By Weatherby Chesney and Alick Munro.

COPYRIGET, 1900, BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY AND ALICK MUNCO.

BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1900

At first the dungeon seemed to us

but gradually we noticed that a faint

grated window in the wall. Bruise

would be the next evil to come to us.

entry! Oh, ho, ho! 'Tis a merry jest.

They're funny dogs, these noble Span-

I started to my feet and stared hard

nto the corner, but the darkness wa

"Well, friend," said Alec after

son perhaps. Still he's an English-

"Oh. ho. ho! Ah. ha. ha!" burst out

the unearthly cackling again. "Cap-

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THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF T

CHAPTER XI. The Spanish gold mine was a hell in the midst of a paradise, a loathsom anker on the fairest piece of earth's

was marred by the discord of clanking Man, as if in jealousy, had done his but in the midst of it yawned a loathsome chasm, girdled with unsightly debris and alive with swarms of filthy. For eight horrid months Alec and 1 and 20 of our men worked in the chain gangs at these mines, and of the orments we endured no words of mine are strong enough to give conception. To the human fiends who were our taskmasters no pleasure was like that of making an Eaglishman suffer

made us toll when the fierce heat of

with sleep.
Once during a moonless night we broke the fetters and tried to escape. both efforts were in vain, and those bleeding flesh bung in shreds from l their backs. And of our fellow slaves, the mild eyed Indian pensants mar-veled in stupid wonder at our foolish veled in stupid wonder at our foolish daring, and the fierce eyed Spanish thieves and murderers gloated over

agonies of a hell, and then came a light, have you? Eyes not attuned to

when they are set to do farm work. ergy pulsing through the veins of ev- hear of Captain Ireland, who sailed out

And then they laughed at their own

wit and playfully flicked us with the slave whips.

The man next behind me in the chair these devils yet, Master Topp, and

I nodded my head, and, absurd though it seemed, I had a feeling that

Dipping into a deep ravine where the camped for the night beneath their cooling shade, and perhaps becaus some spark of pity touched them, per haps only because they were tired of torturing us, the Spaniards did not pre bleeding feet with the fuice of such leaves as were within our reach. With but little sleep we wore through the night and next day passed the fortification and entered the town.

Treasure trains were evidently not as everyday occurrence, for the whole ovement went through the crowd and the hootings and revilings made the echoes ring again. Of noble spirited pity for a fallen foe there was n ace. All faces were cruelly exultant Even the women laughed with mock ing glee at our wretchedness and bade our drivers "lash their cattle into a trot

that which all the lashings could not that a woman's heart must needs b

weary shoulders and stored in the freasury, and then those of us who were English, all except two that was were marched to a building who grim and forbidding front needed I ignpost to tell us what went on with its stern white walls. We pass rough an iron studded gate, who ismal clanking as it closed behind u ded like a warning voice tellin hat life and hope were now barred or from us forever, and so across a cour yard into which opened a great ba coom with high, closely barred with left to our own reflections, and these

ere none of the pleasantest. Before nightfall a guard of soldie ame and unlinked us from our chain Alec and I, as the leaders of our party were separated from the rest of the brave fellows. A small supply of water in dirty earthen jars and a handful of coarse broken crusts were given t each of us. Then we were led down a flight of well worn stone steps; a door forward into the darkness; the door like our town."

"Oh. he. he!" chuckled the old man. are to come, too, old crook bones. Are on too lame to walk to La Guayra? Oh, ho, ho! But are we going to La Guayra, most wily senor?" "Certainly. Do you think a Spanish

caballero would trouble to lie to a ound like you?" "Why, if it's to La Guayra I'll make a shift to hobble so far, but I'd rather

"Ride!" said the soldier, with a rude laugh. "I warrant you could hobble twice the distance so that it lay away rom your prison."
"Ah, ha, ha! You've a pretty wit,

senor, a pretty wit. But it's the sweet salt air I wish to sniff. The sea breeze is meat and drink to old mariners such click and a double snap, and the footsteps of our jailers echoed along the passages and died away to silence. He scrambled to his maimed, disorted legs. One of them was shorter

light was coming in through a heavily and shaken with our fall, we lay on the pavement and wondered what "Oh, ho, ho! Ah, ha, ha!" laughed a weird, unearthly voice from the murkiest corner of the cell. "So they've given you water in pitchers and then caused you to spill the water and break the pitchers in the hurry of your

and gnarled like some old willow tree.

Sense and strength are both ade us follow. "The galleys!" said Alec, with a shrug, "Respited for the present!" And ne did as be was bidden.

"Oh. ho, ho!" cackled the voice again ot of other prisoners, among whom were several of the Bristol Merchant's the flames, though there isn't over ho greeted us kindly. Job much fat on it. More skin to be torn wear the iron boot! Ah, ha, ha! Mor "Brave news, Master Topp," he whis-

"What is it?" said I.

"Haven't you heard? There's tid ngs of an English ship that's harrying the coasts, an an Indian spy has rought word that her beak's turned t'orst here. There were an armada ly-ing in the roads a week agone, but it's Tisn't safe. Walls have ears, and recapting in the instrument rooman a brace of galleys now. An as one of them last bain't got a man aboard her we're to work her sweeps. Brave news, bain't it. Master Topp? Once at remember—is wearisome to the flesh. But," he added, with evil glee, "you'll sea, who knows what me may do?" He rubbed his hands and grinned till babbling. They've driven your feared for the integrity of his fea-brain crazy, poor master, with me at his words, and I trembled as a

"Attempt nothing rashly," said I, for I had not overmuch faith in Job's judg-ment and feared he might start an outbreak which would end in death to us "Attempt nothing whatever till Captain Ireland gives the word. He has a headplece worth ten of yours and mine, Job."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Job warmly, "that he has. An when he gives the the darkness, eh? Ah, ha, ha! The sign be'll have the lot of us at his back, noble Spaniard will teach you how to no fear." Then the cavalcade was put into mo

see like barn owls before you've drunk down all the gentle medicine for sick tion, and further conversation became souls that they will offer you. Are you impossible. We passed through the meth, as the control meth, as Surplus and Profits - \$60, cco.6

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THE

THE

Farmers' National Bank,
BUTLER, PENN'A.

Inked to a cuntu and the divided to we did a narrow trail. Where it led to we did a narrow trail. Where it led to we did a narrow trail. Where it led to we did a narrow trail. Where it led to we did narrow trail. Where it led to we did use. But how, but how and the years of the felt the toil hardened muscles.
"Here are good, stout thews and singulated his fetters joyously. There are being the first that be a critical and though the sentile we were let out. The old man, who had been dragging himself painfully along the felt the toil hardened muscles.
"Here are good, stout thews and singulated his fetters joyously. There are good, stout the the sentries before we were let out. The old man, who had been dragging himself painfully along the from our brows, with blood from our They'll not set the little pot bellied knave to man the handspike when they lay you on the rack. You'll have the public were let out. The old man, who had been dragging himself painfully along the from our brows. But he felt the toil hardened muscles.
"Here are good, stout thews and singulations where there was strict the toil hardened muscles.
"Here are good, stout thews and singulations where there was strict the toil hardened muscles.
"Here are good, stout thews and singulations where the row on the rack you'll have the little pot be lained." And he rubbed his heart was the felt the toil hardened muscles.
"Here are good, stout thew and juncle his fetters joyously.
They, ho. ho. Good!" he cri

The cell rang loud with his ghastly could have swept with iron hail for a score of perches. We passed through "The poor fellow's mad," whispered other gates and other drawbridges Alec to me. "Tortured out of his reathrown across natural cliffs and saw other heavily gunned batteries beside man and may be able to give me news them, making the position one of such enormous strength that 20 good men could have held it against an army. During the two hours' tramp the sun sprang up from behind the eastern hills, and by the time we entered La

Guayra it was broad daylight. The old man, whom I had set down from my shoulders, cried loudly for a breakfast. He wasn't going to row on an empty belly. Oh, ho, ho! Not he. indeed! They might thumbscrew his hands to the oar, but he wouldn't put an ounce of weight on it, no, not even if they twisted a knotted cord round his temples and hove him backward and forward with that.

his vaporings save to bestow a curse or blow when his importunities grew too noisy. We were hustled roughly in to boats and ferried across to the galey which lay straining at her anchor in the road. "She's pierced for 30 sweeps aside,"

aid Alec, who had been counting the ow holes. "A hundred and fifty or 180 rowers that means unless we are to be ingularly undermanned." "There be three more boat loads coming off," observed Job Trehalion.

"Two for us and one for the smaller galley ahead there," said I. "And leok, there are a host of slaves and sol-diers on the shore ready to embark. But where's the carrack, I wonder?" "Hull down to nor'ard, master," said one of the other Englishmen. "Way enough!" sang out the officer in

charge of the boat. "In oars, and mind you slaves don't topple overboard. I don't want to lose you till you've done "Aye," cried the old man, "Spanish

lubbers that you are. Let the English seamen go first and show you the way!" And he got a scabbard blow we get from him, though Alec ques-At length we had to give up the atacross the face to quiet him.

She was a galley of the first class tempt to learn anything from car mad cell fellow. So, weary with the toil of and from her keen steel beak to her

withdrawn, and a dozen armed soldiers had evidently been traveling recently and rapidly. "Get up, you English dogs," said one

martly now! You're wanted." "What for, senor?" said I wearily.

es!" And he began to use ais heavy boot freely. said one of the other Spaniards, "and may keep your heretical skins whole for a day or two longer if you

have luck.' "From Caracas?" said Alec. "Is that

and the five other places were map-

there seemed to be a very liberal sup-

handful of dirty, lubberly sailors and a company of soldiers were stationed forward, and when a few handfuls of maize burgoo had been distributed among us slaves the drivers on the

swung out our oars and got under way. side us were beginning to feel uncom-fortable, but when she got some way on and the motion became easier they thought their qualms would pass away, and so they broke out into a monotous chant which marked time for

than the other and that other knotted But their song did not last long. By the tholes drowned it as the long rollmy pot bellied little racker, senores? Ing swell of the Caribbean sea rocked us up and down, and the swarthy faces at losing such an old boon companion of the rogues became sallow as old

vory. And then began a scene of misery the soldier contemptuously, "I'd break your wry old neck for a useless incumtheir sickness would fain have dropgone from you. But my orders are to set you to an oar along with these two lashed them, lashed us, lashed all withustier knaves. So come along." And in reach. The helm was put up to run lee kicked him into the courtyard and along the coast, and the beam roll the poop. There was a brief turmoil them overboard.

We English could not each do the inked to a great chain gang with a task of six and cursed the drivers for our unearned stripes. The officers in the stern swore haphazard at all they could clap eyes on. And above all the Trehalion was in front of me, scar and bellish tumult and discord rose the grin complete as of yore.

"Ah, ha, ha!" of the old man.
"Crack!" came the driver's whip across the old man's bare shoulders. "Best keep your wind to yourself, old prophet," growled a stout fellow hained up here like dogs an can't stir

a fist to right ourselves with."

"I tell you, good fellow," replied the sailed west, an there's only a carrack old man earnestly, "before another day is spent you shall drive a steel ax through these Spanish headpieces." "I'd do it blithely, old man," said the other. "Aye, or through six or through 30 if it came to that! But there, you're

brain crazy, poor master, with their torturings.' "Babblings?" cried the old man fiercely. "I tell you, Jan Pengony, that as surely as your back is a mass of sores today so surely shall you pay back a sword thrust for every whip cut they have given you."

"In the fiend's name how did you learn mine? I never set eyes on you before. Is it magic, master?" "Ah, ha! Magic! Oh, ho, ho! Aye, magic's the word, Jan! I've lived long

among these very good friends the Spaniards, and the devil, who is their patron saint, has taught me many things. You needn't cross Jan. They say he doesn't like it." "The Lord be between me and harm!" exclaimed the man devoutly. "Ah, ha, ha, ha!" I could hear the scared sailor mum bling a strange mixture of hard words and scraps of prayer to keep off the evil spirit, and I more than half shar-

ed his alarm. But, though I had no wish to be beholden to any one who worked magic, still I could not help the feeling of elation which the un-canny old prophet's words roused in me. By virtue of his powers the old man appeared to guess the thoughts presently he sang out, "Well, Jack, my hereway glast are considered his mind, Jan. the poop. brawny giant, are you ready for a cut at your oppressors?"
"Peace, old man," said I. "If the

soldiers hear you, they'll smell mutiny "Oh, ho, ho! No fear, Jack. A Spanish hidalgo doesn't know our heathen tongue. "Maybe not." said I. "but there's no

harm in being prudent. And another thing, old man, I warn you not to prac tise your devilish arts on me, know Latin, and if you're a warlock you'll be finding yourself in uncomfortable quarters. "Oh, ho, ho! It's well for you, Jack,

English. Had my worthy friends on the poop heard your insolence-setting rself up as an exorcist, ha, ha!-you wouldn't have escaped a beating. Verily it was great presumption on your part. Know, Jack, that none but a no-ble Spaniard with three crafty torturers trailing on his heels can quiet the devil of which I am possessed now, if that excellent devil wishes to speak. But at present he is dumb, Jack, so get on with your toil for though we are neading for the place of deliverance there are many weary leagues left to

row before we reach it." Then, with his teeth close set and a onstant stream of muttering and subdued laughter forcing its way between them, he swung to his oar with an energy that his wasted muscle seemed to be incapable of supplying.

The old man's words filled me with hope and the powers that inspired them with fear; so, unwilling to be further beholden to his art, I kept my tongue quiet and looked out to sea-Keeping even pace with us was

large carrack of about 500 tons, pierced for a great quantity of ordnance and crammed to the bulwarks with soldiers. Hanging on her windward quar ter was another galley, rowing four oars fewer than ourselves, and she, too, carried a heavy fighting crew. With a sinking heart I recognized that the three of us would be too strong for the Englishman, for, though I knew that one of his lads was a match for eight or maybe ten of these glittering Spanjards any day, still against odds of 50 to 1 his chance was hopeless. He might beat us off or perhaps even sink us,

but capture us-never. And so the old man's words seemed to me to be but foolishness after all.
And with that thought I once more tore

rising breeze, and so, drawing the oars under the gangway, leaving the shin-ing blades cocking up in the air on ei-ther side of her. All round us were sickness and misers (200 and 100 and sickness and misery. The sun sank behind a reef of purple cloud, and the lands?" freshening wind began to hiss and shriek more keenly through the oar board of anything east of Margherite

they let the galley drift where she would and took themselves to their

him. Too late, for Alec had gripped his leg and pulled him down. The driver yelled. The shrieks of the storm drowned his first cry, and a blow from a clinched fist silenced the second. The

Darkness hid every movement, and he voice of the storm hushed all other lesser sounds. In half an hour we Engand ready for a bid for freedom.

Now for the common soldiers!

In a body we rushed forward into the thick of them, and one or two were knocked into another world before our lads could stop their rush.

Not a man of us heeded or staid his stroke. A dozen more Spaniards fell like poleaxed bullocks. Surrender, and you shall have quar-

er!" cried the captain again. The Spaniards, such of them as had and time to seize arms, dropped their weapons at the word and scurried beow out of harm's way. Our men let nem run-nay, even hurried them with the flat of a sword blade when they

ntes we had made ourselves masters of the galley and had not lost a man in the doing of it. "Get her baled clear, Jack," cried Alec, "and then come aft to me!"

"Aye, aye, captain! And the Spansh galley slaves? Shall I set them drift from their moorings?" "Will they join their countrymen, think you? Remember there are scarce-

"Not they. They've suffered too much to want their heels in the bilboes again. "Well, knock the frons off them and

set them to bale. We must have shipped a fearful weight of water to make us float so deep. See they don't get hold of any arms, though," he added anxiously. "Where's the old man?" "On guard over the forescuttle. He's like a fury, gnashing his teeth with

heave the whole lot overboard." "Aye, captain," bawled Pengony, who was standing near, "an he says them Spaniards is like Jonases an we'll be mast came down within an inch of my cast away afore day if we keep 'em arm.

"What if he does?" said Alec care-lessly. "Never heed what the old man "The old man prophesied true once,"

which we are an after a scuffle with "And." said Alec, with a laugh, "I might have prophesied as much, and vet you would not call me a wizard.'

be safest to strike the cargo over-"It would be sheer murder," said Alec warmly.
I laughed. "Would it?" said I. "Then

I'll do it and never expect my conscience to trouble me for it after. They are only Spaniards, after all."
"Only Spaniards!" cried Alec fiercely. "They're men and to kill men in cold blood is murder, I tell you. Mark me, Jack Topp, I've killed half a score of the breed in fair fight, and, God willing, shall serve my country by killing several score more before old King Death gets to windward of me. But this-never! So to your duty, Master

Topp, and I to mine Jan Pengony looked after him as he walked away along the gangway, and then, turning his weather beaten face mine, growled out:

Master Topp, but it'll work him ill yet. His father was so afore him; spared ed 'em, so I've heard tell, an they for got it an crushed him instead when their turn came. Mark me, Master Topp, the fewer Spaniards there be mbering the seas the safer be they

We got her dry after much hard labor, and leaving the balers at their work, for every now and then a big sea would come overboard. I went aft to the poop. Alec was at the tiller him-

"I'm not sure," he replied anxiously. "None of those dolts in the coach knows Toward nightfall we had a rest. The galley's sails were hoisted to catch the the stars soon."

"Yes, I expect to be able to get our "How are we by the Windward is-

"Can't say. There's no chart on

but I know that the reefs in these nar row seas are as thick as pickpockets in squall the London streets. So get you for ward, Jack, with your best eye well

went forward myself to the forecastle

The galley was plunging desperately. ripping up the seas with her keen beak, dipping her stem into the green ulk and sending great masses of castle deck. All our bulwarks had fortunately been torn away—else we must have foundered with the sheer, weight of water they held—and I found it no easy work to keep my post. Standing was impossible, so I sat down on the streaming planks, holding on to the breaching of a gun, and, straining my eyes into the howling darkness ahead whenever the interval between the waves left my poll uncovered. Now I could feel that we were rushing up a liquid hill, now tearing down into a raging valley; now the galley, bad sea boat that she was, would rip through a crest and settle down sluggishly, now she would shake herself clear and race forward afresh, but not a fathom in front could I see. We sped out of inky night astern into inky night ahead The darkness of Acheron was on us. I

must trust to my ears alone.

But it was a very Babel of sounds that filled the spume sown air-the groaning of timbers like to part with their straining, the fury of the wind among the rigging, the roar of the seas as they ground against one another like liquid millstones, the terror shrieks of the Spaniards, the duty bawls of low and crowded, a naked mob, on to the poop. There was a brief turmoil of blows and blasphemy, weapons were snatched by the weaponless, some of Alec stuck to his post at the tiller I would stick to mine at the bows.

Heavens, what a turmoil there was! The spirits of the storm were out and busy, taking vengeance on us for dishe bade us surrender the Spaniards to their grasp, and in their heavy anger they tossed our crazy bark about among the waves like a chip of wood in a sluice run. I feared much that Alec's chivalrous generosity would cost the

But avast mooding! What is that? Surf? Breakers? A reef? A sea broke over me, and its crash drowned away. Yes, the shore is close aboard

when down plunged the galley's head again, and souse I went under in full

me free, I yelled as I had never yelled before. Down went the helm as far as Alec dare press it, and over heeled the galley's lee gunwale till the wave heads came pouring in among the ter-rified slaves. "Breakers still ahead! My God, they

are all round us!"
All hands could hear them now. We saw their white, curling crests beckon-ing to us, and in a moment we were rolling among them.

There is one clear spot on the le

"Hard-a-larboard. Keep her way, Alec, for your life!" Now we are through the channel and heading to the next line of surf. The water is smoother. Can we round to

for an anchor? No; she would only drift into the rocks broadside on. At them with a pretty assortment of the finest Castillan oaths. He wants to we may be carried over somehow! Crash! She struck upon the reef,

The terrified soldiers below burst up "Does he say that?" I exclaimed in the fore hatch and streamed on to the deck. The waist was full of foaming

We ground and bumped upon the cruel rocks, and, for aught we could see in the gloom, the reef might be flood washed rock in the midst of a

desert ocean. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Pope's Official Rings. The pope has three special rings for his use. The first is generally rather a plain gold one, with an intag the papal ring. The second one, called the pontifical ring, because used only when the pope pontificates or officiates onies is an exceedingly at grand ceres occasions by Pius IX was made during the reign of Pius VII, whose name is cut on the inside. It is of the purest gold, of remarkably fine workmanship, set with a very large oblong d It cost 30 000 francs (£1.250) and has a contrivance on the inside by which it can be made larger or smaller to fit

The fisherman's ring, so called be cause it has a figure of St. Peter in a bark throwing his net into the sea, is a plain gold ring with an oval face, beargraved round and above the figure of the apostle. The ring weighs 1½ ounces. It was first a private and not an official ring, though it has been used in the latter way since the fifteenth century and is now the official seal of the popes and the first among the reigns.—Golden Penny.

On the west coast of Africa the natives call the raspberry a yaw. It happens that one of the pleasing diseases that come out from that quarter of the characterized by spots that appear on the body and soon grow into ulcers about the size and looks of the raspberry. So this disease is called the vaws. It is contagious and downright disagreeable. sailors bring it back with them to their own discomfort and the disgust of those at home. Yaws prevails also in the Fiji islands and in Samoa, but in these two places children mainly attacked, and the natives regard the sease in the same light as civilized persons look at measles-almost a cerinty to have and the sooner over with the better.

to come to me for charity," said the man of the house, "with your face all bunged up from fighting. You're noth-

"No, sir," replied the seedy vagrant, who was not wanting in spirit.

bruisee."-Chicago Tribune. Independent.

and you bet I've made up my mind to

Hot Water Peddlers. In northern China hot water peddlers go about with a whistling kettle, the at a boiling point. When they hear the whistle, the people run with their tea-pots and buy enough hot water for

osom. The air was loaded with sevent erfumes and foul with Castilian aths. It murmured with the songs f beautiful birds and shivered with

Tortured, reviled, despised, we lived for eight months within sight of the beauties of a paradise, enduring the "Oh, ho, ho! Been gazing at the come to the right and let us have at you. There's no danger in that."

to work, but to toe a line before the treasury. Great skin covered packs of metal, as much as a man could stagger under, were brought out and strapped

rowth of superabundant muscle? High After a march of 20 days, during which one poor Minehead lad died through sheer exhaustion, we arrived within view of the blessed sea once of my father." And he added aloud, more, and the sight of it sent new en- "My good man, did you ever meet or

ery man of us. This our Spanish mas- of the port of London for Manoa and ters observed and grimly bade us mod- was taken by the Spaniards on these erate our joy, for the inquisition had coasts?" need of fis. hereticos maldettos that

But the freedom of the sea breeze had entered into our brains, and we were sanguine, though heaven knows there was but little cause for hope. gang, whose shoulders were smarting from one of those humorous lash cuts, whispered, "We'll get to wind'ard of

he was right and that we should have vent us from trying to cool our hot,

town turned out to look at us, and when they saw we were English a

for the last stage." And at this there came into my eyes

are good stout thews and sincus! merciful hands of the noble Spaniard were laid upon his stubborn shoulders and his proud back was bowed. Aye, a haughty man was Captain Harry Ire-land, but the wily Spaniards brought him low enough, down even to the ground-cross, you lubbers, there's a spy at the window-where he repented of his sins and swore to be good to the And the man began mumbling Latin

our long march, we addressed our selves to sleep, and the Latin mutter ings from the corner of our dungeon were the lullaby that invited us to

ed him hard.

CHAPTER XII. Scarcely, so it seemed, had I closed my eyes when there was a clanking at rooped into the room. It was still lark, but one of them carried a lantern, and by its light I saw that they were all splashed with fresh mud and

"What for? How does that concern you? You do as you're told without asking the reason. Come, up you get,

"Crack!" came the driver's whip. gilded coach she was for a galley as fine a craft as ever ran to windward

The sea got up, the rain poured

against a nor'easter. But from our after squall tore from the inky blackcoign of disadvantage we did not look upon her with much appreciation. She had been lying idle for a full twelvemonth and yet had searcely had time to sweeten. I never say an anything the north side of Margherita. But the large ward, Jack, with your best eye well skinned, and if we seem likely to pick any of them up let me hear a good north country hall. There's a dead line in the bittacle there. Take it forward to sweeten. I never sat on anything lubberly soldier Spaniards had not with you and put a hand in the chains harder or rougher than her row benches.

known enough to keep a good reckoning while daylight lasted and so, hold.

I went forward. "Here, Pengony Each of us English was stationed at ing too much to the northward, did not where we are?"
"Certainly, senor," replied the other, with a mocking bow, "and I hope you, "in a mocking bow, "and I hope you, "and I hope you

A soldier commandant and five sol- prayers, hoping by the help of the dier officers, mighty fine armor clad saints to find themselves under the lee gentlemen all, took possession of the coach and cabin on the spar deck. A But while our masters busied them-

gangway cracked their whips, and we A driver in his passage along the gangway swerved to a roll which The galley had been pretty lively as she plunged at her anchor, and the Spanish cutpurses and cutthroats beside us were beginning to feel uncomside us were beginning to feel uncomstate the beside us the feel uncomstate the feel unco away as though the head had burned

shackle key was ripped from his belt rapid degrees the "cheep-cheep" of and passed down the outside line of

CHAPTER XIII. the oar shackles when, with a shout which rose high above the din of the winds and waves, we rushed from benot do a doit's worth of work and in their loathing bade the drivers fling the Spanish officers went overboard, and the rest were jailed in the coach.

> "Surrender!" shouted Alec, loud above the tumult.

And thus in the space of a few min-

two dozen of us all told."

rage against the prisoners and cursing them with a pretty assortment of the

nigh us." dismay.

growled Jan in his deep ocean voice; telled that we should be at liberty, "Aye, captain, but he telled me my name, me, Jan Pengony, as he'd never

seen afore. These bain't idle words there thinks as I do, captain, I war-"Why, yes," said I. "I think it would man to cumber himself with barbarous

"Captain's heart's an honor to him the Spaniards when he could ba' crus

And I believed he was right, but said othing and went to see to the baling of the galley.

in the slightest. They are all soldier officers and far too fine hidalgos to trouble themselves about a ship's reck-oning. The pilot busied himself with that, and he's with the sharks now."

I went forward. "Here, Pengony and

"Ave, aye!" cried the men, and I

ing but a bruiser!"

We admire the independence of a western poet who says in a preface to his volume: "If the critics don't like do. If they tear it to tatters, I shall pick up the pieces and embark in the plastering business. I am here to stay,