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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxvii BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1900 No. 49

Bickel's Footwear.

Extremely large stock of winter footwear at away down prices.

If you are in need of boots, shoes or slippers of any kind call and see us and we will suit and please you.

HOLIDAY SLIPPERS.

Have you been thinking of Xmas, we have a large stock of Holiday slippers—all the new and latest patterns—at very low prices.

LADIES FINE SHOES.

"SOROSIS," The New Shoe for women—The masterpiece of the shoemakers art and standard of the world. High or medium cut box-calf, fine dongola, enamel and patent leather, button or lace in light or heavy soles.

Cushionet turn shoes unequalled for their comfort giving and long wearing qualities—all styles.

Complete stock of **The Nettleton** fine shoes for men in the latest styles.

Large stock of **Gokey's** shoes—High cut, hand-pegged box toe boots and shoes for drillers. Our line of school shoes is complete. Gokey's high-cut copper toe shoes for boys and high cut heavy kip shoes for girls. We wish to call your special attention to our extremely large stock of FELT and RUBBER goods which we bought early. We are prepared to offer you some great bargains. Large stock of Ladies' and Gent's overgaiters and Ladies' and Children's fine Jersey Leggins. Full stock of sole leather and shoemakers supplies. Sole leather cut to any amount you wish to purchase. High iron stands with four lasts at 50c.

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Plush, Cloth and Golf Capes, $5.00 to $15.00.
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Fine Fur Neck Scarfs, $2.00, $3.00, $5.00 and up.

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Fine sanitary grey and fancy plaid blankets, $5.00 and $6.00.

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For Men, Women and Children.

Men's heavy fleeced underwear 50c.
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Every careful housewife worth the name, cherishes handsome damasks. You might as well have the newest designs as not. Lots of new ones here. We quote just two sample values: Heavy cream damask, 64 inches wide, all pure linen, regular 65c goods at 50c.

Fine bleached double damask, 68 inches wide, all pure linen, worth $1.25 at $1.00.

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Men don't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results for the money expended. Not cheap goods but goods as cheap as they can be sold for and made up properly. If you want the correct thing at the correct price, call and examine our large stock of FALL AND WINTER WEIGHTS—LATEST STYLES, SHADES AND COLORS.

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Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.
G. F. KECK, Merchant Tailor,
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Makes a Grand Offer to the Trade.

A GREAT REMODELLING SALE.

We Must Have Money, We Must Have Room.

We are making a big change in our building. New basement new front, another story and a large addition on the rear. Our large and increasing trade makes it necessary for us to make this change, and to make this change we need money and room. Our fall goods are all in and our building is packed from cellar to roof. While we don't prospose to lose any money on these fresh, seasonable goods, we intend cutting our profits so as to make this large stock move quickly. To our old trade we just have to say to them, we are going to close some goods cheap; they know what it means.

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We wish to say that when we advertise a sale of goods it is genuine and the trade knows it and approves and profits by it. We wish to impress on your minds that just now we are having a Great Sale of Shoes, just such as you need at this time of the year. Better take advantage of this sale.

C. E. MILLER.

HANDSOME COUCH FREE!

DON'T SEND US ONE CENT. Here is an honest offer. You can get this magnificent **Upholstered Couch and one half dozen Sterling Silver Plated Tea Spoons FREE.** There is no chance or deception. We speak the truth and nothing but the truth. We are determined to introduce **"QUICKMAID" Rennet Tablets** for making delicious desserts, into every household, and every person who will sell **only twelve packages**, will receive our generous offer of this handsome Upholstered Couch, with one half dozen Sterling Silver Plated Tea or Dessert Spoons which we give **absolutely free** for selling **only twelve packages** at 10 cents a package. If you agree to sell the Tablets write to-day and we will send them by mail. When sold you send us the **$1.20** and we **guarantee** to send your premium the same day, all expenses prepaid, **absolutely Free.** If you wish us to send the **premium at once with the 12 packages of Rennet Tablets remit $1.20 with the order** and premium will be sent immediately. We are an old, reliable concern, with a reputation for square and honest dealing, and we guarantee to do exactly as we say. The **Silverware** is guaranteed silver-plated on pure metal. The **Couches** are full size, over **6 feet long** and over **2 feet wide.** They are well stuffed, beautifully upholstered with handsomely colored velour, and when shipped are sent from the factory by freight direct to your address.

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Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

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While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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is a **LOCAL DISEASE** and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes.

For your Protection we positively state that this remedy does not contain mercury or any other injurious drug.

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is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for Nasal Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever of all remedies. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from colds, restores the senses of taste and smell. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail.
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The Cure that Cures

Coughs, Colds, Grippe,

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The GERMAN REMEDY
Cures throat and lung diseases.
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Butler, Pa.

Capital $60,000.00
Surplus and Profits - - $200,000.00

JOS. L. PURVIS .....President
J. HENRY TROUTMAN.....Vice-President
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The Butler Savings Bank is the Oldest Banking Institution in Butler County.
General banking business transacted.
We solicit accounts of oil producers, merchants, farmers and others.
All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention.
Interest paid on time deposits.

THE Butler County National Bank,

Butler Penn,

Capital paid in - - $200,000.00
Surplus and Profits - $60,000.00

Jos. Hartman, President; J. V. Ritts, Vice President; John G. McMarlin, Cashier, A. G. Krug, Ass't Cashier
A general banking business transacted.
Interest paid on time deposits.
Money Loaned on approved security.
We invite you to open an account with this bank.
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new wagon, running to and from his

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establishment, will call at your house take away your dirty carpets and return them in a day or two as clean as new.

All on a summer morning—Carpets, rugs and curtains thoroughly cleaned on short notice.

L. C. WICK,

DEALER IN

LUMBER.

JOHN TOPP, PIRATE

By Weatherby Chesney and Alick Munro.

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. C. COULTAS.

CHAPTER XIV.

A cold gray dawn at length lighted up the wreck, and as the chilly rays ruddled and grew warmer the violence of the gale began to moderate and the crested seas lost their cruel whiteness. The stern half of the galley had been torn away by the heavy surf and crumpled up like a sea urchin's shell, and with it most of the heavily armored Spanish officers had disappeared. Perhaps a score, too, of the slaves had been washed away and drowned and with them three or four of the soldiers who had rushed into the waist when we struck. Of the English, however, not a man was missing. Used to trucking with the ocean, they had scrambled to what instinct said was a colign of safety and now clustered, a brawny, well armed group, on the forecastle head.

"The water's shallow," said Job. "Shall we go ashore?"

A short cable off from where we were wedged the land rose high and dry—a small island, so far as we could make out in the as yet uncertain light.

"The water's shallow," said Job Trehalion, with his broadest grin. "Shall we go ashore, captain?"

"We can wade most of the way," said I, "and, for the rest, those who can't swim can raft themselves on planks. There are plenty of them floating about."

"What about sharks?" observed Alec.

"Oh, ho, ho!" chuckled the old man. "Never fear the sharks. They've enjoyed a good meal of fat Spaniard; they won't be hungry for lean Englishmen. See, I'll give a lead." And into the water he flopped and paddled with his arms to the shore.

The rest of us followed, some swimming, some on fragments o' wreckage, and in a short time all got safely to land.

It was a small island about two miles in girth that we had been cast on, and the myriad sea fowl circling around our heads showed us there was little danger of starvation. But as there was no pond or stream in sight half of us scattered in search of fresh water, while the rest busied themselves on the shore or in the surf, laying hold of any bits of wreckage that might drift within reach. Spanish bandit and Spanish soldier worked cheerfully beside the English sailor, and no one could have told that a dozen hours ago they were flying at one another's throats. But, though we had by no means ceased to regard the Spaniards as prisoners, the pressing need of the moment thrust party rancors into the shade. We were all shipwrecked, and for the time everything else was of minor moment.

The blazing sun quickly dried whatever we were able to rescue from the water, so we were soon in a position to light a fire with which to cook the sea fowl which some of us had caught. Before nightfall we had a goodly array of these hanging on spits before two huge fires and scores of fresh eggs roasting in the embers.

"Better food this than you've been accustomed to of late," cried the old man, as he threw down a carcass from which he had been tearing the tough, fishy fiber with his teeth. "But the sea fowl will soon become scary if we stay here long, and then we shall have to take to barbecued Spaniard. Oh, ho, ho! A juicy morsel, indeed!"

I turned from the old ghoul with a gesture of horror. He noticed it, and I thought he winced.

"Ah, ha, ha! Jack, how do you like the prospect?" he inquired banteringly. "Oh, ho! I'd give another toe nail, if the torment chamber had left me one, to see those great jaws of yours mumbling over a rib of fat Spanish mutton."

"Peace, cannibal," said I. "The sea fowl will last us for many a long day, and when they're gone we can live on shellfish."

"Nay, but the old man's right, Master Topp," growled Jan Pengony's deep voice. "Gulls soon gets scary, an fish is bad to depend on, let alone being thin sort o' food to fight on at the best o' times."

"Then," said Alec decidedly, "the sooner we get away from here the better. There are six other islands clustered near us. One is a mere wave washed rock; four are, I think, about the size of this, and one, which lies some league and a half to the southeast, appears to be of considerable size."

"Aye, captain, if we had a boat to reach it," put in Pengony.

"We have what's as good—the material for a raft," replied Alec. "Now, I think that the first thing to be done is for a small party of us to raft it across to that larger island, and see what prospect it offers. If bad, we are no worse off than before, and can come back and make a larger raft on which we may attempt the voyage to the Spanish main itself. And once there, and in the neighborhood of Spanish towns, we shall be able to improve our fortunes by a sufficiently generous use of our English muscle."

"We'll help ourselves and spoil the thieving dons, no fear, captain," observed one of the men. "But if that's to be our venture what call to go over to the large island at all?"

"Because I hope we may find a ship there, or even a town. I have heard that the Spaniards have pearl fisheries hereabout, which ought to prove an easy quarry for us, while the other plan may mean a long, tiresome hunt lasting for months."

"Axing your pardon, captain," said another, "but wouldn't it be best to build the big raft straight away? If there's Spaniards on that there island, why, then, the more of us as there is to tackle 'em the better an if there bain't, why, we can just go straight on."

"No," said Alec; "a raft large enough to carry all of us would be heavy to handle and far too conspicuous. I propose to build a light vessel, just big enough for four, without being cumbersome. In this we could go across quickly by night and land unobserved, while a larger raft, sluggish in its movements, would certainly be seen if the island is inhabited, and an arquebusier or a couple of archers could pick us off one by one before we got a chance of landing."

"Oh, ho, ho!" put in the old man at this point. "The youngster's got some sense in him after all! Do as your captain tells you, you dolts, and if he lands you all in heaven you can say it's the old man's fault!"

The men said no more, for they yielded to the old dotard's counsel when another, and he a man of unimpaired brain, might not have succeeded in persuading them. Even I felt more comfortable now that the plan had been approved by this uncanny authority.

The discussion was closed, for no one had anything more to say. We set a watch to guard against possible attempts on the part of our prisoners and addressed ourselves to slumber.

During the next day a small raft was made, and when night fell four of us embarked on it. Alec and myself, with Jan Pengony and another—the two last being enormously powerful men—formed the crew, and after we had cautiously paddled out through the reef we set a rag of sail and steered a course by the stars. The sea was smooth, the wind was dead aft, and, slipping through the water at about a knot and a half an hour, we made the island a little before midnight. The surf broke at the foot of tall, forbidding cliffs, and as there appeared no place for a landing we lowered the sail and, taking to our paddles, worked round to the southward.

In about a mile we came upon a scrap of shelving beach, upon which, after much trouble, we drew the raft, and then set out to explore.

It was mighty hard work scaling the cliff, and all our nimbleness was needed to keep clear of falls. But we reached the top at last and at once found ourselves in a tangled liane bound forest, through which it was furiously hard work to press a passage. It did not, however, extend very far, and presently we came out into the open. The sea fowl were not quite so numerous as on Galley island, but there were gay plumaged parrots and other land birds in abundance. There were traces, too, of four footed beasts, and presently we flushed from a piece of swamp a fine drove of pigs, which made our mouths water and our heels itch to give chase. This, however, Alec forbade, saying that hunting cries might be dangerous if there were Spaniards in the neighborhood. He bade us walk prudently, therefore, rove our eyes and kennel our tongues.

"Why all this caution?" said I with a laugh. "There's never five toed foot trodden these thickets since deluge time."

"Very possibly, Jack. But have you no sense besides those keen eyes of yours? Turn your nose up wind, man."

"Well?"

"Now sniff."

"There's nothing but a smell of heated marsh and rotting leaves, with a sprinkling of pungent flower odors every now and again."

"Yes? And what bush do you think those same flowers grow on, Jack?"

"How should I know? I never learned their outlandish names. Firetree perhaps. It smells something like smoke."

"Something like smoke?" replied Alec dryly.

"Why, it is smoke!"

"Aye, smoke sure enough. I saw a thin blue wreath of it floating up above the clump of bushes ahead there not a minute since. Look! There goes another!"

"Phew!" said I. "Philistines, for an emperor's ransom!"

"Exactly," said Alec, "and therefore it seems to me we had better advance carefully and reconnoiter their position. They may be only one or two, or they may be hundreds. So forward to the bushes. Keep the cover of the long grass as much as possible and be ready to duck down your sconces smartly if any one puts in an appearance. There's no use in bringing the whole rookery round our ears by carelessness."

"Aye, aye, captain," said Jan Pengony, with a grin. "Trust me an Garge here for that. We haven't forgotten how a Dartmouth deer's poached yet, an we've got the wind o' this un, so it's as easy as making a riled Spaniard swear."

We went on again through the rank vegetation, startling more pigs and keeping a bright lookout for chance snakes, but not a trace of Spaniards did we see, and in a very short space we were peering through the farther end of the copse. Neither house nor fire was in sight, but the thin trunk of smoke rising in front of us could mean nothing but that there was a fire burning somewhere out of our sight. It rose from a rocky fissure in the open ground, circled listlessly into the air and was carried away on the wings of the gentle breeze.

"The Lord be good to us!" said one of the men in awed tones; "we'se gotten on a burning island that'll belch out fire an melted rocks, like the volcanoes they tell of on the Peru coast."

"Sniff it, Garge; sniff it," said Pengony. "Smoke like that bain't come from the devil's stithy. There's brimstone in his'n, an this be honest woodreek or I never smelt my mother's fire. Lift up your bottle nose an sniff, Garge."

Like a hound at fault, Garge sniffed, and as he sniffed pondered at some length.

"Aye, woodreek sure enough," he rumbled out at last and relapsed into puzzled silence.

Meanwhile Alec and I had advanced to the fissure and tried to look down it, but the pungent vapors made all the air in the shaft to dance, and at the same time bit our eyes so smartly that we were glad to draw our heads back out of their reach as quickly as possible. We could see nothing at all.

"I have it, Jack," said Alec in a whisper. "There's a cave somewhere below us, and its occupants are cooking their breakfast; that's the meaning of the wood smoke."

"A cave? Then it must have some other opening besides this chimney, if there are men in it."

"Of course; at the foot of the cliff. If we go to that knoll in front there, we ought to command a view of it."

"Forward, then, and we'll find out."

"Cautiously, Jack; cautiously! We don't want to bring the whole hornets' nest about our ears. We had better tell the other two to hide in the copse and fill their bellies with plantains, while you and I reconnoiter."

We did so, and then crept cautiously forward to the brow of the cliff. The sight that met our eyes when we gained the crown of the knoll and looked out from among the graceful fern fronds which sheltered it was one to make a sailor's heart sad.

There before us lay a landlocked harbor, sheltered from outside view on every side, yet capable of giving anchorage to an armada if need be. Not a vessel floated on its smooth waters, and a solitary seal was swimming about near its upper end, now fishing for his breakfast beneath the surface, now erecting his head and staring anxiously about him. We paid but little heed to him, however, for at the harbor entrance we saw that which to any true mariner is the saddest sight in the whole world.

A finger of rock rose, black and ugly, from the soft blue waters and, wedged into a cleft which divided it to the water's edge, lay the corpse of what had once been a stout and stately ship, a snowy plumaged carrack. Now, with her foremast snapped like a carrot above the round top, a great, yawning chasm in her waist and rivers of clear water hissing into the retreating ebb from a score of starting seams in her sides, she was but a battered ruin, a ghastly wave racked wreck.

A hundred different signs—the litter of cordage on her deck, the streamers of fluttering canvas hanging over her shattered bulwarks, the tangled fringe of broken spars and sea torn planks floating like fallen leaves around her—all made it easy for a seaman's eye to judge that she had not lain there long, and the great storm of two days ago gave an exact date.

No sign of life showed upon her littered decks. The sun was high in the morning heavens, but her gunners were not furbishing up her culverins and falconets in the waists. No candle trimmers were in the poop lanterns cleaning the glasses and refilling the sconces; no cooks were busy heating the great ship's kettle to boil the morning meal. The last sentry had left his post without calling relief. The silence of death was over all.

In the open channel which lay between the carrack and the land spit there floated something over which a dozen sea fowl were screaming and fighting. A glance was enough to show what it was for which they fought; it was the ill starred lover of a mermaiden—some stout mariner swept from the decks by a huge green wave and then seized by snowy arms and carried away to a beauteous home among the branching sea shrubs.

I could see in my mind's eye all that happened from the moment when he was loosed from his trance.

He yawns, stretches, shakes himself, awakens. The mermaid is standing beside him, glass in hand, combing her streaming tresses. She turns, meets his gaze and speaks in words which fill him with delight. She puts a conch shell to her ruby lips and blows a call. It sounds afar through the waving bushes, through the rainbow colored weeds, over the open plain, through the tangled forest. The brilliant fishes hear the note and shoot away through the limpid water with its message. A school of dolphins cry holiday to their master and come gamboling up to the tryst to lie in a gleaming circle on the jeweled sand. Then follow troops of mermaidens, some riding on the backs of shaggy sea horses, some racing along in shell chariots drawn by teams of emulous porpoises; and after them come the mermen, bearing posies of fair sea flowers which wither when they meet the air. All stand and marvel at the mortal who has ventured down among the glories of their enchanted kingdom.

Then there bursts out a strain of delicious melody, and the mermaidens' chant, which rises and falls to the throb of the sea bosom, tells the lone stranger how he must comport himself if he wishes to endure in this land of his new birth.

And this did I hear them sing:

THE GREETING.

Welcome, bright welcome, O wave cradled mariner!
Welcome to bask in our beauteous realm.
Pleasure it is for the merfolk to minister
Unto a mortal beneath ocean's whelm.

THE PROFFER.

We are thy servants, lord, slaves to thy beckoning;
Come, let us lead to the great sea king's hall;
Seat thee on Neptune's throne, 'neath azure covering.
There to receive our best riches, our all.
Gold of the galleon groans in thy treasuries;
Jewels the chastest we'll lay at thy knee;
Fruit trees most curious blow on thy terraces,
Flowers, heaven nurtured, to brighten the sea.
Pearls we will bring to thee, corals and cowries,
Perfume thy robe with the gray ambergris.
Men give their hands to thee, maidens their dowries;
Never, great lord, shall our fealty cease.

THE WARNING.

But, oh, lord, beware!
Have a care, have a care.
Keep thy beating heart still in its breast.
Have a care, have a care.
Good my lord, oh, beware!
Love for maidens is not for our guest.

Love for maidens is not for the merfolk's guest. The man knows that it is true and sighs as he looks at the radiant beauty round him—comely forms and soft white skins coyly half hidden beneath the trembling cascades of their silken tresses. He sits in the stately palace they have given him and covers his face with cruel hands to shut out the light of a hundred lustrous eyes. In vain those ravishing glances must prevail. The shielding fingers unclasp, the bowed head erects

"See, there they go!"

itself, and the man is lost. His heart swells within him, and half delirious with ecstasy, half mad with terror, he drinks deep down into the cup of pleasure and feels every moment his amoured body becoming lighter, more fatally light.

He clutches the sides of his throne and again closes his eyes for an instant. But only for an instant, for the loadstone is one that none has ever yet withstood. The mermaidens see his strait and stretch out their soft, white arms, bidding him stay. Their eyes flash love unspeakable. Their floating curls caress his burning cheek. The perfume of their breath intoxicates him. With a cry of joy he lets his willing fingers loose their grip of the throne and reaches out a lover's arms to clasp the nearest.

Fatal movement! Like an arrow he shoots up from among them, and their wail mingles with his cry of doom as he rises.

A swollen corpse, he floats alone on the surface of the ocean, and the laughing mermaids take themselves again to their interrupted play.

CHAPTER XV.

"Wake up, Jack," whispered Alec, nudging me. "While you've been sleeping the snails have made up their minds to creep out of their shells. See, there they go!" And he pointed to some half score of men who were making their way down to a boat which lay drawn up on the beach. A jag of rock almost concealed it, and it was only when we saw the point for which the men were making that we caught sight of the boat at all.

"What shall we do?" said I. "Call the other two fellows and have at them at once?"

"No use. We might manage that armful, but no doubt there are plenty more where they came from. We should simply be running into their net."

"Are we to let them wander about at their own sweet will? Look! Those fellows are off toward the carrack!"

"Can't help ourselves that I can see. So you'll just have to let your valor simmer quietly, old hothead!"

"We shall have a score or two of them up here pig hunting for their dinners directly."

"Yes; they won't be content to patrol the shingle down there like so many harmless crabs."

"Then let's get to our raft at once and back to Galley island. There's no plunder to be made out of these fellows, so where's the use of meddling with them?"

"Plunder! Jack, I do believe you're the most thoroughgoing rascal of a sea thief as ever deserved short shrift and a fathom of rusty chain!"

"Hard words, Alec!" I retorted hotly.

"But true words, though none but your sworn shipmate dared have used them. Hark! What's that?"

There arose from below a sound which caused us to prick our ears to their sharpest angle. A body of men had emerged from the cliff leading some prisoners with them, and one of the latter was singing an English sea song. The words came up to us distinctly through the clear morning air:

Sail away,
Hack away,
Plunder! [Clank.]
Gather all the valuables you can.
Come back,
Nothing lack.
Thunder. [Clank.]
Scatter all the money like a man.

His mates joined in the chorus with all the recklessness of men who know that they are in too tight a place for their conduct to matter. The guards, however, seemed to think the merriment untimely and did not spare their buffets, and one of them, catching the principal singer a whack on the head that knocked his cap off, exposed to view a smooth shining scalp that was as hairless as a mirror.

"By all that's surprising, it's Willie Trehalion!" said Alec in a whisper.

"Sure enough, but how did he get here?"

"On the carrack, of course, but not as a willing prisoner, I'll go bail. Just hear how he's cursing! Confound the foolish fellow; why can't he keep his tongue quiet, now that he's in their hands? We shall see him knifed before our eyes in a minute. We must let him know we're here."

And up from among the slender fern fronds arose the "peewhit, peewhit" of a plover.

Willie's solitary eye glanced for a second at the knoll on the low cliff's edge, and then he burst out again into his song as cheerily as if he were seated on an English tavern bench.

Presently the cortege came to a standstill, and three armored Spaniards, seating themselves on bowlders, motioned for the prisoners to be drawn up in line before them.

"A court martial!" I whispered.

One of the Spaniards began to address the prisoners in English, and it seemed to me that his voice was strangely familiar.

"Traitorous curs!" said he, "do you make full confession? Come, you dog, there, you with the crippled eye and the crippled hand, you who worst misused your trust, do you speak for your companions?"

"Meaning me, Don Uglyface?" quoth Willie Trehalion with unruffled composure.

"Measure your words!" said the Spaniard angrily.

"Aye, with a lead line, not with a foot-rule. I bain't going to stint language just because you've promised to hang me in an hour's time. I tell you plain to your yellow teeth that I plumped the carrack on them rocks o' purpose. I could have fetched her in through the fair channel an brought her up to snug anchor within a cable o' this very spot, an that without losing a spar or carrying away a shred o' canvas. But, Senor Spaniard, I didn't choose. An if I'd got her again with a fine reef on the lee I'd up helm an risk 40 drownings in welcome. So, Don Miguel, you can wrap that in your cigarillo an smoke it."

"Don Miguel!" said Alec, with a gasp. "I knew I had heard the voice before."

"Yes, it's Inez's father," said I gloomily.

"Then we'd better not allow ourselves to fall into his hands. There are old scores against us, and Don Miguel is not the man to forget to wipe them off. God help Willie Trehalion!"

"Hush!" said I. "He's speaking again. Listen."

Willie Trehalion appeared to be enjoying himself down there on the beach. He was by nature a talker, and his subject seemed to have inspired him with eloquence. The Spaniards did not interrupt him, but it was little safety that I argued from their silence.

"Seven months agone, Don Miguel," said Willie, "you lured me an those other lads aboard yon craft at La Guayra an gave us fair promises. I was to be pilot, they a crew to show your own lubbers how to furl a sail an splice a rope, an for a reward we was to be given our liberty an set aboard the first English craft that was brought within hail. We labored willingly an like fools trusted to a Spaniard's promise. We overhauled all your running rigging, set up all your standing rigging again, altered your canvas an made your carrack a seaman's ship instead o' a soldier's as she was afore. An then how did you treat us? We had to lie on the deck all through the glass, like so many willocks, with no shelter from the rains an no shade from the sun, an if there was anything o' a sea the spray drenched us through an through at every dip she gave. Like dogs, we was given the dirty dishes to lick after your idolatrous stomachs were satisfied.

"Aye, aye, Don Miguel!" cried the boatswain, his voice rising almost to a shriek as he hurled out his string of accusations. "You can frown an stamp your foot an put your hand to your sword hilt, but you can't deny the gospel truth o' what I say. If we did well, you thanked us with curses; if ill, you blessed us with blows. Then when a small brig hove in sight an, drawing near, flew a Plymouth ensign, we made bold to remind you o' your promise. Ha, ha, ha! We might have saved our breath! A Spanish promise! A Castilian oath! Easy made, both o' 'em, an just as easy forgotten. You sneered at us an said we were doomed to everlasting captivity. Then you bade us bear arms against our countrymen, forgetting maybe that we wasn't born south o' the Pyrenees. We refused. You flogged us with leaded whips, clapped us under hatches, sailed a trifle nearer the brig an then, feeling your courage ooze away, went 'bout ship like a lily livered coward that you are an ran in under the guns o' La Guayra, where she weren't able to get at you."

Don Miguel's sallow face turned livid at the taunt, and I expected to see him run the boatswain through on the spot, for a sharp tongue is a weapon which more often than not turns its point back on him who uses it. With a violent effort, however, he restrained himself and for the present let the squat, square mariner alone, evidently reserving him for a worse fate.

"Have your say out to the full," he said, with an angry gesture. "There will be a bitter repayment when you have done."

"Thank you, Senor Jack Spaniard," replied Willie Trehalion coolly, "but it seems to me there bain't much more to say. When I've called a villain both liar an coward, I don't think I want to add anything else. Other black words would fall white on him after those."

"Do you know what I shall do with you?"

"Hang me," said Willie, with a contemptuous shrug of his broad shoulders.

"You think so?" replied the Spaniard, with a cold smile. "Maybe before long you'll hope so too. But a rope would not pay one tithe of my debt; it will require a far slower death than a mere dance on nothing. I shall have a post let into the sand yonder at low water. You will be lashed to it. The flood begins to make about sundown, and there will be five hours for you to regret the loss of my ship in before you draw your last gurgle. I have often heard you boast that the sea and you were old friends, and that many is the pleasant tussle you've had together in which the sea has been beaten. Well, you shall have one more duel together, and it will be curious to see which of you comes out the master this time.

"And now," he continued, turning to the other ten prisoners, "can any of you tell me how far we are from the main?"

"Happen a hundred league; happen two," replied one fellow gruffly.

"Ah," said Don Miguel, looking keenly at the speaker. "And will you undertake to build a small craft from the wreck of my carrack to take some of us there to seek assistance? I promise you your liberty and a capful of gold-pieces each, if you will."

"No, you blasted cur, I won't," growled out the fellow. "May my fingers be withered to the bone if they ever hale rope for you again and may my eyes drop out of their sockets if they ever see to drive a nail for you, except into your coffin! That's my answer, and you won't get a different one from any lad here." And then he spat contemptuously and relapsed into silence.

His mates nudged one another with their bound elbows, and burst into a leather lunged cheer of approbation.

"That's it, lads," sang out Willie Trehalion. "Stick to it; never give way, an these unsailorly lubbers will have to leave their bones on the island, unless the devil, their master, comes to fetch them away in a flaming chariot o' brimstone."

But at this point, at a sign from Don Miguel, the guards led off our poor English lads out of sight—into a cave, we supposed—and as two or three Spaniards showed signs of wanting to scale the cliff we retreated to the covert where we had left our two men. In it we lay close all the rest of the day.

The time was one of plans and plots, of doubts and difficulties; but, though we whispered together long and earnestly, yet so still did we lie that the parrakeets perched boldly in the boughs above us and preened their brilliant plumage in the sun as though their nearest enemy were many miles away. Great velvet winged butterflies as large as linnets fluttered past our eyes, and mosquitoes bit our half naked bodies, but never a thought had we for butterfly or mosquito, for our minds were busy and anxious.

"Willie Trehalion must be rescued somehow," said Alec for the fortieth time, "even though it costs us our lives to do it." And the rest of us eagerly assented, for our old boatswain was a favorite with us all.

The scorching sun above us, arching his brazen course in fiery splendor, began at last to verge toward the distant wavy water line. The dancing air grew cooler and was freshened by a welcome breeze from the sea. Cautiously we drew out from among the plantains and, looking sharply around to make sure that no one spied us, crept all four back to the knoll and once more peeped from beneath the graceful fern screens.

The tide had not yet turned, and a couple of Spaniards were fastening a stout stake in a hole, which they had scooped beneath the outermost of the ripples. They laughed and joked over their work as though it were some holiday diversion and every now and then gave the post a shake to try whether it was secure.

When they had finished, one of them must needs lean his back up against the wood and pretend in pantomime

Down they brought Willie Trehalion and lashed him to the stake.

that the tide was rising around him, and, to judge from the shouts of laughter which proceeded from unseen observers under the cliff, his companions found something intensely humorous in this grewsome clowning.

Presently there was a shout that the flood was beginning to make, and down they brought Willie Trehalion and lashed him to the stake. The other ten Englishmen were made fast to the outlying trees of a thicket that ran down to the edge of the beach, and when they were all secured Don Miguel once more addressed them:

"I asked you just now to build me a ship that would take me away from this island, and you refused. Well, senores, there are consequences to that refusal, and I am going to acquaint you with them. You may think I shall punish you today, but such is not my plan. I am simply going to let you enjoy the sight of a man drowning by slow inches before your eyes in order that you may have the opportunity of observing what a peculiarly unpleasant exit from this world such a death is. Tomorrow I shall again ask one of you to serve me. If in spite of the lesson of today he refuses, the rest of you shall see him slowly choked by the rising waters. The next day I shall try another, and so on. It will be interesting to see how many times I shall have to repeat this pleasing spectacle, but pray do not hurry yourselves to come to a decision. The island, senores, is a pleasant one, and I shall not be distressed if my play should run even for ten nights. It is a thousand pities that the audience will necessarily be diminished by one at each performance. Adios, senores!"

And with that he strode away. Some of the other Spaniards lingered awhile and then followed him, and the rest, to the number of perhaps 40, lit a fire and prepared to see the tragedy to its close.

When the kindly shades of night began to steal over the island, we crept from our eyrie. A bush covered slope led from the cliff down to the beach, some hundred yards or so from where the prisoners stood, and down this we scrambled, avoiding carefully every little twig that might betray us by its snapping and forcing our very breaths to come lightly lest they should stir the leaves and give the alarm.

The breeze had dropped, the air was heavy and still, and the gabble of the Spaniards' voices came to us softly through the silence. A slight mist had blotted out the stars above, and the only light we had was the fitful glare of the bonfire. It burned dully for the most part, giving out dense clouds of smoke that rolled slowly upward till they were lost in the dark night, but every now and then some one would give the logs a stir, and the darting flames would for a moment send a lurid radiance over the whole scene.

There in the creek we could see Willie Trehalion, with the waters already up to his chest and his smooth, bald head shining like a mirror in the flashing firelight. Round the fire were grouped the Spaniards, chatting and smoking and, standing out dark against the uncertain blaze, were the ten forms of the bound Englishmen.

To cut the prisoners' bonds without at the same time drawing from them a shout of surprise was work to make the least nervous fingers tremble. Alec crept up to the first and, whispering to him not to move a finger till he was told, cut the cords that bound him to the tree. I went to the second and had