LIFE

On, on, with the stream of life Our sad lives flow; On, on, with eternal hope, The hope we all might know.

On, on, and never stopping Through grief and pain; On, on, and ever trusting To see that face again.

On, on, through this short journey We try to live; On, on, this world to brighten And unto others give.

Treasure Island

RY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

PARTIV.

THE STOCKADE.

CHAPTER XX .- (Continued.) SILVER'S EMBASSY.

We could see the man who carried the flag of truce attempting to hold Silver back. Nor was that wonderful, seeing how cavalier had been the captain's answer. But Silver advanced to the stockade, threw with great vigor and skill succeeded in surmounting the fence and drop ping safely to the other side.

I will confess that I was far too his hands, and his eyes fixed on the somer you couldn't look to get, not water as it bubbled out of the old you. And I hope"-raising his voice iron kettle in the sand. He was __that all hands in this here blockwhistling to himself, "Come, Lasses house will overhaul my words, for and Lads."

Silver had terrible hard work getting up the knoll. What with the steepness of the incline, the thick in the palm of his left hand. tree stumps, and the soft sand, he and his crutch were as helpless as a arrived before the captain, whom he ketballs." was tricked out in his best; an im- "Now you'll hear me. If you'll

"Here you are, my man," said

man you might have been sitting in the last good words you'll get from your galley. It's your own doing. me; for, in the name of heaven, I'll You're either my ship's cook-and put a bullet in your back when next then you were treated handsome- I meet you. Tramp, my lad. Bundle or Cap'n Silver, a common mutineer out of this, please, hand over band, and pirate, and then you can go and double quick." hang!"

"Well, well, cap'r," returned the sea-cook, sitting down as he was bidden on the sand, "you'll have to give me a band up again, that's all. A sweet, pretty place you have of it here. Ah, there's Jim! The top of the morning to you, Jim. Doctor, here's my service. Why, there you all are together like a happy family,

in a manner of speaking." "If you have anything to say, my man, better say it," said the captain. "Right you are, Cap'n Smollett," replied Silver. "Dooty is dooty, to be sure. Well, now, you look here, that was a good lay of yours last night. I don't deny that it was a good lay. Some of you pretty handy with a handspike-end. And I'll not deny neither but what some of my people was shook-may be all was shook; may be I was shook myself; may be that's why I'm here for terms. But you mark me, cap'n, it won't do twice, by thunder! We'll bave to do sentry go, and ease off a point or so on the rum. May be you think we were all a sheet in the wind' eye. But I'll tell you I was tober; I was only dog tired: and if I'd awoke a second sooner I'd a caught you at the act, I would.

to him, not he." "Weil ?" says Captain Smollett.

He wasn't dead when I got round

as cool as can be." All that Silver said was a riddle to him, but you would never have guessed it from his tone. As for me I began to have an inkling. Ben Gnn's last words came back to my mind. I began to suppose that he they all lay drunk around their fire, and I reckoned up with glee that we had only fourteen enemies to deal

"Well, here it is," said Silver We want that treasure, and we'll have it-that's our point! You would just as soon save your lives, I reckon; and that's yours. You cure. It never does harm.

have a chart, haven't you ?" "That's as may be," replied

"Ot, well, you have, I know that," veturned Long John. "You needn't be so husky with a man; there ain't a particle of service in that, and you may lay to i. What I mean is, we want your chart. Now, I never meant you no harm, myself,"

man," interrupted the captain. "We know exactly what you meant to do, and we don't care; for now, you see, you can't do it."

And the captain looked at him calmly, and proceeded to fill a pipe. "If Abe Gray-" Silver broke out.

"Avast there !" cried Mr. Smollet. Gray told me nothing, and I asked him nothing; and what's more I would see you and him and this whole Island blown clean out of the water into darkness first. So there's my mind for you, my man, on that." This little whiff of temper seemed

to cool Silver down. He had been growing nettled before, but now he pulled himself together.

"Like enough," said be. "I would set no limits to what gentlemen might consider ship-shape, or might not, as the case were. And, seein' as you are to take a pipe, cap'n, I'll make so free as to do likewise."

And he filled a pipe and lighted it; and the two men sat silently smoking for quite a while, now looking each other in the face, now stopping their tobacco, now leaning forward to spit. It was as good as a play to see them.

"Now," resumed Silver, bere it is. You give us the chart to get the treasure by, and stop shooting poor seamen, and stoving of their heads laughed at me aloud, and slapped in while asleep. You do that and him on the back, as if the idea of we'll offer you a choice. Either alarm had been absurd. Then he you come aboard along with us, once the treasure shipped, and then I'll over his crutch, got a leg up, and give you my affy-davy, upon my word of honor, to clap you somewhere safe ashore. Or, if that aint your fancy, some of my lads being rough, and having old scores, on much taken up with what was going account of hezing, then you can stay on to be of the slightest use as sen- here, you can. We'll divide stores try; indeed, I had already deserted with you, man for man; and I'll my eastern loop-hole and crept up give you my affy-davy, as before, to behind the captain, who had now speak the first ship I sight, and send seated himself on the threshold, with 'em here to pick you up. Now, his elbows on his knees, his head in vou'll own that's talking. Hand-

> what is spoke to one is spoke to all." Captain Smollet rose from his seat and knocked out the ashes of his pipe

"Is that all?" he asked. "Every last word, by thunder !" ship in stays. But he stuck to it answered John, "Refuse that and like a man in silence, and at last you've seen the last of me but mus-

mense blue coat, thick with brass come up one by one, I'll engage to buttons, hung as low as to his knees, clap you all in irons, and to take you and a fine laced hat was set on the home to a fair trial in England. If you won't my name is Alexander Smollet, I've flown my sovereign's the captain, raising his head. "You colors, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones. You can't find the treasure. "You sin't a going to let me in- You can't sail the ship-there's not side, cap'n?" complained Long John. a man among you fit to sail the ship. "It's a main cold morning, to be You can't fight us-Gray, there, got sure, sir, to sit outside upon the away from five of you. Your ship's in irons, Master Silver; you're on a "Why, Silver," said the captain, lee-shore, and so you'll find. I'll "if you had pleased to be an honest stand here and tell you so, and they're

> Silver's face was a picture; his eyes started in his head with wrath. shook the fire out of his pipe.

"Give me a hand up!" he cried. "Not I," returned the captain. "Who'll give me a hand up?" he

Not a man among us moved, Growling the foulest imprecations, he crawled along the sand until he got hold of the porch and could hoist himself again on his crutch. Then he spat into the spring.

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you will do no harm. The way, to cure a disease had paid the buccaneers a visit while is to stop its cause, and help the body get back to its habit as the smoke cleared away and vanish-

> of health. When Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil does that, it cures; when it don't, it don't

> > this picture on it, take

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,

"There!" he cried, "that's what think of ve. Before an hour's out. I'll stove in your old block-house like rum puncheon. Laugh, by thunder, laugh!" Before an hour's out, ye'll laugh upon the other side. Them

hat die'll be the lucky ones." And with a dreadful oath he stumbled off, plowed down the sand, was nelped across the stockade, after four or five failures, by the man with a flag of truce, and disappeared in an instant afterward among the trees.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ATTACK.

As soon as Silver disappeared, the captain, who had been closely watchng him, turned toward the interior of he house, and found not a man of us at his post but Gray. It was the first time we had ever seen him angry.

"Quarters!" be roared. And then, we all slunk back to our places, Gray," he said, "I'll put your name n the log; you've stood by your duty ike a seaman, Mr. Trelawney I'm urprised at you, sir. Doctor, I lought you had worn the king's coat! If that was how you served at Fontenoy, sir you'd have been better in your berth.'

The doctor's watch were all back at their loop-holes, the rest were busy oading the spare muskets, and everyone with a red face, you may be cer tain, and a flea in his ear, as the say

The captain looked on for a while silence. Then he spoke.

needn't tell you that, but me fight in own stronghold. shelter; and, a minute ago, I should drub them, if you choose."

he said, that all was clear.

he porch was, two again; and on the musket into bits.

"Toss out the fire said the captain, the chill is past, and we mustn't ave smoke in our eyes,"

The iron fire-basket was carri odily out by Mr. Trelawney, and the mbers smothered among sand. "Hawkins hasn't had his breakfast.

lawkins, help yourself, and back to our post to eat it," continued Captain Smollett. "Lively, now, my lads: you'll want it before you've Hunter, take the east side, there. Joyce, you stand by the west, my man. Mr. Trelawney, you are he best shot-you and Gray will take his long north side, with the five pop-holes; it's there the danger is If they can get up to it, and fire in apon us through our own ports, things would begin to look dirty. Hawkins neither you nor I are much accoun at the shooting: we'll stand by

load and bear a hand." As the captain had said, the ch ras past. As soon as the sun had climbed above our girdle of trees, fell with all its force upon the clearing and drank up the vapors at a draught, loon the sand was baking, and the esin melting in the logs of the blockhouse, Jackets and coats were flung aside; shirts were thrown open at the neck, and rolled up to the shoulders; and we stood there, each at his post, in a fever of heat and anxiety.

An hour passed away. "Hang them !" said the captain This is as dull as the doldrums. Gray, whistle for a wind." And just at that moment

the first news of the attack. "If you please, sir," said Joyce, ' if I see anyone am I to fire?"

"I told you so!" cried the captain "Thank you sir," returned Joyce ith the same quiet civility.

ing ears and eyes-the musketeers the clear sunlight. Someone was hands, the captain out in the middle Right in front, the doctor was purof the block house, with his mouth suing his assailant down the hill, ery tight and a frown on his face.

and fired. The report had scarcely slash across his face, died away ere it was repeated and repeated from without in a scattering volley, shot behind shot, like a string of geese from every side of the enlosure. Several bullets struck the log-house, but not one entered; and, ed, the stockade and the woods around it looked as quiet and empty as before.. Not a bongh waved, not eleam of a musket-barrel betrayed

he presence of our foes. "Did you hit your man?" asked the "No, sir," replied Joyce, 'I be

ieve not, sir." " Next best thing to tell the truth." If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable sample, its agreeable side, doctor?"

muttered Captain Smollett. "Load but again.

A neighbor advised Burdock Blood Bitters, and I am glad I followed his advice, for four botmuttered Captain Smollett, "Load

"I know precisely," said Doctor Livesey. "Three shots were fired That was three years ago and Toronto. two close together—one further to James Lashons Told won't do with me, my | 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists. | the west."



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"Three!" repeated the captain. 'And how many on yours, Mr. Trelawney ?"

But this was not so easily ans vered. There had come many from the north-seven, by the squire's computation; eight or nine, accordng to Grav. From the east and west only a single shot had been fired. It was plain, therefore, that he attack would be developed from the north, and that on the other three sides we were only to be anpoved by a show of hostilities. But Captain Smollett made no change in "My lads," be said, "I've given bis arrangements. If the mutineers ilver a broadside. I pitched it in succeeded in crossing the stockade, edhot on purpose; and before the be argued, they would take posseshour's out, as he said, we shall be sion of any unprotected loop-hole, boarded. We're outnumbered, I and shoot us down like rats in our

Nor had we much time left to us for have said we fought with discipline. thought. Suddenly, with a loud I've no manner of doubt that we can huzza a little cloud of pirates leaped from the woods on the north side, Then he went the rounds, and saw, and ran straight on the stockade. At the same moment, the fire was On the two short sides of the house, once more opened from the woods, ast and west, there were only two and a rifle ball sung through the op-holes; on the south side where door-way and knocked the doctor's

north side, five. There was a round The boarders swarmed over the score of muskets for the seven of us, fence like monkeys. Squire and the firewood had been built into four Gray fired again and yet again; siles—tables, you might say—one three men fell, one forward into the about the middle of each side, and on inclosure, two back on the outside. laid ready to the hand of the defend. his feet again in a crack, and iners. In the middle, the cutlasses lay stantly disappeared among the trees. Two had bit the dust, one had fled, four had made good their footing inside our defences; while from the shelter of the woods seven or eight men, each evidently supplied with

several muskets, kept up a hot hough useless fire on the log-house. The four who had boarded made straight before them for the building. shouting as they ran, and the men among the trees shouted back to encourage them. Several shots were fired, but such was the hurry of the marksmen, that not one appeared to have taken effect. In a

moment the four pirates had swarmed up the mound and were upon us. The head of Job Anderson, the boatswain, appeared at the middle "At 'em, all bands-all bands!

he roared, in a voice of thunder. At the same moment another pi rate grasped Hunter's musket by the muzzle, wrenched it from his hands, plucked it through the loophole, and, with one stunning blow, laid the poor fellow senseless on the floor. Meanwhile a third, running unbarmed all round the house, appeared suddenly in the doorway, and fell with his cutlass on the doctor.

Our position was utterly reversed, moment since we were firing, under cover, at an exposed enemy now it was we who lay uncovered and could not return a blow.

The log-house was full of smoke, to which we owed our comparative safety. Cries and confusion, the flashing and reports of pistol-shots, and one loud groan rangin my ears. "Out, lade, out !" and fight 'em in the open! Cutlasses !" oried the

captain. I spatched a cutlass from the pile, and someone, at the same time snatching another, gave me a cut Nothing followed for a time, but the scross the knuckles which I bardly emark had set us on the alert, strain- felt. I dashed out of the door into with their pieces balanced in their close behind, I know not whom. and, just as my eyes fell upon him, So some seconds passed, till sud- beat down his guard, and sent him denly Joyce whipped up his musket sprawling on his back with a great

White

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"Round the house, lade! round the house!" oried the captain, and even in the hurly-burly I perceived change in his voice.

Mechanically I obeyed, turned eastward, and, with my cutlass raisd, ran round the corner of the ouse. Next moment I was face to ace with Anderson. He rosred aloud, and his hanger went up above his head, flashing in the sunlight. I had not time to be afraid, but, as the blowstill hung impending, leaped in a trice upon one side, and missing my foot in the soft sand, rolled head. long down the slope.

When I had first sallied from the loor, the other mutineers had been already swarming up the pallisade to make an end of us. One man, in red night-cap with his cutlass in his mouth, had even got upon the top and thrown a leg across. Well so short had been the interval, that when I found my feet again all was in the same posture, the fellow with the red night-cap still half way over. nother still just showing his head above the top of the stockade. And yet, in this breath of time, the fight

was over, and the victory was ours. Gray, following close behind me, ad cut down the big boatswain ere be had time to recover from his last blow. Another had been shot at a loop-hole in the very act of firing each of these tables some ammuni- But of these, one was evidently more into the house, and now lay in agony, tion and four loaded muskets were frightened than hurt, for he was on the pistol still smoking in his hand. A third as I had seen, the doctor had disposed of at a blow. Of the four who had scaled the palisade, one only emained unaccounted for, and he, naving left his cutlass on the field, vas now clambering out again with he fear of death upon him. "Fire—fire from the bouse!" oried the doctor, "And you lads,

ack into cover.' But his words were unheeded, no not was fired, and the last boarder nade good his escape and disapeared with the rest into the wood. three seconds nothing remained of the attacking party but the five nd one on the outside of the palis-

The doctor and Gray and I ran all speed for shelter. The survivors would soon be back where they ad left their muskets, and at any oment the fire might recommence. The house was by this time some-what cleared of smoke, and we saw

at a glance the price we had paid or victory. Hunter lay beside his oop hole, stunned; Joyce, by his hot through the head, never to nove again, while right in the centre the squire was supporting the cap-tain, one as pale as the other. "The captain's wounded," said

Mr. Trelawney. "Have they run?" asked Mr. Smollett. "All that could, you may be bound," returned the doctor; "but there's five of them that will never

oried the captain, Come, that's better. Five against better odds than we had at starting. We were seven to nineteen then, or thought we were, and that's as bad to bear." *

* The matineers were soon only ght in number, for the man shot Mr. Trelawney en board the hooner died that same evening of his wound. But this was, of course not known till after by the faithful (To be continued.)

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