

BROKEN CHORDS.

All day long—from morn until night— I am waiting, And watching, For some vanished light, All night long—from dusk until dawn— I am thinking, And dreaming, Of something that's gone.

When violets come with spring's first kiss, I am looking, And seeking, For something I miss, When roses bloom sweetly over the lawn, I am pining, And weeping, For something that's gone.

Bittersweet berries In clusters drop down; The maple has donned a ruby crown; The swallows we watched Are scattered and gone, In wearisome dreariness time passes on;

Will the chords be untied In melody fair, By a master hand, some time? Somewhere?—Corra G. Lyle, in Minneapolis House-keeper.

ARDICK THE BUCCANIER

Master Ardick, just reached his majority and thrown upon his own resources, after stating his case to one Houtwick, 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. Houtwick and one of the crew are killed, but the Industry is found to be little damaged.

Sellingier, 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 the cabin, makes through the door and arouses the crew.

The crew break through the row 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 their vessel sinks.

The next morning the Spaniard and 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 crew, being told they will be sold as slaves on reaching Panama. The ship's cook finds to be Mac Ivraich, "frae Clagvarloch," so a friend. Four days later the Spaniard is overhauled by a buccaner flying the English flag. The three Englishmen and Mac Ivraich plan to escape to the buccaner on a rude raft. Sellingier, 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. Sellingier. 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 charge, Cuba, which has the right of Morgan's taken under the English flag. From her the Black Eagle with Morgan's fleet proceeds to Panama.

Pradey's fleet consists of about 1,200 men having landed, they march on to the city. The assault on the city is begun. Many of the buccaniers fall, and Ardick is killed. Through the carnage 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. The Spanish flag has been hauled down from the castle and the men allowed to plunder the city at will. Mac Ivraich spies a figure coming toward them, and exclaims: "The gall of the captain." It is indeed Sellingier. He recounts his late adventures, then leads them to the rescue of Don Enrique de Cavodilla, who had been kind to him on the Pilanci, 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. Fordward comes to claim the don as his prize, under the buccaniers' rule. Mr. Tym parleys to gain time for the flight of his party, then allows the men to enter. Seeking shortly to join the don, they come upon his dead body. They find his wife and daughter slain and the young don taken prisoner to the castle, and immediately conceive a bold plan for her rescue, they soon discover her exact whereabouts, and move boldly through the crowd of carousing men to make their escape.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Tym was not for halting, and led us boldly to the main gate. The postern, as I might say here, was the more obscure and the guard smaller, but it was the farther removed, and again we must pass the wings of the castle, where men were frequently dodging in and out. Finally, this gate gave upon the edge of the plateau, below which was the bold, exposed beach. The main gate, on the other hand, led us at once upon a considerable street, and this was crossed by other streets and was darkened in many places by trees. Mr. Tym thus proved his wisdom by preferring the chief gate, and, in brief, all went well, for we passed safely out. I was now for thinking the danger as good as over, and drew a great breath of relief, and spoke a word of cheer to the seniorita. Mr. Tym, however, looked pretty sharply back, and without stopping set us a quicker pace and drew on to the turn of the first alley. I glanced down the street, seeing no cause for apprehension, and thence started a look out upon the dusky, yet starlit bay, and still conceived that our troubles were nigh over. This alley would take us by a quiet way to the water, whence it ought to be an easy matter to reach the jetty and so the boat.

For the reason that this quarter contained so little wealth, we were in the smaller danger of meeting straggling parties of our men, and, indeed, Mr. Tym here ventured to relax the pace a little, the which I was heartily

glad of for the seniorita's sake. We might now have taken to the beach, had we so minded, as we had come out to the water, but on the whole we thought it best otherwise, and so fetched yet again to the right, this continuing till the land once more widened, when I noted with joy that we were close upon the jetty.

It seemed lighter here. The space about us was more open, and the clear stretch of water lay just before. The jetty appeared to be deserted (indeed, it was an old one, little used), and as far as could be seen not a person was in the neighborhood. The stars made some show in fetching out the expanse of the bay, which gave a wider boundary seaward than one would have guessed, and on the left there was a quickening to more and brighter lights, where the ships and small craft lay. I could now give some attention to the wind, which I found was off the land, though as yet, it seemed, not confirmed, and in strength hardly more than a small stir. There was a moderate swell on, as I could tell by the slow rising and sinking of the ships, and the air was warm, with a kind of tropic smell and heaviness.

By this time we were all upon the jetty, Mr. Tym and the captain waiting a bit till my companion and I could come up.

"Tell the seniorita she can take a long breath now," said Sellingier cheerily. "I will but fetch the sloop, and it's good-by to this hell-hole!"

The captain now left us, and I suggested that my companion would do well to rest, which I found her a passable place to do by spreading her cloak upon the planks.

While I looked anxiously in the direction whence the captain was to be expected, a gray, square outline broke out of the obscurity, and immediately growing proved to be the welcome patched sail.

I uttered some exclamation of satisfaction, and Dona Carmen was quickly on her feet, crying: "Oh, the blessed boat!" and we hastened over.

All was now quickly managed. The tide had considerably declined, leaving the sloop low and awkward to get at, and the swell churned her up and down, but we passed the seniorita safely aboard, and Mac Ivraich, who came last, tumbled in and shoved off. As the bow swung round the captain gave a pull at the sheet, and immediately the boom jerked out and the sail filled. We took a long dip and slide, and on looking back I had the satisfaction of perceiving a great gap open between us and the jetty. So much of the business, at least, was assured.

The captain now hailed in his sheet, saying that we would not pass too near the ships (it is doubtful if any ships were really taken at the time the city fell. The purposes of the story, however, require the introduction of a few), and we began to run to the west. We did, indeed, give the ships, as well as all the lesser craft, a wide berth, upon which Sellingier seemed satisfied, and, coming about, the sloop's nose pointed at last seaward.

By this time we had made a considerable distance into the bay, and the outlines of the shore had gradually sunk to an even duskiness and indistinctness.

All seemed to be going to our minds, and, having concluded these observations, I turned to have a word with the seniorita. She sat in her former place, anxiously regarding the shore, but turned, brightening a bit, upon my speaking.

"All favors us," I said in a cheerful tone. "But a brief while longer and our safety is assured."

"Gracias, senior, you put me in heart," she answered, with a little smile. She took off her great hat with a kind of feminine prettiness, as she spoke, and laid it beside her. I could make out her features better now, and their wonderful perfection struck me with the former sort of wonder.

She moved a bit toward me—as I might say in a confiding fashion—and went on: "But, after all, senior, I should scarce dwell so much on my own good fortune. Think of my poor friends! Holy Mother, was not theirs a dreadful fate! They were slain—slain before my very eyes. But you knew it, senior?"

"Yes, lady," I said with a sigh, "I knew it."

The boat slipped along, and still we perceived nothing alarming—that is, no sign of pursuit. The lights behind us fell to little twinklings and finally to a mere streak of pale radiance, and the ocean with its vastness—long-leaving and glassy under the stars—opened up. The breeze was still light, but constant, and set us sliding steadily on.

"I think," said Mr. Tym, after a little, "that we may now venture to set the watches. We know not what strain may be put upon us, and we should rest while there is opportunity."

"True," said Sellingier. "Therefore do you three lie down, and I will take the first watch. I will call one of you at four bells."

This being settled, we three bestowed some cloaks for beds and lay down. I lay a considerable time in my place, my eyes shut but my senses fully awake. I heard all the small noises—the run of the water past, the smothered churning of the leakage in the well, the clucking of the boom block as the captain trimmed his sheet, the grating slide of one of Mac Ivraich's shoes, and while my thoughts seemed about to become more active, as my brain was withdrawn from outward matters, in reality I fell asleep.

say to myself: "This is a dream"—and after that I awoke.

The boat was traveling on after the former sort. It was a bit darker around, for the stars appeared to have dimmed, wherefore I guessed that the moon was at hand, and the breeze seemed a thought stronger. Come to cast a glance aft, I perceived Mac Ivraich, the captain having turned over the helm to him, and this showed me that it was past two of the clock. I sat up, for just now I had no more desire to sleep, and when I had looked toward the eddy and seen and heard nothing of the seniorita I got to my feet and softly joined Mac Ivraich.

It was nigh seven of the clock before the seniorita appeared. She had slept some, it seemed, though brokenly, and was many times awake. She looked a little worn, which was not surprising, seeing what she had been through, but was in moderately good spirits, and this was even better than I had feared, having in mind her state the night before. We made room for her aft, and Mac Ivraich threw off his coat and bestirred himself to prepare breakfast. This consisted of a slab of cold boiled beef, some rye bread, a roasted capon, and a little bag of grapes. For drink we had wine and a pannikin of hot spiced ale (very good and grateful to our stomachs), which Mac Ivraich cleverly prepared by unscrewing the top of a lantern, and so making a kind of furnace, over which he heated it.

The morning continued to advance, and there was no mentionable change in the situation. After a time Dona Carmen retired to her cabin (I suspected that the poor soul had now come to the full thought of her state and of her loss, for her countenance had greatly fallen), and the rest of us dropped into a listless sort of dis-course. The sun got higher, beating down fiercely and making an almost intolerable glare upon the water, and in this wise it drew on to noon. At a little past eight bells we had dinner, and to this the seniorita came, driven out also, I think, by the heat, and looking dejected as well as weary. She ate scarce anything, and when I would have given her a word of cheer she made a motion to stay me, and her eyes filled with tears.

I perceived that I had best let her alone, trusting to time to mend her state, and so nodded kindly and turned away.

At last the long afternoon declined. The plain reds of the quick tropic sunset showed in the west, and the breeze dropped to a light stir. We made the

ordinary preparations for the night, and at eight of the clock Mr. Tym sat down to the tiller. Upon a little thought we had decided to have no more than two watches, the first continuing to four bells and the other, or morning watch, to eight bells. By this plan the two who stood the watches would have each six hours below and the others the full night. On this occasion it was arranged that the captain was to succeed Mr. Tym.

Toward noon the next day the wind showed signs of falling, but as yet we managed to creep along. As the sun got higher I contrived a little tilt for the seniorita, making it of cloaks, and this she thankfully slipped under, giving me a sweet "Gracias," which more than repaid me for my pains.

We had dinner, and about two of the clock I relieved Mac Ivraich at the helm. I did not think to fetch any scrutiny about, as I sat down, but the Scotchman, as he was stepping away, flung a glance to windward. At once I saw him stop and take a steadfast look.

"As aught in sight?" I asked, curiously and a bit apprehensively.

"Aye," he said, with a little hesitation, "I was thinking, a sail."

I sprang up at that, getting the full range of his observation. Truly enough, low down in the north was a dim white speck.

I fetched a long, careful look, and was immediately of his mind. The shape, though small, was clear cut and steadfast, and could be nothing else than the canvas of a ship.

Mr. Tym and the captain were forward in the shade of the sail, but now, either perceiving or hearing us, rose and took a look for themselves, and immediately came aft.

"You think it suspicious to raise a sail in that quarter?" I said to the captain. I spoke guardedly, fearing to alarm the seniorita.

"Aye," he answered in the same key; "it is all odds that she comes from Panama."

"Is it as far wrong as that?" I exclaimed, starting. "I was suspicious of her direction, but no more. But, pray, are you quite persuaded of this? For instance, may she not hail from some port farther north?"

"I cannot figure it so," said Sellingier, shaking his head. "We have but just cleared the bay, and this sail fetches fair out of it. There is no port in that quarter save Panama."

"And she is clearly too large for one of the little native fishermen," put in Mr. Tym.

He seemed to speak with his usual coolness, but with a face grave for him.

"It will no be long before we shall be sure of her," said Mac Ivraich, who was looking hard at the speck. "We are raising her fast."

This was indeed evident, as I saw by another glance. "Well, we can watch her for a bit then," said Sellingier, but with no abatement of his soberness. "At least we can be sure whether she is full on our course."

We let fall the talk accordingly, and all stood up, with our eyes on the coming sail.

"She is at least bound straight for us," said Sellingier at last. "Doubtless her fellows have a glass with which they have made us out. My suspicions are more and more confirmed."

"I think you are right," I said, reluctantly, "and since— But what is this?" I broke off abruptly. "By heavens!"

I cried out in this fashion because the mainsheet which I had all the time held with a turn round my hand, of a sudden grew slack, and on looking back I found the sail waving and falling into folds. In our close watch of the ship we had neglected the wind, which had first slowly declined and now was evidently on the point of falling altogether.

My companion instantly caught my meaning. "Aye, that changes matters," said Sellingier, with a kindling eye. "See, the ship begins to lag already."

"There is hope," said Mr. Tym, calmly. "She will have to send a boat, and that, if we cannot run away from, we can fight."

"I think we should do both," said Sellingier, with one more look. "The ship we want to leave as far behind as we can, and the other will come when we are overtaken. Let us lower the sail and get out the sweeps."

He helped carry out his own suggestion, and the gaff was quickly down on the boom and he and Mac Ivraich seated at the oars.

"Starboard! We will lay for the coast," he called to me.

"Starboard it is, sir!" I cried, heartily, and almost cheerfully.

"Look again at the ship," said Mr. Tym, who was now standing just by me watching her. "My eyes are not quite what they were once, and the light is a bit unfavorable. Does she not begin to luff? Aye, her head rides round."

"She is about to send a boat," I exclaimed a moment after. "I can catch the tremble of it against the side."

"Ye be right," said Mac Ivraich, whose eyes, like mine, were good. "A boat, and men in it; aye, and the flash of arms and armor."

"Then," said Mr. Tym, composedly, "we may as well consider all doubts settled. Yon ship is what we supposed."

Despite my resolution and late renewal of hope, I could not help a little sinking of the spirits at these words. The boat must, of course, catch us, and how could we hope to contend with her fierce and numerous crew?

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Birthdays. Few of us are happy to have our birthdays come quite as often as they do. For, whether we acknowledge the fact or not, we none of us want to grow old. It is good to be young, and while we are not ashamed of our age, we feel that each year brings us nearer that point when we shall be no longer young. And we do not want to be laid aside, to be put out of the bright, happy, active life. So we do not welcome our birthdays. But, since they must come, we like other people to remember them pleasantly, and the whole day is gladdened by a congratulatory letter or by a little present which shows that some one is glad we were born, and hopes that we will live many, many years yet. And because these little remembrances do give happiness we should try to pay special heed to the birthdays of others. It takes only a few minutes to write the loving lines that our friend will receive at his breakfast table on his birthday morning. But these few lines may turn the current of his thoughts into a happy direction and make him forget that he is growing old in the recollection that he is loved.—Harper's Bazar.

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Considerable Increases are Noted in Boots and Shoes, Cotton and Woolen Goods, as Well as in Iron and Steel Products.

New York, Aug. 26.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: Nothing is more eloquent than the facts. Actual payments through the principal clearing houses for the week were 23.1 per cent. larger than last year and 56.2 larger than in the same week in 1892. For the month thus far the daily average of payments has been 26.3 per cent. larger than last year and 56 per cent. larger than in 1892. Tonnage from Chicago in three weeks has been 80.7 per cent. larger than last year and 74.6 per cent. larger than in 1892.

It is a consumer's business also. Perhaps never before have demands for actual use controlled business and prices with so little speculation to anticipate higher markets. In fact the rise in most articles has gone farther than speculative opinions have warranted. Practically all industries are some months behind the requirements for actual use and in many much of the output next year is already sold.

Iron works which supply Pittsburg are sold up far into 1900, though prices much beyond what they received are paid by those who must have iron this year. The enormous demand for more railroads, rails, cars, vessels, warehouses and buildings to handle the extraordinary business in progress, cannot be met as quickly as men would like and work of all sorts is delayed.

The boot and shoe business is likewise crowded, not so far ahead of production but farther than many producers like, by the clamorous demand of jobbers who cannot keep up with retail distribution. Prices have risen generally 2 1/2 per cent. per pair. Shipments in three weeks have been 13 per cent. greater than in any previous year and 25 per cent. greater than in 1892. Leather rises further, especially for upper, with demand beyond precedent and large producers sold four months ahead.

Cotton goods have also further advanced in lines not affected by proposed consolidation, and the demand for woolen goods has gone beyond all expectations. The sales of wool are enormous with prices generally unchanged, though concessions are now made to secure sales in some lines.

Failures for the week have been 163 in the United States, against 179 last year, and 16 in Canada, against 25 last year.

Shamrock's Hull Is Sound. New York, Aug. 26.—"There is absolutely no truth in the statement made in some of the morning newspapers that the hull of the Shamrock is twisted or that she has sprung a leak." So said David Barrie, Sir Thomas Lipton's representative, yesterday. "I will say now," he continued, "that the hull of the yacht is without a blemish. If there had been any strain we should certainly have found it out before now, and I should not hesitate to say so. The water pumped out of the Shamrock was some that we put into to wash her out with, and also some that came out of the fresh water tanks."

An Unfortunate Crowd. Wrangle, Alaska, via Seattle, Aug. 26.—The steamer Strathcona has arrived here with 32 survivors of the Edmonton route. Many are suffering from scurvy and frozen limbs, several are on crutches and all are broken down physically and financially. William Harris and A. Lathrop, of Pelican Rapids, Minn., and A. R. Leary, of Edgerton, Wis., three of a party of nine that left Edmonton in April of last year, suffered almost indescribable horrors, narrowly escaping starvation several times. They owe their lives to the relief parties sent out by the Hudson Bay Company at the orders of the Canadian government.

Political Prisoners Liberated. Washington, Aug. 26.—Word has been received from the United States minister at Madrid, Bellamy Storer, that four Cuban exiles were released from the Spanish penal settlement at Burgos on the 8th and have sailed for Cuba. These men were political prisoners accused during the regime of Gen. Weyler of disloyalty to Spain, and sentenced to penal servitude for life or for a long term of years. About 20 other Cuban prisoners who have been at the island of Ceuta or at Burgos have been liberated and are now at Gibraltar, without funds to get back to Cuba.

Are Fed on Bread and Water. Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 26.—The crusade against idle negroes which began shortly after the assaults committed upon white women in this city this week is being pushed vigorously. Of the 50 negroes jailed as suspects, a large number have been sentenced to jail for 60 days on bread and water, on the charge of vagrancy. A large number of negroes have left the city.

Lightning Kills Three People. Owensboro, Ky., Aug. 26.—Three persons were killed by lightning during a thunder storm in this locality yesterday.

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\$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 Houser's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY AUCH, President.

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