THE ARGOSY

VOL. X, No. 9. SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1890. WHOLE NO. 399.

THE YANKEE DRUMMER BOY.

He led the march, that drummer boy,
As bold as man could be,
Through forests where the foe's decoy
Lurked behind every tree.

Through ambuscades and ice and snow,
And up the mountain height
Where even eagles feared to go,
He led them with delight.

And through the streets of old Quebec
He led them to the fray,
As brave as Nelson on his deck
In famed Trafalgar bay.

And there by proud Montgomery's side,
The Continental's joy,
He met the volley, fell and died,
The Yankee drummer boy.

Tom Hall.

UNDER AFRICA;

OR,

THE STRANGE MANUSCRIPT OF THE WHITE SLAVE.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

CHAPTER V.

THE NIGHT ON THE ROOF.

THE tragic scene described at the close of the preceding chapter, following on the very heels of the outbreak, was a fearful shock to all who saw it, and for an instant they could only stare at each other with mute, frightened faces.

Colonel Carrington broke the spell. With drawn sword he made a dash for the door, closely followed by the rest, but before they could cross the apartment a louder burst of firing came from the very courtyard, bullets whistled through the windows, and then a scuffle broke out in the hall, and angry voices were heard. It was over in a moment; a cry of pain, a low groan, followed by the sound of bars dropped in their sockets, and then into the room burst three Hindoo soldiers, grimy with blood and powder.

"Sahib colonel," cried the foremost, "we are lost. The Arabs and Somalis have revolted. Hundreds of them surround the residency. Yonder in the hall lies a dead Somali. We have barred the doors, but they will soon be in."

Even as he spoke, the portals shook under a succession of thunderous blows.

"The rear door," cried the colonel. "We may escape that way."

"No, no; the building is surrounded," rejoined the Hindoo. "There is no escape."

He was right. Shouts were heard on all sides, the blows on the doors redoubled, and stray shots came in at the windows, both front and rear.

Sir Arthur lay prostrate in his chair.

"The roof! the roof!" he groaned. "We must take to the roof."

"By Jove, he's right," cried the colonel. "It's our last hope. Blow out the lights and come on, quick!"

The lamps were out in a second, but a dim glare still shone into the room from the torches outside. With an effort, Sir Arthur staggered to his feet. Two of the soldiers assisted him, and then in great haste they hurried through the hall to a rear room.

The building was of one story, and from this apartment a ladder led to an open trap overhead.

Sir Arthur was pushed up first, followed closely by the rest, and just as Momba brought up the rear and dragged the ladder after him, the great residency doors gave way with a crash, and a wild yell of triumph told only too plainly that the enemy had made an entrance.

Guy's quick eye observed a big, flat stone lying near, a precautionary measure provided by some former governor, no doubt, and, calling on Momba to assist him, he dragged it over the trap.

From below came a rush of footsteps, and the sound of smashing furniture as the Arabs hurried to and fro in search of their prey.

"We are safe for the present," said the colonel; "they can't possibly reach us, and they may not even discover where we are."

The roof comprised the whole extent of the building, and was probably thirty feet square. It was surrounded by a stone parapet three feet in height, and from this parapet the little band of fugitives witnessed a scene that none forgot to their dying day.

North and west of the residency the town seemed to be in comparative quiet and darkness, for only stray lights were to be seen at intervals. But off to the south lay the fortifications, and here a sharp conflict was waging.

Through the darkness of the night the flash of every shot was seen, and all along the line blazed out three continuous sheets of flame as the beleaguered garrison poured their fire into the attacking parties that advanced from both sides.

"They can't hold out an hour," said Melton. "The foe are too strong for them."

A sharp cry from Captain Waller turned all eyes on the harbor, where the water was illumined by twinkling lights and the flash of rifles. The meaning of this was plain. The steamer had been attacked. No doubt those innocent looking dhows had been filled with armed Arabs, waiting for the signal, and now every escape was cut off. The firing was sharp and severe for a while, and then it gave way to loud cheers.

The steamers had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

"There goes the last hope," said the colonel; "and look, even the garrison has succumbed."

It was true. The firing had almost entirely ceased, and the few stray shots that still rang out were drowned in the vast roar that rose from all parts of the town.

The residency was cordoned by a surging mass of wretches, intoxicated with triumph, and fresh hordes came pouring in, riotous from the slaughter of the garrison.

"Some cunning fiend has planned all this," muttered Colonel Carrington, "and planned it most infernally well, too."

"The Arab, Makar Makolo, is the ringleader, sir," said Melton, "but he is only acting for Rao Khan, the Emir of Harar, who has long desired the port of Zaila."

"A swift retribution will come," replied the colonel, "but it will come too late to aid us."

No person seemed inclined to talk. Sir Arthur sat up against the parapet in a sort of stupor, the three Hindoos were grouped on one side, and Momba mutely followed his master from point to point, as with Guy and the colonel he made the circuit of the housetop.

And now for the first time it became evident that the presence of the fugitives on the roof was known. Thousands of Arabs and Somalis surrounded the building, their dark faces plainly seen in the glare from the torches, but no hostile demonstration was made. They appeared to be waiting on something or some one. It was very evident that the whole population of the town were in revolt. It was equally plain, too, that they had been been prepared for this uprising, for it had apparently broken out in all quarters of the town at once, and the expected signal had no doubt been the approach of the Arabs from Berbera, for the vast number of rifles used in the fight proved conclusively their arrival.

Wonderful success had crowned their plans. Yesterday the garrison at Berbera had fallen to a man. And now Zaila was in their hands, and all that remained of the British possessors was the miserable band of fugitives on the residency roof.

With bitter feelings Guy looked down on the sea of faces. He was wondering if he should ever see Calcutta or England again. But he had been in worse predicaments before, and, hopeless as it now seemed, something might turn up to save them yet.

Melton was inclined to think that the Arabs were only waiting on daylight to make their attack, and yet they seemed to have no idea of abandoning their position, but encircled the building with a sea of torches, talking loudly and excitedly all the while.

Once Guy ventured to peer down over the parapet, and to his surprise he saw Arab guards at the residency door, sternly keeping back the crowd. Then he pulled aside the stone from the trap. All was dark and quiet beneath. The solution to this mystery was close at hand.

Of a sudden a great hush fell on all the vast crowd, the tumult died away to a low murmur, and from the outskirts came a strange sound, at first low and indistinct, and then louder and more vivid, like the tinkling of bells mingled with the trampling of hoofs.

The Arabs and Somalis fell silently apart, leaving open a wide passage like a swath cut through a field of standing corn that led straight to the residency doors. Up this triumphal avenue trotted a dozen stalwart Arabs bearing lighted torches, and directly behind came a gigantic camel, decorated with gorgeous trappings and hung with strings of silver bells. And on the camel's back, gazing haughtily around him, sat the Arab, Makar Makolo.

"Behold Makar Makolo, the new ruler of Zaila!" cried the heralds, and from the vast crowd burst one universal shout of satisfaction.

CHAPTER VI.

A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH.

At sight of the daring Arab chief Guy could scarcely restrain himself. He would have drawn his revolver and shot him down then and there, but Colonel Carrington interfered.

"Don't excite them," he said cautiously, "their punishment is sure in the end. How can they defend Zaila against the British gunboats that will be sent here? We have possibly a chance for our lives yet. Don't destroy that last chance."

The colonel plainly had strong hopes. It is well enough in some cases to fight to the very last, and have your names printed in the army list as heroes who died at their post, but in this case the safety of Sir Arthur was plainly the important point, and any concession must be made to secure this. So all idea of making a fight of it was given up. Short and

brief would have been the struggle for Guy and Melton, as the three Hindoos were the only ones armed, and they had but a scant supply of ammunition.

Makar held a short conversation with three or four Arabs, and then, slipping down from his camel, he walked off a little way from the residency and shouted loudly: "Inglis men, come down. You no be killed. You prisoners of war."

The idea of Makar's investing this bloody outbreak with all the dignity of legitimate warfare was ridiculous, and the colonel laughed.

"What's that about prisoners?" cried Sir Arthur, coming eagerly forward. "Will they spare our lives, I wonder? Let me talk to the fellow. I'll try to conciliate him."

He walked pompously to the parapet and bent over. Perhaps the champagne he had drunk had affected his head. At all events he leaned a little too far and suddenly losing his balance toppled over and fell with a crash plump on the heads of the two Arab sentries at the door. All three came to the ground in a heap, and it was a great relief to the anxious watchers above to see Sir Arthur stagger to his feet apparently unhurt.

The effect on the Arabs was electric. The remaining guards glanced up apprehensively, and very speedily changed their location.

As for Makar he evidently believed that Sir Arthur had come down expressly in response to his summons, for he waited for the rest to follow his example.

"Bless my heart!" muttered Sir Arthur. "What a narrow escape!"

He started toward Makar, but two Arabs laid hold of him and pulled him down roughly to one side.

"We'd better go down," said the colonel, and raising his voice he shouted:

"Do you swear to preserve our lives if we come down?"

"By the shades of Mohammed, I swear it. Come down," replied Makar.

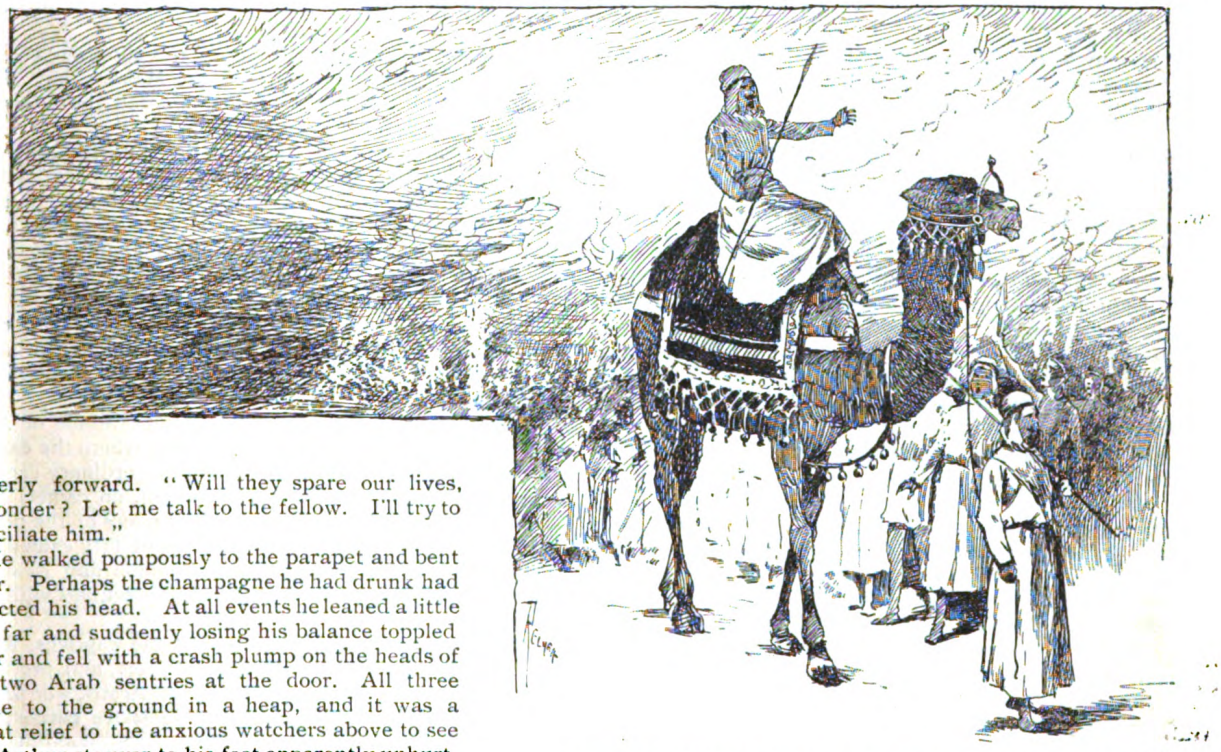
"We'll have to trust to his word," said the colonel. "Put the ladder in position."

The ladder, with one end on the ground, failed to reach the top of the parapet by four or five feet. It was a ticklish business to drop down on the upper round, but one by one they accomplished it, and descending to the ground, were speedily seized and relieved of everything on their persons.

Perhaps Makar doubted his ability to keep his word, for he hurried his prisoners into the residency, away from the turbulent crowd, and left them in the hall in custody of a dozen armed Arabs.

They had not been here five minutes when a commotion was heard outside, and the shattered doors were pulled apart to admit half a dozen weary, blood stained soldiers of the garrison. They were the last survivors, and they told a fearful tale of woe.

The fortifications had been attacked, they said, at the same time by the population of the town on one side, and on the south by a vast horde of Arabs and Somalis, who suddenly appeared over the sand hills mounted on camels. They



"BEHOLD MAKAR MAKOLO, THE NEW RULER OF ZAILA!"

alone had been made prisoners. All the others had been shot down, including the officers, the port surgeon, and the native assistant resident.

This sad story brought tears to the eyes of all, and even Sir Arthur waxed terribly indignant and prophesied speedy retribution.

But now the guards sternly forbade conversation. An hour or more passed on, during which time many persons undistinguishable in the gloom, passed in and out of the residency.

Then came a summons to appear before the chief.

"Don't be alarmed," said Sir Arthur reassuringly. "We shall be sent across the gulf to Aden. This wretch will not dare do injury to Her Majesty's representatives."

Sir Arthur's sudden change of spirits was not shared by the rest.

"Nerve yourself," Melton whispered to Guy. "I have an idea what is coming," and before Guy could reply they were ushered into the very apartment which they had left so hastily a few hours before.

It had undergone no change. The lamps had been relit, the wine bottles and glasses still stood on the table, and in

Sir Arthur's chair of state sat Makar Makolo, very stern and dignified, while around him, squatted on the rugs, were four Arabs of superior caste and intelligence, comprising, no doubt, the freshly formed cabinet of the new governor of Zaila.

Makar waited until his captives had ranged themselves along the wall, and then with great *sang froid*, he helped himself to a cigar from Sir Arthur's choice box of Partagas, lit it, and then poured off a glass of champagne which he dispatched at a gulp.

Having thus proved beyond a doubt that he possessed all the chief qualifications of a British political resident, he settled back in his chair and surveyed his prisoners with lowering brow.

"Bless my heart!" ejaculated Sir Arthur. "What most amazing impu—" a sudden rap on the head from one of the guards cut short his speech, and he relapsed into indignant silence.

Makar was plainly a man of iron nerve, for he met calmly and even boldly the indignant, defiant glances that were turned upon him as he scanned the row of prisoners ranged before him.

Glancing toward the windows he dispersed with a wave of his hand the dark swarm of faces peering eagerly within, and then at last he deigned to break the silence which had become so ominous.

"I have promised ye your lives," he said. "Makar never breaks his word. Allah is great, and it is the will of Allah that Zaila should belong to the true followers of the prophet. Already has his will been fulfilled. The hated Inglis soldiers are dead. Rao Khan is the ruler of Zaila, and Makar is his servant."

He paused and helped himself to another glass of champagne. It was evident that Makar was not at heart a true follower of the prophet, for the Koran strictly forbids all intoxicants.

Another impressive pause followed. Guy glanced at Melton and was alarmed to see the dead white pallor on his face. Melton alone perhaps knew what was coming. On the rest the blow fell with crushing severity.

"Have I not said that Makar's word is inviolate?" the Arab resumed, leaning forward and uttering each syllable sharply and distinctly.

"Can Makar break his pledge?" and he turned to his solemn visaged ministers.

"No, no, no," they muttered in guttural accents, and solemnly shaking their heads.

"Then hark ye all," Makar went on. "I have sworn on the Koran that whatsoever prisoners fell to my lot should be delivered over as slaves to the Somalis of the Galla country. I have spoken. It is Kismet. At daybreak ye start for the interior."

Sir Arthur staggered back against the wall with a dismal groan, the Hindoos fell on their knees, begging piteously for mercy, Colonel Carrington seemed dazed, stupefied, Guy clinched his hands and made a desperate effort to bear up bravely, while Melton's face wore the same pale, hopeless expression.

No one spoke. Supplications and prayers would alike be useless. The Arab's stern, pitiless countenance spoke plainer than words. Mercy was an unknown word in his vocabulary.

"Spare us, spare us!" moaned Sir Arthur, coming forward a pace or two and making as though he would fall on his knees.

"I have spoken," cried Makar harshly. "Words will avail ye nothing."

He made a signal to the guards, who at once closed in on the wretched captives and led them away.

CHAPTER VII.

SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

THE party were taken to a rear apartment of the residency, and placed under strong guard. During the remainder of that night no one slept, of course, nor did they hold much conversation, for all instinctively avoided a subject which could only add to their wretchedness.

Slavery among the Somalis was a fate worse than death. It was a living death indeed, for hope of escape there was none. Far better if Makar had ordered them to be shot at daybreak.

Guy spoke hopefully to Melton of the situation, counting somewhat on the claim he held on Makar; but Melton seemed to think that the Arab had ignored the affair, and would not interfere with Guy's fate.

All too soon gray dawn came stealing into the residency, revealing the haggard faces of the captives, and with it came a summons from Makar to prepare for the journey. Food was brought, and partaken of with some relish, for, under even the most distressing circumstances, men seem able to eat. Closely watched, they were led into the open air, and halted for a brief space in the court.

The sun was not up yet, and the blue waters of the gulf stretched afar until lost in the pale mist. In the harbor lay the two steamers, but the British flag no longer floated over their decks.

Finally they were led through a curious rabble of Arabs and Somalis to the outskirts of the town, where the caravan was in process of formation. It was no ordinary caravan. There were no bales of goods lying about, no camels laden down with burdens, but surrounded by many of the population drawn hither by curiosity were about fifty camels with simple trappings, and a group of Somalis and Arabs all heavily armed, the Arabs with rifles, the natives with long spears.

Simultaneously with the arrival of the captives, Makar made his appearance with an armed escort, and proceeded to hold a close conversation with the two Arabs, who seemed to be the leaders of the caravan. He spoke earnestly for quite a while, making many gestures, and pointing from time to time at the prisoners. Then he turned away, and instantly all was excitement.

The Arabs and Somalis quickly pulled themselves upon their camels, and with the aid of the guards the Englishmen were mounted in the same way, each man being hoisted up beside an Arab or a Somali.

No resistance was made. The Hindoo soldiers were in a state of deep dejection, and poor Sir Arthur seemed hardly to realize his position.

The caravan was now ready to start. At the last minute Makar Makolo passed carelessly by Guy and whispered: "Keep good heart. Makar no forget." Then he vanished in the crowd, and, with a loud cheer to speed them on their way, the line of camels filed at a slow trot over the sandy plain in a southwesterly direction.

Guy turned his head for a last look at Zaila and the harbor now beginning to glimmer in the first rays of the sun, and then a stretch of sand hills hid the town from view.

Little did he realize that which he must pass through before he saw the coast again.

From the ruined fortifications of the town an unseen observer watched the departure of the caravan. It was Manuel Torres. The crafty Portuguese was well pleased to see the hated Englishmen speeding away to their doom.

He was a cunning knave and had laid his plans well. Perhaps he feared the stability of the new government. If the English came into possession of Zaila again he could invent some clever tale to disprove his connection with the Arab revolt; and who could bear witness against him? None, indeed, for the lips of those who alone knew his guilt would be hopelessly sealed. Africa never gives up her slaves.

To the wretched captives that day's journey over the scorching desert was a fearful experience. Nothing is more painful to the novice than riding camel back, and when at last a halt was made at sunset every man was aching from head to foot.

The heat, too, had been fearful, though the Arabs had provided them with big sun helmets before starting. No intercourse was permitted. The captives were kept rigorously apart. But little sleep was allowed. The caravan started again before dawn, and, as before, traveled rapidly and steadily until sundown.

At the end of the second day they had become in a measure accustomed to the motion of the camels, and no longer suffered as much. Yet in all this time no words had been exchanged. Each man was kept apart. The Arab with whom Guy rode could speak some English, and from him he learned that the chief object of the caravan was to carry to Rao Khan the news of the capture of Zaila. Further information the Arab refused to give.

The caravan comprised a dozen Arabs and thirty or forty Somalis of the Galla country. It was to these crafty savages that the captives belonged. The Somalis had assisted Makar in the revolt and these slaves were their reward. Their chief, who accompanied the caravan, was none other than Guy's vindictive enemy, Oko Sam.

Late in the afternoon of the fifth day the caravan came to a sudden halt. In the distance were visible green hills and rolling plains covered with verdure. The desert seemed to have ended. It was evident that something of importance was about to happen.

All dismounted, and while the Arabs and Somalis entered into an excited conversation, the captives were for the first time allowed to converse.

Their hopeless situation was too well understood for discussion. Strange to say, Sir Arthur was the only one who had not abandoned hope.

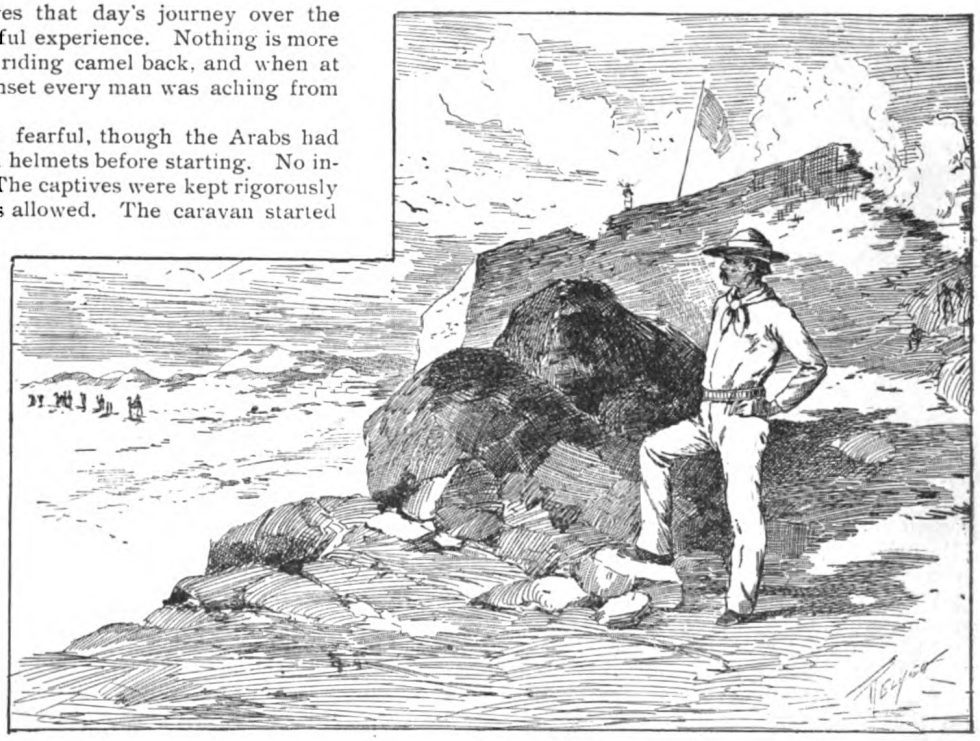
"The government will save us," he repeated gloomily. "They will send an army into the interior."

No one ventured to dispute this assertion. They talked in low tones of their probable destination, and regarded with some uneasiness the conference going on among the Arabs, which had now assumed a more excitable phase.

"They are quarreling over something," said Guy. "Why do you suppose they have stopped here?"

"I don't know," replied Melton, "unless they intend to separate, the Arabs going on to Harar, the Somalis to their own country which lies to the south of Harar."

Melton's theory was very plausible, but before any one could reply the conference terminated suddenly, and the Arabs, drawing apart, came quickly up to the captives and laying hold of Sir Arthur and the colonel, led them over to the Somalis.



THE PORTUGUESE STOOD AND WATCHED THE ENGLISHMEN SPEEDING AWAY TO THEIR DOOM.

This was repeated with Momba, Captain Waller and the Hindoo soldiers, but to their surprise Guy and Melton were ordered to remain where they were.

Foremost among the Somalis stood Oko Sam, his leopard skin dangling about his loins, and a fiendish expression on his face.

He advanced a step or two, talking fiercely and pointing with his spear to Guy and Melton. The Arab leader strode out toward him and cried in a loud voice:

"Makar has ordered it. The two white men must go to Harar."

Scarce had the words left his lips when the Somali chief poised his spear and hurled it forward with such force and accuracy of aim that it passed through the Arab's body and the point came out at the back. With a cry he dropped on the sand.

A second of terrible suspense followed, and then snatching another spear from one of his followers, the maddened Somali leaped furiously at Guy, who unfortunately was standing directly in his path.

(*To be continued.*)

DEADENING THE PAIN.

THERE is a young woman out in the East End so tender hearted that she always chloroforms potatoes before taking out their eyes.—*Terre Haute Express.*

ONE BOY'S HONOR;

OR,

THE FREAKS OF A FORTUNE.*

A STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY EDGAR R. HOADLEY, JR.

CHAPTER XVI.

WESLEY WADDINGTON IN A NEW ROLE.

ANDY sprang hastily to the saloon stairs, and went down them two at a time. Mr. Manning, who had also heard the cry, followed closely behind him.

A thrilling and most astonishing sight met their view when they reached the saloon door. Fluster was prostrate on the floor, held there by Wesley Waddington, the new steward, who had one hand clasped tightly about the boy's throat, while the other clutched a wicked looking sheath knife.

"Hold on there," cried Andy, as he jumped forward and grasped the steward by the collar with his uninjured hand.

He pulled the man over backwards, and then waited for him to rise to his feet.

"What is the meaning of this?" continued the young captain sternly.

"That boy's got my property," panted Waddington, rising, and still clutching his knife.

"It's not your property," interposed Fluster, who had also risen to an upright position.

"You lie," cried the steward, "and I'm going to have it."

Waddington leaped forward, with knife raised in air, intending to throw himself again upon the cabin boy. He surely would have plunged the blade into his victim had not Manning sprung upon him as soon as he saw the knife.

Manning was a powerful fellow, and he easily bore the steward to the floor and wrenched the knife from his grasp. The fellow struggled desperately to escape, and was beside himself with rage when he found that the sailing master could handle him with such ease.

"Hold on to him for a moment," cried Andy, as he sprang to the top of the stairs.

"Get a piece of line and come below at once," continued he, addressing Carlsen, who happened to be near the waist.

In a few minutes Waddington's hands were firmly secured behind his back, and he scowled savagely and defiantly at his captors.

"What does all this mean, Fluster?" asked Andy again.

"It means that he has stolen a valuable package——" interrupted the steward.

"Look here, Waddington," said Andy sternly, "if you can't keep still, we'll gag you, or put you in the forepeak; you can have your choice."

"But I want to state my position in this difficulty," protested the "fallen gentleman."

"You will keep still till I tell you to speak, and then you can state your case," said Andy firmly.

"But, Captain Andy——" began the steward.

"Which shall it be—a gag or the forepeak?"

Waddington subsided, but he cast venomous glances at the cabin boy.

"Go ahead, Fluster," said Andy, turning to the latter.

"Well, you know, cap'n, jest before that gun fired, I went to my bunk near the steward's stateroom. I hadn't been there long when Mr. Waddington went by looking awful white, and went into his room. I heard him a rummaging 'round in there for a few minutes, and then I started to go on deck to see what was the matter. I had jest reached the top of the stairs, when I see Mr. Waddington come out of his stateroom an' go into the passageway leading to the after cabin. I wondered what he went in there for, as it was your orders that none of the crew should go in there unless called, but thought maybe he hadn't been told about it. I stood near the dining saloon skylight till we lost sight of the vessel we was running way from a few minutes ago, and, jest as I turned around to go below, I see Mr. Waddington through the skylight go into the after passage again.

"Wantin' to see what he was about, an' tell him it was agin orders to go in there, I hurried below and went in the passage. I couldn't see him anywhere about, and went on through the passage into the after cabin. He wasn't in sight nowhere there, but noticin' your cabin door was open, I stepped up to look in there. Mr. Waddington was a takin' somethin' out of your desk, an' when he turned roun' I see him have this package of papers in his hand."

Fluster paused long enough to put his hand in the bosom of his shirt and pull forth a bulky package, carefully sealed as if to be sent by express, which he handed to Captain Andy.

"I protest against——" began Waddington, who evidently feared any further investigation.

"Continue, Fluster," said Andy, giving the prisoner a warning look, which stopped his further utterance.

"I knowed he was up to some crooked business, an' was takin' somethin' what didn't belong to him, so I slips up alongside the door, an' as he comes out I snatches the packet before he could put it in his pocket, which he was about to do. He got real savage like, an' said it was his property; that he had put it in your desk for safe keepin'.

"I didn't believe it, an' told him I would give it to you, an' if it was all right there wouldn't be no harm done. He went on awful, an' told me to hand it over, or I'd be sorry for it. I put the packet in my bosom, an' backed through the passage, for I wasn't goin' to give him no chance when my back was turned. I jest reached the saloon stairs, intendin' to take the packet to you on deck, when he comes at me with that knife. Before I could get up outen his way, he pulled me down an' throwed me to the floor. He was a flourishin' that knife before my eyes when I let out that yelp for help, an' that's all."

Fluster paused just a moment, and then, as if to apologize for having been vanquished, and compelled to appeal for assistance, added:

"But he wouldn't a done it if this flipper of mine wasn't laid up for repairs, an' I wouldn't asked nobody to help me, neither."

"Is all this true, Waddington?" asked Andy, turning to the steward, as he examined with much curiosity the package in his hand, which he had never seen before.

"Yes," replied the prisoner sullenly.

"Well, we are ready to hear you state your position in this difficulty, Waddington," continued the young captain.

"I have only to repeat that that package is my property, and I would be much obliged to you if you will hand it over

*Begun in No 394 of THE ARGOSY.

to me," said the steward, evidently unwilling to go deeper into the case.

"But that doesn't explain your position in this affair," said Andy, detecting the prisoner's reluctance to proceed with the investigation. "Perhaps you will explain to me what you were doing in my cabin, and how you came to take this package from my desk."

"It isn't yours, is it?"

"That's got nothing to do with the case."

"Well, I put it there myself,' admitted the prisoner reluctantly.

"What for, and when?"

"They are valuable papers to me, and it was the only place I could find I thought would be safe. I put them there just after the steamer fired her gun."

"And perhaps you can tell me why you put them there just at that time, Waddington," said Andy quickly, realizing that there was something the fellow was trying to conceal.

"I only just thought of it," replied the steward lamely.

Andy told himself that Waddington's whole story of his actions was too weak and mendacious to be considered for a moment, and determined to sift the matter to the bottom before he released the prisoner.

"If this package is yours, you can tell me what is in it, I suppose," continued he, more to obtain an admission from the prisoner than from any desire to learn the contents of the packet.

"Certainly, sir," replied Waddington, readily enough; "there's a thousand dollar United States bond on top which was left me by my uncle, and some legal and insurance papers inside the inner wrapper."

"Very well; if the contents tally with your description, you are welcome to them."

Andy began to break the wax seals at the ends of the package, and took out his knife to sever the thick twine which was tied about it.

"I protest against your opening that package, Captain Andy," cried the steward vehemently.

He was pale, and spoke with an earnest intensity which showed he feared a revelation. Andy took no notice of the speaker, but removed the outer wrapper to the package.

There was the thousand dollar bond, as stated, which Andy handed to Mr. Manning to hold while he proceeded with the investigation.

"Are you satisfied now, Captain Andy?" asked Waddington, with a shade of triumph in his tones.

"Not yet," responded Andy, as he began to remove the inner wrapper.

"You aren't going to open that too?" cried the steward, in dismay.

"I certainly am."

As Andy spoke, the inner wrapper dropped to the floor, and he held in his hand a bundle of new United States greenbacks, at least two inches thick, the top bill of which he saw was of one hundred dollar denomination. Judging from this latter, there certainly was a large amount of money in his hand, and, though he had been familiar with large sums all his life, he was astonished to see so much in one pile.

Manning and Fluster were amazed at the sight, and gave utterance to several forcible exclamations.

Without saying a word, Andy seated himself at the dining table and began to count the bills thereon, after the manner of a teller in a bank. As the notes were all new, having never been in circulation, and were nearly all of one denomination, he soon finished the count.

The result was even greater than he had at first thought.

He found there were exactly one hundred bills of one hundred dollars each, and fifty of five hundred each, making, together with the bond, thirty six thousand dollars in all.

"Where did you get all this money, Waddington?" asked Andy sternly, for he now had no doubt he was dealing with a criminal.

"That's my business," replied the prisoner defiantly.

"Very well; then I will make it my business to find out. Remove him to the forepeak, Carlsen."

Amid violent expostulation, not unmixed with profanity, Waddington was taken from the cabin.

"What do you think about it, Captain Andy?" asked Manning, speaking for the first time.

"I think I can see through a grindstone when there is a hole through it," replied the young captain very decidedly. "It is evident to me that this is some of Uncle Sam's own property, for the money is all new, and it isn't likely any bank would have that many large bills of new money on hand at one time. This fellow has robbed a United States depository, perhaps the Sub Treasury itself. That revenue cutter was after him, and he knew it."

"Then you don't think the cutter was sent after you by your guardian?"

"No, I do not; we have been aiding a criminal to escape by running away from her; but fortunately we have discovered him, and can explain that we were acting under a misapprehension."

"And this isn't the only time we helped him, Captain Andy," added Manning. "I am convinced now that the men who tried to board us at Fort Hamilton last night, just after you were picked up, were looking for Waddington, and were not from the Del Rio."

"No doubt you are right, and that is a more serious matter than running away from the cutter. But I will have Waddington and his booty in the hands of the authorities before I sleep tonight, if it is a possible thing. How soon do you think we can make Norfolk?"

"We ought to be there by half past nine this evening," replied the sailing master, consulting a small memorandum book in which he kept a condensed record of the log slate.

"Tell Mr. Locher to hurry her, and we will give him more coal at Norfolk."

"Very good, sir," said Manning, as he went on deck.

CHAPTER XVII.

UP CHESAPEAKE BAY, AND AN EXCITING INCIDENT OFF SHARP'S ISLAND.

CHIEF ENGINEER LOCHER did "hurry her" with a vengeance, and the Ulysses shivered and trembled as if a young earthquake was imprisoned under her decks. The wind had shifted more to the southeast, making it impossible to use the sails to advantage, and there was quite a heavy head sea on.

The yacht plowed right through the choppy, white capped waves, and her forecastle was continually deluged with water. She was pushed to such effect that they passed the Rip Raps and Old Point Comfort, at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, a little after nine o'clock, and were lying alongside the Dominion Steamship dock at ten.

After making inquiries as to the location of the police headquarters, Andy secured a carriage, and he, Manning, and the prisoner were driven there.

After making a full report to the sergeant in charge, and taking his receipt for the bond and greenbacks, Andy returned on board the yacht with the sailing master and sought his bed. He had decided to lay at Norfolk for the

night, and in the morning try to secure a man in Waddington's place.

Waddington slept in a cell that night, and as he will not appear again in the narrative, we will tell the reader what Andy learned of him afterwards.

The inference of the young captain and Manning, that both the cutter and the men in the rowboat were after their steward, was the correct one.

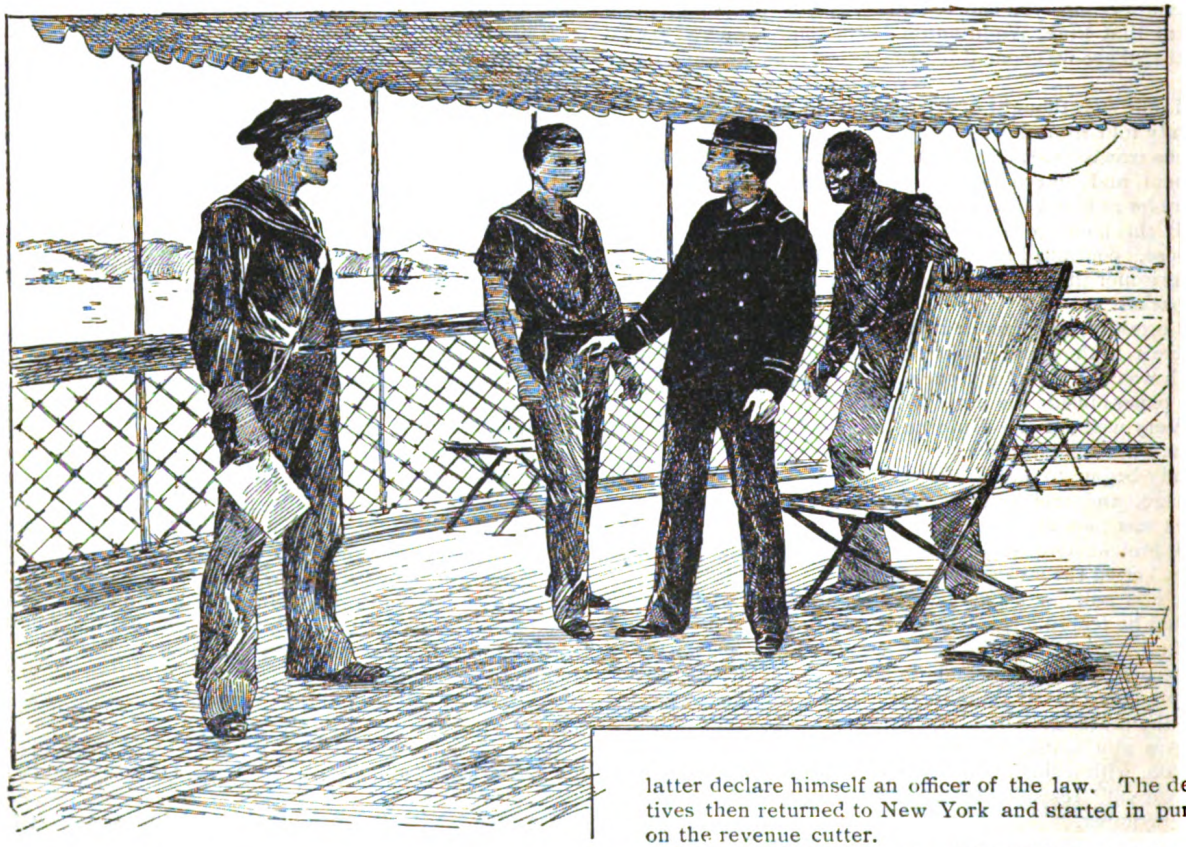
Waddington, which was not his real name, had been the assistant paying teller at the Sub Treasury in New York, and having a favorable opportunity to abstract a large sum of money, he could not resist the temptation to do so. He had been on speaking terms with the man who had acted as steward of the Ulysses the year before, and from him knew that Captain Manning would need a man in his place when the yacht went into commission again.

Having had some experience in that line several years before, he spoke for the position, and, the ex steward vouching for him, it was given to him, Then he made all his arrangements to appropriate as large a sum of money as he could lay his hands on the day the Ulysses was to sail. He successfully carried out his plans, and, not having been advised of the yacht's change of anchorage, went to Gowanus to board her. Captain Manning had left one of the crew at the landing to watch out for him and conduct him to the yacht off Fort Hamilton.

Meanwhile, the robbery had been discovered, and detectives were scouring every part of New York and Brooklyn for him, and it was while making the trip from Gowanus to Fort Hamilton that he ran across an officer who knew him, but had not heard of the theft. If it had not been for this last incident, he might have escaped entirely and left no trace behind.

The officer who had met Waddington, and conversed with him, was very much astonished and chagrined when he learned a few minutes later that the Treasury clerk was "wanted."

The detectives succeeded in tracing him to Fort Hamilton, and on board the yacht. How they were, under a misapprehension, unceremoniously tumbled back into their boat by Garboard's orders has already been told. If Carlsen had permitted the spokesman of the detectives to conclude the sentence he had started to utter, he would have heard the latter declare himself an officer of the law. The detectives then returned to New York and started in pursuit on the revenue cutter.



THE YOUNG CAPTAIN STARTED BACK AS IF HE HAD BEEN SHOT.

On trial, Waddington asserted positively that he had had no sinister designs on Captain Andy when he hid his plunder in his desk. His sole desire had been to get rid of it, in case the cutter overtook the yacht, and the desk was the first place that offered. Having, after coming aboard the yacht, shaved off a luxuriant beard he had always worn, he hoped he would escape detection. When he found that the Ulysses was running away from the cutter for some reason, and that she had left the latter out of sight, he returned to the desk to remove the package.

It was then, that, owing to Fluster's suspicion that he was stealing something from the captain, he was discovered. He was sentenced to a term in Sing Sing, and is no doubt there at this time.

When Andy awoke next morning he had a confused recollection of having dreamed about bank burglars, rifled vaults, and immense piles of bank notes all the night through. Manning went ashore immediately after breakfast to look

for a steward, but he returned about noon without having found one. There were plenty of them, he said, but none he thought would suit.

He had also called at the police headquarters, and reported that the New York authorities had been communicated with, and had started two officers after Waddington. Andy then decided he would run up to Baltimore, as he was sure they could get the sort of steward they wanted there; and besides, he had an idea he would hear from his guardian in that city.

Fluster was made temporary steward, with one of the younger men from the crew to assist him in waiting on the table. After stopping at the coaling dock, and filling the yacht's bunkers to their full capacity, she was headed up Chesapeake Bay.

As the day was clear, with scarcely a cloud in the sky, and a spring-like freshness filled the air, Andy kept the deck, and lounged about on the luxurious cushions and chairs which were scattered about under the awning. He had almost entirely regained the use of his strained arm, and had dispensed with the sling.

He felt like himself on this bright, invigorating afternoon, and as he realized that fact, he thought of the events that had followed in such rapid succession since the day he had read his father's confession.

As he passed them in review, he wondered if the attempts to kill or abduct him, the firing of the yacht, and the advertising of the latter for sail, would be explained, as had the boarding of the men in the rowboat at Fort Hamilton, and the pursuit by the revenue cutter.

"There's one of those piratical bugeyes, Captain Andy," interrupted the sailing master, stopping his further thoughts about the matter, and pointing to a small vessel under sail ahead.

They had just passed the mouth of the Little Choptank River on the starboard, and were approaching Sharp's Island. Following the direction indicated by Manning, Andy saw a vessel which had two masts and carried a jib and two sails, shaped very much like those of the "leg of mutton" variety.

"What is a bugeye, Mr. Manning?" queried he, with much curiosity, never having heard the name.

"A bugeye is an oysterman's vessel, so named after the peculiar shape of its sails, resembling those used as storm sails on a schooner. They have another style of vessel they call a 'pungy,' which is simply a light rigged fore and aft schooner."

"So that is what is called a bugeye," commented Andy, as he inspected the small vessel through his glass. "I don't see anything very piratical looking about her."

"If you should see one of the boats of the State navy drop down on her while her crew was dredging on a proscribed oyster bed, you'd change your opinion," said the sailing master, who appeared familiar with the subject.

"Why so?"

"Every one of those dredgers is armed with several Winchester rifles. The oysters from the beds protected by law are their booty, and, if caught in the act of taking them, they will not surrender without a fight," explained Manning.

"Hullo," cried Andy, who was still looking through his telescope, "there's something up on board of her."

He watched the oysterman attentively for a few moments.

"That fellow at the tiller has got a bug in his eye, or something," he continued, making a bad pun; "he is running dead for that sandbar at the southern end of Sharp's Island, and in two minutes he will be aground."

In less than the two minutes Andy's prediction was verified, for the bugeye ran her bow several yards up on the sandbar, and listed considerably over to port. Her sails thrashed and banged, and threatened to completely capsize her.

At the same instant two figures sprang over the bugeye's side and began swimming vigorously towards the shores of Sharp's Island. They had swum scarcely a dozen yards when there was a puff of smoke from the bullseye in the trunk of the bugeye's cabin, followed by a sharp crack like that from the explosion of a rifle, and one of the swimmers threw up his hands as if struck. His companion supported him, and continued to strike out lustily for the shore.

"Port your helm, Mr. Garboard, and run in as close to Sharp's Island as you can," said Andy to the first officer, who was standing in the waist.

The Ulysses rapidly approached the stranded bugeye, but before she could get near the swimmers, the water shoaled, and the pilot rang his bell to stop and back her. There was another report from the bugeye's cabin window, but the bullet had apparently missed this time, as the swimmers continued on their way towards the shore.

"Lower the starboard quarterboat, Mr. Garboard," cried Andy, excited by the scene before him. "That fellow in the bugeye's cabin seems determined to murder those swimmers, and I'm not going to stand by and permit it."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A BRUSH WITH THE OYSTER PIRATES.

IN a few moments the quarterboat was in the water, and, with Andy at the tiller, was being pulled towards the swimmers.

Under the lusty man of war stroke of the boat's crew of four men, the light boat rapidly approached Sharp's Island. Andy headed her so they would pass between the bugeye on the sandbar and the two swimmers.

He did so because he did not believe the person in the oysterman's cabin would be foolhardy or desperate enough to fire again when the boat's crew was between him and the fleeing men, and thus they could shield the latter. He had already made a pretty accurate guess as to what had taken place on the bugeye.

It was evident to him that the two men in the water were running away for some reason, and in order to do so they had in some manner confined their officer in the cabin, and run the bugeye aground. The man in the cabin had sighted them through the bullseye, and being unable to stop them any other way, had fired at them with his Winchester.

When the quarterboat reached a position where a straight line, drawn from the bugeye's cabin window to the swimmers, would have passed through it, Andy headed towards the fleeing men. As he approached them he was surprised to see that they were both boys, neither more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, and that one of them was a negro.

The white boy was the one who had been struck by the bullet from the Winchester, and was being supported by his colored companion. As he used only one of his arms to assist in swimming, it was evident that the other had been wounded, but not seriously injured. Both were swimming towards the shores of Sharp's Island.

"Take it easy, boys," called Andy; "we'll lend you a hand in a moment."

The colored boy ceased his exertions, and assisted his companion to keep afloat. Andy ran his craft close up alongside of them, and in a few moments the crew had lifted them into the stern sheets of the quarterboat.

The colored boy was panting for breath, and rolled his

eyes till the whites shone in a startling manner. He was apparently not only breathless but terror stricken. His white companion was as pale as a corpse, and an expression of pain rested on his features. A crimson stain on the right fore arm of his shirt, where the rifle ball had struck him, showed that his pallor did not arise from fear.

Both were dressed in clothes several sizes too large for them, dirty and patched, and both wore heavy sea boots. The white boy's hands were full of cuts and blisters, and dreadfully swollen.

"Are you hit bad?" asked Andy, addressing the wounded lad, as he told the crew to give way, and began turning the boat to head for the yacht.

"It's only a flesh wound, sir, though it's bleeding as if I was a stuck pig," replied the boy, and Andy was surprised at the correctness of his speech.

"Here, let me put this about it until we get on board the yacht," said Andy, as he proceeded to bind his handkerchief around the wounded arm. "What was the trouble on board the bugeye?" he continued.

"No trouble at all, sir, but Neb and I had made up our minds that we had a good chance to get away, and we weren't going to miss it."

"Do you mean to say you were detained on board of her against your will?" asked Andy, who had never heard of the questionable methods resorted to by these oystermen to secure crews to carry on their depredations.

"Yes, sir, I was shanghaied; and worse than that," began the wounded boy, but he stopped suddenly, and pointed to a boat which was rapidly approaching from the main shore.

"There's Bender, the mate of the bugeye, now," cried he, with agitation, and turning a shade paler, if that was possible; "and he'll not let us get away without doing something to prevent it."

"We'll see about that," said Andy, satisfied that the rescued ones were in the right, and determined to aid them.

Andy had gone some distance between the sandbar and Sharp's Island to intercept the swimmers, and was now retracing his course to the end of the bar.

The approaching boat was headed at right angles to the quarterboat, and would intercept her before she reached the point of the bar. Andy saw this, and urged the boat's crew to increased effort.

There were two men in the oysterman's boat besides the mate, and they also increased their exertions. Though not so well manned as the quarterboat, the oysterman, having a much shorter distance to traverse, would probably reach the point first.

"Hold on there!" called the mate of the oysterman, as they approached the meeting place; "those lads belong to us."

"I guess not," responded Andy, "as long as this is a free country."

The tars from the yacht bent to their oars, and increased their stroke, moving in unison like a piece of clockwork.

Andy gauged the distance with his eye, and noted with satisfaction that they would reach the point of the bar first.

The oysterman must have seen this at the same time, for his crew labored more desperately at the oars. Andy saw the mate stoop down in the bottom of his boat, and when he straightened up he held a rifle in his hands.

"Hold on there, brass buttons!" repeated Bender, as he covered Andy with the gun.

Neither Andy nor any of the men were armed, and as it was evident that the oysterman meant business, there was nothing to do but to stop; but the sailors were too well trained to do so without the word from the officer.

Andy hesitated for a moment, for he hated to give in even at the muzzle of a rifle, and he doubted if the fellow would really dare to shoot him.

"Hold on there, I tell you, brass buttons!" shouted the mate again, in louder tones, and with a trace of anger, "and the next time you hear me speak you'll hear something drop."

"You'd better stop, sir," said the wounded boy; "he'll do it sure, if you don't, and we'd rather go back and take our chances than have you shot."

"All right," responded the young captain, more firmly convinced by the boy's speech that his cause was right, and still resolved not to give them up if he could avoid it.

"Cease rowing," he ordered.

The crew obeyed, and at the proper order the four oars rose in the air, and the men held them at rest.

"Stand ready to repel boarders when I give you the word," continued Andy, in an undertone to the sailors, as a plan of action suggested itself to him.

The oysterman quickly dashed up, with Bender still standing in the stern sheets, covering the young captain with his rifle. The two rowers clutched the gunwale of the quarterboat to hold the two crafts close together.

"Step aboard lively," called the mate to the two boys, glancing towards them for an instant.

In that instant Andy rose up in the stern sheets of his boat, and, with the heavy oak tiller, which he had pulled from its socket in the rudder head, he struck up the rifle in Bender's hands with a violent blow.

At the same time he shouted to his crew:

"Repel boarders all."

Bender's weapon went off, sending the bullet into the upper air, and before the mate could bring it to bear again, Andy delivered another blow on his arm.

The gun dropped from his grasp and fell overboard.

At the order to repel boarders, the crew of the quarterboat reversed their oars and brought them down, with their butt ends out, upon the heads and shoulders of the men in the oyster boat. The latter were stunned by the blows rained upon them, and released their hold on the gunwale of the yacht's boat.

"Shove off, there!" cried Andy, and with the blades of their oars the crew pushed the oysterman off several yards.

"Let fall," continued he.

The four oars fell to their places.

"Give way," was the last order.

The quarterboat shot ahead, and soon rounded the end of the sandbar, headed for the Ulysses.

As they looked back they saw the two men nursing their wounded heads, and Bender shaking his fist and yelling imprecations at them.

By the time they reached the yacht the oystermen had resumed their oars and were pulling for the stranded bugeye.

CHAPTER XIX.

BOB BASSFORD'S STORY, AND AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY.

"THAT was very neatly done, Captain Andy," remarked Manning, as the young captain stepped to the deck of the yacht. "I saw the whole thing through the glass."

"I did it on the impulse of the moment, Mr. Manning, and it was only from sheer good luck that it didn't end disastrously to some of us," responded Andy, in deprecating tones.

"It's just such timely impulses that win many a battle, Captain Andy. What was the trouble with these two lads?"

"One of them said he had been shanghaied, and, having a good opportunity to escape, was improving it. I believed him, and resolved that he should escape if it was a possible thing."

"I have no doubt he was telling the truth, Captain Andy," said the sailing master knowingly, "and when you hear his story you won't be surprised that he wanted to get away. These oystermen stick at no disreputable means to secure recruits for their business, and treat them worse than slaves when they get them."

"Send them aft as soon as they have been provided with dry clothing, and we will hear his story," ordered Andy, as he went to the after deck and again threw himself into an easy chair.

The quarterboat was hoisted to its davits, and the rescued ones were taken to the forecastle. A change of clothing for each was contributed by several of the crew of the yacht, and though not a fashionable fit, they were far better looking than the rags they had discarded.

Though it was too large for him, the white boy looked remarkably trim in the smart blue uniform, and the negro grinned from ear to ear with pride and delight. Before they were brought to the quarter deck, the yacht's screw was again started and she continued her journey up the bay.

"Here's your two young shanghaied roosters, Captain Andy," said Garboard facetiously, as he presented the waifs on the quarter deck.

"What is your name?" asked Andy, addressing the white boy, and noting his improved appearance.

"Bob Bassford, sir," replied the lad promptly, "And this is Neb," indicating his companion.

"Neb what?"

"Nebbershadsneezer Noddaway, sah," replied the colored youth for himself with a grin.

"A remarkable name, surely," replied Andy.

"He means Nebuchadnezzar, sir," interposed Bob.

"So I supposed; but it's still wonderful enough, and now I know why he wasn't drowned—he couldn't be with that name," laughed the young captain.

Neb gave a suppressed chuckle, and rolled his eyes in appreciation of the humorous idea.

"Now, Bob," contined Andy, "you can go ahead and tell us what brought about the predicament in which we found you."

"Well, sir," began Bob, "my home is in Lewes, Delaware. About three weeks ago my mother died, and as my father had been lost at sea long before, when I was about seven or eight, I was left alone in the world. I couldn't bear to stay in Lewes after that, and selling all our household goods, I took the proceeds, together with a small sum of money that was left me, and started out to make my own living.

"I didn't have any clear idea of what I was going to do, or where I was going, but I thought perhaps I could go to Baltimore and get a berth on a ship.

"I was all ready to quit Lewes on Saturday, and while waiting for the leaving time of the next train for Wilmington, I wandered down to the dock.

"The bugeye May Queen was lying alongside the wharf. While I was standing looking at her, the captain, Jack Sizemore, asked me to come on board and have a look at his cabin. As I had never been on board of an oysterman before, I was glad of an opportunity to see one.

"After having examined the berths and lockers, and satisfied my curiosity for two or three minutes, I remained in the cabin looking at some pictures he had tacked on the walls. When I started to go on deck the cuddy slide was slammed in my face, and I was in the dark.

"All my yelling, kicking, and pounding didn't do any good, though I indulged in all three for half an hour or more. I knew by the sounds soon after I was shut up that the bugeye was getting under way.

"Well, they kept me shut up there till late that night, and when I was told to come on deck we were near Cape Charles, just inside Chesapeake Bay. Captain Sizemore wouldn't listen to anything I had to say, and after he had knocked and kicked me about as if I was a dog, I gave up trying to talk to him.

"He gave me those clothes I had on, together with a pair of sea boots and a sou'wester, and told me to put them on in place of my own and get to work.

"I didn't know what I was expected to do, but I was soon initiated into the drudgery of dredging. I don't suppose you know much about it. Well, I don't, either, but I knew more than I wanted to before I got through.

"You see, the dredge is a contrivance shaped like a triangle, weighing several hundred pounds, with a wire network several feet wide at the bottom. This dredge is dragged to and fro over the oyster beds by the bugeye, and when full is hoisted on board by the dredge winder, an arrangement very much like the apparatus used to pull up a well bucket, except that it is iron, and has two cranks, one at either end. Four men are generally needed to work the winder, but there are more often only two, and then it is a back breaking business.

"The contents of the dredges are dumped on the deck, and then culled; that is, the old shells and stones are thrown back into the water. The pulling, winding and culling, are kept up till the hold is filled.

"The work wouldn't have been so bad if the captain had treated us as half human, and not made each of us do more than two men's work. He would start us to work at 2:30 A. M. At six o'clock we were allowed five minutes to eat some dirty bread and black coffee, and then were driven to the dredging machines again. At one o'clock, more moldy bread and coffee, with a piece of salt pork, which was almost rotten, were dealt out, and we were allowed fifteen minutes to eat it. Then back to the machines again till seven o'clock, when more of the terrible stuff was given us to eat. Then, after a rest of half an hour, we were worked till eleven.

"Besides these terrible hours of hard work, if one of the men, exhausted by his exertions, sank to the deck for a rest, the captain would spring at him, and grabbing anything he could find, would club him terribly.

"One day one of the men was sick. He was dragged out of his bunk and placed at the winder. In a few minutes he fell insensible to the deck. The captain drenched him with sea water, and when this did not bring him to, he kicked him till the poor fellow opened his eyes and begged for mercy. He could not fill his place and I had to do double work.

"During one afternoon my back ached so bad I sat down on a coil of rope to rest for a second. The captain seized a heavy clump of oysters and threw it at me. I dodged its sharp edges, which would have killed me, and when the captain saw this, he grabbed a heavy piece of tarred rope and flogged me till my back streamed with blood. He then compelled me to go to the machine and continue work.

"I had about concluded I would never get off that bugeye alive when we ran up to Sharp's Island for water. The bugeye was anchored pretty far out in the bay, and leaving the mainsail hoisted so they could get under way quickly when they returned, the mate and two men went ashore in the yawl with the water barrel.

"There was only the captain, Neb and myself, left on

board, and when I saw the captain go into the cabin, a daring scheme of escape suggested itself to me, and I unfolded it to Neb. He had been shanghaied the same as I, and was just as sick of being treated worse than a dog. He was afraid at first, but promised to follow my directions, and then I didn't lose any time.

"I stepped softly to the cabin side and quickly closed it, fastening it with the hasp and staple and a thole pin for a toggle. Captain Sizemore yelled and anathematized me like a blue streak, but I didn't let that scare me, though Neb was almost turning white with terror.

"We slipped the cable and hoisted the foresail and jib. I went to the wheel, but in doing so I passed over the trunk of the cabin, for fear the captain would shoot me through one of the bullseyes if I went around near the bulwarks.

"I intended to run the bugeye on Sharp's Island, and didn't notice the sandbar till we ran aground on it. We then took to the water, where you found us after the captain had plunked me. We are very much obliged to you, sir, and appreciate our deliverance more than we can tell you," concluded Bob.*

"Deed we is, sah," chimed in Neb.

"You are welcome to all I could do for you, boys," said Andy; "and I'm only too glad that I was able to do it. What are your plans for the future?"

"I was ready to go to Baltimore when I met Captain Sizemore, and I would still like to go there," replied Bob promptly.

"Ain't got none, sah," grinned Neb.

"Very well, then. As we are on our way to Baltimore, Bob, you will soon reach your destination. As for Neb, we'll see what can be done for him by the time we reach the city."

"Captain Raymond," interrupted Carlsen, the quartermaster, touching his cap, "Mr. Manning wants to know if you have the 'Coast Pilot.'"

"Yes, here it is," replied Andy, picking up the book in question and handing it to the quartermaster.

A close observer of Bob Bassford, when Carlsen addressed the young captain, would have noticed a surprised expression sweep over his face, followed by a knowing look. He then gazed more intently at Andy.

"By the way, Bob, continued Andy, "did you have your wound dressed?"

"No, sir; it's only a scratch, and I just wrapped your handkerchief about it under my sleeve."

"Here, let me see. What you call a scratch may be very dangerous sometimes."

Bob rolled up the sleeve of his shirt, and Andy unwound the blood stained linen from about the forearm.

When the arm was laid bare, the young captain started back as if he had been shot. Staring at him from the white flesh, and accented by a deep red furrow underneath, where the bullet had plowed its way, was the drawing of a foul anchor and the words "Gluck Auf" in blue pigment or tattooing, the same as on Andy's own arm.

Could it be possible that Bob Bassford was his lost and defrauded cousin?

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*Bob's story is a fact in every particular—AUTHOR.

(*To be continued.*)

ONE ON GUSLEIGH.

"DID you hear about Gusleigh? He forgot himself the other evening and made an awful break."

"I'll take your word for the 'break' part of it, fast enough, but I bet he didn't forget himself; he's too conceited."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

A READER, New York City. Your suggestion shall be considered.

A READER, Brooklyn, N. Y. No premium on any of the coins mentioned.

D. C. B., Pontiac, Mich. Your payment should reach us on the second of each month.

H. A. B., Albany, N. Y. We cannot give business addresses in this column. Consult our advertising pages.

F. H. D., Cleveland, Ohio. We hope to begin Mr. Moffat's baseball serial, "The Crimson Banner," in No. 401.

A. S. W., Chester, Pa. If your half dollar of 1795 has an eagle without shield, and the coin is in good condition, it is worth 55 cents.

A SOLDIER BOY, Taylorstown, Pa. For information about the West Point Military Academy see THE ARGOSY, Nos. 336 and 337, price ten cents each; also No. 237, price six cents.

LUKE BENNETT, New York City. Even though no further record of the club mentioned may be given, it is quite likely that we shall print a bicycle story during the next twelve months.

L. N. R., New York City. We never heard of any piece of parchment such as you describe. For a good and extremely interesting account of Columbus and his discoveries read his "Life" by Washington Irving.

READER, Sac City, Mich. Involution and evolution being among the most elementary branches of algebra, it is most certainly necessary that one should be proficient in them in order to pass an examination for the Naval Academy.

C. F. M. D., New York City. The surest way for you to find out the cost of the articles you want for your camping party is to call at the stores which keep them and price them. As you live in the city this will be but a simple matter.

SANDY, Philadelphia, Pa. 1. It is just possible that before long a novel competition will be inaugurated in THE ARGOSY. 2. While the regular series of lawyers' biographies has been closed, we may give sketches of other members of the profession from time to time.

KAPPA NU, Birmingham, Conn. The article on the water cycle was in No. 250, while the nearest thing to instructions in boat building may be found in a series of papers entitled "Canoes and How to Build Them," which appeared in Nos. 288 to 291 inclusive. Price of any of these numbers, six cents.

F. VAN N., Bridgeport, Conn. 1. Yes, we have indices for Vols. VII, VIII and IX, which we will mail you on receipt of stamp. 2. If you wish to become a locomotive engineer, the best thing for you to do is to enter the employ of some railroad company in a subordinate capacity and work your way up. Engineers must always first serve as firemen.

F. A. B., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. The City of Paris, of the Inman Line, still holds the record for the fastest passage across the Atlantic —5 days, 19 hours, 18 minutes, on her trip from Queenstown to New York last August. 2. The destinction of being the world's greatest conqueror lies between Julius Cæsar and Alexander the Great. 3. We cannot say when we shall begin another story by the writer named.

YEARLY SUBSCRIBER, Omaha, Neb. 1. The Optic and Alger serials, which you have evidently seen in another publication, are old stories reprinted. The other two writers named are not at present engaged exclusively on THE ARGOSY. 2. A portrait of Oliver Optic was issued with No. 315, and one of Horatio Alger, Jr., with No. 316. 3. It is possible that a new Optic serial will be begun in the fall.

THE TOURIST, Vancouver, Wash. 1. We believe the gentleman for whom you inquire is now employed on the New York *World*. A short story from his pen appeared in No. 316 of THE ARGOSY. 2. Harper & Brothers are the publishers, if the story to which you refer is one by W. L. Alden. 3. We cannot possibly help you in deciding such a puzzling question as to which is the best make of bicycle now on the market. Each rider must decide that for himself, and choose the machine best suited to the sort of work he expects to get out of it.

REASONING BY ANALOGY.

BY THE OFFICE BOY.

I REALLY don't know what would become of Mr. Spedby if it wasn't for me. You see, he's an architect, and has always got his brains clear up in the sky, building ten story flats, and he'd actually forget to go to lunch if it wasn't for my bringing his hat to him every day at one o'clock. Why, the other morning I had gone up town on an errand and didn't get back till three. I found the boss walking up and down the office with his hand pressed first to his stomach, then to his head.

"Josh," he says, "I'm afraid I must have eaten something at lunch that disagreed with me. But I can't think what it was. It's very strange."

"Maybe you forgot to go to lunch, sir," I ventured to suggest.

"To be sure, to be sure!" he exclaimed. "I did forget to go to lunch. Dear me, how very singular!"

Then I have to remind him to put down in his note book the appointments he makes with callers, for even though he takes out his book to do it while he is talking with them, he always forgets what he does it for. But what I started out to tell you was how I found Mrs. Spedby's diamond ring.

It was all through Mr. Spedby that she lost it. She was going off to Skaneateles to visit her mother, and had to catch a train that left terribly early in the morning. Mr. Spedby was hurrying her up all the time, so she went off and left her diamond ring on the washstand. She didn't think about it till she got to the station, and then she got into an awful way about it. She made Mr. Spedby go straight home before coming to the office and charged him to put the ring in some safe place till she got back.

You see she couldn't ask him to put it in the drawer whereit belonged because this was locked and she had the key with her. She knew Mr. Spedby's failing and wouldn't trust him with it. Of course I didn't hear about all this till afterwards, not till after Mrs. Spedby came back in fact, and found out that Mr. Spedby had forgotten where he had put the ring.

He came down to the office the next morning in a dreadful state.

"Josh," he said, "can't you help me out?", and then he told me the whole story.

Of course I asked him if he had looked in all the places which Mrs. Spedby had suggested and which had been already gone through till the house looked like a pillaged city in war time.

"No, no, Josh," he said. "It isn't in any of those likely places, because I remember trying expressly to put it somewhere that nobody'd think of looking for a ring. And now I can't even think of it myself. And I must find it, because it was our engagement ring and Daisy is possessed of the idea that something dreadful will happen to one or the other of us if we don't find it."

"Daisy" was Mrs. Spedby. It was a ridiculous name for her as she must weigh one hundred and seventy pounds at the very least, but I suppose they thought it was all right to call her that when she was a baby and maybe very cute and cunning.

Well, I didn't see what I could do to help them, though I thought about it hard all day. At last I decided that I would have to work it on the analogy plan. One of the fellows at our club was talking about this the other night, and it suddenly popped into my head that now would be a good time to try the thing.

What was Mr. Spedby thinking about most the morning he put away the ring? I thumped my brain, and at last remembered that he had come in laughing. A gentleman was waiting for him, and he began to tell him a joke he had read in one of the funny papers the night before about a wife who got awake in the middle of the night and thought she heard burglars at her jewel case. She called her husband, and he didn't seem to think it amounted to much, but when she found out that she was mistaken and that the thieves were at the ice chest, he sprang up and rushed for his revolver.

THERE LAY THE RING, TUCKED AWAY IN ONE CORNER.

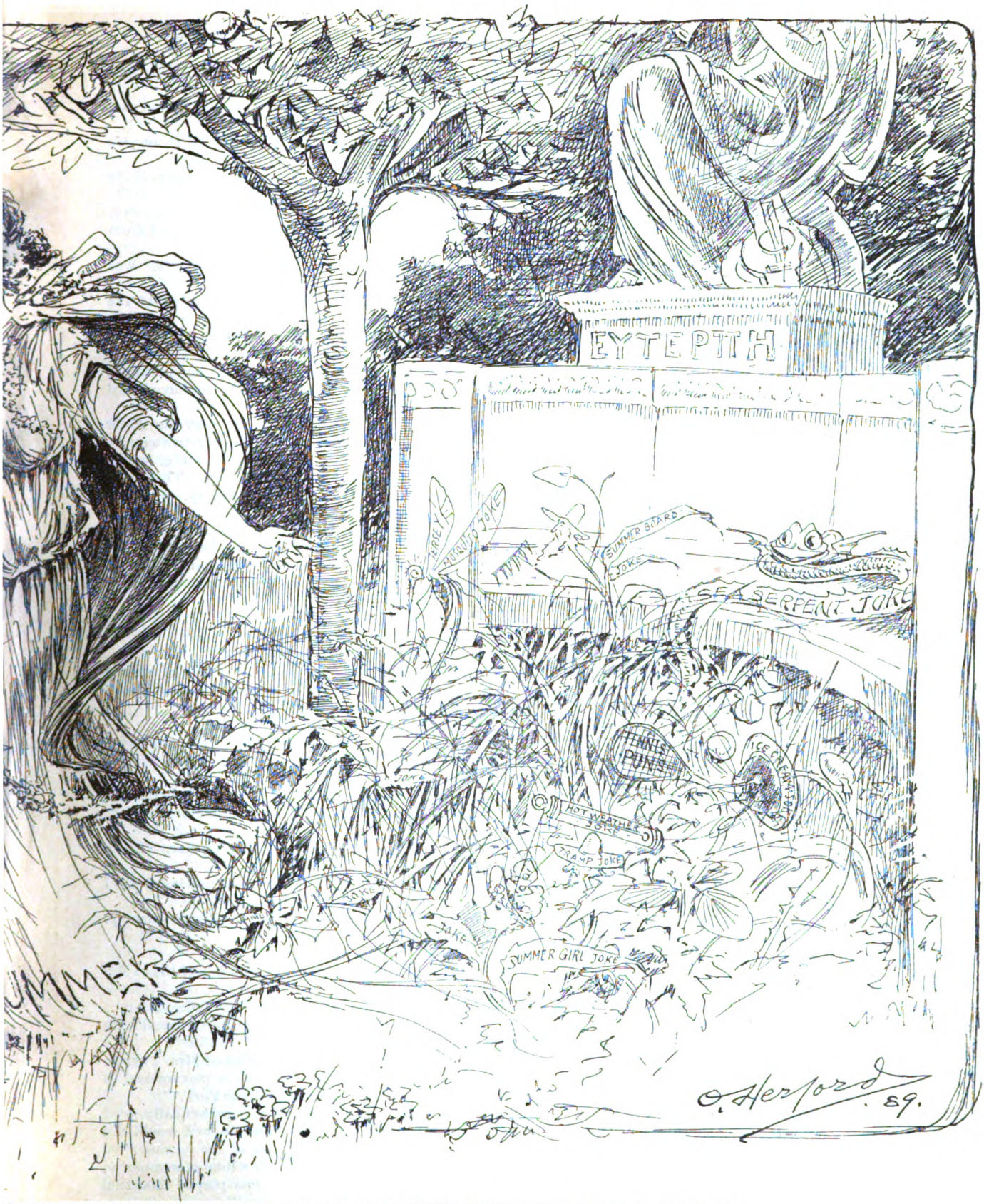
"Now, reasoning by analogy," I told myself, "if Mr. Spedby remembered that joke all night his mind must have been full of it, he naturally got to associating ice boxes with jewel cases, and I shouldn't be surprised if he'd put that ring in the ice box."

But if he had, it was more than likely it was not there now, what with the ice man and everybody coming and going, so I decided it was safer not to say anything beforehand, especially as Mr. Spedby had told me he was going to send up to the house at noon to see if Mrs. Spedby had found the ring yet, and I would then have an opportunity to search for myself.

I knew Betsy the cook well, and under pretense of getting a lump of ice, went out into the laundry, raised the lid of the big ice chest, and there lay the ring, tucked away in one corner. And I got a day off as a reward of merit.

JOSHUA YATES.

Summer to Father Time.—"PLEASE, DAD, WON'T YOU CUT ALL THIS STUFF DOWN



O THAT IT WON'T COME UP AGAIN. IT'S WORSE THIS YEAR THAN EVER!"

TOM TURNER'S LEGACY.*

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XXV.

TOM IN THE CITY.

TOM was full of pleasurable excitement during the journey to the city. The towns and cities through which the train passed were invested for him with an interest quite beyond their real attractions. To Mrs. Turner also the journey was a novelty, but she had passed the age of enthusiasm, and her thoughts were taken up with wondering what Mr. Elmore would have to say to them.

They reached the Grand Central Station at Forty Second Street, and descended from the car with a crowd of other passengers.

"Have you any idea where the Berkeley Building is, mother?" asked Tom.

"No, Tom; I know very little about New York."

"Do you think it is near here—near enough for us to walk?"

"No, I don't think so. Most of the business buildings are in the lower part of Broadway, two or three miles from here."

"Shine your shoes?" asked an enterprising young Arab in front of the depot.

Tom looked at his shoes. They had a soiled appearance, and did need polishing, but it seemed to him extravagant to pay for a service which he generally performed for himself. He was about to decline, when a gentleman who was having his shoes polished by another boy just alongside, said: "Go ahead, Johnny; I'll pay for the boy's shine."

Instantly the bootblack plumped down on his knees before Tom.

"Thank you, sir," said Tom, "but I don't like to keep my mother standing here while I have it done."

"She will find a seat in the waiting room just inside;" and the gentleman pointed to a door on the Forty Second Street front of the depot.

"I will go in, Tom," said Mrs. Turner. "You may come for me when you are ready.

So Tom not unwillingly yielded his shoes to the skill of the young bootblack, and was quite surprised by the bright polish which seemed to turn his country made shoes into a pair of patent leathers.

"I am sociable," said the gentleman. "I never like to be alone in anything."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir."

"Oh, you're welcome. It's only a trifle. You are a stranger in New York, I take it?"

"Yes, sir. I have come into the city with my mother on a little business. Can you tell me where I will find the Berkeley Building on Broadway?"

"Yes; it is below the Astor House. Have you an errand there?"

"Yes, sir. At the office of Mr. Elmore, Room 15.'

"I know Mr. Elmore. I have an office in the same building."

"Indeed, sir," said Tom, in a tone of relief; "then you can show me where it is."

"Yes; I shall get on board a Fourth Avenue horse car, and you can go along with me."

Tom called his mother, and they adopted the stranger's suggestion.

"My name is Shapleigh," he said, touching his hat politely to Mrs. Turner. "I am glad to be of any service to you."

"Thank you, sir. Tom and I are quite unused to the city. We should not be here today but for a letter received from Mr. Elmore."

Mr. Shapleigh seemed so friendly that the letter was shown to him.

"I really hope you will be well paid for coming to the city," he said. "Mr. Elmore is an honorable man, and he always means what he says. Have you any acquaintance with him?"

"I never heard of him, sir. He may be an acquaintance of my late husband, though I never remember to have heard his name mentioned."

They reached the end of the car route near the Astor House, and got out. The three walked down Broadway together till they reached a tall, handsome building, which seemed to Tom immensely high, and entered. There was an elevator, but No. 15 was only one flight up, and they walked up the stairs.

"There is Mr. Elmore's office," said Mr. Shapleigh, pointing out the door. "I am at No. 22. I shall be glad if you will drop in on me after you are through with your business. I am interested in you, and hope to hear that it was really for your advantage to call."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Turner gratefully.

Tom knocked at the door of No. 15.

"Come in!" was heard from inside.

He opened the door, and at a desk saw a man of middle age engaged in writing. The office was a handsome one, covered with a neat carpet, and well lighted.

"Is this Mr. Elmore?" asked Tom's mother.

"Yes, madam. What can I do for you?" was the courteous response.

"I am Mrs. Turner."

Mr. Elmore listened with a little air of puzzled surprise.

"Pardon me, madam," he said, "but I am not familiar with your name."

"I come from Hillsboro," continued Mrs. Turner. "I received your letter."

"You received my letter? I don't quite understand. I don't remember having written you a letter."

Tom and Mrs. Turner looked at each other in dismay. What could it mean?"

"Have you the letter with you?"

Mrs. Turner took it from her pocket, and handed it to Mr. Elmore.

He read it, at first with surprise, then with indignation.

"Madam," he said, "some one has played a cruel trick upon you. I never wrote this letter."

"Then who could have written it?" gasped Mrs. Turner.

"I can't conjecture. Let me see, was it postmarked in this city? Yes, here is the postmark 'New York.'"

"What shall I do?" said Tom's mother pathetically. "I thought to be sure the letter was genuine, or I would not have come. I can ill afford the expense of the journey."

"It is too bad!" said Mr. Elmore, in a tone of sympathy. "I wish I had the person here who has played this cruel trick on you. I would give him a lesson."

*Begun in No. 391 of THE ARGOSY.

Tom's face flushed, and his fist involuntarily clinched. He evidently sympathized with Mr. Elmore in his last remark.

"Well, mother," he said, "we may as well go. We don't want to take up any more of Mr. Elmore's time."

"Yes, we may as well go, Tom."

"Good morning!" said the lawyer, for such he was. "I can't tell you how sorry I am that this should have happened."

Mrs. Turner responded mechanically, and they went out into the hall.

"I suppose we had better go home, Tom," said his mother sadly.

"We promised to call upon Mr. Shapleigh, mother. There is his office, No. 22."

Tom knocked at the door, and on being bidden to do so, entered.

"Ah, here you are!" said his late traveling companion cheerfully. "So you got through with your business promptly."

"Yes, sir. There was no business to get through."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Shapleigh quickly.

"The letter was a hoax—Mr. Elmore didn't write it."

"Sit down. Tell me all about it," said Mr. Shapleigh. "We must get to the bottom of this. Show me the letter."

Tom put it into his hands.

"Have you any enemy?" he asked, after examining the letter.

"No, sir, not that I know of."

"There seems to be a mystery about it. Some one must have been interested in getting you to the city."

"I can think of no one."

"Did you lock up the house when you went away?"

"Yes."

"Did you leave anything of value in it?"

"No, sir. We have little of value to leave."

"Well, I confess I'm stumped!" said Shapleigh, with a puzzled expression. "Let me think!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

"IT was a cruel trick," said Mrs. Turner, the tears coming into her eyes. "We could ill spare the money which the journey cost."

"How much was it?" asked Mr. Shapleigh.

"Four dollars."

"At least I can save you anxiety on that score," said Shapleigh kindly, and he took a five dollar note from his pocket.

"But, sir," protested the widow, overcome by surprise, "we are strangers to you."

"You don't seem so," said Mr. Shapleigh smiling. "In fact I feel as if you and Tom were old friends."

"I earnestly thank you. None of my old friends would do as much for me."

"Then I will call myself a new friend. And now let us talk of your plans. Tell me how you are situated."

This Tom did briefly.

"If I could get something to do," he concluded, "we could get along very well, but I have tried all the stores in Hillsboro, and no clerks are wanted. I was offered a position by a blacksmith, but I don't care to learn that business."

"No, I should suppose not. Are you willing to leave home?"

"I shall have to, if I want employment."

"Then come to the city next Monday morning, and call on me. I have an idea, but I won't go into details till I have had a little time to think it over."

"Very well, sir," said Tom gladly, "I'll be sure to come, and I thank you heartily for your kindness to us."

"That's all right. I've made it a principle to help others to the extent of my ability. I was a poor boy myself, and know what it is to be pinched."

"You are not poor now?"

"No, I went to California when a young man, and struck luck. I suppose I should be considered comfortably rich. At any rate, I've got enough to keep me all my life. I don't need to work, but I can't be idle. So I am doing a little business in connection with mining stocks."

Mrs. Turner and Tom took their leave in excellent health and spirits.

"After all, mother, we have heard something to our advantage," said Tom.

"Yes, Tom. Good has sprung out of evil. Mr. Shapleigh is a very kind hearted man. I wish there were more like him."

"What puzzles me is, who could have written that letter?"

"We won't think of it now, as good has come out of it."

"But it is some one who must want to injure us."

"We can afford to forget and forgive."

They remained till afternoon in New York, crossing the Brooklyn Bridge, just then completed, and riding up town as far as Central Park. There was much to see, and Tom in particular enjoyed it.

"I should like to live in New York, mother," he said.

"I don't think I should, Tom. My quiet country life has unfitted me for such a noisy and exciting place. It is different with you. You are young and naturally enjoy excitement."

They reached home at three o'clock in the afternoon, and Tom unlocked the front door and entered the house. Neither he nor his mother suspected that it had been entered while they were away, for there were no signs in the lower part of any visitors. But when Tom entered his own chamber he was surprised to find one of the bureau drawers open.

"That is strange," he said. "I am always particular to keep the drawers closed, but this morning I must have neglected it."

"You were in a hurry to leave for the city, Tom."

"I suppose that must be the explanation, though I could have vowed that I shut the drawer. I opened it to get out a collar. Then there's another thing. I left the trunk up against the side of the wall, and now it is at least a foot out in the room."

Mrs. Turner smiled.

"I suspect you were excited with the prospect of your journey," she said.

"Perhaps so," assented Tom doubtfully. "At any rate, I don't feel much alarmed. We haven't got enough property to worry about."

Tom went out and split some wood, and then kindled a fire in the kitchen stove, for he always saved his mother as much trouble as possible. At five o'clock the tea table was spread and they sat down to supper. They were both hungry, for since morning they had only eaten the plain lunch they took with them. Besides the journey had produced its natural effect in sharpening their appetites.

They had about finished supper when a knock was heard at the back door.

Tom rose from the table and opened it.

He found the visitor to be a man whose seedy clothing and generally neglected appearance entitled him to the name of tramp.

"Good evening, young sir," said the visitor. "I hope you will excuse my intrusion."

"Certainly; I suppose you want help."

"My boy, you have struck it. My stomach is an aching void. I have not touched food since morning, and then I was served by a farmer's wife with a couple of doughnuts so hard that they nearly choked me."

Tom smiled.

"We can treat you better than that. Won't you come in?"

"Thank you."

The tramp was provided with a seat by the stove, and when Tom and his mother had completed their evening repast, he was invited to eat at the table, where he was served with a cup of tea and a plate of cold meat, with a good allowance of bread and butter.

"I hope you'll excuse my appearance," he said humorously, "but my best clothes are in pawn."

"We are poor ourselves," said Mrs. Turner gently, "and we can make allowance for poverty in others."

"Thank you, ma'am. You're a lady. You deserve to prosper for you are kind to those who are in more need than yourself. I was not always as you see me. I have seen better days."

"You look strong and able to work," said Mrs. Turner.

"I am, and some time I may make up my mind to it. Now I feel like making a confession. I have been in this house before today."

Tom and his mother eyed him in surprise.

"How is that?" asked Tom. "My mother and I were in New York the greater part of the day, and we locked everything up."

"I got in at the kitchen window."

"What!" exclaimed Tom indignantly. "Did you mean to rob us?"

"No. I entered at the window because I saw another man do the same, and I had a curiosity to see what he was about."

"You saw another man get in at the window?"

"Yes."

"What was his appearance?"

"He was a large man, hair partly turned, a wrinkled face and small foxy eyes."

"Why, that must have been Cousin Hannibal!" exclaimed Tom.

"I can hardly believe it," said his mother. "He would not stoop to enter our house in that way."

"He had to stoop when he got in at the window" said the tramp humorously.

"Did you find him in the house?"

"You bet I did. He came down stairs when he heard me."

"But what was he doing up stairs?"

"I will tell you, for I followed him up afterwards. He had taken the clothes out of an old trunk up stairs, and was examining it. The clothes didn't look very valuable."

"No, they belonged to a great uncle of mine. What did he say when you surprised him at his work?"

"He said you were relatives of his, and he had called expecting to find you at home. Seems to me he made himself pretty much at home. What did you say was the gentleman's name?"

"Hannibal Carter of Fordham. He is a cousin of my mother's."

"He makes pretty free with his relatives."

"What could he want of the trunk, Tom?" asked Mrs. Turner.

"You know he wanted to buy it. I can guess his object. He thought some of Uncle Brinton's missing bonds might be hidden in it. I do believe, mother," added Tom with a sudden inspiration, "that he wrote the decoy letter to get us out of the way, and give him a chance to search the trunk."

(*To be continued.*)

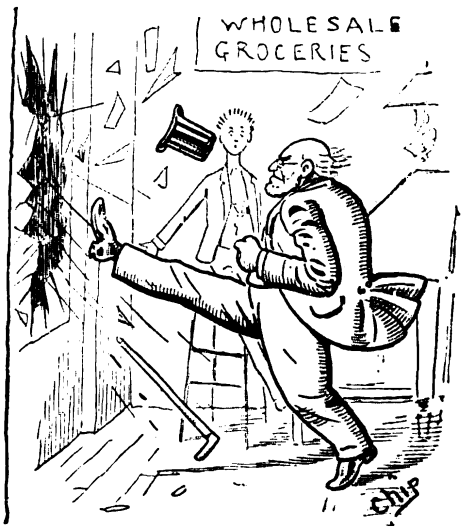
I.

YOUNG Mr. Blotts wants a situation as clerk. He has heard that it is always best to make a good appearance when applying for work, so he puts on his best clothes.

II.

HEAD OF FIRM—"Good day, sir. What can I do for you today, sir?"

YOUNG MR. BLOTTS—"Well, I called in answer to an advertisement for a clerk. I——"



III.

HEAD OF FIRM—"!!! Clerk?! Why, confound your ugly mug! I thought you were William K. Vanderbilt!!! Don't you try to fool me again like that!"—[*Exit Blotts, somewhat hastily.*

THE MYSTIC MINE;

OR,

STRANGE ADVENTURES IN MEXICO AND ARIZONA.*

BY WILL LISENBEE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE OUTLAW'S PLOT.

WHEN Mr. Sheldon made the statement that the missing directions for finding the mine were in the hands of the outlaw, he had spoken the truth. After his encounter with Walter at Black Basin, Brazleton and his men had come straight to Dead Man's Canyon, and following the directions which the outlaw had overheard at Sheldon's cabin in Yuma, they had proceeded directly to Sabre Hill.

In a short time they had succeeded in exhuming the box, and with eager excitement the leader opened the lid and drew forth a paper. Unfolding this, he saw a few lines written with a pencil. A muttered imprecation escaped his lips as he tried vainly to decipher the words. His limited knowledge of English only enabled him to read a few of them here and there.

He turned to his companions, and holding the paper before their eyes, said:

"Read this dog of a language and we will soon find the mine."

The Mexicans looked at the paper, and shaking their heads, muttered:

"*No intenda!*"

A fierce malediction escaped the leader's lips.

"Dogs!" he hissed. "You told me you understood this dog of a language! You are liars! I ought to kill you both! We have come hundreds of miles across the great desert, and now that we are in sight of the great mine, we stand here like three burros, and can do nothing."

The two Greasers trembled with fear at the wrath of their leader.

"I can understand Americano when it is spoken," said Pedro, "but I don't read it."

The outlaw was furious with rage and disappointment. He saw that his scheme to get possession of the mine before the arrival of the Americans was about to prove a failure, and he was almost beside himself with anger.

"Senor," said Francisco, a low, heavily built Greaser, with an evil looking countenance, "we have got the paper and the Americanos cannot find the mine without it. We will keep the paper and wait till they come, and——"

"*El diablo!* You are right!" cried Brazleton. "We have got the paper and we'll keep it. We will go back to the canyon and wait till the Americano dogs come. We will hide, and when they least expect it, we will kill them from ambush—yes, we will kill them—all but one, and then we will make him read the paper for us and show us where the great mine is."

A gleam of malicious triumph lit the evil countenance of the outlaw. Placing the paper in his pocket, he descended the hill, followed by his companions, and mounting their burros, they rode slowly off in the direction of Dead Man's Canyon.

Reaching their destination, they sought a secluded place in the south part of the pass, picketed their animals, and pitched their tent.

"Now," muttered the leader, "let them come. We will see who will be outwitted, my Americanos—and I'll pay you for that blow you gave me at Yuma—ah! a hundred fold, I'll pay you—for Brazleton never forgets his debts," and a vengeful light shone in his eye that boded ill for the Americans should they be so unfortunate as to fall into his power.

Near the outlaw's camp, on the western border of the canyon, a steep, rocky cliff rose to a height of seventy five feet above the valley, and was nearly a quarter of a mile in length. From the summit of this cliff a good view could be obtained of almost the entire pass.

To this cliff Brazleton sent one of his men to watch for the coming of the Americans. But while the outlaws were at Sabre Hill, Sheldon and the two boys had arrived at Dead Man's Canyon, and it was not until the following day that their presence was discovered by the enemy.

Then Brazleton began to lay plans for the carrying out of the scheme he had concocted.

"Francisco," said the leader, calling one of the Greasers to him, "go up the canyon and get a look at the party of Americans. See what they are doing, and, if possible, manage to overhear some of their conversation. Mind, now, you must not let them see you, and return here as soon as possible."

"*Si, senor*," answered the Mexican; and, taking his gun, he went stealthily up the pass.

Brazleton and Pedro remained at the camp, lying in the shade of a scrubby oak, lazily rolling and smoking cigarettes, and blowing the smoke up through the quiet atmosphere, while the burros, which had grown tired of cropping the short grass, stood motionless in the shade a few yards away, apparently absorbed in deepest cogitation. High overhead a buzzard sailed through the waste of glittering sky with scarcely a perceptible movement of his broad wings, while over the sun scorched valley the very air seemed panting with the intense heat.

It was almost sunset when the Mexican who had been sent on the reconnoitering expedition returned.

"Well," said Brazleton, "what news do you bring back with you?"

"They are camped at the upper spring—three of them, the old man and two boys."

"Did you hear anything they were saying?" went on the outlaw.

"*Si, senor;* they are going to look for the mine tomorrow."

"Good!" exclaimed Brazleton. "Let them hunt for it—they won't find it. We will let them alone for the present—until they return from their search—then we will lie in wait for them at the spring."

"They are as watchful as birds," said Francisco, "and we must be careful."

"Are they well armed?"

"That they are."

"But there are only three of them?"

"Only three—two of them boys."

"Good! They will never return to Yuma! They say people who come to the desert in search of the great mine

*Begun in No. 397 of THE ARGOSY.

never go back!" and a vengeful light gleamed from the outlaw's eyes, and an evil smile curled his yellow lips.

CHAPTER X.

A GLOOMY OUTLOOK.

IT would be hard to describe the feelings of Mr. Sheldon and the two boys as they stood silently gazing at the empty box.

"And so you think Brazleton has been here and taken the paper away?" asked Harry.

"Yes; I cannot account for its absence in any other way," replied Mr. Sheldon.

"It's too bad," said Walter gloomily, "to meet with this disappointment at the last moment."

"I don't know what is best to do," rejoined Mr. Sheldon, a look of dejection upon his countenance. "It's hard for a man of my age to meet with such disappointment and not feel discouraged."

"Come, don't look so gloomy," said Walter, trying to speak cheerfully; "I know matters seem a little blue—ultramarine blue—but let us not give up. If the outlaws have found the mine they have certainly not carried it away with them; and what is to hinder us from getting our share?"

"I agree with Walter," said Harry. "What is to prevent our finding the mine, whether the outlaws have found it or not? It's around here somewhere, you may be sure, and we may be able to find it without the aid of the paper after all."

"Boys," exclaimed the old man, "your words give me hope and courage. It is not solely on my own account that I am so anxious to find the mine; but I owe you both a debt of gratitude that——"

"Don't," said Walter, with a wave of his hand. "We don't like to have you say that; but we all want to find the mine, and we are going to do it, too, before we leave this part of the country."

"Something has just occurred to me, and it may be worth considering," added Harry. "Brazleton and his men were only a day ahead of us, and they haven't had time to do much work, and I'll bet two to one that those ignorant Greasers can't read the directions if they have them."

"That's about the size of it," replied Walter, "and I for one am in favor of going to work to find the mine without further ceremony."

"I believe the mine is near here somewhere," said Mr. Sheldon, "and I'm willing to begin a search for it immediately. The worst part of the business is, we'll have to do our work by daylight instead of night, and that's going to be pretty hard on us."

The three began looking about them and scanning the surrounding country. Further on to the north could be seen a chain of hills and rocky cliffs.

"In my opinion," said Mr. Sheldon, "the mine is somewhere among those hills to the north of us. One thing is certain, the mine, wherever it is, must either be in the rocky bed of some dry creek or in a cave, as it produces large nuggets. We could never hope to find nuggets in the sand, so it is useless to search here."

"Now we're getting down to business," exclaimed Walter, "and I'm in for moving to the hills at once."

"Same here," added Harry. Then turning to the box which Sheldon had thrown on the ground, he gave it a vigorous kick, saying as he did so: "There, take that for deceiving us!"

The box flew into a dozen pieces, and Harry uttered an exclamation of surprise as he saw a paper fall out of the wreck. In a moment he had secured the sheet, and all three were bending over it, gazing eagerly at the writing thereon. The box in falling apart had disclosed a false bottom under which the paper had been concealed.

With eager and trembling hands they proceeded to examine its contents.

A blank look overspread their faces as they did so, and exclamations of disappointment escaped their lips. *The paper was written in Spanish!*

Not one of them could read it, and for some time they stood looking helplessly into each other's faces.

"Sold again!" said Harry.

"What can it mean?" asked Walter. "Was the man who gave you the map a Spaniard, Mr. Sheldon?"

"No; you see the writing on the map is English."

"It seems strange that an American should write his directions for finding the mine in a foreign language," said Harry.

"I can't understand it," returned Mr. Sheldon, "unless there were Spaniards with him when the paper was placed here, and the directions written by a Spaniard."

"I have it!" exclaimed Walter suddenly. "There were Spaniards with the party that found the mine, and they have written the directions for finding it in both languages; and——"

"Brazleton has got the one written in English!" interrupted Harry.

"Exactly."

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Mr. Sheldon, "if you boys don't come to more conclusions in a minute than a court full of lawyers, but I believe you have come pretty near hitting the nail on the head in your last opinion."

"It looks reasonable any way," rejoined Harry. "But Mr. Sheldon, can't you read any Spanish at all? You have been among the Mexicans a great deal and must have picked up some knowledge of their language."

"I do know a few Mexican words," answered Mr. Sheldon, "but I never tried to read any of it. I don't recognize any of the words—hold on—let me see. There is '*roca*'—that means a rock, and '*espada*'—that means sword. And here is '*oro*'—that means gold!"

"Why!" exclaimed Walter excitedly, "it is the directions for finding the mine!"

For some time Mr. Sheldon studied the paper attentively, but finally shook his head, and turned to his companions.

"I can't make out anything else," he said; "however, one thing is evident, this paper has some reference to the mine. That is about all I can make out."

"Well, that is something, at least," replied Walter. "It shows us that the story of the mine's existence is not a hoax, and will give us more encouragement to go on with the search."

They then descended the hill, at the base of which they had left their camels, and were soon on their way to the hills lying to the north.

A half hour's travel brought them into a small valley, surrounded by a number of low hills and rocky cliffs, clearly of volcanic origin. They pitched their tent in a level space near the center of the valley; and then removing the loads from the camels, they sought shelter from the fierce rays of the sun beneath the shade of their canvas.

A scant and parched growth of vegetation struggled for life in some parts of the valley, with here and there a giant cactus; but there was no water to be found.

It was not until the sun had dropped behind the low hills west of the valley, that our party ventured to leave the tent.

"It is an hour yet till dark," said Walter, "and we'll have time to take a little glance through the nearest hills before night."

"All right," rejoined Walter, "Harry and I will take a little tramp up the valley, and see what kind of a place this is, and in the morning we'll commence the search in earnest."

"I'll just kindle a blaze and have some coffee boiled by the time you return, ' said the old man, gathering some dry twigs as he spoke.

Harry took his Winchester and Walter carried a pistol in his belt, and thus equipped the two set out up the valley.

"It's pretty hot weather to be lugging this gun about," said Harry, "but a fellow don't know just what's going to happen in this country, and there's no telling but what we may encounter that outlaw and his party somewhere in these hills."

"Yes," returned Walter, "and it will never do to let that fellow catch us napping. He is one of the most cruel and savage cutthroats in Mexico, and that's saying a good deal."

They traveled a half mile up the narrow valley, examining the ground closely as they proceeded; but nowhere did they discover the slightest traces of anything resembling the precious metal for which they have come so far.

The vegetation disappeared as they proceeded, and they were soon making their way over a mass of charred and blackened rocks that looked as if they had recently been emptied from a furnace.

"Whew! look here, Harry!" exclaimed Walter, "here's a regular lava bed. This must be the place where the volcanic eruptions took place a few years ago. Don't you remember reading about them in the papers?"

"Yes, and the shock was felt as far north as Los Angeles. I do hope there will not be any eruption till we get away from here, for we have enough to contend with without having an earthquake thrown in."

The boys stood on the edge of a great mass of lava that covered the entire valley above them, and extended over one side of the hill to their left.

"It doesn't look much like a gold mine," said Harry, "and, as far as I can judge, I haven't seen the slightest indication of gold in this valley."

"Nor I," answered Walter; "but tomorrow's work will show up better, I hope."

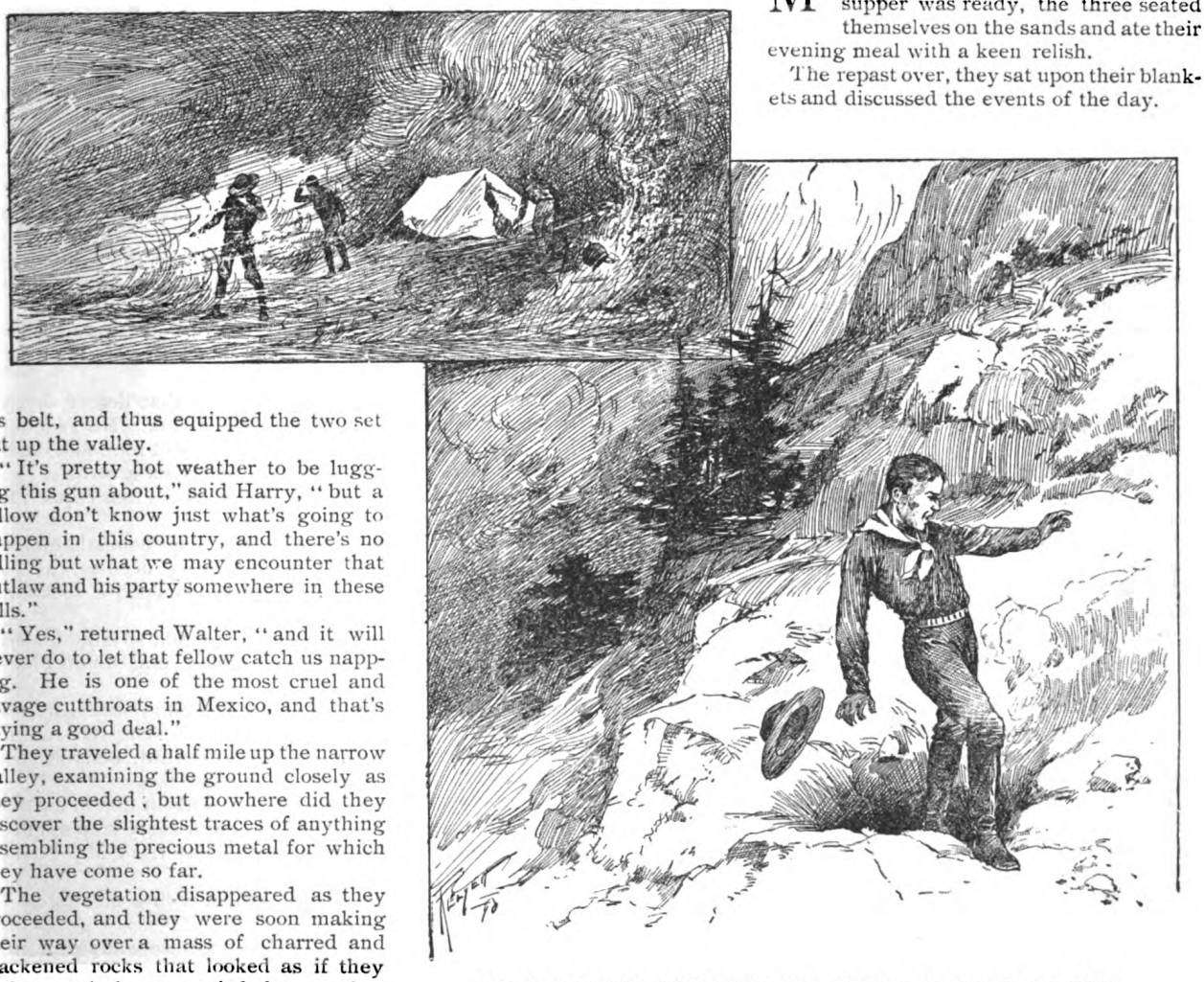
Darkness now came down rapidly, and the two boys returned to camp to find that Mr. Sheldon had already prepared supper, and was awaiting their arrival.

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGE LIGHT—DOWN INTO THE EARTH.

MR. SHELDON having announced that supper was ready, the three seated themselves on the sands and ate their evening meal with a keen relish.

The repast over, they sat upon their blankets and discussed the events of the day.



HARRY SUDDENLY FELT THE EARTH GIVING WAY UNDER HIS FEET.

"It seems to me," said Walter, "that if the mine was situated in these hills, and had been found by Brazleton and his men, we would have discovered traces of their presence."

"Well, the wind has been blowing today," returned Sheldon, "and that would soon cover their trail."

"Yes, and they may have seen us and be hiding in the hills," suggested Harry.

"I hardly think so," rejoined Mr. Sheldon, "and if it wasn't for the fact that some one has been here and dug up the box, I'd be of the opinion that Brazleton had never come to Dead Man's Canyon. As it is, however, the whole matter is a mystery to me."

"That's about the size of it," responded Harry.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Walter, suddenly springing to

his feet, "what in the name of goodness does that mean?" and he pointed to a hill up the west side of the mountain.

Harry and the old man also sprang to their feet with ejaculations of astonishment on their lips. A blood red light was flaming about the summit of the hill, making a lurid mark against the sable sky and casting a weird glow into the valley.

"What is it?" gasped Harry, in an awed voice.

"It's a volcano!" exclaimed Walter, in a startled tone. "Let us get away from here at once——"

"Hold on, boy," said Mr. Sheldon, "that isn't a volcano. It may be——"

He stopped suddenly, for the light had gone out as mysteriously as it had appeared.

"Well, that gets me!" ejaculated Walter. "What do you suppose made that light, Mr. Sheldon?"

"I can't understand it," was the reply. "I was just going to say that it might be some kind of gases escaping from the ground that had become ignited by spontaneous combustion, but it can't be that,"

"Let's us go and see what it is," suggested Walter.

"No, I don't think it is best," answered the old man, "not tonight, at least. It has just occurred to me that that light was made by some person or persons."

"Then you think it was Brazleton?" responded Walter.

"I can't say as to that, but it might be, you see, and in that case——"

"We might be led into an ambush?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I'm glad you thought of that. It never occurred to me. We must be constantly on our guard and not let that outlaw outwit us."

"I don't think he can do that," replied Mr. Sheldon. "but we must be vigilant."

"One of us had better keep watch tonight, hadn't we?" asked Harry.

"Yes, it would be best," answered the old man.

"Very well," rejoined Harry; "I'll take the first watch, and then you and Walter can turn in as soon as you please, for we want to get as much sleep as possible."

A half hour later Walter and the old man threw themselves on their blankets and were soon asleep. It was near midnight when they were suddenly awakened by a cry from Harry, and springing to their feet they found that the night had grown intensely dark.

The wind was blowing a gale, and great clouds of sand were sweeping about them and striking the tent with a sharp, hissing sound. A low murmur, like the roll of distant thunder, came through the gloom, and a quiver ran along the ground. Every moment the wind was increasing in its fury, and sweeping up the valley, roared like the rushing of a mighty river. The cords that held the tent snapped with a vicious jerk, and presently the tent itself was swept away in the darkness.

"Great George!" exclaimed Harry, as they all stood bewildered in the gloom. "What a storm!"

"Quick, boys," shouted the old man, "see to the camels while I look after the tent."

The boys waited for no second bidding, but hastened toward the place where the camels had been picketed, the flying sand almost blinding them as they ran. Groping their way through the darkness, they at last reached the place where the animals had been left. The ropes were broken, *the camels were gone!*

"Walter!" Harry shouted loudly, that his voice might be heard above the roaring of the wind, "they have gone up the valley, I think. You take the right, and I'll take the left side of the valley. They can't be far away. We must find them at any cost."

"All right," Walter shouted back; "and if you don't run across them within half an hour, meet me at the camp, and if I have not found them we will decide what had best be done."

Then, turning, he sped up the valley.

Harry ran swiftly over the loose rocks, straining his eyes through the gloom with the hope of catching sight of the missing animals; but the darkness was so great that he could not see more than three rods ahead, and he recognized the fact that if he found the camels it would only be by the rarest accident.

Again that low, rumbling sound came on the wind, and the tempest increased in fury. Harry cast a startled glance toward the sky, but he could see no traces of lightning there.

"What can that noise mean?" he muttered, a feeling of indefinable terror coming over him. "It never rains here, and yet——"

Again the rumbling sound came along the ground, and the valley trembled as if a hundred cannon had been discharged at his very side.

"*An earthquake!*" gasped Harry; and turning, he ran in the direction of the camp, great clouds of flying sand sweeping about him as he sped along.

Harry knew there were no clouds in that desert sky, yet overhead the heavens were as black as ink. He redoubled his speed as the awful pall increased about him, and dashed on over beds of loose stones, now across a strip of level sand, and again among the jagged rocks that tripped him at every step.

On, on he ran, the ground trembling beneath him, the sweeping sand cutting his face like flying needles, the wind roaring like the dashing of angry waves upon a rockbound shore.

Suddenly he tripped—stumbled and fell, striking his head against some hard substance, and for several minutes he lay there stunned and motionless.

Presently, partially recovering from the shock, he rose, weak and bewildered, and hurried on, but the fall had thrown him out of his course. The fitful, eddying wind seemed to blow from every direction at once.

He stopped and endeavored to peer about him in the darkness. He was greatly bewildered, and every step might be carrying him further and further away from Mr. Sheldon and Walter.

Suddenly he realized his situation, with a sinking of the heart. He was lost!

He called loudly to Walter, but his voice was swept away and drowned by the raging wind.

Again he ran on—on over the treacherous rocks and sands, with the vague hope that he was traveling toward the camp. But as he proceeded, the country became more rough and hilly, and he recognized the fact, with a feeling of despair, that he had indeed missed his way.

Pausing again, he shouted at the top of his voice, but no response came in answer to his call, and again he ran onward, and soon found himself toiling up a steep hill. There was a dull pain about his head, and his throat was parched and dry.

He hurried along the slope, his breath coming hard, his weakened limbs trembling at every step.

Suddenly he felt the earth giving way beneath his feet, and with a cry of despair he sank downward—down—down into the earth, and then—all was a blank.

(*To be continued.*)

GUY HAMMERSLEY;

HIS FRIENDS AND HIS ADVENTURES.*

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FRESH FOES.

MRS. TRAUBMANN gave a scream, and began to jabber away to her husband in German. The latter had already started back with the exclamation: "That thief of a clerk!"

"It's all up with me now," sighed poor Guy. "Mr. Inwood has evidently never taken pains to clear my character at the shoe store. My sole reliance now is the Westmores.'

After a great deal of talk in their native tongue, and when Guy had been trussed up like a turkey and tied to the door knob, he found an opportunity to get in a word.

"Mr. Traubmann," he began.

But he got no further.

"Dere, vat I tell you, Max?" broke in the shoe dealer. "You see he know me, and gif himself away. Ach, he must be a bad one."

"Go up to the second floor and ask two ladies you will find there if I am not telling the truth when I say that I came here with them from Kenworthy & Clarke to show them the house."

By a persistent effort Guy managed to hold the floor long enough to get all this out, and he could see, from the expression on the face of the man called Max (who was evidently Major Warburton's keeper) at the mention of the real estate agents' names, that he had produced an impression.

"Go and see if you can find the ladies, Augusta," he said.

But Mr. Traubmann interposed with: "Don't waste your time, Augusta. Dot is only a story of dis young man's. You know vat he is."

Guy suddenly bethought him of that note Mr. Inwood had scribbled for him. If he could show that to the shoe dealer it should be sufficient to rehabilitate his character. He was not sure whether he had it about him or not, and, bound as he was, he could not make an examination to find out.

As may be imagined, he was by this time pretty wrothy.

"You are insulting not only me, but my employers," he cried, "besides compelling me to leave the two ladies whom I accompanied here to wonder at my absence."

"But why did you try to rush into dat pantry and hide when you heard us coming?" Max wanted to know.

"I became confused with all the doors about here and lost my way," replied Guy. "I was trying to hurry up and meet you."

"But vat business had you down here any vay?" put in Mr. Traubmann.

At this instant a crash of chinaware sounded directly overhead. The major had remained quiet for the past few minutes, or else there had been so much noise in the basement that Guy had failed to hear other sounds.

"Himmel!" cried Max, making for the stairs. "De major must have got out."

"What will he say when he finds him locked up in the china closet?" Guy asked himself.

He had the key in his pocket, he recollected, with a sense of satisfaction. The liberty to get this would permit him to search for that scrap of paper from Mr. Inwood.

It seemed that Max had not been gone half a minute before he was back again, leaping down the stairs two steps at a time, and almost foaming at the mouth with rage.

"Did you lock Major Warburton up?" he demanded of Guy, rushing fiercely up in front of the prisoner.

"Certainly I did," answered the latter boldly. "I am sure he is not a safe person to be allowed at large."

"But he wasn't at large. He was locked up in his own apartment, and *you must have let him out.*"

Guy could see that a good share of the anger manifested by the German was due to the fact that he felt that he was himself guilty of gross negligence in having left his charge alone. We are always more severe on others when we feel that we ourselves have been derelict in duty.

"What would I want to let a crazy man out for?" returned Guy. "I tell you he was out when I came in and I was obliged to lure him into that closet for fear he might do some deed of violence. Did you see the ladies when you were up stairs just now?" he added suddenly.

"No, and I don't believe there are any ladies here," returned Max suddenly. "But the first thing I've got to attend to is de major. Vere is de key to dat closet?"

"I've got it in my pocket."

"Hand it over then."

"If you will undo my hands so that I can get at it, I shall be most happy to do so."

"Tell me vhich pocket it's in and I'll get it," said the wary Max.

"Here," and Guy nodded his head towards his right thigh. Then he added: "I wish at the same time, you'd take my card case out of my breast pocket. I think you'll find a paper there that will convince Mr. Traubmann that Mr. Inwood had reason to change his opinion of me."

"I'll find that, while you get de key," volunteered the shoe dealer, eagerly launching himself on the prisoner. "Augusta" meantime had disappeared.

Max soon had the key and was off up stairs to free the major and prevent further destruction of the Warburton crockery, and Mr. Traubmann was presently going through the contents of Guy's pocket book.

But even as he began to finger the cards and memoranda of various sorts, the owner was stricken by the recollection that he had stuffed the paper into the pocket of another coat which was now hanging in the closet at home.

"Never mind," he said; "you won't find it."

"Aha, I thought so," muttered Traubmann, and at the same instant "Augusta" returned with the announcement: "Dere's no ladies here. I been de house all over."

No ladies there! Guy could not understand it. What had become of Mrs. Westmore and Amy? Without them he had no one to substantiate his claim that he had entered the Warburton house on legitimate business. He had already shown the Kenworthy & Clarke permit, but Mr. Traubmann had easily persuaded Max that this went for nothing, as any one, expressing a desire to see the house, could obtain one.

But to the fact of his own predicament, Guy gave at present but little heed. His mind was wholly occupied with the problem of the whereabouts of the two ladies. Could any evil have befallen them? Possibly Major Warburton might have broken his way out and——

Guy dared not follow this thought, but turned anxiously to Mr. Traubmann with the question:

"Do you suppose that madman can have got away from his keeper, the fellow you call Max?"

At the suggestion of such a possibility, both the shoe dealer and his spouse turned pale, and without vouchsafing a reply beat a precipitate retreat up stairs.

Guy tugged at his bonds in the effort to follow them, but he could not free himself and was fain to wait with all the patience he could muster for the return of Max.

*Begun in No. 389 of THE ARGOSY.

The minutes passed and no one came. All was quiet above.

"They must have forgotten me," was Guy's conclusion when the kitchen clock had ticked off an hour of this dreary waiting. "I'm going to see what effect a few calls from a healthy pair of lungs will produce."

Thereupon the prisoner in the kitchen set up a series of yells, learned at Fairlock, that might have led a passer by to infer that the lunatic of the mansion was confined in the basement.

A feminine shriek, emitted from somewhere close at hand, apprised Guy that some one, at any rate, had heard him, and three minutes later Max rushed in, followed rather timorously by a string of maid servants.

"What do you mean by raising such a row?" demanded the major's keeper sternly, hastily inspecting Guy's bonds, to make sure that there was no danger of his breaking loose.

"What do you mean by keeping me tied up here?" retorted Guy with spirit. "I've borne the thing meekly long enough. It's a disgrace. Mr. Kenworthy will let your employer know of the affair."

"Dat for your Mr. Kenworthy!" exclaimed Max, with a snap of the finger. "You can do all your talking to Mr. Scriber, de magistrate. Here's de constable now."

Matters were indeed growing serious for poor Guy. Was it possible that he must spend a night in jail till some one could come up from the office and identify him? Where could Mrs. Westmore be?

"Well, where's the burglar?

This from a short, thick set man, who had just descended the stairs, clinking a pair of handcuffs suggestively.

Guy winced at sight of the latter. This was monstrous that he should be subjected to such indignities. Was Mr. Traubmann responsible for it all, he wondered?

Meantime Max had laid his hand on Guy's shoulder as indicating "the burglar" and the constable advanced with handcuffs open, when a new actor appeared on the scene.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EXPLANATIONS AND A CALL.

THE new comer was none other than Mrs. Westmore.

"Oh, Mr. Hammersley—Guy!" she gasped, at sight of the boy lashed about with the clothes line. "What does this mean?"

ONCE UPON THE STAGE THE MAN HASTEND TO CONCEAL HIMSELF BEHIND A STACK OF SCENERY.

Max started when he heard the familiar way in which this refined looking lady addressed the captive.

"It means," replied Guy, "that I am accused of entering this house with burglarious intent. You can tell them, Mrs. Westmore, to the contrary."

"Certainly I can. Release him instantly," and the lady spoke in such a tone of authority that Max never waited to put any questions, but proceeded to unbind Guy forthwith.

The poor fellow's limbs were quite stiff from his hour's confinement, and he was forced to sink into a chair for a moment after he was freed.

"It is shameful," declared Mrs. Westmore; then a sudden light breaking in upon her, "Why, it is my fault partly, I do believe," she added hastily. "If I had been here, to put in my evidence before, you might have been spared all this. But Amy, as soon as she saw people down stairs, begged me to flee with her. We thought we should find you down here, but saw no one. The door was open though, and poor Amy was so terrified and eager to be out of the house and off the place that I was obliged to go with her, without waiting to find out where you were. I am so sorry."

"Oh, it's all right," returned Guy, rising. "Do you think we shall have time to catch the train we wanted?"

"Yes, the carriage is at the door, and Amy is waiting at the station."

As Guy turned to follow Mrs. Westmore up stairs, Max stepped up to him, and in very humble tones begged that he would not report the morning's proceedings. But Guy would not promise. He felt that a season of fear and trembling would be a good thing for the delinquent.

"Why do you suppose they permitted us to go to the house that contained such a skeleton in its closet?" said Mrs. Westmore, as they drove back to the village.

"*We* knew nothing about it," returned Guy, speaking for Kenworthy & Clarke. "And evidently our driver did not. I suppose the Warburtons did not want to acknowledge that the old gentleman was a fit subject for the asylum, so allowed him to remain in that room, as they thought, properly guarded. But this wedding evidently tempted the whole force of servants to take an hour off, and in that time the mischief was done."

Amy was still in a highly excited state, so nothing was said to her about the sequel to the morning's adventure. In fact, during the journey back to town no reference whatever was made to the Warburton place.

But just as they parted at the Forty Second Street station, Mrs. Westmore drew Guy aside and said in a hurried undertone: "We owe the demented old major one thing, at any rate: the discovery of a relative. Ridley will be around to see you immediately, and I want you to consider our house your home, and remember I am no longer Mrs. Westmore, but your 'Cousin Anna.'"

Guy made up his mind that he would say nothing at home, for the present, at least, about his adventure in the country. Indeed, there was so much excitement over Harold's success that there was small opportunity to introduce a new theme.

The result of the boy's first rehearsal was satisfactory in the extreme, and Mr. English predicted a brilliant "first night." He himself accompanied Guy and Harold to Harlem for a personal interview with Mrs. Hammersley.

"May I use the boy's own name on the bills?" he asked in the course of the talk. "It is an eminently fitting one for such a purpose."

After a little hesitation, Mrs. Hammersley gave her consent to this, and the manager hurried off to send the order to the lithographer.

Ward began calling Harold "Your Royal Highness" forthwith, and wanted to know if the free list at the Criterion was to be "absolutely suspended" during the engagement.

"And if I were you, Harry," he added, "I'd send a special dispatch to Mrs. Burnett, asking if she won't substitute a cat for a dog in the second act. Then you could have Emperor's name starred with yours."

But the boy was so happy over his prospects that he did not in the least mind a little teasing. He gave the family a detailed account of his day's experiences at the theater, where everybody had been extremely kind to him, and not a few funny incidents had happened during the rehearsal.

The next morning's papers contained a paragraph announcing a grand production of "Fauntleroy" at the Criterion "with Master Glenn, a boy of unusual talent, and one who looks the part to perfection."

Again Guy left him at the theater on his way to the office, for there was still a good deal of work to be done in order that all should move smoothly on Monday.

Our hero was just putting away his things that afternoon, preparatory to calling for the boy, when a young fellow entered whom he at once recognized as Ridley Westmore.

"Is Mr. Guy Hammersley in?" he inquired.

"That is my name," rejoined Guy.

"What, you?" exclaimed the other impulsively, and Guy know that he too remembered those two contrasted meetings on Fifth Avenue.

"Yes, and I can guess that you are Ridley Westmore," he said frankly.

"Your cousin, and awfully glad to make your acquaintance," returned the other cordially, extending his hand, quite recovered from his surprise. "That is," he added, "if you're willing to reckon cousins three or four times removed. I'm not just sure which it is."

"I'd be glad to know you if you were fifty times removed or—no, I don't mean literally," he added, as Ridley began to laugh with the thought of the uncomplimentary interpretation that might be put upon the declaration.

This *faux pas* of Guy's broke all the remaining ice, and he was about to ask Westmore to be seated when he recollected that he himself was due at the theater inside of ten minutes.

"I'll have to keep up this removing dodge," he laughing, "by asking if you would mind walking along with me to the Criterion Theater instead of sitting down."

"Certainly I wouldn't; that's on my way up town. Going after tickets, I suppose."

"No, I am going to get a small brother of mine. He's been there all day rehearsing."

"Small boy—Criterion—rehearsing! You don't mean to say your small brother is Harold Glenn, who's announced to open in 'Fauntleroy' next Monday?" and Ridley stopped stock still in the doorway while he put the question.

"Well, he's my half brother, and a mighty nice little chap he is, too," rejoined Guy. "Come along and I'll introduce you."

"I am in luck," ejaculated Ridley, as he started off, little imagining the part he was destined to play in the fortunes of the youthful star.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN UNLUCKY INVITATION TO DINE.

IT was but a short distance from the office of Kenworthy & Clarke to the Criterion Theater, but on the way Ridley managed to find out a good deal about the small boy concerning whom all the newspapers were beginning to talk. For this young fellow, fresh from a region where theaters were few and far between, took a deep interest in matters dramatic, and, as he had said, counted himself fortunate to have fallen in with an opportunity to "go behind."

So absorbed were the two in their conversation that neither of them noticed a man who stood in the doorway of a hotel across the street, directly opposite the theater, and who was attentively regarding them. He disappeared inside as soon as he saw them turn in at the stage door, and a few minutes later a man wearing the same clothes, but with an altogether different face, passed out by the ladies' entrance of the hotel and hurried across the street to the theater.

This second man had a thick head of hair, and quite a long, brown beard, while the person who had been leaning against one of the front columns but a short time before was almost bald, and wore simply a mustache. He made his way at once to the stage door, and on being challenged by the doorkeeper as to his business there, replied that he had been sent for by the gasman to examine one of the stage burners.

As there was no performance in progress, the door man, after looking the visitor over for a moment, mumbled out a gruff leave to enter, which the stranger hastened to accept. But once inside, he paid no attention to gas pipe or burner.

merely hastening to conceal himself behind a stack of scenery near a group standing talking not far from the passage leading to the entrance way.

And when he heard the following introduction made: "Mr. English, let me present my friend, Mr. Westmore," and, peering around the edge of the scene, saw Guy's companion shaking hands with a business-like looking man without an overcoat, he rubbed his hands with an air of extreme satisfaction.

"Westmore! Odd name," he muttered. "Dressed pretty fine. Must be son of the oil king. Easy to get on *his* track. Ah, what's that he's saying to the kid?"

Ridley had stepped to one side with Harold and Guy, and this is what the listener overheard: "I want you and your brother to come to dine with us tomorrow night."

The invitation was accepted, conditioned on Mrs. Hammersley being willing that Harold should go. And, as the boy would not be needed so long for rehearsal the next day, Ridley arranged to call for him at the theater at three in the afternoon, take him for a drive in the park, and be back at their home in upper Madison Avenue by the time Guy arrived there after business hours.

"Suits me to a T," muttered the man behind the scenes, and forthwith took himself off, the others soon afterwards following his example.

Her boy's prospects seemed to have a salutary effect on Mrs. Hammersley's health, and it was hoped now that she would be well enough to attend the first performance on Monday. On learning that the Westmores were relatives of Guy's, she gladly consented to Harold's visiting there, and he was dressed accordingly when he went off with Guy the next morning.

Mr. Shepard met him as usual at the theater, and assisted Mr. English in coaching him for the part, and at one o'clock took him off with him to lunch. Young Westmore had promised to call for him at three, but at half past two, just when his work for the day was over, the doorkeeper came in with a note for the boy star. It ran as follows:

MY DEAR HAROLD:

It has turned out such a beautiful day that I have decided to take you for a longer drive. To gain time, we are to start from our stable on the West side, and, as my sister is going with us, I must escort her over. I send Edward, a groom of mine, to bring you up there. Sorry I could not come myself, but it will all go to make a more pleasant outing for you in the end.

Truly yours,

RIDLEY WESTMORE.

Telling Mr. English, who knew of his engagement with the Westmores, that Mr. Ridley had sent for him, Guy hurried into his overcoat and went out into the little box-like arrangement annexed to the theater, covering the stage door.

Here he found a smooth faced young man, very deferential in manner, waiting for him.

"Did you come from Mr. Westmore after me?" asked Harold.

"Yes, your honor," was the response, with a ducking of the body and a tweak of the forelock which protruded from a peaked cap such as jockeys wear, "if yer honor's the young gentleman what's goin' to play the lord of Fauntleroy in this here theayter."

"I'm the boy," laughed Harold, "and I'm ready to go now."

He added this last as a reminder that the groom hadn't been sent there by his master to peer in upon the stage fixings of the Criterion, which the fellow was now craning his neck in the endeavor to accomplish.

"Yer pardon, young sir," responded the emissary, turning quickly, and, putting out a not particularly clean hand, he essayed to take one of Harold's and literally lead the boy off.

But to this the latter objected, and, sticking a hand in either pocket of his overcoat, he announced that he could walk along by himself if the other would but show him the way. Edward seemed somewhat doubtful about acceding to this request, but a second look at the resolute expression on Harold's manly face decided the matter for him. They went off together, but there was two feet of pavement between them.

"Where is the stable?" asked Harold, as they approached Forty Second Street.

"The what?" repeated the young man.

"Why, the stable where Mr. Westmore keeps his horses, and where you're taking me?"

A strange look of dismay, of terror almost, came into Edward's face as he listened to this repetition of the boy's question. He knit his brows into a heavy frown and gazed wildly about as if expecting to find assistance for something that was troubling him, and then, unconsciously, Harold came to his aid by adding: "Is it near enough to walk?"

"No, we have ter take a car. Here comes one now. Hurry, or we won't catch it."

Nothing loath for a run, Harold put his legs in motion, and the two were soon aboard a car on the Forty Second Street road, bound west. Edward produced two nickels wrapped in a scrap of newspaper and paid the fare with quite a lordly air, while Harold puzzled himself with the problem why Ridley Westmore, who was so well dressed himself, should have such a slovenly servant about the place.

At each avenue they crossed the boy thought they would get out, but his companion made no move. Presently the car stopped in front of a ferryhouse, and Harold saw that this was the end of the route.

"Come, we must hurry," said Edward. "The boat's just going to start."

"The boat? Why, what are we going on the boat for?" Harold wanted to know. "Is the stable across the river?"

"No, but de kerridge is," explained Edward, drawing a long breath and speaking rapidly. "The boss changed his mind after the note was writ—or no, de missy had gone across de riber, and he got a telygram to meet her wid de kerridge, an' he'll be dere when we git over. Then he's goin' ter take you a splendid drive among de hills."

While talking, Edward was making tracks for the ferryhouse, and Harold was obliged perforce to follow him, as he was still a stranger in town and did not wish to be left alone.

Boy-like, he was much distracted by the sights of the river to be seen from the boat, and did not pay much heed to other things till they had reached the other side, and when, after being conducted by his guide through several streets in a squalid neighborhood, there were still no signs of Ridley.

"Are you sure you know where he's to be?" asked the boy.

"Yes, pretty sure; we'll soon be there now," and cheered by this intelligence, Harold plodded bravely on till they finally reached the country.

The road was a lonely one, and at this point wound through a thick woods. And here, on suddenly turning a corner, they came upon a close carriage.

"Here we are," cried Edward, assisting Harold in.

There was only one man inside, and as the horse was started off at a fast trot, Harold recognized, not Ridley Westmore, but Colonel Starr.

(*To be continued.*)

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Any reader leaving home for the summer months can have THE ARGOSY *forwarded to him every week by the newsdealer from whom he is now buying the paper, or he can get it direct from the publication office by remitting the proper amount for the time he wishes to subscribe. Three months, one dollar ; one year, four dollars.*

THE ARGOSY has already referred to the widening of woman's sphere, whereby she takes up many of the professions that were thought formerly to belong exclusively to man. But the encroachment of one sex upon the domain of the other is not confined to the ladies, for we hear that out in St. Paul they have "boy nurse maids,' if such a thing can be.

It seems that the mother of three small children, after suffering from the bad service of a dozen nurses of the kind usually employed, in desperation engaged a boy to mind her offspring. The result was satisfactory in the extreme—to the lady, at least. How the boy enjoyed his singular occupation the report does not state.

* * * *

SPEAKING of singular occupations, we think a prize for the oddest would be taken by that of the man who travels about, posing as a centenarian. His plan is to read the papers carefully till he sees mention of the hundred year old resident of a certain locality, whereupon he journeys thither, and for a certain percentage of the presents that sightseers are sure to bring the wonder, agrees to represent the old man, who necessarily becomes much fatigued by holding lengthy receptions.

With a little fixing up and with bits of information furnished by the relatives, he is enabled to act the part without detection and to the great edification of the visitors.

While the honesty of the above described profession is of course more than questionable, it certainly merits the term select, centenarians being a limited article in the market.

* * * *

WE think that nowadays summer ought, in this country at least, to be called man's half of the year. For certainly he, of the two sexes, seems to enjoy it the more. With the first warm days of May his somber colored garments of winter are thrown aside, and he proceeds to array himself in hues so bright and gay that we must believe they are the outward sign of the inward joy that possesses him.

Then what is the term most frequently heard on men's lips these weeks? Listen where you will, in street car or boat, in and around our great cities, it will not be long before you hear the word "play." It may have reference to baseball or tennis, cricket or lacrosse, with a strong probability that the first named takes the lion's share, but the word itself will be used so often that one would be inclined to think that all men were indeed but children of a larger growth.

* * * *

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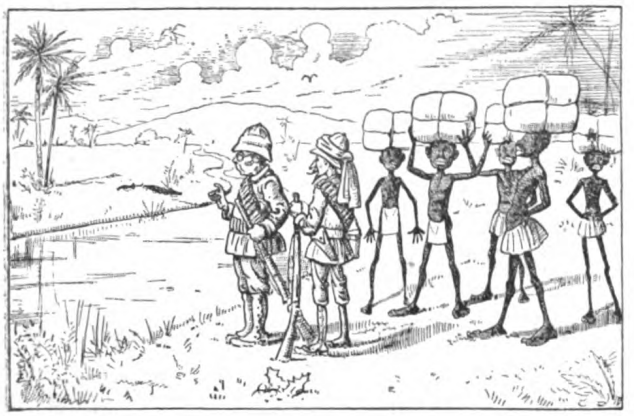
* * * *

"HE had been reading dime novels." How often do we see this suggestive comment added to a newspaper account of the escapades of some youthful would-be Indian slayer, bound for Western wilds armed with a toy pistol and a false beard!

Well, very possibly he *had* been nourishing himself on this sort of literature, and the fruit it bore was of the kind to be expected. But why shouldn't the opposite style of reading produce just the opposite effect? For instance: The New York papers reported last month how a boy bootblack, at the risk of his own life, stopped a runaway horse on the Brooklyn Bridge. Now who knows but this very deed may have been inspired by the reading of some story in which such a boy thus distinguished himself? Certainly there are enough tales in which this sort of thing takes place, and, as we have shown very frequently in these pages, fiction is very nearly always founded on fact, we see no reason why fact should not now and then found a good deed—as well as a bad one—upon fiction.

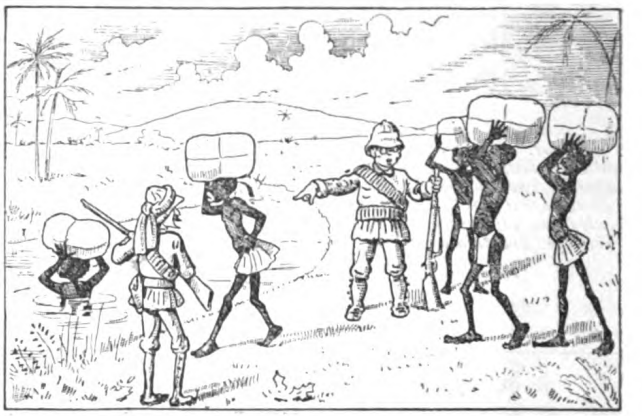
THE PERILS OF AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

ANOTHER DISASTER IN THE DARK CONTINENT.



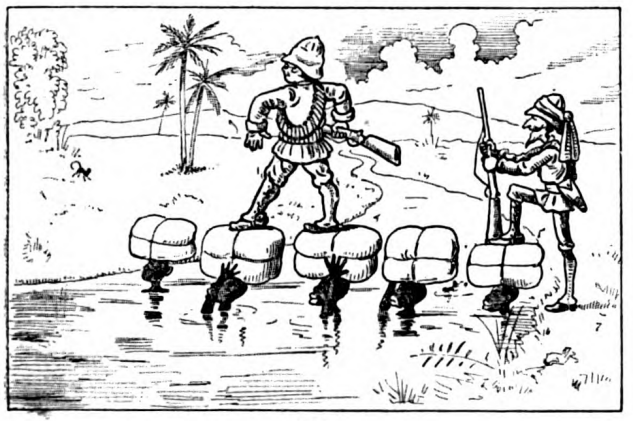
I.

FIRST EXPLORER—"How in Sam Hill are we going to get across this river?"



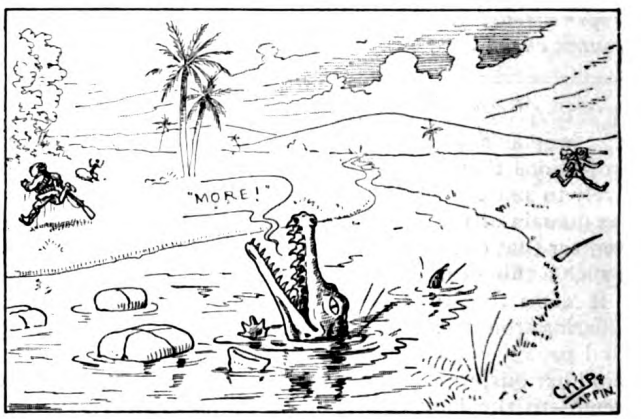
II.

SECOND EXPLORER—"I have a scheme. Get into line there, Cuffy."



III.

BOTH EXPLORERS—"Now talk about your Brooklyn Bridge!"



IV.

But just then the bridge gave way. Cause, sinking of the foundations.

FLOATING FUN.

THE LAWN'S COMPLAINT.

"WHAT is the matter with your lawn?" asked a Selby Avenue gentleman of his neighbor, one morning recently. "It looks somewhat debilitated and out of sorts."

"I will tell you confidentially if you won't let it go any farther."

"Certainly not."

"I shaved it last night and it caught cold."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

* * * *

SECOND NATURE.

"THIS room is very close," remarked the guest to the head waiter, "can't I have a little fresh air?"

The well drilled automaton raised his voice to a high pitch. "One air!" he yelled after a pause, adding, "let it be fresh!"—*American Grocer.*

* * * *

THE TROUBLE WITH IT.

"How did you like my last poem in blank verse?" asked Scribbling ton.

"Well, it really seemed to me that it was too much verse and not enough blanks."—*Washington Press.*

HE WANTED LITTLE HERE BELOW.

"WHAT do you want?" asked the aeronaut of his assistant, as the uncontrollable balloon rose higher and higher.

"The earth," replied the assistant.—*Puck.*

* * * *

AT THE GAME.

SHE—"Oh, do look how that ball sails. Just like a bird."

HE—"Looks more like a common foul to me."—*Terre Haute Express.*

* * * *

EVERYTHING depends on early training. A rope gets tight because that's the way it is taut.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

* * * *

A BAD OUTLOOK.

HARRY (at the window)—"Will I be a man when I grow up?"

MOTHER—"Yes, dear."

HARRY (pointing to a dude passing)—"Is he one?"

MOTHER—"Yes."

HARRY—"Say, mother, *must* I be a man?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

* * * *

A MIND WANDERER.

"THERE, now, isn't that a shame?"

"What's the matter?"

"Why, I've forgotten to attend my class in memory culture!"—*Puck.*