

A PNETTY GOOD WORLD.

Pretty good world, if you take it all round—
Pretty good world, good people!
Better be on than be under the ground—

At least for a season, good people!
Pretty good world, with its dark and its bright—
Pretty good world, with its love and its light;

F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A COLONIAL

Free-lance
By Chauncy C. Hotchkiss
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CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

I looked sharply at the third man, expecting some word from him, but he shifted his eye from mine, giving me something like a sneer and shrugging his bony shoulders, but vouchsafing nothing in the way of words.

"Come, lads!" said I, ignoring the attitude of the silent man. "I'll be frank with you. I'm Donald Thornadyke, of the American forces. The schooner was taken by me single-handed, and the Sprit is beyond all bearings. Lombury is overboard, there are two sick in the cabin, and the surgeon is at my mercy. So are you if you abide not by the terms I offer.

"The two who had spoken looked askant each at the other, and the knife of the original spokesman fell to the deck. As the hand of the Yankee sought the sheath the third man spoke, unfolding his arms and speaking like thunder as he gave vent to his words.

"Ye two be damned fools to be trustin' a rebel an' runnin' yez heads into th' noose. Be ye a couple o' babysts not to mark his firearm is useless wi' th' wet? 'E's in our lads! 'Wot's to 'inder our takin' the craft an' gettin' th' price that lies on the 'ead of this 'ere'—"

His action and outspoken hostility was so sudden as to take me by surprise, and had the others responded to his call, it would surely have gone hand with me. But instead of springing to the sword of their mate, they remained standing as though the quick shifting of the situation had for the moment dazed them.

Even with this menace before me I could but think what a simple fool the man was. Instead of quietly following my lead and getting me at a disadvantage, he had chosen to board me against the odds of my cutlass and the lukewarmness of his mates.

Without drawing my cutlass, I advanced upon the fellow as though to close with him. I mind me now that he was left-handed, and as the first holding the knife swayed aloft and came down, I seized his wrist and with a violent turn whipped his elbow out of joint as one twists the leg from a well-cooked fowl.

Physically the man had been no match for me, and I might have hammered the

But, though the Phantom's antics were reduced in violence and we existed in comparative comfort, the schooner was far from being secure, since the whole seas that rose and combed over the bows threatened again and again to swamp the craft, for, ere her

But the demands of war, self-preservation, pride, and the safety of others leave little latitude for the sentiment of pity in time of action. Had I in anger alone disjoined the groaning man my conscience (which, thank God, has never been seared into inactivity) might have upbraided me, but now I felt no great pang of remorse as I sprang up the ladder, calling the two to follow.

If the plucky resistance of the disabled seaman had impressed the others, such impression seemed to have disappeared as they came with me into the air above. Like owls suddenly brought into sunshine, they blinked in the now broadened light, and, hanging on to the haliards of the foremast, gazed with plain interest at the tumult about them.

His exclamation was caused by a sudden jerk of the schooner, followed by a sidelong dip, and a whole green sea came aboard over the starboard bow. The full force of it was broken by the house on the forecastle hatch, but the bulk swept over all obstacles like a cascade, and, rising to our hips, drove us clear of the deck in a twinkling.

"How long the schooner might have lived thus there can be no surer, and even to me, knowing as I did the soundness of each beam, though the calm had lasted above an hour, told me that a vicious force was still at work over the breast of the ocean.

But she had no longer to test a broadside battering. Having at present nothing to fear from the men (for even had they been going to plotting it were against human nature to strike at me while death threatened all), I was about descending into the cabin after ordering the two to take the limp surgeon forward and stow him in a bunk. For a moment I stood and watched them careening along the deck with their burden, wondering if it were wise to allow them to come in contact with the disabled mate.

It was a tragic episode, but I had seen so much tragedy crowded into my life for the past few days that this quick and probably painless passing of a human soul made in my state but little impression.

CHAPTER XXV.
A RESPIRE.

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We had not held our way for long when it became plain that to escape by running was impossible, as the following seas reached a height and speed that threatened to poop the schooner at any moment.

It was an anxious moment when the manœuvre to come about was made. Each one was lashed to his post, and, when I gave the order to jam down the helm, I knew that salvation or destruction might lie in the coming brief minute.

Even though we were safely hove into the wind the gale so increased in force as to make it impossible to carry even a double-reefed mainsail, and there were no means at hand for the reduction of canvas save to take all in. I met the difficulty by making a sea anchor of the wreck of the top hammer, binding the mass together and heaving it aboard with a line attached, then, by stripping the vessel of its last rag, to this drag we rode across the fearful billows with less straining, now pointing squarely into the wind's eye.

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It was when we were thus driven to inaction that one life was lost. I was standing by the wheel, drenched, exhausted, and fast falling into my former state of dull apathy.

In a half-dreamy way I was conning the horizon dead ahead when I saw the forecastle door open and the man who had defied me step to the deck at an interval when for a moment the deluge had subsided. He was suffering agony from his wrenched arm, for his face was working, and he held the wounded limb in his right hand.

Behind him appeared the head and part of the body of the now sobered surgeon, at whose advice he had doubtless taken the reckless step of leaving the forecastle. The man in advance seemed dazed, for he hesitated and almost fell as the head of the schooner rose to a billow, but with an effort he turned toward me and staggered a step forward.



Mutiny.

To lift a finger for his rescue was beyond all but Divine power, and, though he was no more than the boom's length from me, he was as fairly seized by death as though clutching by a fatal malady.

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By the end of the third day the Phantom was practically a floating wreck, though for all I could see not a line had parted, nor a spar, other than the topmast, been displaced. But there was no longer a buoyant lift to her bows, and the seas ran dangerously near the level of the deck—a fact that plainly spoke of water in the hold, it having drained from above or leaked between her strained planks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PAST GLORY.

The Moral Effect the Ruins of Copan Have Upon the Visiting Traveler.

In 1576 Don Diego Garcia de Palacio, an officer of the king of Spain, journeying from Guatemala to San Pedro, passed through the ruins of Copan, and in a letter to Philip II.—a letter that is still preserved in the British museum—describes what he saw there.

There is but one reasonable conclusion—the city was abandoned and in ruins long before the arrival of the Spaniards; all tradition concerning it was lost, and its name forgotten. Its glory was never beheld by Europeans.

The moral effect of all these ruins on the traveler who sojourns among them is not easily described. They have an atmosphere that is not shared by any other ruins in the world.

GAINED HIS POINT.

A "Chronic Kicker" Who by Quiet Reasoning Got What He Was After.

Some years ago an Irishman named Pat Noonan had a vegetable stand in one of the city markets. Pat was a chronic kicker for what he considered "his rights," and at the same time about as shrewd and witty a specimen of the Emerald Islander as could be found in a week's travel, outside of the "ould dart."

One day he was complaining to the superintendent of the market that the rent of his stall was altogether too high, and after giving various reasons why it should be materially reduced, he wound up by solemnly declaring that he was losing at least a thousand dollars a year.

"Well, Pat, if that's the case," said the superintendent, dryly, "I'd advise you to sell out and quit the business at once. You certainly can't afford to keep on if you are running behind a thousand dollars a year."

"Shure, an' I know it," said Pat, philosophically; "the business 's ruinin' me intirely, but I might ez well stick to it now that I'm at it. I've got to do somethin' to make a livin', an' if I quit sellin' cabbages an' praties an' start at some other trade I might be after losin' more yet, I dunno."

The superintendent concluded to lower Mr. Noonan's rent and allow him to remain in the vegetable business.—N. Y. World.

Gordon's Courage.

Sir W. H. Russell, the veteran war correspondent, tells this characteristic story of Gordon: During the Crimean war there was a sortie and the Russians actually reached the English trench.

An All-Year Resort.

The Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Ark., opens March 1, 1900. A most desirable, attractive and convenient resort for health and pleasure seekers.

Why can't somebody give us a list of things which everybody thinks and nobody says, and another list of things that everybody says and nobody thinks?—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Florida and Cuba.

Write to J. C. Tucker, G. N. Agent, Big Four Route, 234 Clark St., Chicago, Ills., for full information as to Low Rate Excursion tickets to all Winter Resorts in the South.

NICE OLD QUAKER LADY

Cured of Catarrh
By Peruna
After 20 Years' Suffering.



MRS. POLLY EVANS, A LIFE-LONG FRIEND OF PERUNA.

"My wife (Polly J. Evans) says she feels entirely cured of systemic catarrh of twenty years' standing. She took nearly six bottles of thy excellent medicine, Peruna, as directed, and we feel very thankful to her for thy kindness and advice."

As ever, thy friend, John Evans, South Wabash, Ind.

membranes of the whole body. It produces regular functions. Peruna restores perfect health in a natural way.

A Competent Defense. The homeliest man in congress is Eddy, of Minnesota. He rather glories in the distinction of ugliness, especially as all his other characteristics are enviable.

Criticizing a Professor. A professor of English literature in the Kansas university once posted this notice: "In communicating with themselves the students will whisper as often as possible."

Flat Comfort. Mrs. Flatte—What do you suppose they are leaving a load of ice down at the door?

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O! Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

Florida, West Indies and Central America. The facilities of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad for handling tourists and travelers destined for all points in Florida, Cuba, Porto Rico, Central America, or for Nassau, are unsurpassed.

Debilty—My system was all run down. I had blackheads and that tired feeling. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and have gained ten pounds in weight and feel like a new man.—William J. Knight, 821 Bluff Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Shallow Brooks Are Often Noisy.

You have headache, backache, eruptions or kidney troubles, or "that tired feeling." These are the shallow brooks with their noise. Seek the source of the brook and it is deep and quiet.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver illis: the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Salzer's 3 Eared Corn

This new, earliest, orn will revolutionize corn growing, yielding 1000 bushels per acre. BIG FOUR OATS yields 250 bush. per acre, and you can beat that!

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