Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1900. NO. 19.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
Every Thursday.
Consular Agent of the United States.
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

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Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

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DR. F. S. ANDERSON.
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

DENTISTRY.
DR. V. D. SCHAFFNER,
Graduate of University Maryland,
Will be in his office at Lawrencetown, the third and fourth weeks of each month, beginning February 1st, 1900.
CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

FRED W. HARRIS,
Barrister, - - Solicitor,
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ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.
Fire, Life and Marine Insurance, Agent.

J. B. WHITMAN,
Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Will be at Annapolis the first and second weeks of every month, and third and fourth weeks at Bridgetown.

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

JOHN ERVIN,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Commissioner and Master Supreme Court.
Solicitor International Brick and Tile Co.
OFFICE:
Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,
Incorporated 1856.
Capital Authorized, - $1,500,000
Capital Paid-up, - 600,000
Rest, - - - - 328,610

DIRECTORS:
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Highest rate allowed for money on special deposit.

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Interest at the rate of 2 1-2 per cent.

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Barrington Passage—C. Robertson, "
Bridgetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, manager.
Clarke's Harbor, sub. to Barrington Passage.
Dartmouth, N. S.—F. O. Robertson, manager.
Glace Bay, N. S.—J. W. Ryan, manager.
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Put up their Bread as it leaves the oven in
EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS!
Manufactured solely by
The E. B. EDDY Co.
LIMITED
HULL, Canada.

WANTED! WANTED!
5,000 Hides,
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For which the highest prices will be paid, **Spot Cash.** Those having hides to sell will please bring them to the tannery.
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OYSTER STEWS AND LUNCHES SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
Oysters sold by the peck or half peck, or on half shell.
BREAD, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from first-class bakery always on hand.
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Nothing in the construction of the Cleveland Bicycles is left to chance. In the smallest detail of the making, in the littlest part of its mechanism, perfection is the aim. You'll find this favorite machine for 1900 "goes the past one better" in improvements, new features and general equipment.

SEE
the hardened block pin which prevents the chain from wearing.
the combined ball and roller bearings.
the dust-proof skeleton gear case.
the improved ball-head spokes.
the chainless models and the combined coaster and brake.

Cleveland BICYCLES

We carry a full line of chain and chainless Clevelands in stock, and will give you a right price for cash or instalments.

We also have some big bargains in other makes, both new and second-hand.

JOHN LOCKETT & SON,
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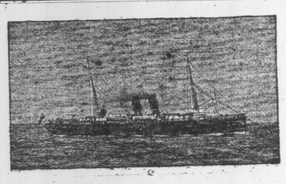

Yarmouth S.S. Co'y, Limited
THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE BETWEEN
NOVA SCOTIA and the UNITED STATES
4 - Trips a Week - 4
Commencing June 26th, the fast and popular Steel Steamers BOSTON and YARMOUTH leave Yarmouth for Boston every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY EVENING after arrival of the Express trains from Halifax.
Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 2 p. m., making close connections at Yasmouth with the Dominion Atlantic and Coast Railway for all parts of Nova Scotia.
U. S. and Royal mail carried on these steamers.
Through tickets to all points in Canada and to New York via rail and sound lines.
Ask for and see that you get tickets via the Yarmouth S. S. Co. from Yarmouth.
For all other information apply to Dominion Atlantic, Central, Intercolonial or Coast Rail way agents, or to
W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treasurer. D. McPHERSON, Manager.
Yarmouth, June 19th, 1900.

NEW FIRM!
NEW GOODS!
To the People of Bridgetown and Vicinity:
Having purchased the Tailoring business formerly conducted by C. McLellan, we intend to conduct an
Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment.
All our work will be guaranteed as to fit and workmanship. Call and inspect our new stock. Tyke and Blenheim Serges always on hand.
ROGERSON & MARSHALL
Murdoch's Block, - Granville Street.

We sell Shoes that Fit!
We are not of the belief that any make of Shoes are good enough for you to wear. Feet must not be tortured by misfit shoes. We don't charge for fit, we simply charge for honest, reliable, good wearing Shoes. Saving prices and high quality are linked together at our store.
Our Men's Dongola Kid, Laced or Congress Boot at $2.00 are extra good value.
Our Men's Russian Calf Tanned Balmoral or our Men's Chocolate Dongola Kid, with cloth top, at $3.00, are exceptionally good value.
Our Women's Vice Kid low Oxford Shoes, broad or narrow toe, at $1 00, $1 25, $1 50 and $1 75, are low priced and good value. You should see them.
MURDOCH'S BLOCK, - E. A. COCHRAN.

Losing Friends.

One of the things that most people awake up to when they are approaching middle age is that they have lost a good many friends through their own carelessness. You receive an invitation to the wedding of one whom you knew well eight or ten years ago. He had quite passed out of your life; though, if you were living near each other so that you would meet occasionally, he is the kind of a man in whose society you would find real pleasure. When the invitation comes you express your pleasure that Dick or John is to be married and hope that he may be happy, and that is the end of it. You do not send a present, or what is better and often costs more, a friendly note conveying your congratulations and good wishes. The occasion passes without any sign from you and you have lost an opportunity of identifying yourself with your friend's happiness. He will not associate you with that epoch of his life, and very likely will resent your silence. It is the same when you neglect a friend's affliction. It is a real effort to write a letter of sympathy. But such a note may mean a great deal to one in trouble, and by it you can bind a heart to your own with a hook of steel. The people who complain that they have so few friends have themselves to blame for it. They have lost them through their indifference or thoughtlessness. "A man that has friends must show himself friendly."

Mutton Tallow Will Kill Moths.

A correspondent writes to the Sun that there is no need to commit suicide or to endanger the lives of others by burning sulphur to destroy moths. Pieces of mutton tallow, or tallow candles wrapped in paper, with an opening at each end, and placed in trunks, bureau drawers, shelves of clothes closets, or wherever moths show themselves, will soon rid those places of the pests. It is a scientific fact that moths show a fear of tallow and it kills them. A good plan is to rub the inside of the frame-work of a bureau with a piece of tallow. It makes the drawer open and shut easier, and is a protection from moths. Tailors always keep a tallow candle wrapped in paper, with the ends open, between the rolls of cloth. Mutton tallow will keep sweet for a great many years. Of course I mean mutton fat that has been 'rendered' and with some salt in it. Most housekeepers use the fat that is skimmed off the gravy from roasted mutton.

What Good Teeth Means.

To a certain extent good teeth mean good digestion, and consequently good health. The teeth should be made to do their proper share of work by masticating the food well before it is allowed to pass into the stomach. This they can hardly do if they are not kept in good condition, says the *The New York Telegram*. If you have not a good digestion you must not expect to have a good complexion, anp that is what most women wish to possess. It is a most unwise thing to force the stomach to do the work which should have been done by the teeth, and this is what happens generally when the teeth are in bad condition. The ministrations of the dentist are necessary for every one. The expense may be a serious consideration at first, but a doctor's bill is likely to be more serious later on. But the dentist cannot do all that is necessary.

Don't think that brushing is all your teeth need. Beside this you should draw a bit of very fine cotton or dental silk between them nightly. It is impossible with a brush to be certain that every particle of food is removed from between them, and it is necessary that this should be done if you want to keep them in good order and prevent them from decaying.

Poetry.

Immortal.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.)

Once we have loved we never lose.
That is not love which can forget.
Through loss and loneliness and grief,
This gem is as its coronet,
That true love never can forget.

That is not faith which drops its hold.
Once we have trusted in our clasp
Forever lies life's changeless gold,
Nor withers in our loosened grasp;
True faith through all time keeps its clasp.

The Stars.

The stars are heaven's ministers,
Right royally they teach,
God's glory and Omnipotence
In wondrous, lowly speech.
All eloquent with music, as
The tremblings of a lyre,
To him that hath an ear to hear
They speak in words of fire.

Not to the learned sages only
Their whisperings come down;
The monarch is not glorified
Because he wears a crown.
The humblest soldier in the camp
May win the smiles of Mars,
And 'tis the lowliest spirits hold
Communion with the stars.

Thoughts too refined for utterance,
Ethereal as the air,
Crowd through the brain's dim labyrinths,
And leave the impress there;
As far along the gleaming void,
Man's searching glances roll,
Wonder usurps the throne of speech,
But vivifies the soul.

O heaven-cradled mysteries,
What sacred paths ye've trod!
Bright jewelled scintillations
From the chariot-wheels of God,
When in the Spirit He rode forth
With vast creative aim,
These were His footsteps left behind
To magnify his name.

Select Literature.

TREASURE ISLAND.

(By Robert Louis Stevenson.)

PART II.

The Sea Cook,

You can fancy the excitement into which that letter put me. I was half beside myself with glee; and if ever I despised a man, it was old Tom Redruth, who could do nothing but grumble and lament. Any of the under-game keepers would gladly have changed places with him; but such was not not the squire's pleasure, and the squire's pleasure was like law among them all. Nobody but old Redruth would have dared so much as even to grumble.

The next morning he and I set on foot for the Admiral Benbow, and there I found my mother in good health and spirits. The captain, who had so long been a cause of so much discomfort, was gone where the wicked cease from troubling. The squire had had everything repaired, and the public rooms and the sign repainted, and had added some furniture—above all a beautiful armchair for mother in the bar. He had found her a boy as an apprentice also, so that she should not want help while I was gone.

It was on seeing the boy that I understood, for the first time, my situation. I had thought up to that moment of the adventures before me, and not at all of the home that I was leaving; and new at sight of that clumsy stranger, who was to stay here in my place beside mother, I had my first attack of tears. I am afraid I led that boy a regular dog's life; for as he was new at the work, I had a hundred opportunities of setting him right and putting him down, and I was not slow to profit by them.

The night passed, and the next day, after dinner; Redruth and I were afoot again and on the road. I said good-by to mother and the cove where I had lived since I was born, and the dear old Admiral Benbow—since he was painted no longer quite so dear.

One of my last thoughts was of the captain, who had so often strode along the beach with his cocked hat, his saber-cut cheek, and his old brass telescope. Next moment we had turned the corner, and my home was out of sight. The mail picked us up about dusk at the Royal George on the heath. I was wedged in between Redruth and a stout old gentleman, and in spite of the swift motion and the cold air, I must have dozed a great deal from the very first, and then slept like a log uphill and down dale through stage after stage; for when I was awakened, at last, it was with a punch in the ribs, and I opened my eyes, to find that we were standing still before a large building in a city street, and that the day had already broken a long time.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Bristol," said Tom. "Get down."

Mr. Trelawney had taken up his residence at an inn far down the docks, to superintend the work upon the schooner. Thither we we had now to walk, and our way, to my great delight, lay along the quays and beside the great multitudes of ships of all sizes and rigs and nations. In one, sailors were singing at their work; in another there were men aloft, high over my head, hanging to threads that seemed no thicker than a spider's. Though I had lived by the shore all my life, I seemed never to have been near the sea till then. The smell of the tar and salt was something new. I saw the most wonderful figure-heads, that had all been far over the ocean. I saw, beside, many old sailors, with rings in their ears, and whiskers curled in ringlets, and tarry pig-tails, and their swaggering, clumsy seawalk; and if I had as many kings or archbishops I could not have been more delighted.

And I was going to sea myself; to sea in a schooner, with a piping boatswain, and pig-tailed singing seamen; to sea, bound for an unknown island, and to seek for a buried treasure.

While I was still in this delightful dream, we came suddenly in front of a large inn, and met Squire Trelawney, all dressed out like a sea officer, in stout blue cloth, coming out of the door with a smile on his face, and a capital imitation of a sailor's walk.

"Here you are," he cried," "and the doctor came last night from London. Bravo—the ship's company complete!"

"Oh, sir," cried I, "when do we sail?"

"Sail!" says he. "We sail tomorrow."

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SPY-GLASS.

When I had done breakfast the squire gave me a note addressed to John Silver, at the sign of the Spy glass, and told me I should easily find the place by following the line of the docks, and keeping a bright lookout for a little tavern with a large brass telescope for a sign. I set off, overjoyed at this opportunity to see some more of the ships and seamen, and picked my way among a great crowd of people and carts and bales, for the dock was now at its busiest, until I found the tavern in question.

It was a bright enough little place of entertainment. The sign was newly painted; the windows had neat red curtains; the floor was cleanly sanded. There was a stove on either side, and an open door on both, which made the large, low room pretty clear to see in, in spite of clouds of tobacco smoke.

The customers were mostly seafaring men; and they talked so loudly that I hung at the door, almost afraid to enter.

As I was waiting a man came out of a side door, and at a glance, I was sure he must be Long John. His left leg was cut off close by the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch, which he managed with wonderful dexterity, hopping about upon it like a bird. He was very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham—plain and pale, but intelligent and smiling. Indeed, he seemed in the most cheerful spirits, whistling as he moved about among the tables, with a merry word or a slap on the shoulder for the more favored of his guests.

Now, to tell you the truth, from the very first mention of Long John in Squire Trelawney's letter, I had taken a fear in my mind that he might prove to be the very one-legged sailor whom I had watched for so long at the old Benbow. But one look at the man before me was enough. I had seen the captain, and Black Dog and the blind man Pew; and I thought I knew what a buccaneer was like—a very different creature, according to me, from this tall, clean and pleasant tempered landlord.

I plucked up courage at once, crossed the threshold, and walked right up to the man where he stood, propped on his crutch, talking to a customer.

"Mr. Silver, sir?" I asked, holding out the note.

"Yes, my lad," said he; "such is my name, to be sure. And who may you be?" And when he saw the squire's letter, he seemed to me to give something like a start.

"Oh!" said he, quite aloud, and offering his hand, "I see. You are our new cabin-boy; pleased I am to see you."

And he took my hand in his large firm grasp.

Just then one of the customers at the far side rose suddenly and made for the door. It was close by him, and he was out in the street in a moment. But his hurry had attracted my notice and I recognized him at a glance. It was the tallow-face man, wanting two fingers, who had come first to the Admiral Benbow.

"Oh," I cried, "stop him! it's Black Dog!"

"I don't care twe coppers who he is," cried Silver. "But he hasn't paid his score. Harry, run and catch him."

One of the others who was nearest the door leaped up and started in pursuit.

"If he were Admiral Hawks he shall pay his score," cried Silver; and then, relinquishing my hand, "who did you say he was?" he asked, "Black what?"

"Dog, sir," said I. "Has Mr. Trelawney not told you of the buccaneers? He was one of them."

"So?" cried Silver. In my house! Ben, run and help Harry. One of those swabs, was he? Was that you drinking with him, Morgan? Step up here."

The man whom he called Morgan—an old, gray-haired, mahogany faced sailor—came forward pretty sheepishly, rolling his quid.

"Now, Morgan," said Long John, very sternly; "you never clapped your eyes on that Black Dog before, did you, now?"

"Not I, sir," said Morgan, with a salute.

"You didn't know his name, did you?"

"No, sir."

"By the powers, Tom Morgan, it's as good for you!" exclaimed the landlord. "If you had been mixed up with the like of that, you would never have put another foot in my house, you may lay to that. And what was he saying to you?"

"I don't rightly know, sir," answered Morgan.

"Do you call that a head on your shoulders, or a blessed dead-eye?" cried Long John. "Don't rightly know, don't you? Perhaps you don't happen to rightly know who you was speaking to, perhaps? Come now, what was he jawing—t'yagos, cap'n, ships? Pipe up! What was it?"

"We was a-talking of keel-hauling," answered Morgan.

"Keel-hauling, was you? and a mighty suitable thing, too, and you may lay to that. Get back to your place for a lubber, Tom."

And then as Morgan rolled back to his seat, Silver added to me in a confidential whisper, that was very flattering, as I thought:"

"He's quite an honest man, Tom Morgan, only stupid. And now," he ran on again, "let's see—Black Dog? No, I don't know the name, not I. Yet I kind of think I've—yes, I've seen the swab. He used to come here with a blind beggar, he used."

"That he did, you may be sure," said I. "I know that blind man, too. His name was Pew."

"It was!" cried Silver, now quite excited. "Pew! That was his name for certain. Ah, he looked a shark, he did! If we run down this Black Dog, now, there'll be news for Cap'n Trelawney! Ben's a good runner; few seamen run better than Ben. He should run him down, hand over hand, by the powers! He talked of keel-hauling, did he? I'll keel-haul him!"

All the time he was jerking out these phrases he was stumbling up and down the tavern on his crutch, slapping the tables with his hand and giving such a show of excitement as would have convinced an Old Bailey judge or a Bow Street runner. My suspicions had been thoroughly re awakened on finding Black Dog at the Spy-glass, and I watched the cook narrowly. But he was too deep, and too ready, and too clever for me, and by the time the two men had come back out of breath, and confessed they had lost the track in the crowd, and been scolded like thieves, I would have gone bail for the innocence of Long John Silver.

"See here, now, Hawkins," said he, "here's a blessed hard thing on a man like me, now, ain't it? There's Cap'n Tralawney—what's he to think? Here I have this confounded son of a Dutchman sitting in my own house, drinking my own rum! Here you comes and tells me of it plain; and here I let him give us all the slip before my blessed dead lights! Now, Hawkins, you do me justice with the cap'n. You're a lad, you are, but you're as sharp as paint. I see that when you first came in. Now, here it is: What could I do, with this old timber I hobble on? When I was an A B mariner I'd have come up along side of him, hand over hand, and broached him to in a brace of old shakes, I would; and now—"

And then, all of a sudden, he stopped, and his jaw dropped as though he had remembered something.

"The score!" he burst out. "Three goes o' rum! Why, shiver my timbers, if I hadn't forgotten my score!"

And, falling on a bench, he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. I could not help joining; and we laughed together, peal after peal, until the tavern rang again.

"Why, what a precious old sea-calf I am," he said, at last, wiping his cheeks. "You and me should get on well, Hawkins, for I'll take my davy I should be rated ship's boy. But, come, now, stand by to go about. This won't do. Duty is duty, messmates. I'll put on my old cocked hat, and step along of you, to Cap'n Trelawney, and report this here affair. For, mind you, it's serious, young Hawkins; and neither you nor me's come out of it with what I should make so bold as to call credit. Nor you neither, says you; not smart—none of the pair of us smart. Bu', dash my buttons! that was a good 'un about my score."

And he began to laugh again, and that so heartily, that though I did not see the joke as he did, I was again obliged to join him in his mirth.

On our little walk along the quays, he made himself the most interesting companion, telling me about the different ships that we passed by, their rig, tonnage, nationality, explaining the work that was going forward—how one was discharging, another taking in cargo, and a third making ready for sea; and every now and then telling me some little anecdote of ships or seamen, or repeating a nautical phrase till I had learned it perfectly, I began to see that here was one of the best of possible shipmates.

When we got to the inn, the squire and Dr. Livesey were seated together, finishing a quart of ale with a toast in it, before they should go aboard the schooner on a visit of inspection.

Long John told the story from first to last with a great deal of spirit and perfect truth, "That was how it were, now wasn't it, Hawkins?" he would say, now and again, and I could always bear him entirely out.

The two gentlemen regretted that Black Dog had got away; but we all agreed there was nothing to be done, and after he had been complimented, Long John took up his crutch and departed.

"All hands aboard by four this afternoon," shouted the squire after him.

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the cook, in the passage.

"Well, squire," said Dr. Livesey, "I don't put much faith in your discoveries, as a general thing; but I will say this—John Silver suits me."

"That man's a perfect trump," declared the squire.

"And, now," said the doctor, "Jim may come on board with us, may he not?"

"To be sure he may," says the squire. "Take your hat, Hawkins, and we'll see the ship."

CHAPTER IX.

POWDER AND ARMS.

The "Hispaniola" lay some ways out, and we went under the figureheads and round the sterns of many other ships, and their cables sometimes grated beneath our keel, and sometimes swung above us. At last, however, we swung alongside, and were met and saluted as we stepped aboard by the mate, Mr. Arrow, a brown old sailor, with earrings in his ears, and a squint. He and the squire were very thick and friendly, but I soon observed that things were not the same between Mr. Trelawney and the captain.

This last was a sharp looking man, who seemed angry with everything on board, and was soon to tell us why, for we had hardly got down into the cabin when a sailor followed us.

"Captain Smollett, sir, axing to speak with you," said he.

"I am always at the captain's orders. Show him in," said the squire.

The captain, who was close behind his messenger, entered at once, and shut the door behind him.

"Well, sir," said the captain, "better speak plain, I believe, at the risk of offence. I don't like this cruise; I don't like the men; and I don't like my officer. That's short and sweet."

"Perhaps, sir, you don't like the ship?" inquired the squire, very angry, as I could see.

"I can't speak as to that, sir, not having seen her tried," said the captain. "She seems a clever craft; more I can't say."

"Possibly, sir, you may not like your employer, either?" says the squire.

But here Dr. Livesey cut in.

"Stay a bit," said he, "stay a bit. No use of such questions as that but to produce ill feeling. The captain has said too much or he has said too little, and I'm bound to say that I require an explanation of his words. You don't, you say, like this cruise. Now, why?"

"I was engaged, sir, on what was called sealed orders, to sail this ship for that gentleman, where he should bid me," said the captain.

"So far so good. But now I find that every man before the mast knows more than I do. I don't call that fair, now do you?"

"No," said Dr. Livesey, "I don't."

"Next," said the captain, "I learn we are going after treasure—hear it from my own hands, mind you. Now, treasure is ticklish work; I don't like treasure voyages on any account; and I don't like them, above all, when they are secret, and when (begging your pardon, Mr. Trelawney) the secret has been told to the parrot."

"Silver's parrot!" said the squire.

"It's a way of speaking," said the captain. "Blabbed, I mean. It's my belief neither of you gentlemen know what you are about; but I'll tell you my way of it—life or death and a close run."

"That is all clear, and, I dare say, true enough," replied Dr. Livesey. "We take the risk; but we are not so ignorant as you believe us. Next, you say you don't like the crew. Are they not good seamen?"

"I don't like them, sir," returned Captain Smollett. "And I think I should have had the choosing of my own hands, if you go to that."

"Perhaps you should," replied the doctor.

"My friend should, perhaps, have taken you along with him; but the slight, if there be one, was unintentional. And you don't like Mr. Arrow?"

"I don't, sir. I believe he's a good seaman; but he's too free with the crew to be a good officer. A mate should keep himself to himself—shouldn't drink with the men before the mast!"

"Do you mean he drinks?" cried the squire.

"No, sir," replied the captain; "only that he's too familiar."

"Well, now, and the short and long of it, captain?" asked the doctor. "Tell us what you want."

"Well, gentlemen, are you determined to go on this cruise?"

"Like iron," answered the squire.

"Very good," said the captain. "Then as you've heard me very patiently, saying things that I could not prove, hear me a few words more. They are putting the powder and the arms in the forehold. Now, you have a good place under the cabin; why not put them there?—first point. Then you are bringing four of your own people with you, and they tell me some of them are to berthed forward. Why not give them the berths beside the cabin—second point.

"Any more?" asked Mr. Trelawney.

"One more," said the captain. "There's been too much blabbing already."

"Far too much," agreed the doctor.

"I'll tell you what I've heard myself," continued the captain: "that you have a map of an island; that there's crosses on the map to show where the treasure is; and that the island lies—" and then he named the latitude and longitude exactly.

"I never told that," cried the squire, "to a soul!"

"The hands know it, sir," returned the captain.

"Livesey, that must have been you or Hawkins," cried the squire.

"It doesn't much matter who it was," replied the doctor. And I could see that neither he nor the captain paid much attention to Mr. Trelawney's protestations. Neither did I, to be sure, he was so loose a talker; yet in this case I believe he was really right, and that nobody had told the situation of the island.

"Well, gentlemen," continued the captain, "I don't know who has this map; but I make it a point, it shall be kept secret even from me and Mr. Arrow. Otherwise I would ask you to let me resign."

"I see," said the doctor. "You wish to keep this matter dark, and to make a garrison of the stern part of the ship, manned by my friend's own people, and provided with all the arms and powder on board. In other words you fear a mutiny."

"Sir," said Captain Smollett, "with no intention to take offense, I deny your right to put words into my mouth. No captain, sir, would be justified in going to sea at all if he had ground enough for that. As for Mr. Arrow, I believe him thoroughly honest; some of the men are the same; all may be for what I know. But I am responsible for the ship's safety and the life of every man Jack aboard of her. I see things going as I think, not quite right, and I ask you to take certain precautions, or let me resign my berth. And that's all."

"Captain Smollett," began the doctor, with a smile, "did ever you hear the fable of the mountain and the mouse? You'll excuse me, I dare say, but you remind me of that fable. When you came in here I'll stake my wig you meant more than this."

"Doctor," said the captain, "you are smart. When I came in here, I meant to get discharged. I had no thought Mr. Trelawney would hear a word."

"No more I would," said the squire. "If Livesey had not been here I should have seen you to the deuce. As it is, I have heard you. I will do as you desire, but I think the worse of you."

"That's as you please, sir," said the captain. "You'll find I do my duty."

And with this he took his leave.

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "contrary to all my notions, I believe you have managed to get two honest men on board with you—that man and John Silver."

"Silver, if you like," cried the squire; "but as for that intolerable humbug, I declare I think his conduct unmanly, unsailorly, and downright un-English."

"Well," says the doctor, "we shall see."

When we came on deck, the men had begun already to take out the arms and powder, yo-ho-ing at their work, while the captain and Mr. Arrow stood by superintending.

The new arrangement was quite to my liking. The whole schooner had been overhauled; six berths had been made astern, out of what had been the afterpart of the main hold; and this set of cabins was only joined to the galley and forecastle by a sparred passage on the port side. It had been originally meant that the captain, Mr. Arrow, Hunter, Joyce, the doctor, and the squire were to occupy these six berths. Now, Redruth and I were to get two of them, and Mr. Arrow and the captain were to sleep on the deck in the companion, which had been enlarged on each side till you might have called it a round house. Very low it was, still of course; but there was room to swing two hammocks, and even the mate was pleased with the arrangement. Even he, perhaps, had been doubtful as to the crew, but that is only guess; for as you shall hear, we had not long the benefit of his opinion.

We were all hard at work, changing the powder, and the berths, when the last man or two, Long John Silver along with them, came off in a shore-boat.

The cook came up the side like a monkey for cleverness, and as soon as he saw what was doing, "So ho, mates!" said he, "what's this?"

"We're a-changing the powder, Jack," answers one.

"Why, by the powers," cried Long John, "If we do, we'll miss the morning tide!"

"My orders!" said the captain shortly. "You may go below, my man. Hands will want supper."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the cook; and touching his forelock, he disappeared in the direction of his galley.

"That's a good man, captain," said the doctor.

"Very likely, sir," replied Captain Smollett. "Easy with that, men—easy," he ran on, to the fellows who were shifting the powder; and then suddenly observing me examining the swivel we carried amidships, a long brass nine—"Here, you ship's boy," he cried, "out o' that! Off with you to the cook and get some work."

And when I was hurrying off I heard him say, quite loudly, to the doctor:

"I'll have no favorites on my ship."

I assure you I was quite of the squire's way of thinking, and hated the captain deeply.

(To be continued.)

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