Jones dying early in the following year, the result of a self-inflicted wound. Mrs. Jones lost one son and much of her property during the civil war. The eldest, S. E. Jones, returned unscathed, and is still with his mother, the staff of her declining years. A daughter, Mrs. R. G. Ashe, is also a resident of Houston.

In spite of her 80 years, Mrs. Jones is still active, and in good health, and may often be seen in Houston, especially on the afternoons set apart for the meeting of her church association, in which she takes great interest.

NOT VERY GRACEFUL.
The Camera Reveals That a Man's Attitude When Throwing is Not Particularly Attractive.

This is not a snap-shot of a contortionist, nor of a man making vain attempts to fly. It represents J. S. Ewen, of Aberdeen, a well-known Highland athletic champion, just after delivering a light ball from a 7½ foot spring in a throwing competition. The ball has left the hand about 6 feet or 7 feet, and the thrower is in the act of balancing himself in order to prevent a follow-over the mark. The camera caught him just as he was swinging round to the left on the one leg, and it is in this long and rapid stroke that the secret of this athlete's prowess is said to lie. The action is partly natural and partly acquired, through long practice with Gideon Perrie, the American champion. The photo was taken and sent in by Mr. Harry S. Lumsden, 18, Bon-Accord Crescent, Aberdeen, to the Strand Magazine.

Markets for Reindeer Meat.
Reindeer meat as an ordinary and inexpensive feature of the menu in Europe is about to become an accomplished fact. Some enterprising Norwegians have undertaken, under very favorable circumstances, to raise the animals in large numbers for slaughtering purposes. They expect to find profitable markets in France and Belgium, and will even endeavor to induce the beef-eating Britons to purchase it.

Matrimonial Hunting Grounds.
According to a New York physician, women who enter hospitals there to learn the profession of nurses look upon the hospital as a matrimonial hunting ground, where young physicians are the quarry; that flirting with doctors comes first, and taking care of the patients second.



MRS. ANSON JONES. (Widow of the President of the Republic of Texas.)

\$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 AUCH, President.

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