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WHOLE No. 401.

THE CRIMSON BANNER; THE TROPHY OF THE BERKSHIRE LEAGUE. BY WILLIAM D. MOFFAT.



THROUGH THE DEEPENING TWILIGHT I MANAGED TO RECOGNIZE TWO OF MY CLASSMATES.

CHAPTER I.

A SINGULAR LETTER.

ON a pleasant evening during the first week in April I left my room in Colver Hall and started across the campus of Belmont College toward the main street of the town. As I approached the gateway at the entrance to the grounds, I saw several students sitting upon and around the two large cannons that stood on either side of the gateway, mounted upon their old fashioned iron carriages.

These old cannons were landmarks of the college, and dear to the heart of every student. Many years before they had been discovered by a rambling party of students in a deserted part of the hilly country about ten miles west of Belmont. It was believed that they had been left there by

a section of the army during the war of 1812. However that might be, they were appropriated and dragged home to the college, where they were enthusiastically adopted by the students, and soon became favorite lounging posts for leisure moments. Almost every warm afternoon or evening would find several students perched on the old artillery and seated upon the grass near by, reading, chatting, or singing college songs.

Through the deepening twilight I managed to recognize two of my classmates leaning against one of the cannons.

"Hello, Miller," I called out, "where is Tony Larcom?"

"Down by the lake, I think," was the answer. "He was here about twenty minutes ago, and said he was going to the boat house to look after his canoe."

Retracing my steps, I hurried around old Burke Hall, the main building of the college, and crossed the back quadrangle. Then, leaving the circuitous path to the boat house, I struck out on a straight line down through the underbrush toward the shore of the lake. There I stood a moment, close to the dock, looking out over the water.

The dusk prevented my seeing further than fifty yards ahead, and in that space no sign of Tony's boat appeared, so, putting my hands to my mouth, I called out at the top of my voice:

"Hello, Tony Larcom!"

The cry rang out over the quiet sheet of water and echoed back from the rugged sides of Mount Bell, which loomed up in the evening sky beyond the lake.

Receiving no reply, I repeated my call several times with increasing force.

Suddenly a queer chuckling noise sounded almost immediately beside me, and peering through the bushes I saw the jolly face of Tony Larcom not four feet in front of me. He was seated quietly in his canoe, and with difficulty repressing his laughter.

"Did you speak?" he asked, straightening his face into an expression of preternatural gravity, when he found he had been discovered.

"Oh, no," I answered sarcastically. "I was only breathing hard. What do you mean by sitting there without a word while I was shouting myself hoarse?"

"Why, I didn't recognize you at first, Harry. You had your mouth open so wide I couldn't see you at all. What do you want?"

"Do you realize the fact that there is to be a mass meeting of the college in the Latin room at half past seven to consider baseball matters, and that you, as secretary of the baseball association, must be there?"

"I do," said Tony.

"Then what are you doing down here by the lake? I've been looking all over for you, and was afraid you were going to play us your old trick of forgetting all about an important engagement."

"Oh, no, not this time. I wouldn't miss the mass meeting for the world. There was plenty of time, and I wanted to see how my canoe had stood the winter, so I came down to try her on the water. She will be all right with a little paint. Give me a hand here and help me to get her out."

Tony paddled along toward the boat house, while I accompanied him, pushing my way through the bushes that grew thickly by the water's edge.

When we had reached the dock I helped him drag out the light canoe and carry it into the boat house.

As he made it fast to the wall by a chain, Tony remarked:

"There will be something besides baseball to interest the boys tonight. I have a letter to read."

"From whom?"

"From Park College."

"What about?"

"Read it and see," said Tony, taking a letter from his pocket and handing it to me.

I opened it, and, standing in the light of the single oil lamp fastened against the wall, I read as follows:

To the Students of Belmont College:

On a number of occasions during late years your attention has been called to the claims of Park College to the cannons which stand upon your campus. Enough evidence has been produced to convince an unprejudiced mind of our right of ownership of said cannons, but this evidence has in every case been rejected by you. We, the students of Park College, have at length decided to take a positive stand in the matter, and, accordingly, submit to you this formal demand for the surrender of the cannons to us. Should this be disregarded we shall

take more active steps to secure our rights. We trust this will receive your immediate attention, and await the favor of your reply.

I looked up in amazement. Tom winked.

"How is that for a game of bluff?" he asked.

"What in the world do they mean by 'active steps'?" I asked.

"I don't know. Legal proceedings would be simply absurd. It is a perfect farce, and my idea is that they think because their college is a trifle larger than ours that they can bully us. They have always wanted the cannons, you know."

"Yes, but I thought they had given up all claims several years ago when the subject was thoroughly discussed in the college papers. You remember that they claimed that the cannons were in their county, two miles from Berkeley, and so belonged to them. But it was decided then that they belonged to nobody, and as our students had found them they were ours by right of treasure trove as well as forty years' possession."

"Yes, but you know how it is in college: a new batch of students come in and revive old sores. Now they are at it again, and now it is *our* business to meet them as it was our predecessors'."

"Well, we will, and with a vengeance too if necessary. Did you show the letter to Edwards?"

Edwards was the managing editor of the college paper, the *Belmont Chronicle*.

"No, I received it only two hours ago in the late afternoon mail. Come on up to Burke Hall and we will have some fun with it. Watch the sensation when I read it to the boys in the mass meeting."

Closing the sliding door of the boat house, Tony padlocked it, and we started back again toward the campus.

"Have you seen Ray Wendell this afternoon?" I asked.

"No, but of course he will be on hand. What would a baseball meeting be without Ray Wendell? By the way, what a scare he gave me last month when he hinted about resigning the captaincy."

"That was a queer notion. What started it, I wonder?"

"He said he was afraid it would interfere with his studies, especially his preparation for his final examinations."

"Bosh!"

"Well, you know he is working for one of the honorary orations at commencement, and he said he would have to work hard, for there is to be a good deal of competition this year."

"Nonsense, Wendell is sure of an oration, and probably the valedictory. There isn't a smarter man in the Senior class. But there is no reason why baseball should interfere at all."

"Certainly not. If we are to have a winning team this year it will only be with Ray Wendell as captain—and so I told him. I showed him that all the fellows looked to him, and the college reputation rested in his hands. That soon brought him to terms, and he has never mentioned the matter since. I can't help thinking, however, that there was more back of that freak of his than he said."

"He knows as well as the rest of us how necessary he is to the nine," I rejoined.

"And for that very reason I think something must have influenced him. At first I thought perhaps his father had asked him to give up baseball, but then I remembered that Mr. Wendell always seemed to be as proud of Ray's athletics as he was of his high rank in his class. Still I don't care, now that he has let the matter drop."

"What is that crowd doing outside of Burke Hall?" I asked. "Do you suppose that old Ferguson has forgotten to unlock the Latin room door?"

"Looks like it," said Tony. "Still he must be there, for the windows are bright. He must be lighting up now."

The question was promptly settled, for, while we were speaking there was a sudden outburst of cheers and the crowd surged into the building. The doors had evidently just been opened.

Pandemonium reigned within as we entered. The room was crowded to suffocation with a noisy, jostling, good natured mass of students. Every seat was full, and many were standing along the side walls. The din was almost deafening. Suddenly Tony Larcom's presence was detected, and immediately his name was on every one's lips.

"There's Tony. Take the chair, Tony. Pass him up to the platform, fellows."

He was seized unceremoniously by a dozen pairs of hands, and half dragged, half carried to the desk. There he stood a moment, laughing and kicking, until he was released, when he sobered down, took out his note book, and seated himself at a small desk in front of the platform, ready for business.

I made my way to the front row where Dick Palmer had reserved a place for me with considerable difficulty, by sitting in one seat and putting his feet in the next one.

At this moment Clinton Edwards, who had been asked by Tony to open the meeting, went upon the platform and summoned the crowd to order by hammering on the desk with a heavy ruler.

As all were intensely interested in the subject for which the meeting was called, the room in a few seconds became perfectly still.

CHAPTER II.

SHALL WE JOIN THE LEAGUE?

"GENTLEMEN," began Clinton Edwards, "as you are all aware, this meeting has been called for the purpose of considering baseball matters. At the close of last year's season the nine held its customary annual meeting, and the usual elections of secretary and captain were made for the ensuing year. It now remains with you to approve and ratify these elections, and, in that event, the captain, as has been our custom heretofore, becomes also president of the association. The names of these officers were announced in the *Chronicle* at the time of their election, as you doubtless remember, but I will repeat them. Mr. Larcom was elected secretary—"

The speaker paused a moment, when some one in the back of the room called out, "I forbid the bans!"

The meeting was convulsed at the solemn absurdity of the announcement and the incongruous interruption. Laughter, stamping, and shouts of "Bully boy," "Hi, hi for Tony!" threatened to destroy the secretary's gravity. Rising, note book in hand, he said:

"Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of information. Do I enter these remarks in the minutes?"

Edwards, ignoring the point, continued:

"The captaincy, which was made vacant by the graduation of Mr. Terry, was filled by the election of Mr. Wendell."

There was now a long and uproarious burst of applause. Cheer followed cheer as the name was announced.

A more popular man than Ray Wendell rarely passed through Belmont College. Bright and industrious in his studies, active and strong in athletics, generous, good humored, and with agreeable and fascinating manners, Ray had been my ideal of a college man since Freshman year.

As he rose modestly from his seat in answer to the re-

peated cheers, I thought I had never seen him look handsomer. His tall, graceful figure and fine face never appeared to better advantage than at that moment as he blushingly acknowledged the applause that greeted his name.

Several times he attempted to speak, but the continued cheering discouraged his effort. At length silence was obtained, when Ray said smilingly, and quickly turning attention from himself:

"Gentlemen, you forget that you have not yet decided to be represented in the Berkshire League. You have first to vote on the question: 'Do we send out a nine?'"

"We scarcely need put that question," said a student, as Ray sat down. "It has been only a form in past years, and I move, therefore, Mr. Chairman, that we approve these elections—"

"One moment, Mr. Chairman," broke in a voice from the back of the room.

"Mr. Pratt has the floor," said Edwards.

"I have finished," said Pratt. "My motion is before the meeting."

It was seconded at once by a dozen voices. Then the speaker at the back of the room rose slowly. It was Len Howard, a Senior, and a prominent lawn tennis player. He looked and acted as if he had a hard and ugly task before him.

"Have I the floor now?" he asked.

"You have," answered Edwards.

"Then before putting this question I beg to present a few considerations," and Howard settled himself more firmly on his feet, while most of us looked at him in surprise.

"I am a warm admirer of baseball, as warm an admirer as there is in college. But I am also a warm admirer of tennis, and it is in behalf of this latter game that I wish to speak. I beg to call attention to the respective records of Belmont College in these two sports. Year before last our baseball team amounted to little—stood third in the League, last year we were again third, and this year we have but three players of our old nine left us, and prospects of a still poorer record. Lawn tennis, on the other hand, without any encouragement from the college, has grown steadily in popularity and success, and today it can send crack players to the intercollegiate tournaments which are to be established in May. Its prospects are bright, and it deserves the college support. Now, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, should we not cultivate the sport in which we stand the best show of success? Last year the assistance of the college was promised to tennis, but the funds were appropriated by the ball team, or at least the ball team used up all the money the college could contribute, and with the poor results just mentioned. As the college apparently will not extend its support to both, and it comes to a choice between tennis and baseball, I think we ought to give tennis the show it deserves for one year at least. I think we ought to support tennis with our funds, and not join the Berkshire Baseball League this year."

Ray Wendell sprang up, his face flushed and his eyes flashing.

"Mr. Chairman, if this represents the sentiments of the college toward baseball—no, if this echoes the feelings of even one tenth of the students, I resign from the nine immediately."

There was a hush of several seconds' duration, during which the rest of us sat confounded with amazement at the audacity of Howard. Suddenly the silence was broken.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Tony Larcom, and his chair toppled over backward, precipitating him with a crash upon the floor.

Then arose a perfect uproar on all sides. Some were laughing loudly at Tony's mishap, but the majority, more seriously inclined, were gesticulating wildly, and calling hoarsely to attract the attention and recognition of the chairman.

Tony, unmindful of his ridiculous position, and intent upon being heard, scrambled to his knees, and, waving his arms beseechingly at the chairman, roared out at the top of his voice:

"Mr. Chairman, have I the floor? Let me have the floor—Mr. Chairman, please let me have the floor for just five minutes."

Dick Palmer reached forward as well as he could for laughter, and touching Tony, said:

"I should think you had got enough of the floor, Tony. You've just had a whole back full of it."

Tony, however, did not seem to hear him, but continued his appeals to the chairman. At length Edwards, who had been standing puzzled in the midst of the confusion, caught Tony's eye, and brought down his ruler with a bang.

"Mr. Larcom has the floor," he called out. The rest subsided with some difficulty, and Tony was left master of the field for a time.

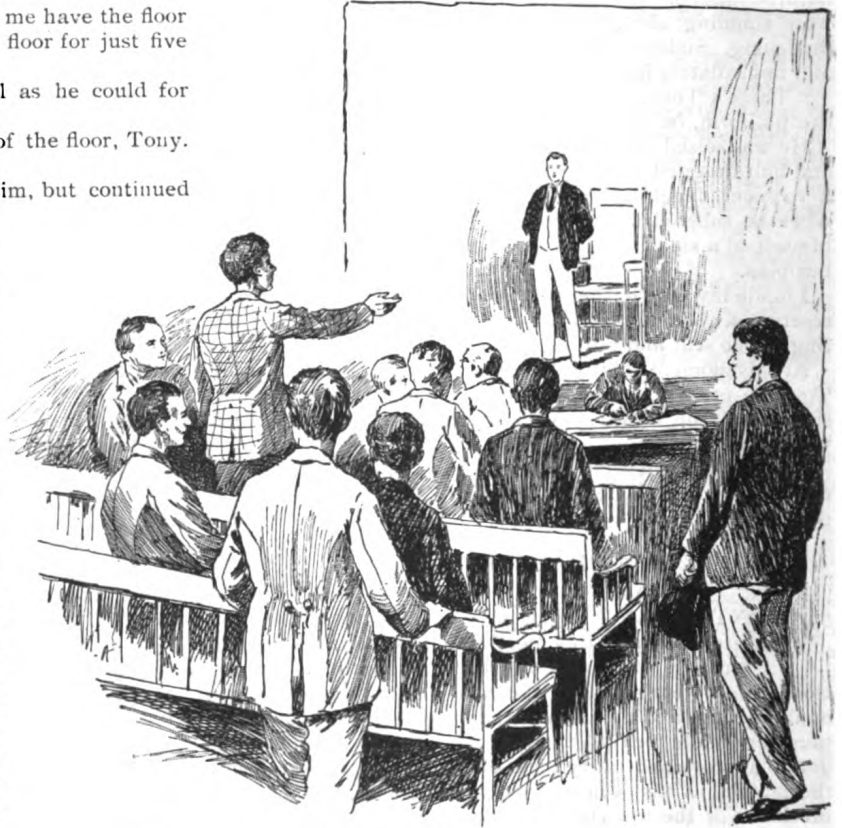
He rose hastily and brushed off his clothes. Then, buttoning up his coat, he planted himself in front of his desk and launched out.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen: the words we have just heard are a disgrace to any son of Belmont College. What does he mean by calling baseball to account? Have we a record to be ashamed of? True, we have been unfortunate in the last two years—every college has its bad spells—but why doesn't Mr. Howard go back further? Doesn't the gentleman remember that Belmont was the first college to win the Crimson Banner when it was made the trophy of the Berkshire League twelve years ago? Doesn't he remember that Belmont held that banner for five successive years, lost it for three years, and then won it for two years more—that the name of the Belmont team has therefore, seven times out of twelve, been inscribed upon that banner in letters of gold? [Cheers.] And why did we lose last year? Not because we had a poor nine, but because we had a wretchedly poor captain. I do not wish to be personal, so I merely say that every honest minded man in this room knows that we would have won the banner had we been headed by the efficient captain who leads us now. [Cheers.] And yet this gentleman wishes us to relinquish the game for a year. Does he realize that we thereby lay ourselves open to being refused admission to the League when we want to get back, and that Park College for one would be only too glad to get a chance to shut us out? Relinquish our nine? Never! I would rather lose my right hand than our nine. The speech we have just listened to is an insult to every patriotic man in college, and a double insult to the members of our old nine, and the able captain whose election we are here to ratify."

Immediately at the close of Tony's speech, and while the applause was still sounding, Dick Palmer rose and tried to gain a hearing, but I caught him by the coat.

"Sit down," I whispered. "Don't you see Elton is on the floor? He will use Howard up in two minutes."

My hint was quickly taken by Dick, for Elton was one of the clearest thinkers in college, and had an established reputation as a speaker. His tongue, when he chose to make it so, was like a two edged sword. He commanded universal respect in mass meetings, and consequently there was an expectant hush as he began to speak.



THERE WAS AN EXPECTANT HUSH AS ELTON BEGAN TO SPEAK.

"Mr. Chairman, under some circumstances such a speech as Mr. Howard's would pass unnoticed. It certainly can have no weight with us now, nor in any way affect the motion. But it affords an opportunity of saying a few words concerning the relative positions of baseball and lawn tennis in the college.

"There is no college tennis association like our baseball association. The baseball grounds and appurtenances belong to us, have been purchased by money contributed by us, and are conducted by officers elected by us. It is a child of the college—the pet child—and its record in the past shows how well it has repaid our interest in it. Tennis, on the other hand, is of individual interest in the college, and the tennis courts here are the private property of the clubs that play upon them. Some of these clubs exclude all from playing on their courts except their own members. I don't criticize this. The courts are their private property, but for this very reason the college cannot be expected to support tennis. What Mr. Howard says about the funds last year is not true. The truth is that the question was raised about a college appropriation of money to tennis, and most of the tennis clubs rejected the idea, preferring to pay their own expenses' and

run their own courts. Only one or two clubs wanted college assistance and support, and Mr. Howard is a member of one of these clubs.

"Again, when our ball nine is successful, the Crimson Banner, the trophy of victory, comes to the college, and every student feels a share of the glory. Victory in tennis is of individual interest, and appeals chiefly to individual vanity. It means a silver cup for a man, or perhaps two men. The college gains little glory by it except in the most individual way. Now, it is well known that the gentleman who made this speech is a strong tennis player. If then he wishes the college at large to back him in competing for a prize in the coming tournament, instead of his own club, as has been the custom in the past, well and good. We can consider the matter, though it would not be in order at a baseball meeting. But if he proposes that we shall relinquish our ball nine in order to devote our money to the purpose of assisting him to secure a prize cup, then I feel compelled to say that I for one can find a better way of spending my cash."

As Elton finished, Howard made several movements as if he would rise to speak, but several of his companions were urging him to keep still, and at length, influenced by their advice, he sank back and remained quiet.

Then arose on all sides the cry of "Question! question!"

Edwards responded:

"Gentlemen, the question is called for, and will be put. All in favor of Mr. Pratt's motion that we approve and ratify these elections say *aye*."

There was a loud roar of assent.

"All opposed by the contrary sign."

There was no sound. Howard sat sullen and silent, gazing at the floor.

"The motion is carried, and Mr. Wendell is therefore elected president of the Association."

Edwards laid down the ruler, and, surrendering the chair, descended from the platform.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

RAY WENDELL received a generous ovation as he took the chair. Prolonged cheering greeted his entry upon office, accompanied by cries of "Speech! Speech!" When the noise had subsided, Ray began:

"Gentlemen, I have no speech, nor, unless I am much mistaken, do you want one. I thank you sincerely for your kindness, and promise you in behalf of the nine that we will strive very hard to deserve your interest. That is speech enough, I am sure.

"Of course you want to know what I think of our prospects in baseball this year, and accordingly I say here tonight what I have said to many of you personally—that I consider our chances very good. It is true that we have only three of our old nine left, but the material which we have to choose from in the class nines is extremely good this year, and we ought to have a fine team.

"Now as to the condition of the treasury—I have been informed by the secretary that the funds of the Association are almost exhausted. Will Mr. Larcom report on this? What is the exact balance in the treasury?"

Tony turned over the pages of his note book and figured busily for several seconds.

"There is a cash balance of \$39.50," he finally called out.

"You can see from this," continued Ray, "that the usual contribution list will have to be started. You will all hear later from Mr. Larcom concerning this, and I hope we can look for as generous support as in previous years, for the

nine needs an almost complete new outfit, and a number of repairs will have to be made at the ball grounds, to say nothing of the pay of the janitor and assistants at the club house, and the expenses of our baseball tour."

At this moment Alfred Carter, the leader of the College Glee Club, took the floor and said:

"Mr. President, I want to offer the services of the Glee Club for the benefit of the team. I have made arrangements to give a concert just before the Easter vacation—that is in about ten days, the proceeds of which are to go to the baseball association. The concert will be given in the large examination hall up stairs, and," he added with a smile, "all members of the college are cordially invited to attend—price 50 cents per head."

Carter sat down amidst great stamping and clapping of hands.

Ray answered immediately, and with deep earnestness:

"This is a most unexpected favor, Mr. Carter, and I thank you sincerely in behalf of the Association for this benefit, which, I am sure, will go a great way towards supplying the deficiency in our treasury. Is there any further business before the meeting?"

"Mr. President," asked Elton, "when does the convention meet this year?"

"I am forced to say that I do not know as yet. For some reason no word has reached me from the secretary of the League, Mr. Slade of Halford College, although it is much later than the usual date for sending such notifications. Has Mr. Larcom received any word today?"

"No, sir," answered Tony.

"I shall probably hear tomorrow, and it is more than likely that the convention will be held on some day in the early part of next week. As soon as definite notice reaches us, your representatives will go on to Berkeley, and a full account of the business of that meeting will be reported in the *Chronicle*. This is as complete information as I am able to give on the subject this evening. Is there any other business? If not the—"

"Mr. President," interrupted Tony, "may I have one moment? I have no business of baseball interest to bring before the meeting, but I have received today a letter which is addressed to the 'students of Belmont College' so I presume that this is the time and place to read it. Am I in order?"

Ray nodded.

"It is from Park College," added Tony, taking from his pocket the letter which I had read down at the boat house.

I watched the faces about me with interest, and I shall never forget the rapid changes of expression that passed over them—first curiosity, then eager attention, astonishment, anger, and finally scornful amusement as the absurdity of the challenging letter became evident.

When Tony had finished, there was a chorus of howls, accompanied by varied exclamations such as "What cheek! Want our cannons, do they? What are they going to do about it? Tell them to come and get them! Maybe they'd better ask for the whole town!—"

Ray hammered on the desk to obtain order.

"You have heard the letter, gentlemen. What shall we do with it?"

A sharp discussion followed. Some were in favor of answering it with a heated reply challenging Park College to do their worst, whatever that might be, but the majority were of the conviction that any notice of the letter at all would be unwise.

"Mr. President," exclaimed one of the latter, "I move we lay it on the table—*permanently*."

"I have an amendment to offer," said Elton. "I move we lay it under the table. There is a waste basket there."

"These motions are out of order. They have not been seconded," said Ray.

"Then I don't make any motion, Mr. President," said Elton, rising again. "I merely suggest that the best way to treat such a letter as this is to ignore it utterly."

All were coming around to this view of the matter, so that when Ray asked again:

"Gentlemen, what action shall we take in reference to this letter?" no one spoke.

Ray looked about for several seconds. "There being no motion, the matter is dropped," he said. "If there is no further business the meeting is adjourned."

Immediately there was a roar of mingled conversation, whistling, and shuffling of feet as the meeting broke up, and the crowd pressed out through the large double doors.

When the room was nearly empty, and just as I was passing out, Ray Wendell, who was still standing at the platform, and talking with Tony Larcom, called out:

"Hullo, Elder, wait a minute."

I turned around, and, as I walked back, Ray said:

"We were just speaking about you, Harry. You know each college sends three delegates to the convention—the president and secretary of the Association, and a member of the nine. I have selected you to go with Larcom and myself. What do you say?"

"Only too glad," I answered; "but how about Dick Palmer? I don't want to crowd him out if he wants to go. You know he has been a member of the nine as long as I have."

"Oh, that is all right. You have the advantage because you were a regular member of the nine from the start, while Dick was only substitute year before last. I have spoken to him, and he acknowledges that you have the choice by all odds."

"All right," I said. "I can go next week."

"I don't know yet for sure when it will be, as I said in the meeting. It is curious I haven't received word. I ought to have heard long ago. If I don't get a letter tomorrow morning I will telegraph to Slade."

"Well, a few hours' warning is enough for me," I answered. "Good meeting tonight, wasn't it? Lots of excitement and enthusiasm."

"Yes," said Tony, "and what puzzled me more than anything else was Len Howard. No wonder I fell flat. I was simply paralyzed. He must have been crazy to make such a proposition."

"Perhaps," said I looking at Ray, "he was trying to work off a grudge he has had against you ever since you went out one Saturday afternoon last month and beat him in tennis on his own court."

"Oh, I don't think there was anything personal in it. I don't think Howard nurses any grudge against me."

"Well, don't bank on that, Ray," said Tony. "I happen to know that he had a lot of money upon that tennis game, and it ground him terribly to be beaten."

"Is that so?" rejoined Ray, raising his eyebrows in surprise. "I never suspected there was anything back of it when he asked me so inconsequentially to play with him that afternoon. Now I remember he did seem to take his defeat to heart pretty badly. After all it was his business. I had nothing to do with it."

"Howard is very conceited about his tennis playing, so you injured him at his most sensitive point."

"Well, I'm sorry, but yet, I don't fancy he still carries a grudge against me."

"He may have more reason now, after his humiliation this evening."

"Well, let him then," said Ray with some irritation. "He brought it on himself. If he was foolish ^{enough to} bet, he must suffer the consequences, and if he ^{will not} make foolish speeches, as he did tonight, he must stand the result of that too. He can't blame me. I haven't time to bother with him—which reminds me that I have to prepare for a recitation in astronomy tomorrow, and I must get about it at once or I won't be in bed before midnight."

He looked at his watch as we walked out of the room.

"Phew!" he exclaimed. "It is half past nine—I'm off—you will hear from me later—good night."

And Ray walked hastily away toward Warburton Hall, the handsome new dormitory in which his apartments were located.

As I parted company from Tony Larcom, my first intention was to go immediately to my room, but the air being balmy and inviting, and being in no hurry to retire, I walked leisurely down the wide pathway toward the gate. Once there, I seated myself by one of the old cannons, and gave myself up to the pleasant influences of the quiet night.

I was thinking over the incidents of the meeting, its interesting results, and how they would affect our baseball prospects. Then I fell to contrasting the noise and excitement of an hour before with the silence that now reigned over the peaceful campus. A sense of drowsiness came over me as I pursued these contemplations, a drowsiness that gradually increased until my head sank slowly down, my limbs relaxed, and at last, stretching myself out at full length, I fell asleep.

How long I lay so I do not know, but I was suddenly aroused by the sound of low voices close beside me. I lay still indifferently, thinking that it must be a couple of students enjoying the night air like myself. The low whisper and the general air of mystery with which they moved about, however, aroused my suspicions. Thinking some mischief was brewing, and that it would be fun to startle them, I suddenly roused up and exclaimed:

"Hello! who's there?"

The results far surpassed my expectations. There was a quick exclamation of alarm, a sharp scuffling of feet, a black shadow shot past me, and then I suddenly felt a terrible, crushing blow on the side of my head, which rolled me over and over into the pathway, where I lay stunned and bewildered.

(To be continued.)

A GOOD MAN TO IMITATE.

A SPLENDID example in temperance is set by the head of New York City's police force, says the *Evening Sun*:

Superintendent Murray modestly ascribes the greater share of his success in the world to the motto chosen when he was a young and ambitious lad: "There are no rounds of drink in the ladder that leads to success."

He never parades the sentiment, and hence does not generally get credit for it; but once, in a confidential mood, he told the story of how, lying grievously wounded on the battlefield of Bull Run, he was picked out for amputation by an ambulance surgeon, who, thinking to brace up his courage and his strength alike, offered him his canteen.

"It is whisky," he said, when it was pushed away, and when the gesture was repeated with impatient disgust, "Whisky, you idiot!"

"That," gasped the wounded man, "is the reason I don't want it." And the surgeon retreated in wonder. "But I," said the superintendent, in telling the story, "kept my leg."

A RAINY DAY.

TALENTED BOY—"Papa, may I get my paints and paint a picture?"

PRACTICAL FATHER—"Not now, my son; but you may get some lime and whitewash the cellar."—*New York Weekly*.

UNDER AFRICA ;
OR,
THE STRANGE MANUSCRIPT OF THE WHITE SLAVE.*

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON,

CHAPTER XI.

CANARIS UNFOLDS A TALE.



WELL," said Canaris, "I will tell you. Rao Khan has promised your lives to the people. It was his only hope, and now, his word once given, he will not dare to break it."

Melton covered his face with his hands, and Guy staggered backward.

"When?" he cried huskily. "Today?"

"No," said Canaris, "not today. The Emir bids me tell you,

that you will have four days yet to live. On the fifth day you will die by the executioner, in the square of the town."

They shuddered as these dreadful words fell from the Greek's lips.

"Is there no hope then at all?" said Melton. "Let us know the worst at once and be done with it."

Canaris made no reply for a moment. His eyes were fixed on the floor and he seemed to be thinking deeply. When he looked up the expression of his face was changed. A strange light shone in his eyes, a mixture of triumph and fear.

"I can tell you nothing now," he said hastily. "Tonight you shall have an answer. But tell me, how is your wound?"

"Better," replied Melton. "I scarcely feel it at all."

"Good," said Canaris. "Now do just as I tell you. Lie down on the straw; pretend that you are much worse: moan loudly from time to time, and when I come tonight I may have something to impart to you."

With this strange admonition Canaris hastily left the dungeon and the guard rebolted the door.

"Is the fellow crazy?" said Melton. "What can he mean to do?"

"Crazy?" rejoined Guy. "No; I have a strange faith in that man, Melton. I believe he will save us yet. Do just as he tells you and see what turns up tonight."

With much grumbling Melton assumed the part of a very sick man. He rather overdid the thing in fact, for twice the guard opened the door and looked in. About noon food was brought, and from that time no one came near them.

The minutes dragged along like hours. They tried to forget the awful fate that stared them in the face, but in spite of the Greek's encouraging words, the future looked very black.

At last the feeble light in their dungeon began to fade away, and soon they were in darkness.

"The fellow will never come back," said Melton bitterly. "It's all up with us, Chutney, so don't try to raise any more false hopes."

But Guy refused to give up and his faith was rewarded. Quick footsteps approached the dungeon, the bolts rattled, and Canaris entered with a rude lamp and a leather case which he placed carefully on the floor.

Then he pulled a paper from his pocket and waved it gleefully.

"See," he cried, "a permit from Rao Khan, admitting me to the prison at all times. I told him that your wound was very bad, that the Arab doctor had failed to help you, and that I knew enough of English surgery to cure you, if he would allow it. Rao Khan reluctantly consented, and here I am."

He listened intently for a moment, glanced round the dungeon, and then went on in a low, excited tone:

"Get close together. I have something important to tell you."

They squatted down in a group on the straw, and with a strange, exultant sparkle in his eyes, Canaris began:

"When I came to Harar two years ago, this very cell held a white slave, like yourselves an Englishman. He was an old man, with long white hair and beard, and had been so long in slavery that he had forgotten his own name and could scarcely speak the English tongue.

"My duties then were to carry food and drink to the slaves, and before long I was on intimate terms with the old Englishman. He was very ill, and the Arab doctors made him no better. Perhaps it was old age that was the trouble, but at all events he died two months after I came. At different times he had told me the story of his life, and that is what I am going to tell you now.

"He had been thirty years in slavery. How and where he had been captured he could no longer remember. His mind was a blank on that point. But one thing he told me that is important. For twenty years he had lived among the Gallas in a village fifty miles to the south of Harar, and it was a few years after he had been brought there that he nearly succeeded in making his escape.

"He had often heard from the natives of an underground river that was said to exist, and which emptied either into the River Juba or into the sea. The tales concerning the river were many and strange, but the chief of the Gallas assured him that at one time a tribe of natives had lived in the mouth of a huge cavern which gave access to the river."

"I have heard something of that myself," interrupted Melton. "An Arab at Zanzibar told me, but I never had any faith in the story."

"That river exists," said Canaris solemnly. "The Englishman found it."

"What!" cried Guy and Melton in one breath. "He found the underground river!"

"Yes, he discovered it," resumed Canaris. "He found one day while hunting a concealed cavern. He ventured down and came to a great sandy beach, past which flowed swiftly a broad stream. On the beach lay half a dozen strong canoes with paddles. All this he saw by the light that streamed in from narrow crevices overhead. He went back to the village and began to lay aside provisions for the journey, for he intended making his escape by the river. In a week all was ready. He had concealed near the cavern supplies for a long voyage. The very day fixed for his escape he was sold to a Galla chief who lived twenty miles distant. In the years that followed he made many attempts to escape, but on every occasion was captured and brought back. At last he was given as tribute to the Emir by this Galla chief, and here in this dungeon, on the spot you are sitting on now, he breathed his last."

Canaris paused and helped himself to a glass of water.

*Begun in No 398 of THE ARGOSY.

"A strange story, indeed," said Guy, "but what has it got to do with us?"

"I will tell you," responded Canaris, with a slight tremor in his voice. "It may have nothing to do with any of us, and it may be of the greatest importance to us all."

"Did the old man tell you where to find the cavern?" asked Guy.

"No," answered Canaris, "but before he died he gave me this," and pulling a folded bit of linen from his pocket he handed it to Guy.

"Can you read that?" he asked in strange excitement. "I have never been able to make anything of it."

Guy pulled it carefully open and gazed with interest on the faded characters that had apparently been written in blood.

"Yes," he said after a pause, "I can read it. It is French."

"Go on," said Canaris, "tell me quickly what it is."

"It translates as follows," rejoined Guy:

Half way between Elephant Peak and the Lion's Head. The south side of the stone kraal. The rock with the cross.

Canaris sprang to his feet and staggered back against the wall of the dungeon.

"It was Providence that brought you here," he cried. "It is wonderful, wonderful."

"What do you mean?" said Guy. "How can this aid us?"

"It is the secret of the cave," replied Canaris. "The stone kraal is a curious formation of rocks that lies between the two mountains that bear those names. Close by is the village of the chief of all the Gallas."

"But how under the sun can this discovery benefit us?" repeated Guy half angrily. "Can you open our prison for us, Canaris?"

The Greek threw a cautious glance toward the door and then whispered in a voice that trembled with emotion, "Nothing is impossible; hope for the best. But stop," he added in sudden fear. "I must have money, or all is lost. Alas! You have none, I am sure."

For answer Guy hastily rose, and loosening his clothes, unhooked a small buckskin belt. He tore open the end and dropped a stream of golden sovereigns into his hand.

"Here is money," he cried. "The Arabs overlooked this when they searched me."

The Greek's eyes glittered.

"Give me twenty," he said; "that will be plenty."

He stowed the coins away in his clothes and picked up the lamp.

"I must leave you now," he said. "I will return in the morning."

He would have added more, but steps were heard in the corridor. The dungeon door clanged behind him, and Guy and Melton were left in darkness half stupefied by the strange story they just heard and by the hope of escape which the Greek so confidently held out to them.

CHAPTER XII.

A DARING MOVE.

WHEN daylight came, the captives could scarcely believe that the events of the preceding night had not been all a dream. There was the document, however, to prove their reality, and Guy was deeply studying its faded characters when the Greek arrived.

His face was radiant with happiness, an expression which quickly gave way to one of deep sadness as a big Somali entered with a platter of food. The latter had barely closed the door when Canaris held up a warning finger and motioned the Englishmen to draw near.

"It is well," he said softly. "I will tell you what I have done. Near the palace lives a Jewish merchant whom I know well. To him I went last night, and by the aid of your gold made a good bargain. On the western side of the city, close by the wall, is a deserted guard house that was once used before the watch towers were built. Here the Jew promised to take for me the goods I purchased, namely, a supply of dates, figs and crackers, three revolvers, three rifles with boxes of shells, three sabers, two ancient bronze lamps with flasks of palm oil, a box of English candles, and four long ropes with iron hooks on the end."

"He will betray you to the Emir," said Guy in alarm.

"Oh, no," returned Canaris, "no danger of that. I know a little secret concerning my Jewish friend that would put his head above the town walls in an hour's time. The things are even now hidden in the deserted house, you may rely on that."

"But how are we going to get out of this infernal dungeon?" asked Guy. "And how can we pass through the streets to the edge of the town?"

For answer the Greek opened the leather case that he had brought with him and took out three revolvers, three boxes of shells, a coil of rope, and a sharp knife.

"These are my surgical instruments," he said. "I will put them under the straw, and he suited the action to the word."

"Affairs outside have changed somewhat," he continued. "The people are sullen and restless. They mistrust the Emir, and fear they will be cheated of the pleasure they are looking forward to."

Guy turned pale. "Then we are lost," he cried.

"No, you are saved," said Canaris. "That very fact works for your salvation. The Emir is alarmed; he fears for himself, not for you. His troops are few since he dispatched the caravan to Zaila, and at night for better security he takes the guards from the prison courtyard and stations them before the palace. This leaves three guards to contend with; one watches in the corridor, one stands before the prison door, and the third guards the gateway that opens from the prison yard on to a dark avenue of the town. If all goes well, we will be free men at midnight. I must hurry away now. Listen well to my instructions, and do just as I tell you."

"You," and he turned to Melton, "must pretend all day that your wound is bad. Refuse to eat, and lie on the straw all the time. It will be better if I do not return today. I fear that even now Rao Khan grows suspicious. The Arab doctor is angered because I have assumed his duties. At midnight, if you listen sharply, you will hear the guard relieved by a new man. Soon after that knock on the door, and when the guard looks in show him the wounded man, who will then feign to be very bad. I sleep in a rear apartment of the palace. The guard will send for me and I will come. Otherwise my visiting you at this time of night would be looked upon with suspicion. The rest I will tell you then. Don't despair. All will be well; till midnight, farewell."

Canaris glided from the dungeon, and the prisoners were alone. They passed the long hours of that day in a strange mixture of hope and fear. The difficulties to be overcome seemed insurmountable. They must escape from the prison, pass through the very midst of their bloodthirsty enemies, scale the walls, and then—where were they? Hundreds of miles from the coast, surrounded by barbarous and savage people, and their only hope that mysterious underground river which in itself was a thing to be feared.

But on the other hand speedy death awaited them in the

dungeon of Rao Khan. The chances were truly worth taking.

They followed instructions closely. When the guard brought them food at noon, and in the evening, Melton tossed on the floor as though in pain. The thrice welcome darkness came at last, and the light faded out of their dungeon. Once a horrible thought entered Guy's mind. What was to prevent the Greek from making his escape alone, and abandoning the Englishmen to their fate? It was but momentary, however, and then he dismissed the suspicion with a feeling of shame. He had already learned to trust the Greek implicitly.

Crouched by their dungeon door, they listened by the hour, and at last their patience was rewarded. Voices were heard, steps approached and died away, and then all was silent.

The time for action had come.

Melton threw himself on the straw and moaned. Guy rapped sharply on the door, and waited in suspense. Almost instantly it opened, and the guard, a tall Nubian, pushed his lamp into the doorway, and followed it up with his head and shoulders.

"Canaris, Canaris!" said Guy earnestly, pointing to Melton, who uttered at that moment a most unearthly groan.

The guard drew back and shut the door. His soft tread echoed down the corridor, and all was still.

The suspense of the next five minutes Guy will never forget as long as he lives. It seemed to his excited imagination as though an hour had passed by when suddenly sounds were heard in the corridor, and in an instant more Canaris stood before them, his leather case at his side, a lamp in his hand. He closed the door, opened the case, and drew out two wide linen tunics and two long jackets such as the Emir's troops wore.

"Put these on," he whispered. "You can wear your helmets; there are many of them in Harar."

As he spoke, he drew an Arab burnous over his head, shading entirely his light hair and mustache. He next pulled the revolvers and shells from under the straw, distributed them around, and with the knife cut the rope in a dozen parts. By this time Guy and Melton had donned their disguises, and were ready for action.

Up to this point Guy had supposed that Canaris had bribed the guards and paved the way out of prison.

"You are sure the guards will let us pass?" he said.

Canaris looked at him in wonder, and then a smile rippled over his face.

"You thought I had bribed the guards," he said. "Ten thousand pounds could not tempt them. They would only lose their heads in the morning. It matters little," he added. "They will lose them anyhow. But our time has come; be ready now to assist."

He motioned Guy and Melton behind the door, and then pulling it partly open, uttered a few words in a strange tongue.

Instantly the powerful frame of the big Nubian entered, and as he stood for one second on the dungeon floor, sudden mistrust on his ugly features, Canaris leaped at his throat and bore him heavily to the ground.

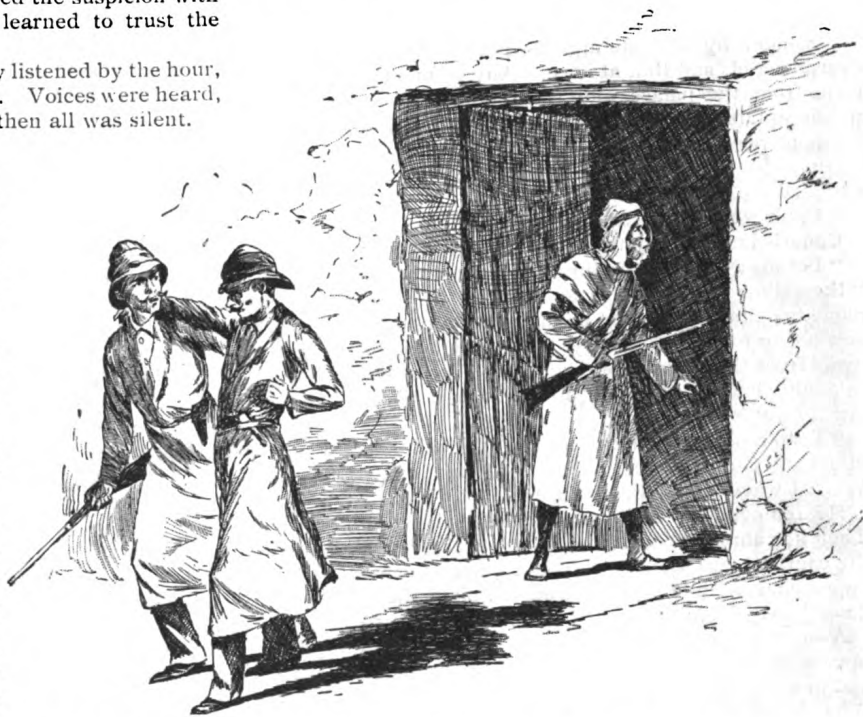
"Quick," he cried, and in an instant Guy and Melton had seized the struggling man's arms and feet.

Still pressing the fellow's windpipe with one muscular hand Canaris thrust a gag into the gaping mouth, and in two minutes their captive was lying bound and helpless on the straw.

"What did you tell him?" asked Guy.

Canaris smiled.

"I said our lamp was going out," he replied. "And now



MELTON'S WOUND WAS PAINING HIM AGAIN, AND HE LEANED HEAVILY ON GUY.

for the man at the prison door. I must get him inside, for his post is in plain view of the guard at the gate."

A solution to this puzzling problem was closer at hand than any one imagined. The creaking of a door was heard, followed by approaching footsteps.

"Here he comes now," said Canaris in an excited whisper. "He has grown suspicious, and has determined to investigate behind the door. Quick."

Canaris darted to the other side of the doorway, and then ensued another period of chilling suspense.

The tread came nearer, and at last another stalwart Nubian blocked the doorway with his massive bulk. His look of wonder was comical as he saw his comrades gagged and bound on the dungeon floor, but before the half articulated exclamation could escape his lips, Canaris had him by the throat, and down they came. The fellow uttered one cry, and then, as his head struck the edge of the door in falling, his struggles lessened, and with no trouble at all he was gagged and bound, and placed beside his comrade, who was taking in the whole scene with eyes that seemed fairly bulging from their sockets.

Canaris tore the ammunition from their belts, handed Guy and Melton their rifles, and then blowing out the lamp, he pushed them into the corridor and bolted the door.

"Two heads will be off in the morning," he remarked grimly. "One more victory and we are out of prison."

He blew out the light that stood in the corridor and led the way through the darkness till he reached the door. He pulled it open, a crack revealing the moonlit courtyard, and took a long, careful survey.

"There is the man we want," he whispered, pointing across the court, and putting his eyes to the crevice Guy saw against the massive prison wall a dark shadow, leaning grimly on a rifle.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FLIGHT THROUGH THE TOWN.

IT was a critical situation for the three fugitives, crouching behind the heavy prison door. That grim sentry over yonder by the gate must be noiselessly and effectually overpowered, and that at once. Any moment guards might come from the palace, and then—oh, it was horrible; the public square, the executioner's gleaming knife, the roar of the populace.

Guy's brain whirled at this appalling panorama, and he clutched the door for support.

"Can't we rush on him?" asked Melton.

Canaris laughed grimly.

"Before we could take three steps from the door," he said, "the fellow would see us and alarm the palace. If I go alone the chances are that before you can reach me he would succeed in making an outcry. Our only hope lies in getting away from the town before our escape is discovered."

"But what are you going to do, Canaris?" asked Guy excitedly. "We are losing precious time."

"Keep cool," replied the Greek. "I will fix him in five minutes. Stay where you are and don't make a sound. When I wave my hand, then come."

He removed his burnous and stuffed it under his tunic. Then he calmly opened the door and walked straight across the court toward the guard, who looked up carelessly at his approach. With their eyes glued against the cracks of the door Guy and Melton waited in terrible suspense.

A short conversation ensued. Canaris turned and pointed toward the prison. The guard replied with many gestures, and finally in his eagerness placed his rifle against the wall. What followed was so swift and dexterous that it passed like a dream.

The Greek's right hand shot from his bosom clasping some glittering object. It struck the astonished guard on the forehead with a sharp click that echoed across the courtyard, and without a sound he dropped on his knees and then rolled over on the stone pavement.

Canaris waved his hand and then the two captives dashed breathlessly across the courtyard.

"Is he dead?" asked Guy in a horrified whisper.

"Only stunned," replied Canaris. "I struck him with the butt of my revolver. Quick now; bind and gag him while I find the key and open the gate."

Guy hastily fastened the fellow's feet and arms, and stuffed a roll of linen in his mouth.

Melton stood looking on. His wound was beginning to give him some pain again.

With a low exclamation of triumph Canaris pulled from the Nubian's waist a narrow belt on which hung a ponderous iron key. All rose to their feet. Guy dropped the unconscious guard under the shadow of the wall. The supreme moment had come. The great courtyard, white in the light of the moon, was empty. The heavy doors leading to the palace were shut. Beyond the high prison walls all seemed quiet. The city was asleep.

The first stage of the journey was accomplished in safety. The terrible passage through the town was before them now.

With a hand that trembled ever so slightly Canaris inserted the key in the lock. It turned with a harsh rattle, and at a touch of the hand the brazen gate swung outward.

The Greek made a hasty survey and then stepped noiselessly outside. They were in a narrow side street which ran past the Emir's palace. The side toward the prison was in deep shadow. On the other side was a long stone building, with two or three narrow grated windows.

"That is an Arab storehouse opposite," said Canaris. "We are safe for the present. Now follow me closely. Walk boldly and fearlessly and keep a few feet apart."

He started off at a rapid gait, his white burnous tossing on his shoulders, and with fast beating hearts Guy and Melton came close behind. In five minutes they turned into another narrow passage running at right angles, and continuing along this for forty or fifty yards, made still another sharp turn.

The two streets they had just traversed had been lined for the most part with big warehouses, and slave markets. It was in fact the business part of the town, alive with people during the day, deserted at night. But now a crisis was at hand. Canaris halted his little party in the shadow of a building and pointed straight up the street.

"Yonder lies the main avenue," he said. "We must cross it to reach our destination. Keep yourselves well under control, don't show any fear, and if any people are about don't look at them. If they address you make no reply."

Guy marveled at the Greek's coolness under such terrible circumstances. Every moment was a torture to him as long as they remained in the midst of these bloodthirsty fiends.

In five minutes they reached the main street. From the slight ridge on which they stood they could see stretching afar on either hand the moonlit roadway, spectered with the dark shadows of the houses. They had been traveling on three sides of a square. Fifty yards down the street the tower of the Emir's palace was visible, outlined faintly against the pale gray sky.

As they stepped from the shadows upon the open roadway, an Arab stalked from a doorway opposite, and without troubling himself to come nearer addressed Canaris in a strange tongue.

Guy's heart seemed to leap into his throat as he nervously handled the revolver that stuck in his belt.

Canaris coolly replied in a low voice. The Arab evinced no intention of coming any nearer, and in an instant more the fugitives had plunged into the gloom of another cross street.

On all sides now were rude abodes, some of sandstone, others of clay, and at some places even tents were to be seen. Laughter and loud talking came from open windows. Two or three fierce looking Somali warriors stalked past in dignified silence, and an Arab sheik, wrapped closely in his garment, looked at them curiously as he hurried by.

Melton now walked with difficulty. His wound had broken out afresh and was bleeding. The weight of the rifle was too much for him, and he was compelled to abandon it in the road.

"A little farther now," said Canaris encouragingly, "and we shall be safe."

Melton tried to walk faster, leaning on Guy's arm, but at last, with a moan of pain, he sank to the ground.

"Go on, leave me; save yourselves," he whispered feebly as they bent over him and tried to lift him to his feet.

"One more effort, my dear Melton," implored Guy in an agony, "only one more effort and we shall be safe; come we can carry you if you can't walk."

Forbes tried to loosen their grasp. His breath came short and quick, and drops of sweat started on his forehead.

The excitement and exertion he had gone through, added to the loss of blood, had completely prostrated him.

"No," he gasped. "Go, go at once. You can escape. I would only keep you back and cause your capture; better one than three."

The wounded man was bent on making a sacrifice of himself. Words would be of no avail. Already the night was drawing near its close; but little time remained to them.

Guy threw an appealing glance at Canaris. The Greek's features were immovable. He calmly waited the result of Guy's pleading.

"My brave fellow," said Chutney in a husky voice, kneeling down and clasping Melton's hand, "I refuse to accept your sacrifice. I shall remain here with you and we will meet our fate together. Canaris, save yourself while there is yet time. I will not desert my friend."

The Greek paused irresolutely. The convulsive workings of his face showed the struggle going on in his mind. Suddenly Melton rose on one elbow, and cried excitedly:

"Go, go, I tell you."

Guy shook his head. "No," he said decidedly, "I will remain."

"You are throwing your lives away," said Melton bitterly. "Here, help me up. I will make another effort."

In an instant Guy and Canaris had gladly pulled him to his feet, and off they went again as rapidly as possible. All was quiet around them. A deep silence, broken only by the occasional low of a cow, had enwrapped the town. So far their escape had remained undiscovered.

"Ah, here we are," said Canaris joyfully, turning down a dark, dirty passage, so narrow that the three could barely walk abreast. "In three minutes we shall reach the wall."

Three minutes is not a long time, but it is long enough for many things to happen. They had traversed half the length of the street when Guy, moved by one of those sudden, unexplainable impulses, turned his head.

Ten yards behind, crawling with soft and stealthy tread, was a grim, half-naked Somali. How long he had been following in their track it was impossible to tell. But there he was, a stern Nemesis, the moonlight shining on spear and shield, and glowing on the dark, villainous features.

Guy and Canaris wheeled round and stood with drawn revolvers. The Somali clutched his spear and drew up his shield. The silence remained unbroken.

One single cry and a mad horde would rush forth like bees from a hive. The Somali made one step backward, then another, and then opening his mouth he gave a yell that was caught up in horrible echoes till the street fairly rang.

"Malediction!" cried Canaris in uncontrollable fury, "that's your last shout," and taking quick aim he pulled his revolver on the shouting Somali.

A stunning report, a hollow groan, and down came the

savage all in a heap while the heavy shield bounded with a clatter over the stones.

(To be continued.)

A FORTUNATE RUNAWAY.

BY G. K. WHITMORE.

"YOU want to be careful of them horses," said the stable boy, as he brought the team up to the hotel porch.

"Oh, that's all right. I've driven horses before," quietly responded the young fellow who stood on the piazza drawing on his gloves; then, turning to two ladies who had just come out, he added: "All ready, Aunt Hetty."

"Hum, you better get your stretchers ready," remarked the stable boy to the men about the barn when he returned. "That Eastern dude knows too much. Don't look as if he could hold a baseball bat, much less a team like Nick an' Dander. But he would have the liveliest horses we'd got in the stable, and, as the colonel said 'Give 'em to him,' I've



THEY SPEED ACROSS THE BRIDGE WITH A DEAFENING CLATTER.

got nothin' to say," and after uttering the above contradiction in terms—for he had certainly said a good deal—Hod Banks washed his hands in a pail at the pump and went in to his dinner.

Meantime the light, two-seated wagon rolled off down the road, its three occupants looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to an afternoon's drive through one of the famous Arizona canyons. Rob Brandon had been invited to accompany his aunt and cousin as escort on a Western vacation trip, and, as they were all from Kentucky, and consequently fond of horses, they were now particularly pleased to leave their iron steed for a day and take a spin behind living motors.

Mrs. Hurst had been over the route before, and consequently knew just where the best scenery was to be viewed, and hence the little party saw many interesting nooks that the ordinary tourists did not know about. The present outing had one of these for its objective point, although Rob declared that the whole road was as good as the terminus possibly could be.

Certainly it was wild and novel enough, for after skirting an irrigation reservoir it became what in Western parlance is termed a "dugway"—a wagon track half way up a mountain side, "awful depths" below, "sublime heights" above.

A brook brawled its way along clear down at the bottom of the canyon, and formed a pleasant accompaniment to the sound of the horses' hoof beats on the hard road.

"We cross that brook, didn't you say, Aunt Hetty, to reach Ravenswood Ranch?" remarked Bob, as they bowled along.

"Yes; but it's something more than a brook by that time," was the reply. "Now notice what a pretty curve there is just ahead."

But from that moment Rob had no chance to notice anything but his team. For a bold little squirrel, in trying to spring from the topmost branch of a tree that grew from the precipice side of the dugway to the lowermost branch of another across the road, just grazed the ears of the nigh horse, who at once broke into a ran. His mate joined him, and within a minute both were tearing along the narrow roadway at a terrific rate.

Rob never lost his head, nor his grip on the lines, but both by voice—calm, steady "Whoa theres," no wild shrieking, calculated only to send the animals on at a still wilder pace—and muscle endeavored to pull the horses down. But it was all in vain; no impression was produced; if anything, they flew along still faster, the light carriage threatening every instant to plunge off the narrow wagon track.

A more perilous situation it would be hard to conceive. Should another team be met certain destruction to both seemed unavoidable, while even without that contingency there appeared to be scarcely any hope that the occupants of the carriage could escape a frightful death.

And yet not one cry escaped either of the ladies, nor did they make any attempts at jumping out. They both saw that Rob had the horses measurably under control, so far as guiding them was concerned, and knew that if they did not meet another team, there was some chance of the runaways finally tiring themselves out before any damage was done.

But of this there seemed no immediate probability. On and on they tore. Here was another bend in the road just ahead. With compressed lips and pallid faces, the mother and daughter clung to the seat rails, while with steady eye and hand the undaunted young driver prepared to guide the infuriated brutes safely around the curve.

So intent are all three on this momentous turning point that none hear a dull boom in their rear.

Ah, the bend is reached, the carriage swerves, two wheels on the left side leave the ground, but take it again in an instant, and once again the horses are bounding onward, this time on a down grade toward the bridge.

On the other side of this the road ascends to a table land, on which is situated Ravenswood Ranch. If the team can only be guided safely till this grade is reached all may yet be well.

Down towards the bridge they rush like the wind, and the curve safely passed, Rob turns his head for an instant to see if his aunt is safe.

"Oh, Rob, what are you doing?" cries his cousin beside him the next second, for, rising from his seat, the boy takes the whip and administers a lash to the already madly galloping animals that causes a spurt to be made which nearly throws the riders from their seats.

Certainly the act does seem to be an insane one, but the young driver offers no explanation, merely lashes the horses anew and urges them onward towards the bridge, across which they speed the next moment with a deafening clatter.

Then all see the explanation of the act, for coming down the canyon behind them is a seething mass of water—foaming, surging, covering the dugway over which they have just passed and already sending an advance guard to lick the horses' hoofs as they dash across the bridge. The dam has burst, and the irrigating reservoir has been let loose.

The team cannot gallop too quickly now. All three occupants of the carriage unite their voices in the effort to send them onward at still greater speed, each sensible of the fact that had it not been for the runaway they would all, by this time, have been beneath the ingulging waters.

As it was, they barely reached the plateau when the seething flood swept past behind them, the bridge being carried off as if made of cardboard.

The horses were so blown by the time they reached the hilltop that they were glad to walk all the rest of the way to the Ranch, to which the first news of the burst dam was carried by the participators in this Fortunate Runaway.

THE MYSTIC MINE;

OR,

STRANGE ADVENTURES IN MEXICO AND ARIZONA.*

BY WILL LISENBEE.

CHAPTER XV.

WALTER'S PLAN.

AFTER remaining an hour in the tent, Mr. Sheldon and Walter Rivers again started in search of Harry; but after traveling for a mile through the ravine, and exploring every turn of the winding valley, they failed to find the slightest trace of the missing one. As they returned they crossed some of the low hills, but only the blackened rocks and waste of sand met their gaze.

It was dusk when they reached camp after their fruitless search. They took an hour's rest, within which time they ate a lunch of bacon and sea biscuits, washing it down with strong coffee.

Then placing a lunch in their haversacks, they gathered up their canteens and set out for Dead Man's Canyon.

The night was dark, and they had to proceed with caution so as to avoid the many crevices that lay in their path. Their situation was indeed a gloomy one, and Walter had fully realized this when Mr. Sheldon pointed out the uncertainty of their ever being able to get safely across the desert, now that their camels were gone.

"Mr. Sheldon," he said, breaking the silence, "might it not be that our camels have gone back to the canyon? I have heard it said that they could scent water for miles."

"So they can," answered the old man, "and it may be as you say, my boy. I hope we will find them on reaching the canyon; but I fear the storm must have driven them northward. In that case it is possible that they have strayed on toward Black Basin."

Walter was too depressed to make any reply to this, and they journeyed on in silence.

*Begun in No. 397 of THE ARGOSY.



Nearly three hours later they discovered the rocks of Dead Man's Canyon looming through the darkness close ahead. They crossed the high rocky cliff that rose many feet above the plain, and descended into the canyon. Here they found to their surprise many deep crevices made by the earthquake, showing that the shock had been as severe here as at Sabre Hill.

They made their way through the thick bushes that skirted the spring, and a moment later both Walter and Mr. Sheldon stopped, a cry of surprise upon their lips. The earthquake had opened a great crevice in the rocks and *the spring had gone dry!*

"Heaven help us! what can we do now?" cried Walter, his voice husky with emotion.

"God only knows, my boy," answered Mr. Sheldon gloomily. "But there is hope yet of finding water at one of the other springs. This canyon was watered by three springs, and they all issue from the rocks along the west side. We will follow the dry bed of this creek down till we come to the other springs."

"Let us be off at once," said Walter. "Surely we will find water at one of the springs."

"I pray to Heaven we may," answered the old man, "for if we do not there is no hope that we will ever leave the desert alive."

With sinking spirits the two turned and made their way slowly down the ravine.

"Do you think we can find the springs in the dark?" asked Walter.

"I am not sure about that," was the answer. "I have always heard that the three springs were situated along the western border of the canyon, and at the foot of the chain of cliffs, though I had never been here till we came a few days ago. I think we can find the springs, however, if we keep close to the cliff."

They continued their search for over a mile, being careful to avoid the crevices made by the earthquake; then they halted, and Mr. Sheldon said:

"One of the springs should be near here somewhere."

For a half hour they searched along the cliff, but did not find the slightest indication of water.

"The largest spring is situated at the lower end of the canyon," said the old man. "Perhaps we had better go there at once. If there is any water in the place it is at the lower spring."

"I'm afraid it will be daylight before we get started back even if we find water," said Walter.

"You are right," was the answer. "I am almost exhausted and tired out, and feel as if I must have rest. Walter, suppose we give over the search for the spring till light. We both need rest, and a little sleep will do us much good."

"All right. Let us stop here till daylight. We have a little water in our canteens—enough to last us part of the day tomorrow."

They selected a level place back from the cliff a few yards where the short bunch grass grew so abundantly as to almost cover the ground, and throwing themselves on this they were soon asleep.

The morning sun was shining brightly over the low cliffs that run along the eastern border of the canyon when they awoke, feeling greatly refreshed.

Without waiting to eat any of the lunch they had brought with them they started at once in search of the springs. They had traveled but a short distance when they came to the place where the second spring had been, but, like the first, *it had gone dry!*

"There's only one chance left," said Mr. Sheldon, "and that is of finding water at the lower spring."

It was with gloomy spirits that they turned and continued their course down the canyon. There was not a breath of wind to stir the hot leaves of the stunted chaparral and manzanita bushes, and a silence like death brooded over the valley.

After a brisk walk of twenty minutes, on bursting through a clump of bushes, they came suddenly in sight of a clear stream of water issuing from the rocks.

With a glad cry upon his lips Walter rushed forward toward the spring. But just at that moment the sharp crack of a pistol shot rang out upon the still morning air, and a wreath of blue smoke curled up from a patch of bushes beyond the spring.

Mr. Sheldon uttered a faint moan and sank down among the bushes, and Walter barely had time to throw himself to the ground when two more bullets sped over him.

Neither Mr. Sheldon nor Walter was armed with a gun, though each carried a pistol in his belt. As Walter dropped to the ground, he quickly shielded himself behind a neighboring boulder, and drew his weapon. But the foe, whoever he was, still kept within the cover of the thicket beyond the spring. Walter saw the smoke curling up, and discharged three shots rapidly into the bushes beneath.

There was a quick movement among the brush, and Walter caught sight of two dark forms as they sought shelter behind an angle in the cliff.

The boy now turned his gaze to Mr. Sheldon, and saw him lying a few yards away, the stain of blood upon his face. Uttering a groan of despair, he crawled hastily toward his fallen companion; but before he could gain his side, the old man rose to a sitting posture and gazed about him in a startled manner.

Walter grasped him firmly by the arm. "Quick," he exclaimed, "let us get behind these rocks before the assassins have time for another shot!" and as he spoke he half dragged the wounded man behind a boulder close at hand.

Nor was Walter's movement an instant too soon, for they had barely gained the shelter of the rocks when again the crack of pistols sounded down the canyon, and the bullets cut the leaves within a foot of their heads.

"Are you hurt much?" gasped Walter, his face as pale as death.

The old man placed his hand to his head, and wiped away the blood which was trickling down his face.

"No; I think not," he answered. "The ball just glauced across my head."

Kneeling down, Walter hastily examined the wound, and found that the bullet had only passed through the flesh, cutting an ugly furrow across the side of the head.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Walter. "The wound is not a dangerous one."

He then poured some water from his canteen and washed the blood from the old man's head and face, and tearing his handkerchief in strips, bound up the wound.

"It is Brazleton and his men," he said. "They are behind the rocks yonder. I caught a glimpse of them just now as they dodged behind the cliff."

"Do you think they are there yet?" asked Mr. Sheldon.

"Yes," returned Walter. "They are camped beyond the clump of bushes yonder, I think. I caught sight of one of their burros just before they fired the last shots."

"Walter," said the old man in a low tone, "we are in a desperate situation, for now that they have failed to kill us by their shots, they will endeavor to keep us away from the spring till we perish for water."

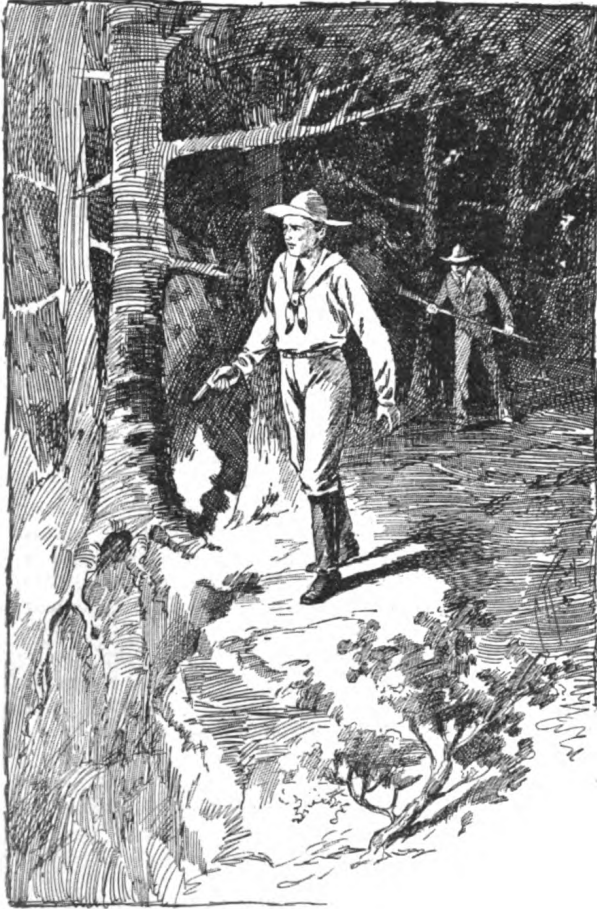
"Do you think they would do that?" asked Walter.

"Do it?—of course, they would do anything."

"But what are *we* to do?" asked Walter. "They certainly will not leave the spring."

"Let us fall back up the canyon, Walter, and we will come to some conclusion."

Keeping themselves sheltered from observation, as muc



WALTER SAW NOT THE MAN BEHIND HIM.

as possible, they stole cautiously through the brush, and were soon beyond the range of the outlaws' bullets. Turning an angle in the cliff, they came to a smooth grassy plot of earth surrounded by a dense clump of low scrubby brush.

"Let us stop here," said Mr. Sheldon. "I don't think they intend to attack us again, and if they do we could not find a better place than this in which to defend ourselves."

"That is true," approved Walter. "I think we can withstand any attack they can make on us; but we shall not wait for them to attack us. I have a better plan than that."

"What is it?"

"We must attack them first," said Walter coolly.

CHAPTER XVI.

"TOM PERKINS OF DENVER."

HARRY could hardly believe the evidence of his senses as he held the lump of yellow metal in his hand. Here was the mystic mine at last! What a strange combination of circumstances had brought about its discov-

ery! What joyful news he could now carry to his companions!

As soon as he recovered from his surprise, he began to examine his surroundings by the light of a match. As the feeble glare fell upon the floor, which was almost level at that point, and over which the water was running, he discovered a bed of small pebbles. He took up a handful of these and inspected them carefully. They were mixed with small nuggets of gold!

Here was a mine of wealth at his very side. Oh, if he could only escape from the cave now, and bear the glad tidings to Mr. Sheldon and Walter!

Hastily filling his pockets with the largest nuggets he could find, he stole back to the opening to wait for the coming of day. How it fretted him to be compelled to wait till morning to resume work. Every moment was of the greatest value, yet he must remain idle.

He threw himself on the pile of dry sand, determined to make the best of his situation. While lying there, a sense of weariness stole over him, and he fell asleep.

He could not have slept long, when suddenly he awoke, and rising to a sitting posture he listened intently, but could hear nothing. What had roused him he could not tell.

"Hello, down there!"

The voice came from above, and Harry started to his feet, a glad cry upon his lips.

"Is that you, Walter?" he asked eagerly.

"No," was the answer, "Walter's not my name that I know of; but I'm ready to help you out of there without any introduction. What are you doing down there, any way?"

"I fell in here last night," shouted Harry, wondering who the stranger could be, "and couldn't get out. Have you a rope?"

"No—I'll be hanged if I have—but just wait a few minutes."

Harry heard footsteps retreating from the opening above, and then all was silent.

It could not have been much over thirty minutes before Harry again heard footsteps on the ground above, but it seemed hours to him.

"Can you climb a rope?" came the voice from the surface.

"Yes," answered Harry.

"All right. Here you are," and the next moment the end of a rope shot downward and fell at Harry's side.

Harry grasped the rope, and trying it, to see that it was held tightly above, he quickly climbed to the top, and stood face to face with his deliverer.

It was too dark to clearly distinguish the features of the stranger, yet Harry could see that he was a young man, something near his own age, of slender build, dressed in a suit of light colored material, with a wide brimmed hat set well back upon his head.

Harry advanced and held out his hand.

"I want to thank you for rescuing me from that hole," he said. "You have perhaps saved my life."

"I don't want to hear anything about thanks," answered the other, grasping Harry's hand warmly. "You can just bet your life I'm as glad to see you as you are to get out of that hole. But if I hadn't found that little piece of paper as it was blowing over the hill yonder, I'm afraid I wouldn't have had the pleasure of meeting you tonight, any way."

"Then you found the slip of paper I threw out?"

"Yes; found it nearly an eighth of a mile from here, blowing across the hill."

"And how did you come to find the place so readily?"

"Well, I didn't find it very readily, as I've been searching for it for three hours; but how long have you been in there, and how came you to be here alone?"

"I was in there nearly twenty four hours," answered Harry. "Our camels were stampeded by the storm, and in searching for them I got lost in the darkness and fell into this hole. My companions are doubtless searching for me now—have you seen them?" he asked eagerly. "They must be somewhere near here."

"No, I have not," was the answer, "but your camels are up at my cave; they found themselves in a narrow canyon. Following this for a hundred yards, they turned to the left, and came suddenly up to a high cliff."

"Here we are," said Harry's guide, advancing toward an opening the face of the rocks. Pausing, he lighted a match, then, entering the passage, he bade Harry follow.

A dozen yards from the entrance they stopped, while Harry's companion took a small tin lamp from the crevice in the rocks and lighted it.

As the rays penetrated the surrounding gloom, Harry glanced about him. He was in a cavern of some fifteen to twenty feet in width, with rocky walls reaching to a conical ceiling a dozen feet above. The floor was of smooth rock, and at one side of the room some blankets were spread as if for a bed. Scattered here and there were a number of large canvas sacks such as are used in carrying freight across the desert.

Harry had only taken a rapid glance about the room when his companion turned suddenly and said:

"I suppose you are wondering who I am and how I came here, but I'm not going to indulge in any narratives till you have had something to eat; but I don't mind telling you, now, that I am Tom Perkins of Denver, as I feel confident that such an announcement will not deprive you of your appetite."

"You can rest assured on that point," laughed Harry, "for I feel as hungry as a tramp."

As Harry glanced at his strange companion, he saw a youth with light hair and large blue eyes, that looked out fearlessly at all the world. His complexion, though bronzed by exposure to the sun, was as delicate as a girl's, yet there was a force of character and resolution expressed in that delicately molded face and those dauntless blue eyes, that gave evidence of strength and courage within.

"Just find a seat there on the blankets and make yourself comfortable till I adjust matters in the culinary department," said Harry's new found friend, cordially.

With this he crossed the cave, and in a few moments had a bright blaze kindled between two small rocks. He then placed a coffee pot over the fire, and going to another part of the cave, brought some tin cups and plates and placed them on one of the large canvas sacks which was to serve as a table.

Presently the aroma of boiling coffee filled the cave. Then some slices of broiled ham and canned beef were brought forward by Harry's host, and these were soon reinforced by crackers and *tortilla* which Tom Perkins declared had been baked four weeks before.

Then some canned corn and Columbia salmon were placed

on the "table," accompanied by some delicious California peaches from an Oakland canning factory.

"My lord, the banquet waits!" said Perkins, in a dramatic voice, as he poured the coffee into the tin cups.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Harry, as he seated himself at the improvised table, "this is indeed a banquet, and I never felt hungrier in my life."

Very little was said during the meal, and when it was over they seated themselves on the blankets.

"Now," said Tom Perkins, "shall we go in search of your friends, or wait till morning?"

"I hardly know what to do," returned Harry. "It is impossible for me to tell which course to take to find our camp, as I haven't the slightest idea what direction I traveled in the darkness last night."

"Then you had better remain here till morning," was the answer, "as traveling through these valleys by night is rather perilous business since the earthquake has gashed the whole surface of the ground with huge crevices."

"Very well," said Harry, "I'll wait till morning before attempting to find my way back."

"That's good;" returned Tom Perkins, "and now let's devote a little time to making each other's acquaintance."

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE CLIFFS.

MR. SHELDON looked in surprise at Walter as the latter proposed making an attack upon the three outlaws.

"They are well armed and fortified behind the rocks," said the old man, "and I am afraid we'll have great difficulty in routing them with nothing but our pistols."

"Of course the odds are against us," returned Walter, "but our object is mainly to drive them from the spring, and I believe I have a plan whereby it can be accomplished."

"Well, I hope you have, my boy, for something has got to be done, and the more quickly the better."

"My plan is this," continued Walter. "I will go up the canyon to where I can scale the cliff; then by taking a circuitous route, I will approach the outlaws' camp from the west, and make the attack from the top of the cliffs over their heads. Meantime, you can crawl up within pistol range of them and wait for me to open the fight. They will not be expecting it, I fancy, and if we can succeed in driving them from the spring our main object will have been accomplished. By opening fire on them from two directions at once they will imagine that they have two parties to deal with."

"I understand," said Mr. Sheldon. "I believe your plan will work. I am willing to try, at any rate, and the sooner we commence operations the better."

"You are right; and now let us see to loading our pistols and get ready for business," said Walter.

They soon had their weapons in readiness, and then Walter rose, saying:

"You can wait here for a half hour, at least. Then start down the canyon and manage to get as near the outlaws' camp as possible, without being seen. When you have gained a suitable place for the attack wait for me to give the signal, and then fire as rapidly as possible."

As Walter started to go away, Mr. Sheldon held out his hand.

"My dear boy," he said, "may Heaven protect you in this undertaking, for if we fail in this, there is no hope—"

"But we are not going to fail," replied Walter cheerfully, grasping the old man's hand. "Those Greasers are cowards and can never stand our fire—but I must be going," and

with this Walter crept through the bushes and disappeared up the canyon.

Mr. Sheldon threw himself in the shade of some bushes and lay quiet for nearly a half hour. Then again looking at his pistol to see that it was in proper order, he began to crawl toward the outlaws' camp, being careful to keep his body concealed by the low bushes that grew thickly in the ravine.

He took a southeasterly course, intending to travel in that direction till opposite the spring, when he would change his direction and approach the outlaws' camp from the east.

They would doubtless least expect an attack from that side, for the vegetation was so scant there as to make it impossible for any one to approach unobserved. The ground was partially covered with a short, dry grass, with a scattering growth of stunted manzanita and mesquite bushes, the largest of which were not over two feet in height.

Mr. Sheldon well knew that a sharp watch would be kept on the north and south approaches to the spring, and it would be a difficult matter to get within pistol shot of the outlaws by any other route than the one he had chosen. His canteens had been left in the thicket above, so he carried nothing save his pistol, and this he held in his hand ready for instant use.

For a quarter of an hour he continued to crawl through the bushes, keeping his body as close to the ground as possible. He had now reached a point almost directly opposite the outlaws' camp, and was compelled to proceed with the greatest caution. He knew that if he should lift his head above the bushes he would be in view of the enemy.

The heat rising from the sun scorched earth almost suffocated him, yet he crept stealthily forward, using every precaution against making the slightest sound that might attract the attention of the outlaws.

He was now within fifty or sixty yards of the spring, and through the fringed tops of the bushes he could see Brazleton by the cliff, evidently holding a consultation with one of the Greasers.

They were screened from the sight of any one who might approach from the north or south, but through an opening that ran eastward from the rocks, the old man could get a plain view of them.

Mr. Sheldon now stopped, and still holding his pistol ready for instant use, waited for the attack. He cast his eyes toward the top of the high cliff that rose almost perpendicularly above the spring, but could see nothing of the boy.

The few twisted cedars, clinging to the summit of the cliff,

stood like grim sentinels overlooking the silent valley, not a breath of wind stirring their hot, dust laden leaves. Lying there, with the fierce sun beating down upon him, Mr. Sheldon waited for some signal from Walter, every moment seeming like an age to him.

He was now beginning to feel keenly the pangs of a burning thirst, and every moment added to the tortures of his painful situation. Slowly the minutes dragged by until an hour had passed, but still no sign of Walter. What had happened to him? Surely, he would not have waited so long unless some accident had befallen him.

These thoughts passed rapidly through the old man's mind as he vainly scanned the summit of the cliff with the hopes of catching a glimpse of his young companion.

Meantime, Walter had walked briskly up the canyon for nearly half a mile, and finding a place where he could scale the rocky wall, he was soon on the high, sandy plain above. Then taking a circuitous route, he proceeded in the direction of the cliff that overhung the spring where the outlaws were camped.

The ground over which he traveled was full of deep, sandy gullies, with here and there a bunch of giant cacti standing like motionless sentinels above the sun parched earth.

He approached more cautiously as he neared the cliff, keeping his body low among the bushes that struggled for existence among the rocks. When within a few rods of the edge of the precipice, he dropped upon his hands and knees and crawled noiselessly forward, pistol in hand.

He dared not think of the result should his plan fail. It must *not* fail. Already, he was feeling the pangs of thirst, and this made him desperate.

Would the outlaws be in pistol range when he should reach the edge of the cliff? He was sure they would be, for, as far as he could judge, from the view he had had of the cliff from below, he would be within thirty yards from their camp, at the best point of attack. He remembered that the largest bunch of cedar bushes stood almost over the spring, and from behind these he expected to approach the edge of the precipice.

The rocks and sand were so hot that his hands were almost blistered. He reached the clump of cedars and was in the act of rising to peer over the ledge, when he heard a step at his side.

He started quickly to his feet. As he did so, something struck him from behind, and he fell senseless among the bushes.

(To be continued.)



TOM TURNER'S LEGACY.*

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"SHALL OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"



R. CARTER?" called out Tom with a smile. "How do you do?"

"Why—why, Tom," stammered Hannibal, "what brings you here?"

"I am working in the city."

"You don't say! Who are you working for?"

"Armstrong & Co., importers."

"Is it a big firm?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you get the place?"

"A gentleman in the city got it for me."

"But I didn't know that you had any friends in the city?"

"I didn't have any, but I got a letter calling for me to come to the city, and I came up—and got the place."

"You—got—a—letter?" said Hannibal, looking queer. "From whom?"

"From Mr. James Elmore," answered Tom. "Do you know him?" he continued, looking Mr. Carter full in the face.

"Never heard the name before," answered Hannibal, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"Neither had I ever heard of him. It seemed strange that he should have written to me."

"Well, it does appear a little odd," muttered Hannibal. "Perhaps he had heard of you."

"When mother and I called on him he said he'd never heard of us, and that he didn't write the letter."

"Sho!" ejaculated Mr. Carter, looking uneasy with his sense of secret guilt. "So he gave you a place, did he?"

"No, he didn't have anything for me, but we met another gentleman who took an interest in us, and recommended me to Mr. Armstrong."

"So it all turned out well after all. What do you do?"

"I run on errands mostly."

"And do you get enough to pay your way?"

"Yes, if I am very economical. By the way, Mr. Carter, have you come across any more property belonging to Uncle Brinton?"

"No, I haven't. It's very queer. He must have had some somewhere. You hain't found anything, have you?"

"Where should I be likely to find any property, Mr. Carter?"

"I thought maybe you might come across some in the old trunk."

"The old trunk has been pretty well searched through," said Tom with a keen look at Hannibal. "If there had been anything it would have turned up before now. I believe you were willing to give twenty five dollars for the trunk, Cousin Hannibal."

"I—no. I didn't say so, did I?"

"You said you wanted it to remember Uncle Brinton by."

"Well, I've changed my mind. Twenty five dollars is a good deal of money, and you may as well keep the trunk."

Tom was secretly amused, for he understood very well why the old trunk had lost its value in the eyes of Hannibal Carter.

"You must excuse me, Cousin Hannibal," he went on, "but it won't do for me to stand here any longer. I must be getting back to the store."

Hannibal looked after Tom as he turned the corner.

"It's very queer how things have turned out," he soliloquized. "That boy has regularly stumbled into luck. He ought to be obliged to me for getting him to the city—but he mustn't know I wrote the letter. No, he mustn't know that, or he might suspect something."

"I wonder whether the boy really found anything in the trunk," he asked himself with returning suspicion. "I don't believe he can earn enough to pay his way in the city. Maybe he has sold a bond, and got a reserve fund to fall back upon."

Mr. Carter was naturally suspicious, and the problem of the missing bonds still disturbed him not a little. Then he wondered whether Tom and his mother had heard anything of his secret visit, and of his examination of the trunk. There was only one man who could expose him, and that was the tramp who had followed him into the house through the window. It was certainly very unfortunate that he should be in the power of such a man. But after all, why need he fear? It was very doubtful if he would ever meet him again. The poor vagabond might be five hundred miles away. At any rate the fellow could not trace him, for Hannibal had taken good care not to mention his place of residence. So after all he need not borrow any trouble on this score.

"Good morning, old friend!" said a voice just behind him.

Hannibal turned suddenly, and his heart sank within him.

There, eying him with a queer smile, was the very man of whom he was thinking—the man whom he fancied five hundred miles away.

"Startled you, did I?" asked the other with a mocking smile.

"I—you have the advantage of me!" returned Hannibal with a wild hope of bluffing off his unwelcome acquaintance.

"Have I? Well, I rather think I have," answered the tramp with a peculiar smile. "It's queer we should meet here—on Broadway, isn't it?"

"I don't know you."

"No, you don't—that is, you never heard my name, but I know you."

"I don't believe it," retorted Hannibal, for he knew that he had not mentioned his name when they met at Hillsboro.

"I can guess at any rate. Suppose I should say that you are Hannibal Carter, of Fordham? How would that do for a guess?"

Hannibal stared at the other in terrified bewilderment, and became limp with stupefaction and alarm.

"How—did—you—find out?" he ejaculated.

"Then I guessed right?"

"Yes—es, that is my name."

"Never mind how I found out. I wanted to know who you were, and I took measures to ascertain. You didn't find anything in the trunk, did you?"

"Hush!" said Hannibal nervously.

"I suppose you don't want it talked about. It was rather a queer thing for a man like you to climb in through the kitchen winder—"

"Hush, hush, I say! I'm in a great hurry. I shall have to leave you."

Hannibal quickened his steps, but the tramp—to call him by his old name—kept up with him.

"I say, old fellow, have you had dinner?"

"N—no."

*Begun in No. 391 of THE ARGOSY.

"Neither have I. Suppose you invite me to dine with you. I know a good cheap restaurant near by, where we can have a comfortable chat together."

Hannibal Carter was not in the habit of inviting his acquaintances to dinner where the invitations would entail expenditure of money, but he considered anything preferable to standing in the street with such a man, where it might possibly happen that some acquaintance (for he had quite a number in the city) might happen by.

"Well," he muttered with forced resignation, "if it's a cheap place I don't mind."

Within five minutes they were sitting at a table in a restaurant on Canal Street.

"I'm a leetle better dressed than when I met you last."

"Ye-es."

"I'm not dressed well enough to appear on Fifth Avenue, but I'll do for the Bowery."

Indeed the tramp—no longer a tramp—was dressed in a second hand Prince Albert coat, somewhat the worse for wear, with vest and trousers to correspond, which he had picked up in Baxter Street.

"Have you had luck?" asked Hannibal.

"Well, I made a strike—found a pocket book," and the new acquaintance winked significantly.

Hannibal Carter groaned inwardly. He understood only too well. Here he was—good respectable man, church member too—consorting with a self confessed thief, and even inviting him to dine with him.

"It's terrible!" he thought, and again he pulled out his red silk handkerchief, and mopped his corrugated brow.

Suppose any one should come in who recognized him, and knew the character of his companion. It would be fearful!

"I—I hope you'll lead a strictly honest life in future!" he said in a hortatory tone. "It is not too late for you to turn over a new leaf."

"Come, I like that. Did you ever hear of Satan rebuking sin? There's a pair of us."

"I hope you don't mean to compare yourself with me," said Hannibal indignantly.

"No, I don't, for I'm not a hypocrite. But we mustn't neglect our dinner. I say, waiter, have you any roast turkey and cranberry sauce?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring some vegetables with it, and a bottle of ale."

"I belong to the temperance society," said Hannibal hastily.

"I don't. However, it'll be I that's drinking, not you."

"But it won't be consistent for me to pay for a bottle of ale for you to drink."

"Consistent or not, I reckon you'll have to do it. If you don't drink ale, you don't know what's good. Let me order another bottle for you."

"No, no!" exclaimed Hannibal, holding up both hands in horror.

"Just as you say. Seems to me you draw fine distinctions. It doesn't seem to me any worse to drink a bottle of ale than to climb into another man's house—when he is away—through the kitchen winder."

"For Heaven's sake, stop!" implored Hannibal, in an agony of apprehension.

So the dinner proceeded, and, though it was a cheap restaurant, Hannibal's unwelcome acquaintance managed to run up a bill of nearly a dollar. At length he rose from the table, apparently satisfied, and allowed Hannibal to go on his way, disgusted and annoyed.

"I'll come to see you some time in Fordham," were his last words.

"I hope I shall never set eyes on you again," was Hannibal's inward ejaculation.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TOM'S EYES SERVE HIM TO GOOD PURPOSE.

TOM had written a letter home, and was just taking out the two dollar bill which had been given him by Mr. Seymour, to inclose it, when Ben Barrett came into the room.

"Hallo!" said Ben, espying the note, "where are you sending money?"

"To my mother."

"How much?"

"Two dollars."

"Whew! you are getting to be rich. You don't mean to say you have saved that out of your wages?"

"No. I had it given to me by a lady to whom I carried goods."

"Just introduce me, please. Do you know, Tom, I'm awfully hard up for money?"

"I don't see why you need to be. You get considerably more than I do."

"Well, I don't know how it is, but here it is Thursday night, and I haven't got but a nickel left, and no more coming in till Saturday."

"You can't be a very good manager, Ben."

"I could manage if I had a decent salary," rejoined Ben gloomily. "I'll tell you what I think I'll do when I get my week's pay."

"What?"

"Buy a lottery ticket."

"I think that will be foolish," said Tom, who had been brought up to distrust lotteries, and all forms of gambling. "There isn't much chance of a prize, and twenty chances to one you will lose your money."

"I don't know about that. I was reading a day or two since about a conductor on the Third Avenue road who invested a dollar and drew a hundred. It would be pretty nice to draw a prize of a hundred dollars, eh, 'Tom'?"

"All the same I wouldn't advise you to invest in a ticket."

"Nothing venture, nothing have! I'd like to buy a ticket tonight. There's a drawing on Saturday. You haven't got a dollar you could lend me, Tom?"

Tom shook his head.

"I'll make it all right Saturday. Now if you would just send your mother one dollar, and lend me the other, you could send the second Sunday."

Tom looked at Ben steadily.

"Do you really want me to keep back the money from my mother in order to let you buy a lottery ticket?"

Ben flushed a little.

"Of course I would pay you back," he said.

"No; I couldn't do it even for a friend."

"Oh, well, do as you like!" said Ben pettishly.

At this point there was a knock at the door, and Rosalie, the servant, entered.

"A boy with your washing, Mr. Barrett," she said.

"Tell him to come here."

A boy about twelve presented himself with a bundle of clothes.

"All right!" said Ben carelessly. "Lay the bundle down on the bed."

"Would you be kind enough to pay me for them?" asked the boy.

Ben looked amazed.

"Seems to me you're in a terrible hurry," he said with a frown.

"Mother needs the money. Her rent comes due tomorrow."

"How much do I owe her?"

"For this week and last—a dollar."

"Well, I can't pay it tonight. I've only got a nickel."

The boy looked disappointed, and his lip trembled.

ten to his mother. If it had been his he would have opened it and taken out the two dollar bill.

"Let us go out to walk, then," he said.

"Very well!"

The two boys went out.

"It's awfully inconvenient having no money," said Ben.

"Then you had better manage better next week."

"I hate such close management."

"So do I," said Tom, smiling; "but till I get a larger income I shall have to make up my mind to it."

The boys walked on till they neared the corner of Twenty Third Street. On the east side of the street, and not far away, was a large billiard room.



"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE STOP!" IMPLORED HANNIBAL.

"I don't know what we shall do," he said. "The landlord won't wait for the rent. He will turn us out."

"That doesn't concern me!" said Ben.

Tom was indignant.

"Are you not ashamed, Ben?" he said. "You've been squandering your money, and now you want to buy a lottery ticket, and leave unpaid the poor woman who washes for you."

"I don't want any of your lectures," retorted Ben angrily.

"If I had the money I'd pay it, but I haven't got it."

"You might have had it."

"Well, I haven't, and that's all there is about it."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll lend you the money to pay this boy, and you shall pay me back Saturday."

"A minute ago you wouldn't lend me any."

"Not to buy a lottery ticket, but this is different."

"Well, if you choose to do it you can; but if you had helped me to buy a lottery ticket and I had won a prize I would have given you ten dollars for one."

"I would rather help you pay this bill."

"You're a queer fellow. I'm not the only one that delays paying."

"You don't seem to consider that it may be inconvenient for your laundress."

Ben shrugged his shoulders. He did not care to continue the discussion.

"I wish I had money enough to go to the theater tonight," he said.

"I shouldn't mind going myself."

"Then suppose we go."

"I have lent you all my spare money."

Ben looked significantly at the letter which Tom had writ-

"How are you, Barrett?" said a voice.

Ben turned and recognized a friend of about his own age—Stephen Kidder.

"Good evening, Steve!" said he joyfully. "This is one of my fellow lodgers—Tom Turner."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Turner."

"Thank you."

"What do you say to a game of pool, Ben?"

"I'd like it ever so much, but I have no money. Paid my last dollar to my washerwoman."

"Whew! you're growing virtuous. Well, I've got a little money. It's my birthday, and the governor tipped me to the extent of five dollars. So come up, and we'll have a good time."

"All right!" answered Ben joyfully.

"Won't your friend come up too?"

"No, thank you," said Tom. "I don't play pool."

"We'll teach you."

"Never mind! I'll keep on my walk."

To tell the truth, neither of the boys was sorry that Tom did not accept the invitation. He looked too sober and steady to suit them as a companion. So, with a civil but unmeaning expression of regret, the two boys went up stairs, and Tom was left to pursue his way alone.

It was a bright, pleasant evening, and Tom, not feeling tired, sauntered along past the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and still farther along past Delmonico's, by the Sturtevant and Gilsey Houses, and up as far as Wallack's Theater, as it was then.



Tom was in a thoughtful mood, and walked on slowly with his head down.

Just in front of the theater his eyes were attracted by something sparkling on the sidewalk. It was small, and he would not have noticed it if his eyes had not been exceptionally good. He stooped over and picked up a brilliant stone, which he felt sure must be a diamond, though he had never to his knowledge seen one before.

"It must be valuable," thought Tom. "I will take care of it."

It occurred to him that it might be worth about ten dollars. This, to him, seemed a very large price for a small stone, even if it was a diamond.

"I wish I could see the owner," he thought. "I am afraid I shall have some trouble in restoring it to the loser."

He put it in his upper vest pocket for safety, and, turning slowly, went back to his lodging house. Tom had not yet learned to keep late hours, and generally went to bed before ten o'clock.

It was midnight before Ben came home. He had had a jolly evening, but the next morning his head ached, and he was very unwilling to get up.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SHOPLIFTER.

THE next day Tom rose bright and early and took half a mile walk before breakfast. The natural consequence was that his eyes were bright, and his cheeks glowing with health, as he sat down with a good appetite to breakfast.

"Really, Mr. Turner, you are looking unusually well this morning," said Miss Lucinda Vine, whose sallowness was never brightened by color.

"Thank you, Miss Vine," said Tom, who had by this time learned to return compliments. "You must not flatter me."

"Really, Mr. Turner, I am sincere. I would give a good deal for your healthy color."

"That is because he is young, my dear," said old lady Holland. "Twenty years ago you might have been blooming."

"Twenty years ago?" repeated Miss Vine with concealed annoyance. "I was only six years old at the time. I can't remember so far back. I feel that I am getting old."

"Nonsense, my dear," said the terrible old lady. "You ain't forty yet, be you?"

"I'd like to ring the old cat's neck," thought the annoyed Lucinda. "No, I should say not," she replied sharply. "I shall be forty if I live fourteen years longer. Your eyes must be very much affected, my dear Mrs. Holland."

"Perhaps they be," answered the old lady mildly. "There's a great difference about folks lookin' old. I always thought you were thirty seven or eight."

Miss Vine was really thirty six, but the old lady's near guess made her wince.

"Look out, Mrs. Holland, or I shall be calling you a hundred," she said with considerable acerbity in her tone.

"Sometimes I feel as old as that, my dear," said Mrs. Holland, who was not aware that she had offended the younger lady. "Mr. Turner, is there anything new about my case?"

"No, ma'am."

"What court are you going to take it to?"

"I will be guided by you, Mrs. Holland."

"Then we'll try the Supreme Court. Yes, Mrs. Downing, I will take another cup of tea, a leetle mite stronger than the last."

Here Ben Barrett came down stairs, and moodily took his

seat at the breakfast table. His eyes looked dull, his cheeks were tinged with an unnatural flush, and his head ached.

"What time did you get home, Ben?" asked Tom.

"About one."

"Oh fie, Mr. Barrett," said Miss Lucinda playfully. "That is positively shocking. If I knew your mother I would write her how dissipated you are getting."

"Suppose I look upon you as a mother," said Ben, winking at Tom.

"Really, if you were three or four years old I might consent, but I shall prefer, as matters stand, to be considered as an older sister."

"I don't like older sisters. They are too fond of bossing."

"I would promise to be very gentle with you, Mr. Barrett," smirked Miss Vine.

"Then you can adopt Tom. He won't give you half so much trouble as I."

"By the way, Miss Vine," said Tom, "are you any judge of precious stones?"

"Why, Mr. Turner?"

"Because I found one last evening in front of Wallack's Theater. I think it is a diamond."

"Do let me see it! I dote on diamonds."

Tom produced the stone from his pocket.

"Oh, what a beautiful diamond!" exclaimed Miss Vine enraptured.

"Is it valuable?"

"It must be worth five hundred dollars at least."

"You don't mean it?" ejaculated Tom.

"Yes, I am sure of it. I have a friend who is a jeweler, and he has often shown me the diamonds in his stock."

"What's that?" said Ben, becoming interested. "A five hundred dollar diamond!"

"I am sure it is worth that."

"I say, Tom, let's sell it and divide."

"It isn't mine," answered Tom shortly.

"You won't try very hard to find the owner."

"Yes, I shall."

"If you don't that will be a good sum for each of us."

"Why should I divide with you?" asked Tom, who was disgusted with the other's selfishness.

"Because you wouldn't have found it but for me."

"I don't see that."

"I invited you to go out to walk."

"And left me at the corner of Twenty Third Street."

"Do you mean to keep it all yourself?"

"No, I mean to return it to the owner."

"Ah, of course! We all understand that," sneered Ben.

"It would be a nice present for a lady friend," suggested Lucinda slyly.

"You don't need it, Miss Vine," said Tom, who had made progress in the art of compliment. "You know 'beauty unadorned is adorned the most.'"

"You sad flatterer," said the young lady delighted. "I see that I stand no chance."

Tom and Ben set out together to ride down town.

"Tom," said Ben smoothly, "if you'll trust me with the stone I'll take it into a jeweler's and inquire the value."

"I don't want to know the value," returned Tom.

"But it may be yours. You probably won't find the owner."

"I will try to, at any rate. If I can't then I will take it to Tiffany's or somewhere else and inquire what it is worth."

"But I could find out for you today."

"I won't trouble you," said Tom coldly. He understood that it would be dangerous to part company with the diamond to a fellow of as easy principles as Ben.

"Perhaps you don't want to trust me with it," said Ben angrily.

"I think it will be safest with me."

"I didn't think you were so suspicious, Tom."

"You can call me that, if you like. I shall not rest till I return the diamond to its owner."

"Then good morning!" and Ben jumped out of the car in high dudgeon.

"If I let Ben have it I should never see it again," thought Tom. "He may not be naturally dishonest, but the temptation to dispose of it would be too strong for him."

Tom entered the store on time as he always did. He held that his time within certain hours belonged to his employer, and he always started from his lodging house early enough to reach the store in good season.

Once in the warerooms his mind was fixed on his business, and he forgot all about the diamond, which, however, was safe in his pocket.

Towards the middle of the afternoon a large lady, showily dressed, entered the store, and went up to the silk counter.

She gave the salesman a good deal of trouble, requiring him to unroll a variety of silk patterns, giving the preference to those that commanded a high price. A plain looking girl, who seemed to be an humble friend, accompanied her.

Tom whose duties carried him to different parts of the store, chanced to have his attention drawn to this lady, and he distinctly saw her put a piece of silk and a roll of ribbon into a capacious pocket at her side.

He stood as if spellbound, for he was not acquainted with the ways of female shoplifters, and was inexpressibly astonished to find a handsomely dressed lady guilty of theft.

"I don't see anything I want," said the lady after she had

accomplished her purpose, "or rather I haven't time to look farther. I promised to call at Mrs. Astor's at three—you remember, Clara?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the attendant.

"Thank you for your attention, sir," went on the lady urbanely to the salesman whose time she had occupied for half an hour.

Saying this, she turned and walked slowly towards the door.

"What shall I do?" thought Tom, excited.

He knew that it was a serious thing to accuse a rich lady, as she seemed to be, of theft, but his duty to his employer was plain.

He hurried to a floor walker and communicated what he had seen.

The floorwalker stepped forward hastily.

"Madam," he said, "I must request you to step to the back of the store."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded the lady haughtily.

"You had better let me tell you there."

"This is an outrage—unheard of!" exclaimed the lady, but she seemed nervous.

"Now what is it, sir?" she asked, when they reached the superintendent's office.

"This boy saw you put a silk pattern and a roll of ribbon in your pocket."

"That boy! Do you know who he is?"

"He is one of our employees."

"He used to be in my employment, but I discharged him for stealing. Now he wants to be revenged on me."

"Is this true?" asked the floor walker, bewildered.

(To be continued.)

ONLY SOME FLOWERS.

I.

ONLY a smile that came deep from the heart
For a poor little waif without even a toy;
Only a kiss as his ready tears start,
Only some flowers for a little sick boy.

II.

Only some flowers—a rose from the hill
Where he played in his tattered old clothes all the day,
White lilies plucked where the lake is so still
That he often unconsciously stopped there to play.

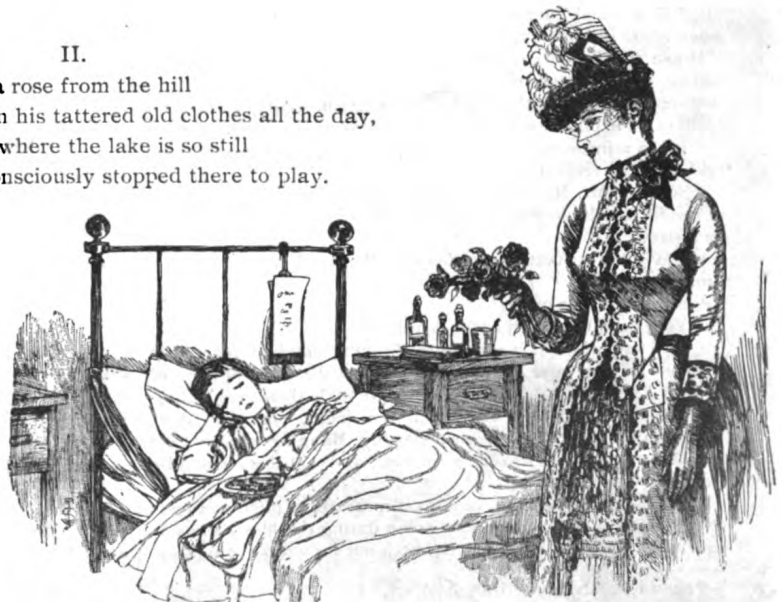
III.

Only some flowers—a lady's bouquet
Sent her to wear at the opera that night,
But doing more good than their selfish display
When dressed in her satin, so pure and so white.

IV.

Only some flowers? Nay, brother, far more.
A message from Heaven of angelic joy,
A breeze from the hills and a breath from the shore,
Hope, courage and health for a little sick boy.

Tom Hall.



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

BY EDGAR R. HOADLEY JR.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DERELICT.

FOR an instant Andy's heart almost ceased its beating, as he and Garboard watched, with fascinated gaze and starting eyeballs, the on rushing, hapless vessel.

Like some dark and evil spirit reaching out to clutch them, she flew down from the summit of the gigantic wave with the speed of an express train. A collision with the yacht seemed almost inevitable, and if she struck them Andy knew it would send them to the bottom like a stone.

A shiver of horror passed over him, and he closed his eyes as if to shut out the terrible catastrophe.

Then he heard the shivering of glass, and the voice of Garboard shrieking:

"Down with your helm! Let her fall off, for our lives!"

The first officer had recovered his presence of mind, and, springing upon the brass hand rail, had shoved his fist through the front window pane of the pilot house, in order to be sure he would be heard by the wheelman.

His order was promptly obeyed, and the yacht fell off to port. Just in time, for the black mass went rushing by so close that a biscuit could have been tossed aboard of her.

As she did so there was distinctly heard a faint cry.

"Hark! Did you hear that?" asked Andy, as he grasped Garboard by the arm.

"I certainly did, sir," responded the latter, and they listened intently to hear if the cry was repeated.

The wreck was swallowed up in the darkness and storm, and it is doubtful if they could have heard the voice above the noise of wind and waves, even if it had called again.

"Gracious! that was a close shave, Garboard," continued Andy, in husky tones.

"About as near destruction as I ever want to get, Captain Andy," responded the mate, drawing a deep breath of relief.

"Did you cut your hand badly?" asked the young captain.

"Not to amount to anything."

"If there's anybody aboard that wreck, it is strange there was no kind of a light displayed," commented Andy. "Did you see any, Garboard?"

"No, sir; and I'm sure there was none, though I thought I saw one when I first sighted her."

When the Ulysses fell off into the trough of the sea she began to roll as if she meant to go over, but as soon as the wreck had passed she was headed up to the angry billows again. Andy returned to the shelter of the pilot house to get out of the blinding rain.

"It is a miracle we are here, Captain Andy, and I'm very thankful," said Manning fervently.

"So am I, Mr. Manning; it was a narrow squeak," responded Andy, in a voice which showed he fully realized how near death's door they had been.

"Did you hear that cry for help as the wreck went by?" he continued.

"No; was there one?"

"Yes; both Garboard and I heard it."

"God help whoever it was," said Manning simply, "for we cannot."

About an hour later it was apparent that the force of the gale was spent. The wind gradually subsided, though there was a heavy sea on. The wind shifted around to the south, and then due west. Though the rain still came down steadily, Manning was sure the wind would continue to veer to the northwest, and that there would be clear weather by morning.

As the yacht had ceased, in a great measure, to pitch and toss in the dangerous manner she had been doing during the blow, a lookout was sent up to the main cross-trees to watch out for wrecks or lights ashore.

*Begun in No. 394 of THE ARGOSY.

It would be impossible to tell just where they were until they could take an observation in the morning, unless they should sight some light set down and described in the "Coast Pilot."

They had undoubtedly done some drifting during the storm, and to avoid the possibility of running ashore the course was made E. N. E. Though the steamer still rolled a good deal in the long swells, she now made some progress. Andy was debating in his mind if he should go below and turn in, when there was a hail from the lookout, and he realized that the perils of the night were not over.

"Sail, ho!" reported the man on the cross-trees.

"What do you make her?" called Garboard.

"A brig, I think, with one mast gone."

"Which way does she head?" continued the mate.

"West, half north."

"Steady, there," said Garboard, addressing the wheelman; "slow down to half speed."

In a few minutes, outlined against the sky, which had lighted up somewhat, appeared the rolling wreck on the weather bow.

"That's the same vessel that came near crushing us," cried Andy.

"It undoubtedly is," corroborated Garboard. "She must have had a terrible time of it. There's nothing left standing but her mainmast and shrouds."

"Try a hail on her, Mr. Garboard," suggested Andy.

"Ship ahoy! ahoy! ahoy!" shouted the mate.

Everybody on the deck of the yacht leaned forward, looking and listening intently. There was no response.

"I'm going to board that wreck, if it is a possible thing," cried Andy, breaking the silence. "There's some poor fellow aboard that brig, even if he did not answer then. We heard him distinctly once tonight."

"It can be done, Captain Andy, but it's a risky undertaking," said Manning.

"But it's got to be done, Mr. Manning," returned our hero, in tones which indicated that dissuasion would be useless. "Besides, it's our duty to insure the safety of others by putting a signal light aboard that wreck."

The rain had ceased, but the dark, broken clouds hung low everywhere. The wind was blowing about half a gale, and the sea was still seething and foaming. Amid the lashing waves and driving spray it would be no easy matter to launch a boat.

"Head her southeast by east, Carlsen," ordered Garboard.

The yacht gradually approached the wreck till she was not more than a quarter of a mile off from it.

"Ring your bell to stop her, Carlsen, and tell the engineer to keep his screw just turning," ordered the mate again.

"Cast loose the fastenings of the yawl," continued Garboard to the crew.

The boat's crew of six men took their places, each with an oar, and Andy climbed into the stern.

The yawl was a lifeboat, with air chambers, and rested on a cradle on the starboard side. The cradle on the port side was used for the naphtha launch, but was at present vacant. The blocks and falls were manned, the yawl was hoisted in the air, and the davits swung out.

"Ready when I give the word!" thundered the mate.

The staysail, which was still set, was hauled flat, and the yacht lost all headway. The steamer rolled, and as her rail sank into the surges Garboard howled:

"Heave her out!"

There was a rattling of blocks, and when the yacht rolled over to port the yawl was fathoms from her. Then the small boat dropped astern, rose and fell, and was safe.

It was a hard battle for the boat's crew, but in a few minutes Andy succeeded in catching the smooth water in the lee of the wreck, and getting near her side.

"Great Heavens! what a wave!" exclaimed Andy. "Look at that! It swept her from stem to stern."

Huge billows ran up to the brig, lifted themselves in towering masses, and dashed pitilessly on the hapless wanderer. She would stagger, start and shiver under the blows. No sooner would she recover than another wave would deluge her with its tons of water and flying spray.

Andy worked the yawl close under the lee bow of the wreck, as the water there was protected by the high deck and forward deck house.

As the brig rolled to leeward the boat's crew gave way at the word of command. The yawl shot forward, and at a word from Andy the man

in the bow sprang upon the ship's deck. Then the yawl was quickly backed.

The man had taken a lighted lantern with him, and it could be seen moving along the deck. The operation of boarding the wreck was repeated, and this time Andy succeeded in safely reaching her deck. He turned and looked out over the boiling waters.

The yawl could be seen rising and falling in the hollows to port, while off on her starboard quarter were the lights of the Ulysses. Satisfied that there was no danger of being abandoned on the wreck, Andy made his way aft to where the sailor was standing near the mainmast.

As he passed the binnacle he noticed that the brig's compass was gone, and this suggested that she must have been abandoned.

Descending the companionway with the sailor, the first thing they saw was the form of a man lying prone on the cabin floor. Andy rolled him over and placed his hand over his heart. The man was not dead.

Our hero had brought a flask of brandy for just such an emergency, and he gave the man a liberal dose of the liquid. He then cast his eyes about the cabin, and caught sight of a white envelope on the table.

When he attempted to pick it up he found it was fastened to the table. With his sheath knife the sailor drew the tacks that was in the letter and handed it to Andy.

By the flickering light of the lantern the young captain managed to decipher on the envelope the words: "To Whoever May See This," and then abstracted this note:

This is the brig Laura Lee, bound from Liverpool to New York with coffee and hardware. Blown out of our course and caught in a hurricane off the Capes of Virginia on the night of April 19th, 18—. Boats all stove but the yawl, and when launching that it was carried away before I could get aboard of it. If I am lost please send word to my wife at Lewes, Delaware.

JOB SEAFORTH,
Master.

Andy stared at the signature in astonishment and looked at the portrature man on the cabin floor. He was doubtless Job Seaforth, the man he most wished to see and least expected to meet.

Would he recover from his injuries, for he was undoubtedly hurt, was the question Andy anxiously asked himself?

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ULYSSES LENDS A HELPING HAND TO THE LAURA LEE.

WITH redoubled interest Andy once more bent over the man on the cabin floor, who had, as yet, shown no sign of returning consciousness. Again he placed his hand over his heart, but this time he tore open the shirt and placed it next the skin.

There was warmth there, and he could distinctly feel the fluttering of the organ of life. Andy poured another quantity of fiery liquid down the patient's throat, and began to vigorously rub the space over his heart. At a motion from the young captain, the sailor knelt and applied himself to rubbing and beating the unconscious man's hands.

Whether it was from the generous quantity of brandy poured into him, or the sort of massage treatment he was subjected to, it was hard to say, but the man finally opened his eyes with a wild stare and raised himself with an effort to a sitting posture.

"Where am I?" he whispered in husky tones.

"On board your own vessel," responded Andy.

"Then she is safe," replied the man eagerly.

"I regret to say she is not, Captain Seaforth," returned Andy gently, addressing him by the name he believed to be his. "She is in a very bad fix, add I fear nothing can keep her from going to the bottom."

The man gave a look of surprise and inquiry at our hero, and then no doubt remembered the letter that had been tacked to the cabin table.

"I'm ruined!" groaned he, and as he had accepted the name Andy now had no doubt he was addressing Seaforth, the master of the brig.

"I hope not," responded Andy in soothing tones; "you are worth a dozen dead men yet. Where are you hurt?"

"Here," replied the master of the brig, raising his hand to his head. "I must have been thrown against one of the stanchions. The last I remember was that the brig gave a roll that almost threw her over, and I was jerked from the table there like a stone from a sling."

"But I wouldn't mind that," continued he, with another groan, more from anguish of spirit than pain of the body, "if she was all right.

The brig is all I've got in the world, and if she goes under I might as well go with her."

"What is this brig compared to your life, Captain Seaforth?" interposed Andy. "You can start again, and perhaps become the master of another vessel; but if you lose your life, that's the end."

"Perhaps; but I'm too old now," muttered the unfortunate captain, in tones of deepest despair.

At this moment a vicious billow thundered on the decks of the brig and she gave a lunge as if she meant to dive below the angry ocean.

"Come, we can't stay here," cried Andy sharply, as he braced himself against the forward partition.

As soon as the wreck partially righted, he and the sailor assisted the captain up the companion to the deck.

The aspect of things had not materially changed. There was still an angry sea on. The yawl was bobbing up and down under the brig's lee, while the yacht rolled in the deep swells astern. Andy decided to send the wounded captain on board the yacht, but as Seaforth was still weak and dazed it puzzled him for a moment how he was going to do it.

The sheet of the spanker boom, which still hung by the topping lift, had worked loose since he had gone below, and as the sail swung and hammered from side to side, as the brig rolled in the trough of the sea, it suggested a plan.

"Go aft, Cuddy," he cried, addressing the sailor; "reeve that spanker sheet in the block, and when she comes to an even keel catch the boom and secure it. Be lively now and look out for yourself."

Cuddy worked his way cautiously aft, watching closely the thrashing boom, and more than once ducking his head to escape the heavy spar. After considerable trouble he untangled the sheet and rove it in the block. Then, after two or three trials, he caught the swinging boom and fastened the end of the sheet to it. In a moment the spar was secured rigidly with the block and tackle.

"Now rig up a sling, Cuddy," continued Andy.

A sling is really an arrangement something after the fashion of the schoolboy's weapon known by that name, though on a larger scale, and is used for disembarking women, or helpless passengers, to an open boat in a heavy sea. It consists of a stout piece of canvas about three feet wide and nearly twice as long, with several stout ropes attached to each end. The ends of these ropes are tied together, and the canvas assumes the shape of a hammock doubled in the center, with end ropes united. A strong line is tied to the united ends, and run through a block attached to the spanker boom.

It is really a contrivance intended to take the place of what is known as a "breaches buoy," which is used at all life saving stations on the coast. The person is placed in the canvas sling and hauled out on the boom. At the proper moment when the small boat is directly underneath, he is quickly lowered.

"What are you going to do?" asked the master of the brig, when these arrangements had been completed, though he doubtless understood what was being done.

"I'm going to send you aboard that steamer," replied Andy.

"I can't leave my ship," almost sobbed Seaforth, in broken tones. "Can't you let me have a couple of men? I think I could work her into port."

"You are in no condition to undertake such a task, Captain Seaforth."

"I'm all right now," protested the captain, but his pale and haggard face told a different tale.

"No, I couldn't do it," continued Andy. "If you were lost I should feel as if I were your murderer."

"Then I don't move a step from here," asserted Seaforth doggedly.

Here was a difficulty Andy had not anticipated, and for a moment he was in a quandary what to do.

"If I promise to do all I can to get the brig into port, will you go?" suggested he.

"Certainly," responded Seaforth, with the light of hope in his eyes.

"Then I'll stand by her as long as she floats, or the weather permits," promised Andy resolutely.

"Thank you," cried the captain gratefully, as he wrung our hero's hand. "I'm ready."

Andy hailed the yawl, and in a few minutes Captain Seaforth was safely placed aboard of her with the sling. A small line was attached to the stern of the yawl, which was paid out as she laboriously approached the Ulysses. What this was for was soon made apparent.

After getting Seaforth aboard the yacht, which was not done with-

out great difficulty, the line attached to the yawl was taken to the deck of the *Ulysses*.

"Brig ahoy!" hailed Manning.

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Andy.

"What are you going to do?"

"Tow this brig, if we can get a hawser aboard of her."

"We have no hawser to tow such a vessel," returned Manning, and it was clear from his tones that he did not relish the job.

"Lay to as close as you can, and send three men aboard!" shouted

Andy was unable to find a lamp or lantern of any description on the brig, and that accounted for Seaforth not displaying a signal light, though he must have had one when the wreck was first sighted. The young captain therefore had the lantern they had brought with them lashed to the main shrouds half way to the top.

Then, for the first time, he had an opportunity to look more particularly into the condition of things on the wreck.

The *Laura Lee* was what is styled a full rigged brig. Her foremast, together with the standing rigging and all the yards, had been carried



THE FIRST THING THEY SAW WAS THE FORM OF A MAN LYING PRONE ON THE CABIN FLOOR.

Andy, not to be discouraged. The three men were soon put aboard the brig.

Andy made a search of the vessel, and found a five inch hawser which had been used by the tugs in towing the brig into port. It was pretty old, but was apparently in good condition.

The small line that now ran to the yacht, connecting the two vessels, was attached to this hawser, and at the word from Andy the men on the *Ulysses* began to haul away on it. Slowly and surely, like a long snake, the huge rope was pulled towards the yacht.

"Make fast to the bridle!" shouted Andy.

The rope was fastened to the loop hitched to the quarter bits on the after deck of the yacht. The end aboard the brig had already been secured to the fore-castle bits.

"Steady now!" ordered Andy of Manning. "Go ahead slowly."

The *Ulysses* began to turn her screw. Slowly the slack in the hawser was taken up. The huge rope came to the surface with a jerk, and vibrated like a fiddle string; the bits on the yacht creaked, and the wreck groaned like a living thing in pain.

The *Laura Lee* paused in her helpless roll, lifted her head as if she sniffed deliverance, and followed like a lady.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LAST OF THE LAURA LEE.

THE *Ulysses* went ahead, gradually increasing her speed, till the revolutions of her screw were just enough to keep herself and tow from falling off into the trough of the sea. It was desired not to get out to sea any further than was necessary until an observation could be taken and their exact position established.

away. Only the stump of the mast projected above the deck. The main topmast had also been carried away, and the only thing left standing was the mainmast.

The main yards and topmast lay criss cross on the deck, inextricably mixed up in a mass of ropes and wire stays.

It was plainly evident that the hurricane had struck the brig with sails set and yards braced. Before the crew could furl any sails, or ease her up, she had been thrown on her beam ends. In an attempt to right her, no doubt the shrouds and stays had been cut away, and the foremast had been broken short off. This had relieved her, and the further cutting away of the top-hammer, dragging in the water, had righted her still more.

The steering wheel was smashed to pieces and there was nothing left of it but the hub.

The compass had disappeared from the binnacle, as Andy had already noted, and no doubt it had been taken with the yawl.

The hatches were still all on, securely battened down. The port bulwarks were completely gone, as if they had been shaved off, an ugly looking ragged hole was in the deck, and everything movable, not held by rope or stay, had been swept overboard. Two small boats, still lashed, bottom up, to a cradle, were stove in and useless.

Thinking to ascertain if she was leaking, Andy went to the pumps. One was smashed and the other worn out and useless.

Having taken in every detail on deck, the young captain started towards the fore-castle. Remembering he had no light but the one being used as a signal, and that he could see nothing below without one, he stopped at the cook's galley. Here he succeeded in finding some lard, and, with a piece of his handkerchief and a tin plate, he prepared what is called a "dip."

After getting below, he lighted it. The forecabin was just as the crew had left it. Here and there were pieces of clothing and bedding, and two battered looking sea chests.

Making his way aft, Andy again lighted his improvised candle and explored the cabin. Nothing of any value was found, and he turned towards a door he knew led to the hold.

"They were precious glad to get off this brig, Captain Andy," remarked Cuddy, who was with him.

"All but the captain, Cuddy," responded Andy.

"That's so, sir; he must be a queer fish."

The door into the hold was locked, but Cuddy forced it open. A cold, damp air blew into their faces, and almost extinguished their light. The unmistakable odor of coffee could be smelled. By the dim and flickering light, tiers of sacks could be seen ranked up near the door.

Andy listened intently, and the swish of water, far down below in the vessel's hold, could be heard. She had evidently shipped a great deal of water, or had sprung a leak. If the former, there was a possible chance of getting her to port and saving much of her cargo.

This thought had just occurred to the young captain, when the brig shook and trembled, and then rolled to port.

"What was that, Cuddy?" asked Andy, in tense tones.

"The hawser has parted, I think, sir," was the reply.

"That's too bad," exclaimed Andy, as he sprang up the companion-way.

It was true; the hawser had parted midway between the two vessels. "On board the brig!" yelled Manning, from the *Ulysses*. He had stopped the yacht's headway.

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Andy.

"What are you going to do about it now? You better come aboard. The wind is rising again."

"Stand by, and we'll come aboard," returned Andy.

If Manning thought from this reply that the young captain had decided to leave the brig to her fate, he soon found out his mistake.

Andy's orders flew thick and fast, for with the wind rising no time was to be lost.

The wire stay rope, which had led from the heel of the bowsprit to the foretop and back, was straightened out. One end was fastened to the brig's bowsprit bitts, and the other end was thrown overboard, with a long half inch rope attached to it, secured to the brig. It took considerable time to complete these preparations.

Then, making sure the signal lantern was in its place, Andy and his crew took to the yawl, carrying with them a coil of half inch rope, the end of which was tied to the wire cable.

To board a small boat from a vessel in a heavy sea was difficult and perilous enough, but to pick up a yawl and her crew in a storm tossed ocean is far more so. To do the latter requires practice, a true eye, and a steady hand.

The *Ulysses* was brought up in the wind, her screw turning just enough to steady her. The yawl was pulled under her lee bow, and then held there till the yacht slowly approached. At precisely the right moment the crew gave way, the yawl shot her bow up to the yacht's rail, and a sailor leaped aboard with the painter in his hand. He secured the latter to a cleat, and the yawl followed alongside. The crew watched the motion of the yawl, and, as it rose up even with the rail, each one successively jumped to the yacht's deck.

The last one to leave attached the block and fall to the ringbolts in the bow and stern of the yawl, and it was hoisted to its position.

The line attached to the wire cable was hauled in till the end of the cable was brought aboard. This was made fast to the bridle at the yacht's stern. Once more the yacht's screw was started, the wire rope straightened out taut, and the *Laura Lee* followed after.

The wind continued to rise, and an ugly sea began to be kicked up again. The *Ulysses* labored stoutly at her task.

As the brig rose and fell, or would dart forward, the long wire rope would sink slack beneath the waves, and then come to the surface with a swish, and so taut that it almost played a tune as it vibrated.

Could the cable stand that strain long, Andy asked himself as he watched it?

As the brig fell behind a sea, the cable straightened out like an immense poker, and the yacht vibrated from stem to stern from the tension. The hawser whistled into the air, the bitts cracked and groaned. Something would surely give way. And something did give way.

There was a sharp snap, and the *Ulysses* darted forward. The wire hawser had parted. The last hope of saving the *Laura Lee* was gone.

It was about five o'clock in the morning, and it was getting light in the east. The yacht was hove to, and by the aid of the signal light that still burned steadily on the brig they kept her in sight.

Andy still kept the deck, for he felt he could not sleep while the brig was still there. About daylight, while watching her through his glass, he noticed that she began to settle forward. She must have sprung a leak, or had been leaking all the time. Half an hour later her stern rose in the air, and she sank to her last resting place.

With intense sympathy for her unfortunate master, Andy turned away to seek his berth after one of the most trying nights he had ever experienced.

(To be continued.)

GUY HAMMERSLEY; HIS FRIENDS AND HIS ADVENTURES.*

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A FREQUENT CHANGING OF SUBJECT.



OUR friend, the cyclist who had championed Harold's cause, did not find it necessary to prevent Colonel Starr from interfering with the boy's journey to the ferry on the farm wagon. The colonel evidently considered that it would be the best for himself in the end to own up to being beaten, for he never turned his carriage around.

The farmer's horses were put to a trot, so that the wheelman could ride by the side of the wagon, and Harold told his story. It would be hard to say whether the worthy couple who had assisted in the rescue were more astounded at the boldness of the colonel's scheme for abduction than at the fact that such a small boy should be a "play actor."

The wheelman gave his name as Stanley Cross, and on reaching the New York side padlocked his machine and left it at the ferry house

while he went up town with Harold.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you both," said the latter, in parting with farmer Ephraim and his wife, "and if you'd like to see me act I'll get Mr. English to send you tickets for the first matinee if you'll give me your address."

"Well, well, I do declare now," was all the old man could say; but he produced the stub of a lead pencil and wrote directions for sending the tickets that filled the entire back of an old envelope. Cross handed him, for he was so fearful the letter would miscarry that he put down the county and township even.

It was by this time five o'clock, and almost dark.

"I wonder if mamma knows about it yet," remarked Harold soberly, as he and Cross descended the elevated stairs at Ninety Third Street. "If she does, she must—why, there's Guy!"

And so it was, and Ridley Westmore and Arthur Shepard with him, all three with the most solemn visages. They were just about to cross the avenue to the down town station when Harold saw them.

"Guy, Guy!" he called out, making a dash for the middle of the street. "Were you looking for me?"

All three of the young fellows started as though it had been Harold's wraith who had spoken. Then they pounced on the boy in a body, and for a while there was such a babel of questions and exclamations that there was no room for either answers or counter queries.

But at length Harold managed to make them understand that not himself but Mr. Stanley Cross was the hero of the day, whereupon the whole party right about faced and bore Mr. Cross off to the flat to receive the thanks of Mrs. Hammersley.

*Begun in No. 389 of THE ARGOSY.

"Does she know?" asked Harold.

"Well, we didn't tell her you were lost," returned Guy. "We only let her suppose that you were 'mis-laid.' But what an audacious scheme of Starr's that was! He counted on your being chicken hearted, Harry, my boy, and that is where he slipped up. But what a 'jolly scare,' as Ward would say, the whole thing has given us! When I got to the Westmores at dinner time I found Ridley here fuming away, for he'd got it into his head that I must have sent for you, and the people at the theater in telling about it had got things mixed."

"And didn't you ever think that Mr. Starr—I just won't call him 'colonel'—had anything to do with it?" asked Harold.

"How should we? When I found you weren't at the Westmores', we posted down to the Jura to see Shepard about it, and it was he told us the note that took you away was supposed to have come from Ridley here."

"And what did you do then?" Harold wanted to know.

"Retook ourselves to the Westmore stables as quickly as an engine could carry us, only to find out that nobody there knew anything about you. Then we came over home and were just bound, some of us for police headquarters, others to put a note in the papers, when we met you."

Before they reached the flat Ridley and Cross discovered that they knew friends in common, and on opening the door of the cozy little apartment another surprise was found to be in waiting. This was Judge Dodge, who had come to call on Mrs. Hammersley, and whom Ruth was endeavoring to entertain without letting him know that Harold was missing.

"I should have felt so humiliated," she explained afterwards, "to have him think that we couldn't take care of the boy after we'd got him."

But there was no keeping the thing secret now, and a general jollification over the "lost found" was held in those little rooms. Besides, it was all out in the papers next morning exactly as Stanley Cross had predicted. Indeed, Guy more than suspected that that enterprising young gentleman had a hand in getting it there, as he was a Columbia Sophomore with a predilection for scribbling. And he was heard to remark moreover that the publication of the item would prove a first class advertisement for the new Fauntleroy.

Well, the first performance was a great success. Harold became the talk of the town, the Four Hundred "took him up," and the Hammersleys' modest flat formed the stopping place for many swell turn-outs, whose owners were only too rejoiced if the "little lord" would condescend to take a turn in the Park with them. And such an avalanche of requests for autographs came in that Ward suggested Harold should get a typewriter to save him from writer's cramp in supplying them.

Judge Dodge remained in the city, and twice attended the theater with Mrs. Hammersley, who soon became well enough to take Guy's place as Harold's dresser. Of course Harold's salary removed all cause of financial worry from the minds of the members of the "assorted family," and the sight of the boy's glowing face as he placed the envelope containing it in his mother's lap was something long to be remembered.

Now that Mrs. Hammersley had recovered and no longer needed her ministrations, Ruth, through Dr. Pendleton's influence, secured three pupils for violin instruction, and by the first of February had saved up enough money to pay the passage back to England of herself and Ward. They were to sail on Washington's Birthday.

On Valentine's Day Ruth, chatting with Guy at the breakfast table, remarked with a smile: "Mrs. Westmore called again yesterday afternoon. She seems to take it very much to heart that you won't come and live with them. She told Mrs. Hammersley that it was your loyalty to her that kept you here. 'Of course I understand, Mrs. Hammersley,' she said, 'just how he feels about it, for now that the Farleighs are going away, you would be here all alone with the boy.' And—" here Ruth stopped, colored a little, then went on hesitatingly: "I don't know whether I ought to tell you this or not. Or perhaps you have guessed it yourself."

"Guessed what?" exclaimed Guy, his curiosity thoroughly aroused.

"Well, perhaps you know already," returned Ruth, toying with the spoon in her coffee cup, "and in that case it would be—would be rather embarrassing for me to tell you. Really, now, haven't you any idea of what I mean?"

"Really, I shall begin to think terrible things of somebody unless you tell me plainly what all this is about."

"No, I won't tell it," rejoined Ruth. "I can't. But I'll tell you something else, from which you can infer the other. When Mrs. Westmore said that about your wanting to stay here to keep your mother company, Mrs. Hammersley blushed and changed the conversation. Now do you see?"

"No, I don't," returned Guy bluntly; "and it's my opinion you're dodging the point at issue."

"Yes, that's just it," burst forth Ruth, with a nervous little laugh. "It's Judge Dodge."

Then Guy comprehended, and wondered why he had been so blind before.

It was even so. Their common interest in Harold had taught Judge Dodge and Mrs. Hammersley to have a common interest in one another, and very soon he who had been the boy's grandfather in name became his stepfather in reality. And at the close of the New York season Harold was withdrawn from the stage, and went to live again in that beautiful home in Brilling. The day of the marriage Guy took him to the Westmores' with him, where he remained during the wedding trip, and where Guy himself has now taken up his permanent residence.

Early in June he and Ridley drove out to Rye, as the latter was extremely anxious to see the place. They found that the major was dead, and that his son, the owner, had returned to America for a few weeks to see if he could not dispose of the property.

"Now I'm going to find out how that front door came to be locked after you had gone inside," said Ridley, when Guy had pointed out Max to him.

A few inquiries elicited the information that the German had become nervous at the wedding lest he had failed to lock the door behind him, and had come back and tried it. Finding it open, and the key under the mat, where he always placed it, he concluded that he had done what he had suspected himself of doing, locked the door, and hurried back to the festivities.

Ridley was very enthusiastic about the beauties of the place, got his father on his side, thumped his brain till he thought of "View Point" as a new name, and then induced his mother and sister to put aside their prejudice and come up again and look at it. The result was a purchase—after Ridley had agreed to take the major's rooms for his own, with Guy to share them.

And here our hero spends his summers. His salary has already been twice raised at Kenworthy & Clarke's, where he and Arlington—who now shares Shepard's rooms at the Jura—are held in high regard. Guy is obliged to submit to a good deal of teasing from Bert on the score of Amy Westmore. His standard reply to these thrusts is, "But we are cousins."

"Three times removed though," laughs Bert, adding: "Three times and out, you know, which in your case, my boy, is sure to mean *in*—the toils of matrimony."

Whereupon Guy always changes the subject, as Mrs. Hammersley did before him.

THE END.

THE LAND LUBBERLY HERRING.

WE wonder whether our readers would not relish a fish story of novel construction this hot weather. Here is a decidedly unique one from *Forest and Stream*:

Henrik Dahl, of Aalesund, Norway, was a reader and follower of Darwin. Wishing to apply his theory of the limits of adaptability of a species to its environment, he procured a herring from a neighboring fjord and carried it home in a tub of sea water. He renewed the water daily for some time, and gradually reduced the quantity, with so little inconvenience to the herring that he concluded that the fish might, in time, learn to breathe air undiluted with water, like the cat and man.

It turned out as he expected, and the water was finally emptied out of the tub, never to be replaced. Henrik next removed the fish from its tub and placed it on the ground, where it flopped about very awkwardly at first, but soon learned to move freely and rapidly. In a little while the herring was able to follow its master without difficulty, and then it became his constant companion about the streets of the city.

On a certain unfortunate day Henrik had occasion to cross a dilapidated bridge which spanned an arm of the harbor. The herring, coming gracefully along, heedless of danger, now and again springing at the ephemera, for which it had acquired an especial fondness, missed its footing, slipped through a crack into the water beneath and was drowned!



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* * * *

HERE is a man inaugurating a crusade against fairy stories. He is inclined to think that the silly notions about princes and other titled foreigners which some of our girls get into their heads are owing quite as much to the influence of "The Arabian Nights" as to some such yellow backed tale as "The Maid and Her Millions; or, The Price of a Prince."

Well, what next, we wonder? Will somebody come along accusing Mother Goose of demoralizing tendencies and alleging that "Robinson Crusoe" is answerable for inciting boys to run away to sea?

* * * *

NEW YORK, in her determination to have clean streets, has organized an addition to one of her civic bodies which the irreverent daily press of the metropolis has dubbed the "Paper Chasers." These men are armed with authority to arrest all persons found throwing scraps of paper or other litter into the public streets.

We may smile at the nickname and at the office, and yet do not both suggest some grave reflections as to their reasons for being? The whole populace of the great city has complained over the condition of its thoroughfares, and yet, when the matter is sifted down, it turns out that many individual members of this great body of complainants have been contributing agents to the cause of complaint.

What great things could be accomplished in all our towns if, in addition to observing the old maxim of "keeping his own doorstep clean," each citizen scrupulously avoided littering that of his neighbor!

* * * *

AFTER all it is thoughtlessness more than pure malice that is responsible for a great many of the acts that jar on the public weal—that is, thoughtlessness and selfishness combined. We accustom ourselves too much to regard things from a purely personal standpoint.

Of this we ourselves had experience only the other day

when, riding in a railroad car on the side that suddenly struck the sun at a slant from forward, our neighbor in the seat ahead leaned over and pulled down the blind of the unoccupied window in front of him, thus shielding his own eyes, but leaving the burning rays to pour in upon us from the window directly at his side.

Thoughtfulness is only another name for tact, and properly cultivated, will win for a man many friends.

* * * *

WE call the special attention of all our readers to "The Crimson Banner," begun in this number. Not only those interested in baseball, but the family circle generally will be certain to find it a most charming story.

* * * *

"BLACK your boots, boss! Carry your bag, boss!" We hear this style of address constantly from the street gamins in our great cities, and a reflective mind is prone to wonder what species of reasoning influenced this choice of address in the bid for custom. Undoubtedly the term "boss" is used with a keen eye out for business, and is a development of the times. Formerly it was always "mister."

But is "boss" useful in the way of drumming up trade? We think it is. The desire for mastery is dominant in most of us, reluctant as many might be to confess it, and there is a rough sort of deference conveyed in the term "boss" that cannot fail of its effect upon a certain class—more especially that class who never "bosses" anybody, and never will.

* * * *

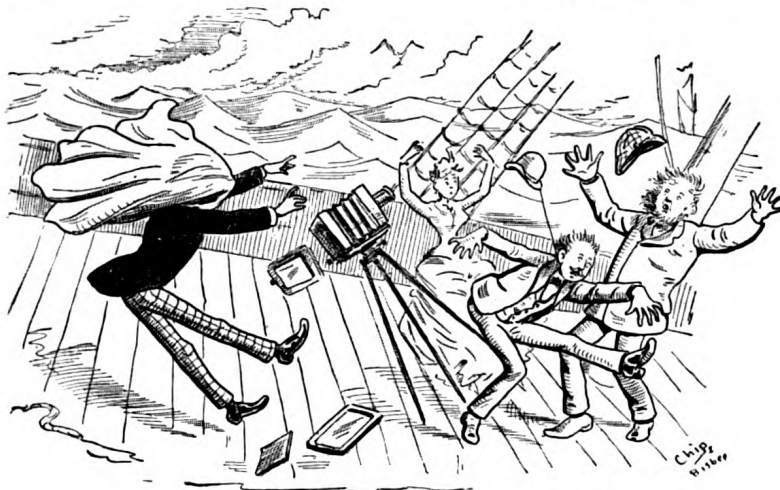
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PHOTOGRAPHY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

PERSEVERING AMATEUR—"Now stand perfectly still, please!"

FLOATING FUN.

DEADLY AMMUNITION.

MRS. LONELY RHOADES—"Oh, Henry, Towser is dead, and you've taken your gun to be repaired! What shall I do to frighten off tramps?"

MR. LONELY RHODES—"I don't know, my dear, unless you make some of your home made pies."—*Light*.

* * * *

ONE OF THE FEW.

BJONES—I tell you that man is a public benefactor."

BJENKS—"How so?"

BJONES—"He keeps still when he hasn't anything to say."—*Somerville Journal*.

* * * *

ACQUIRING INFORMATION.

"EXCUSE me, sir," he said as he stepped into the office, "but do you carry any life insurance?"

"I'd like to answer that question by asking another," replied the merchant. "Do you carry any fire insurance?"

"Why, no, I—"

"Well, if you go out quietly you won't be fired, that's all."—*Detroit Free Press*.

* * * *

AN ACCOMPLISHED GIRL.

MRS. SMITH—"So your daughter has graduated with honors."

MRS. JONES—"Yes, she understands painting, and astronomy, and piano playing, and Lord knows what all."

"You ought to be very proud."

"I suppose so. I expect she will be very happy in her married life if she finds a husband who knows how to cook, sew on buttons, and dress children."—*Texas Siftings*.

* * * *

PROBABLY.

A MATHEMATICIAN announces to an expectant world that two persons playing dominoes ten hours a day, and making four moves a minute, could continue 118,000,000 years without exhausting all the combinations of the game. The combinations might not be exhausted then, to be sure, but the two players would doubtless be a trifle weary.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

WON TWO PRIZES.

"Is it true, Bessie," asked the young man, "that you won the prize in the ice cream eating contest at your church picnic?"

"It is," answered Bessie. "I ate a large saucerful in fifty seven seconds."

"What was the prize?"

"Another saucer of ice cream."

"How long did it take you to down that one?"

"I couldn't touch it. I don't want to look at ice cream again for ten years."

"Bessie," said the young man tenderly, "my own darling, I feel that the time has now come when I can ask you the question that has trembled on my lips so long."—*Chicago Tribune*.

* * * *

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

MISS ALICE (at the art gallery)—"That silver vase yonder is one of Benvenuto Cellini's masterpieces. He must have been one of the greatest geniuses of his time."

MR. VERISOFT—"He was; besides being a goldsmith, he was a sculptor and painter. It is said of him that with but a few strokes he could change the whole expression of a countenance."

BOBBY (the *enfant terrible*)—"Papa can do that with only one stroke."—*Jeweler's Weekly*.

* * * *

THEORY VERSUS PRACTICE.

DIGNIFIED CITIZEN—"No, sir. I can't understand this taste for circuses. Look at the crowds that have gathered this morning to see the tawdry parade."

BYSTANDER—"Yes, and you know it isn't coming down this street. The line of march has been changed."

DIGNIFIED CITIZEN—"You don't say, and here I've been standing an hour. It is an outrage! Which street is it coming down? Thanks! I'll just get there in time."—*New York Weekly*.



NO MALES ALLOWED.

MR. ADAMS—"You don't mean to say that you have to carry all your letters into town from the college?"

MISS POUGHKEEPSIE—"Yes, indeed; they are so strict at Vassar, that they won't even allow a mail box on the grounds."