

THE CAMEL COMPLAINS.

I am a camel, a long suffering camel, who patiently labors from night until morn. Who browses on briars as did his grand-sires, and often in sorrow regrets he was born;

and I'll bide here against Thorndyke's boarding the schooner. For a moment or two there was silence, and during it I fancied I could trace the working of the minds of both; Scammell's on the probable result of delivering himself to Clinton, and Lounsbury's on the dawning chance to get his finger on my gold stave in the bulkhead.

success of our attempt to escape; and in that hour there was no knowing what the desperadoes below might venture upon. At all odds, the door must be secured.

CHAPTER XVII. THE PASSAGE OF THE BAY.

Now for some time after this no sound came from within, and I stood by the helm anxiously, keeping my eye on the fog and the other on the cabin. As there was now no knowing whether we were drifting by the bow, stern, or broadside, I sent Ames forward to hold a lookout at that end of the vessel, standing guard on the quarter-deck myself, that I might control any possible outbreak from below.

Still on the cabin house sat the young lady, apparently unmoved by what had occurred, and certainly unmoving, as her form, which was just to be made out from my post, was as quiet as the schooner's figure-head.

As though to guide the enemy, ever and anon there came a cry from our cabin—a cry that shot into the quiet air like an alarm gun and drove me to madness.



The two below were prisoners.

voice of Lounsbury calling for water and "Air, air, for the love of God!" Almost on the instant, and before I realized that something untoward had happened below, seemingly from the muck directly overhead a hoarse voice shouted: "The deck! The deck! There's a schooner adrift and almost on us! Did ye see that light?"

"Where away is she?" came an answer close at hand. "On our starboard bow, sir; coming stern first and no sail set. She's like to foul us!" "Can you make her out?"

"What the devil can be the meaning of it?" came the return, and then I heard the scuffle of feet on the stranger's deck, followed by a quick cry: "Schooner ahoy! What schooner's that?"

"Heh! Heh!" I returned at a venture, that vessel being the only schooner I could then call to mind. The answer hurled back at me was startling.

pressed close to the open dead-lights of the cabin the two below had sent forth the alarm and made the muss pass mending. From the Ajax came loud orders, and just as I caught the glimmer of that vessel's anchor light as it swept by in a thick yellow haze, there came the rattle of a drum beating to quarters, and it was at once followed by a similar but faint alarm from some ship anchored east and toward the Brooklyn shore.

We had missed a collision, but by a close shave only, as I think there lay not two rods between me and the light I had seen. Our move had been exposed, and the only thing gained by us was a knowledge of our speed and whereabouts. The Ajax I knew had been anchored for upward of a month about a mile below the "grand battery," and the way her riding light had said by us betokened the fact that just then she was being at the rate of four or five miles an hour.

Therefore we were now off Nutton's Island, but the bulk of the British fleet still lay below. They were fairly close to the Staten Island shore, however, and there would be small danger of fouling them, the tide always setting the fairway well into the center of the Narrows. But of danger from the forces below I was not now thinking.

More fear had I of the boats that would put after us from the vessel we had almost fouled, for as we passed her and the noises on her deck faded in the distance, I heard the dull clashing of tumbling oars and the sharp splash of a boat as it dropped from the davits into the water.

As though to guide the enemy, ever and anon there came a cry from our cabin—a cry that shot into the quiet air like an alarm gun and drove me to madness.

"Another shout, ye villains, and I'll fill the cabin with flying balls. Mind this, if yonder boats board us, before being taken I'll kill ye both! Ye are dealing with Donald Thorndyke, and now lie and stifle, and may God have more mercy on ye than have I, ye spawn of the devil!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Boy's Essay on Hornets.

A hornet is the smartest bug that flies anywhere. He comes when he pleases, and goes when he gets ready. One way a hornet shows his smartness is by attending to his own business, and making everybody who interferes with him wish they had done the same thing.

A Fifteen Story of 1784.

In the Courant of March 16, 1784, we printed the following queer story, which our readers will pardon us for repeating. Some of them may have forgotten it:

He Wasn't Afraid.

Her Papa—You must remember, sir, that my daughter has been used to an atmosphere of refinement.

Common Case.

"When I first knew Brown he let his money go like water."

Very Remarkable.

"It is strange that banks are such quiet places."

"KAH-PEE-KOG" CLUB.

BY WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

"DO YOU realize, gentlemen," said Smith, as the members of the Kah-pee-kog club gathered around the evening fire, "that this is to be our last evening together in these woods for at least a year?"

"Without going into particulars, or mentioning names, it has seemed to me that this would be an excellent time to confess our preparations so that we may quit this beautiful spot with a clear conscience."

"To what do you refer, Brother Smith?" asked the Pastor.

"I presume that you realize that there are exceptions to that statement of 'all,' Brother Smith," said the Pastor. "Now, I—"

"I shall have to refer this matter to the congregation when we reach home, Brother Smith," put in the Pastor.

"I would advise you not to," replied Smith, "but as I was going to say, what we did catch that day was all in the boat when we returned, and, as several members of this club counted them, it will not be disputed when I say there were 138 bass over the legal length."

"It was only 128, for I counted them together with Husky Bill," said Tice.

"What is the matter of ten bass more or less, anyway?" replied Smith. "But there, gentlemen, in my confession, 138 bass instead of the five or six hundred that I told about, and I believe that every one will feel better if they follow my example."

"I believe that the advice Smith gives us is good," said Yorker, "and I realize now as I never did before the enormity of the lie I told in reference to the muskellunge I caught in Crane lake."

"You needn't make any confession of that," said the Pastor, "for everybody knew that it was a lie when you told it."

"It seems to me that I remember distinctly of your going to Crane lake to fish for muskellunge on the strength of that story," replied Yorker, "and it was not as bad as your Crown Island bass story at that."

"My veracity is not in question at the present time," replied the Pastor.

"No, we will hear from you later," said Yorker, "provided, of course, your conscience is not too elastic. But to return to my Crane lake story, I simply wish to say that I did catch a muskellunge, and that it did upset our boat, but that was due to our awkwardness, rather than the size of the fish, for when we got it on shore, which we finally did, it only weighed 42 pounds."

"You told me the truth of that Crane lake story the day we were at Healy lake together," said Smith, "and you said it only weighed 37 pounds."

"What is a matter of five pounds more or less in the size of a muskellunge?" said Yorker, and Bill Reeves nudged Husky Bill when Smith did not reply.

"I have told so many different tales regarding the size and weight of fish that I have caught in these Ontario lakes and rivers," said Tice, "that I hardly know where to begin my confession."

"Why not straighten out the Moon river story of 38 muskellunge, 79 bass and 129 trout in ten hours?" asked Husky Bill.

"That might be a good place to begin at, as that story was exaggerated somewhat. The truth is that I only caught 35 muskellunge, 60 bass and no trout at all, for I did not fish for them. There are any number of trout in that stream and its tributaries, however, and I do not doubt that it would be quite possible for a man to catch as many fish as I said I had caught in the Moon river in the length of time I claimed to have fished. In reality I only fished nine hours and three-quarters. As for the other stories I have told about fishing in Kah-pee-Kog and the surrounding lakes, I can cover all of them with the single statement that I never caught more than 110 bass in any one day in any of these lakes, but that, I imagine, is better than any of the rest of you ever did, if the whole truth was known."

"Gentlemen," began the Pastor, "when Brother Smith started this little experience meeting, I did not realize the good that it was to accomplish. In fact, I was afraid it would result in more harm than good, and that the preparations—I cannot bring myself to the point of calling them lies—that have been told by several of you around these evening fires would only be again exaggerated, and that some of you at last would return to your homes with an added weight upon your conscience. It has pleased me greatly to listen to such confessions as have been made this evening, and I am sure that you feel the better for having made them. There is one thing for which I am sorry, and that is that Brother Barnes is not here to retract the story he told of catching more fish than I caught at Crown Island several years ago. I am sure that had Brother Barnes been with us to-night he would have been moved to tell the real truth of that story, and so remove a load from his conscience."

"What are you going to do about that story of yours that started the trouble?" asked Tice.

"I wish to say in regard to anything that I may have told since I have been here, that to now deny the story, and offer a so-called confession would be but a farce and a lie in itself. When I told of those 500 bass myself and a friend caught in one day—"

"You said 500," said Smith.

"Possibly I did, but 500 was the correct number, and I only wished to correct my former statement."

"I guess those bonds you put up guaranteeing the Pastor's reputation will be declared forfeited when you get home," said Husky Bill to Smith, as they walked back to the clubhouse.

"Well, it has taught me a lesson, anyway," replied Smith, "and I won't be so foolish again very soon. I am sorry for his sake as well as my own."

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