The Captain's Money.

A Tale of Buried Treasure, Cuban Revolt and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

I'm talking to you, Mr. Urawlord as though I should be in another world twenty-four hours hence. You'll marry Nellie. I want you to trust her, as I have never trusted her and her mother.

There have been times when my dear wife has sat upon my knee, and rather timially said: "Tell me something of your affairs, Aaron. You give us money enough; but if you should be drowned at sea, pray what should we know about your property ?" And I have always put her off with some joke about my not being drowned on this voyage, or her ability toget another husband. I have said things that pained her; but I have never hinted at the troth.

Why?

She has ever been worthy of all confidence; Nellie has been worthy of it.

I can only say that my heart was soured by my losses, and by the cruel treachery I had met with. When the stunning blow of my first wife's be trayal of me tell upon me, Patrore a great oath that neither man nor woman should ever again have a chance to dupe or swindle me. With the woman that I afterward took to my bosom, this was a pledge far better broken than kept. But I had made it to myself; my experience justified it, if any thing could, and I perversely clung to

This, Mr. Crawford, is my story. make no apologies for my conduct; in the light that is now given me, 1 should have acted differently. I see now that the question as to whether Nellie and her mother shall have what will rightfully being to them when I am gone should not depend upon whether you will escape from the dangers of our present situation. But you will escape -1 know you will. I don't often pray -not as often as I should-but I did pray an hour ago that you might be spared, for the sake of Helen and her mother-and for your own sake.

Now you know all. If you survive me, you will know what to do. If you go to the old house at Provincetowr without me, tell them-tell them I loved them dearly. I think they know it now. Be good to them. That's all.

> PART IL-CHAPTER IV. THE MAN AT THE WRITEL.

The day went on till the middle of the afternoon. As landsmen keep time, it was near four o'clock. In the great events impending over this vessel and all who lived and moved upon her, we do not propose to give the minute details of the happenings of



the day. Shortly after meridian the

signs of shoal water, and soundings

were at once taken. From ten fath-

oms the line soon shortened to six-

then to four. The bottom soon be-

came visible, appearing to be a white

clay. Far in the distance the Captain

with his glass sighted the shores of

Elephonra. Souall Islands were passed;

The water shoaled more rapidly.

Three fathoms were reported-then

two and a half Sail was laboriously

shortened, the mate literally driving the

erew to the yards. The Captain went

doubtfully, with frequent changes of

"The island of New Providence is

if we can find a good anchorage, and

bled and fell over something near the

He rose to his feet. What mystery

was this? Dick Purvis had just re-

lieved him at the wheel-here lay the

body of the man himself, hatless, coat-

less, his skull crushed by a savage blow

shout he rushed back to the wheel.

what's the matter with you?"

so that his facer was concealed.

him smeared with blood.

below to consult his charts.

two fathoms.

wait till morning."

Jor -ludilor.

rected it.

the order.

agnlis.

fallen off three foints already." And still no answer. sailing her, or you'd all been killed in flew round swiftly in the helmsman's hands, and the vessel'a bow, obeying the night, and the ship taken down to the direction, lay straight toward the

the Isle of Pines. They say that if shore of the island. you'll give up your pistols, you shall With a furious yell the Captain be safely put ashore.'

seized the wheel. The man resisted. A powerful blow

Captain Willis exchanged a few

We expect to die; but we prefer to die

with

words with Crawford, while the renefrom the Captain's fist caused him to quit his hold and stagger back. His gade continued his talk: "I'd advise you to do it. You've exp fell off; the man was revealed. The coat of poor murdered Dick got fire-arms, it is true; but they'll do Purvis, but the face and form of Louis you little good in close quarters. He waited not comment or attack. for the slightest quarter if you decline Hunter Without a word he darted forward, their terms. You may kill one or two

and was lost to sight.

Promptly as the Captain seized the your pistols to me, and I'll tell them you have yielded." wheel and set the course due north, the vo sel was too far off to answer the helm in time. There was a trembling a low tone to Crawford. "I can't comthrough every timber-a shudder-a mand myself to do it. I should cershock-another, and she ceased to tainly shoot him before I said ten words.' move.

The Nellie Willis was hard and fast aground on the shore of New Provi-Crawford. "We are all agreed that not the slightest trust can be placed in dence.

PART IL-CHAPTER V.

TRUCE WITH THE MUTINESING. At first, not a word passed between like brave men, figheing for our lives, the three men standing there by the

now useleas wheel. of you think that Captain Willis The place where the vessel had grounded was so near to the low coast. tineers while there was breath in his of that part of the island that a man body, then you don't know the man. might easily have let himself down by the bows and waded ashore. The water astern was less than two fathoms, and it shouled rapidly to the shore. The them. Though we never expect to see given and received; blood gathered in wind had continued so fresh that the you where there's any danger. A hoarse murmur, mingled headway of the vessel drove her hard onto the bottom when her course shouts, came up from the hold. "I care little for your sneers," said was treacherously changed, and at least half her keel was fast in the clay. Hunter. "You are in a desperate posi- presently prevailed. She lay motionless, slightly careened tion, and you might save yourselves if you would be advised by me; but if over to the port side.

lull that followed this first stunning own heads. You hear those cries? 1 blow of the mutineers. Captain Willis suspect that means that the crew have anxiously swept the horizon with his got at a cask of rum down there, and glass. The broad Bahama Channel are priming themselves for their work. was before him, but the view was here For the last time-will you surrender?" and there cut off by islands. No sail was in sight.

Captain. "My patience is exhausted; We have said that at first no word I'll have no more parly with such as was spoken by the Captain, Crawford you. He cocked his revolver and laid it or the mate. The scene described in the last chapter had passed almost in across his arm. a flash; but its terrible meaning was Louis Hunter heard the alarming perfectly understood. It needed no click, and tarried no longer. Hurryothers that Purvis had been murdered and disappeared. for the purpose of disguising the viper

whom the Captain had warmed and cherished to his own undoing.

Five minutes passed-dreadful min-ntes, that seemed like hours. Nothing was as yet stirring forward; not a man to the deck, headed by the giant was to be seen. Crawford and the mulatto. Even the stowaways, usually Captain grasped each his revolver; the spiritless and weak, were now half mate had a heavy capstan-bar, which he had kept handy since the anchor blindly after their leader. was weighed. It was his pistol that "Don't wait," said Crawford. "These Crawford had. pistols are good for twice the distance.

The situation was one to require no words, and hardly to allow of words. They realized that a desperate deathgrapple was at hand. Each quietly

stood and nerved himself for it. Probably the same anxious question occurred to each of them. They were to contend with four times their own number. They were to fight where defeat meant death! Was there shelter or

ady." The wheel her; they know you have gold in your as he regarded it whill first the system in the pit. tthonghts.

me what you have thought," said Hunter, with his habitual sneer. ered round, and some hands clutched "I thought you were linked with the the knives again. mutineers, and worse than they. If I "Bring more drink?" shouted the

fellow, who had taken the division was wrong, pardon me." "Well, sir, since you want to know how it was, you shall. It was I who contrived the whole business. Those upon himself. "More drink, and we'll

In a few minutes a great bucketful cabin, and each man took a draught each other down below since they paid

from the tin dipper. Then they crowded around the table. Their red eyes glared like the eyes of wild beasts. Their breath came thick crew are desperate; you need not look and short, and their hands engerly clutched the gold pieces that were one of them; but your fate is certain. What do you say? Just hand over by one dealt around to them.

divide."

At such a time and under such conditions it needed but a spark to cause "Answer him," the Captain said, in an explosion.

Two pieces were accidentally handed to one of the Cubans at once. Half a dozen voices demanded that one of them be given back. The man refused, with an oath; the negro who was mak-"Your terms are declined, sir," said ing the distribution leaned over the table, seized him by the throat and plunged his knife into his heart. the crew-and still less in yourself.

In the twilight obscurity of the cabin the scene that followed could be rather than give up our arms and be likened to nothing but a raging hell. butchered the next moment. If any The table was overturned and the gold was scattered to the corners of the would give up his ship to a lot of mu- cabin, while the human demons engerly sought to clutch it. They cut and thrust with their knives; they cursed This parley has lasted long enough; send and screamed; they rolled and fought on your cut-throats, and we'll meet upon the floor. Horrid 'gashes were pools upon the floor. The tumult was dreadful but brief. Some lay dead, others were overcome by exhaustion

and the stupor of drunkenness. Silence The moon rose in placid splendor

upon that scene of horror and desola-The sun was setting. In the brief you won't, your blood be upon your tion. The wind had died away, leaving only the long swell of the sea. The bark lay grounded and motionless when the bright moonbeams poured into the cabin and flooded the deck. Dead bodies were everywhere, and everywhere "Back with you!" thundered the blood.

PART IL-CHAPTER VIL THE EBB OF BOPE.

While this turmoil of strife and slaughter had been raging, the arch plotter of the mutiny was safely hidden down in the hold among the casks and bales. Deliberately calculating on explanation from the mate to tell the ing forward, he ran down the ladder the sure result of plunder and drink on the unbridled passions of the crew, and fearing lest the blind rage of some of them might be turned against himself, he kept hidden until all was quiet again. Then he cantiously ascended to the deck, and made his way for- until I can mature and carry out a ward

> The body of the mulatto lay sprawled razed with liquor, and ready to rush Lay near it. He stepped over them and passed on. Near the stern he paused ly scene there disclosed. Captain Willis and the mate lay on their backs, of me now?" Both revolvers were discharged at their dead faces turned up to the sky; the same instant. The mulatto was Crawford lay upon his breast, his face resting on his folded arms.

> > Hunter descended the cabin-stairs. One of the bodies had fallen against he light of the moon, from which most

and ran up to the shils. The hissing serpents of flame ran everywhere along "May be you'll be so good as to tell the ropes, and involved every thing above the deck in the conflagration.

So dense were the great volumes of smoke that ascended from the hold that they obscured the light of the moon, and floated aloft in great col-

umns. The flames roared in the rigging; of the fiery liquid was brought into the crazy fellows who have been killing they hissed and crackled below; they enveloped the whole forward part of the bark, and with swift and relentless their respects to you and your friends

ongues came aft. "Merciful God!-to die so!" Crawford moaned. "Father in Heaven, telp and succor me!" Only the night heard him-and the

stars, the ocean-and God!

PART III.-CHAPTER L NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

The month of September was drawng to a close. The season was remarkably mild, the weather fair and leasant that autumn along the upper Atlantic shores of our country. Upon the afternoon of this day from the high ground near the old Lobdell House, at Provincetown, the bay was spread out like a beautiful panorama to the view. Outward and inward bound vessels, some with clouds of canvas spread alow and aloft as they started upon things we had left yesterday. Say, voyages of thousands of miles; others mayn't I? Isn't it our kitchen for coming in with sails reefed, to be towed ther?" up to the city; two or three steamers, trailing behind them a long black wake of smoke from their funnels; fishing-

craft by the score, and here and there a beautiful yacht on a short pleasure cruise-these were the characteristic features that enlivened the bay, and made it appear the busy picture of made it appear the busy picture that it life, commerce and enjoyment that it smile bid him to "run along home and

We have heard from the lips of the owner of the old house a brief description of it. To that little need be added Yet a stranger, especially if he had an eye to the picturesque and the incongruous, would have scanned the old building with curiosity. It was so large, and the uninhabitable part of it so extensive, that its last owner had thought best not to do any thing for the appearance of the unused part.

Therefore, while about one-third of it, at one end, was neatly painted, the

windows hung with green blinds, and ivy clambered over the door, the greater part of the building was timestained, weather-beaten and nearly in ruin. Windows were shattered and several sashes were missing. Doors hung by a single rusted hinge. Loosened clapboards sounded in time of high wind. If houses, like men, have their life and death, both were surely embraced in this old relic of colonial days.

The hour was about the middle of the afternoon. Mrs. Willis stood in the doorway, looking down the street. She was anxious and troubled. By the careful reckoning that her husband had made before bidding her adieu. after making all allowances for detentions and unfavorable winds, he should have returned a week ago. The appearance of the bark was familiar to her, and often she came thus to the door and scanned the ocean beyond the cape, hoping to be gladdened by the sight of the home-returning Nellie. Her daughter went daily to the post-office:

A Glimpse of Tad Lincoln

Both the steward and the cock had remonstrated with "Master Tad" upon bringing into the kitchen of the White House "such squads of poor, dirty, hungry street urchins to be fed;" and at last Peter said that Mrs. Lincola must be told.

Tad flew into a rage, ran upstairs to see his mother himself, and on finding her out searched the place for his bus father.

Meanwhile the small objects of his charity waited at the lower door-for Peter had absolutely refused to let the 'step inside."

The indignant boy spied his father just crossing the yard, with head bowed, eyes to the ground, talking carnestly to Mr. Seward as they walk ed to the department of state together. He cried out to him at once:

"Father, father! can't I bring those poor, cold, hungry boys home with me whenever I want to? Isn't it our

kiteben?" By this time, Tad had his father by the hand, who stopped short to list to the frantic appeal.

"Can't I give them a good warm dinner today, say? They're just as hungry as bears, and two of 'em are the boys of a soldier, too!-and, father, I'm going to discharge Peter this minute if he don't get out the meat and chicken and pies and all the

Secretary Seward was shaking with laughter. Mr. Lincoln turned to him with a twinkle:

"Seward, advise with me. This case requires diplomacy.

Mr. Seward patted Tad on the back and said he must be careful not to run the government in debt, and the president took Tad's little brown bands in feed the boys," and added:

"Tell Peter that you are really re quired to obey the Bible by getting in the maimed and the blind, and that he must be a better Christian than he is"

In less than an hour Mr. Seward said they passed through the yard ou their way to the cabinet meeting, and no less than ten small boys were sitting with Tad on the lower steps, cracking nuts and having a "State Dinner.

Mr. Lincoln remarked that the "kit chen was ours."-Wide Awake,

Water Power.

The artesian wells of Dakota are probably the most remarkable for pressure and the immense quantity of water supplied of any ever opened. More than 100 of such wells, from 500 to 1,600 feet deep, are today in success-ful operation, distributed throughout twenty-nine counties, from Yankton, in the extreme south, to Pembina, in the extreme north, giving forth a constant, never varying stream, which is in no wise affected by the increased number of wells, and showing a gauge pressure in some instances as high a 160, 170, 175 and 187 pounds to the square inch. This tremendous power is utilized in the more important town for water supply, fire protection and the driving of machinery at a wonderful saving on the original cost of plant and maintenance when compar ed with steam. In the city of Yankton a forty horse power turbine wheel, operating a tow mill by day and an electric light plant by night, is driven by the force of water flowing from an artesian well, the cost of obtaining which was no greater than would have been the cost of developing the same power, not counting the continual outlay necessary, had steam been employed, for fuel, repairs, and the salaries for engineer and fireman, What has been accomplished through the aid of natural gas and cheap fue in building up manufactories else where, may some day be rivaled on the prairies of Dakota by tapping the inexhaustible power stored in nature's reservoirs beneath the surface.-Fire and Water.

ror and loathing. "You appear very much shocked," oursued Hunter. "Well, you may look as you like and think what you

please; but you're going to die right there where you are. "Coward-miscreant!" cried Crawford. "Would you murder a sorely wounded man who has fallen in de-

fense of his friend?" "You use rather harsh terms," re-

plied Hunter, concealing the triumph of his revenge under his sneering manner. "But I'll tell you just what I'm going to do, and then you can call it what name you please. Here I have the gold that our highly-esteemed friend, the late Captain Willis, brought with him from Havana. It's no very great sum-that is, in comparison with what he secreted in the cellar of the old house in Provincetown; but it will take me comfortably there, and keep me

plan to get that treasure. For I'll have it-by George, I'll have it! You see, out by the hatches. That of Purvis I know the Captain's secret. I suspected something of the kind there in Provincetown, and I coaxed him to and looked for a moment at the ghast- take me on this voyage, that I might discover his secret. What d'ye think

"You are a devil," Crawford said. "Thank you. Take some more

water; I want to keep you alive till I can tell you what I mean to do. You are the man who came between me and the door, and continued pushing with Helen Willis. Here you are, dying a his shoulders was necessary to open it. miserable death, while I am going back Inside, the horrid scene disclosed by to gain the Captain's treasure and win



-they had the heart for mutiny and murder, but they needed a head. I became the head. I plotted every thing, as well as helped them execute. And we're quite successful, as you see.' Crawford, faint and wounded as he was, seemed to be struck as never before with the extent of the man's depravity. He looked at him with hor-

protection of which they could avail themselves? The open deck was before them. As

far as amidships there was no shelter save the boats slung at the sides and the slight coop over the cabin stairs. They were useless.

Once the Captain looked inquiringly at Crawford, and pointed down toward the cabin. Crawford shook his head. Without a word, each understood and consented. To seek the shelter of the cabin would be to put themselves at the mercy of the mutineers, like rats in a trap,

A man suddenly appeared above the deck from the forehold-or rather, his head was at first elevated above it, and practiced eye of the Captain detected his hand waved a white handkerehief.

pistols were aimed, and both carried "I've got a proposition to make to true. He tumbled dead to the deck, you, on the part of the crew. If you'll with two balls through his body. promise to hold your pistols off I'll come out and talk with you."

ing negroes rushed aft, knives in hand, The volce was that of Louis Hunter. the others closely following. Captain Willis heard it, and ground Once more the pistols were heard his teeth with rage. One ball broke the arm of one of the

"Come," was all he could say, "But you wou't shoot?"

"If you are brief-no."

Hunter reached the deck, and came

Nine to three the infuriated mutihesitatingly aft. neers bounded upon the little group by " Halt !" the Captain cried, when the wheel. he was about a rod away; "what d'ye There was time for another shot; but

The bark now crept along slowly and want?" both pistols missed fire. " I'd like first to explain myself," course. The Captain stood near the said the renegade. "I'd like to have At close quarters there was for three minutes a tremendous, but hopeless, wheel, giving continual directions. At you understand that what I've done one time the water shoaled to less than has been under compulsion, and only struceles The mate, dealing a good blow with because I was threatened with death. his bar, was struck to the heart by a I want to mediate between you and just ahead, Mr. Hardy," said the the crew. I believe I can save your knife.

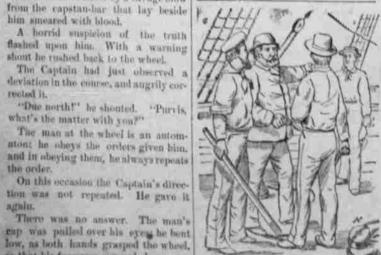
Captain. "I was in hopes to work lives; at least, I know what they are round to Nassau to-night; but I dare willing to do. I'll befriend you if not try it. I know enough of the Ba- you'll let me." hamas to be cautious of trying to keep

" You are an infamous liar, as well a course at night in shoal water. I as a damnable traiter," the Captain of the wounds would have killed him. think we'll the up to the shore yonder, exclaimed. " If ever a man would be justified in breaking his word, I should of his fists. His pistol had been e now, with such a fiendish scoun-It was now near sunset. Dick Purvis drel as you are. I don't know what it came to relieve the mate at the wheel, is keeps me from putting a ball use it again. Two men fell before his Mr. Hardy walked forward. He stums through you." blows, when a cowardly knife thrust

Hunter turned very pale, and fell back a step.

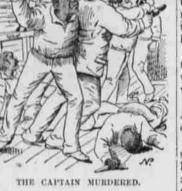
"But you are safe for the moment -what do you want?"

deck " The crow say they will have the ship. I suppose they want to plundemutineers.



"ANSWER HIM, CRAWFORD."

"North-due north, I sayf" velled the excited Oredala. PYou fool, she's



brandishing his knife and shouting to

the crew to come on. His towering

form was the mark at which both

With a frantic yell the three remain-

Cubans, the other plowed an ugly

gash in the cheek of one of the stowa-

PART IL-CHAPTER VL

There was no more delay. Fired by

A FEAST OF BLOG

Give them one now."

67

ways.

men would have fled in affright, seemed. to make hardly an impression upon

He had come for the small part of the Captain's gold that was there. He would have it, though every coin was wet with blood!

What was he? it might here be asked. A very fiend in human form-a man only in shape?

We can only say that nature does sometimes make such men as Louis Hunter. The depravity of a person's ancestors for generations past does at times seem to have descended to one common heir. The lust of gold that had been kindled in this man's heart,

the mad fires of revenge upon a successful rival in love, had stimulated him to the engineering of the atrocious deeds that we have recorded; nor was his hellish record yet complete.

Inside the cabin, he stepped briskly about it, scooping up the scattered gold and putting it into the canvas sacks. tu his careful search for the coins he moved aside the bodies, and one of the wounded men, feeling his hands, revived a little, and pitcously begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor

for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with blood, which he cooly wiped or on the clothing of one of the prostrate bodies. At last the bags were filled again. He carefully tied up their months, and re-ascended to the deck,

arrying one under each arm. Captain Willis, struggling to use his He paused a moment, looked at the revolver again, was seized about the three bodies lying near the wheel, and body from behind and thrust half a started forward. A thought struck dozen times through the breast. Either hun; he paused, and slowly returned. Taking hold of the body of Henry For a moment Henry Crawford kept Crawford by the shoulders, he rolled

his assailants off by the powerful blows it over-upon the back. A deep groan startled him. He fell knocked from his hand as he tried to back in a kind of panie.

The groan was repeated.

"Ah-you're not dead, my fine felwent through his back. He turned and ow?" he soliloquized. "You might as clutched the throat of the negro with well be."

both hands, when another knife was Stooping down he opened the driven into his side. He sank to the

wounded man's vest. He saw that the A yell of triumph went up from the congulation of blood had stopped the flow from the knife-wounds. The groans and curses of the wound

"But I hardly think you'll recover, ed also broke forth, making the scene my friend!" he remarked, with a tanic smile.

He thrust his hand into the inside vest-pocket, and drew forth the pictshipwreek were treated with insult and ure. He opened the case, and gazed indignity. Kicks were liberally be- at the smilling features. The madness stawed upon them, their watches of rage possessed him; he threw it he came nearer to it that night than down, stamped on it and ground it to ever before.

Crawford opened his eyes,

"Water," he feebly gasped.

Louis Hunter regarded him for a sensate rage was first gratified by the moment, then went forward, and soon destruction of the furniture and bed- returned with a pannikin of water. ding. The lockers were kicked in, and Raising the wounded man's head, he the Captain's little stock of wine was placed it to his lips. The long draught

instantly consumed. The two bags of revived him; he partially raised himgold were discovered, and exultingly self upon his arm. "Is it you?" he asked, as he saw

"Divide-fair play" several shouted. Hunter standing by him. "I did not One of the negroes poured out the expect this from you. Thank you, cold in a glittering hear on, the table. Perhaps I have wronged you in my

his daughter. Ha-how does that pict ure strike you?"

"God will never permit such villainy to triumph," Crawford said, faintly but firmly. "I tell you now, you will be overtaken and punished. Helen fast. Willis is not for you!-not for you!

Dear Nellie! God help us both!-but she's not for you!" "She's certainly not for you!" Hunter

retorted. He came close to Crawford, he even knelt over him and glowered upon him. town.

"I did not finish telling you what I meant to do. It will be convenient, and I think prudent, for me to destroy all the evidence of this little affair. Dead men tell no tales, you know, and I think I can tell a story about it that will be believed. I shall fire the yessel; I shall destroy you and all of those drunken beasts below that are still alive. I shall wade ashore, reach Nassau some time to-morrow, take the first steamer for New York and the

rest is easy. So farewell, Mr. Crawford! You'll begin to think you'd better died in Cuba. He delayed no longer. Taking up his bags of gold, he hurried forward and down into the hold. He remained

there at least twenty minutes. When he came up again he went to the bow. fastened a rope about the bowsprit, and let himself down into the water. It was hardly knee-deep. He waded

ashore with his treasure under his arms. He paused a moment on the low bank to take a farewell look at the bark and the motionless bodies on her

deck, plainly defined by the moonlight. Then he disappeared.

The night wore on; the moon mountod higher in the heavens. All was profoundly silent and quiet about the vessel and the adjacent waters and land. Henry Crawford lay prone on his back, his head pillowed on the body of poor, faithful Hardy. Somewhat revived by the water, he was still too weak to rise, or even sit up. He lay thus quietly; his eyes-ah, how exquisite is the mockery of circumstances!fixed on the North Star.

He could not measure time; in the agony and weariness of his awful situation, an hour might have been a week. This man was cast in an heroid mold; in him were the blood and the nerve to perform any great action that occasion brought in his way.

So he was not one to despair. He had never despaired, however apparently hopeless the situation! Perhaps

For, while he lay there among the dead, abandoned to perish, with aching wounds and strength drained away, he became conscious of a strong smell of smoke.

Soon the pungent scent of burning tobacco was plainly to be perceived. A thread of smoke ascended from the companion-way. The whole forward deck presently smoked from every seam.

Soon a great volume of thick black. smoke poured out. A long tongue of smoke poured out. A long tongue of any Bibles, I just tell you there ain't no fire leaped up. it caught the shrouds gettin'ahead o' them Chicago folks.

she had gone there now, and Mrs. Willis paused at the door and waited, as she saw her slowly approaching.

"She has no letter," thought the wife, with a sigh. "She does not walk

A group of battered and superanuated sailors, who loved to come up here and take observations of the bay from a neighboring sand-hill while smoking their pipes, observed Mrs. Willis at the door and Helen coming back from the

"Them folks are gettin' anxious," one observed.

"'Bout the bark?" There was a grunt of assent.

"Well, they needn't. A week or two weeks over time ain't nothing on a v'y'ge to the gulf."

The oracle of the party, an old, one eyed fellow, whose face looked like a thickly-knotted section of oak-bark. puffed vigorously for a moment, and then announced, in a mysterious way:

-r.x-Justice Strong is often referred to as the most sensible man in Washington. He served ten years on the Supreme bench and then retired on full pay. In 1880 he resigned, and has since lived quietly in Washington. lecturing occasionally and performing faithfully the one duty that the law requires of him. Whenever the Supreme Court is required to take part in any public ceremony, Judge Strong puts on his robe and walks with them in the procession. In consideration of this and his past services he receives ten thousand dollars annually from Uncle Sam's treasury.

-A pleasant story is told at San Francisco of the wife of the Mexican President. The Spanish Opera Company recently found itself in distress in that city. It seems that one of the musicians was something of a poet. and he had dedicated some verses once or twice to Mme. Diaz. She was very much pleased with the compliment and told him if she could ever serve him in any difficulty she would be happy to do it. He recalled her promise and asked her if she could assist the poor opera people back to Mexico. Immediately a telegram came from the kind lady authorizing them to be sent home at her expense, said to be some three thousand dollars.

The Revenge of Time. Tapeyard-Who is that stunning girl you

caised your hat to! Ribbonley-Miss Goldie Bullion. Tapeyard (timidly-Shedidn't return your ourtesy. Perhaps she doesn't know you. Ribbonley (bitterly)-Nol she does know me now; but when I am the only

young man at Ocean Foam next summer she will not only know me but pins for me in vain.-Lowell Citizen.

A Smart People.

First Thief-I've got a sure and safe thing now. I go to houses in a hurry and ask for a Bible with big print to read to a sick man They give me the family Bible in a burry. and I sell 'em at second hand book stores. Second Thinf-I tried that in one city, but it didn't work. Everybody seemed through the game, for they said they hadn't

Building a House in Samoa. The negotiations between the skilles

and wily carpenter and the prospec-tive Samoan house owner would amuse, but hardly meet the ap-proval of the business man of today. Under the propitating in an eccession fluences of kava, the necessary presents are produced to induce fluences of kava, the carpenter to undertake the construction of a house. It is begun at once, without any terms of agreement, and the work advances until the carpenter thinks more presents necessary. and he ceases work. Additional gifts being made, the carpenter continues the construction until he deems it necessary to demand another contribution, when he again stops work. If the contribution is not forthcoming labor is suspended on the incompleter house, never to be undertaken for completion by another of the craft; and forever afterwards it remains unfinished and a public reproach to the good name of the unfortunate owner, who, at the time of its beginning, not knowing what may be the ideas of the carpenter as to the cost of its construction, must either call upon the community for aid, which is generally freely extended, or suffer the humiliation of this unfinished monument.-

She Wasn't at Home.

Century.

While Hamilton Fish was secretary of state Mrs. Fish made it her invariable practice to return all calls made upon her. Of course, many in the throng were unfashionable, but that made no difference.

One day a lady of East Washington thought she would see what an official reception was like, and so she follow ed the crowd through Mrs. Fish's par lors and dropped her card at the door. In due time Mrs. Fish's carriage stopped before a small frame house in East Washington, and the lady at the moment was occupied in the house but not aristocratic occupation

scrubbing the front steps. Mrs. Fish stepped out of her car riage and, presenting her card, asked to see the lady of the house.

"She is not in," said the lady calm ly, and resumed her scrubbing, while Mrs. Fish returned to her carriage." Chicago Herald.

'According to Dr. Howship Dickinson a furred tougue is not necessarily an alarmit To some persons it is north symptom. have a clean tongue, and to others et normal to have a coated tongue, so that impossible to fix any degree or limit of a ing as a necessary accompaniment to part

A new and curious alloy is produc placing on a clean crucible an ounce of on per and an ounce of antimony and fai them by a strong heat. The compound be hard and of a beautiful voilet hus alloy has not yet been applied to any u purpose, but its excellent qualities, pendent of its color, entitle it to out

The prostrate bodies of the brave men who had fallen in defense of the taken, and their pockets rifled. The mutineers then proceeded to the powder beneath his heel. work of plunder. The door of the

ought forth.

eabin was broken down, and their in-

a pandemonium of horrors.