THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxv — BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1898 — No. 7

State Library July 98

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

Butler's Leading Shoe house, Opposite Hotel Lowry, 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.

101 S. MAIN St., - - - BUTLER, PA

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.

—MERCHANT TAILOR—

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

—WINTER SHOES—

MUST GO.

As a rule lists of prices are mere dry bones. They are interesting only when compared with goods. These prices are lower than the mercury. Our store is filled with goods from floor to ceiling, basement and all These must be closed out, or where will we put the large stock of spring goods now being made for us. These prices will rid them up.

Men's	$1 50	Satin Calf Shoes	$ 85
Ladies'	1 25	Dongola Shoes	75
"	1 65	Dongola Shoes	1 00
"	1 25	Beaver Lace Shoes	75
"	50	Beaver Slippers	30
"	1 25	Everyday Shoes	85
"	1 00	Everyday Shoes	65
Men's	2 25	Kip Boots	1 50
Boy's	1 50	Kip Boots	1 00

RUBBERS

Men's Felt Boots and Overs	$1 25
Boy's " " " "	1 00
Youth's Felt Boots and Overs	85
Child's and Misses' Rubbers	10
Ladies' Rubbers	20
Men's Rubbers	40
Men's Buckel Artics	75
Boy's Buckel Artics	60

A. RUFF & SON,

MUNICIPAL LIEN.

BUTLER COUNTY, SS:

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting:

Whereas, Butler boro, has filed a claim in our Common Pleas, for said county against the heirs at law of Dr. James Graham, dec'd, and Hon. James Bredin for the sum of one hundred seventy and 88-100 dollars ($170.88) being for work done and material furnished in paving and curbing South McKean St., from Jefferson St. to Centre Ave., situated in the Borough of Butler, Butler Co., Pa., bounded as follows, to-wit: On the north by an alley, on the east by Cliff street, on the south by lot of J. H. Miller et. al., and on the west by South McKean street and fronting upon said South McKean street sixty and five-tenth (60 5-10ft) and extending back the same width one hundred and eighty (180) feet more or less, to said Cliff street, and having erected thereon a two story log dwelling house weather boarded.

And whereas, it is alleged that the said sum still remains due and unpaid to the said Butler boro. Now we command you, that you make known to the said Hon. James Bredin and the heirs at law of Dr. James Graham, deceased, and to all such persons as may hold or occupy the said claim and property thereon, that they be and appear before the Judges of our said Court, at a Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Butler, on the 1st Monday of March next, to show cause, if anything they know or have to say, why the said sum of $170.88 should not be levied of the said described property, to the use of the said Butler boro, according to the form and effect of the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided if to them it shall deem expedient. And have you then and there this writ.

Witness, the Hon. John M. Greer, President Judge of the said Court at Butler, this 10th day of January, A. D. 1898.

ROBERT J. THOMPSON, Prothonotary.

MUNICIPAL LIEN.

BUTLER COUNTY, SS:

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting:

Whereas, Butler boro, has filed a claim in our Court of Common Pleas, for said county against Butler Cemetery lot, heirs at law of Norbert Foltz, deceased, and heirs at law and devisees of Samuel Cunningham, deceased, owners, for the sum of five hundred thirteen and 42-100 dollars ($513.42) being for work done and material furnished in paving and curbing North McKean street from Jefferson street to Fulton street, for the improvement and development of a certain leasehold, situate in the 2nd ward, Butler, Butler Co, Pa., bounded as follows, to-wit: On the north by North street, on the east by an alley, on the south by an alley, on the west by said North McKean street and fronting on said North McKean street 200 feet, more or less, and extending back the same width 180 feet, more or less, to an alley, said lot of ground being known as the Butler Public Burial Ground, or Grave Yard lot of ground.

And whereas, it is alleged that the said sum still remains due and unpaid to the said Butler boro. Now we command you, that you make known to the said defendant's, and to all such persons as may hold or occupy the said leasehold and property thereon, that they be and appear before the Judges of our said Court, at a Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Butler, on the 1st Monday of March next, to show cause, if anything they know or have to say, why the said sum of $513.42 should not be levied of the said real estate together with the property thereon to the use of the said Butler boro, according to the form and effect of the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided if to them it shall deem expedient. And have you then and there this writ.

Witness, the Hon. John M. Greer, President Judge of the said Court at Butler, this day 14th day of January, A. D. 1898.

ROBERT J. THOMPSON, Prothonotary.

Register's Notices.

The Register hereby gives notice that the following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians have been filed in this office according to law, and will be presented to Court for confirmation and allowance on Saturday, the 12th day of March 1898, of said day:

1. Final account of Flora M. Hiles, administratrix of Benjamin Folkman, deceased, late of Connoquenessing twp.
2. Final account of Samuel R. McCall, guardian of Sadie Webb, minor child of John Webb.
3. Final account of William Kelly, administrator of Cornelius Kelly, deceased, late of Oakland twp.
4. First partial account of H. C. Milleman and Philip Milleman, executors of George Milleman, deceased, late of Lancaster twp.
5. Final account of Joseph McElhaney, administrator of John McElhaney, deceased, late of Slipperyrock twp.
6. Final account of Jeanie M. Sharpless and J. Barton Townsend, executors of Annie C. Williams, deceased, late of Butler boro.
7. Final account of Barbara Christley, administratrix of W. E. Christley, deceased, late of Centreville boro.
8. Final account of Anna B. Rieger, administratrix of Henry Rieger, deceased, late of Clearfield twp.
9. Final account of Jacob Miller, administrator of Anna Miller, deceased, late of Summit twp.
10. Final account of Louisa Cress, formerly Louisa Bachman, executrix of Carl Bachman, deceased, late of Jefferson twp.
11. Final account of Mary Orrill, administratrix of James Orrill, deceased, late of Jefferson twp.
12. Final account of S. F. Thompson, guardian of Violet Bard, minor child of Austin T. Bard, late of Slipperyrock twp.
13. Final account of Henry C. Heineman, guardian of Cora Ellen Albert, minor child of Uriah Albert, deceased, late of Centre twp.
14. Final account of Henry C. Heineman, guardian of Maggie Albert, minor child of Uriah Albert, deceased, late of Centre twp.
15. Final account of Henry C. Heineman, guardian of Maria Albert, minor child of Uriah Albert, deceased, late of Centre twp.
16. Final account of Hugh Brabham, guardian of Homer Midberry, minor child of Orson Midberry, deceased, late of Marion twp.
17. Final account of Nancy Richardson, administratrix of John Richardson, deceased, late of Connoquenessing twp., as filed by W. J. Grimes, executor of Nancy Richardson, deceased.
18. First partial account of William Taylor, administrator of Elizabeth Pugh, deceased, late of Parker twp.
19. Final account of William B. Thompson, executor of Sarah J. Piper, deceased, late of Cherry twp.
20. First partial account of John Kaufman and Wm. L. Marburger, executors of George Marburger, deceased, late of Adams twp.
21. First partial account of A. G. Frederick and Elizabeth Frederick, administrators of Adam M. Frederick, deceased, late of Summit twp.
22. Final account of A. C. Robb and J. H. Robb, administrators of Wm. J. Robb, deceased, late of Oakland twp.
23. Final account of Levi Boyer, administrator of Isaac L. Boyer, deceased, late of Lancaster twp.
24. Final account of R. A. Hartley, administrator of Wm. A. Seaton, deceased, late of Marion twp.
25. Final account of Agnes B. Cratty, administratrix of Catharine Carson, deceased, late of Butler boro.
26. Final account of Christina M. Fruth, administratrix of Frank Fruth, deceased, late of Jefferson twp.
27. Final account of William Brownfield, (now deceased) guardian of James Brownfield, minor child of James Brownfield, deceased, late of Donegal twp., as stated by the administrators of William Brownfield.
28. First partial account of J. M. McBurney, executor of George A. Wenzel, deceased, late of Zelienople boro.
29. First partial account of J. M. McBurney, trustee under the will of George A. Wenzel, deceased, late of Zelienople boro.
30. Final account of Nicholas Fisher, administrator of Elizabeth Fisher, deceased, late of Butler boro.
31. Final account of R. R. McCandless and Mary E. Wick, administrators of John A. Wick, deceased, late of Clay twp.
32. Final account of H. C. Heineman, guardian of Rosella H. White, grandchild of Silas Pearce, deceased, late of Butler twp.
33. Final account of J. M. Galbreath, executor of James Kerr, deceased, late of Harrisville boro.
34. First partial account of Ezra Stewart, administrator C. T. A. of David Stewart, deceased, late of Clay twp.

W. J. ADAMS Register.

Widows' Appraisements.

The following widow's appraisements of personal property and real estate set apart for the benefit of the widows of decedents have been filed in the office of the Clerk of Orphans Court of Butler Co., viz:

Widow of Jesse E. Miller	$300 00
" Geo. W. Irwin	300 00
" W. G. Williams	297 65
" Stephen V. Hutchison	300 00
" John K. Gilghrist	300 00
" Peter Linebach	300 00
" William Brownfield	300 00
" J. L. Anderson	300 00
" Harper Campbell (realty)	300 00
" Andrew J. Harper (realty)	300 00
" John Montgomery	300 00
" Christopher Rinker, (realty)	300 00

All persons interested in the above appraisements will take notice that they will be presented for confirmation to the Orphans Court of Butler county, Pa., on Saturday, the 12th day of March, A. D., 1898, and if no exceptions be filed they will be confirmed absolutely.

ISAAC MEALS, Clerk O. C.

Practical Horse Shoer

WILL ROBINSON,

Formerly Horse Shoer at the Wick house has opened business in a shop in the rear of the Arlington Hotel, where he will do Horse-Shoeing in the most approved style.

TRACK AND ROAD HORSES A SPECIALTY.

For SALE.

Farm for sale, near Butler, 120 acres, new bank barn, $6,000.
Inquire at this office.

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache, insomina, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

This Is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren St, New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

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

Road and Bridge Reports.

Notice is hereby given that the following road and bridges have been confirmed nisi by the Court and will be presented on the first Saturday of March Court, 1898, being the 12 day of said month, and if no exceptions are filed they will be confirmed absolutely.

R. D. No. 8, June Session, 1897. In re petition of citizens of Butler twp., Butler Co. Pa. for re-view of a public road leading from East Jefferson street extension to Butler and Millerstown road at Mill road at a point near the Butler Chemical Works; and that the road as now laid out would be a great expense to the township in making said road. Nov. 1, 1897, re-viewers were appointed by the Court and Dec. 4, 1897, report of reviewers filed, stating that a public road is necessary between the above mentioned points, and have surveyed a road between the said points; probable cost, two hundred seventy-five dollars; damages in the sum of sixty dollars assessed to the estate of Rev. Wm. Waite, to be paid by Butler county. Now Dec. 11, 1897, approved and fix width of road at 33 feet. Notice to be given according to rules of Court.

BY THE COURT.

R. D. No. 1, December Session, 1897. In re petition of citizens of Marion twp., Butler, Co., Pa., for a county bridge over the north branch of Slippery rock creek, at the point where the public highway leading from New Hope to Anandale Station crosses said creek. Nov. 3, 1897, viewers were appointed by the Court, and Dec. 1, 1897, report of viewers filed, stating that the proposed bridge is necessary, and will require more expense than it is reasonable the township of Marion should bear, and locate the same where the township bridge now stands. Now Dec. 11, 1897, approved. Notice to be given according to rules of Court and to be laid before the Grand Jury at next term.

BY THE COURT.

R. D. No. 2, December Session, 1897. In re petition of citizens of Fairview twp., Butler Co., Pa., for a county bridge over a branch of Bear Creek in said township where the public road leading from Fairview to Middletown crosses said creek. Nov. 22, 1897, viewers were appointed by the Court, and Dec. 3, 1897, report of viewers filed, stating that the proposed bridge is necessary and that the erection of the same will require more expense than it is reasonable the township of Fairview should bear, and locate the same where the township bridge now stands. Now Dec. 11, 1897, approved. Notice to be given according to rules of Court and to be laid before the Grand Jury at next term.

BY THE COURT.

Certified from the records this 8th day of Feb, 1898.

ISAAC MEALS,
Clerk Q. S. Court.

Selling Out —OUR— Entire Stock —OF— Wall Paper.

Choicest patterns are left.

We want to quit the business.

Bargains at a 5 to 1 rate

—AT—

DOUGLASS'
241 S. Main St. Butler. Pa.

C. & D.

A LOVER OF GOOD HATS

Can surely find his every desire satisfied in our Spring 1897 stock, which contains all the shapes, colors and qualities most admired by connoisseurs. We have no fancy prices, but merely value for value

WE TREAT

Furnishing Goods in the same manner, buying the best and selling as low as many charge for inferior goods. We are always glad to show visitors our goods

Call And See Us.

COLBERT & DALE,
242 S. MAIN ST. BUTLER, PA

L. C. WICK,

DEALER IN

Rough & Worked Lumber

OF ALL KINDS.

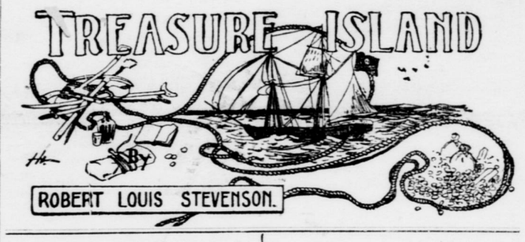
Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Shingles and Lath Always in Stock.

LIME, HAIR AND PLASTER

Office opposite P. & W. Depot.

BUTLER, PA,

D. L. CLEELAND,
Jeweler and Optician,
125 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.



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.—From cover Jim sees Silver kill one of the honest hands, and also learns of the murder of another in another part of the island and runs from the scene.

CHAPTER XV.—Jim meets Ben Gunn, a marooned sailor who had lived on island three years. Report of a cannon is heard. Both run for boat when they see in the wood the union jack.

CHAPTER XVI.—Hunter and the doctor go ashore in a jolly-boat, discover a block-house within a stockade and decide to provision it. Faithful party is joined by Gray, a mutineer, and the ship left with the five remaining mutineers on board.

CHAPTER XVII.—Jolly-boat starts on last trip to shore overloaded with provisions. Mutineers on ship man the gun. Trelawney picks off one of the gunners. Cannon ball passes over boat, which sinks and leaves party to wade ashore. Buccaneers heard near by in the wood.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Fight with buccaneers results in one killed on each side. Faithful party gain the stockade and run up the British colors.

CHAPTER XIX.—Jim seeing the colors knows he is near friends and, leaving Ben Gunn, climbs into the stockade.

CHAPTER XX.—Silver, under flag of truce, makes overtures for chart to get the treasure by, but fails.

CHAPTER XXI.—Buccaneers attack stockade, are worsted, leaving five dead behind. The faithful party loses two, and Capt. Smollett wounded.

PART V.

MY SEA ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW I BEGAN MY SEA ADVENTURE

There was no return of the mutineers—not so much as another shot out of the woods. They had "got their rations for that day," as the captain put it, and we had the place to ourselves and a quiet time to overhaul the wounded and get dinner. Squire and I cooked outside in spite of the danger, and even outside we could hardly tell what we were at, for the horror of the loud groans that reached us from the doctor's patients.

Out of the eight men who had fallen in the action only three still breathed—that one of the pirates who had been shot at the loop-hole; Hunter, and Capt. Smollett; and of these the first two were as good as dead; the mutineer, indeed, died under the doctor's knife, and Hunter, do what we could, never recovered consciousness in this world. He lingered all day, breathing loudly like the old buccaneer at home in his apoplectic fit; but the bones of his chest had been crushed by the blow, and his skull fractured in falling, and some time in the following night, without sign or sound, he went to his Maker.

As for the captain, his wounds were grievous, indeed, but not dangerous. No organ was fatally injured. Anderson's ball—for it was Job that shot him first—had broken his shoulder-blade and touched the lung, not badly; the second had only torn and displaced some muscles in the calf. He was sure to recover, the doctor said, but, in the meantime and for weeks to come, he must not walk or move his arm, nor so much as speak when he could help it.

My own accident cut across the knuckles was a fleabite. Dr. Livesey patched it up with plaster, and pulled my ears for me into the bargain.

After dinner the squire and the doctor sat by the captain's side awhile in consultation; and when they had talked to their heart's content, it being then a little past noon, the doctor took up his hat and pistols, girt on a cutlass, put the chart in his pocket, and with a musket over his shoulder, crossed the palisade on the north side, and set off briskly through the trees.

Gray and I were sitting together at the far end of the block-house, to be out of earshot of our officers consulting; and Gray took his pipe out of his mouth and fairly forgot to put it back again, so thunder-struck he was at this occurrence.

"Why, in the name of Davy Jones," said he, "is Dr. Livesey mad?"

"Why, no," says I. "He's about the last of this crew for that, I take it."

"Well, shipmate," said Gray, "mad he may not be; but if he's not, mark my words, I am."

"I take it," replied I, "the doctor has his idea; and if I am right, he's going now to see Ben Gunn."

The mutineers were soon only eight in number, for the man shot by Mr. Trelawney on board the schooner died that same evening of his wound. But this was, of course, not known till after by the faithful party.

I was right, as appeared later; but in the meantime, the house being stifling hot, and the little patch of sand inside the palisade ablaze with midday sun, I began to get another thought into my head, which was not by any means so right. What I began to do was to envy the doctor, walking in the cool shadow of the woods, with the birds about him, and the pleasant smell of the pines, while I sat grilling, with my clothes stuck to the hot resin, and so much blood about me, and so many poor dead bodies lying all around, that I took a disgust of the place that was almost as strong as fear.

All the time I was washing out the block-house, and then washing up the things from dinner, this disgust and envy kept growing stronger and stronger, till at last, being near a bread-bag, and no one then observing me, I took the first step toward my escapade, and filled both pockets of my coat with biscuits.

I was a fool, if you like, and certainly I was going to do a foolish, overbold act; but I was determined to do it with all the precautions in my power. These biscuits, should anything befall me, would keep me, at least from starving, till far on in the next day.

The next thing I laid hold of was a brace of pistols, and, as I already had a powder-horn and bullets, I felt myself well supplied with arms.

As for the scheme I had in my head, it was not a bad one in itself. It was to go down the sandy spit that divides the anchorage on the east from the open sea, find the white rock I had observed last evening, and ascertain whether it was there or not that Ben Gunn had hidden his boat; a thing quite worth doing, as I still believe. But as I was certain I should not be allowed to leave the inclosure, my only plan was to take French leave, and slip out when nobody was watching; and that was so bad a way of doing it as made the thing itself wrong. But I was only a boy, and I had made my mind up.

Well, as things at last fell out, I found an admirable opportunity. The squire and Gray were busy helping the captain with his bandages; the coast was clear; I made a bolt for it over the stockade and into the thickest of the trees, and before my absence was observed I was out of cry of companions.

This was my second folly, far worse than the first, as I left but two sound men to guard the house; but, like the first, it was a help toward saving all of us.

I took my way straight for the east coast of the island, for I was determined to go down the sea side of the spit to avoid all chance of observation from the anchorage. It was already late in the afternoon, although still warm and sunny. As I continued to thread the tall woods I could hear from far before me not only the continuous thunder of the surf, but a certain tossing of foliage and grinding of boughs which showed me the sea breeze had set in higher than usual. Soon cool draughts of air began to reach me; and a few steps further I came forth into the open borders of the grove and saw the sea lying blue and sunny to the horizon and the surf tumbling and tossing its foam along the beach.

I have never seen the sea quiet round Treasure island. The sun might blaze overhead, the air be without a breath, the surface smooth and blue, but still these great rollers would be running along all the external coast, thundering and thundering by day and night; and I scarce believe there is one spot in the island where a man would be out of earshot of their noise.

I walked along beside the surf with great enjoyment, till, thinking I was now got far enough to the south, I took the cover of some thick bushes and crept warily up to the ridge of the spit.

Behind me was the sea, in front the anchorage. The sea breeze, as though it had the sooner blown itself out by its unusual violence, was already at an end; it had been succeeded by light, variable airs from the south and southeast, carrying great banks of fog; and, carrying great banks of fog; and the anchorage, under lee of Skeleton island, lay still and leaden as when first we entered it. The "Hispaniola" in that unbroken mirror was exactly portrayed from the truck to the water line, the Jolly Roger hanging from her peak.

Alongside lay one of the gigs, Silver in the stern sheets—him I could always recognize—while a couple of men were leaning over the stern bulwarks, one of them with a red cap—the very rogue I had seen some hours before stride-legs upon the palisade. Apparently they were talking and laughing, though at that distance—upward of a mile—I could, of course, hear no word of what was said. All at once there began the most horrid, unearthly screaming, which at first startled me badly, though I had soon remembered the voice of Capt. Flint, and even thought I could make out the bird by her bright plumage as she sat perched upon her master's wrist.

Soon after the jolly-boat shoved off and pulled for shore, and the man with the red cap and his comrade went below by the cabin companion.

Just about the same time the sun had gone down behind the Spy-glass, and as the fog was collecting rapidly it began to grow dark in earnest. I saw I must lose no time if I were to find the boat that evening.

The white rock, visible enough above the brush, was still some eighth of a mile further down the spit, and it took me a goodish while to get up with it, crawling often on all fours among the scrub. Night had almost come when I laid my hand on its rough sides. Right below it there was an exceedingly small hollow of green turf, hidden by banks and a thick underwood about knee-deep, that grew there very plentifully; and in the center of the dell, sure enough, a little tent of goatskins like what the gypsies carry about with them in England.

I dropped into the hollow, lifted the side of the tent, and there was Ben Gunn's boat—homemade if ever anything was homemade; a rude, lop-sided framework of tough wood, and stretched upon that a covering of goatskin, with the hair inside. The thing was extremely small, even for me, and I can hardly imagine that it could have floated with a full-sized man. There was one thwart set as low as possible, a kind of stretcher in the bows, and a double paddle for propulsion.

I had not then seen a coracle, such as the ancient Britons made, but I have seen once since, and I can give you no fairer idea of Ben Gunn's boat than by saying it was like the first and the worst coracle ever made by man. But the great advantage if the coracle it certainly possessed, for it was exceedingly light and portable.

Well, now that I had found the boat, you would have thought I had had enough of truantry for once; but in the meantime I had taken another notion, and become so obstinately fond of it that I would have carried it out, I believe, in the teeth of Capt. Smollett himself. This was to slip out under cover of the night, cut the "Hispaniola" adrift, and let her go ashore where she fancied. I had quite made up my mind that the mutineers, after their repulse of the morning, had nothing nearer their hearts than to up anchor and away to sea; this, I thought, it would be a fine thing to prevent, and now that I had seen how they left their watchmen unprovided with a boat, I thought it might be done with little risk.

Down I sat to wait for darkness, and made a hearty meal of biscuit. It was a night out of ten thousand for my purpose. The fog had now buried all heaven. As the last rays of daylight dwindled and disappeared, absolute blackness settled down on Treasure island. And when, at last, I shouldered the coracle, and groped my way stumblingly out of the hollow where I had supped, there were but two points visible on the whole anchorage.

One was the great fire on shore, by which the defeated pirates lay carousing in the swamp. The other, a mere blur of light upon the darkness, indicated the position of the anchored ship. She had swung round to the ebb—her bow was now toward me—the only lights on board were in the cabin; and what I saw was merely a reflection on the fog of the strong rays that flowed from the stern window.

The ebb had already run some time, and I had to wade through the long belt of swampy sand, where I sunk several times above the ankle, before I came to the edge of the retreating water, and, wading a little way in, with some strength and dexterity set my coracle, keel downward, on the surface.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EBB-TIDE RUNS.

The coracle—as I had ample reason to know before I was done with her—was a very safe boat for a person of my height and weight, both buoyant and clever in a seaway; but she was the most cross-grained, lop-sided craft to manage. Do as you pleased, she always made more leeway than anything else, and turning round and round was the maneuver she was best at. Even Ben Gunn himself has admitted that she was "queer to handle till you knew her way."

Certainly I did not know her way. She turned in every direction but one, the one I was bound to go; the most part of the time we were broadside on, and I am very sure I never should have made the ship at all but for the tide. By good fortune, paddle as I pleased, the tide was still sweeping me down; and there lay the "Hispaniola" right in the fair way, hardly to be missed.

First she loomed before me like a blot of something yet blacker than darkness, then her spars and hull began to take shape, and the next moment, as it seemed (for the further I went the brisker grew the current of the ebb), I was alongside her hawser, and had laid hold.

The hawser was as taut as a bow-string—so strong she pulled upon her anchor. All round the hull, in the blackness, the rippling current bubbled and chattered like a little mountain stream. One cut with my sea gully and the "Hispaniola" would go humming down the tide.

So far so good; but it next occurred to my recollection that a taut hawser, suddenly cut, is a thing as dangerous as a kicking horse. Ten to one, if I were so foolhardy as to cut the "Hispaniola" from her anchor, I and the coracle would be knocked clean out of the water.

This brought me to a full stop, and if fortune had not again particularly favored me, I should have had to abandon my design. But the light airs which had begun blowing from the southeast and south had hauled round after nightfall into the southwest. Just while I was meditating, a puff came, caught the "Hispaniola" and forced her up into the current; and, to my great joy, I felt the hawser slacken in my grasp, and the hand by which I held it dip for a second under water.

With that I made my mind up, took out my gully, opened it with my teeth, and cut one strand after another, till the vessel swung by two. Then I lay quiet, waiting to sever these last when the strain should be once more lightened by a breath of wind.

All this time I had heard the sound of loud voices from the cabin; but, to say truth, my mind had been so entirely taken up with other thoughts that I had scarcely given ear. Now, however, when I had nothing else to do, I began to pay more heed.

One I recognized for the cockswain's, Israel Hands, that had been Flint's gunner in former days. The other was of course, my friend of the red night-cap. Both men were plainly the worse of drink, and they were still drinking; for, even while I was listening one of them with a drunken cry opened the stern window and threw out something, which I divined to be an empty bottle. But they were not only tipsy; it was plain that they were furiously angry. Oaths flew like hailstones, and every now and then there came forth such an explosion as I thought was sure to end in blows. But each time the quarrel passed off, and the voices grumbled lower for awhile, until the next crisis came, and, in turn, passed away without result.

On shore, I could see the glow of the great campfire burning warmly through the shore-side trees. Some one was singing, a dull old droning sailor's song, with a droop and a quaver at the end of every verse, and seemingly no end to it at all but the patience of the singer. I had heard it on the voyage more than once, and remembered these words:

"But one man of the crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five."

And I thought it was a ditty rather too dolefully appropriate for a company that had met such cruel losses in the morning. But, indeed, from what I saw, all these buccaneers were as callous as the sea they sailed on.

At last the breeze came; the schooner sidled and drew nearer in the dark; I felt the hawser slacken once more, and with a good, tough effort cut the last fibers through.

The breeze had but little action on the coracle, and I was almost instantly swept against the bows of the "Hispaniola." At the same time the schooner began to turn upon her heel, spinning slowly, end for end, across the current.

I wrought like a fiend, for I expected every moment to be swamped; and

Back with a hand on the other's throat.

since I found I could not push the coracle directly off, I now shoved straight astern. At length I was clear of my dangerous neighbor; and just as I gave the last impulsion, my hands came across the stern bulwarks. Instantly I grasped it.

Why I should have done so I can hardly say. It was at first mere instinct; but once I had it in my hands and found it fast, curiosity began to get the upper hand, and I determined I should have one look through the cabin window.

I pulled in hand over hand on the cord, and, when I judged myself near enough, rose at infinite risk to about half my height, and thus commanded the roof and a slice of the interior of the cabin.

By this time the schooner and her little consort were gliding pretty swiftly through the water; indeed, we had already fetched up level with the campfire. The ship was talking, as sailors say, loudly, treading the innumerable ripples with an incessant weltering splash; and until I got my eye above the window sill I could not comprehend why the watchman had taken no alarm. One glance, however, was sufficient; and it was only one glance that I durst take from that unsteady skiff. It showed me Hands and his companion locked together in deadly wrestle, each with a hand upon the other's throat.

I dropped upon the thwart again, none too soon, for I was near overboard. I could see nothing for the moment, but these two furious, encrimsoned faces, swaying together under the smoky lamp; and I shut my eyes to let them grow once more familiar with the darkness.

The endless ballad had come to an end at last, and the whole diminished company about the campfire had broken into the chorus I had heard so often:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very moment in the cabin of the "Hispaniola," when I was surprised by a sudden lurch of the coracle. At the same moment she yawed sharply and seemed to change her course. The speed in the meantime had strangely increased.

I opened my eyes at once. All round me were little ripples, combing over with a sharp, bristling sound and slightly phosphorescent. The "Hispaniola" herself, a few yards in whose wake I was still being whirled along, seemed to stagger in her course, and I saw her spars toss a little against the blackness of the night; nay, as I looked longer, I made sure she also was wheeling to the southward.

I glanced over my shoulder, and my heart jumped