

THE ARGOSY

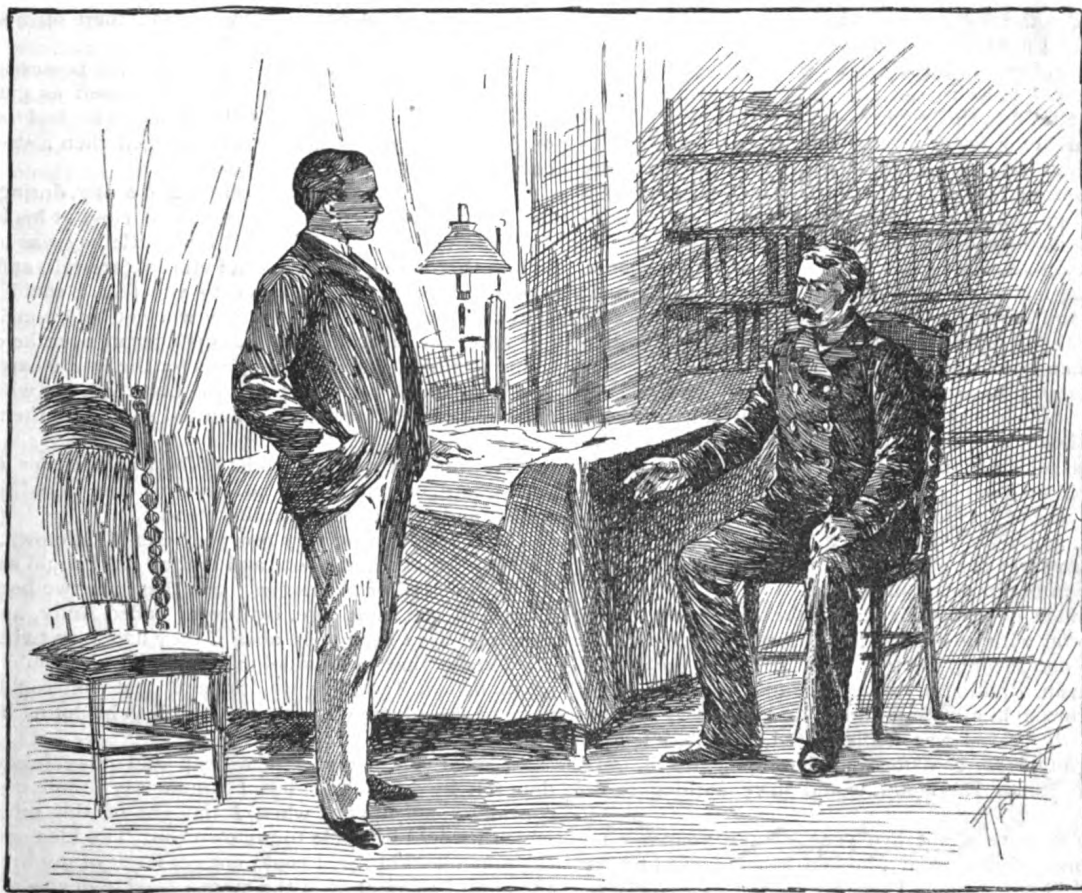
Vol. X, No. 5.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1890.

WHOLE No. 395.

ONE BOY'S HONOR; OR, THE FREAKS OF A FORTUNE.

BY EDGAR R. HOADLEY, JR.



"IS THERE ANY ONE YOU CAN THINK OF WHO WOULD WISH TO DO YOU AN INJURY?"

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONFESSION.

AS Andy has told it afterwards, he felt that the day of his visit to the Safe Deposit Company was one of the turning points in his life, and it was with quickened heart beats that he awaited the opening of his uncle's pri-

vate vault containing his papers and securities. As a sealed envelope was handed him, indorsed, "For my Nephew, Randolph Raymond; Strictly Private," his heart sank, and his worst fears seemed to be confirmed. It now only remained to inform himself of the particulars.

A memorandum of the papers and securities found in the

vault was taken, and then Andy made his way to what now seemed to him his more than desolate home.

He never could recollect much of that journey up town. The sealed paper in his pocket commanded his thoughts to the exclusion of all else, and, without knowing how he got there, he soon found himself on an Elevated train speeding quickly northward. He as mechanically reached his uncle's house on Fifth Avenue, situated among numerous other brown stone fronts, and went at once to the library.

To break the seal and remove the wrapper from the document was only the work of a moment.

This was what Andy read :

"MY DEAR SON: When you read these words I shall have passed away, perhaps without ever having called you by that name so dear to a loving father's heart—son.

"I address you thus because you *are* my son, as I shall prove to you when you have read what is here set down. Through all the years that you have lived as my nephew, and I as your uncle, you have given me more than a son's affection, and I am sure my love for you has only been strengthened by the secret of your true relationship. That secret has been the one dark cloud that has shadowed my later years, and my conscience has so troubled me I feel I cannot further, in fear of the hereafter, risk the chances of carrying the weight of my guilt and deception to the grave; hence I commit all to this paper, confident that you will not judge me harshly or condemn me without pity.

"In the first flush of success of my scheme, when my heart had been hardened and blackened and you were yet a mere babe, I gave little thought to the gross wrong and injustice I had done both to the dead and the living; but as the years passed, and you developed into such a sensible, upright young fellow, giving to me the love and respect that only a pure and honorable parent could command, my conscience constantly upbraided me, and I felt that I was a most miserable hypocrite.

"Many times I have been tempted to tell you all, but when I saw how happy you were, and how implicit your faith in my honor and integrity, I shrank from the revelation. It was selfish in me, I know, but I feared I would lose that love you already bore me, and could not command a son's love, or even respect, in its place. I felt that I was growing old, and it would be only a few more years that I would have to carry my guilt, like a haunting shadow, ever at my elbow in my happiest moments.

"I have made efforts partially to right this wrong I have done, but so far with no success; therefore I bequeath this mission to you, feeling assured that you will seek your wronged cousin, Randolph Raymond, and, if found, that you will restore to him what is rightfully his.

"In my early years I was a dissipated, worthless fellow, squandering my every cent for soul destroying drink. My only brother, James Raymond, would have nothing to do with me.

"When you were about five years of age your mother died (God forgive me!), from a broken heart, caused by my excesses and ill treatment. I loved you then as the only tie that could bind me to better things, and, after your mother's death, I realized what a miserable wretch I was becoming. I endeavored to throw off my old enemy and be a man once more for your sake.

"I could get nothing to do, for no one would trust me, but I struggled on, getting odd jobs here and there, and managed to pay your board and my own at a widow's in Bellport, Maine.

"About this time I received a telegram from my brother, who lived in the adjacent village of Middletown, stating

that he was ill, and requesting my immediate presence. I had not seen my brother for more than three years, though your mother had been well acquainted with his wife, and had visited her several times before her death. She had died just a year prior to your mother's decease.

"As I journeyed to my brother's house, I could not help thinking how strange it was that we were both widowers, both having sons about the same age; but while James had prospered, and by industry and sobriety amassed a fortune, I had wasted my substance and was almost a beggar.

"And I also remembered a strange fact that had often been remarked upon by your mother—the almost startling resemblance that existed between you and James's little boy Randolph.

"On my arrival at my brother's I found him fatally ill, with only a few more hours of life. He asked me how I had been prospering, and if I had overcome my appetite for drink. I could only tell him that I was struggling to earn enough to provide food and shelter for us both; but I felt considerable pride in informing him that I had resolved never to touch intoxicating drink again. He made me solemnly swear to abstain forever, and there on his death bed I took a vow I have never broken.

"He told me he would leave all of his possessions, in money and property, to his son, with myself as guardian. This confidence of my brother in me, who had been an outcast, touched me deeply, and seemed then a strong incentive to my future good conduct.

"My brother lingered for a night and a day, during which time he made his will, and I remained close at his bedside until the end came. Meanwhile his little boy was brought to him that he might bid him an eternal farewell, and I was so startled by his resemblance to you that I could hardly convince myself that my own boy was not before me.

"After the funeral, when I was pondering over the change in my fortunes, and devising plans for the future care of the two boys left to my protection, the first thoughts which led up to the dastardly crime I committed suggested themselves to me.

"How easy it would be to have the true heir, for whom I was guardian, put where no trace of him could ever be found, and substitute you in his stead!

"In the first place, very few people in Middletown, if any of them, knew I had a son, and if they did I could say that he died soon after his mother; and then, the two boys were almost of the same age, both were called Andy, and they could not have been more alike if they had been twins.

"I knew that as Randolph's guardian I should derive small benefit from his wealth, and that you could enjoy none of the advantages that would fall to his lot as he grew older.

"I loved you, Andy, with a deep and powerful love seldom felt by any parent, but I cannot say I had no selfish considerations in view when I thought of this scheme by which I would be uncle to my own son. The idea once having taken hold of me, I could not get it out of my brain, and the more I thought of it the more I tried to devise means to carry it into effect.

"I returned to Bellport, and I was further encouraged to carry out my deception by meeting a sailor, Bob Murdock by name, whose services I could command by fear of the exposure of a crime he had committed while serving under me several years before. I then went to New York and arranged for board for myself and nephew in a respectable neighborhood up town.

"After all legal details had been disposed of in Middletown, I prepared to make the exchange of the boys. Ac-

ording to a prearranged plan, I was to leave Middletown with Randolph, and Murdock was to meet me with yourself at the railroad station in New York.

"Murdock did meet me, but for some reason failed to go up to Bellport after you, and had arranged for a friend of his to bring you down. As I could not wait for your arrival, on account of important business down town, I left Randolph with him, and instructed him to make the necessary changes in attire to avoid possible detection before taking you to the boarding house.

"That evening, on my arrival home, I found you and I knew Murdock had made the exchange.

"To convince myself that there had been no mistake, I examined your arm and found thereon the tattooed letters that had been put there by a wandering sailor who had once stopped at my house. They were the words 'Gluck Auf,' meaning 'good luck,' an expression used by the miners near the Black Forest, Germany. I was told that they were supposed to possess some occult power for good to the bearer of them.

"Well, Murdock disappeared with your cousin Randolph and from that day your name became Randolph instead of Alexander; but if your cousin cannot be found, there is no occasion for any one knowing it but yourself.

"Since then I have heard of the two but once, and that was about seven years ago, when I accidentally learned they were in Mexico. My desire to find them then was not so strong as it became in later years, but I did make an effort to do so. Before I could get any word to them they had mysteriously disappeared from the City of Mexico, where they had been.

"Although I had sufficient money for my own needs, I soon afterwards secured a berth as second officer on a steamer. I rose rapidly till I became captain, which position I held till you were about ten years of age.

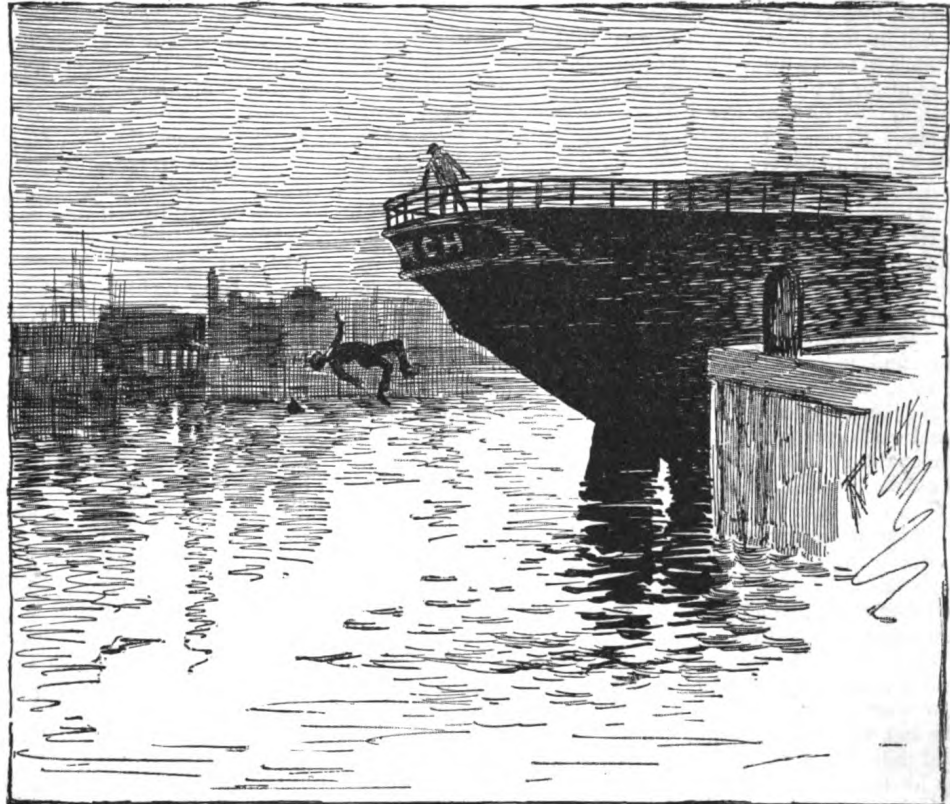
"In conclusion, I would say to you, in case you are successful in finding your cousin, that a proper and just restitution would be the amount left by my brother (a schedule of his property is here inclosed), with interest added up to the date of turning it over to him.

"It gives me great satisfaction to know that even after you have made this just return you will be amply provided for, as all the money and property over and above that named in this schedule was made by me in lucky investments with my legal allowance as guardian.

"And now, my son, having confessed to you the only crime of my life, I hope the Almighty will remember the good I have done, and endeavored to do, and not count it too hard against me in the final reckoning up. May you

judge me charitably, and forgive me if you can, for depriving you of the knowledge of a father's love.

"I have implicit confidence in your high sense of honor and justice, and feel that it is hardly necessary for me to urge you to seek your cousin. If I had not such confidence in your future action, the writing of these words would not give me the relief it does.



WITH A SMOTHERED CRY ANDY FELL OVER THE RAIL INTO THE RIVER.

"Farewell! my son! God bless you and keep you upright.
Your father,

"JOHN RAYMOND."

"P. S.—Since writing the foregoing I have received a letter from one Job Seaforth, who says he was the man who brought you from Bellport to New York, and has some information as to the whereabouts of your cousin. Before I could communicate with him his ship, the Grecian Monarch, had sailed, and I understand she will not be in port again until about the 15th of April. I would advise you to be sure to see him, in case anything should happen to me before that time. He says he is the first officer of the Grecian Monarch."
J. R.

"New York, March 10th, 18—."

CHAPTER V.

AN ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE ULYSSES.

IT would be hard to describe the emotions which filled Andy's heart and brain as he followed the self-condemning words of his uncle, or his father, we should say. He was a young man of high and noble aims, and he was filled with bitter shame and grief at witnessing the shattering of his idol of honor and goodness.

Where he got his strength of character from he could

never determine ; but, now that he had learned that he whom he had regarded as his uncle was really his father, and was guilty of a crime, he could only attribute it to his mother, whom he could not remember.

Though he had found a father, and lost an uncle, he felt that the change in the relationship had not made the blow harder to bear. The revelation of his true relation to his uncle could not materially alter his affection for him, for he felt that he could not have loved him more if he had known him as his father all his life.

But he had to confess to himself that his mortification and shame were intensified by the knowledge that his father had committed a felony, for it seemed to him that the nearer the relation to him of the perpetrator the more heinous the crime. It was a cruel blow to find his father thus. Much better had he never known him, he at first thought ; but then the necessity for atonement immediately suggested itself, and he felt that things were better as they were.

He could, if he so desired, destroy the confession, keep all the wealth to become his at his majority, and carry the secret to his death. He thought of this in a mechanical sort of way, without the slightest intention or desire to do anything of the kind. Every sense of his nature called for restitution, and he knew he could never rest until he had found his cousin, or been convinced of his death.

He mentally resolved that full and complete justice should be done to the wronged boy, without considering himself. He could not feel that he was rightfully entitled to any of the wealth his father had left until the fate of the defrauded heir was known.

These and many other thoughts and emotions filled Andy's entire being as he sat for over an hour after perusing the confession. As his thoughts became more connected and calm he came to a silent determination as to what his future movements should be.

He would first bend all his efforts towards tracing his lost and defrauded cousin, and if found would then decide with him what further should be done. He felt that within the last hour he had stepped from boyhood to man's estate, and indeed it did seem as if a more serious expression rested on his face.

It is strange how, during the most trying periods in our lives, trivial things will attract our attention and cling to our memory ever afterward. With all of his anguish of spirit, Andy remembered that some sparrows were twittering about the library window, and beyond, on the avenue, he could hear the clack clack of horses' hoofs, and the muffled rumble of an elevated train.

There was a vivifying freshness in the spring air that appealed to the buoyant spirits of youth, and Andy felt imbued with a confidence and power to execute successfully the mission bequeathed him by his father.

As the only clew with which to begin his search, he reread the postscript to the paper before him, and suddenly remembered that that very day was the 15th of April.

Was the Grecian Monarch in port? He hastily reached for the *Herald*, and turned to the shipping news.

She was not among the arrivals, and he was about to cast the paper aside in disappointment, when he bethought himself to see if she was among those "spoken." Yes, there it was, the only item of news under that head.

"Steamship Grecian Monarch, Wilson, from London, April 12th. Lat. 42 deg. Long. 67 deg., 30 min."

"That must be only about two hundred miles from port," said Andy to himself, and he endeavored to fix in his mind the intersecting point of the latitude and longitude given, "and if she is not disabled she should be here now."

To verify his mental calculations he took a chart, from numerous others in the bottom drawer of the bookcase, and spread it on the table. A close examination confirmed his estimated figures, and the point, as measured by the dividers, was a trifle over two hundred miles from New York, in a direct line.

At the latest, the vessel bringing this report must have arrived the evening before, and as the Grecian Monarch was bound in the same direction, the latter must certainly have met with some accident or she too would have arrived.

"Perhaps she is at her dock now," said Andy to himself. "But what's the use of speculating about the matter? I'll go down and find out."

Just as he was about to replace the chart in its place a servant opened the door and said :

"Captain Manning is in the reception room, and wishes to see you, Master Andy."

Though Andy felt that he was already a man, and entitled to be recognized as such, he did not resent the juvenile prefix to his name.

The servants had all become used to it when there had been a "Mr." in the household, and could not easily change to a more formal mode of address. Besides, there was a certain feeling of pride and affection among them in being thus semi familiar with the one who was now their master. To have said Mr. Randolph, or Mr. Raymond, would have been like introducing a stranger amongst them in the one case, and like usurping their beloved master's place in his own house in the other.

"Show him in," responded Andy, wondering what had brought the sailing master of the *Ulysses* to the house.

Captain Manning was what would be still considered a young man, being a few years less than forty, and possessed a thick set, sturdy frame, slightly under the average height. He had been in the revenue marine in his earlier years, and since then had been second officer, executive officer and captain, in the merchant service.

Having an invalid wife, and feeling the necessity of being at home as much as possible, he had accepted the position as master of the *Ulysses* when she was launched, and was virtually her captain. He had entire charge of the yacht when in commission or out, and Andy was only nominally her captain, as a mark of honor, when off on a cruise.

Captain Manning had always gone to the office of Colonel Lagrange, even during his father's life, to make his reports, or receive instructions in regard to the fitting out or movements of the yacht, and Andy was naturally curious to learn the object of his call.

"Laying out your programme for the season, Andy?" questioned Manning, after the usual greetings were over, pointing to the chart on the table.

"No, not exactly ; I was looking to find the exact position of a steamer, inward bound, which has been spoken."

"Was it one of the European steamers with friends on board?"

"No ; all of my friends are thinking about going the other way just at present," smiled Andy. "It was the Grecian Monarch, of the Monarch Line."

"She has arrived ; she was anchored in the lower harbor last night, and came up to her dock this morning."

"I'm glad of it," said Andy, with satisfaction. "I'll pay her a visit this afternoon."

"Do you know anybody aboard of her, Andy?" asked the sailing master, evincing, as Andy thought, more curiosity than was warranted.

"Only an old friend and messmate of Uncle Jack's whom he requested me to see when he came into port," replied

Andy, evasively and coldly, without departing from the truth.

"Beg your pardon, Andy, I didn't mean to pry into your affairs," said the master of navigation gently, noticing the repulsion in the boy's tones. "I had an object in it. Have you an enemy, or is there any one you can think of who would wish to do an injury to you personally or to your property?"

"No one," replied Andy, decidedly, surprised at the question. "Why do you ask?"

"Last night an attempt was made to set fire to the Ulysses."

"You don't say so!" cried Andy, certainly startled to learn that somebody had evil designs on his most valued possession. "What are the particulars?"

"Yes, I do say so. Well, as you know, we started from the dry dock down to Gowanus yesterday afternoon, and as the crew could not remain aboard, on account of some painting and joiner work to be completed in their quarters, I left a Swede, Carlsen, on board as watchman. He reported to me that he was in the extreme bow, looking towards the lights in the city, when he noticed a rowboat, containing two men, come out from under the shadow of a large steamer anchored near, and head toward the yacht. Supposing they were going to pass considerably astern of the Ulysses, he took no further notice of her. He says he must have stood in the same position fully ten minutes after that, and the rowboat should certainly have disappeared by that time if it had not stopped. Then he noticed a bright red light streaming up from the cabin stairs. He rushed aft, and immediately saw that the companion way was a mass of flames. He also noticed a small boat, containing two men, just disappearing in the gloom, and says these men must have been the incendiaries. Fortunately we had been swelling some fire buckets that day, and a half dozen stood near filled with water. Carlsen promptly grabbed them, one after another, and in a few minutes the flames were extinguished. Judging from the smell of the smoke, and the charred remains found at the foot of the ladder, Carlsen says the parties had deposited there a pile of shavings and oakum, covered with kerosene. The damage is not serious, and can be remedied in a day or two by the carpenter."

"I'm glad it was no worse," said Andy, much relieved. "You can give Carlsen my personal thanks, and tell him I shall not forget him. But what has this got to do with the Grecian Monarch?"

"She was the steamer that was anchored near the yacht last night, and that boat containing the two men came from her."

CHAPTER VI.

ON BOARD THE GRECIAN MONARCH.

"HOW do you know that boat came from the Grecian Monarch? Might they not have rowed close up to the steamer to escape observation?" asked Andy quickly.

"Yes, they might, but they didn't, Andy," replied Manning positively; "and the best evidence in the world that they came from the steamer is that we found their boat way up the Gowanus Canal this morning, and it had the steamer's name on it."

This certainly appeared to be convincing evidence that somebody from the Grecian Monarch had had a hand in the attempt on the yacht. But what possible object could any one on a steamer, just arriving from a Transatlantic voyage, have in attempting to destroy the Ulysses?

Andy could see no possible connection between the event

and the man Seaforth he was expecting to meet, but he could not help thinking there must be some relation between the two.

"Perhaps they were river thieves who had abandoned their own boat and stolen the steamer's," suggested Andy at random, as a last thought.

"River thieves rarely steal boats, Andy; and when they do they put them in hiding somewhere for a time, and then disguise them with a new coat of paint before attempting to sell them. Besides, what good would it do *them* to fire the Ulysses?"

"That's a fact," admitted Andy, utterly at a loss to determine a motive for the act. "They certainly must have been acting from some other incentive. Do you know if the steamship people have missed the boat?"

"No; I was just on my way to find out something about it when I stopped in to see you and inquire how soon you expected to start South."

"I will make some inquiries myself when I go aboard of her this evening, and that will save you the trouble. Our start all depends upon a little matter of business, and I will advise you tomorrow afternoon at three."

"Very good, sir," said the sailing master, taking up his hat to leave. "I will call then. You can tell those steamer people the boat is hauled up on the beach near the Atlantic club house."

Andy accompanied him to the door, and then returned to the library to think over what he had just heard; but all the thinking he could do would not make the matter any clearer. If he really did have an enemy who was bent on doing him or his an injury, he certainly would not rest until he had made another attempt of some sort. If another attack was made on the yacht, or himself, it would prove conclusively that he *did* have a secret enemy, and perhaps in that attempt some motive for his actions might be discovered. Thus Andy felt sure that his enemy, if he had one, would reveal himself sooner or later.

"But what possible connection could that enemy have with the Grecian Monarch?" he asked himself.

The only way to find an answer to that question was to seek for it on board the steamer. He determined to go there at once, and then the thought of seeing the man Seaforth, and getting some information of his cousin, occupied his mind.

He was soon striding rapidly down the avenue. Though springtime was well advanced, and the grass and trees in the park were putting forth fresh and vivid greens, the sky was leaden and lowering, and the damp wind had with it a suggestion of snow as it swept around the corners.

It was late in the afternoon, but the dark, heavy clouds made it appear much later, and already the lights began to twinkle in the shops and flash from the electric lamps. Andy could have taken a conveyance and arrived at his destination much sooner, but the hurrying crowds, rushing teams, and the myriad noises of pulsing life, had an irresistible fascination for him.

It was quite dark when he reached the steamship dock, near the foot of West Twenty Third Street. The street was almost deserted, and, as he passed several dilapidated saloons, about the doors of which were congregated hard visaged men, he felt a slight apprehension of danger.

This fear put him more keenly on the alert, and it would have been hard for any one to have surprised him at that moment. He had arrived opposite the Grecian Monarch's berth, and had crossed the street on his way out on the dock, when a figure stepped out from behind a pile of timbers and intercepted him.

Andy instinctively braced himself for an attack, not without a tremor, but the figure simply asked :

"Will you please tell me what time it is, mister?"

Our hero had often read of the imprudence of taking out a handsome gold watch, especially in a lonely locality, to repond to just such a question.

"About seven o'clock," he answered at random.

"Thank you," replied the man, as he hurried off in the darkness toward the street.

"Polite, to say the least," smiled Andy ; "and I was very foolish to think he intended any harm. There was something peculiarly pleasing about his voice, and I should judge he was a foreigner—a Spaniard or Italian. From what I could see of his dress in the dark, he was certainly not a tramp."

Though the incident was trifling, it was recalled to him with vivid force a short time afterwards, and then he realized that he had obtained a glimpse of his mysterious enemy.

Passing through the small door at the side of the roadway, and making his way through great tiers of coffee which the steamer was discharging, Andy ascended the long creaked gang plank near the after deck house. There was no one near to make inquiries of, the men connected with the ship being no doubt somewhere near the forward hatch, through which the cargo was being hoisted.

And, with the exception of the lantern swung forward for the men to work by, and the faint gleam of a light in the amidships deckhouse, all was in darkness.

Andy stepped forward to the latter, and entered the door. He found himself at the head of quite a spacious stairway, at the top of which swung a lamp, turned low. He stamped with his heel on the upper step to attract the attention of whoever might be below.

In a few minutes a young, ruddy faced man came up the stairs, and Andy noted on his cap that he was second officer.

"Good evening," said Andy. "Can you tell me if Mr. Seaforth is aboard?"

"He is not," replied the young officer, with a decided English accent ; "we left him in Liverpool."

"In Liverpool!" repeated Andy, in surprise and disappointment. He told himself that that exploded the idea that Seaforth had anything to do with the firing of the yacht.

"How is that? I thought he was the first officer of this ship," he continued.

"He was, on the outward trip, but he had the privilege of quitting on the other side, and he did it."

"Do you know why he did so?"

"I understood he was to have the command of a brig in which he and some of the owners of this line had invested considerable money."

Here, then, Andy told himself, was apparently the end of any hope of securing a more definite clew to the whereabouts of his cousin, and he must go ahead simply with the knowledge that he was somewhere in Mexico. Seaforth had probably gone away on a voyage to some far off corner of the globe, and it would doubtless be a long time ere he came to New York again.

"Do you know the name of his brig, or to what port he expected to go in her?" asked Andy, as this latter thought occurred to him.

"I don't know what she was called, but I understood Seaforth to say he had a cargo for New York for his first voyage."

"That is certainly something worth knowing," thought Andy ; "and, although the time of her arrival is indefinite, there is a certainty of seeing her captain before very long."

"I am much obliged to you," said he, feeling that he had concluded his own business on board the steamship ; and then, remembering the yawl that had been picked up, he asked :

"By the way, have you folks lost one of your small boats?"

"Yes. Why?" said the officer, quickly.

"There was one found up the Gowanus Canal this morning having the name of your ship on its stern, and it is now lying on the beach in front of the Atlantic Yacht Club."

Andy did not think it necessary to mention the attempted burning of the yacht, or his suspicion that the incendiaries came from the Grecian Monarch.

"Two of our passengers mysteriously disappeared early last evening while we were down the bay, and they must have gone off in that boat," said the second officer.

"Passengers!" repeated Andy, in surprise, not only at the irregular way of leaving the ship, but at the fact that there were any passengers at all, as the steamer was supposed to carry only freight.

"Well, no, not exactly passengers, but they were the captain and first officer of a Spanish brig, the Santa Rosalie, from Vera Cruz for New York, whom we picked up in an open boat two days ago."

"Do you know their names?" asked Andy, desiring to get all the information he could concerning the men who had acted so suspiciously.

"The captain's name was Cortace and the mate's Madre."

"Thank you," said Andy, backing out of the door.

"Not at all," smiled the young officer ; "the thanks are all on our side. I will send a couple of men down after the yawl early in the morning."

Andy emerged from the deckhouse and stood for a moment thinking over what he had heard about Seaforth. Though he felt sure of eventually seeing the man, and receiving the information he had to impart, he felt that he could not wait for weeks, and possibly longer, before setting out on his search for his cousin.

He could leave a letter at the Maritime Exchange to be delivered to Seaforth on his arrival, and the latter could communicate with him by mail to all points he would designate where he intended to stop. This arrangement would permit him to start on his voyage at once.

Always more at home on the deck of a ship than in his own luxurious mansion, and with no demands on his time, Andy loitered about the busy forward hatch, and finally sauntered towards the stern. The steamship was berthed bow in, and her stern projected quite a distance beyond the end of the dock into the river.

Andy paused near the extreme after rail and gazed out over the inky looking water at the myriad of moving lights on its surface and in twinkling rows over in Hoboken.

At that moment a hand was placed over his mouth, while another grasped his throat, and an effort was made to pull him over backwards.

A thrill of surprise and fear filled him for an instant, and then, with a powerful wrench, he endeavored to face his assailant. He partially succeeded, and prepared himself for a struggle.

"Carajo! no you don't," muttered a voice in Spanish close to his ear.

The words, though in Spanish, were in the unmistakable tones of the man who had intercepted him when coming on the dock.

Before he could catch a glimpse of the fellow's face, there was the flash of a steel blade in the darkness, and, with a smothered cry, Andy fell over the stern rail into the river.

(To be continued.)



BOB PUT HIS EYE TO A CREVICE IN THE SIDE OF THE BARN.

TOM TURNER'S LEGACY.*

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

CLARENCE lost no time in opening the wallet. Might it not still contain the money? His brain reeled as he thought of the dazzling possibility. If any one else but Fritz had found it there would be little chance of the money remaining intact, but the poor demented boy knew nothing of bank bills or their value.

With trembling fingers Clarence opened the wallet and looked inside. There was a thick roll of bills, but whether the whole sum was there or not he could not tell. He did not care to count them in the presence of Fritz, so he hastily thrust the wallet into his pocket, and, turning to the boy, asked, "Where did you find it, Fritz?"

"In the road," answered Fritz.

"Where?"

Fritz in his imperfect way indicated a spot about quarter of a mile from Mr. Thatcher's store.

"Fritz, you are a good boy."

"Then give me another cent," said the boy with a cunning leer.

"All right, Fritz! Here's a bright cent."

Clarence was in a liberal mood, and he handed Fritz a bright cent recently coined. The demented boy was delighted with the gift.

"You needn't tell anybody about this," said Clarence.

"Why not?"

"Because they would take the pennies away from you."

"All right! Fritz won't tell," said the boy, nodding.

"And don't tell any one who gave you the pennies."

"I won't," answered Fritz with a cunning look in his eyes.

"There, I've made it all safe with him," thought Clarence, as he walked thoughtfully away.

His mind was in a tumult, and his brain was busy with the thought that he had actually in his possession a hundred dollars—that is, if nothing had been taken. What was he to do with it? Of course, to a thoroughly honest boy there would have been but one answer to this question. It was his duty to return it to his uncle untouched. If Clarence had been sure of a liberal reward he might have done so, but he knew that John Thatcher was a very close man and would probably not give him even a penny.

"Ten dollars is the least he could decently give me," thought Clarence. But he knew very well there was no chance of this.

Then again he might withhold ten dollars for his own services, but his uncle was of a suspicious nature, and would immediately suspect where the money had gone. A watch would be set upon him, and he would find it quite impossible to spend the money.

Clarence walked slowly across the fields. He was longing for a chance to count the bills, and ascertain whether there were really a hundred dollars in the roll. But he could not venture to do this until he was in a safe place, secure from interruption. As he was considering where to find this spot, his eyes rested upon a dismantled barn belonging to a farm house which had been burned to the ground the year previous and never rebuilt. It was twenty rods away, but he didn't mind the distance.

"No one ever comes there," he soliloquized. "It will be just the right place."

He reached the barn, and entering sat down on a milking stool which had been left behind. Then he drew out the wallet and unrolled the bills. He did not notice that on the other side of the barn was a boy already mentioned in this story—Bob Ainsworth—a friend of Tom Turner. Bob had a gun over his shoulder, and was on a hunting expedition.

*Begun in No 391 of THE ARGOSY.

As he saw Clarence approaching the barn he said to himself, "What's up now, I wonder? What brings Clarence Kent to this old place?"

Bob put his eye to a crevice in the side of the barn, and secured a good view of the occupant.

When the latter drew out the wallet and began to count the bills, Bob's eyes distended with surprise and excitement.

"So Clarence was the thief after all!" he said to himself. "And he was so active in accusing Tom Turner. That boy is about as mean as they make 'em."

Quite unaware that there was any one within hearing, Clarence counted aloud: "Ten, twenty, thirty, forty— Yes, the whole ten bills are there. This is what I call a stroke of luck."

One thing puzzled Bob. Why should Clarence have any doubt that all the bills were in the wallet? It was strange, if he stole or found the wallet, that he had not ascertained this before.

"I wish I knew what to do," said Clarence, still aloud. "If I return the wallet to Uncle John I won't get a cent, although he did offer a reward. He'll think I ought not to have anything because I am his nephew, but I don't do business on those terms. If I could only keep the whole," and Clarence drew a long breath, "I would have plenty of money for the rest of the year. Father only gives me fifty cents a week to spend, and that is next to nothing. What can a fellow do with fifty cents?"

"He couldn't have stolen it after all," thought Bob, "or he wouldn't talk of returning it. He wants to keep it, evidently. I wonder what he'll decide to do?"

"Then there's another thing I might do," continued Clarence in his soliloquy. "Tom Turner's got off, but I might throw suspicion on him again by taking half the money and leaving half in the wallet, and then return it to Uncle John. Tom owns up to having fifty dollars, and that would be just the amount lost. By gum, that's a good idea. Then I should have fifty dollars to spend. I could be very careful about changing the bills, so as not to draw suspicion. I think I'll do it."

"What a mean rascal that Clarence is!" thought Bob with disgust. "He hopes to get Tom in trouble, though he knows he is innocent. But I'll put a spoke in his wheel. Thanks to a pretty sharp pair of ears, I have found out all about his scheme. So he wants to keep fifty dollars himself and throw suspicion on Tom. We'll see how he makes out."

An expression of satisfaction lighted up Clarence's face. His scheme seemed to him an admirable one. He withdrew five bills from the roll and put them in his inside vest pocket. Then he carefully replaced the others and restored the wallet to his coat pocket.

"Now I'll go and see Uncle John," he said.

He left the barn, without discovering that there had been an eye and ear witness to his proceedings.

Bob waited till Clarence was well on his way to the village, and then, giving up all thoughts of hunting, went over to the cottage of Mrs. Turner to see Tom and apprise him of the new plot against him.

Clarence walked with rapid steps to his uncle's store.

Mr. Thatcher was in bad humor. There seemed small chance of his recovering his money. Tom had been acquitted, and there was absolutely no evidence against any one else. The loss of a hundred dollars was no small one to a man of moderate means. When it is considered also that John Thatcher was excessively close and fond of money, it may well be imagined that he was very unhappy.

"People may say what they like neighbor Pearson," said

he to a customer, "I believe that Tom Turner took my money."

"But it was shown that Tom got his money elsewhere," said the neighbor.

"What proof is there of it?"

"The letter written by Judge Scott."

"Has Judge Scott owned up to writing the letter?"

"Why, no."

"And he won't, take my word for it."

"How then do you account for it?"

"The boy forged it."

"That's a very serious accusation, Mr. Thatcher."

"But I mean it all the same. Think for a moment how improbable it is that a gentleman like Judge Scott, who is a sensible man, would give such a sum to Tom Turner."

"You are making out Tom to be a very unprincipled character."

"And so he is."

"Look here," said Mr. Pearson warmly, "I've known Tom ever since he wore dresses, and I've never known him guilty of a mean or dishonest action."

"O, you are prejudiced in his favor. There must always be a beginning. The boy's sly. That's why you and all the rest believe him. I tell you it's pretty hard on me to lose a hundred dollars. I shall never see my wallet again."

"Yes you will, Uncle John," said Clarence, entering the store, "for here it is."

CHAPTER XVI.

TOM'S FINAL VINDICATION.

"WHERE did you get it?" asked the storekeeper, his surprise almost equal to his delight.

"Under a bush by the roadside."

"Where?"

"Not far from Tom Turner's house," answered Clarence significantly.

"Is the money in it?" asked Thatcher apprehensively.

"Part of it."

"Let me see!"

The merchant seized the wallet and opened it hurriedly. He counted the bills, and an expression of disappointment and anger swept over his face.

"Half of the money is gone!" he said. "Here are only fifty dollars."

"That's so," responded Clarence nonchalantly. "That's the way I made it."

"But what has become of the rest?" queried Mr. Thatcher suspiciously.

"I don't know," answered Clarence slowly. "It was fifty dollars that Tom Turner claimed to have received from Judge Scott, wasn't it?"

"That explains it!" exclaimed John Thatcher, pounding the desk with his hand. "That little rascal has taken the money after all, but he has been sly enough to take only part and throw the rest away."

"It looks like it," assented Clarence.

"I'll have the young scoundrel arrested again," said Thatcher, angrily. "We'll see if he'll get off after this discovery."

"It strikes me you will make a fool of yourself, Mr. Thatcher, if you persecute the boy any more," interposed Mr. Pearson. "This discovery, as you call it, is no evidence against him."

"But fifty dollars are missing."

"What of that? If the boy had taken it, he wouldn't have owned up to having fifty dollars in his possession. If he were going to keep a part he would keep the whole."

"He didn't dare to."
 "Besides, there is Judge Scott's letter to show that he really gave the boy fifty dollars."
 "Neighbor Pearson," said Thatcher derisively, "are you really simple enough to believe that Judge Scott wrote that letter?"
 "Yes, I am."

"Just as I thought," Clarence said to himself. "He's too stingy to live."
 "Do you know where the rest of the money is?" asked the uncle eagerly.
 "Of course not, unless it's in Tom Turner's pockets. But don't you think I ought to get something for the fifty dollars I found?"



"I CLAIM THIS BILL AS ONE OF THOSE THAT WERE STOLEN FROM ME."

"Well, I ain't," said Thatcher emphatically.
 "Who did write it then?"
 "The boy wrote it himself."
 "But your brother in law, Squire Kent, recognized Scott's handwriting."
 "Writing is imitated easily," responded Thatcher doggedly.
 "Seems to me you are making out the boy one of the craftiest rascals on record, or one of the greatest simpletons."
 "How's that?"
 "What good would it do him to imitate Judge Scott's handwriting when the judge lives so near, and would be sure to discover it?"
 "He'll disavow it yet. Besides rogues always do manage to outwit themselves, even the smartest."
 "I agree to that, and I'm glad it's true. But Tom Turner is neither a rogue nor a simpleton, as you will find out in time."
 "Uncle John," said Clarence, who had been sitting on a barrel listening with attention to the conversation, "didn't you offer a reward for the return of the wallet?"
 "Yes, and the money in it."
 "How much are you going to give me?"
 "Just find that other fifty dollars and I'll give you a reward."
 "How much?"
 "A dollar," answered Thatcher cautiously.

"How can I afford to pay a reward when I've lost fifty dollars already?" said Thatcher peevishly.
 "Then all I can say is, it's lucky I am honest."
 "What do you mean?"
 "I mean that it isn't much encouragement to return the wallet when I might have kept the fifty dollars and no one been the wiser."
 "I'm surprised at you, Clarence. Aren't you my nephew?"
 "Yes, I suppose so."
 "Then you ought to be glad to give back my money without wanting a reward for it."
 "That isn't business," said Clarence bluntly. "You ought to give me a greater reward on account of the relationship."
 Somehow this didn't seem to impress Mr. Thatcher as conclusive reasoning. But he found it hard to argue with his nephew.
 "Look here, Clarence," he said, "I can't afford to give any reward till I've got back all the money. Maybe the rest of the bills slipped out on the ground. Just go and hunt for them, and if you find them, I'll see what I can do for you. I'll give you—yes, I'll give you a dollar and a half."
 Clarence shrugged his shoulders.
 "Just send that offer to Tom Turner," he said. "It may induce him to fork over."
 "It's a shame that that Turner boy should rob me," fumed John Thatcher. "There must be a law to reach him. If I could only see the squire—"

At this moment Squire Kent entered the store.

"I met Clarence just outside," he said, "and he tells me you have found your wallet."

"Yes, but only half the money. Fifty dollars are missing."

"You are lucky to get so much back."

"I mean to get the whole back. I hope you'll admit now that you were wrong in discharging Tom Turner."

"Why should I admit it?"

"Because the money he claims to have received is the very sum I have lost."

"What does that prove?"

"That he has been spending my money, of course."

"It doesn't follow."

"I want you to make out another warrant for his arrest."

"I can't do it, John. It is clear that he obtained his money from another source."

"I don't believe a word of it, neither does Clarence. He seems to be more clear sighted than his father. He believes with me that Tom Turner has got the other fifty dollars."

"I don't in general consult Clarence in law matters," said the squire stiffly. "I don't propose to make a fool of myself by authorizing the arrest of the Turner boy when his only crime is receiving a present of fifty dollars from Judge Scott."

"So you believe that ridiculous story, do you?"

"I do."

"I gave you credit for more sense."

"John Thatcher, your loss seems to have made you mad."

"I am just as sane as you are, but I am not to be taken in by a thief."

You seem to be imposing upon yourself. Let me dispel your illusion at once by saying that, as you chose to demur to my decision, I telegraphed to Judge Scott an hour since to ascertain whether he gave the Turner boy fifty dollars."

"Well?"

"Here is his answer. Read for yourself."

John Thatcher took the telegraphic message and read.

I gave Tom Turner fifty dollars. He is a good boy.

JAMES SCOTT.

"Perhaps you'll say this telegram is a forgery," continued the squire with sarcasm.

John Thatcher could not find a word to say at first.

"You seem very much taken up with that boy," he muttered after a pause.

"No, I'm not. I don't like him particularly, but as a magistrate I won't be bullied, even by you, into doing an act of injustice."

The squire walked off with head erect, feeling that he had won a victory, leaving his brother in law not in the best of humor.

Meanwhile Clarence took a solitary stroll, enjoying the consciousness of wealth. But this very wealth brought him embarrassment. He could not change a ten dollar bill in the village without exciting suspicion. The fact of his uncle's loss had been so bruited about, that it would be dangerous to let it be known that he had any bills of that denomination in his possession.

"I might as well have no money at all," he muttered in a tone of vexation.

If he could only slip over to New York—he had been there but once in his life—he would have no difficulty in changing the money there.

"Young gentleman, can I sell you any jewelry today—sleeve buttons, bosom studs, chains, rings, etc.?"

Turning quickly Clarence saw that the man accosting him was a peddler, carrying a large square box which he proceed-

ed to open, displaying a stock of jewelry, embracing the articles named and others.

This was the chance that Clarence desired.

"Yes," he said eagerly. "I will buy something if you can change a bill."

"Depends on how big the bill is," returned the peddler jocosely, "If it's a thousand dollar bill I shall have to pass."

"It's only a ten," said Clarence.

"I might manage that, if you buy an article worth a dollar."

"I'll look at some of your jewelry, then."

CHAPTER XVII.

TWO RIVAL CLAIMANTS.

THE jewelry, as might be supposed, was of the cheapest kind. If there was any gold about it, it was infinitesimal in quantity. Still it glittered and looked like the genuine article.

"Here are some sleeve buttons, of a new and novel pattern, exceedingly chaste," said the peddler, producing a showy pair and holding them up with an admiring look.

"Yes, they are pretty," said Clarence. "How much do you ask for them?"

"A dollar."

Clarence, though not an expert in such matters, was inclined to think they were scarcely worth half the money. Still he did not care so much for the buttons as to change the bill.

"I guess I'll take them," he said. "Here is the money."

The peddler scrutinized the bill closely. He saw that Clarence was anxious to change it, and it made him somewhat suspicious.

"This bill is good, of course," he said.

"Of course it is."

"It looks all right, but I am a poor man and can't afford to run any risk."

"If you are any judge of money you ought to know that it is good," said Clarence impatiently.

"I presume it is. Just give me your name, so that if it is wrong I may know whom to call upon to make it right."

Clarence hesitated. He saw at a flash that this would furnish evidence against him, if the peddler should ever make it known that he had paid him a ten dollar bill. An inspiration came to him.

"My name is Tom Turner," he said.

"All right," returned the peddler unsuspectingly, noting it down in a little memorandum book which he carried.

He handed Clarence nine dollars in change, which the latter with great complacency put with the other bills in his inside vest pocket, reserving only one dollar for possible need.

"Are you going to remain long in town?" he asked.

"Depends on my luck. I think I shall leave before night."

"Thank Heaven for that!" inwardly ejaculated Clarence. "The sooner you leave the better for me."

Clarence was too shrewd to display the sleeve buttons, as the sight of them might lead to embarrassing questions. He put them in his pocket and resumed his walk.

Meanwhile the peddler kept on his way, stopping here and there. He congratulated himself on his sale to Clarence, as he had received double the amount he usually asked for such articles.

"I'd like to meet another customer like that," he said to himself, "though I couldn't conveniently change another ten dollar bill. I wonder whether the boy came by it hon-

estly, though that doesn't concern me as long as the bill is good. Still I've got his name, in case of trouble. Tom Turner! I musn't forget that."

Presently he came to the dry goods store of John Thatcher. He did not usually go into stores, but saw a young man standing near the doorway and thought he might prove a customer.

"Can I sell you some jewelry?" he asked.

"If you have any diamond rings for ten cents I'll take one," was the jocular reply.

"Haven't any *first class* diamonds at that price. Let me show you some cuff buttons."

"I'll see what you've got."

As they stood near the front of the store, Mr. Thatcher, who chanced to be unoccupied, came forward and began to examine the stock.

"Here's a fine article," said the peddler. "I sold one just like it to a boy half an hour since."

"What did you get for it?"

"I'll sell it to you for seventy five cents. I charged the boy a dollar because I had to change a ten dollar bill for him."

"A ten dollar bill?" gasped John Thatcher in excitement. "You don't know the boy's name, do you?"

"Yes, I do. I asked his name for fear the bill might not prove good."

"What was his name?"

"Tom Turner."

"Tom Turner!" ejaculated the merchant. "And he gave you a ten dollar bill?"

"Yes."

"Have you got the bill about you?"

"Yes."

"Let me see it."

"There isn't anything wrong about it, is there?" asked the peddler anxiously.

"Only that I've had five ten dollar bills stolen from me," answered the merchant grimly.

"Here's the bill," said the peddler, drawing out his wallet and extracting the note from the left hand compartment. "I gave the boy nine dollars in change."

John Thatcher took it in his hand and held it up to the light.

"It's mine!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"How do you know?" demanded the peddler suspiciously. "One ten dollar bill is very much like another. You can't say it's yours unless you remembered the number."

"I don't remember the number, but I do remember a mark I myself made on the reverse side in one corner. There it is, a small cross in violet ink."

"I see the cross, but your story may be made up. Why did you mark this bill and not the others? Of course it's easy when you've seen the mark to say you made it."

"I'll tell you. I had just bought a dozen bottles of violet ink, and I made this mark just to try it. I happened to have just taken in the money. That's the way it came about."

"Then you think the boy stole it?"

"Yes; why, the boy was tried for theft only yesterday, and discharged because they couldn't prove anything against him. I insisted all along that he had taken my money, though he told a cock and bull story about getting it from Judge Scott of Scranton."

"The judge himself says that he gave him the money," said Mr. Pearson, who chanced to be present. "How do you get over that? You'll be charging the judge with stealing the money next."

"I'm not a fool, nor am I to be fooled!" said Mr. Thatcher sharply. "What I've said all along is coming out true, as you see. The judge may have given money to the boy, but he has stolen mine besides."

"It is very queer that he should steal when he was so well supplied with money already," objected Tom's advocate.

"You may talk as much as you like, Mr. Pearson. It don't controvert the evidence of this bill. I'm glad I've got back one of the stolen bills. That reduces my loss to forty dollars," and he made a motion to put the bill in the cash drawer.

"Hold on there!" said the peddler in excitement. "That ten dollar bill is mine."

"So you lay claim to stolen property, do you? Do you know that the receiver is as bad as the thief?"

"The bill is mine. I took it for merchandise, and gave nine dollars in exchange for it."

"I don't care what you gave for it," returned John Thatcher doggedly. "I claim the bill as one of those that were stolen from me, and I have proved it by the mark I myself made upon it."

"I don't believe you made any mark on it at all," said the peddler angrily. "Who's to prove that you made any? You saw the mark, and it occurred to you to claim that you recognized it by that. You are not going to swindle me. That's altogether too thin."

"Do you mean to call me a swindler?" exclaimed John Thatcher, exasperated.

"Yes, I do. If you don't give me back my money I'll have you arrested."

"The man is right," said Mr. Pearson, quietly. "You have taken his money, claiming it as yours, with no other proof than your unsupported assertion—"

"But I tell you I know it's mine!" exclaimed the merchant wrathfully.

"And I can testify that you took it from the peddler," said Pearson. "You will find out that the law is against you."

"You don't mean to say that I can't take possession of what is my own?" asked Thatcher.

"It remains to be proved that it is yours."

"But there's the mark."

"Any one of us might have claimed it on that ground," retorted Mr. Pearson.

"But I made the mark—you didn't."

"Did any one see you make the mark?"

"N—no, but if I say so, it's so."

"The law won't take that view of it. This gentleman can ask for a warrant for your arrest."

"And you will stand by him?"

"Yes. I know that the bill was once in his possession, and I don't know that it was ever in yours."

"Is this the way you stand by your neighbor and townsman, Mr. Pearson? This man is a stranger to you," and Mr. Thatcher put on a deeply injured air.

"That makes no difference. I will support the cause of justice."

"Look here, gentlemen," said Mr. Ainsworth, whose son Bob has already been mentioned as a friend of Tom Turner, "there's one way to settle the matter, and only one."

"What is it?" asked Thatcher.

"Send for Tom Turner, and see what he has to say about it."

"All right!" said Pearson. "I'll go and find Tom myself and bring him here."

(To be continued.)

SAVED BY AN ELEPHANT.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

ONE of the strangest stories that I think I ever heard, was related to me by a young Portuguese officer who had recently returned from a five years' term of service on the head waters of the Zambesi River in Southern Africa.

Our conversation had drifted into a discussion of the sagacity of animals, and after a short silence Lieutenant Marques said slowly: "It fell to my lot, gentlemen, during my African experience, to witness a most remarkable inci-



STANDING NOT TEN YARDS AWAY WAS THE BIGGEST ELEPHANT I HAD EVER SEEN.

dent that bears directly upon the question you have been discussing.

"Two years ago I was in command of a small station located far up on the Zambesi River. With two companions, Gomes and Travarres, I was guarding a convoy of Government slaves, expecting every day to be ordered down to the coast with them. The head keeper of the slave prison was a burly Arab, named Mokka, a man in whom we placed the utmost confidence; to this day I have never been certain whether that confidence was misplaced or not; and, as you will readily perceive from what follows, it was a matter that I never cared to probe very deeply.

"Gomes and I were sitting one evening outside our quarters, smoking and chatting, and Travarres was sleeping in the doorway. Suddenly a loud outcry came from the direction of the slave prison. We sprang to our feet in amazement, and stood for a moment listening, instead of laying hold of our arms.

"That delay was fatal, for of a sudden a swarm of natives, armed with clubs and spears, rushed on us from all sides. Unarmed as we were, resistance was useless, and in a short time we were overpowered, and bound securely hand and foot.

"My first impression was that the natives of the village had revolted, but to my surprise I now discovered that our captors were the liberated slaves. Some of them still wore the iron shackles on their arms and ankles. How they had broken their bonds and escaped from the prison was a mystery.

"There was no reason to suspect the villagers, for these slaves belonged to a distant tribe that had in former years

warred against the people of this very village. The Arab Mokka I felt convinced was the guilty man, but my suspicions were speedily shattered, for half a dozen more slaves now came up, and with them was Mokka, bound like ourselves.

"The events of that night can never be erased from my mind. Our quarters were speedily searched, and, armed with the plundered rifles, the infuriated slaves made a raid on the village, slaughtering all whom they met, men, women, and children. In the meanwhile they left us under a group of palm trees in the custody of a strong guard.

"This riotous conduct lasted until nearly daylight, and then, after first setting on fire the village, the liberated slaves started away in a northerly direction toward their own land, and to our horror forced us to accompany them. Their reasons for taking this step were very plain; they dared not kill us, and they were afraid to leave us behind, lest we should organize a pursuing party, and recapture them before they had made good their escape.

"Deprived of food and water, we were hurried along all that day through the burning sun. A brief halt was made at night, and then the march was resumed in the darkness, and kept up until evening of the following day.

"That night we camped by a water course, and with food and a long rest we found fresh strength to continue the journey, for our inexorable captors still showed no intentions of releasing us.

"For two days longer we marched, weary and footsore, into the interior, and at last, on the evening of the fourth day, our bonds were cut, rifles were put into our hands, and, leaving us to our own devices, our captors plunged into the jungle and disappeared.

"In our joy at being liberated we forgot everything else, until the coming darkness warned us that some place of security must be found to spend the night. It was a very gloomy and serious situation, for we were now in a most desolate and savage part of Africa, many miles from the nearest friendly village, and whether we would ever reach the Zambesi again was really doubtful.

"Mokka, meanwhile, had been closely scrutinizing the surroundings, and his dark face lit up with joy.

"'Me know this country,' he cried. 'Me hunt slaves here many time. Come, me know where water is.'

"This was pleasing news indeed, and while we followed after him in single file through the jungle, Mokka explained that many years before he had been employed by an Arab chief, who raided many villages in this part of the country.

"The Arab's story was soon verified, for in less than ten minutes he brought us to the edge of a swampy pool of water, that glittered blood red in the dying rays of the sun.

"We had barely satisfied our thirst, when a discovery was made that destroyed our last hope. We had rifles indeed, but no ammunition.

"'We are lost!' cried Gomes; 'we shall die of starvation here in the desert.'

"Even Mokka, ever fertile of expedient, could offer no consolation. Sick at heart, we flung ourselves on the ground. The Arab, more thoughtful, first made a huge fire to keep off wild beasts during the night.

"I must have fallen asleep finally, for I remember that I was dreaming of certain incidents that had befallen me far away in Lisbon years before, when a rude awakening came, and Mokka dragged me to my feet.

"Look, senor, look!" he exclaimed in a husky voice.

"The fire still burnt brightly, and, following Mokka's outstretched arm, I saw plunging to and fro through the swamp a vast drove of elephants. The crashing of trees and undergrowth was tremendous, yet my two companions slept on calmly.

"At intervals loud trumpeting was heard, and at last they seemed to have completely surrounded us, for on all sides we could see the dark forms moving through the jungle grass.

"We instinctively held on to our guns, though they were of no more use than blades of grass. Mokka was seriously alarmed, and not without good cause, as we presently discovered.

"Two or three of the great brutes suddenly advanced toward us. Once they stopped and trumpeted loudly, and then, elevating their trunks, they came on as though fully determined to trample us to death.

"I heard Mokka's teeth chattering as he stooped and took a burning brand from the fire.

"He threw it with good aim at the advancing brutes, and, after sniffing it suspiciously, they came to a dead halt, and then slowly moved off.

"But all the while the herd had been drawing closer and closer, and now they were huddled together in a circle, all around our camp fire.

"I believed that our last hour had come, and Mokka's dark face turned fairly pale. Gomes and Travarres still slept. I envied them as they lay peacefully on the ground, no doubt lost in pleasant dreams. It seemed a cruel thing to do, but they must be awakened, and I was just in the act of grasping Travarres's arm, when a startled exclamation from Mokka absorbed my attention.

"The Arab was looking straight before him in rapt attention, and little wonder, for, standing on the very edge of the pool, not ten yards away, was the biggest elephant I ever saw in my life. He had approached quietly and noiselessly, and there he stood like a statue, his eyes fixed calmly upon us, his huge tusks of milk white ivory shining in the firelight, and his monstrous ears spread out like two mammoth fans.

"Mokka! Mokka!" I cried, but the Arab seemed to be in a trance; not a muscle quivered, and his face wore a look of marvelous surprise.

"Then I pulled his arm. This broke the spell.

"Hush, senor," he said in a whisper, and then, to my utmost surprise, he took two steps toward the elephant, and stopped. 'Jamba! Jamba!' he said in a low voice, and then he gave a peculiar whistle.

"The scene that followed I can never forget. The elephant trumpeted, not with anger, but with joy, and as Mokka rushed up to him he wound his trunk about the Arab's waist and lifted him tenderly upon his broad back.

"At this point Gomes and Travarres awoke and witnessed the strange scene with the greatest astonishment. At a signal from Mokka, the elephant placed him carefully on the ground and advanced a pace or two nearer. The Arab was frantic with joy, and after many attempts he succeeded in explaining to us that this elephant, Jamba, had five years ago belonged to him when he was carrying on a trading business at Delagoa Bay. Misfortune had ruined his business and compelled him to part with his elephant, and he heard afterwards that the animal ran away and was never recaptured.

"And now, senors," he added, 'we are saved. Jamba will take us out of this wilderness in a day and a night.' The noble beast stood calmly by. He was undoubtedly the

chief of the herd, for once, as the other elephants crowded up too close, he dispersed them with a shrill blast.

"If Jamba was going to carry us to safety, there was no time to lose, for we were already faint from hunger. A pale light to the east showed that dawn was near at hand.



A PORTUGUESE OFFICER CAME ON HORSEBACK TO MEET US.

The intelligent beast evidently understood all that Mokka had said, and one after another we were lifted upon the broad back.

"At a word from the Arab Jamba started briskly through the jungle at a sharp trot, and yet moving at such a steady gait that we had little difficulty in keeping our seats. For a mile or more the herd of elephants followed closely behind, but finally they halted in a body on the banks of a small stream and trumpeted in concert, a compliment which Jamba acknowledged with a blast.

"To cut a long story short, that noble elephant bore us on his back for a whole day and a night, and at sunrise he halted on the brow of a hill overlooking a level expanse of country.

"Far across the plain we could see huts, and a flag flying from a pole.

"And now, to our surprise, the elephant refused to move a step farther. All Mokka's entreaties and commands were in vain, and finally we all dropped to the ground.

"He no come," said Mokka. 'He make us safe. He king elephant. Jamba go back.'

"The Arab was right. As soon as we were safely on the ground Jamba turned and made off through the bushes, and even Mokka's commands failed to check him for an instant.

"We made our way on foot to the huts, and as we drew near a Portuguese officer came on horseback to meet us, and we found that the village ahead was a Portuguese station, only two miles from our own place.

"A month later I was ordered down to the coast. Mokka remained on the Zambesi, and I never heard of him afterwards. As for Jamba, I hope that he has escaped the predatory ivory hunters and will live to a good old age."

We had listened to Lieutenant Marques's story with the deepest interest, and at its conclusion we were unanimous in the opinion that it was the most remarkable tale of animal sagacity we had ever heard.

IN THE SUNK LANDS ;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF THE X. T. C. QUARTETTE.*

BY WALTER F. BRUNS.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CONFESSION.

"YES, there he is!" cried Mr. Jim Lacy, nodding vigorously towards the form of Simpson in the door, and seemingly glad of shifting the responsibility to the other's shoulders, "go fur him!"

"That's just what we're going to do," said Joe, with a ring of determination in his tone. "We've got a bone to pick with you!"

"And rather an expensive one," I chimed in.

"Hear the bantams crow," laughed Simpson. "You-uns don't seem to recognize the fact that I've got the drap on you."

"There hain't a-goin' to be any shootin' done yere," broke in the judge, stepping down from his judicial chair and out of range in rather a hasty manner.

"Now, Jim Lacy," said Simpson, "I wanter know why you wuz goin' to turn them boys off when I told you particularly to make hit a run-out."

"You do?" sneered Mr. Lacy. "Well, you'll have to find out!"

"I will, eh?"

"That's what I said."

"Be keerful. I've got the upper hand yere, an' not a one o' you-uns had better raise a gun or he'll kotch buckshot!"

This included every one. The men began to scowl and look darkly at Simpson; but they were careful not to move their guns. The gentleman in the door was overreaching himself.

"Hiss on both parties and we'll have all the allies we want," whispered Bob.

"There hain't no cause fur you to rile up, Milt," said Mr. Lacy, soothingly. "Whatever the court says is square, hain't it, boys?"

"You bet!" chorused the men.

"Bah!" cried Simpson. "What do I keer fur your court? I've got my reasons fur wantin' them boys run out, an' I reckon ef I hadn't popped in jess's I did they'd be prowlin' round same's usual. Is hit goin' to be a run-out?"

"The court says no!" replied Mr. Lacy, doggedly.

Mr. Simpson said something unpleasant concerning the court, which made Jim Lacy jump several inches.

"Ef I had my rifle—" he began.

"Well?" asked Simpson, beginning to finger the trigger of his gun nervously.

"I'd clean hit. Hit needs hit pow'ful bad, an' I thought I'd do hit while you're holdin' the door," was the faint reply.

"Hum. I asked you once afore ef hit was goin' to be a run-out."

"I suppose you know, my vernacular friend," remarked Bob, before Jim Lacy could reply, "that you can't hold that door all day. The moment you start away there'll be a crowd of bullets chasing you."

"I don't know about that," returned Simpson, calmly.

"Why don't some of you cover him with a gun and take his away? He won't dare to shoot," I said to Mr. J. Lacy.

"Won't he? You don't know him," was the cheerful rejoinder. "He'd jess's leave turn both bar'ls loose in yere an' git away in the timber as not."

*Begun in No. 387 of THE ARGOSY.

I moved in back of Jim Lacy. The men before me protected my movements, and I doubt if Simpson had even an inkling of what I had done.

I took a rifle out of Smoky Bill's unresisting hand, and then, shoving it between Bob and Joe covered Simpson before he knew what had happened.

"You don't seem to recognize the fact that I've got the 'drap' on you," said I, trying to imitate his voice as much as possible.

His face turned the color of ashes.

His gun was pointed at us, and he could have pulled the trigger, but to have done so would seal his fate. Verily he was at a disadvantage, although I doubt if I could fire at any person unless my life was in great peril.

"Now, Joe," I went on coolly, "will you step over and relieve him of his gun and that pocket book which he ought to have about him? Don't you try to stop him, Simpson, or you'll get a bullet through you, and never be any good afterward."

Simpson and Joe must have recognized those words, for they were similar to the ones uttered by Joe when we first made Simpson's acquaintance.

"And," I added, "don't try any knocking down, for I shall watch for just such a move and perforate you on the first indication."

"You won't git the money," he growled. "I've put that where you-uns will never see hit agin."

"Then we'll have the satisfaction of seeing you serve ten years at hard labor," returned Joe, advancing cautiously.

"Well, yere's the gun," said Simpson, holding it out butt first. "I don't want to see you sneakin' up fur hit, an' you'll git hit any way seein' you got the drap on me."

"That's right," replied Joe, more cheerfully.

"Ef hit warn't fur you-uns, these Swamp Angels would never have tetched me," remarked Simpson, derisively.

"Well, we got you now," responded Mr. Lacy with alacrity. "I didn't think you'd show dirt, Milt," he continued, in an aggrieved tone.

"I'll show more'n dirt afore I'm through with *you*," said Simpson, looking straight at the other in a way that made the latter quail.

"Now go through his pockets while I have him covered," I broke in, "and see if he hasn't got that fourteen hundred dollars stowed away somewhere."

The Swamp Angels pricked up their ears at that, and I instantly regretted that I had mentioned the amount.

"Oh, I hain't got hit with me," declared Simpson, in rather a good natured tone. "I don't kerry such a pile."

Jim Lacy assisted in the search.

"You'd oughter divvied up, Milt," he said, running his hand into a pocket. "an' then we'd a stood by you."

"I'd a-ruther give hit back to the boys than took you into partnership," retorted Simpson.

This showed that Mr. Lacy's character was not above reproach, and also that if we found the money while he was present we would be placed in the same predicament as when Simpson had it.

"Well," observed Lacy, after the search had proved fruitless. "had we not better put him on trial?"

"No," replied Joe, "but you might help us take him to Jimmerson's, and there Mr. Jimmerson will find a way of getting him to Jonesboro."

"An' what'll you do with him there?" demanded Mr. Lacy.

"Lock him up. If he don't care to tell us what he has done with the money so we can get it back, he can go to the penitentiary, and we'll help put him there."

"I won't," said Jim Lacy.

"Go easy, Joe," I whispered.

"Jess's soon's you fellers git through foolin' I want to get a deer fur Patty to cook," remarked Mr. Simpson. "So gimme my gun an' I'll start."

"You kain't have your gun!" said Jim Lacy, waving him back with his hand.

"What?" asked Simpson.

"You heered what I said," replied Jim Lacy, coolly. "I don't give you no gun to empty into us almost afore you git hit in your hands. The fact is, Milt, I wouldn't trust you half as fur as I kin spit."

"I never'd a-thought you'd a-gone back on me like this," growled Simpson.

"Neither did I," said Jim Lacy, calmly. "I kinder mistrusted there was somethin' up when you kim bouncin' in yere one night with Miggy an' your darter. An' hit wuz 'cause you nailed fourteen hundred from these chaps that you wanted 'em run out, eh?"

"Quite cute," added Treve.

"Well, I'll—" began Simpson, angrily.

"Now don't get excited," I advised, turning the rifle toward him in a very trying manner.

He glared furiously at us, and then suddenly his foot shot up and the rifle flew into the corner.

He sprang toward the door; but Bob and Treve were holding themselves in readiness for just such an action and were on him almost before he reached it.

They grappled, rolled outside, and Simpson's wonderful good fortune must have still been with him, for he landed on top. Before Joe and I could get out he was on his feet and running toward the timber.

"He's gone!" yelled Jim Lacy.

Simpson sprang on a log near the edge of the woods, waved his hand good by, and then slipped and seemed to plunge head first off the other side. He did not get up.

We ran to the spot. He lay on his back, with one arm twisted under him. His face was slate color.

"Don't pick me up," he moaned, as we crowded around. "My arm and back's broken! I'm done fur this time. Put your head down, one o' you. I want—want to tell you somethin'."

I promptly kneeled down.

"Hit's—hit's in the stump—stump," he whispered hoarsely and with difficulty, "twenty paces—north o' the shadder o' the big oak—oak nigh my cabin. Tell—Patty—I'm—I'm sorry—"

His eyes closed and he was gone.

"What did he say?" asked Jim Lacy, eagerly, as I rose to my feet.

"Just mumbled," I returned shortly.

"If you don't object we'll stay here tonight," I said to Jim Lacy later in the day, after Simpson had been buried where he fell. "We want to get our rifles, any way."

"All right," he responded, carelessly.

"And where did Simpson live?" I asked, in the same tone. "We didn't see him here before."

"Back in the timber a piece," he replied. "There's the path yander."

At the first opportunity I told the boys what Simpson had told me about the money.

"We'll go there tomorrow," said Bob. "In the meantime we'll get our rifles and dogs, so when we start we can shake the dust of this place off our feet forever."

CHAPTER XXIII.

WE REGAIN THE \$1400.

IT seemed rather a forward way of doing—throwing ourselves on Jim Lacy's hospitality without even a hint from the latter; but Treve eased our consciences by saying:



"I WANT—WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHIN'."

"He brought us down here whether we liked it or not, and I guess now we'll stay whether *he* likes it or not."

Mrs. Lacy gazed on us sourly. She had been visiting a neighbor's when court was held, and had remained there during the exciting scene that followed.

"Didn't one o' you-uns say that Simpson lifted fourteen hundred outen you?" asked Mr. Lacy, with a poor assumption of carelessness.

"I believe Steve did say something about that," replied Joe, guardedly. "But as Simpson has died without saying anything to *me* about what he's done with it, there is a possibility that the firm up in Missouri will have to stand it."

"What did he say to you?" pursued Mr. Lacy, turning to me.

I did not want to lie, neither did I care to tell him the location where we expected to find the money. There was no compulsion to tell everything, so I replied:

"He said to tell Patty he was sorry, and then he died without finishing."

"Hum. He died awful quick," grumbled Mr. Lacy. "I've seed fellers hang on two days with their back broke, an' he mought have done hit jess's well's not an' told us what he done with the cash. But that's the way with some people; so stingy they wouldn't draw breath ef they could help hit, fur fear o' wearin' out their lungs."

And Mr. Lacy leaned against the wall as though loath to give up.

"By the way, where is Patty?" I asked.

"She's down at the cabin, hain't she, maw?"

"I reckon she is," replied Mrs. Lacy. "Leastways she wuz awhile ago when I went down an' told her her paw was dead."

"Take hit very hard?" asked Mr. Lacy, without the least show of sympathy.

"Well, I should say she did! Cut up so rough I 'lowed I'd better move to'ards home afore I cried myself."

"And you left her there all alone?" asked Treve, in astonishment.

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Lacy. "She's all right; she kin shoot better'n her paw. I've seed her shoot squirrels away up in the top o' the biggest tree down yere, an' she never hit a-one back o' the eye."

"That would equal Sol Dunlap's shot," remarked Treve. "You know how tall the timber grows down here."

"You know Sol Dunlap?" questioned Mr. Lacy, quickly.

"We have met him."

"So've I," acquiesced Lacy, ruefully. "Blamed ef the ornery brute didn't make me give him three coon an' an otter's skin to haul me over his old pond full o' willows."

After supper we were awarded the room that had been utilized as a prison before, Mr. Lacy making no apology for the fact that we were compelled to sleep on the bare floor.

"Rifles and dogs in the morning, boys," muttered Bob, hunting for the softest spot. "Remember!"

"No danger of our forgetting it, is there?" asked Joe. "If there is, I'd better write it down."

Then with coats for pillows, we cuddled together to keep warm, and went to sleep.

Mr. Lacy furnished us with breakfast, and we visited several houses before we found our rifles.

With a "so long," Mr. Lacy left us.

"We had better start toward home, and then make a detour to reach Simpson's cabin," whispered Joe. "If we don't, we're liable to have more treasure seekers than is necessary."

So we whistled to the dogs, and, after going quite a distance in the right direction, made a circuit around the settlement toward the place where the Simpson cabin was supposed to be. We struck the path Mr. Lacy had pointed out, and followed it until we came in sight of the cabin. It was in the middle of a clearing, by the side of an oak tree, that for some reason or other had been left standing.

Around it were scattered the stumps of trees hewn down, some of which still lay where they fell. Plying the axe on one of these, with the skill of a woodsman, was a trim little figure in leather and velvet. A sombrero, considerably the worse for wear, was jammed down over her pretty yellow curls, and, as she looked up when the dogs ran toward her, we saw that she had been crying.

"Why, it's the same girl that looked in and thought I was out," cried Treve, getting mixed in his excitement.

Then we wondered why we had not thought of that before.

"Great goodness!" exclaimed Patty, staring at us in amazement. "Which one is you?"

"This is me," I explained.

"And this is me," chimed in Treve.

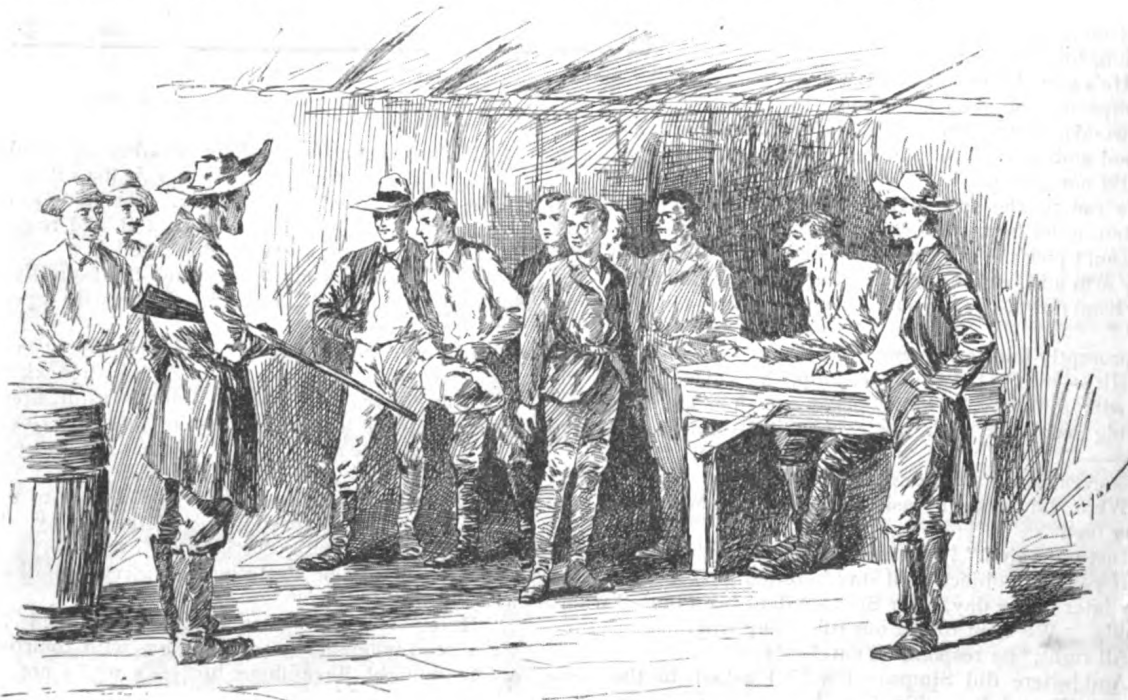
So Patty was just as wise as she was before.

"Which one did I see in the cabin?" she asked, desperately.

"Me," I responded, alluding to Simpson's shanty.

"Me," returned Treve, alluding to Jim Lacy's domicile.

"Here, hold on," interrupted Sammy. "This one, Steve," and he pointed to me, "you seed first. An' this one, Treve, you seed in Jim Lacy's cabin."



"YOU-UNS DON'T SEEM TO RECOGNIZE THE FACT THAT I'VE GOT THE DRAP ON YOU."



FLYING THE AXE WAS A TRIM LITTLE FIGURE IN LEATHER AND VELVET.

"Oh," said Patty, in a tone of relief. "I don't know you," and she nodded at Treve; "but I know this one."

And then Treve grew red in the face and looked around for something to shoot at, while I, inwardly exultant, introduced the rest of the X. T. C. Quartette.

She was just going to get breakfast, so Sammy and I volunteered to cut the wood and build the fire, while the others went out for game. The quintette ate the second breakfast, and thought it better than the first.

"Did you ever see your father hide anything in a stump around here?" asked Joe, beginning to talk business the moment breakfast was over.

"No. Why?" asked Patty.

Thereupon Joe told as much of our story as he thought proper, carefully refraining from mentioning that Simpson had held us up. Then, turning to me, he continued:

"Did he say what time of day to look?"

"No."

"There's a good many stumps here. Good thing that the sun has come out fair. Now the shadow is way over there, and tonight it will be way over here. So you see we will have a great many stumps to examine if he planted it in the evening."

"And twenty paces to be paced off to each one," groaned Treve.

"I'll help," volunteered Patty.

Then we all went out to where the oak cast a deep shadow on the white snow.

"This will be great fun before the day is gone," said Treve, pacing off twenty steps from the farthest point of the shadow.

It brought him within two feet of a hickory stump, but investigation proved that nothing larger than a pin could be hidden in it.

"Now perhaps he planted it at high noon," observed Treve. "People generally feel better after a meal."

"Perhaps he did," returned Joe, dryly. "At any rate, we will not remain idle on any such hearsay."

And we did nothing that morning but pace off the distance every five minutes and examine tree stumps.

We were beginning to think of dinner, when I waded out through the snow. The twentieth step would bring me right in the center of an immense stump.

We poked around the bottom and scratched away the bark in a listless sort of way, for we were beginning to feel disappointed. I thrust my hand into a heap of crumbling bark in a little cavity between two roots, and struck something that felt smooth.

With my heart trying to choke me, for fear it might be only a piece of bark, I drew forth—the wallet!

"I've got it! I've got it!" I shouted.

And then, with the others crowding around, I sat down on a snow covered stump and counted, Patty's eyes opening like saucers at the sight of so much money.

"Ten dollars gone, or I made a mistake."

But subsequent counting on all sides showed no mistake, so ten dollars was charged to profit and loss, and we prepared to start.

"I'm goin' with you," announced Patty, as we began to gather our rifles and call the dogs.

"Of course you are," I returned promptly.

"Jess wait till I get my rifle an'—oh! I forgot to tell you.

I've got that Bible, an' now you can tell me what them papers says in hit. You know I was jess' goin' fur hit when pap an' Miggy come——"

"Better wait till we get to a safe place," interrupted Joe. "Lacy might take a notion to come over here, and explanations are odious."

Patty flew into the cabin and came out with a light rifle and a Bible, which latter I pocketed with a feeling of guardianship, and then we started for our cabin, taking care to give the settlement a wide berth.

We found Loafer browsing on the edge of the canebrake, and caught him with difficulty, for freedom seemed to limber up his legs.

We reached our cabin, fed ourselves, the dogs, and Brute, who seemed none the worse for being left alone—and then held a consultation.

"The money ought to be placed in Jimmerson's hands at once," said Bob. "We've been here nearly a month; had plenty of shooting; trouble enough for double our number, and I propose we start for home."

"There's pelts enough," said Sammy.

It never took the Quartette long to make up their minds. In less than an hour Loafer had been harnessed, the pelts tied and loaded into the wagon with Patty and Brute.

Sammy placed the money carefully in an inside pocket, promised to be back early next morning, mounted, and we watched them until they disappeared amid the labyrinth of trees.

(To be concluded.)

GUY HAMMERSLEY; HIS FRIENDS AND HIS ADVENTURES.*

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

CHAPTER XX. A FRIEND WORTH HAVING.

"MR. HAMMERSLEY. Stop, please; here's something for you."

Guy was half way to the corner when he heard this cry behind him, and turning, he saw the servant from Miss Stanwix's running toward him with a visiting card in her hand.

"A young gentleman left this," she panted out, "the day after you went away. Miss Stanwix forgot about it till just this minute."

"Thank you."

Guy took the card with considerable curiosity, and saw that it belonged to Bert Arlington. On it were penciled these lines:

"They sent me here from the restaurant. If ever you get this come and see me at the Jura."

"There's a friend for you," reflected Guy, as he put the card carefully away in his pocket, "to chase me up in this persistent manner. I'll go and call on the boy this very evening. Perhaps he can give me some good advice."

It was wonderful what magical effect this little gleam of hope in his sky had upon the poor fellow's spirits. It takes such a little, a very little effort from a brother's hand to rouse us out of the slough of despond. If all did but realize this, these friendly services would be more common than they are.

The rest of the afternoon Guy spent in watching the driving on Fifth Avenue as he strolled up toward Central Park and back. And as he looked on at the gay procession

he could not but recall the time when, during the Easter holidays, he had hired a dog cart and taken his mother up through the Park to Kingsbridge and back. He recalled, too, how on that occasion, at one of the street crossings, he had been obliged to hold up his horse suddenly to avoid running over a young fellow of about his own age, who had started to cross the street at the last minute. The boy had looked up at him, seated aloft in his gay turnout, and even in the one instant that their eyes met Guy had detected the envious longing in the other's glance.

"Why, there he is now!"

Guy involuntarily uttered these words aloud as he saw the same boy. He could not mistake the light curling hair, drab overcoat and the intensely blue eyes. But what a complete reversal of their positions!

The fellow was driving a T-cart this afternoon with a beautiful girl on the seat beside him and a solemn visaged groom, with arms crossed, behind.

"Well, that is typical of the ups and downs in American life with a vengeance!" thought Guy, as the team passed him, and then he seemed to lose his interest in the imposing cavalcade, and leaving Fifth Avenue, sauntered slowly back to his hotel along the quieter streets.

He ordered an early dinner, for he feared to miss Arlington unless he called soon after seven. In fact, it wanted five minutes to that hour when Guy entered the lofty building in Thirty Third Street devoted to bachelor apartments.

"Yes, I guess you'll find him up stairs," the man in the elevator said in answer to his inquiry. "He came in about ten minutes ago, and I haven't seen him go out since."

Guy got out at the fourth floor, pressed an electric button beside the door pointed out to him, and half a minute later found himself confronted by Arlington himself.

"Good for you, Guy," the latter exclaimed, insisting upon shaking both hands at once as he pulled his friend inside. "I'm no end glad to see you. I was just beginning to get lonesome."

"Why, that's queer," exclaimed Guy, as he gazed around at the comfortably furnished rooms, for there were two of them, separated by portieres, and the windows looked out on two busy thoroughfares which crossed one another at this point. "I had an idea that you would never get that, knowing as many people as you do in New York."

"That's the very reason I'm so glad to see you tonight, old fellow," returned Arlington, as he disposed of Guy's hat and coat. "You see I'm going to be perfectly frank with you. I was booked for a bowling party tonight, but there's been an unexpected death in the family of one of the members of the club, and the thing is off for two weeks. I hadn't made any other provision for the evening, of course, it was too late to do it after I got the telegram, which I found here ten minutes ago when I came in from dinner, you can't very well call on a girl Saturday night, I hate to go to the theater alone, and now you're here, I'm going to take you with me."

"But——"

"No buts unless you have a previous engagement. We'll walk down three blocks and hear De Wolf Hopper. Meantime I'll step out to the elevator and have my seats ordered and then come back to hear an account of yourself and doings."

Guy found it very pleasant to be taken possession of in this summary fashion, and when Bert returned, determined to satisfy his curiosity by giving a complete account of his adventures since he had seen him that noon in the early part of the week at Fox & Burdell's.

"Well, you *have* been through a lot in two weeks and no mistake," was Arlington's exclamation, when the narrative

*Begun in No. 180 of THE ARGOSY.

was concluded. "And now you're on the scent for a posish?" he added, as he slipped into the adjoining room to brush his hair.

"I am, very much so," answered Guy. "Do you happen to know of anything I could get?"

"Well rather," rejoined Bert, coming out, brush and comb in hand. "You're the very fellow, I take it, we want in our office."

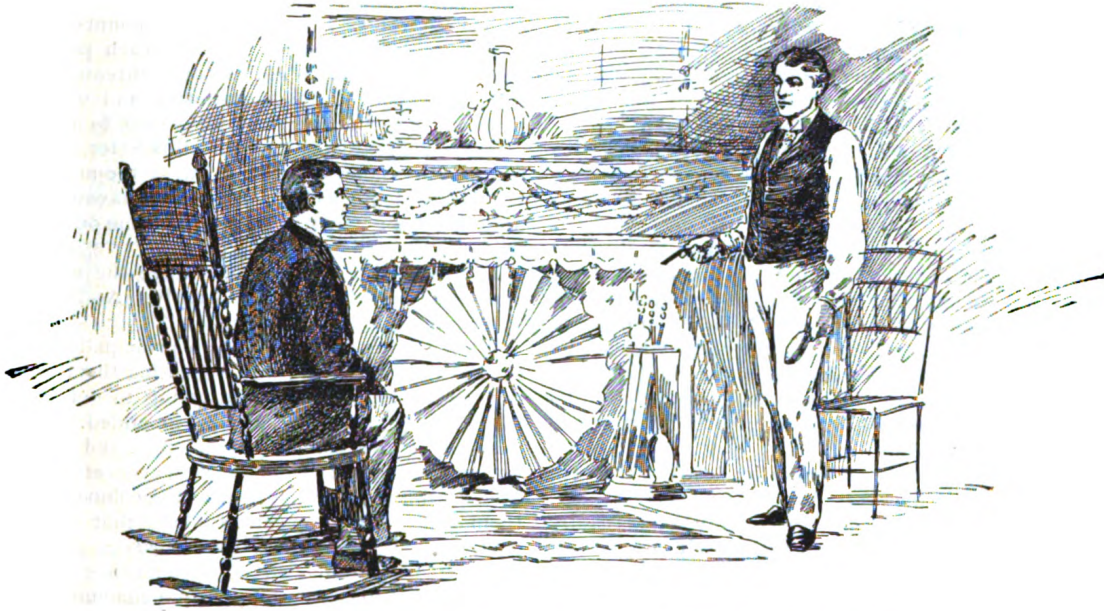
"Your office?" echoed Guy in delighted surprise. "Where are you and in what line? You haven't told me anything about yourself yet."

"All right, I'll make up for it now, on our way to the

comes in. Oh, no fear but I can get you in, so make your mind easy and settle down to a good enjoyment of the opera."

And Guy *did* enjoy that opera; and after it was over Bert took him to Delmonico's and then home to spend the night with him; and before church time next morning the second problem—that of lodgment—was settled for him most delightfully.

"Look here, Guy," said Bert, as they sat over their breakfast in the restaurant across the avenue from the Jura, "what's the reason we can't keep this thing up indefinitely?"



"YOU'RE THE VERY FELLOW, I TAKE IT, WE WANT IN OUR OFFICE."

theater. I've a good excuse for not having said much about it to you when I saw you before. I hadn't gone in it myself then. You see it's a new business just started by two fellows, both of them pretty young, friends of father's. It is real estate, renting houses, offices and all that, and our office isn't very far from here, around on Fifth Avenue. Business has come in with such a rush—both Mr. Kenworthy and Mr. Clarke are New York men and have hosts of friends here—that we are short handed and only this afternoon, just as I was coming away, Mr. Kenworthy asked me if I knew of a young fellow I could get in to assist. You see there's only himself, Clarke, the bookkeeper, the office boy and I now."

"And do you think I would suit?" asked Guy eagerly, thinking the news almost too good to be true.

"I don't see why you shouldn't. You're a good appearing fellow—now don't blush, I'm merely talking business—dress well, can talk easily and—"

"But have what all these qualifications got to do with fitting me for a place in your office?" Guy wanted to know.

"A great deal. A good many of our customers are ladies, and they do not forget if they are waited on politely at a certain office, and in an off hand, careless way in others. Then we often have to go with them to show houses, and sometimes three or four of us will be out at once, and then there's no one in the office that knows about things if anybody

"What thing?" queried Guy, looking from the chops to the oatmeal dish and then up in his friend's face.

"Why, this thing of chumming it, to be sure. We used to get along at it all right at school, and I'm sure I'm having a good time now, so if you're willing I'd be delighted to have you chip in with me and go shares on my rooms at the Jura."

Guy drew a long breath.

"It would be just too—"

"Yes, just 'too too,' so say I," laughed Bert.

"But I couldn't afford such style," added Guy.

"How do you know how much you can afford till you know how much Kenworthy & Clarke will give you?" interposed Bert. "Now listen. I'm sure they will start you on ten dollars a week, and raise you if you work well into the business. Now my rooms average me about that a week, but as I really expected to pay the whole of it—or rather father did for me—you see it will be money in my pocket if you'll pay me three a week. We can divvy on the cost of our meals—it always comes cheaper for two—and so you ought to come out all right. What do you say to the idea?"

"Oh, I'd say yes every time. The question is, will the thing work smoothly in practice? I'm afraid it will be imposing on you and—and—perhaps living beyond my means. I might find a boarding house where I could get everything for seven dollars a week."

"The very thing! I'll take you to board for that," exclaimed Bert. "Then there'll be no bothering about shares and all that, and you'll know just how much you'll have for spending money every week. Now don't object. It suits me to do it, and will really be a favor, for I was getting most terribly lonesome, eating and living alone. Now on our way back I'll take you past Kenworthy & Clarke's and show you what a swell office we have."

CHAPTER XXI.

BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

GUY did not leave Arlington until late that evening, when he went back to the Grand Union to get the things he had left there. They had gone to church together, taken a long walk in the afternoon, and altogether Bert had given his friend a splendid time.

And yet, in spite of all, when Guy was by himself with an opportunity to think calmly over the development of events, he was not as contented in mind as he felt he should be.

"It does seem as if I was imposing on Bert to stay with him and enjoy all these privileges for only seven dollars a week. And yet, I cannot doubt that he is sincere in wanting me to do it."

For Guy had finally accepted the offer on two conditions: one that Kenworthy & Clarke engaged him at a salary of not less than ten dollars, and the other that a formal renewal of the arrangement should be made every Monday, in order to give Arlington an opportunity to cancel the privilege if he found it not so pleasant a one as he had anticipated.

"Yes, I'll consent to that," he had said laughingly; "it's no more than fair to you, for you may be the first one to want to draw out."

There was certainly a bond of sympathy between the two, for Bert's father was in the army, his mother was dead, and he had but few living relatives. Hence, Guy could readily understand that he might at times feel lonely, no matter how much his father's money could do for him.

Monday at nine o'clock the two repaired to the offices of Kenworthy & Clarke, which Guy found to be fitted up more like the private apartments of a millionaire than the counting rooms of a business firm. Everything was in hard wood finish, there were expensive rugs strewn about the floors, while electric lights, paintings on the walls, and a frescoed ceiling added to the completeness of the establishment.

"There's an extra desk yonder you can have," said Bert, as he pushed back the top of his own. "Now sit down by me a few minutes till Mr. Kenworthy comes in. Then I'll introduce you. Here he is now."

A young man of about twenty eight entered, tall, fine looking, and dressed as if for an afternoon promenade on the avenue. Guy was presented as a particular friend and old schoolmate of Arlington's, Mr. Kenworthy took him into his private office, and after a brief talk engaged him on the terms mentioned by Bert.

"Arlington will instruct you in your duties," said the senior partner in dismissing him, "and I think, judging from your looks and manner, that you will prove an apt pupil."

So it turned out. The business called for just those qualities which Guy possessed in an eminent degree, and he very soon "got into the swing of it," as Bert expressed it. It was exceedingly pleasant work too, for escorting parties through houses to show off the premises broke the monotony of the day, and was the means of making Guy acquainted, even though it might be but for a brief hour, with some very agreeable people. Altogether it seemed as if our hero's evil star had sunk below the horizon and for a week or two there was nothing to molest him but news from the West.

This came from two sources, his mother and Ward Farleigh. The former had now her boy with her, as her proofs had been sufficient to convince Judge Dodge that she had the best claim upon him. Mrs. Hammersley was enraptured of course to regain possession of her son, but wrote that she felt grieved that she was compelled to take him away from such a luxurious home as he had had with the judge to offer him only the meager substitute of life upon the road.

"And Heaven alone knows how long I may be able to depend upon this," she wrote. "Things are going from bad to worse with the Starr Concert Company. The audiences seem large enough, but one time it is a papered house, another a thieving treasurer, and the latest a flooding with counterfeit money. Any way, whatever the reason, my eighth, as well as Miss Farleigh's, amounts to but three dollars or so, sometimes not that, for each performance. We have protested, and Ward has even threatened to leave, but it does no good. Law is expensive and we have no other redress. The future indeed looks dark to me."

Guy was greatly distressed by this letter, and never wished for wealth so earnestly as he did at the moment of reading it. What inexpressible joy it would have been to him to be able to write: "Bring Harold and come on to New York. I will care for you both."

As it was, he could not even have the satisfaction of inclosing a few dollars with his reply. And yet he was, so to speak, living in luxury himself.

Ward's letters were made up principally of maledictions on Colonel Starr, who was "cheating them all out of their eye teeth," he wrote. "I'm trying to get Ruth and your mother to join me in a strike," he added. "We now compose the entire company, you know, and should we fail to appear there could of course be no concert. But Ruth and Mrs. Hammersley insist that as the colonel has always paid them something they cannot plead that he has broken his contract, and that, unless we can *prove* that he has misappropriated the funds, we can have no case against him. He is now trying to make an infant phenomenon out of that new young brother of yours. Found out he knew whole pages of "Fauntleroy" by-heart. The boy takes very kindly to the notion. I don't know whether his mother knows about it or not."

Three days later Guy was keeping office during a busy afternoon, when Bert and the two partners were all out showing houses. He had just finished dictating a letter to the typewriter when the street door opened and in filed a procession that utterly astounded him.

First came Mrs. Hammersley, and with her Harold, then, Ruth Farleigh and Ward.

"We called to see if you could show us some flats," laughed the latter.

Mrs. Hammersley explained matters in a few words. The Starr Concert Company had collapsed, the gallant colonel had fled to parts unknown, and the members of the company found themselves left with but very little over what would pay their expenses back to New York.

"We thought this was the best place to come to," added Ruth. "Ward and I will be near a steamer when we have saved up money enough to pay our passage, and then your mother wanted to be near you."

"And we're really in earnest about the flat," continued Ward. "You see we've decided that it would be cheaper for us all to live together in this way than to board. Now do you know of any furnished flat we can get for about \$25 a month?"

Poor Guy was overwhelmed. His stepmother looked wan and careworn, and when he thought of the luxuries that had

once been hers and contrasted that period with the present, when she arrived in New York almost penniless and with a little boy dependent on her, he grew sick at heart to think of his own helplessness. But on one thing he resolved upon the instant; he would leave his luxurious quarters at the

in his pockets suggestively. It was a characteristic of this frank, good natured English lad to be always in buoyant spirits, no matter how dismal the outlook. So now he endeavored to gild the sore straits in which they found themselves with the brightness of a little fun.



IN FILED A PROCESSION THAT UTTERLY ASTOUNDED HIM.

Jura and cast in his lot with the others. His salary of ten dollars a week would be a material help.

Meanwhile he was replying to Ward's question, explaining that they kept no low priced flats on their list, but adding that Mr. Clarke's father, he believed, owned an apartment house on the West side that he thought might furnish them with what they wanted. Then as it was closing time he put on his hat and coat and accompanied them to the hotel where they had decided to pass the night.

And here, when they were alone together, Mrs. Hammersley's feelings overcame her.

"What is to become of us?" she whispered, as with Guy's hand clasped in both of hers, she leaned her head against his shoulder as he sat beside her. "I am afraid to tell you how little, how very little money I have left."

"But you have me, mother," said Guy, softly. "I have a splendid position, and am earning a large salary for one of my age, and I am going to live with you and add it to the common stock. I am sure we can get along nicely."

"And you have me, too," said Harold, leaving the window where the others had fancied he was absorbed by the sights in the street. He placed himself by his mother's other side, and added: "I'm not as big as Guy, but I know I can do something, and get paid for it too."

And thus, comforted in spite of herself by the sturdy allegiance of both her boys, the poor lady could not but take courage and look out at the future a little less fearfully.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DARK OUTLOOK.

AFTER dinner that night, what Ward called a "committee of the whole" met in his room to consider ways and means.

"Particularly means," he added, jingling a few loose coins

"Well, then," began Guy, "in the first place you can count on my ten a week. I've seen Bert and arranged with him to leave as soon as we find a flat. And now what is the utmost we can afford to pay for an apartment?"

"That will depend on the size of it," rejoined Ruth. "How small a one can we get along with, do you think, Mrs. Hammersley?"

"Not less than four rooms, surely," was the reply. "You see there are five of us. One room must be kitchen, the other we can use for both parlor and dining room. Guy and your brother can occupy one bedroom, where we can have a cot for Harold, and you and I can take the other. How do you like the arrangement?"

"First class," exclaimed Ward. "Reminds me of that trick in cards where the landlady has seven rooms and eight travelers to provide for. But we can get along in the way Mrs. Hammersley has mapped out admirably unless company insists on staying till it is time to set the table for dinner, when of course they'll see it, and we'll have to ask 'em to stay when perhaps we can't afford it. But now we've got our specification as to space, let Guy here, the young real estate king, tell us how much we ought to pay for it."

"Well, for a furnished flat of that size, in anything that isn't a tenement house, we'll have to give not less than twenty five dollars a month, and more likely it will be thirty or thirty five. Any way, you can reckon on my forty dollars covering that."

"But we're not going to let you pay all the rent," cried Ruth and Ward in a breath. "It wouldn't be fair."

"Certainly it would," replied Guy. "I don't see why not, if the rest of you have to pay for the provisions, coal, washing, and gas. You'll find that these will mount up to more than forty a month rather than less."

Even Ward looked a little blank on hearing this. Where

was the other forty to come from, he could not help wondering?

"Now we must take an account of assets, do they call it?" proposed Ruth, and, suiting the action to the word, she drew her purse from her pocket and proceeded to reckon up how much she had in it.

Fourteen dollars and thirty nine cents was the result; Ward's pockets turned out twenty, and Mrs. Hammersley found that she could contribute thirty one dollars to the general fund, while Harold insisted on adding the gold eagle that Judge Dodge had given him as a parting gift when he left Brilling.

"That makes \$75.39 cash in hand," announced Guy, who had been busy with pencil and paper. "Guess we won't need your eagle, after all, Harry. You'd better save it up for a still rainier day."

"Do you suppose we can get into a place some time tomorrow?" Ruth wanted to know. "Our bill at the hotel will eat a hole in our resources, you must remember."

"I'll do my best," answered Guy. "And one thing we must take into account: the month's rent will have to be paid in advance. I forgot about that when I undertook to attend to that part of it. I'm running only about a dollar or two ahead of expenses, you know. But I'll save up for the second month, and be all right after that. Now, mother, have you any idea how much we'll need for living expenses?"

"Well, I don't see how five people can get along on less than fifty dollars a month, ten dollars apiece."

"There, I knew you'd want my eagle," put in Harold, who was looking over Guy's shoulder while the latter figured. "If you allowed thirty dollars for the rent, you'd have only thirty five left for the rest."

"But there's Guy's forty, my dear," interposed Mrs. Hammersley.

"Yes, but he's got to save that up for the second month's rent," rejoined the boy, and with a little air of triumph he plumped the gold coin on the table again.

"That will give us only forty five," remarked Guy, adding immediately, however: "But then all of my forty will not be needed for rent, so you see we will come out all right, after all."

It was then arranged that Ward should call around at Kenworthy & Clarke's the next morning to ascertain the result of Guy's interview on flats with Mr. Clarke. The party then separated for the night, Guy returning to the Jura feeling as though he were a married man weighed down by the cares of a large family.

On applying to the junior partner the next day, he was given by Mr. Clarke a note to a friend of his who made a specialty of small apartments, and when Ward arrived the two went off to obtain a batch of permits. But they found that the choice among furnished flats was exceedingly small; indeed, when the question of price was taken into account, there wasn't any choice left, a thirty dollar suite of four rooms on the top floor, in Harlem, being the only item that filled their bill.

"Well, I suppose there's nothing for it but to get the others and go up and see it," said Ward, which was accordingly done.

The ladies groaned in spirit on the threshold when they beheld the narrowness and steepness of the stairs, but the rooms were sunny, and, although the furniture was plain, everything was neat and clean. They had been occupied by a Southern gentleman and his wife. He had been ordered South for his health, and they were anxious to start as soon as possible, and readily acquiesced in Mrs. Hammersley's wish to move in at once.

So the thirty dollars was paid over, a cot purchased for Harold—the rooms were large, so that there was plenty of space for it in Guy's and Ward's apartment, and it could be folded up and placed under the bed in daytime—and by six o'clock that night "the assorted family," as Ward dubbed them, were established in their new quarters.

They were very merry that first night. Ruth could cook as well as she could play the violin, and Harold greatly enjoyed shopping for dinner and breakfast with his mother. Mrs. Maddern, the former tenant, had left her piano, and when the dishes were washed and put away, Ruth got out her violin, and with Ward for accompanist and Mrs. Hammersley as *prima donna*, they gave a little impromptu concert for their house warming.

It was certainly very cozy when you once got inside. There were rugs on the floors, which had been stained a dark red, and some good engravings on the walls, while a general supply of books scattered about gave an air of refinement and culture to the rooms.

Mrs. Maddern had been forced to leave behind her a great yellow cat, which boasted the grandiloquent name of Emperor, and with him Harold soon made friends, and when he discovered that the cat would jump over his hands, the boy's content seemed complete.

But with the others it was different. They might laugh and joke, and declare that they were in great luck to secure such pleasant quarters, but beneath it all there was an undercurrent of doubt that was like the worm in the bud. Ward was the first to put the dark side of the picture into words.

It was long after they had retired, when, noticing a restless motion of Guy's, he ventured to whisper: "I say, Hammersley, aren't you asleep either?"

"No; I've been wondering whether you were," was the reply.

"The boy's off, isn't he?"

"Long ago. I've been thinking."

"About next month?"

"Yes."

"So have I. 'Tisn't a particularly cheerful outlook, specially for me. What if I don't succeed in finding anything to do?"

"Oh, but you will. What are you up in particularly in the business line?"

"Nothing; that's the trouble. I left school to come out here with Ruth, you know. Besides, even supposing I get a place, I surely can't expect the good fortune you've had, and will be lucky to be paid five dollars a week. Multiply that by four, and you have twenty dollars a month for living expenses. Amount wanted: fifty."

"But you must remember that there'd be ten left from my income."

"Yes; but that will still leave a gap of twenty to be filled. Besides, I haven't got my situation at five a week yet, and maybe I won't ever have it. Ruth has great hopes of getting something to do, but it is so late in the season now I'm afraid there's not much show for her in the concert line, and I've put my foot down on her going into a store. Then, you must remember, our clothes won't last forever, and we haven't counted the cost of these in our estimates at all."

Guy was obliged to admit that they had not, and then there was silence in the apartment, broken only by the regular breathing of Harold, who was sleeping peacefully, while his older roommates were both lying there wide eyed over the problem of existence.

(To be continued.)

ERRORS OF SPEECH.

IV.

THERE is a vast difference between grammar and arithmetic—between the study of language and the study of mathematics. One is based upon fixed principles, eternal in their truth—the other has a foundation nearly as changeable as fashion itself. The product of four times seven was twenty eight when Noah calculated the dimensions of the ark, and four times seven will be twenty eight when unborn astronomers shall observe the next transit of Venus. And so with every other mathematical principle. But with language it is otherwise.

In 1611, the translators of the Bible made Paul say, in Romans 1.13: " Oftentimes I proposed to come unto you, but was *let* hitherto," while the revisers of 1881, to keep pace with changed meanings, render the same passage—" was *hindered* hitherto." The seventeenth century scholars also translated the Apostle's words in Acts xxvi. 5: " After the *most straitest* sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee," which version King James considered good grammar, and so it was; but nineteenth century critics feel bound to abolish the double superlative in order to conform with modern custom.

So we find traces everywhere of change in language that takes place gradually, but surely, in the course of years. Spellings change. Two methods divide the honors, it may be, for a time, as *favour* and *favor*, *Saviour* and *Savior*, *travelled* and *traveled*, *judgement* and *judgment*, till at last one becomes less preferable, then uncommon, finally incorrect. Forms change. Thus, the old imperfect of *get* was *gat*, but *got* usurped its place. *Gotten* was a former participle, but we find it now marked "obsolescent," though it threatens, at times, to come back to active service in spite of the dictionary. Pronunciations change. Our great grandfathers sounded the *l* in *could*, *would*, and *should*, and gave in full every final *ed* in such words as *fail-ed*, *terrifi-ed*, and *promis-ed*. At least that was the way they pronounced when reading, if they were fortunate enough to know that useful art.

Thus we must be prepared for changes in our own time, recognizing that what is wrong today, according to established rules, may be authorized in twenty years to come, and *vice versa*.

The verb *want* may be taken to illustrate this principle. Its first and chief meaning is *to lack*, *to be in need of*. But we often hear it used instead of *wish*, and this usage may, in time, become general.

It is easy to see how the second meaning is attached to the verb. If a man lack food, he is quite certain to wish for it; if he lack clothing, his thoughts are sure to run upon the tailor. Thus *want*, the cause, produces *wish*, the effect, and finally one is put for the other.

Another word whose significance is undergoing change is

demean. Its original definition was *to behave*, and one grammatical authority states, even now, that it is improper to use it in any other sense. But it not only is employed to denote degradation, as in the sentence, "I would not *demean* myself so much," but it has attained to the dignity of a dictionary definition of the same import.

In fact, grammar is like geography, subject to change by time, and art, and man's device. In the days of our boyhood, Africa was a great peninsula; but M. de Lesseps cut his great canal through the isthmus, and the peninsula became an island. Great Britain is an island now, but if the projected tunnel be made beneath the straits of Dover, the island will be changed to a practical peninsula, and geography must note all these facts.

Likewise grammar, which Webster calls "the art of speaking or writing with propriety or correctness, *according to established usage*," is not designed to lead, but to follow. It tells, not so much what *should* be said in theory, as what *is* said in practice by the most careful speakers and writers of the day; for, in the province of language, custom finally becomes law, even if it violate reason.

Nevertheless, do not imagine one may be careless of his speech in view of the above facts. He should, on the contrary, use greater care to learn what expressions are growing in the favor of the cultured and refined, and what are gradually falling into disrepute.

A generation since, the word "victuals" was used in the best circles of society; but for some unknown reason it has lost caste, and, though boasting a classic descent (Latin, *victus*), the substantial Anglo Saxon "food" now prevails in all high places.

The grammars of our youth taught that, in sentences like "I did not hear of John's leaving home," "leaving" was a participial noun limiting the possessive "John's," and also governing the objective "home." Modern grammars state the same principle, also; yet many writers, especially in newspapers and periodicals, are dropping the possessive sign from "John" and other nouns in like position, thus changing cases but not circumstances.

It is not unlikely that, in time, custom will assert itself in this particular, and the participial noun and its possessive will be ruled out, though we must confess, upon our own part, that we still cling to them as old friends. In conversation we may sometimes even catch the expression, "I did not hear of *him* leaving home." To our ears, *his* is much more euphonious than *him*, though logically, if the objective *John* be correct, the objective pronoun is in order.

We do not class these objectives as absolutely incorrect, but as inelegant, especially in case of pronouns at this stage of the transition. No grammarian, so far as we know, has ever dwelt upon this point. It is necessary, therefore, to watch the ablest pens of modern days, and see what they will do concerning them, for they will write the grammar of the future.



GOLDEN TREASURE

A TALE OF AUSTRALIA.*

BY LIEUTENANT E. H. DRUMMOND.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE ESCAPE FROM
NORTON'S GAP.

WHILE Starlight was joking with Kearney, Jack rose from his seat by the table, and, without taking any notice of Ned, he strolled to the open window, at which, as was his frequent custom, Crosby was leaning out whistling softly to himself. Supporting himself carelessly against the warped frame, from which the paint had

blistered and chipped away, and with his brown, flushed face turned up to the stars, which now began to burn in the fast darkening sky, Jack said in a low voice to his friend:

"Don't look around, but keep on whistling. That fellow who has just come in is my cousin, Ned Dudley. He has come in to try to get us off. They got my letter all right. He says my brother is not dead, and I could hardly help yelling with delight."

Jack spoke in a whisper, and Martin kept on whistling his tune as though in utter vacancy of mind, but, without looking at Jack, he nodded his head in time to the music to show that he heard him and understood.

"When he has had his supper—plucky fellow, how well he does it," Jack went on in the same low voice, "you must follow him, and hear what he has to say."

Fearing to attract attention by remaining more than a minute or two at the window with Jack, Martin stepped back to the table, where Ned, with an appearance of great enjoyment, was pitching into a piece of cold meat and a great lump of damper.

People say there is such a thing as honor among thieves, but thieves seem very doubtful of it themselves, for, living in a state of outlawry, and often with a price upon their heads, they grow exceedingly suspicious of each other, and are in constant fear of treachery from one member or another of the gang. This was the case just now.

The letter that Starlight had written, which he had hired Ned to take to Langan's, was the present object of suspicion, and several of the men had whispered together about it.

At last Ned, having finished his supper, pushed the seat back and rose from the table, and Starlight handed him the letter, saying:

"There now, be off. Mind you fulfill your part of the contract. I've given you the shilling and the supper. You therefore must deliver the letter, and say what I told you."

"Before the boy takes the letter, me and one or two wants to know what's in it," said Middance, a short, stout man, who was standing by the door rather sheepishly swinging one leg.

"Know what's in it!" said Starlight, turning towards him as quick as lightning, and speaking with an angry tone in his voice, which all the music of it failed to hide. "That's just like you. A miserable, sneaking lot of pickpockets that cannot trust me to do a single thing for your benefit and my own without doubting me and poking and prying into it. Stand out of the way there, Middance, and let the boy through," said Starlight, in a voice that somehow the man obeyed without a murmur. Then, turning to Ned, he added, "and now, boy, be off, and don't let me catch you stopping to listen to what I say."

Crosby had quietly slipped out of the room before Middance had placed himself in the doorway, so that when Ned, who was quickly outside the house, had crossed to the path he found the great fellow awaiting him in the shadow of a mossed and stunted tree.

Directly that he thought Ned was out of hearing, Starlight turned again to the startled looking men.

"I will tell you what that letter contained, since you must know. Oh, never mind that fellow Barnes," said Starlight impatiently, in answer to the nods and signals of one of the more cautious of the men. "We have got him safe enough, for some time at least, and he knows who and what we are, so it's no good our humbugging him. He knows we're thieves, so what's the use of our aping honest men? Well, that letter was one I have manufactured for the purpose of inducing Langan and that lubberly son of his to go to Bateman tomorrow. They'll rise to the fly, I know. And this is the reason I've done it.

"We have made Norton's Gap our headquarters for some time past, and it's about time we quit. I don't like the idea of keeping in one place too long, as you know, and I've a sort of notion that our whereabouts is suspected, and that won't do for us. What I meant to do is this: Tomorrow both the Ligans will start early for Bateman, and, when they are out of the way, we'll just drop down there in a friendly way, make a clean sweep of everything in the house—I know there is a pile of dollars—and then quietly vamoose the ranch."

This was such a piece of base ingratitude—for the Ligans had been invariably faithful and friendly to the bushrangers—that some of the men murmured a feeble dissent, but none of them had the moral courage to boldly oppose Starlight's determination. There is a sort of bravado in vice among a band such as this; no man likes to own himself feebler in evil doing than his fellows.

Besides this there was something so fiendish in Starlight's unblushing iniquity, in his total want of morals, and in the pride he seemed to take in his own infamy and degradation, that it overpowered the men, whose sense of right and wrong was dulled, if not destroyed, by the life of crime they lived.

"What about Big Eliza?" one of them asked.

"Oh," said Starlight, with a smile that would not have disgraced an angel, "she'll squeal a bit, and perhaps call me hard names, for the fool thinks that I like her just because she chooses to like me. *She* won't do us any harm. I believe I could tell her what I intend doing without her saying a word to anybody, or trying to stop us."

"Don't be too sure of Big Eliza," said Foster from somewhere in the background. "She's got a temper of her own."

"Did you never like or respect any one?" said a quiet voice from the window where Jack was still leaning.

Before Starlight could make the light reply that was on his lips as he turned his smiling face to the window, the mocking, sneering voice of Middance, who was striving to emulate his leader in cynicism, broke in with:

*Begun in No. 383 of THE ARGOSY.

"That shows that you don't know much of us, or you wouldn't ask that question. Don't you know that the wust of us, the very wust, allus loves one pusson? Starlight loves his mother."

Swift as the swoop of an eagle, Starlight turned on the fellow, and, for the first time in the memory of his companions in crime, livid with passion, struck him a crashing blow full on his jeering mouth.

Middance fell like a log, for, although Starlight was not tall, his muscles and sinews were of steel. Standing over the prostrate man, the robber chief said, in a voice that literally quivered with rage:

"Dare to mention her name again, and, as I live, I'll strangle you!"

Middance did not move nor speak; he was awed by Starlight's unusual passion, for there was something grand about the anger of this generally unmoved man. He soon regained command of himself, and, as though ashamed of his display of emotion and anger, he moved to the window where Jack stood, astounded at the scene, and, in his customary low tone, he said:

"I have surprised you, I see. You think perhaps a man is all good or bad. Ah, wait a few years longer, and you will learn to take wider views. Men are many sided cattle."

Shortly after supper the men went off to bed. Crosby had come in some time before, looking, Jack thought, eager and excited, and in answer to one of the men said that he had seen the boy go towards Ligan's and had then returned.

Jack did not dare court the suspicion of the robbers by crossing the room and speaking to Crosby, and he had to wait till Starlight had put out the light and sprung into his hammock, which he had let down from the hooks in the ceiling to which it was fastened in the daytime. Besides Starlight and Jack there were two other men sleeping in the room, which was a good sized one, and it was to the circumstance that he was thus so well guarded that Jack owed the fact of his not being secured in any way. These two men were Kearney and Crosby.

Jack lay in a perfect fever of anxiety, his very flesh tingling. For some little time sounds could be heard about the place, as Foster, who was general factotum and drudge, moved about in the passage or the other rooms, but at length these subsided and the house grew still.

Gradually silence fell upon the room, and Jack could hear the breathing of the men grow rhythmical and deep.

The night was very dark, for heavy clouds had rolled up from the sea, beyond the eastern hills. As Jack lay gazing with wide open eyes at the dull gray square of the unclosed window he could not see a star. Every now and then warm puffs of air, heavy with the scent of the white jasmine growing wild and rampant in the ruined garden, came floating in.

Jack could feel, he hardly knew how, that there was one person still awake in the room besides himself. He was sure that it was Crosby, that he was watching his opportunity, and that he only bided his time till all the men had sunk to rest.

It must have been nearly midnight when all the house was hushed in sleep, and, when the very sighing of the trees outside seemed but the breathing of their slumber, that Jack felt, before his quick ears had heard a sound, Crosby's warm breath upon his cheek.

Crosby had left his corner of the room, and, lying on the floor, had drawn himself, like a serpent, to where Jack lay. Knowing that the slightest sound woke Starlight, he placed his lips close to Jack's ear, and in the faintest whisper said:

"Your cousin has horses just beyond Ligan's. Get up

and creep through the window. Don't make a sound. I'll follow."

Without a word, only grasping Crosby's great arm to show that he understood, Jack slowly rose, and like a ghost began to steal across the room. He scarcely dared to breathe, and, although his bare feet made not the least sound upon the floor, he paused for a second after taking every step.

As he passed by Starlight's hammock, the bushranger turned in his sleep, and threw back the blanket from his throat. Jack felt the little draught of air it made, and for a moment he stood quite still, fearing that Starlight might wake, but with a sigh he sank again into the depths of sleep.

Jack reached the window, and, leaning over the sill, he glided rather than climbed through it without a sound. The perspiration was standing in beads upon his forehead, and the backs of his wrists were damp from anxiety and excitement as he stood out there in the scented darkness, awaiting the coming of his friend.

A moment passed, and another, still no Crosby. Had anything happened to him?

The time went by so slowly to Jack in his agony of suspense that he thought something must have befallen his friend. He had taken one step towards the window to see what was causing the delay when he saw Crosby—for his eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness—slowly rising to the window ledge.

For a moment not a sound was heard; then, just as Crosby was half through the window, the woodwork, unaccustomed to the strain, cracked, and, with a loud noise, a great piece of it gave way.

Without wasting a second, Crosby rushed to the spot where Jack was standing. He knew that it was useless then to attempt any concealment, for the noise was enough to have roused the seven sleepers.

Seizing Jack by the arm, he cried hoarsely, as he turned him towards the valley:

"This way. Come along. Speed is our only chance now. Run for your life!"

CHAPTER XL.

A HOT PURSUIT.

CROSBY was right, for, as they stumbled blindly across the broken ground of the garden, tripping over some obstacle at every other step, and traveling very slowly for all their haste, they heard Starlight spring from his hammock and strike a light.

Although only just aroused from his first deep sleep the bushranger had all his wits about him at once, and he seemed to know instinctively what had happened. While still close to the window, the fugitives heard him shout out in clear, loud tones:

"Kearney, Kearney, Crosby, wake up! Look alive! The boy has gone!"

But Starlight was a man of action, and never the one to wait for others when he could do a thing for himself. Before Jack and Crosby had gone forty yards, with all their eagerness, he was leaning out of the window holding the candle above his head.

The flame never flickered in the still and sultry air, and in an instant he had seen them. Either the light had fallen on them from the window or else their white clothes showed up against the line of dark trees beyond. Be that as it may, Starlight saw them, and Jack heard him sing out:

"There he is—why, there are two!"

Crosby too had heard, and, judging from the sound of Starlight's voice, he knew that it was he at the window.

Turning for one second, he saw the light gleaming on the bright barrel of the pistol that the robber chief was pointing at them. He had just time enough to lay his powerful hands on Jack's shoulder and swing the young fellow in front of him so that he might cover him with his own great body from Starlight's fire. Jack did not know what he meant by this, and half looked round, but Crosby urged him on.

At that moment Jack heard two reports of a pistol follow each other in instantaneous succession, and felt his shoulders gripped with a convulsive clutch.

"*I'm shot!*" This from Crosby in a broken voice.

Jack understood then what his friend had done for him.

He could not say anything just then; all his thoughts and all his energy were at once centered on getting Crosby safely away. There was no time to waste in talking, for Jack heard answering shouts from the men in the other part of the house, and he knew that in a moment they would be in full pursuit.

"Can you keep up?" was all that he said.

"I'll try," was Crosby's answer, and, seizing Jack's right arm, partly to guide him and partly to support himself, he tore along again.

Although his right arm hung broken and useless by his side, and although he could feel the hot blood pouring down his body from the wound in his broad breast, where the bullet had struck him after passing through his arm, he never faltered.

For one brief second when he was struck the world seemed to swim before him, but, clinching his teeth together, he regained command of himself and resolved, with the noble obstinacy of natures such as his, that he would hold out till he had taken Jack to the place where the horses were or die attempting it.

As they rushed down toward Lingan's they plainly heard the men leaving the house and starting after them. There was some confusion at first, which gave the fugitives a little advantage, but Starlight, who remained quite cool at this crisis, calmly gave instructions to the men and said that it was toward Lingan's that Jack and Crosby were running.

Directly after this they heard two or three start in pursuit, with directions to shoot the runaways if they were unable to catch them. The rest of the gang, with Starlight at the head of them, rushed to the little paddock to saddle their horses.

Both Jack and Crosby were bare footed, as Jack had left the house without thinking to bring his shoes, and Crosby, although he had had his in his hand, had been unable to put them on. Both of them badly cut and bruised their feet against the sharp stones of the valley, but neither stopped or even slackened speed for all that. Indeed, in the great dread of being caught before they could reach the horses, neither of them so much as felt the pain.

At last they gained the entrance to the valley, and behind them, not far off, they heard the heavy tramping of the men. Neither spoke a word, but Jack felt that Crosby was leaning more heavily each moment on his arm.

One thing only was in their favor then, and that was that their bare feet fell noiselessly on the coarse, rough grass upon which they had just turned, and their pursuers could not tell which way they went.

At this moment heavy drops of rain began to fall from the lowering clouds—great heavy drops of water that the heated air had warmed.

They passed by Lingan's. The house was dark and wrapped in sleep. A sheep dog heard the footsteps of the men, as they tore down the hill, and barked once.

As they reached the little open space of ground, on the other side of which stretched the long, low line of black bush where Ned and the horses awaited them, they heard behind them the labored breathing of their pursuers. It was evident that they were gaining fast upon the fleeing ones.

Crosby, becoming faint from loss of blood, went slower every moment. He felt despairingly that he could not maintain this killing pace, and Jack heard his breath grow short.

At last, when they had almost reached the place where Ned stood waiting with the horses Crosby groaned—his words were broken and his voice was faint:

"I can't—keep—up. Run on—he's waiting—horses—little way—straight ahead."

For answer Jack took Crosby's hand that held his own, placed it on his shoulder, and, putting his strong right arm about his companion's waist, half lifting him, he helped him forward. As he did so, he felt that the poor fellow's shirt was warm and thick with blood.

Close behind them now Jack heard the bushrangers in pursuit. Kearney—Jack knew him by his voice—growled an imprecation as he kicked his foot against a stone. Crosby heard nothing, he was so faint. Then the men wandered away from them, a little to one side, and then—"Thank Heaven! there are the horses!"

Ned was standing between them, holding both. He had stood so long, gazing with aching eyes into the darkness, that, when at last he suddenly saw the two figures before him, he almost shrieked aloud.

"Oh, Jack," he began.

"*Hush*—don't speak! Keep Amber still; he must bear two of us tonight. Now, Crosby, mount," Jack added, in an intense, low whisper.

But Crosby, whose strength was exhausted, only shook his head.

"For Heaven's sake, try!"

No, he could not do it. But Jack, though almost in despair, for every second he expected to feel the hands of the bushrangers upon him, would not give in, and pushed Crosby to the horse.

"Stand still! Whoa there, Amber!" he cried, and, placing one bare, heavy foot of the fainting man in the stirrup, he stooped and half lifted, half pushed him into the saddle.

Then, springing up behind, he held him up with one rigid arm—he seemed to have the strength of ten at that moment—and grasped the reins with the other.

"Now, Ned—*quick!*" he said, and put his horse in motion.

As he started forward, a figure wildly crashed through the bushes, and, grasping Ned's bridle, Kearney, in a triumphant voice, yelled out:

"Not so fast, my young feller!"

(*To be continued.*)

TRUE TO THE OLD FLAG.

THE plan, prevalent in certain hotels on the American plan, of doing away with bills of fare and allowing the waiter to pour forth the *menu* of the day in a torrent of swift speech, is sometimes very puzzling to foreigners. To one of them it was more than this, according to a writer in the *New York Evening Sun*.

He was newly arrived, this Milesian personage, and he didn't propose to be borne at once, body and soul, out of the old loyalty into the new. But he was at meat, and was ministered unto after the usual interrogative way. "Red snapper, boiled whitefish, baked bluefish?" asked the waiter.

Then all the Irish blood in his veins rose at once. "No, ye don't," he said. "I'll hav neyther of thim. St. Peter! I don't be havin' th' Amerikin flag stuffed down me throat that way, neyther baked nur boiled nur fried! Ye may bring me some green peas and petaties, waiter."



MOST JUST.

FLOATING FUN.

WORN OUT.

"BEFORE taking this place, I want to ask about the healthfulness of it. Is there much malaria here?"

"Well, there has been a good deal of it, but I reckon by this time me and my wife must have used it all up."—*New York Sun*.

* * * *

"I LOVE you, Lillian. By yonder graceful elms I swear that—"

"Oh, don't swear by them."

"Why not?"

"They may be slippery elms."—*The Jester*.

* * * *

JONES has given his son an object lesson in natural history. "You see, my boy," said Jones, "how mysteriously nature—that suspends cocoanuts on tree tops a hundred feet from the ground, to the great annoyance of travelers—distributes her gifts. There is the humble and slow going turtle, for example, out of whose shells the best combs are made, but which, in turn, is unable to use them, not being able to boast of a single hair."—*Judge*.

* * * *

HE WAS POSTED.

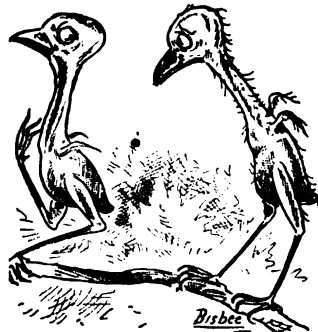
MR. TOMALE (to Jimmy, who has been permitted to dine with the company)—"Will you have a piece of chicken, Jimmy?"

JIMMY—"After the dog yanked it all over the back yard? Not much!"—*The Epoch*.

SKETCHES OF BIRD LIFE.



INQUISITIVE OLD CROW—"Say, old fellow, I'd like to ask you a personal question. Where, oh where did you get that hat?"



FIRST FLEDGLING (who has half a dozen feathers)—"I should think you would feel cold with nothing to cover you. I'm sure I pity you."

HE WAS BUT HUMAN.

MANAGER—"Ladies and gentlemen: Mr. Herrlar, the great magician, who will perform the miraculous feat of discovering while blindfolded the smallest article that may be hidden by any one in the audience, is unavoidably detained, but will appear on the stage in a very few moments."

(Seventeen seconds later.)

"Now, Mr. Herrlar, for heaven's sake send a boy out for a collar button if you can't find the one you dropped. The audience won't stand this long."—*Puck*.

* * * *

A MAN'S cheeks naturally burn when he is made light of.—*Boston Gazette*.

* * * *

THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF IT.

HE wrote: "I luv you. You have throne a spell around me." And she replied: "Why don't you use it?"—*Boston Transcript*.

* * * *

AT THE OPERA.

MRS. GUSHLY—"How that song carries me back to our home!"

MR. GUSHLY (coolly)—"How lucky! It will save three dollars for a carriage!"—*Harvard Lampoon*.

* * * *

ENGLISH FROM THE GERMAN STANDPOINT.

I VOS at a hotel by Hackensacks, und ven I vent away mit myselluf der landlord sayt: "Goot pye; I pelieve you're all square, eh?"

"Dot's queer," sayt I, und I couldn't dink vhy he says I'm square.

Next ding he shakes me mit der hand und says:

"I hope you'll come round soon."

"Vell," I reblied, "I hope I will be roundt, too, if I am square already." Dot makes him laugh, und he says:

"Vell, don't be long."

Py chlimany hooky! I ran from der house away for fear he shall say dot I am flat.—*Chatter*.

* * * *

WARM AND COLD.

"WILL you please give me some warm vittles, mum?"

"You're mighty particular; why wouldn't cold victuals do?"

"Because I know this season that ice is mighty high, and I'm trying to make it as easy as I can for you."—*Philadelphia Times*.

* * * *

AMERICA AHEAD, OF COURSE.

ENGLISHMAN—"We have lately been building steamers which can sail over six inches of water."

AMERICAN—"That's nothing. We have long had steamers in America that have come in three days overdue."—*Terre Haute Express*.



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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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* * * *

THE little act of a man rising in a crowded street car and giving his seat to a lady has seemingly provoked more discussion than the identity of the man in the Iron Mask or the authorship of the Junius letters. Some have claimed that women have no right to go shopping just when the cars are apt to be most crowded with men returning from their daily toil, others have insisted that men do not give their seats to ladies as frequently as they used to, while some of the men themselves aver that the ladies never think of thanking them when they do rise in their favor.

Now all this is, we think, productive of more harm than good. Politeness is not a quality to be analyzed, but the outward expression of inborn gallantry. Furthermore, in a long and varied experience, we have never seen a lady accept a seat from a gentleman without thanking him for it.

Courtesy is never out of order, all the penny a liner scribes of the chit-chat column of the daily press to the contrary notwithstanding.

* * * *

RECENTLY THE ARGOSY contained an article about the humor to be extracted from a cork leg. According to a report from Hancock County, Maine, an artificial limb made of simple wood is, so far from being a thing of joy, a source of actual danger to its wearer.

A farmer with such an appendage, started to put out a fire in the woods near his home the other day. The flames seized upon his wooden leg, from this spread to his clothing, and he was quite seriously burned before the conflagration could be subdued in a blanket.

* * * *

THE great Army of the Rejected are to organize and accept their own productions in the shape of spring poems, essays on the unattainable, and lurid tales of love and lucre. The association is to be called the Authors' Lyrical Union, and a periodical is projected for which

there will of course be no difficulty in securing contributions.

If each member of the society pays his subscription to this magazine for the sake of seeing his own article in print, it may have a prosperous career, but should the general public be looked to to support it, the prospect darkens, as the fortune tellers say. The average run of "home made" poetry to be found tucked away in the corners of a country newspaper, is apt to cloy, but when we have it served up to us in wholesale batches, what can we expect but a general lifting up of hands in horror?

* * * *

A SPLendid example of the nerve that can meet an emergency and conquer it, was that exhibited last month at the Yale-Atalanta boat race, when Yale's captain, having broken his oar, dived overboard, thus relieving the boat of his now useless weight and giving his crew the chance for the victory which they so gloriously won.

It is recorded that not an instant was lost in this maneuver. There was no hesitancy, no debating with himself whether he was really called upon to do the thing or not. He simply saw in a flash that it was the only thing to be done, and did it.

If the mischances that befall one in the battle of life were encountered in like spirit there would be more successes wrested from failures than there are now. Captain Allen, Yale's stroke of '90, has set the young men of America an example worthy of imitation in many directions.

* * * *

AT this time of year everybody, more or less, is talking about vacation. When shall it be taken, and where, and just what form shall it assume? We wonder if any ever think to put to themselves the query: Just what feature of my vacation is going to do me the most good?

We think the Western woman, whose idea was described not long ago in a New York daily, has struck the keynote of the matter. She doesn't go out of town at all, but takes pains to have all her surroundings during a month of the hot weather as different as possible from what they are the rest of the year. Furniture, meal hours, food, are all changed. She is a business woman, and another feature of her summer programme is rest—complete idleness.

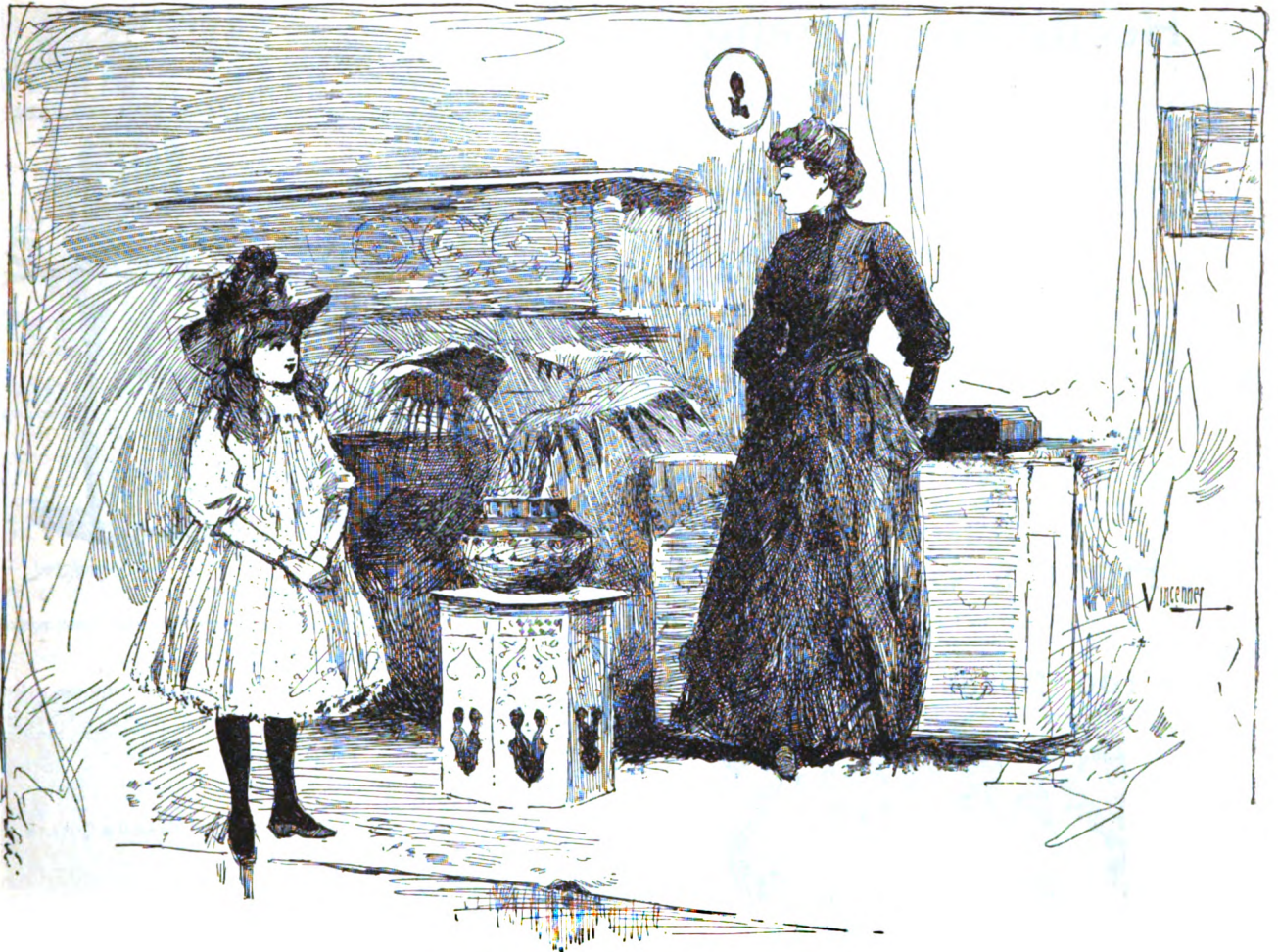
Let this feature, then, be taken into consideration in forming plans for the yearly outing. If you are in doubt as to which trip, boarding place or locality will do you the most good, just ask yourself which will form the greatest contrast to your ordinary mode of life.

* * * *

THE American flag is indeed having a boom. Not only are schools decorating themselves therewith all the land over, but there is now a bill before Congress which may have been passed ere this meets the reader's eye—prohibiting the use of the flag for advertising purposes. That is, a penalty is to be attached to the degradation of the national banner as the background for displaying announcements regarding the merits of certain brands of soap, oatmeal or hams.

Meanwhile the flag itself is being legitimately advertised, with all this talk about it, and elevated to the position of importance it should most assuredly assume in our great republic.

THE ARGOSY



VERY PARTICULAR.

"MAMMA, AREN'T WE GOING TO THE SEASHORE THIS SUMMER?"

"YES, DEAR."

"WELL, I THINK WE OUGHT TO GO VERY SOON, BECAUSE I WANT TO GET SOME BATHING, AND I'M AFRAID THE OCEAN WILL HAVE BEEN USED BEFORE WE GET THERE IF WE DON'T HURRY."

HIS WORST SCARE.

THE following, from the *New York Tribune*, will be of interest to our large circle of readers with military proclivities.

"Was I ever afraid in battle?" said an English army officer. "Many times. But there are different kinds of fright. I have served in India, in Egypt and in Western Africa, but the worst 'funk' I was ever in was when there was no enemy within thousands of miles of me.

"I was a captain at the time and was stationed at Port Royal, Jamaica. We had just got a lot of recruits on our hands, the rawest, greenest recruits you ever saw. I was drilling them in rifle practice at long range, and had great trouble to make them obey orders with precision. In fact, one could never be sure whether they would fire when you wanted them to present, or present when you wanted them to fire.

"I had been sending them through a practice one afternoon, and they were so terribly stupid that I got into a vile humor. The day was fearfully warm, and the sun beat down so fiercely that my horse, a wicked brute, got into almost an ungovernable temper. I sat on my horse at the right of the squad, and was giving them volley practice at long range. When my patience was entirely gone, the men seemed to gain a little sense, and began to fire with rapidity and accuracy. Things were running as smoothly as clockwork.

"We were getting along so well by this time that it was 'Ready! Present! Fire!' and the volley would ring out like a single report.

"Once I cried out 'Ready!' and the work was as pretty as that of veterans.

"Present,' and every rifle went up to shoulders in perfect form. At the very instant I was about to say 'Fire!' my fretting horse bolted, cutting directly across the range. I was not twenty feet from the squad. My eye caught the glittering rifles leveled right at me, and instinctively I closed my eyes and ducked my head. If you knew what British soldiers are you can imagine my feelings, my terrible fear, for as I said before, I was never before in such a 'funk.' I knew that if I opened my mouth those recruits would riddle my body with rifle balls, for they were expecting the word 'Fire!' and probably would have taken any sound for that. My desire to yell 'As you were!' to get the rifles off my body, was so great that I had to clench my teeth to keep from crying out. Of course the whole thing took only a few seconds, but it was many minutes longer than that to me.

"When my plunging horse had carried me from before the motionless rifles, I managed to wheel him. As he came around I cried 'Fire!' and every one of those stolid men obeyed the command with absolute precision. That assured me all the more that had I opened my mouth while crossing their range I should have been a dead man, for they were not drilled sufficiently to distinguish a different order at the last instant, and yet followed one's words with a blind fidelity.

"I have often thought," added the officer with a strange smile on his lips, "that those recruits fancied I had cut across them to test their drill, for they showed no surprise, not the faintest sign of emotion when I suddenly wheeled and cried 'Fire!' But you may well believe that this was not the case. And I pledge you never afterward in rifle practice did I get caught in so dangerous and helpless a situation."

Health and Strength

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

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Makes the Weak Strong

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for loss of appetite, dyspepsia, and general languor. It did me a vast amount of good, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it." J. W. WILLEFORD, Quincy, Ill.

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A CAUSE FOR GRIEF.

THE gentle maiden's tears do flow;
She murmurs 'twixt her sighs;
If ice be dear, ice cream will show
A corresponding rise.—*Boston Courier.*

* * *

A GOOD FAILING.

HE—"This horse puts me in mind of Lord Nelson."
SHE—"Why?"
HE—"Because he would rather die than run."—*Yale Record.*

* * *

EVERY Scholar should address Box 188, Alfred, Me., and learn about the U. S. MAP. Size 40 x 60 inches, free to each school.

* * *

TRUE TO THE EMERALD ISLE.

CASEY (in grocery store)—"Give me a pound of tay."
GROCER—"Green tea or black tea?"
CASEY—"Grane tay, in coorse. Do ye think I'd go back on me colors, ye spalpane?"—*Light.*



NOT HER SIZE.

CUSTOMER FROM SEEDVILLE—"Do you keep the best make of shoes here?"

CITY DEALER—"Yaas, our shoes are all A No. 1."

CUSTOMER FROM SEEDVILLE—"Then you can't suit me. I take B No. 5."

CURIOUS.

"DOES Queen Victoria play billiards?"
"Not that I know of. Why?"
"Nothing—except that we hear a good deal about the Queen's English."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

* * *

A GIRL WORTH HAVING.

A FEW weeks ago I read in your paper Mr. Moorhead's experience in the Plating Business, in which he cleared \$167.85 in a month; but I beat that if I am a girl. I sent as he directed and got a Plater, and cleared \$208.17 in one month. Can any of your readers beat this? You can get spoons, forks or jewelry to plate at every house. Send \$3 to W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, and they will send you a Plater, and you can make money enough in three hours to pay for it, or address them for circulars. There is plenty of work to do in both city and country; then why should any person be poor or out of employment with such an opportunity at hand. I hope my experience will help others as much as Mr. Moorehead's did me.

LAURA B—.

* * *

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF LIFE.

"How our ambitions are nipped by the frosts of experience," sighed the poet.
"Yes," replied the editor; "I began life as an amateur journalist, and here I am today nothing more than a plain newspaper man."—*Boston Courier.*

TO THE YOUNG FACE

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.

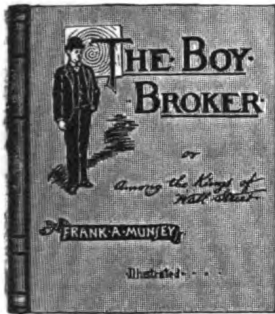
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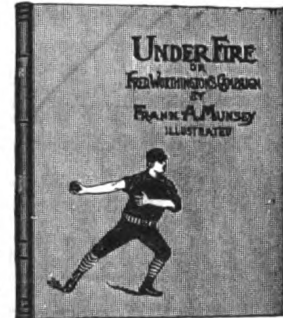
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you can SAVE MONEY and MAKE MONEY.

THE ARGOSY, purchased by the week, costs five dollars and twenty cents; by the year it costs less, but it is not always convenient for boys to pay out so much cash at one time, and for this reason the majority of our readers continue to take it by the week, paying ten cents per copy, which amounts to \$5.20 at the end of the twelve months. Now we have something better to offer, something whereby a reader can, for five dollars, get THE ARGOSY for a full year and four dollars' worth of the handsomest books in the market, paying for the whole in instalments. This is a new departure, and one that is meeting with the most flattering approval by all our readers. The books we give are



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They are beautifully illustrated, each containing forty drawings. The type is large and clear, and printed on heavy plate paper. Thousands of these books have been sold at two dollars each. They are bound in cloth and handsomely decorated in gilt and colors. They are the kind of books to please boys. Read the following in regard to them :

What has been said about "The Boy Broker."

"THE BOY BROKER" is a book I wish every boy in the land could read. There is no cant in it, no sickly sentimentality, no strained relations, no preposterous *denouements*. It is healthy, helpful, manly, true to nature and facts. It inculcates self reliance, fortitude in the right, and the truth that, in spite of all successful rascals to the contrary, nevertheless manliness, courage and honesty win in this world, and are admired by men, and dear to women, as they are to God. I saw my boy reading Mr. Munsey's book with great delight. It can only help him—not a line can hurt him. May Mr. Munsey live to give the youth of this country many more such wholesome, helpful, inspiring books as "The Boy Broker," is my sincere desire.—REV. DR. JOHN R. PAXTON, of the West Presbyterian Church, New York City.

MY DEAR MR. MUNSEY: I am greatly indebted to you for sending me the superb holiday edition of your latest story, "The Boy Broker." I have read it with much enjoyment, and find it full of interest. There is not a dull line in it. In Herbert Randolph you have given us a hero in every way admirable. Upright, manly and eager to succeed, but only by honorable means, he excites our sympathy from the start. Bob

Hunter and Tom Flannery are boys of a different type, but equally interesting. By his unconscious drollery and rich vein of humor, Bob will take his place among the noted characters in fiction.

Your story is healthy in tone, and calculated to influence boys for good. I confidently predict that it will become a favorite with them and the public. Externally it is the handsomest gift book that has fallen under my eye.
 HORATIO ALGER, JR.

MY DEAR MR. MUNSEY: The story of "The Boy Broker" is interesting and exciting enough in a healthy direction to rivet the attention of the reader from the first to the last page. The hero is high toned to the core of his being, and incapable of a mean or wicked action. Even the street boys breathe out the evidence of a high type of humanity in their peculiar language, which robs it of its vulgarity.

The tone of the story is elevating, for it is not only free from injurious leadings, but its spirit is an inspiration in the direction of high aims and a noble and true life. The volume has all the essentials of a good book without a line that deserves censure.
 WILLIAM T. ADAMS (Oliver Optic).

What has been said about "Under Fire."

THE story is spirited, well illustrated, and calculated to make the young reader for whom it was written manly and self reliant.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

MR. MUNSEY'S writings are known to all, and to mention his name in connection with this work is enough recommendation for it. "Under Fire" is full of interesting reading matter, such as boys like, and is also a very instructive book.—*Mail and Express*, New York.

MR. MUNSEY has written a bright, readable and clever tale. He certainly understands boy nature perfectly, and he has drawn a very lovable and manly hero. The book is unusually well printed and is splendidly illustrated.—*Albany Argus*.

AUTHOR, printer and artist have done their work well, and the book is one that will please every boy into whose hands it may fall.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

THE ARGOSY

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We want every boy and girl among your acquaintance to become subscribers to THE ARGOSY, which, as you know, is peerless. And we want you to get the subscription, securing the money for getting it. We will pay you **ONE DOLLAR** on each subscription you secure for us to THE ARGOSY, and you can take from twenty five to one hundred, and perhaps more, unless some one gets ahead of you and secures the subscriptions before you ask for them

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