

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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BEAR AND FORBEAR.

By ROLLO ROBBINS, Jr.

ON a certain afternoon, early last autumn, Bob Harris and his brother Jim were the most disgusted individuals within a radius of a score of miles of the spot where they sat on a fallen tree, growling over the bad luck that had followed them all day.

They had been hunting since early morning in the lowlands of Arkansas, spurred on by the certainty that they would soon bag royal game; but now the afternoon was drawing to a close, and they hadn't so much as a hair or feather to show for all the powder burnt. It was worse even than that, as I will show you.

Bob was eighteen, and his brother sixteen years old. Like every one in their section of the country, they were accustomed to the use of firearms almost from their infancy. They had started out, as I have said, early in the morning, sure of bringing down several bears—for bears were known to be quite plentiful in that locality. They took with them their valuable hound Thunderbolt, who struck a trail within a half hour after entering the mountainous wilderness which extended far up into the Ozark region of Missouri. They knew, or at least thought they knew, from his peculiar yelping, that he had treed a "bar," and they

THE BRANCH BENT CONSIDERABLY WITH HIS WEIGHT, BUT, GUN IN HAND, HE MADE THE JUMP, AND LANDED ON THE EDGE OF THE OTHER BANK.

[This story commenced in No. 218.]

LITTLE NAN; or The Story of Her Mother's King.

By MARY A. DENISON.

Author of "The Guardian's Trust," "Barbara's Triumphs," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "The Woman's Ward," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VISIT TO A CLAIRVOYANT.

"I **F** I were superstitious," Mrs. Lane said that night, taking off her false front of prettily curled gray hair before the little mirror in the fourth-story room where she and her modest belongings had found a place. "If I were superstitious, I should say that my poor, dead Elsie was trying to speak to me. But there! she's dead and in heaven, and I won't be an old fool. But, oh! I wish I knew where that girl is. I'll take the Bible and open at a chance place. She suited the action to the word."

"Well, that is rather queer!" she said, as her round-eyed glasses were brought to bear on these words. "Up, Lord! Disappoint him, and cast him down. Deliver my soul from the ungodly. "Strange!" I should have opened to that," muttered the woman. "Of course no harm can come to her if he has taken care of her. But what has he, I wonder? Has Mr. Cliff taken her home to his wife—sort of adopted her? I shouldn't wonder if he has, yet, who knows? There is a mystery about it. Little Nan is uncommonly pretty and child-like. No body could have the heart to harm her. And yet, such are like lambs in the midst of wolves."

"She's a dear little thing!" still mused Mrs. Lane, as she motherly heart all aglow. "She's not at all like Kate Davis, or anxious for adoption like Jonathan Cliff. She never seemed to think of anything but her duty, and I don't believe the child knew how pretty she was. Oh, those great, sad, blue eyes; Lord, help me to find her. I've a great mind to say a moment after, softly rubbing her hands—"but what a fool people would make me if they knew! Would it be silly, I wonder?" She opened a bureau drawer, and after a moment's search found a slip of paper, on which was printed in black letters:

"KINTZ—Mesmerist, clairvoyant, physician and astrologer; tells of life-long secrets. Will find anything that is lost, help you in business, or read the future and disclose the failures or errors of the past; read the mind or show the spirits of the dead. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. \$1.00 for an ordinary sitting; other charges in proportion. "It does seem silly," she mused; "but then folks go to such people, and I've a great mind to try. I don't wish to ever know, and even if I did, I don't know as it's any of their business. Finally, I guess I will, and she laid her head on the pillow, satisfied with her conclusion, and deciding that she would go the following day.

"There! My own child wouldn't know me now," she said, with a satisfied smile, as she drew the strings of her poke bonnet tighter, and tied a thick shawl for face towards twilight of the following day. "I don't know that I feel exactly guilty," she muttered. "I confess I shouldn't want my best friend to know this. It's downright queer, to say the least, for me to be going to such a place. If there wasn't something strange about Jonathan Cliff, when ever I mention poor little Nan, I wouldn't be poking my precious nose into this business. He would say it doesn't concern me, but it wouldn't. Pshaw! After my own lamb? Oh, pshaw! I've made up my mind, and go I will."

She glanced at the little clock on the mantel-piece, bought at the ninety-nine cent store, and, noting, to her comprehension, regulated the sun. She wanted twenty minutes to seven. She had made her tea, toasted her bread, eaten her chop, put away the butter and preserves in a tin safe at one end of the room, and the tiny fire was only smoldering now behind the fender. On the table was a half-finished worsted which she was working at odd moments, for a Christmas present to some lady friend. Everything in the room spoke of neatness and comfort. Poor Mrs. Lane was laying up money, and people for once were right. Carefully locking her door, she went down the dark stairs, and, feeling her way, and out into the street. It was long past twilight,

and the first snow was falling in flakes so fine that they were less than dew when they touched the earth. On she went past the small grocers' shops, where lamps feebly illuminated the street corners; up one narrow passageway and down another, until just as she had almost given up the search she came to the house which bisected a small court—a house that looked out on each side with an injured air, as if it resented being squeezed and hampered by inferior tenements, while the window blinds and the door steps were helplessly awry, and added to the general aspect of unthrifty and forlornness. But there was the sign—

DIEDRIECHT KINTZ.

MAGNETIC DOCTOR, CLAIRVOYANT AND SEER.

To say that the head saleswoman of Cliff Brothers trembled as she neared the door, that looked as if it had been shaken out of place by one earthquake and shaken in again by another, would be but feebly to express her state of mind. A nameless horror took possession of her, and even with her hand on the

Latin is, every man must be fit for his calling. Maybe you're not up in Latin, ma'am, though it's a great study for the female intellect; a good study is Latin, and not hard to understand. Mrs. Lane sat down in the middle of the very large and very dark room—a little way from the table. She was trembling visibly, though she kept her wits about her sufficiently to see that the doctor, as he called himself, was not in very flourishing circumstances, for there were only two chairs, a dilapidated secretary, and a table in the room; and the man's clothes were woefully shabby. Presently, however, he came out in great splendor, bringing a candlestick in each hand. Arrayed in a blue and red dressing-gown, and a red skull cap faced with yellow, he was a formidable looking object, though, strange to say, this combination of bright colors made him rather an imposing spectacle. Setting the candles on the table with a great show of exactitude, he brought up the only other chair, and placed himself opposite

"First, however, madam," he added, his normal self again for a minute, "I am giving you information for which my charge is extra—two dollars. Shall we commence? I guarantee, you every satisfaction, or money refunded." "Go on!" said Mrs. Lane, in an eager voice. "Very well—*obiscum avaris*. First, there's a tall man in the case; is it so?" "Perhaps," said Mrs. Lane, unconscious of the fact that she might have been recognized as the head saleswoman in so popular a store as Cliff Brothers. "He is handsome, rich and in good business—a man, I should say, with a family. I should say he owns stores and houses; I should say he was very much respected by the ladies. What is money to him if he can but gain his ends? He employs a great many people. Am I right?" "You may—ma'am—say," said Mrs. Lane, grown deadly pale. "Yes, I am right," he responded, nodding and shutting his eyes again. "I have every confidence in my informant. Have you a son, madam?" "No, I have no son," she said.

"Ah, I thought so, though at first the face struck me as being that of a young man; now I see it is a young lady—possibly your daughter, madam, in the spirit land."

"Gracious Heaven!" ejaculated Mrs. Lane, the cold perspiration standing in great drops on her forehead, and she half sprang from her chair.

"Do it move, ma'am—pray don't move—you will destroy the rapport. It is a particularly bright spirit, and she stands at your right. *Ceterum visco*—don't move—I shall soon learn all."

"Ah, yes! He threw myself back in his chair, with a sigh of satisfaction. "Yes, there she is—the young lady that you are seeking. It's all very fine there; a cottage, madam—a house of beauty, if you will. She has been sick, but she is better now. She has everything that heart can wish—she is very happy—not a cloud, ma'am—all clear, bright, beautiful sky and sunshine. I only give you what I see, clairvoyantly, madam. I don't profess to do anything more. Everything is so highly respectable—everything is so rich and tasteful—whatever can be had for money, ma'am, they have."

"If I only knew where to go! how to get at her!" cried Mrs. Lane, almost breathlessly. "But if you can tell so much," she added, slowly, casting a frightened glance round the bare, desolate room, and shuddering at the creaking of the shutters, "why can't you go further, and tell me where she is?" "Assuredly, assuredly, madam," he replied, in soft, suave tones, "but it is the way I make my living, madam. The preacher is paid for preaching, the lawyer for pleading—why not the seer for seeing? The knowledge, in this case, is worth a great deal, and I shall charge another dollar, but I think you will be satisfied."

She took a dollar from her purse with considerable alacrity. What would she not pay to look at the facts? Her fingers shook, but she tried to smile.

"If I give you any satisfaction I would willingly give you five dollars for the information. But, as you say, you cannot expect me to put entire confidence in what you state. Of course—of course not, ma'am, though you should. Now observe!" and he held up a long, but thick fore-finger. "I shall give you the information, but I shall charge you. Yes; and he shut his eyes, nodding now and then; "I follow, yes, y— Street, down D—, round the corner, and it is the way I make my living, madam. The preacher is paid for preaching, the lawyer for pleading—why not the seer for seeing? The knowledge, in this case, is worth a great deal, and I shall charge another dollar, but I think you will be satisfied."

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"Have I satisfied you, ma'am? See—ah, yes—I see—little, pretty—ah—poor silly fool! They're so vain, madam, of their faces; so liable to go the wrong road. This one is not a bad sort. I see her—light her! Blue eyes, small and delicate."

"There's rather a nice balance about it, so far," said the man, reflectively; "there is certainly a gentleman in the cut and a rare gentleman, too, and as certainly a lady—a young lady, I should think—a runaway; and he peered at her with a suspicious, frowning glance. "Good gracious!" said Mrs. Lane, taken aback. "A very singular case, as I see it," the man went on, his eyes shut, and his appearance like that of one in a trance. "Foscobis *caudatus*, *verbera* *caudatus*. See—ah, yes—I see—little, pretty—ah—poor silly fool! They're so vain, madam, of their faces; so liable to go the wrong road. This one is not a bad sort. I see her—light her! Blue eyes, small and delicate."



PRESENTLY HE CAME OUT IN GREAT SPLENDOR, A CANDLESTICK IN EACH HAND.

broad brass knocker, all covered with green mold, she was half inclined to turn and run. Not was she at all reassured by the countenances, evidently of Hibernian origin, that answered to the hollow reverberations through the hall and stairway. For the rest she could not see, as the hall was very dark, but she caught her breath at the sound of his harsh voice. "You're welkin—very welkin, ma'am. Hildy!" he shouted, with his hand to his mouth; then turned to her again. "You've come to kinsult with me, ma'am. Walk in. I've had a many callers to-day!" "Hildy!" he vociferated, "bring a lamp, will ye? I'm in a hurry—dye hear? Ye'll wait just a moment, lady, if ye please," he said, turning again to her. "*Ez opticus selecte nosteris*, as the ancients say. You might be acquainted with the classics, ma'am, and the quotation is, 'praps familiar. I don't pretend to be much of a scholar, only I've dipped in Greek and Latin and such.' "Don't let this happen again!" he added in a solemn voice. After daylight and no light." And the man took the lamp, which smelt vilely of kerosene, from the hands of an undersized child, with a woman's face—a face familiar to her—a girl she faintly remembered as belonging to one of the mission schools, and whom she had recommended to some lady not a great while ago, for some kind of work; but she was dazed and a little scared, and could not bring her memory into play. "Ye'll allow me, ma'am," and he set the lamp on a great round table, covered with a black and yellow cloth, "to go into the next room for me audience. I'll be with ye in a second. *Aspirus selectinus solas rectinus*, as the

Mrs. Lane, who soon felt the influence of his small, piercing, black eyes. "You have come to me, madam," he said, with a flourish, which might have been magnetic or might have been Milesian. "for—ah—information?" "Can you tell me what I am in search of?" she asked, thoughtlessly; "I mean who?" thus giving him the clew. "Ah, ah!" and he closed his eyes meditatively. "*Vox arabum rus penetratum renos articulo*," he said, slowly, with closed eyes. In my study of the classics, ma'am, I have become habituated to the dead languages, which come as natural to me as my own tongue. You didn't say whether—ah—it was male or female; and he opened his eyes upon her so suddenly that she started. "No, of course not. I came to you for information and advice, and I expect you to tell me who and what I am looking for," she said. "There's rather a nice balance about it, so far," said the man, reflectively; "there is certainly a gentleman in the cut and a rare gentleman, too, and as certainly a lady—a young lady, I should think—a runaway; and he peered at her with a suspicious, frowning glance. "Good gracious!" said Mrs. Lane, taken aback. "A very singular case, as I see it," the man went on, his eyes shut, and his appearance like that of one in a trance. "Foscobis *caudatus*, *verbera* *caudatus*. See—ah, yes—I see—little, pretty—ah—poor silly fool! They're so vain, madam, of their faces; so liable to go the wrong road. This one is not a bad sort. I see her—light her! Blue eyes, small and delicate."



HERBERT'S ARMS WERE INSTANTLY SEIZED BY SOME ONE FROM BEHIND THE DOOR.

[This story commenced in No. 218.]

The Boy Broker:
Among the Kings of Wall Street.

By FRANK A. MUNSEY.
Author of "Afloat in a Great City," "Under Fire," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

SOMETHING ABOUT HERBERT RANDOLPH.

HAD our young hero been more wary, he would not have so easily fallen a victim to the deceit of the genial stranger whom he met on the Bowery. Moreoever, his suspicious should have been excited by the two young fellows he saw on Wall Street, who appeared to be shadowing him.

But none of these prudential thoughts seemed to occur to young Randolph. In Vermont, he spoke to every one with a frank, open confidence. He had always done so, from his earliest recollections. Others in his locality did the same. Unrestrained social intercourse was the universal custom of the people. Habit is a great power in one's life. Habit, therefore, guided our hero on this fatal night, and he talked freely and confidently with his new acquaintance.

"Have you ever been in one of those Bowery museums?" asked the genial young man, after they had chatted for a little time.

"No, I have not," replied Herbert, in a hesitating manner that implied his desire to do so. This young man was the same one whose boots Bob Hunter blackened when he was

acting as detective, otherwise Peter Smartweed.

The latter smiled at the readiness with which young Randolph caught at the bait.

"Well, you have missed a treat," said he, with assumed surprise.

"I suppose so," replied Herbert, feeling that his education had been neglected.

"They have some wonderful curiosities in some of these museums," continued the young confidence scamp.

"So I should think, from the looks of these pictures."

"But this is the poorest museum on the Bowery. There are some great curiosities in some of them, and a regular show besides."

"Have you been in all of them?" asked Herbert.

"Oh, yes, dozens of times. Why, I can go into one of the museums whenever I like, without paying a cent, and it is the best one in New York."

"Can you?" said Herbert, with surprise. "I wish I could go in free."

"I can fix that for you all right," said Peter, magnanimously. "I often take in a friend with me."

"And it doesn't cost you anything?"

"No, not a cent. If you like, we will stroll down the Bowery, and drop in for a little while. By the way, I remember now that a new curiosity, a three-headed w man, is on exhibition there."

"A three-headed woman!" exclaimed Herbert; "she must be a wonderful sight!"

"So she is. Come on, let's go and see her. It is not down very far. You have nothing to do, I suppose?"

"No, only to pass the time away for an hour or so."

"Very well, then, you can't pass it in any more agreeable way than this, I am sure."

"You are very kind," replied Herbert, as they moved off in the direction of the supposed museum. He had no thought of danger, as he walked along with his new friend, happy in anticipation of the pleasure before him.

Could he, however, have realized that he was the victim of a shrewd confidence game,

that every step he now took was bringing him nearer to the trap that had been set for him by cruel, unscrupulous villains, how his whole being would have revolted against the presence of the unprincipled fellow beside him, who was now coolly leading him on to his ruin.

Presently they turned up a side street, and soon stopped before a low, ugly building.

"The museum is on the next street," remarked young Smartweed, as he rang the bell three times. "We have to walk through this court, to reach it by the back passage."

Still Herbert's suspicions slumbered.

And now the catch to the door was pulled back, and our unfortunate hero and his companion passed in.

The hallway was ominously dark. They groped their way forward, till a second door was reached, and here the leader knocked three times, then paused for a moment and knocked once more. After a brief interval three more knocks precisely like the first were given, and then the door opened.

The two stepped quickly into the room, and Herbert's arms were instantly seized by some one from behind the door, and drawn backward by an effort to fasten the wrists together behind him.

Quicker than thought, young Randolph wrested his arms from the grip that was upon them, and, turning like a flash, planted a solid blow upon the jaw of his assailant—a blow which sent him, with a terrified yell, sprawling to the floor.

Then it was that he recognized, in the prostrate figure, Felix Mortimer, and a sickening sense of the awful truth dawned upon him.

He was trapped!

The genial friend whom he had met on the Bowery, now showed his real character, and before Herbert could further defend himself, he was pounced upon by him and a villainous looking man with a scraggy red beard and most repulsive features. They threw a thick black cloth over his head, and, after binding his hands firmly together, thrust him into a dark vault or pen in the cellar.

Our hero realized now most fully his help-

less and defenseless position—a position that placed him entirely at the mercy of his enemies; if mercy in any degree dwelt in the breasts of the cruel band of outlaws in whose den he was now a prisoner.

CHAPTER XI.

IMPRISONED AT THE FENCE.

THIS is a fine beginning to a city career—short but brilliant," said young Randolph to himself, bitterly, as he mused upon his deplorable situation.

"Fool that I was! It's all plain enough to me now," he continued, after a half hour's deep thought, in which he traced back, step by step, his experiences since landing in the big city. "I ought to have recognized him at once—the villain! He is the very fellow I saw across the street with his pal, as I left the bank. I thought he looked natural, but I've seen so many people in this great town that I'm not surprised at my miss."

"Mighty bad miss, though; one that has placed me in a box trap, and under ground at that?"

Herbert was right in his conclusions. The fellow who had so cleverly played the confidence game upon him was the same one who awaited his appearance on Wall Street, and afterwards shadowed him up Broadway.

"This must all be the work of that young villain Mortimer," continued Herbert, still reasoning on the subject. "I ought to have been sharper; Bob told me to look out for him. If I had had any sense, I could have seen that he meant to be revenged upon me. I knew it, and yet I didn't want to admit, even to myself, that I was at all uneasy."

"He must have been the same one that pointed me out to this confidence fellow on Wall Street. He was probably made up with false side whiskers and mustache, so that I wouldn't recognize him."

"Well," said he, starting up suddenly from his reverie, "how is all this reasoning about how I came to get into this trap going to help me to get out of it? That is what I want to know," and he commenced exploring his

STRONG BY SUFFERING.

We through the quiet pathway of our life Unconscious of our strength may pass along. Currents of labor lost— Content to rest unnoticed by the throng. Whose paths in life our daily course have crossed: Till trouble comes to rouse us into strife, And lift us upward, making us a suffering strong.

(This story commenced in No. 215).

ALWAYS IN THE LUCK By OLIVER OPTIC,

Author of "Every Jack a Boy," "Young America Series," "Army and Navy Series," "Woodville Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

CLAUDE MOSCOTT IS VERY MUCH EXCITED.

LAUDE MOSCOTT was perfectly satisfied that he had obtained a correct view of the tin can as he called it. In spite of what Paul said he continued on his way to the bridge. Claude had no faith in the friendship of any of the Moscotts, he thought it looked too much like a practical joke to allow the eager young gentleman from Bloomhaven to spend his time, though it could not be very valuable, in rummaging over rocks at the foot of the cliff.

"Claude! Claude!" he shouted at the top of his lungs, as he looked down the road. He was new-pledged friend down the road. By repeating the call several times he finally induced Claude to halt, though he evidently didn't care very much to waste even a moment.

"I can't stop now; I am in a desperate hurry," shouted Claude in reply to the summons. "Where are you going? You are bound on a fool's errand."

"I don't think I am," replied Claude, retreating his steps. He reached the place where Paul had halted, for he did not forget the treasures he carried upon his person, and would not go far from the hotel. "I think I can find that tin can."

"I don't think you can, Claude," replied Paul, laughing at the persistence of the young man. "There are plenty of black snakes among these rocks at the foot of the cliff. I killed one four feet long over there this morning."

"I don't care for the snakes, but perhaps you will lend me your gun, Paul. I am sure I can find that tin can if it went over with the tempest."

"I am sure you can't find it, Claude; and if you do, what use is it to you?" asked Paul, laughing at the persistence of the young man.

"What do you think I can't find it, Paul?" demanded Claude, who thought it possible by this time that his new friend was making fun at his expense.

"Because it isn't over there," answered Paul, squarely. "Didn't you say it went over the cliff with the tempest?"

"I did say so, and it did go over. If you want the tin can, here it is, Claude," said Paul, taking a package out of his game bag, and handing it to the other. "There it is."

Claude took the package, and removed the paper Paul had put around it. There was the identical tin can, exactly as it had been opened and the contents taken out. "What does this mean, Paul?" demanded Claude, and the name was despair in his looks, actions, and voice.

"What does it mean? It looks as though the box had been opened, don't it?" asked Paul. "If you don't believe it has been opened, I can prove it to you. You can see where the tin has been cut with a chisel."

"More fooling, Claude, impossibly by this time. Who opened that tin can?"

"I did, not with my little hatchet, but with an old chisel and a mallet, Claude. I suppose you think I did a very good job; but I ought to have had a sardine opener, and then I could have done a handsomer piece of work. Besides, I was rather in a hurry, for I wanted to know what was in that tin can after it had been kicking about the place so long."

"What right had you to open it?" cried Claude, beginning to shake in all his frame. "For the rupture of the box indicated a total failure of all his schemes, whether directed by father and mother or undertaken on his own account."

might as well have broken the lock and opened my valise," howled Claude, and it was doubtful whether he was going to cry or put himself into a passion. "You knew very well that the tin can belonged to me."

"Well, no; I did not know it for when I opened it, you had not told me that it was you who made the fire in the woods for the purpose of roasting your sardines. You will remember that it was not half an hour ago that you apologized to me for the lie you told me about the fire. How could I connect you with the fire or the box early this morning when I opened the box? You can see for yourself that I am not to blame. If you had only told me in the first of it that you made the fire, I should have understood you better."

"Quit your fooling, Paul!" growled Claude, biting his lips with chagrin and disappointment. "For a few minutes before he had thought he was sure to find the tin can with its valuable contents."

"I think you can see that I have spoken only the simple truth even if you call it fooling," added Paul. "I tell you honestly that I opened the box, and I had not the least suspicion that it belonged to you. I am willing to go a step farther; I did not find a single sardine in the box."



"CLAUDE! CLAUDE!" HE SHOUTED, AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS.

"What did you find in it?" demanded Claude, as though there was a possible chance that he might obtain possession of the will, though he had failed to recover the box. "There was a lot of papers in it," replied Paul, candidly, as he changed the position of his gun so that he held it as sportsmen usually carry the piece when they expect to find game at once.

"What sort of papers?" asked Claude, looking at the gun as though it was not a pleasant sight to him. "The one on the top of the box, the first one I came to when I had taken off the cover, was a letter directed to me, and signed by Mrs. Munjoy. I read it with the deepest interest, as you may well suppose; and then I was satisfied that the box was intended for me, and I wondered how it happened to be in that fire I put out in the woods. Now, as you have admitted that you made the fire, perhaps you will be willing to tell me where you got the box."

Claude bit his lips, and turned away from Paul. He realized that he had been beaten in the cunning game he had been trying to play. He was fearfully nervous and excited, and he began to walk up and down the road, and was not inclined to say anything more, for he could not help seeing that the situation became worse every step he advanced.

"I see you don't like to tell where you got the box, Claude. I don't know that I blame you for being a little shy about it. I suppose the lightning must have struck the box when it lay in the hole under the platform, and tossed it over on the rock. It was just as likely to hit the box as it was to burn off the timbers and tumble the temple over the cliff," continued Paul, in a matter-of-fact sort of way, which was positive torture to Claude.

The young gentleman from Bloomhaven had lashed himself into a fury. Paul even suggested that he had burned off the timbers of the kiosk, and fully understood that he had taken the tin box from the cavity in the rock under the platform.

"What else was in that tin can, Paul?" asked Claude, after he had walked off some of his excitement in silence.

Besides the letter I have spoken of, it contained Mrs. Munjoy's will; and of course she must have forgotten that your family knew her husband had used the hole in the rock as a place to conceal his own will," replied Paul, quietly.

"Then you have read Aunt Rowena's will?" gasped Paul, rather than asked Claude. "I have not read it, though I have seen it. I read only the letter addressed to me, and I have no what she directed me to do."

"Has she left all her property to you, Paul?" demanded Claude. "She has not. That question makes me realize how delighted I am to know that your family will let everything remain as it is. Mrs. Munjoy was very anxious to make peace with her sister, and she began by inviting you to spend a month at Sparryte," continued Paul.

The train was a little late, but when it stopped, the first person to alight was Mr. Barr, with a black bag in his hand, as though he had brought all the papers relating to the estate with him.

Paul had hardly taken the lawyer by the hand before he saw Mr. Moscott get out of the parlor car, with his wife. Claude was there to receive his father and mother, for he had expected them, and had no doubt they might come. The carryall was not big enough to hold any more than the three Moscotts, and Moses was directed to bring the carryall to the cottage first, and then come to the hotel for the lawyer.

They walked to their destination, and on the way Paul told Mr. Barr all that had occurred since he saw him last. The lawyer looked over the will, read the letter to Paul, and then counted the money. The amount was correct, and had the learned gentleman could not refrain from criticising the conduct of the deceased lady, both as to the place of deposit she had chosen for her will, and in risking such a sum of money in such a spot as a hole in a rock.

"To be very candid with you, young man, she acted like an insane Paul," he continued. "It looks as though she wanted to give an invitation to the Moscotts to contest the will."

"Do you think they can break it, sir?" asked Paul.

"If they do, it will be her own fault," growled the lawyer, who was well along in years, and very conservative. "But I think we have arranged everything for her will, and we shall be able to carry out her intentions."

The arrival of Moses put an end to the conversation, though there was nothing to be said after that. The lawyer had possession of the will. Paul insisted that Mr. Barr should take the money he had in his pocket, for he was miserably in the possession of such a sum. The lawyer was not afraid of it, and consented to take it, giving his receipt for it, to be accounted for to the legal guardian or trustee of Paul Munjoy.

Mr. Barr put the bundle of treasury notes into his inside vest pocket, and did not appear to be at all concerned at the largeness of the amount. Moses drove them to the cottage, and entered the parlor, where the Moscotts had taken possession. Mr. Barr never had any feeling in the transaction of business, and he shook hands with all of them, not even neglecting Claude.

Paul bowed politely, and even smilingly to the Moscotts; but the father and mother, in spite of the treaty of peace which had been solemnly ratified on the part of the son for them, looked angry at him, and he did not deem it wise to offer them his hand. Paul understood that Claude had made the treaty on his own account and for his own purposes.

Mr. Barr was as polite as it was possible for a gentleman to be at a school to be. He did not allude to the business that had brought him to Sparryte, and did not mention the will, or hint at what Paul had told him. He talked about Mrs. Munjoy and about Colonel Munjoy. He spoke in the highest terms of both of them, and dwelt upon the Christian character of the deceased lady. He told what she had done for the church, and in the interview, and mentioned some of her donations to charitable institutions in New York. But in spite of his pleasant remarks, Paul did not seem to be interested in the subject of his remarks.

The housekeeper called them to dinner at the usual early hour. Claude ate everything, but everybody except the lawyer and Paul was as stiff as a victim in the stocks. Mr. Barr kept up his pleasant conversation—pleasant to himself, if to no other person. He talked over with the utmost deliberation. But at last it was finished, to the great relief of the Moscotts. The party then adjourned to the parlor.

Mr. Barr took his black bag from the table. He pursed his lips, and did not even yet seem to be in any hurry. He looked about him, as he drew sundry documents from the bag, and arranged them on the table as though he was about to play a game of cards. Then he took the will and the letter of Mrs. Munjoy from his pocket.

"I did not expect to find you and your husband here," Mrs. Moscott said, as though I should have to appoint a place in New York for the reading of this will when it was found," the lawyer began, as though he expected pleasure for me to meet your family on this occasion."

"We came over to look after the business here," replied Mrs. Moscott, rather ungraciously. "I am glad to see you present, and I dare say my young friend Paul Munjoy is equally

CHAPTER XIX.

THE READING OF MRS. MUNJOY'S WILL.

CAPTAIN PORTBROOK and his daughter were between the two young men, and they could not help seeing, even at a distance, that Claude was greatly excited, and the shipmaster thought it would be prudent to be near them in case of any trouble. He told Paul that he was very rash to talk about the will and such matters with young Moscott.

"I am not at all afraid of him. He has been playing the losing game, and I wished him to understand," replied Paul, as he picked up the tin case which Claude had thrown down in disgust, and restored it to his game bag.

"Boys must learn to be prudent," added the captain, as he led the way back to the hotel. They did not go out of the house again until it was time for the train to arrive. Then they all went to the station. Moses was there with the team, as Paul had told him to be, and handed a telegram to him which had been sent up to the cottage. It simply informed him that Mr. Barr would come on the forenoon train.

