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The Argosy.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER.

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A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

"DID YOU MARRY FOR LOVE OR MONEY?"

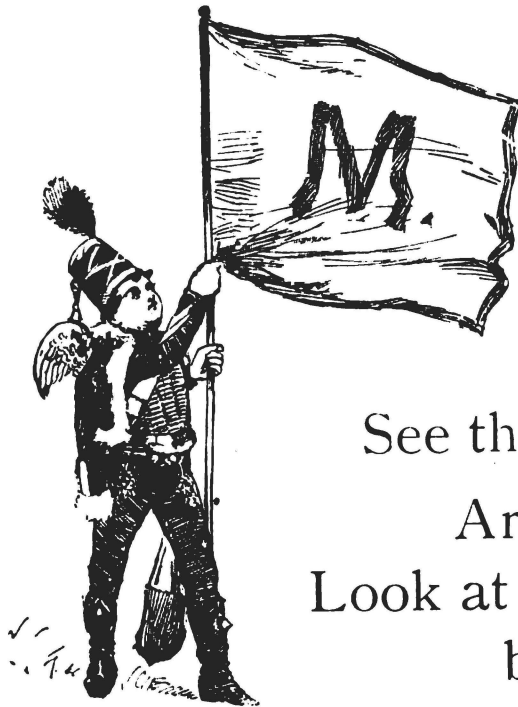
"MONEY."

"WELL, WHAT'S BECOME OF IT? YOU NEVER SEEM TO HAVE VERY MUCH."

"WE NEITHER OF US EVER HAD ANY. SHE GOT A JUDGMENT AGAINST ME IN A BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT AND IT WAS MARRY OR PAY, AND I HAD TO MARRY."

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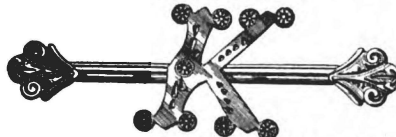
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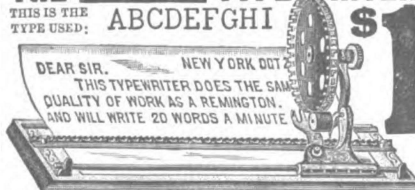
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THE ARGOSY

VOL. XI, No. 8.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1891.

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THE PENROSE PLOT.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH THE MAJOR COMES TO THE RESCUE.

FORD was prompt to retaliate for the blow he had received by bestowing a crashing one on the waiter's face, and then they both went at it hot and heavy, slipping over the mosaic floor, bumping into the tables, from which the guests fled in fright, and pummeling each other with might and main. The other waiters dodged around the combatants, vainly seeking a chance to pull them apart, the guests stood on chairs to see the fray, and the scandalized proprietor yelled police at the top of his voice.

Strange to say an officer actually happened to be in the vicinity, and with drawn club he forced his way through the crowd to the scene of the struggle just as Ford brought his antagonist to the floor by a scientific blow under the ear. He struggled when he felt the officer's grasp on his collar, but the waiters lent a hand in the affair and before he could realize it a pair of steel bracelets were locked on his wrists.

"Take him out the back way for gracious sake," he whispered the proprietor. "The rascal will ruin my place. I'll appear against him in the morning on a charge of disorderly conduct."

Ford raved and threatened and incoherently tried to explain matters, but the officer hurried him away through the kitchens, and thence through the yard to a rear alley.

As Ford was still inclined to be turbulent a fellow officer was summoned, and between the two stalwart bluecoats the refractory prisoner was marched down the busy thoroughfare, gazed at curiously by the people on the sidewalks and followed by a hooting rabble of small boys who only dispersed when the mayor's office was reached and the door closed on the prisoner.

Ford was so choked with rage that his attempt to explain only convinced the sergeant that he was intoxicated.

The officers went through his pockets and exchanged meaning glances as they brought to light ninety five dollars in bright gold coins and five dollars in loose change. The sergeant took charge of this and then said: "Put him in the lockup over night. You say Gilder will appear against him in the morning?"

"Yes, sir, on a charge of disorderly conduct," replied the officer, and then Ford was led away from the desk, still raving and swearing by turns.

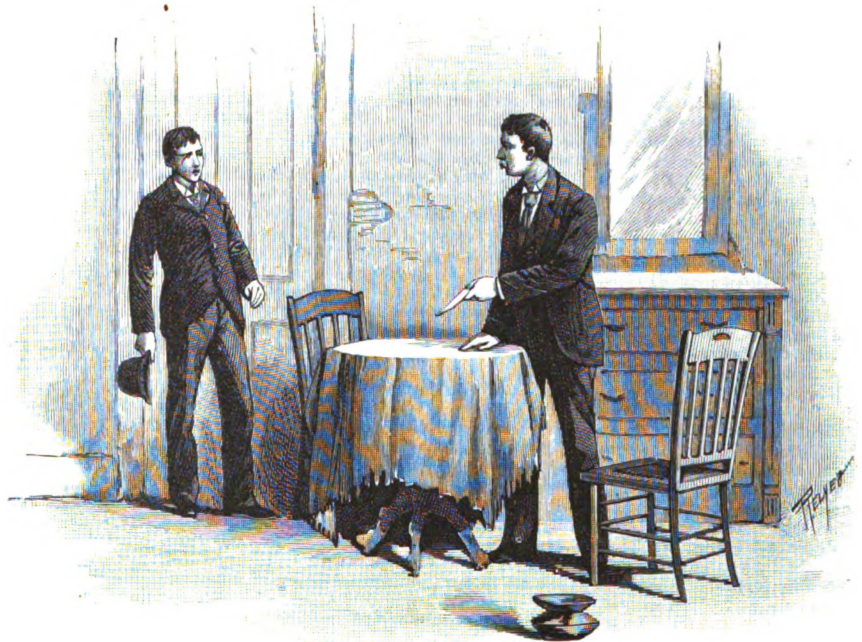
Five minutes' walk brought them to the court house. They entered the gloomy basement underneath, commonly called the lockup, and Ford was thrust into a dark cell with one narrow grated window so dirty that its existence was hardly noticeable.

He cooled down after a while and began to consider his situation

more soberly. It was an ugly scrape, he admitted, and the outcome might be serious. How to apprise the major with his misfortune was his first thought. He ought to do that by all means and yet it would be imprudent to let any one know that he was acquainted with Major Penrose.

He finally decided to let matters take their course, hoping that the major would turn up of his own accord in the morning. Ford was a philosophical fellow, and when night came he slept soundly on his hard bench until roused by the turnkey at nine o'clock in the morning. His cell door was opened, and with half a dozen other prisoners he was marched into the alleyway where two officers were waiting to conduct them to the station house.

Close behind him was a ragged, dirty tramp, with brimless hat,



"I HOLD YOUR REPUTATION IN MY HANDS," RETURNED THE MAJOR.

gaping shoes, and a bloated purple face, rendered still more hideous by a stubby red beard.

This forlorn outcast leaned forward and tapped Ford on the shoulder, exclaiming in a thin cracked voice:

"Cockney Bill, blest if it ain't!"

Ford turned quickly, and as he saw the strange apparition his face paled with sharp and sudden terror.

Ford instantly recovered his self possession and turned to the tramp with a well assumed expression of contempt and anger.

"Keep your hands off of me, you scarecrow," he exclaimed fiercely. The tramp looked at him for a moment, and then burst into a hearty laugh.

"Ha, ha! That won't work," he said. "Don't you try your bluff

game on me. "If you ain't Cockney Bill, then—" he leaned over and added in an undertone, "then I ain't Dock Dawson."

As this made no visible impression on Ford, he continued impudently: "See here, now, this won't work; never go back on an old pal. Why, you ain't furgot New York in '76, an' the Gresham Hotel down on Cortlandt Street? You an' me was both younger in them days, an' better lookin', too, but we're both beginnin' ter show our age now, blamed if we ain't. You're slightly better lookin', I'll admit, but then you allus was a dandy, Bill—"

Ford wheeled round like a flash and seized the loquacious Dock Dawson by the throat.

"You rascal," he hissed, "what do you mean by insulting a gentleman? You call me one of your ruffian friends, do you? Take that—and that—and that."

He struck the old tramp three times in succession, and bowled him out in the gutter, where he lay helpless until a companion assisted him to rise.

"He insulted me," said Ford, when an officer demanded to know what he meant by the assault, "and I gave 'im 'is deserts, that's all."

"You'll get yours before long," growled the officer, and then the procession started, with Dock Dawson far in the rear.

The usual group of loafers was in the station house when the prisoners entered, and all crowded around the dock to witness the proceedings. Ford scanned the audience in vain. There was no sign of the major, but back in the crowd he saw Sam Baxter and Mr. Gilder, the proprietor of the restaurant.

The sergeant entered from a rear room, and the proceedings began.

Half a dozen tramps were put through in short order, some sent up for ten days, others discharged.

Then Ford's quondam friend stepped forward, and supported himself unsteadily by the railing.

"Your name?" demanded the sergeant sharply.

"John Smith, sir," was the reply.

"Ah, I've heard of you before. What are you doing here?"

"I'm walkin' on a wager from San Franciscoer to New York. I'll lose a thousand dollars if yer don't let me go."

"When did you leave San Francisco?" queried the sergeant.

Mr. Smith made a hasty calculation on his finger ends.

"Three weeks ago last Monday," he replied unhesitatingly.

The crowd laughed, and Mr. Smith scowled ferociously.

"I'll have to let you off," said the sergeant. "It would be a pity to spoil such a record as that. Do you want to earn some money on your way?"

Mr. Smith smiled a broad assent.

"Well, just hire yourself out to the farmers for a scarecrow. Now remember," he added fiercely, "if you are found inside the city limits in half an hour, I'll—I'll put you to work on the streets. Now go."

Mr. Smith paled with fright at this awful threat, and made himself scarce at once.

"Henry Ford," called the sergeant, and Ford stepped up to the desk. "You are charged with disorderly conduct," said the officer. "Where are the witnesses? We will hear your story later on."

Mr. Gilder and Sam Baxter came forward and related their version of the affair, accusing Ford, of course, of purposely tripping the waiter and assaulting Sam Baxter.

Then Ford was permitted to speak, and as calmly as possible he told all that had occurred, throwing a particular stress upon the fact that the tripping had been accidental.

"Where did you get this money?" asked the sergeant abruptly, pointing to the pile of gold that had been taken from his pocket on the previous day.

Ford made no answer. To tell the truth, he was puzzled to know how to reply.

"Well," said the officer, "we'll hold you over for further examination. Your case clearly demands investigation."

The sergeant began to write out a commitment to the city jail.

Ford was trembling inwardly. He feared—and not without cause—that the Lewisberry robbery might be brought home to him through the gold.

In this uneasy state of mind, he was suddenly overjoyed to see the major enter the room, followed by Mr. Gilder, whom he had probably encountered in the doorway. They passed through the court room, whispered to the sergeant, and then all three entered the private office in the rear and closed the door.

The consultation lasted nearly half an hour, and then the sergeant came out.

"You are discharged," he said to Ford. "Mr. Gilder has withdrawn his complaint. Here is your money."

Ford hastily thrust the coins into his pocket, and shoved his way through the crowd to the hall, where Major Penrose was waiting for him. Not a word was spoken as they emerged into the street. A cab was passing, and the major hailed it.

"Drive anywhere—up the river," he called to the driver, as they

entered, and as they rattled over the asphalt he pitched into Ford in most violent language, until that unhappy individual was tempted to throw himself from the window.

"You got drunk," he said; "that's how it happened, I have no doubt. I told you not to go to any place else, but to come straight home; and now, how am I going to account for your absence? The Harrisburg papers must be kept away from the farm, for of course they will have a full account of the wretched affair. It's well I came in time, or you would have been in a nice scrape. I had trouble enough to get you off as it was. Confound it, everything is working wrong. Such beastly luck as I had yesterday—"

He stopped short and began to abuse his companion again.

"I wasn't drunk," declared Ford; "I was simply 'ungry, major."

"Then why didn't you go to a suitable eating place, instead of to the most extravagant resort in the city?" demanded the major. "I wonder you were allowed to enter the door."

Ford preserved a sulky silence while the major kept up his vituperations. The cab meanwhile was speeding through the western suburbs of the city, and was soon out on the river road.

"Well," said the major at last, in a slightly more agreeable tone, "how have you succeeded? I hope you haven't made a botch of it."

"No, I didn't," replied Ford. "I found out just what you wanted to know," and he related all that had occurred on the previous morning.

The major became more and more mollified as he listened.

"Yes, you have done well," he said: "that is just what I wanted. It makes matters very easy for us, too. If the will had been left with Mr. Grimwood, we should have had no end of trouble. Now I can see my way clear. Inside of a week, Ford, I assure you we shall know all. Then we will go straight ahead without any more delays."

"But you don't intend to break into the bank?" asked Ford uneasily.

The major laughed. "No, no," he said. "That won't be necessary. Leave all that to me. I'll manage it. Hello," he added in surprise, "we are four or five miles up the river," and leaning out of the window he directed the driver to return, and stop at the Reily Street steamboat wharf.

"I'm going to put you off here," he said to Ford. "You must take the steamer over to Fairview, and then go by train down to New Cumberland. You can walk the seven miles to Lewisberry in two hours. Tell them you fell asleep on the train last night, and were carried down to York by mistake. Don't say that you met me, though, and by all means see that no Harrisburg papers get into the squire's hands. You can easily manage that if you are sharp. I will return before this evening some time. I have important business to attend to."

They soon reached Reily Street, and found the little steamer just touching at the wharf.

A mile and a half across the broad river was the little hamlet of Fairview, which thus kept up communication with the upper part of the city.

As soon as Ford got out, the major ordered the driver to get him into the city as rapidly as possible, and half an hour later he was at Market Street. It was then just eleven o'clock.

"Now, my man," he said, as he paid and dismissed the driver, "I'll want you this afternoon. Be in front of the post office at four o'clock."

The major stopped at a news stand and purchased a morning paper. Then he turned up Third Street and entered a restaurant, where he ordered dinner to be brought to him as soon as possible.

A half dollar pressed into the waiter's palm had a marvelous effect, and the order was on the table in less than five minutes.

Before commencing, the major unfolded the paper, and carefully read over the list of boarding houses and apartments to let.

"That one looks favorable," he muttered, as he laid the paper aside. "I think I will try it."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH THE MAJOR CHANGES HIS NAME.

AFTER dinner Major Penrose boarded a Third Street car and rode up town as far as Cumberland Street. He got out and walked half a dozen blocks until he came to No. 1622. The house was a dingy, three story brick, with green shutters, and a tin placard over the door announced that rooms were to let inside.

The bell was answered by a neat, pleasant looking woman, who invited the major to walk up stairs in response to his request to see the rooms.

"I have only one empty room at present," she said; "possibly it may not suit you."

She stopped on the second floor and led the way through a narrow hall which opened into a small apartment very plainly, but neatly furnished.

The major walked to the window and looked out. Beneath him was a low shed and a large yard with fruit trees and bushes which seemed to run back to an alley.

"It's a pretty view," modestly ventured the landlady, "and the location is very quiet. We have three other lodgers, but they are all railroaders and sleep mostly in daytime, while at night they are off at work."

"What do you ask for the room, madam?" inquired the major.

"Well, sir, I usually get twelve dollars. My lodgers always get the best of care, and—"

"I'll take it," said the major. "Here is one month's rent in advance," and he handed the landlady the money. "I will take the key at once, please. I may as well tell you that I have a traveling agency for a leading publishing house, and will probably be absent most of the time. Keep the room for me and the rent will be paid regularly. My name is Andrew Drummond."

Mrs. Lee promptly wrote the major a receipt and bowed him smilingly out.

"I think I have chosen a good place," he mused as he walked briskly toward Third Street. "The neighborhood is quiet, and it is not likely any one will recognize me on the few occasions that I shall go there. Half past two," he added, looking at his watch. "I have plenty of time to spare. I think I shall walk down town."

It was nearly half past three when he reached the post office—for he had strolled along very leisurely—and going inside he took his place at one of the large windows where he could command a clear view of the main approach.

Apparently engaged in contemplating the passers by, he stood there for half an hour stroking his mustache with one hand and tapping the marble top of the steam radiator with the other.

Then a cab drove up to the curb and halted. The major recognized his driver of the morning.

"The fellow is prompt," he said to himself. "I hope I shall not be obliged to keep him waiting long."

Finally the major's eyes brightened. A young man was walking briskly up Third Street with a leather valise in his hand. He turned the corner and entered the post office, passing close by the major, who reached out his hand and tapped him on the shoulder.

He wheeled round in surprise and his face flushed when he saw who it was.

"Did I scare you, Barret?" laughed the major. "I want to see you a moment. I supposed this would be the place to waylay you."

"Wait until I put the mail in at the window," said Frank. "I always carry it up in this bag."

He hurried off and was back almost instantly.

"I wanted to see you too," he began, but the major interrupted him, saying:

"Come outside where we can talk better. Ah, there stands a cab. Suppose we make use of that."

He walked out to the curb, spoke to the driver, and opened the door for Frank, who entered without hesitation.

"I am in the city so often now," said the major, "that I have taken an apartment up town. We will go there if you have no objections."

He conversed on ordinary topics with the lad until No. 1022 was reached. Then the cab was dismissed and both hurriedly entered the house, for some of the neighbors were looking on with great curiosity. A cab was not often seen on Cumberland Street.

They encountered no person on the stairway.

"Not a very luxurious apartment," said the major apologetically as he ushered Frank into the room; "but good enough for me. I have roughed it so much of late that I have become indifferent to my surroundings."

Frank Barret sat down on a chair and pulled an envelope from his pocket.

"Here is the information, Major Penrose," he said. "I was going to mail it to you this afternoon. I think you will find it what you want."

"Thank you," replied the major. "And here is the other ten dollars I owe you."

He sat down at a small table and opened the envelope. His manner was very calm and only a keen observer could have detected the passionate eagerness beneath the surface. He unfolded the slip of paper inclosed and scanned the list of bonds, railway and mining stocks, and the other investments that made a dazzling total.

"Yes; this is what I wanted," he said coolly. "The yearly interest of the total investment comes to seven or eight thousand dollars—I thought it was more than that. All the bonds are negotiable too," he added half to himself. "Was there a cash balance, Frank?"

"It's written on the other side," said Frank. "Just turn over."

The major did as directed, and an involuntary exclamation burst from his lips as he read written legibly in pencil, "Present balance, \$72,348.86."

"Does father keep that much money on an open account?" he asked.

"Not ordinarily," replied Frank, "but yesterday a check of the Great Western Railroad Company was credited. I think he sold a farm over in the valley. Didn't you know anything of it?"

"H'm, yes," said the major carelessly. "What was the amount of the check?"

"Thirty five thousand dollars," said Frank, "to the cent. Now Major Penrose," he went on, "I have an engagement down town, and will go if you have no objection. I am sorry I ever consented to do this thing for you, but it is too late now. You promised that I should incur no risk. I beg you to remember that."

"My dear boy," replied the major, "make your mind easy. I repeat emphatically that nothing will ever be known of the matter. But I must make one other little request of you before you go. I don't think you will find it a difficult one."

Frank had half risen from his chair. His face was flushed and his hat trembled slightly in his hand.

The major motioned him down and he obeyed.

"The squire was in your bank yesterday," he resumed, "and you gave him by request his tin box of securities. He placed a paper inside and that paper I wish to see."

Frank rose and held out his hands imploringly.

"For Heaven's sake," he whispered, "don't drag me deeper into the mire. I have gone too far now. I have a good position with a fair chance of rising. I have a father, a mother and sisters. What will they think of me if any disgrace comes? I beg, I implore you, major, to ask nothing more of me that I cannot honorably do."

"But, my dear boy," said the major, "listen a moment. What I require is very simple and no harm can come to you. There is absolutely nothing to fear, and I promise you that I shall ask nothing more. Perhaps I had better briefly explain my motives. The paper in question is my father's will. I am desirous of knowing the contents for this reason. I have a passion for traveling. This home life is weary and monotonous. If, as I believe to be the case, the squire has left the farm and certain other property to my son, Dick, I shall leave home again, but if on the other hand they are intended for me, I shall feel it my duty to remain here and prepare to lead the quiet life of a country gentleman."

Frank made no reply and the major continued, more rapidly:

"It is very simple, Frank. You have constant access to the bank vault, of course, and what can be easier than to open the squire's box at a favorable moment, and slip the will into your pocket? If you have no key that will fit, take an impression of the lock in wax, bring it to me and I will have a key made. You can get possession of the will some afternoon, and can put it back the next morning."

He paused and looked keenly at the lad.

"Well, what do you say?"

"I say no, a thousand times no," exclaimed Frank in such a loud voice that the major looked apprehensively toward the door. "I refuse positively to commit the crime," and he towered proudly erect, facing the major with flashing eyes and clinched fists. "Good afternoon, sir," and he walked toward the door.

"Stop!" cried the major. His face was pale, and his eyes had the steely blue glitter in them again.

Frank paused, hat in hand.

"What do you wish to say?" he asked calmly.

"This," responded the major sternly. "You have chosen to disregard my wishes. You shall now feel my iron rule. I have a way of dealing with refractory subjects that is always effective. Do you still refuse to accede to my request?"

"Yes," said Frank hoarsely, "I do."

"But I say you will not refuse," hissed the major in low, sharp tones. "I hold your reputation in my hands," and he held up the paper containing Frank's fatal writing. "You will do what I command or—at nine o'clock tomorrow morning this document shall be in the hands of Messrs. Medcroft & Holmes."

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH MR. DAWSON PAYS A COSTLY PRICE FOR HIS DINNER.

LEAVING Frank and the major to settle their dispute we must now take the reader back to that same morning. Dock Dawson crept away from the station house elated at his freedom, and bitterly angered against Ford.

"As if I didn't know him!" he muttered. "I'll get even with my fine gentleman. I wonder what sort of a lay he's onto now. I'll find out, though."

Dock Dawson regarded this discovery pretty much as Ford did when he found Major Penrose in New York, and his object in concluding to solve the mystery was also similar. He loitered in the vicinity of the station house—without having formed any definite purpose—until Sam Baxter came along and then he suddenly saw his way clear. The whispered remarks of the crowd while he was in the dock had led him to suppose that the young colored man with the black eye was in some way connected with Ford.

"Say, who is that cove what you appeared against?" he said, tapping Sam on the shoulder.

Mr. Baxter's face expressed decided anger when he saw who had stopped him.

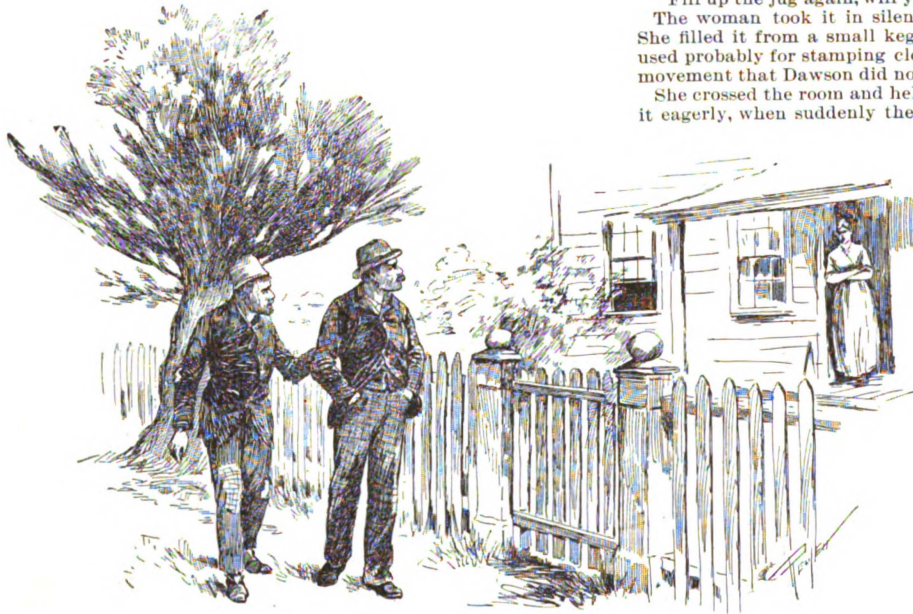
"Oh, it's de walkin' freak," he said. "What you wanter know dat

fur? Howsomever I don't mind telling you. His name's Ford, an' he libs over near Lewisberry; wuks on de same farm whar my ole man libs. Blest if I knowed it befo' dis mornin' though."

"Works?" demanded the tramp incredulously. "Does that cove work? It ain't Cockney Bill then, sure."

"He's a valet, sah, fur a gentleman named Penrose, Major Penrose," replied Sam. "In my opinion dat's de most menial kind ob work. You doan know nuffin' 'bout work dough, I'll bet."

"Right you are," said Mr. Dawson. "I'm a gentleman of leisure. If I had change for a twenty dollar bill I'd give you a dollar fur the compliment. Ta, ta! see you again," and Mr. Dawson made an abrupt departure. He had spied a bluecoat moving that way.



"WHERE IS SHE? IS SHE THERE?" EXCLAIMED DAWSON.

"I b'lieve I'm in luck," he reflected as he made his way up Market Street. "Now ter find out where Lewisberry is."

This bit of information he gleaned at the river bridge, and was amazed to learn that it was a good twelve miles away.

There was no help for it though, and fishing out a penny from some mysterious pocket he paid his toll and crossed over to Cumberland County. He trudged on for two or three hours, asking his way at different farmhouses, and then took a nap under a wayside grove of trees. He woke up an hour later, stiff and hungry.

"I can't finish the tramp 'thout somethin' ter eat," he muttered ruefully. "An' I've got just two coppers left. I'll have ter try my persuasive influence."

Half a mile further on he came to a small house with a garden and stable attached. A woman was ironing inside. Dawson looked up and down the road. No person was in sight, so he opened the gate and entered.

"Madam," he said, as the woman looked up in surprise, "your husband told me he'd give me some work if I'd come today."

The woman instantly fell into the trap.

"My husband is absent," she replied. "You will have to come again."

"Then I'll wait for him," said Dawson coolly. "Just give me a bite ter eat, will you? It's two days since I tasted food."

He sat down at a table in one corner of the room, and began to juggle with a big butcher knife lying before him.

The woman was large and rawboned, with a very determined face. She contemplated Dawson for an instant with flashing eyes, and then moved toward the side of the room.

Dawson glanced up and saw a gun resting on two hooks over the mantel.

"No yer don't," he cried savagely, and springing forward he shoved the woman roughly aside, and snatched the weapon.

"Now get the grub," he said harshly, "and be purty quick. I ain't in a humor fur waiting."

The woman, cowed into subjection by the ruffian's demeanor, obeyed. She took cold meat and bread from a cupboard and set

them before him. Then she brought a jug of cider and a glass from the cellarway.

Dawson watched every movement, resting the gun on his knee, and glancing occasionally out on the road.

Then he began to eat greedily. The woman sat on a chair across the room, rocking back and forth. Her flashing eyes and heaving bosom showed that a perfect volcano of wrath was smoldering within her.

Dawson calmly went on with his meal. The food was good, and the cider was delicious to his parched palate. Growing careless, he allowed the gun to rest against the table where he could easily reach it. From his seat he could command a view of the road, but as far as he could see it was deserted.

"Fill up the jug again, will yer?" he growled, with his mouth full.

The woman took it in silence, and went toward the cellarway. She filled it from a small keg, and then quickly seized a big club—used probably for stamping clothes—and hid it behind her back—a movement that Dawson did not observe.

She crossed the room and held out the cider. Dawson reached for it eagerly, when suddenly the club came down on his head with a

resounding whack that nearly felled him to the floor, and at the same time the gun was kicked half way across the room, fortunately not going off under such rough treatment.

"You audacious villain—you low-bred wretch! Take that, and that. How dare you insult a lone, defenseless woman? I'll larn ye a lesson."

The club whisked about Dawson's head and shoulders like a swarm of angry hornets. He fell back from his chair and stumbled blindly over the floor, but still the blows rained down on him with merciless severity.

"Help! murder!" he yelled. "Oh, I'll be killed. I'll never do it again. Let me go! Let me go!"

He shrieked in pitiful tones, but the Amazon paid not the slightest attention to him, and only hammered him the harder. At last he fell out of the doorway, roaring with pain, and the club gave him a parting shot on the head

that made him see more stars than he had ever counted in the heavens at night.

One eye was closed, and in his efforts to escape he fell into a thorn bush, and tore his hands and face.

"Scat, you brute, or I'll make a pepper box of you. Do you hear?"

The outraged Amazon was standing in the door with the gun in her hands. Dawson heard plainly enough. With a frantic effort he tore clear of the thorns, leaving one coat tail and part of his skin behind him, and limped hurriedly down the path to the gate. He staggered into the road, blinded with blood and tears. His head was full of welts, and his arms and back were one mass of bruises.

"I'd give an arm ter git square with that fiend in petticoats," he blubbered, "and I'll do it, too; I'll burn the house over her head ter night, as sure as my name is Dock Dawson."

Forgetting his errand to Lewisberry in his thirst for revenge, he turned back the way he had come, and nearly ran into a foot passenger approaching from the opposite direction.

"Look where you're going, you block'ead!" cried the man angrily, giving him a push.

Dawson sat down forcibly on the dusty road, and looked to see who had struck him.

"Cockney Bill," he muttered. "Blamed if it ain't."

Ford gazed at him in bewilderment, and then burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well, well, it's that cheeky tramp again. And what 'ave you been doing to yourself—fooling with a buzz saw, or trying to stop a railway train, or was you fighting with your shadow?"

Dawson did not relish such pleasantries. He scowled at Ford most ferociously. "You think ye're smart, don't ye? Just wait. I'll get even."

"You're almost purty enough to join a dime museum," continued Ford. "Ah, the murder's out now. I see hit all. You've been trying to make love to that young lady hon the step yonder."

"Where is she? Is she there?" exclaimed Dawson. "Say, take me away from here. Don't let her come after me agin."

"Come on," said Ford. "I'll protect you," and with Dawson by

his side he walked past the house, followed by the watchful eyes of the Amazon.

"Look 'ere," he said abruptly, when they had passed round a turn in the road, "what are you doing in this part of the country?"

Dawson accepted this as a tacit acknowledgement that Ford admitted his identity.

"I was lookin' fur you," he said doggedly. "Some cove in town tole me you had a soft snap. I was comin' over ter see if you couldn't git me a job, too."

"That's a lie," said Ford, "hand you know it. Where 'ave you been all this time?"

"You know well enough," was the sullen reply. "I was pulled just afore you went across the pond with Maillard. You was a lucky cove, you was. I wonder you ain't afraid ter come back. What become of Maillard, anyhow? He played me inter the hands of the police. I ain't furgot that. Some day I'll meet him—I'd know him if he was a hundred years old—and then—"

Dawson's face assumed such a tigerish expression that Ford shuddered.

"Maillard's dead," he said in a strange voice. "He died in London six years ago."

"Dead, is he?" Dawson gazed at Ford keenly, but made no further remark.

"Here is Lisburn," said Ford, as a straggling village street came in sight. "There's an inn you can put hup at over night—you ain't fit ter come along with me now. I'll come back in the morning, and bring some decent clothes. Then Hi'll see what can be done for you."

They halted at the inn a moment later, and Dawson was reluctantly allowed to enter.

Ford left him, and hurried on across the creek into York County. His brow was deeply wrinkled, and his face was pale. At the first farmhouse he stopped and drew a five dollar gold piece from his pocket.

"This is yours," he said to the amazed farmer, "if you can drive me to Cumberland in time to catch the five o'clock train to Harrisburg."

"The major won't leave till late," he muttered, as the man hastened away to hitch up his horse. "If I make the train Hi'm all right."

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG FLAGMAN.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MISSING LETTER.

"MADAME VELOURS," Rob began, "I cannot stay permanently. I only took the position temporarily to oblige a friend. And what would he think if I should keep it?"

"I care not what he thinks," replied the madame imperiously. "That is nothing. It is what I desire. Go now to your place by the door."

The young girl's face was the picture of despair, and Rob saw that the only thing to do was to come out boldly and throw the whole thing over at once.

"And what I desire is entitled to some consideration," he said, stepping in front of the modiste as she started to re-enter the front parlor, "and now I refuse to have anything to do with the position," and without giving anybody a chance to reply, he hurried out into the hall and down to that little room under the front stoop.

It did not take him long to strip off the resplendent livery. "I'm all at sea again," he muttered, "but I couldn't take that poor fellow's position away from him. I suppose I ought to feel flattered by the madame's preference for me, but I don't, one bit."

When he returned to the upper hall—there was no exit from the basement that he could find—the young girl was waiting for him. But all she said was, "You're awfully good," and then hurried back into the work room as if afraid that madame might discover her.

Rob went out into the bustle of the street, and stood for a second on the sidewalk, uncertain which way to turn. It was a most dismal sensation, and he eagerly welcomed the momentary diversion offered by a small crowd that was collected in front of a building a few doors away.

He joined it, and discovered that the source of attraction was a poster setting forth the fact that in the museum within a man who was fasting for forty days on a wager had just completed his thirty fifth day, and was but a mere handful of skin and bones. Many of the assemblage fished in their pockets for a dime, pushed their way up to the door and went in to look upon the spectacle, which must certainly have been a slow show, to say the least.

"I wonder if anybody'd pay to see me starve?"

The question obtruded itself into Rob's mind with ugly pertinacity, and turning on his heel he walked away from the spot as fast as ever he could, as if nearness to it might hasten the coming of that terrible foe which is personified in the wolf.

But one cannot get away from something that is within one's self, and Rob was growing more and more conscious of the fact that he was getting terribly hungry. His watch told him that it was almost lunch time at the Gaddises', and "I'll go there," he resolved. "It's the cheapest. Besides, I ought to tell Badgewood about giving up that job. I'll feel more braced up after eating, and in proper shape to look for something new."

So he retraced his steps to the boarding house, where the door was opened by the boy Launcelot.

"Hallo," exclaimed the latter. "I just took in a letter for you."

"A letter!" cried Rob eagerly. He was now ready to clutch at any straw by which to hang a hope. "Where is it?"

"Cricky, if I haven't forgot what I did with it!" exclaimed the small boy, dropping the wad of gum from his mouth. "You see, Tom Klings came along at the same time with his new bike, an' he offered to give me a ride 'n I went 'n don't know what I did with the letter. Never thought about it again till I saw you just now."

"And do you mean to tell me that you have lost it?"

Rob's tone was very emphatic, and I am sure that my readers will admit that he had cause to be provoked.

"I—I don't know," stammered the boy, retreating a step or two and beginning to turn his pockets inside out.

Rob did not hesitate to assist him in this process, and soon a motley collection of marbles, tops, pennies, and sling shots adorned the floor of the front hallway. But no letter turned up.

Thinking to take time by the forelock, Lanny began to blubber, trusting to escape punishment on the ground that a gentleman would scorn to strike a man when he is down. In plainer terms, he trusted that Rob would not box the ears of a boy who was already weeping for the fault he had committed.

But he need not have worried. Rob was far too much concerned with the loss of the letter to waste much thought on the loser.

"Where did you go after you got it?" he asked. "Think quick now."

"Oh, we went around the block. I'll run an' see if I can find it."

Lanny was evidently only too anxious to get away. Rob, however, went with him, and together they made the round of the square, scrutinizing every inch of pavement, and not neglecting the gutter. But Rob was not surprised when they reached their starting point again without having seen anything of the object of their search.

"Did you notice any printing on the envelope?" he asked, thinking that if he could find out who the communication was from, he might make a guess at its contents.

"No, didn't look at nothin' 'ceptin' Tom's bike. Say, you won't tell pa, will you?"

"Answer me one more question, and I'll make up my mind," responded Rob, who had been inspired with a sudden hope. "Was it the regular postman who gave you the letter?"

"Nope; I know that 'twasn't him."

"Who was it, then?" persisted Rob.

"Don't know. Wasn't the postman, though," replied the boy, and, seizing the opportunity while his questioner was meditating on this answer, he fled into the rear regions and disappeared.

"Could that have been a note from the railroad company?" Rob asked himself. "It must have been, sent by messenger the same way the other one was. And now the question is, what was in it?"

It was certainly highly exasperating to reflect that such an important document should be lost through a small boy's carelessness.

"I suppose the best thing for me to do now, though," Rob went on to reflect, "is to walk over to the station and find out about it. Still, if it shouldn't happen to be from there, I'd hate most awfully to be hanging about the place."

He turned to the basement stairs and went down to the dining room to lunch.

Mr. Gaddis was not at home, so he could not have reported Lanny if he had so desired. He ate his meal, scarcely knowing of what it consisted, for his brain was busier than his stomach, and at its close he decided that he must risk it, and go around to the railroad station.

"I'm pretty positive the letter came from them," he reasoned, "and if it did there could be only one thing they'd write about—my reinstatement. Hillman must have kept his promise."

And, inspired by this hope, he started off at once, forgetting all about Anthony Badgewood.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BACK ON THE ROAD.

"MR. CUTLER is very busy just now." This was the answer given in response to Rob's request for an audience with the station master, and it was possible that he would have gone away at once had not a gentleman at

that moment left the office, and in the instant that the door was opened, Mr. Cutler within caught sight of Rob.

"Come right in," he called out, and leaving the other visitor who was still seated by him, he rose from his desk and came half down the room to meet the ex flagman.

"So you received my letter," he began, halting with the railing between them.

"No, sir, I didn't; that's just——"

"Then what did you come here for?" and there was a suspicion of coldness in the station master's voice.

"You misunderstand me, sir," Rob hastened to explain. "A letter

This brought to his mind Anthony Badgewood again.

"I've forgotten to tell him my experience at Madame Velours's," he recollected. "Poor fellow. I wonder if he'll lose his place and where I'll sleep tonight!"

He hurried back to the Gaddises' and found the latter question solved for him in the most unexpected manner. Mr. Gaddis met him at the door and at once burst out with: "If you want all that room, Mr. Marston, you can have it now."

"Why, what's become of Badgewood?" inquired Rob, with as great amazement as relief.

"He's going to be married," replied Mr. Gaddis in that calm tone that many people assume when they have anything of extraordinary importance to communicate.

"Married?" echoed Rob, leaning against the wall to enable him to support his astonishment. "Why I left him sick in bed not six hours ago."

"I know, but there's been a young lady here since who said she must see him, and after a bit she came down and told me that I could have the room after four o'clock this afternoon. She said she'd been engaged to Badgewood for ever so long, but they thought they hadn't enough money to marry on. But now he was sick and needed somebody to take care of him, and she couldn't do it unless they got married. Besides, in her boarding house they could get a room for two for only two dollars a week more than for one, so they would actually save money by becoming man and wife."

"And did Badgewood consent?" asked Rob.

"He couldn't do anything else, and seemed to get better right off. They've just gone in a carriage to the minister's. That young woman packed up everything in ten minutes. I never saw such a spry one."

"That's the second load lifted off my mind today," reflected Rob, as he went up to take exclusive possession of the little fourth floor back.

Indeed, he felt it was almost worth while to have gone through the harrowing experience of the past few days for the sake of the state of exaltation that followed on the lifting of the clouds. He devoted the remainder of the afternoon to a long stroll through Fairmount Park and went to bed early.

How good it seemed the next morning to go up to the trainmen's room, and put on his natty uniform! And then, too, he found Cummings to be a genial fellow of about thirty five, while he was no less delighted to discover that he was to have Archie Hyde for forward brakeman on the outward trip.

"You see Hillman's leaving has made a gap for us fellows to step into," Hyde explained. "It's a shame such a fine fellow as he couldn't let drink alone. I'm afraid he'll go straight to the bad now."

Rob thought of a sweet faced old lady in Red Ball, and he wondered if she knew what sad fate had overtaken him on whom her heart was so fondly set. He wished he could do something for her, or for Hillman, but it seemed as if there was no opportunity open to him. He could not see into the future, nor had he the faintest conception of that crook in destiny's path that was now so near to him and which would once more link his fortunes with Webb Hillman's in strangest fashion.

He thoroughly enjoyed that run over to Jersey City, in spite of the twenty odd stops the train made. His spirits were so high after their descent into the depths that he felt justified in being a little extravagant in going over to New York to lunch and do a little sight seeing.

Then in the afternoon he found No. 55 to be a very pleasant train, as it was an express as far as Brunswick. For this reason it carried a large number of commuters, and by the end of the week Rob knew many of them by face. Cummings seemed to take quite a fancy to him, and it wasn't long before Rob was initiated into the mysteries of ticket sorting, i.e., separating the tickets from the different stations into their proper bundles.

In order to do this he was obliged to learn the numbers of all the stations along the line, and at this Cummings declared he was very apt and prophesied that he would soon be holding a punch. This happened much sooner than even the sanguine conductor had anticipated, for on an afternoon trip one day Cummings missed his footing in springing on the train at Elizabeth, and falling on the platform turned his foot in such a manner that he was not able to stand on it.

Rob and the baggage master helped him to the baggage car, where a rough couch was made for him on top of a couple of trunks, and a doctor, who happened to be among the passengers, called to look after him.

"You'll have to take my place, Marston," he said, "till we get to Chelsea at any rate. Do you think you can manage it all right by yourself?"

"Oh, yes," answered Rob, as he took the punch the other handed to him, with a flush of pleasure mounting to his cheeks.

Then he started through the train, little imagining that this inci-



•• THAT'S EQUAL TO SAYING YOU DON'T BELIEVE MY WORD. ••

sent to me this morning has been lost. I thought it might have been from you. I called to find out for certain."

"Oh, I see," and Mr. Cutler thawed again at once.

"You don't know why I wanted to see you, then?" he went on.

"No, sir."

"It was because I had a letter from Webb Hillman, explaining why you were left by your train the other night. While this speaks very badly for him, it puts your conduct in an entirely new light. You are restored to your position on the road, and I shall give you a new run, one in which you will not be associated with Belford. You may report for duty tomorrow morning to take out No. 32, and will return on No. 55."

"Thank you, sir," said Rob, who realized that Mr. Cutler had a shrewd knowledge of all he had had to contend with under Belford. Then he added quickly: "May I inquire, sir, where Hillman is?"

"He gave no date. His letter was mailed in New York. Poor fellow, I fancy from the tone of it that he has given up trying to get the better of his worse self. Remember to be here by eight tomorrow. Cummings will be your conductor."

Rob left the building as though he were walking on air. Not only had he regained his position, but a much better run had been given him, for No. 32 left Philadelphia at 8:30, reaching New York three hours later. On the return he would arrive home before eight.

"Now I can sleep at night like any other civilized man," he reflected. "Or no I can't," was the thought that came instantly on top of it. "I haven't any place to sleep."

dent was to afford an opening for an experience which was to influence all his after life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN ADVENTURE ON NO. 55.

WE doubt if the President of the United States felt any deeper sense of self importance on walking up to take possession of the White House than did Robert Marston when he started through the train that afternoon to collect the tickets. He understood pretty thoroughly just what he had to do, and reached the next to the last car without any trouble.

Many of the commuters greeted him pleasantly with such remarks as "Hello, they've got you behind the punch this time, have they?" but in the third car he ran against a snag.

It will be understood that Rob had been obliged to ask everybody to show his ticket, whether he had got on at the last stop or not. He had not been with Cummings on his rounds and therefore could not be expected to tell those who had come through from Jersey City from those who had boarded the train at Elizabeth. News of the accident to the conductor had spread among the passengers, so they all cheerfully put themselves to the trouble of getting out their tickets again for the young brakeman's inspection. All but one individual in the third car.

He was a man of about forty, with a red face and a scraggly beard, and was either asleep or pretending to be when Rob reached him.

"Ticket if you please," said Rob, laying a hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Um, what's that?" muttered the fellow, lifting his head and favoring the young brakeman with a particularly surly stare.

"I want to see your ticket if you please," repeated Rob.

"Just showed it a while ago," growled the other.

"Yes, but the conductor can't come through now, and I must see them all this time."

"Can't help that. You don't want to punch it, do you?"

"Not unless you got on at Elizabeth."

"Well, I didn't, so that's all you want to know."

"I must see your ticket, though," persisted Rob.

"That's equivalent to saying you don't believe my word," blustered the other, throwing himself back in the seat and swelling out a much ruffled shirt front.

"I'm only obeying rules," rejoined Rob, as quietly as he could.

"Never heard of a rule that made a passenger show his ticket between every station," and the fellow turned himself in his seat with his back toward Rob and made as if to resume his nap.

"I must see that ticket," and Rob spoke with great firmness.

By this time there was considerable stir among the passengers in the immediate neighborhood. Just behind the surly individual sat a young fellow whom Rob had often noticed. He was about his own age and a commuter to Midway Junction. He had a very pleasant face, and from his dress Rob judged that he must be a member of some aristocratic family, who were still at their country place at Midway. After the first week he had nodded to the young brakeman as he passed him in the car, and now seemed to take a lively interest in the controversy in the seat ahead of him.

Presently he beckoned to Rob, who stepped back while the other whispered to him: "He *did* get on at Elizabeth. I saw him. He's trying to beat his way. You can tell him you've got a witness if you like. I'll back you up."

"Much obliged," returned Rob, gratefully. "I don't want to get you into trouble though."

"Don't stop for that. I shall rather enjoy the fun," and the fellow placed himself on the edge of his seat as if ready to bounce up and take a hand in at a moment's notice.

"Are you going to show me that ticket?" Rob began again, stepping in beside his man.

"I told you once I wasn't going to show it," was the reply. "It's an imposition to keep a man fishing in his pocket for a bit of paste-board every five minutes."

"And you say you have ridden from Jersey City?" Rob persisted.

"That what's I said," was the snappish rejoinder.

"I beg your pardon, but I have reason to believe that you got on at Elizabeth."

Rob spoke quietly and waited for the effect.

"Young man, this is an insult," fairly roared the other. "The company shall know of this. I—I shall report you as soon as we reach Philadelphia."

"And call on me for a witness, will you?" interposed the young fellow from behind.

The man turned quickly, his face lighting up with malevolent satisfaction at finding a backer, as he supposed.

"I can bear testimony to the fact," went on the young man, with a twinkle in his eye which only Rob saw, "that you got on the train at Elizabeth."

The would-be beater of his way looked as if he had been slapped in the face. He had expected something so altogether different.

"You must be mistaken, sir," he stammered. "I came from New York; crossed in the ferryboat New Jersey. I rode in the smoking car till I reached Elizabeth, where I got out to send a telegram. Then I came in here."

"In that case, of course," rejoined the stranger from Midway Junction, "you of course have a ticket from New York, which you can have no objection to showing me."

"Sir," exclaimed the other, rising to his feet and drawing himself up proudly, "I am a gentleman, and as such am not accustomed to being called upon to substantiate my word with proofs."

"Then you refuse to show me your ticket as well as decline to let an official of the road look at it?" persisted the young man.

"When the proper official presents himself, I shall be willing to comply with the rules," was the response, uttered with a poor assumption of dignity. "Look at the fellow's cap. See the word 'Brakeman' there? He has nothing to do with the tickets."

"He has authority to put you off the train, though, if you refuse to show yours," put in Rob, whose blood was up to the boiling point.

He felt that in dealing with this case he would either show the company that he was deserving of the trust that had been reposed in him, or the reverse. It would be an easy matter to take the man's word and let the matter pass, saying nothing about it to Cummings, but this would be shirking his duty.

He reached up and gave the signal cord a single pull. Instantly three sharp whistles sounded from the engine and the wheels grated harshly on the rails as the train was brought to a standstill.

"Come," said Rob unflinchingly, laying his hand on the troublesome passenger's shoulder.

"Hands off, you impertinent puppy," roared the other.

"You're the one that goes off—off this train," returned Rob, with slightly pale cheeks, but preserving a firm front.

The man, who was a six footer, threw back his head and laughed.

(To be continued.)

A GOOD WORD TO TAKE OUT OF ONE'S VOCABULARY.

"Oh, I forgot!" How often we hear this spoken by young people, in a tone of apology, as if the fact that the fulfillment of a promise or the performance of a duty had slipped their mind was an all sufficient excuse. If, for instance, a young man should devote as much time and attention to training his memory as many of them do to learning to smoke, things would *not* slip their minds. In regard to the habit of forgetting here are some reminiscences which every young man should read carefully and remember. They are quoted from the *American Grocer*.

A successful business man says there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen which were afterward of great use to him, namely: "Never to lose anything and never to forget anything."

An old lawyer sent him with an important paper with certain instructions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it, what shall I do then?"

"You must not lose it."

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to; I shall make no provisions for such an occurrence; you must not lose it!"

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down in his mind, fastened it there and made it stay. He used to say: "When a man tells me he forgot to do something, I tell him he might as well have said: 'I do not care enough about your business to think about it again.'"

Once had an intelligent young man in my employ who deemed it sufficient excuse for neglecting any important task to say: "I forgot it." I told him that would not answer. If he was sufficiently interested he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot it. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last of these he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found, was a lazy, careless habit of the mind, which he cured.

AN ELEPHANT TO BAPTIZE.

We dare say that many of our readers have heard the story of the minister, who, at a christening, went on to adjure the parents of the child to train him up in the way he should go in order that he might hereafter rise up and call them blessed, and then, his memory having failed him, bent down to get the mother to repeat the name, which she did with a meek "Lucy, sir." Here is another anecdote of the baptismal font, gleaned from the columns of the *Detroit Free Press*.

A certain Scotch mother had a smattering of "the correct thing" gained from association with "the quality." To her spouse one day she said:

"Ye maun gang to the minister and tell him to come baptize the bairn, but mind, John, that ye dinna say bairn—say infant."

Her better half pondered the word, and when he had committed it to memory he had reached the minister's house. As soon as he saw the reverend parson he began his message.

"Maggie says ye air to come over and bapteeze the—"

"Is it the bairn ye mean, John?"

"Na, na, it's noo that at a," said John in deep distress, "it's the—the—it's the elephant, sir!"



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THE ARGOSY BOUND VOLUMES.

NEVER since we have been in business have we done such an immense trade in the bound volumes of THE ARGOSY as during the past holiday season. We sold such a large number of these handsome books that the supply on hand has become very much reduced. We would therefore urge all who desire to own these attractive volumes that they send in their orders at the first opportunity. Announcement of the contents of the one last from the press will be found on page three of our advertising sheets.

* * * *

THE MODERN SEAMAN'S SAFEGUARD.

FOR many years the phrase, "pouring oil on troubled waters," was regarded as a mere figure of speech, and the idea that anything practical could come of it was scouted as absurd and babyish. To have expected the sea captain of twenty years ago to carry a supply of oil with him with which to smooth out ruffled waters would be as reasonable as to offer a soldier an umbrella when parading in a rain storm. And yet it is now suggested that a generous supply of oil be included among the necessary articles that a vessel putting to sea is required by law to carry.

Indeed, had it not been for thirty gallons of paraffine which she chanced to have aboard and which her captain remembered about at the last moment, a steamer which recently arrived in New York from St. John's would undoubtedly have foundered on the way. The effect of this oil on the tumultuous waves, put over the side in bags, was marvelous, and can be likened to nothing less than the magic working of Harlequin's rod in the pantomime.

* * * *

ONE of our contemporaries tells the story of a certain German baron, who, being wounded in both legs in battle, determined to amuse himself by getting a separate doctor to treat each leg, saying nothing to either about the injury to the other limb. Each surgeon had a different method, but both wounds healed about the same time.

This was certainly a victory for the medical profession, for, had one leg taken longer than the other to mend, the luckless doctor who happened to be treating it, would have come in for a merciless use of the "deadly parallel" at the hands of his cunning patient. If only the Siamese twins were still alive what an interesting experiment could be carried out if, in case of the illness of both, one should call in a homeopathic and the other an allopathic physician to attend him.

* * * *

WIDE AWAKE PLANTS.

SOME time since THE ARGOSY made mention of the persistency with which a plant found its way around a brick obstruction that came in its way. And now we have a Philadelphia paper telling us the duties of another member of the vegetable world under the startling heading, "Plants That See." It seems that while a gentleman in India was sitting on the piazza with his foot against a pillar, a creeping plant, a species of convolvulus, began to shoot out its tendrils towards his leg, and within an hour they had twined themselves around it. Later experiments with a pole, placed a foot away from the plant, resulted in inducing the sprays to stretch out until they had grasped it.

Of course what the teller of the anecdote has dubbed sight, is only a natural tendency, and yet one of such wondrous kind as to suggest the possibility of some showman of the future setting himself up in business with a stock of trained plants, warranted to "play dead," pull tiny coaches, enact mimic warfare and go through sundry other feats heretofore confined to white mice, canary birds and educated fleas.

COLONEL FRANKLIN K. HAIN,

MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK ELEVATED RAILROADS.

THAT the citizens of New York are thoroughly satisfied with the transportation system known as the elevated railroads, cannot truthfully be asserted; but every one is aware that no part of their dissatisfaction is visited upon the manager of that system. It is largely due to the admirable administrative ability of Colonel Hain that it offers the undoubtedly great facilities that it



COLONEL FRANKLIN K. HAIN.

does—facilities which would be more than equal to the requirements of any American city but New York.

Colonel Hain is a railroader in the most thorough sense of the word. He was born about fifty years ago at Stouchsburg, Pennsylvania, his ancestors having emigrated to this country from Holland early in the last century. At sixteen he entered the shops of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad as a machinist's apprentice. During the war he served in the engineer corps of the Federal Navy, and was appointed second assistant engineer. He then resigned, to become successively draughtsman on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, at Scranton; master mechanic of a division of the Philadelphia and Erie, and superintendent of motive power of the latter road. In 1867 he became connected with the Baldwin locomotive works, with which company he remained for seven years, transacting during that time some important business with the Russian railroads. Then he transferred his services to the Erie and the Rock Island systems, finally, in 1880, accepting his present position.

After this long and varied experience it is safe to say that what Colonel Hain doesn't know about railroading is hardly worth knowing. Railroad management has grown to be a science in itself, and a most important science to the community. The particular field over which he presides is a peculiar one. It demands the most absolute perfection of system, and the most unremitting watchfulness of supervision. The excellent condition, the phenomenal safety, and the creditable promptness and regularity of the elevated roads of the metropolis are largely due to Colonel Hain's thorough management. Their limitations arise from causes beyond his control. There are very few men who could make them perform their difficult task as well as he does.

The colonel's office is at 71 Broadway, the building through which runs the passage from Broadway to the elevated station at Church and Rector Streets. Here he gives the most unflagging attention to the duties intrusted to him, working harder, in all probability, than any one in his great army of employees. These number about forty five hundred, all told, and he is both respected and liked by them. He never spares time and trouble in investigating any grievance or mismanagement. Many are the quiet trips that he takes over his lines at night, to assure himself that the great machine is in efficient working order.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

RICHARD DARE'S VENTURE; OR, STRIKING OUT FOR HIMSELF.

BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER.

CHAPTER IV. ON THE TRAIN.

OF course there was a good deal of talking about Richard's proposed venture. The girls seemed never to tire of it, and the amount of advice that they gave their brother was enough, as the boy declared, "to help him along until eternity, and two days afterwards."

"You'll want your best clothes, city folks are so particular," de-

train," put in Grace. "I'm sure that in such a long ride as that you ought to have some kind of an adventure."

"I trust that he does not," returned the mother. "An adventure would probably mean an accident, and we have had enough already;" and she gave a long sigh.

"Don't fear but what I'll write," replied Richard. "And if anything unusual happens I'll put it down."

But all evenings must come to an end, and finally, as the clock struck ten, the good night word went its round, and they separated.

No need to call Richard on the following morning. He was up and dressed at five, and impatient for the start. Every one turned in towards serving him a hot breakfast, and in addition Mrs. Dare put him up a tidy lunch in a box.

There was one thing, though, that the boy was obstinate about. He would not accept all of the money that Mrs. Dare thought it her duty to make him take. The price of his ticket and five dollars was Richard's limit, and to this he stuck.



SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS CAME TO THE STATION TO SEE RICHARD OFF.

clared Grace. "And your shirts and collars will have to be as stiff as old Deacon Moore's, I expect."

"I only want things clean and neat," replied Richard. "I'm not going there to be a dude. I'm going there to work—if I can get anything to do."

Nevertheless, Grace was bound that he should look his best, and spent an extra hour over the washtub and ironing board.

It was decided that he should not be hampered with a trunk, but should take a valise instead. This Mrs. Dare packed herself, and stood in the hallway late on Saturday afternoon.

Meanwhile Richard was not idle. He did not wish to leave any work around the place unfinished, and early and late he spent many hours in the house and in the garden, doing the things that were most needed.

Sunday morning the whole family, including little Madge, attended the pretty white church that was the one pride of Mossvale. Richard suspected that Mr. Cook had expected him to be there, for the sermon was on the quotation: "Be thou strong in the faith," and advised all, especially the young, to stick to their Christian principles, despite the alluring, but harmful, enticements of the great world around them.

It was a sober little crowd that gathered in the kitchen in the dusk after supper. Richard was a trifle louder in his manner than usual, but this was only an effort to cover up the evidence of his real seriousness.

"You must not forget to write as soon as you arrive and find a stopping place," cautioned Mrs. Dare for at least the fifth time.

"Yes, and don't forget to tell us all about what happened on the

"If I get real hard up I'll write for more," was his declaration "You will need what you have saved, and I am sure I can get along without it."

Mrs. Dare shook her head. But it was all to no purpose. Richard was firm, and doubly so when Grace gave him a pert look of approval.

The news of the departure had spread, and at the depot the boy met several who had come to see him off—Mr. Cook and two or three boy friends, including Charley Wood, the son of a neighbor, who was not slow in giving the lion's share of his attention to Grace.

"Here comes the train!" exclaimed Nancy, after a pretty long wait, and a moment later, with ringing bell, the locomotive rounded the curve below, and the cars rolled into the depot.

"All aboard for Rockvale, Beverly, and New York! Way train for Hurley, Allendale, Hobb's Dam, and all stations south of Bakersville Junction!" shouted the conductor. "Lively, please."

There was a hurried hand shaking, and several warm kisses.

"Good by, Richard," said Mrs. Dare. "God be with you!" And then she added in a whisper: "Don't be afraid to come home as soon as you don't like it any more."

"I'll remember, mother," he replied. "Don't worry about me. It's all right. Good by, each and everybody!"

Valise in hand, he climbed up the steps and entered one of the cars. He had hardly time to reach a window seat, and wave a parting adieu, when the train moved off.

He looked back as long as he could. Mother and sister were waving their handkerchiefs, Grace having brought her largest for this special occasion.

But the train went swiftly on its way, and soon Mossvale and its people were left behind.

"Off at last!" was Richard's mental comment. "It's sink or swim now. Good by to Mossvale and the old life!"

Yet it must in truth be confessed that there was just the suspicion of a tear in his eye and a lump in his throat as he settled back in his seat, but he hastily brushed away the one and swallowed the other, and put on as bold a front as he could.

The car was only partially filled, and he had a double seat all to himself. He placed his valise beside him, and then gazed at the ever varying panorama that rushed past.

But his mind was not given to the scenes that were thus presenting themselves. His thoughts were far ahead, speculating upon what it would be best to do when his destination was reached.

He knew New York was a big place, and felt tolerably certain that few, if indeed any, would care to give him the information that he knew he needed.

Presently the train began to stop at various stations, and the car commenced to fill up.

"This seat taken?" said a gentleman, as he stopped beside Richard.

"No, sir," replied the boy, and made room for the other.

"Thank you," returned the gentleman. "Rather crowded," he continued, as he sat down, and deposited a huge valise beside Richard's, which had been placed upon the floor.

"I might have checked my satchel," remarked Richard, noting that the two valises rather crowded things.

"So might I," was the new comer's reply, "but I thought it would be too much trouble in New York getting it."

"I'm not used to traveling," explained Richard, "and so I thought it best to have my baggage where I could lay my hands on it."

The gentleman looked at him curiously.

"Going to the city?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"First trip?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'll see a good many strange sights. Going to stay several days, I presume."

"Longer than that, sir. I'm going there to try my luck."

The gentleman looked surprised.

"I hope you succeed," he said. "You will find it rather uphill work, I'm afraid. Where are you from, if I may ask?"

"I come from Mossvale. My name is Richard Dare. My father died from an accident a short while ago, and, as there didn't seem to be anything in our village for me to work at, I made up my mind to try New York."

The boy's open manner evidently pleased his listener.

"I am glad to know you," he returned. "My name is Joyce—Timothy Joyce. I am a leather dealer—down in the Swamp."

"The Swamp?" queried Richard, puzzled by the appellation.

"Yes—at least that's what us old time folks call it. There used to be a swamp there years ago. I'm on Jacob Street. Maybe I can help you around a bit."

"Thank you, Mr. Joyce; I'm glad to know you," replied Richard gratefully. "I'm a perfect stranger, as I said, and it will be right handy to have some one to give me a few points."

Mr. Joyce smiled. He was quite taken by the boy's frank manner.

"I'll give you all the points I can," he said. "You must keep your eyes and ears open, though, for there are many pitfalls for the unwary."

Mr. Joyce felt in his coat pocket. "Here is a map of the city. I am going out in the smoker presently, to enjoy a cigar. I would advise you to study it while I am gone, and when I come back I'll explain anything that you can't understand."

"Thank you, I will."

"Just look to my bag while I am gone, will you?" continued Mr. Joyce, as he arose.

When alone, Richard became absorbed in the map at once.

On and on sped the train, now running faster than ever. But Richard took no notice. He was deep in the little volume, trying his best to memorize the names of the streets and their locations.

"It's not a very regular city," he sighed. "Streets run in all directions, and some of them are as crooked as a ram's horn. If I ever—"

A sudden jar at this instant caused Richard to pitch forward from his seat. Then, before he realized what had happened, the car tilted, and then turned completely over on its side.

CHAPTER V.

THE SMASH UP.

RICHARD was bewildered and alarmed by what had happened. As the car went over upon the side nearest to which he was sitting, he fell down between the windows, with his head resting upon his bundle holder, that a moment before had been over it.

His own valise and that belonging to Mr. Joyce came down on top of him, and as both were heavy, they knocked the breath completely out of him.

As soon as the boy had somewhat regained this and his scattered senses, he scrambled to his feet, and tried to look around him.

Daylight shone into the car from the windows above, but all was dust and confusion, mingled with the cries of women and the loud exclamations of men.

Luckily Richard was not far from the rear door, and having somewhat recovered from the shock, he resolved to get out as speedily as possible.

The car had now stopped moving, and as there seemed to be no immediate danger of anything more happening, the boy stopped to get the two valises.

With such a load it was no easy matter climbing over the seats to the door. Yet the feat was accomplished, and two minutes later, with an exclamation of relief, Richard pitched his baggage to the bank beside the track, and sprang to the solid ground.

His foot had been slightly sprained when the shock came, but in the excitement he hardly noticed the pain. He could readily see that assistance was needed on all sides, and he was not slow to render all that lay in his power.

The cause of the accident could be seen at a glance. A heavy freight train had backed down from a side track, smashing the locomotive attached to the passenger cars, and throwing three of the latter off the track.

One of the cars—the first—had been turned completely over, and to this every one was hurrying.

"It's the smoking car," replied a man, to Richard's eager question. "It's full of men, too."

Setting down the two valises within easy reach, the boy hurried forward.

"Mr. Joyce is in there," was his thought. "Oh, I hope he isn't hurt!"

Though Richard had known the man but a short hour, yet the city merchant's cordial manner had completely captivated the boy.

It was no easy matter for the men in the smoker to free themselves. In turning over, a number of the seats in the car had become loosened, falling on many, and blocking up both doors as well.

But presently several windows were smashed out, and the occupants began to pour from these, some with their clothing badly torn, others hatless, and several severely injured.

"There are two men in there stuck fast!" exclaimed a short, stout man, as puffing and blowing he reached the ground. "I tried to help 'em both, but it was no use,—the seats all piled up atop of 'em. Reckon they'll have to be cut away, they're jammed in so tight."

Instantly Richard thought of Mr. Joyce. Nowhere in the crowd could he catch sight of the gentleman. It was possible that one of the two might be his newly made friend.

"There's a tool house down the road a ways," continued the stout man. "I noticed it as we rode past, a moment before we went over."

"Where?" asked Richard eagerly.

"On the other side, up the embankment," was the reply.

"I'll see if I can get something to work with," returned the boy. "Just watch my baggage while I'm gone."

In an instant he was off, running as fast as possible. He found the building just as it had been described. The door was open, and rushing in, he confronted an Irish laborer, who was cleaning up some tools.

"The train has been wrecked, just below," he exclaimed hurriedly. "We want some tools,—an axe, or a crowbar,—something,—quick!"

"Train wrecked?" repeated the man in astonishment.

"Yes,—just below."

Richard picked up an axe and an iron bar.

"Bring some more tools with you!" he cried as he started to go.

"It may mean life or death!"

Richard's earnest manner made an impression upon the laborer, and in a few seconds the man was following the boy, with his arms full of such implements as were handy.

Down at the wreck Richard found that one of the two men, a lean, sallow complexioned individual, had already been liberated, but the other was still a prisoner.

"Just what we want!" cried one of the workers, as he took the axe from the boy's hand. "Can you use the bar?"

"I guess so."

"Follow me, then."

Richard crawled into the car after the man. Inside it was full of dust, and the thick tobacco smoke nearly stifled the boy.

Near the center of the car they found the unfortunate passenger. It was not Mr. Timothy Joyce.

The man was on his back, and a seat, fastened in some strange manner, pinned him down.

"Help me! help me!" he gasped. "That thing is staving in all my ribs!"

It did not take Richard long to insert the iron bar under one end of the slat and thus pry it up. This done the man with the axe gave the side of the seat a couple of blows, and then the prisoner was free.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the man, as he sprang to his feet, and followed the others out of the car. "And thank you, too, my hearties," he continued to the other man and to Richard. "I thought as how I was strangled sure. But Doc Linyard allers was a lucky tar. Thanky, messmates, thanky."

He was a nautical looking fellow of perhaps forty. He wore a blue pea jacket and trousers, and under the rolling collar of his gray flannel shirt was tied a black bandanna in true sailor style.

"Is your chest hurt much?" asked Richard, as he thought he noticed a look of pain cross the man's countenance.

"No bones broken," was the reply, after a deep breath.

The two were soon standing side by side on the bank near the track.

"Wish I could reward you," went on the man. "But I ain't got a dollar all told."

And diving into his capacious pocket he brought to light only a miscellaneous collection of small coins.

"Oh, never mind that," said the boy, coloring a trifle. "I'm glad you're all right."

"So am I—downright glad, and no mistake. As I said afore, my name is Linyard, Doc Linyard, general manager, along with my wife, of the Watch Below, the neatest sailors' lunch room on West Street, New York. I say neatest because my wife keeps it. She's a worker, Betty is. Come and see me some time. I won't forget to treat you well."

"Thank you, Mr. Lin——"

"Avast there! Don't tackle no mister to my name," interposed the old sailor. "What's *your* name?" he continued suddenly.

Richard told him.

"All right, Mr. Dare. I'll remember it, and you, too. But don't go for to put a figure head to my name. Plain Doc Linyard is good enough for such a tough customer as me."

"I'll remember it, Mr.——"

"Avast, I say——"

"I mean Doc Linyard."

And shaking hands the two separated.

Picking up the two valises, Richard made his way through the crowd, looking for Mr. Joyce. It seemed rather queer that the gentleman who had left his baggage in the boy's care was nowhere to be found.

Richard made quite a number of inquiries, especially among the men who had occupied the smoking car, but to no avail.

The smash up was no small affair, and it took fully an hour before the railroad officials that were present could get assistance to the spot. In the meantime, the injured were laid out on the grass and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Luckily, several doctors had been passengers on the train, and as they were uninjured they took charge of all who needed their aid.

Finally a train backed down to take the passengers to Rockvale, the next town of importance.

Richard hardly knew what to do. If Mr. Joyce was hurt it was certainly his duty to remain. But perhaps the gentleman had gone off, to render assistance, or, it was possible, on a search for his satchel.

"Guess I'll take the train and risk it," was Richard's conclusion. "He is bound to follow to Rockvale sooner or later, and we will probably meet in the depot."

Nevertheless, as the boy entered the car he felt rather uncomfortable, carrying off the property of another, who was comparatively a stranger to him.

CHAPTER VI.

UNDER SUSPICION.

"WELL, I've had an adventure on the road just as Grace hoped I would," was Richard's mental comment, as he lay back in the car seat. "So I'll have something to write home after all. But I don't care particularly to have any more such happenings."

For though Richard had taken the whole affair rather coolly he now found that it had been more the excitement than aught else that had kept him up, and he was beginning to feel the full force of a most uncomfortable shaking up.

But this feeling, bordering upon nervous prostration, was not confined to the boy alone. Every one of the passengers, most of whom had escaped without a scratch, were decidedly ill at ease.

It was not long ere Richard thought to take a look through the train for Mr. Joyce.

"He may have got aboard without my seeing him," he said to himself.

And leaving his baggage piled up in the seat he made the tour from one end to the other and back.

He was unsuccessful. It was as if the leather merchant had disappeared for good.

"Hope he turns up," thought the boy. "If he doesn't what am I to do with his baggage? I don't know where he lives and—— Hold up."

He suddenly thought of Mr. Joyce's card, which that gentleman had given him, but a hasty and then a thorough search convinced him that the bit of pasteboard was no longer in his possession.

"Must have slipped out of my pocket in the smash up," he thought.

"Well, I'll have to make the best of it, only I don't want to carry off another person's property."

Richard did not know enough to leave the valise with the baggage master or some of the other railroad officials. This was his first journey of importance, and everything was new and strange to him.

The next station was quite a distance, and after thinking the matter over the boy concluded to let the matter rest until they reached that point.

He still retained the guide book the merchant had loaned him, and presently he took it out and began to study it more carefully than ever.

"Father used to live up in that neighborhood," he said to himself, as certain familiar names of streets arose in his mind. "Some time, after I'm settled, I'll visit that district and learn if there are still any people there who knew him. Who knows but what I might run across some one who knew him during the war, and could witness his application?"

The idea was a rather pleasant one, and gave the boy a wide field for meditation and hope. He determined not only to take a "run up," as he had said, but also, when the opportunity offered, to make a thorough canvass of the locality and get every bit of information obtainable.

"Aho, there! Mr. Dare. On board, too, eh?" exclaimed a voice, and looking up Richard saw Doc Linyard's beaming face.

"Sit down," returned the boy.

The seat in front was vacant, and in a trice the old sailor had it turned over and himself ensconced in the soft cushions, opposite Richard.

"Might I ask where you're bound?" asked Doc Linyard, after another long string of thanks for the services that had been rendered.

"I can't say any more than that I'm going to New York. I'm looking for work, and I don't know where I'll settle. Perhaps I'll strike nothing and have to go back home."

"What! A strong, healthy young fellow like you? Nonsense! Not if you care to lend a will'ng hand."

"Oh, I'm anxious enough to do that."

"Then you'll pull through. Them as is anxious and willing always do. I didn't have much to start on when I settled in the city. Only six months' pay at sixteen dollars a month."

"How came you to leave the sea?" asked the boy, with considerable curiosity, for Doc Linyard was the first regular sailor he had ever known.

"Oh, you see I was wrecked a couple of times, and lost one leg; this" he tapped his left knee "is only a cork one, you know, and then the wife grew afeared, and said as how she wanted me ashore. But a tar used to the rigging and sech don't take kindly to labor on land, so instead of working for other people, I up and started the Watch Below."

"What is it—a boarding house?"

"Not exactly, though we do occasionally take a fellow in. It's a temperance lunch room for sailors, with regular first class ship grub-couse, plum duff and sech. Most of the fellows know me, and hardly a soul comes ashore but what drops in afore he leaves port."

"It must pay."

"I don't get fancy prices and only make a living. I'd like to ask you down, only maybe it wouldn't be fine enough."

Doc Linyard had noticed Richard's neat appearance, and saw that the boy was accustomed to having everything "nice."

"Oh, I should like to come very much," replied Richard, "that is, if I get the chance."

On and on rolled the train, and finally the town for which it was bound was reached, and the passengers alighted and crowded the station.

It was announced that owing to the disaster no train would leave for New York for two hours. This left a long time on Richard's hands, and he hardly knew what to do.

Immediately on the arrival Doc Linyard had gone off to hunt up a friend he fancied lived in the place. Not far from the station was a little park containing a number of benches, and walking over to it Richard sat down.

The lunch his mother had given him came in handy now, and he did full justice to it.

He wished the old sailor was with him to share the repast. He had taken a fancy to the tar, and loved to listen to his hearty voice, and open speech.

After the lunch was disposed of, Richard took a short stroll through the town. He did not go far, for he had the two valises with him, and they were heavy.

Presently he returned to the station, and it was not long before the train could be seen approaching in the distance. Along with a number of others, Richard started to walk over to the right track.

As he did so two men, who looked like railroad officials, approached him.

"Say, young fellow," sang out one of the men. "Hold up; we want to speak to you."

"What is it?" asked Richard.

"Whose baggage have you got there?"

"My own and another man's."

"What man?" asked the other official.

"A gentleman I met on the train."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know. I'm trying to find him."

By this time the train had rolled into the station. Not wishing to miss it, Richard began to move on.

Both officials made a dive for him, and one of them caught him by the shoulder.

"Not so fast, my fine fellow!" he exclaimed.

"Why, what—what do you want?" asked Richard, with a rising color.

"We want you to give an account of yourself," was the reply. "Where did you get that valise?"

(To be continued.)

A HEART OF GOLD.

BY ANNIE ASHMORE.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE BOY CHAMPION.

NELLIE involuntarily cast her despairing eyes on Sarquah, who, in the midst of his triumph, kept near her.

"Monoorie!" called the chief peremptorily, as the old man halted within a few feet of the group, to regard Georgie's demonstrations with some uneasiness—probably suspecting that some spell was being worked. Then he strode forward and stretched out his crooked fingers to clutch Lillian.

The next moment there was a revolution; Georgie bounded forward, head down, with such unexpected energy, that he butted the old vagabond fair in the stomach, and sent him heels over head among the astonished crowd, standing up afterwards, panting but defiant, with fists revolving faster than ever.

There is no knowing what might have happened next, for old Monoorie was furious, and, drawing his machete, ran at the child as if to finish him then and there, the laughter of the throng goading him to madness. But Sarquah had caught the imploring gaze of Nellie—his grim face softened—and he grasped the approaching Monoorie with a strong hand, talking earnestly to Worumambo the while. After some demur the chief gave in, and, turning to Nellie, said, rather more gently than he had before spoken:

"You good to Sarquah—feed him—he no forget. Sarquah buy you for his woman, Enonah: she be good to you—no hurt you. She take da gold an' stones from white woman—you all go with Enonah—dere you house for dis night," and he pointed to a toldo which stood by itself in a clear space—the stranger's lodge, kept by every Indian community.

Sarquah had meantime gone to one of the line of toldos, and came back now, accompanied by a handsome young woman, who carried a child about two years of age on her side, the child crying continuously in a low, whimpering voice, as if in pain.

"Enonah," said Sarquah, pushing her in front of Nellie; and she gently took Nellie's cold, trembling hands, and, holding them in her own, kissed first one, then the other, and smiled at her.

The young girls breathed more freely, for, in spite of her savage adornments, she was a beautiful and gentle looking creature. She was one of those who wore fabrics taken from the wreck; she was loosely draped with yards on yards of cardinal silk, which glowed on her dusky skin like geranium leaves; her hair was the longest and richest which the girls had ever seen, falling in a dense, rippling mass right down to her heels, where it was cut across showing ten inches' width to three of thickness—marvelous hair, unknown to civilization; her smooth, brown skin, and large, sad, dark eyes made her beautiful, in spite of the ornament of satin-white spar which was thrust through one of her nostrils; and the tiger's fangs, fish bones, and such like treasures, which fairly dragged the lobes of her ears down almost to her shoulders.

She beckoned the captives to follow her, but, seeing that Mrs. St. John could not walk, even with the support of the girls, she set her little wailing child beside a fire among a colony of drowsy dogs, and,

passing her smooth round arm round the light form of the sick lady, bore her strongly and steadily through the gazing savages to the stranger's toldo. The girls and Georgie pressed close behind her; they were scrutinized at every step by the throng; dark hands reached forth to touch their white skin or their hair, especially Nellie's gold tinted tresses, which were handled the entire way; or wild, mindless eyes would peer into theirs with the hard inquisitiveness of those who had not one feeling in common with them, and to whom their suffering was nothing. But no violence was offered them, and they reached the toldo and gladly hid themselves inside, as far as could be done in a dwelling which was open to the airs of heaven on three sides.

These wild tribes, who live so near the equator, cannot endure the restraint of walls, and prefer life in the open air as much as possible; but the deadly cold dews of the nights compel them to have roofs over their heads.

The toldo was perfectly bare, and Mrs. St. John was obliged to sink on the floor and lie supported in Nellie's arms; but Enonah speedily brought some bundles of soft banana leaves and savannah grass, and spread them thickly against the only wall, finishing her task by lifting the sick lady up as if she had been a child, and laying her on the soft and fragrant couch.

She returned to her own toldo, and brought back a large calabash of some sort of soup, some small shells to be used as spoons, and a pile of fresh cassava bread. Setting these down beside the captives, she signed them to eat, assuring them of the wholesomeness of the food by dipping a piece of the hard bread into the soup and eating it herself. Thanking her by their eloquent looks, they began, and with her melancholy smile she left them.

Georgie was ravenous, and acted as pioneer in this unknown land of cookery; he scooped up a shellful of the composition, which was of delicious odor, and filled his mouth, beaming his satisfaction at his companions. Next moment he was choking, sputtering, and swallowing convulsively, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Scissors!" gasped he, when he could speak. "It's burnin', boillin', sizzlin' hot with red peppers!"

The girls tasted it more discreetly, and were fain to cool their mouths with cassava bread. But the dish was excellent, barring the predominance of pepper; there were fish and game stewed in it, besides other ingredients not recognizable; and when they had learned to use plenty of cassava bread with it, they found it quite tolerable, and satisfied their hunger.

Nellie begged Mrs. St. John to try to swallow a little sustenance, but she could not touch it. Calm as was her spirit, and unfeeling her fortitude, her frail body had broken under the excessive hardships of the past day. The abrupt alternations from heat to cold, and from cold to heat again; the protracted hours of exposure in the pirogue, and the lack of proper medicine to reduce the burning fever of the blood—these, added to the successive mental shocks which she had received—had utterly broken down the brave lady. She lay in a stupor, scarcely conscious of her surroundings, moaning a little at times, when the racking pain in the head roused her to her misery; and sad it was to see Lillian's remorse, as she reproached herself again and again as the cause of all that her kind friends were suffering—they who had always been so good to a vain, selfish girl.

Presently Enonah appeared, bringing them a calabash filled with a curious pink beverage, which she called "casserie." It is made from the juice of the sweet potato, fermented; and being cool, and pleasantly acid, the young folks drank it thankfully.

Enonah stood looking down at the sick lady very gravely, then went off for some pure, cold water for her, and Nellie gratefully took it, bathing the burning face and hands, and giving her to drink, when she seemed much relieved.

CHAPTER XLVII.

LILLIAN "WAKES UP."

WHEN the prisoners had finished their meal, the Jivaro woman carried away the calabashes, and returning with her child, sat down opposite them, to soothe the little thing to sleep.

The girls looked wonderingly at this woman; by the light of the many fires her rich, savage beauty glowed with inconceivable fascination: her flame colored attire set off the red bronze of her smooth skin, and defined the magnificent, flowing lines of her form. When she gazed down at her wailing child with melancholy tenderness, her splendid tresses half shrouding the little thing in a silken bower, she seemed some rare and exquisite picture, worthy of being immortalized by art.

Struck by the continual wailing of the child, and the mother's mournful patience with it, Nellie drew near, and asked her, in signs, why it wept.

Enonah directed her attention to the child's feet, and the girls saw with startled pity that both were so badly inflamed that the toes were almost lost in the swollen flesh. The poor little thing, seeing

them looking at her feet, sat up to point at them with her tiny finger, bursting out crying afresh in the most piteous way, which so moved kind Nellie, that she stooped and kissed her, cooing to, and caressing her, till she stopped crying and smiled instead, the mother looking on with timid wonder and gratitude.

"Chegoes," she said, pointing at the little feet again; and the girls remembered hearing Sport use the word, and guessed, with amazement, the cause, apparently trifling, which had brought about such serious results.

The "Chego," or jigger, is a minute species of flea, common to tropical countries, and especially to the lodges of the wild tribes whose cleanliness is on a par with their godliness. It burrows under their toe nails, leaving its larvae in a sac which, as it enlarges, causes inflammation, and if not removed (an operation costing excruciating pain), suppuration ensues, and the sufferer loses the toes.

Doubtless the tender Enonah dreaded the sight of her darling's agony too much to perform the necessary operation, and meanwhile, the case grew more serious every day.

"If our dear old doctor were here, he would soon cure the poor little thing," observed Nellie. Lillian had approached the child, and was regarding it earnestly.

"Nellie, do you know, I think I could help the child," said she in a humble tone very different from her usual one. "I've done so much harm that I'm sick of myself, and long to do something kind."

"Dear Lily, what do mean?" asked Nellie in surprise.

Lillian was now examining the sores, handling the infant's feet with marvelously firm yet velvet touches, so that the child, who at first recoiled with a scream at the mere thought of having them approached soon allowed the soft contact of those dexterous fingers and stopped fretting, to watch, with childish curiosity, what was to be done to her.

"I always had a knack of picking out splinters, and curing bee stings," went on Lillian. "They used to laugh at me and call me 'doctress.' I liked to do it; I felt that I could, and was always sure of myself. And oh, Nellie, suppose I really did this thing for Enonah, Sarquah's wife, don't you think we would have one friend at court and perhaps two?"

"Bully for you, Lil," cried Georgie, giving her a thump on the back; "you ain't half bad when you wake up."

Nellie embraced her warmly, and encouraged her to do as she proposed; to find her really "waking up" as Georgie said, to her responsibilities as a human being, just when they had lost the moral support of Mrs. St. John, comforted Nellie unspeakably.

"I shall want good daylight for the task, so I'll prepare for it by making friends with the baby," said Lillian; and she bent over her with large, dark laughing eyes, and wooing murmurs, till she put up her arms to be taken, with a baby gurgle of delight.

Enonah let Lillian take the child into her lap with looks of astonishment and uneasiness; but when she saw how deftly Lillian, who was a natural baby-lover, played with the little thing, and how enchanted the child was with her, all doubt vanished, and Enonah smiled in pride and pleasure.

"Now, Nellie, how shall I get her to understand what I want to do for her child?" said Lillian by and by, when the little sufferer, who had not ceased its wail or slept soundly for many days, had at length sunk into a sweet slumber, lulled by the girl's soft crooning.

Nellie tried to convey the proposition to Enonah; and found it strangely easy to make her understand that Lillian, who had already worked such a merciful miracle on her little one, was able and willing to cure her entirely when the morning light should come; for love and gratitude sharpened the Indian mother's intuitions. She softly clasped Lillian's hand and kissed both it and her own, as she had before done to Nellie's; and then sat gazing at the group of pale faced captives with large, mournful eyes brimming over with tears, which fell slowly, one by one, unheeded.

Was soft hearted Enonah sorrowing over the fate which she dreaded for them?

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE JIVARO DANCE.

THE night was passing, and still there was no sign of the malocca retiring to rest. The returned braves had feasted round Worumambo's own fire, waited on, each by his favorite wife; though we must except Sarquah, whose favorite wife was

Enonah, whom he had magnanimously detailed to wait on the captives, for Nellie's sake, contenting himself with the services of an older and uglier wife named Moa. After the feast, a grand triumphal dance was arranged, for which the lords of the creation retired to adorn themselves, while the lower animals, to wit the wives, children and dogs, devoured the scraps which were left, wrangling among themselves for choice bones with a fraternal disregard of race.

By and by the dancers appeared, the principal personages wearing coronets of brilliant feathers mounted on circlets of basket work also extraordinary articles—fit for a museum, depending from their necks by ropes of glass beads,—of which more anon; they were all daubed with black paint in patterns on their bodies, their faces and feet painted red; and wore a profusion of savage adornments in the



ENONAH PRESENTLY APPEARED WITH FOOD FOR THE PRISONERS.

shape of armllets, anklets and necklaces sometimes of the wing covers of that brilliantly armored beetle which we have mentioned before, but more commonly of small beads, strung on pita thread, and wound smoothly round arm or ankle in bands many inches in width.

They were all nude, save for the waist cloth of bast, with hanging bunches of bird skins.

The dancing place was not far from the captives' toldo; and they could see all that passed—a doubtful privilege to sensitive white girls, though our small boy was "tickled to death" as he said, by the antics.

About thirty Jivaros formed in a circle, each man placing his hands on the shoulders of the man before him; Worumambo marched at their head, his body arched, his knees bent, chanting in a hollow voice, and marking the time by bringing his foot down with a stamp at every third step, striking the ground with a hollow bamboo staff, to which were attached tassels made of seeds, which rattled loudly at every blow.

Round and round the solemn procession marched, singing Worumambo's sepulchral strain, now loud, now soft, stamping simultaneously till the scaffold rocked, and enthusiastically admired by the close packed throng which stood round the dancing place, holding up blazing brands to illuminate the wild scene. Many an inquisitive eye peered at the shrinking captives in their toldo, but no one molested them.

After an interminable period the dance was finished, and the dancers squatted down amid discordant shouts and cries, to be served by their women with huge calabashes full of their native rum, "paiworle," a liquor extracted—by the disgusting process of chewing—from toasted cassava bread, which is then set to ferment.

The men drank quarts of this vile stuff, while Worumambo recited his deeds of valor, tumultuously applauded by his people; then Sarquah had his turn, and doubtless blew his own horn with due vigor.

As these heroes harangued, the young folks observed that they made many references to the nondescript objects which hung on

their breasts, and they began to whisper together their surmises concerning them.

"What in the world are they?" wondered Lilian. "Are they idols, or what?"

"They look horrid, whatever they are," said Nellie. "They're so like——" She finished the sentence with a grewsome shiver.

"They're just exactly like babies' heads," quoth Georgie bluntly "only they've got beards."

"Georgie! Don't!" shuddered the girls. "You horrid little boy. You make our flesh creep."

"Can't help that," retorted the young stoic: "they're either babies' heads fixed up to look like men, or they're men's heads boiled down small. Wait; bet ye I'll make her tell us."

He trotted across to Enonah, who was gravely regarding the orators, and gave her a shove by way of securing her attention.

"Say, what's these?" demanded he, with expressive gestures, pointing at Sarquah and then tapping his own head.

"Enah! Oah!" said she proudly.

"Babies?" pursued Georgie, pointing at her child's head.

She spurned that idea with scorn, and gliding up to her own lodge, brought back a similar object, and placed it in the willing hands of Georgie.

"Grindstones!" cried he in high glee, "if they ain't the real article;" and he stared with goggling eyes at the head of a bearded Indian, reduced to half size, with wax for eyes, and bunches of leaves for ears, dried dark as mahogany, and light as a hollow shell. It was furnished with a string of beads, fastened in the mouth, for convenience in hanging it.

"Say, Nell, ketch," cried the small boy, preparing to toss the horror at the girl, but he was checked by two frantic shrieks, ashy pale faces and averted eyes. "Well, now, I vow! Gals are sometimes the snookiest——" began the disgusted Georgie, but when Nellie faintly begged him to make Enonah take the dreadful thing away, and burst out with the despairing cry, "Oh! merciful Heavens, what kind of savages are these Jivaros? What may not our fate be?" he looked rather sober himself.

"Some people embalm the heads of their dead," suggested Lilian, who looked very sick.

"Say, Nonie, whose are these stuffed heads?" queried Georgie, dropping the trophy into the Indian woman's lap. Her soft face showed some little disdain at the effect of these proud memorials on the white girls.

Georgie got her to understand his question by a series of pantomimic gestures. Was that the head of one of her tribe? She signi-

fled no. Was it the head of an enemy? Her soft brows lowered; she sprang up and went through a brief pantomime of crouching on a trail, spying a hated foe, of creeping stealthily upon him and thrusting a spear through his heart, and last, of cutting off his head to wear upon her breast; and all with a savage ferocity which was an appalling revelation to her captives.

If even Enonah—gentle Enonah—could cherish feelings so cruel and merciless, what could they expect at the hands of blood stained men like Woromambo and his braves?

Nellie shudderingly signed her to take the head back to her lodge, which she did, carrying it with a proud step, as if she felt honored by the possession of it.

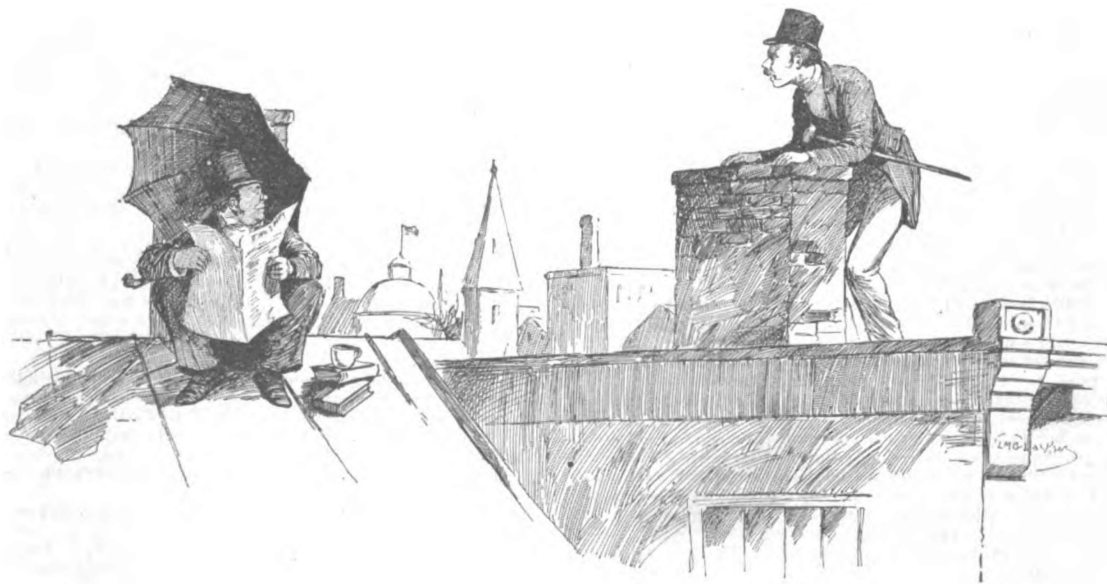
The Jivaros are not the only South American Indians who preserve the heads of their enemies as trophies. Some keep them the natural size, but the Jivaros remove the skull, and dry the skin upon a smaller mold, retaining the features and natural expression with remarkable skill. Doubtless every Jivaro brave had at least one of these proofs of his valor hanging up in his toldo, and it was well for the white captives that they had been sent to the stranger's lodge, and not to one of the chief's, where they would have been condemned to the revolting sights to be seen there.

The dancing was resumed, and, as the men began to feel the palorvie they had drunk so copiously, the measure grew livelier, the women were allowed to join in the dance, and then the pompous tramping round brightened into a wild movement. Men and women, in bands of six or eight, with linked arms, advanced and retired with high, leaping steps, giving a thundering stamp at the end of each run; then they whirled round as if on a pivot, minutes together, resuming the short runs; and then they formed into two long lines, and charged each other, breaking through violently, and then re-forming, with shrieks and cries.

The hideous tumult, the glare of the many fires, and the rude thunder of feet on the hollow staging, grew more and more intolerable to the weary captives; the girls drooped, with heavy eyes and pale cheeks, Lilian still burdened with Enonah's baby, which the mother was loath to disturb in its much needed slumber. Georgie slept fitfully, his heavy little head on Nellie's shoulder; and the sick lady tossed and whispered in delirium, wringing her hands and moaning in the agony caused her by the savage noise.

Enonah sat like a bronze statue, watching her child; stoical as she seemed, there were times when her dark eyes dimmed with tears, and her untutored heart filled with grief and dread—for the captives' sakes.

(To be continued.)



THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

Brown—"HEY, JONES, WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?"

Jones—"OH, THE COOK IS ENTERTAINING FRIENDS IN THE PARLOR, THE WAITRESS IS SITTING IN THE DINING ROOM, AND I'M NOT ALLOWED TO GO INTO THE KITCHEN, SO I HAVE TO SIT UP HERE TO READ THE PAPER."

LITTLE PATRICK.

BY ROBERT BARNES CRAMER.

A SMALL boy, shivering in the folds of a thin and ragged overcoat, was walking one wintry evening along the road which runs from the little village of Watsonville, to the larger one of Connorton. One hand was lost to view in his trousers pocket and the other clasped tightly a steel chain, the end of which was somewhere behind him in the darkness.

Had any one followed the chain a few feet to the rear they would have been astounded to find, trudging along behind the small boy, a full grown and vicious looking bear. That is to say, the bear did look vicious in the day time, and after dark he had various other ways of manifesting his unpleasant disposition. One of these was his habit of stopping abruptly and thereby bringing to a sudden and

undignified halt the youngster who was leading him. He had done this some half dozen times before the small boy, thoroughly indignant, picked himself up from a bank of snow and paid his compliments to the animal in terms which were, the weather considered, decidedly warm. In the course of his remarks on the animal's conduct he advanced various blood curdling threats which would have sorely frightened any self respecting bear. And even William Henry, who was not a self respecting bear, was impressed, for he walked along more peacefully, and only showed by occasional deep toned growls that the journey was not to his liking.

He knew as well as the boy did that it was time he was comfortably fed and housed for the night. The chain of events which had brought Little Patrick and William Henry on this lonely country road at such a time was somewhat peculiar. Little Patrick had been engaged in a journalistic enterprise on Park Row in New York City a year before. While there he met an Italian gentleman, a musician of renown, and the two talked over business matters to quite an extent. Little Patrick said there wasn't as much money in selling papers as there used to be, and Signor Rappo averred that he could no longer depend on his hand organ as a means of support. Besides that, it was hard work, and the avenue police were too alert for him. The signor denounced the law in vigorous Italian, and Little Patrick approved all he said.

This talk led up to a proposal by Signor Rappo that a partnership between the two be entered into. Little Patrick did not know wherein the benefit from such a venture would lie, but he realized that under no circumstances could it make his condition any worse. So he said he had thought of that for some time, and had only hesitated because he lacked capital. The signor, with much generosity, insisted that no such obstacle should stand in the way. In the past the same reason had deterred him from making any advances, but they could now start out on an even basis. He had no capital himself.

The Italian, however, knew a man who had seen a friend of his who knew another man who would put him on the track of buying a bear very cheap. Little Patrick wanted to know how cheap, and was told that twenty five dollars would rent the bear for the summer or that four hundred dollars would buy him outright. Patrick thought they had better rent him for about five minutes at that rate, and facetiously remarked that he had no blank checks with him.

To this Signor Rappo replied that no money was necessary. He had investigated the bear story, and had discovered that its owner would rent him on the installment plan, with only a small amount to be paid in cash. For the rest, he would take an indorsed note.

Little Patrick said he would try to get one of the latter in the

morning, and that he knew a man over in the Astor House who had several.

The signor smiled at this, and drew from his pocket a slip of paper. It contained a promise to pay to one Guiseppe Spghetti the sum of twenty five dollars within ninety days. I know it read this way, because little Patrick came up to my desk the next day and showed it to me. On the back of it were the signatures of some two dozen newspaper men with whom the youngster had scraped an acquaintance, four street car conductors, one waiter in a dime restaurant, three post office clerks, and two policemen. I had scarcely room enough to add my name to the list. Then I sent him to the managing editor of my newspaper, with a recommendation that he lend his support, and heard no more of the matter until these facts, as I relate them, came to my knowledge.

The indorsed note was accepted as collateral by the owner of the bear, and about the first of July Signor Rappo and Little Patrick led William Henry proudly across Harlem Bridge and out into the country. The animal had been named William Henry so long ago that no one knew the circumstances of his christening. It was a name somewhat ungainly and not very euphonious, but the signor thought they had better let that pass.

Business during the summer was unusually good. When the weather was fine, the pennies and nickels fairly rolled into their pockets. But when it got along towards winter, and the weather pushed the mercury down towards the cipher on the thermometer, things materially changed. William Henry caught a severe cold, and for two weeks was too much indisposed to appear in public. And when he did, he felt so bad that Little Patrick wanted to take him back to New York. It was cold work, any way, and the junior member grew homesick whenever he thought of his snug bed in the Newsboys' Lodging House.

Signor Rappo, however, was for pushing on, and they got as far as Watsonville without serious mishap. There something occurred which brought to the mind of Little Patrick the knowledge of the hollowness, the falsity and the deception of this world. It showed him how little trust can be placed in mankind, and how the honest and the industrious are constantly being taken advantage of by the unscrupulous and the indolent.

From the moment that Signor Rappo absconded with the savings of that summer's campaign, Little Patrick has been a cynic and a disbeliever in humanity. When he realized that he was left alone and penniless, his anger and grief were pathetic to a degree that would have enlisted sympathy from any one.

The signor had all along been the custodian of the firm's funds, and Little Patrick—true as steel himself—had never doubted the honesty of his partner. They had never had a settlement, and were not to have one until they returned to New York. So the poor little fellow did not even have the satisfaction of knowing how much he had lost.

It was on the evening of the day already spoken of, and the boy started out, late as it was, to follow his dishonest comrade. Eight long miles lie between Watsonville and Connorton, and the road runs only a short distance back from the Hudson River. A number of beautiful residences, with lawns terraced down to the water, line the banks between the two villages.

Slowly and painfully Little Patrick made his way along the lonely highway. It was snowing hard, and the wind blew from the north in a small hurricane. William Henry, although suffering little from the cold, was unruly, and on his account progress was slow.

Pretty soon Little Patrick began to wish he had not started. The loss of the money was something to be considered, but he doubted the wisdom of thus rashly setting out to recover it. From doubt regarding the expediency of this action he soon reached the conviction that he had done wrong.

As it grew colder, he walked by William Henry's side, and, with one arm around the bear's neck, trudged manfully on. The animal's body lent him some warmth, but now the wind had piled great drifts in their path, which threatened to stop their progress altogether. Some of these they went around, and others they were obliged to plunge through.

It was at this time, with the journey about half completed, that a welcome light, some distance ahead, caught Little Patrick's eye. It shone from a point away from the road, and the boy rightly guessed that he was approaching some such handsome mansion as those he had been passing during the day.

He struggled forward manfully, his legs almost giving out, until he reached the huge iron gates that marked the entrance to the grounds. Only a little further, and he would be sure of a warm place for the night. His benumbed limbs were brought into their most active service, and he stumbled forward.

In front of him he saw a window, and inside some gayly dressed people were passing to and fro. They were dancing. He heard the music, and felt William Henry step to the notes of a lively waltz. Then he made one more effort, and, tripping over the chain, fell in the snow at Bruin's feet.



To his ears the music grew fainter and slower. The notes seemed to reach him from some far off point, and he was going away from it. He felt happy in a vague way, and comfortable. A moment ago he was cold—now he was warm and the wind had gone down. A dreamy indifference for all things came over him and he smiled while still the music, more distant now and indistinct, came floating to his ears.

The guests were just thinking of going home at Major Dodson's county ball, when a sharp ring at the bell announced to them a late arrival. The sleepy butler, nodding in his chair, awoke and rubbed his eyes. Then he remarked to a waiter, asleep and nodding at his side, that he had never heard of such an hour for a call. The waiter rubbed his eyes and said he wanted to be blessed if he did either.

The butler went to the door and opened it with one of his stateliest bows, leaning a little forward to catch the name of the new comer. Then he leaped into the air, and with an exclamation that almost jarred Mercury off his pedestal near by, dashed into the ball room. His hair stood up in spite of plenty of tallow previously spread thereon, and his face was as white as his master's glistening shirt front.

Major Dodson had come out to see what the matter was, but he did not need to ask his frightened servant. For in the doorway, blinking at the bright light, stood a huge and shaggy bear. In one front paw he held extended a small tin cup, while the other rested on the bell knob.

The major is acknowledged to be a brave man, and a number of stories are told in support of the assertion. But on this occasion, I regret to say, he fled precipitately into the ball room and stampeded his guests by warning them incoherently not to move out of their tracks.

It was left then to some of the other gentlemen to go out and see what the strange caller had come after. They found him very tractable and he followed them off the piazza, the trembling butler coming after with a lamp. William Henry looked back once, and it was necessary to procure a new lamp.

The bear led them to where a little brown form lay, half covered with the drifting snow. He dropped down on all fours beside it and licked with his tongue the cold face and hands of his little master.

The gentlemen did the rest. Turning up the collars of their dress coats, to protect them in some measure from the cold, they carried Little Patrick up the steps, and into the house. They tried to close the door on William Henry, but his objections to this were so prompt and unmistakable that they allowed him to follow the procession into a handsomely furnished bed chamber on the second floor. In it he slept soundly until morning, curled up on the skin of one of his fellows in front of the mantel.

Little Patrick was put to bed and nursed until daylight came, and the bright sun shone again. He felt better then, and after a hearty breakfast, in which William Henry participated to no small degree, he resumed his journey to Connorton.

Were this aught but a truthful tale, I could make a much more satisfactory ending than under existing circumstances I am bound to do. Little Patrick came home a good deal the worse for wear and very much disheartened. He told me that it did very well to travel and all that, but since he had seen the world he was quite contented to get back on Park Row. Then he borrowed twenty cents from me to start him in business again, and presently I heard his voice above the others in the street calling out his papers with his old time ardor.

During my conversation with him I learned that Signor Rappo had sailed for Italy.

As for William Henry, he of course had to be given back to his original owner.

PRESENT DAY HISTORY PAPERS.

II.

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN EMPIRE, AND ITS IMPERIAL FAMILY.

THE condition of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is such a curiously complicated one that only the most important points can be outlined within the limits of the present sketch. It consists of two separate states, each of which has its own constitution, government, legislative bodies, and laws. They are held together by having the same titular head—Francis Joseph, who is Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary; by the meeting every year of a double commission appointed by the respective legislatures, which regulates all matters in which the two states are jointly interested; and by the existence of an imperial cabinet, responsible to this commission, for the management of foreign affairs, the army, the navy, and the finances of the whole empire.

These two divisions may be called, for convenience, Austria and Hungary, but they are officially termed the "Cisleithanian" and "Transleithanian" provinces. The Cisleithanian provinces are fourteen in number, the principal ones being Upper and Lower Austria, the Tyrol, Bohemia, Moravia and Galicia; the Transleithanian are four—Hungary, Transylvania, Croatia, and Slavonia. Roughly speaking, the former form the western, the latter the eastern part of the empire. Each of these eighteen provinces is also more or less independent, its local affairs being administered by its own diet or legislative body.

The diversity of races, languages and religions within the Austro-Hungarian empire is no less confusing than its political divisions. The Germans are the most numerous, and German is the language of the court and of Vienna, the capital city. Then come the Magyars of Hungary, and the Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia, each of whom have their own totally distinct speech. There are seven other distinct races of smaller numbers and importance. Among them are the Italians, who in the extreme southwestern part of the empire number three quarters of a million. Their strip of territory, of which the chief towns are Trent and Trieste, forms the *Italia trentina*, or "unredeemed Italy," which certain zealous Italian patriots are anxious to take from Austria at the sword's point. The question, however, is one that receives but little attention and is not likely to create trouble between the two countries. The vast majority of the Italians are satisfied to have recovered Lombardy and Venetia, which were long subject to Austria, and have entirely forgotten their old enmity against their northern neighbors.

The present constitution of the empire dates from 1867, when it was remodeled by the famous statesman Von Beust, after Austria's war with Prussia. Before that time, dating back to the reign of Leopold I of Austria (1857 to 1705), the condition of the countries was somewhat similar, but was changed by war and diplomacy so frequently that their history is a complex one. The present dynasty of Hapsburg, which is Swiss by descent, has reigned at Vienna for six hundred years, with the title of Duke of Austria, then Archduke of Austria, and frequently also that of Emperor of Germany obtained by election.

Francis (1792 to 1835) having been disastrously defeated by Napoleon, resigned the imperial crown of Germany, and assumed the title of Emperor of Austria. When Napoleon fell, Lombardy and Venetia, the northern provinces of Italy, were added to the empire. In 1835 Francis was succeeded by Ferdinand. The wave of revolution which swept over Europe in 1848 reached its highest point in Austria, Hungary and the Italian provinces being the chief seats of disturbance. After eight months of civil war, the government triumphed, and its rigorous military rule was restored, under Francis Joseph, in whose favor his uncle, the Emperor Ferdinand, resigned. In 1859 came the war with Napoleon III, who defeated the Austrians at Magenta and Solferino, and forced them to give up Lombardy to Victor Emanuel, the king of Sardinia. Further misfortunes awaited Francis Joseph, for in 1866 he was attacked by Prussia and Italy, and though the Austrians defeated the Italians on land at Custozza and on the sea at Lissa, they were crushingly beaten by the Prussians at Sadowa. The result of the campaign was that Venetia was ceded to Italy, and that Prussia took Austria's place as the chief state of Germany. In 1878, after the Russo-Turkish war, the administration of the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina was intrusted to Austria, of which those territories are practically dependencies.

Francis Joseph, who succeeded in 1848, is still Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, and has now reigned longer than any other European monarch except Queen Victoria. He was born August 18, 1830, and is consequently just past sixty. He was married in 1854 to Elizabeth, daughter of Maximilian II of Bavaria, and has had two children—a daughter, Gisela, and a son Rudolph, who, it will be remembered, died a sensational and tragic death on the 25th of January, 1889. Prince Rudolph married Stephanie, daughter of the king of the Belgians, but his only child was a daughter. According to the provisions of the Salic law, by which the Austrian succession is regulated, neither the daughter nor the granddaughter of Francis Joseph can inherit the crown. It will pass, on the death of the present Emperor, to his brother, the Archduke Charles Louis, who is three years younger than himself. The next heir is the Archduke Francis, a young man of twenty seven, son of the Archduke Charles Louis and his wife, the Princess Annunziata of Naples.

Austria is the second in extent, and the third in population, of the countries of Europe. Her army is large and powerful, and her closest allies are now the countries who were at war with her in 1866. With Germany and Italy, she forms what is known as the Triple Alliance—the central European powers standing together in a somewhat unfriendly attitude toward France on the west, and Russia on the east. The much-talked-of war between these military giants may, and we hope will, never arise; should it come, its horrors would be tremendous, its consequences far reaching. Austria is threatened with especial danger in case of any such collision, through her comparative lack of unity and cohesion.

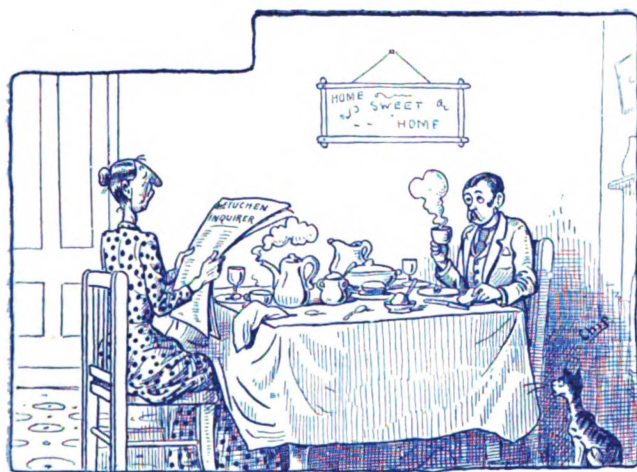
THE ARGOSY



A SCENE FROM SHAKSPERE.

"For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground!"

—Richard II.



AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

WIFE—"Why, I declare, that Isabel Tomboy is married. How do some girls get husbands?"

HUSBAND (meekly)—"I don't know. You ought to know best."



NOT SAFE FOR HIM TO BE OUT.

HE—"What a bitter wind! It's cold enough to freeze a donkey."

SHE—"Then you had better go down into the saloon at once."

INDORSEMENT.

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WHITE—"I was up at Gray's today. There was quite a gathering there. But Gray wasn't a bit like himself. He didn't say a word. So unlike him, you know, so unlike him."

BLACK—"Unlike him! Why, Gray is dead!"

WHITE—"You don't mean it! Well, well, that accounts for it. By the way, that gathering I spoke of must have been his funeral! Dear me! how strange! I thought something must be the matter with Gray. And so he's dead, eh? and that was his funeral? Well, well!"—*Boston Transcript.*

REASSURING.

"OH, it frightens me, John, to think how terrible it would be if that great lion should get out of his cage."

"That's why I took a back seat. Now if he were to get out he would be quite satisfied, you see, before he could reach us."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

COUNTING ISN'T IN HIS LINE.

"OH, who cares for your opinion? You don't count!"

"Of course not. I oughtn't to be expected to. I was a census enumerator."—*The Epoch.*

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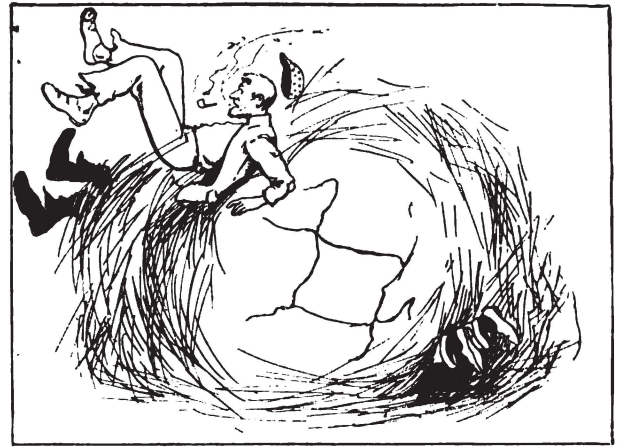
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II.

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OR HIS NURSE. THE YOUTH (hearing a step)—"Is that your father coming home?" THE MAIDEN—"I think not. I fancy it must be your mother coming after you."—*New York Sun.*

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LUMBER DEALER—"I would like to have you come up to my place and give us some tunes tomorrow evening. We're going to give a musical shindy."

HERR CLAVIER—"Yes; I will gif you der finest chords of harmony."

LUMBER DEALER—"And how much a cord, eh?"—*America.*

HAD THE PROPER EFFECT. POLICEMAN (to street corner loafer)—"Do you play checkers?" LOAFER—"You bet I do." POLICEMAN—"Well, it's your move."—*Boston Herald.*

HUMAN NATURE. HICKS—"I suppose after these Indians have finished their dancing they'll go to scalping." WICKS—"Yes, and just as it is with the paleface ballet, you'll find the bald heads at the front."—*Boston Transcript.*

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RODD—"Better, if you believe the fishermen. It is always the big ones that get away."—*New York Herald.*

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"DID Desperado Pete die a natural death?" "Quite natural for him, he died with his boots on."—*Texas Siftings.*

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