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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS!
Manufactured solely by
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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 and LUNCH COUNTER
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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Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1900. NO. 25.

In the Night

Sudden disease, like a thief in the night, is apt to strike confusion into a household. Croup chooses the hours of darkness for its deadly visitations. Cholera morbus, cholera infantum, cramps and colic come frequently in the night. Are you prepared for midnight emergencies? A bottle of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT gives security, eases pain and saves life. The real danger from a large number of ailments is inflammation. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT is the remedy for inflammation and, *whether used internally or externally*, it subdues it, gives relief from pain and cures the disease.

Johnson's ANODYNE LINIMENT
A FOE TO INFLAMMATION

is just the same as it was ninety years ago. At all seasons of the year it is in daily demand for curing colic, cramps, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, bites, bruises, burns, stings, chaffings. In fall and winter it cures colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, bronchitis, la grippe, lameness, muscle soreness and pain and inflammation in any part of the body. Get it from your dealer. Two size bottles, 25 cents and 50 cents. The larger size is more economical.

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Write for free copy "Treatment for Diseases and Care of Sick Room."

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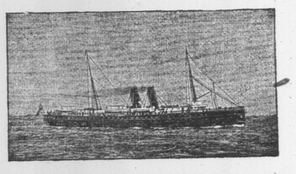

THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO'Y, LTD.

On and after August 21st, this Company will make

Five Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows, viz.:

Steamer "BOSTON" will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening; and steamer "YARMOUTH" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Friday evening after arrival of trains from Halifax.

LOCAL RATE: Yarmouth to Boston, $1.50. Return, $3.00.

Staterooms can be secured on application, at the old established rates.

D. McPHERSON, Gen. Mgr. W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treas.
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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.

Poetry.

The House of the Trees.

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at midday standeth Night,
Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls,
Let me wander lingeringly,
Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood.

—*Evelyn Wetherald.*

Earth's Voices.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, and the flower-lips of the sod,
The birds that hymn their raptures in the ear of God,
The summer wind that bringeth music over land and sea,
Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs to me;
"This world is full of beauty, as angel worlds above,
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love."

Night's starry tenderness is dowered with glory evermore,
Morn's budding bright melodious hour comes sweetly as of yore;
But there be million hearts accurst, where no sweet sunbursts shine,
And there be million hearts athirst for Love's immortal wine.
This world is full of beauty, as angel worlds above,
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

—*Gerald Massey.*

If none were sick, and none were sad.
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
We scarcely would be tender.

Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold and miss indeed
Its sweetest consolation.

If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart,
Life would be disenchanted.

—*J. Besemeres.*

Select Literature.

TREASURE ISLAND.

(By Robert Louis Stevenson.)

PART V.

My Sea Adventure.

Gray and I were sitting together at the far end of the block-house, to be out of earshot of our officers consulting; and Gray took his pipe out of his mouth and fairly forgot to put it back again, so thunder-struck he was at this occurrence.

"Why in the name of Davy Jones," said he, "is Doctor Livesey mad?"

"Why no," says I. "He's about the last of this crew for that, I take it."

"Well, shipmate," said Gray, "mad he may not be; but if he's not, mark my words, *I* am."

"I take it," replied I, "the doctor has his idea; and if I am right, he's going now to see Ben Gunn."

I was right as appeared later; but in the meantime, the house being stifling hot, and the little patch of sand inside the palisade ablaze with midday sun, and I began to get another thought into my head, which was not, by any means so, right. What I began to do was to envy the doctor, walking in the cool shadow of the woods, with the birds about him, and the pleasant smell of the pines, while I sat grilling, with my clothes stuck to the hot resin, and so much blood about me, and so many poor dead bodies lying all around, that I took a disgust to the place that was almost as strong as fear.

All the time I was washing out the block-house, and then washing up the things from dinner, this disgust and envy kept growing stronger and stronger, till at last, being near a bread-bag, and no one then observing me, I took the first step towards my escapade, and filled both pockets of my coat with biscuits.

I was a fool, if you like, and certainly I was going to do a foolish, over-bold act; but I was determined to do it with all the precaution in my power. These biscuits, should anything befall me, would keep me, at least from starvation, till far on in the next day.

The next thing I laid hold of was a brace of pistols, and as I already had a powder-horn and bullets, I felt myself well supplied with arms.

As for the scheme I had in my head, it was not a bad one in itself. It was to go down the sandy spit that divides the anchorage on the east side from the open sea, find the white rock I had observed last evening, and ascertain whether it was there or not that Ben Gunn had hidden his boat; a thing quite worth doing, as I still believe. But as I was certain I should not be permitted to leave the inclosure, my only plan was to take French leave, and slip out when nobody was watching; and that was so bad a way of doing it as made the thing itself wrong. But I was only a boy, and I had made up my mind.

Well, as things at last fell out, I found an admirable opportunity. The squire and Gray were busy helping the captain with his bandages; the coast was clear; I made a bolt for it over the stockade and into the thickest of the trees, and before my absence was observed I was out of cry of my companions.

This was my second folly, far worse than the first, as I left but two sound men to guard the house, but like the first, it was a help toward saving all of us.

I took my way straight for the east coast of the island, for I was determined to go down the sea-side of the spit to avoid all chance of observation from the anchorage. It was already late in the afternoon, although still warm and sunny. As I continued to thread the tall woods I could hear from far before me not only the continuous thunder of the surf, but a certain tossing of foliage and grinding of boughs which showed me the sea breeze had set in heavier than usual. Soon cool draughts of air began to reach me; and a few steps further I came forth into the open borders of the grove, and saw the sea lying blue and sunny to the horizon, and the surf tumbling and tossing its foam along the beach.

I have never seen the sea quiet around Treasure Island. The sun might blaze overhead, the air be without a breath, the surface smooth and blue, but still these great rollers would be running along all the external coast, thundering and thundering by day and night; and I scarce believe there is one spot in the island where a man would be out of ear-shot of their noise.

I walked along beside the surf with great enjoyment, till, thinking I how now got far enough to the south, I took the cover of some thick bushes, and crept warily up to the edge of the spit.

Behind me was the sea, in front the anchorage. The sea breeze, as though it had sooner blown itself out by its unusual violence, was already at the end; it had been succeeded by light, variable winds from the south and south-east, carrying great banks of fog; and the anchorage under lee of Skeleton Island lay still and leaden as when we first entered it. The "Hispaniola," in that unbroken mirror, was exactly portrayed from the truck to the water line, the Jolly Roger hanging from her peak.

Alongside lay one of the gigs, Silver in the stern sheets—him I could always recognize—while a couple of men were leaning over the stern bulwarks, one of them with a red cap—the very rogue that I had seen some hours before stride—legs upon the palisade. Apparently they were laughing and talking, but at that distance—upwards of a mile—I could, of course, hear no word of what was said. All at once there began the most horrid, unearthly screaming, which at first startled me badly, though I had soon remembered the voice of Captain Flint, and even thought I could make out the bird by her bright plumage as she sat perched upon her master's wrist.

Soon after the jolly-boat shoved off and pulled for shore, and the man with the red cap and his comrade went below by the cabin companion.

Just about the same time the sun had gone down behind the Spy-glass, and as the fog was collecting rapidly, it began to grow dark in earnest. I saw I must lose no time if I were to find the boat that evening.

The white rock, visible enough above the brush, was still some eighth of a mile further down the spit, and it took me a goodish while to get up with it, crawling often on all-fours, among the scrub. Night had almost come when I laid my hands on its rough sides. Right below it there was an exceedingly small hollow of green turf, hidden by banks and a thick underwood about knee-deep, that grew there very plentifully; and in the centre of the dell, sure enough, a little tent of goat-skins, like what the gypsies carry about with them in England.

I dropped into the hollow, lifted the side of the tent, and there was Ben Gunn's boat—home-made if ever anything was home-made; a rude lop-sided frame-work of tough wood, and stretched upon that a covering of goat-skin, with the hair inside. The thing was extremely small, even for me, and I can hardly imagine it could have floated with a full-sized man. There was one thwart set as low as possible, a kind of stretcher in the bows, and a double paddle for propulsion.

I had not then seen a coracle, such as the ancient Britons made, but I have seen one since, and I can give you no fairer idea of Ben Gunn's boat than by saying it was like the first and worst coracle ever made by man. But the great advantage of the coracle it certainly possessed, for it was exceedingly light and portable.

Well, now that I had found the boat, you would have thought I had had enough of truancy for once; but in the meantime I had taken another notion, and become so obstinately fond of it that I would have carried it out, I believe, in the teeth of Captain Smollett himself. This was to slip out under cover of the night, cut the "Hispaniola" adrift, and let her go ashore where she fancied. I had quite made up my mind that the mutineers, after their repulse in the morning, had nothing nearer their hearts than to up anchor and away to sea; this, I thought, it would be a fine thing to prevent, and now, that I had seen how they left their watchmen unprovided with a boat, I thought it might be done with little risk.

Down I sat to wait for darkness, and made a hearty meal of biscuit. It was a night out of ten thousand for my purpose. The fog had now buried all heaven. As the last ray of the daylight dwindled and disappeared, absolute blackness settled down on Treasure Island. And when at last I shouldered the coracle, and groped my way stumblingly out of the hollow where I had supped, there were but two points visible on the whole anchorage.

One was the great fire on the shore, by which the defeated pirates lay carousing in the swamp. The other, a mere blur of light upon the darkness, indicated the position of the anchored ship. She had swung round to the ebb—her bow was now toward me—the only lights on board were in the cabin; and what I saw was merely a reflection on the fog of the strong rays that flowed from the stern window.

The ebb had already run some time, and I had to wade through the long belt of swampy sand, where I sunk several times above the ankle, before I came to the edge of the retreating water, and wading a little way in, with some strength and dexterity set my coracle, keel downward on the surface.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EBB-TIDE RUNS.

The coracle—as I had ample reason to know before I was done with her—was a very safe boat for a person of my height and weight, both buoyant and clever in a seaway; but she was the most cross-grained, lop-sided craft to manage. Do as you pleased, she always made more leeway than anything else, and turning round and round was the maneuver she was best at. Even Ben Gunn himself has admitted that she was "queer to handle till you knew her way."

Certainly I did not know her way. She turned in every direction but the one I was bound to go; the most part of the time we were broadside on, and I am very sure I never should have made the ship at all but for the tide. By good fortune, paddle as I pleased, the tide was still sweeping me down; and there lay the "Hispaniola" right in the fair way, hardly to be missed.

First she loomed up before me like a blot of something yet blacker than darkness, then her spars and hull began to take shape, and the next moment as it seemed (for the further I went the briskier grew the current of the ebb), I was alongside of her hawser, and had laid hold.

The hawser was as taut as a bowstring—so strong she pulled upon her anchor. All round the hull, in the blackness, the rippling current bubbled and chattered like a little mountain stream. One cut with my sea gully, and the "Hispaniola" would go humming down the tide.

So far so good; but it next occurred to my recollection that a taut hawser, suddenly cut is a thing as dangerous as a kicking horse. Ten to one, if I were so foolhardy as to cut the "Hispaniola" from her anchor, I and the coracle would be knocked clean out of the water.

This brought me to a full stop, and if fortune had not again particularly favored me, I should have had to abandon my design. But the light airs that had begun blowing from the south-east and south had hauled round after nightfall into the south-west. Just while I was meditating, a puff came, caught the "Hispaniola," and forced her up into the current; and to my great joy, I felt the hawser slacken in my grasp, and the hand by which I held it dip for a moment under the water.

With that I made my mind up, took out my gully, opened it with my teeth, and cut one strand after another till the vessel swung by two. Then I lay quiet, waiting to sever these last when the strain would be once more lightened by a breath of wind.

All this time I had heard the sound of loud voices from the cabin; but to say truth my mind had been so entirely taken up with other thoughts that I had scarcely given ear. Now, however, when I had nothing else to do, I began to pay more heed.

One I recognized for the cock-swain's, Israel Hands, that had been Flint's gunner in former days. The other was of course my friend with the red night-cap. Both men were plainly the worse for drink, and they were still drinking; for, even while I was listening one of them with a drunken cry, opened the stern window and threw out something which I divined to be an empty bottle. But they were not only tipsy; it was plain they were furiously angry. Oaths flew like hailstones, and every now and then there came such an explosion as I thought was sure to end in blows. But each time the quarrel passed off, and the voices grumbled lower for a while, until the next crisis came, and in its turn, passed away without result.

On the shore, I could see the glow of the great camp fire burning warmly through the shore-side trees. Some one was singing a dull, old, droning sailor's song, with a drop and a quaver at the end of every verse, and seemingly no end to it at all but the patience of the singer. I had heard it on the voyage more than once, and remembered these words:

"But one man of the crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five."

And I thought it was a ditty rather too dolefully appropriate for a company that had met with such cruel losses in the morning. But indeed, from what I saw, all these buccaneers seemed as callous as the sea they sailed on.

At last the breeze came; the schooner sidled and drew nearer in the dark; I felt the hawser slacken once more, and with a good, tough effort cut the last fibers through.

The breeze had but little action on the coracle, and I was almost instantly swept against the bows of the "Hispaniola." At the same time, the schooner began to turn upon her heel, spinning slowly, end for end, across the current.

I wrought like a fiend, for I expected every moment to be swamped; and since I found I could not push the coracle directly off, I now shoved straight astern. At length I was clear of my dangerous neighbor; and just as I gave the last impulsion, my hands came across a light cord that was trailing overboard across the stern bulwarks. Instantly I grasped it.

Why I should have done so I can hardly say. It was at first mere instinct, but once I had it in my hands and found it fast, curiosity began to get the upper hand, and I determined I should have one look through the cabin window.

I pulled in hand over hand on the cord, and when I judged myself near enough, rose at infinite risk to about half my height, and thus commanded the roof and a slice of the interior.

By this time the schooner and her little consort were gliding pretty swiftly through the water; indeed, we had already fetched level with the camp-fire. The ship was talking, as sailors say, loudly, treading the innumerable ripples with incessant weltering splash; and until I got my eyes above the window-sill, I could not comprehend why the watchmen had taken no alarm. One glance, however, was sufficient; and it was only one glance that I durst take from that unsteady craft. It showed me Hands and his companion locked together in deadly wrestle, each with a hand on the other's throat.

I dropped down the thwart again, none too soon, for I was near overboard. I could see nothing for the moment but these two furious, encrimsoned faces, swaying together under the smoky lamp; and I shut my eyes to let them grow once more familiar to the darkness.

The endless ballad had come to an end at last, and the whole diminished company about the camp-fire had broken into the chorus I had heard so often:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum!"

I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very moment in the cabin of the "Hispaniola," when I was surprised by a sudden lurch of the coracle. At the same moment she yawed sharply and seemed to change her course. The speed in the meantime had strangely increased.

I opened my eyes at once. All around me were little ripples, combing over with a sharp, bristling sound and slightly phosphorescent. The "Hispaniola" herself, a few yards in whose wake I was still being whirled along, seemed to stagger in her course, and I saw her spars toss a little against the blackness of the night; nay, as I looked longer, I made sure she was also wheeling to the southward.

I glanced over my shoulder, and my heart jumped against my ribs. There, right behind me, was the glow of the camp-fire. The current had turned at right angles, sweeping round along with it the tall schooner and the little dancing coracle; ever quickening, ever bubbling higher, ever muttering louder, it went spinning through the narrows for the open sea.

Suddenly the schooner in front of me gave a violent yaw, turning, perhaps, through twenty degrees: and almost at the same moment one shout followed another from on board; I could hear feet pounding on the companion ladder; and I knew that the two drunkards had at last been interrupted in their quarrel and awakened to a sense of their disaster.

I lay down flat in the bottom of that wretched skiff, and devoutly recommended my spirit to its Maker. At the end of the straits, I made sure we must fall into some bar of raging breakers, where all my troubles would be ended speedily; and though I could, perhaps, bear to die, I could not bear to look upon my fate as it approached.

So I must have lain for hours, continually beaten to and fro upon the billows, now and again wetted with flying sprays, and never ceasing to expect death at the next plunge. Gradually weariness grew upon me; a numbness, an occasional stupor, fell upon my mind even in the midst of my terrors; until sleep at last intervened, and in my sea-tossed coracle I lay and dreamed of home and the old Admiral Benbow.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CRUISE OF THE CORACLE.

It was broad day when I awoke, and found myself tossing at the south-west end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spyglass, which on this side descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzen-mast Hill were at my elbow; the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs forty or fifty feet high, and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

That notion was soon given over. Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bellowed, loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second; and I saw myself, if I ventured nearer, dashed to death upon the rough shore, or spending my strength in vain to scale the beetling crags.

Nor was that all; for crawling together on flat tables of rock, or letting themselves drop into the sea with loud reports, I beheld huge slimy monsters—soft snails, as it were of incredible bigness—two or three score of them together, making the rocks to echo with their barkings.

I have understood since that they were sea lions, and entirely harmless. But the look of them, added to the difficulty of the shore and the high running of the surf, was more than enough to disgust me of that landing-place. I felt willing rather to starve at sea than to confront such perils.

In the meantime I had a better chance, as I supposed, before me. North of Haulbowline Head, the land runs in a long way, leaving, at low tide, a long stretch of yellow sand. To the north of that, again, there comes another cape—Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart—buried in tall green pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure Island; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kindlier-looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great, smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often, as I still lay at the bottom, and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I could see a big blue summit heaving close above me; yet the coracle would but bounce a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold, and sat up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I had hardly moved before the boat, giving up her gentle, dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and struck her nose with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again, and led me softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I of reaching land?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually bailed out the coracle with my sea-cap; then getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth, glossy mountain it looks from shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle, left to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toplining summits of the wave.

"Well, now," thought I to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance; but it is plain, also, that I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two toward land."

No sooner thought than done. There I lay on my elbows, in the most trying attitude and every now again gave a weak stroke or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring, and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground; and as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of easting. I was indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should maket he next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousand-fold reflection from the waves, the sea-water that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salts combined to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point; and, as the next reach of sea opened out, I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I beheld the "Hispaniola" under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water, that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought; and, long before I had come to a conclusion, surprise had taken entire possession of my mind, and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The "Hispaniola" was under her mainsail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her, all her sails were drawing; she was lying a course about north west; and I presumed the men on board were going round the Island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more to the west-ward, so that I thought they had sighted me and were going about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there awhile helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy fellows," said I; "they must still be drunk as owls." And I thought how Captain Smollett would set them skipping.

Meanwhile the schooner gradually fell off, and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west the "Hispaniola" sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended as she had begun, with idly flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk or had deserted her, I thought, and perhaps, if I could get on board, I might return the vessel to her captain.

The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal rate. As for the latter's sailing, it was so wild and intermittent, and she hung each time so long in irons, that she certainly gained nothing, if she did not even lose. If only I dared to sit and paddle, I made sure that I could overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the water breaking beside the fore companion doubled my growing courage.

Up I got, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray, but this time stuck to my purpose; and set myself with all my strength and caution to paddle after the unsteered "Hispaniola." Once I shipped a sea so heavy that I had to stop and bail, with my heart fluttering like a bird; but gradually I got into the way of the thing, and guided my coracle among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

I was gaining rapidly on the schooner; I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about; and still no soul appeared upon her decks. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not the men were lying drunk below, where I might batten them down, perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

For some time she had been doing the worst thing possible for me—standing still. She headed nearly due south, yawing, of course, all the time. Each time she fell off her sails partly filled, and these brought her in a moment, right to the wind again. I have said this was the worst thing possible for me; for helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas cracking like cannon, and the blocks trundling and banging on the deck, she still continued to run away from me, not only with the speed of the current, but by the whole amount of her leeway, which was naturally great.

But now, at last, I had my chance. The breeze fell, for some seconds, very low, and the current gradually turning her, the "Hispaniola" revolved slowly around her center, and at last presented me her stern, with the cabin door still gaping open, and the lamp over the table still burning on into the day. The mainsail hung dropped like a banner. She was stock still, but for the current.

For the last little while I had even lost; but now, redoubling my efforts, I began once more to overhaul the chase.

I was not a hundred yards from her when the wind came again in a clap; she filled on the port tack, and was off again, stooping and skimming like a swallow.

My first impulse was of despair, but my second was toward joy. Round she came, till she was broadside on to me—around still till she had covered a half, and then two-thirds, and then three quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her forefoot. Immensely tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.

And then, of a sudden, I began to comprehend. I had scarce time to think—scarce time to act and save myself. I was on the summit of one swell when the schooner came stooping over the next. The bowsprit was over my head. I sprung to my feet, and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, while my foot was lodged between the stay and the brace; and as I still clung there panting, a dull blow told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the coracle, and that I was left without retreat on the "Hispaniola."

(To be continued.)

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NEWS OF THE WORLD.

There are now four thousand Boer prisoners at St. Helena.

The population of Greater New York is now 3,437,000, an increase of 37.9 per cent. since 1890.

Some 1400 Cuban school teachers are visiting the United States to observe educational methods in that country.

Canada has scored a notable success at the Paris Exposition in being awarded the grand prize for secondary education.

The Duke of York is planning to visit Canada within a few weeks, as commander of the new royal yacht, Victoria and Albert.

Hon. H. R. Emmerson, premier of New Brunswick, has resigned, and a new government has been formed with Hon. L. G. Tweedie, premier.

Gold Commissioner Senkler, of the Yukon, says that the gold output will be about $20,000,000, or two millions more than last year.

The bubonic plague has broken out in Glasgow, Scotland. Eleven cases are now in the hospital. Foreign ports are declaring quarantine against this plague afflicted seaport.

President McKinley has requested former Presidents Cleveland and Harrison to serve as two of the four members of the International board of arbitration to which the United States is entitled under the Hague peace conference treaty.

The Northwest Mounted Police officers now serving in South Africa will be allowed to retire under the superannuation act, if they do not wish to return. Constables and non-commissioned officers not wishing to return will be granted free discharge.

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