GOLDEN ARGOSY

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THE SHERIFF AND TOM FENWICK'S PURSUERS ARRIVE AT THE HOME RANCH.

THE GOLD OF FLAT TOP MOUNTAIN;

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

CHAPTER V.

THE ESCAPING PRISONER.

THE sharp saw cut into the seasoned pine logs of the lockup rapidly in Tom Fenwick's firm grasp. One of them was sawed entirely through when Mr. George Washington De Jones completed his second song.

"I shall never forget that fellow's singing," thought Tom, beginning his second cut about two feet to the right.

This time George De Jones, after passing round his battered hat, broke into one of those so called "jubilee" songs, which perhaps owe their popularity largely to the sweet minor key in which so many of them are sung.

It was the first time Lodeville had ever listened to anything of the kind, and the rough audience went quite wild over the song, "Oh Ring dem Golden Bells." After which came one which had a certain appropriateness for the occasion. At any rate so thought Tom, as drawing a long breath of satisfaction, he pulled the severed section of log from its place, leaving an opening quite large enough for his exit:

"Oh Dan'l was sabed from de lion's den,
I'se gwine to weep no more;
De Hebrew chillen from de fiery pen,
I'se gwine to weep no more.
De Lord can set de pris'ner free,
I'se gwine to weep no more;
An' so He'll rescue you an' me,
I'se gwine to weep no more."

Before leaving his prison house Tom took the precaution to roll his blankets together in shape something like the human form, and stow them at the further side of his bunk as a sort of "dummy" in case of a second visitation from his jailors before midnight. Then, squeezing himself through the opening he had made, he replaced the sawn section, and looked about him.

The lockup faced the street about three fourths of the way down. Behind it was a rocky waste, sloping to a gully through which ran the creek mentioned in the message.

Above the noisy tumult from the saloons Tom could hear the notes of George De Jones's banjo, accompanied by his clear tenor voice in song after song as they were called for by his delighted audience.

"Good by, Lodeville—I've seen all *I* ever want to of a mining town," he muttered. Dropping upon hands and knees, he wormed his way through and over various obstructions down to the bed of the gully. Then, rising, Tom followed along the creek—a turbid, sluggish stream that formed a branch of the Rio Colorado.

The sky was half hidden by fleecy clouds, through which straggling moon beams sent light enough to enable the fugitive to get on with considerable speed; and in less than an hour, he reached the rude bridge that crossed the north trail.

Here began the growth of willow and cottonwood on the banks of the creek, which extended brokenly over the rolling country to the north and east. Concealing himself in a thick clump, Tom waited with what patience he might the coming of George Washington De Jones.

But hour after hour passed without the slightest sign of the colored lad.

Crickets chirped, frogs croaked, and an occasional coyote gave tongue in the distance. The night air grew damp and heavy as the hours dragged slowly on, and Tom, none too warmly clothed, shivered when every now and then he wakened from an uneasy drowse.

His situation was not a pleasant one. He was a fugitive, cold, hungry, and unarmed, with a price on his head, escaping from captivity to avoid being hung for a horse thief.

He had just made an enemy—two, in fact, including Blueskin—who, he felt quite sure, would lose no time in revenging himself, should ever opportunity occur.

"Perhaps I should have been wiser to have stayed East and studied law, after all," he thought with a combined sigh and shiver.

The night shadows gradually began lifting. A streak in the east spake of coming dawn. Where on earth was George Washington De Jones? What did Mr. Bruton——

"Dar's a camp meetin' down to Huckleberry Swamp,
Oh let my people go.
Is you anywhars 'round, you runaway scamp?
Oh let my people go."

Tom uttered a joyful exclamation as his rescuer's voice suddenly broke upon his ear. Round a bend in the wagon trail Tom saw him approaching with the banjo under his right elbow, occasionally picking a stray note from its strings. And De Jones looked as fresh and cheerful as possible.

"Here I am," called Tom, rising with some difficulty by reason of his cramped limbs.

"Oh, ain't I glad—get out de wilderness!" chanted the ebony minstrel. And then, executing a most marvelous pigeon wing, he approached and eyed Tom curiously for a moment without speaking.

Seeing him for the first time distinctly, Tom noticed that his features, though intensely black, had not the distinctive African type. His eyes were soft and dark, but the nose was aquiline rather than flat, and the mouth well shaped, without the thick lips peculiar to the race.

"So you're Mars Tom Miss Dolly done tell 'bout," said George Washington slowly, "how you sabe her from dem Injuns an' all dat. Least we could do, she say, was help *you* out. An' I reckon we done it up in good shape, eh?"

"You did indeed, George," Tom returned earnestly, "and I shan't forget your share in the matter, I can assure you. But hadn't we better be getting further away? They'll find out my escape before long."

"No hurry," coolly returned De Jones, "dat's discubbered mor'n two hour 'go. Ki yah—warn't dat fun, dough! Mor'n twenty ob 'em—faces brack as dis chile's, tie dem two guards an' bust in de lock up door. Montez was first in, an' grab for you—not'in' but roll of blanket! Golly, how he swear!"

Tom could but laugh despite his anxiety.

"What did they do then?"

"Some one t'ink he see feller light out toward San Juan 'bout midnight, on hossback. So de hull caboodle put off full chisel. 'Spec' dey's half way dar now. You hungry?"

"I just am," was the emphatic reply. Tom's appetite was of the healthiest, and danger had not affected it in the least.

Motioning his companion to a seat by the creek side, George produced from one end of the banjo covering a paper parcel of ham sandwiches.

"Had all de grub I wanted las' night. Hoe in libely," he remarked. And Tom did so.

From the opposite end of the covering which had been hung over one shoulder like saddlebags, George poured into his straw hat, placed on the ground for the purpose, a perfect shower of silver pieces, which he counted with considerable swiftness.

"Fourteen dollar sixty t'ree cent—dat not bad considerin'," he remarked with a curious upward glance at Tom.

"No indeed," was the warm response, "and here—I didn't pay for *my* share of the music."

Throwing over his vest, Tom took a gold piece from one of the compartments of a money belt about his waist.

But to his surprise the colored lad shook his head vigorously.

"No, sah. Dat wasn't in de 'greement 'tween me 'n Mars Bruton." And all Tom's urging failed to shake his purpose.

George replaced the silver, and turned with a rather quizzical look to his companion.

"S'pecs you ain't one o' dem proud chaps dat's shamed to hab a brack feller for a fren'."

"By Jove, I should hope not, especially a friend who has risked as much for me as you have."

"Dat's all right, den. Now I hab lil' scrub in de crik—den we go."

From a capacious hip pocket, which seemed to contain a multiplicity of articles, George Washington gravely produced a bit of yellow soap and a section of towel.

Retiring behind a willow clump, he began his ablutions, which, considerably to Tom's surprise, were somewhat lengthy.

"Now then, Tom, if you're ready, we'll vamose this ranch for the other."

Tom started, stared, and rubbed his eyes. Was he dreaming? Before him stood a bright faced young fellow of about sixteen, clear skinned and clear limbed in a double sense—his every movement having a certain wiry activity that was very suggestive. His short hair, clipped close to the scalp, was coal black, in marked contrast to the whiteness of his features, which, however, was not due to ill health.

In one hand he held a wig of the kind peculiar to the burnt cork fraternity. This he held up, with a laugh.

"Thought I'd rattle you a bit! But come on now—it's almost sunrise. We can talk as we go along. Shouldn't wonder, though, if they sent one of the boys forward with a couple of spare horses."

"How long have you been at Mr. Bruton's ranch?" was the first question that rose to Tom's lips.

"About a week. He's my uncle, only I hadn't ever seen him before. And say—George Washington De Jones was only my stage name. I'm Phil Amsted by rights."

But Tom was so bewildered by the oddity of the whole transaction that he had no words in response.

"Trail turns to the left at that clump of scrub pine. The other one goes on to Wasuma Gap."

Thus saying, Tom's new friend struck into a well beaten track leading across a swelling intervale of short thick grass turning brown in spots. Over the upland, just beginning to be tinged with the gold of coming dawn, were scattered herds of cattle grazing and bunches of horses. Lofty hills rose as a background—themselves dwarfed by the mighty mountain ranges behind them.

Beautiful as it all was, Tom's curiosity regarding his new acquaintance for the time absorbed his entire attention.

"How long have you been doing this sort of thing?" he suddenly asked—touching the banjo with his finger.

"The burnt cork biz? Oh, a couple of years off and on. But not to make it a specialty till I joined Myers's. And then I took to it so naturally that half the time I'd almost think I *was* George Washington De Jones. Same as Joe Jefferson in 'Rip,' you know."

"Well, you deceived *me* pretty thoroughly. I never dreamed you were white."

"No, I suppose not. I kept it up a little longer than I should have for the fun of seeing how you'd look when I came out in my true color."

"But do you always mean to be a—what do you call it—professional?"

A look half thoughtful, half sad, stole across Phil's well cut features.

"I—don't know. Sometimes I think yes—sometimes no. But I'm a waif and a stray. Father was killed by the Indians somewhere in Nevada in '71. Mother died when I was five years old. There was no one who belonged to me—except Uncle Jack, and mother hadn't heard of him for years."

"Well," said Tom, growing interested.

"Mother," continued Phil with a little hesitation, "was in the circus. But a better woman—" with a sort of defiance in his tone—"never drew breath. Even Madame Ducrow, who hated her because she rode better, said so. The madame took me for a time. I did the Infant Bacchus act with her till I was too large. Then I was put on the pad—"

"Pad?"

"Pad saddle—flat and easy enough to stand on with a steady going ring horse, when you're a bit used to it. After that came bareback riding. I've tumbled a bit and done the trapeze beside. But the madame was killed in the ring, and her husband took to beating me more than I liked. So I bolted. Same as I hear you did—only for different reasons."

"What next?"

"Oh—it's too long a story. I've traveled with a dozen different shows over the country, beside Mexico and the West Indies. Some time I'll tell you more if you like—not now."

"How did you know that *I* bolted—ran away from home?"

"From Uncle Jack. And somehow he got wind of Montez's plans. I had my stage makeup in a grip at the ranch, and among us we laid out to circumvent 'em, which I think we did."

By this time the two had reached the higher plateau commanding a view of the surrounding country. Lodeville was in plain sight on the south, looking nearer than it really was by reason of the extreme rarity of the atmosphere. Far away to the west the snow capped peaks of the Rockies were dimly outlined against the sky.

"Why there's Dolly herself bringing the spare horses," exclaimed Phil.

Sure enough, from the rear of a bluff around which the wagon trail made a gentle curve appeared the pretty *equestrienne*. In one hand she held the lariats of two sturdy broncos, keeping even pace with the long lope of her own.

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE HOME RANCH.

PHIL sent a shrill whistle echoing through the morning stillness. Five minutes later, and Dolly was smiling down at the two friends from her saddle—flushed with excitement and presumably pleasure.

"I knew you'd manage it, Phil," she cried joyfully—holding out her hand to Tom as she spoke. "You can tell me all about it, though, as we ride back. Don't he make a *splendid* darky, Mr. Fenwick?"

"He does indeed," laughed Tom, unwillingly relinquishing her brown fingers—"but I wish you'd both call me Tom. I'm more used to it."

"Very well," was the frankly unconventional reply, "it's ever so much easier. But here are your horses—hop on. I shan't feel you're safe till you're both inside the ranch."

The Home Ranch, which the three riders reached a few minutes later, was a most unique looking structure. Tom thought it looked more like a fortress than a dwelling.

Dolly explained as the three rode into a wide inclosure flanked on either side by straggling outbuildings, that their home was originally a small monastery built nearly a century before by the Jesuit fathers, after the manner of those plentifully scattered through New Mexico and Lower California.

The four walls of "doby" (adobe) were arranged in the form of a quadrangle—the interior being a *patio*, or courtyard, in true Mexican style.

A score of dogs—collies, St. Bernards, and hounds—rushed out to greet the new arrivals. Half a dozen ranchers and helpers drove them back, and led away the horses after the three had dismounted.

"You're heartily welcome, my lad," was John Bruton's brief though cordial greeting as, having smiled at Dolly and nodded approvingly at his erratic nephew, he shook Tom's hand with a hearty cordiality adding weight to his words.

Very tamely Tom endeavored to express his gratitude for what had been done for him, but was peremptorily forbidden to say more. Then, on receipt of a message from his boss herder, Mr. Bruton rode off, leaving the young people to their own devices.

These were very simple. Dolly slipped away to give certain orders to the fat mulatto cook, after which she reappeared on the veranda. Phil betook himself with his banjo to one of the hammocks, while Tom looked about him with interested curiosity.

The ranch house and buildings were sheltered from the "northers" by a gentle slope of upland rising some miles away to the dignity of low mountain ranges. A small river wound ribbon-like through the bottom lands, where herds of half wild broncos were feeding. And as far as the eye could reach—considerably farther, so Phil asserted—the broad acres where thousands of cattle bearing John Bruton's brand were feeding belonged to the wealthy rancher.

"It's all very picturesque and beautiful," said Tom, after a short silence, "but aren't you rather lonely sometimes, Miss Dolly? So far from civilization and all that sort of thing, you know."

Rather hesitatingly Dolly confessed that she was—sometimes. More, since her two years at Mrs. Devrees's boarding school at Denver. Every season she and her father spent a few weeks in St. Louis. She always brought home all the new books and a stock of music for the little cottage piano she played so prettily. But between the "round ups" and ranch matters generally, her father was away a great deal.

"And that is why I am teazing him to sell out and buy a home in the East," said Dolly, in conclusion, "but whether he will or not is quite another thing."

Phil suddenly raised himself in the hammock.

"Visitors," he laconically exclaimed. In the distance some half a dozen horsemen coming from the direction of Lodeville were visible.

Dolly uttered a little cry of dismay.

"Montez and the others of course," she said excitedly, "and all the boys off on the west range where father is. If *they* were here——"

"Don't worry about me, Miss Dolly," interrupted Tom, quietly. "I've been trouble enough to you already. Rather than you should be annoyed any further I'll give myself up without any more words."

"Indeed you won't, then!" cried the impetuous girl. "Give yourself up, indeed! I wonder what father would say to such a speech!"

"Steal away—oh steal away;
Dar's trouble comin'—steal away."

It was Phil's clear voice, accompanied by the tinkling of the banjo strings. He did not seem excited or alarmed, or indeed affected in any degree. But Phil was a curious compound, as those will see who follow this story to its end.

Phil's words, whether so intended or not, were evidently suggestive.

"Come," said Dolly, catching his hand in her own—"leave everything to me—I know what we shall do with you."

Half leading, half drawing Tom, who hardly knew whether to resist or not, Dolly hurried him in through the open window.

"It's a place the fathers must have planned out—we don't know what for," said Dolly, rather incoherently, "and we only found it by accident two years ago. Come, quick!"

Up a winding stairway ran Dolly, and into the little apartment in an angle of the building, which for some unknown reason John Bruton was accustomed to call his study.

There were pipes and more guns, a collection of Indian implements and a table littered with writing materials. A collection of books, mentioned by the proprietor as "his library"—consisting for the most part of works on sporting and agricultural reports — were on shelves in a narrow niche at one end.

To this Dolly ran. Pulling hard at one of the shelves, a false back swung out—with shelves and all.

"In with you," said Dolly, breathlessly, as a clatter of hoofs and clamor of voices in the yard below announced the arrival of the party.

Tom unhesitatingly obeyed. Remember, that all this time Dolly in her capacity of guide had hold of Tom's hand. And before she could relinquish it, the impetuous young fellow bent down and pressed his lips warmly to her slim brown fingers!

Only by way of expressing his gratitude, it is true, and though Dolly blushed vividly as she pushed the shelves back to place, she did not look so greatly displeased as one might think.

CHAPTER VII.

TOM'S HIDING PLACE.

TOM found himself in a narrow cell, some four feet in width by six in length—space for it having evidently been left between the inner and outer tiering of sundried brick when the mission was built. A narrow slit, which was hidden by the vines outside, admitted air and light. Moreover, by parting the vines a little, Tom was able to command a partial view of the yard beneath.

As Dolly had foreshadowed, Montez was one of the party approaching the ranch. Its leader, however, was the Lodeville sheriff, and he it was who seemed to assume all authority.

"How do, Miss Dolly. Haven't got no hoss thieves hid away round these yere primises, have ye?"

The sheriff's tone and manner, as while speaking he swung himself from his horse, were coarsely good natured. But Dolly seemed to resent both.

"If father and the boys had been home, you'd hardly have asked such an insulting question," she said spiritedly. "But then I'm only a girl, so of course I suppose you think you can say what you please."

"No 'fense meant, Miss Dolly. Bizness is bizness, an' it's my duty to kerry out the instructions of this yere search warrant. If John Bruton was here it wouldn't make no diff'rence. He's pretty high strung, but I never knowed of his resistin' the law, or doin' anything contrary to the statoots."

"Mr. Sheriff!"

The voice was Phil's. From its modulation, Tom, who could not see him owing to the veranda roof, knew that he had risen in the hammock while speaking.

"Well, sonny."

"Isn't it contrary to law to overpower a guard and break open a jail, or lock-up, or whatever you've a mind to call it?"

Two or three of the sheriff's men exchanged glances. Montez, whose black eyes were fixed on Dolly, greatly to her annoyance, muttered something between his teeth which was not a blessing on the youthful querist.

"Ahem--well, yes," rather awkwardly returned the sheriff. "That is, I s'pose it might be so construed." For the Lodeville sheriff could have made a very good guess as to the identity of the jail breakers the evening before, yet it was not good policy to take note of any little affair like that, especially as he was proposing to run for sheriff of the county at the next election.

"Then why don't you arrest the black mustached chap there—Montez, I think his name is? The fellow that got thrown into Bixton's watering trough—they say he was the head one in that business last night."

The remark was made with a coolness and ease which took every one aback. Even Dolly, who had already taken note of some peculiar phases in the make up of her newly found cousin, regarded him with surprise. For this suited independent Dolly exactly.

Montez's handsome face became black as night. Uttering a Spanish malediction he strode forward—not too far, however.

For Tom heard a very audible and ominous click from the veranda, and instinctively he knew that Phil had substituted for the banjo a rifle, which the refugee had noticed standing by one of the windows.

"Lave the kid be, Montez," exclaimed one of the men in an undertone. "Lave him be—there's the divil in his eye as big's a gopher."

"An' we're not here to quarrel with young wimmin an' boys," added the sheriff, evidently relieved at the prospect of changing the subject. "So let up, and let's tend to business."

"I have not care to harm him," growled Montez, stepping back. And Phil laughed aggravatingly:

"I suppose not. Too many witnesses. And then again my rifle *might* go off by accident when the muzzle was pointing at you."

"Half a dozen of you scatter yerselves 'round the house," said the sheriff, sharply. "We've no time to waste in brawling. Now, Miss Dolly, by your leave——"

The sheriff, armed with his search warrant, entered the house, accompanied by Montez, who stammered an apology as he passed the young girl. Dolly drew her supple, well rounded form to its full height, but vouchsafed no word of reply.

Up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber they searched—my lady's chamber being represented by Dolly's own sleeping apartment. The study came in for a share of investigation. Tom, in his hiding place, chuckled as he heard the sheriff remark that "there wasn't no chance where a mouse could stow hisself away in that there room with the curios an' sich."

They invaded the kitchen, to the speechless indignation of the colored cook, and descended to the cellar beneath, where the good fathers kept their wines, expressed from grapes grown by themselves on the southern slope behind the old mission.

"You've got me on a false trail, and that's all there is about it, Montez," grumbled the sheriff. "An' now John Bruton 'll be down on me wu'st kind—an' I'd rather hev any man in the county agin me at 'lection time than him."

"This fellow shall be somewhere hide away here, I say. John Bruton was with him in the jail two hour—it was he help him off, I can almost swear. Injun Joe is certain he have seen the fellow on the north trail early in the morning, headed this way. There was a nigger boy with him."

> "Say, darkies, has you seen dat feller
> Wid a mustash on his face,
> Come sneakin' roun' some time dis mornin'
> Like he's gwine to leabe de place?"

Phil of course, and Phil's banjo as well. The paraphrased words rang out jubilantly. Some of the men laughed. Montez swore audibly. But the sheriff, stepping out on the veranda, eyed Phil keenly.

"Your singin' sounds mighty like the nigger that thar's pretty good reason to b'leeve hed somethin' to do with helpin' the hoss thief saw outer the lock up, young feller."

Dolly caught her breath! But Phil's stare of bewildered astonishment was good to see. Then turning to Dolly he shook his head gravely and imitated the act of drinking.

"Lodeville whisky must be awful stuff to muddle a man's brains like that," he said in an audible undertone.

Dolly repressed a strong desire to laugh as she saw the sheriff's rubicund visage turn quite purple with anger.

"That's very good bluff, youngster, but it won't go down. I consider there's suspicion enough attachin' of itself to you for to warrant me in arrestin' an' holdin' of you fer examination. So you can jest get ready to ride back to town along of us."

As Tom overhead heard this, he made up his mind.

Turning to the closed door of his singular prison house, he laid his hand on it to open it. Rather than allow Phil to be arrested and carried off, he was determined to make his way down and deliver himself up at once to his pursuers,

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but in justice to all only such questions as are of general interest can receive attention.

We have on file a number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as space permits.

About six weeks are required before a reply to any question can appear in this column.

DECLINED with thanks: "His Temptation," "The Cook's Lot on the St. Mary's," "How I Entertained an Evening Party," "Ishmael," "An Unpleasant Bath," "Walnut Day."

MARCO POLO, New York City. No premium on your bank bills.

DEAN DUNHAM, Holyoke, Mass. Your coin is an East Indian 2 anna (6 cent) piece of no rarity.

B. F., Chelsea, Mass. Full directions for making rubber stamps were given on page 606, No. 298.

PHIL. O. SOPHY, Pittsburgh, Pa. Hoi Mathetia, The Excelsior Club, and L'Academie are Greek, Latin, and French names which might suit your students' club.

E. H. C., Memphis, Tenn. 1. The only work of Cooper's that we notice as omitted in your list is his "History of the Navy of the United States." 2. Address Malden, Massachusetts.

P. W. T. R., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. How would "Rod and Gun Club," or "The Foresters," do as names for your sporting club? 2. The 2d of February, 1871, came on a Thursday.

A FRIEND, Camden, N. J. We have to thank you and many others for your appreciative words on our Autumn Number. In the course of a few weeks we shall have another surprise for you.

F. H., Cincinnati, O. Beyond advising moderation in diet, and plenty of exercise, we cannot prescribe for a boy suffering from corpulence. Consult a doctor if you need a further prescription.

G. W. H., Chicago, Ill. We should not advise you to leave your present position in a wholesale house unless your ability as an artist is very marked. Read the editorial, "Stick to your business," in No. 306.

JERRY D., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. Do not seek to stop your growth. You may trust to time to fill out your frame and give you strength, if your habits of life are healthy. 2. Yes, taking long breaths is good for the lungs.

R. C. C., Atlanta, Ga. This is not the season for circus stories. We may possibly print a new one next spring. Meanwhile we recommend you to purchase Mr. Alger's absorbingly interesting "Young Acrobat," which forms No. 8 of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

RAY CULVER, Corona, N. Y. 1. To toughen steel, take resin, 2 lbs.; tallow, 2 lbs.; black pitch, 1 lb. Melt together, and dip the steel in the mixture when hot. 2. For sore gums, try powdered alum, one eighth of an ounce, made into a paste with 10 grains of sulphate of quinine.

A NEW YORK BOY, New York City. Should there be an insufficient number of vacancies in the army for graduates from West Point, they are, according to provision made by Congress in 1886, attached as second lieutenants, who rank with the succeeding graduating class for commissions.

INQUIRER, Millville, N. J. 1. The salary paid to shorthand writers would average about $15 a week. 2. Ventriloquism can be learned, but whether you could acquire the art from any particular book we cannot say. 3. "I live over the bridge" is not bad English, but "I live across the bridge" is clearer and preferable.

ARCHITECT, New York City. 1. Among the leading architects in New York we may mention, Bab, Cook & Willard, Bruce Price, Carrere & Hastings, J. C. Cody, McKim, Mead & White. 2. Yes, you can apply for a position as apprentice with any of them. At first, of course, no salary is paid. 3. Descriptive mathematics, such as geometry, is the branch most needed in the profession.

C. L., Summit, N. J. 1. Yes, the names of bullhead and catfish are popularly applied to the same fish, which is the *Pimelodus catus* of science. 2. For a table of average heights and weights, see No. 283. 3. A recommendation from a previous employer will certainly help you to procure a position; indeed, you will find it hard to do so without one. A knowledge of bookkeeping will make you more valuable in a store or office, but is not necessary for all kinds of work. 4. The Passaic River is quite distinct from the Raritan. Its sources are in Morris County, and it is fed by streams from Greenwood Lake and the Ramapo valley.

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.

Philip Bowen, 5 Fairbrother's Court, Pawtucket, R. I. Books, for stamps.

Harry J. Smith, Laurel, Md. No. 5 of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, for No. 1.

Jonas P. Burrell, Weymouth, Mass. The game of Auction, for photos of baseball players.

Bertie R. Marpon, 31 Elm St., Westerly, R. I. Cards, postmarks, and tin tags, for tin tags.

W. C. Wayman, New Castle, Ind. Reading matter valued at $5, for a set of boxing gloves.

W. L. Bliss, Norwich, Conn. A Rogers scroll saw, with saws and patterns, for a press and outfit.

Rogers Davis, Covington, Ga. Two hundred postmarks, for No. 8 of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

Charles A. Streffler, 78 East 122d St., New York City, would like to correspond with stamp collectors.

William A. Boyd, Jr., 286 Lenox Ave., New York City. Books by Alger, Ballantyne, etc., for minerals.

Walter Jerome, Wilson, Kan. A good silver watch, for Vol. I, II, or IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A. H. Ackerman, 1006 Trinity Ave., New York City. A number of articles for a 50 in. bicycle. Send for list.

E. W. Thomas, Jr., Box 2274, Ocean Grove, N. J. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, for Lippincott's Gazetteer.

Harold Heart, Delaware, O. A piece of pottery or bone from the Ohio mounds, for every perfect arrow head.

G. Taeffner, 1208 Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Nos. 10 and 11 of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, for Nos. 7 and 12.

M. B. Kettering, Greensburg, Pa. A violin and a pair of cymbals, valued at $15, for a B flat cornet of equal value.

Edward Abel, Woodsburgh, N. Y. A Holly steam engine, 1½ in. stroke, cost $14, for a self inking press and outfit.

William B. Hale, Williamsville, Mass. Rare foreign stamps, for the same. Will exchange on approval system.

A. L. Finn, 2082 5th Ave., New York City. A scroll saw valued at $8, and an electric scarf pin, for stamps or books.

Robert C. Clark, Cincinnati, O. Three different Mexican or Columbian stamps, for every 50 U. S. 4c., 5c., 10. or 15c. stamps.

John Freu, Mercer, Pa. A pair of $5 lever ice skates, for a gold fountain pen; and 1800 tin tags, for a pair of opera glasses.

Frank E. Sedgwick, 478 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O. A printing outfit, for any 2 numbers of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES except No. 7.

Henry Guelich, 1328 Airdrie St., Philadelphia, Pa. One of the "Rocky Mountain Series," for No. 210 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Bart P. Gorman, 5 Parnell St., East Cambridge, Mass. Nine boys' books, for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, or other books.

M. Newman, 200 East 121st St., New York City. A press and type, valued at $6.50, for a pair of dumb bells or other gymnastic apparatus.

W. Foley, 3 Badger Place, Charlestown, Mass. A 5 by 7 hand inking press, with 8 fonts of type, for a watch or musical instruments.

William H. Muzzy, 1728 14th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. A canvas canoe with sail and paddle, for a 50 to 52 in. bicycle in good order.

R. E. Smith, 296 2d St., Detroit, Mich. One hundred postmarks, for 50 different foreign stamps. Correspondence with collectors desired.

J. A. Greenlee, Hutchinson, Kan. A flute, valued at $9, roller skates and ice skates, and reading matter, for a B flat cornet worth $15.

A. H. Swank, Box 761, Fremont, O. A nickel silver hunting case watch, valued at $10, for a second hand World typewriter in good order.

G. R. Eilers, 228 North 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa. An album with over 200 stamps, for books, or any volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY except Vol. V.

C. F. Ford, Oregon, Ill. Two hundred different postmarks and 150 different tin tags, for numbers of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES or other books.

M. L. Cunningham, Montpelier, O. House plants, crochet work, and 1000 postmarks, for cabinet specimens, shells, minerals, Indian relics, etc.

J. W. Albaugh, 636 North Ave., Baltimore, Md. One thousand stamps, 750 tin tags, and 100 postmarks, for a camera and outfit or a self inking press.

Fred C. Puffer, 944 8th Ave., New York City. A 5 by 8 tripod camera, for a Waterbury or Climax Detective camera. New York and Brooklyn offers only.

Thomas F. Major, 5 Drummand St., Pittston, Pa. Minerals, for Indian arrow heads; and flags and coats of arms, for old coins, cents and half cents preferred.

George Weston, Box 929, Alton, Ill. "Life of Kit Carson," "Benjamin Franklin," and other books, for any volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY prior to Vol. V.

George M. Shoemaker, 122 South River St., Wilkesbarre, Pa. Five books by Optic, Ellis, Alger, and Haggard, for any 3 numbers of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

W. R. Adams, 39 Elm St., Toronto, Canada. "The Adventures of a Midshipman," by Optic, and "The Mountain Cave," for Nos. 296 to 303 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

S. French Neely, Mount Ayr, Ioa. A silver watch and chain, and other articles, valued at $45, for a 50 or 52 in. bicycle or a Remington typewriter. Send for list.

W. H. Highleyman, 3807 Delmar Ave., St. Louis, Mo. A pair of nickel plated clamp skates, and 50 tin tags, for any volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY except Vol. V.

S. D. Buttle, 99 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. A New Rogers scroll saw, a pair of club skates, and the game of Bulls and Bears, for a 4 by 5 or 5 by 8 camera and tripod.

Samuel Cohen, 16 Cross St., Boston, Mass. A violin and bow, cost $8, for books; and a press and a magic lantern, with complete outfit, for books or musical instruments.

Clarence R. Chances, 175 Lincoln St., Wilkesbarre, Pa. A wooden guitar case, and a pair of No. 6 Henley nickel plated roller skates, for a photo outfit or a press and type.

A. J. Stamp, care Nicholson File Co., Providence, R. I. A magic lantern, a pair of calf clamp roller skates, an ocarina, and reading matter, for a pair of chest weights in good order.

Fred A. Hankinson, care W. J. Hooper, 257 Broadway, New York City. A pair of canoe paddles, a pair of ice skates to [illegible], a No. 7 shoe, and a book, for a 10 keyed accordion or a press and type.

Is Smoking Injurious?

BY A. A. READE.

SMOKING is a practice that has given rise to one of the most violent controversies of modern times. Books, essays, and articles without number have been written to prove that it is injurious to health, and even fatal at times. On the other hand, while it has found few advocates in the press, yet thousands, nay, millions of men tacitly champion it by continuing the habit.

Is the use of tobacco really so destructive as it is painted? This is an important question to the rising generation, and to help us in answering we have collected some facts, and a few opinions from those best qualified by experience to pronounce on the subject.

It was the American Indian from whom white men first learned to smoke tobacco. Next to the tomahawk and the scalping knife, the pipe has always been the favorite implement of the race which the frontiersman not altogether inaptly designates as "varmints." Certainly the Indian's standing in the scale of civilization is not high enough to warrant us in regarding him as a good model from which to copy our habits. Sir Walter Raleigh was probably the first smoker in Europe. One day he lit his pipe while he had sent his servant out for a pint of ale. On returning, and seeing smoke issuing from Raleigh's mouth, the man thought he was on fire, and promptly threw the ale in his face!

In former days tobacco smoke was believed to be a good disinfectant, and it was probably this fact that brought the pipe into general use. For instance, at the time of the great plague in London even children were compelled to smoke. At the famous college of Eton all the boys were obliged to smoke in the school every morning, and one of them said "that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smoking." A doctor who lived about [illegible]o hundred years ago tells us that par[illegible] used to put tobacco into the satchels th[illegible]ir boys to smoke at school, under H[illegible]dance of the teacher. smoke [illegible]ong boys were compelled to was at [illegible] not know; but the practice forbidden, [illegible] discontinued, and even dates its attra[illegible]eness in the schoolboy's eyes. It is certa[illegible]ly not a pleasant habit to acquire. Some [illegible]f you well remember how ill you were [illegible]when you began to smoke. When you first [illegible]ried a cigar you staggered like a drunken man, fainted, and had to be put to bed.

What had you done? You had taken poison into the system, and your sufferings were caused by the effort of nature to expel the intruder. If the poison were not expelled, or if a large dose were taken, smoking would kill the beginners.

Alexander Smith, the young Scotch poet, gave a vivid picture of the pain undergone by boys learning to smoke. Describing his companions in a city warehouse, he said:

> "And there was one who strove most valiantly to be a man;
> Who smoked and still got sick, drank hard, and woke
> Each morn with headache."

The question arises whether it is worth while to suffer all this pain in order to acquire the art of smoking, and my own conviction is that it does not pay.

First, let me ask why you smoke. Is it because you think it manly? If so, it is a very foolish belief. A great many things which no one thinks of calling manly are done by men. Is wife kicking manly? Is drunkenness manly? Is swearing manly? "When I went to the University," wrote Lord Chesterfield, "I will confess that I drank and smoked, notwithstanding my aversion to wine and tobacco, only because I thought it genteel—that it made me look like a man." When, at eighteen, he went to the Hague, and found gambling all the fashion, "as I aimed at perfection," he wrote, "I adopted gaming, as the necessary step to it." Follow up this rule, and it will be very likely to land you in prison.

Are the finest, strongest, and healthiest men and boys smokers, or do they avoid tobacco?

Experience shows that men who excel in steadiness of nerve and "staying" power abstain from its use. If you want to be the best boatman, the best baseball player, the best rifle shot, or the best runner, you will find abstinence from tobacco helpful.

In training for athletic pursuits smoking is universally forbidden, as the object of training is to attain the highest standard of health. "There is no doubt," says a leading authority on the subject, "that it is an acquired habit, attended by evil more often than by good results; and I am confident that if two men, the one a smoker and the other not, were placed in competition, the former would be beaten in nine cases out of ten. The cause will be found in the staying powers of the smoker having been to a certain degree impaired, for there is a strong probability of the wind being affected by the habit.

"Another argument against smoking is the languor and sloth occasioned by it, sometimes inducing a man to remain inactive in the full enjoyment of his pipe, when he ought to be taking his proper exercise. It is a notable fact that the finest runners of the present day, as well as in the past, are and have been men who scarcely ever, and in some cases never, touched a cigar or pipe."

If a man wishes to train for a boat race, his trainer will not let him use tobacco because it weakens his brain and muscles so that he cannot win. If a young man wishes to train for a long walk his trainer will not let him touch a cigar, because he knows it will prevent him from holding out.

Edward Payson Weston, the famous pedestrian, and Captain Carver, the great rifle shot, are both non smokers. So too is Edward Hanlan, who was so long the world's champion sculler, and who says:

"In my opinion, the best physical performances can only be secured through the absolute abstinence from the use of alcohol and tobacco. This is my rule, and I find that after three years' constant work at the oar, during which time I have rowed many notable match races, I am better able to contend in a great race than when I first commenced. In fact, I believe that the use of liquor and tobacco has a most injurious effect upon the system of an athlete by irritating the vitals, and consequently weakening the system. That smoking is injurious is believed by many who have no sympathy whatever with efforts against it. It was a common remark with the late Mr. George Payne that tobacco was the cause of more early deaths and broken down constitutions than any other innovation he had known."

Such is the verdict upon tobacco pronounced by the leading lights of the world of sports. Let us listen to men distinguished in the sphere of letters.

Here, too, we find an overwhelming weight of evidence against the weed. "Its influences are generally bad," said Thomas Carlyle; "pacificatory but bad; engaging you in idle, cloudy dreams." No one can pretend that smoking is necessary to the best efforts of the mind. Ages before the existence of the tobacco plant was known the greatest races of men lived without it. Painters and sculptors, poets and philosophers, did not know its taste. Neither ancient Greece, the mother of Arts, nor ancient Rome in all the glory of her conquering power, ever found it necessary; among ourselves many of the best workers in science, art, and literature abstain from smoking. Darwin and Tyndall wrote all their books—some of which cost years of labor—"without the stimulus of a cigar."

Some smokers allege that they can do their own work better when smoking a cigar. There is some truth in the belief, for when a man acquires a habit it becomes to a certain extent necessary; he cannot exert his mind without it. Sir Isaac Newton, with the acuteness of a master mind, saw that if he acquired the use of tobacco he would incur a new necessity, and therefore when asked to take tobacco, he replied, "*I will make no necessities to myself.*" Never learned, smoking is never needed.

Even the government of the United States has something to say about smoking, which has been prohibited both at West Point and Annapolis, because it was found necessary to do so. The surgeons officially reported that tobacco (1) leads to impaired nutrition of the nerve centers; (2) is a fertile cause of neuralgia, vertigo, and indigestion; (3) irritates the mouth and throat, and destroys the purity of the voice; (4) produces defects of vision; (5) causes a tremulous, hard, and intermittent pulse; (6) develops a conspicuous irritability of the heart; and (7) retards the cell change, on which the development of adolescence depends.

Moreover, it is found that the records of schools and colleges indicate very positively that tobacco deteriorates the mental faculties. Non smokers take the highest rank in every grade; and whether we look at the exceptionally brilliant students, or compare the average of those who use and those who refrain from tobacco, the result is alike.

And while generally injurious, the habit is sometimes actually fatal. Instances have from time to time been noticed in the ARGOSY and other papers of men who have lost their lives from diseases directly due to tobacco poisoning. Such diseases include affections of the throat—as in the cases of General Grant and the late Emperor Frederick—of the heart, of the digestive organs, and of the brain.

All our readers would do well to make a special note of this.

"AND THERE WAS ONE WHO SMOKED AND STILL GOT SICK."

WHERE THE PRACTICE BEGAN.

CHASED BY CANNIBALS.

THE ARGOSY recently printed an account of some of the cannibals of the Congo basin, who are spread over a large part of Central Africa. The same horrible practice prevails among the native tribes around the great river Niger, where some of the most degraded savages in the world are to be found.

Mr. H. H. Johnston, the British consul at Cameroon, recently made a trip up the Cross River, a stream which flows into the sea near the mouth of the Niger, and made a report of his explorations to the British Geographical Society. At one point on the river where he was received with great apparent friendship he learned that the natives were debating the question whether to treat the visitors as honored guests or to eat them.

He decided that it would not be safe to extend his explorations further, and he started down the river.

As he turned his canoe down stream, however, the noisy villagers gave chase, and there were a few minutes of terrible anxiety when the canoe ran aground, and hundreds of the yelling savages attempted to wade across the shallow water and seize the fugitives. Even little children, Johnston says, armed themselves with knives, and, standing ankle deep in the water, shrieked at the top of their voices that they would like to eat the white man. The explorer, however, managed to keep out of the clutches of the savages, and to get away without firing.

[This story commenced in No. 302.]

RAY CULVER;

OR,

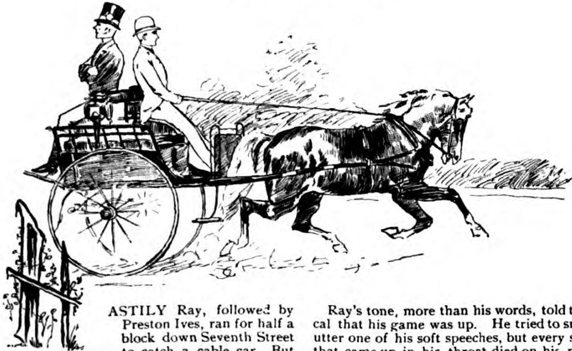
THROUGH DEEP WATERS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "Three Thirty Three," "Eric Dane," "Camp Blunder," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A LEAP FROM A TRAIN.



HASTILY Ray, followed by Preston Ives, ran for half a block down Seventh Street to catch a cable car. But no sooner had they boarded it than Ives turned to our hero with the startling query:

"How do you know he'll go from Broad Street Station? Perhaps he'll take the Bound Brook route."

"That's so; I didn't think of that," muttered Ray anxiously, looking at his watch. "It's twenty minutes past nine now; hardly time to get up to Ninth and Green any way. But perhaps there isn't any 9.40 train on the Bound Brook road. I know there's one on the Pennsylvania. May be the conductor knows."

The latter was questioned and relieved our hero's mind considerably by replying that there was a 9.30 but not a 9.40 train to New York over the Jersey Central route.

"Then we're right and shall probably spot him at Broad Street," ejaculated Ray, scarcely able to restrain his impatience.

He looked at his watch every three minutes and fairly glared at everybody who delayed the car by wanting to get out. They had still ten minutes, however, by the station tower clock when their destination was reached.

Passengers were already pouring through the gates into the cars when they gained the waiting room, and Ray saw at once that they would be obliged to provide themselves with tickets and hunt for their man on the train. So he hurriedly purchased two for Germantown Junction, and, watching carefully on all sides of him, rejoined Ives and pressed with him towards the gates.

"I'll bet he's in one of the drawing room coaches," said the latter. "We'd best get on the last car and go straight through the train."

This suggestion was acted upon, and as quickly as they could, on account of the jostling against other travelers, the two worked their way along aisle after aisle in the direction of the engine.

"I may possibly have to keep on to New York with him, to get the thing settled," remarked Ray. "In that case, after you've shown yourself to Tresham, you can get off at the Junction, you know, and go back to your office. There he is now!"

Sure enough, seated in one of the small private rooms at the end of the parlor car on which they had just stepped, Ray caught a glimpse through the half open door of the dudish lawyer, who was in the act of settling his necktie in front of the mirror.

"Follow me straight in," whispered our hero over his shoulder, and, pushing back the sliding door, he entered the compartment just as the train moved out of the dimness of the station into the full glare of day.

Tresham turned quickly, and certainly an expression of ill pleased amazement passed over his face when he saw that it was not the conductor, but Ray Culver who stood before him.

Before either had a chance to speak, however, the lawyer's gaze fell on Preston Ives.

The effect was electrical. He gave a soundless gasp, his eyes opened to their widest with an incredulous stare, while the hand, which he had half stretched out towards Ray, fell nerveless by his side.

Quick to seize the advantage of being the first to speak and thus put the other on the defensive, our hero began:

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Tresham? Surprised to see us? I see you are, especially Mr. Ives here. You told me he had gone West for good, you remember. But he's back in Philadelphia again, and I've already struck up quite a friendship with him. Queer that we should run across one another, wasn't it? By the way, I happened to see his autograph this morning and it wasn't a bit like the one he signed to that will of my father's. How do you account for **that?**"

Ray's tone, more than his words, told the rascal that his game was up. He tried to smile, to utter one of his soft speeches, but every syllable that came up in his throat died on his parched lips, and for one instant Ray actually pitied him in his wretchedness.

But a swift recollection of all that he himself had suffered owing to this man's villainy speedily infused righteous wrath into the tone with which he continued, as he seated himself opposite the lawyer and leaned over to look him straight in the eye:

"Yes, Mr. Tresham, my eyes are open now, and——"

The man must have been desperate enough, for Ray had got thus far just as the brakeman called out "Germantown Junction" and the train began to slow up for its only stop between Philadelphia and New York. Without an instant's warning, Tresham sprang to his feet and darted out on the platform.

So sudden and entirely unexpected was this move that neither Ray nor Ives could summon his energies with sufficient swiftness to interfere with the act. They both sprang to their feet, but before either of them passed the door of the compartment, a piercing shriek rang out above the hiss of steam and whirr of wheels.

Ten seconds later the cars came to a stand still, but before they did so, Ray was hanging out from the platform with his eyes glued to an object some fifty yards back along the track.

That object was a man, writhing in the dirt, and in whom Ray at once recognized Mr. Tresham.

"Is he killed?" asked Preston Ives, with solemn voice, as, in company with our hero, the brakeman and three or four passengers, he started to run in the direction of the form beside the rail.

Ray will never forget that instant when his eyes once again met those of the man who had so grievously wronged him.

The face was as pallid as marble, with lines of anguish sunk deep into the forehead that but five minutes before had been so fair and smooth. But in that single glance of those keen dark eyes up into his face before they closed in blessed unconsciousness, our hero read whole volumes of remorse and repentance.

But there was no outward mutilation of the body, no arm or leg cut off. A surgeon, who happened to be among the passengers, made a hasty examination and reported that serious injury had been done the spine by the leap the man had taken from the moving train.

"It is not necessarily fatal," he added, "but he will probably be a cripple for life. Does any one here know who he is?"

"Yes; his name is Gordon Tresham. I was talking with him only a minute or two before the accident happened. I'll go and get his things from the compartment, for of course he will be sent back to the city."

This from Ray, who, accompanied by Ives, hurriedly re-entered the parlor car and returned with a hand satchel and a light overcoat.

"Who would have dreamed my search would have ended like this?" he murmured in an awed undertone.

"It's lucky for you the fellow wasn't killed!" rejoined Ives, "as in that case you might never have been able to find out what he has done with your fortune. But look, he's conscious again and seems to be talking."

"Is there anybody here by the name of Ray Culver?" inquired the surgeon, looking up from his kneeling position beside the injured man as our two friends rejoined the group.

"Yes," and Ray pressed forward eagerly.

"Well, this poor fellow wants to speak with you. Kneel down and bend your ear close."

Our hero hastened to comply with the doctor's request, and then, noticing that Tresham seemed to be feeling for his hand with his own, he took it, and giving the fingers a slight pressure, softly said: "Yes, I am here; what is it you want?"

"Don't send me to the hospital," whispered the other in a weak voice, so utterly unlike his old tones, that Ray could scarcely bear to listen. "To your house in Dellwood. It's near here and open. I will explain afterwards. You shall have it all and more back. I am—justly—punished. Forgive—say yes."

With his enemy fallen indeed, Ray's tender heart was touched, and, putting his lips close to his ear, he said "Yes, you shall be taken to our old home, and I forgive."

Twenty minutes later, in an easy wagon that had been procured in the neighborhood, our hero was riding beside his injured foe towards Dellwood.

CHAPTER XXX.

TRESHAM'S CONFESSION.

HOW strange it seemed to be back in the old home! Nothing was changed, not even the servants, and Ray became more and more perplexed over the mystery, and waited eagerly for the time when Mr. Tresham would be able to explain it.

The doctor on the train—who had given up his trip to New York in order to take charge of the case—ordered for the present absolute quiet; and meanwhile Ray was forced to satisfy his curiosity by eliciting what information he could from the coachman and maids.

The latter, with the horses and carriages, had been left behind at the brothers' departure, with the idea that they would be respectively dismissed and sold under the care of Mr. Tresham, who had assumed full charge of the place.

John, the coachman, was the first person to whom our hero applied for enlightenment, after the flurry of the arrival was over and after Ives had taken a train back to town.

"How is it you are all here yet, John?" he asked, as he strolled out to the stable before returning to the house.

"Mr. Tresham, sir," replied the man, respectfully touching his forelock, "said as how we were to keep everything running for a month anyway, in case Mr. Philip turned up. And I 'ear too, sir, that Mr. Goodwin—he as owns it—let him 'ave it for that time cheap for the sake of its being looked after, seein' as he couldn't let it again right away, and wasn't able to live here himself."

"And has Mr. Tresham been staying here since I went away?" asked Ray.

"Yes, sir."

"And left this morning to start for Europe?"

"Oh, no, sir; he did talk some of startin' off there at the hend of the month when he shut the place hup. You see, sir, this is 'ow it is: he thought the account of your poor father and mother's terrible takin' off bein' printed in hall the papers so conspicuous, Mr. Philip would be seein' of it and come on here."

"Yes, I see," said Ray musingly, wondering more than ever at the subtlety of the lawyer.

Then "Will you be wantin' any of the traps this afternoon, sir?" inquired John. "The horses, sir, needs all the exercise we can give 'em. Everything is just as you left it. Perhaps you'd like to take a drive with the black mare to that new cart, sir."

Ray thought a minute, then replied: "Yes, John, you may put Bess to my cart at three o'clock and I'll drive into the city. You are to go along."

"Very good, sir," responded the coachman, again touching his forehead.

Ray hurried on to the house, where he had left Tresham under the doctor's hands, scarcely realizing that he was the same fellow he was but two brief hours ago. To have carriages and horses at his command again after his short experience of poverty, seemed as strange as the poverty itself had, and now, as he entered his own room, with its easy chairs, library, pictures, and dainty curtains, in such glaring contrast to the barrenness of that fourth floor apartment at Mrs. Fanshawe's, he felt like pinching himself to make sure it was not all a dream.

A knock at the door and the appearance of a maid with word that the doctor would like to see him in the spare chamber to which Mr. Tresham had been carried, assured him that he was in a waking state.

"He is conscious again, and is so anxious to speak with you alone that I told him he could do so if he would not take more than fifteen minutes. I am going down stairs to telephone for a trained nurse. Don't let him get too excited. If he does, call me at once. He is resting easily now."

So said the doctor when Ray presented himself at the door of the sick room.

Then the latter entered and walked softly up to the bed.

The lawyer was watching for him eagerly, and the white hand with its showy rings clutched at the bed clothes nervously, as the injured man tried to turn so as to see his visitor more distinctly.

"Don't move," said Ray, hastening to put his fingers lightly on the hand. "I will stand here, so you can talk to me without turning your head. Are you in pain?"

"Not so bad," was the answer, in a weak, quivering tone. "But you know all. I saw that and tried to get away, and jumped before I realized how fast the cars were going. I take no credit to myself for turning virtuous now when I can't make anything by being otherwise. But I *am* sorry for the way I've treated you, and I haven't been so happy in my villainy as I expected to be. I'll tell you everything now. I might as well spend the rest of my days on a jail bed as on any other kind."

The lawyer paused for an instant and looked wistfully out of the broad bay window at the rustling leaves of an autumn garbed maple. Then he resumed:

"I suppose you know that that will of your father's I pretended to find in the safe that morning was forged, all but your father's name and Mr. Greenleaf's. It was queer about that. One afternoon shortly before Greenleaf was taken sick, your father was down at the office when a man came in to sell one of those Harvard or Yale pens, I forget which it was. Any way, he asked them each to try it, and as they were sitting by the window, without desk or paper handy, I passed Mr. Greenleaf a sheet of legal cap and a thin account book I happened to have in my hand. Both he and your father wrote their names once, and then, a friend coming in, they dismissed the agent and passed the paper and book back to me."

"And you kept the paper with the two signatures on it, and afterwards wrote the will in on top of them," interjected Ray, almost forgetting in his eagerness that he was talking with a criminal.

"Yes," answered Tresham, growing more and more animated as he proceeded with his confession. "What possessed me to do it I cannot imagine, for whether you will believe me or not, I had lived a perfectly upright life up to the date of that accident to the Imperial. I put the sheet carefully away in my desk, in a drawer that I seldom use, but which I happened to have open when a messenger came to the office with the news of the disaster. I was terribly shocked, of course, but as my eyes chanced to be fixed on that large sheet of paper with but the two names on it, while I listened to the account, and I knew that Mr. Culver had not yet made his will, the possibilities of the case flashed over me like an inspiration, and the whole plot was conceived in an instant."

"What, about that first marriage and all!" ejaculated Ray, just as if the affair were that of another person in which he took a deep interest.

"Yes, I thought that perhaps I could get along without producing a will at all. Still, I determined to fix one up all ready, and I did so after I had taken you with me in the hansom that afternoon."

Ray could not forbear a shiver as his memory ran back to the occasion, and in imagination he saw the lawyer working out a scheme that was to rob himself and brother of their inheritance at the very hour of their deepest sorrow.

Tresham resumed:

"I knew all about your father's financial status. He left everything to me, the same as he had done with Greenleaf. I had even power of attorney from him to sign checks, and all that. Thus, you see, my temptation was a strong one, and I fell."

"But those investments, the nature of which was known only to my mother—what were they?"

"A pure fabrication of my brain. No, you need not worry on that score, my boy. You and your brother will get the whole million and a quarter your father left. I haven't had a chance to spend any of it yet. I was on my way to New York to make some big investments and purchases, including a yacht to sail to Europe in, when, luckily for you, you ran across me. You had better get some lawyer to settle things up for you—have a guardian appointed, and all that. He will find the necessary memoranda in that long case in the pocket of my coat hanging over the chair yonder."

But Ray scarcely heard the concluding sentences. A million and a quarter of dollars, to be divided between Clifford and himself! He had known his father was very well off, but had never imagined that his wealth was so great as this.

Suddenly the injured man burst out with an excited exclamation:

"But Philip's son! You said you had seen him! How could you when there never was a Philip?"

The doctor, however, returned before our hero could reply, and at once decreed that Ray should leave the room. Before going, he stepped to the chair and removed the wallet that contained his claim to fortune.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A GLIMPSE OF NIMBLE NED.

IT is three o'clock the same afternoon, and forth from the grounds of the handsomest place in Dellwood issues a stylish dog cart, with our friend Ray on the driver's box, and John, grave as a judge in his top booted livery, seated behind.

The sun glinted dazzlingly on the silver mounted harness, and the handsome, high stepping mare required that close attention which gives driving its fascination. But in spite of the constant care required for the guidance of Bess, Ray's thoughts wandered ever and anon back to the marvelous change in his fortunes that the past few hours had witnessed.

He had examined Mr. Tresham's pocket book, and while doing so had suddenly recalled the name of a certain prominent lawyer, a friend of Mr. Greenleaf's and of whom he had several times heard his father speak.

Possessing himself of the wallet, Ray determined that, as soon as he had met Clifford, he would stop at Judge Duncan's office and place the whole matter of their inheritance in his hands.

"He's an old gentleman, I know, and pretty well fixed already," he reasoned, "so I guess I'll be safe in trusting him."

He drove first to Mrs. Douglas's house, where he had directed that the answer to his telegraphic dispatch to Sea Bright should be sent.

The drawing up of the dog cart before the door made a decided sensation in the neighborhood, and the Douglas maid who answered the bell was so overwhelmed that she rushed straight past Ray, and stood with mouth agape on the stoop, taking in the spectacle.

Mrs. Douglas herself, however, happened to be passing down the stairs, and, catching sight of our hero, came forward at once with the exclamation :

"Oh, Mr. Culver, a telegram came for you before lunch, and I have been worrying because I didn't know where to send it, and was afraid it might be important."

She stepped into the parlor and took an envelope from the mantelpiece, which she handed to our hero.

Ray opened it and read as follows :

SEA BRIGHT, N. J.
Will be at Broad Street Station at 4.20 this afternoon. CLIFFORD.

Ray hastily stuffed the message in his pocket and looked at his watch.

"I'll just have time to make it!" he exclaimed, and, hastily telling Mrs. Douglas that he would not require a room at her house now, but would call later and explain everything, he remounted his cart and drove off, leaving the maid servant still standing in open mouthed awe on the steps.

He certainly had no time to lose, and reached the station just two minutes before the train arrived. Clifford was almost the first of the passengers he saw, and the brothers were soon exchanging a warm hand clasp.

"What did you go off with that Italian for, Clifford?" asked Ray, as the two walked back to the street with linked arms.

"Why, to find Nimble Ned, brother Phil's son. I knew you wanted——"

"Brother Phil's son!" interposed Ray. "Why, we never had any brother Phil. But of course you don't know, and oh, my dear boy, there's lots to tell you. Here we are; get right in the cart."

"The cart!" gasped Clifford, staring in dazed fashion from Bess to John, the latter of whom was touching his hat in stiff but energetic greeting as he stood at the mare's head.

In fact, the younger boy was so overwhelmed by the sight of these "relics of better days," that Ray had actually to take him by the elbow and lift him to his seat. He then took up the whip and reins and started off for Judge Duncan's.

"Oh, I know what it means!" suddenly exclaimed Clifford; then, mindful of the near presence of John behind him, he modulated his voice and went on in a loud whisper: "You've found Nimble Ned and he has asked us to come and stay with him."

"No, no; you are wrong, my boy," returned his brother. "But come now, tell me where you have been all this time. How did you get to Sea Bright? Did the orchestra man carry you off against your will, in the Charley Ross fashion?"

"No, no, I went with him of my own accord," and Clifford then proceeded to relate the series of adventures, with which the reader is already acquainted.

"But what could have been the fellow's object in making all this mystery about getting you to Ned?" Ray wanted to know. "What did he keep you waiting at that cabin all the afternoon for?"

"Well, I've been thinking it all over since last night, Ray," rejoined Clifford, "and talking with Mr. Colchester down at Sea Bright about it, and he thinks that the fellow doesn't know where Ned is at all, but that he hoped to make something more out of you when he called again at Mrs. Fanshawe's, by pretending that he could give you news of him. Then when he found me there, he—well, it does sound queer, I know, but he expected to kidnap me and get you to pay a lot to get me back."

"Kidnap you! Nonsense," ejaculated Ray.

"What else can it mean, then?" went on Clifford, who seemed to have matured wonderfully since his adventure. "But I knocked it all in the head by dragging him into the boat that time he fell overboard; because you know after that he behaved quite differently to me. Mr. Colchester thinks that the argument I told him the orchestra man had with the other fellow then was because he wanted to give up the kidnaping scheme. But what are you stopping here for?"

"I'll only be a few minutes," returned Ray, passing the lines to his brother. "I want to see a new lawyer about taking charge of our affairs. But you wait here with John, will you? and I'll tell you all about everything on our drive back to Dellwood."

Hurrying up the stairs, Ray found Judge Duncan on the point of going home for the night, but, as soon as he mentioned his name, the old gentleman put out his hand, and, giving [illegible] of our hero a warm pressure, drew him [illegible] into his private office.

"[illegible] have thought of you so many times, my [illegible]" he said, "and wondered how you [illegible]on. I have been ill myself, or I [illegible] have been out to see you. I [illegible] deal of your father, although [illegible] know him intimately, and I [illegible] privilege to become a warm [illegible]

[illegible] sir," responded Ray, [illegible] have been worse than friendless: we have reposed confidence in untrustworthy friends. I called this afternoon to make an appointment with you for an interview when I could tell you the whole story, after which I would like to secure your services professionally."

"An untrustworthy friend!" repeated the judge. "Then have you no guardian?"

"No, sir; but it is a long story, and I will not detain you now, although I should like to get your advice as soon as possible."

"Come here tomorrow morning at ten, then, and I will be at your service for the rest of the forenoon," said the judge, rising.

Five minutes later, Ray was in his cart again, with Bess headed for home.

Home! How odd it sounded to be using the word again with reference to the luxuriously appointed house at Dellwood! Clifford was soon put in possession of the facts in the case and was warned to treat Mr. Tresham when he saw him as becomes a gentleman when dealing with a fallen foe.

"He cannot injure us any further," said Ray, "and is himself in a most pitiable condition."

"But Nimble Ned?" Clifford wanted to know. "What about him? Where does he come in now if all that about our brother Philip was made up in Mr. Tresham's head?"

Ray did not say that this was the very problem that had already occurred to *him*, but was about to make reply that probably the strange resemblance was a mere fancied one, when Clifford gave a start that caused John to forget all groomish etiquette and look around with undisguised curiosity.

"There he is now, Ray!" cried the younger boy, pointing to a Queen Anne cottage on their left—for they were now out of the city limits. "Anyway, it's a boy that looks more like me than anybody I ever saw."

"Where? Who? What do you mean?" exclaimed Ray, reining in Bess and staring in the direction of Clifford's extended forefinger, in excited bewilderment.

"There, on that piece of grass between the house and the barn. Look now, he's turning a handspring. Oh, I know it's the same one!" and Clifford was almost out of the cart in his eagerness.

"But that fellow has on a green suit and brass buttons," objected Ray; "he's one of the servants. Still, he does look like you; so we might as well stop and sift the mystery to the bottom, half brother or no half brother."

Accordingly, the cart was driven to one side of the road, left in charge of John, and then the two brothers struck out across the lawn in the direction of the stable in which the boy with the green suit and brass buttons had disappeared.

(*To be concluded.*)

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

ETIQUETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

"MANNERS make the man," but when we come to include the whole world in our definition, the meaning of that word "manners" becomes a trifle confusing.

Marks of honor, for example, are curiously different. With us, to be seated is a mark of repose and familiarity; to stand, in the presence of another, that of respect. There are countries, however, in which princes may only be addressed by persons who are seated, and where it is a high favor to be permitted to stand "in the presence."

To remove the covering of the head is with us a mark of the highest respect, while among the Turks it is regarded as an indecent familiarity, as, indeed, it is by many Oriental people.

A kick of the leg is not by us considered a very respectful motion—except as a form of dissembled love; nor do we snap our fingers at the friends whom we most esteem. But the Philippine islanders, when they desire to do especial honor, bend their bodies very low, place their hands on their cheeks, and at the same time raise one foot in the air: while many of the more simple tribes of negroes in south and western Africa snap their fingers at their friends, and pull them till they crack in the presence of a superior.

In short, as Montague remarks, "there is not a nation, even to the people who elaborately turn their backs upon their friends in salutation, that cannot justify its customs."

ASKING LEAVE TO DIE.

IN our grand land of liberty and equal rights, we can understand but imperfectly the awe inspired in the lower classes of Europe by their titled superiors. A striking instance of this deep rooted reverence was recently cited by James Payn, the English novelist, who says:

A good deal was made at the time of the "graciousness" of the Prince of Wales in visiting a church the other day, whereby a charge of two hundred and ninety nine pounds, sixteen shillings and nine pence was entailed on the parish for renovating the furniture and other matters. I know nothing like this appreciation of "graciousness" since the visit of the Duke di Nivernais in the seventeenth century to his dying steward.

Wishing to see how matters stood with the poor fellow, the duke stepped into the room and had the extreme condescension to make personal inquiry into the state of his health. The steward, utterly bewildered by the honor, raised himself in his bed with great difficulty, and said, in a tone of the most abject humility: "I hope your Grace will not be offended at my dying in your presence?"

The duke, deeply touched, answered: "Not in the least, my good friend; do not mind me." Whereupon the steward availed himself of the gracious permission of his master, and gave up the ghost.

THE PEN.

THE pen is simple, yet sublime!
It writes its story on the page,
And sends it down the stream of time
In statesmen's lore, in minstrels' rhyme,
As echoes of the passing age.

It, too, has power to crown a king,
And uncrown kings in realms of earth!
By lifted finger it can bring
A world to silence, or to sing
An anthem of immortal birth.

[*This story commenced in No. 305.*]

The Giant Islanders.

BY BROOKS McCORMICK,

Author of "Nature's Young Noblemen," and "How He Won."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NEW MATE OF THE VULTURE.

AN hour's sleep had certainly improved the condition of Captain Wellpool, and he was able to comprehend what his son had said to him.

Dunk followed him closely. With his father on deck, he did not fear to confront Mr. Boscook, for he knew that the captain would utterly disapprove and condemn what had been done in calling in the aid of the Albatross.

"Did you say the Albatross had come, Duncan, and that Boscook had hoisted a signal to her?" asked Captain Wellpool, pausing on the steps of the companion way to settle his head a little on the questions before him.

"That is what Boscook has done; and he hoisted the ensign with the union down to call on Captain Ridgefield for help," replied Dunk, who did not know what had transpired on deck after he was confined in the hold.

"Boscook has done this?" added the captain.

"That is just what he did, and he tied my hands behind me, as you see them now, because I objected to his doing so and tried to haul down the ensign."

Though the captain did not treat his son with much consideration himself, he was never willing that any other person should attempt to discipline him, and the cord that bound the mutinous youth made him very angry.

With some difficulty, on account of his shaking hands, he untied the line, and Dunk was free again to use his arms.

"Where is the Albatross now, Duncan?" asked the captain, when he had removed the bonds from his son.

"I don't know, father; I was made fast to a stanchion in the hold, and I could not see what was going on; but I heard a big noise, which sounded something like an earthquake where I was; and I know that our men have stopped firing the rifles," replied Dunk.

Captain Wellpool had now completed the ascent of the stairs. The mate and the three men who had stood by him during the conflict were standing near the companion way when he showed his head above the deck, and they were not at all pleased to see him, for his coming among them indicated trouble.

"What does all this mean, Boscook?" demanded Captain Wellpool, with a mighty effort to steady himself, as he walked toward the mate.

"What does what mean, Captain Wellpool?" asked the mate, in a very quiet tone, and in a very undemonstrative manner, though he was confident that there would soon be trouble.

"What is that ensign set union down for?" inquired the captain, pointing to the mainmast head.

"It was set to call on that other schooner for help," answered the mate, in a matter of fact manner, for he was intent upon doing nothing to provoke the captain.

Mr. Boscook realized that the owner of the Vulture was still her commander, in spite of his condition, though he believed that the law of his country would justify him in taking the command from him under the circumstances, for certainly Wellpool was unfit to take charge of the vessel, and protect those under his command.

"Don't you know that Ridgefield hates me worse than he does cold poison?" demanded Captain Wellpool, beginning to manifest his wrath.

"I don't believe he does, for he came to our assistance when the chances were that we should be captured within ten minutes," replied the mate, as quietly as before.

"Well, you know that I hate him worse than cold poison," added the captain. "I would let my vessel sink and perish myself with my family, before I would call on Ridgefield for help."

"That is a matter of choice with you, sir," replied the mate.

"But you have called on him for help!"

"When I did so I was in command of the vessel in your absence and disability," answered the mate, as he folded his arms and unconsciously threw his head back, as if to assert the dignity of his position.

"My absence and disability? What do you mean by that, Boscook?" demanded the captain, approaching him by a couple of steps, and speaking in a lower tone than before.

"I don't think it is necessary for me to explain, for you understand the case as well as I do," said the mate, still determined not to exasperate the captain if it could be prevented.

"I did not feel very well, and I went below for an hour," replied the master, looking at his watch. "Have that ensign taken in, Boscook."

"Lower the ensign, Lon," said the mate. "It is no longer needed, for Captain Ridgefield has rendered us all the assistance we need at present."

"You made a prisoner of my son, too," continued the captain, when he found that his order was promptly obeyed.

"I did; he was mutinous, and refused to obey orders," replied the mate.

"I approve of what my son did; and I am glad my boy has grit enough to stand by his father's interests even in the face of an obstinate mule like you, Boscook."

"Then you approve of mutiny, Captain Wellpool!" said the mate, with more earnestness than he had used before.

"Half a dozen of you, if you had any pluck at all, could easily have beaten off the savages, and there was no mutiny about it. Why didn't you call me when you didn't know what to do?" demanded the captain.

"It was useless to do anything of the kind."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that you were too drunk to hold your head up, and you had abandoned your vessel. Then it was time for me to take the command, and I did it," said the mate, coming to the point at last.

"You know that you lie when you say that, Boscook!" returned the captain, unable to control himself.

"I know that it is the solemn truth; and that the captain of the Vulture allowed himself to get drunk when his vessel was in danger, and the ship's company in deadly peril, and while his own wife and daughter were beset by savages," continued Mr. Boscook, earnestly but not angrily, as he glanced at the three men who had stood by him in the conflict with the enemy.

"Do you mean to say my father was drunk, Boscook?" howled Dunk, grasping one of the breech loaders that were leaning against the bulwarks and the mainmast, and rushing upon the first officer.

But he had hardly taken three steps before Lon Packwood was upon him, the weapon wrested from his grasp, while he was pitched all in a heap into the port scupper.

"What do you mean by treating my son in that manner?" called the captain, as he rushed upon Lon as though he intended to do him an injury.

Lord Percy and Bidwell closed around him, and the captain halted where he was when he saw that the other two were all ready to assist Lon.

"The crew of this vessel is in a state of mutiny!" howled the captain, as he drew back and gazed at the three men who acted as though they intended to stand by each other, even against the commander himself.

"If you have any orders to give, Captain Wellpool, I am ready to see them carried out," said the mate, when there was a lull in the proceedings.

"Orders, you scoundrel!" gasped the captain. "You said I was drunk! You insulted me on the quarter deck of my own vessel! You humiliated me before my son and the crew!"

"I think it was you who humiliated yourself when you took more whisky than you could carry, and in the time of the greatest danger," added Mr. Boscook. "The humiliation was in doing this; and you have compelled me to speak of it in defending myself."

"This is too much!" exclaimed the captain, darting towards the arms that were resting against the fife rail at the mainmast.

But the mate and his three supporters closed in upon him, and, without resorting to positive violence, prevented him from taking one of the rifles; and the commander, realizing that he was powerless in the face of four able bodied men, and perhaps thinking better of his evident intention to use one of the weapons, desisted, and retired towards the companion way.

"Boscook, I break you! You are no longer the mate of the Vulture!" yelled the captain in his fury. "I appoint Duncan Wellpool as mate in your place. He will be respected and obeyed accordingly; and I will enforce his authority."

CHAPTER XXII.

A CASE OF DESERTION.

WHEN he had uttered these words, Captain Wellpool felt that he had done something decisive, and his wrath abated in a measure, as he saw the four men look from one to another. The commander was ready to believe that they were overwhelmed by the sentence which he had just pronounced, for they seemed to be taken "all aback."

In fact they were all taken aback, for Dunk was notoriously the most incompetent person to fill any position on board, and especially that of the one next to the master; and they were really overwhelmed at the folly and criminal recklessness of making such an appointment while the vessel and all on board of her were still in peril.

"I thought that would bring them to their senses," said Captain Wellpool. "Now, Duncan, you are Mr. Wellpool, and you must make every one on board, except me, call you mister."

"I think I can make them stand round," replied Dunk, who was possibly blockhead enough to believe that he was competent to fill the position to which his father had appointed him.

"You are nothing but Toby Boscook now, and you will obey the orders of the new mate like the rest of the hands," added the captain, turning to the late mate.

Mr. Boscook made no reply to this sneering remark, and he went forward to consider what should be done next, for he felt that it was necessary to do something at once; and the three men who had stood by him followed him.

"Things don't look very promising on board of the Vulture," said Mr. Boscook, as he seated himself on the heel of the bowsprit.

"Things couldn't look any worse," added Lord Percy, who was a mulatto, though he was a sensible and level headed fellow, and was quite as much respected as any hand among the crew.

"The captain is going into the cabin, and the new mate is following him," said Lark Bidwell.

"They are going into the cabin to arrange things for the future," Lon Packwood continued.

"They will not arrange anything, and Dunk will follow his own head as soon as he comes on deck again," replied Mr. Boscook. "The captain is very shaky, and he can't handle his nerves just now. He has gone down for another tumbler of whisky to reinforce his system, and he will not be as ugly as he was, though he will compel all hands to obey his blockhead of a son."

"I can't stand it with a drunken captain, and with one who is worse than a stick of wood for mate," Lon Packwood protested. "Where we are now, we are all likely to be murdered by these Indians, and the vessel taken from us."

"There is where the trouble comes in," agreed the late mate. "We are beset by enemies, and the situation is still doubtful, especially as the captain and his soon will refuse to have anything to do with the captain of the Albatross."

"What can we do?" asked Lon.

"I believe I should be justified by any court in taking the command of the vessel out of the hands of the captain; but I won't do that. I am going on board of the Albatross."

The rest of the crew decided to do so also.

The boat which Lon Packwood had used as signalman had been hoisted up at the davits on the port quarter, the one used by the two men on the island being on the other quarter, while there was still a jolly boat at the stern.

"I suppose the captain will call it desertion if we leave the schooner," said Mr. Boscook, as he led the way aft to take possession of the port quarter boat.

"What can he do about it?" asked Lon.

"He can't do anything."

"Perhaps he will send the new mate after us," suggested Bidwell, as they lowered the boat into the water.

"It is best to get out of the vessel if we can," added Lon. "But if we are to leave the Vulture for good, I want my clothes and things in the forecastle."

"I am not at all sure that Captain Ridgefield will take us on board," replied the leader of the deserters, as he was willing to be called. "There are four of us, and he may not wish to have so many added to his crew."

"There will be six of us, for I am sure that Leeks and Reeldon will join us, if they get out of the clutches of the savages," said Lon.

"I think we had better go without our kits; and if we are likely to remain on board of the Albatross, of which I have a good many doubts, we can find some way to get our things," replied Mr. Boscook.

The late mate had expected to be disturbed in his proposed movement by the appearance of the captain or Dunk, or both; but they did not come on deck, and the boat was lowered into the water without any interruption.

"Now, go over the side without any noise," said Boscook. "We have got so far without any trouble, and we may as well avoid another row if we can, for I have had enough of this stormy life on board."

The men embarked in the boat; but the last one had hardly gone over the side before Dunk appeared on deck, and took in the situation at a single glance. The deserters paid no attention to him, shipped the two pairs of oars, and pulled away from the Vulture, as though the movement was as regular as possible.

"Hold on, there! What are you about?" shouted Dunk, who appeared to be too much bewildered at first to say or do anything.

"About going," replied Lon Packwood.

"Who ordered you into that boat?" demanded Dunk, after the boat had made a hundred feet from the vessel.

"Don't say anything to him," said Boscook, in a low tone.

"I am the mate of this vessel, and I did not order you to do that," yelled Dunk.

In conformity with the suggestion of the late mate, no reply was made to the demands of Dunk, who gave up his point when he found that no notice was taken of him. Doubtless he began to realize that he was the mate of the Vulture without a single hand on board, and possibly the position seemed even to him to be an empty glory.

"Stop where you are!" shouted the new mate, alone in his glory, as he mounted the rail with one of the breech leaders in his hand. "If you don't come back, I will fire at you!"

"He couldn't hit the side of the schooner at half the distance," said Lon, with a laugh. "He has wasted more cartridges today than all the rest of us put together."

"I don't think we are in any danger at this distance from him," said Boscook. "But perhaps it is lucky for us that he did not think of the rifles sooner."

"There is the first shot; and the ball struck the water five fathoms away from us," laughed Lon.

Dunk blazed away as rapidly as he had at the Indians, and no harm was done, though the oarsmen pulled a little stronger when he opened upon them.

The Albatross was not more than a quarter of a mile from the Vulture, and the quarter boat was approaching near enough for the party to see those on board very distinctly; but most of the crew of the Vulture had been shipped at other ports than Channelport, and were strangers, with the exception of Boscook, to the crew of the Albatross.

"Boat, ahoy!" hailed Captain Ridgefield, when they were within hailing distance of the schooner.

"On board the Albatross!" returned Boscook.

"Anything the matter?" asked the captain.

"Everything the matter," answered the spokesman of the deserters, giving a very indefinite reply.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PERIL OF THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

IN a few minutes more the boat was alongside the Albatross, and Boscook went over the side to her deck, where he found the captain, with his wife and daughter, and all the crew, anxious to learn the situation on board of the other vessel.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Boscook," said Captain Ridgefield, extending his hand to the late officer of the Vulture.

"And I was never more glad to see a friend than I was when I had that signal of distress hoisted at our main," replied Boscook.

Although the rest of the party were strangers to the ship's company of the Albatross, they were soon on familiar terms, and the story of the onslaught of the Indians was soon told.

"How is Captain Wellpool?" asked the captain, for only the details of the attack had been given to him.

"I think he is worse than the savages; and we four have deserted, and we should like to join your ship's company," replied the leader.

"Deserted!" exclaimed the master of the Albatross.

"You may call it what you please after you have heard all about it, for we have been in hot water, and we can't stand it any longer. I think I should be justified in taking the command of the Vulture, putting the captain in irons; but rather than do that, we deserted, though we shall have to return to the schooner if you are not willing to keep us on board."

"Taking the command of a vessel out of the hands of a captain is a desperate step, and nothing but the most extreme necessity could justify it," replied Captain Ridgefield, very seriously.

"I know it, sir, and you shall judge whether it is necessary or not to save the lives of the ship's company, and even those of the captain's wife and daughter."

"Where is Captain Wellpool now? There appears to be only a boy on the deck of the Albatross."

"The captain is helplessly drunk in the cabin."

"That is very bad," said the captain of the Albatross, shaking his head with energy.

"He has broken me, and made Dunk, his son, mate of the vessel," continued Boscook.

Then he related in detail the occurrences on board of the Vulture since the savages had been driven off by the shot from the Albatross.

"Two of our men were doing carpenters' work on that building you see on the west shore of the bay, and the captain's wife and daughter were with them. This party are now beset by savages on shore, and may be killed."

"Get up the anchor, Mr. Pitburn!" said the captain. "We will save that party if possible."

The foresail and mainsail of the Albatross had not been taken in when she anchored, so that it took but a few minutes to get her under way; and the captain brought his chart of Perla Bay on deck, though he had already studied the situation, and taken the bearings so that he could navigate the vessel.

From the chart it appeared that the shoal where the Vulture had grounded was the only one in the bay; and that had been formed by a stream which flowed from the interior of the island, the land sloping from the outside to the middle of it.

If the bottom of the bay was irregular, as doubtless it was, none of the elevations came within fifteen feet of the surface of the water, while the range of the tide was not more than three or four feet.

The wind was now quite fresh; indeed, there was rather too much of it for the sail the schooner carried, and the captain soon gave the order to lower the foresail. Mr. Pitburn was at the helm, for he and the captain had studied the soundings of Perla Bay together, and both were competent pilots in its waters.

Captain Ridgefield had gone to the forecastle with Mr. Boscook to ascertain as correctly as they could the situation of the party on shore, as well as to observe the condition of things on board of the Vulture.

In a few minutes the Albatross was as near the Vulture as it was prudent to go, and Dunk Wellpool could be seen walking up and down the deck, in the full enjoyment of his authority as mate, though he had not a single seaman on board upon whom he could exercise his function.

"It looks very quiet on board of that vessel," said Captain Ridgefield, when the schooner came near the Vulture.

"Dunk can have it all his own way for the present," added Boscook. "I can't see what is to become of the vessel and the family of Captain Wellpool, for I don't think it will be possible for our men to return to her."

"Oh, you will settle the difficulty in some way," suggested the captain.

"Of course it is possible; but you know Captain Wellpool as well as I do, and perhaps better; and I am sure I would not have come out here with him if I had known him as well when we sailed as we do now."

"He is certainly a hard customer; he regards me as his most bitter enemy, though without the least reason in the world. He and I alone know the secret of this island, and for years we talked of coming out here before."

"I have heard something about that, though I knew little about the object of this expedition till we sailed, and were out of sight of land. I never heard anything about any secret connected with the island. We were to make our fortunes out of some silver mines which the captain of the Vulture claimed to know all about."

"There is a secret; but we will let that rest," continued the captain, with a smile. "But what are those savages about now?" asked the captain, as he directed the glass he carried in his hand to the western shore of the bay, towards which the remaining boat of the fleet which had attacked the Vulture had directed its course.

"The Indians landed a little while ago, and it remains to be seen what they will do next," added Boscook, who had kept an eye on the movements of the enemy all the time.

"They have disappeared from the shore, and there seems to be an outlet at that point," said the captain, after he had surveyed the locality for some time with the glass. "That channel does not appear on my chart, and I was not aware of its existence till you mentioned it, Mr. Boscook."

"It was that channel which upset the calculations of Captain Wellpool, for the savages came into the bay in that way, and he put off all plans for defense till they were upon us;" and the late mate explained more fully than before the manner in which the attack had been begun.

"I think Captain Wellpool located his cottage on about the worst part of the bay he could find," continued the master of the Albatross. "He would be more exposed to an attack in that place than on the other side of the bay."

"He was in a great hurry to get possession of the island before you came. He ought to have explored the bay and the island before he did anything, and certainly before he sent his wife and daughter on shore to live in that house."

"I don't think it is safe to go any nearer to the shore than we are now," said the captain, after he had ordered one of the crew to heave the lead.

"The next question is, what the savages who landed at the west shore will do," said Boscook, keeping his gaze fixed on that locality.

"It doesn't make much difference what they do," added the captain. "I feel sure that we can handle them any where they please to put themselves."

"With your four guns on deck, you can have things all your own way, captain."

"Unless those big savages take a position on the island out of the reach of guns," said the captain.

"In that case, they can do you no harm."

"There is the Indian boat hauled up at the mouth of the stream, and your quarter boat drawn up on the beach."

"The savages on the west shore will want that boat, for they can not return to Tiburon in the one craft that remains to them; and they are likely to come over this way very soon," suggested Boscook.

"I was thinking of that," replied Captain Ridgefield, after he had heard the last report of the leadsman, when he went aft.

The soundings continued to admit of a farther advance towards the mouth of the stream, and the vessel continued to approach the shore.

There appeared to be a channel kept open by the current from the stream when the water was high in the rainy season, and the figures on the captain's chart were very nearly verified by the soundings.

The stream seemed to be a considerable river as far as it could be seen from the deck of the Albatross, and the wonder was where so much water could come from on an island not more than three or four miles long.

Lon Packwood had gone into the main rigging to observe the situation of the party on the island, and as he had done so several times on board of the Vulture, he knew just where to look.

"Can you see them, my man?" asked Captain Ridgefield.

"Just as plainly as I can see the deck of your vessel, captain," replied Lon. "Our fellows are holding their own; but the savages are all sulking behind the trees, for a good many of them must have been picked off before this time.

"Mark under water two!" shouted the leadsman, and the report was repeated by Mr. Pitburn in the waist, who had resigned the helm to Landy Ridgefield.

The captain had chosen the situation where he desired to anchor.

"Let go the anchor!" he shouted.

A splash followed almost instantly, and the Albatross came up to her cable in just the place indicated by the captain.

Improving his first opportunity to do so, Captain Ridgefield went up the main rigging to the point where Lon Packwood was still observing the situation on shore, though he had confined his attention to the party besieged by the Indians on the hillock.

"They have chosen a good position; but if the savages should use a little of the art of war, they could be dislodged in a few minutes," said the captain, as soon as he had obtained a good view of the operations of the enemy.

"I don't know anything about the art of war; but I have seen just how the Indians manage to attack, and they have failed in it half a dozen times that I have seen," replied Lon.

"How do they manage it?" inquired the captain.

"They send forward only two or three men at once, and I have seen them do it several times in that way. Leeks and Reeldons are old hunters in the woods, and either of them would be ashamed to miss their man at any reasonable distance. As soon as the Indians approached them, they fire one at a time, and two men drop. This keeps the savages quiet for half an hour or more."

"Whereas if they all rushed upon the two men at once, they would overwhelm them in a moment, and with less loss than they suffered by their method. They are as stupid as they are brave and resolute; that is the whole of it," said the captain, and he turned his gaze in the direction of the west shore of the bay.

He raised the field glass he had brought up with him, and looked attentively in the direction indicated.

"The savages have landed, and they are doing what I expected them to do; they are moving across the island to join those at the river."

"They may have some big Indian with a head on his shoulders, which none of them at the river seem to have," added Lon. "If so, all is up with Leeks and Reeldon and the two women."

"If there were no trees and bushes on the island, we could make short work of this game," said the captain, as he began to descend the rigging. "But there is an open space just this side of the cottage, and they will have to cross that to reach the river."

"They must have that Indian boat by hook or by crook, or all of them cannot get away from the island, and that is what they are ready to do by this time, I fancy."

The captain and Lon reached the deck, where the former took a new survey of the situation as it was affected by the expected passage of the enemy from the creek to the river. The Indians had halted at the cottage, and seemed to be engaged in examining the building, and looking at the provisions and stores, which had been hastily abandoned by the seamen and the two females.

"Our party are all ready to obey your orders, Captain Ridgefield, and without settling the question of what is to be done with us in the end," said Boscook, when he saw that the captain was ready for operations of some kind.

"All right; your boat is still in the water, and you may take the small anchor in the port scupper to a point about twenty fathoms to the starboard of the stern of the schooner," replied the master. "We must get a spring on, and swing the stern of the vessel over to windward, so that we can bring a broadside to bear on the savages."

Boscook called away his companions from the Vulture, and they took their places in the boat, into which the anchor was soon lowered from the deck of the vessel, with a long line made fast to the ring.

The anchor was dropped into the water at the point indicated by the captain, and the men on board of the Albatross began to heave on at one of the small windlasses used in hoisting the mainsail.

The schooner slowly swung round until her starboard side was parallel to the shore at the mouth of the river, which was called the Tuyau on the captain's chart.

"We will try a shell this time," said the captain to the mate, as he directed him to load the two starboard guns.

"That will make havoc among them," replied Mr. Pitburn, as he proceeded to obey the order.

"I don't like to kill these savages, though I am not sure that this is not the best use we can make of them; but I don't believe in fooling with them. We must make them understand that we are masters here now; and they have not now, and never had, any right to this island. If it were theirs, I would take it by fair purchase, or not at all."

"It is best to be in earnest with them," added the mate.

Captain Ridgefield was determined to strike a telling blow at the savage invaders.

(To be continued.)

WARNED OFF.

"I SAY, stranger," said a passenger, as the train stopped at a small Nebraska station, "is there any show in this town in the real estate line for a man who has got big money to invest?"

"Show!" repeated the citizen, "he can double it every twenty four hours."

"You don't say so! What's that awful noise down the street?"

"That's our new brass band."

"Well, I won't get off."

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81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK

UP AND AT IT AGAIN.

DON'T be discouraged by one failure, or two, or three, or four. "Experience is the best teacher," and if everything we attempted turned out just as smoothly as we expected, we should never learn anything new, but would be tempted to keep on in the same old grooves.

Besides, what is the use of despairing? Did you ever hear of a battle won, a law case gained, a business emergency met, by despondency over the result? On the other hand, history is teeming with examples of the final victory of men who have persevered doggedly after seeming defeat. There is always growth in hope for the future, and nothing but stagnation in regret for the past, if that regret is merely in and of itself, and gives no incentive to renewed efforts.

THE LATEST THING IN BOY AUTHORS.

AN elevator boy in a Boston hotel may be said to have discovered the royal road to authorship. A well known French writer, while a guest of the house, took quite a fancy to him, pronounced some of the anecdotes the boy told very good, and, what is more, has taken him into partnership on the strength of these same anecdotes as collaborator in a book about America, on which he was engaged.

The elevator boy is to receive a dollar on every thousand copies of the book sold, and his name may possibly appear on the title page.

As the Frenchman hopes to secure some valuable copyright privileges by the transaction, it strikes us that this division of profits is rather one sided.

A NEW DESTROYER.

IN the constant struggle among the military nations of Europe to procure the most effectual means of destroying each other, France has decidedly scored a point in the new rifle recently adopted for her army. It is called the Lebel, and if it is all it is claimed to be it may cause a revolution in the science of warfare.

The secret lies in the fact that the powder used in it is entirely smokeless, and thus deprives the enemy of the mark by which the exact position of an assailing force has hitherto always been betrayed. The opposing troops may hear the thunder of the guns, and see their own ranks decimated by the flying missiles, but it may be impossible for them to tell whence come the death dealing volleys. This will add a new horror to war, and render strategists helpless.

SUCCESS IN POLITICS.

A REPRESENTATIVE of a New York daily recently asked many of the leading statesmen at Washington to what they attributed their success in politics, and the answers they gave are suggestive.

The gentlemen interviewed ascribed such success as they have gained to various causes. Secretary Vilas, to "a sincere effort faithfully to discharge duties incumbent on him;" Representative Springer, of Illinois, to "an earnest, faithful, conscientious desire to do his duty and look after his constituents' interests;" Congressman Bynum, of Indiana, to "pluck and luck;" Senator Allison, of Iowa, to his "continual endeavor to do honest, conscientious and useful work in whatever sphere he has been placed;" Congressman Mills, of Texas, to "the fact that he has worked hard all his life."

Senator Ingalls remarks that "the philosophy of politics is the philosophy of life, and I have come to the conclusion that the philosophy of life is to be good." Senator Edmunds advises the aspirant to "study the Constitution, keep the commandments, and be patient." Congressman Butterworth's rule is: "Stick to the right and let results take care of themselves; and never mortgage thy manhood."

These pithy sentences from men whose standing and experience qualifies them to speak with authority show that success in political life is gained by the same qualities that win in other spheres—brains and pluck, with honesty, industry and perseverance.

MR. MUNSEY's new book, "The Boy Broker," is going like hot cakes. With its tastefully elegant binding, cream laid paper, large, clear type and wealth of illustration, it forms indeed a royal gift volume. When making out your list of Christmas presents, enter this book near the top, so as to be sure of getting a copy before the supply is exhausted. Price $2, sent post paid from this office, or it may be ordered of any bookseller in the country.

RISING FROM THE RANKS.

THE West Point Academy, that goal of many an American boy's hopes, is not the only gate to a career in the United States army. A report from the War Department shows that commissions were recently issued to eleven young men, all of whom enlisted as privates, and are thus promoted from the ranks.

This is an encouraging event, and proves that a chance is given to Uncle Sam's soldier boys to work their way up, even if they fail from one reason or another to secure the much sought prize of a nomination to West Point. Army men themselves are evidently aware of the fact, for three of the eleven newly made officers were sons of fathers who held commissions in the service, and who no doubt advised the young fellows to enlist as a step toward earning the promotion they have now secured. Others might do worse than follow the example.

It may be added that the necessary qualifications for promotion from the ranks are at least two years' service, a good record, and success in a rather strict examination.

BURGLARS ON A SALARY.

Is it not about time to call a halt in the rage for realism on the stage? We have had plays with real water, plays with genuine race tracks, and plays with life size fire engines in them. These were doubtless harmless enough, but now comes forward a manager, desperate after novelties with so many already in the market, advertising a thrilling drama containing two "real" burglars at work opening a safe.

At this rate we shall have audiences demanding that edgeless swords and red paint be abolished in favor of Damascus blades and real gore. Let us hope, however, that the craze will carry with it its own surest cure, for with everything within the theater so true to the every day life outside of it, the public must finally conclude that it is very foolish of them to pay to look at that which they can see at any time for nothing.

LIKE A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

THE publishing of a successful paper like the ARGOSY has not only its financial rewards, but brings with it a sense of benefit conferred that is extremely gratifying to publisher and editors. Among our testimonials this week are some of a particularly pleasing character:

AURORA, ILL. Oct. 15, 1888.

I have been taking the ARGOSY for two years. I am an invalid, and it comes like a ray of sunshine once a week. I would not do without it.

S. A. DE WITT.

72 MASON BUILDING, BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 6, 1888.

I have taken your paper for the last two years. Formerly I took several papers, but by reading the ARGOSY I found that there was a great difference between them and it. GEORGE RICHARDSON.

CONCORD, TENN., Oct. 4, 1888.

Would rather have the ARGOSY than any paper I ever read. Have taken it for three years and have saved every number. I think they are too valuable to destroy. All my friends here who read the ARGOSY think the same as I do.

E. T. BOYD.

247 HOYT ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1888.

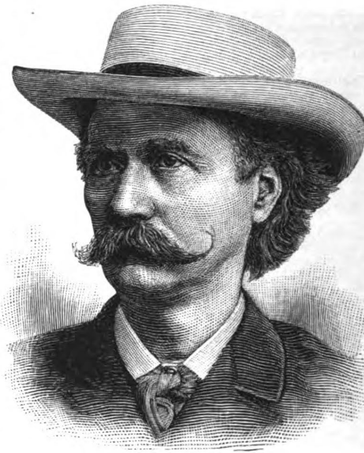
Something like two years ago I bought a copy of the ARGOSY, and have continued to read it assiduously ever since. I thought at that time that it would be impossible to improve it, but as number after number came from the press, I noticed that each was far better than its predecessor, and upon receipt of the Autumn Number my gratification was complete.

H. J. RIPPEL.

JOAQUIN MILLER,
The Poet of the Sierras.

OF the writers of the Pacific coast, where a striking and original branch of American literature had its birth, none, except perhaps Bret Harte, is more widely known than Joaquin Miller. His poems are the expression of a wild, adventurous, and varied life, typical of the early days of the far West; and the poet himself is to the full as strange and eccentric as the products of his pen.

He was born in Indiana about forty eight years ago, and christened Cincinnatus Hiner—which latter name has frequently been given as Heine. When he was eleven, he removed with his parents to Lane County, Oregon, and at that early age began his roving career. For half a dozen years the boy wandered through California, Arizona, and Mexico, before settling down to study law at his home in Oregon. At twenty one he was admitted to the bar.



JOAQUIN MILLER.
From a Photograph by Bell.

Just at that time many of the settlers in his neighborhood were moving to what is now Idaho Territory, attracted by a report of a rich find of gold, and young Miller joined in the rush. He found no opening for the practice of law in the mining camp, and wounds received in a brush with the Indians incapacitated him from work with pick and shovel; but he found employment as an express messenger for a while. Then he returned to Oregon, became editor of a weekly paper at Eugene, and was afterwards elected to a judgeship in Grant County.

While on the bench, he made his first appearance as a poet, publishing two small collections of verses. It was from the title of one of these books that his sobriquet of Joaquin (pronounced "Wah-keen") originated—or, according to another account, from his sympathy with one Joaquin Murietta, a Mexican bandit. Of course the volumes obtained a limited audience, but the poet had confidence in his genius, and resolved to try his fortune in a more promising literary field.

He went to London, where some strange experiences awaited him. He was very poor, and took a modest lodging in a humble quarter of the great city, known as Little Britain; and there his "Songs of the Sierras" and "Pacific Poems" were written. But alas, no publisher could be found willing to undertake the issue of the verses. The Western poet sought to enlist the aid of some leading lights of literature, but without success, and was reduced to sore straits, when one day there came a knock at his door, and a visitor entered. It was Lord Houghton, better known as Richard Monckton Milnes, an author of considerable distinction, and a generous patron of letters. He had happened to see some of Miller's work, recognized the real genius it displayed, and was anxious to aid the struggling author.

From that moment the tide turned. Miller's verses were published, and while the critics praised "Songs of the Sierras," the poet became the lion of the hour in the drawing rooms of the British metropolis. London society, ever athirst for the bizarre and extraordinary, took up Miller, with his flowing locks and unconventional attire, with the same fervor that it recently expended upon an equally hirsute Westerner distinguished in another line. He can, however, hardly be blamed for eccentricities of costume, when he found himself lionized among aristocrats by reason of wearing a red flannel shirt, a broad brimmed hat, boots above his knees, and hair below his shoulders.

Returning to America he continued literary work in a somewhat desultory way, writing various poems and dramas, traveling from city to city, and becoming as well known in his native land as he had been in England. He visited London again in 1878, and was again welcomed there. This time he resided in a West End mansion instead of his former obscure retreat.

The poet now lives in California, where he has announced his intention of settling permanently. He has said that he does not desire literary fame or public applause, and prefers a quiet home life, raising fruit and flowers and practicing law in a modest way. He owns, or recently owned, a plot of land on the outskirts of Washington, which was sold him by some real estate speculators, and there amid a little grove of tall trees he has built a typical Western cabin of logs chinked with clay, which he makes his headquarters during his visits to the East.

The accompanying portrait shows Mr. Miller in his favorite headgear, and with the flowing locks which form a part of his stock in trade. As has been said, in spite of his eccentricities, some of which he shares with Walt Whitman, Robert Louis Stevenson, and other writers of undoubted merit, the Poet of the Sierras possesses a flash of the divine fire of genius, and has done work that will live when its author's personality shall have been forgotten.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

TRUE FAME.

SOME there are,
By their good deeds exalted, lofty minds,
And meditative authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live and spread and flourish.
—*Wordsworth.*

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

THERE is no virtue in a promise until it is redeemed.

TURN from the irreparable past to the available future.

THERE is no rainbow without a cloud and a storm.—*F. H. Vincent.*

A GUILTY weight upon the heart takes the sun out of the sky.—*Thom.*

THE great difference in labor is, not in what is done, but in how it is done.

RELIGION is the best armor a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.—*Bunyan.*

THOSE that live in the Lord never see each other for the last time.—*From the German.*

LOVE labor; for if thou dost not want it for food, thou mayest for physic.—*William Penn.*

INJURIES are forgiven only in their ceasing to be such, and then, what is there to forgive?—*Macdonald.*

SOME men are so covetous, as if they were to live forever; and others so profuse, as if they were to die the next moment.—*Aristotle.*

A GOOD character, when established, should not be rested in as an end, but only employed as a means of doing still further good.—*Atterbury.*

EVERY event that a man would master must be mounted on the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought except as it galloped by him.—*O. W. Holmes.*

REMORSE of conscience is like an old wound; a man is under no condition to fight under such circumstances. The pain abates his vigor, and takes up too much of his attention.—*Jeremy Collier.*

THERE never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate; it is this noble quality that makes all men to be of one kind, for every man would be a distinct species to himself were there no sympathy among individuals.—*South.*

THERE is little need of trying to paint the still, warm, misty, dreamy Indian summer in words; there are many states that have no articulate vocabulary, and are only to be reproduced by music, and the mood this season produces is of that nature.—*O. W. Holmes.*

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down low byways if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With tender patience and daily prayer.

[*This story was commenced in No.* 305.]

Bob Lovell;

THE YOUNG FIREMAN OF THE AJAX.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS,

Author of "The Haunted Engine," "The Star of India," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XX.

DISCHARGED.

COUNSELOR GANZELL, Montague Worthley and his father the superintendent of the Irondale & Ofalca Railroad Company, were holding a conference in the private office of the last named gentleman.

The young man had given an account of his call upon Mr. Hematite Ox at the City Hotel, and the written ultimatum of that much abused individual lay on the desk of the superintendent, where it could be easily read by all from their seats.

"It was the hardest job I ever undertook," said Montague, with an air of fatigue, as though he had not yet fully recovered from the task.

"You succeeded better than I anticipated," remarked the lawyer, reaching out his hand for the paper, as if to make sure he had read it correctly; "I did not think he would listen to anything less than half his first price."

"He insisted on that, but I assured him he could only get it, if he got it at all, through a long fight in the courts, in which the expense would eat up half the sum. Still he held out, and it was not until I had put on my hat and left the room that he called me back and said he would accept three thousand."

"Did you assure him it would be paid?" asked the superintendent.

"My instructions from Mr. Ganzell were that if any sum above twenty five hundred was demanded, I was not to pledge it until after my report to him. I followed orders."

Mr. Worthley took the paper from the counselor, adjusted his gold spectacles, and held the letter for a full minute before him. He had time in which to read it over more than once, but had any one studied his manner closely he would have discovered that it was the postscript which troubled him.

Slipping his glasses off their perch, he laid back the letter on the desk, and began twirling the spectacles over his fingers. Then, looking inquiringly into the face of the lawyer, he said,

"Well, Aurelian, what do you advise?"

"Pay the bill and have done with it."

"Some of the directors may object. You know we have several cranky members."

"I will guarantee there will be no trouble from that source. It will be easy to convince them that it will be money saved to close the account, and *that* is the only question which can concern such gentlemen."

"To be frank," said Mr. Worthley, "I hold the same opinion, but I don't like the condition tacked to this letter."

"You mean Ox's demand that young Lovell shall be discharged."

"Yes; it is hooked to the tail as though it was an after thought; I can't understand why, if he receives his price, he should demand anything more. What difference can it make to him whether Lovell loses his situation or not?"

"The very question I put to him," Montague hastened to say, "but it was no use. After all, if you heard Ox's story, you could not help sympathizing with him. He says he was persuaded only after much coaxing to enter the express car, and he would not have cared had he been given a show, but the fireman struck him from behind, and, except for the presence of the two guards, would have killed him. When Mr. Ox says it is a small thing to demand that Bob Lovell should leave the employ of the company for such an outrage it is hard to object."

Mr. Ganzell smiled as if he pitied the squeamishness of the superintendent over the discharge of a single employee.

"If we had time to inquire into the merits of the case, I have no doubt we should find considerable in young Lovell's favor, for all will admit he is a plucky fellow. There can be no question that a robbery of the train had been planned, and that had not the engineer butted the obstruction off the track the whole fifty thousand dollars of Wells & Fargo would have been stolen."

"Exactly," Montague hastened to say, "no one can deny that the glory belongs to Fields; *he* showed not only pluck, but wonderful judgment. Not another engineer in a thousand would have dared attempt what he did, with a forty foot embankment on each side down which he had taken one plunge only a few months before."

"That may be true," said the counselor, doggedly, "but still, for genuine courage, it was not superior to the act of young Lovell in climbing over the tender with the deliberate intention of capturing a powerful and fully armed man."

"Then," said the pleased superintendent, "you object to the last condition of the man's proposition?"

"By no means; although I would do so if I thought it would do any good. What I mean to say is, while it is hard on the fireman, whose motive must be commended, yet we as representatives of a great corporation have nothing to do with *that*. We are not here, if you will permit me, to think of Mr. Robert Lovell, but to protect the interests of the Irondale & Ofalca Railroad Company."

The counselor had made himself plain, and perhaps his position cannot be gainsaid. It is said that corporations have no souls, and it may be added that it would be very strange if they had. Some of their members may be the kindest hearted of men, but collectively they are as hard and cruel as steel.

The question was simply whether the railroad company should do a good thing for themselves by discharging from their employ one of the firemen working for them.

Why need it be any question at all? On what ground could Mr. Worthley dissent from the proposed arrangement, when he and his two friends had commended it? To allow any friendship for the proposed victim would be a sensitiveness sure to subject the superintendent to ridicule.

No one could have seen this more clearly than that gentleman himself.

"Very well, Montague, make out the notification to Lovell, and I will sign it," he said, compressing his lips and nodding his head to signify the question was settled.

The young man fairly leaped to the desk of his father, forgetful of the injured arm, and his pen flew over the paper. The form of these communications is brief, for as a rule a corporation is chary of words at such times. Robert Lovell was notified that his services for the Irondale & Ofalca Railroad Company would cease on and from the 10th inst., which date was the day following the evening on which the discharge was written.

Mr. Worthley once more set his glasses astride his nose, and carefully read the message. While he was doing so, Montague winked at Counselor Ganzell, who slyly wiped one eye with his finger as if removing a tear of regret that one of the army of the employees of the company was about to fall out of the ranks.

MONTAGUE DISCOVERS HIS FATAL MISTAKE.

It seemed to Mr. Worthley that the letter was very curt and unfeeling, and yet it was the same in form as had been sent to others without number, and the official had never before objected to the phrasing.

And so, wheeling about in his chair, he attached his autograph to the document which notified Bob Lovell that he was no longer in the employ of the I. & O. Montague folded it in one of the official envelopes, wrote the name of Lovell upon it, and thrust it in his pocket, with the intention of handing it personally to the young gentleman that evening when the Night Express arrived in Ofalca.

"You can notify Mr. Ox," added the superintendent to his son, "that the company's check for three thousand dollars will be handed him within a week. He understands that certain formalities must be gone through which will prevent the matter being closed up sooner."

Montague bade his father an affectionate good evening and left the office in company with Counselor Ganzell, the two indulging in no little fun over the tenderness displayed by the superintendent for the fireman of the Ajax.

The Night Express steamed into the Ofalca station that night on time to a minute. It was the custom of Matt Fields to leave the engine at that point and turn it over to Bob, who, after the passengers had disembarked, ran the cars on a siding, while he took the engine to the round house, where it was placed under cover for the morrow.

In these later days, the locomotives are generally placed in charge of the "hostlers," who draw their fires, clean and put them in shape for the next day's service, when the fireman presents himself, gives his engine its final touch, and brings it down to the station with the cars, ready for the run by the engineer who assumes charge.

Most of this preliminary work was done by Bob, who rose early, rubbed and oiled his machine, got steam up, and had everything prepared for Matt Fields in ample time.

The latter had barely brought Ajax to a halt, when Montague pushed his way through the crowd to the engine. Bob was nearer to him and had only time to identify the young man when he handed him the all important letter.

"There's something which concerns you, sir," he remarked in his supercilious way.

Bob took it without a word and thrust it into his pocket, while Matt, who had not observed the act, came from the other side of his engine and stepped upon the platform, pleasantly greeting the young gentleman, who walked beside him as they left the station.

"There is but one opinion about what you did the other night," remarked Montague, who seemed anxious to propitiate the grim engineer.

"What do you mean?" asked Matt, quite certain, however, what he referred to.

"The way you knocked that log off the track down at Dead Man's Hollow."

"*I* didn't do it; it was Ajax. She happened to hit it right, and that's her style, you know."

"But it was a wonderful piece of work; you must have made some very fine calculations."

"I don't know as I did," replied the engineer, to whom this kind of talk was anything but pleasant. Montague persisted in adding more extravagant compliments, and finally bade Matt an effusive good by.

The latter walked a block in the darkness and then looked back as if in quest of the young man. He was not in sight, and the engineer shrugged his shoulders.

"If he knew—if *any one* knew the real reason why Matt Fields didn't stop Ajax that night, he wouldn't be so free with his compliments. The fact was I didn't intend to run into the log, but —but—but—I suppose it must all come out some day!"

CHAPTER XXI.

A BLUNDER.

LLOYD MONTAGUE WORTHLEY was in a jubilant mood. Things were moving just to suit him. Bob Lovell was discharged, and he was on his way to pay his respects to Miss Evelyn Walbridge, youngest daughter of the president of the Irondale & Ofalca Railroad Company. Her father was enormously wealthy, and Montague—well, he felt warranted in believing that he was the favored one among the many suitors for the hand of the beautiful and amiable heiress.

Why did Montague Worthley feel such hatred toward Bob Lovell? Because one was mean and the other noble. Young Lovell had proven his superiority over Montague in every respect from their earliest boyhood. There is something in this human nature of ours which resents the superiority of others. We are inclined to feel that they have no right to be our betters, and to dislike them for that very reason.

Montague Worthley looked a long way ahead. A shock of alarm passed through him when he learned that Bob Lovell had entered the service of the company, even though it was in the humble capacity of brakeman. He remembered how easily that boy had distanced him at school and in all athletic sports, and he knew that in any kind of race, where fair play was shown, Bob Lovell would win.

Who would think that a brakeman could outrun the only son of the superintendent of the road in the struggle for promotion? And yet such things have been done. For further particulars read the history of the presidents and officials of the leading railways of our country.

Montague dreaded a competition with Bob, even though the latter began at the bottom of the ladder and the former well toward the top. What he feared might not be probable, but it was possible; and you will understand, therefore, why he was so relieved when he reflected that Bob was ruled off the course altogether. In other words, he had been discharged, and competition was out of the question.

Montague was attired in the most fashionable clothes of the season, and it cannot be denied that he made a good appearance. His shapely feet were incased in patent leathers, over which skeleton rubbers were drawn, for it was icy and slippery on the streets; his small hands were covered with amber hued kids; his neck tie was irreproachable, his silk tile faultless, and the glimpse of his linen showed it to be like the snow, well setting off the two carat diamond which shone just below his neck.

Montague threw back the collar of his sumptuous ulster as he entered the fashionable drinking place known as the Hole in the Wall, and, walking to the tables at the rear, where the latest files of sporting papers lay, sat down and ordered a fancy drink.

The young man did not forget that he was

BOB READS SOMETHING THAT AMUSES HIM.

about to pay his respects to a fastidious young lady, and it was hardly the thing to go into her presence with the odor of ardent spirits about him. But Montague was plentifully supplied with cloves, sassafras root, and that sort of thing. Besides, he did not intend to do more than sip the amber fluid in the narrow necked vessel at his elbow.

His chief errand in entering this saloon was not that which led so many into the corrupting place. He wanted to brace himself for the momentous interview with Miss Walbridge, for, though he was not yet ready to propose the all important question, on account of her youth, yet he meant to give some pretty plain hints in that direction—enough so to "draw her out," as he expressed it to himself. When an ardent lover is confident of standing within an hour or two in the eyes of his adored one, it would be very strange if he did not feel nervous.

Beside this, Montague had several letters in his pockets to which he wished to give further thought. He had read them all, but several would bear a second or third reading.

Accordingly, after touching his lips to the flavored poison in the glass, he slid his left hand under his right shoulder, where he carried in an inner pocket his most precious missives. He drew out half a dozen, and, flinging them on the table before him, began searching for a particular one.

The next moment an imprecation escaped him. Before him lay the envelope directed to Robert Lovell—just as he had written it less than an hour before in his father's office. Snatching it up, he tore the seal, hoping the mistake he dreaded had not been made. But there was the curt notification to the young man that his services for the company terminated the next day.

"Well, I'm blessed!" muttered the young man (except that his expletive was much stronger than the one I have given) "if that isn't a little ahead of anything yet. However, I can send the right letter tomorrow—only it's infernally provoking to make such a blunder as that. If the governor finds it out he will laugh, and say that fate had interfered——"

Montague Worthley almost fell to the floor. He had recalled that he handed a letter to Bob Lovell, which manifestly was the wrong one, but——

What letter was it?

Well might the astounded young man ask himself the question, for among his missives was one which he would not have fall into other hands for the entire worth of the I. & O. corporation.

"If it's *that* letter, I'm ruined!" he gasped, as the cold beads of perspiration formed on his forehead, and he hastily gulped the contents of the glass to prevent himself from fainting.

Then he began a desperate search through every receptacle in his clothing. As a person will do at such times, he examined them over and over again and looked into places where it was impossible that the article should be. He stooped, and peering under the table, snatched up the newspapers on the stand, and glanced beneath them, shook his hat as though it was hid in the lining, and then hastily shuffled what

letters he had, in the weak hope that the one he wanted was insinuated among them.

It was gone! Beyond all question, Montague had committed the unspeakably stupid blunder of handing it to Bob Lovell instead of the one meant for *him*. What rendered it the more exasperating was that the letter bore no resemblance in appearance to the one intended for Bob Lovell. It passed all comprehension how the mistake was committed.

But it was done, and, it was characteristic of Montague Worthley that, when no doubt was left, he resumed his seat and, for several minutes, made everything blue around him. So intense indeed was his gnawing disgust that he drew the attention of others who wondered without inquiring its cause.

The spasm of furious chagrin having passed, Montague bounded to his feet, and, without looking to the right or left, dashed from the Hole in the Wall, and started up the street in the direction of Bob Lovell's house. It was not very late in the evening, and he was confident of finding the young man at home.

No thought now of Miss Evelyn Walbridge. The sweet question which so agitated the bosom of Lloyd Montague but a short time before must remain unanswered until a more convenient season. Important as that subject was, it could bear no comparison with the one that was now hurrying him along the street.

Montague had kicked off the skeleton rubbers when he entered the Hole in the Wall, intending to thrust his feet into them before coming out; but, in his excitement, he forgot them, and was hurrying over the icy pavements with no thought of the risk he was running.

"That telegram of Hem Ox's was blown right into Lovell's hands, and, if that wasn't enough, I must turn over to him the very letter that will give me dead away. There's some deviltry about this which—thunderation!"

Just then Montague's two feet shot up in the air, his hat flew off, and he came down with a bump that he was sure must have caused a bulge on the other side of the earth. He heard snickering across the street, and, picking himself up, moved along so gingerly that he escaped further mishap.

Yes; Bob Lovell was at home and answered the knock at the door. Without any salutation, the nervous Montague began,

"I'm afraid I made a mistake this evening and handed you the wrong letter; I'll give you the right one tomorrow. Let me have the one you have; of course you saw it was not directed to you, and no gentleman under such circumstances would read the contents. I don't know what *you* did, but hurry up and let me have it."

"The hour is so late that I can't give any time to business tonight. You will have to call round in the morning, and then I shall see what I can do for you."

And Bob Lovell slammed the door in the face of the insolent youth.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

HAD Bob Lovell's gentle mother overheard the conversation, brief as it was, between her son and Montague Worthley, it is more than likely she would have chided him for his harshness; but Bob was following the course he had laid out for himself some time before.

He had shown favors and kindnesses without number to the young man, only to be repaid with snubs and meannesses which made his blood boil. Since Montague refused all overtures, Bob accepted the conditions. It should be war, and he would never bow to save himself from discharge. He knew several of the officials on the Inverwick and Quitman road, and he had been told that he could have a situation whenever he chose to ask for it. But to enter their employ would take him from his loved mother and sister most of the time, or compel them to move to some other place, and he dreaded the change.

Bob did not need the hint he received from Twomey that Montague was using the incident of Dead Man's Hollow as a pretext to secure his discharge. It was known that Hematite Ox had instituted suit against the company, and Montague insisted that the luxury of young Mr. Lovell came altogether too high for them to enjoy him.

When, therefore, Montague handed the envelope to Bob, with the remark quoted, the fireman did not doubt that it was a notice of his discharge. He would not please Worthley by reading it in his presence, and thus it came about that the recipient remained as ignorant for a time as did the sender that the missive was not the one intended for him.

Bob was angry through and through. He felt that he had been made the victim of the dislike of the most despicable person in the whole State; but, with the grim heroism which was a part of his nature, he went through all his duties without glancing at the paper in his pocket. Making his way home, he still declined to look at it until it was time to go to his room. He had said nothing to his mother, and decided not to tell her until morning.

When at last she and Meta had kissed him good night and withdrawn to their rooms, leaving Bob, as they supposed, to read the newspaper, he withdrew the letter from his pocket.

It was then that his second surprise came.

"Helloa! the letter isn't sealed. Yes, it has been, but was opened; how's that?"

He did not notice the superscription, but drew out the sheet, and read the following:

New York, December 7, 18—.

Dear Flamm:—It was a slip the last time, but we'll fetch her when we load up and fire again. We have our eye on the Wells & Fargo, but we shall have to lay low till it blows over. The next time we will chain the log down to the track, won't we, Flamm? Keep your eyes peeled, and you can count on us every time. How's the arm? Help Hem all you can. He's true blue. Quiz.

Mystified and wondering, Bob read this note through several times. Then he looked at the envelope and saw that it was mailed in New York, and directed to "L. Montague Worthley, Esq."

Then it was that light broke upon Bob Lovell.

"He has given me the wrong letter," and throwing back his head he laughed so heartily that his mother called down to learn the cause of his merriment. Bob replied that he was reading something which amused him, and the good mother, glad that her boy was in such fine spirits, wooed slumber again.

After his mirthfulness, Bob felt serious, for there was a grave side to the matter. Not only was the letter a confidential one, but it unmistakably connected Montague Worthley, son of the superintendent, with the men who attempted to rob the Night Express a short time before.

The direction on the letter showed that it was intended for this young man, while the contents referred to the failure some nights before at Dead Man's Hollow. This reference was too direct to be explained on any other hypothesis.

"Can it be that Montague has any connection with those criminals?" Bob asked himself, immediately adding:

"I hope it isn't as bad as *that*; there isn't a meaner fellow living than he, but it would break the hearts of his father, mother, and sister. Let me see," added the young fireman, who was now thinking fast, "Montague has been away for a couple of weeks; he comes back with an injured arm; I wonder whether it was done by that bullet which I sent at a venture from the cab the other night!"

This was a daring presumption, and Bob prayed that he had made a mistake. Much as he despised young Worthley, he found it hard to believe he was an actual criminal, one strong ground for such disbelief being his well known cowardice.

Bob sat silently meditating over the matter, when the ring of the door knocker startled him.

"It is he, come for his letter," was the correct conclusion of the youth, as he hurried to answer the call.

Had Montague Worthley possessed any tact, he could have extricated himself from the bad hole into which he had stumbled through his own carelessness. He ought to have made a courteous request for the letter, and then, out of gratitude, secured the recall of Bob's discharge. Had this been done, Bob would have met him half way, and, though his sense of right would have impelled him to warn the youth of the awful peril in which he was placed, yet he never would have betrayed him.

But you have learned of the insulting form in which Montague made his demand. Bob refused him, and, going back to his room, decided that, inasmuch as Providence had placed such an effective weapon in his hand, he would hold it for emergencies.

The incident naturally filled the young man's mind to the exclusion of everything else. All disposition to sleep was gone, and, although the hour had become quite late, he called to his mother that he was going out for a while. She replied, "Very well," for she was one of those happy parents who had no fear of trusting her boy anywhere and at all times.

Bob had no clear purpose in venturing forth into the crisp, wintry night, except that it would cool his brain and enable him to think with more clearness. Beside, perhaps he felt some curiosity to know what had become of Montague Worthley. He was not likely to go directly home, and might come back to Bob's house.

The enterprising town of Ofalca contained about six thousand inhabitants, and was furnished with most of the conveniences and luxuries of modern cities. As a consequence, when Bob left his own doorstep, he walked over good flagging, from which, except here and there, the snow and ice had been removed.

The fact that he was on the lookout for young Worthley caused him to survey the almost deserted street more closely than at any other time.

"My gracious! I believe that is he!" he whispered, before he had taken a half dozen steps.

The hour was so late that hardly any one was visible, but by the aid of the lamp, he saw the figure of a man, dimly outlined in front of the house on the opposite side of the street.

"If it's Montague, let him make the first advance," was the conclusion of Bob, as he sauntered in the direction of the main street.

Keeping a sharp watch over his shoulder, he was not surprised to discover the person following, though he made no move to cross to the same pavement.

The young fireman allowed this to continue for several blocks, when, at the first crossing, he passed to the other side, and, facing about, walked directly toward his "shadow." The latter did not check his progress or try to avoid him.

Determined to give him a chance to speak, Bob loitered until they came face to face under the lamp light. Then, to his amazement, he discovered that it was not Montague Worthley but Hematite Ox, and that he meant to exchange some words with him.

(To be continued.)

[*This story commenced in No. 291.*]

THE Two Rivals;

OR,

THE ROAD TO FAME.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE ABDUCTION.

IT was dark in the room to which Beatrice had conducted Violante. A great change had come over Beatrice. Humble and weeping, she knelt beside Violante, hiding her face, and imploring pardon.

And Violante, striving to resist the terror for which she now saw such cause as no woman heart can defy, still sought to soothe, and still sweetly assured forgiveness.

Beatrice had learned—after quick and fierce questions, that at last compelled the answers that cleared away every doubt—that her jealousy had been groundless—that she had no rival in Violante for Leonard's affection. From that moment, the passions that had made her the tool of guilt abruptly vanished, and her conscience startled her with the magnitude of her treachery.

"I have deceived you!" she cried through her sobs; "but I will now save you at any cost. Had you been as I deemed—the rival who had despoiled all the hopes of my future life—I would, without remorse, have been the accomplice I am pledged to be. But *now*, you!—oh, you—so good and noble—you can never be the bride of Peschiera. Nay; start not, he shall renounce his designs forever, or I will go myself to our emperor, and expose the dark secrets of his life. Return with me, quick, to the home from which I insnared you."

Beatrice's hand was on the door while she spoke. Suddenly her face fell, her lips grew white: the door was locked from without.

She called—no one answered; the bell pull in the room gave no sound; the windows were high and barred—they did not look on the river, nor the street, but on a close, gloomy, silent yard—high blank walls all around it—no one to hear the cry of distress, rang it ever so loud and sharp.

Beatrice divined that she herself had been no less insnared than her companion; that Peschiera, distrustful of her firmness in evil, had precluded her from the power of reparation. She was in a house only tenanted by his hirelings. Not a hope to save Violante from a fate that now appalled her, seemed to remain.

Night came on; they heard a clock from some distant church strike the hours. The dim fire had long since burnt out, and the air became intensely cold.

At length, about midnight, a bell rang at the street door; then there was a quick sound of steps—of sullen bolts withdrawn—of low, murmured voices. Light streamed through the chinks of the door to the apartment—the door itself opened. Two Italians bearing tapers entered, and the Count di Peschiera followed.

Beatrice sprang up, and rushed toward her brother. He placed his hand gently on her lips, and motioned to the Italians to withdraw. They placed the lights on the table, and vanished without a word.

Peschiera then, putting aside his sister, approached Violante.

"Fair kinswoman," said he, with an air of easy but resolute assurance, "there are things which no man can excuse, and no woman can pardon, unless that love, which is beyond all laws, suggests excuse for the one, and obtains pardon for the other. In a word, I have sworn to win you, and I have had no opportunities to woo. Fear not; the worst that can befall you is to be my bride. Stand aside, my sister, stand aside."

"Giulio, no! Giulio Franzini, I stand between you and her; you shall strike me to the earth before you can touch even the hem of her robe."

"What, my sister!—you turn against me?"

"And unless you instantly retire and leave her free, I will unmask you to the emperor."

"Tut, my sister, gentler words. You, too, would marry. I tell no tales of you. Signorina, I grieve to threaten force. Give me your hand; we must be gone."

Violante eluded the clasp that would have profaned her, and, darting across the room, opened the door, and closed it hastily behind her. Beatrice clung firmly to the count to detain him from pursuit.

But just without the door, close, as if listening to what passed within, stood a man wrapped from head to foot in a large boat cloak. The ray of the lamp that beamed on the man, gleamed on the barrel of a pistol which he held in his right hand.

"Hist!" whispered the man in English; and passing his arm round her. "In this house you are in that ruffian's power; out of it, safe. Ah! I am by your side—I, Violante!"

The voice thrilled to Violante's heart. She started—looked up, but nothing was seen of the man's face, what with the hat and cloak, save a mass of raven curls and a beard of the same hue.

The count now threw open the door, dragging after him his sister, who still clung round him.

"Ha—that is well!" he cried to the man in Italian. "Bear the lady after me, gently; but if she attempt to cry out—why, force enough to silence her, not more. As for you, Beatrice, traitress that you are, I could strike you to the earth—but—no, this suffices."

He caught his sister in his arm as he spoke, and, regardless of her cries and struggles, sprang down the stairs.

The hall was crowded with fierce, swarthy men. The count turned to one of them, and whispered; in an instant the marchesa was seized and gagged. The count cast a look over his shoulder; Violante was close behind, supported by the man to whom Peschiera had consigned her, and who was pointing to Beatrice, and appeared to be warning Violante against resistance.

Violante was silent, and seemed resigned. Peschiera smiled cynically, and, preceded by some of his hirelings, who held torches, descended a few steps that led to an abrupt landing place between the hall and the basement story. There, a small door stood open, and the river flowed close by.

A boat was moored on the bank, round which stood four men, who had the air of foreign sailors. At the appearance of Peschiera, three of these men sprang into the boat and got ready their oars. The fourth carefully readjusted a plank thrown from the boat to the wharf, and offered his arm obsequiously to Peschiera.

The count was the first to enter, and, humming a gay opera air, took his place by the helm. The two females were next lifted in, and Violante felt her hand pressed almost convulsively by the man who stood by the plank. The rest followed, and in another minute the boat bounded swiftly over the waves toward a vessel that lay several furlongs adown the river, and apart from all the meaner craft that crowded the stream.

Half forgetful of the present, the count was absorbed in dreams of the golden future, till he was aroused by a loud hail from the vessel, and the bustle on board the boat, as the sailors caught at the rope flung forth to them. He then rose and moved toward Violante, but the man who was still in charge of her passed the count lightly, half leading, half carrying, his passive prisoner.

"Pardon, excellency," said the man in Italian, "but the boat is crowded, and rocks so much that your aid would but disturb our footing."

Before Peschiera could reply, Violante was already on the steps of the vessel, and the count paused till, with elated smile, he saw her safely standing on the deck. Beatrice followed, and then Peschiera himself; but when the Italians in his train also thronged toward the sides of the boat, two of the sailors got before them and let go the rope, while the other two plied their oars vigorously, and pulled back toward shore.

The Italians burst into an amazed and indignant volley of execrations.

"Silence," said the sailor who had stood by the plank, "we obey orders. If you are not quiet we shall upset the boat. *We* can swim; Heaven pity you if you cannot."

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE TABLES TURNED.

AS Peschiera leaped upon deck, a flood of light poured upon him from lifted torches. That light streamed full on the face and form of a man of commanding stature, whose arm was around Violante, and whose dark eyes flashed upon the count more luminously than the torches. On one side of this man stood the Austrian prince; on the other side (a cloak, and a profusion of false black locks, at his feet) stood Lord L'Estrange, his arms folded, and his lips curled by a smile in which the ironical humor native to the man was tempered with a supreme and calm disdain.

The count strove to speak, but his voice faltered. All around him looked ominous and hostile.

Suddenly, as the count thus stood perplexed, cowering, stupefied, the burst from all the Italians present, a hoot of unutterable scorn—"The traitor! the traitor!"

The count was brave, and at the cry he lifted his head with a certain majesty.

At that moment Harley, raising his hand as if to silence the hoot, came forth from the group by which he had been hitherto standing, and toward him the count advanced with a bold stride.

"What trick is this?" he said fiercely. "I divine that it is you whom I can single out for explanation and atonement."

"Ah, sir," answered Harley, "explanation should come from me, I allow; but atonement I have the honor to resign to yourself. This vessel——"

"Is *mine*!" cried the count. "Those men, who insult me, should be in my pay."

"The men in your pay, sir, are on shore drinking success to your voyage. Your grand mistake is in thinking that the 'Flying Dutchman' is yours. With many apologies for interfering with your intention to purchase it, I beg to inform you that Lord Spendquick has kindly sold it to me. Nevertheless, sir, for the next few weeks I place it—men and all—at your service."

Peschiera smiled scornfully.

"I thank your lordship; but since I presume that I shall no longer have the traveling companion who alone could make the voyage attractive, I shall return to shore, and will simply request you to inform me at what hour you can receive the friend whom I shall depute to discuss that part of the question yet untouched, and to arrange that the atonement, whether it be due from me or yourself, may be rendered as satisfactory as you have condescended to make the explanation."

"Let not that vex you, sir, the atonement is, in much, made already, so anxious have I been to forestall all that your nice sense of honor would induce so complete a gentleman to desire. You have ensnared a young heiress, it is true; but you see that it was only to restore her to the arms of her father. You have juggled an illustrious kinsman out of his heritage; but you have voluntarily come on board this vessel, first, to enable his highness, the Prince Von Donan, of whose rank at the Austrian court you are fully aware, to state to your emperor that he himself has been witness of your treachery."

The count started.

"Are you satisfied, sir?" said Harley, "with your atonement so far? if not, I have procured you the occasion to render it yet more complete. Before you stands the kinsman you have wronged. He knows now that, though for awhile you ruined his fortunes, you failed to sully his hearth. His heart can grant you pardon, and hereafter his hand may grant you arms. Kneel, then, Giulio Franzini—kneel, baffled bravo—kneel, ruined gamester—kneel, miserable outcast—at the feet of Alphonso, Prince of Monteleone and Duke of Serrano."

The above dialogue had been in France, which only a few of the Italians present understood, and that imperfectly; but at the name with which Harley concluded his address to the count a simultaneous cry from those Italians broke forth.

"Alphonso the Good!—Alphonso the Good! Long live the good duke of Serrano!"

And, forgetful even of the count, they crowded round the tall form of Riccabocca, striving who should first kiss his hand—the very hem of his garments.

Riccabocca's eyes overflowed. The gaunt exile seemed transfigured into another and more kingly man. An inexpressible dignity invested him.

He stretched forth his arms, as if to bless his countrymen. Even that rude cry, from humble men, exiles like himself, consoled him for years of banishment and penury.

"Thanks, thanks," he continued; "thanks. Some day or other you will all perhaps return with me to the beloved land!"

The Austrian prince bowed his head, as if in assent to the prayer.

"Giulio Franzini," said the Duke of Serrano—for so we may now call the threadbare recluse of the Casino—"had this last villainous design of yours been allowed by Providence, think you that there is one spot on earth on which you could have been saved from a father's arm? But now, Heaven has been more kind. In this hour let me imitate its mercy;" and with relaxing brow the duke drew near to his guilty kinsman.

From the moment the Austrian prince had addressed him, the count had preserved a profound silence, showing neither repentance nor shame. Gathering himself up, he had stood firm, glaring round him like one at bay.

But as the duke now approached, he waved his hand, and exclaimed, "Back, pedant, back; you have not triumphed yet. And you, prating German, tell your tales to our emperor. I shall be by his throne to answer—if, indeed, you escape from the meeting to which I will force you by the way."

He spoke, and made a rush toward the side of the vessel. But Harley's quick wit had foreseen the count's intention, and Harley's quick eye had given the signal by which it was frustrated. Seized in the grip of his own watchful and indignant countrymen, just as he was about to plunge into the stream, Peschiera was dragged back—pinioned down.

Then the expression of his whole countenance changed; the desperate violence of the inborn gladiator broke forth. His great strength enabled him to break loose more than once, to dash more than one man to the floor of the deck; but at length he was overpowered by numbers.

Then, still preserving that air and tone of exquisite imperturbable irony which might have graced the marquis of the old French regime, and which the highest comedian might have sighed to imitate in vain, Harley bowed low to the storming count.

"Farewell, sir! I am rejoiced to see that you are so well provided with furs. You will need them for your voyage; it is a very cold one at this time of the year. The vessel which you have honored me by entering is bound to Norway. The Italians who accompany you were sent by yourself into exile, and, in return, they now kindly promise to enliven you with their society, whenever you feel somewhat tired of your own. Conduct the count to his cabin. Gently there, gently. Farewell, sir, and a pleasant voyage to you!"

Harley turned lightly on his heel, as Peschiera, in spite of his struggles, was now fairly carried down to the cabin.

"A trick for the trickster," said L'Estrange to the Austrian prince. "The revenge of a farce on the would be tragedian."

"More than that—he is ruined."

"And ridiculous," quoth Harley. "I should like to see his look when they land him in Norway."

Harley then passed toward the center of the vessel, by which, hitherto partially concealed by the sailors, who were now busily occupied, stood Beatrice; Frank Hazeldean, who had first received her on entering the vessel, standing by her side; and Leonard, a little apart from the two, in quiet observation of all that had passed around him.

Beatrice appeared but little to heed Frank; her dark eyes were lifted to the dim, starry sky, and her lips were moving as in prayer; yet her young lover was speaking to her in great emotion, low and rapidly.

"No, no—do not think for a moment that we suspect you, Beatrice; I will answer for your honor with my life. Oh, why will you turn from me—why will you not speak?"

"A moment later," said Beatrice softly. "Give me one moment yet."

She passed slowly and falteringly toward Leonard—placed her hand, that trembled, on his arm—and led him aside to the verge of the vessel. Frank, startled by her movement, made a step as if to follow, and then stopped short, and looked on, but with a clouded and doubtful countenance. Harley's smile had gone, and his eye was also watchful.

It was but a few words that Beatrice spoke—it was but by a sentence or so that Leonard answered; and then Beatrice extended her hand, which the young poet bent over and kissed in silence.

She lingered an instant; and even by the starlight, Harley noted the blush that overspread her face. The blush faded as Beatrice returned to Frank. Lord L'Estrange would have retired—she signed to him to stay.

"My lord," she said very firmly, "I cannot accuse you of harshness to my sinful and unhappy brother. His offense might perhaps deserve a heavier punishment than that which you inflict. But whatever his penance, I feel that his sister should be by his side to share it. I am not innocent, if he be guilty; and, wreck though he be, nothing else on this dark sea of life is now left to me to cling to. Hush, my lord! I shall not leave this vessel. All that I entreat of you is, to order your men to respect my brother, since a woman will be by his side."

"But, marchesa, this cannot be; and——"

"Beatrice, Beatrice—and me!—our betrothal? Do you forget me?" cried Frank, in reproachful agony.

"No, young and too noble lover; I shall remember you ever in my prayers. But listen. I have been deceived—hurried on, I might say—by others, but also, and far more, by my own mad and blinded heart—deceived, hurried on, to wrong you and to belie myself. My shame burns into me when I think that I could have inflicted on you the just anger of your family—linked you to my own ruined fortunes, my own tarnished name—my own——"

"Your own generous, loving heart!—that is all I ask!" cried Frank. "Cease, cease—that heart is mine still!"

Tears gushed from the Italian's eyes.

"Englishman, I never loved you; this heart was dead to you, and it will be dead to all else forever. Farewell! You will forget me sooner than you think for—sooner than I shall forget you—as a friend, as a brother—if brothers had natures as tender and as kind as yours! Now, my lord, will you give me your arm? I would join the count."

Frank said not a word more. He stood rooted to the spot, not even gazing after Beatrice as she passed away leaning on the arm of Lord L'Estrange. He then walked resolutely away, and watched the boat that the men were now lowering from the side of the vessel.

Beatrice stopped when she came near the place where Violante stood, answering in agitated whispers her father's anxious questions. As she stopped she leaned more heavily upon Harley.

"It is your arm that trembles now, Lord L'Estrange," she said, with a mournful smile, and, quitting him before he could answer, she bowed down her head meekly before Violante.

"You have pardoned me already," she said, in a tone that reached only the girl's ear, "and my last words shall not be of the past. I see your future spread bright before me under those steadfast stars. Love still; hope and trust. These are the last words of her who will soon die to the world. Fair maid, they are prophetic!"

Violante shrank back to her father's breast, and there hid her glowing face, resigning her hand to Beatrice, who pressed it to her bosom. The marchesa then came back to Harley, and disappeared with him in the interior of the vessel.

When Harley appeared on deck, he seemed much flurried and disturbed. He kept aloof from the duke and Violante, and was the last to enter the boat.

CHAPTER LXIV.

HOW THE COUNT WAS CHECKMATED.

WE are at Norwood, in the sage's drawing room. Violante has long since retired to rest. Harley, who has accompanied the father and daughter to their home, is still conversing with the former.

"Indeed, my dear duke——" said Harley.

"Hush, hush! Don't call me duke yet; I am at home here once more as Dr. Riccabocca."

"My dear doctor, then allow me to assure you that you overrate my claim to your thanks. Your old friends Leonard and Frank Hazeldean must come in for their share. Nor is the faithful Giacomo to be forgotten."

"Continue your explanation."

"In the first place, I learned, through Frank, that one Baron Levy, a certain fashionable money lender, was just about to purchase a yacht from Lord Spendquick on behalf of the count. A short interview with Spendquick enabled me to outbid the usurer, and conclude a bargain, by which the yacht became mine; a promise to assist Spendquick in extricating himself from the claws of the money lender (which I trust to do by reconciling him with his father, who is a man of liberality and sense), made Spendquick really connive at my scheme for outwitting the enemy. He allowed Levy to suppose that the count might take possession of the vessel; but, affecting an engagement, and standing out for terms, postponed the final settlement of the purchase money till the next day.

"I was thus master of the vessel, which I felt sure was destined to serve Peschiera's infamous design. But it was my business not to alarm the count's suspicions; I therefore permitted the pirate crew he had got together to come on board. I knew I could get rid of them when necessary. Meanwhile, Frank undertook to keep close to the count until he could see and cage within his lodgings the servant whom Peschiera had commissioned to attend his sister. If I could but catch this servant, I had a sanguine hope that I could discover and free your daughter before Peschiera could even profane her with his presence. But Frank made a failure of it. Perhaps the count detected his secret thoughts under his open countenance; perhaps merely wished to get rid of a companion very much in his way; but, at all events, he contrived to elude our young friend as cleverly as you or I could have done—told him that Beatrice herself was at Roehampton—had borrowed the count's carriage to go there—volunteered to take Frank to the house—took him there, and slipped away and left him.

"Meanwhile the count was fast back on the road to London, and Frank had to return as he could. He then hunted for Peschiera everywhere, and saw him no more. It was late in the day when Frank found me out with this news. I became seriously alarmed. Peschiera might perhaps learn my counter scheme with the yacht. I had no clew to the place to which your daughter was taken—no excuse to arrest Peschiera—no means even of learning where he was. The police were at fault, and useless, except in one valuable piece of information. They told me where some of your countrymen, whom Peschiera's perfidy had sent into exile, were to be found. I commissioned Giacomo to seek these men out, and induce them to man the vessel. It might be necessary, should Peschiera or his confidential servants come on board after we had expelled or drawn off the pirate crew, that they should find Italians whom they might well mistake for their own hirelings.

"Still these precautions only availed in case Peschiera should resolve to sail, and defer till then all machinations against his captives. While, amid my fears and uncertainties, I was struggling still to preserve patience of mind, and rapidly discussing with the Austrian prince if any other steps could be taken, or if our sole resource was to repair to the vessel, and take the chance of what might ensue, Leonard suddenly and quietly entered my room. I saw he had good tidings to impart.

"He had parted from us some hours before. I had commissioned him to call at Madame di Negra's, and, as he was familiarly known to her servants, seek to obtain quietly the name and description of the man who had driven her out in the morning, and make what use he judged best of every hint he could gather or glean that might aid our researches. Leonard only succeeded in learning the name and description of the coachman, whom he recognized as one Beppo, to whom she had often given orders in his presence. None could say where she could then be found, if not at the count's hotel. Leonard went there. The man had not been there all the day. While revolving what next he should do, his eye caught sight of your intended son in law, gliding across the opposite side of the street. One of those luminous, inspiring conjectures, which never occur to you philosophers, had from the first guided Leonard to believe that Randal Leslie was mixed up in this villainous affair."

"Ha! He!" cried Riccabocca. "Impossible! For what interest?—what object?"

"I cannot tell; neither could Leonard; but we had both formed the same conjecture. Leonard resolved to follow Randal Leslie, and track all his movements. He did then follow him, unobserved, and at a distance—first to Audley Egerton's house, then to Eaton Square—thence to a house in Bruton Street, which Leonard ascertained to be Baron Levy's. Suspicious that, my dear sage?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Riccabocca.

"At Levy's, Randal stayed till dusk. He then came out, with his cat-like, stealthy step, and walked quickly into the neighborhood of Leicester Square. Leonard saw him enter one of those small hotels which are appropriated to foreigners. Wild, outlandish fellows were loitering about the door and the street. Leonard divined that the count, or the count's confidants, were there.

"While waiting near the door of this hotel, Beppo himself, the very man Leonard was in search of, came forth, and, after speaking a few words to some of the loitering foreigners, walked briskly toward Piccadilly. Leonard here resigned all further heed of Leslie, and gave chase to Beppo, whom he recognized at a glance. Coming up to him, he said quietly: 'I have a letter for the Marchesa di Negra. She told me I was to send it to her by you. I have been searching for you the whole day.' The man fell into the trap. 'Give me the letter, signor, and quick.'

"'It is at a hotel close by; come there, and you will have a guinea for your trouble.'

"So Leonard walked our gentleman into my hotel; and having taken him into my dressing room, turned the key, and there left him. On hearing this capture, the prince and myself hastened to see our prisoner. He was at first sullen and silent; but when the prince disclosed his rank and name, his countenance changed, and his courage fell. With threats and promises, we soon obtained all that we sought to know; and an offered bribe, which I calculated at ten times the amount the rogue could ever expect to receive from his spendthrift master, finally bound him cheerfully to our service, soul and body. Thus we learned the dismal place to which your noble daughter had been so perfidiously insnared. We learned also that the count had not yet visited her, hoping much from the effect that prolonged incarceration might have in weakening her spirits and inducing her submission. Peschiera was to go to the house at midnight, thence to transport her to the vessel. Beppo had received orders to bring the carriage to Leicester Square, where Peschiera would join him. The count (as Leonard surmised) had taken skulking refuge at the hotel in which Randal Leslie had disappeared.

"An idea flashed on me—Beppo was to conduct the count to the house; if I could accompany Beppo in disguise—enter the house—myself be present! I rushed back to our informant, now become our agent; I found the plan still more feasible than I had at first supposed. Beppo had asked the count's permission to bring with him a brother accustomed to the sea, and who wished to quit England. I might personate that brother. You know that the Italian language, in most of its dialects and varieties of patois—Genoese, Piedmontese, Venetian—is as familiar to me as English. The thing was settled. I felt my heart, from that moment, as light as a feather, and my sense as keen as the dart which a feather wings. My plans now were formed in a breath, and explained in a sentence. It was right that you should be present on the vessel, not only to witness your foe's downfall, but to receive your child in a father's arms. Leonard set out to Norwood for you, cautioned not to define too precisely for what object you were wanted.

"Frank, accompanied by Beppo (for there was yet no time for these preparations before midnight), repaired to the yacht, taking Giacomo by the way. Beppo told Peschiera's hirelings that they had to quit the vessel, and wait on shore under Giacomo's auspices till further orders, and as soon as the decks were cleared of these ruffians and Giacomo had lodged his convoy in a drinking saloon, your inestimable servant quietly shipped on board, the Italians pressed into the service, and Frank took charge of the English sailors.

"The prince promising to be on board in due time, then left me to make arrangements for his journey to Vienna with the dawn. I hastened to a masquerade warehouse, where I disguised myself into a most thorough paced looking cut throat, and then waited the return of my friend Beppo with the most perfect confidence."

"Yet, if that rascal had played false, all these precautions were lost. You were not wise," said the prudent philosopher.

"Very likely not. You would have been so wise that by this time your daughter would have been lost to you forever. I resume: Beppo came back in time to narrate all the arrangements that had been made, and to inform me that a servant from the count had come on board just as our new crew were assembled there, to order the boat to be at the place where we found it. The servant it was deemed prudent to detain and secure. Giacomo undertook to manage the boat.

"I am nearly at the close of my story. Sure of my disguise, I got on the coach box with Beppo. The count arrived at the spot appointed, and did not even honor myself with a question or glance. 'Your brother?' he said 'one might guess that; he has the family likeness. Not a handsome race, yours! Drive on.'

"We arrived at the house. The door opened—I followed him; your daughter can tell the rest."

"And you risked your life in that den of miscreants! Noble friend!"

"Risked my life—no; but I risked the count's. There was one moment when my hand was on my trigger, and my soul very near the sin of justifiable homicide. But my tale is done. My eyes are heavy, and if you stay here three minutes longer I shall be out of reach of hearing—in the land of dreams. Good night!"

"But there is a bed prepared for you."

Harley shook his head in dissent, and composed himself at length upon the sofa.

Riccabocca, bending, wrapped the cloak round his guest, and crept out of the room.

But sleep fell on the lids of Harley L'Estrange. He started up when his host had left him, and paced the apartment with noiseless but rapid stride. All whim and levity had vanished from his face, which, by the light of the dawn, seemed death-like pale. On that pale face there was all the struggle and the anguish of passion.

(To be continued.)

THE BLESSED TOMORROW.

When a sudden sorrow
Comes like cloud and night,
Wait for God's tomorrow,
All will then be bright.
Only wait and trust Him
Just a little while,
After evening tear drops
Shall come the morning smile.

Sent for a Purpose.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

THERE was only me. Mother and father came over from the other side. Mother died the year after father was killed at Chancellorsville. He left the little house, and I had the benefit of a pension—twenty five dollars a quarter till I was old enough to hoe my own row.

That I began to do when I was sixteen. The house—three rooms and a "leanto"—stood on a wood road two miles from "The Bend"—twenty miles north of Bangor. It was a farming country, of course. I worked for farmers all summer, and chopped wood at a dollar a cord winters. A cord a day was a good stint even for me, hardy and strong as I was.

Of course I was terribly poor. But not to compare with Granny McLaren, an old Scotchwoman, who just kept soul and body together by going out nursing and knitting sale socks at the Bend. Then she took sick, and every one thought Granny would die, for she was over eighty. She said at the time she wished she had. For when she began to get better, Granny was stone blind.

The authorities were going to send her to the poorhouse. It almost broke her heart, for Granny in her way was proud.

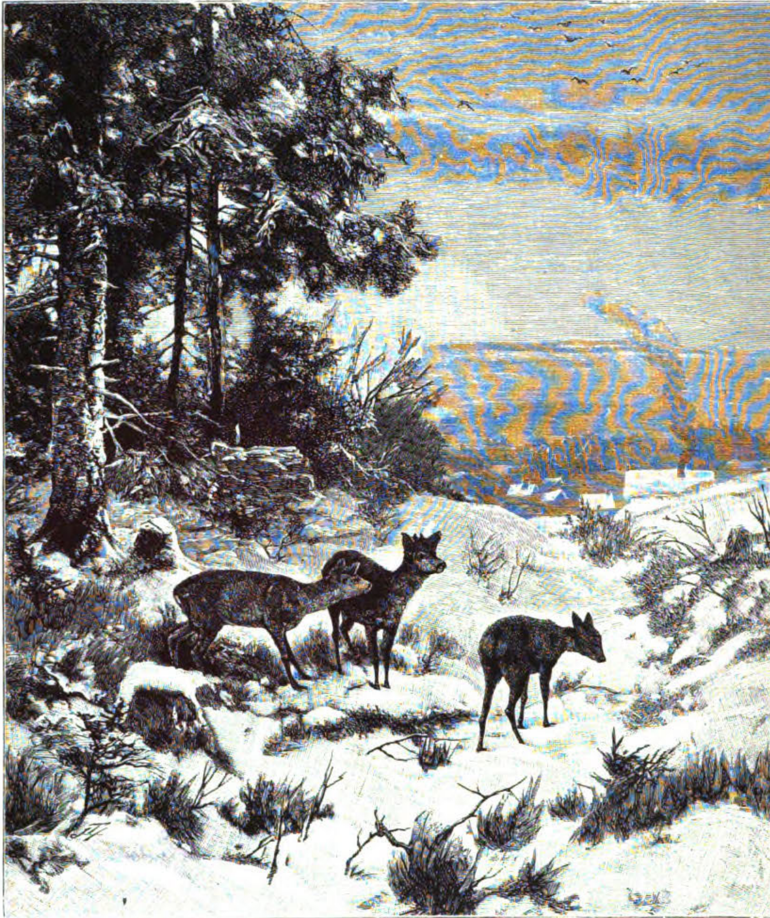
"They can't send you to a poorer house than mine," I said, "but if you'll come there you're welcome." And she came.

Very soon Granny got so she could get round by sense of touch. And she began to knit socks and mittens for the lumbermen, who used to stop on the way to the logging camp on purpose to buy them. And sometimes they'd coax her to tell their fortunes. For Granny had a curious sort of second sight. And some things she told came just so. Maybe it was all guessing—I can't say.

It was a hard winter, and I didn't have much work. I might have had a job in the logging camp, but couldn't leave Granny. Not having any one of my own I took to her.

When I couldn't do anything else I used to hunt rabbits and partridges with an old flintlock musket that belonged to father. And one day, after a pretty hard snowstorm, I was out on "the mountain" as they call it, though it's only a big, overgrown hill, where what I promised to tell you about, happened.

I hadn't had any luck, and about made up my mind to go home. Then I heard a hound baying off in the distance, and by the sound I felt pretty sure he was coursing a deer. Now no one at the Bend owned any sort of a deer-hound—or any kind of dog for coursing deer. So I supposed some strange hunters had drifted that way, though this seldom happened.



A DOE AND TWO FAWNS CAME FROM THE WOODS INTO THE OPEN.

I listened a bit longer. The baying sounded nearer and nearer, and I reckoned the deer was being driven in a circle, and probably the owner of the hound was lying in hiding somewhere waiting for a shot.

All at once I heard a crashing through the underbrush, and a doe and two fawns came flying out into the open, but there was no dog after them. Poor things, they were nearly dead with the run. And as they didn't see me they pulled up.

I had stepped back behind a big pine tree and cocked my gun—more as a matter of habit, though, than anything else. For I have a foolish feeling about killing God's dumb creatures; even the rabbits and partridges that were part of our living—honestly, it hurt me a little to see them die. And this doe—all winded and half dead from fright, with her two baby fawns, why, I'd *almost* as soon have shot a human.

As I said, she reached the open and came to a standstill. So too the fawns. And then the doe looked all about and gave two or three real pitiful "blaats—" like a lamb after its mother.

I knew she was calling her mate, who probably wouldn't ever come again. Then she looked down over the hill where the smoke was coming from the house chimneys way off in the distance, and saw she was too near what folks call civilization. And, giving a little snort and stamp, away she went—the fawns with her.

I struck into the timber a bit near where they came out, and the first thing I saw was the buck stone dead. Not by a bullet, but pulled down and throttled by the biggest, blackest deerhound ever I saw.

The odd part of it was that the hound, gaunt and half starved looking, hadn't torn the flesh. But when I came up he looked so beseeching like that I didn't lose any time. I always had a hunting knife of some sort with me, and so I went to work to skin and cut up the deer. By the way the dog ate the pieces I gave him, I could see that it was starvation, added to his natural instincts, that had started him to run the deer down.

Well, I hung half the carcass out of the way of the foxes, and toted the other half, with the hide, back to the house—the dog following without being asked.

Granny stood in the door as I came up. "Loaded down, laddie—I can tell by your tread. You must have had rare luck the day. But have ye brought a big black deerhound with you?"

Now, her ears were very sharp, and of course she could hear the dog's feet on the hard snow. But I couldn't understand how she knew he was black and a deerhound.

I said "Yes," and put the meat, all but some for supper, in the leanto. When I came in Granny was patting the dog. "Jack," she said, "I've had a 'seeing' sin' you were away. I knew the hound were comin'—and mind, he were sent for a purpose."

"A purpose to give us our winter's meat, any way, Granny," I told her, but she shook her old head.

"It's aye more than that, laddie. Somethin' 'll happen the night that'll show I'm right."

But I was thinking of venison steak more than Granny's visions, and so didn't take much notice of what she said.

Well, there was a young moon that night—just enough to light up the wood road past the house. Granny was terribly uneasy. After supper was over, she kept staring out of the window as any one with their natural sight would do—something I never knew her to do before. The deerhound, who had had another good feed, lay stretched out before the big open fire. He seemed perfectly contented, but instead of going to sleep, as one might have thought, he lay with his head turned a trifle toward the door, as if he was expecting something or somebody.

Along about nine o'clock I heard a man hoofing it lively toward the house, over the hard-frozen road. And ours was the only house for more than a mile. The Bend was full two miles away.

Granny turned quick, I tell you!

"They're coming," she said in kind of a scream. "I knew they would. Jack——"

But I whisked her into the little room where she slept, before you could say "Knife!" though I hadn't the slightest idea what it all meant till a little man, bareheaded and with a long fur coat reaching half way to his heels, came pitching headlong through the door.

"Robbers! Thieves! Murder! Save me!" he yelled as well as he could, for his mind was nigh gone. And then he dropped in kind of a faint.

I heard heavier steps clattering after, and I banged the door to in a hurry. There wasn't bolt or lock, only a cross bar, that I dropped in place. Then I snatched the old king's arm from the corner of the fireplace.

Bang, bang at the door.

"Who's there?" I said as steady as I could. For mind you, this was something altogether new in my experience.

I heard them mutter to each other.

"It's the sheriff of 'Roostook County, and a man from the Insane Asylum at Augusta. There's a ravin' lunatic got away from us. That's him dodged into the house."

Maybe I might have thought it was all square enough only for Granny.

Poor old woman! She was shaking like a leaf as she pulled open the bedroom door:

"They're leein', laddie! It's the mon's life and money they want—nct the mon!"

Well, Granny was old and blind, but sometimes I could remember things she knew—or seemed to—ever so much better than I did. And the deerhound kind of raised his head after he heard the voices. The short black hair stood up on his back like porcupine bristles, but he never stirred or even growled; only there was something like a spark of fire in each eye.

"You can't come in! I don't believe your story! And I've got a gun—and a dog!"

There wasn't any answer for a minute. The man lay on the floor—whether he was half frightened to death or in a swoon, I couldn't tell. I glanced at the windows? Ah, *such* an evil face! Swarthy and bearded—like some of the lowest order of French Canadians I had seen pass on their way to the logging camp!

"*Sapristi!* There is but a boy with an old flint gun. Roswell lays dead with the fright on the floor! We will break the door! Twenty thousan' dollars is wort' takin' chance for!"

And almost before I got it all through my head that the man on the floor had twenty thousand dollars in his pockets, the two outside had a log from the pile in the yard and were battering the door down.

I had forgotten all about the dog. I pulled the hammer of the musket back and—*the flint was gone.* It had slipped out, I suppose, while I was off in the woods during the day. But all the same—I clubbed it.

Down went the door. A bright flash and report followed—a pistol ball whizzed past my ear and I jumped back, not being used to that sort of thing.

The rest is kind of confused. I swung back the musket, but it hit on the rafters overhead. And two men came for me. One—the French Canadian—a big fellow, weighing nigh two hundred, got me by the neck. I caught the other a nasty one in the mouth that cut my knuckles open, but his knife was out--

I heard Granny scream, and then something flew at the French Canadian's throat. He let go his grip on me—just in time. The other fellow had lunged with his knife. It only cut me in the arm. My ugly was up and I went for him. I know how men feel with hot blooded—not cold blooded—murder in their heart, now. But I never want to feel so again!

"Jack! Laddie! Ye're keelin' the mon!"

I'm afraid I was. But I didn't know it. And I dropped him like a hot potato!

I don't like to tell the rest! Only—the Canadian was dead before we could get the dog away. Not mangled or anything, but throttled—strangled, I suppose, is the better word.

It seemed that Mr. Roswell was on his way to pay off three lumber gangs. Destreau and Black Bob laid wait for him and threw him out of his sleigh, but he outran them and took hiding with us. The rest of the scrimmage you know. It's something I don't like to talk about.

But—there *is* something I like to talk about. Mr. Roswell was the thankfulest man ever I saw. He *made* us take money. And the firm in Bangor sent for me—though it wasn't me who saved Roswell's life and their money half so much as the dog.

They were more than kind. They gave me a job that paid so well I could afford to hire some one to live with Granny while I was away. And I've worked my way up to foreman of a gang.

The dog? He skipped next morning. Didn't want to be summoned at the inquest and Black Bob's trial, I suppose, and I never heard of him from that day to this. Just before Granny died she once asked me if I didn't believe he was sent for a purpose. And I said yes.

BLOODLESS GAME.

NOT long ago the ARGOSY printed the suggestion of a humanitarian, that the camera should be substituted for the gun in hunting expeditions where mere sport is desired. But here is a Western paper with a proposition that does away with all bloodshed, while at the same time retaining big game and firearms. The locality referred to is Lake Tahoe, the famous and beautiful sheet of water that lies on the boundary line between the States of California and Nevada.

Not long ago the monotony of life at the lake was broken by a waterspout. It was big enough to break almost anything. It was probably not inferior to those ocean tramps of the same character of which we have the tales of travelers.

It made its appearance during a heavy thunder storm. It sucked up a column of water of about the circumference of a flour barrel, which finally ascended in a heavy black cloud that hung over the lake. A steamer was crossing the lake at the time, and some of the passengers were considerably frightened.

The old sportsmen aboard were all excitement and were ready to tear their hair because there was no cannon on board with which to bring down the spout. It would be a good plan to put on board the steamer a small rifled cannon.

The landlords might then mention the fact in their advertisements that there is in July and August fine sport in gunning for waterspouts. Not being provided with a proper gun for such big sport, the steamer was obliged to dodge the spout, keeping out of its way until it went aloft.

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to foster pride,
And squander wealth in show;
For friends thus won are sure to run
In times of want or woe.
The noble worth
Of all the earth
Are gems of heart and brain—
A conscience clear,
A household dear,
All hands without a stain.

[*This story commenced in No. 307.*]

My Friend Smith.

By TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "Mr. Halgrove's Ward."

CHAPTER XIV.

SETTLING DOWN TO WORK.

MR. BARNACLE looked round the office sharply for a moment, and then, passing on to the inner apartment, said:

"Doubleday, bring the two new office boys into my room."

If I had just heard the sentence of death pronounced on me I could hardly have been more horrified. My face and hand were like the face and hand of a negro, my collar and shirt were spotted and smeared all over with ink, and even my light hair was decorated with black patches. And in this guise I was to make my first appearance before my masters!

Jack Smith's expression of amazement and horror as he caught sight of me only intensified my own distress, and Doubleday's stern, "Now you're in for it!" sounded hopelessly prophetic.

I could do nothing. To wipe my face with my clean hand, with the tail of my jacket, with my shirt sleeve, could do no good. No; I was in for it, and must meet my doom!

But I determined to make one expiring effort to escape it.

"Please, sir," I cried, as we came to the door and before we entered, "I'm very sorry, but my face is all over ink. May I wash it before I come in?"

I was vaguely conscious of the titters of the clerks behind me, of the angry grip of Doubleday on one side of me, and of Smith's solemn and horrified face on the other, and the next moment I was standing with my friend in front of Mr. Barnacle's awful desk.

He regarded me sternly for a moment or two, during which I suffered indescribable anguish of mind.

"What is the meaning of this?" said he. "I don't understand it."

"Oh, please, sir," cried I, almost beseechingly, "I'm so sorry. I was wiping up some ink, and got some on my face. I couldn't help it."

Mr. Barnacle looked angry and impatient.

"This is no place for nonsense," said he.

"Really, I couldn't help it," I pleaded.

There must have been some traces of earnestness visible, I fancy, on my inky face, for I saw Mr. Barnacle look at me curiously as I spoke, while there was the faintest perceptible twitch at the corners of his lips.

"Go and wash at once," he said, sternly.

I fled from his presence as if I had been a leper, and amid the merriment of my fellow clerks sought the sink at the other end of the office, and washed there as I had never washed before.

After much exertion, my countenance resumed something like its natural complexion, and the white skin faintly dawned once more on my fingers. My collar and shirt front were beyond cleaning, but at the end of my ablutions I was, at any rate, rather more presentable than I had been.

Then I returned refreshed in body and mind to Mr. Barnacle, whom I found explaining to Smith his duties in the Import Department. He briefly recapitulated the lecture for my benefit, and then dismissed us both under the charge of Mr. Doubleday to our duties, and by the time one o'clock was reached that day, and I was informed I might go out for twenty minutes for my dinner, I was quite settled down as junior clerk in the Export Department of Merrett, Barnacle & Co.

Smith and I had a good deal more than dinner to discuss at noon as we rested for twenty minutes from our office labors.

He was very much in earnest about his new work, I could see; and I felt, as I listened to him, that my own aspirations for success were not nearly as deep seated as his. He didn't brag, or build absurd castles in the air; but he made no secret of the fact that now he was once in the business he meant to get on, and expected pretty confidently that he would do so.

I wished I could feel half as sure of myself. At any rate, I was encouraged by Jack Smith's enthusiasm, and returned at the end of my twenty minutes to my desk with every intention of distinguishing myself at my work.

But somehow everything was so novel, and I was so curiously disposed, that I could not prevent my thoughts wandering a good deal, or listening to the constant running fire of small talk that was going on among my fellow clerks. And this was all the less to be wondered at, since I myself was a prominent topic of conversation.

My first care on rejoining Jack at the end of the day was to sound him as to the possibility of his coming to lodge at Mrs. Nash's. To my delight he anticipated me by inquiring,

"Have you any place to lodge, Fred?"

"Yes," said I, "and I wish to goodness you'd come there too, Jack."

"Whereabouts is it?" he asked.

"Mrs. Nash's, at Beadle Square. But you will come, won't you?"

"Perhaps there's not room."

"Oh yes," said I, taking upon myself to assert what I did not know, "there is. Come along, old man; it'll make all the difference if we get together."

"How much is it?" asked Jack, doubtfully.

"Come along, and we'll ask," said I, dragging him along.

He came, and together we bearded Mrs. Nash in her den.

"I say, Mrs. Nash," said I, "my friend's coming to lodge here, please."

Mrs. Nash eyed Jack suspiciously, and then said abruptly:

"No room."

JACK SMITH SNATCHED UP THE URCHIN AND WE STARTED OFF AT A RUN.

"Oh, bother! Can't he sleep with me, then?" I inquired.

"No," replied she, "he can't. It's not allowed."

"When will there be room?" Jack asked.

"Next week, may be."

"Oh, how jolly!" I exclaimed. "Then you will come, Jack, won't you?"

"How much is it?" inquired Jack of Mrs. Nash.

"Three and six a week—in advance," said Mrs. Nash "No tick."

Jack pulled rather a long face.

"Oh, I can pay part," said I, too delighted at the prospect of Jack's company to admit of any obstacle. "My uncle pays my lodging, so I have the eight shillings all to myself."

Jack, however, scouted the idea. After a little more parleying, to my unspeakable joy he told Mrs. Nash he would come next week. I begged hard for him to be allowed to share my quarters in the meanwhile. The landlady was inexorable, so we had to submit.

Jack took me a long stroll through the London streets that evening, entertaining me with a description of his life as a grocer's shop boy, now happily at an end. I forbore to ask him any questions on the mysterious subject of his home, and he of course never referred to it.

Our walk ended again at Beadle Square, where we parted for the night; he to return to some poor lodging in a distant part of the town, I to take part in the nine o'clock supper at Mrs. Nash's.

By the time my first week in London was ended I had shaken down fairly well, both to my work at Merrett, Barnacle & Co.'s, and my quarters at Mrs. Nash's. I still found the fellowship of Messrs. Doubleday and Wallop and Crow rather distracting, and more than once envied Jack his berth among the Imports, where, as a rule, silence reigned supreme.

And yet I could hardly bring myself to dislike my fellow clerks, who, all of them, as far as I had found out, were good natured, and certainly very entertaining, and who, when they perceived that I was amused by their proceedings, relaxed a good deal in their attitude to me.

I gradually came to be on talking, if not on chaffing, terms with several of the fellows, and found myself, I never actually knew how, installed in the position lately vacated by Mr. Crow, of messenger and confidential commission agent to the company.

Most of my twenty minutes in the middle of the day was thus taken up in buying articles of comfort or decoration for one and another of my seniors, or else changing books at the library, taking messages to other clerks in other offices, and otherwise laying myself out for the general good, a self denial which brought me more kicks than halfpence, but which, all the same, served to establish my footing as a regular member of the Export fraternity.

Smith, I discovered, was let in for something of the same work with the Imports, but to a much smaller extent. Indeed, he had so much less of it than I that I one day questioned him on the subject.

"I say, Jack, it seems to me the Exports want a jolly lot more things done for them than the Imports. Today I've got to go to Mudie's to change a book, then I've got to get a scarf pin mended for Crow, and buy a pair of flannel drawers for Wallop, and go and offer two shillings for a five shilling mariner's compass at the stores for Doubleday. I shall have to get my grub when I can today, I expect."

"Oh!" said Jack, "the Imports wanted to let me in for that sort of thing, but I didn't see the use of it, and told them so."

"What did they say?" asked I, astonished at his boldness.

"They didn't like it, of course," said Jack; "but I don't see why they shouldn't do their own jobs."

"Well," said I, "I wouldn't mind if I could stick out too, but somehow I'm in for it now."

And off I started on my round of errands.

I was, however, greatly impressed with Jack's cool treatment of the whole affair. I would as soon have dreamed of refusing to go an errand for Doubleday or Wallop as of flying. The office, I knew full well, would soon be made pretty hot for me if I did, and it was a marvel how Jack apparently got over the difficulty so easily.

He was one of those fellows, you know, who seem to care absolutely nothing about what others think of them. It's all one if fellows hate them or love them, and as for being influenced by any desire to cultivate the good graces of one's neighbors, you might as well expect a bear to cultivate the good graces of a porpoise.

I soon began to suspect that Jack was not altogether comfortable in his new quarters, although he never hinted to the contrary. There were vague rumors which came across the partition of uncomfortableness which silently went on, and in which Jack took a prominent part; and an event which happened just a week after our arrival made the thing certain.

One morning, Mr. Barnacle, apparently in a great hurry, looked in at the Import door and called out: "Smith, make me three copies of Elmore's last consignment, at once, on foreign paper."

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

After a pause, I heard him say: "Will you give me that entry book, please, Harris, to make the copies from?"

"No," curtly replied Harris; "I'm using it."

"But Mr. Barnacle says he must have it at once."

"I can't help that," said Harris.

"That's right, Harris!" said another voice. "Pay him out for his beastly, selfish ill nature!"

"Will you lend me the book, Harris?" again demanded Jack, in tones which I could tell were fast losing their calmness.

"No, I won't! and what's more, shut up your row!" replied Harris.

There was a pause; then I heard Jack get off his stool and march boldly to the door. He came out and passed solemnly through our office to the door of Mr. Barnacle's room, which he entered.

Next moment Mr. Barnacle came out, very red in the face, and demanded, in a loud voice, "Who is it using the entry book? Didn't you hear me say the copies were to be made at once, sir? Let Smith have the book!"

"It's on his desk," replied Harris, meekly. "I was only ruling off the last line to show where the accounts ended."

"Copy it at once," said Mr. Barnacle, sharply. "The papers have to be down before twelve, and here's five minutes wasted already."

Smith silently went to work, and Mr. Barnacle withdrew.

"Vile young sneak!" I heard Harris say; "I'll pay you out for that!"

"I didn't want to sneak. You should have given me the book," replied Jack, solemnly.

"I'll give you *something*, see if I don't!" was the reply.

I believe Jack did receive this promised something. He did not come out at midday till late, and then he was pale and flurried.

"Has Harris been bullying you?" I said.

"Been doing his best," replied Jack, gloomily. "I don't much care for him."

This was quite enough. I could guess what it meant.

"I suppose you think I was a fearful sneak?" said Jack.

"No, I don't, old man," said I.

I had, I must confess, felt a little doubtful on the subject; but, then, what else could he have done?

"I'm sorry I did it now," said Jack, solemnly. "I shan't do it again."

"What else could you do?" I asked.

"I shall have to knock Harris down, I suppose," said Jack, so seriously that I stared at him in bewilderment.

Without doubt my poor chum was preparing a warm time for himself with the Imports at Merrett, Barnacle & Co.'s!

That same evening he entered on his new quarters at Mrs. Nash's, greatly to my joy, and greatly to the disgust of everybody else. The boarders had protested, on my arrival, against "another kid being crowded in on them;" and now they objected loudly, but in vain, for Mrs. Nash ruled her household with a despotic hand.

CHAPTER XV.

JACK AND I HAVE AN ADVENTURE.

THE novelty of our life in London soon began to wear off. For the first week or so I thought I never should grow weary of the wonderful streets and shops and crowds of people. And the work at the office, while it was fresh, appeared—especially when enlivened by the pranks of my fellow clerks—more of a game than downright earnest. My eight shillings a week, too, seemed a princely allowance to begin with, and even the lodging house in Beadle Square was tolerable.

But after a month or so a fellow gets wonderfully toned down in his notions. I soon began to pine inwardly for an occasional escape from the murky city to the fresh air of the country. The same routine of work hour after hour, day after day, week after week, grew wearisome.

And I began to find out that even the lordly income of eight shillings a week didn't make the happy possessor, who had to clothe and feed himself, actually a rich man; while as for Mrs. Nash's, the place before long became detestable. The fact is, that I, with no cheerier home than Brownstroke to look back on, became desperately homesick before three months in London were over; and, but for my friend Smith, I might have deserted entirely.

However, Smith, solemn as he was, wouldn't let me get quite desperate. He was one of those even tempered sort of fellows who never gush either with joy or sorrow, but take things as they come, and, because they never let themselves get elated, rarely let themselves get down.

"Fred," he said to me one day, when I was in the dumps, "what's wrong?"

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "I'm getting rather sick of London, I think."

"Not much use getting sick of it yet," said he. "Time enough in fifty years."

"Jack," said I, "if I thought I had all my life to live here, I should run away."

"You're a duffer, old man. Aren't you getting on at Hawk Street, then?"

"Oh yes, well enough, but it's most fearfully slow. The same thing every day."

Jack smiled.

"They can't alter the programme to suit just you."

"Of course not," I cried, feeling very miserable, "of course I'm an ass, but I'd sooner be back at Stonebridge House than here."

"By the way," said Smith, suddenly, "talking of Stonebridge House, who do you think I ran against today at dinner time?"

"Who, old Henniker?" I inquired.

"Rather not. If I had, I think I should have been game for running away along with you. No, it was Flanagan."

"Was it? I should like to have seen him. What's he doing?"

"Not much, I fancy. He says his brother's a solicitor, and he's come up to loaf about in his office and pick up a little law."

"Oh, I like that," I cried, laughing. "Think of old Flanagan a lawyer. But didn't he say where he was living?"

"Yes, Cabbage Street, in Hackney. I forget the number. I say, Fred, suppose we take a stroll this evening and try to find him out. It'll do you good, a walk."

I gladly consented. We gave Mrs. Nash due notice that we should not be home to supper, and might possibly be out after ten, and then sallied forth. Hackney was a good four miles from Beadle Square, and by the time we discovered Cabbage Street it was almost time to be returning. But having come so far, we were resolved we would at least make an effort to find out our old schoolfellow.

But the fates were against us. Cabbage Street was a new street of small houses, about a third of a mile long. Even if we had known the number it would have taken some time to discover the house; but without that information it was simply impossible. We did try. Jack took the left of the street and began knocking at the odd numbers, starting from 229; while I attacked the even numbers on the right side. But as far as we went no one knew of a Flanagan, and we had to give it up.

It was half past nine when we finally abandoned the search and turned our faces citywards once more.

"Horrid sell," said Jack. "We shall have to find out where his brother's office is from the directory, and get at him that way."

We walked back hard. Mrs. Nash's temper was never to be relied on, and it was ten to one she might lock us out for the night.

Luckily Jack was up to all the short cuts, and he piloted me through more than one queer looking slum on the way.

At last we were getting near our journey's end, and the prospect of a "lock out" from our lodgings was looming unpleasantly near, when Jack took me by the arm and turned up a dark, narrow passage.

"I'm nearly certain it's got a way out at the other end," he said, "and if so, it will take us right close to the square."

I followed him, trusting he was right, and inwardly marveling at his knowledge of the ins and outs of the great city.

But what a fearful "skeery" looking hole that passage was!

There were wretched, tumbledown houses on either side, so wretched and tumbledown that it seemed impossible any one could live in them. But the houses were nothing to the people. The court was simply swarming with people. Drunken and swearing men; drunken and swearing women; half naked children who swore too.

It was through such a company that we had to thread our way down my friend Smith's "short cut." As we went on, it became worse, and what was more serious was that everybody seemed to come out to their doors to stare at us. Supposing there were no way through, and we had to turn back, it would be no joke, thought I, to face all these disreputable looking loungers who already were making themselves offensive as we passed, by words and gestures.

I could tell by the way Smith strode on that he felt no more comfortable than I did.

"You're sure there's a way through?" I said.

"Almost sure," he answered.

At the same moment a stone struck me on the cheek. It was not a hard blow, and the blood which mounted to my face was quite as much brought there by anger as by pain.

"Come on!" said Smith, who had seen what happened.

Coming on meant threading our way through a knot of young roughs, who evidently considered our appearance in the court an intrusion and were disposed to resent it. One of them put out his foot as Smith came up with a view to trip him, but Jack saw the maneuver in time and walked round.

Another hustled me as I brushed past, and sent me knocking up against Jack, who, if he hadn't stood steady, would have knocked up against some one else, and so pretty certainly have provoked an assault. How we ever got past these fellows I can't imagine; but we did, and for a yard or two ahead the passage was clear.

"Shall we make a rush for it?" I asked of Jack.

"Better not," said he. "If there is a way through, we must be nearly out now." He spoke so doubtfully that my heart sank quite as much as if he had said there was no way through and we must turn back.

However, what lay immediately before us was obscured by a suddenly collected crowd of inhabitants, shouting and yelling with more than ordinary clamor. This time the center of attraction was not ourselves, but a drunken woman, who had got a little ragged boy by the collar, and was beating him savagely on the head with her by no means puny fist.

"There! take that, you young—— ! I'll do for you this time!"

And without doubt it looked as if we were to witness the accomplishment of the threat. The little fellow, unable even to howl, reeled and staggered under her brutal blows. His pale, squalid face was covered with blood, and his little form crouching in her grip was convulsed with terror and exhaustion. It was a sickening spectacle.

The crowd pressed round, and yelled and laughed and hooted. The woman, savage enough as she was, seemed to derive fresh vehemence from the cries around her, and redoubled her furious blows.

One half smothered moan escaped the little boy's lips as she swung him off his feet, and flung him down on the pavement.

Then Jack and I could stand it no longer.

"Let the child alone!" cried Jack, at the top of his voice.

I shall never forget the sudden weird hush which followed that unexpected sound. The woman released her grasp of her victim as if she had been shot, and the crowd, with a shout on their lips, stopped short in amazement.

"Quick, Fred!" cried Jack, flying past me.

He dashed straight to where the little boy lay, swept him up in his arms, and then, with me close at his heels, was rushing straight for the outlet of the court, which, thank Heaven! was there, close at hand. Next moment we were standing in the street which led to Beadle Square.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT FIRST CAME OF OUR ADVENTURE.

IT all took less time to accomplish than it takes to write, and once out of that awful court, we could hardly tell whether we were awake or dreaming.

The boy, however, in Jack's arms settled that question.

"Come on, quick!" said Smith, starting to run again. "They'll be out after us."

We hurried on until we were in Beadle Square.

"What's to be done?" I asked.

"We must take him in with us," said Jack. "Look at the state he's in."

I did look. The little fellow, who seemed about eight years old, was either stunned by his last blow or had fainted. His face, save where the blood trickled down, was deadly pale, and as his head with its shocks of black hair lay back on Jack's arm, it seemed as if he could not look in worse plight were he dead.

"We must take him with us," said Jack.

"What will Mrs. Nash say?" was my inward ejaculation, as we reached the door.

All the lights were out. We knocked twice and no one came. Here was a plight! Locked out at this hour of night, with a half dead child in our charge!

"Knock again," said Jack.

I *did* knock again, a wonderful knock, that must have startled the cats for a mile round, and this time it called up the spirit we wished for.

There was a flicker of a candle through the keyhole, and a slipshod footstep in the hall, which gave us great satisfaction. Mrs. Nash opened the door.

At the sight of our burden, the abuse with which she was about to favor us faded from her lips as she gazed at us in utter amazement.

"Why, what's all this? eh, you two? What's this?" she demanded.

"I'll tell you," said Jack, entering with his burden; "but I say, Mrs. Nash, can't you do something for him? Look at him!"

Mrs. Nash was a woman, and whatever her private opinion on the matter generally may have been, she could not resist this appeal. She took the little fellow out of Jack's arms and carried him away to her own kitchen, where, after sponging his bruised face and forehead, and giving him a drop of something in a teaspoon, and brushing back his matted hair and loosing his ragged jacket at the neck, she succeeded in restoring him to his senses.

It was with a thrill of relief that we saw his eyes open and a shade of color come into his grimy cheeks.

"What have you been doing to him?" said Mrs. Nash.

"He has been knocked about," said Jack, modestly, "and Batchelor and I got him away."

"And what are you going to do with him?" inquired Mrs. Nash, who, now that her feminine offices were at an end, was fast regaining her old crabbedness.

"He'd better go to bed," said Smith. "I'll have him in my bed."

"No, you won't!" said Mrs. Nash, decisively.

"We can't turn him out at this time of night," said I.

"Can't help that. He don't sleep here, the dirty little wretch."

"He'll be murdered if he goes back," said Jack.

"That's no reason I should have my house made not fit to live in," said Mrs. Nash.

"He won't do any harm, I'll see to that," said Smith, rising and taking the boy up in his arms.

"I tell you I ain't going to allow it," said Mrs. Nash.

But Jack without another word carried off his burden, and we heard his footsteps going slowly up the stairs to the bedroom. I stayed for some time endeavoring to appease Mrs. Nash, but without much effect.

She abandoned her first idea of rushing out and defending the cleanliness of her house by force of arms, but in place of that relieved herself in very strong language on the subject of Jack Smith generally, and of me in aiding and abetting him, and ended by announcing that she gave us both warning, and we might look out for somebody else to stand our impudence (she called it "imperence"), for *she* wouldn't.

When I went up stairs Jack and his small *protégé* were in bed and asleep. I was quite startled when I caught sight of their two heads side by side on the pillow. It looked for all the world like a big Jack and a little Jack.

"Wouldn't Jack be flattered if I told him so!" thought I.

I was not long in following their example. All night long I dreamed of Flanagan and that dreadful court, and of those two heads lying there side by side.

When I awoke in the morning it was very early and not yet light. I soon discovered that what had aroused me was a conversation going on in the next bed.

"Ga on! you let me be," I heard a shrill voice say.

"Hush! don't make a noise," said Jack. "I'll take you home in the morning all right."

"I ain't done nothink to you," whined the boy.

"I know. No one's going to hurt you."

"You let me be, then; do you 'ear?" repeated the boy. "What did you fetch me 'ere for?"

"You were nearly being killed last night," said Jack.

"You're a lie, I worn't," was the polite answer.

"Yes you were," said Jack. "A woman was nearly murdering you."

"That was my old gal—'tain't no concern of yourn."

Evidently there was little use expecting gratitude out of this queer specimen of humanity; and Jack didn't try.

"You stay quiet and go to sleep, and I'll give you some breakfast in the morning," he said to his graceless little bedfellow.

"You ain't a going to take me to the station, then?" demanded the latter.

"No."

"Or the workus?"

"No."

"Or old shiny togs?"

"Who?"

"Shiny togs—you know—the bloke with the choker."

"I don't know who you mean."

"Go on!—you know 'im—'im as jaws in the church with 'is nightgown on."

"Oh, the good clergyman," said Jack, hardly able to repress a smile. "No. I'll take you back to your home."

"To my old gal?"

"Yes, to your mother."

"You ain't a 'avin' a lark with me, then?"

"No," said Jack, pitifully.

With this assurance the small boy was apparently satisfied, for he pursued the conversation no longer, and shortly afterwards I fell off to sleep again.

When next I woke it was broad daylight, and Jack Smith was standing by my bed.

"Fred, I say, he's bolted!" he exclaimed, in an agitated voice, as I sat up and rubbed my eyes.

"Who—the kid?" I asked.

"Yes."

"He's a nice amiable young specimen," replied I. "When did he go?"

"I don't know. When I woke up he was gone."

"Well, it's a good riddance," said I, who really did not see why Jack should be so afflicted about such a graceless young ragamuffin. "Do you know Mrs. Nash has given us both warning over this business?"

"I don't care. But, I say, I wonder if he's hiding anywhere."

"Not he. He's safe away, depend upon it, and if Mrs. Nash had had any silver spoons they'd be safe away too."

Jack began to dress thoughtfully, and then said:

"I'm sorry he's gone."

"I don't see why you should be," I said. "The ungrateful young cad! If it hadn't been for you he might have been killed."

Jack smiled. "He didn't think so himself," he said. "He told me I'd no business to interfere between him and his 'gal,' as he politely styles his mother. Poor little beggar! I dare say he'll catch it all the worse now."

"Hullo! I say!" exclaimed Jack, feeling in his pockets. "I'm positive I had a shilling and two pennies in my pocket yesterday evening. I must have been robbed in that court!"

The money had evidently gone, and, what was more, I made the pleasant discovery that a sixpence which I had in my pocket, as well as my penknife, were both missing!

Jack and I looked at one another.

"The young thief!" I exclaimed.

"Perhaps it was done in the court," said Jack. "There was an awful crowd there, you know."

"All very well," I replied; "but, as it happens, I had my knife out before I went to bed, to cut one of my bootlaces, and when I put it back in my pocket I distinctly remember feeling the sixpence there. No; our young hopeful's done this bit of business."

"I'm awfully sorry, Fred," said Jack; "it was my fault bringing him here."

We went down to breakfast in a somewhat perturbed state of mind. Here we found the assembled company in a state of great excitement.

Mr. Horncastle, who occupied a bed in the next dormitory to that where Jack and I slept, had missed his collar stud, which he described as "red coral," and, complaining thereof to Mrs. Nash, had been told by that lady that Smith and Batchelor had brought a young pickpocket into the house with them last night, and, that being so, she was only surprised Mr. Horncastle had not lost all the jewelry he possessed. Whereat, of course, Mr. Horncastle was in a mighty state of wrath, and quite ready for poor Jack and me when we appeared.

"Oh, here you are. Perhaps you'll hand me out half a sov., you two."

"What for?" demanded I.

"Never you mind, but you'd better look sharp, or I'll give you in charge!" said Horncastle, pompously.

"You're funny this morning," said I, utterly at a loss to guess what he was driving at.

"So will you be funny when you get transported for stealing!"

"What do you mean?" asked Smith, solemnly.

"Mean! why I mean my collar stud."

A general laugh interrupted the speaker at this point, which did not tend to improve his spirits.

"What's your collar stud to do with me, or Batchelor?" demanded Smith, who evidently saw nothing to laugh at.

"Why you've stolen it!" shouted Horncastle.

Smith gazed solemnly at the speaker.

"You're a fool," he said, quietly.

This cool remark drove the irate Horncastle nearly frantic. He advanced up to Smith with a face as red as the collar stud he had lost, and cried:

"Say that again and I'll knock you down."

"You're a fool," quietly repeated Jack.

Horncastle didn't knock him down or attempt to do so. He turned on his heel and said:

"We'll see if we're to be robbed by shop boy cads, or any of your young thieving friends. I'll complain to the police, and let them know you know all about it, you two."

"I don't know anything about it," said I, feeling it incumbent on me to make a remark, "except that I don't think a red bone collar stud costs ten shillings."

This occasioned another laugh at the expense of Mr. Horncastle, who retorted:

"You're a companion of thieves and blackguards, that's what you are. I'll have you kicked out of the house."

And as if to suit the action to the word, he advanced towards me and aimed a vigorous kick at my person.

I had just time to dodge the blow, but as I did so something kicked against my hand. Fancy my astonishment when, stooping to pick it up, I found that it was the missing red bone collar stud, which had dropped into the leg of its stately owner's trousers, and which this kick had unearthed from its hiding place!

The laugh was now all against the discomfited Horncastle. Even those who had at first been disposed to side with him against Jack and me could not resist the merriment which this revelation occasioned, particularly when the stud, which Horncastle at once identified, was discovered to be an ordinary painted bone article, with a good deal of the red worn off, of the kind usually sold in the street for a penny.

Jack and I had at least the relief of feeling that so far we ourselves were the only sufferers by our hospitality to our little ragamuffin acquaintance.

But more was to come of this adventure, as the reader will see.

(To be continued.)

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$300,000 BY ECONOMY.

On another page of this week's ARGOSY our readers will find an illustrated article on smoking. As an appropriate appendix thereto we quote the following from the *Evening Sun*:

The other day one of the New York Central Railroad employees called on Mr. Depew and complained that his salary was not large enough to live comfortably.

"Well," said the railroad magnate, "I'll tell you a little story. Some years ago a man who was in our employ, getting a much smaller salary than yours is, came to me with the same complaint you are now making. I asked him how many cigars he smoked a day, and he said four.

"'And how many do you give away?

"'About four more.'

"'Well,' said I, 'economize in your tobacco and you will learn to be saving in other things.'

"I told him to try my advice and see how he liked it. I didn't see anything of him for about a year; but one day he came in and asked me how he could best invest $1,000 which he had saved. I advised him to buy New York, New Haven & Hartford stock, which was at that time very low. He put his money into $5,000 worth of stock, happening to strike a particularly good bargain, and today he is worth $300,000. Now I do not claim that this man's success is attributable to my suggestion, but I do declare that if a person tries to economize he will be surprised at the result."

The applicant for an increase in salary listened with keen interest while Mr. Depew was talking, and then remarked that he guessed there was something in economy and that he would try it on for a while.

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BANDMASTER (new campaign band).—"Shentlemens, we haff an engagement tonight to blay in von torchlight procession."

FIRST CORNET (in alarm).—"But dot band is only shust being organized. We haff not blay together yet alreatty."

"Dat mocks nix ouse. You all blay vat you blease. I haff von strong mans on dot base drum."

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