

# THE ARGOSY

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WHOLE No. 440.

## ARTHUR BLAISDELL'S CHOICE.\*

BY W. BERT FOSTER.

### CHAPTER IV.

HIS HAND TO THE PLOW.

"WHAT do you mean?" asked Mr. Olney, startled out of his usual placidity by Arthur's words.

"Just what I say, sir. I'll take Mr. Hart's offer and let Hal go on the *Journal*."

"Hold on; that will never do," cried the gentleman, mopping his bald head furiously with a mammoth handkerchief. "That'll never do at all. If you're the best hand at reporting, you must take it. Davidson don't want a poor writer for the place."

"Well, sir, you said a little while ago that if I was like my father you knew I'd do the work well, although I was so young. I am very much obliged to you for the compliment; but Hal is a deal more like father than I am. His looks and manner, as well as character, I've heard mother say often, are just like father's. He would perform the duties very much better than I could, although he may not have the love for the work."

"Perhaps we can find something else for your brother to do," suggested Mr. Olney doubtfully.

"I'm afraid not very soon. You know you said yourself that positions were not very plentiful."

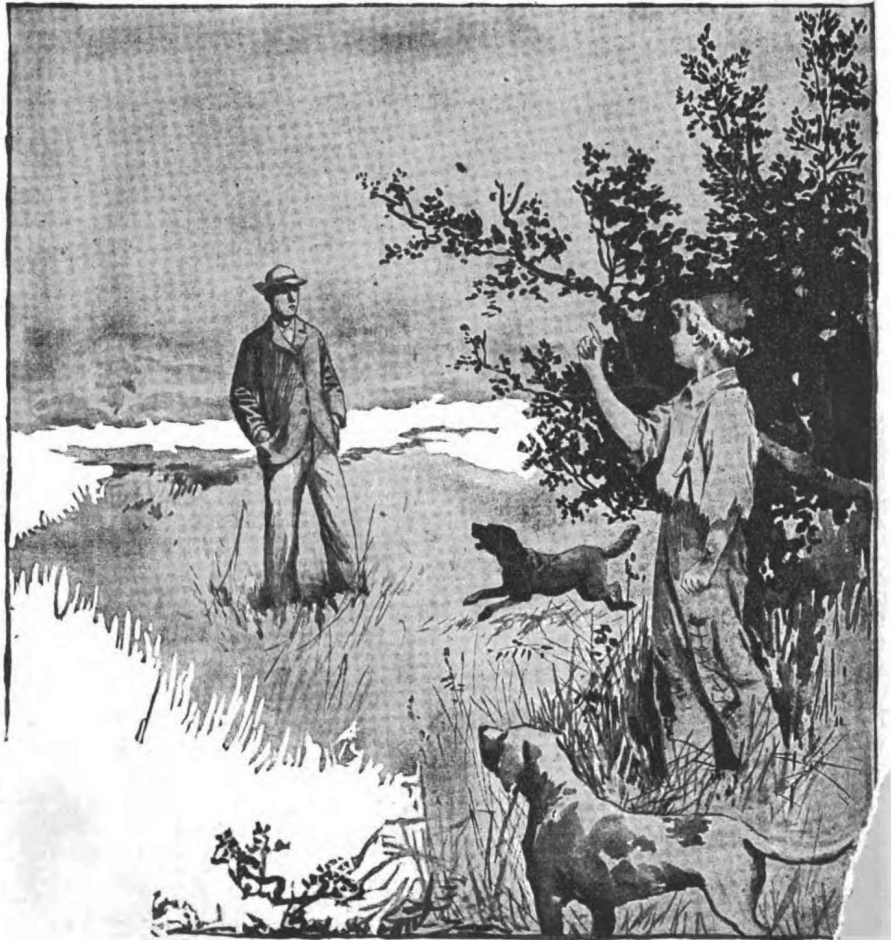
"But you mustn't give up your chance on the *Journal*: it won't be right."

"I feel as though it would not be right if I hesitated any longer about it," said Art firmly. "Hal would not want to work for Mr. Hart; in fact, he is too old for such a position. But I can take it until there is some better opening."

"A good lad, that," thought Mr. Olney; but aloud he said:

"If you think it best, then. Mind, I don't even advise you to do it under the circumstances, for it will not be a position that you can easily fill. I'll let Hi know your decision when he comes today— But stay, here is now."

A heavy, covered wagon, drawn by a powerful black horse, rattled up to the door at that moment, and a man sprung out and up the steps into the office. The newcomer, evidently Mr. Hart, was a tall, broad shouldered, strong limbed man, not over thirty five, yet wearing a heavy growth of hair on his face and a ferocious mustache. His chin was shaved clean, and relieved his features somewhat of the stern



\*Begun in THE ARGOSY of last week.

A SHRILL WHOOP APPRISED HIM OF THE FACT THAT LOUEY WAS UPON HIS TR

expression they might have had had the whiskers been allowed to grow all around. His eyes were blue in color and pleasant looking, and altogether he would have been called good looking, if not actually handsome.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the newcomer in a hearty voice, slamming the office door behind him and taking a seat.

"How are you, Hiram?" returned Mr. Olney. "How's the folks?"

"All well—first class, I might say. As for me, I'm just able to be up and have my bed made," and the farmer laughed loudly.

Mr. Olney smiled.

"I've got the boy for you," he said.

"That's good," returned Mr. Hart. "Is this the one?" turning toward Arthur, who had remained standing in the background.

"Yes; this is Arthur Blaisdell, Hiram Hart. A good boy if he's like his father, Hi."

Mr. Hart stretched out his hand and grasped Arthur's warmly.

"Glad to know you," he said, gazing at the boy approvingly. "D'ye think you and I'll suit each other?"

"I hope so," returned Arthur smiling.

"Well, do you think you can do the work I want you for?"

"I can tell you better when I know what it is."

"So you can. I'd forgotten that. Well, sir, I want you to drive my milk team first. Then there's one or two minor duties. You'll have to get up by half past one in summer and an hour later in winter. Harness up the nag, drive to the city, deliver your milk and return. You'll get back about eleven o'clock. You can sleep all the afternoon if you want to, and about six o'clock go round to my dairies and collect the night's milk. Wages, four dollars a week and your board. Does that satisfy you?"

"Yes, sir. I think I can do that."

"We have to get up pretty early, for the place is five miles out of town. Do your folks live here in the city?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you're agreed I'd like to have you start in tomorrow morning. Do you know where the Point Street bridge is? All right. Meet me at the west end of that about five o'clock tomorrow morning. Now I must be going," and Mr. Hart rose and laid his hand on the door knob. "Hullo! one thing more," he said. "My team don't run Sundays, but two trips on Saturdays. You won't have much work to do Sundays out to my house."

When he had driven away, Mr. Olney said:

"There, Arthur, you've got your place and a good man to work for. You'll find Hi straightforward and a man who will come up to the line every time. It won't be so hard as you think. They'll treat you pretty well out at his house, you tell your mother. I've a nephew working right near Hi's, so you won't lack for young company."

Arthur walked slowly homeward. He was sure that both his mother and Hal would object, and above all, his mother would not want him away from home. But he was determined to carry out his plan, and thus relieve his mother and Hal of his support.

It was no slight sacrifice for him to give up the position offered him on the *Journal*, but to keep Little Mum from aching herself out with hard work he would have done much more than that. But even the knowledge that he was going right hardly took the keen edge from his disappointment. He had set his heart upon a journalistic career, and his to be the end?

as rather a grave faced boy who quietly entered the

Blaisdell apartments half an hour later. In fact, his entrance was so quiet and unlike his usual self that both the occupants of the little kitchen looked up and stared at him.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Blaisdell.

"Is the dignity of your new position resting heavily upon you, old fellow?" asked Hal.

"No, there isn't much dignity connected with it," returned Arthur, answering his brother's question.

"Why—what sort of a place did Mr. Olney get for you?" asked Hal.

"Well—I—you see, I figured it out, and I—I thought we would not be able to get along very well on just eight dollars a week," said Arthur. "That's all the *Journal* pays at first. So I thought 'twas best to let Hal have that chance and I'll go out to Mr. Hart's place in the country."

"What!" gasped Hal.

"Oh, my son, you haven't done it!" exclaimed his mother.

"Yes, I have; why not?" returned Art gruffly, and looking as though he had done something to be ashamed of.

"Not to drive a milk wagon!" exclaimed Hal, in the same horror stricken tone as before.

"Yes, sir, to drive a milk wagon," replied Art, now looking up, his cheeks flushed and eyes bright. "That's just what I'm to do, and Mr. Hart will pay me four dollars a week and my board. I'd like to know why I shouldn't do it? It's honest, and I don't see why I should be ashamed of it."

"It *is* honest," said his mother; "but it isn't right for you to give up your chance on the *Journal*—"

But Arthur interrupted her.

"I don't want you to talk like that," he said firmly. "I've done it, and there's no going back now. You must go down to Mr. Olney's office this afternoon, Hal, and he will take you over to the *Journal* office and introduce you."

"I can't do that, Art! It isn't right," cried Hal.

"And I say you can and must do it," rejoined Arthur in a masterful tone. "I am doing right; am I not, Little Mum?"

"Yes, you are. But—"

"No 'buts'; I won't listen to them," said Arthur laughing. "Mr. Hart is a nice man, Little Mum. I saw him and talked with him. There may be an opening in the *Journal* office before long, and perhaps I can get the chance."

"Oh, Art, you're a better fellow than I am!" exclaimed Hal honestly. "I couldn't have done it."

"Now, look here; that isn't so," retorted Art, looking as though he had been falsely accused of wrong doing. "I'm only doing the fair thing. You couldn't be expected to drive a milk team. You're too old for such work; and you don't know any more about a horse than you do about an elephant. Now, I'm not going to let you and Little Mum talk me out of this."

And so, having once put his hand to the plow, he would not look back.

## CHAPTER V.

### ARTHUR'S NEW HOME.

HIRAM HART had been favorably impressed with his new assistant, and he looked forward with no little interest to his next meeting with Arthur Blaisdell. The city clocks had struck the hour of five but ten minutes before when Hiram and his milk team reached the Point Street bridge the following morning. At the western end of the structure, standing beside the wagon track, he espied the figure of a boy.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Hiram, when he reached the motionless form. "Jump up here."

"Good morning," returned Arthur, mounting to his side before the horses had been brought to a standstill.

"Well, you're a spry 'un. Know anything about driving?"

"Yes, sir; and I like horses pretty well, too."

"Then you can harness 'em and all that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Never run on a milk route before; have you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, keep your eyes peeled and you'll soon learn," said Hiram. "Here's my book," passing Arthur a leather covered account book. "You'll find the whole list in there. We're coming to some of 'em now. See if you can't find 'em in the book."

Arthur was an apt pupil, and before the morning was passed had learned the art of pouring milk from a full can without spilling it, even with Hiram's little roan mare between the shafts. The mare (Roan Nellie, Hiram called her) would not stand still a moment, and caused Arthur much perturbation of spirit by always starting up just as he raised a can to pour out its contents.

Hiram was immensely amused at the boy's trials, but was more than ever satisfied that he had obtained just the fellow he wanted.

"You're a born horseman, youngster," he said; "and if you were a little stronger I shouldn't be afraid to trust you with Black Bob. I guess you're the boy I want, and before we go out home we'll drive 'round by your house and get what things you wish to take out."

Hiram was somewhat surprised at the appearance of the neighborhood in which his neatly dressed assistant lived, and at Arthur's invitation tramped up the five flights of stairs for the express purpose of meeting Mrs. Blaisdell. But his half formed doubts vanished when he saw Little Mum.

Hi was rough himself and not very well educated, but "he knew a lady when he saw one, and if that little woman wasn't a perfect one he was mightily mistaken."

"'Twon't be so bad as you think, marm," said Hiram, when Mrs. Blaisdell spoke of her anxiety in reference to Arthur's absence from home. "'Twon't be so bad. He can drop in and see you a minute or two every morning, when he leaves your milk, and mother'll take good care of him out there. He'll have a room to himself—used to be my room—and I guess he'll get along all right."

Hiram gave Mrs. Blaisdell no opportunity to reconsider her permission for Arthur to take the place offered him, but hurried the boy off.

"Take care of yourself, my son," she said, clasping him closely to her for a moment.

"I will, Little Mum. You'll see me in the morning."

"Come on!" shouted Hi, from the foot of the stairs.

Arthur gave her a final hug, and then, breaking away, he dashed down the stairs after his new employer.

The ride out to the Hart place in Seekonk, Arthur enjoyed very much. The little roan mare was impatient to get home, and the distance was covered in less than an hour. Twice they stopped to get milk from Hiram's dairies before reaching their destination.

Finally they turned into a side road, and the mare quickened her gait as she neared the barn. On their right hand lay a large orchard, and on the other side a long stretch of meadow sloped down to a wide, peacefully flowing brook.

They passed two houses, one on either side of the road and almost opposite each other, and a few rods beyond came to a third, where the mare turned in at the gate and rattled up to the barn.

As Arthur sprang down from the seat and commenced

helping Hi unharness the mare, he heard the shrill voice of a child somewhere back of the barn, and a moment later the owner of the voice appeared around the corner accompanied by two dogs.

The newcomer was a boy, five or six years old, and the most elfish, impudent looking, ragged and dirty little rascal Art had ever seen. His head was covered with a mop of tangled, sunburned hair, which escaped in uncombed confusion from under an old, visorless cap.

His jacket and trousers were long past redemption, the latter especially being about all "hole." He wore no stockings, but his feet were incased in ill shaped, heavy leather shoes, soled with wood, which were so loose that they were continually slipping off as he ran.

"Hello, Loney!" exclaimed Hi, skillfully escaping from the ardent caresses of one of the dogs—a little brown and white water spaniel.

"Hullo yourself!" returned Louey promptly, staring with all his might at Arthur.

"Get Rove out from behind that wagon, or he'll get run over," commanded Hi, as the second dog, a curly haired Newfoundland, lay down directly in the way.

"Here Rover, Rover, Rove!" shrieked the urchin, in tones piercing enough to be heard all over the farm.

The dog sprang up at once and bounded towards the youngster, and, leaping upon him, tumbled him backwards down a rocky embankment beside the barn. Louey's head struck against a rock with sufficient force to stun an ordinary boy; but, picking himself up, he winked back the tears and relieved his feelings by shying the rock he had fallen against at the dog. Rover jumped aside with a yelp, and the boy climbed up the bank again and watched the unloading of the milk wagon.

"Come, let's feed the horses and go in to dinner," said Hi, when the milk was packed in the great ice box and the door locked. "Here, Art, let me give you a lesson," he continued, as his assistant followed him into the barn. "See this?" holding up a generous looking feed measure. "Just fill that up for the nags—never mind if it's more'n full. Goodness knows they never get enough here unless I do feed 'em."

There were three horses in the stalls beside the little roan mare; a black mare, a raw boned, angular looking bay mare, and Black Bob, a great, high headed, hard bitted horse which no one but Hi himself could manage.

"There they are—all of 'em," said Hi, standing behind the stalls and gazing a little proudly at the horses. "Roan Nellie, Nell Taft, Black Nell and Bob. A good lot—I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for 'em."

"Most all your horses are 'Nells', aren't they?" remarked Arthur.

"So they are. Somehow or other every mare I buy is called Nell, so I have to tack on the names of the men I buy 'em of so's ter tell 'em apart. That bay one's Nell Taft—she was a fine horse when I got her, but she's spavined now and it keeps her thin. Her temper's pretty thoroughly spoiled, too, so you'll have to look out for her. She's got an ugly trick of stepping on you if she can. The roan one is Nell Smith, and the black one we raised ourselves—she's Nell Hart."

"That's a big fellow," said Arthur, pointing to Black Bob.

"Yes, sir—and a terror, too, when he gets mad. I kinder wish I hadn't bought him, for no one but I can use him. Well, never mind; let's come in to dinner."

They went into the cellar kitchen, where Louey and the two dogs had preceded them. The youngster was squirming like an eel on a high stool, while he underwent the process of having his face and hands washed for dinner.

"Dinner's all ready, Hiram," said a pleasant voiced woman, who was scientifically removing the dirt from the uneasy urchin. "I've set a plate for you."

"All right. This is my mother, Art. My new boy, Arthur Blaisdell, mother."

The woman looked up and took Arthur's outstretched hand. She was certainly past fifty, yet her face was as fresh looking and rosy as a girl's, though a bit tanned. Not even one silver thread shone in her brown hair, and her figure was as plump as a much younger person's. The hand she gave Arthur, however, was wrinkled and bony, and the finger joints were as twisted and knotted as an oak twig.

"I am glad to see you, Arthur," she said, in a voice that seemed very pleasant and motherly to the boy, who was already becoming a little homesick. "Let him wash up there at the sink, Hiram. And I do wish you would put these dogs out; they're always under foot."

As soon as he had washed, Arthur followed Hiram up stairs to the dining room, where he was introduced to Mr. Hart, senior. Old Mr. Hart was a man well along towards the "three score and ten" mark. His hair and scanty whiskers were gray. He was a lean old man, crabbed in temper and crafty in disposition. A man, who, in New England parlance, was as "close as the bark to the tree."

He nodded rather surlily to Arthur, and the meal was begun at once. Hiram joked and laughed in his rough, good natured manner, and Mrs. Hart conversed with him and Arthur; but the old gentleman was moodily silent during the time they spent at the table.

"I shan't want you again until about six o'clock," said Hi, the dinner over. "I'm going over to have a nap now—I board at my aunt's, next door. You can take a snooze up in your room if you want to."

But Arthur was not sleepy and preferred to walk out about the farm. He had hardly started in the direction of the meadows when a shrill whoop and the appearance of both dogs apprised him of the fact that young Louey was upon his trail.

"Hullo, youngster!" said Arthur, by way of salutation.

"Hullo!" returned Master Louey. "D'ye wanter see my frogs?"

Taking this as an evident overture to friendliness, Arthur replied that he thought he should enjoy seeing the said frogs, and they started off for the "swamp meader," as Louey called it. Arthur soon discovered that his youthful companion never walked, but ran, or galloped, or trotted, as the case might be, his heavy, wooden soled shoes, or "whangs" as he called them, continually falling off and tripping him up.

He went down six times in the course of their journey to the swamp, and once Rover ran away with one of the "whangs" and could not be induced to come back by either threats or coaxing. So Louey cheerfully slipped his foot out of the remaining shoe and went on bare footed.

Finally they reached a muddy little pool in which the frogs lived, and really it did seem as though these particular croakers were endowed with a higher order of intelligence than most of their fellow frogs, and swam to the shore very fearlessly while Louey fed them with some choice fat flies, brought down by him from the farmhouse kitchen.

Arthur discovered before long that these frogs, of all animals, were the child's especial pets; but the unpleasantness of having them hop out of his ragged pockets at unexpected times and in unexpected places, even at the dinner table, can be easily imagined.

Supper was even more dreary and silent than dinner had been, for Hiram was not present, and immediately after the meal was finished Arthur hurried up to his room. He sat

by the little window of the low studded apartment, gazing out upon the pleasant landscape, until the sun had set and the rosy light left in its wake died out of the western sky. Then when the stars had begun to creep out he went to bed.

He was thoroughly homesick now, and wondered if he should be able to stand this new and strange existence.

"Never mind, it's for Little Mum," was his last thought, as he dropped asleep.

And so his new life began.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A FAMILY FEUD.

"ART! Art!"  
The voice of Hiram Hart under his window aroused Arthur from sleep. He jumped out of bed and looked out. It was still dark, but the stars shone brightly overhead.

"Hullo!" said Arthur, seeing a figure standing under the window. "What's the matter?"

"What's the matter? Nothing," returned Hi, with a laugh. "It's time to get up."

"What time is it?" called Arthur, as Hi turned away towards the barn.

"Half past one."

"Half past one! good gracious!" thought Arthur. "Is this the time of night I'm expected to get up?"

But he dressed himself hurriedly and went out to the barn. With feeding the horses, loading the milk on the wagon, and eating a lunch, it was half past two before they were ready to start.

Then followed an uncomfortable journey for Arthur. Hiram went to sleep as soon as they left the house, and let the horse take its own gait. This seemed to Arthur to be a rather careless proceeding, but he learned before many weeks to do the same himself, and, in fact, obtained most of his sleep going to and from the city on the wagon.

There were a great many things about the work Arthur did not like, yet he could not help liking Hi, with his free and easy manner, and good natured disposition. As the days passed he became more accustomed to his new surroundings, and, as he saw his mother and Hal every morning, it did not seem so great a cross to be away from home as he had at first feared it would.

Hal liked his position on the *Journal* fairly well, and the first thing he did was to find a pleasant little cottage, farther out from the center of the city, to which their effects were removed, and, as Hal said, they "thankfully left the brick block and the Moriarty clan behind."

One evening during the first week of Arthur's entering upon his new duties, he drove away from the Hart place, intending to pick up the night's milk from Hiram's two dairies. As he drove out of the yard a young man leaped the wall on the opposite side of the road, and, approaching the wagon, cried:

"Hello!"

Arthur returned the good natured salutation, and eyed the stranger with interest. He was a young fellow of medium height, with an exceedingly red face and an extremely large pair of feet. In fact, the hue of his smoothly shaven countenance and the size of his pedal extremities were the most noticeable things about him.

"Goin' after the milk, hain't ye?" queried the stranger, with an expansive grin.

"Yes."

"Don't 'bject ter givin' a feller a ride, do ye?"

"Not at all," returned Arthur pleasantly.

"Reckon ye dunno me, do ye?" pursued the stranger, taking the proffered seat beside Arthur.

"Can't say that I do."

"Wal, I'm Bill Olney. My uncle wrote ter me ter have an eye out on ye, so I thought I'd scratch up 'n a'acquaintance."

"Happy to meet you," said Arthur cordially.

Bill shook hands awkwardly, and continued:

"How d'ye like livin' ter ol' Hart's?"

"Very well," replied Arthur cautiously.

"Sh'dn't think ye c'd stand it. Th' ol' man's dretful stingy, ain't he?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Arthur. "He's rather close about feeding the stock, perhaps."

"Ya-as, I guess he is," rejoined Bill, with a cunning leer. "Course it don't dew ter tell *all* ye know 'er think ter ev'rybody; but friend ter friend, now, like you'n me——"

"But our friendship is of very short duration," interrupted Arthur, laughing.

"Wal, it's a-goin' ter be continoosed right erlong through life," said Bill. "I like you, I do."

Arthur smiled quietly; but he was less sanguine in regard to the duration of their friendship than Bill appeared to be.

"Where do you work?" he asked, becoming in turn the questioner.

"Oh, I work for ol' Pegrin," returned Bill, pointing with his thumb back to the orchard they had just passed, "He runs that fruit farm, ye know."

"I should think that fruit farming would pay," said Arthur; "and it must be nice business, too."

"It's pretty good. It's berry season jest now, an' we have ter work like time. Th' ol' man's got twenty pickers, an' I have ter boss 'em all. Come over some arternoon. Give ye all the berries ye kin eat."

Arthur thanked him for the invitation, and Bill commenced on another tack.

"Now, Hi's a good feller, hain't he?" he queried.

On this subject Arthur felt as though he could express more decided opinions, so he said:

"Yes; I like him very much. He treats me splendidly."

"Jest like him—jest like him," said Bill, with animation; and then he continued with considerable zest to relate instances of Hiram Hart's goodness.

"But the ol' man," went on Bill, with a shake of his head, as, after collecting the milk, Arthur turned the horse toward home, "th' ol' man--*he's* a terror. Mean! why, that hain't no name for it. Say, ye know Hi boards at his uncle's house—Mr. Carpenter's?"

"Yes."

"Wal, did ye know that ol' man Carpenter an' Hi's father never speak?"

"No, I didn't know that."

"Ye didn't! Why, they won't pass each other on the same road. Ol' Carpenter won't drive by Hart's to go to church Sundays, but goes three miles 'round the other way rather than do it."

"Why is that?" inquired Arthur. "Because Hiram boards over to Mr. Carpenter's?"

"Bless me, no. Didn't you ever hear 'bout the trouble between 'em?"

Arthur shook his head.

"Wal," commenced Bill, pleased enough to be able to retail some gossip at last, "ye see ol' man Hart and Mr. Carpenter married sisters—Sarah and Miranda Doolittle. Carpenter, *he* owned a farm out here of one hundred acres, an' Hart's folks lived in the city. Wal, ter tell tne truth on't, th' only thing that's agin ol' Carpenter is his drinkin'. Don't

drink rum, ye know. But hard cider! Lord! ye'd oughter see him git it down.

"He got ter drinkin' so much fin'ly that some o' his cred'tors begun ter git down on him. Wal, he called on his brother in law, Hart, ter help him, an' tergether they fixed it. Thirty acres of the farm an' th' ol' homestead was in Mrs. Carpenter's name, an' couldn't be tetched; an' ter save the rest, Carpenter give it all ter ol' man Hart, with the understandin', o' course, that when the flurry blew over the deeds were to be handed back.

"Wal, when the time come 't Carpenter thought 'twas safe for him ter handle his farm, he goes ter his brother in law for it; but Hart, th' ol' sinner, wouldn't give it up! Course Carpenter couldn't sue him, 'r nothin, an' jest had ter let it go. So ol' Hart got his farm of seventy acres free gratis, built him a house an' barn, an' come on it ter live. Now, what d'ye think of that for meanness?"

"I don't know which was the meaner," said Arthur, "Mr. Carpenter to cheat his creditors, or Mr. Hart to cheat *him*."

"Wal, I 'low 't Carpenter got his comeupance purty well," said Bill, grinning; "but 'twas a mean trick of ol' man Hart's. Hiram, ye see, useter live with his uncle an' aunt when he was a little shaver, so he commenced boardin' with em' when the exchange of the farm was made, an' he's stayed with 'em ever since. He's all that's kept the old men from blows a good many times, so folks say. Ol' Carpenter thinks there ain't anybody quite like Hi, an' Hi's father thinks consider'ble of him, though he don't treat him none too well."

Bill continued to enlarge on the story of the family feud until they reached home, when, bidding Arthur good night, his new acquaintance left him.

(To be continued.)

## TRAIN AND STATION;

OR,

### THE RAMBLES OF A YOUNG RAILROADER.\*

BY EDGAR R. HOADLEY, JR.

#### CHAPTER XX.

AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY.

DASH felt far from happy as he continued on his way to the telegraph office. It was no small matter to have lost the small amount he had counted on to support him till he secured a position. The loss seemed doubly bitter, in that he had used the balance of his money to do a good deed; though he did not regret the latter, and wanted no reward. But he felt that his action deserved a better ending than the loss of all the means he had left.

Misfortune always seems to make us see more distinctly the disagreeable things about us, and to Dash the air seemed more chilly, the gray mists of morning more depressing, and the clang of the car inspectors' hammers, as they tested the wheels of the coaches, appeared to have a mournful ring. But these things may have been aggravated, in his case, by the going out of his bright particular star—Miss Orloff.

Very few people were moving about where soon would be rush and bustle. Everything seemed to be just getting its eyes opened and preparing for a new day. The very air, with its smell of smoke, was suggestive of the early morning fire just built.

When he started for the telegraph office, Dash had no

\*Begun in No. 434 of THE ARGOSY.

motive but curiosity ; but when he reached it he decided to ask what the prospects were for securing a position.

The office was a large, square room, with a long table running around and set against the wall, which was partitioned off into spaces for each set of telegraph instruments. One corner, near the outer door, was cut off by a counter, over which the public and trainmen transacted their business.

Very few of the sounders were giving forth their busy clicking, and occasionally there were periods when none were heard at all. There was a sleepy air about everything there, too. The single operator on duty looked fagged out with his night's vigil, as he raised himself from one of the sections of the long table and started towards the coun-



"DIDN'T HE MARRY A LADY WHO WAS BOARDING WITH YOU?"

ter, giving a prodigious yawn which he did not take the trouble to conceal.

"What's the show for a job?" asked Dash abruptly.

We cannot say what it is, but by some intangible sign an operator quickly recognizes a brother in the mystic art ; and after looking Dash over, the young man replied :

"Railroad or commercial?"

"Both."

"The commercial companies have got everything filled, and a long string of extra men on the list ; but you might get in on one of the railroads if you've had any experience."

Dash replied that he had adding :

"What's the best road to apply to?"

"The St. Louis & Pacific."

"I have a letter to Mr. Hummon, of that road."

"Then you're fixed all right."

Dash was glad to hear it ; but even that did not solve the problem of how he was to pay his way until he had earned something. He felt he could never bring himself to ask whoever employed him to advance him money for his expenses. And besides, if he did so, he feared the revelation of his almost penniless condition would prove anything but a good recommendation for him.

"When did you get in?" continued the operator.

"At 5:30."

"Oh, the Pacific Express. Did you hear about that lady who died on the sleeper?"

"Yes ; I helped to get her off to Madrid on the St. Louis & Pacific train," replied Dash briefly.

"Pretty tough to die on a train, and away from home, wasn't it?" commented the operator ; and after a pause, "Won't you come inside?"

He raised a portion of the counter that swung back, and Dash passed through.

The young man went to one of the instruments to receive a couple of messages, and Dash seated himself near him.

When the messages had been taken, an interesting conversation ensued between the two, mainly concerning the duties of the operator at the Union Depot office. Dash was also much interested in watching his companion record the trains as they passed through the tunnel. The reports began to come in lively as it grew later, and when the operator was relieved at eight o'clock, they took up his undivided attention.

"There ! I'm through at last. And now I'll take a little breakfast," exclaimed the latter, as he got his hat and turned towards Dash. "Have you been to breakfast?"

Dash replied that he had not ; and was almost tempted to say he did not know where it was to come from, for he was becoming miserably hungry by this time.

"There's a good lunch counter outside in the waiting room, where I get breakfast every morning," said the operator, as he led the way outside by the side door.

Dash followed, though in doubt if this was an invitation to breakfast or not. He hoped that it was, for he felt his pride would not let him ask an utter stranger for a meal, or the price of it.

It was with much relief, therefore, and a thankful heart he heard the operator say, as they drew near the lunch counter :

"You're to take breakfast with me. I'm glad to have company. You won't find much of a spread

here, but what there is is good."

Dash protested slightly, as his pride compelled him to do ; but as he did not require much urging, he was soon in the midst of what seemed to be a bountiful repast.

After his meal he felt strengthened and fortified, and there was a corresponding rise in his spirits. The prospect did not seem near so gloomy and uncertain, though he still had only five cents in his pocket. After a few pleasant words, and a repetition of thanks to the operator, he took his departure.

Then, on inquiry at the sleeping car office, he learned that his satchel was there ; but he decided to let it remain until he had a place to take it to. The next step that naturally and immediately suggested itself to him was the presentation of his letter of introduction and recommendation to Mr. Hummon.

After learning from a directory at the ticket office that the offices of the St. Louis & Pacific Railroad were in a large insurance building well up town on Fifth Street, he started out to find it. Though the streets of St. Louis are uniformly at right angles, he went far out of his way, from neglecting to make inquiries. When he finally did stop to ask a passer by for information, he learned that he was on Morgan Street.

The name at once reminded him of the letter he had in his pocket, which his stepfather had written so many years before from a boarding house on that street. He took out the letter, and after glancing at the address given, inspected the number on the nearest house. He judged that he was only a short distance from the number given in the letter.

As the delay of a few minutes, or possibly hours, would probably make little difference in seeing Mr. Hummon, why not avail himself of the opportunity to decide if there was anything to be learned as to his own father's name? And probably Mr. Hummon did not arrive at his office till ten or eleven o'clock. As the securing of the information was what had impelled him to come West, he decided to visit the house on Morgan Street.

About ten minutes' walk westward brought him to the number he sought. It was a plain, three story brick house, with green shutters, that stood slightly back from the street. A short picket fence separated the small front yard from the pavement.

In response to Dash's ring, a young girl, about fourteen or fifteen years old, opened the front door.

"Is the lady of the house in?" he asked.

"Yes," she snapped, as she regarded Dash suspiciously, no doubt thinking, from his question, that he was a soliciting agent of some kind. "What do you want?"

"I want to see her."

"You can tell me your business. She's busy."

"Can you tell me how long she has lived here?"

"Nearly twenty years. Long before I was born. I was born here. Why?"

"I want to ask about some one who boarded here about fourteen years ago."

"Oh, wait a minute and she'll see you," said the young girl, as she hurried away, no doubt satisfied that Dash did not desire to sell anything. The statement that the mistress was busy was no doubt a fiction, for she immediately came to the door. She was a fleshy, pleasant faced woman of about forty five.

"I beg your pardon," began Dash; "but the young lady says you lived here fifteen years ago. Did you take boarders then?"

"Yes, as I do now," and there was a look of curiosity at the odd question.

"Do you remember anybody who boarded with you, or who visited your house, by the name of Dykeman?"

She hesitated for a moment, as her memory apparently traveled backward, and replied:

"Yes; there was a Mr. Dykeman, who boarded here a short time."

"Didn't he marry a lady who was boarding with you at the same time?" asked Dash eagerly.

"Not that I remember," was the reply "No; I'm quite sure he did not."

Dash was puzzled for a moment. If his mother was married to Mr. Dykeman while he boarded there, the landlady would certainly have some recollection of such an occurrence.

"Do you remember any of your lady boarders that Mr. Dykeman was particularly attentive to?" he asked, going on another tack.

"It's too long ago to remember anything like that," laughed the lady.

Dash was very much disappointed. He was about to turn away, and she was just framing the question, "What do you want to know all this for?" when a happy thought occurred to the young railroad man.

Pushing open the locket that hung to his watch chain, he held it towards the lady and asked:

"Did you ever see that lady before?"

Dash's heart beat a little faster as he watched her face. For a few moments no sign of recognition lit up her features, and then she replied slowly:

"Yes; I believe I have."

"Who is it?" asked Dash, almost vehemently.

His tone must have acted as a spur to her memory, for she replied without hesitation:

"Why, it's Mrs. Orloff."

Dash was so astonished for a few moments at the reply that he could say nothing.

The question instantly flashed through his brain, "Was Miss Orloff's uncle, who had been lost at sea, or the conductor he had met five years before, his own father?" Surely not the latter, for how could it be that his father was living when his mother was married to Mr. Dykeman?

## CHAPTER XXI.

ANOTHER PAGE FROM THE PAST.

THERE could apparently be only one answer to the last question that occurred to Dash at the end of the preceding chapter. If the Orloff, who had been conductor of the ill fated train on which Mr. and Mrs. Dykeman were killed five years before, was his father, there had either been a separation, or the latter had voluntarily deserted his wife, neither of which Dash wished to believe. But how else could the marriage of his mother to Mr. Dykeman be accounted for, if the first husband was alive at the time of the marriage? He would much rather be convinced that Miss Orloff's uncle, who had been lost at sea, was his father, even though it destroyed the new hope that had sprung up in him that he was not only to find his name but his paternal relative. The knowledge that his father was dead, he told himself, would be preferable to the proof that he was yet alive, if he had been guilty of the heartless desertion of his wife. Even if there had only been a separation, that fact, in the absence of information of the causes which led to it, would be a source of regret and shame to him.

Then several things came back to Dash that he thought he had forgotten. Perhaps it was their significant bearing on the question that brought them forward so vividly.

He remembered conductor Orloff's great agitation when his mother had fainted on the limited express on the day of the collision, and how he had wondered at it at the time; he recalled the significant questions the conductor had asked him afterward, especially if Mr. Dykeman was his own father.

To say the least, these were odd, and it would seem to indicate that the conductor had suddenly recognized his wife (if he was the husband and father), and had had a hope that Dash was his own son. But would there have been such intense agitation on the one part, and utter prostration on the other, if there had merely been a separation of the pair, or a desertion by the husband?

It did not seem probable, and therefore, if conductor Orloff was the husband, it would seem to indicate that he had been involuntarily separated from his wife, who had thought him dead. Was this so, Dash asked himself?

Dash's memory had often been refreshed by his grand-

father's account of the causes of the wreck in which his stepfather and his mother were killed; and as he thought of them now he asked himself, with an indefinable fear: If conductor Orloff was his father, how could he account for his criminal carelessness in causing a wreck that killed his own wife? Might it not have been done deliberately, in view of the discovery he had no doubt just made, that his wife was alive and married to another?

But, after all, Dash argued, all this apparently significant and damaging evidence might be plausibly explained in some other way. The Orloff who had been lost at sea might be his father, after all, and then, again, it might be neither he nor the conductor. He told himself he could no doubt have gained some definite information from Mrs. Orloff about her brother in law if he had talked with her the evening before her death; and he now regretted he had not made himself known to her, even though he would have had to reveal that he had been her rescuer from the flames. He decided he would try to glean more information about her uncle when he wrote to Miss Dorothy.

It has taken us much longer to present these thoughts and mental arguments of Dash's than it took them to pass through his brain. At the end of the few minutes' silence occasioned by the unexpected and astonishing announcement that his mother's name was Orloff, Dash said with emotion:

"She is my mother."

"Your mother!" repeated the lady, in surprise. "Are you Dashwood Orloff?"

"I suppose I am; I'm Dashwood, at least, though I never knew my name was Orloff till just now," replied Dash.

"Well! well! why, you were born in this house, and I've carried you in my arms many a time when you were almost a bundle of nothing. Come in, come in, and tell me about yourself."

The lady led the way into an old fashioned, but comfortably furnished parlor, and bustled about, drawing up a couple of chairs and raising the window curtains.

"Where is your father?" she asked, as she seated herself, and regarded Dash with intense interest.

"I don't know; I always supposed he was dead till now."

"Don't know! Dead!" the landlady repeated, looking bewildered. "When did you suppose he died?"

"I don't know that, either, but it must have been when I was very young, for I have no recollection of him."

"Then why do you think he is alive now?" she asked, the look of bewilderment increasing on her face, to which were added lines of perplexity.

"Well, Mrs.—" began Dash, and then stopping, with an inquiring inflection to his voice.

"Mrs. Fedmore," supplied the lady.

"Well, Mrs. Fedmore," continued Dash, "you can best understand me when I tell you why I came here to inquire about Mr. Dykeman."

Dash repeated all that the reader knows, together with the significant facts concerning conductor Orloff's identity as his father. Mrs. Fedmore listened with intense interest, looking very much surprised on hearing of the marriage of the mother to Mr. Dykeman, and the episode on the limited express five years before.

"Dash, that conductor was undoubtedly your father," she declared, without hesitation, when Dash had finished.

Dash did not know whether he was pleased to hear the fact so conclusively stated or not. It did not remove the doubts that had naturally arisen as to whether conductor Orloff was worthy to be called his father or not. But nevertheless he asked:

"How do you know?"

"He called here not long after the accident you speak of, and remained until he was entirely recovered from the injury he had received. He said he had found his wife only to lose her in that terrible wreck. When I asked about his son, he said something about his being with relatives. He acted queerly at times, and I fear the hurt in his head affected his brain. He gave no particulars of the wreck or himself, and we could get nothing further from him."

"Do you know how he became separated from his wife?"

"No, that's what I don't understand; but I'll tell you all I know about them both. Nearly eighteen years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Orloff, a young married couple, came to my house to board. Soon after their arrival, Mr. Orloff started off on a journey to New York, as I subsequently learned. Several letters came from him in the following two or three weeks, and then ceased. But as Mrs. Orloff had plenty of money, and she did not appear to be worried, no reference was made to his silence. The weeks lengthened into months until it was nearly a year since his departure, and there was no word from him as far as I know. To inquiries I made, I was told he had gone abroad on an important business enterprise. Finally you were born, and several months after that Mr. Dykeman came to my house to board. I never noticed anything that would lead me to think he regarded Mrs. Orloff with any tenderer feelings than he did the other ladies in the house. But when she left here, he followed soon after, and I do not know where either of them went. Well, eight or nine years after that, a letter came here from the dead letter office directed to Mrs. Orloff, and soon after, Mr. Orloff called. He inquired for information concerning his wife's whereabouts, but of course none could be given him. I was absent from home at the time, and the letter returned to his wife from the dead letter office was not handed to him; I thought perhaps it might give him a clue.

"On my return, the letter could not be found anywhere; but in tearing away the old mantel in the dining room this very day, to put in a new one, the letter was found behind it, where it had slipped down a crack."

"Have you got it now?" asked Dash eagerly, though he could not exactly see how it could explain the mystery of the separation of his parents.

"Yes, I will get it," replied Mrs. Fedmore, as she stepped into the adjoining room, and returned with the light brown enveloped missive, yellow with age.

Dash carefully removed the envelope, and with some emotion recognized his mother's writing, which strengthened the evidence that his mother's name was Orloff before she married Mr. Dykeman. The letter was addressed to "Basil Orloff, care of Portereff Steffen & Company, No. 215½ Pearl Street, New York."

It is not necessary to reproduce it here. It breathed of love for a husband from an affectionate wife, and many hopes that he would accomplish a certain mission not named. Then she told, with much pride, of the birth of a son who had been named Dashwood.

"If he never received this letter, he didn't know he had a son," said Dash, with emotion, as he read it to Mrs. Fedmore, and again he recalled the conductor's questioning if Mr. Dykeman was his father. "But why did he say his son had been sent to relatives when you questioned him about the boy, and why had he no curiosity to ask how you knew he had a son?" he added.

"He may have referred to you, not knowing you were really his own son, and his mind was in such an unbalanced state I am not surprised he failed to notice my question, except to answer it. I certainly thought he *knew* he had a son."

"That's so," responded Dash slowly, as he placed the let



ter in his pocket. "But, Mrs. Fedmore, do you think my mother knew my father was alive when she married Mr. Dykeman?"

"No, I certainly do not. She loved your father too well, as I know from the short time I saw them together, and she was not that kind of a woman."

"If you are right, then that does away with the idea that they were divorced, or that he deserted her," said Dash, feeling slightly relieved.

"I am certain that she thought your father was dead when she married Mr. Dykeman, or she never would have done it."

"Thank you, Mrs. Fedmore; I feel it must be so, and the next thing is to find my father, if he is still alive, and clear up the mystery of his apparent death. Do you know where he went when he left here?"

"No, I do not, and I never heard from him afterward."

Here, apparently, was the end of Dash's investigations. He had discovered the name of his own father (and hence his own). He was reasonably sure there was no skeleton in his family closet, and that his mother had married the second time under the impression that her first husband was dead.

On the whole, he felt satisfied with the result, and as there had been nothing conclusive discovered to the discredit of his father, he felt that he could assume his rightful name without fear of shame or reproach. But he decided that, until he had found his father and learned the true explanation of the mysterious matters he could not understand, or was convinced of his ultimate death, he would retain the name that seemed more his own, after all.

If alive, where was his father now, he asked himself again? Might not the injury to his head have permanently affected his brain, and might he not be wandering about, unaware even of his own identity?

Dash was deeply moved with pity at the possibility of such a thing.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### SEEKING A SITUATION.

**F**URTHER conversation with Mrs. Fedmore revealed nothing that had not already been told, but the good lady could not get over the strange complications that had arisen between Mr. Orloff and his wife, whereby the latter had married, no doubt believing her husband was dead.

Many conjectures were indulged in by both Dash and the landlady as to where Mr. Orloff had been those eight or nine years, and it is doubtful if either of them approached anywhere near the truth.

What a blow it must have been to the conductor when he learned that his act had killed his wife. Dash tried to assign some satisfactory explanation for his father's criminal carelessness in causing the collision at Lonewood, and he could only believe it was the result of the conductor's being so completely unstrung by the unexpected meeting with his wife.

Dash then briefly referred to the past, and his hopes for the future, and after expressing his thanks several times over, he took his departure. But not without a pressing invitation to come and make the boarding house his home, if he secured employment in St. Louis.

Dash felt decidedly better satisfied with himself as he walked down the street. The uncertainty accompanying the ignorance of his own father's name had been dispelled. The name, and the fact that its possessor was probably alive, had been discovered at the same time, and he could

not get over the astonishment this unexpected information gave him.

Where had his father gone after leaving Mrs. Fedmore's, and where was he now? These were questions Dash resolved to devote all the time possible in the future to answering. And the answering of them would, no doubt, clear up the uncertainty concerning the impulses that caused the Lonewood wreck.

No doubt the firm in New York, to which his mother had directed her letters to his father so many years before, could throw some light on the mission that had taken him away from her; but it was doubtful if they knew anything of his present whereabouts. But then they were so far away now, and it was uncertain if the firm was still in existence.

The only thing to be done was to try to pick up a clew in St. Louis, where he had been last seen over five years before. Might not the road the conductor had last worked for know something about him that would give an idea of where he had gone? Dash decided to make inquiries of the proper officials of that company at the first opportunity.

As he retraced his steps down Morgan Street, Dash remembered that Mrs. Barton, who had taken him in and cared for him when he was a bereaved, helpless little fellow, lived on that street; but as he had consumed an hour or more in his interview with Mrs. Fedmore, he decided that it was time he was making his way towards Mr. Hummon's office. But he felt it was a duty he owed the kind hearted lady to see her at the earliest moment, and renew his expressions of gratitude for her fostering care, which maturer years had made him appreciate more deeply.

Dash determined he would not go wrong this time, and stopped several policemen to inquire the way before he found himself before the large building in which the Consolidated Pacific Railroad has its offices. As he was shot up in one of the elevators, he had an odd sensation besides that produced by the upward motion. The first experience of approaching a high official, and the uncertainty of the result, made him nervous.

He soon found his way to a door marked "Office of the Superintendent of Telegraph," which opened into a space near the door, separated from the rest of the room by a railing. Beyond the railing were two desks, one within reach, and the other over near a window.

Through a door to one side could be heard the clatter of numerous telegraph instruments.

A young man glanced up from the desk near the railing when Dash entered.

"Is Mr. Hummon in?" asked the latter, as he tendered the letter of introduction from Mr. Tickmore.

The young man nodded his head affirmatively, took the letter, glanced at it, and carried it over to the desk near the window.

Dash watched attentively the heavy built, large featured man, about forty five years old, as he read the note.

"Tell him to come inside," Dash heard him say to the young man, in what seemed to him not very gracious tones.

Upon the invitation being repeated to him Dash passed through the gate in the railing, and presented himself to the gentleman at the desk.

"Mr. Hummon?" he said inquiringly.

"Have a seat, Mr. Dykeman," responded the official, with a gesture that meant yes; and he went on stolidly smoking a pipe and studying over some papers.

A closer scrutiny of the massive features revealed to Dash much sternness, but with it all there was a rugged, whole souled expression about them that spoke of kindness and sympathy.

"So you know Tom Tickmore," finally remarked the superintendent, as he turned in his chair. "Tom was a good boy, and about as good an operator as ever handled a key. He would have been way up now if he had let those strikers alone. But that's the way with all the good men."

"Yes?" remarked Dash, in a questioning tone. "He told me he had been black listed by the American Union."

"He was with me at the time," went on the superintendent. "I was the manager of the American Union here then. When I went with the St. Louis and Pacific I made him chief operator, but he wasn't satisfied, and thought he could do better in the East."

Dash looked his wonder that the speaker had risen to his high position on as large a system of roads as the Consolidated Pacific was in such a short time.

"By the way, Dykeman," he went on, "I believe I have heard your name before. Haven't you a father in the railroad business?"

"I did have, sir," replied Dash, and he briefly stated the circumstances of Mr. Dykeman's death, adding that the latter was then on his way to take a superintendency on the St. Louis and Pacific.

"I remember. He was considered a good man. That conductor who caused that accident must have been crazy."

Dash thought how odd it was to listen to praise of Mr. Dykeman and censure of his own father. He sincerely hoped that the latter had not known what he was doing, and under the peculiar circumstances he could not believe otherwise.

"So you want a job, Mr. Dykeman?" began Mr. Hummon, after a pause.

Dash said nothing, and the official could not realize the eager anxiety with which the young fellow followed his words.

"I can give you something in three or four days. Though we employ a great many men, everything is filled just now; but there are changes almost daily, and we will have something by then."

Dash's heart felt like lead, and his keen disappointment must have shown in his face. He wondered how it would be possible for him to exist three or four days on a capital of five cents, and was tempted to tell of his straitened circumstances.

"But come around this afternoon," added the official, just as Dash was about to declare his urgent need for immediate work "and perhaps I can place you as relief man, if nothing else."

Dash murmured his thanks, and was soon once more standing on the sidewalk in front of the mammoth building.

The prospect did not seem much improved by the results of his interview with Mr. Hummon. A position was uncertain, and even if he got one, the problem of paying his expenses till he earned some money, was still unsolved. He might board with Mrs. Fedmore or Mrs. Barton, if the situation was in St. Louis, but it was more than likely it would be out on the line somewhere.

Where should he go, and where was he to get his next meal, were two questions that occurred to him at once.

In answer to the first, he decided to visit the transportation office of the Chicago & St. Louis R. R., to learn if they had any information of his father; and as for the last, he thought, with a grim smile, he would have to go hungry until he was sure of a position, or until his scruples of pride were overcome by the pangs of an empty stomach.

He had no difficulty in finding the offices of the railroad company he sought, but inquiry at the transportation department elicited no information concerning conductor Or-

loff. An official present, who had been with the road at the time of the accident, said the conductor had not been seen or heard of since soon after the investigation of the collision.

The only hope of getting a clew to his father's whereabouts thus proving fruitless, Dash could only trust to luck or chance to lead him to him.

It was, therefore, in a more despondent frame of mind, if that were possible, that he turned his footsteps towards Morgan Street, intending to call on Mrs. Barton. In reading the signs on the way, he came to one that told him that the main office of the Adams Express Office Company was within the building on which it appeared. Dash instantly thought of his trunk that was to be forwarded to St. Louis by express, and he went inside to inquire if it had arrived.

The trunk had come, and he was asked if he wanted it. He said he would come back after it, and as he went out he thought to himself, the trunk might just as well have been in Philadelphia as far as his ability to pay the express charges on it was concerned. Who would have dreamed, when he left the Quaker City, that he would be in such a predicament at the end of his journey? He almost regretted for a moment the chivalric expenditure of his money in behalf of the maiden in distress, but then the picture of Dorothy Orloff rose up before him, in her grief and helplessness, and he was ashamed of the thought. He told himself he would do it over again if the opportunity offered.

It was a long walk to Mrs. Barton's, but when he reached the house he was rewarded with a hearty welcome and every demonstration of pleasure. He had kept up a pretty regular correspondence with the widow since he had left her home over five years before. Mrs. Barton was astonished that he had grown so tall and manly, and was so lavish in her compliments that she made Dash blush. She found plenty to talk about, but Dash decided he would say nothing about Mr. Dykeman not being his father nor mention the facts concerning conductor Orloff.

An invitation to dinner did not need much pressing in Dash's present financial condition. After the meal, he had a further talk with the widow, and after he had exhausted all his efforts to amuse the children, he took his departure.

It was time, he judged, to present himself at Mr. Hummon's office again, which he did at once.

"Ah, Dykeman," said the superintendent, "you're on hand, I see. I'm sorry, but I can't place you for a week at least."

Dash's hopes sank to zero, and he looked at the official in a dazed sort of way.

"But Mr. Hummon," he said desperately, "I've got to have something to do right away."

"I can't give it to you, Dykeman," was the reply, a displeased look appearing on the superintendent's face.

"Then I'll sit here till you can," declared Dash, by some strange impulse that even surprised himself.

"Well, that's cool," said Mr. Hummon slowly, looking at the youth as if in doubt if he was in his right mind.

He then rang a bell on his desk, and Dash had no doubt it was to summon some one to eject him from the office.

(To be continued.)

#### A VETERAN BOY WHALER.

WELL, well, it seems a little like old times to read of boys with a passion for the sea. Here is a youngster just entering his teens, of whom the Boston *Transcript* tells some interesting facts.

The whaling schooner William A. Grozier of Provincetown carries one of the youngest sailors afloat—the captain's son, aged thirteen years, who is now making his seventh voyage whaling. He goes as assistant mate and navigator. He is regarded as a mascot both by owners and crew, as good luck has followed every rip.

# BRAD MATTOON

OR,  
LIFE AT HOSMER HALL.\*

BY WILLIAM D. MOFFAT.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A SKILFULLY PLANNED STRATEGY.

BRAD and his companions were not yet in a position to verify Rob Wilton's report; but a few steps more brought them to the summit of the small hill they were ascending, and from that point they obtained a good view of the situation of affairs at the fort. The fight was waging hotly, and it was quite evident, at the first glance, that the Hosmer boys were getting the worst of it.

In the confusion of flying snowballs and quickly shifting groups, it was almost impossible at that distance to distinguish the attackers from the defenders; but, as Brad counted as many as forty all told engaged in the fight, and knew that there could be no more than fifteen Hosmer boys there, he was forced to the discouraging conclusion that the Bramford force was more numerous by ten boys. The irresistible effect of superior numbers became evident even while they looked, for suddenly the Bramford boys, directed by some command which Brad could not hear, formed in a compact group, and, by a terrific onslaught, completely routed the Hosmer fellows, and compelled them to seek shelter in their fort.

Then there was a lull for a moment, while the Bramford men set up a howl of triumph and hastily collected more snowballs. In a few seconds the battle was renewed by a determined forward movement of the Bramford men, evidently with the purpose of taking possession of the fort.

This was more than Perry Landon could stand. "Here, fellows!" he exclaimed. "This won't do. Come on, and let's lend a hand to save the fort—"

"Wait a minute, Perry," interrupted Brad. "Don't rush in too hastily. They have a much greater number than we, and we would only waste our strength without doing any service at all if we go about it too rashly."

"Why, what do you mean!" exclaimed Perry excitedly. "Are you for standing here looking on while—"

"Certainly not," answered Brad, his face flushing slightly. "I only say, don't be foolhardy. There's a way to win this battle yet, but not by foolishly rushing down there and giving them warning of our approach. I tell you, they are more numerous than we are, and we must use strategy. Now just wait one instant."

Perry could not help feeling that Brad knew what he was talking about, and, accordingly, respected his air of authority. The other two boys stood awaiting Brad's leadership with a confidence that his tone and manner irresistibly inspired.

Brad stood a few seconds watching the struggle, which was now centered upon the circular portion of the fort which stood just in the middle, and which Dick Ells had named the "tower."

It looked very much as if the wall at this point could not withstand the fierce attack that was being made upon it. The Bramford boys had procured a fence rail, and while the others protected them by returning the volleys of snowballs from the interior of the fort, and so engaged the attention of the defenders, four boys swung the rail back and forward like a battering ram against the walls of the "tower." The situation was rapidly growing worse for the

Hosmer boys, as the triumphant swell of shouts from their enemies indicated.

"Now, Wilton," exclaimed Brad quickly, "take my message to Eugene Clifford, like a good fellow, and if you make no mistake we may save the fight yet."

Little Rob Wilton's face flushed, and his eyes glistened behind his spectacles as he stood, all attention for Brad's orders.

"Tell Eugene Clifford that we four are coming to his re-



IVERS WAS MERCILESSLY BEATING THE BOY.

lief, and ask him to follow out my plan closely. The Bramford fellows will in a few minutes batter a hole through the tower. Very good. Tell Clifford that we will slip down back of the trees on the right side of the road, so as not to be seen, and will appear at the open space there about fifty yards back of the Bramford men. When they open a hole in the tower let them grab and make prisoners of the first four or five men that come through the breach. He can easily do it, for the clothesline is in the fort, and we will be outside to distract the attention of the rest of the enemy. Tell him that we will charge down with a lot of noise, split their ranks in two, and then begin attacking the right wing. Let him immediately send out four men through the breach to help us, and divide the rest of his party into two bands, so that they can come around the two ends of the fort and hem the enemy in. We can then easily handle their diminished numbers, demoralized as they will be; and, as we drive them

\*Begun in No. 436 of THE ARGOSY.

back, we can join our two wings to the center column, and charge them all together. Now, can you get that straight?"

Brad had rattled off his directions as fast as he could speak, but not too fast for Rob Wilton, who nodded in answer to the closing question, and started off immediately.

"Here, take my skates," said Brad, "and when you've finished your message to Clifford, put them in the lavatory on top of my locker, will you? And another thing: tell Clifford to wave a handkerchief over the fort to show that he understands and approves my plan."

Wilton clutched the parcel and made off as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Now, fellows," continued Brad, "let us move forward, but be careful not to betray ourselves. Gather a stock of snowballs as you run."

There was no lack of confidence now on Perry Landon's part. An expression of enthusiastic approval had escaped him while Brad unfolded his plan, and, when the latter had finished speaking, Perry was alert enough in following his leadership.

The distance between them and the open space referred to by Brad was about three hundred yards; and, by dodging behind the trees, they succeeded in covering it without exciting the least suspicion on the part of the Bramford boys. In fact, the latter were too busily engaged in the attack upon the fort to have noticed Brad and his companions, had they come straight along the road without making a noise. They were making rapid headway against the tower, which was yielding steadily to the blows rained upon it with the fence rail, and there was promise in a few minutes of a complete victory. Brad and his companions, in coming up to the scene of the fight, had descended one small hill and ascended another, the latter being the one on which the fort stood.

Upon reaching the desired point, Brad paused an instant.

"We are a little early," he said, "but, from all appearances, the tower must give way in a few seconds. I wonder if Rob Wilton got that message straight—ah, good boy, there's Clifford's signal."

Sure enough a handkerchief was at this moment raised above the line of the fort and waved three times. It could hardly have been noticed in the midst of the flying snowballs except by the sharp eyes looking for it, and it was altogether unperceived by the Bramford men, who were intent upon opening a breach.

"Now, boys," said Brad, "look out! the tower is shaking. Gather your snowballs tightly, and be ready for the word."

Almost before Brad had ceased speaking, a large section of the front part of the tower, which had been tottering feebly for several seconds, fell down in a confused mass, leaving a breach in the fort fully three feet wide.

Five of the Bramford boys immediately pressed forward through this opening, while the mingled shouts of the besiegers gathered force and united in a wild, exultant shout of victory.

"Now is our time!" cried Brad to his little party. "Charge direct from the center and split them. We'll get no mercy, so fight like fiends."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### TURNING THE TIDE OF BATTLE.

ROB WILTON, who delivered faithfully Brad's message to Clifford, was too much interested in the fight to leave the field even for a few minutes, so he stood in a position of safety just inside the large gateway, holding Brad's skates. He was the only outside eye witness of the scene which followed, and which, as he afterward glowingly described it, was "worthy the pen of a Macaulay."

Just as the five Bramford boys sprang through the breach Brad and his three companions set up a shout that was heard far above the noise of the fight, and dashed down from the bank of the road like so many savages on the war-path.

Immediately the Bramford boys paused, and turned about in consternation. Judging from the sounds of the shouts they expected to find a party of ten or fifteen in their rear, and the unexpectedness of Brad's appearance altogether disconcerted them for nearly a minute.

It may be imagined how valuable every second of this brief time was to Eugene Clifford and his force inside the fort, who promptly took advantage of it to surround, seize, and bind the five Bramford boys. During these same seconds Brad's party had reached the scene of action, and began pelting snowballs into the temporarily demoralized ranks of the enemy. Then the Bramford boys rallied.

"There are only four of them, boys; give it to them hot and heavy," exclaimed a big fellow who was evidently the leader of the Bramford force. He emphasized his command by leveling a hard, icy snowball straight at Brad's head.

Brad dodged adroitly, and the ball whizzed harmlessly past. Having now no ammunition, and no time to pick up more, he dashed straight for the big fellow, and closed with him. Then, while the fight waged hotly around them, these two whirled about in the snow, locked in one another's arms, vainly struggling to overthrow each other. Brad, who loved nothing better than a good rough and tumble wrestling match, and for that reason had purposely sought close quarters, found that he had almost caught more than he bargained for in this case, for his opponent was heavier than he, and the snow afforded such treacherous footing that it was an even chance whether he tripped his antagonist or slipped himself. After several seconds' struggling, however, Brad felt behind him a great mass of snow that had fallen out from the tower when the wall gave way; and, by bracing himself against this, he obtained a firm foothold.

This was the opportunity he sought, and he lost no time in taking advantage of it. Quick as a flash he wound his right leg about one of his opponent's, whirled him over, and laid him sprawling on his back in the snow. Then, before he could struggle up, Brad tumbled the mass of snow over upon his legs and body, and, leaving him to struggle out as best he could, joined the rest. The discomfiture of their leader—Bob Turner by name—had, of course, its effect upon the rest, who, although all actively engaged, could not help noticing what had taken place, and feeling the temporary loss of a commanding head. Before Turner could free himself and regain his feet, Brad and his three companions had forced their way through the ranks of the Bramford boys, and stood before the breach in the tower. Here they found themselves in uncomfortable quarters for a few seconds, for snowballs rained upon them from every hand in a blinding shower that threatened to overwhelm and bear them down to the ground. In that first onslaught they could do nothing but cover their faces with their arms, and bow their heads before the storm.

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed Brad to Perry Landon. "If Eugene Clifford doesn't come to our relief in a few seconds it will be all up with us."

Perry's answer was a short, quick cry of pain, as a snowball struck him with stunning force in the face, and he sank down against the wall of the fort. He would have been made a prisoner in an instant, but, just at this moment, Eugene Clifford and three companions appeared in the breach, and one of them immediately drew Landon back into the fort, where he could rest in a protected spot. Clifford had

been delayed longer than had been anticipated, for the five prisoners gave them a severe tussle before submitting to bonds; but, now that they were disposed of, the two sides were nearly the same in number, and this gain was a moral as well as material advantage for the Hosmer boys.

Eugene had followed out Brad's scheme to the letter, and it worked like a charm. At the same moment that he appeared in the breach to relieve Brad, a small party of Hosmer boys, headed by Dan Ellis, dashed around the right end of the fort, and a similar band under Fred Dawson's leadership rounded the left end, all opening a fierce attack at the same time. In their disorganized condition, and assailed on all sides at once, the Bramford boys knew scarcely where to turn or what to do, but fought desperately on for some time, pluckily holding their ground, and vainly endeavoring to force the Hosmer boys back into the fort.

The excitement was now intense. The air about the combatants seemed like one blinding sheet of snow, and rang with conflicting cries. Brad was thoroughly in his element, and shoulder to shoulder with Eugene Clifford addressed himself impartially to both sections of the divided Bramford party, driving his snowballs like bullets with stinging force among their ranks, and chuckling to himself as the shots took effect, and the recipients hopped up and clapped their hands to the injured spot.

"*En avant! En avant!*" he shouted, "*Vive la patrie!* Ould Ireland for iver! and Hosmer, too! Take that and wear it for me, will you? And that, and that, and that," emphasizing each with a well directed snowball.

The unequal contest could not last long, and the left section of the Bramford force having no leader—Bob Turner being on the right side—soon broke up, and backed away from the fort. This enabled Fred Dawson and his party to join and strengthen Brad and Clifford's party in the center; and then the right section of the enemy, finding themselves almost entirely surrounded, broke hastily away and joined their companions, thus forming into one band again about fifty feet away from the fort.

"Now for a grand charge, fellows!" exclaimed Clifford, as Dan Ellis and his followers joined the center.

In a compact body they rushed down upon the Bramford boys, determined to close the engagement with one last fierce onslaught. To their surprise, they found this time little opposition, for the Bramford ranks were completely disorganized, and the boys were so worn out by their previous exertions, and so completely disheartened by the sound drubbing they had received, that they scattered right and left like so many sheep.

Clifford at once cried a halt. "Well, what's the matter now?" he called out to Bob Turner. "Have you had enough?"

"Well, I rather guess so," was Turner's good natured response, as he danced on one foot, and tried to pick the snow out of his left ear. "My head is so full of snow I've been hearing nothing but sleigh bells for the last five minutes. It will take a week for me to thaw out."

"Then I suppose you surrender?" said Eugene.

"Well, what are the terms?" asked Turner.

Eugene turned a moment to Dan Ellis.

"What terms do you think we'd better?" he asked.

"Suppose we make them rebuild the tower," answered Dan, gazing regretfully at the wreck of his beautiful snow structure. "They can do it before dark."

"Good," answered Eugene. Then, raising his voice, he said:

"Do you acknowledge the supremacy of Hosmer Hall?"

"Hey?" answered Turner, still picking at his ear.

Eugene repeated his question.

"Yaas," was the answer in a drawling tone that nearly upset the gravity of the procedure.

"Then our terms are that you rebuild that portion of the fort which you have destroyed. Dan Ellis will direct the work."

Bob Turner promptly delegated about six of his force to the task of repairing the fort, and then approached Clifford, with whom he shook hands.

"Best fight I ever was in," he said with enthusiasm. "Jehoshaphat! wasn't that fun there by the fort, though—and then those four fellows that swooped down on us like so many hyenas—where did they come from, anyhow?"

"Oh, that's our little secret," answered Brad.

"Say, you're a new fellow here, aren't you?" asked Turner, looking at him.

Brad nodded.

"Well, you're a good one. A nice turn you served me, trying to pack me away in snow, as if you were afraid I wouldn't keep. What have you done with the prisoners?"

At this moment Dan Ellis came out from the fort, leading the five captives, who were released without further delay. Behind them came Perry Landon, with a handkerchief banded over his eye. Perry's was the only considerable injury of the day, and his was not severe, though he carried a black and blue mark for a week to remind him of that notable charge upon the center.

The fort was soon repaired, and, as it was growing dark, the Bramford party started for home, while the Hosmer boys made their way toward the Hall, laughing, shouting, and recalling the numerous details of the great victory.

"And the credit chiefly belongs to Mattoon," said Dan Ellis enthusiastically. "I say, boys, I propose three cheers for the hero of the day—"

"All right," answered Brad quickly, "but here is the real hero," and he laid his hand upon the shoulder of little Rob Wilton, who had remained standing in the great gateway, holding Brad's skates, and waiting for him to come up. "Here is the boy that did the business for us. Precious little good our plans would have been without him. Let us give him three cheers."

"By all means," cried Dan Ellis. "He's a plucky little chap. Fellows, three rousing cheers for the little dominie."

As the cheers rang out, Brad could feel the arm of Rob Wilton tremble under his clasp, and the face he raised was flushed with pride and pleasure.

"Why, I did nothing," he stammered; "I simply—"

"Hush!" answered Brad, gently teasing him. "Now don't spoil it all by bragging. You've done your duty like a man, and you deserve all credit for it, so let it go that way."

And so Rob Wilton said no more, but Brad's act had sealed another lasting friendship at Hosmer.

## CHAPTER XV.

### ON THE ICE.

EUGENE CLIFFORD was noticeably quiet on the subject of the snowball fight. Not a word escaped him as the boys returned to the Hall. This, however, did not attract the attention of the rest at the time, for they were too much taken up with their victory to notice the conduct of one of their number; but, when the excitement had subsided, several of the boys remarked a certain taciturnity on the part of Clifford. It was not very marked, but still quite evident to those who knew him well. Under ordinary circumstances, he was not only accustomed to enter with whole heart and soul into any sport or game that involved physical strength and skill, but he took genuine pleasure

afterward in talking the matter over, and in discussing the various details. It was a source of some surprise, therefore, in this case, when it was observed that he was persistently reserved on the subject of the snowball fight, and not only refrained from making any allusion to it, but confined himself to monosyllabic answers when questioned on the subject. He was sitting quietly on his locker in the lavatory, just after the fight, while the boys were hastily preparing for dinner, when Perry Landon sat down beside him, and said:

"Wasn't that a neat little strategy of Brad's? I would have given anything to have seen the end of it. It must have worked to perfection."

"Yes; it was very clever," answered Eugene quietly. "Mattoon deserves considerable credit." And that was all Perry could get out of him, though he continued talking on the subject enthusiastically for nearly ten minutes.

The reason for this unusual reticence on Clifford's part was not hard for his nearest friends to guess, and Perry Landon was not mistaken when he said to Brad that night:

"I am afraid Eugene has a little bit of the 'green eyed monster' in him. I never knew it before, but it certainly looks like it now."

"What do you mean?" asked Brad innocently.

"That he is a little jealous of you——"

"Of me!" answered Brad with a smile. "Of Rob Wilton, you mean?"

"Oh, nonsense?" exclaimed Perry. "You needn't try to turn it off that way. Eugene is jealous of the attention the boys are showing you; that's as plain as the nose on my face."

"Oh, go away," said Brad. "Clifford is more of a man than that. Why, the boys will forget about that lucky stroke of mine in a day or so."

But Brad did not altogether understand Eugene's nature. Clifford was a manly fellow, generous upon the whole, good natured, kind, and possessed of nearly all the requisite qualities for popularity. This was fortunate in his case, for he was so constituted that popularity was essential to his happiness—popularity and leadership. His nature was a proud one, and he could not have tolerated any but a prominent position among his fellows. He was the only son of wealthy parents, who had always petted and indulged him to the utmost. Had it not been for an exceptionally good disposition and strong character, he would have been utterly spoiled in his earliest years; for he was so handsome in appearance, so attractive in manner, and so bright in mind, that he met with nothing but praise and flattery on every hand. That his head had not been entirely turned by this testified most clearly to a nature of unusual firmness and resolution.

It did have an effect, however, which was almost unavoidable, and which made its appearance in the form of a growing tendency to *pose*. Having always figured as a leader, as the center of attraction, and the object of the admiration of all those around him, he soon came to look upon such attention as his natural right. He acquired the manners of one accustomed to figure prominently; and, wherever he went, he assumed the position of leader with an easy grace that only increased the admiration of his associates.

This sort of attention soon became a necessary part of his life, and extended to every phase of it. In society, studies, sports, and his various accomplishments he easily took the lead, and thus far had successfully maintained it. It would have rendered him very uneasy had any one seriously attempted to usurp his position. It was the natural pride which continued success begets; not offensive in his case, but, on the contrary, lending an added dash and brilliancy

to his achievements. Confident of his own superiority, he had always found it easy to be generous and outspoken in his praise of others; and it was this that had made such an agreeable impression upon Brad on their first meeting.

After the snow fight, however, a somewhat different feeling stirred uneasily in Clifford's breast. The boys had been led by him to victory in several previous engagements during the winter, and he had planned another triumph for that afternoon. To be driven back into the fort, therefore, was humiliating enough; but to be compelled to fall back for relief upon the newcomer, whom he had rather patronized hitherto, and to have his own defeat surmounted by the brilliant success of Brad's strategy; to have Brad carry off the palm, and himself drop into a somewhat obscure position—all this was a severe trial for a sensitive nature like his, that had never before known a similar experience.

It was not wholly a feeling of jealousy that troubled him, for he could not bring himself to look upon Brad in the light of a rival; but partly a sense of deep annoyance at his own failure—and the circumstances that had forced him into a secondary position, and he naturally avoided talking about the affair. He would not say a word to depreciate Brad—he was too manly for that—but he maintained a certain reticence whenever the subject was brought up.

Of Clifford's attitude toward himself Brad knew little; and, with his usual liberality of judgment, took it for granted that no such small consideration as the issue of a snowball fight could long influence Eugene's manner. He felt confirmed in this by the fact that Eugene's constraint wore off in a few days, and his uncomfortable feelings seemed to have been entirely forgotten. That the least uneasiness still lurked in Eugene's mind never occurred to Brad, and he would not have believed it but for the revelation of future circumstances.

Brad had fully determined to make an effort to secure a prize in the coming skating contest, and was eager for an opportunity to try his new skates and begin practice. No one, with the exception of Perry Landon, knew of his intention to enter the contest, nor even that he could skate; and Brad thought it best, for several reasons, to keep the matter silent, chiefly because he believed that it would be of advantage to enter as a "dark horse." He felt that he would then have everything to win and nothing to lose.

The next Wednesday proving to be a clear, bracing day, he determined to slip off and try a few turns on the lake in some sequestered place where he would not be observed. Accordingly he hurried down to the lavatory, immediately after lunch, to obtain his skates, which were in his locker. In the room stood Eugene Clifford, drying his hands with a towel. At sight of him Brad hesitated a moment.

"Why shouldn't I tell him about my purpose and make it an open affair from the start? He has been good to me, and I don't see why I should conceal it from him," thought Brad to himself. Acting upon this impulse he said pleasantly:

"Is it settled yet when the skating contest will take place, Clifford?"

"The first week in February, I think," was the answer.

"And how do the competitors secure an entry to the contest?"

Clifford turned quickly and looked at Brad.

"Why do you ask? Are you going to enter?"

Brad did not—like Clifford's tone, so he immediately changed his tactics. With a laugh he said:

"Why, what could make you think that? I am no skater to speak of."

"I thought not. I never saw you on the ice," said Clifford coldly, and he passed rather abruptly out of the room.

"Well, you'll have the pleasure of seeing me on the ice some of these days, my hearty," said Brad to himself with a smile, as he looked after him, "but I shall not bother you with any friendly confidences in the meantime. I thought of giving you the advantage of seeing me skate before then, but since you won't have it, good by till the contest."

Brad got out his skates without more delay and started for the lake. He took the long way, as had become the custom now with the boys; but, on reaching the lake, he struck off toward the left, keeping on until he reached an inlet that ran back nearly a mile through the wooded land, winding in and about in a beautifully picturesque way, and completely secluding the skater from the main body of water. Here he fastened his skates on.

"Ah!" he exclaimed with satisfaction, as he stood up and struck out boldly, "this is like old times." A few strokes accustomed him to his old sport, and then, whirling on one foot, he dashed through a series of brilliant figures that would have made the uninitiated observer's brain dizzy, and would have occasioned a lively renewal of the disturbing feelings in Eugene Clifford's breast had he been there to see.

The first few moments of exhilaration having passed, Brad settled down to careful, assiduous practice, going over old and familiar figures, and trying new ones until an hour had passed away, and he began to feel exhausted. Then, wrapping his coat about him more tightly to avoid catching cold, he sat down upon the trunk of a fallen elm to rest himself. He had hardly been there ten minutes when suddenly sharp cries of pain smote upon his ear—cries that increased in intensity as the seconds sped. Brad listened a moment, then sprang up in haste, and, following the direction of the sounds, dashed with all speed up the inlet. Nearer and nearer sounded the cries as the trees flashed by, and Brad flew along on the wings of the wind. Then, as he approached, he detected the sound of blows, and another voice raised in harsh and profane language. Confident that some brutal piece of work was being enacted, Brad increased his speed still more, and, in a few seconds, dashed out into an open space where the inlet widened into quite a pond. Here he was brought to an abrupt pause by the scene which met his eyes—a scene that set every drop of blood in his body tingling.

On the bank, not fifty yards from him, stood Sidney Ivers, holding by the collar a small, slender boy whom he was beating mercilessly with a riding stock, which he held in his hand. Just as Brad came up near the bank, the poor boy, who was shrieking with pain and writhing helplessly in his captor's cruel grasp, suddenly turned his face towards him. It was Rob Wilton, the "little dominie."

(To be continued.)

#### SOME UNIQUE DEMANDS ON THE POSTAL SERVICE.

EDITORS are not the only long suffering individuals who are made the target for outlandish inquiries. In a description of certain phases of life in the metropolitan post office, the *New York Tribune* points the following specimens of the kind of letters that sometimes find their way into the mail of the guardian of the mails:

One came from a woman in Massachusetts, presumably an old maid, who had a favor to ask. She had been in New York lately, she wrote, and in a store in Vesey Street, not far from the post office, had seen nine lovely black cats. Wouldn't the postmaster have the letter carrier on the route ask in the various stores until he found the cats, and then send the address of the place to the writer. She was extremely anxious to get some kittens.

Another person had a request of far greater moment to himself to make. He was a farmer in Montana, and wanted a wife. His helpmeet had died a few weeks before, and he wanted another in a hurry. He needed one in his business. She shouldn't be especially young, nor yet remarkably handsome, but indispensable requisites were health, strength, and a knowledge of the duties of a farmer's wife.

## DIGGING FOR GOLD.

### A STORY OF CALIFORNIA.\*

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

ON TO THE GOLDEN GATE.

"THEN you have really prospered?" said Mr. Gilbert.  
"Yes, sir; we must have as much as seven hundred dollars more, but this was as much as Grant could conveniently carry. We depend on his shabby attire to save him from attracting the attention of robbers."

"You will remain at the claim?" said Mr. Gilbert, addressing himself to Tom.

"Yes, I shall continue to work it. Grant is summoned to San Francisco by a friend whose acquaintance we made in crossing the plains."

They stopped an hour to chat with the old man, and then, resuming their march, reached Howe's Gulch in time for supper.

They were immediately surrounded by old acquaintances.

"Where are you bound, Tom?" asked one.

"Grant is going to San Francisco. He has an offer of employment from a rich man there."

"Won't you join us again?"

"No; I have a claim some way from here which will bear working a little longer."

"The boy doesn't look as if you had struck luck."

"He will be all right when he reaches San Francisco."

"How about yourself?"

"Oh, well, I am not discouraged. There are better times in store."

One of the crowd was Nahum Stockton, to whom Grant and Tom had given their claims when they left Howe's Gulch.

"Look here, Cooper," he said. "You did me a good turn. I've done pretty well with the claim you gave me, and I want to show my gratitude. If fifty dollars will do you or the boy any good, I will let you have it."

Tom Cooper wrung his hand cordially.

"You're a good fellow, Stockton," he said, "but we are not in want. I am glad you have done fairly well, but we don't stand in need of help at present. If we ever do, we won't forget your kind offer."

"That's right. You shall be heartily welcome to anything I have."

The two partners went to the hotel and stayed over night. They were pleased to think that no one suspected them of having been fortunate. There were some friends—Nahum Stockton, for instance—to whom they would have been willing to communicate it, but they considered it advisable, on the whole, to keep the matter a profound secret.

The next morning Grant took the stage for Sacramento, and arrived there without any exciting adventure.

"Go and see father and mother, Grant," said Tom. "Don't tell them too much, but let them know that I am making a living, and have no cause to complain."

Mr. Cooper had just finished shoeing a horse, when Grant walked up to the shop.

"Why, Grant Colburn!" exclaimed the blacksmith, "it's good to see you. But—" and here he surveyed Grant's attire, "you look kind of seedy, don't you?"

"Yes," laughed Grant; "but there are no good tailors' shop where I have been working."

"Have you come back to Sacramento to work?"

"No. I am bound for San Francisco. Mr. Crosmont has sent for me."

"How did you leave Tom?" asked Mrs. Cooper, who had entered the shop, as she shook hands with Grant.

"Well and hearty, Mrs. Cooper."

"Why didn't he come with you?"

"Mr. Crosmont didn't send for him."

"How is he doing?"

"Well, he isn't exactly a millionaire yet," answered Grant with a laugh.

"I'm afraid not, if we're to judge by appearances," and Mr. Cooper shook his head as he bestowed another glance on Grant's outfit. "He'd

\*Begun in No. 480 of THE ARGOSY.

much better give up this notion of gold digging and come back here in the shop with me."

"But at mining you may strike it rich any day, you know," returned Grant cheerfully. "Tom has really reason to feel encouraged, and may surprise you by making his fortune yet."

"Those ain't the kind of surprises that grow on every bush," and Mr. Cooper once more sagely shook his head.

After accepting of the hospitality of the kindly blacksmith and his wife, Grant proceeded on his journey.

He was lucky enough to secure the only remaining seat in the next coach for San Francisco, and was soon started on the last stage of his progress towards the Golden Gate. Of his fellow passengers two were

"I've got about fifteen hundred myself," said the black-eyed passenger. "Of course it belongs to my principal, not to me, but I shall be held responsible if I am robbed."

"The boys haven't spoken," said one of the miners jestingly. "Who knows but they may be the richest in the crowd."

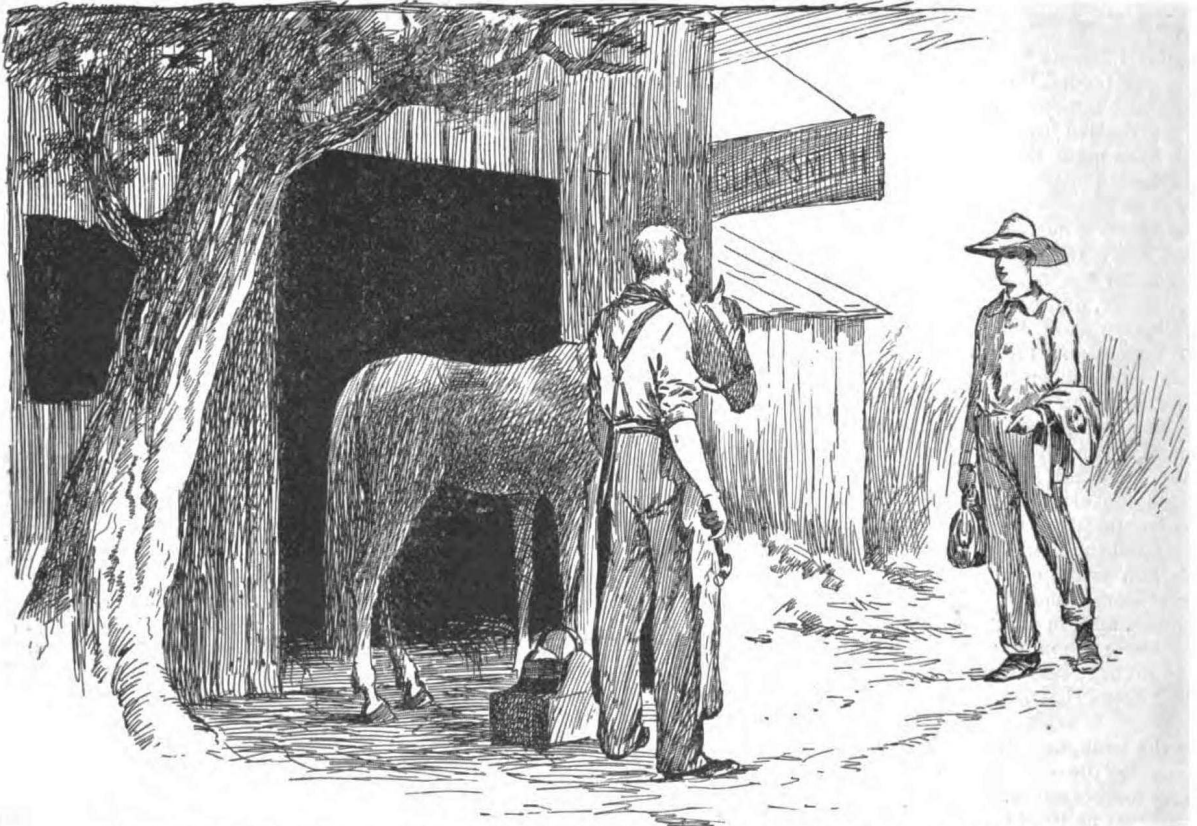
Robert laughed.

"If the road agent comes along," he said, "he'll get so much from me," and he produced twenty dollars in gold.

"I've got so much," said Grant, producing three quarter eagles, fifteen dollars.

"You are better off than I thought," said Robert.

"I didn't think to include my wardrobe," added Grant.



"YOU LOOK KIND OF SEEDY. DON'T YOU," AND HERE THE BLACKSMITH SURVEYED GRANT'S ATTIRE.

miners, two farmers, one a school teacher, another a boy of about Grant's age, and the seventh a black-eyed gentleman, who listened attentively to all that was said, but made very few remarks himself.

Grant was glad to find his place next to the youngest member of the party, who gave his name as Robert Campbell, and stated that he had been on a visit to a relative in Sacramento.

"I trust we don't fall in with the road agents," remarked one of the miners, soon after they had got under way.

"Why, do you think there is any danger of it?" inquired the school teacher anxiously.

"Well, that's one of the things we may expect on such a trip as we are taking," returned the miner, adding: "I'd much prefer they wouldn't make me hold up my hands this time, however."

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### A STARTLING INCIDENT.

THE passengers in the stage now compared notes, and each gave an idea of the amount of his possessions. One of the miners owned up to five hundred dollars, another to eight hundred, and the teacher to two hundred. The farmers were still better provided.

"If you won't be offended," said Robert, "I have a suit in San Francisco that is better than yours. We are not far from the same size. I am sure my father will let me give it to you."

Grant grasped his hand cordially.

"You're a good fellow, Rob, and a true friend," he said. "If my friend in San Francisco doesn't provide for me, I will accept your offer with thanks."

"My friend," said one of the farmers, addressing the teacher, "I take it you have been at the mines."

"Yes, sir."

"You don't look very rugged, and I see you have a bad cough. Wouldn't it suit you better to get some work in the city?"

"Perhaps you are right. I thought a life in the open air would improve my health, but I overestimated my strength. My lungs are weak, and bending over weakened me and brought on a hemorrhage."

"I take it you have never done hard work."

"No; I was for fifteen years a teacher in Connecticut."

"A brother of mine has a real estate office in 'Frisco. He wanted me to be his clerk, but I would rather be my own boss. If you would like the chance, I will recommend you to him."

"Thank you," said the teacher. "I have been feeling anxious about



the future now that I find a miner's life is too hard for me. If your brother will take me, I will gladly enter his employment."

"Were you ever a miner?" asked a passenger of the black eyed man.

"No; I never dug for gold, I travel for a firm in San Francisco."

"Indeed! what firm? I am pretty well acquainted in 'Frisco."

The black eyed man smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"My employers have cautioned me to be reticent about their business," he said. "Still, before we part company, I may introduce myself."

"Oh, just as you wish!" said the passenger, not altogether pleased.

"Did any of you ever see Stephen Dike?" asked one of the miners, addressing himself generally.

One by one answered in the negative, till the turn came to the black eyed man.

"I once caught a glimpse of him," he said.

"What was his appearance?" asked one of the farmers.

"He looked to me like that gentleman," and the speaker indicated the consumptive teacher.

This remark naturally led to a critical examination of the teacher, and the man next to him, on the impulse of the moment, moved a little farther away.

"You are sure you are not the man?" asked one of the farmers jocosely.

The teacher smiled.

"If I am," he said, "I don't think you would any of you feel very much afraid of me. I suspect that I shouldn't be a success as a road agent. I haven't the necessary physique. You are better equipped by nature for it than I."

"I've got considerable muscle, that's a fact," said the farmer, who was a broad shouldered, stalwart man. "But you don't often find men of my build in the ranks of these gentry. They are more apt to be—well, like our friend here," and he laid his hand on the shoulder of the black eyed man."

"You compliment me," said the latter, opening his mouth and showing a set of very white teeth. "I will tell my employer when I reach 'Frisco that I have been compared to Stephen Dike."

"No offense, my friend!"

"None is taken. Indeed, I do consider it rather a compliment, for Dike is quite celebrated in his line."

"Better be quite unknown than to be celebrated in that way!" observed the teacher.

"You have doubtless often remarked that to your pupils during your career as a pedagogue," said the black eyed man with a sneer.

"It is quite possible that I may have done so," answered the teacher calmly. "You agree to it, don't you?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"Speaking of Dike," remarked one of the miners, "a cousin of mine was returning from the mines a year ago with a thousand dollars in gold dust—representing six months' hard labor—when the wagon on which he was a passenger was stopped by this rascal. My cousin was not armed, nor was either of the three other passengers, and Dike, though single handed, had no trouble in robbing them all."

"What," exclaimed one of the farmers, "did four men give in to one?"

"One man with two revolvers is a match for half a dozen unarmed men."

"I don't agree to that," said the farmer. "I should be everlastingly mortified if I allowed one man to take such an advantage of me if I had as many companions."

"You think so," said the black eyed man, with a half sneer, "but if you were placed in like circumstances you would act just as he did."

"You think so?" said the farmer in his turn.

"I know so."

"You are very confident. On what do you base your remark?"

"On human nature."

The farmer looked at him curiously.

"Well, perhaps you are right," he said. Then turning to the miner, he asked: "Well, did your cousin lose all his gold dust?"

"Yes; every ounce of it."

"That was hard lines."

"It was, indeed. The poor fellow had been in the country a year. During the first six months he hadn't a particle of luck. During the next six months he made the money referred to. With it he intended to go home and lift a mortgage from the house in which he lived. But when he saw the fruit of his hard labor forcibly wrested from him, he

became discouraged, took to drink, and died of delirium tremens in 'Frisco three months since."

"It was a hard case!" said the farmer in a tone of sympathy.

"It was, indeed. That scoundrel, Stephen Dike, I hold responsible for my poor cousin's death. There is one thing I live for," and here he paused.

"Well?" said the black eyed man. "What is it?"

"I want to meet the villain who killed him."

"Suppose you should?"

"I would shoot him down like a dog."

"That is, if you got the chance," said the other, with an unpleasant smile.

"I would see that I had the chance if I ever met him."

"Threatened men live long."

"Look here!" broke in the farmer, eyeing the black eyed man sharply. "You appear to take the part of this road agent."

"Do I? Well, it is natural to me to take the part of one against many. You all seem to be down on poor Dike."

"Poor Dike! Isn't there good reason why we should be down upon him?"

"I don't know. Probably the man has some good qualities."

"Not one!" exclaimed the miner who had told his cousin's story. "Not one!"

"Well, well; you seem to know him. Considering how free we have been with his name, it would be a great joke if we should have him stop us on our way."

"I don't think it would be a joke at all," said Robert.

"Nor I!" added Grant.

"Oh, he wouldn't meddle with you boys," said the black eyed man. "He would fly at higher game; for instance, our friend there and there," indicating the farmer and the miner.

"I suppose you speak with authority?" observed the farmer.

"What do you mean?"

"You speak as if you were in this fellow's confidence."

"Do you mean to insult me?" exclaimed the black eyed man angrily.

"Oh, calm yourself, my friend! Why should I mean it that way? You can't take a joke."

"Oh, if it's a joke, I don't mind."

Then the talk about the famous road agent subsided. Gradually they passed beyond the limits of population, and entered a mountain defile, dark with frowning hills on each side.

"Let me get out a minute!" said the black eyed man, signaling to the driver.

The stage stopped. Once upon the ground the black eyed passenger drew out his revolvers, and leveling them at the astonished travelers, cried: "Hold up your hands, gentlemen; get ready to surrender all your valuables. *I am Stephen Dike!*"

(To be continued.)

#### NEWSPAPERS NOT FOR SALE.

In the Orient, as we all know, they do things exactly opposite to the way we do. In reading, for instance, our Japanese and Chinese cousins peruse books and newspapers in the direction that Occidentals would call backward.

"Newspapers" sounds strange in connection with the Japanese and Chinese, inasmuch as few have ever seen or heard of such publications in the land of almond eyed people. There are, however, many curious specimens of journalism in that country. One is a Japanese newspaper, called the "Shi Gio Shu Dan Kwai Zasshi." According to an exchange it is about the size of an octavo pamphlet, 9 1/4 by 6 1/4 inches. As usual in Oriental volumes, the title page is at what we should regard the end of the book, and the reading throughout is backward.

The name, of which we cannot give the English equivalent, is engraved and runs down, columnwise, the center of the title page. On the left are three, to us, cabalistic characters which convey to the initiated the injunction that "it is forbidden to sell or to buy this journal."

The title leaf is on white paper, the inside leaves are on various brightly colored papers, as green, orange and yellow. The book is made up of single leaves; that is, the paper is not printed on both sides (anopisthographic, as the bibliographers would say); the sheet is folded at the fore-edge, not at the back as with us, and the printing is done on the first and fourth pages. These leaves are then fastened together at the back, and although double, open as if single. In this case all are fastened by wire staples—an evidence of the extent to which Japan is availing herself of recent inventions.

The body characters are in movable types, about small pica body, but there are what appears to be quotations in a body no larger than nonpareil. Considering the complexity of the Japanese characters, these latter form quite a type founding achievement.



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FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,  
239 BROADWAY, COR. PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

JUST as we expected. The theft of a red hot stove having been placed on record as an actual happening—as duly recorded in THE ARGOSY some few weeks ago—there is now no limit to be set to the style of article that a man may steal. The latest freak of the sort is the abduction of a barn, which two North Dakota men accomplished with the aid of a team of horses and at dead of night, not long since. A man's house is his castle, according to the time honored belief, but in view of the news item just cited it will behoove the Westerner to set about digging a moat around his abode forthwith.

\* \* \* \*

PERHAPS, though, the cool individuals who carried off the North Dakota barn were induced to make this bold stroke by reading of the New Jersey burglars who actually had the temerity to break into the county jail at Somerville and steal a pocketbook. It would be strange indeed if prisoners should be obliged to organize themselves into vigilance committees to protect what little property they may possess from the attacks of prowling robbers during their term of confinement.

\* \* \* \*

MY crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones  
Not to be seen; my crown is called Content;  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

SO says Shakspeare, and he merely emphasizes a fact that is as true today as it was two centuries ago. Look about you, reader, and judge for yourself.

In this age money is popularly supposed to confer the most happiness. Are your friends who have plenty of it any lighter of heart than other friends who, blessed with a competency, have cultivated a contented spirit? True happiness comes from within, not from without. Duty done, an approving conscience, an unselfish bearing towards our comrades—these are the only sources from which real contentment can be obtained.

ANDREW H. BURKE.

GOVERNOR OF NORTH DAKOTA.

WHEN, in future years, the historian shall examine the annals of North Dakota, he will find one man who played a leading part in this important period marking the change from a territory to a State; a man whose noble character has exerted a worthy influence on those around him, and whose splendid qualities distinguish him today as a leader among men—namely, Andrew H. Burke, first governor of North Dakota.

In the year 1850, on the fifteenth day of May, Governor Burke was born in the City of New York, while simultaneously the eyes of a loving mother that rested fondly on her baby boy closed for the last time on

earth. Deprived thus early in life of his maternal care, young Andrew from the start suffered a disadvantage, which is a sore affliction to a youth. But another dark day clouded his young life, when a few years later the boy's father also died. Andrew was then taken in charge by the New York Children's Aid Society. Under its care he was taught the early lessons of life, until, at the age of eight, he, in company with some two score other boys, was taken to Indiana and there placed on a farm.

Years passed. One April morning a bomb burst over Fort Sumter, and an awful message flew over the land—a message that carried with it a deadly import which brought sorrow and tears to countless homes, and wrung the heart of the nation—the message of war. Then, his



ANDREW H. BURKE.

From a photograph by W. H. De Graff.

every fiber thrilled with patriotic devotion to his country, the farm boy, though only twelve years of age, stepped to the front. Enlisting as a drummer boy, young Burke marched to the battlefield with the Seventy Fifth Indiana Volunteers, serving under the famous "Pap" Thomas.

At the close of the war the drummer boy longed for a thorough education. He entered Asbury University, now Dupauw University, at Greencastle, Indiana. Here his health broke down. He was forced to lay aside his books. Then, going to Evansville, he acted as business manager on the *Journal and Courier*. Mercantile pursuits at Cleveland were opened to him, and in 1875 Mr. Burke went to the Forest City. Three years later, while in Minnesota, he became the manager of a large milling and lumber firm. Shortly after, going to Dakota, he was made cashier of the Casselton First National Bank.

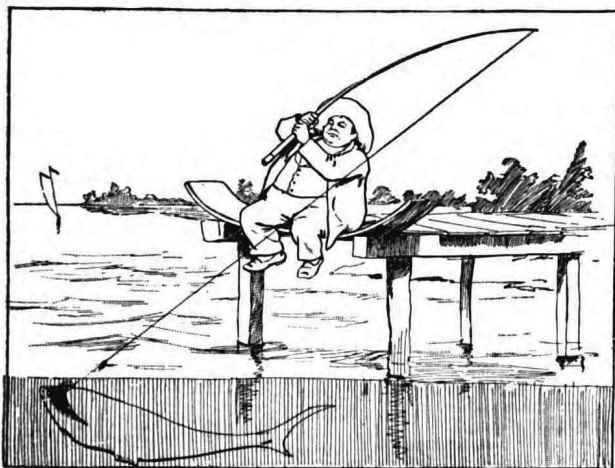
His broad comprehension of commercial affairs and thorough knowledge of all the details connected with money matters recommended him to the notice of the people. In 1884 he was elected treasurer of Cass County. Thrice was he chosen to fill this position. Last year the Republican State Convention selected him as candidate for governor. When the returns of the ballot box were announced, Andrew H. Burke was found to have been elected by over 6,000 plurality.

Governor Burke is prominent in military circles. He is admired for his business-like methods and respected for his honorable principles. He is an earnest student, loves books, and possesses good literary ability. He has risen from the lowest round in life, and it is truthfully said of him that he has "worked his passage" on all occasions, and has seen as hard "sledding" as any man living.

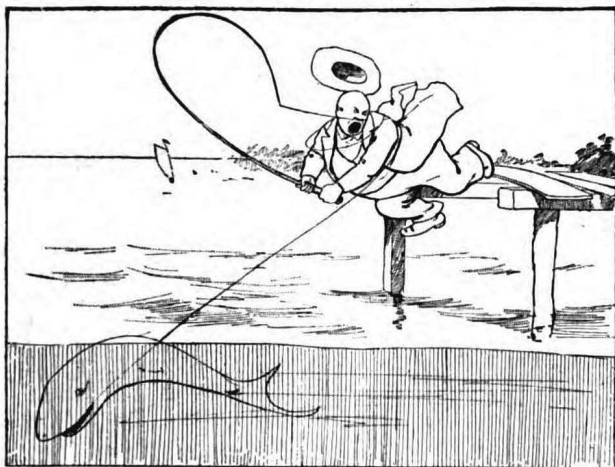
WILLIAM J. BAHMER.

# THE ARGOSY

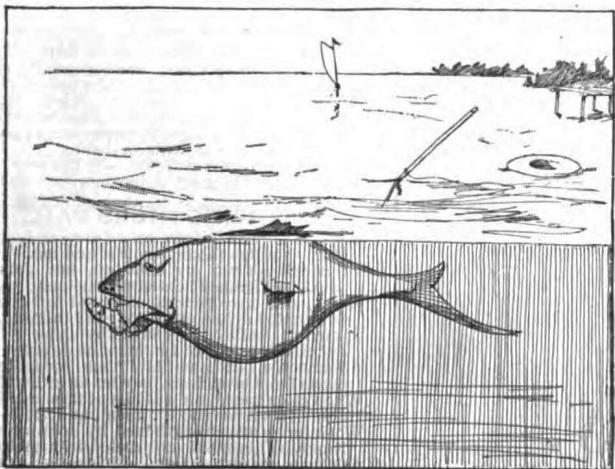
## THE CATCHER CAUGHT.



I. FAT FISHERMAN—"Glory, I've got a bite at last! Now for some science in pulling him in!"



II. LEAN SHARK—"Ha, in he comes! Isn't he a beauty?"



III. FAT SHARK—"Well, he was the finest specimen ever I caught."

A MAN threatened with financial ruin will accept almost any means of relief.

A pain racked invalid is equally desperate. This is the sharper's opportunity.

On the other hand, suppose, with all your troubles and anxieties, you find a way of escape in which you can use your judgment; where you can be deliberate.

This state of things certainly ought to arouse a sense of gratitude; and most assuredly it is entitled to serious consideration.

In this point Drs. Starkey & Palen meet you on open ground with their Compound Oxygen Treatment.

It is blood food to begin with; blood food that is in condition to be immediately assimilated.

This is a great advantage. The chemical changes necessary to complete appropriation have already taken place.

An inhalation of the Compound Oxygen Treatment sends a warming—reviving glow throughout the entire system.

The obstructions in the lungs and throat give way—everything is cleared up—circulation is re-aroused—your chest expands.

A book of 200 pages will tell you who have been cured. Send for it and get the names and addresses of all these revitalized men and women.

A quarterly review, containing a complete change of names of men and women restored to health through the use of the Compound Oxygen Treatment, will also be sent free of charge to anyone addressing Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., No. 120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal., No. 66 Church St., Toronto, Canada.

The book is filled with such indorsements as the following:

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"When I am benefited by any remedy I am always anxious that others may be helped as I have been. I have, therefore, recommended your Compound Oxygen Treatment to many. It cured me of sick headache and rheumatism, which are two of the most obstinate ailments. When my friends say, 'You are getting plump and rosy again,' I tell them Compound Oxygen is the cause of it. Since using it I have also improved in weight from 97 to 105 pounds.

"MISS E. S. YOUNG.

"602 EAST JEFFERSON ST., BLOOMINGTON, ILL."

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"We have used your Compound Oxygen in our family—one for rheumatism and another for catarrh. *It has done wonders.*

"E. P. HOWE.

"SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1888."

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"It gives me pleasure to express my faith in the virtue of your Compound Oxygen Treatment.

"Five years ago I received the most pronounced benefit from its use at a time when suffering from sciatic rheumatism.

"I have recommended it to many people, and personally know of several cases where the Compound Oxygen Treatment has succeeded where the doctors failed.

"ISAAC WILSON.

"THORNDALE, PA., Feb. 3, 1890."

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"One Home Treatment of your Compound Oxygen Treatment has nearly cured me of a most distressing form of asthma.

"Those I have persuaded to use your treatment are continually speaking in its praise, for it relieved them of other diseases than asthma, especially rheumatism.

"I heartily wish that every asthmatic sufferer could test your peerless, life-giving Oxygen.

"MRS. GEO. WRIGHT.

"MORRISTOWN, N. J., Dec. 9, 1889."

# Very Important

The importance of taking a good **Spring Medicine** cannot be overestimated. The changing weather affects the human system in such a way that it is now in great need of and especially susceptible to the benefit to be derived from a reliable preparation like Hood's Sarsaparilla. To make your blood pure, give you a good appetite, and make you strong, this spring you should take

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The Household Companion will give \$200 Cash to the 1st person sending a correct solution to the above Rebus. To the 2d, \$100; to the 3d, \$50; to the 4th, a first-class Safety Bicycle, or if a lady an elegant Diamond Ring. To each of the next 10, a SOLID GOLD WATCH. To the next 15, a Beautiful Silk Dress Pattern. To the next 25 a Nickel or Gold-Plated Watch; to each of the next 50 a valuable Business or House Lot. The above Rebus makes two words. Answers must reach us on or before June 1, 1891. With your answer send 25c. postal note or 50c. in stamps for a subscription to our Illustrated 16pp. Paper, worth a dollar a year. Our June issue will announce the result of the contest, with names and addresses of the winners. We have given away over \$20,000 in prizes and premiums to our subscribers in the past two years and now have over 100,000 Circulation. Write your answer and name and address plainly, and enclose subscription money to

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(Of Philadelphia),

# Sells Bicycles.

GET HIS CATALOGUE

If you want to be in the swim.

### ENGLISH AS SHE IS PRONOUNCED.

The farmer, when he began to plough,  
Hitched up his mule with his Alderney cough,  
But the mule displayed some grudge,  
And declined at all to budge,  
While the cough ran off and kicked up a rough.  
—New York Herald.

### GIRLS, FROM A BOY'S VIEW.

GIRLS is grate on making believe. She will make believe a doll is a live baby. She will make believe she is orful sweet on another girl or a feller if they come to see her, and when they are gone she will say, "Horrid old thing!"

If yer don't do what a girl tells yer, she says your horrid. I'd rather be horrid than be soft. If you do what a girl tells you, you will do all sorts of foolish things.

Girls can be good in school every day if they feel like it. I shud think they would get tired, and have to do sumthing wouse in a while; I know a feller does. Girls say fellers act orful, but when a girl gets a-going it she acts orful than any feller durst. They don't care for nothing.

If a girl wants a feller to carry her books home, she ain't satisfied unless she gits the same feller the other girls want, whether she likes him or not.

Girls is grate on having secrets—I mean, telling secrets. They make a secret out of nothing at all, and tell it around to all the other girls, just as if it was something drefful. I bleeve a girl likes to make bleeve they are doing sumthing drefful.

Girls always gits their joggerfry lessons better than a feller; but if they are going anywhere they don't know their way a bit, and they are sure to git lost.

If a girl don't feel like doing a thing, you can't make her, no matter whether she had orter or not. If she won't, she won't, and she will git out of it somehow. That is all I know about girls this time.—*Home Queen.*

MESSRS ROUSE, HAZARD & Co., Peoria, Ill., undoubtedly carry the largest, as well as the most varied, stock of bicycles in the United States, if not in the world. They are headquarters for everything in this line, being manufacturers and retailers. Their business extends to every State, Territory and large city in the United States and Canada. That it has doubled nine times in eleven years is evidence of honorable and courteous treatment of their customers. They are making a specialty of job lots at present, and many of our readers will doubtless be interested in the real bargains now offered. Full particulars and catalogue can be had by addressing the firm at 14 G St., Peoria, Ill.

### CONVINCED AGAINST HIS WILL.

JUDGE—"Guilty or not guilty?"

PRISONER (dazed)—"I thought I was guilty, your Honor, but my lawyer says I ain't, and he's proved it, and I believe it, and when you hear him talk, your Honor, you'll believe it, too."—*The Epoch.*

### HARD THINGS TO GUESS.

"DID you hear that Lyncede had painted a prize picture?"

"No."

"True. It's to be given as a prize to any one who guesses what it's about."—*Philadelphia Times.*

### MAY.



### In Childhood's Happy Hour.

"For I'm to be Queen o' the May mother!"  
Says the song you've often heard,  
In the days when we were young, brother,  
And a thrill in our hearts it stirred.  
In those olden days, the first of May  
Brought pleasures as pure as pearls  
As we gaily tripped through the woody way,  
Or dizzily danced with the girls.



### One Old Time Friend Left.

But now "Old Prob." has become the rage,  
Our weather is made to the order  
Of a man: no May Queen; a frigid sage  
Late returned from Greenland's border.  
Now if Maying I go, in rheumatics I pay,  
Or a lameness I cannot define,  
And the only cure I find,—by the way  
Is our old friend, Johnson's Anodyne  
(Liniment.)

### WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

A friend in need is Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. More families should know it and use it. "I could not get my coat on, but Johnson's Anodyne Liniment cured my rheumatic pains." Many years have gone since a good family doctor Originated Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Catarrhal deafness is relieved by using Johnson's Anodyne Liniment as directed. "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment prevented my death from bronchitis," writes an ardent friend When once used, you will like others, call for Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, and nothing else. Weak lungs are strengthened by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, as directed with each bottle. Ask your nearest dealer. Illustrated pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

### NO DISCRIMINATION.

TRAMP—"Will this dog bite a poor old tramp?"  
HIRED Girl—"Just as quick as a fat young one.  
Git!"—*The Epoch.*