Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1900. NO. 17.

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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Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
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DENTISTRY!
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,
Notary Public, etc.
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.
Fire, Life and Marine Insurance, Agent.

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

DR. M. G. R. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Will be at Annapolis the first and second weeks of ever 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, - - - - $28,610

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WM. ROBERTSON, President. WM. ROCHE, Vice-President.
HON. ROBT. BOAK, C.C. BLACKADAR, Esq. J. H. SYMONS, Esq. WM. TWINING, Esq. GEO. MITCHELL, Esq., M.P.P.

Head Office, Halifax, N. S.
E. L. THORNE, General Manager.

Collections solicited.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold.
Highest rate allowed for money on special deposit.

Savings Bank Department.
Interest at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent.

AGENCIES.—
Annapolis, N.S.—E. D. Arnaud, manager.
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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Kentville, N. S.—A. D. McRae, manager.
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London and Westminster Bank, London, England; Bank of Toronto and Branches Upper Canada; Bank of New Brunswick, St. John, N. B.; National Bank of Commerce, New York; Merchants' National Bank, Boston.

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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
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WANTED! WANTED!
5,000 Hides,
15,000 Pelts,
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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"CLEVELAND" AIM IS HIGH!

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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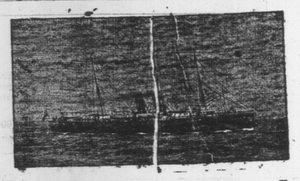

Yarmouth S.S. Co'y, Limited
THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE BETWEEN
NOVA SCOTIA and the UNITED STATES
4 - Trips a Week - 4
Commencing June 26th, the fast and popular Steel Steamers BOSTON and YARMOUTH leave Yarmouth for Boston every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY EVENING after arrival of the Express trains from Halifax.
Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 3 p. m., making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic and Canas 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.

GROCERIES FRUITS PROVISIONS
CHEAP AND GOOD.
Ferona, Shredded Wheat, Quaker Oats, Grits, Rolled Wheat, Rolled Oats,
Graham Flour, Ralston Breakfast Food, Hygenic Whole Wheat Flour, Arlington Wheat, Celebrated Swiss Food.
GOOD VALUES IN TEAS.
A heavy stock of Flour, Feed and Meal in Popular Brands.
Corner Queen and Granville Sts. J. E. LLOYD.

Poetry.

In the Part of the Woods.

Such beautiful things in the hearts of the woods;
Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss;
Such love of the birds, in the solitudes,
Where the swift wings glance, and the tree tops toss;
Spaces of silence, swept with song,
Which nobody hears but the God above;
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in his guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,
Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in:
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink;
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn,
To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

Such pledges of love in the heart of the woods!
For the Maker of all things keeps the least,
And over the tiny flowers broods
With care that for ages has never ceased.
If he cares for this, will he not care for thee—
Thee, wherever thou art to day?
Child of an infinite Father, see,
And safe in such gentlest keeping stay?

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Select Literature.

TREASURE ISLAND.

(By Robert Louis Stevenson.)

PART I.

The Old Buccaneer.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III

THE BLACK SPOT.

About noon I stopped at the captain's door with some cooling drink and medicines. He was lying very much as we had left him, only a little higher, and he seemed both weak and excited.

"Jim," he said, "you're the only one here that's worth anything; and you know I've been always good to you. Never a month but I've given you a silver four-penny for yourself. And now you see, mate, I'm pretty low, and deserted by all; and Jim, you'll bring me one noggin of rum, now won't you, matey?"

"The doctor—" I began.

But he broke in cursing the doctor, in a feeble voice, but heartily. "Doctors is all swabs," he said; "and that doctor there, why, what do he know about sea-faring men? I been in places hot as pitch, and mates dropping round, with Yellow Jack, and the blessed land a-heaving like the sea with earthquakes—what do the doctor know of lands like that?—and I lived on rum, I tell you. It's been meat and drink, and man and wife, to me; and if I'm not to have my rum now I'm a poor old hulk on a lee shore, my blood'll be on you, Jim, and that doctor swab;" and he ran on again for awhile with curses. "Look Jim, how my fingers fidges," he continued, in the pleading tone. "I can't keep 'em still, not I. I haven't had a drop this blessed day. That doctor's a fool, I tell you. If I don't have a dram o' rum, Jim, I'll have the horrors; I seen some on 'em already. I seen old Flint in the corner there, behind you; as plain as print, I seen him; and if I get the horrors, I'm a man that has lived rough, and I'll raise Cain. Your doctor hisself said one glass wouldn't hurt me. I'll give you a golden guinea for a noggin, Jim."

He was growing more and more excited, and this alarmed me for my father, who was very low that day, and needed quiet, besides, I was reassured by the doctor's words, now quoted to me, and rather offended by the offer of a bribe.

"I want none of your money," said I, 'but what you owe my father. I'll get you one glass and no more."

When I brought it to him, he seized it greedily, and drank it out.

"Ay, ay," said he, "that's some better, sure enough. And now, matey, did that doctor say how long I was to lie here in this old berth?"

"A week at least," said I.

"Thunder! he cried. "A week! I can't do that; they'd have a black spot on me by then. The lubbers is going about to get the wind of me this blessed moment; lubbers as couldn't keep what they got, and want for to nail what is another's. Is that seamanly behavior, now, I want to know? But I'm a saving soul. I never wasted good money of mine, nor lost it either; and I'll trick 'em again. I'm not afraid on 'em. I'll shake out another reef, matey, and daddle 'em again."

As he was thus speaking, he had risen from bed with great difficulty, holding to my shoulder with a grip that almost made me cry out, and moving his legs like so much dead weight. His words, spirited as they were in meaning, contrasted sadly with the weakness of the voice in which they were uttered. He paused when he had got into a sitting position on the edge.

"That doctor's done me," he murmured. "My ears is singing. Lay me back."

Before I could do much to help him he had fallen back again to his former place, where he lay for a while silent.

"Jim," he said, at length, "you saw that sea-faring man to-day?"

"Black dog?" I asked.

"Ah! Black Dog," says he. "*He's* a bad'un; but there's worse that put him on. Now, if I can't get away nohow, and they tip me the black spot, mind you. It's my old sea-chest they're after; you get on a horse—you can, can't you? Well, then you get on a horse, and go to—well, yes, I will!—to that eternal doctor swab, and tell him to pipe all hands—magistrates and sich—and he'll lay 'em aboard at the Admiral Benbow—all old Flint's crew, man and boy, all on 'em that's left. I was first mate, I was, old Flint's first mate, and I'm the on'y one as knows the place. He gave it me in Savannah, when he lay a-dying, like as if I was to now, you see. But you won't peach unless they get the black spot on me, or unless you see that Black Dog again, or a sea-faring man with one leg, Jim—him above all."

"But what is the black spot, captain?" I asked.

"That's summons, mate. I'll tell you if they get that. Bet you keep your weather eye open, Jim, and I'll share with you equals, upon my honor."

He wandered a little longer, his voice growing weaker; but soon after I had given him his medicine, which he took like a child, with the remark, "if ever a seaman wanted drugs, it's me," he fell at last into a heavy, swoonlike sleep, in which I left him. What I should have done had all gone well I do not know. Probably I should have told the whole story to the doctor; for I was in mortal fear lest the captain should repent of his confessions and make an end of me. But as things fell out, my poor father died quite suddenly that evening, which put all other matters on one side. Our natural distress, the visits of the neighbors, the arranging of the funeral, and all the work of the inn to be carried on in the meanwhile, kept me so busy that I had scarcely time to think of the captain, far less to be afraid of him.

He got down next morning to be sure, and had his meals as usual, though he ate little, and had more I am afraid, than his usual supply of rum, for he helped himself out of the bar, scowling and blowing through his nose, and no one dared to cross him. On the night before the funeral he was as drunk as ever; and it was shocking in the house of mourning, to hear him singing away his ugly old sea-song; but weak as he was, we were all in fear of death for him, and the doctor was suddenly taken up with a case many miles away, and was never near the house after my father's death. I have said the captain was weak; and indeed he seemed rather to grow weaker than to regain his strength. He clambered up and down stairs, and went from the parlor to the bar and back again, and sometimes put his nose out of doors to smell the sea, holding on to the walls as he went for support, and breathing hard and fast like a man on a steep mountain. He never particularly addressed me, and it is my belief he had as good as forgotten his confidences; but his temper was more flighty, and, allowing for his bodily weakness, more violent than ever. He had an alarming way now, when he was drunk, of drawing his cutlass and laying it bare before him on the table. But, with all that, he minded people less, and seemed shut up in his own thoughts and rather wandering. Once for instance, to our extreme wonder, he piped up to a different air, a kind of country love-song, that he must have learned in his youth before he began to follow the sea.

So things passed until, the day after the funeral, and about 3 o'clock of a bitter, foggy afternoon, I was standing at the door for a moment, full of sad thoughts about my father, when I saw some one drawing slowly near along the road. He was plainly blind, for he tapped before him with a stick, and wore a great green shade over his eyes and nose; and he was hunched, as if with age or weakness, and wore a huge old tattered sea-cloak with a hood that made him appear positively deformed. I never saw in my life a more dreadful-looking figure. He stopped a little from the inn, and raising his voice in an odd sing-song, addressed the air in front of him:

"Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man, who has lost the precious sight of his eyes in the gracious defence of his native country, England, and God bless King George!—where or in what part of this country he may now be?"

"You are at the Admiral Benbow, Black Hill Cove, my good man," said I.

"I hear a voice," said he, "a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me in?"

I held out my hand, and the horrible, soft spoken, eyeless creature gripped it in a moment like a vise. I was so much startled that I struggled to withdraw; but the blind man drew me close up to him with a single action of his arm.

"Now, boy," he said "take me in to the captain."

"Sir," said I, "upon my word I dare not."

"Oh," he sneered, "that's it! Take me in straight, or I'll break your arm."

He gave it, as he spoke, a wrench that made me cry out.

"Sir," said I, "it is for yourself I mean. The captain is not what he used to be. He sits with a drawn cutlass. Another gentleman——"

"Come, now, march," interrupted he, and I never heard a voice so cruel, and cold, and ugly as that blind man's. It cowed me more than the pain; and I began to obey him at once, walking straight in at the door and toward the parlor, where the sick old buccaneer was sitting dazed with rum. The blind man clung close to me, holding me in one iron fist, and leaning almost more of his weight on me than I could carry. "Lead me straight up to him, and when I'm in view, cry out, 'Here's a friend for you, Bill.' If you don't I'll do this;" and with this he gave me a twitch that I thought would have made me faint. Between this and that, I was so utterly terrified by the blind beggar, that I forgot my terror of the captain, and as I opened the parlor door, and cried out the words he had ordered in a trembling voice.

The poor captain raised his eyes, and at one look the sum went out of him, and left him staring sober. The expression of his face was not so much of terror as of mortal sickness. He made a movement to rise, but I do not believe he had enough force left in his body.

"Now, Bill, sit where you are," said the beggar. "If I can't see, I can hear a finger stirring. Business is business. Hold out your left hand. Boy, take his left hand by the wrist, and bring it near to my right."

We both obeyed him to the letter, and I saw him pass something from the hollow of the hand that held his stick into the palm of the captain's, which closed upon it instantly.

"And now that's done," said the blind man: and at the words he suddenly left hold of me, and, with incredible accuracy and nimbleness, skipped out of the parlor and into the road, where, as I stood motionless, I could hear his stick go tap-tap-tapping into the distance.

It was some time before either I or the captain seemed to gather our senses; but at length, and about the same moment, I released his wrist, which I was still holding, and he drew it to his hand, and looked sharply into the palm.

"Ten o'clock!" he cried. "Six hours. We'll do them yet;" and he sprang to his feet.

Even as he did so, he reeled, put his hand to his throat, stood swaying for a moment, and then with a peculiar sound, fell from his whole height face foremost to the floor.

I ran to him at once, calling to my mother. But haste was all in vain. The captain had been struck dead by thundering apoplexy. It is a curious thing to understand, for I had certainly never liked the man, though of late I had began to pity him, but as soon as I saw that he was dead, I burst into a flood of tears. It was the second death I had known, and the sorrow of the first was still fresh in my heart.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SEA CHEST.

I lost no time, of course, in telling my mother all that I knew, and perhaps should have told her long before, and we saw ourselves at once in a difficult and dangerous position. Some of the man's money—if he had any—was certainly due to us; but it was not likely that our captain's shipmates, above all the two specknens seen by me, Black Dog and the blind beggar, would be inclined to give up their booty in payment of the dead man's debts. The captain's order to mount at once and ride for Dr. Livesey would have left my mother alone and unprotected, which was not to be thought of. Indeed, it seemed impossible for either of us to remain much longer in the house; the fall of coals in the kitchen grate, the very ticking of the clock, filled us with fear.

The neighborhood, to our ears, seemed haunted by approaching footsteps; and what between the dead body of the captain on the parlor floor, and the thought of that detestable blind beggar hovering near at hand and ready to return, there were moments when, as the saying goes, I jumped in my skin for terror. Something must speedily be resolved upon; and it occurred to us at last to go forth together and seek help in the neighboring hamlet. No sooner said than done. Bare-headed as we were, we ran out at once in the gathering evening and frosty fog.

The hamlet lay not many hundred yards away, though out of our view, on the other side of the next cove; and what greatly encouraged me, it was in an opposite direction from that whence the blind man had made his appearance, and whither he had presumably returned. We were not many minutes on the road, though we sometimes stopped to lay hold of each other and harken. But there was no unusual sound—nothing but the low wash of the ripple and the croaking of the crows in the wood.

It was already candle-light when we reached the hamlet, and I shall never forget how much I was cheered to see the yellow shine in doors and windows; but that, as it proved, was the best of the help we were likely to get in that quarter. For—you would have thought men would have been ashamed of themselves—no soul would consent to return with us to the Admiral Benbow. The more we told of our troubles, the more—man, woman and child—they clung to the shelter of their homes. The name of Captain Flint, though it was strange to me, was well enough known to some there, and carried a great weight of terror. Some of the men who had been to field-work on the far side of the Admiral Benbow remembered, besides having seen several strangers on the road, and, taking them to be smugglers, to have bolted away; and one at least had seen a little lugger in what we called Kitt's Hole. For that matter, any one who was a comrade of the captain's was enough to frighten them to death. And the short and the long of the matter was, that while we could get several who were willing enough to ride to Dr. Livesey's, which lay in another direction, not one would help us to defend the inn.

They say cowardice is infectious; but then argument is, on the other hand, a great emboldener; and so when each had his say, my mother made them a speech. She would not, she declared, lose money that belonged to her fatherless boy; "if none of the rest of you dare," she said, "Jim and I dare. Back we will go the way we came, and small thanks to you big, sulking, chicken-hearted men. We'll have that chest open if we die for it. And I'll thank you for that bag, Mrs. Crossley, to bring back our lawful money in."

Of course, I said I would go with my mother; and of course they all cried out at our foolhardiness; but even then not a man would go along with us. All they would do was to give me a loaded pistol, lest we were attacked; and to promise to have a horse ready saddled, in case we were pursued on our return; while one lad was to ride forward to the doctor's in search of armed assistance.

My heart was beating fiercely when we two set forth in the cold night upon this dangerous venture. A full moon was beginning to rise and peered redly through the upper edges of the fog, and this increased our haste, for it was plain, before we came forth again, that all would be bright as day, and our departure exposed to the eyes of any watchers. We slipped along the hedges, noiselessly and swift, nor did we see or hear anything to increase our terrors, till, to our huge relief, the door of the Admiral Benbow had closed behind us.

I slipped the bolt at once, and we stood and panted for a moment in the dark, alone in the house with the dead captain's body. Then my mother got a candle in the bar, and, holding each other's hands, we advanced into the parlor. He lay as we had left him, on his back, with his eyes open, and one arm stretched out.

"Draw down the blind, Jim," whispered my mother; "they might come and watch outside. And now," said she, when I had done so, "we have to get the key off *that;* and who's to touch it, I should like to know?" and she gave a kind of sob as she said the words.

I went down on my knees at once. On the floor close to his hand there was a little round of paper, blackened on the one side. I could not doubt that this was the *black spot;* and, taking it up, I found written on the other side, in a very good, clear hand, this short message, "You have till ten to-night."

"He had till ten, mother," said I; and just as I said it, our old clock began striking. This sudden noise startled us shockingly; but the news was good, for it was only six.

"Now, Jim," she said, "that key."

I felt in his pocket, one after another. A few small coins, a thimble, and some thread and big needles, a piece of pigtail tobacco bitten away at the end, his gully with the crooked handle, a pocket compass and a tinder-box, were all that they contained, and I began to despair.

"Perhaps it's round his neck," suggested my mother.

Overcoming a strong repugnance, I tore open his shirt at the neck, and there, sure enough, hanging to a bit of tarry string, which I cut with his own gully, we found the key. At this triumph we were filled with hope, and hurried upstairs without delay, to the little room where he had slept so long, and where his box had stood since the day of his arrival.

It was like any other seaman's chest on the outside, the initial "B" burned on the top of it with a hot iron, and the corners somewhat smashed and broken as by long, rough usage.

"Give me the key," said my mother; and though the lock was very stiff, she had turned it and thrown back the lid in a twinkling.

A strong smell of tobacco and tar rose from the interior, but nothing was to be seen on the top except a suit of very good clothes, carefully brushed and folded. They had never been worn, my mother said. Under that, the miscellany began—a quadrant, a tin canikin, several sticks of tobacco, two brace of very handsome pistols, a piece of bar silver, an old Spanish watch, and some other trinkets of little value and mostly foreign make, a pair of compasses mounted with brass, and four or five curious West Indian shells. It has often set me thinking since that he should have carried about these shells with him in his wandering, guilty, hunted life.

In the meantime, we had found nothing of any value but the silver and the trinkets, and neither of these was in our way. Underneath there was an old boat-cloak, whitened with sea salt on many a harbor-bar. My mother pulled it up with impatience, and there lay before us the last things in the chest, a bundle tied up in oilcloth, and looking like papers, and a canvas bag, that gave forth at a touch, the jingle of gold.

"I'll show those rogues that I'm an honest woman," said my mother. "I'll have my dues, and not a farthing over. Hold Mrs. Crossley's bag." And she began to count over the amount of the captain's score from the sailor's bag into the one that I was holding.

It was a long, difficult business, for the coins were of various countries and sizes—doubloons and louis-d'ors, and guineas, and pieces of eight, and I know not what besides all shaken together at random. The guineas, too, were about the scarcest, and it was only these that my mother knew how to count.

When we were about half-way through, I suddenly put my hand upon her arm; for I had heard in the silent frosty air, a sound that brought my heart into my mouth—the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road. It drew nearer and nearer, while we sat holding our breath. Then it struck sharp on the inn door, and then we could hear the handle being turned, and the bolt rattling as the wretched being tried to enter; and then there was a long time of silence both within and without. At last the tapping recommenced, and to our indescribable joy and gratitude, died slowly away again until it ceased to be heard.

"Mother," said I, "take the whole and let's be going;" for I am sure the bolted door must have seemed suspicious, and would bring the whole hornet's nest about our ears; though how thankful I was that I had bolted it, none could tell who had never met that terrible blind man.

But my mother, frightened as she was, would not consent to take a fraction more than was due to her, and was obstinately unwilling to be content with less. It was not yet seven, she said, by a long way; she knew her rights and she would have them; and she was still arguing with me, when a little low whistle sounded a good way off upon the hill. That was enough, and more than enough, for both of us.

"I'll take what I have," she said, jumping to her feet.

"And I'll take this to square the count," said I, picking up the oilskin packet.

Next moment we were both groping down stairs, leaving the candle by the open chest; and the next we had opened the door and were in full retreat. We had not started a moment too soon. The fog was rapidly dispersing; already the moon shone quite clear, on the high ground on either side; and it was only in the exact bottom of the dell and around the tavern door that a thin veil still hung unbroken to conceal the first steps of our escape. Far less than half-way to the hamlet, very little beyond the bottom of the hill, we must come forth into the moonlight. Nor was this all; for the sound of several footsteps running came already to our ears, and as we looked back in their direction, a light tossing to and fro, and still rapidly advancing, showed that one of the new-comers carried a lantern.

"My dear," said my mother suddenly, "take the money and run on. I am going to faint."

This was certainly the end for both of us, I thought. How I cursed the cowardice of the neighbors; how I blamed my poor mother for her honesty and her greed, for her past foolhardiness and present weakness! We were just by the little bridge by good fortune; and I helped her, tottering as she was, to the edge of the bank; where, sure enough, she gave a sigh and fell on my shoulder. I do not know how I found the strength to do it at all, and I am afraid it was roughly done; but I managed to drag her down the bank and a little way under the arch. Further I could not move her, for the bridge was too low to let me do more than crawl below it. So there we had to stay—my mother almost entirely exposed, and both of us within ear-shot of the inn.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAST OF THE BLIND MAN.

My curiosity in a sense, was stronger than my fear; for I could not remain where I was, but crept back to the bank again, whence, sheltering my head behind a brush of broom, I might command the road before our door. I was scarcely in position ere my enemies began to arrive, seven or eight of them, running hard, their feet beating out of time along the road, and the man with the lantern some paces in front. Three men ran together, and in hand; and I made out, even through the mist, that the middle man of this trio was the blind beggar. The next moment his voice showed me that I was right.

"Down with the door!" he cried.

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered two or three; and a rush was made upon the Admiral Benbow, the lantern-bearer following; and then I could see them pause, and hear speeches passed in a lower key, as if they were surprised to find the door open. But the pause was brief, for the blind man again issued his commands. His voice sounded louder and higher, as if he were afire with eagerness and rage.

"In, in, in!" he shouted, and cursed them for their delay.

Four or five of them obeyed at once, two remaining on the road with the formidable beggar. There was a pause, then a cry of surprise, and then a voice shouting from the house:

"Bill's dead."

But the blind man swore at them again for their delay.

"Search him, some of you shirking lubbers, and the rest of you aloft and get the chest," he cried.

I could hear their feet rattling up our old stairs, so that the house must have shook with it. Promptly afterwards, fresh sounds of astonishment arose; the window of the captain's room was thrown open with a slam and a jingle of broken glass; and a man leaned out into the moonlight, head and shoulders, and addressed the blind beggar on the road below him.

"Pew," he cried "they've been before us. Some one's turned the chest out alow and aloft."

"Is it there?" roared Pew.

"The money's there."

The blind man cursed the money.

"Flint's fist, I mean," he cried.

(To be continued.)

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The Value of an Ideal.

I like to read the old, quaint poems of George Herbert; they contain so much practical philosophy and in almost every line there is an important Biblical truth. The other day I was reading the following:

"Pitch thy behavior low, thy projects high,
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree."

It is to be regretted that so many of the human family are mere creepers, having no thought of wings for rising; so many are mere drifters, creatures of circumstance, indifferently remaining on the spot where birth or events started them in life; no inspirations fire them, no ideals invite them on, and no visions of possible excellence or advancement lift them into true greatness. When the blind bard went singing through the villages, the towns and the cities of Greece he met an uncultivated, an untaught people; but Homer opened to them a picture gallery in the clouds and at the same time unveiled the ideal Greek. Looking upward each Grecian youth saw Achilles dwelling in a realm of light and felt something drawing mysteriously at his young heart. Fixing the *Ideal* in his mind the youth soon enthroned the ideal in his life, and very soon 20,000 young Achilles were walking the streets of Athens. An ideal lifted up before her youth made Greece the greatest nation of the ancient world.

That was a poetic inspiration, the vision of one of the greatest men of ancient time. The Bible surpasses the *Iliad*. The ideal portrayed in the pages of the Evangelists is Jesus Christ, who has enclosed within his life every wise idea and worthy ideal for mankind. So firing the New Testament in the mind, the world will soon enthrone its Ideal in its life, and there will be Christ-men walking our streets everywhere. As the flashing orb in the sky has lifted the tides in their forward flow, so the all-satisfying Ideal in the New Testament has lifted society upward in culture and in character, in love and in life, and will one day draw us all close to the Father's side. "Every man," writes Theodore Parker, "has at times in his mind the Ideal of what he should be." Who is your Ideal? Are you interested in reform, are you enthusiastic over literary standards, does a picture or a statue entrance you, does music move your soul? Your all-inclusive Ideal is the Lord Jesus Christ.—*W. A. Parsons, in Baptist Union.*

The Ragged Canadians.

The following graphic description of the appearance of the Canadian soldiers in South Africa is taken from a letter to the *Dundee Courier*, dated Bloemfontein, April 12. "Battle of drum and skirl of pipes! The Highland Brigade are on the march. Before them walk a battalion without kilt or sporran or the woman-like apron of khaki that hides the dark tartan. Fine strapping fellows, all of them. Broad shoulders, clean limbed, blue eyed, they swing past with the easy stride and free gait of men conscious of strength and the pride of race that brought them from the lakes and mountains of Canada. A ragged company as to dress. Boots out at toes, undarned stockings bursting through gaps at the side, breeches torn and mended and torn again, here and there a pair of indigo canvas—the spoil of the enemy and the last refuge of the naked. I wonder whether their mothers would know them under those dirty rags. But every tatter and every stain is an honor to these sons from over the sea who have marched shoulder to shoulder with the regiments of long and great traditions. They know it and show it, yet having the glory they would fain lay aside the rags for a whole and a warmer kit."

"Never Burn a Candle at Both Ends."
If you do your light will soon be gone and you will be in the dark. Don't think that you can go on drawing vitality from the blood for nerves, stomach, brain and muscles without doing something to replace it. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives nerve, mental and digestive strength by enriching and vitalizing the blood. Thus it helps people who are overworked and tired.

Hood's Pills are non-irritating, mild, effective.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.