GOLDEN ARGOSY

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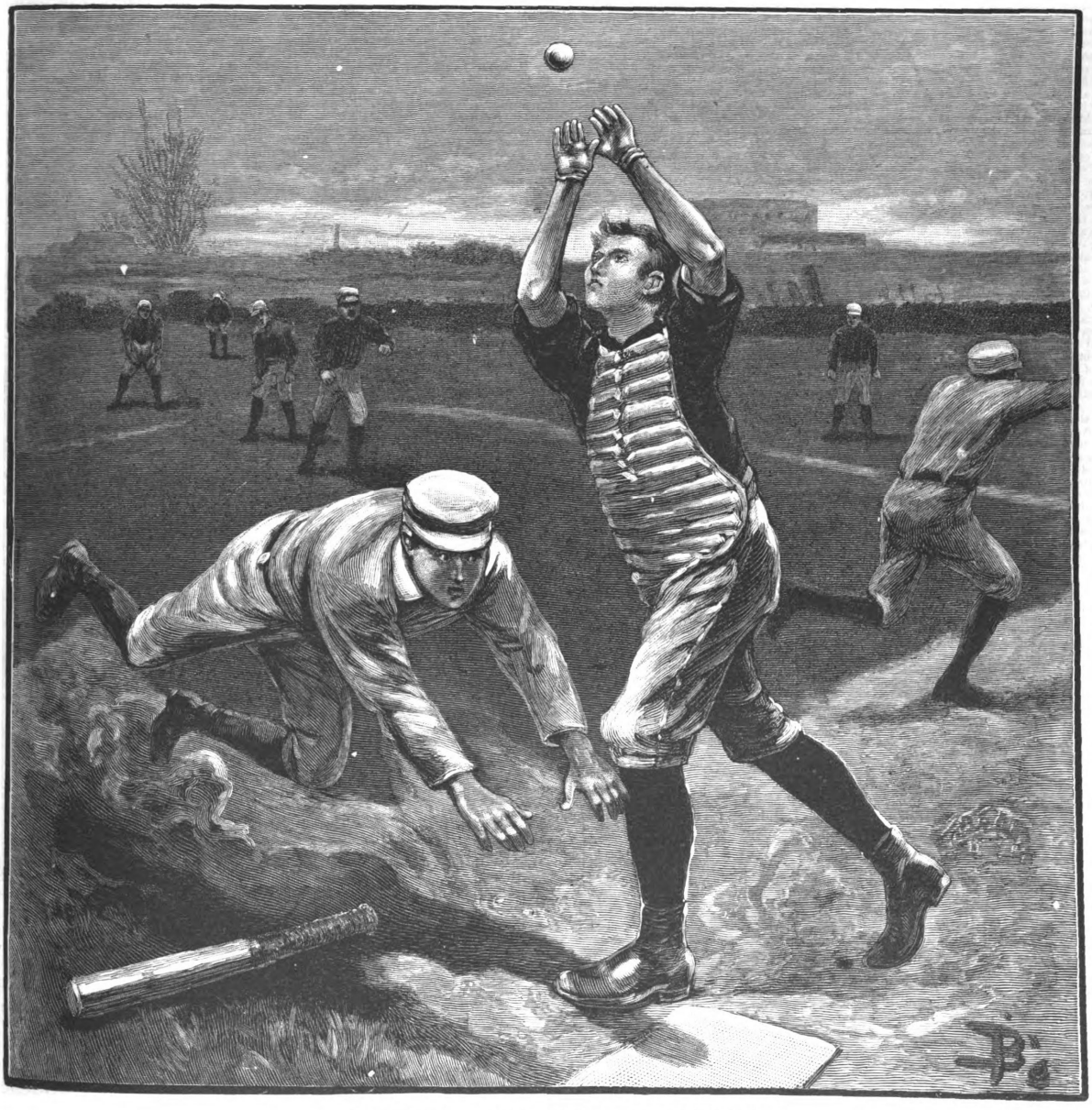

THE WINNING RUN

AN EXCITING CRISIS IN A GREAT BALL GAME—A REMARKABLE RUN FROM THIRD BASE—THE OPPOSING CAPTAIN'S TRICK—A BOLD PLUNGE FOR VICTORY.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

SPRING WINDS.

I HEARD the winds with unseen feet
Pass up the lone and weary street;
They sang, "We come from hill and glen
To touch the brows of toiling men,

That each may know and feel we bring
The first faint breathings of the spring,
To sweeten lane, and street, and square,
And lighten all the dusty air."

Thus sang the winds as up the street
They passed with heard, but unseen, feet;
And, as they went, a cloud above
Sent downward tears of spring and love.

The Winning Run.

A BASE BALL STORY.

BY W. D. MOFFAT.

"DO I play base ball? No, not now, though I wish I had the time to do so, but I used to play with all my heart and soul—'as this shall seem to signify.'"

And the speaker, turning his face so as to bring the firelight full upon it, traced with his finger a scar running from the top of his ear to his eyebrow—a slender red line it was, very like the mark made by spectacles.

There were three persons present. They had met by chance, caught in a heavy rain and compelled to seek common shelter for the night in a small country hotel. I was a bicyclist making the most of my spring vacation on the country roads of Massachusetts. The speaker had arrived but an hour or so before on horseback. It had been his intention, he said, to try to reach Springfield that night, but the heavy rain had driven him like myself to put up in this humble lodging house. It was a comfortable little place however on a night like this, and after finishing a very substantial dinner we had been enticed by the warm glow and sound of crackling wood, into the front room, where we found a gentleman already seated thoughtfully gazing into the flames. He was the only other guest besides ourselves and had arrived during the afternoon. Lighting our cigars and exchanging greetings with the quiet gentleman, we sat down to make the most of a long evening, a cosy fireside and our forced companionship. I was a Junior in college, full of sports, especially base ball and bicycling. Wishing to lighten the time with conversation, and finding both my companions older than myself—perhaps eight or ten years—I inferred from what I had seen of them that they might be college graduates, and opened the subject of athletics and out door sports. Bicycling, the first topic I touched upon, fell flat, and all the enthusiasm I could summon availed me nothing. The subject was of no interest to either of the two. Base ball, however, was a happier choice, and it was in answer to my question that my first acquaintance—whose name I learned was Harvey—made answer as above.

I leaned forward and examined the scar with much interest. The quiet gentleman on the other side of the fire glanced at it, but with apparent indifference.

"But how, may I ask, did base ball ever give you such a scar as that? It looks like the cut of a horse's hoof."

"The story is rather long," he answered, "but an interesting one and one I love to dwell upon. I am an enthusiast on the subject of base ball, and five or six years ago I thought more of playing ball than earning my living. As far as that goes, I might have earned my living by playing, for I had several generous offers from managers of professional teams during my college course."

"Ah, then you were a college man?"

"Yes, I am a graduate of P. and an ex member of the University nine—in fact I was captain of the nine in my Senior year."

The college which he mentioned, though not my own Alma Mater, was very familiar to me, and its record in base ball of the very highest. I gazed at the gentleman before me with growing respect. From a plain business man of a few minutes before he had become suddenly in my mind a hero—one of a long line of University captains upon whom my undergraduate eyes had been in the habit of looking with veneration; and upon whom had rested the responsibility of maintaining the base ball reputation of a large and influential college.

"I am greatly interested in learning the story of that scar. Will you relate it?" I asked.

"Nothing would please me better," he answered, "for the day I received that cut was the most eventful of my college life and one that I shall never forget as long as I live; and the exciting scene then enacted stands as vividly before me now as on the day it transpired. It is chiefly of a personal nature, but the incidents would be of the greatest interest to all lovers of base ball, so I trust it may help entertain you and, at all events, not prove tedious."

I was so eager for him to begin that I would have hastened to reassure him, but I was deterred by finding that his last remark was evidently intended for the quiet gentleman on my left. He in answer raised a pleasant but rather thoughtful face from the fire.

"I should like very much to hear the story," he said gravely, and his bearded face fell on his chest again and he resumed his study of the flames.

"Off we go then," said Mr. Harvey. And, addressing me especially, he began:

"You must know, as a college man, the long rivalry that has existed between our college and A. It is a traditional hatred on both sides and on entering P. I of course adopted implicitly the bitterest enmity for our foe. The event of the year had always been the series of three games of base ball between ourselves and the A. boys. These were contested alternately, one on their grounds and one on our own, and that the utmost fairness might be secured to both, the umpires were selected from the ranks of famous professional players. I gained a position on our University nine in Freshman year and during my first three years played short stop. Taking in account all the games between ourselves and A. college from the beginning, we were slightly in the lead in my Freshman year—not far ahead, however, for the games were very hotly contested and our representative nines always well matched. But during my Sophomore and Junior years we had suffered reverses and had allowed our opponents to tie us in the complete record of games. You may imagine then the excitement that prevailed on both sides in my Senior year when I was elected captain and it rested on my responsibility to decide whether we or our foes were to lead thereafter in the total record.

"Rest assured that I felt the whole weight of my duty and it added little to my ease of mind. I fear I did but little studying during the early spring as the eventful days of the contest drew near. Senior examination came in the middle of May, much earlier than the other classes, and these once over, my attention was entirely absorbed in the last week of preparation before the first of the decisive games. This was to take place on the last Saturday of May. The second game was always arranged for the Saturday following, and, if the colleges won a game apiece of these two, a third was played on the next Saturday to decide the tie. If no tie occurred, however, the third game was not played, so the nine that was defeated lost not only the championship for the year but also two games on the total record, without the chance to retrieve themselves by a victory on a third game.

"I felt great confidence in my nine. It was stronger than it had ever been during my college course, and I had trained it with the utmost care. There were many old players on it—fellows who had played side by side with me for three years. This is of course a rare advantage to a college team, as all base ballists know. My catcher, John Mason, was a whole nine in himself. I knew him like a book, and my courage always ran high when I saw him standing behind the bat as firm as a rock, taking in hot in curves and shaking them as if it pleased him better the swifter they came. I was in a position to appreciate John, for I had, on entering the captaincy, altered the positions somewhat, placing myself second base, where I felt I could do better service and could command my men better. John was as sure at throwing as at catching, and whenever a man started to run down from first base I always dived for my position with a feeling of perfect confidence, sure of finding that John had "placed" the ball at exactly the right spot. I feel a pride in saying that it was rare that an opponent stole a base on us.

"In my Senior year the first game took place on our grounds, and the last Saturday happened to fall on Decoration Day. There was therefore a very large assemblage of spectators. We met the A. boys at the train with carriages and saw them well cared for at the hotel, for I was determined that no accusation of lack of hospitality could be brought against us. My care, however, was unfortunately wasted in this direction, as the sequel will show. On entering the ball grounds our opponents were greeted by a round of applause, and I endeavored to establish among my fellow students a disposition to give them a fair show. I feared outbreaks, however, every moment, for bad behavior on the part of the crowds and display of bitter partisan spirit had become almost a habit. The opening of the game was favorable, but of the rest I am afraid I can boast little."

"Humph!" muttered the quiet gentleman on the other side of the fire. Mr. Harvey seemed encouraged by the first symptom of interest and continued:

"I will not describe this game at length, for it was not the decisive one, as you will see later. One incident, however, I must relate. We had been playing very closely with our scores almost a tie, the A. boys a run or so ahead. I was a trifle nervous on this account in spite of the splendid form in which our nine was playing, and was closely studying the motions of Hal Richards, the captain of the A. team and a phenomenal catcher He was an old player like myself, and we had long been opponents. Knowing each other by reputation at rival schools before either of us entered college, we had in our contests since Freshman year become especial foes. This feeling was of course increased by our being elected to rival captaincies in Senior year. He was the special dread of all our fellows, and we were in the habit of treating his words and actions with a marked respect that the bitterest feeling of enmity could not annul.

"At this point of the game, therefore, I was rendered still more uneasy by the sight of Richards's teeth shining through his mask in a smile of confidence which I had occasionally seen before and had always regarded as ominous.

Tom Loring was at the bat, and like a good fellow secured his base on a clean safe hit. On the first ball pitched after reaching his base, he started down to steal second base. I stood aghast at his temerity, but had no time to stop him. Now came the event of the game: The A. second base man, named Graves, was standing directly in Tom's way and showed a determined disposition to stay there. This interference was a favorite trick of Graves, and we had repeatedly warned him from it, but to no avail. Well, Tom swerved neither to right nor left, but plunged with his full force straight into him, knocked him flat in an instant, ran over him and reached his base. Graves making no move to rise, time was called, and it was found that he was insensible. He was taken into the club house, and a physician being called, an examination revealed the fact that the poor fellow had a broken rib. Every attention was given him, and I must say I was heartily sorry and ashamed that the accident should have occurred on our grounds.

"You may picture however the dispute that was raised. The A. men wanted everything. They insisted that Tom should be ruled out, or the game considered forfeit; they claimed that it was an act of wanton brutality, and in fact as many wild things as they could think of. My feelings were much in sympathy with the wounded man, but I was there to represent the interests of our nine. I knew that Tom had acted very rashly, but I felt compelled to present a fair statement of our side to the umpire. I reminded him that Graves had been repeatedly warned, that he had neglected every word, however, and had placed himself directly in Tom's way for the purpose of interference—and in fact so Graves confessed afterwards—and that in order to avoid running into him Tom would have been compelled to run out of his line, which was contrary to rules; in short, that the right of way was Tom's and Graves had usurped it.

"The umpire decided in our favor and the game was again called with a substitute in Graves's place. It was plain to see, however, that the spirit had gone out of our opponents. Discouragement showed itself on every face and they became an easy prey. The smile had died from the face of Hal Richards and a very ugly expression had taken its place. Well, we beat that game, but I wasn't proud of it. There was a bitter pill in the cup. I felt dissatisfied with the outcome of it, especially as I knew by the expressions I overheard from the A. boys that a warm reception would be in store for us on our visit to their grounds on the following Saturday. I endeavored to make my peace with one or two of them, but with no success. Sullen silence was all that greeted my words of sympathy. Hal Richards I got no glimpse of after the game. He took an early train home with Graves and it has been my suspicion since that he did so especially to carry his own version of the story to his college mates. I think now that this was unfair to him, but our treatment at A. the next week seemed at that time to warrant such a belief.

"The Saturday following was a model day for base ball, and we had started from P. on Friday night under favorable auspices and in good spirits. Our very arrival at A., however, was ominous. Not a single student met us at the depot. We were only half surprised, however, for we expected a cold reception; but I must say we were not prepared for the greeting we received on entering the grounds. A number of groans were heard and a few cries of "Which is Loring?" sufficed to show not only the general disposition of the crowd, but also that poor Tom was in for a full share of unenviable appreciation. Well, sir, that game was played in a regular bedlam. My recollection of it is partly lost in a confused roar of voices raised in all sorts of bad expressions; in fact I can't recall it without experiencing a wild feeling of excitement. The first part of the game I couldn't begin to describe. Our boys went doggedly to work trying to deafen ourselves to the shouting and personal abuse of the crowd and to keep cool during it all. I can't forget how steady and firm old John Mason was, and it did my heart good to see him coolly slobber his catching gloves over as usual to make them pliable, and stick to the balls like a hero as if there wasn't a sound in the air.

"But Tom Loring was the '*favorite*.' If he had wantonly murdered Graves I hardly see how more fuss could have been made. Whatever move he made was accompanied by such pleasant comments as 'Run him down!' 'Trample on him!' 'Did you bring your ribs with you, Loring?' and so on. Whenever he stepped to the bat some one would rise and propose three groans for 'Loring the *snob*,' or some other such endearing term. Our boys held together nobly, however, and we kept the score tie, 4 to 4, right through until the seventh inning, the fatal one as usual.

I had protested against the uproar, but without success. Those members of the A. team whom I approached made mock endeavors to quiet the crowd, but it seemed only to feed the flame, so I gave up the appeal and told our fellows to set themselves firmly and fight it out; that even if we got beaten, we had still a game left in which to retrieve ourselves.

"In the seventh inning Tom had reached second base by good running and attempted to steal to third base. He would probably have gotten there had not the crowd started a cry, and Hal Richards, seeing what Tom was at, threw the ball to third base to cut him off. As Tom fell on his side and tried to slide in, a few cries of "jump on him" were heard, and as Tom's feet touched the base, after one of the prettiest slides I ever saw, I could hardly believe my eyes when they beheld the third base man deliberately jump up in the air and come down heavily with his spiked shoes on Tom's ankle.

"There was a hush over the field and we could hear Tom's cry of pain; then the umpire called time. It was a case of sprained ankle, and the umpire, though a disinterested spectator as far as the two nines were concerned, was aroused to a considerable degree of indignation at so palpable an act of brutality.

"He ruled the third base man out without hesitation when I appealed to him, but after all what good was that? We had lost Tom, one of our very strongest men, and from that point on till the end of the game my blood fairly boiled. I felt as if I could maim two or three men just for fun.

"But spare description; suffice it to say that I was nearly beside myself and I set my teeth hard to win that game or break something.

"While we were disputing with the umpire we were suddenly disturbed by voices behind us, and turning around, a strange scene met our eyes. Tom Loring, with a little assistance, had limped over until he stood in front of the grand stand and close to the front rows. He was of course greatly disabled but spunky as ever, and at this moment reckless of consequences. Standing alone, he raised his voice and called out:

"'I am done with this game now, but not with you yet. I have got one thing to say. If the men who have insulted me today will step down from the stand and meet me here I am ready for them and can thrash any number of such cowards on one leg, so come on!'

"I immediately hastened over to Tom, thinking he must have gone crazy, but it was unnecessary, it seems, for his display of pluck in his utter helplessness could not help arousing admiration in the minds of the more generous, and it even secured for him some faint applause. Finding no one responded to his general challenge, Tom was assisted to one of our carriages and was driven off.

"The rest of that game was one desperate tug. We had won a certain amount of respect in the crowd by what had transpired; at least enough to secure fair treatment. Each side made one run in the ninth inning, and hence the game had to be continued into extra innings with the score 5 to 5.

"And now comes the eleventh inning and the last of all. We had blanked our opponents at the bat, and went in for our half of the inning amidst the most intense excitement. 'Now or never,' I breathed to myself.

"The outlook, however, was not favorable. Our first two men were put out promptly, accompanied by roars of exultation. It was then my turn at the bat. I went up slowly and without the slightest feeling of nervousness; in fact I never have been nervous at the bat, and I felt confident of being able to manage the pitcher I was to face. *Zip!* in came the ball with a good out curve and the umpire called 'one strike.'

"This rather unnerved me and I struck wildly at the next ball. 'Two strikes,' said the umpire with as little feeling as a machine. Then I took a firmer grip of my bat, set my teeth hard, and thought of Tom. As luck would have it, the pitcher sent me one of his slow out curves, and he foolishly placed it almost fairly over the plate.

"I saw it coming, judged it accurately; 'here is my chance,' thought I, and I put all my strength into one blow. 'Bang!' and the ball went on a dead line about sixty feet high away out to the line of carriages back of the center and I reached second base amidst an eloquent silence on the part of the grand stand. I should have been able to reach third base but the ball hit a carriage and bounded back. I can't help thinking that if the carriage hadn't been there that ball would have been going yet. But it was useless to bemoan my hard luck and I lay warily near second base, waiting for John Mason, who now went to the bat.

"'Oh, John, hit if you never hit before!' I almost prayed. John was a heavy hitter, but not regular, and I felt that it would be rare luck if he brought me home. But the truth was, John fully realized his responsibility and was calmly determined to do his duty if it could be done. He struck the first ball, and, as usual for him, good and hard—a low line hit to the left fielder. Here was my only chance for victory, and off I dashed ducking down my head and stretching my legs to their utmost.

"I flew to third base and started in to risk my chances of reaching home and securing the winning run. Such a moment of excitement had never been experienced before on those grounds.

"The crowd breathlessly watched the movements of the left fielder as he secured the ball on the roll and returned it with all his force, endeavoring to cut me off before I could reach the home plate. The silence was such that the sound of my feet striking the hard ground rang out distinctly over the whole expanse of the field.

"I had gotten but half way, however, when it seemed as if all would be lost—as if the cup of victory I was longing to taste would be dashed away from my very lips. It seemed as if I could hear the incoming ball whistling close behind me.

"In front I saw Hal Richards standing at the home plate, his mask off, a set hard expression on his face and that same wicked, sneering curve of the mouth. I thought I could detect a gleam of exultation as he held up his hands to capture the ball and moved slightly forward from the base, thus bringing himself almost directly in my path.

"'Is this another trick of interference?' flashed across my mind for an instant. My blood was up. My college reputation was at stake. I had determined to win that game at all personal risk, and at the moment I saw this attempt of Richards, my temper flashed up and I made up my mind that I would reach that home plate

dead or alive—and if I got there in safety I would bring Hal Richards to speedy account for his palpable attempt to throw me out. Just at that instant the ball whirled past me toward Richards, so reckless of everything, I gave a leap and plunged forward toward the home plate head foremost.

"I struck Richards full on the hip with my shoulder in passing, hurling him to one side, spinning him around, and—may I never cease to be thankful!—compelling him to drop the ball. I struck the home plate with my head as I fell. I felt a numbing blow on the side of my face as my head met the plate; I heard a confusion of noises growing less and less distinct, and then all was blank.

"I experienced a dim sense of suffering for some time afterwards, and when I fully recovered consciousness it was some ten days afterwards. The blow had caused a touch of brain fever, and I had a rather severe spell of sickness. My well trained system, however, fought it off bravely, and I got back to P. in time for a glorious triumph at college commencement.

"The day of the game was a chapter of accidents. They told me that the blow I gave Hal Richards threw him off his balance, so that he misjudged the ball, and broke one of his fingers. If he did, he deserved it well, I know. For my part, I don't believe he broke a finger. It was probably a good excuse for his failure in holding the ball——"

"It was not an excuse!" said a quiet voice.

We both started. Harvey leaned forward and gazed in astonishment at the gentleman opposite. "What—what is that you say?" he managed to get out at last.

"It was not an excuse, I say, for there is the finger." And the quiet gentleman, raising his left hand, showed a distorted little finger sharply outlined against the flickering firelight. His face was now full of animation. Harvey and he gazed intently at one another a moment, and both rose.

"Hal Richards!" cried Harvey, amazed.

"Well, Dick Harvey, I have enjoyed your story, and am glad I heard it. It makes me think the more of you. But there are corrections to be made——"

"One moment!" burst out Harvey. "I have never seen you since that day, Hal Richards, and now my question must first be answered. Time has cooled much of my feeling, but I still retain some personal resentment for the injury I sustained, and I want you to answer me this: Was that action of yours intended? Were you purposely endeavoring to trip me that day? If so, I have but one thing to say; if not, speak out and say so, and I owe you an apology for the grudge I have borne you."

A dead silence—then:

"It was *not* done purposely," said Richards. "I was totally unaware that I was interfering with you. My attention was solely engaged with the ball, so you owe me an apology, indeed—but one moment! We are quits, for I owe you one. You accused me of carrying exaggerated accounts of our first game back to A. You were right. I fear I inflamed the minds of my fellow students with much more than the truth. But it has all gone by now. You won your victory, and you deserved it, for you fought nobly. Those old issues are now dead. My apology then, Dick Harvey, and my hand."

With a hearty laugh at the odd situation, Harvey hastened across the hearth, and the two old foes, so curiously brought together, warmly clasped hands in the genial grip of friendship.

JOKES ON THE GRIPS.

We do not mean men who manage cable cars or members of a secret association, but an organization of mechanics and scene shifters, concerning which the New York *World* not long ago printed an interesting article.

We quote an anecdote or two told the reporter by some of the "grips":

"Did you ever hear of how old Hunt took a peep at a row in the gallery one night while he was working the moon box? There was a moonlight set on the stage, and Hunt was attending to the working of the moon. The moon was supposed to rise. It did rise. But when it got half way up, a fight broke out in the gallery among the boys. For a time it was very noisy. Hunt heard the row. The house was all excitement, and Hunt, not being able to restrain his curiosity any longer, opened the disc of the moon to take a peep at what was going on in front. Some urchin in the gallery got a sight of Hunt's phiz, and yelled out: 'Stag the old man in the moon, cullies.' That settled the fight—the boys turned towards the stage. It put a stop to the row, but it also ended the scene. Hunt wasn't seen about the theater for a week or two afterwards."

Jim Bowers, at one time stage carpenter of the old Bowery, distinguished himself on one occasion by walking off the stage with a sinking ship. During a scene in which the vessel was the principal feature, Jim was working it. It was a great success. The scene, however, was extended longer than usual, and Jim, mistaking a music cue, and believing the curtain was down, rose, like Neptune, from out the water with the property ship under his arm, and walked off the stage to the intense delight of a crowded house, who loudly applauded this strikingly unique scenic incident.

HIS WORD VERIFIED.

BALDER—"I thought you said this mixture would make my hair come out quickly, and it seems I'm getting balder and balder."

BARBER—"Well, isn't your hair coming out?"

MY PANSIES.

O, HERE is one in a purple hat
And a robe of violet silk!
This little fellow is all in yellow,
And that one white as milk:
Dancing high and dancing low,
Just as the breezes come and go,
Dear little spring time beauties, O!

One is dressed in velvety black,
And one has a crimson gown;
This little maid is in blue arrayed,
And that in golden brown:
Dancing high and dancing low,
Just as the breezes come and go,
Dear little spring time beauties, O!

One has a critical, earnest look,
And one is wofully sad—
My pansies wise with their dusky eyes
And faces grave or glad!
Dancing high and dancing low,
Just as the heavenly breezes blow;
Dear little thoughtful beauties, O!

—[*American Magazine.*

[*This story commenced in No. 275.*]

Three Thirty Three;

OR,

ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "Eric Dane," "The Heir to Whitecap," "The Denford Boys," etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A NEW ISSUE.

ON reaching the smoker, which was warmed by nothing save the burning cigar ends of three or four lovers of the weed, who preferred to endure the low temperature rather than forego the habit to which they had become slaves, Arthur touched the sleeve of his quondam friend with the blonde mustache.

"And you really think we are rascals?" he said interrogatively.

"What else am I to think?" was the reply, with a shrug of the shoulders. "When there was but one charge against you, I was quite ready to take your part, as I did, thinking I could trust your faces and general bearing. Besides, if this episode in your night's adventures which this gentleman has just narrated to us was 'all straight,' as the saying is, why didn't you make mention of it? No, I feel a sense of responsibility in regard to you two fellows that will not become reconciled with duty until I have so arranged it that you are kept separate from the other passengers. So I have brought you here until we can convince Mr. Beaver that we have made a mistake and are ready to restore you to his keeping."

"But can't you see that that affair at Mr. Ericsson's last night was only an unfortunate blunder?" burst forth Arthur. "One of the young ladies was frightened, thought she heard burglars, and we were only acting the part of protectors when we treated the intruder so roughly in the dark."

"But what business had you in my house at all, you young vagabonds?" fiercely broke in Mr. Ericsson. "What would two fellows like you want coming up to this part of the country this time of year any way, unless it was plunder? Now," turning to the young man in brown, "if you will go and see about delivering them over to the man you speak of, I will guarantee that they do not get away while you are gone."

The others then departed, leaving the chums in company with Mabel's father and the smokers, who had gathered around them in ill concealed wonder. Mr. Ericsson forthwith began to expatiate to the latter on the enormity of the crimes of which these two very young villains already stood convicted, while Allan an Arthur looked at one another with troubled eyes.

"Art, it isn't fair, I can't make it right, that you should bear all this for me," Allan pressed close to him to whisper, as they sank into a seat in the unsavory atmosphere near the door. "What if you should meet any of these people afterwards in society?"

"What if you should? Where's the difference, old man?" answered Seymour characteristically.

"Oh, it's different with me."

"How so, I should like to know?"

"Well, I'm—I've grown used to being talked about in the last few days."

"But as you seem to mind it more than I do, I don't see why I can't stand some of it along with you. Besides, what are friends good for any way if it isn't to stand by one another in scrapes? But here comes the ex champion of our rights back again, and Beaver with him."

From the conversation of the party the boys gathered that they had finally managed to attract the attention of the plaintiff in the late trial, and succeeded in making a "deal" with him. That is, they agreed to return him his prisoners in exchange for dinner.

And now he had come to reclaim his prey, malicious triumph gleaming in his eyes, and wearing the very overcoat from which Arthur had extracted the crumpled scrap of paper bearing the name "Charles Oppenheim."

The sight of this coat inspired Arthur with an idea that sent his heart up into his throat for a minute.

Beaver was being introduced to Mr. Ericsson, who had already entered upon an extended account of his persecution for the benefit of this new auditor. The blonde young man, having heard it all before, looked rather bored, and stood on one side with his hands in his pockets and his heels beating a tattoo of chilled impatience on the car floor. Arthur beckoned to him.

"Will you do us a final favor?" he asked, when the handsome fellow had come up to inquire what was wanted.

"Umph. Depends upon what it is," was the non committal response. "The fact is, you've twisted me about your finger once, young man, so I suppose I ought to fight shy of your allurements now. But fire away; I'll listen."

Arthur put his hand in his vest pocket and drew forth the scrap already described.

"You see this," he said, taking advantage of the fact that Beaver's back was turned to spread the paper out for the other's inspection. "Well, I will place it carelessly on my knee or somewhere where Beaver can see it, and I want you to note the effect."

"But, Arthur," Allan here interposed, "what if he gets hold of the paper and destroys it? Think how much depends upon our retaining this bit of evidence."

"That's so, I'd forgotten about that," assented Seymour. "Perhaps we'd better not risk it."

At that instant Beaver succeeded in breaking away from Mr. Ericsson, and came towards them. He caught sight of the scrap of paper before Arthur had a chance to conceal it, plunged a hand into his overcoat pocket, and then made a dash forward. But Seymour, inspired with a sense of devotion to his chum's interests, was too quick for him.

Springing to his feet and turning as if on a pivot, he bounded out on the car platform.

But Beaver and all the rest were right after him. Where should he run to?

If he kept on through the cars he was sure to be caught before he got to the end of the train, for some of the passengers in the sleeper would stop him. Then, to make off through the tunnel in the snow was only to bring up in the very camp of the enemy.

But Beaver must not get hold of that scrap. It was his (Arthur's) fault that he had seen it, and it therefore devolved upon him, at whatever risk to himself, to secure it from destruction, for to tear or burn this damaging bit of evidence would most surely be Beaver's first act on regaining possession of it.

All these thoughts swept through Arthur's mind in the solitary instant it took him to reach the platform. One glance on either hand, and his resolve was taken.

"Whether it separates me from Al or not, no matter," he decided. "Perhaps he can get on better without me along to blunder him into scrapes. Of course I may sink, but I must risk that. It ought to be cold enough to have frozen a crust by this time, and I'll run so fast that I won't give myself time to break through. Then I only weigh 120."

All this in one instant; the next he had struck off across the top of the snow bank that lay even with the platform of the smoker on the side farthest from the Bendermans' and Ericssons'.

As he had hoped, a slight crust had already formed, and his light weight and swift pace only permitted him to sink a few inches into the snow.

He had managed his escape so adroitly, striking off before the first of his pursuers had reached the door, and then shaping his course so that he would be concealed by the next car, that it was naturally supposed that he had run on through the train. It was not until Bert Merrill in the sleeper called attention to a figure scudding over the snow, already several hundred yards away, that the truth was discovered.

"I'll catch him," cried Beaver, and turning quickly, he rushed towards the door.

But he was a heavy man, and instead of stepping lightly from the platform to the snow bank, he launched himself with a spring that of course sent him through the thin crust several feet into the soft mass. There he floundered, calling alternately for help, and for some one else to engage in the pursuit.

But no one else had as much reason to recapture the fleet footed Seymour as he had, and besides, the snow bound passengers had so little variety in their imprisonment that none were disposed to forego the fun of seeing Beaver extricated from his plight for the sake of running the risk of getting into a worse one.

The majority of them crowded to the platforms and windows to laugh unrestrainedly at the ludicrous spectacle of a wrathful man sputtering waist deep in a pile of snow, his every effort to flounder out only sending him deeper in, while the few who attempted to assist him but added to the fun.

"Here, my friend, reach me your hand," called out the man with the fur trimmed coat, gallantly coming to the rescue of his late client.

He stood on the extreme edge of the platform, and gripping one hand tightly on the rail of the car, reached the other out towards Beaver.

But the latter was just out of range.

"Here, take hold of me instead of that rail, and then you can lean out further," suggested the blonde young man, adding to several behind him: "Here, you fellows, hold on to me, and make a sort of cue that will twist around inside the car. Now, try it."

This ingenious attempt bade fair to be successful, but was frustrated, and a wholesale overthrow precipitated by the excessive politeness of one of the participators, a young "drummer," who was stationed just inside the door.

Miss Merrill had hurried down the aisle to see what was going on, and found her way blocked by the young man in question. Not noticing the important service in which he was engaged, she smiled sweetly, and said: "Will you please let me pass?"

Forgetful of all else but chivalry to the fair sex, the drummer said "certainly," and releasing for an instant his hold on the next man in front, stepped aside.

One cry, quickly muffled arose, and then there were four men in the drift instead of one, and by the time they had been fished out by dint of crawling over one another's backs, Arthur was out of sight.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AT THE FARMHOUSE.

MEANWHILE how fared Arthur? Once only did he take time to look behind him, and that was when he heard the shout of laughter that marked Beaver's plunge into the drift.

"That saves me," he muttered, with a triumphant smile.

But he did not dare rest on his laurels, or in other words, stop. He feared that to do so would be to bring upon himself the calamity that had already overtaken his would be pursuer.

Where should he go, however? He could not keep his swift pace up indefinitely, and besides, his ears were beginning to tingle with the cold. His course was evidently taking him further away from the village, and yet he dared not double on his tracks for fear of putting himself in the way of Beaver.

But the only thing ahead of him seemed to be a waste of snow, some scattered, barren trees, and—yes, there was certainly a column of smoke slowly curling heavenward over a slight rise of ground some eighth of a mile off to the left.

"I've got to make for that," Arthur told himself. "I must have all of ten dollars in my pocketbook, so I can afford to buy my way if they hesitate about taking another mouth to feed."

But, as may be imagined, he was pretty well tired out by this time, and his progress became slower and slower.

"But if I drop here I'm a goner," he reflected, and trying to fortify his courage with thoughts divided between Longfellow's "Excelsior" and that Oppenheim scrap, he pushed on.

At last he came in sight of the farmhouse from which the smoke emanated. It was a generous sized structure, with barns and outbuildings occupying even greater space in the good old fashioned way.

And as Arthur drew closer, he noticed a network of paths or tunnels shoveled through the snow, one to the stable, another to the chicken house, a third to the pig pen, and a well built, ruddy cheeked boy was working lustily away at another one, when Arthur shouted "Hello, there!" and promptly tumbled in a limp heap in front of him.

"Jemimy Ann!" exclaimed the boy, dropping his shovel and bending over Seymour in a hesitating sort of way, as though fearful that he might have descended from some other planet and prove somewhat dangerous. "Where on earth did you come from?"

"Earth! I'd like to see a bit of it," replied Arthur, who was not far enough gone to lose his spirit of fun. Then taking the hands the other had reached out to him, he pulled himself up to a sitting position, with his back braced against the smooth side of the tunnel the muscular young farmer's boy had just spaded out.

"I say, can you take me as a boarder at your house here for a few days?" Seymour went on, having now regained his breath.

"Come on in the house and see pop," was the answer. "You come from the city didn't you now?" and the boy's eyes rested on Arthur's cape coat and brown gaiters with a critical air.

"I did once, but it seems so long ago that I've almost forgotten it. Here, will you lend me a shoulder, please?"

Seymour's strength had quite evaporated, and the sturdy young shoveler was obliged to half carry him into the house.

"Heavens and airth, George, I want to know! What have you got there?"

A motherly looking woman, with an egg beater in one hand and a yellow bowl in the other, sank back in amazement on one of the kitchen chairs as her son entered with his strange burden.

"Don't be scared, ma'am," said Arthur. "I've been brought in this way, only a little worse, once before today, and if the attacks keep diminishing in this style, they'll pass off quite harmlessly after a while."

"Mercy on us, the poor boy's out of his head! Run, Ruth, and get the book and see what it says. And, George, you bring him right along into the sittin' room, and put him on the sofa."

Now, as nothing further was the matter with Arthur than over exertion and a clamoring appetite, he viewed these preparations with inward dismay.

"And they've just had dinner!" he sighed to himself, his eye falling on the dish pan over which Ruth had been engaged.

But George was already leading him off into the front room, into which the afternoon sun

streamed with cheerful beams, bringing into strong relief the chromos on the walls, and an immense painting of Ruth in a dark green frock with a light yellow kitten in her arms.

The sofa, covered with gay patterned chintz, looked so inviting that Arthur decided not to protest until he had enjoyed its comfort for a moment or two, and he threw himself down on it with a sigh of relief and a little triumphant pat over his left hand vest pocket where the scrap of paper Beaver wanted so badly still reposed in safety.

"My laws!" ejaculated George's mother, noting this gesture. "The poor boy must have heart trouble. Ruth, Ruth," lifting her voice, "hurry down with that book!"

"There, how do you feel now?" asked George, as he lifted Arthur's feet and placed them on the lounge.

"Prime," answered Seymour. "I'll be all O. K. and ready for my dinner in a jiffy."

Ruth entered at this moment with a book and a small, square pasteboard box. Arthur shuddered as he heard the rattle of bottles in the latter.

George slipped out of the room, and his mother began to turn over the leaves of the book with great eagerness.

"Emotions of the mind!" she murmured; "that's the nearest I can come to it in the index. Now let me see. 'Bad effects of fright!' I wonder if he has been scared by anything. Or here it is on the other page. 'Bad effects of passion or anger!' Umph! Ruth, let me look in the box. Yes, we're all out of chamomilla, just as I expected. But here's aconite; that's for the fright effects. Young man," she added, approaching the sofa with a small bottle of white pellets in her hand, "have you had any great fright lately?"

Arthur looked up at her with eyes out of which he tried hard to keep the twinkle, and answered gravely: "Yes, ma'am, I have."

"What is it?" And the excited lady began to count out six pellets into the palm of her hand.

"I'm afraid I've come too late for dinner, and I'm as hungry as an elephant," answered Arthur, meekly.

George's mother paused in the act of measuring out the dose, looked steadily at her patient, and then turned to Ruth with the exclamation: "My lands! He's just starved—that's what's the matter with him!" And, putting down box and book on the first chair she passed, the good housewife hurried to the kitchen, nearly colliding with George in the doorway, who was coming in, bearing a huge slice of pumpkin pie.

Arthur did not in the least object to beginning his meal wrong end foremost, and by the time the pie was gone, was quite ready for the bread and molasses which Ruth brought him; nor did this take his appetite away for the bowl of chicken broth which Ruth's mother, a little later, insisted upon feeding him with her own hands.

But by this time the head of the house had come in from the barn, and to him Arthur gave an account of himself, stating that he had walked over the drifts from a snow bound train, and had found it a little too much for him.

Many questions were put to him regarding the attitude of the rest of the passengers towards their detention, what the food prospects with them were, and whether any of them were likely to follow his example.

"I hope not," said Arthur, promptly, in reply to the last query; then, realizing that perhaps this might be construed into an ungrateful reflection on the reception he had met with, he hastened to add: "They may not be so fortunate as to fall into such good hands as I have."

"Here comes somebody now," announced Ruth, who had been looking out of the window. "He's on snowshoes, I guess."

"It's Ericsson," said Arthur to himself. "Beaver must have got him to come out after me. If he comes here I'm afraid there'll be a circus. But I won't give up that scrap."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

GEORGE flew to the door to be on hand in case this newcomer should need his assistance in the same manner as their first visitor had, while Arthur racked his brain for some scheme whereby he could keep his presence from coming to the knowledge of Mr. Ericsson, without, at the same time, awakening the suspicions of the farmer and his family.

"Al can take care of himself," he argued. "I know he's got at least as much money about him as I have, and the chance of recovering our satchel besides. If I can only get this George or his father to drive us to some town in a sleigh, where I can telegraph father, I think I might be able to get a noose, so to speak, around Beaver's neck before that train is dug out. But that Ericsson may spoil it all for me."

His rest and his back handed dinner had made a new boy of him. So getting up from the lounge, he went across to the window and looked over Ruth's head to see how far away the snowshoer was.

"I might just have time to do it," he said to himself after one glance.

The others were all absorbed in watching the advancing stranger, for in such deep snows, every new face is a source of deepest interest.

Turning quietly away, Arthur took up his hat and coat, and stole softly out towards the kitchen. The shovel which George had been wielding when our friend first made his acquaintance, stood by the outer door of this apartment, and taking up this, Arthur hurried outside, crouching down so that his hat should not be visible above the sides of the cut.

Turning off into the path that led to the chicken house, he hastened down this half way to its terminus, and then began to dig away into the snow bank.

Cutting out great square blocks of snow, in the way he had seen George do, he placed them behind him in the path, and in the course of ten minutes had quite a respectable hole dug in the side of the tunnel.

"If I could only get in there and stay out here too to throw this snow back again," he sighed.

As this was manifestly impossible, he crawled in, dragging the shovel after him, and then began hauling in the snow to form a barricade as best he could.

It was slow work, and he had not half finished when he heard Mr. Ericsson's voice, almost over his head.

"It would be a go if he should break through on me," he muttered.

"Have you seen anything of a young fellow, about seventeen, with light hair and a bang on his forehead?"

This was the question Arthur heard Mr. Ericsson ask somebody, evidently George.

"Yes, he's in our house now," was the latter's prompt reply. "Did you come from the snow bound train? Why, it's—you are Mr. Ericsson, aren't you, sir?"

"Yes, and your father's name is Patton, isn't it?"

"Yes, and I'm George."

"Well, George, just help me off with these shoes so I can get in the house as quickly as possible. I suppose you don't know that the nice looking young man you are harboring is an unmitigated scoundrel?"

Arthur blushed all by himself in the snow bank to hear himself thus described.

"It's almost worth being hounded this way," he laughed, "to learn this frank opinion of one's personal charms."

But the conversation still continued, presumably while George was struggling with Mr. Ericsson's snow shoes, and the next thing Arthur heard was the former's amazed exclamation: "You don't say so, Mr. Ericsson! Why, what has he done?"

"Gave me this for one thing," and the listener could see in his mind's eye the martyred air with which the victim of the previous night's blunder laid his hand on the strip of court plaster upon his cheek.

"Why, did you have a fight?" asked the practical minded George.

"No, he and another one of the same stamp tried to rob my house last night."

George's reception of this announcement was lost to the eavesdropper, for the two had now moved off in the direction of the house.

"Well, my worst fears are realized, as the old time heroines used to say," reflected Arthur. "It does beat all the way the other side always succeeds in getting in its story before we do. Still, if I had told the Pattons mine, they wouldn't have believed it after their fellow townsman came along and told another one. Wonder if they'll search the house from garret to cellar for me? Great Scott, though! I forgot they can tell I haven't got away by looking for tracks in the snow. Now's my chance, while they're all in the house, to come the Indian strategy game over them."

Quickly breaking his way through the snowy barrier he had piled up, Arthur ran back a few paces in the tunnel towards the house until he came to a comparatively low spot.

Here he scrambled out, and essayed to repeat his surface skimming feat of an hour before, his idea being to go off several hundred yards, then *walk backward in the same footsteps*, in the hope that his pursuers would imagine that beyond a certain point the snow had failed to take the imprint of his shoes, and would therefore keep on in that direction.

"It is but a forlorn hope, though," he acknowledged to himself as he endeavored to clamber out of the cut and get a start.

As it turned out, he was not permitted to test even this, for he soon found that the snow broke before him at every effort he made to gain its surface, and he was still struggling desperately to win a foothold, when he heard voices once more.

He tried to back out and retreat to his covert near the chicken house, but for the moment he was stuck fast in the drift.

(*To be continued.*)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. *He can get you any number you may want.*

A DEMAND FOR AUTOMATIC MOVEMENT.

IN spite of its terrors and the deprivations it engendered, the big Eastern snow storm had its funny side, or rather its victims in many cases gave it one. The *Evening Telegram* credits the following bright bit to Springfield, Massachusetts:

"The best blizzard joke I have heard," said a man who was four days on the road from Boston, "was the placard put on our train at Springfield. We had been stuck fast for three days, and got out of the sleeping car on Thursday morning to find it labeled as follows:

DROP IN A NICKEL AND SEE THE TRAIN MOVE.

It is needless to add that we would have contributed many nickels to see the feat accomplished.

OLD FRIEND NEVERFAIL.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I LIKE to strike the man I owe the same time I can pay,
And take back things I've borried, and su'prise folks thataway;
I like a man that likes the pore and he'ps 'em when he can;
I like to meet a ragged tramp 'at's still a gentleman;
But most I like—with you, my boy—our old friend Neverfail,
When he wags yer hand as honest as an old dog wags his tail.

HOW ACTING IS TAUGHT.

THE ARGOSY has of late received several queries from its readers on the subject of a school for acting. Great actors are "few and far between" and to be an actor and not a great one is to elect oneself to a career that demands much and gives but little in return. For unlike an author or musician, an actor cannot hope to receive an income from his art after he has grown too old to actively engage in it, so that, unless he be a Booth, Jefferson or Gilbert, and able to command a salary large enough to admit of laying aside part of it for the rainy day, his declining years are apt to be very bitter ones.

But aside from this, acting, though seemingly so easy, is one of the most difficult of callings, and in order to convince our readers of this fact we herewith print an extract from an article on the New York School of Acting that appeared not long ago in the *Mail and Express*. A reporter was detailed to pay a visit to the school, which is situated in the Lyceum Theater building, on Fourth Avenue, just above Twenty Third Street, New York, and here is his experience.

We are in a miniature theater next to the roof. It has a toy stage at one end, several rows of movable chairs in the auditorium, footlights suspended in mid air, between the stage and the flies, and two wings which fade out of sight beneath the folds of two capacious curtains. A clatter of tongues comes from ten young men and ten young women, aided by one lone instructor, who is endeavoring to bring order out of a most bewildering and deafening vocal chaos.

If it were not for the theatrical surroundings, it would be hard to realize that we are confronting a group of budding Thespians. The young women have nothing in their appearance to indicate their calling. They are all talking at once in a most unprofessional way, and with a freedom and abandon which bear as little comparison to posing as can be imagined. With the young men it is different. There is something constrained in their attitudes. Their gestures are made with a certain forethought, and their facial expressions evidence their self consciousness, which is emphasized by the studied tones of their voices. It is harder for men to forget themselves than for women. The girls lose themselves in their parts with twice the readiness of the male students. Why this is so, we cannot say. But so it is.

"Will you please come to order?"

This is the second time that Mr. Sargent, the director, has spoken, and he rarely has to speak more than twice. A moment more and for the first time during the morning there is order. The director seats himself on the stage. The class, which never numbers more than twenty and comprises all the students in the school, circles around the footlights, facing him.

"Express fright, please."

At this request the young men throw up their hands, roll their eyes and otherwise give evidence of much perturbation of spirit. Some of the young ladies shiver, and one makes visible efforts to turn pale.

"Not so bad for the first time," remarks Mr. Sargent, encouragingly. "Now watch me."

Standing up to his full height, the director glances hastily over his left shoulder as if to locate the direction whence his fear came, while a quiver, beginning near his collar button, passes down his entire frame, ending at the tops of his boots with a quake. Involuntarily one impressionable young lady follows the director's eyes and half gasps.

"Now express surprise."

This emotion is evidently more difficult to show than the former, for only one pupil comes anywhere near correctness, and his surprise is more real than affected, and is considerably abetted by a glance of approval which he detects in Mr. Sargent's eyes.

"I will show you how to do it."

Again he faces the class upright and again his eyes seek the left corner of the stage. It is not a quiver this time that agitates his frame, but a shiver, and it ends at his toes with a shake.

"Be seated, please. You have done very well. Now, as I tell you a short story, kindly express the emotions which I am supposed to feel. I am sitting here all alone. It is night. I have been reading all evening and am tired. I fall asleep in my chair. (Not so rapidly, please. I don't mean that I literally fall). While I am dozing I hear a knock at the door. (Not so violently, please. It was not a cannon that I heard; a simple little knock, that was all. A mere tap.) It wakens me, though. I rub my eyes. Then I straighten up in my chair. The knock is repeated. 'Come in,' I call. (There, there; the probability is that my visitor is not deaf.) The door opens. (The door is at the *left* of the stage.) I rise to greet my caller. (I said 'rise,' not 'jump.' I don't want to frighten my guest away. He *may* not be a man with a bill. Please don't anticipate my story.)

"It is a woman. I am naturally surprised, but I manage to conceal my emotion. I shake her warmly by the hand. (Warmly, I may remark, does not mean that I wrench her arm as I would a pump handle. She is a *woman*, I said.) I ask her to be seated. She is an old friend of my father's. She tells me that nothing but the direst of distress would have prompted her to visit me at such a time. (No, I don't sob. She does the sobbing. I am not expected to weep. That would be foolish and inhospitable.) Her daughter is in trouble. Will I aid her? ('Aid,' my dear young friend, does not always mean loaning money. Besides, how do I know that she is in financial straits? If you can tell the story better than I can, suppose you continue the tale.) She tells me she wants me to go with her to her home at once. I put on my coat and hat and we start. But before we leave she begs one more favor. Her daughter has fallen in love with me. (Would you smile in that way if an elderly woman came to your room at midnight and told you her daughter had fallen in love with you in so loud a tone of voice that you were in mortal terror she would waken your wife in the next room? *Please* don't anticipate me.) And she wants me to marry her that very night. Of course I refuse (refusal, my dear boy, doesn't mean knocking a woman down), gently but firmly. I have discovered that she is insane. (No, I don't rush to the window to escape. I am not afraid of any old woman I ever saw.) I lead her to the door, promising to go with her."

From this we see what sort of training is necessary to school an actor to express the ordinary emotions of every day life. If you think it is easy, just try to do it some time.

HOW TO MAKE A LARIAT.

IN reply to a correspondent who asked us to tell him how a Western cowboy makes his lariat, we give the information below, which was kindly contributed by Mr. W. G. Glafcke, author of the article on ranch life, recently published in the ARGOSY.

A cowboy's rawhide rope, or lariat, is made of raw cow's hide. The hide is cut, when fresh, into strips of about half an inch in width; these are then strung up between posts and allowed to dry, after which the hair and other superfluous stuff is scraped from the strands with the aid of a knife. The strands should then be soaked in water for a day, at least, and then taken out; when really dry, they should be accurately trimmed to the proper width. From a quarter to a third of an inch is wide enough.

The braiding of a raw hide rope is not an easy task. The character of the work is simple enough, but the braiding or plaiting must be done very evenly, or the rope will look very unshapely. Four strands are generally used in making a rope, although sometimes six and eight strand ropes are made, but they are only fit for light roping, such as roping horses or calves. Each strand must be one continuous piece, as a spliced or broken strand is a serious defect in a rope. It is hardly necessary to explain how to plait the rope, and as it is difficult to plainly describe without drawings, our correspondent can very easily ascertain from some one how to plait four strands round. It is very simple, and any harness maker can tell him, if no one else.

In braiding, the strands should be damp enough to be pliable. When braided, the rope should be laid across a piece of metal, and every inch made solid and round by pounding with a flat hammer. The "hondo" or eyelet through which the rope passes is sometimes made of a marrow bone; a hole being made in the bone to admit of one end of the rope being passed through, and a knot being tied on the inside of the bone, the other end is then passed through. The knot on the inside of the marrow bone must be finished off as smoothly as possible, so as not to interfere with the passage of the rope through the "hondo." The bone is always braided round on the *outside*. Other contrivances, such as a brass ring, are also used for this purpose, but generally a piece of rawhide is doubled up and put around a round article, tied and allowed to dry. This is attached in the same way and may be finished off to suit the maker. The latter "hondo" is the most difficult to make properly, but is the most common and the best, as the former are liable to injure the eyes of stock when being thrown.

A rope does not become really useful or easy to handle until usage has made it soft and pliable. When finished it must be stretched, and greased with tallow while being stretched. A rope must be greased frequently, and kept out of the water. Hemp or grass ropes are used about as much as rawhide ropes, and are preferred by many.

It requires about one hide to make a rope. One continuous strand must be cut at first, and then divided. A rope thirty five feet in length is as long as can be easily handled. Rawhide ropes are sold in the Western country for about ten dollars, and must be good. The work is very tedious, and it requires much practice to become a skillful workman.

"I can hardly," concludes our informant, "offer our Eastern boy much encouragement in making one, as the work should be seen done by one who knows how in order to gain a correct idea. A common grass rope suits me and answers the purpose as well."

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY JOHN DRYDEN.

How easy 'tis when destiny proves kind,
With full spread sails to run before the wind!
But those that 'gainst stiff gales careering go,
Must be at once resolved and skillful too.

[*This story commenced in No.* 282.]

— A —

New York Boy;

OR,

THE HAPS AND MISHAPS OF RUFE RODMAN.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

Author of "Number 91," "*Tom Tracy,*" *etc.*

CHAPTER XIV.

SECRETING STOLEN GOODS.

THE tree selected by Harkins was one of the oldest in the grove. Near the roots it had decayed, and there was a hole in the trunk which looked as if it had originally been made by an augur, and been enlarged by the decay of the wood till a man could easily thrust his hand inside.

Mr. Harkins first explored the cavity with his hand, then, as if satisfied that it was suitable to his purpose, he took the package and put it carefully in as far as his hand could well reach.

"It's safer so!" he muttered. "Fletcher says the detectives are very active, and that a reward of twelve hundred dollars has been offered for the return of the diamonds. They will leave no stone unturned to track them, and he thinks that he himself is already under suspicion. If his last night's visit to Hampton is dicovered, I, too, shall be involved. Well, I'll defy the sharpest detectives to find the package now."

The two boys listened with breathless interest, for even Harry, though unacquainted with the circumstances, had a shrewd suspicion that Harkins had been hiding stolen articles.

Harkins took a last glance at the tree.

"I shall remember it easily," he said in a tone of satisfaction. "Now the detectives may come as soon as they like, and search my house from roof to cellar; they won't find the diamonds."

Harkins quickened his pace, not wishing his visit to the wood to attract the attention of any casual observer. The boys kept in their hiding places till he was safely out of the way.

"What does it all mean?" asked Harry Fisher, turning a puzzled face to Rufus.

"It's a long story," said Rufe, "but I don't mind tellin' you that there's diamonds in that box."

"I heard him say so. Where did he get them? They're worth a good deal of money, ain't they?"

"About ten thousand dollars."

"Then why in creation did he hide 'em in a hollow tree?"

"Because they are stolen, and he's afraid the detectives will get on the track and search his house."

"How do you happen to know so much about the diamonds, Rufe?"

"Because I brought them to him yesterday."

"I'm getting off my base. I may be stupid, but I don't understand how you came to have anything to do with stolen goods."

"Sit down, Harry, and I'll tell you about it."

They sat down under a large oak tree, and Rufe told the whole story as briefly as possible. Harry, as may readily be supposed, listened with the utmost attention.

"I'm glad I met you, and came into the woods," Rufe concluded, "or I wouldn't have known what had become of the diamonds."

"What are you going to do about it, Rufe?"

An expression of perplexity overspread Rufus's broad, good humored face.

"That's more'n I know. What do you think?"

"I think you ought to get hold of the diamonds and take them back to the owner."

"I think so too, but if they are found on me the cop might think I had taken 'em."

"And if you don't, this man Harkins will come back for them, and put them where they will never be found."

"That is true. I tell you, Harry, I'm kind of flustrated. I don't know what to do."

"Suppose you take them from the tree and put them somewhere where we can find them, but Harkins can't."

"Good!" exclaimed Rufe. "That's a capital plan. Where shall we put them?"

"We'll both hunt round and see if we can find a place."

The two boys separated, and each began to explore the ground in the vicinity. It wasn't easy, however, to fix upon a place. Finally Harry discovered a hole in the ground, apparently made by the uprooting of a small tree. He thrust his hand in and found it was at least twelve inches deep.

"How will this do, Rufe?" he asked.

Rufe explored the cavity and nodded his head with satisfaction.

"I think it'll do," he said. "How shall we cover it up?"

"Here's a small stone we can put in. Then we can cover it with dry leaves."

"All right! Now let us see if we can get the box."

Rufe was selected to do this. He thrust in his arm and with some little difficulty drew out the package.

"Now let us lose no time!" he said. "Some one may happen along."

"That's so; some other boys might come here nutting."

MR. HARKINS FIRST EXPLORED THE CAVITY WITH HIS HAND BEFORE COMMITTING THE PACKAGE TO IT.

The task that remained was an easy one, and no time was lost in secreting the valuable packet a second time. Then, as previously determined, the stone and a covering of leaves were placed over it, and both boys were pleased.

"Did you say they were worth ten thousand dollars, Rufe?" asked Harry, pausing from his labor.

"Yes, that's what the papers said. Didn't you read the account of the robbery?"

"No; I don't pay much attention to the daily papers. I believe I heard uncle say something about it. I say, it's just like a story in one of the story papers."

"So it is."

"Won't old Harkins rave and tear his hair when he hunts for the diamonds and finds them gone?"

"He might tear ours if he knew we had anything to do with taking the box."

"Then we'd better keep out of his way. But, I say, we haven't got any nuts."

"I don't care nothin' about the nuts now," said Rufe, "I'm thinkin' what to do about the diamonds."

"The best way is to go to the place in Maiden Lane and tell what you know. That'll clear you, and give them a chance to recover the stolen property."

"Then I ought to get back this afternoon."

"I wish I could go back with you."

"Can't you?"

"Perhaps I can. I might tell my uncle that you are a friend of mine, and have invited me to go with you."

"That's true, Harry. I am a friend of yours, but what'll your uncle say to your havin' a friend with ragged clothes?"

"My uncle is a sensible man, and he knows it isn't always the best dressed boys that are the best fellows."

"Thank you Harry! You're a trump, and I'm glad I met you."

"But I'll suggest an amendment, as they say in the debating societies. Stay over night with me, and I'll go to the city with you in the morning. I don't think my uncle would like to have me go up at this time."

"Very well, I guess I can stop."

"Uncle has an evening paper from the city, and we'll see what it says about the robbery."

About six o'clock the *Telegram* arrived, and Harry, eagerly scanning the columns, came across the following paragraph, which he read to Rufe:

No discoveries have been made as yet respecting the mysterious diamond robbery in Maiden Lane. Notice has been sent to the pawnbrokers throughout the city, requiring them to detain any person or persons who may desire to borrow money on diamonds. It is thought that they will be offered singly in order to avoid suspicion. Mr. Fletcher, head salesman with Higgins & Co., is indefatigable in his efforts to trace the lost property. He has been for ten years in the employ of the firm, and enjoys their unlimited confidence.

Rufe eyed Harry with a meaning glance.

"That fellow Fletcher," he said, "is the man that sent me down here with the package."

"How did you find out his name?"

"I heard Harkins call him by name, or it might have been the little girl——"

"What are you two boys interested in?" asked Harry's uncle.

"The diamond robbery."

"Do you think of offering your services as detectives?" he asked with a laugh.

"We may. What do you say, Rufe?"

"That's just what I was thinkin' about. We'll share the reward."

"Really and truly."

"Yes, Harry."

"It's a bargain!"

"The boys of this generation are very amusin'," said the uncle in an amused tone. "There is nothing they don't consider themselves competent to undertake."

CHAPTER XV.

FLETCHER AND HIS SECRET.

AMONG those who read with interest everything relating to the diamond robbery was Phineas Fletcher, the head salesman in the establishment of Higgins & Co. It is no longer a secret to us that he was the thief.

It had been a trial to him to keep his place in the store and hold interviews with reporters and detectives, but he had wonderful self control, and was not observed to show any more excitement than might naturally be expected.

"This is a heavy blow to us, Fletcher," said the senior member of the firm. "It is not alone the large loss but the mystery attending the disappearance of the diamonds that troubles me."

"I can understand your feelings, Mr. Higgins," returned Fletcher in a tone of sympathy. "I feel it too, and I am troubled with the thought that you may consider me guilty of negligence."

"I cannot see how you are to blame or, indeed, any one. Thieves are so adroit that even the best safeguards sometimes fail."

"I would willingly sacrifice a quarter's salary to solve the mystery. Indeed, sir, I shall be glad if you will add that sum to the reward offered for the detection of the thief."

"This is very honorable of you, Mr. Fletcher, but of course we cannot avail ourselves of your offer. Do your best to help us in the investigation. It is all we can ask."

What wonder if after this Mr. Higgins did not suffer the faintest suspicion of his head salesman to enter his mind.

"Fletcher is the soul of honor and fidelity!" he said to a detective who had been making inquiries about the clerk. I really believe he is as devoted to my interests as if he were a member of the firm."

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. Higgins," answered the detective, "but I have known of many cases where just such men were unable to resist a chance temptation."

Mr. Higgins waved his hand impatiently.

"No doubt you are right as a rule," he said, "but in this case you are mistaken. I will pin my faith on the honesty of Phineas Fletcher."

The detective shrugged his shoulders slightly. He was silenced, but far from being convinced.

"There is something furtive in that fellow's glance," he said to himself, "and I notice an ill repressed excitement in his manner. I think he has a secret to guard; I will watch him."

When the store closed for the day Fletcher took the horse cars at the Astor House and rode up to his boarding place in West Twelfth Street. He occupied a square room on the second floor back—and paid for room and board eight dollars a week. He looked about him with discontent.

"I will have more stylish acoommodations when—when I have realized the value of the diamonds," he reflected, "but for that I must wait. It won't do to try to dispose of them in this city. The papers have been too full of this robbery; I may have to send them abroad. Once let me secure a few thousand dollars, and I shall be able to carry out my plans. I have been working long enough for a thousand dollars a year. By the way, it was a good thought, offering to add a quarter's salary to the reward offered for the recovery of the stones. Old Higgins seemed very much impressed."

Fletcher seemed much amused at the thought of the shrewd way in which he had taken in his employers.

"It makes me laugh," he said, as a smile overspread his face, "to hear the detectives talk. Addle pated fools! they pretend to know a great deal, but they can't see an inch beyond their own noses."

At this moment a knock was heard at the door.

Fletcher answered in person.

He saw before him a boy dressed in the height of fashion. He is an old acquaintance of ours, the boy Julius Waite, whom Rufe met in the cars.

"Good evening, Uncle Phin," he said. "I hope I am welcome."

"What on earth sent you to the city, Julius?" asked Fletcher with a frown.

"I wanted to see Jefferson. He is playing at the Grand Opera House, you know. Won't you go with me?"

"I have no time for any such nonsense," replied Fletcher, impatiently. "It is foolish in you to take all this trouble just to see a play."

"I had to come to the city to be measured for a suit of clothes, and mother thought you wouldn't mind keeping me over night."

"Stay, if you want to, but I can't go to the theatre with you. You can go by yourself."

"All right! That will do as well. You'll give me a latch key to get in?"

"Yes; have you had any supper?"

"No, Uncle Phin."

"Then get ready. The supper bell will ring before long."

"By the way, uncle, I had the honor of riding with a New York street boy when I went back on Tuesday. He was an impudent chap, and insisted on sitting with me."

"Ha! what was his appearance?"

Julius described him, and though the description was by no means flattering, Fletcher felt convinced that it was his messenger.

"Where did he get off?" he inquired with assumed carelessness.

"At Hampton."

"The very one," he said, *sotto voce*. Then, in a louder tone: "Did he tell you his errand?"

"No, he was mighty independent. There was one thing surprised me. He had plenty of money with him."

"How did you find that out?"

"There was a young lady in the seat ahead who had forgotten her purse—the daughter of Mr. Seymour of Irvington. This street boy had the cheek to offer her money to pay her fare."

"Did she accept?"

"Oh, yes, and made much of him. When I asked him where he got so much money he told me it was none of my business."

Phineas Fletcher smiled.

"He was about right there," he said. "Did he have much money?"

"He seemed to."

Fletcher was puzzled. He had, to be sure, given Rufe money to pay his fare and something over, but it seemed clear that he had considerable money besides.

"Did I do right to trust that boy?" he asked himself uneasily. "If he should make it public that he had carried a package for me to Hampton it would arouse suspicion."

This suspicion led to another. Was he safe in trusting Harkins? To be sure he had known him for years to be an unscrupulous man, and held him in his power by his knowledge of certain events in his early life, but what was to prevent him from converting to his own use the valuable stones which he had in his possession? Fletcher was so much troubled that he resolved, late as it was, to go out to Hampton that evening, and relieve his anxiety by ascertaining how matters stood.

"Julius," he said after supper, "I have some important business that claims my attention. You can go to the theater as you proposed. I may not be home tonight."

"Where are you going, uncle?" asked Julius in surprise.

"I may have to go over—to Jersey City. Don't trouble yourself about that. It is some business for the firm."

"All right, uncle," said Julius, satisfied. He cared very little for his uncle's society. What he was most anxious about was an evening at the theater.

It was about nine o'clock when Seth Harkins was surprised by a knock at his door.

He went himself to open it, the little girl being already in bed.

"What, Fletcher!" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes."

"What brings you here?"

"I was anxious about the diamonds. Are they safe?"

"Of course they are."

"Show them to me."

"I can't do that."

"Why not?" asked Fletcher in quick alarm.

"Because I thought it best to hide them. There was no knowing but you might have been tracked to Hampton, and to this house. I didn't want the detectives to find anything."

"Perhaps you are right. But I want to see them before I go back to the city."

"You shall. I will take you tomorrow morning to a place where they are secreted."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BOYS FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

AT an early hour the next morning Fletcher and Harkins left the house of the latter and struck out into the woods.

"You might have found a better place, I think, Harkins," said Fletcher in a discontented tone.

"Where?" asked Harkins.

"Somewhere about the house. It seems to me there is a risk in leaving such a valuable package where any one is liable to find it."

"Who would dream of looking for diamonds in a wood?"

"Very true, but they might be found by accident."

"It would be a strange accident, as you will agree when I show you where the package is concealed."

"If I change my opinion I will tell you so. I begin to think, however, that it would have been better to keep the stones in my own possession."

Harkins shrugged his shoulders.

"You could have done that, of course, but in your position, you were pretty sure to attract suspicion."

"My reputation was such that no one would be likely to think of me in such a connection."

Harkins gave a short laugh, which seemed to irritate Fletcher, who demanded crossly: "What are you laughing at?"

"I was only thinking how fortunate it is to have a good reputation."

"Something you never had."

"It an seems to come to the same thing. If I had lost the diamonds it would have mattered very little to me whether they were taken by a man of good or bad reputation."

By this time they had reached the part of the wood where Harkins had selected his place of concealment.

"Now," said he in a confident tone, approaching the tree in which he had placed the package. "I will show you that the diamonds are safe."

He thrust in his hand, and began to explore the cavity.

Suddenly his countenance changed, and his face indicated excitement and agitation.

"What is the matter?" asked Fletcher.

Harkins did not reply, but continued the search nervously.

His pallor and excitement increased.

"I—can't—find it!" he faltered.

"WHAT!" exclaimed Fletcher, eying his comrade with mingled anger and suspicion.

"I think it may have slipped down through some hole. Won't you feel for it?"

"Are you sure you put the package there at all?" demanded Fletcher, frowning ominously.

"Sure? Of course I am. How can I possibly be mistaken?"

Fletcher did not answer, but thrust in his hand, and continued the vain search for what had been removed, as we know.

"Can't you find it!" asked Harkins, faintly.

"Can't I find it? No, I can't," answered Fletcher, withdrawing his hand, and eying his confederate sternly. "Seth Harkins, I have an account to settle with you. I believe you have played me false."

"You are mistaken, wholly mistaken!" retorted Harkins with spirit.

"I believe you have put the diamonds somewhere where you alone can find them. I believe your object is to defraud me out of my share of the proceeds, and appropriate it all to your own use."

"You do me wrong, Fletcher. I am ready to swear on the Bible that I put the package in that tree."

"Then why is it not there now?"

"It may have slipped down."

"I can find no hole. If it had it would be lost, so far as we are concerned."

"We could fell the tree."

"And attract observation."

Harkins was silent. He didn't know what to say, or what comfort to give. He looked crushed and bewildered.

"Look here, Harkins, if you are not a knave, you are a fool! You can take your choice. Why couldn't you keep the package about you? What risk would you have run? None in comparison with what you have actually incurred."

"I don't know but you are right, Fletcher. I thought I was acting for the best."

"It is enough to make a man swear. Here are all my plans brought to naught by your stupidity. I wish now that the diamonds had never been taken. I didn't wish to subject the firm to loss, but thought I was making a comfortable provision for myself. Are you sure that no one saw you secrete the diamonds?" he went on after a pause.

"Yes, I looked about me carefully."

"Did your little daughter know that you had them in your possession?"

"No; I sent her to bed early the first night you visited me."

"It is a crushing defeat!" said Fletcher, bitterly. "I ought not to have taken you into my counsel. But I could not foresee that you would be such an ass."

"You are too hard on me, Fletcher. Things have turned out unfortunately I admit, but I contend that I acted for the best."

"Heaven save me from those who act for the best, then!"

"Have you any advice to offer?" asked Harkins timidly. "Shall we search the tree again?"

"You can if you want to. My conviction is that it will be of no use."

The two men sat down under a tree, silent and despondent. Fletcher was incensed with his companion for having thrown away stupidly the result of his grand *coup*, but abuse would not bring back the diamonds. Both were racking their brains to devise some way out of their trouble, and their faces looked anxious.

Meanwhile Rufus and Harry Fisher, after an early breakfast, held a conference as to the course most advisable to pursue.

"Suppose we give notice to the firm and then come back and can't find the diamonds," suggested Harry. "We should both feel foolish."

"That's so, Harry."

"I think we had better get them and take them with us. If we don't Harkins may go to the wood again, and not finding them may hunt round till he does find them. In that case it may be thought that we are only hoaxing the detectives."

"I didn't think of that," said Rufe. "Do you think, then, we had better go to the woods before starting to the city?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll go. I say, Harry, it's kind of excitin' bein' a detective."

"So it is. I don't want to go into the business regularly, but in this case it's our duty."

"Where are you going, boys?" asked Harry's uncle, as the two boys took their hats and passed through the hall.

"We are going to take a little walk before going to the city, Uncle John."

"Very well. Don't get into any mischief."

"We'll try not to," answered Harry lightly. "Come along, Rufe!"

"I shall be glad to see you at my house again, Master Rufus," said the old gentleman cordially.

"Thank you, sir. You and Harry have been very kind to me."

The boys took the nearest road to the wood. They would lose the first train to the city, but they felt that, upon the whole, it would be better to run that risk as their business was not urgent.

When they reached the part with which they were already familiar, they did not immediately see the two men, who were partially screened from view. As they approached, supposing themselves alone, they continued their conversation.

"I wonder whether old Harkins has been here since?" said Rufe.

"If he has I don't believe he found the package," answered Harry.

Fletcher clutched Harkins eagerly by the arm as these words fell upon their ears.

"You were spied upon, it seems," he whispered.

Then, as he caught a glimpse of Rufe, who led the way, he muttered hoarsely: "It's the boy I sent down here to you! When they appear, make a spring. We will each secure one."

So when the boys made their way into the open space under the trees they were destined to an unpleasant surprise. Fletcher grasped Rufe by the arm, and Harry was pinioned by Harkins.

"Boy!" said Fletcher hoarsely, "if you don't restore that package you stole I will murder you!"

"And you'll share the same fate, you young villain!" chimed in Harkins, shaking Harry furiously.

(*To be continued.*)

[*This story commenced in No. 280.*]

THE Golden Magnet

OR,

The Treasure Cave of the Incas.

By G. M. FENN,

Author of "In the Wilds of New Mexico," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

HIDING AWAY THE TREASURE.

CAUTIOUSLY, and in a peculiarly shrinking fashion, the Indian climbed down, while his companion leaned anxiously forward. Then followed moments of suspense that seemed hours, as the man who now stood beneath the arch stretched forth both hands, as if invoking some power, and uttered a few words. Then he stopped short, for his companion gave a loud peculiar cry, and I saw that he was anxiously gazing down the ravine. The first Indian hurriedly joined him, and together they glided silently away.

"That was a close shave, Harry," said Tom, creeping softly forward, gun in hand. "That poor fellow didn't know what a risk he ran of being dead and buried. I had him covered with my gun the whole time; and if he'd made at you with his knife, down he must have gone."

"I want the gold, Tom," I said hoarsely, "but no bloodshed."

"No more do I, Harry," he replied; "so all they've got to do is to leave us alone, and alone we'll leave them. Now, what's to be done next?"

That was plain enough, and needed no answering. The treasure had to be carefully packed; and together we worked hard, fitting the plates and bars together in the bags, so that they should occupy as little space as possible, binding together and covering the two great discs, and then packing the vases and cups, the most awkward part of our discovery. At last we had them all packed in the ample supply of coffee bags Tom had brought, and bound round and round with the cotton ropes which we unraveled for the purpose.

I breathed more freely as one by one we carried our heavy, awkward packages into the part of the cave where the mules were, and then laid them behind a rock in the dark vault, ready for the night's journey.

"And now," said Tom, "we'd better take it in turns to have a good sleep, the other keeping watch—for we shall be up all night again."

I turned round to Tom, to stare with astonishment at the boy who could talk so coolly about sleep with such a treasure beneath his charge. As for me, my veins throbbed with the fever that coursed through them, and I could not have closed my eyes for an instant till I had my treasure in safety.

"Will you take first turn, Harry?" said Tom, yawning.

"No," said I peevishly; "you can sleep if you wish to."

Tom made no more ado, but stretched himself out in the sandiest spot he could find; and the next minute there could not be a doubt as to the state he was in, for he snored loudly.

Judging from appearances, when I once more walked, gun in hand, towards the mouth of the cave, it was about four o'clock, so that there were at least five or six hours to pass before we could attempt our homeward journey.

I did not dare to go far towards the mouth, lest there should be watchers there; but picking out the best spot for observation, I stood and gazed eagerly around, scanning every crag, tree, and bush within range, in the search I made for enemies.

If I could only get the treasure safely to the hacienda, we could melt it down there, and turn it into ingots handy for packing; when, with the offer of ample for the purchase of a good farm, I could perhaps persuade my uncle to return to the States, or, if he preferred, he might stay here.

Then I thought again whether it would be wisdom to attempt to carry off the treasure by night, we two alone to guard it. I stood hesitating, thinking how easy it would be for the Indians to take us at a disadvantage; what an insecure place the plantation would be should they discover that the treasure was gone; and at last I made up my mind as to my course, and walked sharply back to where Tom was snoring.

Then, stooping down, I unfastened the package which contained the little bars, took out fifty, and secured the package again. Then I shook and roused up Tom.

"Right, Harry, I'm here," he exclaimed.

"Put half those about you in your different pockets, Tom," I said. And he did as he was bid, handling the little ingots as if they were so much lead. "And, Tom, I want your advice. I've come to the conclusion that it is not prudent to take all this through the woods at night, with Indians about."

"That's so," said Tom, interrupting.

"I think, Tom, we'll hide it—all but this, which we'll take back; and then we can come well prepared some other time, to carry the rest away."

"Good, Harry; but where shall we hide it?"

"That's what I'm thinking, Tom," I said. "Where do you think would be a good place?"

"Well, Harry, I shouldn't bury it, because that's the way it was hidden before. I don't think those Indians would ever have the pluck to go right in where we've been. What do you think of the way under the arch on the raft?"

"The very idea that struck me, Tom," I said.

Then I told him my plans—the result being that, at the end of a couple of hours, the little raft was prepared, launched, laden with our packages, and once more, with candles stuck in their clay sticks, we were poling ourselves along very slowly in the black tunnel.

The lights flashed on the roof, and from off the water, which rippled over the bamboos and soaked us through and through; but we pressed slowly and steadily on till we must have been half way to the vault of the troubled waters, when I whispered to Tom to stop.

We were now in a part where the tunnel widened out to thirty or forty feet, though the roof was not more than a foot above our heads, and remarkable for the streaks of a creamy spar which banded it in every direction.

"Tom," I said in a whisper, as I glanced round to see that we were alone, "could we do better than this?"

As I spoke I was trying the depth with my bamboo pole, to find that, wherever I reached, there was not more than five feet of water. So, carefully marking the spot by a cross which I scored on the roof with my knife, we softly dropped in six golden packages over the side of our little raft, which seemed ready to leap out of the water on being released from its heavy burden.

A soft gentle splash, and then the black waters closed over each package, a pang striking my heart as they disappeared. I asked myself whether I was wise, now that I had gained the object of my search, to let it go from me again like that. I was roused, though, from my reverie by Tom, who generally had a word of encouragement for me at the blackest times.

"There, Harry, that's covered up well, and it can be easily uncovered again; and if we don't come to fetch it, nobody else ever will."

I could not help thinking that Tom was right; and now, with my treasure found, and, as it were, banked for my use, I felt lighter of spirit. We floated easily back in about a quarter of the time occupied in going; when, carefully taking our raft once more partly to pieces, we concealed it behind the rocks, and made the best of our way to the mules.

"Now, Harry, you may do as you like; but I say, let's get twenty or thirty of these stone icicles, just as if we'd come on purpose to fetch them, pack them on the mules, and ride out as if we were not afraid of anybody."

It was good counsel, and we followed it, riding over the stony barrier just as the sun was setting. The stalactites were swung in coffee bags on either side of the mules, which, delighted at being once more in the open air, cantered off merrily whenever the track would allow.

It was just beginning to grow dark upon as glorious an evening as ever shone upon the gorgeous tropic world, when we reached the end of the ravine, and both became at the same instant aware of about a dozen Indians, who advanced quickly, making friendly signs, and repeating the word—"*Amigos! Amigos!*"

"They want to see what we've got, Harry," chuckled Tom. "Don't show fight unless they do."

Professing to ask for tobacco and a light, the little party surrounded us; and, as if by accident, one man touched the bags, and contrived to see their contents, when he said something to his companions, to whom we civilly gave what they asked, showing no trace of tremor; while they were smiling and servile. But I could not help feeling what would have been our fate had the lading of those mules been the treasure, for twelve to two were long odds.

It was evident that they were satisfied, and giving us the country salutation, they bade us good night, and we moved off; but Tom pulled up, and shouted after the leader of the party, who returned; when, with a face whose gravity could be seen, even in that dim short twilight, to be extreme, Tom took out one of his smallest stalactites, held it up before him, and repeated the word "*buono*" three times, and then presented it to the Indian, who received it with grave courtesy and retired.

CHAPTER XXI.

GARCIA'S DEMAND.

WE urged our mules onward, anxious to reach the hacienda, which we did earlier than I hoped for, stabled our mules, and then, relieving Tom of his golden burden, I went up to my room and secured it in my traveling case. Descending, I found my uncle sitting with Lilla kneeling beside him, holding his hand; and a glance showed me that both she and Mrs. Landell had been weeping bitterly.

I was surprised to see them assembled at so late an hour, but taking no notice, I went up and shook hands.

"Well, Harry," said my uncle sadly; "had enough of exploring yet?"

"Quite, uncle," I said. "I have finished now."

He looked up at me for a moment, and then fell to stroking Lilla's golden hair.

"Well, lad, I'm sorry," he said, after a pause; "but I may as well tell you, and be out of my misery. But don't think I blame you, my boy—don't think I blame you, for I suppose it was to be."

"What is it, uncle?" I said in an indifferent tone. "No new trouble I hope?"

He glanced at me, in a sadly disappointed way, and then said sternly:

"I don't reproach you, Harry; but that blow you struck Garcia has been my ruin. We are to be turned out of the place; but I daresay there's a living to be got—eh, Harry? You'll not leave us, I suppose, now we're in trouble? You said you would not, and now, my lad, is the time to put you to the proof. You'll work now, won't you?"

"Not if I know it, uncle," I said coolly. "Why should I work? I'm much obliged for your hospitality, but I feel now disposed to go back to the States and the sooner the better."

My uncle did not speak, and a dead silence fell upon all. I caught one sad, reproachful glance from Lilla's eyes; and then she clung, weeping and whispering to my uncle, who, however, only shook his head.

"I think, my dears, we'll go to rest," he said at last suddenly. "Lilla, my child, fetch the Book—we'll have one chapter in the old place for the last time, for who can tell where we shall be to morrow?"

My heart burned within me as I longed to tell the true hearted old fellow of my success, but I would not then. The news of Garcia's behavior gave me an opportunity that I could not resist, and, after sitting in silence till my uncle had read his chapter and offered up a simple prayer for the protection of all, I allowed them to part from me almost coldly, though more in sorrow than in anger, and to go, aching of heart, to bed.

I knew that Tom would not say a word, so I was safe; and the next morning, after a sad, dull breakfast, I sat with them all in the darkened room, my uncle starting at every noise in the yard, where all looked bright and fair; while Lilla's eyes met mine from time to time in mingled reproach and wonder at what seemed to her my heartlessness.

We had not long to wait, for it seemed that Garcia had declared his intention of being there that morning to demand payment of money, the greater part of which had been advanced to Mrs. Landell when a widow—a debt which my uncle had undertaken to repay at the same time that he had accepted further favors from this man.

We had not been seated there an hour when we heard Garcia's voice in the yard, and Lilla crept closer to Mrs. Landell.

"Harry," said my uncle, "you must please leave the room. I was in hopes that you would have gone out. I cannot find it in my heart to give up without making an appeal to Garcia for time."

The next moment Garcia nosily entered the room, his sneering, triumphant face turning pale with rage as he saw me seated there.

Mrs. Landell and Lilla both cast an imploring glance at me, one which I answered by crossing over, taking Lilla's hand, and whispering a few words of comfort and encouragement.

Garcia's eyes flashed, but he kept down his resentment, and, advancing to the table,

"Senor Landell," he said, "I come to demand the money that is due to me, and which I must now have. Of course you are prepared?"

"Prepared, Garcia?" said my uncle. "I am not prepared—you know that," he continued sadly. "But still these stringent proceedings will do you no good. I ask you as a favor for time. I am certain that I can realize more from the plantation than you can. Give me time and it will prove to your advantage."

"Miss Lilla," said Garcia, advancing with a smile, "you hear your stepfather's words. It rests with you. Shall I give him time?"

Lilla's only reply, as I stood back, was a shudder, and she clung more closely to her mother.

The action was not lost upon Garcia, who stepped back rapidly to the door, uttered some words to a couple of men in waiting, and they followed him into the room.

"You have the papers," said Garcia fiercely to the elder man, who seemed a sort of notary; "take possession of this place and all thereon, as forfeited to me in accordance with the bonds. Senor Landell, in an hour I require you to be off this plantation. As for you," he exclaimed, turning to advance threateningly upon me, "you are an intruder. This place is my property; leave here this instant! Or stay," he said with mock courtesy; "perhaps the gay young senor will take compassion upon his uncle's position and release him by paying his debt. What does Senor Grant say?"

"Harry, for Heaven's sake," cried my uncle. "let there be no disturbance. Take care, or there will be bloodshed!" he cried.

For as I advanced to confront Garcia he drew out a pistol.

"Stand aside, uncle!" I exclaimed angrily, for he had caught my arm. "I know how to deal with this cowardly bully! Put up that pistol or—"

I did not finish my sentence, for in obedience to a nod Garcia was dragged back into a chair, and Tom Gilbert's sturdy arms pinioned him, but not in time; for, with a cry of rage, he drew the trigger. There was a sharp report, and then, as the smoke floated upward, a wild cry echoed through the room.

It came from Lilla, who ran to my uncle's side just as he staggered to a chair, holding his face with both hands.

"Not much hurt, I think," he gasped; "but it was a close touch—a sort of farewell keepsake," he said with a faint attempt to smile.

It was, indeed, a narrow escape, for the ball had plowed one of his cheeks so that it bled profusely, and I could have freely returned the shot in the rage which I felt.

Perhaps it would have been better for all parties had I fired, for it would only have been disabling as black hearted a scoundrel as ever breathed. But my plans were made, and by an effort I kept to them, just as the notary was about to flee in alarm.

"Loose him, Tom," I said; and Garcia started up, foaming almost at the mouth. "Keep back there," I cried, "and do not let me see one of those hands move towards breast or pocket. The instant I detect any such act I fire."

Garcia stood scowling for a few moments but not meeting my eye, and I continued addressing the notary:

"Give me full particulars of this amount, and I will pay it."

"You, Harry—you!" exclaimed my uncle.

"You!—you vile impostor! You beggar and vagabond! You do not possess an *onza* of gold," roared Garcia, bursting forth into a fit of vituperation. "Don't listen to him; don't heed him; it's a trick—a plan. I take possession. The money was to be paid this morning, and it is not paid, so I seize the plantation."

"You are the business man," I said coolly to the notary—with that coolness that the possession of money gives—"this is a mining country, and gold in ounces should be current."

"The best of currency, senor," said the notary with a smile and a bow.

"Tell me the amount, then, in ounces," I said, "and I will pay you."

"Don Xeres," gasped Garcia, almost beside himself with rage, "I will take no promises to pay."

The old notary shrugged his shoulders.

"But, Senor Garcia, there are no promises to pay. I understand the senor to say that he will pay at once. Am I not right, senor?"

"Quite," I said. "Uncle, I will lend you this amount."

"But, Harry, my dear boy, you are mad! You have no idea of the extent."

"Two hundred and five ounces would equal the amount in *pesos d'oro* which Senor Landell is indebted," said the notary quietly.

"Good!" I said. "Then will you have proper balances brought? Uncle, see to the return of your papers."

"I am in the hands of Senor Xeres," said my uncle in a bewildered tone. "He will see justice done."

CHAPTER XXII.

VANISHED!

THE old notary bowed and smiled, while I crossed to where my leather case stood upon a side table, brought it to my chair, and then seated myself, slowly unbuckling the straps and unlocking it while the balances were brought. Then I drew out six of the little yellow ingots and passed them over to the notary, who was the banker of the district as well.

He took them, turned them over, wiped his glasses, and replaced them; then examined each bar again.

"Pure metal, I think, senor?" I said.

"The purest, senor," he replied with another bow.

Then, placing the ingots in the balances, he recorded each one's weight as he went on, to find them, with a few grains variation more or less, six ounces each.

Five times, to Garcia's astonishment and rage, did I bring from the case in my lap six of the golden bars, the notary the while testing and weighing them one by one in the coolest and most business-like way imaginable. Then his spectacles were directed inquiringly at me, and I brought out four more, which were duly weighed and placed with the others. Then again were the spectacles directed at me.

"Another ounce, less a quarter, senor," said the notary. "I have here two hundred and four ounces and a quarter."

"Fortunatus's purse wants aiding, uncle," I said, unwilling to exhibit more of the golden spoil. "You can manage the three quarters of an ounce?"

My uncle was speechless; but he rushed to a secretary, took out a little canvas bag, and counted out the difference in coin. Coolly drawing out bags of his own, the notary made up a neat package of the bars, inclosing therewith his account of the weights, tied it up, lit—with apparatus of his own—a wax taper, sealed the package, and handed it to Garcia, who took it with a fierce scowl, but only to dash it down the next instant upon the table.

"I will not take it," he exclaimed. "It is a trick—the gold is base!"

"Senor Don Pablo Garcia, I have—I, S. Xeres—have examined and proved that gold," said the old notary. "I say it is pure, and you cannot refuse it. Senor Landell, there are your bonds now. Senor Garcia is angry, but the business is terminated."

Rising and bowing to us with a courtly grace that could win nothing less than respect, the old notary handed some deeds to my uncle. Then, picking up the gold, he passed his arm through Garcia's and led him away—the notary's attendant following with his master's writing case and balances.

But the next moment a shadow darkened the door, and Garcia would have rushed in had not Tom blocked the way.

"Now, then, where are you shoving to, eh?" grumbled Tom; and there was a scuffle, and the muttering of a score of Spanish oaths, and Garcia shouted, in a voice that we could all hear:

"Tell him there is another debt to pay yet, and it shall be paid in another coin!"

The door closed then, and it was evident that Tom was enjoying the act of seeing Garcia off the premises, while the next minute my uncle was holding me tightly by both hands and my aunt sobbing on my neck.

"And I was saying you were like the rest of the world—like the rest of the world, Harry, my dear boy," was all my uncle could say, in a choking voice, and there were tears in his eyes as he spoke.

"Say no more, uncle—say no more," I exclaimed, shaking him warmly by the hands.

Then he took his wife to his heart, telling her in broken words that there was to be peace at the old place after all.

It must have been from joy at the happiness I was the means of bringing into that home, or else from the example that was set me, for the next moment I had Lilla in my arms, kissing her for response to the thanks looking from her bright eyes; and even when my uncle turned to me I could only get one hand at liberty to give him, the other would still clasp the little form that did not for an instant shrink.

Soon Lilla and her mother withdrew, and uncle and I were left alone, when, holding out his hand to me, he said, in a voice whose deep tones told how he was moved:

"Harry, my boy, I can never repay you the service you have done me; but if I live I will repay you the money."

"Look here, uncle," I said, "once and for all—let that be buried. There, light your cigar, and I can talk to you." Then, taking our places in a recess by one of the shaded windows, I spoke to him in a low tone. "You know how I have spent my time lately?"

He nodded.

"Treasure seeking?"

He nodded again.

"Uncle, at times it almost seemed to me madness; but I persevered and succeeded. Look here!"

I tore open the case and showed him the sixteen golden ingots remaining.

"And you found all that, Harry! My boy, you were fortunate indeed."

"All that, uncle!" I said with a smile. "That is not a hundredth part. I am rich. I? No! We are rich; and now I want your advice. What are we to do? For I've hidden my treasure again till I can fetch it away in safety."

"You have done well, then," he said gravely. "But is not this some delusion, my boy?"

"Are these delusive, uncle?" I exclaimed, clinking together two of the sonorous little bars. "Were those delusive which Garcia has carried off? No, uncle, I thought once it must be a dream; but it is a solid reality. I have found the treasures of one of the temples of the Sun—ingots, plates, sheets, cups, and two great shields besides, all of solid metal."

"Harry," said my uncle, "it sounds like a wild invention from some story teller's pen, and I should laugh in your face but for the proofs you have given me. But you must not stay here in this country. It is as much yours as any lucky adventurer's, but your right would be disputed in a hundred quarters; while, as for the Indians—"

"Disputed, uncle?" I said interrupting him. "Disputed if it were known. You know it."

"Does any one else?" said my uncle anxiously.

"Tom was with me. We found it together," I said, "and he helped me to conceal it again. But I could trust him with my life. In fact, uncle," I said laughing, "we owe one another half a dozen lives over our discovery, for either I was saving his life or he was saving mine all the time."

"But the Indians, Harry—the Indians! That is a sacred treasure—the treasure devoted to their gods, and hence its remaining so long untouched. If they knew that you had taken it, no part of South America would hold you free from their vengeance. They would have your life, sooner or later."

"Pleasant place this, certainly, uncle," I said laughing, "what with Garcia and the Indians."

"I don't think it could become known from those ingots," said my uncle musingly, "though Garcia will rack his brains to find out how you became possessed of them. And yet I don't know; you see they have two or three characters stamped on them that the Indians might know. But were you seen?"

"Coming from the place, uncle? Yes, I suppose I must have been watched constantly. But all the same, I have the treasure hidden away; and as to the risk from the Indians, I don't feel much alarmed; and you may depend upon it they are in the most profound—What's that?"

My uncle uttered an ejaculation at the same moment, for as I spoke, rapid as the dart of a serpent, a dark shadowy arm was passed under the window shade close to the little table where we sat, and on looking there were but fifteen of the little ingots left.

"Stop here! I'll go," I exclaimed.

In an instant I had torn aside the shade, pushed open the shutters and leaped out into the outer sunshine, to stand in the glare, looking this way and that way, but in vain; there were flowers, and trees, and the bright glare, but not a soul in sight.

I stood for an instant to think; and then, feeling for my pistol to see if it was there if wanted, I dashed across the plantation towards the forest, peering in every direction, but without avail; and at last, more troubled than I cared to own, I returned, dripping with perspiration, to the hacienda, to meet Tom.

"Have you seen any Indians lurking about today, Tom, anywhere near the place?"

"Not half a one, Harry, because why? I've been fast asleep ever since I saw Don Garcia off the premises."

"Keep a good lookout, Tom," I cried.

Then I hurried in to my uncle, who looked troubled.

"I don't like that, Harry," he said. "There were eavesdroppers close at hand. I thought I would go too, but I saw nothing. Not a man had been out of the yard. But there, take the gold up to your room and lock it in the big chest; the key is in it. I put it here for safety till you got back, and—great heavens!"

We gazed in blank astonishment, for as my uncle opened his secretary and laid bare my leather case, which he had locked and strapped up, there it was with the straps cut through, the lock cut out, and the fifteen ingots gone!

(*To be continued.*)

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, but we cannot publish exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "offers," nor any exchanges of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should before doing so write for particulars to the address given by the person offering the exchange.

We have on file a number of exchanges, which will be published in their turn as soon as space permits.

Frank M. Grace, Room 33, 195 Broadway, New York City. Stamps, for stamps.

Charles Melley, 154 Ryerson St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Stamps, for coins or curiosities.

Hunter McCauley, Bowling Green, Va. A book by Alger, for No. 5 of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

H. S. Clark, Box 211, Westfield, Mass. A press and outfit, nearly new, for an International album.

W. P. Gregg, Paris, Ill. A flageolet, a font of type, 4 books, etc., for Indian relics, coins, or U. S. stamps.

S. Ormond, 96 Pulliam St., Atlanta, Ga., would like to correspond with publishers of amateur papers.

William Helig, Stroudsburg, Pa. A pair of all clamp ice skates, and books, for a 2 1-2 by 4 press with outfit

E. Cochling, 84 Monument St., Portland, Me. A polyopticon, and a box of tricks, for "Samantha at Saratoga."

J. F. Bletcher, 47 Chestnut St., York, Pa. A pair of Acme skates, a gymnasium outfit, and books, for a small typewriter.

William Mitchel, 178 42d St., Pittsburg, Pa. A 3 1-4 by 4 1-4 camera with printing frame, for a telegraph key and sounder.

A. J. Taylor, 70 Woodbine St., Providence, R. I. A banjo, a xylophone, and Confederate and colonial money, for a set of boxing gloves.

Albert Browne, 1205 Franklin Ave., New York City. Forty eight different stamps, for the 9d. Jubilee stamp of Great Britain; and 37 different stamps, for the 4d. Jubilee.

W. Clevenger, Jr., 24 Maryland Ave., Atlantic City, N. J. A stamping outfit, and 500 tin tags, for Nos. 1, 4, 5 and 6 of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, or a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Harry W. Hiers, 538 East 143d St., New York City. "Jolly Rovers," "Wait and Hope," "Whistler," and "Tom Brown's School Days," for Vol. I, II, III, or IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

John O'Hara, 27 North Pleasant St., Taunton, Mass. A pair of Acme ice skates, stamps, postmarks, photos, cards, and "The Boat Club," for a photo camera and outfit, or a pair of fencing foils and masks.

F. W. Finzer, 423 East Broadway, Louisville, Ky. One hundred and seventy five different tin tags, or 350 paper tags, for every number of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, or every 4 numbers of the ARGOSY previous to No. 261.

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FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,
81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK

A NEW RULE OF SPEECH.

A MAN may be a gentleman nowadays, but he mustn't be called one. The good Anglo Saxon terms "men" and "women" have become the sole usages of polite society. And with reason.

When a man speaks of his "lady friends," is not the inference natural that unless he had some female friends who were not ladies he would not feel called upon to qualify the term "friend" by the prefix "lady?"

In the same manner, when a woman speaks of having received calls from certain "men" on such an evening, although the term may sound harsh at first, it is the only correct one to use, for one who is a lady will know none but gentlemen.

Hence we would impress upon our readers to *be* ladies and gentlemen, but to refrain from alluding to their friends and acquaintances as such.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

WHAT do you seek most to attain, day by day, as you live it out? Each of us has his work to perform, be it in the way of study, tilling of the ground or duties at the shop or office. This labor, it is to be presumed, we discharge faithfully and extract therefrom that measure of enjoyment which should always accompany the performance of those tasks in which the major part of our working hours are employed.

But how about the evenings and the other holiday times? Is it not a fact that each thinks that during such seasons he is rightfully entitled to have as much "fun" as he possibly can? And do we not all plan assiduously to that end, and are we not often, alas, disappointed at the results?

For happiness possesses a will o' the wisp nature and frequently appears to take delight in eluding the very person who most untiringly seeks to entrap it. This being the case, is it not worth while sometimes to try the effect of seeing how happy we can make somebody else! If we should do this, what a girdle of joy and good will would be stretched around the earth! And we venture to predict that the pearl of happiness would then be found without the trouble of searching for it.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME.

AN incident recorded the other day in the columns of a morning paper leads us to formulate the semi original aphorism, "presence of mind, in emergencies, is as valuable as absence of body." In other words, if a man has his wits about him in case of accident or when unexpected responsibilities are suddenly thrust upon him, he may not only save himself, but do a good deal for his fellow creatures besides.

The incident alluded to was that of a gentleman out driving in the upper wards of New York with a young lady when he chanced upon an Italian fracas, engaged in by some of the laborers on the new aqueduct.

Stones were whistling, blood dripping, some were down and others threatening vengeance and murder. The young lady begged her companion to whip up his horses and hurry away, but he, instead of losing his head in the excitement, recollected that he had about him a small, simple implement that might restore peace in an instant.

This little talisman was a policeman's whistle, and one sharp, prolonged blast was all that was needed. Not to summon an officer, but to frighten the combatants into thinking a whole posse of them was about to descend upon the place and thus putting an end to the *melée*.

How many men would have shouted themselves hoarse or risked their own eyes and noses in endeavoring to personally end the strife, where one would think *at once* of the simplest and best expedient at hand? It pays to train the brain to quick work, as well as the hand and eye.

In this number of the ARGOSY we give considerable space to base ball subjects, following up our article on curve pitching of a few weeks ago with a base ball story by the same writer. We are sure our boy readers will appreciate this timely recognition of the important place in their esteem occupied by America's national game, emphasized as it is by the pen of an author who can play as well as write, and by the brush of an artist who makes a specialty of just such subjects.

THE NEW NUMBER OF MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

"TOM TRACY; or, The Trials of a New York Newsboy," by Arthur Lee Putnam, forms No. 10 or the May issue of our series of books for young people. Tom, the hero, is a boy of exceptionally engaging qualities, bright and full of that dry humor that brings a laugh to the lips every few pages. His character is in strong contrast to that of his cousin, Gerald Weeks, and their encounters are always productive of lively interest. For the rest, the book is full of incidents of a most varied and pleasing nature, sure to enchain the attention of all live boys.

The story is handsomely illustrated by the late I. B. Woodward, and will be mailed post paid on receipt of price, 25 cents. It is also for sale by all newsdealers. On page 15 of last week's ARGOSY will be found a full list of the nine stories heretofore published in this series.

THE RIGHT THING TO DO.

THE ARGOSY is not only a source of pleasure and recreation to its readers, but is trusted by many of them as a wise counselor and helpful friend as well. As an instance of this fact, we herewith reproduce—suppressing all names, localities and dates, so that no confidence is violated—a correspondence which may prove as helpful to others as we trust it has to the one most intimately concerned.

Here is our young friend's letter, minus particulars of a personal nature:

FRANK A. MUNSEY, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR:—I have just read your piece in the ARGOSY, "Debt and its Danger." May I take the privilege to ask your advice in a private matter? I have never seen you, but through your noble paper, the ARGOSY, I have learned to love you as my dearest friend, and possibly, adviser.

I am sixteen years old, have a good position with wages of $8 per week. Some time ago I met some friends, spent my money and got in debt for $10, which falls due next Saturday. If I do not pay, my parents will be notified, which will force me to *leave home. What shall I do?* Shall I leave my dear home or shall I *steal* the money? Confess I cannot, as they think the world of me at home. Please tell me what to do.

P. S. I cannot take the money out of my wages, and he will not postpone the payment any longer.

To this despairing appeal, a reply was at once made by mail, to the following effect:

Your letter is received, and we are glad you have referred your trouble to us, as we are sure the advice we shall give you will put you right, if you will follow it faithfully.

There is but one wise and honorable thing for you to do, and that is to go direct to your parents and tell them everything, frankly and honestly, as you have us. They will not turn against you, but will admire you more than ever for having the manly courage to come to them with your difficulties. After you have made everything plain to them, go to your creditor and fix upon a satisfactory basis of settlement. There is no creditor who will not aid you if you keep faith with him and do as you agree. Under no circumstances make a promise that you do not mean to meet to the fullest extent.

You are the architect of your own fortune and can become a successful and honored citizen with sufficient intelligent effort. Do not therefore think for a moment of further wrong doing, but meet these unpleasant demands bravely and with manly courage. Never try to get out of one mistake by committing another. No man ever yet succeeded by such means. The end has always been shame and suffering.

Very sincerely yours,
FRANK A. MUNSEY.

GENERAL BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Ex Senator from Indiana—A possible Presidential Candidate.

AMONG those most frequently mentioned as possible nominees for the coming Presidential conventions is General Harrison of Indiana, the "favorite son" of an important State, and a man whose admirable record proves him a worthy candidate for even the highest office in the gift of the people.

General Harrison's prominence is entirely self earned, and does not arise from the distinguished family to which he belongs. And yet his ancestry is well worth mentioning. He is descended from Major General Harrison, an officer of Oliver Cromwell's army, and one of the signers of the warrant for King Charles's execution. For this the major general paid the penalty with his life, being hung as a traitor in 1660, on the restoration of Charles II to the English throne.

GENERAL BENJAMIN HARRISON.

From a photograph by Bell.

His great grandfather, Benjamin Harrison of Virginia, the first Harrison to win renown in the New World, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and thrice governor of his State. Next in the direct line stands General William Henry Harrison, elected in 1840 to be President of the United States, and cut off by death only a month after his inauguration. President Harrison's son, John Scott Harrison, was the father of the subject of this sketch, who was born on his grandfather's homestead at North Bend, Ohio, on the 20th of August, 1833.

To this place William Henry Harrison had retired after an honorable career in Congress and as Governor of the Northwestern Territory, and here with his son he tilled his farm like the Roman hero of old. His son's son, Benjamin, was seven years old when the grandfather was elected to the Presidency, but the boy's memory of that stirring political campaign is not so vivid as the recollection of his first visit to the neighboring city of Cincinnati, which he made in company with his grandfather, the President elect. Happening to pass an apple woman's stand, the young traveler thought it was a good idea to keep fruit ready for the hands of the passers by. He had never had to pay anything for apples down at North Bend, and so, going up to the stand, he took all he wanted and walked off, to the horror of the vender.

Benjamin went to the district school till he was fifteen, and then for three years he attended Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio. Graduating there in 1851, he commenced the study of law in the office of Judge Bellamy Storer of Cincinnati, and advanced so rapidly that he was admitted to the bar and began to practice in Indianapolis within three years.

He is said to have been very youthful in appearance, being short and slender, with a smooth face, and hair of the color which sometimes evokes the undignified epithet "tow head." But he did not lack manliness or self reliance. Indeed, so confident was he of his ability to provide for himself, that although he had no patrimony to inherit, he undertook the responsibilities of matrimony before he was twenty one years old.

Of course he was poor and had to work hard. He was a good worker, too, and he soon made a reputation in his profession. He made many friends, and had plenty of cases on his hands. In amassing wealth, however, he was not so successful. His fees were not very large, and he did not show that haste to grow rich that some men display.

His home in Indianapolis was for years three rooms in an old dwelling on Vermont Street. At the outbreak of the war, he would have volunteered at once for service, but his wife and two children were dependent upon his daily labor. It was not long, however, before Governor Morton of Indiana sought him out and commissioned him to raise a company, and he went to the front as Colonel of the Seventeenth Indiana Regiment.

After a period of monotonous guard duty in Kentucky and Tennessee, in 1864 Colonel Harrison took part in some of the fiercest fighting of the war, and found abundant opportunity to show the splendid metal he was made of. "Our colonel was right with us," says a member of the Seventeenth Indiana, in describing the desperate charge at Resaca. "We had to withstand a murderous cross fire, and as the gunners discharged their pieces we fell to the ground and allowed the shot to pass over us. Then we rushed up, scaled the works, and took possession of the guns. The boys tell a story of the general which I guess is true. They say that when we went into the works Harrison was with us, and that he grabbed a rebel gunner by the hair of his beard and yanked him out, exclaiming: 'Come out of here, you blank rebel.' If this story is true it is the only time I ever heard of the general uttering an oath, but that he had strength enough to pull a lusty gunner over the works I do not doubt."

After Resaca, Colonel Harrison was brevetted a brigadier general, and after Peach Tree Creek, where again he distinguished himself, he was promoted to be a brigadier in full commission. He served till the close of the war, and came out without a scratch, though in 1865 he had an attack of scarlet fever.

General Harrison has already become an ardent politician. He had been one of the earliest members of the Republican party, and had gone "on the stump" for Fremont in 1856, and for Lincoln in 1860. At the election which resulted in the elevation of the latter to the Presidency, he was himself chosen to a small local office—that of Reporter to the Supreme Court. From this he was ousted through a partisan quarrel, but in 1864 he was reelected during a brief leave of absence from the army. After a four years' term he returned to his law practice, and remained in private life until 1876, when after having declined a nomination for Governor of Indiana, he accepted it when urged upon him as a public duty. He entered heartily into the campaign, but was not successful, the Democrats carrying the State.

Though defeated, General Harrison came out of the campaign with a considerably increased reputation, and in 1880 the Indiana Legislature elected him to the United States Senate. He served for six years in that body, proving himself to be a strong debater, and a good though hardly eloquent speaker. Last year his term of office expired, and as the majority of the Legislature was adverse, he was of course not reelected, and is again practicing law in Indianapolis, where he now owns a handsome home.

The general is rather short in stature, erect and soldierly in bearing, with light hair and beard. He belongs to the Indianapolis Literary Club, and is a member of a Presbyterian church, where for some time he taught a Bible class. He has a married daughter, and a son who has settled in Montana Territory.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

[*This story commenced in No.* 285.]

The Young Hermit

OF

LAKE MINNETONKA,

BY OLIVER OPTIC,

Author of "The Cruise of the Dandy," "Always in Luck," "Young America Abroad Series," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE EX DETECTIVE.

"THAT looks a little like business," said Mr. Cavan, as he took the thousand dollar bill from the vest pocket of Sparks Gayland. With it was a piece paper like that which had been found in the drawer in Paul's room.

"I did not put that bill there!" exclaimed Sparks, overwhelmed with confusion.

"Of course you did not put it there, Mr. Gayland; it jumped out of the pile of bills on the table, and wickedly and maliciously took up its resting place in your vest pocket," replied the ex detective, in the blandest of tones. "Undoubtedly it was very wrong for that bill to put itself into your pocket in that manner at this particular time."

"I tell you I did not put it there!" persisted Sparks, violently. "I know nothing at all about it, any more than you do."

"But I know all about it," suggested the agent pleasantly.

"I know nothing about it. I haven't the least idea how the bill came to be in my pocket," protested the culprit.

"I do know. But just now you suggested that you had something to say after you had been searched, and this seems to be the time to say it," continued the agent.

"I don't know that it will be of any use for me to say anything now," answered Sparks, as though he were the innocent victim of circumstance, as he turned his gaze to Paul.

"Perhaps it will, and then again perhaps it will not," said Cavan. "You must be your own judge in regard to that."

"If you have anything to say, Sparks, say it; and I hope it will relieve you of the guilt which has now been fastened upon you," added his uncle.

"When you threw the bills on the table, Uncle Ward, they scattered about, and some of them fell within reach of Paul, who was sitting at the table. If I am not greatly mistaken, I saw him take one of them and put it in his pocket just as he was going out of the room," said the nephew, with a mighty effort to shake off the guilt which had been fastened upon him.

"And that is the particular reason why the missing bill was found in your pocket," added Cavan, with a twinkle of the eye that Sparks Gayland did not like.

"Of course I put the bill in his pocket! That is plain enough, and I ought to be hung, drawn and quartered on the spot," said Paul, with his habitual shrug of the shoulders.

"One who had got far enough to take the bill from the pile on the table would not have to strain himself very hard to put it in the pocket of an innocent person when the time of trouble came," suggested Sparks, doggedly.

"And he would not have to strain himself much harder to put the stolen bill in the bureau drawer of an innocent person," said the ex detective, with more energy than he had before displayed, as a new idea evidently dawned upon him. "Paul, will you oblige me by bringing from your room the paper we found in one of the drawers of the bureau?" he added.

Paul plainly did not wish to do anything to assist in overwhelming the nephew of his uncle; but after a moment's hesitation he left the room, and presently returned with the folded paper, which he handed to the examiner.

Cavan still held the paper he had taken from the vest pocket of Sparks in his hand, and he proceeded to compare the two papers, which were of the same kind, and both of them had typewriter work upon them.

"I have been practicing on a machine in the office of a friend of mine, and that is a part of my work," said Sparks, as the examiner unfolded the paper taken from the pocket of the culprit.

"Ah! Then this paper belonged to you, did it?" asked Cavan.

"Of course it did; it was taken from my pocket."

"And the one taken from the bureau drawer is exactly like it, both being on bank note paper," continued the agent, unfolding the other paper in his hand. "Both have typewriter work on them; and of course Paul has also been practicing on the typewriter, and has also used precisely the same kind of paper; and that a very expensive sort for mere play."

"I know nothing about the other piece of paper," said Sparks.

"Certainly you do not, for it was found in Paul's room. But it was done on the same machine, for all the outs in one paper appear in the other," the agent explained, as he examined the two papers side by side.

"I don't quite see what you are driving at," interposed Mr. Gayland; and it was plain enough that his nephew did not see the point any better, clear as it was to Mr. Cavan and Paul.

"Excuse me one moment, sir, and then I will explain. When you made the discovery that you had lost the money, were both of the young men in this room?" asked Cavan.

"They were not," answered the rich man, after a little reflection. "Sparks was here, and when I learned that the other boy had been here when I put the money on the table, I sent him for Paul, who was in his room."

"That makes it all plain sailing," replied the ex detective, with his blandest smile. "Now, Paul, which of you came out of your chamber first when Sparks went up to call you?"

"I did, and I left Sparks at the window, where he was looking out; but he passed me on the stairs, and came into the sitting room first," replied Paul, with something like a yawn in his manner, as though he was weary of the subject.

"It is a good deal clearer than Mississippi water now," said the agent, as he rose from his chair, as if to indicate that his mission was accomplished. "When Sparks went up to the chamber to call Paul, he lingered a moment in the room after Paul left, pretending to look out of the window. As soon as his companion had passed the door, he put the thousand dollar bill into the bureau drawer, as he supposed, and really believed he had, until the bank note was taken from his pocket.

"He was more surprised then than any of the rest of us, for none of us expected that it would be found upon him. In his haste to return as soon as Paul to your presence, he made the slight mistake of putting his paper with the typewriter work on it in the drawer, for it felt like the bank note. That is the whole story, Mr. Gayland, and I am very sorry for your nephew, for he had evidently intended to keep the thousand dollars if his caution would permit him to do so."

"I understand the matter perfectly now, Mr. Cavan," added the rich man, nodding his head to emphasize what he said.

"This seems to be a family affair, and I suppose there is nothing more for me to do or say," continued Mr. Cavan, as he moved toward the door.

Mr. Gayland expressed his thanks in the strongest terms, and the real estate agent departed. A profound silence followed his exit, during which the gaze of Sparks was fixed on his uncle.

Before any one had a chance to say anything, Mrs. Gayland entered the room, with her street dress on, for she had just returned from a walk.

"What in the world is going on here?" she asked, as she observed the solemn face of her husband, and the hangdog look on that of Sparks.

In reply to this question, her husband told the whole story of the missing and recovered bank bill.

"Sparks Gayland stole the money!" she exclaimed. "I don't believe a word of it!"

THE QUARREL IN MR. GAYLAND'S HOUSE.

"It has been proved to my satisfaction," replied Mr. Gayland.

"You are too easily satisfied," added the lady, with a toss of her head. "Sparks Gayland, did you steal the money?"

"Of course I did not; this is a conspiracy to ruin me in the estimation of my uncle, though I cannot tell exactly how the affair has been managed by Paul——"

"Paul? I might have known that he was at the bottom of it!" exclaimed the lady, with a sneer on her pretty face. Her husband had married her for her beauty.

Paul Gayland was seated near the table, but he did not even look at Mrs. Gayland; on the contrary, without saying a word, he rose from his seat and walked deliberately out of the room. He was followed by the capitalist, who picked up the bank bill as he passed the table.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME INDICATIONS OF A FAMILY QUARREL.

"PAUL," called Mr. Gayland, as soon as he reached the door, which he did not take the trouble to close behind him. "I am sorry you have been annoyed by this business."

"Oh, I'm not at all annoyed," replied Paul, as he returned to the place where the capitalist stood. "I am afraid Sparks is more annoyed than I am."

"He has sufficient reason to be," added Mr. Gayland. "Here is the thousand dollar bill which has made all this trouble; take it, Paul; it is yours."

"Mine, sir? I really don't understand you!" exclaimed Paul, almost thrown off his balance by the words of his foster father.

"I give you this money; is that beyond your comprehension?" asked the capitalist.

"Yes, sir, it is; for I really don't see why you should give me such a sum. I never expected to have so much money to the end of my life, sir," replied Paul, looking at the big bill, and perhaps thinking what he might do with it if it was really his.

"I have always looked upon you as a prudent and careful boy; and if you like you may salt this money down, and then you will have so much pocket money, for the savings bank will give you six per cent a year for the use of it. Perhaps I have some other motive; if I have, no matter what it is," continued the rich man, lowering his voice as he uttered the last sentence, for he had evidently intended his wife and nephew should hear what he said, possibly as a moral lesson to the latter, and to assert his independence to the former.

"What am I to do with all this money, sir?" inquired Paul, who seemed to be bewildered by the magnitude of the gift, though ordinarily nothing disturbed him.

"You can do anything you like with it, though I have suggested that you should invest it so that it will pay you an annual income," replied Mr. Gayland.

"Do you mean that as an insult to your nephew?" asked his wife, coming to the door that opened into the hall. "You never did as much as that for Sparks."

"He never deserved it. He is a thief! I will not have him in my house any longer!" exclaimed the rich man. A philosopher would have said that he had better have married a woman more nearly of his own age, for their relations were evidently not as pleasant as they had been when Paul was adopted in Nice, seven or eight years before.

"You are mistaken, Ward, about this matter," answered Mrs. Gayland, changing her tone very materially, when she saw that the capitalist was in a sterner mood than she had ever seen him before. "Sparks did not steal the money; he says he did not, and I believe him."

"The thousand dollar bill was found in his vest pocket, and the fact that he stole it has been proved beyond the possibility of a doubt. More and worse than stealing it, he tried to make it appear that Paul was the guilty one."

"You are very partial to Paul," suggested the lady.

"And you are very partial to Sparks," retorted the husband. "The matter has been settled. Sparks shall not remain in my house, and nothing but the memory of his dead father prevents me from handing him over to the police."

"But I am sure you are mistaken, Ward," pleaded the lady.

"That is easy to say, after I have taken the trouble to go over the whole matter with the most skillful detective in the country," replied the capitalist, frowning terribly, and betraying no little anger in his tones for him.

"Cavan doesn't know any more about it than I do," said Mrs. Gayland, with a sneer.

"I said the matter was settled; and nothing more need be said about it," replied the rich man, as he moved towards the hall entrance of the library.

"It is not settled, and I have something to say about it!" continued the lady, in spiteful tones. "Sparks is a member of this family, and he is entitled to fair treatment."

"He shall have fair treatment then! I will send for a policeman, and have him arrested for the crime. He shall have a jury if he likes, or if you like, which is the same thing, madam," said Mr. Gayland, halting near the door. "If anything more is to be said or done about it, the court shall decide whether he is guilty or innocent; and I will pay for a lawyer to defend him."

"You would not have Sparks arrested for such a crime, Ward," said the lady, overwhelmed by the threat.

"Why not? It is worse to commit the crime than it is to be arrested."

"I cannot believe that Sparks——"

"Don't say another word, Aunt Maud," interposed the culprit, in mortal terror lest his uncle should execute his horrible threat.

Mrs. Gayland did not say another word, and the uncle passed into the library, and closed the door after him, for he wanted to be alone after the painful scene through which he had passed.

"You are the cause of all this, Paul!" exclaimed Mrs. Gayland, as her gaze rested on the boy, who was standing in the hall with the thousand dollar bill in his hand, perhaps considering what he should do with so much money.

"If I am, then I am," replied Paul, recovering his indifferent manner.

"Why don't you confess that you stole the money?" demanded the lady.

"That is what I should advise Sparks to do," answered Paul, hardly bestowing a glance at her.

"You know very well that you stole the money, and put the bill in Sparks's pocket," continued the lady.

"There is room for a difference of opinion between you and me on this subject; but I will ask Mr. Gayland if he thinks I had better confess the crime," replied Paul, starting for the library door.

"Stop, Paul!" called the wife of the rich man, rushing forward and taking him by the arm. Without saying anything more she led him into the most distant part of the hall, and Paul tamely submitted, though he could easily have released himself.

"Paul Gayland, you have made trouble between me and my husband, and between Sparks and his uncle," said the lady, severely.

"I think not, Mrs. Gayland," replied the boy, quietly.

"Yes, you have; don't deny it! You have been a stumbling block in the family. You have wheedled yourself into the good graces of Mr. Gayland, and now he even refuses to hear what I say."

"I think he has a mind of his own; but I didn't have the making of him, and I think it is not my fault that he will not hear you."

"You mean to say that it is my fault, do you?"

"I don't mean to say anything about it."

"You are an obstinate puppy."

"I haven't bitten you, if I am."

"And as saucy as you are impudent."

Paul looked at the floor.

"If you had a spark of manliness in you, you would take yourself out of the way, and not make mischief any longer between husband and wife, uncle and nephew."

"I will go and ask Mr. Gayland if he thinks I had better fire myself out of the house," said Paul, moving off again towards the library.

"Stop, sir!" she cried, seizing him by the arm again.

Paul was not as submissive as usual this time, and he struggled to escape.

"Why don't you help me, Sparks?" demanded the lady, appealing to the nephew.

Sparks always did just what she told him to do; but he had better not in this instance, for, as soon as he attempted to lay hold of the refractory boy, Paul knocked him down as easily as though there had not been four years' difference in their ages, in favor of the ally of the lady.

The nephew fell on the oak floor, and his fall made considerable noise; enough, at least, to attract the attention of the capitalist in his library, and he came out to ascertain the cause of the commotion.

"What does all this mean?" demanded the rich man, amazed and horrified at the idea of any violence in his house.

"It means that Paul just struck Sparks, and knocked him down!" exclaimed Mrs Gayland, filled with excitement.

"Is this true, Paul?"

"It is; he laid hands on me, and I defended myself."

"Served him right," added the capitalist.

CHAPTER VII.

A DIVIDED HOUSE.

MR. GAYLAND seemed to understand the situation without much inquiry into the facts, for, though the relations of Paul had never been so critical with the lady and the nephew as at the present time, they had been considerably strained for the last year.

The difficulty in the family has already been indicated. The capitalist had married a beautiful woman hardly half of his own age, and her beauty had proved to be her principal wealth, though she was not without her good qualities.

It was in the first year of their marriage that their attention had been attracted at the hotel in Nice to the little boy of seven in charge of a brutal man. Finding that the little one was an orphan, they had adopted him, even without being able to ascertain anything at all about his deceased parents.

Both of them had been strongly attached to the child till about a year before the story opens; for Paul, as they agreed to call him, though rather odd in some of his ways, was an affectionate boy.

On the right arm of the boy were the two letters which he had shown to Sparks, the last of which was the initial of his foster parents' surname, and the name of Paul was added to it to correspond with the first initial.

Rather more than two years before the events narrated occurred, Mr. Gayland had been very sick, and his physician had grave doubts in regard to his recovery, though his excellent constitution and steady habits had enabled him to weather the storm, and he recovered.

In the course of this sickness it came out that he had made no will, and if he had died then, his estate would have been equally divided by law between his wife and nephew, as next of kin.

Sparks was the only child of Mr. Gayland's brother, who had died poor, and the rich man had taken care of the widow and son for some years, till the boy was left an orphan.

Ward Gayland continued to care for the boy, and after he married he took Sparks into his own family. At first the young man did very well; but his contact with wealth seemed to develop new and pernicious ideas in him; and though his uncle, who was a practical man, found a place for him when he had completed his high school education, he did not take kindly to the labor imposed upon him, and his employer refused to keep him.

Another place was found, with no better result, and then his uncle set him at work as a sort of private secretary for himself; but he found that the young man was of very little use for him, for he was both indolent and careless.

Sparks had contracted some bad habits, and his uncle discovered that he made occasional visits to Minneapolis, where he frequented a gambling house, and lost more money than he could pay, which caused his vicious habit to be discovered.

Sparks promised to abandon gambling, and even Mrs. Gayland, with whom he had become a great favorite, threatened to have him sent away from the house if he persisted. So far as his foster parents could know, he had ceased to gamble, and in other respects appeared to be doing better.

The severe illness of the capitalist had opened a new vein of thought to both the wife and the nephew, for he was growing older every day, and the end was not likely to be put off a great many years. The wife was sure enough of her share; but her favorite nephew was in peril, for Paul increased in favor with Mr. Gayland as Sparks lost ground by his indolence and waywardness.

The lady realized, after the dangerous sickness of her husband, that her favorite was in peril of being deprived of a considerable portion of his expectancy in his uncle's estate, and she had talked freely with him about the prospect.

The result was that Paul was at first treated very coldly, and could not fail to see that he had lost the good will of the woman who had treated him so kindly; and she soon made it more evident by decided acts of hostility, so that her husband could not help noticing the change in her bearing towards him.

He talked with her about the matter, but she failed to give any reason for her conduct, though she grew more and more hostile to the adopted son, until he suffered severely on account of her ill treatment.

Though he had always been mild in his manner and affectionate in his disposition, Paul was a boy of decided spirit, and when he could stand it no longer, he ran away, making his way to the coast with the intention of going to sea.

He did make one trip in a fishing vessel, and was absent six months on the Grand Banks; but this sort of life did not suit him, and he went to work as a waiter in a steamer. In this position his foster father found him, and induced him to return to St. Paul, for he was so much attached to the boy that he sent out a detective to track the fugitive as soon as he missed him, very much to the disgust of Mrs. Gayland and his nephew.

For a time after the return of Paul the current of domestic life went along more gently in the elegant mansion, and the boy finished his course in the high school; but the jealousy of Sparks and the wife soon broke out again, and Paul, who had a sensitive nature, suffered even more than ever before.

There was not a selfish vein in the composition of the boy, and he fully comprehended the situation. While he despised the character of Sparks, he could not help feeling that the young man had reason to be dissatisfied with Paul's presence in the family, and especially with his intimate and affectionate relations with the head of the house.

He felt himself that he was in the way, not of the wife, but of the nephew; and he had on one occasion talked with the rich man, and even begged him not to give him anything in his will, or at least not to give him enough to deprive Sparks of any material portion of his property.

This unselfish conduct on the part of the adopted son only endeared him all the more to the capitalist, and he did not hesitate to say that, whatever he gave Paul, he should give Sparks only enough to produce an income that would support him comfortably, and that would be in the hands of trustees, so that the young man could not spend the principal.

Paul found that he could accomplish nothing by his appeal, and he never renewed it, for he saw that Mr. Gayland had a settled purpose in his mind, and he submitted with the best grace he could to the unkindness of his household enemies.

But he was now charged with the crime of stealing the thousand dollars, though it was clearly proved that Sparks was the guilty one; and he felt that he could not endure even a life of luxury while subjected to such persecution. Even the rough and perilous life of a fisherman on the Banks was to be preferred.

Mrs. Gayland was an impulsive woman, and she was sorry for what she had done when her husband appeared in the hall, to which the noise of the scuffle had called him, for she felt that she had endangered her own cause by her foolish conduct.

"Madam, you are my wife," said Mr. Gayland, trembling with emotion, "and I have nothing to say to you here. You will oblige me by retiring to your room."

The lady had never received such a request before from her husband, and she made no reply, though she did not offer to leave the hall.

"Sparks, I shall find a respectable boarding place for you, and I shall insist on your leaving my house at once," continued Mr. Gayland, struggling to master his feelings.

Sparks made no reply; but he would have given all he had to give if the wheels of time would set him back a couple of hours, so that he could undo all that he had done in that brief period.

Paul did not wait to hear any more, but went up the stairs to his chamber, for it was plain enough to him that a family quarrel had actually broken out in that elegant mansion on the hill; and even if Sparks were sent out of the house there could be no peace for him as long as Mrs. Gayland remained.

After Paul had gone up stairs Mr. Gayland went to his library, and the lady and the nephew talked for two hours in the drawing room.

The next morning Paul did not appear at breakfast, and could not be found in the house.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE OLD MILL.

There's a little rill
At the foot of the hill,
And a little dam
And a little old mill,
Shabby and still;
And the little old miller who once was there,
With snow white clothes and powdered hair,
Who measured the grain,
And took the toll,
He is now as silent and still
As the moveless wheels in the little mill,
And he sleeps in the churchyard cold and rn,
Near the little mill where he ground the corn.

But the mill runs along
With the same old song,
And the same fresh glow
Of years ago.
Warm and cold, it never grows old;
And its banks still bloom with crimson and gold,
Just as it did when the miller was there
With snowy garb and powdered hair;
And the life stream flows
Through joys and woes;
And others now ride
On the life long tide,
Just as those did that went to that mill,
Just as those who follow us will,
Till the wheels of time shall stand as still
As the rattling wheels of that old mill.

[*This story commenced in No.* 278.]

THE Casket of Diamonds;

OR,

HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE.

BY GAYLE WINTERTON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE STATEROOM OF THE CAPTAIN'S CLERK.

ROWLY listened with considerable interest and curiosity to Silky's curious references to his numerous grandmothers, and to his offer to give Rush Sinnerton one fourth of all that he could obtain from one of these mysterious personages.

"That's liberal, and I will do just as you tell me," replied Rush.

"All right; come into my room then, and we will go on board of the Ganymede at once," added Silky, as he led the way out of the room.

Rowly waited till he heard the door of the adjoining chamber closed, and then he crawled out of his hiding place.

The first thing he saw was the box which had served the burglar as evidence, lying on the floor where it had been dropped. The shadow picked it up, and crept out of the room like a cat.

In his former visit he had learned something about the house, and he passed up the stairs to the floor above, where he found the door of a hall chamber open, and he entered it.

The window looking down into the street was open, and Rowly saw that it was nearly deserted.

After watching a favorable moment, he threw the box out of the window, satisfied that it was so strongly made that it would not break, and he could recover it at his own pleasure.

Returning to the staircase, he descended to the floor below, keeping out of sight all the time, though he had to wait but a few minutes before Silky and Rush came out dressed for the street.

The visit to the ship was to be made, and Rowly followed the precious couple down the stairs, and into the street. He was so sure that neither of them would recognize him that he took no pains to conceal himself.

He knew just where they were going, and he decided to reach their destination before they did; and this he accomplished by means of the elevated railroad, while Silky and Rush, for reasons of their own, chose to walk. Before they reached the pier, he had hired a boat, and stood with one of the oars in his hand waiting for them when they arrived.

"Want a boat, gentlemen?" he asked as confidently as though he had been in the boating business all his life.

They did want a boat, for they could not reach the Ganymede without one, and they engaged the Chief of the Jolly Brigands at his own price, and without asking any questions.

"We want to go to the ship Ganymede; do you know where to find her?" asked Silky, looking out into the bay rather than at the boatman.

"I know just where she is," replied Rowly as he bent to his oars. "I have been on board of the Reindeer today, and the Ganymede is anchored near her."

Rush Sinnerton seemed to be very nervous, and twisted about in his seat in the stern sheets as though the silence had given him his first opportunity to consider the step he was taking. But he was not allowed a long time for reflection, for the boat soon came alongside of the ship, and the two passengers went on deck.

It was rather a late hour to make a call; but the "ocean swell" was planking the deck, smoking his cigar, and seemed to be in a very happy frame of mind. Rowly was too much interested in the proceedings to remain in the boat, and he went on board, placing himself where he could hear all that passed between his passengers and the captain.

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you, Captain Wellfleet," Silky began very politely. He did not appear in his sailor rig and beard, and and it was quite impossible for the shipmaster to recognize him.

"What is your business with me?" demanded Captain Wellfleet, in a tone which indicated that he did not care to be disturbed in his evening meditations.

"I heard that you wanted to engage a captain's clerk, sir; and I have brought off a young man that would like to obtain the position," answered Silky.

"Where did you hear that?" asked the captain.

"I heard a gentleman that looked like a sea captain say so; I don't know his name."

"Was it Ringboom?"

"Yes, sir; that was his name," interposed Rush. "I heard the man he was talking to call him so."

"Then Captain Ringboom did not send you to me, did he?"

"No, sir; he did not; and I came on board tonight so as to make sure of the place, if you think my friend will do," replied Silky, promptly, for he did not care to have Rush do any of the talking.

But Rush had to do the whole of it for some time then, for Captain Wellfleet proceeded to question him in regard to his qualifications for the place of captain's clerk.

The son of the capitalist had been well educated, and even had a smattering of French, which he could talk with no little fluency, to a person who did not understand the language. The ocean swell appeared to be satisfied with the oral examination of the candidate, and then asked him into the cabin for a more practical inquiry into his ability to fill the place.

If Rowly was modest and retiring under ordinary circumstances, he permitted the side of his face to swell out on the present occasion, and boldly followed the trio into the cabin. Rush was directed to a seat at the table, on which were pen, ink, and paper, with which the captain told him to make out a written application for the position he wanted.

The candidate wrote the paper without any hesitation, and did it in a very creditable manner, for he was skilled in penmanship and composition. Captain Wellfleet so far descended from his lofty position as to praise the effort of the young man; and then gave him a column of figures to add, which was done almost in the twinkling of an eye. Examples in percentage, interest, mensuration, and book keeping were given him, and he acquitted himself with great credit, as he ought to have done, with all the care which had been bestowed upon his education.

"You will do, youngster," said the captain, indicating that the examination was finished. "Your name is Robert Saunders?" he added, referring to the written application on the table.

"Yes, sir; that is my name."

"Who is your father, Robert?"

"I have no father; my mother is still a widow, and lives at Albany. She has an income of twelve hundred dollars a year. My health is not very good, and the doctor said I had better take a sea voyage. I have some letters from my mother; but I left them in my room. If you wish to see them, I will bring them down in the morning."

"You will be likely to bring them when you come on board, and I will look at them then. You may go now," replied the captain.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Wellfleet, but Mrs. Saunders wished me to see how her son was situated," Silky interposed. "If you will be kind enough to tell me where Bob is to sleep, I shall be able to set her mind at rest on that point."

The captain, in reply to this question, led Silky to a kind of vestibule at the entrance of the cabin, on each side of which was a door. Opening the one on the port side, he said that it was the doctor's room when they carried passengers, but Robert would occupy it in the coming voyage.

The captain then called Bings, the cabin steward, and told him to light the lamp in the

room; and then he resumed his walk and his meditations on deck. The lamp, which swung on gimbals, was lighted, and Silky took a deep interest in the stateroom, apparently in order that he might give the widowed mother of his charge full particulars in regard to her son's new home on the sea.

Rowly was quite as much interested as the burglar and his dupe, but he stood at the door whistling, manifesting none of the interest he felt in the examination.

Silky looked into every corner and crevice in the room with as much care as though he was going to occupy the room himself. In the corner of the little apartment was a washbowl, set in a stand, with a door under it, which he investigated with the utmost care. He opened the door under it, and found that the bowl rested on a shelf not more than half as wide as the depth of the washstand. There was, therefore, considerable space on each side of the bowl, which could only be reached from the back side of the closet.

"I mus sharge you for anoder hour, you keep me here mush long," said Rowly in his mongrel dialect, and in an impatient manner.

"I will pay you for another hour; but we are going in a few minutes," replied Silky. "Go to the gangway, and get your boat ready."

The burglar turned his attention away from the washstand, and began to examine other parts of the room. Rowly left the door and his whistle, and went out on deck, as the burglar told his companion to go forward and take a look at the ship. The young clerk did not go far, however; in fact, he only stepped around the corner of the poop, and placed himself at the window of Rush's stateroom.

Rogues are very apt to make some mistake in their operations, and Silky neglected to draw the curtain of the window; and without being seen himself in the darkness on deck, Rowly could observe all that was done inside of the little apartment.

The first thing the burglar did after he had closed the door of the room was to unbutton his frock coat; and the shadow saw for the first time that he seemed to be very protuberant on the chest.

The opening of the coat showed that he had several small packages secured inside of his coat, which he took one at a time from their place and put them on the washstand. Then he dropped on the floor, and, drawing his head and shoulders into the closet under the bowl, he proceeded to place the packages on the shelf above him, crowding them in as far as he could reach.

This was the work of only a couple of minutes after he had arranged his plan; and he was satisfied, when he had finished, that no one, not even Rush Sinnerton, knew where he had deposited the packages.

Rowly had no doubt that these parcels contained the handsome fortune of the Diamond Heiress. They were on board of a ship which was to sail for London the next day; and there was not the slightest probability that any one, either by accident or design, would discover the hiding place of the treasure. Rowly was so well satisfied that the diamonds would be safe where the burglar had put them that he did not even think of taking them away that night, for he felt that he was powerless to do anything.

When Rush returned to the cabin door, Silky was ready to go ashore, and so was Rowly. Nothing was said on the trip to the pier, for Silky believed that he was very discreet. The shadow followed them in the city for two hours, till they halted before a large house up town.

"One of my six grandmothers lives here," said Silky.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LADY ON THE WATCH.

THERE was some myth about Silky's six grandmothers which Rush could not comprehend, unless the father or mother of his friend had been married five times, and all the grandmothers were still living.

But he regarded the half dozen ancient ladies as a mere pleasantry, which it was useless to attempt to explain.

"How much money do you expect to obtain of this grandmother?" asked Rush, loud enough to be heard by Rowly, who had crawled behind a lofty flight of front steps.

"I told her I must have twenty thousand dollars at least; and she said she would have it ready to give me tonight," replied Silky, as seriously as though he had been telling the truth.

"Then she is willing to give you the money, is she?"

"Of course she made some fuss about it, but she came to terms in the end."

"What is her name?" asked Rush.

"You will see it on the front door when we go in. On the whole, I think I shall go in the back way, for she will not open the door for me at this time of night," replied Silky, as he started across the street, followed by his companion.

If Rush was deceived in regard to the intentions of Silky, Rowly was not; and he waited till he saw the precious couple enter an archway, which appeared to lead to the rear entrance of the two adjoining houses. Then he crossed the street some distance above the house; and as it was eleven o'clock by this time, there was hardly a person in the streets off the main avenues.

Removing the full beard he wore in the character of the "chief of the Jolly Brigands," Rowly put it in the pocket of his coat, which he took off, and slung on his arm.

This change in his appearance made, he suddenly became more jolly than ever; and it took the entire sidewalk for his zigzag walk down the street again.

At the archway where the burglar had led in his companion, he halted and listened for a moment, and then followed them, resuming his drunken hilarity.

The moment his voice sounded in the archway, Silky made his appearance, and demanded what he meant by disturbing honest people at that time of the night.

"I ton't tisturb no honest peoples," replied the tippler, with a laugh; and yet there was truth in his speech.

"What do you want, any way?" growled Silky, who was in no humor to be disturbed by a brawler.

"I ton't see nobodies in der street, as I see dwo men come in dis place. I gets mixed up mit der beer, and I ton't can't find wot was de road. I goes mit der place wot dey calls Broadway," said Rowly, struggling heavily with his speech.

"Show him the way to Broadway, Bob," remarked Silky, testily.

Rowly had learned all he wanted to know, for Silky had already opened a door which led to the back area of the house on the left of the passage, and he took kindly to the directions which Rush gave him; and the burglar's assistant hastened back to join his principal.

The shadow did not go far on the way indicated, but returned, ascending the front steps till he could read the name of "Morgan Dykes" on the door plate. By the light of a street lamp he wrote the name and number of the house on a piece of paper; and at the corner of the block, he paused to think what he should do next.

He did not consider himself competent to secure the arrest of the burglar himself, in spite of the self confidence he had manifested so far in his operations. The proper thing for him to do was to go to the nearest precinct office, and inform the police what was going on in the house of Mr. Morgan Dykes; but the officers had been so reluctant to believe him before that he was not very willing to proceed in this manner.

Besides, this would subject Rush Sinnerton to the same treatment and penalty as the accomplished rogue whose lead he was following without knowing it; and he thought this would be a very great injustice. If he were found in the house with Silky, he could hardly plead that he was innocent; and even the wealth and influence of his father might be powerless to save him.

Doubtless it was entirely wrong for Rowly Parkway to think of such a thing as correcting then the working of the law; but though Rush was not his friend, he was perfectly willing to have justice done to him.

Fortunately or unfortunately for him, circumstances prevented him from settling this important question even in his own mind, for just then the movements of a lady attracted his attention.

But he had got far enough to conclude that, whatever he did or left undone, he would know on the following day just where to look for the burglar and the plunder, if any was obtained in the house of Morgan Dykes, and he could put his hand on both when the occasion should require. More than this, he had made up his mind that Rush Sinnerton, who was really innocent of any crime, badly as he had behaved in relation to Hope Everton, should not be found on board of the Ganymede when Silky was taken from her.

The lady who had excited the interest of Rowly was on the other side of the street, and had paused opposite the house at which the burglar had entered. She seemed to be nervous and uneasy, and walked up and down the street for a short distance, with her gaze always fixed upon Mr. Dykes's mansion, as though she expected some friend to come out of it.

Rowly forgot all about the great moral question which had engaged his attention, for the woman was well dressed, and so far as her movements could indicate she was a lady. The shadow crossed the street, and decided to meet her if she did not run away from him; and he started at a brisk pace as soon as she was headed in the same direction as he was going.

He walked as rapidly as he could, and soon overtook her, just under a street light, which enabled him to see her face, which he was very anxious to do, for he had already formed a theory in his mind in regard to her identity. He slackened his pace when he came up with the lady, and this caused her to look at him, though she did not act as though she was at all frightened.

His theory was correct; the lady was the one who had visited the store and had taken Mr. Amlock out of the way, and for whom the police were on the lookout. Her height, form and movements, with the fact that she was observing the house which Silky was engaged in entering at that moment, suggested the idea that it was "Miss Van Zandt," and he had proved it to his own satisfaction.

He passed the lady without saying anything, and without bestowing a second glance upon her; but he did not go beyond the next corner. Then he saw that she turned about and was retracing her steps up the street.

The volunteer shadow had no intention of losing sight of the woman, for she was as much one of the burglars as though she had applied her fair hands to the brace with which the drill had been turned in the door of the safe. But what was she doing here? Why was she watching that house in which the robbery was in progress? Had she a grandmother there? The question suggested answers, whether they were correct or not.

She had no interest in Silky, except as the "pal" of her husband. She had no part to play in the robbery, as on the preceding night; and it looked to Rowly as though she was there as an inquirer rather than an actor.

Her husband had been arrested that day; but it was possible that she did not know of the misfortune that had befallen him, and that looked like a reasonable explanation of her conduct in the street. This was only the shadow's theory; but her presence in the vicinity of Mr. Morgan Dykes's house, and her close scrutiny of the mansion, proved that she knew this particular crib was to be cracked at this particular time. She evidently believed that her husband was engaged in the robbery, and she was waiting for him to come out of the house; and as she was short of money, very likely she expected a full supply from the proceeds of the work.

Rowly decided to speak to the lady, and get her out of the way.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN INTERVIEW IN THE STREET.

AT the time of the arrest of Blooks, or Kidd Ashbank, the officers had refused to allow him to write, or even send a message to his wife; and it was therefore probable that she had not heard of the capture of her husband.

Her connection with the attempted robbery of Brillyant & Co. rendered it necessary that she should keep out of the way, and she might even have her residence out of the city.

It was plain that the robbery of the house on the other side of the street had been planned between the confederates at some previous period, and that the date of its commission had been arranged; and it was clear enough that Mrs. Ashbank knew all about it.

Rowly was satisfied that she would wait till the robbers came out of the house, and he feared that she would derange all his plans; and as soon as he saw her start on her return up the street he followed her at a brisk pace.

As soon as she heard his step behind her, she quickened her pace, and did not seem to be willing that he should come up with her. But as she approached the avenue which bounded the end of the block, she reduced her speed, and seemed to desire to let him pass her.

Rowly was not inclined to do this, and "slowed down." This action on his part seemed to trouble and perplex her, and in a short time she halted and planted herself on the curbstone of the sidewalk, as though she intended to pass the night there.

The shadow did the same thing not more than a couple of rods from her; and this appeared to satisfy her that the stranger was directing his movements in accordance with hers.

Rowly was willing to believe, from her associations, that she was a bold and daring woman, and he had heard an officer say that she was a faithful wife, wholly devoted to her husband.

He had put on his coat and resumed his heavy beard, for the lady had seen him in the store, and might recognize him as the one who had defeated the attempt to rob the jewelry store.

She stood there like one statue, and Rowly like another, both of them looking at the buildings on the other side of the street, and neither willing to bestow any noticeable attention on the other. But the impatience of the lady did not permit her to retain her position more than five minutes, and then she began to move slowly towards her tormentor.

The shadow was in doubt for a couple of minutes, till the woman had come within six feet of him; and then, believing that she had pluck enough even to attack him in the street, he decided to "take the bull by the horns."

"Good evening, Mrs. Ashbank," said he, in the blandest tones he could command.

He observed the start which this salutation produced upon her, for he had fixed his gaze upon her in readiness to repel any possible attack upon him, for he suspected that a woman of her desperate fortunes did not go unarmed about the streets at this hour of the night.

"Do you know me, sir?" she demanded rather sharply.

"I have seen you in a street car, and I was told that you were the wife of Mr. Ashbank," replied Rowly at a venture.

"Then you know my husband?" she asked.

"I have seen him, but I have no personal acquaintance with him."

"May I ask why you are devoting so much of your attention to me, sir?" she inquired, with something like severity in her manner. "You followed me down the street, and then up the street, stopping when I did."

"You were alone and unprotected, and I have kept near you in order to render you any assistance in case you needed it, for ladies are not entirely safe in this part of the city at this hour."

"You are very kind, sir, and I am under obligations to you. Possibly you are aware that my husband has rooms in that house on the other side of the street? Our rooms are on the third floor."

"I was not aware of it. Which house is it?"

The lady indicated the one on the front door of which was the name of Mr. Morgan Dykes, which had the appearance of being one of those old residences which the owner still retained as his home in spite of the advance of business and the altered character of the locality.

"My husband and I have been to a concert this evening, and he stopped in the avenue for a few minutes to see a sick friend, leaving me to go the rest of the way home alone," continued Mrs. Ashbank, as plausibly as though she was telling the simple truth.

"Does the sick friend live far from here?" asked Rowly.

"About five blocks down the avenue. I found I had left my night key in the house when I got here, and it was too far for me to return to my husband," she added.

"With your permission, I will go over and ring the bell of the house," suggested Rowly.

"By no means! I would remain here all night rather than disturb the people of the house, for they are very peculiar," protested the lady, with a good deal of energy.

"Probably Mr. Ashbank has found his friend much worse than he expected, or he would not leave his wife in the street all this time," continued Rowly.

"He must be here very soon. I am not at all afraid, and I need not trouble you to remain with me any longer; though I am very much obliged to you for your kind intentions," said Mrs. Ashbank.

"Oh, it will be a very great pleasure for me to stay till Mr. Ashbank comes," persisted Rowly. "I could not think of leaving a respectable lady alone in the street at this hour."

"I really do not need your services, and for reasons of my own, I prefer that you should leave," said the lady, in a decided tone, which seemed to make it necessary to close the interview.

"As you please, Mrs. Ashbank; but before I go, I will look into that arch adjoining the house, and see if I can discover any way to get into the house," added Rowly, starting to cross the street.

"I beg you will do nothing of the kind," called the lady.

But Rowly gave no heed to her, and quickening his pace to a run, he entered the arch, taking off his beard and wig as he did so.

He was confident that Silky was too expert an operator to take Rush Sinnerton into the house with him; and as he expected he found him in the back yard, where he had doubtless been posted as a sentinel to warn his principal of the approach of any one who might interfere with his job.

"Who are you?" demanded Rush, retreating from him, as if to give the warning required of him.

"I am Rowly Parkway," replied the shadow, taking him by the collar of his coat. "If you make a sound, it will be all up with you! You do not know what you are here for, but I do. Come with me!"

Rowly talked and acted in the imperative mood, and by this time Rush knew him well enough not to offer any serious opposition.

"I can't leave; my friend is making a call here," he replied, as Rush dragged him from the back yard.

"Your friend is committing a robbery here! If you stay you will spend the next ten years in prison at Sing Sing," added Rowly, impressively.

Rush offered no further objection to going with him, and the shadow relaxed his hold upon him; and before he reached the street, he halted in the arch.

"Gunnywood's six grandmothers simply mean plunder, and you are running as fast as you can go into the State prison, Rush. His pal is Kidd Ashbank, whose wife is waiting in the street for him to come out of the house. I want you to tell her that her husband is not in the house, and that she will hear from him tomorrow, Rush. Will you do it?"

"How do you know he is going to rob the house?" asked Rush, who was actually shaking with terror at the very idea.

"I can't stop to talk about it now; but I know all about your affairs with Gunnywood. You are going to sail for London tomorrow in the ship Ganymede; you cannot produce the diamonds when you get to England, but your friend will do so," added Rowly.

Rush did not want to say a word, and what was revealed to him assured him that his companion knew what he was talking about.

"I will do just as you say, Rowly, if you will get me out of this scrape," stammered Rush.

"Go and tell the woman what I said then," Rowly replied.

Rush left the arch, crossed the street to the spot where Mrs. Ashbank was still standing, and she did not retreat at his coming.

He delivered his message without hesitation.

(*To be continued.*)

AFTER THE SMASH UP.

BRUISED AND BATTERED YOUNG MAN (to livery stable proprietor)—"You told me the horse wasn't afraid of anything."

Livery Man—"So he isn't. You don't suppose a horse that's timid would try to beat an express train over a railroad crossing, do you?"

IMPROVED MATHEMATICS.

TEACHER—"So you can't do a simple sum in arithmetic? Now, let me explain it to you. Suppose eight of you have together forty eight apples, thirty two peaches and sixteen melons, what would each one of you get?"

Johnny Smartboy—"Cholera morbus."

THE SUBLIMITY OF ENDEAVOR.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can.

Codfishing vs. Seal Hunting.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

"ALONE on a wide, wide sea." I wonder how many who read the familiar quotation ever have an idea what the feeling itself might be.

Harry Brown got a conception of it the first time he pushed away from the side of the fish schooner Bramhal, anchored on the banks of Newfoundland. Most present day fishing vessels are "trawlers." A "trawl" with its thousands of baited hooks is set at a distance from the anchored schooner, and "picked" twice in the twenty four hours by two of the crew.

But the Bramhal was what the Bucksport people who send out a small fishing fleet every year, called a "handliner." That is, the dory assigned to each one of the crew is furnished with an anchor, two lines, a bucket of bait, and jug of water. And these articles with Harry himself were the sole contents of the thirteen foot dory which Harry pulled off into a fog so thick that a dozen strokes of his oars carried him completely out of sight of the Bramhal, as well as the other dories pulling away in different directions.

"Don't go over an eighth of a mile away, and come in when you hear a gun fired, whether you've got any fish or not," were the skipper's instructions. And Harry privately resolved to make the eighth of a mile a *very* short one.

Away up to the top of the long cockling seas spun the dory as buoyant as a cork, to descend into a black abyss and again be sent flying to the summit of the next great billow. Nothing to be seen but the dull green of the waves and the impenetrable gray fog, which only for his oil skins would have wet Harry to the skin in an hour. Nothing to be heard but the never ceasing rush and hiss of the cresting waves. And this it was that brought to Harry's mind the quotation I have given—"alone on a wide, wide sea."

But Harry, being a New England boy, with plenty of energy and grit, didn't let any of these things trouble him. It was his first fishing trip, and the fifty or sixty dollars he hoped to realize from his share of the catch would help pay up the two hundred dollar mortgage on the little house at Barmouth.

What *did* trouble him was the fact that at the end of a half hour he hadn't felt the sign of a bite. And, if fishing is any way good on the Bank, the lines hardly reach bottom in thirty or forty fathoms before there is a cod on each hook.

"I must change my ground," said Harry decisively, and then began hauling his lines as a preliminary.

"*W-o-o-o-o-f!*"

A tremulously prolonged snort like the "exhaust" of an engine gave him such a start, that he was nearly pitched over the gunwale of the tossing dory. At the same moment there was an upheaval of the sea a few feet distant, followed by the appearance of a killock of dun colored hide, glistening with the water which ran from it in great sheets.

"Only a whale," said Harry, half ashamed of his momentary perturbation.

Having gathered in his lines, he went forward and began pulling up the killock—noticing with a vague sort of interest that the whale had gone down—probably in search of the squid which forms its staple food.

Breaking out the anchor without much difficulty, he began hauling in the miniature cable to which it was attached.

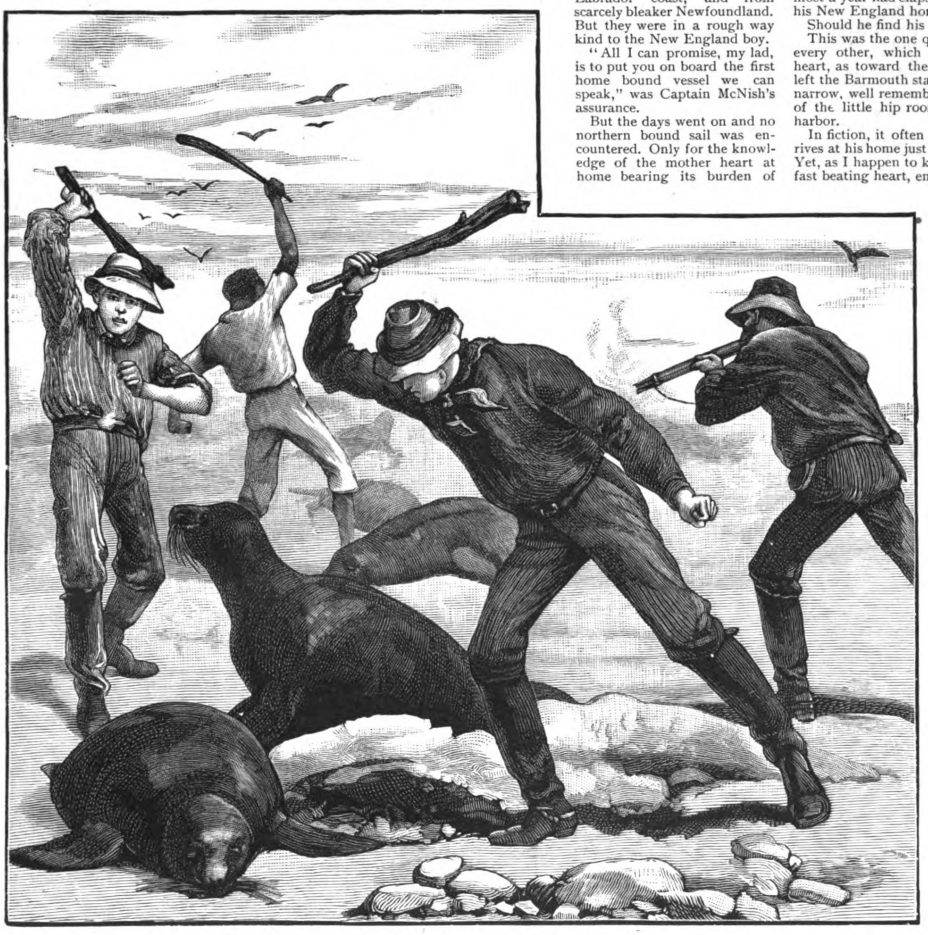
All at once it was jerked from his hands, and, before he could even guess what had happened, the hemp line went spinning out, bringing up with a sudden jerk that nearly threw Harry from his feet.

At the same moment the dory started onward as though in tow of a rather sluggish tugboat.

And like a flash Harry seemed almost intuitively to conjecture the cause. The fluke of the anchor had caught either in the corner of the leviathan's jaws or in its blowhole. And if this sounds at all incredible or impossible, I can refer the reader to another instance of a similar nature happening to a Gloucester fisherman belonging to the schooner Herald, during the fishing season of 1879.

"Won't this be a funny story to tell when I get back?" was Harry's thought, as, after the first shock of astonishment, he reached involuntarily down to the cleat in the thwart for his bait knife, which was not there.

Through the gray mist, up and over and down the long green seas the dory was plowing its way, while the finback, taking it very easy, kept along on *his* way without varying much from the straight course generally taken by the average whale.



THE SEAL HUNTERS DEALT DEATH RIGHT AND LEFT AMONG THE POOR, HELPLESS CREATURES.

Harry searched wildly in his pockets for a jack knife which, alas, he knew too well was in his berth on board the Bramhal. Then, for the first time, he began to think of his danger!

There was only one thing in the dory which he could use in a certain way as a means of cutting the taught lines between the ongoing boat and the whale. This was the earthen water jug. Broken into fragments, a jagged edge might do the business.

Yet already Harry had completely lost his bearings in the fog. And how many hours might he pull—yes, perhaps days if his strength held out as long—before finding the Bramhal? That his chances of finding the anchored vessel were as one in a thousand, Harry did not at the time realize. He was only thinking of the quart of water in the jug itself, which meant life for the time being.

And so, half despairingly, Harry sat in the stern of the dory, only rising from time to time to bail the water that in sprays dashed in over the bow. The fog showed no signs whatever of lifting, and as during the so called best Bank weather the sun's presence is only known by a luminous spot in the dense vapor, the chances for a break in the enveloping mists were rather more than uncertain.

So on till the gray of the day blended imperceptibly with the grayer, darker twilight into the density of night itself. Harry had a vague idea that the finback was heading due east, but this of course was merely conjectural. All night long poor Harry alternately drowsed and bailed. If at any time the whale had sensibly increased his speed or taken it into his big head to "sound," that would have settled it. Settled the dory and Harry himself, I mean.

But another day dawned—or tried to—and out from the lighter gray of the morning loomed a fore and aft schooner, standing under easy sail to the southward. Whereupon Harry drank the pint of brackish water remaining in his jug which he immediately smashed on the thwart, and with a fragment thereof severed his towline.

The whale kept his way without apparent notice of what had happened, while Harry, shipping his oars, pulled lustily to intercept the coming schooner.

She proved to be the Adela of Halifax, bound to Desolation Island on a sealing cruise. Captain, mates and crew alike, were hardy men from Canada, from the bleak Labrador coast, and from scarcely bleaker Newfoundland. But they were in a rough way kind to the New England boy.

"All I can promise, my lad, is to put you on board the first home bound vessel we can speak," was Captain McNish's assurance.

But the days went on and no northern bound sail was encountered. Only for the knowledge of the mother heart at home bearing its burden of patient waiting, which, when the Bramhal arrived, would be changed into the bitterness of grief, Harry might have made himself reasonably content. As it was, he could only *try*.

Past the warm equatorial latitudes into the colder growing ones of the stormy cape. And, after many days of battling with fierce, sleet laden gales, the Adela dropped anchor under the barren, ice bound lee of Desolation Island.

And well was it thus named. Sullen skies overhead with a never ceasing boom of angry Cape Horn seas breaking continually on a frozen shore. Ice floes and small bergs always in sight seaward. Never a sign of tree or shrub landward. And sea lions, with herds of seals, thronging the beach at stated intervals, the only visible signs of life.

Leaving a portion of the crew ashore, the Adela set sail for another sealing ground to the southward. And then it was that poor Harry began to realize in all its fullness the meaning of the word homesickness.

It was not altogether the dreary monotony of the short, cold, sunless days. Or the drearier life in the rude barracks provided for the seal hunters. Or the companionship of kindly but coarse natured and coarse spoken men. No—all this in itself was almost unendurable, but it was the nature of the work itself, to which Harry could never become accustomed. For he was tender hearted in the extreme, and the brutality of seal killing was something to which he could not harden himself.

It is a thing which has often been described. The shores lined with seals, young and old, by scores and hundreds. The seal slayers armed with bludgeons, leaded clubs and guns, moving among the dog-like animals with their pathetic eyes, dealing death right and left, unheeding the pleading cries of baby seals or the half human groans of the parent. All this was repugnant in the strongest sense of the word to Harry Brown.

And when after seven months of this life which could hardly be called living, the schooner hove in sight, Harry Brown had no words with which to express himself.

"Ye'll make a better v'y'ge than goin' Bank fishin' for twenty year, lad," said the Canadian skipper to him, after the skins were at last packed away in the hold, and the Adela was fairly on her homebound voyage.

This was of course pleasant to know. Yet, before the schooner reached her destination, almost a year had elapsed since Harry sailed from his New England home for the Banks.

Should he find his mother alive?

This was the one question, to the exclusion of every other, which filled Harry's mind and heart, as toward the close of an April day, he left the Barmouth station and hurried down the narrow, well remembered street in the direction of the little hip roofed house overlooking the harbor.

In fiction, it often happens that the hero arrives at his home just in time, but seldom in fact. Yet, as I happen to know, Harry Brown, with a fast beating heart, entered the partly open door at the precise moment when old Dawkins, the Barmouth money grubber, was gathering up a handful of papers from the small table in the old fashioned sitting room where Mrs. Brown, in deep mourning, sat with her face buried in her thin hands.

"Sorry, mum," Mr. Dawkins (who did not look a bit sorry) was saying, "but bizness is bizness, and the thirty days' notice of foreclosure on the mor'gige has been give accordin' to law——"

"How much does the whole thing figure up, Mr. Dawkins?"

Mrs. Brown with a great cry sprang to her feet, pale and trembling. For there in the flesh—considerably tanned and weather beaten—was Harry himself, with a tear in his eye, a smile on his lip, and in his hand an old fashioned wallet containing nearly five hundred dollars, the result of a successful sealing cruise.

By the time Harry had partly recovered from his mother's rapturous embrace, Mr. Dawkins, who looked more disappointed than amazed, had "figured up," and having received pay in full, canceled the mortgage. Then he departed.

"Seal hunting pays better than codfishing, mother," said Harry that evening, after he had finished his story, "but I don't think I shall try either in a hurry again," and he didn't.

And he never sees a dory now without recalling that thrilling ride he had in one with a whale for the motive power and not a knife on board.

A PRINCELY PAUPER.

A PRINCE without pocket money seems a sort of anomaly, yet when this leanness of purse has been brought about by that same prince's reckless extravagance, it is somehow very consoling to ordinary mortals to realize that even scions of royalty can be put upon "short shearings." The *Boston Herald* prints a story in point told of Prince George, the gay, rollicking sailor lad, younger son of the Prince of Wales, and consequently brother to the future king of England:

Prince George is a bit of a spendthrift, and his father has twice been compelled to pay off a large and not altogether choice assortment of his debts. On the last occasion, about a year ago, he was sent back to his ship, if not in disgrace, in a state of humiliation, and penniless. Shortly afterward the christening of the Battenberg baby occurred, and presents were sent to the infant in great quantities, and of value commensurate to his exalted rank. Prince George duly and dutifully sent his offering—a common pewter mug, with a tag attached, on which was written:

"To my beloved nephew, with the hope that when his nephew is christened he will be able to purchase a more appropriate gift than this."

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL TO HER BOYS.

LET truth be your motto, my children,
As through the wide world you go,
Be fearless of any encounter,
With this as your shield and bow.

Engrave it on every ambition,
Surround it with thought and with prayer,
Be content with no other condition,
Never mind the results—do and dare!

[*This story commenced in No.* 284.]

HEIR TO A MILLION;

OR,

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES OF RAFE DUNTON.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

Author of "The Lost Gold Mine," "Van," "In Southern Seas," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

OVERBOARD.

CAPTAIN THORN'S suggestion that Rafe might make himself reasonably comfortable on board the Devon was startlingly suggestive to the boy.

"Why, yes," he returned; "but——"

"It's just here," Captain Thorn went on gravely. "If I should beat back thirty or forty miles against a head wind to the nearest port to land you, I should be severely blamed by my owners. In fact, it would not be justifiable under any circumstances. And frankly, the chances of sighting an inbound vessel, on the course we are steering, are not very favorable."

"But do you mean to say that if we don't, I must make the voyage to China?" exclaimed Rafe. Yet as he spoke, the idea did not seem so very alarming after all. A sea voyage would be the very thing Dick Morier had recommended. And then—

"It looks that way, certainly," was Captain Thorn's reply. "I suppose your guardian would be—a—greatly worried at your sudden disappearance?" he added, eying Rafe rather curiously.

"Not he," said Rafe, rather scornfully; "on the contrary——"

But he checked himself. Captain Thorn laughed.

"I understand—I've heard about your father's will. And between you'n I and the mainmast," said the captain with a wink, "I don't take over much stock in Mr. Philip Dunton."

Then he glanced at the bottom of the tell tale compass overhead—made some memoranda in pencil on the open chart, and went on deck, leaving Rafe to his own reflections.

The more he thought of it the more Rafe began to favor the idea of this involuntary sea voyage. There was no one to worry over his absence, since Dick Morier himself evidently had no intention of returning to Mapleton. Indeed, Rafe thought with a sort of mischievous delight of his guardian's frame of mind after his ward's mysterious disappearance. Had Rafe known that even then divers were searching for his body, or that Mr. Dunton with a joyful countenance was drawing up a very pathetic obituary to be published in the local papers at the proper time, he might have felt somewhat differently.

But he could not know this any more than he could know of the singular experiences which lay before him. So Rafe gradually began to reconcile himself to the inevitable.

Small matters sometimes bring about important decisions.

In Rafe's case it was simply the sight which met his gaze when he went on deck.

For out of the glowing western sky the rushing breeze was blowing with strong yet steady intensity. The royals and flying jib were in, but with everything else set that would draw, the Devon went reeling and rolling over a wind tossed sea which was alive with sparkle and foam.

The sweep of the swaying royal poles made great curves against the intense blue of the overarching sky, as the swift sailing bark plunged starboard and port channels alternately under the smother of foam, piled up by the sharp cutwater in her swift onrush.

There was a sort of wild music in the bass of the wind which boomed in the hollows of the distended sails—in its higher notes through the taughtened weather rigging, and in the accompaniment of the song of the sea itself.

It was a scene such as Robert Pearson, the marine artist, might do justice to with his skillful brush, but of whose wild beauty my pen gives but the poorest conception.

And as Rafe took it all in, and at the same time drank in great draughts of the salty, life giving air, he made up his mind on the instant.

"This beats steamer sailing all hollow," he said, as he clung to a weather backstay. "And—Captain Thorn—I guess you needn't bother about looking out for inbound vessels; I've made up my mind to go the voyage."

"*Very* good," was the pleased answer. "Now come below, and we'll hunt you up a sea outfit."

For most long voyage vessels carry what is called a "shop chest." This contains a goodly supply of such articles of clothing and other needfuls as poor Jack may require during the three or four months he is afloat. At the end of the voyage the amount thus drawn is deducted from his wages.

So half an hour later Rafe's stylish apparel was replaced by something more suited to his surroundings. Then he was assigned to the spare stateroom adjoining that of the captain.

Now it is not my intention to follow the voyage of the Devon in detail, much as I would like to. The story of the sea has been told over and over again since the days of the earliest navigators, yet there is always something new to be said of it. To Rafe himself it was a never ending revelation.

True, he saw it under more favorable circumstances than many who go down to the sea in ships. That is, he had neither duty nor responsibility to meet. He could eat, sleep, or lounge about the deck at his pleasure, as, from the cooler weather of the northern latitudes, the bark went reeling and rolling across the equator, where for three days they lay totally becalmed.

But as day after day brought him a vigor and elasticity he had never before known, Rafe wearied of his very inactivity. He learned to knot and splice, to stow a light sail handily, and take a fairly good trick at the wheel.

So the days passed, with their alternations of fair weather and foul, of favoring breezes and heavy gales, which began in their severity off the Cape of Good Hope.

It was during a fierce southeaster in this locality that Rafe met with his first experience of the strange and unexpected vicissitudes of a seafaring life.

Perhaps in the vicinity of Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope the seas run higher than in any other part of the globe. "Mountain high" is of course an exaggerated figure of speech, for the loftiest waves seldom exceed an altitude of forty feet. But a sea of this height rushing down upon a ship, followed by an army of its kind, is by no means a pleasant sight, particularly to a landsman.

The atmosphere was thick with driving mists and the spoondrift blown from the wave crests. Against the tremendous southeast gale the bark, under close reefs, was staggering, close hauled, on the wind. Occasionally a fiercer gust would seem to break the murk so that one could see half a dozen ship's lengths ahead. Then it would shut down as thick as before.

"Good time to see the Flying Dutchman," roared Captain Thorn in Rafe's ear, as the two, wrapped in oilskins, stood on the quarter, clinging to the weather rigging.

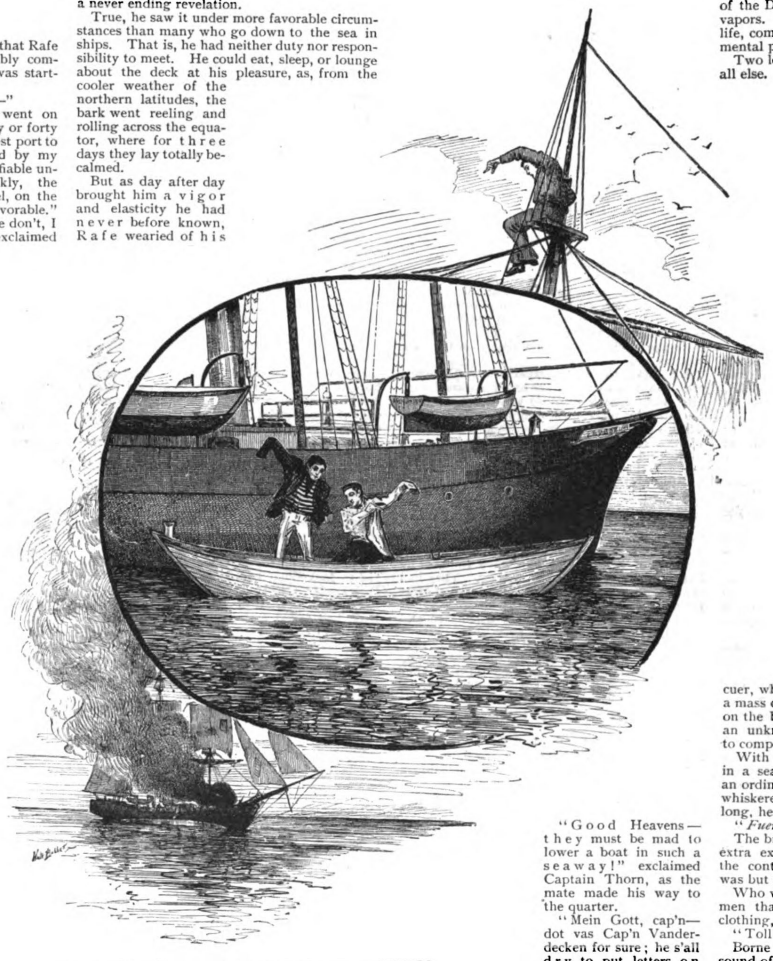
Rafe had read of Captain Vanderdecken, who for so many years has been trying to beat his old ship round the Cape of Good Hope. And so of course he nodded assent.

"Sail ho!"

"Where away?" thundered Captain Thorn, springing into the mizzen rigging.

"Close on our lee bow—a bark hove to!" announced Mr. Hicky, who had been first to note the strange sail from the mizzen top, where duty had called him.

A sudden rift in the dense mists showed a glimpse of an upper topsail, then the yards below. As also of the dimly defined hull, from the side of which a boat was pushing off on a tremendous billow. Then, as though by magic, the murk closed in about the whole scene.



RAFE AND GEORGE EXCHANGE COATS AND—VESSELS.

"Good Heavens—they must be mad to lower a boat in such a seaway!" exclaimed Captain Thorn, as the mate made his way to the quarter.

"Mein Gott, cap'n—dot vas Cap'n Vanderdecken for sure; he s'all dry to put letters on board our wessel, und if we dakes dem we goes right down to ter bottom, sure."

Thus announced Hans, the Belgian sailor at the wheel, through his chattering teeth, as, forgetful, in his fear, of quarterdeck discipline, he addressed himself to Captain Thorn, who took a rapid glance at the compass.

"Call all hands to wear ship, Mr. Hicky—we shall be in collision with that fellow!" shouted the latter, unheeding Hans's alarm.

A sharp pounding on the forecastle door was followed a moment or two later by the appearance of the watch who had just gone below. The men took their stations.

The mainsail and spanker were hauled up with hoarse cries, drowned by the thunder of wind and sea and slatting canvas.

"Put your wheel up!"

Slowly the bark began paying off, while the after yards were braced in as the bark's head wore round.

"Raise foretack and sheet! Square in the head yards!"

And now with the wind on the other quarter, the after yards were braced sharp up and spanker hauled out. And as Rafe started to run forward to lend a hand in helping set the mainsail, his foot caught in the spanker sheet, and over the lee rail he went.

Luckily for him he had thrown off his oilskins and reefer a little before to have his arms free in pulling and hauling, at which he not infrequently took a turn. As it was, poor Rafe felt that his clothing and seaboots were sinking him fathoms deeper every moment.

How he contrived to work off first one boot and then the other in his brief stay beneath the surface he can now form no definite idea. He only knows he *did*, and a moment later rose with a gasp to the crest of a great wave, which swept him onward like the veriest straw, down into a succeeding valley of black water.

And now Rafe's sea bathing experiences stood him in good play. He did not exhaust himself by frantic struggles, but, throwing back his head, swam as lightly as possible, while surge after surge broke over him. But in such a seaway the best swimmer in the world could not have lived an hour, and Rafe quickly became aware that the terrible buffets of the waves were rapidly taking away his strength.

"It will soon be over," he thought, after vainly straining his eyes, hoping to see the hull of the Devon rushing down through the dense vapors. And before his vision flashed his past life, compressed, so to speak, into one great mental photograph.

Two leading thoughts seemed to overshadow all else. One that Dick Morier would perhaps some day grieve for his friend's sad fate. The other that Mr. Dunton would succeed to his ward's inheritance.

Rafe has since said that to this last unpleasant reflection he—under God—owes his life.

"Confound him, he shall *not* have my money!" he muttered, setting his teeth together. And nerved to renewed energy he struck out with a fierce desperation.

But the contest between himself and old ocean was far too unequal. Hurled upward to the great wave summits one moment, he was sent down the gray green slopes the next with irresistible force, till heart and strength alike failed. A half prayer drifted through his dazed and bewildered mind.

"Lord, receive my soul."

And, closing his eyes, Rafe feebly threw up his arms as one who acknowledges his defeat.

CHAPTER IX.

AGAINST THE GRAIN.

DOWN from a wave summit swept a four oared boat. A broad shouldered man in the bow reached over and seized Rafe's numb white hand just as it was about disappearing. In another moment, with an exertion of strength almost incredible, he dragged the half insensible form over the gunwale.

Like one in a strange dream Rafe vaguely knew that his rescuer, whose dark features were half hidden by a mass of iron gray whiskers, laid him tenderly on the bottom board, muttering something in an unknown tongue which the rowers seemed to comprehend.

With infinite skill they at once pulled round in a sea that would inevitably have swamped an ordinary ship's boat. After which, the gray whiskered individual, stumbling aft, shipped a long, heavy oar in place of a rudder.

"*Fuerte!*"

The brief word was evidently a command to extra exertion. And truly it was needed for the contest with wind and sea of which Rafe was but partly conscious.

Who were these dark, silent, heavily bearded men that, dressed in outlandish, dilapidated clothing, were pulling with such energy?

"Toll! Toll! Toll!"

Borne to his ears on the gale itself came the sound of deep notes of a bell struck at regular intervals. To Rafe's dazed imagination there was something in weird keeping with the entire surroundings.

Out of the driving mists rose an indistinguishable mass which he knew must be the hull of a vessel, probably the bark sighted from the Devon's deck.

Of what followed, Rafe has but the most confused recollection. But one thing he noticed through his half closed eyes which seemed strange and unreal.

The vessel, which grew out of the mist into the dimly defined proportions of a bark, was rising and falling with a regular, easy motion, as though under some lee which broke the force of the gale. Yet all around the sea was running to tempestuous heights.

The boat itself shot suddenly down from the summit of a mighty wave into a space of comparatively smooth water, walled in, so to speak, by foaming billows.

Without difficulty, apparently, it was urged to the side of the bark, whose copper, exposed by the heave of the sea, was barnacled and moss grown.

More bearded faces peered over the high bulwarks. Words were exchanged in an unknown tongue. Then the falls were hooked on bow and stern, and the boat hoisted by those on deck to wooden davits.

Strong arms carried Rafe below, but he saw nothing—heard nothing. The terrible chill of the icy water had brought on complete insensibility.

A dreamy assurance that the story of the "Flying Dutchman" was fact and not fancy—moreover that he himself had been conveyed on board, was Rafe's first conscious thought upon opening his eyes.

The nature of his surroundings by no means discouraged the delusion—if such it was.

He was lying in one of a double tier of berths arranged in the form of a horseshoe, the curve of the shoe corresponding to the bend of the vessel's bows. For, unlike the forecastle of the present day, this one was forward and under deck.

The beams and carlines over Rafe's head were discolored by smoke from a swinging tin lamp, and scored with the initials of generations of seafarers. Sitting on chests lashed to ring bolts on either side the damp, ill smelling inclosure, were a dozen or more sailors. Some were smoking, others playing with greasy and tattered packs of cards.

Such a collection of rags and patches in the way of clothes Rafe had never dreamed of seeing. And the men themselves—long haired, long bearded, with strange, foreign faces—might well be mistaken for Vanderdecken's crew.

From the heavy laboring of the vessel, the creaking of her timbers, and the sound of the great waves rushing against the sides or occasionally breaking in vast volumes over the deck, Rafe readily conjectured that, instead of being laid to as some time before, the strange bark was again under way.

But a sort of dreamy languor prevented him from asking any questions. In fact Rafe was not quite certain whether or no he was awake, and just then it seemed too much trouble to try to find out.

So he lay with partly closed eyes till some one, descending the steps, held a cup to his lips. Rafe swallowed something bitter, and lay with closed eyes in the same half dreamy state till the narcotic, taking effect, sent him into a profound slumber, which, as he afterwards knew, lasted for twelve hours or more.

When, feeling quite himself, Rafe roused up after his long nap, the dingy forecastle was empty. The rolling and pitching had ceased, and the bark was simply rising easily on an ordinary sea swell.

There was a strange absence of voices or shuffling of feet on deck. Only the occasional flap of a sail aback could be heard.

Hastily dressing himself in his sailor rig, which had been dried and laid across the foot of his berth, Rafe climbed the companionway steps, full of eager curiosity concerning the strange vessel and her crew.

A flood of intense sunlight and a cloudless blue sky arching down to a summer-like sea greeted his astonished gaze. Could this be the stormy Cape of Good Hope latitude? Or was he really on board the Flying Dutchman—the vessel which one day might be seen amid the icebergs of Cape Horn, and the next lying becalmed in the tropic seas?

Of course Rafe did not really *believe* this possible. It was only a fancy, born of his singular experiences of the past twenty four hours.

Yet what a strange looking vessel! And why did she seem so completely deserted? For as far as he could see from the fore scuttle, where he was standing, there was not a soul on deck.

Immediately fronting Rafe was a structure extending half way across deck, forward of the foremast, which resembled a square brick oven.

There were three sets of wooden cranes, shaped like an old fashioned gibbet, on either side; but, though the falls swung from each, not a boat was to be seen.

"Well, of all the singular looking vessels," began Rafe, when from somewhere above him in mid air came an order in unmistakable English:

"Go to the wheel, Antone. Keep her west by south when her head falls off. Square in the yards, the rest of you!"

A little stir followed the order. Three or four men, who had been hidden from Rafe's view by the brick structure whose use he could not guess, started to the braces. Another went aft, and began putting the old fashioned traveling wheel over.

Naturally Rafe then looked aloft. A man was coming nimbly down from the crosstrees. His apparel was worn and patched to the last degree. Across his muscular shoulders a case containing a binocular glass was slung.

Laying this carefully one side, he took hold with the other men, hauling and giving off orders at the same time.

"Well, topsail yards! Belay! Main yard another pull! Well, that. Lay for'ard to the fore braces!"

No one took any notice of Rafe till, with squared yards, the bark began forging slowly ahead. Then Mr. Burk—the man I have mentioned—noticed him for the first time as, in silent amazement, Rafe stood with head and shoulders thrust out of the fore scuttle.

"Aha, you've come to life, have you?" he said in a rough, though not ill natured voice. "What's your name?"

"Rafe, sir." And without waiting to be questioned, Rafe briefly explained that he had fallen overboard from the Devon in the gale.

"But will you please tell me," he went on eagerly, "what sort of a vessel this is—she *isn't* the flying Dutchman, I suppose?"

Mr. Burk, whose sun burned face was half covered with a soft brown beard, smiled rather grimly.

"She's almost old enough to be," he returned, "for I believe the Emerald was built in 1798. But where have you been all your life not to know a New Bedford whaler?"

A whaler! To be sure. Though Rafe had never seen one, he might have guessed it by the boat cranes, the brick "tryworks," the great blocks and falls of the "cutting in" gear hanging respectively from the fore and mainmast head, and the deck, whose wooden sheathing was hacked and carved by sharp boat spades.

"But—where is everybody—the crew I mean?"

"Off in the boats. They struck a bull whale and killed, two hours ago. We're running down to 'em now. Can you steer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you don't look strong enough to take hold of heavy work. Go aft and relieve Antone."

It was quite evident that Rafe was expected to fall into line of duty whether he wished it or not. And to be plain about it he was by no means pleased at the prospect.

"I'm not a common sailor, sir," he said respectfully if rather hastily. "I am part owner of the bark I fell overboard from, and my father, John Dunton, left me a million dollars."

Raft did not really intend to make the last statement. It slipped out before he was aware. And he was sorry the moment he had spoken.

"Go tell that to the marines," was the rather rough response. "Even if it was so it wouldn't make any odds. You'll have to earn your grub aboard the Emerald, and don't forget it. Go aft!"

Mr. Burk's plain statement admitted of no argument, and Rafe had sense enough to recognize this.

"I won't stay very long aboard this old hooker if there's such a thing as getting away," he muttered as he made his way aft.

The Portuguese sailor gave Rafe the wheel and the course to be steered. Far ahead on the crystalline blue of the sea, only ruffled by a warm southerly breeze, he could see four black dots around a larger object. These were the boats alongside the whale waiting for the bark to come up.

Mr. Burk, the ship keeper, presently came aft. He was by no means an ill natured man. His sharp speech to Rafe was simply to show the latter his place. As a ship's petty officer it was his duty to recognize no social distinctions, whether Rafe's story was true or false.

He told him that the Emerald had been out twenty eight months. There were thirteen hundred barrels of oil under hatches. They had last been cruising off New Zealand; were now bound round the Cape and up the South African shore to cruise six months before sailing for home. The bark was lying to when seen from the Devon's deck. Making bad weather of it, they had smoothed the seas by letting oil drop from a canvas bag. They had lowered a boat for one of the men washed overboard by a heavy sea. He sank before the boat reached him. Then Rafe had been seen and pulled in by Mr. Gifford the mate.

"The crew are mostly Portuguese, but they can speak English enough for all purposes, so you'll get along," he went on. "I'll see that you have the clothes Joe left—it's his bunk you were put into."

Rafe compressed his lips and made no immediate reply.

"Will the bark touch anywhere before going home?" he presently asked.

"Possibly. But the niggers of the Guinea coast are not much better than cannibals. And along the desert coast further north, the Arabs are worse. Every white chap who falls into their hands is sold as a slave. So you see a runaway don't stand much chance."

Mr. Burk smiled rather knowingly as he ended the last sentence. But there was no opportunity for further talk. They were nearing the boats and Rafe's attention was now divided between steering and watching the strange scene before him.

A section of the bulwarks was unshipped, and the wind being light, the bark was skillfully laid to alongside the great mountain of dun colored flesh, which was soon secured by warps and chains to the vessel's side.

The boat's crew came swarming aboard, and in a very short time the bark was under lower topsails. Then all hands got dinner.

Rafe managed to swallow the coarse, unsavory fare which the dirty, jabbering, gesticulating Portuguese crew devoured with such eager relish. But his heart sank lower and lower at the prospect. The ill smelling forecastle, where cockroaches swarmed by the thousand, was a terrible come down from his neat stateroom on the Devon. And when on the following day the "cutting in" began in good earnest, poor Rafe felt that his cup was indeed full to overflowing.

For—speaking from personal recollection—there are few more repulsive and in every way objectionable features of sea life in its varied forms than "cutting in" and its accompaniment of "trying out."

Great piles of blubber, piled to the sheerpole, exude oil which, mixed with bits of "scrap" and fat, covers the deck. The fires under the kettles of boiling oil fed with the blubber from which the oil has been extracted send out a black sooty smoke which is both stifling and blinding. Every one in the work is drenched in oil—everything tastes and smells of oil. Even when the last caskful is sent below and the blubberless carcass set adrift, a prey to sharks and seabirds, there are three or four days of the hardest kind of work. From the royal poles down the ship must be cleaned and scoured with soap, sand, lye and holystone. And perhaps the very next day another whale may be taken.

Luckily for Rafe he was taken possessson of by Captain Grebbs—a burly good natured sort of man, who installed him at the grindstone. For knives and spades are being continually ground, as well as lances and irons, so that Rafe's position was no sinecure. But as he was thus enabled to keep clear of the oil and grease he did not mind this so much.

The days which followed after rounding the Cape to the westward and beginning the cruise were full of "disagreeables." Rafe did not mind the ship's duties so much as the companionship of the men with whom he was thrown in contact. They were foul mouthed, dirty and ignorant. The Devon's crew in comparison were gentlemen.

Yet his new experience was beneficial in one way. He grew robust and muscular. His health was perfect—his appetite astonishing. He could lift and pull with any man in the crew despite his youth.

CHAPTER X.

A FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

THE lookout from the topmast crosstrees was Rafe's one pleasure among the many distasteful things in his new and unwelcome experiences. Fifty or sixty feet in air above the greasy deck, supported by a stay strapped about the topmast rigging, he felt free to think his own thoughts and indulge his own fancies.

The bark, working up the western coast, crossed the equator and stood across the Gulf of Guinea, gradually drawing in toward the shore. No whales were seen, though small patches of "britt," or whale's food, drifted past from time to time, which was a favorable indication in itself.

Rafe was aloft at the fore, standing his afternoon lookout. Far and wide before him was a blue ocean expanse, fairly glittering in the rays of the tropic sun, whose intense heat was somewhat tempered by the light off shore breezes.

His eyes mechanically scanned the distant horizon on every side, though in truth Rafe's most earnest hope was that he might *not* see a distant spout. His one experience off the Cape was quite enough.

His mind insensibly drifted back to Mapleton and the scenes of his past life. Could it be possible that he was the same Rafe Dunton who had lived in ease and luxury—been clothed, so to speak, in purple and fine linen? Rafe smiled involuntarily as he glanced downward at his rough woolen shirt, his trousers with big patches on either knee, his clumsy shoes and yarn stockings.

Doubtless, he thought, Mr. Dunton must begin to look upon him as no longer living, and Dick? Mr. Hicky had told Rafe that the Roamer was a coast of Africa trader. Perhaps Dick had sailed with his uncle for the Ivory or the Gold Coast. Then Rafe drew out his notecase, which he kept in a pocket he himself had sewed inside his shirt. There were a few bank bills, dried after their submersion in the sea, and Natalie's bright brunette features, a trifle discolored by salt water, yet Natalie exactly as he remembered her. Should he ever meet the pretty girl again? Should he——

"*A-r-r-r-r—blows—blows—blows!*"

Rafe's eyes, rendered more far sighted by constant practice, had discerned a faint pin head of vapor against the clear cut horizon rim. And in consequence he had rudely broken his thread of thoughts by the familiar long drawn cry.

"Where away?"

This from Captain Grebbs, who came flying from the after cabin in the lightest possible undress.

But before Rafe could answer, Mr. Coffin, the burly second mate, replied for him.

"'Tisn't a 'blow,' sir—it's a steamer's smoke."

It was rather a blow to Rafe's pride in his keen sightedness however, though a mistake that not infrequently occurs on a whaler's lookout.

"You must keep your eyes peeled sharper than that if you want to be a whaler, my lad," shouted disappointed Captain Grebbs.

"Want to be a whaler!" muttered Rafe—"well, I *guess* not."

"Rafe's dreaming about his best girl, and that million dollars he's coming into when he's twenty one."

Thus quoth Mr. Burk, the ship keeper, who had run nimbly up the rigging at the cry. And a good natured laugh followed. For Mr. Burk had repeated Rafe's brief account of himself to the other officers, who very naturally regarded it as an idle boast.

"One of these days perhaps you'll see that what I told you was true," tranquilly responded Rafe, who perfectly understood that his story was not believed.

"One of these days perhaps the sky'll fall and we'll catch larks. Now keep your eyes for'ard. What *we* want is a sperm whale's spout—not a steamer's smoke."

But Rafe infinitely preferred the latter to the former. *He* never wanted to see another whale, and the smoke of a steamer was a faint suggestion of the distant lands of civilization.

Gradually the breeze died down. The dingy sails hung idly from the yards, occasionally bellying and collapsing as the bark rolled sluggishly on the long easy swells.

"Steamer seems to be heading this way," Rafe heard Mr. Burk, who had a glass at his eye, remark.

"One of those English fellows bound for the west coast—likely enough for the Bight of Benin," said the second mate carelessly.

"Bound for the west coast." West coast or east—Africa or America—would have made no difference to Rafe if he could only be on board. Anything—any place—was preferable to six months more of *this* sort of sea life.

For it occurred to him that at such ports as an English steamer might touch at even on the African coast, there must be vessels loading for America. Why, the Roamer herself might be in some one of them.

By sunset the approaching craft, which proved to be a jaunty looking steam yacht of a hundred and fifty tons burden, was so near that those in the Emerald could distinguish the English colors at her peak.

"Perhaps we can get some late papers from the Britisher," remarked Captain Grebbs, "and an English paper's better'n none at all. Bend on the ensign, Mr. Jones, and signalize that we're coming aboard. Clear away the starboard boat, two or three of you."

Now Peter, Captain Grebbs's stroke oarsman, was laid up with a sprained wrist, and Rafe, being a sort of spare hand, was ordered into the boat in his place.

The steam yacht responded to the signal and slowed down her engines. Dusk was just beginning to fall upon the face of the deep as the whaler's boat pushed off. The graceful lines of the yacht's iron hull were defined by the lights from the portholes as she rose and fell on the bosom of the sleeping sea.

"Way 'nough. In oars. Stand by with a boathook, Ben. Rafe, stay in the boat and keep her clear of the side. The rest can go for'ard for a gossip with the crew while I'm aboard."

Such were Captain Grebbs's orders, as the sharp whale boat ranged alongside the gangway ladder which had been hung over the yacht's side.

Rafe was greatly disappointed at having to stay in the boat. He yearned for news of any kind. For over six months he had known absolutely nothing of what the world was doing. Revolutions might have risen, battles been fought or kingdoms overthrown in that time, and he none the wiser.

Then, too, he longed for the sight of a friendly face, or to hear the sound of a friendly voice. He——

"Say, are you the Yankee chap those Portigee shipmates of yours were telling about?"

The question, in an audible whisper, came from some one leaning over the rail close by the gangway ladder.

"Yes, come down into the boat, won't you?" responded Rafe eagerly, but in the same cautious tones.

The first speaker seemed to glance about him an instant. Then he slipped swiftly down the gangway steps.

"It's all right," he said hurriedly. "I hear the champagne corks popping, and they'll keep your old man busy drinking healths for a while. It's Christmas Day, don't you know?"

Christmas Day? Why, so it was. Rafe remembered it by the fact of having had duff with dried apples instead of raisins for dinner. Rather a contrast to the Christmases at Mapleton.

As nearly as he could see through the soft half darkness the newcomer was a young fellow of nearly his own age, quite as tall, but slighter built.

"Where's the steamer bound?" asked Rafe.

"Manapu River on the Gold Coast. But she's a steam yacht, not a regular steamer. Lord Nugent owns her. Mr. Parker, a great friend of his, is with him. He's going into the interior. Say, how do you like whaling?"

The explanation and question had followed each other in quick, nervous sentences. And the young fellow, while speaking in low, guarded tones, kept glancing furtively up at the rail above him.

"Not very well—it's too lazy a life for one thing," returned Rafe, "and then I wasn't brought up to this sort of thing—sea going, I mean——"

"Lazy life, eh?" quickly interrupted the other. "And how's the officers? Regular brutes, who haze you from morning till night?"

"Bless you no," laughed Rafe, "I've hardly heard a man called out of his name since I came aboard and *never* saw a blow struck. They're too easy if anything."

"By Jove, wouldn't I like to change places with you, though," was the response.

"Why, are your officers hard to get along with?"

But perhaps Rafe's new acquaintance did not hear him, for instead of answering he bent eagerly forward.

"Look here," he went on rapidly. "I—I'm tired of this steamer sailing any way. I don't want to go to the coast of Africa—I know the climate won't agree with me. *Let's swop places.*"

Rafe's heart gave a great bound, but sank almost as quickly. Even if the steam yacht's commander would consent to any such exchange he knew very well that Captain Grebbs would not be likely to. Rafe was already "broken in." Besides, strength and capacity for hard work was an important essential, and the young fellow beside him did not seem to fill these requirements—in appearance at least.

"Your captain and mine both would have something to say about that," he replied.

"Bless you, I know that. Old Blokstrop never'd let me go in the world and likely enough *your* cap'n would kick. No need for either to know till it's too late."

Then George, as he called himself, went on to propose what had seemingly occurred to him after first speaking to Rafe. They were both the same height. Easiest thing in the world to change clothes right there in the boat. The darkness would prevent discovery.

"I'll give you ten 'sovs' if you'll agree to it—come now," he urged.

"It isn't the money," returned Rafe, "it's how they'd take it aboard the yacht. And then, too, I don't believe you'd like a whaler any better than I do."

"Poh! Old Blokstrop couldn't be hard on any one. And for the rest of it, why that's my lookout."

The temptation was too great to be resisted. Almost before Rafe realized his rashness, the change of clothing was effected. Rafe transferred his note case to the pocket of the neat wide collared navy shirt, which with dark blue trousers and flat visorless cap with Esperance in gilt letters on the band, was a decided contrast to the dilapidated garb into which George, with silent chuckling, was inducting himself.

"Now, then, old chap, hook it up the ladder. You keep my kit of clothes that's aboard. I'll take yours. The fo'c'sle companion slide is pushed back—you'll see the light when you go for'ard. Slip below and stow yourself in the berth next the steps on the port side. The fellows are all on deck spinning yarns with the Portuguese. Isn't this a lark, though? Good by."

Thus saying, George urged Rafe up the ladder, and pushed the boat a little further from the side with the boat hook, while young Dunton, with a fast beating heart, crept forward under cover of the darkness.

(To be continued.)

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200 Cute, Curious, Catchey Pictures 10cts. P. O. BOX 2688, New York

PATENT FLEXIBLE BLOTTER. Useful and attractive. By mail 25c. Agents wanted. Atlantic Mfg. Co., 378 Pacific St., P. O. Box 87, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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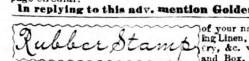

One Dipping Writes a Letter. FOUNTAIN FALCON PEN CO., 202 Bedway, N.Y.
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Bird Manna! The great secret of the canary breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird Manna will restore the song of cage birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers, it will in most cases carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15c. in stamps.
Sold by druggists. Directions free.
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That Tired Feeling

Is experienced by almost everyone at this season, and many people resort to Hood's Sarsaparilla to drive away the langour and exhaustion. The blood, laden with impurities which have been accumulating for months, moves sluggishly through the veins, the mind fails to think quickly, and the body is still slower to respond. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed. It purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, makes the head clear, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling, tones the nervous system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"My appetite was poor, I could not sleep, had headache a great deal, pains in my back, my bowels did not move regularly. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I feel like a new man. My pains and aches are relieved, my appetite improved. I say to others who need a good medicine, try Hood's Sarsaparilla." G. F. JACKSON, Roxbury Station, Conn.

Makes the Weak Strong

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla as a spring tonic, and I recommend it to all who have that miserable tired feeling." C. PARMALEE, 349 Bridge street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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If you wish to know all about learning Telegraphy, constructing and operating Short Lines of Telegraph, &c., send your address by postal card or letter, and get J. H. BUNNELL & Co.'s Manual of Instruction for Learners of Telegraphy, latest edition, which we will send **free of charge** to all who apply by mail or otherwise. It is the plainest and best book of instruction in Telegraphy ever published, being complete in description, explanation and illustrations. J. H. BUNNELL & CO., 106 & 108 Liberty St., New York.
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$3.75 STEAM COOKER FREE! We want an active and intelligent man or woman to represent us in each town. To those who are willing to work we promise **large** profits. **Cooker** and Outfit **free.** APPLY AT ONCE FOR TERMS WILMOT CASTLE & CO., 55 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.
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Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.
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CURE for the DEAF by PECK'S PAT. IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, Chicago.
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Nickel Plated, Self-Inking Pen and Pencil Stamp. Your name on in Rubber, only 20 cents. Closes straight like pencil to carry in pocket. Club of 6 different names to one address $1. These stamps are first-class. No Humbug! RUBBER STAMP CO., New Haven, Conn.
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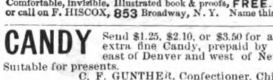
For cards, &c. Circular size $8. Press for small newspaper, $44. Send 2 stamps for List presses, type, cards, to factory. Type Setting easy by printed rules given. Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn.
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CHICAGO **AIR RIFLE!** Shoots Bullets or Darts. **Will Kill Game** at 50 feet. Makes no noise. **Costs only 1 cent to shoot 100 times.** No powder, no caps. Each Rifle fully guaranteed. Price, **$2.00** each or delivered in U. S. on receipt of **$2.50.** John Wilkinson Co., 55 State Street, Chicago, Ill.
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Look Here, Friend. Are you Sick?

Do you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is there a sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach, sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy?

Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Have you a dry cough? Do you expectorate greenish colored matter? Are you hawking and spitting all or part of the time? Do you feel tired all the while? Are you nervous, irritable and gloomy? Do you have evil forebodings? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Do your bowels become costive? Is your skin dry and hot at times? Is your blood thick and stagnant? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing? Do you frequently spit up your food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes with a sweet? Is this frequently attended with palpitation of the heart? Has your vision become impaired? Are there spots before the eyes? Is there a feeling of great prostration and weakness? If you suffer from any of these symptoms, send me your name and I will send you, by mail,

One Bottle of Medicine FREE

Send your address on postal card to-day, as you may not see this notice again.
Address, naming this paper, Prof. HART, 212 E. 9th St., N. Y.
IN REPLYING TO THIS ADV. MENTION GOLDEN ARGOSY.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00,** or Six Bottles for **$5.00.**

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663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.
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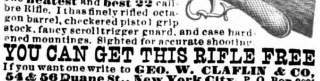
NEW WARNANT RIFLE
Length of Barrel 24 in. Total Length 39 inches Price $7.00


The **neatest** and **best 22** calibre Rifle. It has finely rifled octagon barrel, checkered pistol grip stock, fancy scroll trigger guard, and case hardened mountings. Sighted for accurate shooting.
YOU CAN GET THIS RIFLE FREE
If you want one write to GEO. W. CLAFLIN & CO. 54 & 56 Duane St., New York City. P. O. Box 2031
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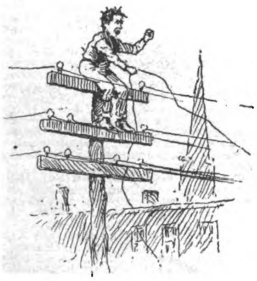
ONE STRIKE,

FOLLOWED BY

TWO BALLS.



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FOUL OUT.

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VAPOROUS WAR.

ELECTRICITY has laid its magic touch on pretty nearly all the accessories to modern civilized life. Now it promises, according to an item in the New York *Telegram*, to revolutionize the art of war:

Battles will be fought with large gloves, so to speak, if the suggestion of Mr. Edward Weston, the electrician, is carried out. His proposal is to load all projectiles with the substance known to chemists as nitrite of amyl. This stuff possesses the property of causing insensibility very quickly in a human being breathing its fumes. The effect is equivalent, temporarily, to a paralytic stroke. Now, nitrite of amyl is very cheap and plentiful.

"I propose," says Mr. Weston, "to fire shells filled with this chemical instead of gunpowder. It will not be necessary to penetrate a ship. A few gallons of this nitrite dashed on the deck of a war vessel would soon render her crew helpless. The most powerful ironclads would be even more vulnerable than the light cruisers, for they would be sucking down great draughts of air through their artificial ventilators, and the odor would thus rapidly permeate the entire ship. The whole crew being rendered helpless for an hour or two, the vessel could, of course, be towed into a safe spot while the captors ventilated her and removed the insensible men."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Have introduced for the season of 1888 a superior *Racket* for expert players, called the SLOCUM—price, $6. In addition they offer many novelties in the line of *Nets, Balls, Poles*, etc.

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Catalogue Free.

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Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

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Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of *CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.*

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Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

"Every spring and fall I take a number of bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am greatly benefited."—Mrs. James H. Eastman, Stoneham, Mass.

"I have taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit to my general health."—Miss Thirza L. Crerar, Palmyra, Md.

"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from

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A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Battles, South Chelmsford, Mass.

"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malarial exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies."—F. A. Pinkham, South Moluncus, Me.

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"I suffered from

Nervous Prostration,

with lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 80 years of age, and am satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Lucy Moffitt, Killingly, Conn.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

LEGS AND ARMS WITH Rubber Hands & Feet

The most natural, comfortable, and durable. Thousands in daily use. New Patents and Important Improvements.

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The most popular dressing for Ladies' Shoes is "Bixby's Royal Polish."

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Invaluable to all lovers of the game of Base-Ball.

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No base-ball player should be without a copy, as it affects **Batsmen** as well as **Pitchers.** Considered by competent judges the best work of the kind ever published, as the art of **Curve Pitching** is fully explained. Price **15 cents.**

THE ART OF BATTING.

A book of Instruction for Amateurs, containing useful Hints and Directions for acquiring a scientific knowledge of the Art. Price **15 cents.**

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Married life is made up of many trials and troubles, not the least of which is how to keep your house clean and neat. SAPOLIO is a boon to women. With it she can clean her house in half the time and with half the trouble. Time, trouble and money can be saved by using SAPOLIO. Teach your children how to use it, too. If you don't, you will neglect their education. If you do, they will bless you when they become wives for having taught them the use of SAPOLIO. No. 39.

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For the PREVENTION and CURE of Malaria, Indigestion, Fever & Ague, Loss of appetite, Poorness of Blood, Neuralgia, &c.

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FULL SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

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Owing to the enormous number of mail orders received from New York City alone we have opened there a branch salesroom, at 285 BROADWAY, opp. Stewart Building, where our New York customers may call and be measured, without the trouble of writing us. But, if our goods are so desirable in New York, surely they must be bargains to the customer in the country, where clothing is higher. These goods are within the reach of every one in the United States, all at the same price, excepting cost of postage or express. Upon receipt of 6 cents we mail 20 samples of cloth to select from, self-measurement blanks, and a 48 inch linen tape-measure. If you cannot wait for samples, tell us about what color you prefer, send us your waist, inside-leg and hip measures, together with $3.00, and 35 cents to prepay express or postage, and we will guarantee safe delivery and perfect satisfaction. **For any cause,** we refund money upon request, or make another garment if customer desires. **The American Express Co.** (capital $20,000,000) will promptly reply to any inquiry sent their Boston office. Address all mail to us at Boston office.

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