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WHOLE No. 400.

UNDER AFRICA; OR, THE STRANGE MANUSCRIPT OF THE WHITE SLAVE. BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.



"WHO ARE YOU?" CRIED GUY HOARSELY. "CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT YOU ARE AN ENGLISHMAN?"

CHAPTER VIII. THE SEPARATION.

BUT help was at hand. Before Oko Sam could reach his victim, an Arab directly behind Guy fired, and the fellow stumbled blindly on the sand.

A shout of rage burst from the Somalis, and, hastily push-

ing their captives to the rear, they advanced in a very ugly manner, shaking their long spears.

Leaving the dead Arab and the wounded Somali where they had fallen, the Arabs moved back a short distance, taking Guy and Melton with them, and shouted to the Somalis to remain where they were.

The Arabs were reluctant to fire, and would have avoided further bloodshed, but the enraged savages continued to press forward, and finally let fly a shower of spears that wounded one of the Arabs, and unfortunately killed a camel. The Arabs at once retaliated with a rifle volley, and to such good effect that three or four of the Somalis were killed.

This brought them to their senses. Their spears could not compete with the firearms of the Arabs. They moved back to their animals, and, with a few farewell shouts of vengeance, rode away to the south, while the Arabs hastily bestrode their camels, and, taking the two Englishmen with them, calmly resumed their journey to the southwest.

For a time the two caravans, moving on the sides of an acute angle, as it were, remained close together; but, gradually diverging, the sharp outlines of the Somalis began to fade into the twilight, and at last, as Guy and Melton strained their tear dimmed eyes into the distance, the shadows obliterated the last traces of their captive friends. To Momba Melton had been deeply attached, and their separation was a hard blow.

And now a terrible feeling of desolation came over them, and they were half inclined to wish that they, too, had been led away to share the fate of Sir Arthur and the colonel.

Though it was now fast growing dark, the Arabs evinced no intention of stopping. With long, sweeping strides the unwearied camels swept over the sandy plain, and their riders from time to time spurred them to greater speed.

Melton was back in the rear, but Guy rode in front, with the Arab who had assumed the leadership since the death of his companion.

Guy ventured to address him, and was surprised to find him grown somewhat communicative. He explained to Guy in broken English that by Makar's orders he and Melton were to be delivered up to Rao Khan instead of being sent into slavery among the Somalis. Harar, he said, was a day's journey away, and by traveling all night they would arrive at sunrise. His account of Rao Khan, the Emir, was by no means reassuring, but Guy did not allow this to trouble him much. Makar's last words were still ringing in his ears, and he felt certain that their deliverance from the Somalis was the first step toward the fulfillment of Makar's promise.

The little caravan moved on in silence. The Arabs were probably uneasy. They may have feared an attack from the Somalis or some other foe, for they kept a close watch, and held their rifles in constant readiness. But presently the moon came up in the east, casting a pale glamour over the desert, and tracing on the sand in weird, fantastic designs the shadows of the camels and their riders.

As the night wore on the Arabs relaxed their caution, and, dropping their rifles to their sides, began to refresh themselves with crackers brought along from Zaila, together with dates and figs, which they washed down with water.

The Arab with whom Melton was mounted now rode up beside the leader, and, to their great joy, Guy and Melton were permitted to converse. Though they had had no rest nor sleep since the previous night, excitement had driven away all fatigue, and they looked forward with deep interest to their arrival at Harar.

To Guy's surprise, Melton did not believe that he had been singled out to accompany Guy.

"No, no, Chutpey," he said, "depend upon it, Makar has some other object in view. I believe now that he will effect your escape in some way, but don't be surprised to find yourself sent back to Zaila alone. Makar's clemency will be extended to no one but yourself."

"Nonsense," returned Guy. "I tell you he means to save

you, too. However, we shall not be parted, Melton. I assure you of that. I will accept no deliverance that does not include you, too."

Forbes made no reply, and for a time they rode on in silence. Absorbed in conversation, they had failed to observe that the aspect of the country had begun to change. They were now ascending a slight ridge, and from its crest could be seen the vague outline of mountains on both the right and the left, while all around them, in place of the dreary sand, were low bushes and vegetation. The camel's thorn and tamarisk shrub of the desert had disappeared. Once some huge animal glided across their path and one of the Arabs half raised his rifle, but lowered it again.

With feelings which they would have found it hard to express, Guy and Melton saw the dawn come creeping over the sky, and just as it became fully light, they rode over the crest of a hill and perceived in the distance a mass of walls and turrets stamped against the pale gray sky.

A pleasant breeze blew from the mountains which rose steep and rocky on all sides, while the valleys were richly wooded, and a silver thread, curving to and fro, marked the presence of a hillside stream.

The little caravan now descended into a narrow gorge and traveled rapidly along the course of a brawling torrent for nearly an hour. Then crossing the stream, they rounded a sharp spur of rocks and the dreaded city of Harar was before them.

Thirty years before the intrepid Burton had penetrated to that hotbed of fanaticism, and had by a miracle come back alive. From that day to this none had dared to emulate him.

Well might the two young Englishmen shrink from meeting that detestable despot, Rao Khan, who ruled his people by the sword and hated all Christians with a hatred that fanaticism alone can breed.

Yet the vision that now met their gaze had its own charm and fascination. Before them the valley terminated at the slope of a hill, and on its summit rose the dingy dwellings, and turrets and towers of the town.

To the east, on the slopes of the valley, lay luxuriant plantations of bananas, citrons, limes, coffee trees and sugar cane, and stretching westward, on terraced ridges, were fragrant and blooming gardens and orchards.

It all looked like a paradise to the weary, sun scorched travelers from the desert, and for a moment Guy forgot that frowning city on the hillcrest, and feasted eyes and soul on the vivid green of the plantations and orchards.

But now the caravan ascended the hill and across the brow of the ridge stretched the massive, irregular wall of the town. The great brazen gates were closed and in the oval turrets that rose sentinel-like above the wall, appeared no sign of life or motion.

Then with startling suddenness came a trumpet blast and the quick, sharp roll of drums; and from the town burst a tumult and volume of sound, and then over the walls, and peering curiously from the turrets, appeared a swarm of dark, repulsive faces.

The tumult deepened and changed to one vast murmur as the caravan moved in dignified state up to the very gates of the ancient city of Harar.

CHAPTER IX.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

A BRIEF pause, then the gates swung on creaking hinges and the caravan filed in between the dingy walls that had reared themselves from the summit of that hill for centuries.

For an instant a hush of curiosity fell on the multitude within, as the caravan appeared, but as the Arab leader suddenly flung to the breeze the English flag that had once floated from the fortifications at Zaila, a great shout arose, so that the very air seemed to tremble, and the people pressed tumultuously on the caravan from all sides.

"Zaila has fallen! Zaila has fallen!" they cried, and wild with joy, they flung their arms in the air, while those in the rear sought the housetops the better to see the new arrivals.

With much wonder Guy inspected the inhabitants. Many of them were Arabs, but the greater part were pure Gallas, tall, olive colored men, with long black hair and piercing sunken eyes that gave them a most repulsive appearance, by no means an undeserved one; for the people of Harar are the most treacherous, turbulent and cruel race in all Africa. They were dressed mostly in linen tunics and leopard and panther skins, and they carried long spears and shields of rhinoceros hide.

In the first excitement Guy and Melton had escaped notice, but now they were suddenly spied and the sight of the two hated Englishmen roused the passions to the highest pitch of ferocity. The foreigners' presence in the town was a sacrilege, an insult, and with threats and angry cries the mob surged round the group. At last so great was the crush, the camels were forced to halt.

"Kill the infidels! Kill the dogs of unbelievers!" howled the multitude, and waxing more furious with every shout, they drew daggers and knives and raised their spears.

The Arabs had quietly closed around Guy and Melton, forming with their camels a protective circle, and this alone saved the Englishmen from death. But every instant the situation was becoming more critical. The mob grew bolder, and even tried to force the group apart in spite of the protestations of the Arabs who had begun to point their rifles threateningly. Hundreds of savage faces glared unutterable hatred at the two strangers, hundreds of wretches were thirsting for their blood, and, finally roused to uncontrollable fury, the crowd swept impetuously against the caravan from all sides.

The frightened camels pranced and reared, and the cordon of defense suddenly broken, a dozen savages rushed on Guy and Melton. A long spear pierced Forbes under the arm and down he went beneath the camels.

A burly wretch dashed at Guy with a dagger, but the Arab brought down the butt of his rifle on the fellow's head just in time, and he dropped like a log.

The man behind hurled his spear but his aim was poor, and instead of striking Guy, it entered the poor camel's neck, and the beast, plunging madly forward, hurled Guy and the Arab to the ground.

This alone saved their lives. As Guy staggered to his feet, cries of quite a different nature burst from the mob, and in fright and panic they began to scatter in all directions. The rattle of musketry broke out some distance ahead, and the Arabs, joining in eagerly, began to empty their rifles into the fleeing mass.

The Englishmen were saved. A compact body of men in linen tunics and leopard skin caps came sweeping forward. They were armed with rifles, and as they ran they kept shooting into the struggling crowd which was shrieking and groaning with agony.

In five minutes the place was deserted and the stony ground was literally covered with bodies. It was a terrible example of Rao Khan's despotic rule.

Melton was lifted up and to Guy's deep sorrow it was seen that he had received an ugly thrust along the side, not of a serious nature, but ragged and painful.

Two of the Emir's troopers, for such they proved to be, carried him, for he was unable to walk or ride.

Guy and the Arab mounted a fresh camel, first putting the wounded animal out of his misery, and then, preceded by the Emir's guard, the caravan resumed its march up the street.

The first sight of Harar was novel and interesting. Before them was a long avenue, fully a mile in length, at the extreme end of which could be dimly seen the northern wall of the town. This avenue was like a barren mountain road, strewn with rubbish and heaps of rocks, and the dwellings which rose on all sides to the height of two stories, were, many of them, constructed of sandstone and granite, cemented with a reddish clay. They were impressively gloomy and dingy.

The terrible scene just enacted had terrorized the people. Many Arabs came flocking across the streets and exchanged greetings with the new comers, but very few Somalis or Gallas were to be seen. The sight of the Emir's guard seemed to have stricken the town like a palsy. The shops and booths were closed and deserted. The curtains of the houses were closely drawn; here and there at the doors lay goods that had been dropped in the sudden panic, and at one place a man lay dead across the threshold still clutching in his stiffened fingers a bunch of bright colored rugs.

But now the scene became animated and lively; people flocked out from their houses, among them many women whom Guy regarded curiously, for they seemed to be of quite a different type from the men, and passably good looking. They made no demonstration, however, but very quietly followed the caravan.

The center of the town was now close at hand, and a short distance ahead, on the left hand side, rose a more imposing abode than those around it. It was built of granite, and above the flat roof rose a square tower with circular windows. It boasted a spacious courtyard, inclosed by a low stone parapet, and within this space were a dozen armed guards, clad in leopard skin capes, and bearing brightly polished rifles.

It was the palace of the Emir, and as the caravan drew up to the gates the escort sounded a blast of trumpets, and almost immediately the doors were opened and a grave and dignified Arab came slowly out.

He spoke a few words to the leader of the caravan, who dismounted at once, and bidding Guy follow him, entered the courtyard. Close behind came Melton, borne by the soldiers.

Passing between the guards, they entered a narrow vestibule hung with rich curtains, and in a moment more were ushered into the dreaded presence of Rao Khan.

The Emir was seated on a low dais at the further side of a spacious apartment. The first glance struck terror to Guy's heart. Rao Khan was a short, thickset man, with a round, smooth face. His eyes were sunken deeply under the forehead, and the expression of his face was a strange blending of brutality, avarice and treachery. He was simply clad in white linen, with a great sword at his side, and on his head was a leopard skin cap, so constructed that the tail of the leopard hung down his back.

Before him squatted four solemn faced Arabs. The floor was spread with rugs and the skins of various animals, and on the heavily curtained walls hung a dazzling array of arms of every description, bronze and copper shields, and strips of oddly woven tapestry. At sight of the English flag which the Arab now produced, the Emir's eyes sparkled, his face lit up with fiendish joy, and he began to talk wildly in a strange tongue.

The Arab replied, giving him no doubt an account of the insurrection, for the names Berbera, Zaila, and Makar Makolo, were frequently mentioned.

Guy, from his position at Melton's side, who had been placed on a soft lion skin, watched the strange scene with wonder. He was more worried at present about Melton than anything else. The spear wound had not yet been dressed, and the poor fellow was in too much pain even to talk.

At last the Arab turned round and pointing to the Eng-

On the right and left were high stone walls, and directly opposite was a low, gloomy sandstone structure, with one narrow door opening on the court.

Here were standing more armed guards, who obsequiously opened the door for the approaching captives.

As they passed through the gloomy portal Guy's heart sank. His eyes at first could see nothing but darkness, and he blindly followed his conductors until they came to a stop. A heavy door was closed and bolted behind him, and then all was silent.

In a few seconds he was able to see his surroundings. He was in a square dungeon, lighted by a narrow aperture high up in the wall. The floor was of stone, strewn with straw. Melton had been placed on the floor, but he sat up and leaned against the wall.

"Where are we, Chutney?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered Guy; "in some sort of a prison, I suppose. Why—hello, Melton, here are iron rings sunk in the floor all along the side."

"That settles it then," rejoined Melton. "This is Rao Khan's slave prison. I don't suppose there are many inmates now while the fair is going on."

Approaching footsteps put an end to the conversation, and in a moment the door opened to admit a tall Arab, followed by a native with bandages and a basin of water.

The Arab quietly loosened Melton's shirt and coat, and washing the wound, wrapped bandages round his body spread with some soft ointment. He did the work speedily and dexterously, and then departed as silently as he had come. He had barely gone, however, when a soldier entered with a tray containing dates, figs, and a peculiar kind of cakes, which he placed be-

fore the prisoners. They ate with relish, and then overcome by weariness, they lay down on the straw and fell asleep.

It was some hours later when Guy woke. Night had come, for no light shone through the aperture. He lay for some time listening to Melton's deep breathing and thinking of their terrible situation.

He was not without hope of deliverance, for he placed a great deal of faith in Makar's promise; yet even then the chances were against them. Perhaps at this very moment Zaila had been retaken and Makar was killed or a prisoner. If this should happen they were lost. Guy shuddered to think of Rao Khan's vengeance under such circumstances.

Presently he became aware of vague noises somewhere in the distance. He fancied he heard shots fired and a loud tumult of voices.

He thought it might be imagination, but suddenly the sounds increased, and once or twice footsteps hurried past the dungeon. The noise now woke Melton, and together they listened, convinced that it was a presentiment of coming evil. The strange sounds rose and fell, at times nearly dying away and then bursting out with renewed violence.



THE ARAB BROUGHT DOWN THE BUTT OF HIS RIFLE ON THE FELLOW'S HEAD.

lishmen spoke in a low tone to the Emir, who half rose from his seat and looked sharply at the captives.

Guy met his gaze calmly and steadily. In a moment the suspense would be over, and their fate decided one way or the other.

CHAPTER X.

THE SLAVE PRISON.

THE Emir's reply was brief and apparently forcible. He clapped his hands and half a dozen soldiers appeared instantly. He addressed them with a word or two, but before they could execute his orders Guy hastened forward and said to the Arab, "I pray you to have my friend's wound dressed. He is suffering much pain."

The Arab addressed the Emir, pointing to the wounded man, and then turning to Guy he said, "It is well. Rao Khan will see to the English man."

Guy would have sought more information, but the soldiers now came forward and picking Melton up, motioned Guy to follow them. They passed out of the apartment by a rear door, and traversing a long hall, entered a big courtyard.

"I can't understand it at all," said Guy. "It can't be a rejoicing over the capture of Zaila, for they are plainly cries of anger."

"We'll know pretty soon what it means," returned Melton; "it concerns us, you may be sure."

In his excitement he rose and began to pace the floor. His wound was giving him no pain, he said, adding that he really felt pretty well again.

At last the shouts seemed to come a little nearer, and before long the fierce, angry cries were heard close at hand.

"They are surrounding the prison," said Guy huskily.

He was right. A howling mob was on all sides of them now, and it was quite clear that they were beginning to attack the walls of the courtyard, for suddenly half a dozen shots were fired as though the guards were resisting the invaders.

It was a period of terrible suspense. The shouts increased, the firing grew heavier, powder smoke drifted into the prison, and just when they expected to see their dungeon door torn open by a mad swarm of fanatics, the uproar suddenly ceased.

A full minute of silence followed, and then on the night air rose a howl of triumph, so savage, so vindictive, that Guy and Melton shivered from head to foot. For some reason the attack had been suddenly abandoned. What that reason was they could only surmise.

The silence continued. The invaders had dispersed. Sleep was impossible, and they passed the time in conversation until a streak of light, flickering through the opening, showed that morning had come.

Food and drink was brought in. The prisoners ate sparingly. The shadow of a great calamity was overhanging.

"I am just as sure," said Melton, "that something will shortly happen, as I am that you and I are in Rao Khan's slave prison at Harar."

"Listen," answered Guy.

Footsteps approached. The door creaked and opened, and a man entered. With a cry of wonder Guy and Melton sprang to their feet. The new comer was bronzed and burnt, he had light hair, a mustache and a soft blond beard, but he wore trousers and a tunic of white linen.

The surprise was mutual. The stranger scanned them closely from head to foot.

"Who are you?" cried Guy hoarsely. "Can it be possible that you are an Englishman—an Englishman in Harar?"

The man paused a moment and then said quietly, "I am a Greek. My name is Canaris Mataplan. At present I am interpreter to Rao Khan, the Emir."

"But your English?" cried Melton. "It is perfect."

"I was a cafe keeper at Cairo for seven years," replied the Greek. "I learned English there."

An embarrassing pause now occurred. It was certain that the Greek was the bearer of tidings from the Emir. No one dared speak. At last the Greek said quietly, "You are truly unfortunate. Tell me how you came here. I know that Zaila has fallen into the possession of Rao Khan's emissaries. I know nothing else."

Guy briefly told the tale and Canaris listened intently.

"Fools," he said. "The English will be in Zaila again in a month."

"And you?" rejoined Guy. "What brought you to Harar?"

"I left Cairo for Calcutta," said Canaris. "The steamer was lost off Gape Guardafui; ten of us reached shore in a boat; the Somalis slaughtered all but myself. I was sold to the Arabs and came ultimately to Harar. I was useful to Rao Khan in many ways and my life was spared. I have

been here two years, two long years. I shall never see Greece again," he added gloomily. "I am a slave to the Emir for life."

"Is escape then impossible?" asked Guy.

"Absolutely. Between here and the coast is the desert. Starvation or death by wild beasts awaits a fugitive there. To the south are the bloodthirsty Gallas. No, no; one can can never escape from Harar."

The tramp of the guard was heard in the corridor, and a sudden change passed over the Greek's face.

"I have come from Rao Khan," he said in a low voice.

"He sends me with a message."

He paused.

"Go on," said Guy. "we are listening." He was breathing heavily.

"Two hours after you arrived here yesterday morning," resumed Canaris, "Rao Khan dispatched the Arabs to Zaila again, in company with two hundred of his best soldiers, who will assist in holding the town. They had scarcely gone when an insurrection broke out. The people were angered at the slaughter done by the Emir's troops when they rescued you from the crowd. It is a law of ancient standing in Harar that every Christian stranger who enters her gates must die. Englishmen are most detested of all. The populace became maddened and furious; from all quarters of the town they came, clamoring, demanding your lives. When Rao Khan called out his remaining troops they refused to fire. The people, they said, were right. A very few remained faithful to the Emir. The mob surrounded the palace and the prison; they tried to scale the walls; the guards in the court fired on them. Then Rao Khan appeared and spoke to the angry crowd. He begged them to wait. He told them that you belonged not to him, but that Makar Makolo had sent you here for safe keeping, that you were the slaves of Makar Makolo. The people only howled in derision. They become more angry and infuriated, and refused to listen any longer. 'The Englishmen must die!' they cried. Rao Khan was fearful in his anger. But he was powerless. He feared the destruction of the palace, the loss of his own life." Here Canaris paused and looked with infinite pity at the Englishmen.

Guy tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. Melton laid his hand on the Greek's arm. "Go on, go on," he whispered hoarsely. "We are men, not cowards. Let us know the worst."

(To be continued.)

IT IS A WOMAN THIS TIME.

EVERY once in a while there is a newspaper crop of stories of the "meanest man." A series of these was lately published in the *New York Tribune*, and here is the last in the list, which in a sense "leads all the rest." It was told by a theatrical agent.

It happened some years ago that when we were playing to a small house in a New England city a young fellow in the audience fell down in a fit, just before the play began. This created some commotion in the house and the curtain was not rung up until the man had been removed and carried off to a hospital. I thought the occasion would be a good one from which to get a little free advertising, so I went to the hospital next day to see what had become of the man.

I learned that the stroke was apoplexy and had proved fatal. He was the only support of a widowed mother, and we got up a benefit matinee performance for her, which drew well, and I had the satisfaction of handing the bereaved parent enough to pay for a fine funeral and leave her a good deal besides. She thanked me, but something seemed to be on her mind.

"Is there anything you want to say, ma'am?" I inquired.

"Well," she replied, "I'd like to know if William fell before he saw any of the play, sir?"

"He did," I said.

"Well, then," she added, "I think, seeing that he did not get the worth of his money at all, you ought to return me the fifty cents he paid for admission."

THE MYSTIC MINE;

OR,

STRANGE ADVENTURES IN MEXICO AND ARIZONA.*

BY WILL LISENBEE.

CHAPTER XII.

SEARCHING FOR HARRY.



WHEN Walter Rivers separated from Harry Benedict, and started in search of the camels, he continued his search up the valley for about a quarter of a mile. Then, finding the darkness so intense, he gave up the idea of finding the animals till daylight, and, turning about, hurried back toward the camp.

An ominous, muttering sound came through the hot, sand laden atmosphere as he ran, and the earth shook so violently that he staggered and almost fell as he leaped over the rock strewn ground.

"An earthquake!" Walter panted, casting a startled glance about him as he ran.

The night grew blacker, and the driving wind shot the flying clouds

of sand about him with a sharp, hissing sound. The darkness was now so great that he almost despaired of finding the camp; and, after traveling for nearly a quarter of a mile, he paused and shouted at the top of his lungs. The voice of Mr. Sheldon came in reply, and a few moments later he was standing by the old man's side.

"It is impossible to find the camels in this darkness," Walter explained, "and I thought it best to wait till morning—but hasn't Harry returned yet?"

"No," answered Mr. Sheldon, "and I fear he will be lost in this darkness. Where did you leave him? And are the camels gone?"

Walter soon explained how, on reaching the place where the camels had been picketed, they had found the ropes broken and the animals minus, and that he and Harry had separated to search for them.

"Great Scott," ejaculated Walter, as a deep rumbling shook the earth beneath their feet, "we must get out of these hills; but let us first find Harry. There is an earthquake going on, and a volcano may burst out of some of these hills at any moment."

"It is an earthquake!" cried Mr. Sheldon; "and let us try to find Harry at once, for I fear he is lost."

"We were to return to camp within half an hour. Perhaps he will be here soon. Can't we make a light of some kind?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Mr. Sheldon. "We can't kindle a blaze in this wind, and, if we could, it is very doubtful if he could see it a dozen rods away in this flying sand."

"Then, as a signal, we can fire off our guns," answered Walter, "and he will hear the report if he is very near us."

Groping through the gloom, they at last found their arms,

and for half an hour they discharged them at brief intervals. Then, after waiting for several minutes, and as no response came to their firing, they again fired their guns for a dozen times in rapid succession. But the loud roaring of the wind drowned the sound, and it could be heard only a short distance away.

An hour passed. The trembling of the earth had subsided, and the wind had gone down, and was now blowing a moderate gale, though great clouds of sand were still flying across the valley.

"We can do nothing till daylight," said the old man, as they seated themselves on the sands. "As soon as it is light enough, we will explore the valley, and I am quite sure we'll find Harry without any trouble."

"Do you think anything has happened to him?" asked Walter, in an anxious voice. "Maybe he has fallen into the hands of the outlaws. I wonder who was making that light on the hill last night?"

"I hardly think anything serious has befallen him," answered Mr. Sheldon. "and it is not surprising that he did not find his way back to camp. In fact it is more of a surprise that you were able to get here than that Harry should get lost in such darkness. I hardly know what to think of the light we saw last night. But if it should be that Brazleton and his men are here, still the chances are a hundred to one that Harry has not encountered them."

"I hope he is all right," said Walter, "and if he is I'm sure he'll return to camp as soon as he can see his way. We must remain here till daylight, and then, if he does not come, we must search for him."

To the patient watchers it seemed as if the night would never end. As the hours wore on, the wind dropped down to a gentle breeze, and the clouds that had obscured the sky gradually settled to the earth.

Presently the pale beams of morning appeared in the eastern horizon, and soon the sun arose as with a bound from behind the low hills, and shot its fiery rays across the valley.

Without waiting to partake of any breakfast, the old man and Walter made hasty preparations to start in search of Harry. They were filling their canteens from one of the kegs, when they made the discovery that a great crevice that had been made by the earthquake in the night had swallowed up all of their water cans but one, and there was only enough water left in this to fill two canteens.

"Perhaps this will last us till we find Harry," said the old man, "and then we will return to the canyon. But the loss of our kegs is a serious matter."

"It is, indeed!" said Walter.

Taking their canteens of water, they proceeded up the valley, but stopped suddenly, with exclamations of surprise on their lips. The whole face of the valley above them was seamed and gashed with huge crevices that extended so deeply into the earth that the eye could not reach the bottom.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Walter. "Harry may have fallen into one of these! Oh, Mr. Sheldon, what will we do?" and Walter turned his face full of anguish toward the old man.

There was a troubled look on Mr. Sheldon's face as he met Walter's gaze.

"This looks bad, Walter," he said slowly, "but we must keep up hope. All may yet be well. We must take a look further up the valley, and then, if we do not find him, we will start to explore some of these crevices."

"But how can we do that without ropes?" asked Walter. "There are only a few feet of the picket ropes left, and we have no others that would answer our purpose."

*Begun in No. 397 of THE ARGOSY.

"Well, if we can do no better," answered the old man, "we can cut up our tent into strips and make a rope. We will manage that part of the matter some way. Now let us be moving."

And, bending their course so as to avoid the huge crevices, they continued their way up the narrow valley.

It was nearly noon when, sick at heart, they returned from their fruitless quest. They took their tent, which had been blown down the night before, and, stretching it, crawled beneath the shade to partake of a frugal lunch of dried meat and crackers.

Nearly exhausted with the heat, and weary with their long morning's tramp, they were compelled to spend an hour in getting a little rest. Then they emerged from the tent and proceeded up the valley, carrying with them all the ropes they could find about the camp.

Stopping at the brink of a yawning chasm, they commenced making preparations for descent. While the old man was tying the ropes together, Walter took a rock and dropped it into the crevice. He listened intently, but no sound came from the gloomy depths.

"Horrible!" he gasped. "There is *no bottom to these crevices for hundreds of feet down!* Poor Harry! there is no hope for him if he has fallen into one of these!" and Walter bowed his face upon his hands and moaned aloud.

Mr. Sheldon turned a white, grief stricken face toward the boy, but said nothing.

"Oh, Mr. Sheldon!" cried Walter, "is there no hope? Can we do nothing? Oh, Harry, Harry! what would I give to have you back, alive and well, at this moment!" and a choking sob escaped his lips, and the tears streamed down his cheeks.

"Heaven forgive me for bringing you and Harry on this trip," said the old man feelingly, "for I can never forgive myself."

"No, no, you must not say that. You are not to blame for this—you must not think so; but oh, how can I ever return without Harry?" and again Walter gave way to the deepest grief.

"We must not give up entirely, my dear boy," said the old man soothingly. "We will do everything in our power to find Harry. Maybe, after all, he escaped the crevices. You remember they were not here when you passed over the ground, and it may be that he wandered out of the valley, got lost among the hills, and has been unable to find his way back."

"Let us hope that he is still alive, and, if he is, as soon as we can find him we shall leave this place at once," answered Walter.

"You are right, Walter; we will leave for home immediately if we find that Harry is safe."

The two sorrowing friends returned to camp, and seated themselves under the shadow of the tent, despair plainly depicted on their troubled faces.

"What is to be done next?" asked Walter.

"I hardly know," was the answer. "Our supply of water is almost exhausted, and we must take all the canteens and return to Dead Man's Canyon tonight, and lay in a fresh supply. Then we will come back here, and continue to search for Harry as long as there is a spark of hope."

"Tell me truly, do you think there is any hope at all?" asked Walter, in a husky voice.

"I—I—am afraid not, my boy. Heaven help him—and us. I can see no hope."

Walter bowed his face in his hands and sobbed aloud.

"And, Walter," continued the old man, in a strange, unnatural tone, "our camels are gone, and may perish for

water, and without them the chances are against our ever getting across the desert alive. There is a strange fatality attending all who have searched for the Peg Leg Mine, and none who have ever crossed the Great Desert in search of it have ever come back!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A MYSTERIOUS LIGHT—LYING IN AMBUSH.

MEANTIME Brazleton and his men had remained at Dead Man's Canyon, waiting patiently for the return of the Americans. They had moved their camp to a place near the upper spring, and here they lay in ambush ready to carry out their evil design.

The day passed slowly away. Night came, but brought no appearance of the Americans.

"Can it be that they have found the mine?" muttered Brazleton. "If they have not, why do they not return?"

He strode impatiently up and down the space in front of the tent, pausing now and then to say something in the Greaser dialect to the two Mexicans.

Suddenly he stopped, and waving his hand in the direction of their animals, added:

"Bring the burros! We will go to the hill and find the Americans!"

"*Sí, señor,*" answered the Mexicans, and in a short time the burros were bridled and brought up to the tent.

"Now hide the tent and all these things in the bushes till we return," said the leader.

This done, they took their guns, and mounting the burros, rode in the direction of Sabre Hill.

The night was dark, and not a breath of wind was blowing. The little burros were urged forward at a brisk trot, their feet falling almost noiselessly upon the sandy plain.

As they neared Sabre Hill they approached cautiously, keeping a sharp lookout for the Americans. But after surveying the surroundings carefully they failed to find the slightest trace of the gold hunters, and nothing save the broken box to give indications that the Americans had visited Sabre Hill.

Where were they? Had they returned to the canyon by some other route? Or were they camping near by?

These questions all passed through the mind of Brazleton as he stood on the hill, puzzled and irresolute.

"They are camping somewhere here and may shoot us in the darkness before we see them," said Francisco.

"Dog of a coward!" roared Brazleton. "If you are afraid why did you not stay in Yuma, and beg about the streets? Let them shoot, and if they do I hope they'll put a bullet through you first of all."

Francisco made no reply, but his eyes blazed in the darkness, and deep in his heart he vowed to be revenged upon the outlaw leader whenever circumstances should afford an opportunity.

"Let us go back to the canyon," continued Brazleton, "if you are afraid to look for the dogs in the darkness. They will have to go there for water—there is none among these hills. Then we will lie in wait for them."

A few moments later they had mounted their burros, and were returning to Dead Man's Canyon.

As they were journeying across the sands suddenly, a great red light flamed above the hills lying to the north, casting a blood red glare against the inky sky.

"Mother of Heaven, save us!" cried the Mexicans, trembling with terror. "The place is haunted by the Evil One!" and they lashed their animals into a run.

Brazleton uttered an imprecation and urged his burro forward in pursuit of the terrified Mexicans.

"You are cowards! You are sheep!" he roared. "You will run from a candle!"

They never heeded their leader's words, but dashed onward as fast as their refractory animals could be made to go.

Mile after mile was passed, and it was all that the outlaw leader could do to keep in sight of the two terror stricken Mexicans. It was not until nearly half the distance to the canyon had been passed over that the fright that had taken possession of the Greasers subsided sufficiently to allow them to bring their animals to a halt.

The rage of the outlaw leader, on witnessing the evidence of superstition and cowardice in the two Greasers, knew no bounds; yet he was cunning enough to see that any attempt to force them into submitting to his orders at such a time would be worse than useless. It would not do to push them into open rebellion—well he knew this—for cowardly as they were, yet when made desperate by fear, they would not hesitate to commit murder.

He had work for them to do—work that he could not do without their aid, and he must not lose his power over them.

He stopped his burro, and spoke to them in a changed tone.

"*El diablo!* but I believe you would run off and leave me to do all the fighting if we should attack the Americanos. If this is the way you are going to act, let us go back to Yuma tomorrow. Let us leave the great mine for the old gray haired man and the two little boys, and go back and be beggars the rest of our lives!"

The Greasers appeared crestfallen at this rebuke, and expressed a willingness to face anything earthly to gain possession of the mine, but they could not understand the appearance of the red fire on the hill—they had never seen anything like it.

"If you will tell us what it was, *senor*," said Francisco.

"It is the Americanos," answered Brazleton. "It is some of their fiendish tricks to frighten us away from the mine. Are we going to run like chickens from a little blaze? Shall we brave the dangers of crossing the desert to be frightened away by a trick? Are we going to give up the mine when it is in our very grasp?"

"No—never, *senor!*" they answered. "We will return to the hill tomorrow and drive the Americanos from the place."

"Good," exclaimed the leader. "You are coming to your senses, now; but we will lay in wait for them at the canyon. It will not do to meet them on the plain, for they are well armed and would fight till the last. We must take no risk. We must outwit them in some way."

"You are right," answered Francisco. "We will do as you say."

After allowing their jaded animals to rest for half an hour, they resumed their journey toward the canyon. The wind had now risen, and was eddying and whirling the sand about them, and a low rumbling sound, like distant thunder, came through the darkness.

They cast startled looks at the sky, which was now becoming rapidly overcast with clouds of flying sand. The gloom grew deeper and deeper; the wind increased in violence, and the earth trembled turbulently.

The two Greasers lashed their burros into a run, and dashed onward in the direction of Dead Man's Canyon.

The wind was growing scorching hot, and the sand almost choked them as it swept about them on the roaring wind.

"Let us keep together!" shouted Brazleton, "for if we get separated in this storm it will be impossible to find each other till daylight."

And keeping side by side, they rode on for an hour. Then the storm grew so furious and the earth trembled so violently that the two Greasers, unable to urge their burros further, leaped from the backs of their animals and dashed away through the darkness, leaving Brazleton alone. The outlaw called after them to see to their horses, but they paid no heed to his call and fled as if pursued by demons.



THE WHOLE TRUTH FLASHED UPON HIM IN AN INSTANT.

Brazleton gave vent to a series of imprecations, and lashed his burro forward; but only for a few steps could the terrified animal be made to move. Then he stopped abruptly, uttered a snort of terror, and pitching high in the air, flung his rider to the ground.

The outlaw fell into a deep gully, and striking his head violently against a rock, was knocked senseless.

When consciousness returned, the gray beams of morning were streaming across the sands. Brazleton staggered to his feet, and looking about him, saw the low bushes of Dead Man's Canyon only a short distance away. Picking up his hat, which had fallen from his head, he hurried away toward

the canyon, where he found Francisco and Pedro. The two Greasers were preparing breakfast, while near by, the three burros, which they had found in the canyon, were quietly grazing.

A storm of abuse rose to the leader's lips as he thought of how he had been deserted by his cowardly companions, but checking himself, he said:

"So you have found the burros? Good! Now let us wait here for the detested Americanos."

CHAPTER XIV.

A SURPRISING DISCOVERY.

WHEN Harry Benedict recovered consciousness, it was some time before he could recall the past sufficiently to understand what had happened. He felt weak, and there was a dull pain about his head.

It was intensely dark. He staggered to his feet and groped his way through the darkness.

Presently his hands came in contact with a rocky wall, smooth and perpendicular, rising high above his head. He cast his eyes upward, and high overhead he could see a narrow line of light. Then the situation dawned upon him. He had fallen down through the crevice above and landed in a cave.

The faint light of coming day was stealing over the sky, and the sun would soon be up. He had lain unconscious for hours.

Where were his companions? Had they shared a like fate with himself? These thoughts passed rapidly through Harry's mind as he stood silently contemplating his strange situation.

His next thoughts were of some way of escaping from his unpleasant position; but as he felt over the smooth wall, rising to the height of twenty feet above his head, his heart sank within him. He could not gain the slightest footing on the smooth surface. He must wait for the light. Perhaps then he could find some way of scaling the rocky wall. When the sun rose high in the sky it would shine down into the crevice, and thus afford him a better view of his surroundings.

He was weak and thirsty. If he only had a drink of cold water! His very throat seemed parching, and his lips were as dry as parchment.

He seated himself on the floor of the cavern to wait for the coming light.

He took up a handful of pebbles, and flinging them in different directions, found that he was in a cave extending back—how far he could not tell. A few feet in front of him rose the rocky wall.

"Perhaps there is a passage way leading to the outside," he thought; but he could not explore the cavern without a light.

How impatiently he longed for noon! He would have to wait many hours before the sun would shine down through the opening, and what must his companions think of his long absence? Were they safe? If so, he knew that they must be searching for him at that very moment.

How far had he wandered from the camp? And was there any chance of their discovering him? Perhaps he could not escape from his prison and would be left there to die alone. His heart sank within him at the thought of such a fate.

For a moment he was seized with a nameless fear that he could not speak of, and, hardly knowing what he did, he arose from his sitting posture and shouted at the top of his voice, but only the echoes through the gloomy cavern came in response.

His companions might pass within a rod of the opening above and not discover his presence. He must make some effort to signal them. If he could only throw something out that would attract their attention should they pass that way! A sudden thought occurred to him. He hastily drew a note book and pencil from his pocket. Then scribbling as well as he could in the darkness, the words, "Look in the crevice near this," on a blank leaf, he took the piece of paper, and wrapping it around a small rock, he threw it toward the opening above.

It struck the wall near the top and fell back. For some time he searched about in the darkness before he could find it. Then again repeating the experiment, he was grateful to see the paper rise over the edge of the crevice and lodge on the ground above.

"There," he exclaimed, "if they happen this way they'll know where to look."

How slowly the time went by! It seemed to Harry as if he had been in his prison an age before the sun began to shine down into the opening. Then it gradually grew lighter about him and afforded him a limited view of his surroundings.

Harry found that he was at the very edge of a large cave. Before him the perpendicular wall rose to the surface above; behind him a wide opening extended back under the hill, as he supposed, for he had lost all knowledge of direction.

The sun rose higher and higher, and presently its broad rays descended to the bottom of the cave, revealing Harry's surroundings quite distinctly.

The opening above was quite three feet wide at the top and a dozen yards long.

A careful examination showed Harry that it would be impossible to scale the wall. He must look for some other means of escape—and whatever he did must be done quickly. Already he was feeling the pangs of thirst and hunger.

Now that the day was well advanced, he felt that the chances of his companions' finding him were few, indeed. They might have passed within a stone's throw of him a dozen times and not discovered his presence.

These thoughts startled and alarmed him. Again he cast his eyes to the sunlight above that seemed to mock him with its brightness.

It would not do to be idle. He must act—and at once. Perhaps there was a passage leading to the outside; but he had no light, and to attempt to explore the cavern in the darkness would be both useless and dangerous.

His heart again sank within him as he gazed helplessly about him. Suddenly a thought occurred to him. He had a small box full of matches in his pocket. He would explore the cavern as far as possible by the light of these, and perhaps he would find some passage leading to the outside. The thought gave him a gleam of hope, and he proceeded to put it into execution.

He groped his way into the cave for several yards, and then pausing, lighted a match and gazed about him.

He was in a passage about twelve feet wide, and seven or eight feet high, with a smooth rocky floor, running downward at a sharp angle. For one hundred feet he followed this passage downward by the light of the match, then paused again.

Taking a careful survey of his surroundings, he again crept forward for a hundred feet, when he stopped, and was in the act of striking another match when the low sound of falling water reached his ears.

Hurriedly lighting the match, he advanced swiftly in the direction of the sound, and soon came to a small stream of clear water issuing from a crevice in the rock.

Dropping on his knees, he pressed his lips to the crevice and drank deeply of the refreshing fluid. How he thanked Heaven for that boon! How it cheered his drooping spirits! With plenty of water he could sustain life for many days, and surely he could find some means of escape in that time.

He knew that Mr. Sheldon and Walter, if they were alive, would search for him as long as they had a spark of hope of finding him left. Perhaps he had better return to the opening and remain there during the day, at least. His friends might pass that way at any moment, and if he should not be there, he might miss the only chance he would ever have of making his escape.

With these thoughts in his mind he took another drink at the spring and hurriedly groped his way up the passage to the opening. The sun was no longer shining down into the crevice, and Harry knew that it must be past noon.

Darkness soon came. He shuddered at the thought of having to pass a night in the cavern.

He stood for some time gazing hopelessly at the high wall. If he could only gain some foothold! A sudden thought seized him. Perhaps he could cut notches in the rock! His heart gave a great throb as he drew his knife from his pocket.

Yes, the rock was a soft sandstone, and could be cut into easily; but would his knife hold out till the work was completed? Would it last till he had cut a sufficient number of foot and hand holds to enable him to reach the top of the crevice?

The knife was a common, two bladed pocket knife; the blades, however, were of the best metal.

Eagerly he began cutting into the rock. He first made a slit about four inches long in the wall, then, turning the point of the knife downward, he scooped out a small hollow, so as to give himself a firm hand hold.

Then two feet above this he cut a similar hole, and two feet above this another.

He then placed his fingers in the upper notch and drew himself up, placing his foot in the lower one. Reaching upward, then, as far as he could, he cut a fourth notch.

Here he found his greatest difficulty, for he had not got the fourth notch half finished when the arm with which he

supported himself became so weak that he was compelled to drop back to the bottom and rest.

After resting a few moments, he again climbed to his position and resumed work.

For hours he toiled patiently on, although the light in the crevice was growing dimmer, and every step he proceeded made the next one more difficult, for his knife was half worn out, and his hands were blistered painfully.

At last the light slowly faded from the opening, and night came rapidly down, compelling Harry to suspend work. He must wait, as patiently as he could, for the morrow before resuming his labor.

A great heap of dry sand that had drifted from above lay on the floor, and upon this Harry flung himself, feeling weary with his work.

In spite of the gloom of his surroundings, he felt more light hearted than he had since his imprisonment. He was quite sure now, that before another day was over he would be able to reach the top of the opening.

He could not help comparing his situation with that of the snail in the well which climbed three feet during the day, and fell back two feet at night.

He felt thirsty as well as weary, and rising from his position on the sand, he crept through the dark passage down toward the spring. He could find this without using any of his matches, and he wished to be as saving of these as possible.

Reaching the spring, Harry seated himself on the rocky floor, and having slaked his thirst, fell to meditating on his strange position. Picking up a pebble, he threw it as far as he could with the object of discovering if the cave continued in that direction. He heard it strike on the floor several rods down the passage.

He picked up another pebble, and was in the act of throwing it, when its unusual weight caused him to pause. Hurriedly lighting a match, with trembling hands, he examined it, uttering an exclamation of astonishment and delight. The pebble *was a piece of gold!*

The whole truth flashed upon him in an instant.

He was in the Peg Leg Mine!

(To be continued.)



THE YANKEE MIDDIES.

JOLLY young tars
 Seeking for scars,
 Up in the rigging and out on the spars—
 Thirsting for fame,
 Longing to tame
 Old England's Lion and shake up his frame.

Who would not be
 Gallant as ye,
 Heroes, some day, of the land of the free?
 Hail the salt breeze!
 Ho, for the seas!
 We'll laugh at the storm like a king at his ease.

Tom Hall.

ONE BOY'S HONOR;
OR,
THE FREAKS OF A FORTUNE.*
A STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY EDGAR R. HOADLEY, JR.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME STARTLING EVIDENCE.



ANDY'S heart throbbed violently with emotion as the question flashed through his brain—was Bob Bassford his cousin?

The tattooing on Bob's arm was identically the same as on his own, and, though he had not been told that his cousin had any such marks, he could not believe that any one but the missing boy could possess them in such exact facsimile. It was a most remarkable coincidence at least, and would most assuredly bear

further investigation.

And now, as he glanced at the young man more closely, he saw that he was about his own height, apparently somewhere near the same age, and possessed of features similar in outline and expression, as far as he was able to judge of his own appearance. He suppressed his agitation with an effort, but not before Bob had noted it.

"Pshaw! the sight of blood made me faint. I'm getting worse than a school girl," said Andy apologetically, for the benefit of Garboard, in case the latter had also noticed his start of surprise.

He did not care to let any one know the cause of his perturbation until the suspicion formed in his mind was confirmed or disproved.

"That's a rather nasty flesh wound, Bob, and you had better let Mr. Manning attend to it; he's the surgeon of the Ulysses," he continued.

"All right, sir; where will I find him?" said Bob.

"He's in the pilot house; when he's through with you, report to me in the main saloon."

"Very well, sir."

Bob went forward, accompanied by Neb, and Andy descended to the after cabin to think over the unexpected and surprising discovery he had made.

Though he had noted several points of resemblance to himself in Bob Bassford, the likeness was not striking enough to attract attention or comment, and Andy asked himself if it was possible that the boy, who was as much like him as if he had been his twin brother in childhood, had changed as much as the difference in appearance between Bassford and himself would indicate.

He had to admit that it was probable, and even possible, that the different surroundings in the life of his cousin, wherein hardship, toil and ignorance may have predominated, might have had something to do with the change in his features.

And were the tattoo marks only a strange coincidence after all? Stranger ones than that had occurred, and were on record. Then he told himself that no doubt Bassford would explain that he came by the marks in a simple and commonplace manner.

When these arguments pro and con had passed through Andy's mind, the subject of them presented himself at the foot of the saloon stairs.

"Have a seat, Bassford," said Andy, not without emotion, for the solving of the identity of the rescued boy meant a good deal to him.

"Thank you," replied Bob, and there was a certain air of assurance in his tones and actions as he seated himself.

"I want to talk to you of a matter which may prove of great importance to you, Bob," began the young captain. "Do you know when and by whom that tattooing was done on your arm?"

"I have always understood that it was done by my father when I was about four years old."

"Do you know the meaning of the words 'gluck auf'?"

"They mean good luck, but I can't say they ever brought me any," laughed Bob.

"Perhaps they will yet, Bob," said Andy significantly, and he felt that, even though he had enjoyed all the luxurious resources wealth could command up to that time, the same words on his own arm had not brought him "good luck" in the true sense of the word. They had probably assisted in perpetrating a fraud and a vile crime, which had brought shame and humiliation upon himself.

"Do you remember anything of your early life, Bob, say when you were four or five years old?" he continued.

"Only that I lived in a seaport town up in the State of Maine."

"Don't you remember the name of it?" asked Andy, quickly.

"No, sir, but I have heard my mother say it was Bellport."

"Are you sure that's the name?" asked the young captain, remembering that was the town of which his father had spoken in the confession.

"Well, no; she used to speak a great deal about Middletown too."

"That's it," cried our hero, his heart beating rapidly with excitement and emotion, as he recalled that that place had also been mentioned.

"Bob," he continued, as he grasped the orphan warmly by the hand, "I believe you are my own cousin who was kidnaped from Middletown when almost an infant. I have no proofs but your slight resemblance to me, the mark on your arm, and the fact that you perhaps lived in Middletown, Maine. I understand that my cousin and I were as much alike as if we had been twins when quite young, and that he lived in Middletown. I also have the same marks you have on my arm, but they, and the other two points, may turn out to be only curious coincidences after all."

Andy did not intend to reveal the true status of the missing boy, in relation to the wealth left by his father, until he was perfectly satisfied that Bob Bassford was his cousin. He told himself that he would have to be convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt of the identity of Bassford, or any one else, as his cousin, before he revealed to him his father's crime.

"They are *not* coincidences, Captain Andy," said Bob, quickly and confidently, as Andy finished speaking. "I *know* I am your cousin."

He did not evince the surprise one would naturally expect from a boy in his position on receiving such an astonishing announcement; he rather acted as if he had expected it.

"How do you know it, Bob?" asked Andy, with lively interest.

"Because, among the things left by my mother was a

*Begun in No 394 of THE ARGOSY.

sealed package, which, on opening, I found to be the confession of a man named Job Seaforth——"

"Seaforth!" cried Andy, with energy. "I have heard of him before."

Here, Andy told himself, was more evidence that Bassford was his cousin. Was the substance of the confession Bob referred to, what Seaforth had intended to impart to his father? If so, had it mentioned the object of the abduction, or who instigated it? This latter question Andy was feverishly anxious to have answered, so he said:

"Go ahead, Bob."

"Seaforth stated that years before he had brought a young boy down to New York from Hellport, Maine, to accommodate a friend of his named Murdock, but didn't learn till afterwards what Murdock had done with him. Subsequently he met Murdock going on board a steamer about to sail for Vera Cruz, and he had the boy with him. He had learned from the boy himself that his name was Alexander Raymond, and found out afterward that he was some relation of John Raymond, formerly of Bellport.

"He had no doubt that Murdock was being paid to take the boy away by some one, but who it was he was unable to find out, as he very soon sailed on a prolonged voyage. Several years passed, Seaforth says, when he fell in with my father and came home with him on a visit. As soon as he saw me, he declared I was Alexander Raymond, whom he had brought from Bellport; and in further proof of it described the marks on my arm before seeing them.

"He says my father admitted that I was not his son, and that he had picked me up from a sinking and abandoned steamer three years before. He stated that my uncle was a rich retired sea captain living in New York, and that some day it might be to my advantage to establish my identity as his nephew. Why my mother, as I have always believed her to be, never told me these things, I do not know, but I suppose she had grown to care for me as her own, and probably intended to tell me when I became of age."

"Where is this confession now, Bob?" asked Andy quickly, much relieved to know that Seaforth was evidently ignorant of the substitution of the boy he had brought from Bellport in the place of another just like him in New York.

While Seaforth evidently was not aware there were two boys, so much alike were they, Andy knew that he himself was the boy Seaforth had brought to New York, and that the one the latter had seen with Murdock going on board the steamer for Vera Cruz must have been Randolph Raymond, the true heir. Was Bob Bassford really Randolph Raymond, our hero asked himself again?

"I left the papers on the bug-eye," replied Bob to Andy's question.

"That's bad. Do you know where this man Seaforth is now?"

"Haven't the least idea. I haven't seen him since I was seven years old, and don't remember him very well."

"If we can't find him, it is very important we should have that confession," said Andy, who evidently was not fully convinced by the evidence gathered so far.

"Don't all the points I have told you tally with your information about your cousin?" asked Bob, assuming a bold and familiar tone of voice Andy could not fail to notice.

"They certainly do, but I only have your word for them," replied our hero coldly, repulsed by the other's manner, and disappointed that his good opinion of him was considerably shaken.

"Isn't that sufficient?" asked Bob abruptly.

"No, it is not; it wouldn't be accepted as evidence in court."

"Then that settles the matter, I suppose, and I'll take my leave of you at Baltimore," continued Bob, with more dignity than the occasion required.

"Just as you please about that, Bob; but I don't see that it settles the matter," replied Andy indifferently.

"You don't believe what I have told you."

"I haven't said so."

"You insinuated as much, which is the same thing," insisted Bob.

"I beg your pardon, I did no such thing," said Andy warmly. "I simply said I only had your verbal assertion for those things, and you ought to know as well as I do that a court of law would not accept it unsupported by other evidence."

"Will it be necessary to prove my identity in court?"

"It certainly will be."

"Then, as I said before, that ends the matter, for the only evidence I have, besides the marks on my arm, is Seaforth's confession, which is on board the bug-eye, and might as well be at the bottom of the sea."

"I don't think so," responded Andy; "when we return down the bay we'll watch out for the bug-eye. I have no doubt we can find her, and that Captain Sizemore will turn over the paper to us for a consideration."

"I don't know about that; and perhaps he has destroyed it," suggested Bob doubtfully.

"We can try; and I don't think it is probable he has destroyed it. Will you return with us?"

"Just as you say about that, Captain Andy," replied Bassford, with less assurance than he had been exhibiting.

"Very well, then, I think you had better go with us; in fact, I very much desire it. I would ask you to take up your quarters in the cabin, but it would occasion comment and a lot of questions from my officers which I am not prepared to answer now."

"The sailors' quarters are good enough for me," interposed Bob.

"I hope it will not be long before you move in here, though," continued Andy; "but, if we are unable to secure Seaforth's confession, I can give you a position on the yacht until we have made a search for further evidence."

"Thank you, Captain Andy. I should desire nothing better."

"And I must ask you to say nothing about this matter just at present, Bob. You may think me unreasonable in thus being so particular before admitting you are my cousin, but I have reasons which I cannot tell you now. You will appreciate my caution when you have learned them."

"I will be as dumb as an oyster, Captain Andy; I leave the matter entirely in your hands," assented Bob readily.

"Very well; you can go forward, and I will ask Mr. Manning to make you boatswain and instruct you in your duties."

"Thank you, Captain Andy."

CHAPTER XXI.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

FOR some time after Bassford had left the cabin Andy devoted his thoughts exclusively to the facts he had gathered from the rescued boy. Though the latter had told a straight story, as far as it went, agreeing in detail with what his father had written, and in face of the tattoo marks on Bob's arm, and his resemblance to himself, Andy had some doubts whether the boy was really telling the story of his own life. He hardly knew from whence those doubts arose, so intangible were they, until he reviewed all the words and impressions of the interview with Bassford.

In the first place the boy, in giving an account of himself, had not exhibited the emotion in referring to the recent decease of his mother (or the one he had always known as such), one would naturally expect in a youth of his age when speaking of such a bereavement. Then he had evinced no surprise whatever when Andy had announced that he believed him to be his cousin. He had rather received the declaration as calmly as if he had expected it, and then had assumed an air of self assurance, not to say impudence, which was a disagreeable revelation to our hero. And when he had been told that his own unsupported evidence would not be sufficient to establish his identity as the lost cousin, he accepted it without a sign of disappointment, and exhibited no eagerness to pursue the subject.

These things struck Andy as unnatural, and it occurred to him that Bassford might possibly be acting a part, in face of the evidence submitted.

If this was the case, where did he get his information, so astonishingly correct, and how could the resemblance to himself, and the marks on his arm, be accounted for? As he had told himself before, these two latter facts might only be strange coincidences, but he had no theory as to how Bob came by Seaforth's confession, if he had not obtained it in the manner he had stated.

Andy felt that he would have been only too glad to accept Bassford as his cousin, but he could not do so with the evidence at hand; and, he told himself again, he would have to be convinced by conclusive evidence of the identity of his cousin before he revealed to him the wrong that had been done him. To settle this uncertainty regarding Bassford, he would make an effort to find the bugeye May Queen and secure Seaforth's confession, if there was one. Failing in this, he would go to Lewes, Delaware, and learn all he could about Bassford to corroborate or disprove that part of the latter's story.

He decided not to say anything to Bob of his intention to visit Lewes until they were well up into Delaware Bay, and would then watch the effect of his announcement upon him. If his story was untrue, he surely would exhibit some uneasiness or disinclination to return there.

When these thoughts and final resolutions had passed through Andy's mind he endeavored to put the matter aside for the present. But there were two questions which occurred to him, and it struck him they were significant ones, before he could do so. If Bassford should prove to be his cousin, why should he have an enemy who was connected with Spaniards or Mexicans, as it already seemed clearly proven he had? And why should the man Murdock be interested in his removal, as he had already decided he was?

These were not the only questions Andy asked himself that day, and varied were his thoughts as they covered past, present and future.

He remained below in the after cabin till late that afternoon preparing several letters to be mailed at Baltimore. About an hour before they reached the city, Fort Carroll was passed on the port side.

The yacht steamed into the Frederick Street Basin about six o'clock in the evening, and was moored with heavy hawsers to the end of the stone pier. After dinner Andy changed his uniform for shore clothes, and prepared to go to the Maryland Club, where he was sure to find some friends, Manning started out to find while a steward.

Andy knew that if Colonel Lagrange had written or telegraphed him at Baltimore, he would address him in care of the Maryland Club. Though he saw several casual acquaintances, whom he had met among the yachtsmen in New York, there was no word from his guardian.

After spending an hour or more at the club, he took a short stroll about the city, down town, and then went on board the yacht. As he approached the after cabin companionway he saw that the apartment was brightly illuminated. This was an unusual thing to be done in his absence, and he descended the stairs with much curiosity to seek an explanation.

As he reached the foot of the companionway, a gentleman arose from the other end of the table, that occupied the center of the cabin, and advanced towards him.

"Colonel Lagrange!" cried Andy, in astonishment.

"Yes, Andy," affirmed the colonel simply, for it was he. A stern and troubled look rested on his countenance.

"How did you come here?"

"I came on a train, as most people do," replied the guardian, without a smile.

"Oh, I mean how did you know where to find us?" corrected Andy, not without a troubled feeling.

"I wired Norfolk yesterday to advise me if you stopped there, and also the direction you took when sailing. I received an answer this morning saying you had started for Baltimore, and I took the first train for this place. I had intended only to telegraph you, and not come on personally, but when I read the morning papers in New York today I changed my mind."

"What do you mean, colonel?" asked Andy mystified.

"I mean," responded the colonel gravely, "that the papers are full of the daring robbery of the Sub Treasury of thirty six thousand dollars, and you are spoken of as an accomplice. In view of the fact that you sailed with the yacht against my express wishes, resisted the officers of the law at Fort Hamilton, and ran away from a revenue cutter with a robber on board, I could not deny the charge. What does all this mean, Andy?"

Andy was startled for a moment by the information that his name had been linked with that of a burglar as his confederate; and then, with a flush of indignation on his face, he asked:

"And did you believe that I intentionally had anything to do with the flight of that thief, colonel?"

"I did not know what to believe, Andy, and that's why I am here," replied the guardian, with a troubled look.

"Then you haven't read the evening papers?" continued Andy interrogatively.

"No, I have not; I have only just arrived."

"Then be kind enough to read that," said our hero, as he took a newspaper from his pocket and pointed to an article with a bold caption, over which was "Extra" in larger letters.

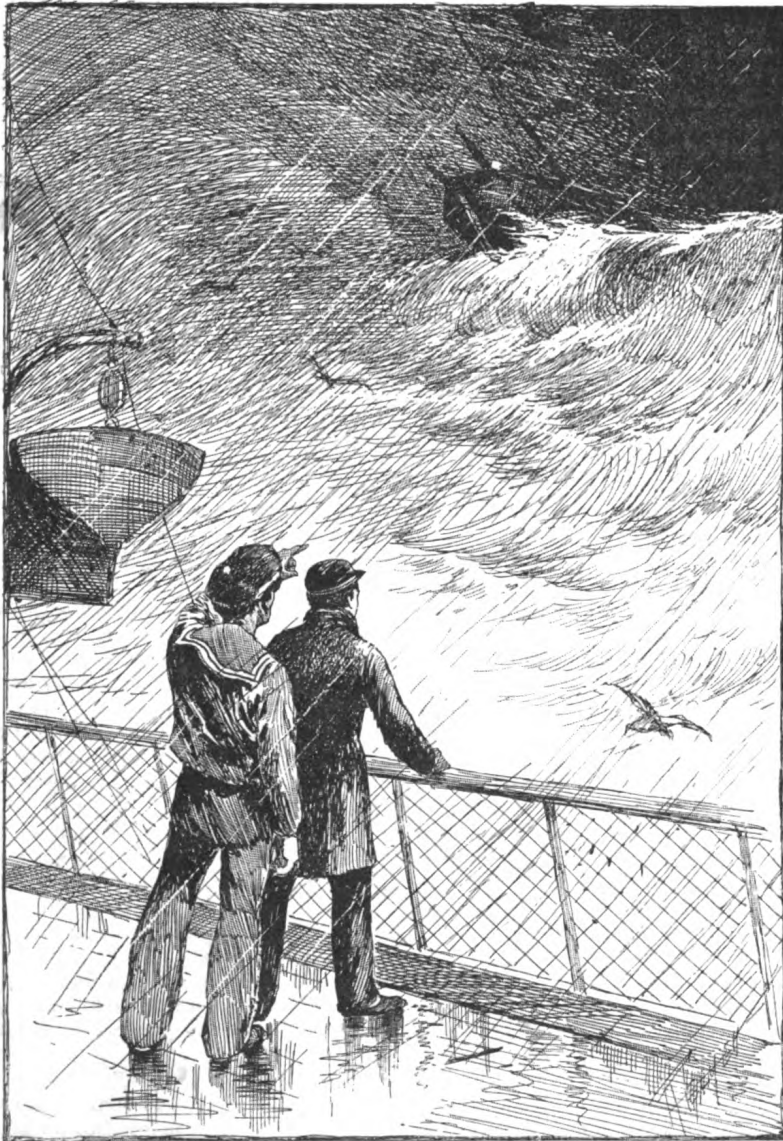
The colonel perused the article hurriedly, and found it to be a full account of the capture of the robber, together with an explanation of the suspicious actions of the yacht and those on board of her. This account was correct in every detail, as it had been taken from the sworn statement Andy had left with the police department at Norfolk.

"I beg your pardon, Andy," said the colonel, as he finished the article, in tones which indicated he was much relieved. "I never had the least idea that you intentionally had a hand in the affair, but I feared you might have been duped by some very sharp scoundrels into assisting them."

"We were, to a certain extent, imposed upon by a very cute rascal, but a combination of lucky circumstances revealed him, and we were able to prove that we had acted under a false impression by turning the robber over to the law."

"I am very glad of it, Andy; and now you will come out of it with flying colors."

"Fluster, the cabin boy, deserves all the praise," said



POISED ABOVE THEM WAS THE BLACK OUTLINE OF A SHIP.

Andy; "and he shall have the reward if there is any to be given."

"And, now, Andy," continued Colonel Lagrange, after a pause, "no doubt you will tell me why you have acted in such a headstrong manner, and utterly disregard my wishes concerning the Ulysses."

"You wouldn't tell me why you wished to sell the yacht, and I think I was entitled to that explanation," said Andy warmly, avoiding the question.

"I told you that it was for your interest I wished to sell her, and that you would have to be satisfied with that," interposed the lawyer stiffly.

"You did; but that doesn't satisfy me, colonel. It might do for a child, but I think I am something more than," responded Andy gently.

"I cannot tell you even now, Andy," said the colonel decidedly.

"Then I must answer your question by saying that it was decidedly to my interest to have the use of the yacht just at the present time."

"How so?"

"I cannot say any more."

CHAPTER XXII.

AN INTERVIEW WITH COLONEL LAGRANGE.

THE colonel contracted his brow into a frown at the decisive answer he had received from his ward.

"Look here, Andy," said he, with emphasis, "don't you realize that you are still a minor, according to law, and subject to the authority of your guardian?"

"With all due respect to you, Colonel Lagrange, I certainly do," responded Andy gently.

"Then why are you acting in this way?"

"As I have said before, I cannot answer that question."

"Pshaw! that's some boyish idea of yours, Andy. Surely you can say where you are going with the yacht."

"Certainly; I could have answered that in New York, and would have told you I was going to Vera Cruz, Mexico, but my plans are probably changed now, and I may return to New York," said Andy, willing to divulge thus much of his intentions.

"Can you not tell me about this matter, which is of such great importance to you, Andy?" asked the colonel, in solicitous tones.

"I am sorry to say I cannot, at present, at least," replied Andy, touched by his guardian's leniency and interest. "But I am sure that the matter is of as vital interest to me as the selling of the yacht possibly could be."

"That necessity has passed, Andy; the yacht is not for sale," said the colonel unexpectedly.

"And don't you wish her returned to New York?" asked our hero in surprise.

"No; you may take her where you please."

"Thank you, Colonel Lagrange," said Andy, with considerable feeling. "I regret that I felt it my duty to ignore your wishes regarding the yacht. Now that the necessity of disposing of her no longer exists——"

"It does exist," interrupted the colonel.

"I beg your pardon, you just said the necessity had passed."

"I meant to say that I had made other arrangements which would obviate the sale of the Ulysses."

"As I was going to say," continued Andy, "I suppose, as you have decided not to sell the yacht, you can give me an idea of why you wished to dispose of her in the first place."

"I cannot, at present, at least," smiled the colonel, using Andy's own words in response.

"Then we are quits," laughed our hero.

"But I shall soon make you my debtor," said the guardian jocosely, as he placed his hand in the inside pocket of his coat and drew forth a large sized envelope.

"I have here," he continued, "a complete and satisfactory explanation of my desire to sell the Ulysses, which I wrote out immediately on learning the yacht had gone to sea with you on board. I intended to send it to you as soon as I could learn what ports you would touch at. I am sure that when you read it you will heartily approve of my good intentions in your behalf; but I will give it to you now only on two conditions."

"What are they?" queried Andy, with much curiosity.

"That you will not peruse this letter till four days from this date, and, in case you continue on your cruise to the southward, that you will not touch at any port in Honduras, Central America."

"That is easily done, as I had no intention of going to Honduras, or anywhere in Central America. I promise," responded Andy promptly, and considerably mystified at the odd conditions.

"Then here you are," said the colonel, as he passed the envelope to our hero.

"By the way," continued he, "how were you going to manage to pay the expenses of your trip?"

"I have several thousand dollars of my own in bank, and before that was gone I knew you would write me and arrange to pay all bills," said Andy, with a smile.

"How did you know it, you pirate?" demanded the colonel with mock severity.

"Because you have such a large heart, full of forgiveness, and are a young man yourself, except in years," laughed our hero.

"No soft soap, you buccaneer," chuckled the colonel; "keep your several thousand of your own in bank, and draw on me when you need money for the trip."

"Thank you, colonel, I will do so; and when I am able to explain to you my contrary and stubborn conduct I am sure you will appreciate my motives of action and secrecy."

"No doubt of it, Andy, for I know it must be a serious matter to you that compels you to withhold your confidence from me. Does anybody know of it but yourself?"

"Not a soul."

"I wish you success, whatever it is. I know you will do nothing but what is right; I believe in you, Andy."

"Thank you again, colonel," repeated Andy, with feeling.

At this moment a step was heard descending the companionway, and Mr. Manning stood before them.

"Colonel Lagrange!" exclaimed the sailing master, looking from his young captain to the guardian.

"It's all right, Mr. Manning," laughed Andy, amused at the inquiring look of dismay on Manning's face.

"So you had a confederate in this freebooting business," said the colonel, seeing that the sailing master was familiar with the status of affairs. "Instead of being forgiven, you ought to both be hung at the yard arm."

"I would even risk that, colonel, to serve Captain Andy, though I feared he was doing something very rash when he decided to sail against your orders, and ran away from that revenue cutter."

"He did, Mr. Manning, and I shall rely on you to keep him out of mischief and bring him back safe to New York."

"He will take care of himself," laughed Manning.

"Have you found a steward, Mr. Manning?" asked Andy.

"Yes, sir; and a first class one, too."

"You are sure he isn't a burglar or an escaped convict?" quizzed the colonel.

"Yes, sir," replied Manning, coloring, for he felt keenly the imposition Waddington had practiced on him. "He is a French Creole from New Orleans, named Theodore Cater, and has been a cook all his life."

"When will he be aboard?" asked our hero.

"He is here now."

"Very well; then we will sail with the tide in the morning."

"Captain Andy, what are you going to do with that colored boy Neb?"

"Does he want to stay with us?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put him in the cook room, and see that Pierre treats him right."

"Very good, sir," said Manning, as he bid the colonel good night, and went forward through the passage way.

"Won't you spend the night with us, colonel?" asked Andy, turning to his guardian.

"No, thank you, Andy, I've got to be in New York in the morning, and I'll take the 10:30 Express."

After some further conversation, Andy summoned a herdic, and the two were driven to the Union Station. They arrived just in time to catch the New York Express.

About eight o'clock the next morning the Ulysses steamed out of the Basin, down the Patapsco River, and into Chesapeake Bay again.

CHAPEER XXIII.

DOWN THE BAY INTO A FOG.

IT was a beautiful day. The sky was clear, and a fresh breeze blew from the northwest. None of the yacht's sails were spread, however, as there was no necessity for hurrying her. By Andy's directions, the watch on deck was instructed to keep a sharp lookout for all oyster boats, in the hope of sighting the bug-eye May Queen.

Before breakfast had been finished they had passed Forts McHenry and Carroll, and the yacht was headed over towards Swan's Point, at the mouth of the Chester River.

Here were sighted a number of tong men, or licensed oystermen, raking the bottom of the bay with their long sticks, while close by, hove to, was a rakish looking schooner with all her sails set.

Andy, who had come on deck, was looking at her through his glass. Her snowy white fore and main sails were thrashing in the breeze, while her jib was hauled well to windward. A large and formidable looking brass cannon was mounted amidships, between the fore and main masts, which glistened like gold in the sunshine. A number of men in uniform lounged about her deck, and altogether the scene was a very pretty one.

"Talking about pirates, Mr. Manning," commented Andy, calling the sailing master's attention to the schooner, "that fellow over there looks more like a buccaneer than anything I have seen in this bay."

"She's anything but that, Captain Andy," responded Manning, as he, too, scrutinized the vessel through his telescope; "she's one of the oyster pirates' worst enemies; she's the police schooner Folly of the State navy."

"They must have some lively times going after those oystermen when she has to carry a cannon of that caliber," remarked Andy.

"You'd think so if you were anywheres around when they had a brush with them. Why, at this very spot, less than a year ago, the Folly had a lively time of it."

"What happened? Do you know the particulars?"

"I should say I did. A man named Barton, a friend of mine, was on the Folly at the time. A number of dredgers were discovered working off this point, which is forbidden ground, and the commander of the Folly ordered them away. Instead of obeying, the pirates opened a hot fire on the schooner with their Winchesters. A fierce engagement

followed. The crew of the Folly were called to quarters, and, if it hadn't been for that very same cannon you see winking in the sunshine, the pirates would have boarded the schooner, and driven her crew overboard. When the commander of the Folly saw the pirates were too much for him, he fired into them with his cannon, and one of the oystermen, a pungy, was sent to the bottom. Turning to get away from them, he ran into another one of their vessels and cut her almost in two. During the engagement one of the oystermen was killed and a number wounded."

"Whew! that was a serious piece of business, and would make a fellow think of war times," commented Andy, little imagining that before he bid a final adieu to Chesapeake Bay he would be a witness of, and to some extent a participator in, a brush with the oystermen which would far exceed in fierceness the one he had just heard related.

"What is the original cause of these fierce conflicts?" asked he, wishing to get all the information he could upon the subject.

"It is simply the law on one side, and the violation of it on the other. To go into particulars, as briefly as possible, oyster piracy is the result of unlimited dredging in years past, and the making of laws to prevent the extinction of the Chesapeake oyster. The dredgers have been forced to abandon the grounds left free to them by law on account of their being dredged out, and they then commenced to take their cargoes from forbidden ground. A State navy was formed to enforce the laws, but as the oystermen claimed the right to dredge where and when they pleased, and the getting of a cargo meant bread and butter to them, the trouble commenced."

"What are those numbers most of the oyster boats have on their sails, Mr. Manning?"

"Those are their license numbers, and they are compelled by law to show them at all times."

"I should think the navy could tell who was doing illegal dredging by those numbers."

"They could, if they could always see the numbers, but they have to catch the dredgers in the act, and the oystermen have a trick to get around that. They pin down the numbers, after ripping them half off at the top, as if it had been done by accident, and the upper half flaps down over the number. They even sometimes rub out their names, or conceal them, by a sail hanging over the stern."

"I wonder if the May Queen had a number," said Andy inquiringly.

"She certainly must have had."

"I didn't notice any. Perhaps Bassford knows; I'll see."

The word was passed for Bob, and in a few minutes the new boatswain appeared before them with a silver whistle attached to a lanyard about his neck.

"Bob, do you remember the license number of the May Queen?" asked the young captain.

"Yes, sir; it was 2133."

"Did she have it on her sails?"

"Sometimes, but more often not; especially not if she was dredging," smiled Bob.

"Did she have it on when off Sharp's Island?"

"I think she did, sir."

"That will do, Bob," concluded Andy, and Bassford went forward.

"Mr. Manning, you had better instruct the watch to look out for bug-eye 2133. I want to have a few words with that Captain Sizemore, if it is a possible thing," continued he to the sailing master.

"Very good, sir," responded the latter, as he, too, went forward.

A sharp lookout was kept during the morning, and though numerous bug-eyes were sighted, and the yacht ran close up to them, none of them proved to be the May Queen.

In the afternoon the breeze shifted to the southeast, and began to freshen. It looked as if it would blow "great guns" before night, but as evening approached the wind died out again. Just before dark a fog set in so thickly that it was utterly impossible to see a boat's length ahead.

The fog whistle and bell were sounded alternately at regular intervals, the screw was revolved at half speed, and a lookout was stationed on the topgallant forecastle.

Andy was in the pilot house, and, after steaming for about two hours at this rate, he studied the chart and figured out their position by dead reckoning.

"We ought to be getting into shoal water, Mr. Manning," he said, as he leaned out of the pilot house window and spoke to the sailing master, who was standing there enveloped in a rubber coat. "You'd better heave the lead."

The word was passed, and the leadsman took his position in the bows.

"By the mark four!" reported he at the first cast.

"We ought to be off Point Lookout, at the mouth of the Potomac River," said Andy.

"But where's the fog bell? We ought to hear that," added Manning.

"And—a—half—three!" called the leadsman.

This was shoaling rapidly, and Andy rang the bell to stop her. The yacht came to a standstill, and everybody listened for the sound of the fog bell.

The whistle was tooted at intervals, and then the muffled clang of the fog bell was heard on the starboard bow. The screw was started very slowly, so that by heaving the lead frequently the yacht safely passed the dangerous bar that the chart indicated just at that point.

She was headed up a narrow channel and a dark object loomed up on the starboard bow. It was Cornfield Point Wharf, and Andy determined to tie up there until the fog lifted.

About seven o'clock the wind shifted again, and partially drove away the dangerous fog. The steamer was got under way, and continued at full speed till she was clear of the capes. Andy had given up any hopes of finding the May Queen, and had decided to go up Delaware Bay to Lewes.

After passing Cape Henry, the sailing master gave out the course to the southwest.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Manning," interposed Andy, who was still in the pilot house, "lay your course for Delaware Bay. I want to touch at Lewes."

Manning looked at his young captain in surprise for a moment, but said nothing.

The course was changed, and the yacht was soon steaming in the opposite direction.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE STORM.

"FOUR bells!" reported the quartermaster a few minutes later, and he told off the strokes on the bell.

"All the port watch ahoy!" called Bob Bassford, the boatswain, as his whistle rang out merrily.

Andy and the sailing master were still in the pilot house. The latter, not being familiar with the navigation of Delaware Bay, was busy marking out his course and distances in red on a chart. The leaving time at Cape Henry, and the time of changing the course, had been entered on the log slate.

It was the rule, when in unfamiliar waters, to heave the log every hour. But this was done only once in this instance.

and the yacht was kept at an average speed of twelve knots. As the sea was comparatively smooth, and a light wind blowing, it was possible to maintain the average very closely.

Thus, when they came up with a point of land, or an indenture in the coast, they could tell just where they were by figuring the distance on the chart and computing the number of miles logged.

The *Ulysses* had made about fourteen knots on her new course when it was noticed that the barometer was dropping rapidly, and the wind began to come in fitful gusts from almost due east. This was rather a dangerous way to have the wind blow while so near the coast, and especially if it should continue to increase in violence.

The fierce gusts struck the steamer fair on her starboard bow and amidships, and it was soon noticed that she was making considerable leeway. This would never do in the face of a blow which was evidently coming on, and Manning changed her course to north northeast. She then met the wind more on her quarter, and made more headway; but it continued to increase in violence, and came in savage gusts of more frequency.

"This is going to be a regular muzzler, Captain Andy," commented the sailing master, as he glanced at the barometer and peered into the darkness.

All that could be seen was the dark swirling waters with crests of white foam.

"We might as well prepare for a tussle, then, Mr. Manning," responded Andy, not without anxiety, though he had every confidence in the stanchness of the yacht.

He descended to his cabin, through the inside entrance, to the pilot house, and donned his rubber suit. All the hatches and entrances to the after cabins were securely closed and battened down. Everything movable about the decks was made fast, or removed below, and life lines were stretched between the masts, shrouds and stays.

"This wind is getting worse, and she's not holding her own," reported Manning, as Andy returned to the pilot house. "Please ask Mr. Locher if he cannot give us a little more power."

"At what speed are you working her now, Mr. Locher?" asked Andy through the speaking tube.

"About twelve knots, sir," responded the chief engineer.

"Can't you give us ten or twelve revolutions more?"

"Aye, aye, sir," was the answer, and Andy reported the reply to the sailing master.

Under the increased pressure the *Ulysses* made better headway for a time. The wind increased to a howling gale, and the rain began to come down in fitful squalls. The yacht pitched and rolled at a dreadful rate as the angry billows commenced to roll up in mountains.

As she descended into the hollows, which seemed like yawning gulfs, her screw would be lifted clean out of the water, and would buzz like a circular saw in the shrieking air. With the efficacy of her screw thus diminished, the yacht began to drift broadside on to the gale. Once she was in the trough of the sea, and there was great danger of her broaching to or foundering.

"Call all hands and set the jib, Captain Andy," said Manning, who was at the wheel with one man to assist him.

He and the young captain quickly realized the peril of the situation. Andy stepped out into the raging storm, and gave the order to Garboard, who was clinging to the brass hand rail under the dome of the pilot house.

Garboard yelled the order to his men, but his voice could not be heard in the pilot house. It was heard by the seamen, however, for several of them began to lay out on the

bowsprit. The task was a perilous and difficult one, but it was finally accomplished.

The yacht wore around slowly with her head to the storm, and she was soon riding cross seas again. All idea of making any progress through such a raging sea and howling gale was given up, and all efforts devoted to keeping the steamer's head up to the storm. To keep her hove to till the gale subsided, was the only thing that could be done.

It was impossible to see anything from the pilot house windows, and the steering had to be done entirely by compass and "feeling."

Suddenly there was a loud report, like that from a rifle cannon, and the yacht trembled from stem to stern.

"What was that?" queried Andy, as he tried to peer through the dripping panes.

"The jib has been blown away," replied Manning grimly, as he threw the wheel over to counteract the loss in steerage way which immediately followed. At the same instant a gigantic billow broke over the steamer's quarter with a force almost sufficient to crush in her decks, and she staggered under the enormous weight of water.

Beyond the smashing of the glass in the after cabin skylight, and the carrying away of two ventilators, no damage was done. The *Ulysses* righted, shook off the water almost defiantly, and still kept her nose to the gale.

But Andy knew she could not stand another sea like that without imminent danger of the skylights and all other upper work being carried away. In a larger steamer it might not have been such a serious matter to have a deck house wrenched off, but in one the size of the *Ulysses* the engine room would be liable to be flooded. If such a calamity should occur, nothing could save the yacht from foundering.

It was soon evident that she could not be kept cross seas with her screw alone. To avoid the possible disaster of shipping another sea, which would be the steamer's destruction, it was imperative to get sail on her at once, even if it was no larger than a table cloth.

Manning realized this when the jib was carried away, and before the angry billow came over the quarter.

"Captain Andy, we must get sail on her, or we'll roll over sure as fate!" shouted he hoarsely, and the tense expression on his face showed that he was fully alive to their deadly peril.

Andy said nothing, but dashed open the pilot house door, and sprang out into the raging storm and blinding rain.

He grasped Garboard fiercely by the arm and yelled in his ear:

"Up with your close reefed mainsail for your life!"

How Garboard communicated the order to the men Andy did not know, but in a few minutes the whole crew had worked themselves aft and were gathered along the long boom. It was a difficult job to gather in the reefs in such a gale, but finally it was done, and the sail was hoisted.

The yacht had hardly begun to feel the effects of it when a perfect cyclone struck her. She heeled over for a moment, as she lifted her bows in the air, almost at an angle of forty five degrees, and then the main gaff was snapped off as if it was a toothpick, and the sail was torn from the bolt ropes.

"Hoist your staysail!" yelled Andy, as soon as he saw the accident.

This was speedily done, and fortunately the sail withstood the tremendous strain on it.

The gust which carried away the mainsail must have been the supreme effort of the tempest, for at no time afterwards did the wind come with such force. If it had, no doubt the staysail would have followed the mainsail.

For an hour or more there was no perceptible abatement in the storm. As it was found that the *Ulysses* was pitching considerably, the screw was slowed down to half speed, which made her stand more on an even keel.

Andy remained in the pilot house, for he could not think of turning in as long as there was any possibility of danger to the yacht. Manning resigned his place at the wheel to Carlsen, who was assisted by a fresh hand.

Garboard persisted in maintaining his position directly in front of the pilot house, though he would have been washed overboard many times but for his hold on the brass hand railing. This proved their salvation in the deadly peril that menaced them soon afterward. The water poured over the bow in such volumes at each plunge the yacht made that it was not safe to station a lookout on the forecastle.

The only thing they had to fear while "lying to" was a collision with some other vessel, or a wreck, as long as they could keep a safe distance from a lee shore. Everything was working well, and Andy was just congratulating himself that they were riding out the storm in safety, when one of these two dangers threatened them in its most thrilling form.

Garboard tapped on the pilot house window, and Andy raised it.

"I think I saw a light on the port bow a minute ago," reported the first officer.

Andy peered out of the window, but he could see nothing. It was still raining, as it had been since the beginning of the gale. He went to the deck where Garboard was, and clung to the rail to keep from being washed over by the deluge which came over the bows.

He had hardly reached this position when Garboard shouted hoarsely:

"Good Heavens! Look at that!"

Poised above them for a moment, on the crest of a mountain wave, was the black outline of a ship. One mast was gone, and the other was almost destitute of rigging.

She then descended towards them like an avalanche.

(To be continued.)

GUY HAMMERSLEY; HIS FRIENDS AND HIS ADVENTURES.*

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHAT HAPPENED ACROSS THE RIVER.

"WHY, Colonel Starr, did Mr. Westmore send you after me?" exclaimed Harold, looking up in the colonel's face all unsuspectingly.

"No, my son, he did not," replied that individual solemnly, and he bent down and imprinted a kiss on the boy's forehead. "In this case I have been compelled to use a little deception in order that right may come out of wrong, and the cause of justice triumph."

"Why, what do you mean? I don't understand," exclaimed the boy, as much astonished by the kiss as he was mystified by the words.

The colonel had relinquished the lines to Edward, who mounting to the front seat of the ramshackle old vehicle, was urging the horse onward as fast as the ancient animal could be induced to move. In fact, no turnout could have been in greater contrast to that which Harold had expected to find awaiting him.

"What do I mean, my dear boy?" answered the ex-con-

cert company manager, who, with an arm about Harold, was holding him pressed tightly against his side. "Prepare yourself for a shock, you poor child, who have been accustomed to so many of them. I am your father."

"You!" cried the boy, with all of amazement and nothing of joy in the exclamation. "Then your name oughtn't to be Colonel Starr, but Mr. Hammersley, like mamma's."

"Ah, but Mrs. Hammersley is not your mother, my child," and the colonel shook his head slowly from side to side as though he was personally deeply afflicted by this fact. "Of course you will not take this as hard as you would had you known her as a mother for a very long time."

"But how do you know? I don't believe it," said Harold bluntly. "Why didn't you find it out before, if it is so?"

"It was an old nurse we had once who told me about it only yesterday afternoon. She lay dying in a New York hospital and sent for me. She had charge of you when you were a little boy, and one day, when out walking with you, she reported that you were snatched from her arms by some evil looking men. All search for you was in vain. Your mother died from the shock, and my hair was prematurely whitened. Yesterday afternoon, as I say, this woman sent for me, and confessed that you had not been snatched away from her at all, but that she had sold you to a circus for \$25, representing herself as your mother. You had been so sickly that the circus people could not train you up to their business, so they accepted the offer of a kind hearted lady in a Pennsylvania town where they were showing, who offered to adopt you. This lady was none other than Mrs. Colburn."

"But why do I look so much like Mr. Glenn then?" Harold wanted to know.

He was taking the revelation very calmly, considering the fact that he had never been over fond of Colonel Starr.

"Because he was my first cousin," answered the colonel boldly. He had evidently made up his mind to stop at nothing that would serve to make his story have the semblance of holding water.

"Why didn't you tell all this up there in Brilling?" Harold wanted to know.

"Because, as I have just told you, I didn't know anything about it till yesterday afternoon, when that nurse, Betty Springsteen, sent for me and made her confession."

"Why didn't you come for me yourself then," went on the boy, "and tell all my friends about it, instead of making a big deception like this? I don't think it was right or fair. What will Mr. Westmore say?"

"Your father is the first person to be considered," responded the colonel oracularly. "I foresaw that a great time would be made should I attempt to convince the Hammersleys of the mistake. My heart hungered to possess my boy. I am much better able to provide for you than is the widow, so you are far better off."

Poor Harold! His heart began to fail him at last. He had been through so many vicissitudes of parentage in his short life that he could not be sure but that this man, who was so distasteful to him, was telling the truth. In that case, how could he give him the affection that would be his due? And then, to be wrenched away in this sudden manner from his home, his friends, and the career that was just opening so auspiciously before him!

This last thought inspired him with renewed courage. He felt that he belonged not only to his friends but to the public. His appearance for Monday night had been already advertised, and thus great interests were depending on his remaining in New York.

"You must take me back at once, Colonel Starr," he be-

*Begun in No. 389 of THE ARGOSY.

gan decidedly. "As long as you sent to the theater for me you must know that I've got an engagement there."

"Certainly I know," returned the colonel, "and that shall not be interfered with if you consent to remain quietly with me."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the boy. "If I stay with you how can I be at the theater?"

"By staying with me, I mean living with me," was the reply. "Of course it is to be expected that Mrs. Hammers-

colonel, instead of becoming angry and threatening the boy, stopped his mouth with another kiss.

"My dear little son," murmured he, "I know it comes hard to you at first to give up associations to which you have been accustomed. That is why I took this sudden method of effecting the change, and have brought you out to the quiet of the country in order that you may have a chance to get used to the new order of things."

"Where are we going?" asked Harold, after a pause.



THE CYCLIST SPRANG UPON THE SHAFT AND IN ANOTHER INSTANT WAS GRAPPLING WITH THE COLONEL.

ley will make a great ado when she finds that you are gone, and try by hook or crook to get you back again."

"Hush; you shall not talk about my mamma that way," broke forth the boy, struggling to free himself from the arm that held him.

"She is not your mother now, but I am your father, and all your allegiance belongs to me," rejoined the colonel, emphasizing his assertion by a tightened grip upon the luckless lad.

"I don't believe it," retorted Harold stoutly. "If you would do so mean a thing as you have just done to get me to come out here, you wouldn't mind telling a story about the rest of it. If you won't take me home, stop the carriage and let me get out. I guess I can find my own way back."

"You shall not get out," said Colonel Starr between his teeth, and, bringing his other arm into service, he held the boy in such a firm clutch that the poor little fellow could not even wriggle.

Harold was now thoroughly frightened, and opening his mouth he gave vent to a piercing scream.

Edward turned around, and gave one look backward, and then continued urging on the sleepy old horse, while the

broken only by the sound of Edward's persistent chirrups to the lazy nag.

"To a house of mine not far from here. Then, when you are quieted down and reconciled to your new life, I will take you over to the theater and permit you to resume your rehearsals. But you must first promise me that you will be loyal to me and claim me as your father. This, of course, I have a right to expect. And if I hear of your complaining to any one that I am not your father, and that I have taken you off against your will, you never go back to play the part of Fauntleroy again. Will you promise, Harold?"

The boy was silent, torn by conflicting emotions. He could not feel that this man was in any manner related to him, and yet, should he not admit the claim, he would be deprived of his great ambition—playing his role in Fauntleroy. That Colonel Starr would be able to carry out this threat the boy had not the slightest doubt. It would be a very simple matter to take him with him on some train and whisk him clear out West beyond any possible reach of his friends.

"Well, what do you say, Harold? Will you make that promise?"

The colonel was plainly becoming impatient. A little nervous, too, if one might judge from the fashion in which he looked out ahead over Edward's shoulder towards a house which could just be made out some distance down the road. Clearly he had expected to find Harold of a more pliable disposition than had turned out to be the case.

"Let me think over it awhile, Colonel Starr, won't you?" responded the boy, who had also been looking out ahead, and who had seen something with his sharp young eyes which the older ones of his seatmate had failed to discover.

"What good will it do you to think it over?" responded the colonel. "You know as much about the conditions now as you will five minutes hence."

It will be noted that Colonel Starr talked to the boy just as if the latter was a full grown man. This was doubtless owing to the fact that Harold, having already taken up a profession, had come to be regarded as much older than he really was.

"All right, in a minute," replied the boy, in a tone so different from that in which he had just spoken that the ex-concert company manager instinctively followed the direction of his eyes.

These were resting on a young man on a bicycle who was just passing the carriage.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WAR ON WHEELS.

BEFORE Colonel Starr could do anything to prevent it, Harold had given vent to a piercing cry, "Help! help!" To be sure the colonel at once clapped his hand over his mouth, but the mischief had been done.

"Hallo; what's up there, I wonder?" said the young wheelman to himself, and checking his speed, he dismounted with the intention of making an investigation.

But meanwhile the instigator of this bold abduction, holding poor Harold with one hand, had leaned over and grasped the lines from Edward with the other.

"Whip up, whip him up, I tell you!" he cried under his breath, and slashing the poor nag on the back with the reins he tried to urge him into a gallop.

Edward obediently plied the whip, and surprised into a spurt, the horse left his jog trot for a few minutes, so that, when the bicyclist turned round he found the carriage quite a distance in the rear. But this fact only fired him with a greater desire to make his investigation.

"Here's a chance I've been wishing for ever since I learned to ride," he muttered to himself, as, springing into the saddle, he started in pursuit of the vanishing vehicle.

Silently as an air ship the rubber shod steed sped over the ground, and before Colonel Starr was aware that his flight was really a chase, the stranger was alongside.

"Hallo, hold on here!" he called out. "I want to speak to you."

"Don't answer him," the colonel warned Edward, still keeping his hand over Harold's mouth. "Drive faster."

This last, however, was something which could not be compassed, especially since the young wheelman had ridden up alongside of the horse and was calling out two "Whoas" for every one of Edward's "Get up there's."

This terribly exasperated Colonel Starr.

"Hi, there," he finally shouted. "What are you doing? Can't you see we're in a hurry? Look out, or we'll run you down."

But to this the cyclist paid no other attention than to slightly turn his head and call back, "I'm bound to see this thing through. There's something wrong inside there, so you might as well stop and explain first as last."

"Confound your impudence!" roared the colonel. "I'll have you arrested at the first town. What do you mean by obstructing travel on the public highway in this manner?"

The cyclist made no reply, merely spun ahead and straight across the road, right under the horse's nose, crying, "Whoa there!" at the top of his lungs. Now as the beast was nearly blown from the effect of his spurt, this little act of heading off furnished him with all the excuse he wanted for stopping short, which he did with such suddenness that Edward was thrown forward on his knees with his chin on the dashboard.

The wheelman did not lose a second, but dismounting in a trice and letting his machine down on the ground, he rushed up to seize the horse by the bridle.

"Now then," he cried. "I want to know who you've got in there that gave that cry for help. Who's that boy that you're holding down, Mr. Fat One?"

There was a twinkle in the young man's eye as he added these last words, but there was no fooling about the tone in which he spoke. He was a tall, well built fellow, dressed in regular cycling rig, and it was plain to be seen that Edward was already overawed by his appearance.

As for the colonel, he was terrible in his wrath. He could not do much himself, as one arm was fully occupied in keeping Harold quiet. But his voice was unincumbered, and he used some pretty strong language; that is, it was strong, if not pretty. It was all in the line of abuse of the man who dared to stop a traveler on a State highway in this unlawful manner.

"Get out of the way instantly," he thundered, "or I shall drive over you. Edward, go on," and finished up by chirruping loudly to the horse himself.

But with a young giant at his head and only a weak minded hireling at the reins, the animal decided that he preferred to stand still.

"Now what are you doing to that boy?" demanded the wheelman. "Let him talk for himself."

"He is my son, and I have a right to do as I please with him," returned the colonel, finding that he would be compelled to give some explanation.

"Then why are you afraid to let him speak for himself?" returned the stranger promptly.

"I'm not," and removing his hand from Harold's mouth, the colonel bent down and whispered in the boy's ear, "Remember what I told you."

Harold hesitated for an instant. What if the colonel should turn out to be really his father? Besides if he spoke now and the young man with the bicycle did not succeed in wresting him from the clutches of his captor, his last state would certainly be worse than his first.

But it was only for an instant that the boy hesitated. Then came the thought of his mother, her failing health, and the realization that his disappearance might prove a shock from which she could scarcely rally.

"I will be brave," was the boy's decision, and instantly his clear voice rang out with the words:

"I am not his son. He is kidnaping me. My name is Harold Glenn, and—"

But at this point the colonel, noting the sudden gleam of recognition that came into the wheelman's eyes at the mention of this name, once more clapped his hand over the boy's mouth and forced him into the back part of the carriage, where he commanded Edward to stand guard over him.

"Oh, ho, I see it all now!" exclaimed the cyclist. "You want the boy for what he can bring you in. What an item for the morning papers! Come, now, instantly set that

young gentleman out on the road here, or I follow you till I get force enough to compel you to do it. Oh, no fear but what I can keep up with you. I am out for an afternoon's ride, with no particular destination, so I can just as well afford the time as not."

The colonel's only reply was a torrent of threats and another attempt to urge the horse on past the determined young man who stood holding his bridle. But the urgings no more moved the horse than did the abuse the man, and things were at this deadlock when a market wagon, loaded to the brim, and bound for the ferry, appeared on the scene.

On the seat were the farmer and his wife, and, as the colonel was the first to catch sight of them, he called out:

"Hey, there, run your team over this young man's wheel, will you? He is trying to stop travel on the highway."

The cyclist turned like a flash.

"Don't you do it!" he cried. "But come and hold his horse while I go into that carriage and rescue a boy this man's trying to kidnap."

"Laws a massy, Ephraim, what be all this?" exclaimed the farmer's wife, as the heavy wagon was brought to a standstill.

"Don't know, Maria, but ef ye'll hold on ter the animals, I'm boun' ter fin' out," and, as he spoke, "Ephraim" climbed from his lofty perch, and with eyes agog walked over to the spot where the young bicyclist was standing.

"Here, hold this horse, and don't let him stir, no matter what the fellow in there says," commanded the man who had stopped travel, and, without giving the farmer opportunity to say whether he would or wouldn't, he sprang upon the shaft, and in another instant was grappling with the colonel.

"Now you scoot out the back—never mind tearing the curtains," he called out to Harold.

For the colonel had been obliged to call Edward to his aid, and, thus left free, Harold was not slow in availing himself of the opportunity for escape pointed out to him by his unexpected champion. Pressing against the rear curtain of the rickety vehicle with all his might, he worked himself down, feet foremost, the slimy canvas answering with a "sish sish" to the strain.

The next instant he was on the ground, and in obedience to the beckoning hand of the farmer's wife, made a dash for the clumsy vehicle and in a trice was seated on the lofty driver's perch.

As soon as the young wheelman became aware that his plan had been successful, he adroitly extricated himself from the entwining arms of the colonel, who was as clumsy as he was big, sprang back to the ground, and calling to the farmer to leave the horse's head, administered a lusty slap on the hip to that much enduring animal which sent him off on another spurt.

"For the love o' mercy, what war all the trouble about?" inquired the old farmer, rubbing his chin, and gazing from the rescuing cyclist to the rescued boy as if he had been bewitched by one or the other of them, he couldn't decide which. "I jess stepped down ter look inter matters—didn't want ter take sides till I was sartain what one I ought to go in with, but somehow—"

"Never mind, squire," broke in the young man. "You did just the right thing, and you'll never regret it, and I'll see that they spell your name right when they put it in the papers tomorrow morning."

"My name in the papers!" repeated the old man, looking more dazed than ever.

"Yes, yes," the other assured him, "but we haven't time to stop and explain matters now. I'll do that on the ferry-

boat. Just you take that young gentleman along with you down to the river, and I'll see that our fat friend doesn't interfere again."

(To be concluded.)

TOM TURNER'S LEGACY.*

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN NEW YORK.



TOM was ready to forgive Mr. Carter for the decoy letter since there was a good prospect of his obtaining a situation in the city through the good offices of Mr. Shapleigh. He made preparation so far as he could, and, with his limited wardrobe in a small satchel, he took the cars for New York.

"How can I spare you, Tom?" said his mother, with tears in her eyes.

Tom's own eyes were moist.

"If I could get anything to do here," he replied, "I would not go. Keep up your courage, mother, and when I am prosperous I will send for you to come and live with me."

The parting bore hardly on the mother, but Tom was realizing his youthful dreams, and going to live and work in the great city which has such a fascination for country boys.

As soon as he reached New York he went at once to Mr. Shapleigh's office.

"Good morning, Tom," said that gentleman cheerfully. "So you have come, bag and baggage, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"I would take you into my own employ, but I should have no work for you. I have a bookkeeper, and need no one else at present. But I have a cousin who is a silk importer, and has a large establishment on Greene Street. If you present a letter from me, I think he will give you a situation."

"Thank you, sir."

"But I shall not send you up today. You can take a week to look about the city, and become accustomed to the streets."

"How am I to live in that time, sir? I didn't bring much money from home."

"How much did you bring?"

"Only a dollar," answered Tom, embarrassed.

Mr. Shapleigh smiled.

"That will hardly pay your expenses for a week in New York," he said. "I shall have to help you. Mr. Jones, where do you board?"

"In West Twelfth Street," answered the bookkeeper.

"Is it an expensive place?"

"I pay eight dollars a week."

"This would be too much for Tom. Probably you have a large room."

*Begun in No. 391 of THE ARGOSY.

"Yes, sir. I think the young man will find Clinton Place cheaper."

"Do you know any house there which you can recommend?"

"I once lived at No. 201, Mrs. Downing's. He could get a small hall bedroom and board there for five dollars."

"That is better. Tom, here are seven dollars. Go and secure your boarding place, and then explore the city. Find out where the principal streets run, and how they are situated with reference to each other. You can come here this afternoon and report."

"Where is Clinton Place, sir?"

"I forgot. You are quite unacquainted with the city. Here is a small map. Mr. Jones will point out to you where Clinton Place runs out of Broadway, and you won't have any difficulty in finding it. Pay a week's board in advance, leave your satchel, and then you will feel settled."

"Thank you, sir."

Mr. Shapleigh turned to a letter which he was writing, and Tom understood that he was dismissed. He took his satchel, and, leaving the office, strolled up Broadway. He made slow progress, for he stopped to look at so many objects which to him were new and interesting. At length he reached Clinton Place, and found the number indicated. It was a high stoop, three story house. He ascended the steps and rang the bell.

The door was opened by the landlady herself, a pleasant looking woman, evidently Scotch.

"What can I do for you, laddie?" she asked.

"I should like to get a room and board."

"I have a small hall bedroom on the upper floor, if that will suit you."

"I shall be easily suited."

"If you'll come up stairs I'll show you the room."

It was indeed small, containing a bedstead and washstand, and not much else. It was not nearly as nice as Tom's room at home, but it was a New York room, and the thought that he was really now a denizen of the great city reconciled Tom to anything.

"What do you charge?" asked Tom anxiously.

"I have generally asked five dollars a week, but you look like a good steady boy, with little siller to spare" (Mrs. Downing retained some Scotch words such as she had been accustomed to use in Glasgow), "and I'll take you for four dollars and a half."

"Then I will take the room. Here is the money for the first week."

"That is well!" said the landlady, much pleased. "I am sure we shall suit each other."

Tom handed her a five dollar bill, and she returned him half a dollar.

"I suppose you have a place," said Mrs. Downing.

"Not yet, but I shall have next week."

"Are ye sure of that?"

"Yes; there is a gentleman down town who will get me one. He wants me to take one week to get used to the city."

"And suppose ye don't succeed, how will you be able to pay your way?"

"The gentleman will look after me."

"Then you are in luck. There is no bureau here, but I will put one in. Have you a trunk?"

"No; I shall not need one at present," answered Tom, eying his modest stock of clothing.

"At twelve o'clock you can have some lunch. It is half past eleven now, so you may as well stay here till then."

Tom was already beginning to feel hungry, and accepted the suggestion. In half an hour the bell rang, and he went

down to the basement, where the lunch table was spread. A cup of tea, a little cold meat, and some bread and butter made a plain lunch, but he enjoyed it, for all were good of their kind.

Besides Tom and the landlady, there was a little old lady with copious white hair arranged in ringlets on either side of a thin, wrinkled face. She looked at Tom with evident curiosity.

"Have you a new inmate?" she asked, of Mrs. Downing.

"Yes; the young gentleman has taken the small hall bedroom on the upper floor."

"Introduce me, please."

"Mr. Turner, this is Mrs. Holland."

"Are you a lawyer?" asked the old lady unexpectedly.

"No, ma'am," answered Tom in surprise.

"I thought perhaps you might be. I wish to consult an able lawyer. There is a large fortune which ought to have come to me, but my brother in law has taken it."

"I am very sorry to hear it."

"If you had been a lawyer, I would have asked you to write a letter to him. Do you think I could have him thrown into prison?"

"I am afraid I don't know enough about law to tell you."

"I see you are non-committal. All lawyers are. They want their fee. I am willing to pay for your services. Please take that as a retaining fee;" and the old lady passed a nickel across the table to Tom, who took it with a look of perplexity. His eye sought that of the landlady.

"Take it," she said, "and it can afterwards be returned. The old lady isn't quite right here," and she tapped her forehead.

Mrs. Holland looked pleased.

"I am glad at last to have secured able legal advice," she said. "We will speak of this hereafter. Mrs. Downing, I am really pleased that we have a lawyer in the house."

Tom wanted to laugh, but hardly dared to do so.

After lunch Mrs. Downing said: "Don't mind the old lady. If she takes comfort from thinking you are a lawyer, and have charge of her case, let her think so."

"Has she really been deprived of her property?"

"No; her brother in law is a very nice gentleman, and pays the old lady's board, for she hasn't a cent of her own. But for him she would have to go to the poorhouse. He cannot take care of her in his own house, because she insists on thinking that he has defrauded her."

"She may want to consult me again on her case."

"If she does, just tell her that all is going well, but you can't go into details. That will satisfy her."

"I don't know what my friends at home would say if they knew I was passing myself off as a New York lawyer."

"It is never worth while to combat the delusions of an insane person. You have to humor them."

After lunch Tom strolled about again, and about four o'clock fetched up at Mr. Shapleigh's office. He reported that he had found a home.

"That is well, Tom," said that gentleman. "Go about and learn all you can. You won't see me till Saturday, as I have to go to Buffalo on business. If you need any advice, or money, come and speak to Mr. Jones."

"Thank you, sir."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AT THE FOURTEENTH STREET THEATER.

AT the supper table Tom found half a dozen other boarders to whom he was formally introduced. It is not necessary to mention all here. His attention was especially drawn to a young fellow of eighteen who sat on one

side of him, and to a young lady sitting opposite whose face belied her youthful airs. The first was Ben Barrett, the second Miss Lucinda Vine. The old lady, Mrs. Holland, whose sight was poor, did not immediately recognize Tom. When, however, she heard him called by name, she asked with an air of interest, "Is there anything new about my case, Mr. Turner?"

"Nothing as yet," answered Tom.

"How do you think a writ of *habeas corpus* would do?"

"It might do," returned Tom diplomatically.

"I think so myself, but if you prefer to try *nisi prius* I shall defer to your judgment."

"You know a good deal about law, Mrs. Holland," said Tom, trying to keep up a grave countenance.

"Oh, you needn't laugh," said the old lady, observing the smiles upon the faces of her fellow boarders. "Mr. Turner is my lawyer, and I am glad to have the services of so able an attorney."

"Thank you, Mrs. Holland. I hope to deserve your good opinion."

"Hallo!" said Ben Barrett. "Is that your business? I didn't know we had a professional gentleman at our table. We ought to feel honored."

"I'll tell you about it afterwards," said Tom in a low voice. "Of course you understand that I am only humoring the old lady."

"Mr. Turner," said Miss Lucinda across the table, "are you about to sojourn in New York?"

"That is my intention," said Tom.

"I am very glad. You will be a great acquisition to our little circle."

"Now, Miss Lucinda, be careful what you say," said Ben Barrett with a broad smile. "You will make me jealous."

"You are a sad flirt, Mr. Barrett," returned Lucinda, who was evidently pleased with this banter.

"I have been taking lessons from Miss Vine."

"Now that is too bad, Mr. Barrett," said Lucinda, tossing her head in great delight. "Mr. Turner, will you write in my album if I give it to you after supper?"

Tom thought Miss Vine in somewhat of a hurry, as their acquaintance was not yet half an hour long.

"As long as you don't expect me to write anything original," he answered.

"I should prefer something original, but you can do as you like. Mr. Barrett contributed some sweet lines."

Ben Barrett winked at Tom, but Lucinda did not notice it, as she was very short sighted.

"Perhaps he will help me," said Tom.

"I would prefer that you should write out of your own mind."

When supper was over, Miss Lucinda said: "Mr. Turner, will you not spend the evening in the parlor so that we may get better acquainted?"

"No, Miss Vine, I want Mr. Turner to go out with me," said Ben Barrett.

"Some other evening, Miss Vine," said Tom.

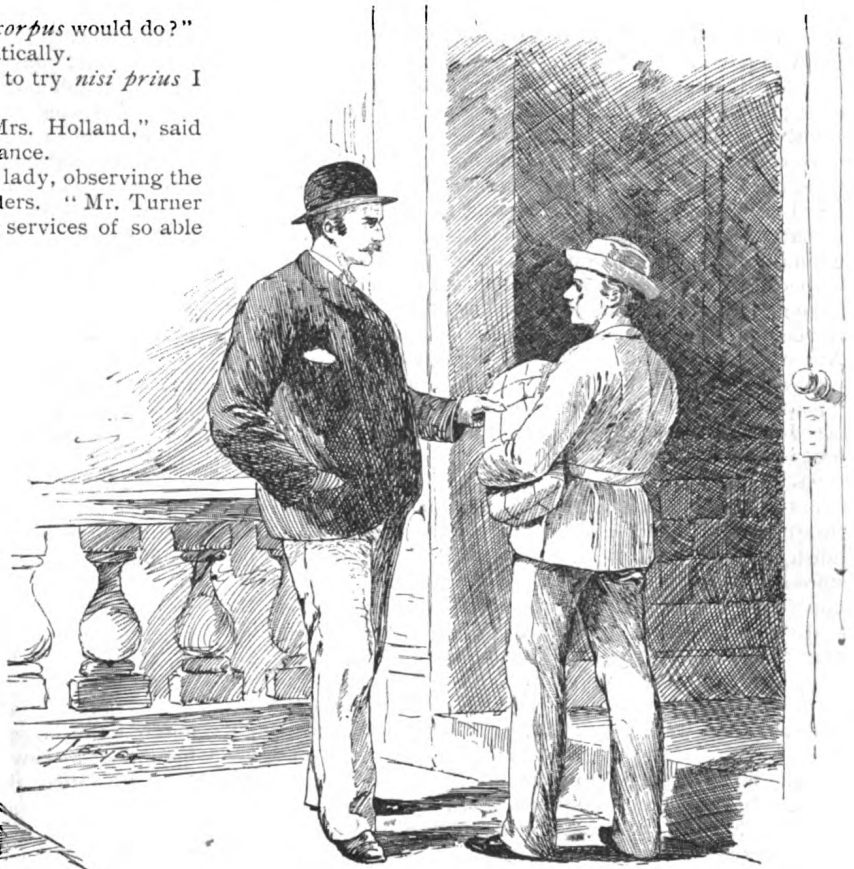
When they left the dining room Ben invited Tom to his

own room. It was a front apartment on the upper floor, but considerably larger than Tom's.

"Well, Tom," said his new friend familiarly, "what do you think of our boarders?"

"Beginning with you?" asked Tom with a smile.

"Yes, if you like."



"DON'T BE A FOOL, BOY," SAID THE MAN ROUGHLY.

"I think you are very social and pleasant, and I am sure I shall enjoy your company."

"Good for you, Tom! Put it there!" and Bob extended his hand. "Now tell me, what are you expecting to do—besides your law business?"

"I have a friend down town who thinks he can get me a place with Armstrong & Co., on Greene Street."

"I know; they are large silk importers."

"Yes, I believe so."

"I am working in a boot and shoe store down town. I was in a store on Sixth Avenue, but my evenings were taken up. Down town we close at six o'clock."

"Do you like the business?"

"I don't like any business, but I've got to live, you know. How much wages do you expect to get?"

"I don't know. I must get enough to pay my board, for I have nothing else to depend on."

"Have you had no experience in a store?"

"No."

"Then I am afraid you will be disappointed in the salary you will be offered. How much do you pay for board?"

"Four dollars and a half."

"Your washing will easily cost you fifty cents more. There are not many boys of your age and inexperience who get five dollars a week to begin with."

"But," said Tom perplexed, "I must send some money home to my mother."

"And get your clothes besides? You can't do it. Why, I get ten dollars a week, having been three years in the business, and it's hard scraping to make both ends meet."

"You pay more board?"

"Yes, I pay six dollars. That leaves me four dollars over. I tell you, Tom, it costs money to live in New York. But then you have your law business."

Tom smiled faintly. He was in no mood to appreciate a joke, for he was getting very anxious. It seemed as if instead of bettering himself by coming to New York he would actually be worse off. He could not reconcile himself to giving up the hope of helping his mother. If he could have earned five dollars a week in Hillsboro, all the money could have gone towards household expenses and he would have felt comparatively rich. Now he must wait till he had seen Armstrong & Co. and ascertained what was to be his income.

"What do you think of Miss Lucinda?" asked Ben. "Isn't she a charming young lady?"

"You are better able to judge than I. She doesn't seem very young."

"She's thirty five if she's a day, though she passes for twenty four. She's a saleswoman in a large store on Fourteenth Street. I didn't know it at first, for she doesn't say much about her business, but one day I stepped into her store and heard her calling 'C—a—sh! Cash here. Hurry up, No. 19.' She seemed quite a different person from the sentimental young lady whom I meet at the table. She'll be hinting to you to take her to the theater."

"I can't afford to go myself."

"I went with her once. She furnished the tickets, though. She said they were given her, but I know that she bought them."

"She must be partial to you."

"No; but she liked to be seen at the theater with a young fellow as her escort. I have no doubt she represented that I bought the tickets and invited her."

"I might go with her on those terms——"

"Then come with me tonight on the same terms."

"You are very kind, and I should like to go, but——"

"Well? What is the objection?"

"I shall not be able to return the compliment."

"I don't want you to. I understand your position, old fellow. But you are a stranger in the city, and I suppose have never been to a New York place of amusement?"

"No."

"Then you shall come with me. We will go to the Fourteenth Street Theater. There is a good show there."

Tom was very ready to accept. He had never been to see a play in his life, and the prospect was a dazzling one. Ben Barrett seemed to him a very cordial and kind friend, and he was glad to know him. The two went out about seven o'clock, and sauntered along towards the theater. Ben bought two reserved seats in the balcony at fifty cents each, which proved to afford a very good view of the stage. It is needless to say that Tom enjoyed the play. He was in fact spellbound, and it seemed to him that he was in a realm of enchantment.

Between the second and third act Ben said, "Excuse me for five minutes, Tom. It is rather close here. I'll go out and get a breath of air. Will you come?"

"No, thank you."

"Very well! I'll be back soon."

He came back just as the curtain was rising in the third act. Tom was so much absorbed by the play that he did not notice two things. Ben's face was flushed and his breath smelled of whisky.

When the play was over they went out with the rest of the audience. Tom expected to go directly home, but Ben paused in front of a saloon and said, "Come in, Tom, and take a drink."

"Oh, no!" answered Tom, horror struck, for he had been taught to abhor drinking.

"Oh, it won't do you any harm."

"I would rather not, Ben."

"Then wait here a minute."

Ben went in, but speedily reappeared, his breath smelling stronger than ever of whisky. He leaned heavily on Tom's arm.

"I hope you don't drink much, Ben," said Tom uneasily.

"No, not enough to hurt. It puts life into a fellow. Of course you're squeamish now. You'll soon learn to take a glass occasionally."

"I hope not," said Tom fervently. "I am afraid you have taken too much already," for Ben staggered a little and leaned more heavily.

"Oh, it's all right, old fellow. I'll sleep it off. Be all right in the morning."

Tom helped Ben up to his room, and went to bed himself rather sober in spite of his evening's amusement. He was beginning to realize that the city with all its attractions was a dangerous place for those who were easily tempted.

CHAPTER XXX.

TOM GETS INTO BUSINESS.

ON Monday morning Tom, who had by this time got moderately familiar with the principal New York thoroughfares, made his way to Greene Street, and entered the large warehouse of Armstrong & Co. On the main floor he saw many clerks and salesmen, who were too busy to notice his appearance. Finally he went up to a young man, and asked: "Is Mr. Armstrong in?"

"In the office at the back part of the room," was the answer. "Did you wish to see him on business?"

"Yes, sir; I have a letter for him."

"Very well! You can go to the office. He may see you and he may not."

This was hardly encouraging, but Tom was resolved to carry out Mr. Shapleigh's order.

In a small office a man of middle size, with a large head, covered with iron gray hair, was reading his morning mail.

"Is this Mr. Armstrong?" Tom asked.

The importer looked up.

"Yes; from whom do you come?"

"From Mr. Shapleigh."

"Ah! Have you a letter from him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Show it to me."

This is the letter, which we are privileged to read, though Tom was not.

DEAR ARMSTRONG:—I send you a lad whom I want you to take into your employ. I am interested in him. He is poor, as we were at his age, and has a good mother whom he wants to help. Pay him six dollars a week, and if he is only worth half that at first, I will make up the other half.

Yours as ever,

EDWIN SHAPLEIGH.

Mr. Armstrong looked up, after he had read the letter, and scanned Tom closely.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Thomas Turner."

"How old are you?"

"Nearly sixteen."

"I take it you have no business experience?"

"No, sir."

"Were you brought up in the city?"

"No, sir; in the country."

"Then you don't know the city streets."

"I have spent the last week by Mr. Shapleigh's advice in going about the city and making myself familiar with them."

"Where is Chambers Street?"

"It runs on the north side of City Hall Park."

The importer asked Tom about the location of several other streets, and he answered correctly.

Mr. Armstrong nodded approvingly.

"You haven't wasted your time," he said. "Have you known Mr. Shapleigh long?"

"No, sir."

"He seems to take quite a strong interest in you."

"He is a very kind hearted man," said Tom gratefully.

"He wants me to take you into my employ. Will you justify his recommendation?"

"I will try to, sir."

"Then I will try you. I asked about your knowledge of the streets, for you will be employed at first to run errands for the most part. You will receive six dollars a week."

Tom breathed a sigh of relief. He thought out of six dollars he might be able to spare a little to send home.

"Of course you won't earn it. I don't mind telling you that a part of it will be refunded to me by Mr. Shapleigh, as you have no claims on me at present."

"I am deeply grateful to Mr. Shapleigh," said Tom earnestly.

"I am glad you are. Ingratitude is a mean trait, but very common. One thing more. I want to encourage you a little, so I will let you read Mr. Shapleigh's letter."

He placed it in Tom's hands, and he read it.

"Are you surprised to hear that Mr. Shapleigh and I were poor boys?"

"Yes, sir."

"You need not be. Most of the men in this city who have succeeded in business or in the professions started as poor boys."

"Encourage me, sir."

"There are the same chances now that there always were. Serve your employer well, learn business as rapidly as possible, don't fall into bad habits, and you'll get on."

"Thank you, sir."

"Take this card to Mr. Wallace. Any of the clerks will tell you where to find him."

"Yes, sir."

On the card Mr. Armstrong wrote: "Set this boy to work. Perhaps it will be best at first to employ him as an errand boy. ARMSTRONG."

Mr. Wallace was a man of perhaps forty. He was the superintendent of the first floor. When Tom handed him the card, he arched his brows, and seemed a little surprised.

"So you are to be one of us?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I hope you won't give us any trouble. Come with me."

He took Tom down stairs to the packing department, and introduced him to a man who seemed to have charge of the bundles.

"You can send this boy with small bundles," he said. "Give him the necessary instructions in each case."

"All right, Mr. Wallace."

Within an hour Tom was sent out with two parcels, one to be delivered in Fourteenth, the other in Eighteenth Street. The second parcel contained a dress pattern of silk, and was valuable. As he ascended the steps of a brown stone house bearing the number to which the parcel was addressed, a well dressed man who had watched him sharply, followed and overtook him before he could ring the bell.

"Who is your parcel for, my boy?" he asked.

"For Mrs. Seymour, from Armstrong & Co."

"So I supposed. I am Mr. Seymour. My wife is not at home, so you can deliver the parcel to me, and I will receipt for it."

Tom was inexperienced in the ways of the world, but there was a subdued eagerness in the man's manner, and an evident lack of sincerity in his expression which excited his suspicion.

"How am I to know that you are Mr. Seymour?" he asked.

"Don't be a fool, boy!" said the man roughly. "You haven't been long in the city, I take it."

"No."

"So I supposed. A New York boy would have more sense. Just give me the bundle, or I shall complain of you to your employer."

The more the man said, the more distrustful Tom became.

"I will ring the bell," he said, "and if the servant says you are Mrs. Seymour's husband, I will give you the parcel."

"You young fool, what makes you so squeamish? You insult me."

"At any rate," said Tom firmly, "I cannot give you the parcel. I am not allowed to deliver parcels in the street."

The man uttered an exclamation, and went down the steps discomfited.

Tom rang the bell, and a neat servant answered it.

"Is Mrs. Seymour at home?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I have a bundle for her, but I would rather not deliver it except into her own hands."

"All right! Follow me up stairs."

Tom followed the girl into a front room on the second floor, and there, to his astonishment, was introduced to a white haired lady of sixty as Mrs. Seymour.

"Is this parcel for you?" he asked.

"Yes, if you come from Armstrong's."

"Yes, madam. There was a man down in the street—a young man—who said he was your husband, and insisted upon my giving the parcel to him."

The old lady laughed heartily.

"So I have a young man for a husband, have I?" she said. "How old was he?"

"About thirty."

"I have been a widow for twenty years. If I ever do marry again, I shan't make myself ridiculous by marrying a man of half my age. Depend upon it, child, he was a swindling adventurer."

"That is what I thought."

"It was fortunate for you that you did not give it to him. It would probably have lost you your place. Have you been long at Armstrong's?"

"This is my first morning."

"You are not a city boy?"

"No; I came only a week since from the country."

"Are you alone in the world?"

"No; I have a mother whom I am trying to help."

"That is very commendable. On that account, and because you had the sense to defeat the schemes of this swindler, I will make you a small present."

She drew from her pocket book a two dollar bill and handed it to Tom.

"Thank you," said Tom joyfully. "Now I shall have something to send to my mother."

"You are evidently a good boy. Give me your name."

"Thomas Turner."

"Take down my address, and if ever you are in trouble, call on me."

"Thank you."

Tom left the house and took a car down town. When he had over a mile to go, he was allowed car fare. As he stepped upon the sidewalk, he came face to face with a man who stared at him in evident surprise.

It was Hannibal Carter.

(To be continued.)



(By a Realist)

I.

BABY, darling, hush a bye!
Wherefore lie awake and cry?
Bats are whirring to and fro,
Why are those cats yelling so?
Rats in plaster come and go.
Still there's no good reason why
You should raise your wail on high—
Baby, baby! Hush a bye!

II.

Tommy, Tommy, lullaby!
Come now, shut your eyes and try.
Yes, of course, papa will
Really, though, it's growing
"Tick-tick" says it; half past eight.
Want a drink? *You can't* be dry!
I'm so nervous I shall fly!
See here, Thomas! Hush a bye!

III.

Now, my son, lie down—be quiet!
Wonder if it is his diet?
I have other things to do;
I can't sit here soothing you;
And, besides, I'm tired, too.
For the last time, will you try it?
If I'd a gag I would apply it.
Thomas Jackson! Stop this riot.

IV.

Go it, howler! Crying's cheap;
Make it loud, and long, and deep.
Lie right there and make a noise;
Pa can't stay with screaming boys;
No! you shan't have any toys.
It would make an angel weep.
When you're tired, count the sheep!
Good night, screech owl. hope you'll sleep.

[Exit Realist.]



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OUR BASEBALL SERIAL,

we take pleasure in announcing, will begin next week. Here is the full title:

THE CRIMSON BANNER:

THE TROPHY OF THE BERKSHIRE LEAGUE.

BY WILLIAM D. MOFFAT,

Author of "The County Pennant," etc.

Ever since the publication of "The County Pennant," last summer, eager inquiries have been made regarding another baseball story by readers who were so charmed with that one. "The Crimson Banner," by the same author, himself a player of no mean ability and ex member of a nine from one of our leading colleges, is not only a much longer story than "The County Pennant," but also contains a still more fascinating plot. THE ARGOSY is certainly to be congratulating the great American summer theme turned by such competent hands. Tell all your friends in baseball that "The Crimson Banner" will begin in THE ARGOSY out next week.

* * * *

THE ARGOSY'S FOUR HUNDRED.

HAVE our readers noticed the number on this week's paper? Four hundred ARGOSIES have been issued, and Mr. Ward McAllister's exclusive New York set now has a rival.

And what a treasure cargo each of these four hundred ARGOSIES has borne! Looked at from the reading and pictorial standpoint, the Argo with its golden fleece has been left far behind by its modern namesakes. Verily he who possesses even the half of them has wealth galore.

But to return to the Ward McAllister comparison, the ARGOSY Four Hundred is in so far the superior, as it

looks to the future as well as to the present and the past. Our aim is to make each issue an improvement on its predecessor, and with the resources at our command, our readers may rest assured that the next hundred numbers may really be likened to an ascending series of steps.

* * * *

WERE you ever the last passenger to board a ferryboat and walk through the cabin to the further end? We mean last in the sense that you have caught the boat by a hair's breadth, as it were, and after the rest of the passengers are all comfortably seated ready to pounce upon anything to occupy their attention during the passage across. And that thing is of course yourself.

Do you not recall how your footsteps echoed from end to end of the cabin as though each was a giant's stride? And then, though you never dared to look, but kept your gaze fixed on vacancy with the utmost persistency, how conscious you were of the glances from either side that took your measure as heads were turned to follow you to the last!

And how grateful you found the respite afforded by the dark passage way behind the paddlebox, and how you would fain linger there, but that you know those in the forward compartment have already heard you coming, and will stare with redoubled intentness should you occupy more than the prescribed time in emerging into view.

If you have not gone through all this yourself, the next time you cross a ferry watch for the last man to come aboard and see him run the gauntlet.

* * * *

SPECIAL OFFER.

An Unequaled Opportunity for the Readers of The Argosy.

We are always ready to pay liberally for any favors shown us, and we want your co-operation in helping us to bring THE ARGOSY to the attention of those who do not now read it. With this end in view we have inserted at the bottom of the fourth cover page a coupon which is good for two dollars towards a year's subscription to THE ARGOSY. This offer is made in consideration of your sending us twenty five names of those who would be most likely to become interested in THE ARGOSY. We want to send sample copies of THE ARGOSY to these names, and therefore are willing to pay for them; and the price offered should bring us an immediate return of thousands of lists of names. See coupon at bottom of fourth cover page and let us hear from you by early mail.

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FLOATING FUN.

EVIDENTLY A CORNET LOCALITY.

LANDLADY (to applicant for rooms)—"Beg pardon, sir, but what business do you follow?"

APPLICANT—"I am a doctor of music."

"Oh, then we shall be glad to have you with us, and I'm sure you'll do real well here, for there's lots of music in this locality that need doctoring."—*Chicago Post*.

* * * *

THE SCHEME FAILED.

FLIPSON—"Young Waggles has got the laugh turned against himself in his little joke on the Blazes Fire Insurance Company."

FLOPSON—"How?"

FLIPSON—"He insured five hundred cigars, smoked them, and then sent in a claim, on the ground that they had been destroyed by fire."

FLOPSON—"And they laughed at him, I suppose."

FLIPSON—"No, they had him arrested on a charge of arson."—*The Jester*.

* * * *

MUSICAL TALENT.

FIRST BROOKLYN AMATEUR—"Did you hear that Miss Melpomene has developed quite a decided musical taste?"

SECOND B. A.—"No. Is it possible?"

FIRST B. A.—"Yes; she was seen promenading Fulton Street on Easter Sunday, wearing an accordion pleated cape, a fluted skirt trimmed with bugle fringe and a bonnet with long strings tied under her chin in a bow."—*New York Herald*.

* * * *

WEARABLE CHESSBOARDS.

THERE is really no tangible objection to violent plaid trousers, except that they keep one constantly wondering whose move it is.—*Washington Post*.

* * * *

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

PLEASANT OLD GENT—"Young man, what is the latest in hats?"

SMART YOUNG MAN—"Heads, sir."

PLEASANT OLD GENT—"Ah! and what are soft ones like yours selling for?"—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly*.

* * * *

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME.

"By the way," spoke up one of the group, "what time is it?"

Every man looked at his watch, answered "ten minutes past four," and replaced his timepiece in his pocket.

"Beg pardon," said the questioner a few seconds later, "but I didn't understand distinctly. What time did you say?"

Every man in the crowd took his watch out again, consulted it as before, gave the same answer, and the designing wretch had won a bet of \$1.50.—*Chicago Tribune*.

* * * *

HOPE LINGERS IN THE DIREST POVERTY.

A POOR country editor and his wife were awakened one night by a noise at their window.

"Just think," said the wife, with a subdued laugh, "of a burglar coming here expecting to find something!"

"Hush," whispered the editor, "let him come in, then I will give a yell, and it may cause him to drop something he has stolen elsewhere."—*Moberly (Mo.) Republic*.

* * * *

PROBABLY.

"I AM not well," said the glass eater.

"What's the matter?" asked the ossified humorist. "Got a pane in your stomach?"—*Puck*.

EASILY IDENTIFIED.

MR. SUBURB—"Where on earth is our hired man? I can't find him anywhere."

MRS. SUBURB—"There is somebody over in Farmer Hayseed's meadow, but I can't tell whether it's our man or not."

"Is he standing up or sitting down?"

"Standing."

"It isn't our man."—*New York Weekly*.

* * * *

A WARRIOR BOLD.

A LAWYER gave a dinner party, after which the gentlemen retired to smoke and chat. All at once the host got up, took down a sword which formed part of a trophy, and, brandishing it in the air, exclaimed: "Ah, gentlemen, I shall never forget the day when I drew this blade for the first time!"

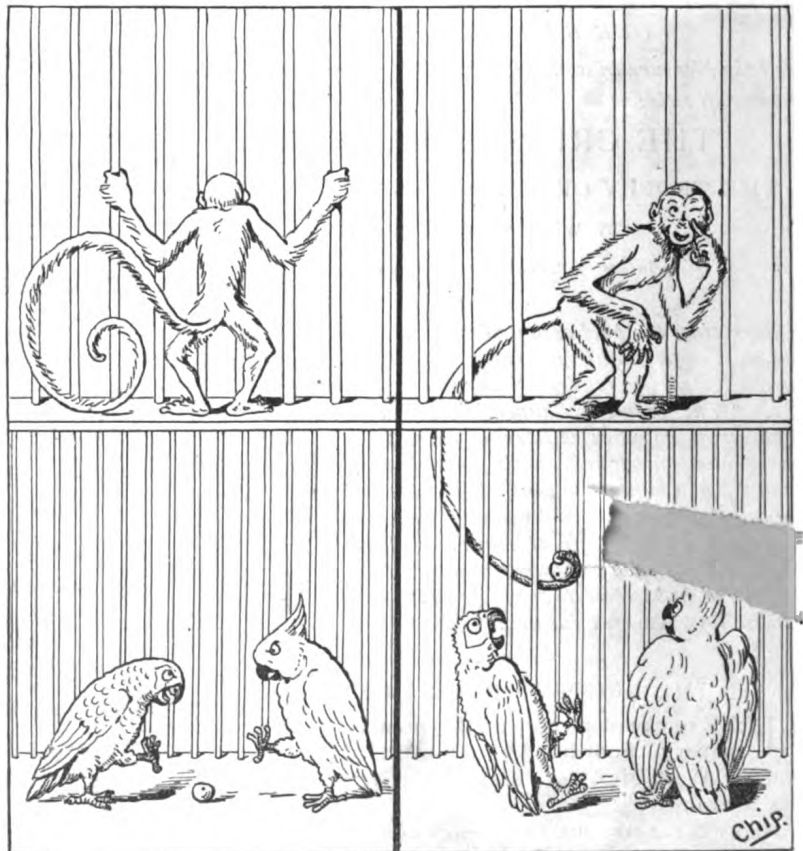
"Pray, where did you draw it?" said an inquiring guest.

"At a raffle," was the lawyer's rejoinder.—*Summit (N. J.) Record*.

* * * *

RIFLE RAILLERY.

WHY should we look on the dark side and mourn for the unattainable when the world is full of sunshine and things to make us happy? For instance, the pleasing intelligence comes from abroad that a new German military rifle has a range of 3900 yards, and will shoot through the bodies of six men standing one behind the other at a distance of seven paces. The inventor must have had some difficulty in procuring six men with which to test his gun.—*Norristown Herald*.



THE MONKEY AND THE PARROTS; OR, AN UNEXPECTED CONCLUSION.

FIRST PARROT—"Excuse me, but that is my apple."

SECOND PARROT—"I beg your pardon, but it is mine."

MONKEY IN CAGE ABOVE—"I very much dislike to interfere in an argument, but allow me: to point out that you are both wrong."