

PITHY PLEA OF A CHILD.

I think the world is really sad, I can do nothing but annoy. For little boys are all born bad, and I am born a little boy.

A COLONIAL



FREE-LANCE

By CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS

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CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

I had worked with feverish haste, knowing that the outcome of this episode with the Ajax would terminate for good or evil in a mighty short time.

And now I took a deep breath and moved, for during this time of terrible suspense we on deck had barely stirred.

As patient as a girl, she was human flesh, and a delicate bit of femininity at that. The cabin top could not be made permanent quarters for her, and, though I believe she would have collapsed from sheer exhaustion ere offering a word of complaint, it was longer unsheltered and seated on bare, hard planking.

It struck me that the quiet, coupled with what had gone before, might bear a mighty significance, and going softly to a corner of the tarpaulin, I quickly threw it up and looked in. The light was out. Drawing back out of range I called Scammell by name, and then Lounsbury, but received no reply.

Here, now, was my threat to stifle them carried out better than I knew. Dragging off the tarpaulin, I pushed away the hatch cover, drew the bayonet from the staple, forced back the companion slide and entered. The first thing I did was to stumble over a man's body on the floor, and then I turned and got to the deck, for the air in the cabin was more than I could at once endure.

No wonder they had succumbed. In their tipiness, or through the carelessness of desperation, they had fired their ammunition, the amount not having been sufficient to cause more than the muffled blow and flash I had heard and seen on the instant of my being hailed by the Ajax.

sufferer, and thus was accounted for his blackened face and his cry for air and water. However, it could not have hit my turn better had I laid the train of events myself, nor was it long before I had the two lying on the deck and knew the cabin was sweetening and would soon be a fit retreat for Miss King.

Like bags of dunnage I took them by their collars, hauling them amidships, and then clapped the wrists and legs of both into irons, articles which in those days stood somewhat ahead of the medicine chest in importance, and frequently in use. With a mingled feeling of pity, hatred, and disgust, I soured the soles with a bucket of salt water, and then left them for Nature to bring to life.

Gradually a lividness came over the fog, and, as the light of the coming day strengthened, it showed the mist driving across us like wads of smoke. As the light broadened I went to the binnacle to see how we were heading, but found the compass gone from it, and, on examination, discovered that all my instruments had been confiscated and saved.

It was no alarm. She was standing by the fore shrouds looking at the sudden transformation which had come over the face of Nature. Often have I seen the sun rise, but never did it appear in such a grandeur of pearl and gray. The glory of its coming was none the less for the lack of vivid coloring. The fog had rolled off as rolls of curtain, and to the east and north lay piled in towering masses ranging from thunderous blackness to the opalescent clearness of a seashell.

Without less we were marked by a hundred eyes on board those about, but the levitations were powerless to harm us, their very size and ponderosity shaking them against quick action. Close aboard and on our starboard beam lay the white sand spit of the lower island which goes far to make New York harbor the haven it is, and once past this wilderness of leech, now known as Norton's Point, we would be on the sea.

CHAPTER XVIII. PURSUED.

All that morning we sailed almost as blithely as ever pleasure seekers sailed a summer sea. True it was that a measure of anxiety still hampered my spirits, but as compared with what we had undergone, we were at heart as light as the filmy mares' tails floating athwart the blue above.

But no change could I make in her manner when necessity brought us together. Her smile was as bright—ay, brighter—than the sun, and her voice as free from nervous tremulousness, and her manner as self-contained as though she was slowly a ballroom floor instead of the grimy, stowage-heaving deck of a fugitive schooner.

she turned away and went below to the cabin, which by this had been given over to her exclusive use. I minded me that it was I to whom she first brought an allowance of salt beef and ship's bread, and let her brother wait. Somehow the fact warmed me, and then I apostrophized myself for a fool for having thought of it. How she regarded her cievant lover I had easily seen in the way she turned her head and made a wide detour when necessity compelled her to pass him where he sprawled on the deck, his repulsiveness as much, if not more marked than his companion's, owing to the tarnished richness of his once glittering uniform.

Once onto blue water we held a council to determine our destination. It was safer, I thought, to land my passengers on the Jersey coast and by myself try to work under short sail to New London, where was consigned the schooner's cargo. But neither brother nor sister would hear of such a move. Washington having withdrawn to the north, there could be no telling the state of southern Jersey, especially as it had been overrun with bands of marauders known as "Sandhillers," and, there being no safe objective for the fugitives, to land would be but beginning anew a search for refuge. Without money (though I would make a shift to remedy the lack of that), without friends and with a price on their heads, a change to the pine wilderness of the western coast would be scarce an improvement over the deck of the Phantom, outlawed though she was. Such was their argument.



"He was unconscious."

As for myself, nothing would have tempted me to desert the vessel. By holding a course well south, clinging only to the loom of the Long Island coast as a guide, I might, if I had no sure compass, I might run across a Yankee privateer or find protection in a possible French cruiser. At this moment I had recovered all I had lost and more. The schooner with its cargo was intact; the gold was still in the cabin; I had been enriched by several rolls of money from Clinton (though I had not yet counted the coin, only guessing at its value by its drag on my pocket), while below were Lounsbury and a prisoner of rank. More than these I had the knowledge of a move to be made toward the relief of Newport by the British, and—here I was honest with

myself as I thus compiled my gains—I had two friends, one of whom, oath or no oath, should come to no harm from mankind while I had an arm to interpose. I had suggested the Jersey shore as a matter of duty. I had heard their determination to abide with me and share my fortune, be it high or low, with something of a feeling that put a new power into me, and, fancy, a new light in my eye (had they been looking closely), not caused by the dazzle of the sun. Our destination lay, then, first for the Vineyard. There I would place this now homeless girl in care of my mother and sister, who were probably mourning for me as lost, then to New London to deliver prisoners and cargo to the proper authorities, and after that—well, I would wait and see.

By this it was about four in the afternoon as I figured from the height of the sun, which, though clear, shone from a sky that had become flaked as though a fine-drawn smoke had settled over it. Though the schooner dragged through the water with a light and airy bearing, it was lighter, as if it was traveling uphill. Its sluggishness I knew was due somewhat to the character of its cargo, which was the dearest of dead weights, but more to the marine growth which had collected on her bottom during her long anchorage, and which could easily be seen streaming below like a dull and ragged green beard. Beyond the dull gurgle of the cutwater and an occasional splash in our wake, not a sound broke the intense

stillness of the afternoon. Ames was forward, guarding the forecastle hatch, and his sister had gone below. From the prisoners (who had come at last to a realizing sense of their position) nothing had been heard beyond a demand for water, which had been given to them, and air, ocean, and schooner, with all on board, had quieted into what had fast become a dead calm. We had seen a number of sail during the day, but nothing had as yet come hull above the horizon, even these showing south and west mere specks of light against the pearly of the sky line. I thanked God for the scare given the British by the advent of the French fleet, and knew that each cable's length we made to the east brought us so much nearer safety. The day was waning; night would soon be on us, and if the wind held, under cover of darkness we would be secure in our flight, and possibly the morning sun might rise and show me the gorgeous reds and yellows of Gay Head bluff with its cap of green turf, a sign that we were in home waters.

Even as my heart warmed at the thought, I cast my eye landward over the larboard quarter and saw coming out of the haze which had all but blotted out the Long Island coast a topsail schooner bearing southeast or directly toward the Phantom. She was some five or six miles away, but even at that distance I could see by her slope that she had found a fresh slant of wind, and that from her forward cloths to the tip of her main boom every rag was drawing, her progress being mightily helped by the square sail set on her foretopmast. There was no knowing what she was, but the fact that any craft had gotten so close without having been marked, gave me a start, and I put the helm down that the job and staysails might draw, which would at the same time bring the stranger over our taffrail. A landlubber could have seen she was no Frenchman, for the Gull had a style of cut, rake and carry, all his own, besides which they were not given to sailing small craft in these waters. She might be a privateer, in which case all would be well, but if not, and I feared my own intuition, then my air castles were doomed to ruin. My borrowed happiness was but the swan song of hope, my dream that of a condemned man.

The jibing of the foresail and my hail to Ames brought Miss King to the deck. Her brother joined us, and we three stood looking at the oncoming vessel which had appeared like a cloud to mar the brightness of a perfect day. There was no need to explain the menace lying beneath that bunch of swollen canvas. By the faces of the two I saw they realized it was a plain case of chase, the only doubt being whether it would prove for good or evil. I would have given the gold in my pocket for a good glass with which to make her out, but as that was impossible, it took me but a few seconds to come to the conclusion that our only hope (and that a slim one) was to make the chase a stern one and give the poor Phantom, with her foul bottom, all the speed possible. Putting the wheel in charge of Ames, with no loss of words I went forward, clambered up the fore shrouds and managed alone to unfurl the square sail, settling the bracing and the sheet and tack on my return to the deck. In the present light air the pull of the canvas was small, but it was something, and I knew the stranger would mark the increase of sail and read as plainly as print that we wanted nothing of her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My lady was as reckless as my lord, and rattled the dicebox and shuffled the cards from dusk till morning, going home with ruined fortunes, in her sedan chair, when workmen were going home from lathe and loom to breakfast. Family diamonds and jewels and plate were staked when the guineas were exhausted, and when these possessions had gone farms and estates were sacrificed. The amusements, too, of wealthy people were of a coarse and cruel description. Rat-worrying, cock-fighting and badger-baiting were favorite diversions. Prize fighting was regarded as essential to keep up the courage of Englishmen. Even the clergy joined in these low and brutal pastimes and neglected their spiritual duties, or cut short a Sunday afternoon service sooner than miss being present at a main of cocks or seeing two men entering the ring for the express purpose of pommeling one another, breaking ribs, damaging noses, knocking out teeth, and cracking jaws. The devotional life of the church was distinguished by all the apathy that prevailed during the Georgian period; the sacred edifices were dormitories for the living as well as of the dead; but the work of Whitefield and the two brothers Wesley had helped to breathe new life into the dry bones of the establishment.—Chambers' Journal.

Subtleties.

Intercourse with Christians had given the savage a taste not only for rum, but for dialect subtleties as well. "I spare your life," he said to the captive. "Thank you," the captive replied, not forgetting his manners. "So you owe me your life, don't you?" asked the savage. "Oh, yes," said the captive. "Well, then, if I take your life, I won't be stealing, will I?" exclaimed the savage. It was clear this benighted person took a truly civilized delight in buncing his ethical sensibilities for the benefit of his propensities.—Detroit Journal.

Tit for Tat.

Cross-Examining Counsel—Isn't your husband a burglar? Witness—Y-e-s. Cross-Examining Counsel—And didn't you know he was a burglar when you married him? Witness—Yes; but I was getting a little old, and I had to choose between a burglar and a lawyer, so what else could I do?—Harlem Life.

Astronomical Item.

Although quite youthful in his appearance, Johnnie Chaffie, like "Little Willie" in the well-known ballad, is decidedly precocious. When the teacher asked the class: "Are there other moons besides ours?" Johnnie jumped up, and exclaimed: "Yes, there's the honeymoon!"—Tammany Times.

"Scorpion!" he hissed, after the other fellow had kicked him. "Lucky for you I ain't a centipede," retorted the kicker.—Town Topics.

HAS A RUBBER TONGUE.

New York Victim of the Smoking Habit Made Whole Again by a Surgical Operation.

Science has enabled a man to go through life with an artificial nose and limbs that often defy detection, but one of the most novel inventions of modern surgery is a tongue made of rubber and resting on a pivot set between the teeth. There is a man in New York who can show this wonderful mechanism.

This man is George Henderson. He is 47 years old and for many years had



GEORGE HENDERSON. (Known to His Friends as the Man with the Rubber Tongue.)

been an inveterate smoker, often using 15 cigars a day. Excessive use of tobacco caused a cancer of the tongue, and the organ had to be removed. This operation was most difficult and was, according to the New York Herald, performed in Bellevue hospital.

It was necessary to saw through the lower jaw at the center and remove two lower front teeth, together with a portion of the jawbone on either side of these teeth. When this was done the surgeons removed two-thirds of the anterior part of the tongue, leaving only the base of the organ. The severed ends of the jaw were reunited with wire. Henderson then left the hospital, the surgeons giving him little hope of ever being able to eat solid food. Mr. Henderson finally went to the New York college of dentistry, where Dr. Frederick Bradley took charge of his case. He sawed through the jaw again and adjusted its sides evenly, bringing them in as close impact as possible. A metal cap was placed over all of the lower teeth and held in position by a clamp on either side of the mouth fastened under the chin. After the patient had worn this for five weeks it was removed, and it was found that the several parts of the jaw had reunited.

Henderson was still unable to eat solid food, because he had no tongue to pass it back into the oesophagus. To overcome this difficulty the surgeon constructed an artificial tongue. A rim of gold was made to fit the inner surface of the lower teeth. This was beveled off toward the lower edge and attached to a wire clasp which fitted over one of the back teeth on either side. A bar of German silver was fastened across the mouth from one of the back teeth to another opposite. This was inclosed in a tube of the same metal of sufficient size to permit it to rotate easily on the bar. A tongue of red vulcanized rubber was made to fit about the tube. The rear of the rubber tongue was beveled off toward the bottom and placed under the base of the real tongue, so that the least movement of the muscles pressed down on the rubber, throwing the tongue up.

Henderson is now able to talk as distinctly and freely as he ever did, and eats with ease and freedom.

VICTOR OF COLESBERG.

Gen. French the Only British Officer in South Africa Who Has Not Been Defeated by the Boers.

Maj. Gen. John D. P. French, who commanded the British forces at Colesberg, is the only British commander in South Africa who has not been defeated by the Boers. He has proved himself as capable as his friends in England be-



GEN. JOHN D. P. FRENCH. (Only British Commander in Africa Who Has Won a Battle.)

lieved him to be when he was placed in command of the cavalry in South Africa. He has demonstrated what can be done by a general who knows how to direct the movements of his troops with skill. The British success at Elands-laagte was achieved through the carrying out of his plans. French is a young soldier who began his career in the navy, but left that arm of the service for the cavalry. He was lately in charge of the brigade at Aldershot, where he proved himself very efficient. His active work in the field was limited to some service in Egypt, but what little he had to do there was well done. He is 47 years old.

\$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 AUCHU, President.

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