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charge for honest, reliable, good wearing Shoes. Saving

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of Commercial Stationery or some

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In the hour of your need don't

is fully equipped for all kinds of

Job Work. Work done promptly,

neatly and tastefully. Nothing



more, for we were suffered without further

molestation to get the poor old game keeper

Poor old fellow, he had not uttered one

word of surprise, complaint, fear, or even

acquiescence, from the very beginning of our

troubles till now, when we had laid his

"Be I going, doctor?" he asked.

"Tom, my man," said I, "you're going

"I wish I had had a lick at them with the

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1900.

that the round shot and the powder for the After reloading, we walked down the out-

gun had been left behind, and a stroke of an ax would put it all into the possession of the palisade to see to the fallen mand; and every man of them was now provided with a musket from some secret maga-

Just an hour at sunset,
Out in the glowing west,
And the cares of the town from the soul st
down,
And the tired brain finds rest;
A touch of nature's healing. A touch of nature's healing,
A glimpse of the fields and skies,
And the weary strife of city's life
Dies as the daylight dies.

Poetry.

The Sunset Walk.

Just an hour at sunset,
Filled with its golden peace,
And freed for a while from folly and guile The heart's complainings cease; For better than all the scheming Of the sordid day of the town, Is the gentler thought by the twiligh brought In the fields where the sun goes down.

-Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republi Dawn and Sunset. At dawn A modest trill is heard,

A modest trill is heard,
A signal from some unseen bird,
Some trusty harbinger of morn;
Then from the tiny, swelling throats
A hallelight of rich notes
In greeting to the day just born.

And woodland shades are growing deep A chirp, a flutter here and there, A beat of wings upon the air, And night has hushed the birds to sleep -Frank H. Sweet.

Select Literature.

TREASURE ISLAND. (By Robert Louis Stevenson.)

> PART IV. The Stockade

(Continued.) By this time the tide was beginning to ebb, and the ship was swinging round to her anchor. Voices were heard faintly hal"Only one of the gigs is though this reassured us for Joyce and warned our party to be off.

to be handier for Captain Smollett. "Now, men," said he, "do you hear me?" There was no answer from the forcastle. am speaking."

have my watch here in my hand; I give you There was a pause.

"Come, my fine fellow," continued the antain, "don't hang so long on stays. I'm risking my life, and the lives of these poor entlemen every second." There was a sudden scuffle, a sound of lows, and out burst Abraham Gray with a knife-cut on the side of the cheek, and came running to the captain like a dog to

"I'm with you, sir," said he. had dropped aboard of us, and we had shoved off and given way. We were clear out of the ship; but not yet shore in our stockade.

CHAPTER XVII. NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR

THE JOLLY BOAT'S LAST TRIP. This fifth trip was quite different from any e others. In the first place, the little gallipot of a boat that we were in was gravely overloaded. Five grown men, and three of them-Trelawney, Redruth, and the captain-over six feet high, was already bubbling. re than she was meant to carry. Add to that the powder, pork, and the bread-bags Five Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows, viz.: The gunwale was lipping astern. Several safety. But there were all our stores at the wood. breeches and the tails of my coat were all two guns out of five remained in a state for You've little enough powder already, my Steamer "Boston" will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday even-and steamer "YARMOUTH" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Friday evening soaking wet before we had gone a hundred service. Mine I had snatched from my

the same, we were afraid to breathe. In the second place, the ebb was now mak- three had gone down with the boat. To add

ward through the basin, and then south'ard and seaward down the straits by which we and we had not only the danger of being wiser to take it in?" had entered in the morning. Even the ripples were a danger to our overloaded craft; pled state, but the fear before us whether if proper landing place behind the point. If | duct to stand firm, Hunter was steady, we let the current have its way we should that we knew; Joyce was a doubtful case— beside, and showed our enemies that we de come ashore beside the gigs, where the pirates might appear at any moment.

a pleasant, polite man for a valet, and to brush one's clothes, but not entirely fitted

All through the evening sir." said I to the captain. I was steering,

while he and Redruth, two fresh men, were at the oars. "The tide keeps washing her the poor jolly-boat, and a good half of our down. Could you pull a little stronger ?" "Not without swamping the boat," said he. "You must bear up, sir, if you please -bear up until you see you're gaining.' I tried, and found by experiment that the tide kept sweeping us westward until I had laid her head due east, or just about right angles to the way we ought to go.

We'll never get ashore at this rate," said "If it's the only course that we can lie, sir, we must even lie it," returned the captain. "We must keep upstream. "You see, sir," he went on, "if once we dropped to leeward of the landing-place, it's hard to say where we should get ashore, beside whereas, the way we go the current must

slacken, and then we can dodge back along the shore."

They exchanged guns, and Trelawney, silent and cool as he had been since the beginning of the bustle, hung a moment on his nan Gray, who was sitting in the foreheets; you can ease her off a bit."

"Thank you, my man," said I, quite as if sheets; you can ease her off a bit." nothing had happened; for we had all quiet-ly made up our minds to treat him like one hearts good to see him spit in his hand, knit his brows, and make the blade sing through

I thought his voice was a a little changed. "The gun !" said he. "I have thought of that," said I, for I nade sure he was thinking of a bombardment of the fort. "They could never get the gun ashore, and if they did, they could

Suddenly the captain spoke up again, and

never haul it through the woods."
"Look astern, doctor," replied the capain.

We had entirely forgotten the long nine;

It because a state a adder, and because in the squire and fore they recovered, not only the squire and We had entirely forgotten the long nine;

I, but Hunter and Joyce from the blockand there to our herror, were the five rogues busy about her, getting off her jacket, as which she sailed. Not only that but it fashed into my mind at the same moment ed and plunged into the trees.

"Israel was Fliat's gunner," said Gray, when just at that moment a pistol cracked is the beginning of the entry:

At any risk, put the boat's head direct for hoarsely.

At any risk, put the boat's head direct for the landing-place. By this time we had got so far out of the run of the current, that we kept steerage way even at our necessarily gentle rate of rowing, and I could keep her steady for the goal. But the worst of it was, that with the course I now held, we turned our broadside instead of our stern to the "Hispaniola," and offered a target like a barn door.

when just at that moment a pistol cracked in the bush, a ball whistled close past my set, and poor Tom Redruth stumbled and fell his length on the ground. Both the squire and I returned the shot; but as we squire and I returned the shot; but as we stand powder. Then we reloaded, and our broadside instead of our stern to the "Hispaniola," and offered a target like a barn door.

when just at that moment a pistol cracked in the bush, a ball whistled close past my set, all was expensive dotor; Abraham Gray, carpenter's mate; John Trelawney, swent; John Hunter and Richard Joyce, owner's servants, landsmen—being all that is left faithful of the ship's company—with stores for ten days at short rations, came ashore this day, and flew British colors on the loghouse in Treasure Island. Thomas Redruth, owner's servant, landsman, shot by mutineers; James Hawkins, cabin-bey—"

The captain and Gray were already examining him, and I saw with half an eye that all was over.

And at the same time I was wondaring the stockade—too close for coolose for coolose for coolose for oolose for coolose for oolose for oolose for servant; landsmen, shot by mutineers; James Hawkins, cabin-bey—

And at the same time I was wondaring the stockade—too close for oolose for that all was over.

I believe the readiness of our return

"I could hear, as well as see, that brandyfaced rascal, Israel Hands, plumping down a volley had scattered the mutineers once ound-shot on the deck. "Who's the best shot?" asked the captain. "Mr. Trelawney, will you please pick me

off one of those men, sir? Hands, if possible," said the captain. Trelawney was as cold as steel. He looked to the priming of his gun.

"Now," cried the captain, "easy with down in the log-house to die. He had lain down in the log-house to die. He that gun, sir, or you'll swamp the boat. All like a Trojan behind his mattress in the hands stand by to trim her when he aims." gallery; he had followed every order silent The squire raised his gun, the rowing ly, doggedly, and well; he was the oldest of used, and we leaned over to the other side our party by a score of years; and now, sulto keep the balance, and all was so nicely | len, old, serviceable servant, it was he that

ontrived that we did not ship a drop.

They had the gun, by this time, slewed The squire dropped down beside him or cound upon the swivel, and Hands who was his knees, and kissed his hand, crying like at the muzzle with the rammer, was. in con- a child. equence, the most exposed. However, we had no luck : for just as Trelawney fired, down he stooped, the ball whistling over him, and it was one of the other four who

gun first," he replied.
"Tom," said the squire, "say you forgive The cry he gave was echoed, not only by his companions on board, but by a great me, won't you?"
number of voices from the shore, and look"Would that be "Would that be respectful like from me to you, squire ?" was the answer. "Howsoing in that direction I saw the other pirates ever, so be it, amen !" trooping out from among the trees and tumbling into their places in the boats. After a little while of silence, he said he thought somebody might read a prayer.
"It's the custom, sir," he added apologetic-"Here comes the gigs, sir," said I. "Give way, then," said the captain. "We musn't mind if we swamp her now. If we ally. And not long after, without another

word, he passed away. In the meantime the captain, whom I had "Only one of the gigs is being manned, oing in the direction of the two gigs; and sir," I added, "the crew of the other most observed to be wonderfully swollen about likely going round by shore to cut us off." "They'll have a hot run, sir," returned great many various stores—the British the captain. "Jack ashore, you know. It's colors, a Bible, a coil of stoutish rope, pen, Redruth retreated from his place in the not them I mind; it's the round-shot. ink, the log-book, and pounds of toba gallery, and dropped into the boat, which we soon brought round to the ship's counter, miss. Tell us, equire, when you see the

match, and we'll hold water." In the meantime we had been making ner of the log house where the trunks crossheadway at a good pace for a boat so over- ed and made an angle. Then, climbing on "It's to you, Abraham Gray—it's to you I loaded, and we had shipped but little water the roof, he had with his own hands bent in the process. We were now close in; and run up the colors. thirty or forty strokes and we should beach This seemed mightly to relieve him. He her; for the ebb had already disclosed a narl am leaving this ship, and I order you to "I am leaving this ship, and I order you to follow your captain. I know you are a good man at bottom, and I dare say not one of the lot of you's as bad as he makes out. I row belt of sand below the clustering trees. The gig was no longer to be feared; the little your had already concealed it from our eyes. The ebb tide, which had so cruelly came forward with another flag, and reverently spread it on the body. eyes. The ebb tide, which had so cruelly delayed, was now making reparation, and delaying our assailants. The one source of the source shaded and the source of the source shaded and the shaded and the

> "If I durst," said the captain, "I'd stop duty to captain and owner. It mayn't be good divinity, but it's a fact." and pick off another man." But it was plain that they meant that nothing should delay their shot. They had never so much as looked at their fallen comrade, though he was not dead, and I could

powder and provisions.

ed across a bit of thicket.

useless."

CHAPTER XVIII.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTORS :

END OF THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING.

heel to see that all was fit for service. At

the air. It was plain from every line of his body that our new hand was worth his salt.

Forty paces further we came to the edge of the wood and saw the blockade in front

of us. We struck the inclosure about the

middle of the south side, and, almost at the

same time, seven mutineers-Joe Anderson

the boat swain, at their head-appeared in full cry at the south-western corner

They paused, as if taken aback; and be-

weeks do you and squire expect the consee him trying to crawl away. I told him it was a question, not of weeks "Ready !" cried the squire. but of months; that if we were not back by "Hold !" cried the captain, quick as an

And so he and Redruth backed with a find us; but neither sooner nor later. great heave that sent her stern bodily under can calculate for youself," I said. water. The report fell in at the same in-"Why, yes," returned the captain stant of time. This was the first that Jim scratching his head, "and making a large allowance, sir, for all the gifts of Providence heard, the sound of the squire's shot not having reached him. When the ball passed, I should say we were pretty close hauled. "How do you mean?" I asked. not one of us precisely knew; but I fancy it must have been over our heads, and that the wind of it may have contributed to our dis-

"It's a pity, sir, we lost that second load. That's what I mean," replied the captain. "As for powder and shot, we'll do. But the rations are short, very short—so short, Doc-At any rate, the boat sank by the stern, quite gently, in three feet of water, leaving tor Livesey, that we're perhaps as well withthe captain and myself, facing each other, on out that extra mouth.' And he pointed to the dead body under our feet. The other three took complete

Then he pulled me aside.

headers, and came up again, drenched and the flag. Just then, with a roar and a whistle, a So far there was no great harm. No lives round shot passed high above the roof of the were lost and we could wade ashore in log-house and plumped far beyond us in the "Oho!" said the captain. "Blaze away! bottom, and, to make things worse, only

At the second trial the aim was better knees, and held over my head, by a sort of The captain made us trim the boat, and instinct. As for the captain, he had carried and the ball descended inside the stockade, we got her to lie a little more evenly. All his over his shoulder by a bandoleer, and, like a wise man, lock uppermost. The other ther damage. "Captain," said the squire, "the house is quite invisible from the ship. It must be

to our concern, we heard voices already the flag they are aiming at. Would it not be "Strike my colors!" cried the cut off from the stockade in our half-crip pled state, but the fear before us whether if
Hunter and Joyce were attacked by half a
said the words, I think we all agreed with out of our true course, and away from our dozen, they would have the sense and conseamanly good feeling; it was good policy

All through the evening they kept thun "I can not keep her head for the stockade, for a man of war.

"I can not keep her head for the stockade, for a man of war.

"I can not keep her head for the stockade, for a man of war.

"I' said I to the captain. I was steering, With all this in our minds we waded fell shore, or kicked up the sand in the indering away. Ball after ball flew over or closure; but they had to fire so high that ashore as fast as we could, leaving behind us the shot fell dead and buried itself in the soft sand. We had no ricochet to fear; and though one popped in through the roof of

the log-house and out again through the -floor, we soon got used to that sort of horse-We made our best speed across the strip of wood that now divided us from the stock. us is likely clear. The ebb has made a good ade; and at every step we took the voices

of the baccaneers rang nearer. Soon we could hear their footfalls as they ran, and the cracking of the branches as they breast-I began to see we should have a brush for The mutineers were bolder than we fancied, or they put more trust in Israel's gunnery. it in earnest, and looked to my priming. "Captain," said I, "Trelawney is the For four or five of them were busy carrying dead shot. Give him your gun; his own is off our stores, and wading out with them to one of the gigs that lay close by, pulling an oar or so to keep her steady against the cur-They exchanged guns, and Trelawney,

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cream of tartar. Safeguards the food against alum.

O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER,

NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc. (RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)

NO. 23.

over poor Jim Hawkins' fate.

A hail on the land side.

ter, is that you?" came the cries.

GARRISON AT THE STOCKADE.

was on guard.

sure enough."

The captain sat down to his log, and here down from the kettle a thick bed of moss

And at the same time I was wondering sand in our eyes, sand in our teeth, sand in our suppers, sand dancing in the spring at "Somebody hailing us," said Hunter, who like porridge beginning to boil. Our chim-"Doctor! squire! captain! Hallo Huner, is that you?" came the cries.

And I ran to the door in time to see Jim and kept us coughing and wiping the eye. Hawkins, safe and sound, come climbing

under the Union Jack. As soon as Ben Gunn saw the colors he If we had been allowed to sit idle, we ame to a halt, stopped me by the arm, and should all have fallen in the blues, but Captain Smollett was never the man for tha "Now," said he, "there's your friends, All hands were called up before him, and he divided us into watches. The doctor, Gray "Far more likely it's the mutineers," I and I, for one; the squire, Hunter and Joyce "That!" he cried. "Why in a place like were sent out for firewood; two more were this, where nobody puts in but gen'lemen of sent out to dig a grave for Redruth; the fortune, Silver would fly the Jolly Roger, you don't make no doubt of that. No; that's the door, and the captain himself went from your friends. There's been blows, too, and one to another, keeping up our spirits and I reckon your friends has had the best of it; lending a hand wherever it was wanted. and here they are ashore in the old stockade From time to time the doctor came to the

as was made years and years ago by flint.
Ah he was the man to have a headpiece, was which were almost smoked out of head; and Flint! Barring rum, his match was never whenever he did so, he had a word for me. seen. He was afraid of none; not he; on'y
Silver—Silver was that genteel."

"That man Smollett," he said, "is a better man than I am. And when I say that "Well," said I, "that may be so, and so it means a deal, Jim."

be it; all the more reason that I should hur. Another time he came and was silent for a while then he put his head on one side and ry on and join my friends." "Nay, mate," returned Ben, "not you. looked at me-You're a good boy, or I'm mistook; but 'Is this Ben Gunn a man?" he asked. you're on'y a boy all told. Now Ben Gunn 'I do not know, sir," said I. "I am not is fly. Rum wouldn't bring me there, where very sure whether he's sane."

you're going-not rum wouldn't, till I see your born gen'leman, and gets it on his word is," returned the doctor. A man who has of honor. And you won't forget my word: been three years biting his nails on a desert "A precious sight" (that's what you say), Island, Jim, can't expect to appear as sane And he pinched me a third time with the for?"

And he pinched me a third time with the for?" same air of confidence.
"And when Ben Gunn is wanted, you "Well, Jim," says he, "just see the good

know where to find him Jim. Just where that comes of being dainty in your food. re-entered the log-house, and set about you found him today. And him that comes You've seen my snuff-box, haven't you? counting up the store, as is if nothing else is to have a white thing in his hand; and And you never saw me take snuff; the reason he's to come alone. Oh! and you'll say being that in my snuff box I carry a piece of this. 'Ben Gunn,' says you, 'has reasons of Parmesan cheese—a cheese made in Italy,

fear for a hand that's been shot down in his you're to be found where I found you. Is awhile bare headed in the breeze. A good

"And when? says you," he added. "Why enough for the captain's fancy and he shook rom about noon observation to about six his head over it, and told us we "must get "Doctor Livesey," he said, "in how many

"You won't forget?" he inquired, anxiously. "Precious sight, and reasons of his own, who we had a good stiff glass of brandy grog, the says you. Reasons of his own; that's the our prospects. nainstay; as between man and man. Well

the end of August, Blandly was to send to go, Jim. And Jim, if you was to see Silver you wouldn't go for to sell Ben Gunn? wild before help came. But our best hope, it was you. And if them pirates came ashore, Jim, they either hauled down their flag or ran what would you say but there'd be widders away with the "Hispaniola." From nine

ing. The next moment each of us had taken to his heels in a different direction.*

For a good hour to come frequent reports allies-rum and the climate. shook the island, and balls kept crashing through the woods. I moved from hiding. a mile away, we could hear them roaring place to hiding place, always pursued, or so and singing late into the night; and as for it seemed to me, by these terrifying missiles. | the second, the doctor staked his wig that But toward the end of the bombardment, camped where they were in the marsh, and though still I durst not venture in the direc- unprovided with remedies, the half of them tion of the stockade, where the balls fell would be on their backs within a week. oftenest, I had begun in a manner, to pluck up my heart again; and after a long detour down first they'll be glad to be packing in

The sun had just set, the sea-breeze was rustling and tumbling in the wood, and ruf- Sm fling the gray surface of the anchorage; the tide, too, was far out, and great tracts of when I got to sleep, which was not till afsand lay uncovered; the air, after the heat ter a great deal of tossing, I slept like a log of the day, chilled me through my jacket. The "Hispaniola" still lay where she had anchored; but, sure enough, there was the breakfasted and increased the pile of fire-Jolly Roger-the black flag of Piracy-flying wood by about half as much again, when I from her peak. Even as I looked there came

another red flash and another report, that voices. sent the echoes clattering, and one more shot whistled through the air. It was the last of and then, immediately after, with a cry of the cannonade. I lay for some time watching the bustle which succeeded the attack. Men, were demy eyes, ran to a loop-hole in thr wall. molishing something with axes on the beach near the stockade; the poor jolly-boat, I afward discovered. Away, near the mouth of

the river, a great fire was glowing among the

feet I saw some distance down the spit, and rising from among low bushes, an iso-lated rock, pretty high, and peculiarly white in color. It occurred to me that this might be the white rock of which Ben Gunn had spoken, and that some day or other a boat might be wanted and I should know now might be wanted and I should know now might be wanted and I should know now bere

the door, and under this porch the little spring welled up into an artificial basin of a

stone slab laid down by way of a hearth, and an old rusty iron basket to contain the fire.

The slopes of the knoll and all the inside Hood's Pills cure biliousness, sick headach

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class

of the stockade had been cleared of timber stumps what a fine and lofty grove had been and some ferns and little creeping bushe

ney was a square hole in the roof; it was but a little part of the smoke that found its was

Add to this that Gray, the new man, had his face tied up in a bandage for a cut he had got in breaking away from the muti-CHAPTER XIX.

neers; and that poor old Tom Redruth, still unburied, lay along the wall, stiff and stark,

upon the other. Tired as we all were, two

"If there's any doubt about the matter, he

very nutritious. Well, that's for Ben

Then, when we had eaten our pork and each

then"-still holding me-"I reckon you can what to do, the stores being so low that we horses wouldn't draw it from you? No, says | lecided, was to kill off the buccaneers until teen they were already reduced to fifteen, Here he was interrupted by a loud re- two others were wounded, and one at leastport, and a cannon-ball came tearing through the trees and pitched in the sand, not a hun-wounded, if he were not dead. Every time dred yards from where we two were stand- we had a crack at them we were to take

care. And, beside that, we had two able

to the east, crept down among the shore-side the schooner. It's always a ship, and they can get to buc "First ship that I ever lost," said Captain

The rest had long been up, and had already

surprise, "Silver himself!"

Drink Traffic in England.

Topeka, Kan. Aug. 18-The Topeka Capefloor, we soon got used to that sort of horseplay and minded it no more than cricket.

"There is one thing good about all this,"
observed the captain; "the woods in front of
us is likely clear. The ebb has made a good
while; our stores should be uncovered. Volunteers to go and bring in pork."

Gray and Hunter were the first to come
forward. Well armed, they stole out of the
stockade, but it proved a useless mission.
The mutineers were bolder than we fancied, might be wanted and I should know now where to look for one.

Then I skirted among the woods until I had regained the rear or shoreward side of the stockade and was soon warmly welcomed by the faithful party.

I had soon told my story, and began to look about me. The log-house was made of unsquared trunks of pine—roof, walls and floor. The latter stood in several places as much as a foot or a foot and a half above the surface of the sand. There was a porch at the door, and under this porch the little

spring welled up into an artificial basin of a rather odd kind—no other than a great ship's kettle of iron, with the bottom knocked out, and sunk "to her bearings," as the captain said, among the sand.

Little had been left beside the frame-work of the house; but in one corner there was a temperature also haid down by way of a hearth, and