THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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Grand Clearance Sale

OF Boots, SHOES and Rubber Goods.

A money saving sale for economical buyers—a sale which will be talked of in every family—a grand cut of prices on all goods, none will be spared. It will pay you to come miles to attend this sale—we need room and must reduce our stock and here are the low prices they will go at.

1 lot ladies' fine dongola pat. tip shoes, regular price $1 50, reduced to.....$ .90
1 lot ladies' waterproof kangaroo calf but. shoes regular price $1 40 reduced to .90
1 lot child's solar tip grain shoes, regular price 75c reduced to..... 50
1 lot men's fine satin calf shoes Eng. Bals., regular price $1.50 reduced to..... 1.00
1 lot ladies' heel and spring heel rubbers, regular price 35c reduced to..... .15
1 lot children's rubbers, regular price 25c, reduced to..... .10
1 lot men's all solid working shoes double sole and tap, regular price $1.40, reduced to..... 1.00
1 lot ladies' fine dongola hand turn and hand welt shoes, regular price $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00, your choice at..... 2.00
1 lot ladies' warm lined shoes, regular price $1.25, reduced to..... .75
1 lot ladies' warm lined slippers, regular price 90c, reduced to..... .50

A line of holiday slippers which sold at 90c, $1.25 and $1.35 will be closed out at..... .65

Our stock of felt boots and rubber goods to be closed out cheap. Sheffield sole leather by the side 20c per pound and best cut, cut in strips at 25c per pound. Cut soles at 10c per pair. All kinds of findings and shoe-makers supplies at rock bottom prices

Men's best felt boots with first grade woonsocket overs at.....$1.75
Boy's felts and best overs at..... 1.25
Youth's felts and best overs at..... .90
Men's woonsocket first quality rubber boots at..... 2.00
Boy's woonsocket boots at..... 1.25
Children's rubber boots at..... .75
Boy's storm king rubber boots at..... 1.50
Youth's storm king rubber boots at..... 1.25

JOHN BICKEL.

128 S. MAIN St. BUTLER. PA.

HUSELTON'S Great Mark Down Sale

IN BOOTS and SHOES.

There will be lively shoe selling in this house for some time to come. We have taken the balance of several of our fine lines—sizes are somewhat broken—and marked them down to

About 50c on the Dollar!

Misses' Shoes.

One lot of fine Dongola, plain toe, spring and heel, former price $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00, now 75c and $1.00—sizes 11½.

Children's, same style, 8½ to 11, reduced to 50c and 75c. Sizes 6 to 8, 35c and 50c.

One Lot Women's

Heavy Leather Shoes—former price 1.25; now 75c.

Men's and Boys' Shoes.

One lot of Calf hand-made Congress Shoes, former price $3.00; now $1.50. Sizes 6 to 8.

Boys' Shoes at 75c and $1.00. Sizes 1 to 5½.

Ladies' Shoes.

One lot fine Dongola, lace and button, former price $2.00, $3.00 and $4.00; now $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00. These are mostly narrow widths—A, B and C. Small, narrow feet will have a rare treat.

One lot of Ladies' Lace Shoes, former price $1 25 and $2.00; now 75c and $1.00.

One lot of Ladies' soft Dongola shoes, button and turns, plain and tip, former price $4.00 and $4.50; now $1.50 and $2.00.

Women's Rubbers at 18c, 20c and 25c.

Wool Boots and Stockings.

Men's Wool Boots and Rubbers at $1.35 and $2.00.

Men's Rubber Shoes, good at 50c. We have buckle and storm arctics at 75c and $1.00. Rubber Boots, all kinds you may ask for. Tell us what you want. We have it.

All Winter goods—warm lined Shoes and Slippers at a great reduction.

YOU WILL FIND US Opposite Hotel Lowry,

Butler's Leading Shoe house, 102 N. Main St., Butler, Pa.

J. S. YOUNG,

Tailor, Hatter and Gents Furnishing Goods.

Summer heat makes the problem of looking dressy and keeping cool a hard one But we've solved it; and for once economy, comfort and fashion go hand in hand Our summer suits are finer in fabric, nobbier in pattern and more stylish in cut than ever before, they fit your curves and yet they're not sweat bath outfits. The prices may surprise you.

J. S. YOUNG, Tailor.

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They Fit Well, will wear well.

NEW YEAR IDEAS. Unless your clothes are up-to-date they might as well be several years behind the times. If you want the best ideas in clothing you should get your clothing of men who have the ideas. You want them to look well and wear well. If they are not satisfactory you justly blame the tailor. We make the clothes in correct style and you are sure of them fitting for we guarantee them and make the clothes to suit you.

G. F. KECK, —MERCHANT TAILOR— 142 North Main Street, Butler, Penn'a.

BIG SALE

Our Stock Must Be Reduced

before we take invoice, and in order to do so we will offer rare bargains from diamonds down to the smallest article in our line. Space will only permit a few of the many bargains.

Ladies' diamond rings $8 and $10 ones now $6; Good watch (guaranteed) $2.50; Fine watch, you pay $7 for now $5; 8 day clock, regular $4 ones now $2.25; Black iron clock gilt trimming, was $10 now $6; Alarm clock warranted 65c.

Come and examine our stock and get what you need in our line cheaper than you ever dreamed of

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JEWELERS, 122 South Main St., Butler, Pa.

Old silver and gold taken the same as cash. Sale until Feb. 1st.

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Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

Thousands are Trying It.

In order to prove the great merit of Ely's Cream Balm, the most effective cure for Catarrh and Cold in Head, we have prepared a generous trial size for 10 cents. Get it of your druggist or send 10 cents to

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

I suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since a boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no cocaine, mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents. At druggists or by mail.

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that the slovenly dressed man never receives the respect and consideration the well dressed man gets. One secret in dressing well lies in the selection of the right tailor.

our garments

are cut and made in our own workshop in this city. We are particular about the fit, fashion and all the minute details in their construction.

Would be pleased to show you a product of our shop and also give you a pointer in economy.

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ALAND,

MAKER OF MEN'S CLOTHES

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The best of horses and first class rigs always on hand and for hire.

Best accomodations in town for permanent boarding and transient trade. Special care guaranteed.

Stable room for sixty five horses.

A good class of horses, both drivers and draft horses always on hand and for sale under a full guarantee; and horses bought upon proper notification by SEANOR & NACE.

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—prices made to hurry up the shelf emptying—such determined sacrifice of choice goods as, when investigated, will show financial advantage beyond any ever experienced in your dry goods buying.

32 inch all wool neat Mixtures that were 25c are 15c.

38 inch all wool dark Mixtures 20c.

40 inch all wool Novelties—nice effects, 25c—under price to such extent as shows we mean to empty the shelves at once.

Novelty Dress Goods and Suitings 35c, 50c to $1.

Assorted lines solid color Dress Goods same way—half price, and less—chances for good useful gowns and skirts that mean money saved—get samples and let goods at the prices prove it.

Black Goods shelves and Plaid and Flannel shelves also being emptied—with prices. Nice Black Goods reduced to 25, 35c.

$50,000 worth of choice silks sacrificed—among them are lots at 35, 50, 65, 75c to $1 yard—both fancy and plain colored silks—values that warrant your getting samples of for dressy waists, for gowns and for linings.

Not a surplus lot of goods spared—prices made to sell them—now's the time to buy—and save.

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M. C. WAGNER,

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139 South Main street.

Over Shaul & Nast's Clothing Store

TREASURE ISLAND

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Billy Bones, an old sea dog, much addicted to rum, lodges at Admiral Benbow Inn.

CHAPTER II.—Stranger, called "Black Dog," meets Bones; an interview ends in fight and disappearance of stranger. Bones suffers apoplectic stroke.

CHAPTER III.—Blind beggar comes to Inn, presses something in Bones' hand and leaves. "Ten o'clock!" Bones cries. "Six hours. We'll do them yet!" at which moment he is struck dead by apoplexy.

CHAPTER IV.—Near Bones' body is found a little round paper, blackened on one side, on the other the words: "You have till ten to-night." Gold is found in Bones' sea chest, and an oilskin packet. Flight taken from Inn.

CHAPTER V.—Blind man (Pew) with companions attack the Inn. Chagrined at not finding "Flint's fist," the scoundrels scatter. Blind Pew is run down and killed by a horse.

CHAPTER VI.—Young Hawkins takes packet to Dr. Livesey, who with Squire Trelawney opens it and finds minute directions for finding of vast treasure.

CHAPTER VII.—Trelawney fits up expedition to seek treasure.

CHAPTER VIII.—Jim Hawkins meets Black Dog at John Silver's inn. Black Dog runs away, and Silver avows ignorance of his identity.

CHAPTER IX.—Ship's captain thinks some things on board somewhat singular and asks to have certain precautions taken, among which are the storing of the powder and arms astern and giving the doctor and his friends berths beside the cabin.

CHAPTER X.—"Hispaniola" begins her voyage. Hawkins climbs into apple barrel and overhears plans of treachery on foot among the crew.

CHAPTER XI.—Plot (laid by Silver, ship's cook) provides for the strike for possession of the treasure immediately it is gotten aboard. Cry of "Land ho!" heard.

CHAPTER XII.—Hawkins tells of Silver's treachery to Livesey, Trelawney and Capt. Smollett, who hold a council of war.

CHAPTER XIII.—Mutiny begins to show in restlessness of men, and captain decides to give the men an afternoon ashore. Jim Hawkins slips off with them, but on the island gives them the slip.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIRST BLOW.

I was so pleased at having given the slip to Long John that I began to enjoy myself and look around me with some interest on the strange land that I was in.

I had crossed a marshy tract full of willows, bulrushes, and odd outlandish, swampy trees, and I had now come out upon the skirts of an open piece of undulating, sandy country, about a mile long, dotted with a few pines, and a great number of contorted trees, not unlike the oak in growth, but pale in the foliage, like willows. On the far side of the open stood one of the hills, with two quaint, craggy peaks, shining vividly in the sun.

I now felt for the first time the joy of exploration. The isle was uninhabited; my shipmates I had left behind, and nothing lived in front of me but dumb brutes and fowls. I turned hither and thither among the trees. Here and there were flowering plants unknown to me; here and there I saw snakes, and one raised his head from a ledge of a rock and hissed at me with a noise not unlike the spinning of a top. Little did I suppose that he was a deadly enemy, and that the noise was the famous rattle.

Then I came to a long thicket of these oak-like trees—live or evergreen oaks, I heard afterward they should be called—which grew low along the sand like brambles, the boughs curiously twisted, the foliage compact, like thatch. The thicket stretched down from the top one of the sandy knolls, spreading and growing taller as it went, until it reached the margin of the broad, reedy fen, through which the nearest of the little rivers soaked its way into the anchorage. The marsh was steaming in the strong sun, and the outline of the Spy-glass trembled through the haze.

All at once there began to go a sort of bustle among the bulrushes; a wild duck flew up with a quack, another followed, and soon over the whole surface of the marsh a great cloud of birds hung screaming and circling in the air. I judged at once that some of my shipmates must be drawing near along the borders of the fen. Nor was I deceived; for soon I heard the very distant and low tones of a human voice, which as I continued to give ear, grew steadily louder and nearer.

This put me in great fear, and I crawled under cover of the nearest live-oak and squatted there, hearkening, as silent as a mouse.

Another voice answered; and then the first voice, which I now recognized to be Silver's, once more took up the story, and ran on for a long while in a stream, only now and again interrupted by the other. By the sound they must have been talking earnestly, and almost fiercely; but no distinct word came to my hearing.

At last the speakers seemed to have paused, and perhaps to have sat down; for not only did they cease to draw any

"Jim! Jim!" I heard him shouting.

nearer, but the birds themselves began to grow more quiet, and to settle again to their places in the swamp.

And now I began to feel that I was neglecting my business; that since I had been so foolhardy as to come ashore with these desperadoes, the least I could do was to overhear them at their councils; and my plain and obvious duty was to draw as close as I could manage, under the favorable ambush of the crouching trees.

I could tell the direction of the speakers pretty exactly, not only by the sound of their voices, but by the behavior of the few birds that still hung in alarm above the heads of the intruders.

Crawling on all-fours, I made steadily but slowly toward them; till at last, raising my head to an aperture among the leaves, I could see clear down into a little green dell beside the marsh, and closely set about with trees, where Long John Silver and another of the crew stood face to face in conversation.

The sun beat full upon them. Silver had thrown his hat beside him on the ground, and his great, smooth, blonde face, all shining with heat, was lifted to the other man's in a kind of appeal.

"Mate," he was saying, "it's because I thinks gold-dust of you—gold-dust, and you may lay to that! If I hadn't took to you like pitch, do you think I'd have been here a-warning of you? All's up—you can't make nor mend; it's to save your neck that I'm a-speaking, and if one of the wild 'uns knew it, where 'ud I be, Tom—now, tell me, where 'ud I be?"

"Silver," said the other man—and I observed he was not only red in the face, but spoke as hoarse as a crow, and his voice shook, too, like a taut rope—"Silver," says he, "you're old, and you're honest, or has the name for it; and you've money, too, which lots of poor sailors hasn't; and you're brave, or I'm mistook. And will you tell me you'll let yourself be led away with that kind of a mess of swabs? not you! As sure as God sees me, I'd sooner lose my hand. If I turn again my dooty—"

And then all of a sudden he was interrupted by a noise. I had found one of the honest hands—well, here, at that same moment, came news of another. Far away out in the marsh there arose, all of a sudden, a sound like the cry of anger, then another on the back of it; and then one horrid, long-drawn scream. The rocks of the Spy-glass re-echoed it a score of times; the whole troop of marsh-birds rose again, darkening heaven, with a simultaneous whir; and long after that death yell was still ringing in my brain, silence had reestablished its empire, and only the rustle of the redescending birds and the boom of the distant surges disturbed the languor of the afternoon.

Tom had leaped at the sound, like a horse at the spur; but Silver had not winked an eye. He stood where he was, resting lightly on his crutch, watching his companion like a snake about to spring.

"John!" said the sailor, stretching out his hand.

"Hands off!" cried Silver, leaping back a yard, as it seemed to me, with the speed and security of a trained gymnast.

"Hands off, if you like, John Silver," said the other. "It's a black conscience that can make you feared of me. But, in Heaven's name, tell me what was that?"

"That?" returned Silver, smiling away, but warier than ever, his eye a mere pin-point in his big face, but gleaming like a crumb of glass. "That? Oh, I reckon that'll be Alan."

And at this poor Tom flashed out like a hero.

"Alan!" he cried. "Then rest his soul for a true seaman! And as for you, John Silver, long you've been a mate of mine, but you're mate of mine no more. If I die like a dog, I'll die in my dooty. You've killed Alan, have you? Kill me, too, if you can. But I defies you."

And with that, this brave fellow turned his back directly on the cook, and set off walking for the beach. But he was not destined to go far. With a cry, John seized the branch of a tree, whipped the crutch out of his armpit, and sent that uncouth missile hurling through the air. It struck poor Tom, point foremost, and with stunning violence, right between the shoulders in the middle of his back. His hands flew up, he gave a sort of gasp, and fell.

Whether he was injured much or little none could ever tell. Like enough, to judge from the sound, his back was broken on the spot, but he had no time given him to recover. Silver, agile as a monkey, even without leg or crutch, was on the top of him the next moment, and had twice buried his knife up to the hilt in that defenseless body. From my place of ambush I could hear him pant loudly as he struck the blows.

I do not know what it rightly is to faint, but I do know that for the next little while the whole world swam away from before me in a whirling mist; Silver and the birds and the tall Spy-glass hilltop, going round and round and topsy turvy before my eyes, and all manner of bells ringing and distant voices shouting in my ears.

When I came again to myself, the monster had pulled himself together, his crutch under his arm, his hat upon his head. Just before him Tom lay motionless upon the sward; but the murderer minded him not a whit, cleansing his blood-stained knife the while upon a whisp of grass. Everything else was unchanged, the sun still shining mercilessly on the steaming marsh and the tall pinnacle of the mountain, and I could scarce persuade myself that murder had actually been done, and a human life cruelly cut short a moment since before my eyes.

But now John put his hand into his pocket, brought out a whistle, and blew upon it several modulated blasts, that rang far across the heated air. I could not tell, of course, the meaning of the signal, but it instantly awoke my fears. More men would be coming. I might be discovered. They had already slain two of the honest people; after Tom and Alan, might not I come next?

Instantly I began to extricate myself and crawl back again, with what speed and silence I could manage, to the more open portion of the wood. As I did so, I could hear hails coming and going between the old buccaneer and his comrades, and this sound of danger lent me wings. As soon as I was clear of the thicket I ran as I never ran before, scarce minding the direction of my flight, so long as it led me from the murderers; and as I ran, fear grew and grew upon me, until it turned into a kind of frenzy.

Indeed, could anyone be more entirely lost than I? When the gun fired, how should I dare go down to the boats among those fiends, still smoking from their crime? Would not the first of them who saw me wring my neck like a snipe's? Would not my absence itself be an evidence to them of my alarm, and therefore of my fatal knowledge? It was all over, I thought. Good-by to the Hispaniola; good-by to the squire, the doctor and the captain. There was nothing left for me but death by starvation or death by the hands of the mutineers.

All this while, as I say, I was still running, and, without taking any notice, I had drawn near to the foot of the little hill with the two peaks, and had got into a part of the island where the wild oaks grew more widely apart, and seemed more like forest trees in their bearings and dimensions. Mingled with these were a few scattered pines, some 50, some nearly 70 feet high. The air, too, smelled more freshly than down beside the marsh.

And here a fresh alarm brought me to a standstill with a thumping heart.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MAN OF THE ISLAND.

From the side of the hill, which was here steep and stony, a spout of gravel was dislodged and fell rattling and bounding through the trees. My eyes turned instinctively in that direction, and I saw a figure leap with great rapidity behind the trunk of a pine. What it was, whether bear or man or monkey, I could in no wise tell. It seemed dark and shaggy; more I knew not. But the terror of the new apparition brought me to a stand.

I was now, it seemed, cut off upon both sides; behind me the murderers, before me this lurking nondescript. And immediately I began to prefer the dangers that I knew to those I knew not. Silver himself appeared less terrible in contrast with this creature of the woods, and I turned on my heel, and, looking sharply behind me over my shoulder, began to retrace my steps in the direction of the boats.

Instantly the figure reappeared, and, making a wide circuit, began to head me off. I was tired, at any rate; but had I been as fresh as when I rose, I could see it was in vain for me to contend in speed such an adversary. From trunk to trunk the creature flitted like a deer, running man-like on two legs, but unlike any man that I had ever seen, stooping almost double as it ran. Yet a man it was. I could no longer be in doubt about that.

I began to recall what I had heard of cannibals. I was within an ace of calling for help. But the mere fact that he was a man, however wild, had somewhat reassured me, and my fear of Silver began to revive in proportion. I stood still, therefore, and cast about for some method of escape; and as I was so thinking, the recollection of my pistol flashed into my mind. As soon as I remembered I was not defenseless, courage glowed again in my heart; and I set my face resolutely for this man of the island, and walked briskly toward him.

He was concealed by this time, behind another tree trunk; but he must have been watching me closely, for as soon as I began to move in his direction he reappeared and took a step to meet me. Then he hesitated, drew back,

Silver buried his knife twice in that defenseless body.

came forward again, and at last, to my wonder and confusion, threw himself on his knees and held out his clasped hands in supplication.

At that I once more stopped.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Ben Gunn," he answered, and his voice sounded hoarse and awkward, like a rusty lock. "I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am; and I haven't spoke with a Christian these three years."

I could now see that he was a white man like myself, and that his features were even pleasing. His skin, wherever it was exposed, was burned by the sun; even his lips were black, and his fair eyes looked quite startling in so dark a face. Of all the beggar-men that I had seen or fancied, he was the chief for raggedness. He was clothed with tatters of old ship's canvas and old sea-cloth; and this extraordinary patchwork was all held together by a system of the most various and incongruous fastenings, brass buttons, bits of stick, and loops of tarry gaskin. About his waist he wore an old brass-buckled leather belt, which was the one thing solid in his whole accoutrement.

"Three years!" I cried. "Were you shipwrecked?"

"Nay, mate," said he—"marooned."

I had heard the word, and I knew it stood for a horrible kind of punishment common enough among the buccaneers, in which the offender is put ashore with a little powder and shot, and left behind on some desolate and distant island.

"Marooned three years agone," he continued, "and lived on goats since then, and berries, and oysters. Wherever a man is, says I, a man can do for himself. But, mate, my heart is sore for Christian diet. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese—toasted, mostly—and woke up again, and here I were."

"If ever I can get aboard again," said I, "you shall have cheese by the stone."

All this time he had been feeling the stuff of my jacket, smoothing my hands, looking at my boots, and generally, in the intervals of his speech, showing a childish pleasure in the presence of a fellow creature. But at my last words he perked up into a kind of startled slyness.

"If you ever get aboard again, says you?" he repeated. "Why, now, who's to hinder you?"

"Not you, I know," was my reply.

"And right you was," he cried. "Now you—what do you call yourself, mate?"

"Jim," I told him.

"Jim, Jim," says he, quite pleased, apparently. "Well, now, Jim, I've lived that rough as you'd be ashamed to a hear of. Now, for instance, you wouldn't think I had a pious mother—to look at me?" he asked.

"Why, no, not in particular," I answered.

"Ah, well," said he, "but I had—remarkably pious. And I was a civil, pious boy, and could rattle off my catechism that fast, as you couldn't tell one word from another. And here's what it come to, Jim, and it begun with chuck-farthen on the blessed gravestones! That's what it begun with, but it went further'n that; and so my mother told me, and predicked the whole, she did, the pious woman. But it were Providence that put me here. I've thought it all out in this here lonely island, and I'm back on piety. You can't catch me tasting rum so much; but just a thimbleful for luck, of course, the first chance I have. I'm bound I'll be good, and I see the way to. And, Jim—" looking all around him, and lowering his voice to a whisper—"I'm rich."

I now felt sure that the poor fellow had gone crazy in his solitude, and I suppose I must have shown the feeling in my face, for he repeated the statement, hotly:

"Rich! rich! I says. And I'll tell you what; I'll make a man of you, Jim. Ah, Jim, you'll bless your stars, you will, you was the first that found me!"

And at this there came suddenly a lowering shadow over his face, and he tightened his grasp upon my hand, and raised a forefinger threateningly before my eyes.

"Now, Jim, you tell me true; that ain't Flint's ship?" he asked.

At this I had a happy inspiration. I began to believe that I had found an ally, and I answered him at once.

"It's not Flint's ship, and Flint is dead; but I'll tell you true, as you ask me—there are some of Flint's hands aboard; worse luck for the rest of us."

"Not a man—with one—leg?" he gasped.

"Silver?" I asked.

"Ah, Silver!" says he; "that were his name."

"He's the cook; and the ringleader, too."

He was still holding me by the wrist, and at that he gave it a quiet wring.

"If you was sent by Long John," he said, "I'm as good as pork, and I know it. But where was you, do you suppose?"

I had made my mind up in a moment, and by way of answer told him the whole story of our voyage, and the predicament in which we found ourselves. He heard me with the keenest interest, and when I had done he patted me on the head.

"You're a good lad, Jim," he said; "and you're all in a clove hitch, ain't you? Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn—Ben Gunn's the man to do it. Would you think it likely, now, that your squire would prove a liberal-minded one in case of help—him being in a clove hitch, as you remark?"

I told him the squire was the most liberal of men.

"Ah, but you see," returned Ben Gunn, "I didn't mean giving me a gale to keep, and a suit of livery clothes, and such; that's not my mark, Jim. What I mean is, would he be likely to come down to the toon of, say £1,000 out of money that's as good as a man's own already?"

"I am sure he would," said I. "As it was, all hands were to share."

"And a passage home?" he added, with a look of great shrewdness.

"Why," I cried, "the squire's a gentleman. And, besides, if we got rid of the others, we should want you to help work the vessel home."

"Ah," said he, "so you would." And he seemed very much relieved.

"Now, I'll tell you what," he went on. "So much I'll tell you, and no more. I were in Flint's ship when he buried the treasure; he and six along—six strong seamen. They was ashore nigh on a week, and us standing off and on in the old 'Walrus.' One fine day up went the signal, and here come Flint by himself in a little boat, and his head done up in a blue scarf. The sun was getting up, and mortal white he looked about the cut-water. But, there he was, you mind, and the six all dead—dead and buried. How had he done it, not a man aboard us could make out. It was battle, murder and sudden death, leastways—him against six. Billy Bones was the mate; Long John, he was quartermaster; and they asked him where the treasure was. 'Ah,' says he, 'you can go ashore, if you like, and stay,' he says; 'but as for the ship, she'll beat up for more, by thunder!' That's what he said.

"Well, I was in another ship three years back, and we sighted this island. 'Boys,' said I, 'here's Flint's treasure; let's land and find it.' The captain was displeased at that; but my messmates were all of a mind and landed. Twelve days they looked for it, and every day they had the worse word for me, until one fine morning all hands went aboard. 'As for you, Benjamin Gunn,' says they, 'here's a musket,' they says, 'and a spade, and pick-ax. You can stay here, and find Flint's money for yourself,' they says.

"Well, Jim, three years have I been here, and not a bite of Christian diet from that day to this. But now, you look here; look at me. Do I look like a man before the mast? No, says you. Nor I weren't, neither, I says."

And with that he winked and pinched me hard.

"Just you mention them words to your squire, Jim"—he went on: "Nor he weren't, neither—that's the words. Three years he were the man of this island, light and dark, fair and rain; and sometimes he would, maybe, think upon a prayer (says you), and sometimes he would, maybe, think of his old mother, so be as she's allve (you'll say); but the most part of Gunn's time (this is what you'll say)—the most part of his time was took up with another matter. And then you'll give him a nip, like I do."

And he pinched me again, in the most confidential manner.

"Then," he continued—"then you'll up and you'll say this: Gunn is a good man (you'll say), and he puts a precious sight more confidence—a precious sight, mind that—in a gen'leman born than in these gen'lemen of fortune, having been one hisself."

"Well," I said, "I don't understand one word that you've been saying. But that's neither here nor there; for how am I to get on board?"

"Ah," said he, "that's the hitch for sure. Well, there's my boat that I made with my two hands. I keep her under the white rock. If the worst come to the worst, we might try that after dark. Hi!" he broke out, "what's that?"

For just then, although the sun had still an hour or two to run, all the echoes of the island awoke and bellowed to the thunder of a cannon.

"They have begun to fight!" I cried. "Follow me."

And I began to run toward the anchorage, my terrors all forgotten; while, close at my side, the marooned man in his goatskins trotted easily and lightly.

"Left, left," says he; "keep to your left hand, mate Jim! Under the trees with you! There's where I killed my first goat. They don't come down here now; they're all mastheaded on them mountings for the fear of Benjamin Gunn. Ah! and there's the cetemery"—cemetery he must have meant. "You see the mounds? I come here and pray, nows and thens, when I thought maybe a Sunday would be about doo. It weren't quite a chapel, but it seemed more solemn like; and then, says you, Ben Gunn was short-handed—no chapling, nor so much as a Bible and a flag, you says."

So he kept talking as I ran, neither expecting nor receiving any answer.

The cannon-shot was followed, after a considerable interval, by a volley of small arms.

Another pause, and then, not a quarter of a mile in front of me, I beheld the Union Jack flutter in the air above a wood.

PART IV.

THE STOCKADE.

CHAPTER XVI.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR — HOW THE SHIP WAS ABANDONED.

It was about half-past one—three bells in the sea phrase—that the two boats went ashore from the "Hispaniola." The captain, the squire and I were talking matters over in the cabin. Had there been a breath of wind, we should have fallen on the six mutineers who were left aboard with us, slipped our cable, and away to sea. But the wind was wanting; and to complete our helplessness, down came Hunter with the news that Jim Hawkins had slipped into a boat and was gone ashore with the rest.

It had never occurred to us to doubt Jim Hawkins; but we were alarmed for his safety. With the men in the temper they were in, it seemed an even chance if we should see the lad again. We ran on deck. The pitch was bubbling in the seams; the nasty stench of the place turned me sick; if ever a man smelled fever and dysentery, it was in that abominable anchorage. The six scoundrels were sitting grumbling under a sail in the forecastle; ashore we could see the gigs made fast, and a man sitting in each, hard by where the river runs in. One of them was whistling "Lillibullero."

Waiting was a strain; and it was decided that Hunter and I should go ashore with the jolly-boat, in quest of information.

The gigs had leaned to their right; but Hunter and I pulled straight in, in the direction of the stockade upon the chart. The two who were left guarding their boats seemed in a bustle at our appearance; "Lillibullero" stopped off, and I could see the pair discussing what they ought to bo. Had they gone and told Silver, all might have turned out differently; but they had their orders, I suppose, and decided to sit quietly where they were and hark back again to "Lillibullero."

There was a slight bend in the coast, and I steered so as to put it between us; even before we landed we had thus lost sight of the gigs. I jumped out, and came as near running as I durst, with a big silk handkerchief under my hat for coolness' sake, and a brace of pistols ready primed for safety.

I had not gone 100 yards when I came on the stockade.

This was how it was: A spring of clear water rose almost at the top of a knoll. Well, on the knoll, and inclosing the spring, they had clapped a stout log house, fit to hold two score people on a pinch, and loop-holed for musketry on every side. All round this they had cleared a wide space, and then the thing was completed by a paling six feet high, without door or opening, too strong to pull down without time and labor, and too open to shelter the besiegers. The people in the log house had them in every way; they stood quiet in shelter and shot the others like partridges. All they wanted was a good watch and food; for, short of a complete surprise, they might have held the place against a regiment.

What particularly took my fancy was the spring. For, though we had a good enough place of it in the cabin of the "Hispaniola," with plenty of arms and ammunition, and things to eat, and excellent wines, there had been one thing overlooked—we had no water. I was thinking this over, when there came ringing over the island the cry of a man at the point of death. I was not new to violent death—I have served his royal highness the duke of Cumberland, and got a wound myself at Fontenoy—but I know my pulse went dot and carry one. "Jim Hawkins is gone," was my first thought.

It is something to have been an old soldier, but more still to have been a doctor. There is no time to dilly-dally in our work. And so now I made up my mind instantly, and with no time lost returned to the shore and jumped on board the jolly-boat.

By good fortune Hunter pulled a good oar. We made the water fly; and the boat was soon alongside, and I aboard the schooner.

I found them all shaken, as was natural. The squire was sitting down, as white as a sheet, thinking of the harm he had led us to, the good soul! and one of the six forecastle hands was little better.

"There's a man," said Capt. Smollett, nodding toward him, "new to this work. He came nigh-hand fainting, doctor, when he heard the cry. Another touch of the rudder and that man would join us."

I told my plan to the captain, and between us we settled on the details of its accomplishment.

We put old Redruth in the gallery between the cabin and the forecastle, with three or four loaded muskets and a mattress for protection. Hunter brought the boat round under the stern port, and Joyce and I set to work loading her with powder tins, muskets, bags of biscuits, kegs of pork, a cask of cognac and my invaluable medicine chest.

In the meantime the squire and the captain stayed on deck, and the latter hailed the cockswain, who was the principal man on board.

"Mr. Hands," he said, "here are two of us with a brace of pistols each. If any one of you six make a signal of any description, that man's dead."

They were a good deal taken aback; and after a little consultation, one and all tumbled down the fore companion, thinking, no doubt, to take us on the rear. But when they saw Redruth waiting for them in the sparred gallery, they went about ship at once, and a head popped out on deck.

"Down, dog!" cries the captain.

And the head popped back again; and we heard no more, for the time, of these six very faint-hearted seamen.

By this time, tumbling things in as they came, we had the jolly-boat loaded as much as we dared. Joyce and I got out through the stern port and we made for shore again as fast as our oars could take us.

This second trip fairly aroused the watchers along the shore. "Lillibullero" was dropped again, and just before we lost sight of them behind the little point one of them whipped ashore and disappeared. I had half a mind to change my plans and destroy their boats, but I feared that Silver and the others might be close at hand, and all might very well be lost by trying for too much.

We had soon touched land in the some place before we set the provision in the block-house. All three made the first journey, heavily laden, and tossed our stores over the palisade. Then, leaving Joyce to guard them—one man, to be sure, but with half a dozen muskets—Hunter and I returned to the jolly-boat, and loaded ourselves once more. So we proceeded without pausing to take breath, till the whole cargo was bestowed, when the two servants took up their position in the block-house, and I, with all my power, sculled back to the Hispaniola.

That we should have risked a second boat load seems more daring than it really was. They had the advantage of numbers, of course, but we had the advantage of arms. Not one of the men ashore had a musket, and before they could get within range for pistol-shooting, we flattered ourselves we could be able to give a good account of a half dozen at least.

The squire was waiting for me at the stern-window, all his faintness gone from him. He caught the painter and made it fast, and we fell to loading the boat for our very lives. Pork, powder and biscuit was the cargo, with only a musket and cutlass apiece for squire and me and Redruth and the captain. The rest of the arms and powder were dropped overboard in two fathoms and a half of water, so that we could see the bright steel shining far below us in the sun, on the clear, sandy bottom.

By this time the tide was beginning to ebb, and the ship was swinging around to her anchor. Voices were heard hallooing in the direction of the two gigs; and though this reassured us for Joyce and Hunter, who were well to the eastward, it warned our party to be off.

Redruth retreated from his place in the gallery and dropped into the boat, which we had brought round to the ship's counter, to be handier for Capt. Smollett.

"Now, men," said he, "do you hear me?"

There was no answer from the forecastle.

"It's to you, Abraham Gray—it's to you I am speaking."

Still no reply.

"Gray," resumed Mr. Smollett, a little louder, "I am leaving this ship, and I order you to follow your captain. I know you are a good man at bottom, and I dare say not one of the lot of you's as bad as he makes out. I have my watch here in my hand; I give you 30 seconds to join me in."

There was a pause.

"Come, my fine fellow," continued the captain, "don't hang so long in stays. I'm risking my life, and the lives of these good gentlemen, every second."

There was a sudden scuffle, a sound of blows, and out burst Abraham Gray with a knife cut on the side of the cheek, and came running to the captain, like a dog to the whistle.

"I'm with you, sir," said he.

And the next moment he and the captain had dropped aboard of us, and we had shoved off and given way.

We were clear out of the ship, but not yet ashore in our stockade.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Cut Direct.

"For years he was well known to me,"
So the physician sadly said,
"But now, called to his autopsy,
I am obliged to cut him dead."
—Harlem Life.

A COMFORTING SUGGESTION.

Gigantic Footballer (to little Tibbins, who has been persuaded into taking the place of an absentee)—We must see if we can't make the next half a little more exciting, ole chap!—London Fun.

Always in Debt.

Take the future as it comes,
And though it may look black,
Never borrow trouble for
You cannot pay it back.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How It Happened.

"I wish," said the young man, "that you would be less informal and call me by my first name."

"I'd rather not," replied his fair companion; "your last name suits me."

A few minutes later they were discussing the merits of the different firms that supply furniture upon the installment plan.—Chicago News.

How It Affects Them.

"There are only two classes of women who cry at weddings," said he.

"Name them, please," she replied, her curiosity excited.

"Those who are married themselves and those who have never had an opportunity to marry."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Proof Positive.

Sheriff of Frozen Dog (bragging)—I met Hurricane Bill one day, when he wuz drunk and looking fer fight, and I jess simply—

Bronco Pete—Run like a jack rabbit, of course!

Sheriff—What makes you think that?

Bronco Pete—You're here.—Puck.

No Change.

She—Would you love me just the same if I were poor as you do when I'm rich?

He—Just the same; and there was a covert meaning in the tone that her confiding nature did not grasp.—Det