

HER SEVENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Down the vale of well spent years,
Hallowed now with smiles and tears,
Glides a life toward western sun,
Counting mile stones seventy-one.

Turning back time's well-worn scroll,
Watch we now the years unroll;
Glimpses bright of days bygone,
Glimpses, too, of burdens borne.

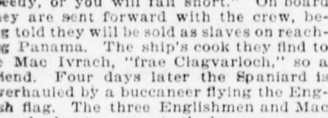
Joyous years, when youth's own charm
Brightly tinged the future's harm;
Whispering hope and love and truth,
Beckoning years of golden youth!

Wedded years, so briefly told,
Yet their gleam like thread of gold
Shines along the lonely day,
Comforting the widow's way.

Links unbroken, songs un sung;
Memory's harp is ever young;
Weary years fly back apace,
Cherished love has won the race.

Faith and Hope and Trust remain,
Time not age, blight or stain;
How'er rough the way, or steep,
God doth constant vigil keep.

—Christian Work.



BUCCANEER

Copyright, 1899, by D. Appleton & Co. All rights reserved.

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, deserts 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 fall. The captain is found to be dead, but the industry is little damaged. Sellinger, first mate, takes charge and puts into sidemouth 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 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 plot, headed by Pradey, the new mate. 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 crew break through the now 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 in 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 Ivraich, "True Charcoal" so a friend. Four days later the Spaniard is overhauled by a buccaneer flying the English flag. The three Englishmen and Mac Ivraich plan to escape to the buccaneer on a code 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 buccaneer, 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 the city. The assault on the city is begun. Many of the buccaneers fall, and 9rdick is wounded. Through the smoke he sees Pradey approaching. The city at last falls. Ardick, seeing to find Tym had rescued him from the murderous hand of Pradey 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 gaist 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 killed in the attack on the Spanish vessel on which he had been a prisoner. Flight is the only course open to the don, his wife and daughter (Dona Carmela). They manage to leave the city at night, but are followed by the don's men. Pradey allows the men to enter. Seeking shortly to join the don, they come upon his dead body. Pradey and his wife have been slain and the young dona taken prisoner to the castle, and immediately conceive a bold plan for her rescue. They soon discover her exact whereabouts, and amid the carcasses of the men, manage to again free her and escape in a small boat. The third day of the night is spent, which they raise rapidly, their craft having little speed, but the wind soon falls both vessels, and a small boat is put out from the stranger. This comes with its armed men, among whom is Towland. A hand-to-hand conflict ensues and in the struggle Ardick is knocked into the water. Reaching the boat almost exhausted he is unable to draw himself over the side but just then Capt. Sellinger sees him.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"Give me a hand," I panted, for now my overtasked strength was going, and I sank to the length of my arm. "Aye, aye!" he cried, heartily, and with that he clapped down and locked his fingers about my wrist. Mustering the remnants of my strength, I made a supreme effort, and with one able flourish tumbled over the rail and fell into the sternsheets. "Good!" exclaimed a composed and familiar voice. "I was coming to bear a hand, but a weeping from this inconvenient cut got into my eyes and hindered me. I believe that settles all, and quite to our minds!"

"Thank God!" I righted myself and burst out. "Is it indeed you, Mr. Tym, and has everything gone so gloriously?"

I got to face him with the words, and though still dizzy and weak, was able to determine the whole excellent matter for myself. It was quite as he said. The last buccaneer in arms had disappeared, and above the prone bodies the senorita was looking from the cuddy, and Mac Ivraich was just by, getting the steadiness of his legs. The only hurt that showed upon him was an inconspicuous bruise near the top of his forehead.

Turning back, then, to Capt. Sellinger, who had previously seemed so

severely dealt with, I was delighted to find that he showed no more than two or three superficial wounds. The greatest was a cut down one side of his head, which had made considerable blood run and given him his first shocking appearance. I noted, however, that his steel breastpiece was severely battered, as though it had pretty certainly protected him from more sinister attempts, and his poi helmet, which lay on the deck, was split in twain at the crest.

I finished my inspection with Mr. Tym, but now with less anxiety, for I had seen in the first hasty glance that he had been but lightly dealt with. A cut across the forehead, which had caused the dripping of blood he had mentioned, but which was manifestly not deep, seemed the extent of his hurts. As soon as might be I meant to ask him how he had managed his deliverance, and in what fashion he had turned the tables on Cradde, but just now a still more pressing question remained to be answered. This was, of course, what had become of the rest of the buccaneers, and how far it was certain we were done with them. It will be understood that the determination of my companion's injuries required but a moment, and, in fact, took no longer than while I was getting the steadiness of my head after tumbling into the boat. I now found some strength in my legs, and with a lurch managed to gain my feet, looking eagerly over the rail as I did so, and was at once satisfied, yet almost confounded with what I saw. The buccaneers' boat had floated some way off, and not a soul was in it, though in the water were three swimmers making languidly toward it. Some fathoms out, in the direction of the becalmed ship, was a dark object—probably a compass—and an oar and a man's hat floated near, but otherwise the neighborhood was vacant.

It was so sharp and absolute a change that for a moment I could scarce make it clear in my mind, and stood staring over the rail. But presently my companions began to speak, and this brought me back to my balance, and I turned again to them. The senorita was coming out of the cuddy, and I clambered over the bodies to her and drew her to a little open space where she could stand.

She was woefully pale, yet seemed in a brave way to control herself, though she broke down for a bit as I steadily pressed her hand.

"Praise God, all is over, dear lady," I said. "Yonder are the miserable relics of the foe. It is a time such as I never thought to see and live, but is in the most blessed manner ended. Very quickly we shall ship the oars and be on our way."

"Your words seem like an angel's, senior," she said, trying to command her voice. "After all that has happened, I can scarce think or reason. Ah, but it was horrible! The cries and the blows, the scraping of dying men's feet, and the jarring of the falling bodies! And above all was the suspense! Oh, that suspense, senior, and in especial at the last! But I must not think of it, only to thank you—you and your brave companions. You are such heroes as I believe are not elsewhere in the world!"

"Nay, senorita, you praise us beyond our merits," I answered, deprecatingly. (In truth, I felt a thrill of pleasure at her words.) "We did, I grant, make a pretty sturdy fight, but beyond that there is no call for praise. Having undertaken your defense at first, we could not afterward, save as very potboilers, abandon you, and in our own behalf we did not prefer the sword or bullets to torture."

But she would not have it so, and insisted that we had first risked all in delivering her from the castle, and that this was a piece of heroism to match it, adding (to my surprise) that she knew we had refused to deliver her to Towland. "I peeped from the cuddy and saw," she explained. "Yes, senior, it was easy to understand, even though I did not know a word that was said."

"Well, then, you may make a hero of Mr. Tym," I answered more lightly. "and, indeed, I am free to say he deserves it. The rest of us did but obey his commands."

I think our dialogue might have gone on a moment or two longer, for I was quite satisfied to fare so poorly in the argument, when I saw that my companions had begun to take steps toward clearing the boat, beginning with drawing aside the bodies, and I hastily broke off and joined them.

CHAPTER XXI.

OF THE STRANGE AND EXCELLENT MENDING OF OUR FORTUNES.

We discussed the matter a little further, and all were of a mind that we came almost miraculously off. Indeed, but for such wonderfully favoring circumstances as the buccaneers' weakness in firearms and the too great crowding of their boat—causing them to hamper one another at the last and making them good targets—we should almost certainly have come by the worse. I then persuaded the senorita to go to her cabin, promising to call her if there were an alarm, which done, we arranged the watches, and all but Mr. Tym, who had the first, turned in.

The night passed quietly. About sunrise a little breeze brought a wrinkle on the water, and we ran up our sail. By six of the clock we had way enough on the boat to exceed our speed with the oars, and with this we were very well satisfied. We drove along lightly that day, getting a little more wind in the afternoon, still from the right quarter, and by nightfall reckoned that we had made some five-and-thirty miles. We continued to keep the coast in sight, though now at a greater distance, as the danger from the buccaneer decreased. Matters being thus so quiet, I thought it a favorable time to have a little talk with the senorita, some things in which she was concerned standing to be settled, es-

pecially her future plans. I went forward, therefore, to where she sat. "Well, senorita," I began, "we are so far out of our strait, and all goes very blithely. I opine that we shall have no more cause for worryment, and it might be well to take a little thought upon future matters. Have you yet any plans made, as where you mean eventually to go or whom you wish to communicate with? In especial, have you friends in this part of the country?"

man and I sat down to the oars. We were in no case for hard work, but desired to be making a start, it being uncertain, indeed, how long this favoring calm would hold.

Though we were so near the surface of the water, and therefore commanded no great range of distance, it seemed a long time that we were dropping the buccaneer. But at last we sank his hull and then his lower sails, and finally the topgallants dwarfed to an insignificant speck on the sea line. The day was by this time nearly spent, and the even reds of the tropic sunset began to flush the west. A fair-weather paleness of blue appeared above these colors, and the sky coming down to it darkened without clouds, presaging stars and calm as on the previous nights.

We were near enough now, as I thought, to make out the coast, and I asked Mac Ivraich to give over rowing while I took an observation. I proved to be right, for distinct on the eastern boundary was a dark, well-marked line.

By this time the Scotchman and I were pretty weary—he, indeed, hardly able to wag the heavy oar—and I proposed a short rest. Mr. Tym and the captain offered to spell us, but I objected—I was specially mindful of Mr. Tym's infirmity and of his present state, which must make the task too great—and in the end the sloop was suffered to drift.

My companions now had an opportunity to see to their wounds, and it was found that Mr. Tym's long cut and the gash over the captain's ear needed a few stitches. Luckily Mac Ivraich had a housewife, and though it was now nearly dark I got out thread and needle and managed to do a rough job of surgery.

This ended, we concluded to have supper, there being no immediate danger and we standing in need of refreshment after what we had been through.

Mac Ivraich accordingly got out the provisions and opened a bottle of wine, and we fell to, our appetites not seemingly much affected by our trying experience. While we were eating I desired Mr. Tym to tell me how he had escaped from Cradde; likewise what had given the buccaneers their final fright, causing them to quit the boat.

"A very short story," he answered. "It might almost be summed up by saying that our friend Cradde was careless. You see, he flung me to the deck and drew his knife, having dropped his sword as he closed, and bent over me to end my troubles. I, as it chanced, had cleared my arm dagger, and when



he thoughtlessly stooped over I reached up and did that for him he had intended to do for me. Then one of the other fellows made toward me, and just at the moment the captain rose and charged them in the rear. The man about to fall upon me pulled up, and I fetched a scramble and gained my feet. With that the three fellows lost heart and jumped overboard. That is the whole bigness of the matter, except that I have forgotten to say that Paul Cradde showed further his inconsiderateness by fetching such a jump, as I prodded him, that he fell overboard. I cannot be certain, therefore, whether I killed him or he drowned."

"Well, and certainly it was a great escape," I said, with a long breath. "Aye, and very like for us all, for had you not dispatched Cradde there is no saying what would have happened. I fear Mac Ivraich and I would have appeared too late on the scene, and the captain was dangerously over-matched."

CHAPTER XXI.

OF THE STRANGE AND EXCELLENT MENDING OF OUR FORTUNES.

We discussed the matter a little further, and all were of a mind that we came almost miraculously off. Indeed, but for such wonderfully favoring circumstances as the buccaneers' weakness in firearms and the too great crowding of their boat—causing them to hamper one another at the last and making them good targets—we should almost certainly have come by the worse. I then persuaded the senorita to go to her cabin, promising to call her if there were an alarm, which done, we arranged the watches, and all but Mr. Tym, who had the first, turned in.

The night passed quietly. About sunrise a little breeze brought a wrinkle on the water, and we ran up our sail. By six of the clock we had way enough on the boat to exceed our speed with the oars, and with this we were very well satisfied. We drove along lightly that day, getting a little more wind in the afternoon, still from the right quarter, and by nightfall reckoned that we had made some five-and-thirty miles. We continued to keep the coast in sight, though now at a greater distance, as the danger from the buccaneer decreased. Matters being thus so quiet, I thought it a favorable time to have a little talk with the senorita, some things in which she was concerned standing to be settled, es-

pecially her future plans. I went forward, therefore, to where she sat. "Well, senorita," I began, "we are so far out of our strait, and all goes very blithely. I opine that we shall have no more cause for worryment, and it might be well to take a little thought upon future matters. Have you yet any plans made, as where you mean eventually to go or whom you wish to communicate with? In especial, have you friends in this part of the country?"

pecially her future plans. I went forward, therefore, to where she sat. "Well, senorita," I began, "we are so far out of our strait, and all goes very blithely. I opine that we shall have no more cause for worryment, and it might be well to take a little thought upon future matters. Have you yet any plans made, as where you mean eventually to go or whom you wish to communicate with? In especial, have you friends in this part of the country?"

"Alas," she said, sadly, "now that my poor uncle and aunt are gone, but one person remains that can have any interest in me. He is another uncle—my mother's brother—who lives in Havana, in the West Indies. I do not know, indeed, if he be still alive, for he had planned to come this season to visit us, yet for a considerable time we have not heard from him."

"That," said I, "is a matter we can compass. You shall presently write him a letter, and I will see that he receives it. Aye, and I may be going to Havana myself. I was bound there when the mutiny occurred and our ship was lost, and it is as like a port for me now as any."

"You keep me always in your debt," she said, with a grateful look. "Well, I will write it, and we will see in what manner it may be sent."

"Then one thing more," said I, "and I trust you will pardon me for speaking of it. You have no money, and it is an ill thing to be left among strangers with an empty purse. Have you those at Buenaventura or elsewhere who will supply your present needs?"

She smilingly shook her head. "Nay, senior, I know no one at those places. Yet let not that give you concern, for all will go safely and well with me. No home will be closed against me when I shall have told my story."

"But I would not have you reduced to that strait," I said, rather hastily. "That is, it is a pity that one in your station should come to it. We three friends have a little money, and out of it you shall take enough to answer your present wants. So much we shall insist upon."

"Certainly we shall not quarrel about that," she said, with a smile, the water nevertheless starting to her eyes. "I perceive there is no way but that you must do the utmost for me."

PALERMO THE BEAUTIFUL.

Romantic Tale Regarding the Taking of the City by the Saracens.

The origin of the beautiful city of Palermo is lost in antiquity, but as regards the Saracens taking it, a romantic tale is told. There was a woman at the bottom of it. A Byzantine general was one day passing through the streets of Palermo when he saw a beautiful nun looking down at him from her balcony window, whereupon he immediately fell in love with her. Love laughs at locksmiths, so the nun stepped out of her window that night on an impromptu ladder and had just reached her lover's arms when a friar, returning late, discovered her. The power of the church was not to be trifled with, and the general was sentenced to be flogged through the streets, the nun being compelled to stand at her grating and watch the degradation. By the aid of his fellow officers, the general ventured a most hazardous escape. The keeper of the prison was poisoned before midnight, and the keys obtained. The prisoner then swam out into the bay and floated until a fishing boat took him up and for a heavy bribe put him on board a vessel bound for Africa. Once there, he instigated the Mohammedans to an easy conquest of Sicily; and they ruled the island with rigor for 200 years, enriching its cities with beautiful palaces. Tradition does not say that he found his sweetheart, but it is to be hoped that he did, after all he had gone through for her sake.—Detroit Free Press.

Health in Large Cities.

The physical health of many modern cities has been immensely improved by careful, systematic attention to sanitation. During the greater part of the last century the death rate in London was about 50 per 1,000 each year. It had decreased to 24.0 in 1850 and fell to 17.7 per 1,000 last year, though the population of the city has doubled during that time. The death rate in London is now only a little larger than in rural districts of England.—Chicago Chronicle.

Making Business.

Influenza Patient—What, doctor, do you mean to say that you charge me five shillings a visit? Doctor—Certainly, just the same as I charge anyone else. "Oh, but you ought to make a reduction for me. Why, I introduced the influenza into the neighborhood."—Tit-Bits.

How to Persuade Things.

"It would be impossible for a man to make a greater mistake," said Mr. Staybolt, "than to sit down and wait, under the delusion that things will come his way some time. They never will, not even to his funeral. The only way to make things come our way is with a club."—N. Y. Sun.

A Mean Allusion.

She—Do you know that kitten there reminds me of you? He—I'd like to know where the connection is? "It seems to have just about as much success in catching its tail as you do in finding your mustache."—Chicago Evening News.

Questions in Keeping.

Victim (irritably)—What silly questions you ask. Barber (severely)—Well, what sort of questions do you expect with a five-cent shave?—N. Y. Journal.

HONORED AS A SAINT

Santa Teresa Who Leads the Rebellious Yaquis of Mexico.

Accredited with Strange Powers and Maintains Her Influence Through Credentials Presented by Archangel Gabriel.

A conflict of reports would seem to be the given causes for the Yaqui uprising in Mexico.

From the fastnesses of the mountains of Mexico comes tales of hidden mines, the greed of adventurers, the resentment of the aborigines.

That no one has located the mythical mine—and Mexico has many—may be inferred from the fact that as yet "the man with the camera" has produced no picture of it.

But a living, breathing element in the disturbance, says the St. Louis Republic, has shown up in the person of Teresa de Urrea, otherwise known and hailed by fanatical Mexicans, the Yaquis and what remains of her own tribe, the Tomachies, as "The Saint of Cabora."

She has been photographed, too, and the picture shows her to be just what is claimed for her, the 21-year-old daughter of ignorant Tomachic parents.

Were it not for the "letter from Heaven," which she claimed the Archangel Gabriel brought and delivered to her at a spring near her home about five years ago, it would be hard to account for the wonderful hold this strange young woman possesses over the pugnacious portion of the Yaqui populace.

Her own tribe, the Tomachies, were the first to accredit her with saintly attributes, and after the Mexican government got through with them there was practically no tribe left. An insurrection, started by the girl under alleged Divine promises of success, was what brought about the extinction of the Tomachies, and after two battles had been fought and her tribe had been



MEXICO'S JOAN OF ARC. (Known Among Her Devoted Followers as Santa Teresa.)

wiped out, Santa Teresa de Urrea found herself a prisoner of the Mexican government at Guaymas.

However, a few days after her incarceration, a note arrived by courier from the chief of all the Yaquis, threatening an outbreak if the girl was not immediately released. President Diaz concluded it would be expedient to exile the Saint of Cabora, and shortly after she took up her residence in Nogales, A. T., whither a steady stream of Mexican and Yaqui pilgrims made their way to be cured of their ills.

She disappeared one day, and when next heard of she was the leader of a band of Yaqui Indians, who made a raid on the town of Fronteras, near the United States border. Again she was forced to leave the country, and this time took up her residence in El Paso, Tex.

She again disappeared, and next came to public notice as the chief actor in an army of about 1,000 fanatical Mexicans in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico. They had their camp just across the Rio Grande from Presidio del Norte, Tex., and the wonderful woman seemed to have full sway over her followers.

This gathering of fanatics became so large that the Mexican authorities became alarmed, the report having reached Chihuahua that they intended starting a revolution against the Mexican government. A regiment of soldiers was sent out from Chihuahua to disperse the fanatics. The troops went to Sierra Mojada by train and then marched overland to the border, a distance of 100 miles. The religious fanatics refused to obey the order to disperse and a conflict took place in which six soldiers and 20 fanatics were killed.

Santa Teresa escaped across the river and kept in hiding in Texas until the excitement died out. She then returned to El Paso, where she lived until her recent disappearance.

Frank About Their Ages.

Russian women are said to be remarkably frank about their ages. Several years ago one of them misrepresented her age in court and she was promptly sent to Siberia. It is said that the courts of France are absolutely unable to get correct statements of the number of years the fair daughters of that land have been upon earth.

The Largest Stamp Mill.

The largest stamp mill in the world just started up at the old Treadwell gold mine on Douglas island, Alaska, has 60 batteries each of five stamps, and each having a crushing capacity of four tons daily. The Treadwell mines now operate 880 stamps and crush 3,520 tons of ore daily, representing \$14,000.

The Average Englishman.

A writer in an English magazine declares that the real average English workingman is earning \$6 a week, wearing no collar, knowing nothing of tooth-brushes and handkerchiefs, and getting shaved only on Sunday. He does not buy books and reads nothing but sporting papers.

\$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 ACQUA, President.

FINE LIQUOR STORE

THE undersigned has opened a first class liquor store, and invites the trade of Hotels, Restaurants, etc. We shall carry none but the best American and Imported

WHISKIES, BRANDIES, GINS AND WINES, BOTTLED ALE, CHAMPAGNE, Etc. Choice line of Bottled Goods.

In addition to my large line of liquors I carry constantly in stock a full line of CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Pool and Billiard Room in same building. CALL AND SEE ME. A. A. McDONALD, PROPRIETOR, EMPORIUM, PA.

F. X. BLUMLE, EMPORIUM, PA.

Bottler of and Dealer in BEER, WINES, WHISKIES, And Liquors of All Kinds.

The best of goods always carried in stock and everything warranted as represented. Especial Attention Paid to Mail Orders.

EMPORIUM, PA.

GO TO J. A. Kinsler's, Broad Street, Emporium, Pa.

Where you can get anything you want in the line of Groceries, Provisions, FLOUR, SALT MEATS, SMOKED MEATS, CANNED GOODS, ETC., Tea, Coffee, Fruits, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars.

Goods Delivered Free any Place in Town. CALL AND SEE ME AND GET PRICES. NEAR P. & E. DEPOT

EMPORIUM Bottling Works,

JOHN McDONALD, Proprietor. Near P. & E. Depot, Emporium, Pa.

Bottler and Shipper of Rochester Lager Beer, BEST BRANDS OF EXPORT. The Manufacturer of Soft Drinks and Dealer in Choice Wines and Pure Liquors.

We keep none but the very best Beer and are prepared to fill Orders on short notice. Private families served daily if desired.

PATENTS

Conveys and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with full particulars in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address, C. A. SNOW & CO., Opp. Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE IN CHICAGO AND NEW YORK AT THE A. N. KELLCOB NEWSPAPER CO.