

Should be in Every Home.

Hazard's Yellow Oil should be in every home this time of the year, as there is nothing to equal it for Chapped Hands, Frost Bites and Chills.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

March 7.
BY S. L. ARNEY.

Great Angel of the School stand forth to-day,
And let our eyes behold thee steadily.
A child, the awful thought: What
God might be.

Possessed thy soul; a youth, for future
fray
No less than angel hands prepared thy way.
Tight girding thee with cord of chastity,
Because the clean in heart thy God shall see.

Long didst thou muse and watch, and fast
and pray,
Long didst thou study and write of God alone,
Until among His mightiest was thy place.

Then, in ecstatic trance, What God might be
In radiance so divine to thee was shown,
Thy mortal frame could not endure such grace,
And God's great gift of death was granted thee.

And was this thy exceeding great reward,
Granted by thy most loving Lord to thee,
That death, in manhood's prime, thy lot should be?

Yes, once, Angelic! a wondrous word
He spoke, the very Christ by thee adored,
Gazing upon thee from the awful tree.
"Well, Thomas, hast thou written?"

He said, "of Me!"
What wilt thou have from Me for thy reward?

"Naught, Lord, except Thyself!" was the reply.
In eucharistic prayer, the same deep plea
Arose: "Whom, veiled, I by faith do see,
Jesu! unveiled, show Thy face to me!"

What could it be but great reward to die,
Since that thy heart's desire was granted thee?

(To the words miraculously spoken from a crucifix at Naples: "Well hast thou written of Me, Thomas! What shall I give thee as a reward?" the saint answered: "Naught except Thyself, Lord!")—Catholic World.

Treasure Island

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PART VI.

CAPTAIN SILVER

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

THE BLACK SPOT AGAIN.

"Silver!" they cried. "Barbecue forever! Barbecue for cap'n!"

"So that's the tone, is it?" cried the cook. "George, I reckon you'll have to wait another year, friend, and lucky for you as I'm not a revengeful man. But that was never my way. And now, shipmates, this black spot? 'Tain't much good now, is it? Dick's crossed his luck and spoiled his Bible, and that's about all."

"I'll do to kiss the book on still, won't it?" growled Dick, who was evidently angry at the curse he brought upon himself.

"A Bible with a bit out!" returned Silver, derisively. "Not it! It don't bind no more'n a ballad-book."

"Don't it, though?" cried Dick, with a sort of joy. "Well, I reckon that's worth having, too."

"Here, Jim—here's a curiosity for you," said Silver, and he tossed me the paper.

It was a round about the size of a crown-piece. One side was blank, for it had been the last leaf; the other contained a verse or two of Revelation—these words among the rest, which struck sharply home among my mind: "Without are dogs and murderers." The printed side had been blackened with ash, which already began to come off and soil my fingers; on the blank side had been written with the same material the one word, "Deceased."

I have that curiosity beside me at this moment; but not a trace of writing now remains: beyond a single scrap, such as a man might make with his thumb nail.

That was the end of the night's business. Soon after, with a drink all round, we lay down to sleep, and the outside of Silver's tongue was to put George Merry up for sentinel, and threaten him with death if he should prove unfaithful.

It was long ere I could close my eyes, and heaven knows I had matter enough for thought in the man whom I had slain that afternoon, in my most perilous position, and above all, in the remarkable glimpse that I saw Silver now engaged upon—keeping the mutineers together with one hand, and grasping, with the other, after every morsel, possible and impossible, to make his peace and save his miserable life. He himself slept peacefully, and snored loud; yet my heart was sore for him, and sick as he was, to think of the dark peril that environed, and the shameful gibbet that awaited him.

CHAPTER XXX.

ON PAROLE.

I was awakened—indeed, we were all awakened, for I could see even the sentinel shake himself together from where he had fallen against the door-post—by a clear, hoarse voice hail-

ing us from the margin of the wood: "Block-house, ahoy!" it cried.

"Here's the doctor!"

And the doctor it was. Although I was glad to hear the sound, yet my gladness was not without admixture. I remembered with confusion my subordinate and stealthy conduct; and when I saw where it had brought me—among what companions and surrounded by what dangers—I felt ashamed to look him in the face.

He must have risen in the dark, for the day had hardly come; and when I ran to a loop-hole and looked out, I saw him standing, like Silver, once before, up to the mid-leg in creeping vapor.

"You, doctor! Top o' the morning to you, sir!" cried Silver, broad awake and beaming with good nature in a moment. "Bright and early, to be sure; and it's the early bird, as the saying goes, that gets the ration. George, shake up your timbers, son, and help Dr. Livesey over the ship's side. All adoin' well, your patients was—all well and merry."

So he patter on, standing on the hill-top, with his crutch under his elbow, and one hand upon the side of the log-house—quite the old John in voice, manner and expression.

"We've quite a surprise for you too, sir," he continued. "We've a little stranger here—hel hel! Anoo boarder and lodger, sir, and looking fit and taut as a fiddle; slep' like a supercargo, he did, right alongside of John—stem to stem we was, all night."

Doctor Livesey was by this time across the stockade and pretty near the cook, and I could hear the alteration in his voice as he said:

"Not Jim?"

"The very same Jim as ever was," says Silver.

The doctor stopped outright, although he did not speak, and it was some seconds before he seemed able to move on.

"Well, well," he said at last, "duty first and pleasure afterward, as you might have said yourself, Silver. Let us overhaul these patients of yours."

A moment afterward he had entered the blockhouse, and with one grim nod to me, proceeded with his work among the sick. He seemed to me under no apprehension, though he must have known that his life, among these treacherous demons, depended on a hair, and he rattled on to his patients as if he were paying an ordinary professional visit in a quiet English family. His manner, I suppose, reacted on the men, for they behaved to him as if nothing had occurred—as if he were still ship's doctor, and they still faithful hands before the mast."

"You're doing well, my friend," he said to the fellow with the bandaged head, "and if ever any person had a close shave, it was you; your head must be as hard as iron. Well, George, how goes it? You're a pretty color, certainly; why, your liver, man, is upside down. Did you take that medicine? Did he take that medicine, men?"

"Ay, ay, sir, he took it sure enough," returned Morgan.

"Because, you see, since I am mutineer's doctor, or prison doctor, as I prefer to call it," said Doctor Livesey, in his pleasant way, "I make it a point of honor not to lose a man for King George (God bless him!) and the gallows."

The rogues looked at each other, but swallowed the home thrust in silence.

"Dick don't feel well, sir," said one.

"Don't he?" replied the doctor.

"Well, step up here, Dick, and let me see your tongue. No, I should be surprised if he did; the man's tongue is fit to frighten the French. Another fever."

"Ah, there," said Morgan, "that's come of spilling blood."

"That's come—as you call it—of being arrant asses," retorted the doctor, "and not having sense enough to know honest air from poison, and the dry land from a vile, pestiferous lough. I think it most probable—though, of course, it's only an opinion—that you'll all have the dence to pay before you get that malaria out of your systems. Camp in a bog, would you? Silver, I'm surprised at you. You're less of a fool than many, take you all round; but you don't appear to me to have the rudiments of a notion of the rules of health."

"Well," he added, after he had dosed them round, and they had taken his prescriptions, with really laughable humility, more like charity school children than blood-guilty mutineers and pirates, "well, that's done for today. And now I should like to have a talk with that boy, please."

And he nodded his head in my direction carelessly.

George Merry was at the door, spitting and spluttering over some bad tasted medicine; but at the first word of the doctor's proposal he swung round with a deep flush, and cried "No!" and swore.

Silver struck the barrel with his open hand.

"Silence!" he roared, and looked about him positively like a lion.

"Doctor," he went on in his usual tones, "I was thinking of that, knowing as how you had a fancy for the boy. 'We're all humbly grateful for your kindness, and as you see, puts faith in you, and takes the drugs down like that much grog. And I take it I've found a way to suit all. Hawkins, will you give me your word of honor as a young gentleman—for a young gentleman you are, although poor born—your word of honor not to ship your cable?'"

I readily gave the pledge required.

"Then, doctor," said Silver, "you just stop outside o' that stockade, and once you're there, I'll bring the boy down on the inside, and I reckon you can yarn through the spars. Good-day to you, sir, and all our duties to the squire and Cap'n Smollett."

The explosion of disapproval, which nothing but Silver's black looks had restrained, broke out immediately the doctor had left the house. Silver was roundly accused of playing double—of trying to make a separate peace for himself—of sacrificing the interests of his accomplices and victims; and, in one word, of the identical, exact thing that he was doing. It seemed to me so obvious, in this case, that I could not imagine how he was to turn their anger. But he was twice the man the rest were, and his last night's victory had given him a huge preponderance on their minds. He called them all the fools and dolts you can imagine, said it was necessary I should talk to the doctor, flattered the chart in their faces, asked them if they could afford to break the treaty the very day they were bound a-treasure hunting.

"No, by thunder!" he cried, "it's us must break the treaty when the time comes; and till then I'll gammon that doctor, if I have to lie his boots with brandy."

And then he bade them get the fire lighted, and stalked out upon his crutch, with his hand on his shoulder, leaving them in a dismay, and silenced by his volubility rather than convinced.

"Slow, lad, slow," he said. "They might round up on us in a twinkling of an eye if we were seen to hurry."

Very deliberately, then, did we advance across the sand to where the doctor waited us on the other side of the stockade, and as soon as we were within easy speaking distance, Silver stopped.

"You'll make a note of this here also, doctor," said he, "and the boy'll tell you how I saved his life, and were deposed for it, too, and you may lay it to that. Doctor, when a man's givin' as near to the wind as me—playin' chuck-farthing with the last breath in his body, like—you wouldn't think it too much, mayhap, to give him one good word? You'll please bear in mind it's not my life only now—it's that boy into the bargain; and you'll speak me fair, doctor, and give me a bit o' hope to go on, for the sake of mercy."

Silver was a changed man, once he was out there and had his back to his friends and the block-house; his cheeks seemed to have fallen in, his voice trembled; never was a soul more dead in earnest.

"Why, John, you're not afraid?" asked Doctor Livesey.

"Doctor, I'm no coward; no not I—not so much!" and he snapped his fingers. "If I was I wouldn't say it. But I'll own up fairly I've the shakes upon me for the gallows. You're a good man and a true; I never seen a better man! And you'll not forget what I done good, not any more than you'll forget the bad, I know. And I step aside—see here—and leave you and Jim alone. And you'll put that down for me too, for its a long stretch is that?"

So saying, he stepped back a little way till he was out of ear shot, and there sat down upon a tree stump and began to whistle, spinning round now and again upon his seat so as to com-

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"So, Jim," said the doctor, sadly, "here you are. As you have brewed so shall you drink, my boy. Heaven knows I can not find it in my heart to blame you; but this much I will say, be it kind or unkind, when Captain Smollett was well you dared not have gone off, and when he was ill, and couldn't help it, by George, it was downright cowardly!"

I will own that I here began to weep. "Doctor," I said, "you might spare me. I have blamed myself enough; my life's forfeit any way, and I should have been dead now if Silver hadn't stood for me; and doctor, believe this, I can die—and I dare say I deserve it—but what I fear is torture. If they come to torture me—"

"Jim," the doctor interrupted, and his voice was quite changed, "Jim, I can't have this. Whip over, and we'll run for it."

"Doctor," said I, "I passed my word."

"I know, I know," he cried. "We can't help that, Jim, now. I'll take it on my shoulders, bolus bolus, blame and shame, my boy; but stay here, I cannot let you. Jump! One jump and you're out, and we'll run for it like antelopes."

"No!" I replied, "you know right well you wouldn't do the thing yourself; neither you, nor squire, nor captain, and no more will I. Silver trusted me; I passed my word, and back I go. But, doctor, you did not let me finish. If they come to torture me, I might let slip a word of where the ship is, for I got the ship, part by luck, part by risk, and she lies in North Inlet on the southern beach, and just below high water. At half-tide she must be high and dry."

"The ship!" exclaimed the doctor.

Rapidly I described to him my adventures, and he heard me out in silence.

"There is a kind of fate in this," he observed, when I had done. "Every step it's you that saves our lives, and we suppose by any chance that we are going to let you lose yours? That would be poor return, my boy. You found out the plot; you found Ben Gunn—the best deed that ever you did, or will do, though you live to ninety. Oh, by Jupiter! and talking of Ben Gunn, why, this is the mischief in person. Silver!" he cried, "Silver! I'll give you a piece of advice," he continued, as the cook drew near again; "don't you be in any great hurry after that treasure."

"Why, sir, I do my possible, which that ain't," said Silver. "I can only, asking your pardon, save my life and the boy's by seeking for that treasure, and you may lay to that."

"Well, Silver," replied the doctor, "if that is so, I'll go one step further; look out for equals when you find it!"

"Sir," said Silver, "as between man and man, that's too much and too little. What you're after, why you left the block-house, why you given me that there chart, I don't know now, do I? and yet I done your bidding with my eyes shut and never a word of hope! But no, this here's too much. If you won't tell me what you mean plain out, just say so, and I'll leave the helm."

(To be continued.)

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