6

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1900.

THE CAMEL COMPLAINS.

(am a camel, a long suffering camel, who patiently labors from night until morn, Who brouses on briars as did his grand-sires, and often in sorrow regrets he

was born; strangely constructed, inside many ducted to carry an ample wet water

supply, n thanks to my thinker I can be a drinker far off in the desert when oth-ers are dry. flexible poses, stop-valves in our noses, for sharpness of sight and of sense we

are great, though we don't shout it, and men oft-

en doubt it, the camel has plenty of brains in his pate. patiently labor for stranger or neigh-bor, though sometimes protesting in dolefullest dumps. I our Gothic arches sustain us in marches, the fine architecture you people call "humps." 've musical volces and this fact re-

people call "humps." e musical voices, and this fact re-joices the lovers of harmony all the

We've musical volces, and this fact rejoices the lovers of harmony all the world through.
All army bands drumming "The Camels are Coming," an old song so fine as to seem always new.
Though prim and prodigious, we're also religious, for camels spend much of the time on their knees;
And though men belie us, sneer at and decry us, no true pious soul would at such habits sneeze.
In nearly all nations they put us on rations too small to be thankful for, crumbs by the way:
"Hear this with misgiving?" Well, just you try living on one little cactus or nothing per day.
Tet we must keep tolling, with proud man despoiling us even of milk and our scant stock of hair,
The latter transmuted that he may be suited with garments and luxuries women can wear.
Bo we must keep going despite the poor

women can wear. we must keep going despite the poor showing of earthly reward for our strife and our pains, not worlds hereafter ours may be the laughter, we having the water while man has the pains. I EDGAR JONES

I. EDGAR JONES.



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CHAPTER XVI.-CONTINUED.

A lighted lantern hung from a carline, the remains of a meal were spread on the table,

remains of a meal were spread on the table, and there, half reclining in a bunk and with his head in a bandage, was Capt. Scammell, haggard from feder and somewhat the worse from liquor, while on the transom end by his side sat my whilom mate, John Lounsoury, of Rye, late risen from the dead. Here, then, were my two arch-enemies; probably the only living souls whose animos-ity toward me was both of a personal and political nature, saving perhaps that of Clinton himself. Possibly my gorge would have risen sooner against Scammell than at the man by his side, though the latter was none the less a villain, and it seemed as none the less a villain, and it seemed as though fate, having given me friends when in need, hed guided me thither to test my mettle to extremity. Giving no thoughts to those in the boat, I settled myself to hear the opening dialogue of the two, for it immediately transpired that Lounsbury had but just arrived. "My God! I thought you would never come!" were the first words by Scammell. "What news do you bring?" "None to warrant a grin," was the an-wer. "I can give ye no end o' advice, none the less a villain, and it seemed as

ewer. "I can give ye no end o' advice, though, an' 'tis to get from this an' have it

"Damn your advice! What's your news?" "Damn your advice! What's your news?" "Well, Belden goes scot free, an' is back in favor an' on the Sprite. He lays the fault o' palming off that devil Thorndyke to ye. He says ye called Thorndyke by my came in the tayer ward and that he is in. ye. He says ye called inormagnetic name in the tavern yard, and that he is in-nocent of all fraud."

"Gurse the stunted coward! And is not dyke caught? or-or-the girl or her

'Nay, but a peg worse. Thorndyke has brained Lowney, whom ye must know, and then escaped, God knows how, being mixed up with a Quaker at Stryker's tavern on the up with a Quaker at Stryker's taven on the road. Stryker was arrested, but afterward let go, for he was not though to have had a finger in the pie. As for the boy an' girl, naught has been seen o' them-not a smell - and there ye have all I know. They say the girl is in the woods to the north, but she may ha' gone to Heaven by this!"

said Scammell, starting

and I'll bide here against Thorndyke's boarding the schooner." For a moment or two there was silence,

For a moment of two there was shence, and during it I fancied I could trace the working of the minds of both; Scammell's bent on the probable result of delivering himself to Clinton, and Lounsbury's on the dawning chance to get his finger on my gold still safe in the bulkhead. Presently the successful the information of the big fit and cavalryman smote his knee with his fist and

"My God! why-why did I not spit the fellow while I had the chance two days since, or shoot him? Why did I not know him for a spy? 'Twould have saved all this! Is there no trace of him?

This there no trace of him?" "None since he passed the lines an' put Lowney to sleep. They tell me he killed the green sentinel with his fist. Faith, my head aches at the thought o' him, an' ye may thank God the ever was cracked, else 'twas your skull that broke an' not the pitcher. By the powers above, I begin to fear him, an' ye—" "Shut up!" was the ungracious answer. "Hand out the bottle and help me get on deck for air. I hate this hole! I have been buried three days!" And with this Scam-mell struggled into a sitting position, reach-

mell struggled into a sitting position, reaching out his hand for the dram Lounsbury was already pouring. Now that I had these two at a saber's

ing out his hand for the dram Lounsbury was already pouring. Now that I had these two at a saber's length, it went against me to think of their coming on deck and possibly spoiling the plans I had already hatched in their behalf. Slipping from my cover, I crawled over the cabin house and got to the door. There was a lock on it, but the key had long since gone and I had been used to make a shift of fastening the companion by padlock, hasp, and staple. As I felt over it I missed the padlock, theory hean and staple were the padlock, though hasp and staple were intact. While fumbling for my knife still stin match while funding for my and window I caught the glint of a musket ly-ing along the deck under the tarpaulin, and, ing along the deck under the tarpaulin, and, quickly unshipping its bayonet, thrust the steel through the iron loop, and the two be-low were prisoners. There was another door in the cabin, but it opened into a small space, or "tween decks," and I knew a mass of lead had been piled aft and against it to give the vessel a proper trim, so that mode of egress was blocked.

of egress was blocked. My scheme was simple enough. I would now go the whole pace and take with me a couple of prisoners, and if I failed I would be no worse off than before. In any event there would be a sudden ending to my diffi-culties if I was to be taken, and the kidnap-ing would not hasten my final swing. Still unshod and silent, I made my way forward, and with some difficulty owing the

forward, and with some difficulty, owing to the darkness and need of stealth, the scow the darkness and need of stealth, the cow was emptied of her load, and at last we three stood on the deck. So far all had gone well. My next move was to away the ground tackle, leaving the boat's painter still be-layed to the cable. As the last strand parted and the schooner shot away, leaving the scow still fast, I fancied the astonishment scow still fast, I fancied the astonishment of the guard on finding the Phantom had dwindled to a rusty, mud-spattered con-trivance but a peg removed from a raft. As the schooner gathered force and fled, new heradicid to the other I told is mbicroser

ow broadside to the ebb, I told in whispers what I had found and what done. I was well aware that not many minutes would elapse before those below would discover something out of gear. Between the cov-ered dead-lights and the fog they could have no notion that the schooner was free, for the water was as flat as ice, there being no more water was as hat as ice, there being ho more apparent motion now than before. Unless we fouled something, they could make no guess at what had happened, but the door would bother them, and in all likelihood they would end in an attempt at breaking it down it down.

To balk this I led the way aft, bidding Ames be spokesman if it came to words, and to act as he saw fit if it came to blows. Placing Mistress Gertrude on the top of the house, and so out of harm's way, Ames and I bent our ears to the door, though I kept my eye open for what might at any minute confront us from out the depths of the fog. We had not long to wait ere hearing from those within, for soon a hand was placed on the fastening, and the door rattled in the forcible shaking it received. Its failure to open was followed by a round oath, and we plainly heard the voice of Scammell sug-gesting that it be broken down. After a parley betwixt them as to what was the probable cause of the trouble, another at-tempt was made to force the door by shak-ing, and then there was worked through the I bent our ears to the door, though I kept ing, and then there was worked through the ing, and then there was worked though the joint of the companion way the blade of a sword. This I could not see, but felt the steel with my hand, and, thinking the situ-ation had better be known at once. I picked up the musket and with a blow of its stock broke the protruding weapon close to the neard

panel. To the two below this was the first in-To the two below this was the first in-timation that aught was going wrong, and their consternation must have made a fine show. Possibly ten seconds elapsed before they recovered from their surprise, and then the voice of Lounsbury demanded: "Who's on the deck?" but on receiving no answer, the panels were assaulted with a force that well-nigh sprung them from their frames. Now I bade Ames speak, and, placing his head conveniently near a dead-light, he called out: "Below there, Scammell and Lounsbury,

success of our attempt to escape; and in that hour there was no knowing what the desperadoes below might not venture upon. At all odds, the door must be secured. There was no time to fumble about for tools, so bidding Ames shoot down both tories should they force the way, I went forward, and by sheer strength of arms and back lifted the main hatch cover clear from its combings and, carrying the unwieldy mass of timber aft, set it upon edee against the of timber aft, set it upon edge against the

Here, then, was a shield of solid oak which would resist any pistol shot, and I had no further concern as to the danger of eing winged from the cabin while steering the vessel, should fortune get us to sea

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PASSAGE OF THE BAY.

Now for some time after this no sound came from within, and I stood by the helm inxiously keeping one eye on the fog and the other on the cabin. As there was now no other on the cabin. As there was now no knowing whether we were drifting by the bow, stern, or broadside, I sent Ames for-ward 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 apprently unpered by what hed on

Still on the cabin house sat the young lady, apparently unmoved by what had oc-curred, and certainly unmoving, as her form, which was just to be made out from my post, was as quiet as the schoner's figure-head. Once I had gone close to her to mark her state (somewhat marveling at her self control), and found her pillowed against the great main boom with its furled sail. She had greeted me with a touch of her hand, the first she had ever vouchsafed me, while the quick turn of her eyes and the gleam of her teeth (which was all I could see of her her teen (winch was all food see of her face) showed me that she was alert and still self-contained. But not a whisper of a ques-tion did she bother me with, though for that matter she had spoken not a word since leaving Turtle bay. I had a mighty respect for her if only for her knowledge of how and when to leave form obtunding her heleses. when to keep from obtruding her helpless ness, and would have lifted to my lips her smooth finger tips, only I dared not. Even had she not resented the act, it might be but for the reason that through gratitude she would save my feelings, and the thought

was not comforting.

was not comforting. Dropping her hand, therefore, with the word that all was going well, I returned to my post. In my expectancy and dread of I knew not what, the minutes seemed to lengthen to quarter hours. The white muffle of mist appeared thicker than ever, and once or twice I fancied I caught on my wet once or twice I fancied I caught on my wet cheek a cooling breath, as though the dead air was giving a first faint heave of coming activity. I felt that the wind was not far off, and feared it, but come what might I must now hold my course and drift into freeom or eternity.

And still no sound from the cabin save now and then a cough, showing that the lungs of the two were harried by their own powder smoke. I dared not explore the in-terior for fear of being greeted by a shot, and could only await some overt act to show me what was afoot. Suddenly from below there came a dull, jarring thud, and the fog about the quarter-deck was lighted by a brilliant flash, apparently from beneath the tarpaulin, while at once following came the



"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 some the instant, and before I realized that some-thing untoward had happened below, seem-ingly from the muck directly overhead **a** hoarse voice shouted: "The deck, ahoy! There's a schooner addift and almost on us! Did ye see that

light? "Ay! Where away is she?" came an an-

"On our starboard bow, sir; coming stern first and no sail set. She's like to foul us!"

success of our attempt to escape; and in | pressed close to the open dead-lights of the rease close to the open dead-ignts of the cabin the two below had sent forth the alarm and made the muss past mending. From the Ajax came loud orders, and just as I caught the glimmer of that vessel's an-chor light as it swept by in a thick yellow halo, there came the rattle of a drum beat-ing to quarters and it was a to not followed halo, there came the ratic of a druin beat-ing to quarters, and it was at once followed by a similar but faint alarm from some ship anchored east and toward the Brookland's shore. Then we slipped into the darkness again, and went whirling on our way. We had missed a collision, but by a close shave only, as I think there lay not two rods betwirt me and the light I had seen. Our

shave only, as I think there iay not two rods betwixt 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 slid by us be-tokened the fact that use then way were movway her riding light had slid by us be-tokened the fact that just then we were mov-ing at the rate of four or five miles an hour. Therefore we were now off Nutten's Is-land, 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 More tear had to 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

anon there came a cry from our cabin-a cry that shot into the quiet air like an alarm cry that shot into the quiet air like an alarm gun and drove me to madness. I was now as one who, having broken through a quick-set, was carrying the thorns in his flesh. Danger hung over me like a descending bludgeon, though instead of cowering be-cented through the it to the basis neath the coming blow it set my blood on nearth the coming blow it set my blood on fire. With a curse which must have caused the girl to shudder, I seized the musket, and, driving its butt through the nearest dead-light, fielt the iron stock shoe crunch against flesh and bone. There came from within a real of energy and often silves and the set yell of agony, and after silence, and then I spoke:

"Another shout, ye villains, and I'll fill te cabin with flying balls. Mind this, if onder boats board us, before being taken I kill ye both! Ye are dealing with Donthe ald Thorndyke, and now lie and stiffe, and

ald Thorndyke, and now lie and stiffe, and may God have more mercy on ye than have I, ye spawn of the devil!" And with this I cut away the seizing that held the tarpaulin and rolled the heavy cov-ering close to the windows, thus blocking all ventilation below. So long as this re-mained undisturbed it would mufile any noise they might make, and, I fancied, soon bring them to terms from lack of air. Hailing Ames (who had thus far stuck to his post) in a voice which I took care should be heard by the prisoners, I ordered him to fire into the compartment at the should be here to y the prisoners, I ordered him to fire into the compartment at the first attempt they made to move the smoth-ering cover, and then I hurried forward to prepare for being overhauled by the boats. Being on my own ship, everything was familiar, and I easily got a lantern from the callex and decaned into the hold carrying

familiar, and I easily got a lantern from the galley and dropped into the hold, carrying with me a line. Here I selected four or five of the largest lumps of lead which in my hurry I could light upon, and, drawing them to the deck, placed them at different points near the rail, that they might come hand y to dran into and stave any heat that came hear the rail, that they might come handy to drop into and stave any boat that came-close alongside. This done, I reprimed all firearms, even to the guard's musket, which was loaded, and from the after davit quietly lowered the dingy, that, if worse came to worse, it might be possible to escape by our getting into her and disappearing. Then I waited 1 waited.

[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. When a hornet stings a feller he knows it, and never stops talking about i* as long as his friends will listen to him. One day a hornet stung my pa (my pa is a preacher) on the nose, and he did not do any pastoral visiting for a month without talking about that hornet. Another way a hornet shows his smartness is by not procrastinating. If he has any business with you he will attend to it at once, and then leaves you to think it over to yourself. He don't do like the mosquito, who comes fooling around for half an hour sing-ing: "Cousin, cousin," and then when he has bled you all he can, dash away yelling: "No kin." A hornet never bleeds you; but if he sticks you, you will go off on a swell. I don't know anything more about hornets, only that



"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 to gether in these woods for at least a year? To-morrowour vacation in the Muskoka lake To morrow our vacation in the substantiate district ends, and by to-morrow evening, if nothing unlooked for happens, we will have nailed up the door of the elubhouse, reeled in our lines for the last time this year, stored our boats, and the night train on the Grand Uncel will be common up with the hole to

Trunk will be carrying us swiftly back to the states and to our various vocations. "Without going into particulars, or men-tioning names, it has seemed to me that this would be an excellent time to confess our prevarications so that we may guit this beau tiful spot with a clear conscience. I would suggest-" "To what do you refer, Brother Smith?"

asked the Pastor.

"To put it in plain English," said Smith, "I think we have all lied more or less, and that now would be a good time to tell the truth." truth

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

"I made no exceptions, and intended "I made no exceptions, and intended none," said Smith. "As for myself, I am here to state now that I have lied; lied as big as I knew how and still make it a lie that might believed, and I guess you fellows swallowed it without much question."

"I have not believed a single thing you have said about fish since you have been here," said the Pastor. "Nor I," echoed the others.

"The biggest lie that I have told since I have been here was that one about the number of bass Yorker and I caught in Healey lake. We were trying to outdo the Pastor, and did so far as the lie was con-cerned, and if he did not believe our story, it was because his own was not true. What was because his own was not true. What

"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

which advise you not to, replet 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 dis-puted when I say there were 138 bass of over the legal length."

over the legal length." "It was only 128, for I counted them to-gether with Husky Bill," said Tice. "What is the matter of ten bass more or less, anyway?" replied Smith. "But there, here there are a featured for the same ten between the same featured to be the same fea

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."

in Crane lake." "You don't need to 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 distinct-ly of your going to Crane lake to fish for muskellunge on the strength of that story," renlied Yorker, "and it was not as bad as

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 con-science is not too elastic. But to return to my Crane lake story, I simply wish to say that I did eatch a muskellunce and that it my Crane take story, I simply wish to say that I did eatch 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 lake

together," said Smith, and you said to all weighed 37 pounds." "What is a matter of five pounds more or "What is a matter of five pounds more or less in the size of a muskellunge?" said York-er, and Bill Reeves nudged Husky Bill when

er, and Bill Reeves nudged Husky Bill when Smith did not reply. "I have told so many different tales re-garding 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 120 trout in ten hours?" asked Husky Bill. "That might he a good place to hear a the

'That might be a good place to begin "That might be a good place to begin at, as that story was exaggerated somewhat. The truth is that I only caught 35 muskel-lunge, 60 bass and no trout at all, for I did not fish for them. There are any num-ber of trout in that stream and its tribu-taries, 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

ENFORIUM VIII 50 111



rmstion that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties whe placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., new he east line of Franklin Housier's farm, m the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY AUCHU,

Prendent.

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WHISKIES.

WINES.

A. McDONALD,

up, but sinking back with a curse as he placed his hand on his bandaged head. "In the woods! Known to be there at placed his hand on his bandaged head. "In the woods! Known to be there and not taken! Are ye al! cursed babies on the trail? 'Fore God, you are right! I was a fool to fly at a shadow! I'll back to Clin-ton and plead fever to explain my absence. I'll back with you this night. The first tale told is the best! Is it not known whose name she mentioned to Clinton?" "You may the aye no name that I can

name she mentioned to Clinton?" "Nay, man, she gave no name that I can find. Clinton but suspicioned ye. Go to him, an' yer not a fool, while I bide here the while. What made ye pick this spot to hide in?" he continued, carelessly passing his hand over the smooth woodwork of the buildened. bulkhead

"Because 'twas right beneath their noses, and the guard was in my pay. In faith, Lounsbury," he went on, with something like relief in the easing away of his body and the long breath he took while he laid his hand on the brace of pistols sticking in his belt, "there was another reason, one with

"Ah! what?" interrupted the other, suddenly withdrawing his wandering hand and bending eagerly forward.

bending eagerly forward. "Ay, the reward, you know; I'm nigh done up for cash. That and revenge, for, mind you, I thought that Thorndyke might take it into his bead to come aboard his own ship, thinking, like me, it was the least likely place to be searched. His paper gave me the idea. I hoped to lie by here until the trouble blew over, or roll in the glory of taking the hound if he came. He is equal to attempting a surprise, but I was ready of taking the hound if he came. He is equal to attempting a surprise, but I was ready for him. The guard is none too bright; had you not better step up and take a look about?" And with this he patted the glearning pistol stocks and looked toward

"There will be no g. 4 to meet him this ght," answered Loun ry with a laugh hich also betokened re. . "I let him go Il sunrise, and his musket lies fog-soaked night.'

1 .

"Below there, Scammell and Lounsbury you two be prisoners in the name of the United Colonies, and I demand the surren-der of your arms! If you force the com-panion, it will mean death to both; you are outnumbered.'

"Who are you?" came from within, this time from Scanmell. "Call me the ghost of Donald Thorndyke,

if you will, but pass out your arms." At which I laughed outright, despite the situ ation

The laugh must have been heard by them and my locality fairly well marked, for there came a volley of curses, and then through the door two pistol shots in quick succes-

It was fortunate that I was well at the It was fortunate that I was well at the side of the companion, else the assault would have finished me. It showed the temper of my captives, as well as the necessaty for pro-tection against another similar attack, for should it come to our getting off and using the sails the helmsman would be in sore danger of being shot as he stood at the wheel. There were no window openings in the cabin fore or aft, and, save the door, no nossible washness in the structure, but

no possible weakness in the structure; but this door exactly faced the helm and was in

This door exactly faced the helm and was in danger of being forced or so riddled with bullets that it would become \neg outlook for the two royalists who could thus command the wheel and adjacent deck. It would have been an easy matter to shoot either or both of the prisoners and so put an end to our internal danger, but at this juncture I did not like the report of firearms, nor had I yet arrived at a blood-thirsty mood. Moreover, I felt that the bringing into the patriot lines of a brace of live tories would redound more to my credit than a tale of a couple of carcasses, which must needs have been thrown over-

which also betokened re. "I let him go till sunrise, and his musket lies fog-soaked on the deck, the ass! Ye have the vapors. We be safe enough. The fog lies like a fleece, but-but-" "But what, you fool?" was the irritable rejoinder. "I meant 'twas a new thought, that o' the chance o' his coming. Ne'er mipd. Go ye ashore with the guard when he gets back,

"Can you make her out?" "Naught but the foreyard and topmasts

"What the devil can be the meaning of "What the devil can be the meaning of it?" came the return, and then I heard the scuttle of feet on the stranger's deck, fol-lowed by a quick call: "Schemer ahoy! What schemer's that?"

"Schooner aboy! What schooner a trat: Hitherto my policy had been silence, but now it instantly struck me that to pay no attention to the hail would be but to pre-cipitate ruin while yet there was a forlorn hope. If we came in collision, unless I an-swered they would board us in the twinkling of an eve, while if we missed they would of an eye, while if we missed they would be suspicious and start a search. which, be suspicious and start a search, which, blind as it would be, might end by their running across us. Therefore I at once sent my volce back with all my power and with-out the least hesitation: "Ay, ay; we've parted a shackle and are lesing ground. Will bring up in a couple of cable's lorths if we also row. Stard by

cable's lengths if we clear you. Stand by o take a blow. What ship's that?"

to take a blow. What ship's that?" "His majesty's sloop-of-war Ajax! What schooner's that?" "The Sprite," 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. at me was startling. "Ye lie! The Sprite went outside this

"Ye he: The sprite wept outside this morning on patrol. Come to, or I'll sink ye! Stand by for quarters! On deck, the watch below!" Then, evidently to guard aloft: "Where away is she? Damn the fog!" In the quick bustle, the shrill rattle of the boatswain's whistle on the deck of the new which sound accord to fill the here.

enemy (which sound seemed to fill the har-bor), and all that followed. I heard no anbor, and an etail followed, I hear ho an-swer to the call aloft. There was chough close at hand, for from our own cabin thera came a beddam of shouts that drowned the details of the notes of preparation made on

Josh Billings says: 'A hornet is an in flamible (Josh was a poor speller) buzzer, sudden in his impreshuns, and rather hasty in his conclusions, or end. -Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post

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:

"Hebron, Feb. 5, 1784 .- This day departed this life Mrs. Lydia Peters, the wife of Col. John Peters and second daughter of Joseph Phelps, Esq. She was married at the age of fifteen and lived with her consort three times fifived with her consort three times fif-teen years, and had fifteen living chil-dren, thirteen now alive, and the young-est fifteen years old. She hath had three times fifteen grandchildren. She was sick fifteen months, and died on the fifteen'h day of the month, aged four times lifteen years." - Hartford Courant.

He Wasn't Afraid

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

The Young Man-Yes, she told me the other night that the perfume she uses costs \$2.40 an ounce, but I know where I can get a big discount on the same stuff .- Chicago Daily News.

Common Case.

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

"He seems to have frozen ap now."-Indiena, olis Journal.

Very Remarkable.

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

"Because money talks, you know."-Harlem Life.

urs and three-quarters. As for the other ries I have told about fishing in Kah 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

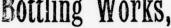
"Gentlemen," began the Pastor, "when Brother Smith started this little experience meeting, I did not realize the good that it was to accomplish. In fact, I was afraid it would result in more harm than good, and that the prevarications—I cannot bring my-self to the point of calling them lies—that have been told by several of you around these evening fires would only be again exag-gerated, and that some of you at 1 ast would return to your homes with an add: d 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 Brother Smith started this little exp that you feel the better for naving made fhem. 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 is-land several years ago. I am sure that had Brother Barnes been with us to-night he would here hear meand to tall the real 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 I may have toid 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 590 bass my-self and a friend caught in one day—" "You said 560 before," said Smith.

"You said 500 before," said Smith. "Possibly I did, but 590 was the correct number, and I only wished to correct my former statement." "I guess those bonds you put up guaran-teeing the Pastor's reputation will be de-clared forfeited when you get home," said Husk Bill to Smith, as they walked back to the clubhouse.

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



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