Down in the wild green wood My love in thoughtful mood Went wandering. Come, watch ye how the wood, Weary of solitude,

Gives welcoming.

Shade for her bright, young head,
Sun-woven, is straightway spread;
Bloom for her skirts to brush
Bloom for her skirts to brush
Of red moss for her feet,
And many a scented seat
With violets overgrown;
And myriad music, blown
From many a hidden nook,
Music of bird and brook,
Of wind and whispering flower;
While many a ferny bower,
The sweet of the woodland, waits
To open its dewy gates
For her bilthe entering.

Into my quiet heart
With bright, unconscious art,
My love came wandering.
Come, watch yet how my heart, Gave welcoming.

Love for her fair young head Its shelter straightway spread Its shelter straightway spread,
And Joy marked, cool and sweet,
A pathway for her feet.
Raddant—still—she came,
All unconfessed in name,
Where no strange foot had crossed,
Into the innermost
Sweet citadel of mine,
A visitant divine.
Then I, her worshiper,
In honor throned her,
And Time and Care come not
Unto the quiet spot
Where we are tarrying. Where we are tarrying.

-Mildred McNeal, in N. O. Times-Demo



SYNOPSIS.

Master Ardick, just reached his majority and thrown upon his own resources, after stating his case to one Houthwick, a shipmaster, its shipped as second mate on the Industry, bound for Havana. Mr. Tym, the supercargo, descries a sail. The strange vessel gives chase, but is disabled by the Industry's guns. In the fray one of the crew is killed and Houthwick is seen to fail. The capitain is found to be dead, but the Industry is little damaged. Sellinger, first mate takes charge and puts into Sidmouth to secure a new mate. Several days muter, when well out, to sea, an English merchantman is met, whose capitain has a setter addressed to Jeremiah Hope, at Havana. The crew of the vessel tell strange tales of the buccaneer Morgan, who is sailing under the king's commission to take Panama. One night a little later, the English vessel having proceeded on her course, a bit of paper is slipped into Ardick's hand by one of the sailors. This is found to be a warning of a mutiny plotheaded by Pradey, the new mate. Ardick ensuits 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 crew break through the now barricaded door, but are forced to retire, having lost seven of their number. Finding themselves now too short-handed is manage the boat, Pradey deededs to scuttle and desert the vessel, taking his men off in the only available boat. The capitain, supercargo and second mate soon discover their plight, but hastily constructing a raft get away just before their vessel sinks. The next morning a Spanlard 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 leave the Spaniard, is disabled. Just after them of the put of the proceeds to Panama. The command consists of about 1,200 men. Having have been dead of t from the murderous hand of Pradey by killsing the villain. The Spanisk ling has been
hatied down from the castle and the men
mliowed to plunder the city at will. Mac
Trach spies a figure coming toward them,
and exclaims: "The gaist of the captain."
It is indeed Sellinger. He recounts his late
adventures, then he leads them to the
rescue of Don Enrique de Cavockila, who
had been kind to him on the Pilanca, 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. Towland comes to
claim the dona as his prize, under the buccaneers' rule. Mr. Tym parleys to gain
time for the flight of his partey, then allows the men to enter. Seeking shortly
to join the don, they come upon his dead
body. They also find his wife has been
stain and the young dona taken prisoner to
the castle, and mercesonal They soon distower her exact whereabouts, and amid
the carousals of the men, manage to again
free her and escape in a small hoat. The
third day out a wall is spied which they
wasse rapidly, their craft having little

CHAPTER XIX.-CONTINUED.

"We will hold on steadily and yet without tiring ourselves," said the captain. "The farther we can draw those fellows from the ship the ter, especially since the wind may by

and by spring up."
This was clearly wise, and we went on to carry out his plan, the boat astern of course continuing to gain. "We had best stop rowing." said Sel-

Enger finally, "In fact, I am a bit Unship oars, Mac Ivrach, and prepare to put your breath to another

purpose."

"It is time we armed," said Mr. Tym, r. "Ardick, you will have to ex-the matter to the senorita, which is a harsh duty, but may not be avoided. She must be cautioned as to lying law when the bullets begin to fly."

"It is almost worse than the fighting to tell her," I said, with a sigh, "but,

as you say, it must be done.' I stepped along to the cuddy accordingly, and in a tone which I made as commonplace as I could spoke her

She instantly answered and parted

I pitied her so that I could not easily command my words, but after a mo-ment managed to explain what had happened. She bore the news better than I had feared, though the color

than I had reared, though the color very quickly left her cheeks.

"I will obey you, senor," she said, as I finished. "I know that you and your companions are brave and will beat off those cruel men, if it be possible. You would have your weapons, and I will fetch them."

With this-to my surprise, for I had not thought her such a heroinebrought the swords and pistols and handed them to me.

I praised her spirit, and she faintly smiled, lifting her dark eyes for a moment to mine. I helped her from the berth, and as my companions were waiting, and this was no time for sentiment, turned back to them with

he weapons.
We fel! to loading the pistols, and Dona Carmen, after a long look at the approaching boat, sat down quietly on one of the neighboring thwarts.

It was idle to deny the desperateness of our situation. A well-armed boat's crew to contend against, and we numbering only four, and of those but three well skilled in arms! To be sure, Mr. Tym was an astonishing fighter, and I understood the use of the sword better, perhaps, than any but two or three of Morgan's entire force, but yet this was only a circumscribed matter, and one quickly al-tered by a well-aimed pistol shot. Yet two advantages we did have, though ooth were small compared with the earful odds. This was, first, the beter target that the enemy must pre ent as he drew nigh, and, secondly the freer play we should have for our swords when it came to the final melee

The buccaneers' boat drew on apace and at last began to cut a clear shape as she rose on the swells and we got the measured flashes of her oars. It was now time that Dona Carmen should retire (for there was no telling how soon the opening bullet might fly) and I crossed over to her and told her so, she consenting, though with a long breath and a sad little clasping of her hands that seemed to be most pathetic. I said what I could to hearten her (God knows it was little, and that, with the best resolution I could muster, but hollowly spoken), and returned to my former place, my pirits lower, I think, than at time since the buccaneer had hove in sight. There were still a few last things to be done, such as to make a bunt of the sail, and run the boom up out of the way, and to lay the oars along forward, and these, with no more than a word or two, we did.

By this time the coming boat was almost within pistol shot, and, bows-on though she was, we could make out something of her size and the number of her crew. She seemed to be an or dinary ship's longboat, nigh as big as the sloop, and by such a view as we got, when she fetched her downward ilt, contained not fewer than 14 or 15 men. Some of these were in armor as we saw by a broad gleam here and there, but the greater number wore no defensive gear, though now and then there might be a simple headpiece or patch of breast harness.

It continued to grow, and shortly I could resolve the figures of the men, and could perceive a quicker play of light on their arms and harnesses which I took to mean that they were making some stir of preparation. A bit nearer, and the fellows in the bow began to screw their heads about and look over their shoulders, and as the stern uptilted on a swell I perceived one man rise and fetch a long stare at us. They were yet too far off and the boat too unsteady to be sure of faces,

but I took this person to be Towland.
I glanced at Mr. Tym, wondering whether he was for giving some chal-lenge or hail, but it seemed not, or else he would be waiting a little longer, for e made no sign.

The man that I had taken to be Towland now sat down, but with the strokes that immediately followed the boat had drawn some fathoms nearer, and with that, as it seemed of a sudden the different faces on board came out. The man in the stern sheets was indeed Towland, and besides him I perceived Capt. Blyte, Paul Cradde and several of the different gangs.

There was now no time to lose if we would in any sort parley, for they were almost upon us. Indeed, I had already looked for some opening shot, which perhaps only a fear of harming Lady Carmen had deterred them from giving. Nevertheless Mr. Tym continued as before, each hand holding a pistol, and his air unmoved.

Of a sudden the bow of the approaching boat began to swing. As the long side gradually opened up the cars wer lifted and hung dripping, and the heavy craft forged sluggishly down our quarter. Towland bent forward then, and in his harsh voice "Sloop ahoy!"

his feet.
"'Board the boat!"

"Do you surrender?"
"What will you do with us if we

"We will carry you back, and Mor-

gan shall judge you."
"And what," pursued Mr. Tym, calmly, "will you do with the lady Towland appeared to hesitate. "She shall not need to complain," he said at last. "If you will know, Capt. Blyte and I mean jointly to care for her."

"A very pretty plan," rejoined Mr. Tym, and he almost smiled. "Nevertheless I fear it will not do. It may be

the lady is something over particular.'
Towland stood like a great iron tatue for a moment, as though hard. able to credit this audacious answer. Then he turned and made a swift sign. Instantly the fellows at the oars let fall and gave way.

"Now!" cried Mr. Tym, whirling upon us. "Up and fire!"

Promptly enough we responded. As Towland gave his sign we thrust forward our weapons, steadied them while one's pulse might give a single beat, and fired.

"Down!" shouted Mr. Tym again. We all dropped, and no sooner so than five or six pistols banged in response, and at least one ball buried itself with a spiteful chug in the boat. scrambled up, drawing

swords and remaining pistols, and as

the smoke lifted were able to see what

we had done. Both bow oarsmen were gone and in a little space amidships, piled up in a shining kind of bundle, was one of the fellows in armor. All passed, as it were, at a glimpse, for the smoke was hardly up and we ready in our places before the other fellows at the oars gave a few furious tugs, and their bow

came churning up to our quarter. We stood fast with our last pistols and as the oars rattled in and the boat's nose forged past, we fetched

swiftly to bear and let go. Some one shouted, and I thought there was a crash, as though at least one fellow had gone down, but before the smoke had fully cleared their bow ground along our side and the boat's length of them balanced themselves for the spring aboard.

From here I lose nighall but my own personal part of the business. I know that the nearest fellow came first to Tym, and received a swift understroke that whipped the whole side of his neck open, and thereupon fell back-ward, and I believe also that the next man made a fierce but ill-judged thrust at the captain, but beyond this I have no clear thought of the general doing

CHAPTER XX.

OF THE END OF OUR DESPERATE FIGHT

As for my own personal faring, the first that seemed to happen was that a red-faced man came suddenly before me, and that he clapped his foot on the gunvale of his boat and made a fierce

I met the blow with a strong guard and thereupon, very swiftly stooping, I gave a darting kind of thrust, upon which my weapon was checked some-where in him and he dropped out of sight. Then a blow-luckily not heavy —lighted on my headpiece, and the flash and smoke of a pistol shot half blinded me, and the next that comes clear is that I was struggling to free my arm from some one's grasp, and that I felt a hard knock on my breastpiece, as though a sword or dagger point had struck there.

I made a full recovery of my sense with that. It was the negro Gabriel who was gripping my sword arm, and he it was who had dealt me the blow (doubtless aimed at another spot) that I had taken so luckily on my cuirass me, and indeed the negro himself was between me and most of the others, he having forced me, it seemed, back toward the rail. There was no time for aught but desperate action. left side was swung away, and in my left hand was still my dagger. I had not forgotten a certain trick, learned alongshore, and, without in the least struggling to free my arm, I set my feet suddenly, fetching us both to a standstill, and before he could in the least guess my purpose I let fly a low but powerful kick. I cannot say whether the shinbones of a negro are of the tenderness that is said, but I do know that Gabriel gave an agonized yell and instantly released my arm. His hand was already lifted, with his knife in it, but that business went with the pain, and he let go the weapon and ran ducking backward, cradling the leg in his locked fingers. I stayed not to give him time to recover. My sword now free, I made a quick dash and let go a vengeful thrust. The point took him fair in the midst of his broad breast, and he gave a kind of bellow and thrashed instantly forward and to the deck. So quick and peculiar was his fall that I had no time to withdraw my blade, and it snapped short off close by the hilt. Considerably dismayed, for it was a poor time to be disarmed, I let fall the useless hilt and jumped backward. I had scarce alighted when something gave a hard bump and rolled to my feet, and thereupon uncurling—I can describe the motion no otherwise—I perceived it to be the maimed and bloody figure of Towland. He was no more than before me when there came a surge of tangled fighters, both Mr. Tym and the captain in the midst, and like a straw before their impact I was flung stag-gering back, whereupon, bringing up at the rail, I could not despite a desperate scramble, save myself, and went over backward into the water!

Notwithstanding the headlong man ner of my falling and my heavy cuirass, I came pretty quickly to the surface. I was too good a swimmer to be easily put about by such a mishap, and therefore swallowed no water except at first, and made the strokes that re-Whereupon Mr. Tym rose quietly to turned me to the surface with measurable composure. The sloop had already drifted three or four fathoms away, and I could therefore get the range of her deck, which I did in a kind of desperation, little doubting that I should behold the worst.

To my passing great amazement, while Sellinger and Mac Ivrach had disappeared, Mr. Tym still maintained the struggle. He had fought his way to the forward deck, and, brought to bay there, was steadily holding off the whole crowding pack!

Yet a moment of this, for of course it could not last. Paul Cradde and Blyte made a furious rush. Blyte went down under a lightning-like thrust, but Cradde seized Mr. Tym round the waist and flung him heavily to the deck. The other wretches gave a yell and began to swarm up, and with that—forget-ting even my own desperate case—I cried out and closed my eye.

I opened them again, when there was a great shout, followed by a hard banging of steel, and on staring that way saw the uprisen and bloody figure of Capt. Sellinger, his sword in his hand. and three of the buccaneers in full re-treat before him. I looked hastily to see what had become of Mr. Tym, but to my surprise he was still lying where Cradde had flung him, Cradde himself being nowhere to be seen. It was all barely before my eyes when the three buccaneers, as though recovered from their panic, and ashamed of flying before one man, fetched to a halt, and with a few heavy cuts and thrusts forced the captain to a stand. I tried I tried to rally my wits, for it was surely time I was taking my part in this business, and, with a few paddling strokes, striving to come to the strength and natural. rainess of my limbs, I let out toward the sloop. I had little fear of being the sloop. I had little fear of being shot at by the three buccaneers, even if they noticed me, for, as they were using only their swords against the captain, it was clear they had no loaded firearms, and, besides, the volleys of the entire company had all along been light, as though none but the leaders had been provided with pistols. This, indeed, I had already guessed the cause of, Towland and Blyte fearing

for the safety of Dona Carmen.
I pushed on boldly, then, only fear ing lest the captain should not hold out, and gradually drew toward the dipping stern of the sloop. She had drifted some little distance away in the time that I had been in the water, and, with my heavy armor and wet clothing, I could make but slow progress, so that it was some seconds before I was finally close. In that time the captain saw me, as did the buccaneers, and while the former gave a joy-ous shout and waved his sword, the three men swore and looked irreso-lutely at one another.

"Fling me the slack of the sheet," I called out, as I came under the stern. perceived there was no time to waste. Here was a moment of anxiety, for now the sight of the deck was entirely off, but after an instant the end of the sheet came snaking over and dropped by my side. I caught it eager-ly and gave a strong pull, which showed that it was fast, and began to draw

myself up. Now, indeed, I was hard put to it, for not only was I on the rack mentally, but the physical strain of lifting my wet and armored body from the water was almost more than my weakened muscles would stand. Once I was on the verge of slipping back, but, with a desperate and almost savage struggle. I thrashed my leg around the line and got a turn which stayed me. Again up I crawled, and at last I could reach an arm over the rail. Now I thought I heard a step along the deck, and quickly following this there was a loud splash, and with that the boat leaped and rocked. I hung fast and stared anxiously up, and thereupon, to my in-finite relief, Capt. Sellinger looked down upon me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Criminal Bric-a-Brac in Paris

Relics of great crimes in Paris are not placed in a government museum nor are they retained within the archives of the prefecture de police; they are exhibited for a few days and are then knocked down to thehighest bidder. Many Parisians, and foreigners oo, residing in Paris, have large collec tions of this bric-a-brac de crime. The government shop in the Rue de Ecoles where the grewsome objects are exposed for sale occasionally, has a curious lot or two to offer any would-be purchaser. Up to the present, how-ever, pieces of human anatomy have not figured in the catalogue, but there was recently offered for sale a gentleman's ear in an excellent state of preservation, as the auctioneer remarked, owing to its having been kept in spirits of wine. The ear belonged to one named M. Deloyer, and was bitten off by an adversary in the course of a street row. Deloyer recovered from the effects of the injury. The article was finally knocked down for five francs. A heavily muffled man in the audience was supposed to have been the original possessor of the ear. He continually managed to raise the bid at a doubtful moment, but he was not able to buy in the article, which finally went to a M. Lafage.-Chicago Inter Ocean.

Broncho Bill-Since Pistol Pete dug up that tree the boys bung his father on and planted it in his front yard he' get awful proud.

Tenderfoot—Proud? What is there

about that to make him proud?
Broncho Bill-Why, he's now the enly man in town with an authentic family tree.—N. Y. Journal.

Well Equipped.

Well Equipped.

"Papa," said the beautiful girl,
"George and I are two souls with but
a single thought."

"Oh, well, don't let that discourage

you," replied her father, kindly. "That's one more than your mother and I had when we were married."-Brooklyn Life.

Not an Idle Boast After All

Hewitt-Gruet said when he went to New York to study art that he would be heard from some day, but he hasn't been heard from.

Jewett-Oh, yes, he has; his father hears from him two or three times a every time he gets "broke."-N. Y. Journal.

Force of Habit.

Kitty (musing 1,7)—Why does a man always tell a giri she is the only one he ever loved, I wonder? Jack (absently)—Force of habit, probably.-Town Topics.

Plenty of Leisure.

"My grandparents married in haste."
"And did they repent at leisure?" "Oh, yes, both lived to be over 90."-- CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Known the World Over as the "Story Texing Preacher," and Revered by Thousands.

From a desire to preach every-day Christianity in an entertaining form Charles M. Sheldon, of the Central Congregational church at Topeka, Kan., wrote the story, "In His Steps; or, What Would Jesus Do?" each chapter being used by the author as a Sun-day-evening sermon. In 1891 Rev. Mr Sheldon wrote his first sermon story entitled "Richard Bruce." Since ther he has written 11 other serial sermons which have all been published in book form, and "In His Steps" is said to have had the largest sale of any story ever printed, having reached a sale of over 00,000 copies. This book has been



REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON (Known as the Story-Telling Preacher of Topeka, Kan.)

translated into German, Swedish Nor

wegian, French, Spanish, Armenian Russian and even dialects of western Africa. It was not copyrighted in England, and over 20 English publishing houses have issued editions of the book The success of this book and the pub licity he has received by being the au-thor are almost embarrassing to Rev. Mr. Sheldon, who is by nature a modest man who avoids notoriety. He refuses to talk for publication, or to enter the paid lecture field. He has refused flattering offers to lecture at home and abroad under the management of lec ture bureaus, but accepts offers to lea ture, without remuneration, before the Christian Endeavor and Chautauqua societies. Rev. Mr. Sheldon, says Les-lie's Weekly, is about 41 years of age. and was born in Wellsville, N. Y. At an early age his father, also a minister and former missionary among the Indians of the northwest, removed to a farm in Dakota, and his son received his early education there. Rev. Mr Sheldon was graduated from Phillips academy, Brown university, and An-dover Theological seminary. In 1886 he spent a season in England studying the poorer classes, and returned to take charge of a church in Waterbury, Vt. where he remained a year before going Topeka. Although he is a retiring man he is ever ready and willing to lend his voice in advancing his ideas He is a firm believer in municipal ownership of public utilities, and while he will take no hand in party politics he speaks during local campaigns upon this subject alone.

THE AMERICA CUP.

Trophy for Which the Columbia and the Shamrock Will Race on or About October 3.

It is just 48 years since the trophy for which Columbia and Shamrock will race came into possession of American yachtsmen. During all of that time the United States has proved its superiority in the building and sailing of yachts. The Royal Yacht club of Great Britain



THE AMERICA CUP. (Trophy for Which the Columbia and Sham-rock Will Race.)

secure in its belief that it would never pass from British hands, put the cul up as a prize to be competed for by al nations in 1851. It was a splendid piece of audacity for John C. Stevens, of New York, at a time when American yachts could almost be counted on one's fingers, to take his schooner America across the Atlantic and enter it against the crack English boats. America won. although it took it from 9:55 a.m. to 8:35 p.m. to sail about 60 miles, its lead ing apponent being 20 minutes behind it. The cup which it brought back was given to the New York Yacht club, and since then has been a challenge trophy Ten times the British have prossed the Atlantic and competed for it, and each time their representative has been beaten.

Alcohol for Motor Cars The majority of motor cars in France re now driven by petroleum, but French engineer recommmends the use of alcohol instead, and motors are being altered so as to consume that fluid.
There is no fear of explosion with alconol, and it is said to be less costly than

\$500 Reward

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