

# THE ARGOSY

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WHOLE No. 444.

## ON STEEDS OF STEEL;

OR,

### *THE TOUR OF THE CHALLENGE CLUB.*

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE TRIKE AND THE PEDDLER.

**W**HAT I saw in the road, directly in the path of the runaway tricycle, was a little child, playing in the dirt, with its back turned and all unconscious of the doom so swiftly descending upon it.

I started to shout, but could not make a sound. Still, this did not so much concern me. What could Steve or Mac do if they heard me? They were powerless either to steer or stop their machine, and the child was too young to understand its own peril, even had its attention been called to it.

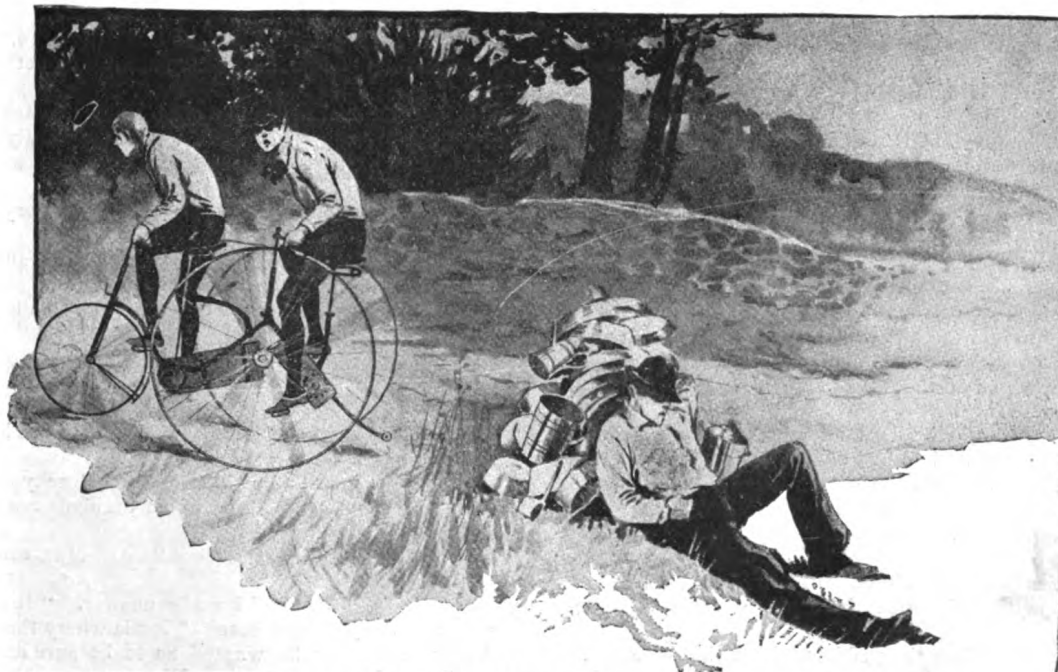
To be sure, both Hugh and myself were flying down hill to the rescue, but so was the tricycle flying. There was absolutely nothing to be done but let things take their course, and hope that the outcome would be nothing more serious than bruises or bumps.

By this time the trike was almost upon the child, its riders still unconscious of the possible tragedy that might presently be enacted. I was about to close my eyes for an instant, feeling that I could not look on at the actual coming together, when I saw something that made me open them more widely and look with greater intentness than ever.

A great, gorgeous colored butterfly had come sailing over the hedge by the roadside, the little child had caught sight of it, and quick as a flash, had sprung up, and, with hand outstretched, tried to grasp it. The butterfly escaped—so did the child. The movement had taken it out of the path of the onrushing tricycle, at which it now turned to gaze with wondering eyes which I could plainly see as I flew by in pursuit.

But where was this escapade to end? And how?

All this, which has taken minutes to read, of course occu-



THE RUNAWAY TRICYCLE WAS AIMING DIRECTLY FOR THE PEDDLER, ASLEEP BY HIS TINS,

pied but seconds in the transpiring. Mac and Steve, who had at first seemed dazed by the unexpected predicament in which they found themselves, now roused up, and by the frantic fashion in which Mac came forward and waved his arms about, I could see that he was trying his best to bring the forward wheel down to earth again.

But it was no use. Steve overweighted things, and there was nothing to do but wait till the bottom of the hill was reached and the momentum should exhaust itself.

Even in this moment of keen suspense my mind went back for an instant to Miss West.

"This wouldn't have happened on a bike," I told myself triumphantly.

By this time the runaway had reached the foot of the hill, where the road made rather a sharp bend to the left. On the farther side a stone wall skirted it.

"If they crash into that," I thought with a shudder. Then—

"The tin peddler! Do you remember him, Will?" Hugh shouted over to me.

Just before starting on the ascent of the hill, we had passed a man sleeping on the grass by the roadside. He was a peddler of tins, which wares were piled up in quite a pyramid behind him. He was a young fellow, about twenty one, I should think, and Hugh and I had both spoken about his respectable looks at the time.

Yes; I most certainly remembered him, and it looked now as if he was going to have plenty of cause to remember us. He was still slumbering peacefully on the grass between the road and the wall, and the tricycle was aiming directly for him.

No; not quite directly, for the next second it crashed into the pile of tins behind him with a rattle and clatter that roused the wayside merchant from his dreams in a leap which sent him fully four feet. The tins meanwhile flew in all directions, but enough of them remained directly in the path of the machine to considerably break the force with which it came to a standstill against the wall, and the next instant Hugh and I were tossing milk pans, dippers, strainers and drinking cups right and left in the effort to get at our friends.

"Are you hurt?" I demanded of both boys over and over again.

But it was soon evident that there was no reason for this question. Both Steve and Mac were fairly doubled up, not with pain, but with laughter, and now that we saw nothing but the tricycle and the tinware had suffered, Hugh and I could do nothing but join in their merriment.

For it was indeed a comical sight—the whole thing, I mean—the sleeping peddler with the bundle of goods at his head, then the sudden scattering of the latter, some to be sent spinning up into the air, while others fell into all sorts of ridiculous positions. For instance, Mac had a milkpan on his head and one of the dippers had found its way into Steve's pocket.

For the time being we forgot all about the peddler himself, and, as soon as we had had our laugh out, proceeded to investigate into the condition of the tricycle. This was a good deal of a wreck; one of the large wheels was twisted all out of shape, and a dustpan had played havoc with the spokes of the other.

"This settles that," exclaimed Hugh in his grim way.

"And who settles with me?" here put in a new voice behind us.

We all turned to face the peddler. Now that he had his eyes open we saw that he was even more refined looking than we had thought at first. His voice, too, was pleasant.

He didn't seem a bit angry, and I felt that if I had thought to look I might have seen him laughing along with us a few minutes before.

"I suppose I'm the one to settle," answered Steve. "It's to me the Challengers owe the presence of the trike. At what do you assess your damages?"

"Well, there's this," began the peddler, putting out rather a small foot, incased in a shoe that looked as if it might once have been patent leather, and resting it on a flattened out milk pan. "And that," pointing to a basin bent up in the middle like a camel's hump; "and this," picking up a strainer with a hole through the bottom, "and then the wear and tear of getting the whole bundle into shape again," and the fellow waved both hands around him at the scattered tinware which dotted the grass on both sides like a new species of glittering plant.

This gesture recalled to my mind the whole ridiculous scene, and in spite of myself I laughed. So did Hugh, Steve and Mac—yes, and the peddler stood there fairly shaking his sides.

"Well, isn't he the queerest duffer," I whispered to Mac as soon as I could speak.

"I should say so. And do you notice how he talks?" he rejoined. "Like a regular swell. I say, I shouldn't be surprised if he was only playing at the thing. Why, that Miss Renwick you met dressed up like a beggar, along with some other girls, one day, and went around to some friends' houses, and they never knew her."

Hugh overheard this, and, impulsive as he always was, walked over to the peddler and exclaimed: "We're awfully sorry, but I guess this little adventure will give you all the bigger story to tell about your disguise."

"Disguise!" The laugh went out of the fellow's eyes in an instant. He even grew pale as he repeated the word. Then, seeming to recollect himself, he shut his lips firmly, and retorted in a sterner tone than he had yet used: "The gentlemen will of course pay a poor man for the damage done. Fifty cents will do I should say. Give it to me and I will go."

"Well, for queer combinations he takes the cake," I muttered, as Steve paid him the money and we all set to work picking up his goods.

He had a good deal of trouble getting these fastened in a pack that would strap on his back again, but finally accomplished it and hurried off back towards the city without a word.

"Well, what do you think of your disguise theory now?" I said to Mac.

"Knocked into a cocked hat, isn't it?" he answered. "But we can't afford to waste any more time over him. The burning question that now confronts the Challengers is—what next?"

"Ship that wreck back to town from the nearest railroad station, and write for your two bikes to be sent on in its place."

This from Hugh, who looked positively happy as he made the suggestion.

"Yes, and be sure to lay it strongly before your aunt, Steve," I added, "that this sort of an accident could never have happened to a Safety."

"But what are we do in the meantime?" Mac wanted to know.

"Tramp it to Tiffleton," I made answer. "It can't be more than two miles from here. That is where the Robinsons live, you know, who wanted us to be sure and make them a little visit on our tour. We can now oblige them and ourselves too. Come, let's start. You and I, Hugh,

will take turns with the dismounted knights in trundling the Jonah."

## CHAPTER V.

## A BED OF ROSES.

"WELL, this isn't exactly the fun we pictured to ourselves would make the tour of the Challenge Club memorable, is it, fellows?"

Hugh made this remark with a broad grin on his face, as we labored up the hill again, he and I trundling our machines, while Mac pushed the disabled trike from behind, and Steve took charge of the smashed wheel.

"Oh, look here now, Hugh," I put in. "People don't laugh unless there's some fun in the wind, and I'm sure nobody could complain that there was any lack of that a few minutes ago."

"And now we're paying the piper," finished Hugh.

"No; it's Steve and Mac who will have to do that," I corrected him.

"Well," said Steve, "if it's only the means of bringing my bike out to me I shan't mind that. But, I say, Will, who are these Robinsons? I know I've heard you speak of them before, but I can't just place them now."

"Why, they're people I met up in the White Mountains last summer. An awfully jolly crowd, Jack and Tom are Columbia boys. We've seen more or less of them this winter, and I met Jack at the Berkeley Oval only two weeks ago. I told him about our tour, and he said that we must be sure to call, at least, at their house here, and stay over a night or two if we would."

"Then they expect us?" said Mac.

"Well, I told them we would start today if it was fair, and would arrive early in the afternoon," I rejoined.

"But I should call it early in the evening now," put in Steve, looking at his watch. "It's ten minutes past six."

"And we've got at least a mile and three quarters to go before reaching Tiffleton," observed Hugh, "which, at this rate of progress, will bring us there about bedtime."

"Maybe they live a little this side of the village" I returned. "I'll ask the first man we meet."

"You'd better find out where the nearest railroad station is," muttered Hugh. "We don't want to lose any time in getting this invalid off our hands."

So, when presently two laborers, with their tin kettles, came along on their way home, we stopped them and found not only the location of the Robinson's and the railroad station, but of the hotel as well.

Luck seemed for once to be on our side, for all three were much closer at hand than we dared hope. We reached the station first, and caught the agent just as he was about to go home for the night. We left the trike with him, with directions for forwarding, and then hurried off to the hotel, where Steve and Mac wrote letters home, asking that their Safeties be sent on at once. Then we had dinner, and by the time we were through it was a little after eight.

"Hadh't we better engage rooms here and just go around to the Robinsons' to call?" suggested Steve, when I proposed that we hurry off

"No, indeed," I rejoined. "Jack was particular about that. They've got a big house, he told me, and said he'd esteem it an honor to entertain our club. So we'll go anyhow, and if we find that they're crowded we can come back here, and no harm done."

So it was settled, although Steve and Mac declared that they'd rather not go at all than have to come tagging along on foot after Dinsmore and I had gone dashing up to the house on our bikes.

"There's sure to be a lot of people on the piazza, and how it will look!" he grumbled.

But this matter was settled nicely for us as soon as we reached the gates of the Robinson place and found that the driveway had just been covered with a fresh coating of bluestone, which had not been rolled hard; so Hugh and I were forced to dismount, and all four of us walked up to the house together.

"Gee! but this is fine, isn't it?" murmured Mac.

It certainly was a magnificent property. Lawns as smooth as velvet, faultlessly trimmed hedges, shrubbery most artistically disposed, and all surrounded by one of the most graceful stone walls I had ever thought could be built.

"What business is Mr. Robinson in, Will?" Hugh wanted to know.

"Why?" I laughed. "Do you think of asking him to take you into partnership? But, come to think. I don't know. Never inquired."

"Are there any girls in the family?" asked Mac.

"I hope not," broke in Hugh. "We don't seem to make a particular success with the ladies today."

Mac and I laughed as we recalled the abrupt fashion in which we had left our companions at the ball grounds that afternoon, and at that moment we came in sight of the house, which looked like some old English castle in the moonlight. It was built of light stone, and ran off into towery and turrets at every corner. But, there seemed to be scarcely any lights in the windows, and I wondered if everybody was away from home.

"Are you sure this is the right place, Will?" said Mac in rather an awe struck whisper, as Hugh and I leaned our machines against the stone supports of the *porte cochère*.

"It must be. It's the same place those men described, and the clerk at the hotel," I answered, adding frankly, "But I hadn't an idea it was quite so grand as this. Come on. Follow me."

We all went up the broad flight of steps leading to the piazza, where we turned for an instant to take in the beautiful view of the Hudson. Then I pressed the electric button.

The door was opened after a minute's delay by a man in livery.

"Is either of the young Mr. Robinsons at home?" I asked, deciding that this was the best way to frame my inquiry.

"Oh, yes—I mean no, sir," replied the man, suddenly stepping back and throwing the door wide open. "But you're expected, sirs, han I was told to explain that the young gentlemen 'ave had to go off with the family to a wedding in the city, but you were to be made comfortable, 'n they'd see you in the mornin' if you didn't want to wait hup, sirs."

"But if everybody is out, perhaps we had better go to the hotel," I suggested.

"Not for the world, sir," broke in the butler. "Mr. Robinson said as how I was to be sure an' make everything comfortable for you. And where is your luggage, sir?"

"Outside. We'll get it," I responded, but the fellow insisted on coming out with us, after ringing for another man servant to assist him.

Hugh and I had taken charge of Steve's and Mac's roll after they lost their machine, and although I could see that the butler was a little surprised at the shape in which our wardrobe was carried, he of course did not remark upon it.

"Will the young gentlemen walk up to their rooms now to wash?" he asked, when he had sent his helper ahead with the things.

We were all agreed on this point, and we followed our

guide up two flights of stairs to two very pretty adjoining apartments, where the gas was lighted and everything was in readiness for expected guests.

"At your pleasure, sir," said the butler, as he turned to me, "will you come down to the billiard room? It is to the left of the lower hall. Mr. Robinson asked me to have it lighted, and told me to serve a little supper—a Welsh rarebit—you know, sir, about ten. Anything else you want, sir?"

"No, thank you," I answered; and then as the man went out and closed the door I looked round on the other fellows with a little smile of satisfaction I could not repress.

"Well, I call this pretty smooth," sighed Hugh, throwing himself down on the sofa that occupied one of the turret corners. "Billiards, Welsh rarebits, and the freedom of a house like this! Will, my boy, come over here and give me your hand. Our captain has led the Challengers into the first bed of roses they've struck on the tour."

I was a little dazed myself at the splendor of the mansion. While the Robinsons, when I met them at the Profile House, gave evidence of being well off, I had had no idea that they were millionaires, and certainly nobody but a millionaire could afford to keep up such a house as that was, for inside it was even handsomer than the entrance would lead one to expect. And as yet we'd caught but glimpses of its fittings.

"Hurry, fellows," I said. "Let's brush up and get down stairs."

## CHAPTER VI.

### A MIDNIGHT CONVICTION.

"I CALL this comfy."

This was Hugh's comment, some half hour later, when the soft treading, solemn faced butler summoned us from the billiard room to the imposing dining hall, where a neat little spread was laid out for us on the table.

"It reminds me of—what fairy story was it?—the 'Sleeping Beauty,' I think, where somebody finds a castle with everything complete about it, and yet nobody around," and Mac gave a half startled glance out through the arched doorway towards the darkened parlor, as if he thought some mysterious bit of enchantment might be sprung upon us at any minute.

"Well, you're complimentary to the Club, I must say," I put in. "Aren't we around?"

"I wish our friend of the brass buttons would light up the parlors for us," remarked Hugh. "I'd like to take a peep around."

"I'd rather light out to bed, where I think we all ought to be," suggested Steve.

At this moment ten was chimed out by three clocks, and although this was by no means an uncanny hour of the night, still for four fellows who had been through the exciting experiences which had that day fallen to the lot of the Challenge Club, it had all the bed urging weightiness of midnight.

"Will you see Mr. Jack when he comes in tonight?" I asked the butler when he appeared to take away the things.

"I beg pardon, sir?" he said, looking at me questioningly.

"Mr. Robinson will know we have arrived before morning, will he not?" I repeated, changing slightly the form of my question.

"Oh, certainly, sir, certainly," was the reply.

"And at what hour does the family breakfast?" I went on.

"At half after eight, sir. Do you wish to be called?" he answered.

"Yes, at quarter to eight, please," I told him, feeling that

I would like to have a little margin of time with the fellows before springing ourselves upon the family.

These arrangements made, we went up stairs to bed, although it was fully an hour before we got there. The room Hugh and I had chosen opened into that occupied by Steve and Mac, and during the process of undressing we were back and forth dozens of times, talking over our first day's run, planning for future ones, wondering what word would come from Steve's aunt, and chatting about the Robinson boys.

"Aren't they great swells, Will?" Mac wanted to know.

"Not a bit of it," I assured him. "They're awfully genial, whole souled fellows."

"How old?" from Hugh.

"Well, Tom must be twenty one, and Jack eighteen, I should say," I made answer. "But, come, you'll see them in the morning. We must get some sleep tonight."

I went back into our own room as I spoke, but as I passed out of the door I heard Steve remark to his chum: "Don't you feel sort of queer, Mac, going to bed in a private house where you don't know anybody?"

"No, I only feel sleepy now; time enough to feel queer when I wake up in the morning," retorted Mac, little realizing what a true prophet he was proving himself to be.

Well, finally we all got quieted down. The fellows in the next room must have fallen asleep almost as soon as their heads touched the pillows, judging by the sounds. Hugh and I talked for a little while about Steve, and the likelihood of his father's making a fuss about the damages he would have to pay Jim Howe; then Dinsmore, too, dropped off, and I was left with my own thoughts.

I had them for company a good long time, too. Somehow, it seemed very hard for me to go to sleep. It seemed just as if there was something on my mind—just what I could not for the life of me comprehend, and yet it was enough to nag at me every time I thought I was going to drift peacefully off into dreamland.

At last, from sheer exhaustion, I fell into one of those half dozes which are really more tiring than wakefulness; but I hadn't been in this state very long before I heard what sounded like the boom of the ocean. For an instant I thought I was back in the hotel at Sea Bright, then the sound approached closer, and I made it out to be the crunching of carriage wheels over the gravel. The Robinsons were returning.

There must have been a large party of them, for presently I could hear many voices, all seeming to be talking at once. There was a good deal of laughter, and then the carriage wheels stopped, and after a minute went on again, this time behind the house towards the stables.

"I wonder what time it is?" I asked myself. Then: "Will Jack come up now to see if we are awake? It was awfully good of him to leave word about our coming."

Ah, some one was coming up the stairs now! The next minute there was a light knock on the door, and before I could answer a voice that I was certain was neither Tom nor Jack's called out softly:

"I say, Perry, Vane, are you awake?"

Perry? Vane? And the voice that of neither of the Robinson boys! What did it mean? In order to get time to puzzle it out I lay perfectly still, and allowed it to be supposed that I *was* asleep. There was no repetition of the knock or the call, and the next minute the footsteps went off, on tiptoe.

I raised myself on my elbow, brushed my hands across my eyes to make sure I was awake, and then started in to think—think hard.

Who was the fellow who had knocked? And *who* was Perry? Who was Vane?

Finally I decided that there must be company in the house, some fellows who had been occupying the rooms that had been given to us, and who had not gone with the others to the wedding. Still, why had we not seen or heard anything of them, and who—

But at this point in my reflections there came fresh sounds in the hall. It was two fellows talking.

"And you say Harry and Rex have arrived," one of them said.

"Yes, Rupert told me they came about eight," the other answered. "I came up a few minutes ago to their room to see if they were still awake, but got no answer. They played at a *matinée*, you—"

This was all I heard. The speakers entered a room on the opposite side of the hall and closed the door.

But I had heard enough. There must be some awful mistake. That point was clear enough; for Rupert was undoubtedly the butler, we were the fellows who arrived about eight, none of us answered to the names of Harry, Rex, Perry or Vane, and I was equally positive that we were not in the habit of giving *matinée* or evening performances.

Yes, I must face the horrible truth of the case. *We were in the wrong house.* The butler had taken us for some one else. I had not mentioned any names, and now I remembered his asking me to repeat my question when I had said something about "Mr. Jack."

Oh, what a fool I had been! Why hadn't I made more certain? Robinson was by no means an uncommon name. There was that book called "Brown, Jones and Robinson." That combination ought to have put me on my guard.

And now, what was to be done? Here were the other three Challengers, sleeping peacefully around me in blissful ignorance of the fearful predicament into which I had run them. I turned hot and cold by turns when I pictured the scene that would take place in the morning. Wasn't there any way out of it? If we could only get away.

Well, why couldn't we, I asked myself? We had no trunks. I knew just where our machines had been placed; in a gas house near the left wing which was probably not kept locked. I determined to wake the fellows and discuss the matter with them.

"Hugh, Hugh," I whispered, shaking my bedfellow by the shoulder.

He only turned wrathfully and tried to wriggle away from me.

"Hugh," I repeated in more urgent tones, "wake up. We're in a high old scrape."

"Um, what is that?" he muttered. "Yes, those tins did soar pretty high."

"Come, you're not dreaming," I went on, giving his hair a gentle tweak or two. "Listen to me. We must get up and get out of this at once."

"Hey, what's that? Why, it isn't morning?" He was sitting up in bed by this time, rubbing his eyes and looking at me in the moonlight.

"No, of course it isn't, and I'm mighty glad of it," I rejoined. "Listen. We're in the wrong house. This isn't the Robinsons I know. The butler made a mistake."

"W-h-a-t!" Print fails to convey an idea of the world of meaning Hugh Dinsmore put into that one word.

But before I could explain further there was another crunching of the gravel, and I fell back on my pillow with a groan.

The rightful visitors had arrived and the awful discovery was right on top of us.

(To be continued.)

## ARTHUR BLAISDELL'S CHOICE.\*

BY W. BERT FOSTER.

### CHAPTER XVI.

MONT RAYMOND.

**B**EFORE a fortnight had passed Hal Blaisdell had installed his mother in a tiny cottage in the western suburbs of the city, as far away as possible from the crowded, dirty street where the Moriarty clan and others of their ilk held forth. All the days at the office were not as easy as that first one had been, but he continued to like his position very well.

Mr. Coffin, the city editor, although so gruff and eccentric, kindly assisted him in his work, and Mont Raymond gave him numerous "pointers" in relation to the business. Mont was some seven years Hal's senior, yet he courted the boy's society more and more. They went to lunch together nearly every day, and Hal was continually singing his new friend's praises to Little Mum.

Soon Hal began to copy Mont in his dress and talk, and even his manner to a certain degree. No one chose to warn him of his danger, except Horatio Guelph, and Hal paid little attention to his remark that—

"Eef you don't pe careful, my friendt Plaisdell, you vill haf get your walking ticket. Dere can't pe put von Mont Raymond in dis office."

For which kindly meant though peculiarly given advice Hal politely told Horatio to mind his own business.

"I'm going to take you over to the club some day and introduce you," said Mont. "Even if you were old enough I couldn't promise to get you in, for it's a mighty stiff club. But I'll introduce you to some of the younger members, and maybe if they like you we can rush you in when the right opportunity comes."

Hal waited in a fever of expectancy for the promised visit, and really neglected his work a little in his eagerness. At last there came an evening when he could conveniently get off for an hour or two, and Mont had nothing special on hand himself.

"Let's go over to the club for supper, Blaisdell," suggested Mont, stopping at his desk. "It'll be a good time for me to introduce you to the boys."

Hal acquiesced with alacrity, and taking their hats the two young men left the reportorial room.

"This is a first rate night to go up," said Mont. "All the boys will be on hand, and probably old Van and Gardner, with some of the old duffers 'll be there."

"You have gentlemen of all ages in your club?" inquired Hal.

"Oh, yes. The Happy-Go-Lucky was instituted fifty years ago, and some of the original members are in it now. There's old Van—he's past sixty, and a regular crank of cranks. But he's got the wealth and three marriageable daughters, too. He's a great fellow, Van is. When he takes a shine to a fellow he can't do too much for him. He met Gardner down at Newport last season, scraped an acquaintance with him, and since then Gardner has spent more than half his time at Van's. They say the oldest daughter's set her cap for him; but I reckon Chess thinks a confounded sight more of the wealth than he does of the girl. Oh, he's fly, Chess is."

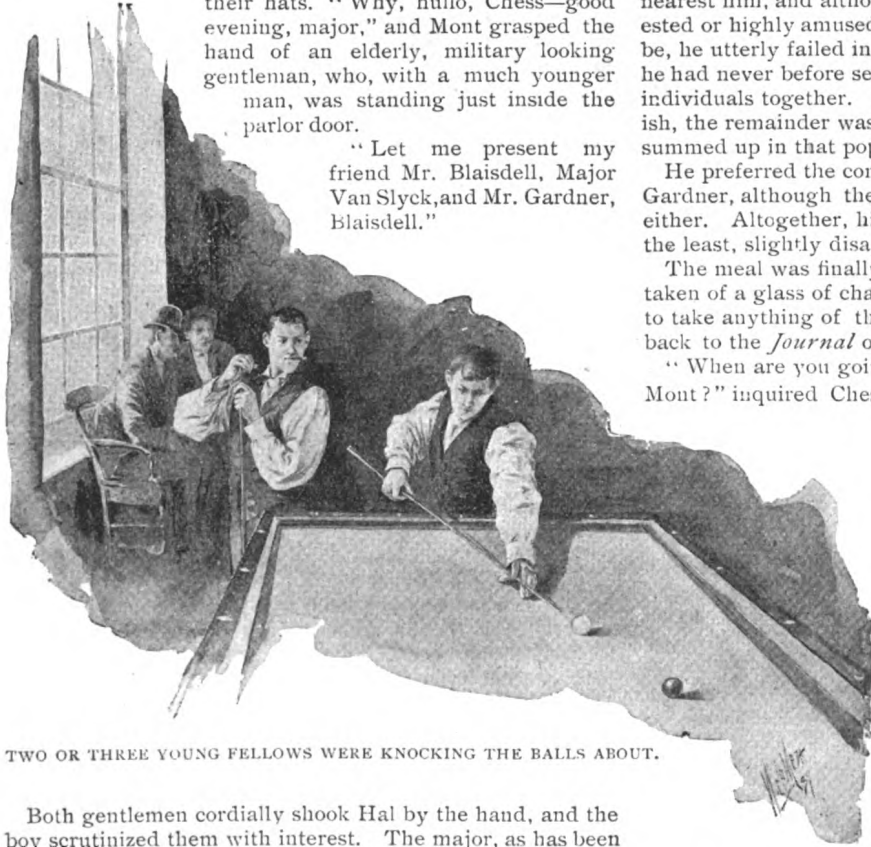
The rooms of the Happy-Go-Lucky were spacious and elegantly furnished. At the right of the beautifully decorated

\*Begun in No. 439 of THE ARGOSY.

vestibule was the reading room, or parlor, furnished with heavy easy chairs, beautiful carpets and rugs, and magnificent mirrors, while costly works of art adorned the walls. On the other side of the entrance was a room similar in size, used as a dining room, and the kitchens were in the rear, while the billiard and card rooms were above.

"Let's see who's here," said Mont, looking in at the open parlor door while they were hanging up their hats. "Why, hullo, Chess—good evening, major," and Mont grasped the hand of an elderly, military looking gentleman, who, with a much younger man, was standing just inside the parlor door.

"Let me present my friend Mr. Blaisdell, Major Van Slyck, and Mr. Gardner, Blaisdell."



TWO OR THREE YOUNG FELLOWS WERE KNOCKING THE BALLS ABOUT.

Both gentlemen cordially shook Hal by the hand, and the boy scrutinized them with interest. The major, as has been said, was an elderly man of a strong military appearance—tall, straight as an arrow, his gray beard trained carefully to stand out on either side of his florid face, which was habitually stern in its expression.

His companion was about thirty five, tall, well formed, and with a peculiarly springy carriage, which was very graceful. He was a handsomely featured man; yet there was something about him which, had Hal met him in any other place or under any other circumstances, would have caused him to dislike Mr. Chess Gardner.

His movements, withal so graceful, were too cat-like, and the glitter in his cold, gray eyes seemed simply to hide the demon which lay behind them. But Hal threw off this feeling as foolish and followed Mont and his two new acquaintances into the dining room.

"I suppose your table is full, major," said Mont.

"Not full, Mont," returned the major; "but we've only prepared for two tonight—Mr. Gardner and myself. But if you and your friend will honor us with your company—"

"No; don't trouble yourself on our account, major. We'll go to the scrub table. Just as much obliged. Come, Blaisdell. I see Spider has two empty seats near him. Let's pirate 'em."

He led his companion across the room to a rather long

table, which was set for a dozen, and at which two solemn faced waiters had already commenced to serve the viands.

"Whose seats are these, Spider?" demanded Mont, laying his hands on the backs of two chairs.

"Yours and your friends," answered the young man addressed, who was very tall and very thin, and whose right name was Cochran.

Hal was introduced to half a dozen of the young fellows nearest him, and although he endeavored to be greatly interested or highly amused by their remarks, as the case might be, he utterly failed in both. He really began to think that he had never before seen so many weak headed and vapid individuals together. Most of their conversation was foolish, the remainder was disgusting, and altogether it could be summed up in that popular phrase, "It made him tired!"

He preferred the company of the elderly major and Chess Gardner, although the latter was not exactly to his taste, either. Altogether, his introduction to the club was, to say the least, slightly disappointing.

The meal was finally at an end; and after Mont had partaken of a glass of champagne at the sideboard (Hal refused to take anything of the kind himself), they prepared to go back to the *Journal* office.

"When are you going to play me that rubber at billiards, Mont?" inquired Chess Gardner, as they passed the table where the major and he were still discussing their repast.

"The next chance I get—before long," returned Mont.

"Well, do so. I'm anxious to see which is the better man. Bring your friend along, too. Perhaps he plays?"

"No, he don't. He's jolly green, Chess; but I'm doing my best to take it out of him," replied Mont, with a laugh.

"I guess you're capable of it, Mont," was the reply. "Bring Blaisdell around with you, any way. We shall be glad to see him."

"I will—if his mama'll let him.

She don't 'low him out much after dark," said Mont facetiously, drawing Hal's arm through his own and leading the way.

They took their hats and went out, Mont rattling on in his usual lively manner, but Hal was strangely silent. The boy was wondering why it was that he had allowed Mont to talk in the slighting way he had of his mother, without making the least objection. A month before he would have knocked him down for speaking thus of Little Mum.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### HAL YIELDS TO TEMPTATION.

"I DO wish we could help those Moriartys," said the gentle voice of Little Mum, one morning not long after Hal's first visit to the Happy-Go-Lucky Club.

She and her eldest son were sitting at breakfast, and it was quite late in the forenoon, for nowadays Hal usually remained until the paper went to press at two A.M., and did not go to the office until afternoon.

"You're always wanting to help somebody, Little Mum," said Hal, smiling, and toying idly with his cup of chocolate. "But I thought we were well out of the Moriartys' way."

"Micky was here yesterday—" began Little Mum.

"He was!" exclaimed Hal, with a little flush of vex-

ation. "I thought I had covered our tracks so well that they would not know where we were. I expected some of them would be following us up here."

"Now you wrong Micky, Hal," said his mother. "He did not know we lived here. He's a brave little fellow, and would scorn to ask charity of any one. He came here yesterday with his little dump cart to see if we wished our ashes carted away."

"Well, now he has found out where we live, I expect the whole clan will be coming up to visit you," went on Hal, with a laugh, and pushing his chair back from the table.

"Oh, I guess not," returned his mother, smiling. "But he told me yesterday that he wanted to get something steady to do. If you hear of anything I wish you'd see if you can get it for him. Micky is a good boy, and is trying his best to help his mother."

"I'd like to help the little beggar well enough. But there's no work to do nowadays for a boy of his size. And, by the way, mother, we ought to look out for a better place for Art. I don't like to have him driving that milk team. It's so—so—well, 'tisn't just the thing for a fellow of his education and bringing up."

"Times have been very hard for a year past, my son," said Little Mum, with a sigh. "But business will pick up this fall, and the poor will get along better. It makes me heart-sick to think of that poor little Jimmy dying in that close, hot room, for the want of a little fresh air."

"I think Art should do a little looking 'round himself," continued Hal, whose thoughts were not lingering upon the sufferings of the Moriarty family; "but he doesn't seem to care whether he ever gets any other position than his present one."

"Well, you know Hiram is ill, and he has promised to stay until he gets well again. I guess the poor boy is having a hard time of it, too, although he makes no complaint. I am thankful that his health remains good."

"He shouldn't have made any such foolish promise."

"But you will look out for a place for Micky?"

"Oh, yes; I'd like to help him. If I hear of anything I'll let him know."

As it chanced, Hal heard of a position that very day for Micky. He was standing in the main office, near Mr. Doliver's desk, when the press room foreman came along and stopped to speak with the sub editor, who, in the absence of Mr. Jennings, had charge of the business details.

"Look here, Doliver," said the foreman, leaning his folded arm on the top of the sub editor's desk, "I want another boy. You fellows were howlin' round here this morning because the papers didn't come up faster. 'Tain't the fault of the presses; but I haven't but two boys to send 'em up to the mailing room by. Now, if you don't get me another boy—and a good smart one—I'll discharge you."

The sub editor, who had gained the name of "Doliver the Meek," among the reporters and other assistants, replied cheerfully:

"All right, Mr. Mack. I'll see about it. I'll put an ad. in the paper tomorrow."

"Well, you'd better," said the foreman, turning away.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Hal, who was somewhat acquainted with the foreman. "I know of just the boy you want, Mack, and I guess I can get him for you this afternoon."

"Now, you're a gentleman, Blaisdell!" exclaimed Mack. "Who is he?"

"Well, his name is Moriarty, and I believe they call him Micky."

"Ah, a product of the 'ould sod', eh? He's the bye f'r me! Bring him along, that's a good fellow."

"Yes, get him, Hal, if you know he's a good one," said the sub editor.

"Oh, I guess he's all right," rejoined Hal. "I'll see if I can find him."

"Get him down here by six o'clock, if you can, Blaisdell." said Mack, as Hal departed.

Hal made his way across the city, and arriving at the brick block mounted the stairs to the Moriarty abode. Mrs. Moriarty herself answered his knock.

"Och, Misthur. Hal, is thet you!" she exclaimed, holding up both hands in astonishment. "Sure, I never tho't ter set eyes on you again. Coom right in."

"Thank you, but I can't stop," replied Hal, remaining at the door. "I ran up to see if Micky was here."

"He's not jist now, but he soon will be. Is it anythin' I c'd be doin' f'r yez?"

"Mother said he wanted a steady place to work, and I have just heard of one where I think he'll suit."

"Is that so?" cried the delighted woman. "Your mother's that thoughtful—bless her swate face! Mick 'll be so glad when he hears the news. Where is it, Misthur Hal?"

"It's at the *Journal* office—in the press room. 'Tell him to come down tonight by six o'clock. He'll have to work all night, but he can sleep days."

"On a newspaper, is it?" cried Mrs. Moriarty, whose ideas in relation to what Micky's duties would be were very vague. "He's not well eddicated, Misthur Hal, an' p'r'aps he'll not suit."

"Oh, he'll get along all right—they won't want him to edit the paper," laughed Hal. "He'll get six or seven dollars a week, I believe."

"The saints be praised!" cried the grateful woman. "Sure, I'm that happy, Misthur Hal, I dunno what ter do," and she wiped the joyful tears from her eyes with her apron.

"How is Jimmy now?" inquired Hal, making ready to depart.

"Ah, Jamesy, poor bye, ain't near so well. He's not long for this world, I'm thinkin'," said the mother sadly.

"The docthur we tuck him to said there wasn't anything the matter with him 'ceptin' he was jist pinin' away f'r the want o' fresh air an' f'r ter live out dures. Sure, if he was only back in the ould counthry I'd put him right out f'r him ter live wid the pigs an' th' dorgs, an' he'd grow up as healthy and rugged as yerself."

Then Hal took his leave, wondering, as he returned to the *Journal* office if Mrs. Moriarty thought *he* had grown up with the "pigs an' the dorgs."

The first person he saw on entering the reportorial room was Mont Raymond.

"By George, Blaisdell!" exclaimed Mont, "you're just the fellow I want to see. Began to think you weren't going to get down today at all."

"Well, I'm here now," said Hal, laughing, "so what do you want?"

"Chess and I are going to have our little game tonight, and I want you to come up and cheer me on to victory. Chess'll have the major on his side, and I want some backer. We're just even on games and points, too, and I tell you 'twill be quite an exciting finish. You'll come, won't you?"

Hal hesitated just a moment. He knew Little Mum would not approve—his own conscience did not uphold him in again attending the Happy-Go-Lucky Club—and though he believed there was no harm in a simple game of billiards, still he had been brought up to believe that the place to play such games was at home and not in either saloon or club room.

He would have to neglect his work a little, too, and that would not please Mr. Coffin, for the city editor looked after

him pretty sharply. But as Mont continued to urge, Hal finally promised to go if he could get away.

"I suppose you can go—yes," said Mr. Coffin, when Hal asked for leave of absence. "But it seems to me, Blaisdell, you're off a great deal lately. You were away the other night, and this afternoon it was late when you came in."

"I went out for Mr. Doliver this afternoon," replied Hal stiffly.

"You did? Well, the next time Doliver asks you to do anything, tell him to go West. *I'll* fix him," and Mr. Coffin returned to his work with a great deal of assumed wrath.

About seven Mont and Hal started for the club room arm in arm.

"I tell you, Chess is a rattling good player," said Mont, who was considerably excited over the forthcoming game, "and he's just as good at cards as he is at billiards. We have some pretty stiff play up at the club sometimes, when he and the major, or some other old duffer, get to playing poker. You know our limit is a hundred dollars."

"Why, they don't play for money, do they?" exclaimed Hal.

"Of course they do, you greeney," returned Mont good naturedly. "Where's the fun unless there's something at stake? I tell you, it's exciting when there's a good round sum up to play for. Why, Chess and I have got a fifty up on our game. We started it at twenty five, but Chess suggested that we raise it so's to make it more exciting. You bet I wasn't far behind him."

"Why, I supposed gentlemen played for the fun of the thing," and the surprise in Hal's voice was plainly noticeable.

"You're too awfully good, Hal, my boy. Of course we play 'for the fun of the thing', but what's the fun if there isn't any wealth back of it?"

"I shouldn't like to—to gamble."

"Pooh! That's nonsense. There's no fun in playing cards, or billiards either, unless there's something to play for. But as for gambling—that isn't allowed in the club. Why, the old duffers who originated the Happy-Go-Lucky would rise in their graves if they could hear you associate the word 'gambling' with the club. Now Chess and I have simply put up a fifty dollar prize, and the one who wins takes it. Why, I'll wager you've tried for just such things yourself. Now didn't you use to write compositions for prizes, and all that, at school? Now, be honest."

"Ye-es, I did," acquiesced Hal doubtfully. "But that isn't just the same, is it?"

"Well, I'd like to know why not? But here we are. Don't for pity's sake give any of that sort of stuff to Chess. He'll think you're greener than you are."

They took supper with Major Van Slyck and Chess Gardner, and Hal soon forgot his doubts in his interest and enjoyment of the conversation. The table talk was considerably different from what he had listened to during his former visit to the club rooms.

The major was entertaining, and had a fund of amusing as well as exciting army stories at his command. Chess Gardner had evidently been an extensive traveler and was a good linguist. He knew how to talk well, too, and he and the major seemed to vie in entertaining their guests. Finally the meal was over, and they repaired to the billiard room above.

Two or three young fellows were already there, idly knocking the balls about, and evidently waiting to watch the game between Mont and Gardner. The two players removed their coats and set to work at one of the tables, while the spectators gathered around.

Hal was interested in the game for both played more

scientifically than is usual with amateurs; but at the same time he did not really enjoy it for his thoughts were continually turning to his conversation with Mont on their way to the rooms. Was he doing right in associating with such men as Mont and Chess Gardner, and in attending such places as the Happy-Go-Lucky Club; or was he foolishly alarmed? The question was one that has troubled many boys in similar positions, and like many of them he allowed it to remain unanswered.

The game continued with unabated interest to the end, and although Mont was an excellent player his opponent was much the better. Mont was nervous at times, too, and liable in his excitement to make foolish errors; but Chess Gardner was always cool, and it seemed to Hal, kept himself in check throughout the game, with the evident intention of not beating his opponent too badly.

"Well," said Chess, in a seemingly very frank tone, as the congratulations of the spectators announced him the victor, "I must say that was a tight pull, Raymond. I never played with so strong a player before—and beat. That last play of yours was simply superb! I never saw any one try a more difficult one but once before, and that was Joe Kingsley, the crack billiard man of San Francisco, and some said of the West. By George! I don't see how I came to beat you, Mont."

"I guess it wasn't all luck, Chess," returned Mont, while Hal assisted him on with his coat. "And I declare, I should like to try it again with you some time, although it was a straight out and out beat. But I shall know your points better next time."

Chess smiled quietly and expressed his willingness to try it again at some future date.

"I'll see you in the morning with the fifty," Hal heard Mont say to the victor in a low tone. "Where'll you be?"

"Oh, come up to the major's office about noon," returned Chess. "I'll be there."

"That was rather costly, wasn't it?" inquired Hal, as he and Mont walked down town later in the evening.

"What—that fifty?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well, I shall get it back from some of the other boys before long. I can do most any of them, and I didn't really expect Chess was quite so good a player, or I shouldn't have been willing to raise my bet. Never mind, I shall get it back," was the careless reply.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT.

HAL started out the following day for the *Journal* office with the intention of attending strictly to business and letting Mont Raymond go. for that day at least. He could ill afford to lose any more time that week, for it took nearly all of his slender salary to support Little Mum and himself, even with Arthur's assistance.

But alas for his good intentions; whom should he see standing in the doorway of the office as he approached but Mont himself.

"Hullo, Blaisdell! What wind blew you down this early? It isn't noon yet and you're not due till one."

"Oh, I thought I'd get round in time for once," returned Hal, and was about to pass on when Mont detained him.

"Walk down street with a fellow, will you? I've got to run up to see Chess a moment, and then I'll come back with you."

"I don't know—" and Hal hesitated, hardly knowing how to refuse so simple a request.



"Why, come on," said Mont, looking at him in surprise. "We'll be back in ten minutes."

"Oh, if it's not going to take you long, I don't mind," said Hal, and they set out at once.

"It's up in the Exchange building—the Home Mutual Insurance Company, you know. Old Van is the president, and I don't know but Chess is secretary by this time. Any way, he could be, I guess, if he wanted to."

"Why, how came the major to take up with Mr. Gardner so?"

"Well, now you have me. Why does everybody cotton to Chess so? I declare I don't see."

"Has the major known him very long?"

"Only since last season. Met him at Newport, where he and his three old maid daughters go for most of the summer. The girls are down there now, I guess, and while the're away Chess keeps the old man company. The major introduced him to the club, and goes bail for him everywhere."

"Didn't he bring any recommendations to the major?"

"Not a bit—as I ever heard. But he's got superb cheek—I envy him that. He came from the west, so I understand."

"Seems to me that's a rather peculiar thing for a man like Major Van Slyck to do—take a stranger right in that way."

"Well, I believe I told you once that the major was *the* crank of cranks. He has the oddest tricks. Do you know, when he was a young man he lost something like twenty thousand dollars by the failure of a bank, and since then he hasn't believed that banks are safe. So he keeps all his valuables and his own money at the house, so I'm told. Has a brick vault built into the library wall, and keeps his bonds, money and everything there. It looks funny for a man who does such a large amount of business to be so cranky."

"I should say as much!" exclaimed Hal.

"Here we are. Come on up," and Mont turned in at a door-way and mounted the stairs to the Insurance office.

Chess Gardner was just coming out as they reached the door.

"So here you are at last, eh?" said he, shaking hands with both young men. "Thought you weren't coming at all, Mont. Come in."

Gardner led them through the outer office and into a private room at the rear.

"Miss Remington, will you get me a receipt please?" said Chess, to a young lady who sat at a low desk near the door.

"Here, Blaisdell, count this, will you?" said Mont, tossing Hal a roll of bills.

At that instant the young lady, who was quite pretty Hal noticed, returned with the blank receipt. She threw a quick glance of surprise at Hal when she heard his name mentioned; but Hal did not notice it.

"Whew! where does the major get such pretty girls?" inquired Mont of Chess, as Miss Remington resumed her seat.

"Oh, the're thicker than bluebirds in May, 'round here," returned Chess, with a smile. "She is rather nice looking, isn't she?"

Then he signed the receipt, pocketed the bills, and all three left the office.

"Come around to the club again, Blaisdell," said Gardner, cordially at parting. "Mont and I'll give you a few points at billiards when we have our next bout."

Hal thanked him, and he and Mont returned to the *Journal* office.

"I believe I can beat him yet, if I practice up a little,"

Mont confided to Hal. "For two years back I've been the crack player of the club, if I do say it, and I'm not going to be bowled over without another struggle."

"I hope you'll be successful, Raymond. I really do."

"Well, go up with me when you can—do you know anything about the game?"

"A little."

"Well, I'll teach you more. I want to do some tall practicing for a week or two, and then try Chess again. You know he admitted himself I was strong, and he was really surprised when he beat me. Now come up and play a fellow whenever you can. I can beat all the boys up there, and it'll do me good to play with a stranger—I don't know your strong points, see?"

"Oh, but I'm not much of a player."

"Never mind; you'll come up, wont you?"

"I'll see," returned Hal.

During that afternoon he devoted himself strictly to business, and gained a word or two of praise from Mr. Coffin for a very neatly written interview with a prominent man who was stopping at the Narragansett.

"If you'll only get right down to business, Hal, and let Mont Raymond alone, you'd make your mark as a pencil driver," said the city editor.

"Dat's vat I haf told him—dat's vat I haf told him," said Horatio Guelph, who was near. "But you can't make dese young fellers learn to haf goot sense."

"Oh, you go on," returned Hal. "Mont's all right."

"Don't you believe it," commenced Mr. Coffin, but just then a messenger entered and he did not complete his sentence, but sent Horatio off to look up a reported runaway.

Some little time later, when Hal had finished writing up the notes he had collected, and was wandering idly around the reporters' room, waiting for something to turn up, Mr. Doliver hurriedly entered, evidently greatly excited.

"Coffin, you must send a man at once to High Rock—the whole place is burning up."

"The—the—dickens it is!" exclaimed Mr. Coffin.

"Fact," replied Mr. Doliver, with more animation than Hal had thought him capable of expressing. "Mr. Davidson telephoned up—you know he's got the only telephone in the place, and there's no telegraph within two miles, so the *Telegraph* doesn't know it yet. You must send a man down at once, Coffin."

"Great Scott!" groaned the city editor, looking wildly about, and then consulting a timetable he held in his hand, "There isn't—Blaisdell, I'll send you. This is your first real chance to show what you're made of. Take this," thrusting a ten dollar bill into Hal's hand, "and scoot! The train goes in three minutes. High Rock, remember. Send up all you can by the old man's telephone—it's a private wire. I'll send Horatio down to help you as soon as possible. Now, Hal, do your best."

"I will," he replied; and slamming the door behind him, he dashed down the stairs and along the street to the railroad station.

He was not a moment too soon; for, as he swung himself upon the crowded evening train, it started and steamed slowly out of the depot.

Hal knew that High Rock was a summer resort on the bay side, about twenty miles from the city, and that Mr. Davidson, the proprietor of the *Journal*, lived there during the season. This was all he did know. But he determined to know more about the place before he arrived there; and with that end in view he asked the brakeman on the last car to point out several gentlemen who were commuters to High Rock.

"If Doliver got it right," reasoned Hal, "and there is a big fire there, Coffin will want a few facts about the place—when it was started, the first residents, and all that" so he picked out a pleasant appearing young man, whom the brakeman pointed out as a resident of High Rock, and took the vacant seat beside him.

After a few general questions leading up to the topic, Hal found that the stranger was amply able to supply him with all the information necessary on the subject; so he informed his fellow passenger that he was going to write up a newspaper article on the place, and the stranger very kindly gave him all the facts at his command, and Hal began writing at once.

A number of the passengers near them took an interest in the matter, and Hal had all the advice, information, etc., necessary for a dozen articles.

"But, I say; what's sent you down here at this time of night to write it up?" inquired one man, as Hal closed his note book, and the train commenced to slow down.

"Oh, you'll know when we get there," returned Hal, who had not dared tell them about the fire, for fear that everybody would be too greatly excited to tell him anything intelligently.

At that instant another passenger grasped the inquisitive man by the arm and pointed out of the window.

"Look there! Doesn't that look like fire, Smith?" he cried, pointing to the sky, which was tinged with a ruddy glow.

They all rushed to the windows, and Hal escaped to the platform, and was the first to reach the ground when the train stopped.

High Rock had no regular station. There was simply a low platform where the trains stopped, and a tiny flaghouse near by. The objects about him were lighted up, and plainly revealed in the glare of a terrible conflagration now well under way!

*(To be continued.)*

## BRAD MATTOON

OR,

## LIFE AT HOSMER HALL.\*

BY WILLIAM D. MOFFAT.

### CHAPTER XXIII—(CONTINUED.)

BRAD PLAYS THE SURGEON.

**A**TEN minutes' brisk drive brought them to Dr. Leonard's house. Perry leaped instantly from the sleigh and rang the doorbell. A small boy responded.

"Is Dr. Leonard in?" asked Perry.

"No. He drove over to Tipton an hour ago."

"When will he come back?"

"He said he might be back by five o'clock—perhaps not. He has several patients over there."

Perry's face clouded, and he stood a moment in doubt.

"Will you leave any word?" asked the boy.

"Tell Dr. Leonard to come out to Hosmer the very moment he returns—something very urgent. Tell him that a fellow has been badly cut, and needs some surgical work. Mind now, hurry him all you can."

Perry then returned to the sleigh.

"What shall we do?" he asked in dismay.

"The best we know how. Get him home, for one thing," answered Brad, who was gazing anxiously at Eugene's pale

face. The latter was lying back against Brad's shoulder, faint and weak, with eyes closed, and breathing painfully.

"Get in and drive us out to the Hall," said Brad with decision. "Then we'll see what we can do to make him easy. The doctor may get back sooner than we expect."

They were not long in reaching the Hall; and by that time Eugene, who seemed to have recovered from the first shock, was able to walk up to his room with the support of his three attendants.

"Now, Perry," said Brad, "you'd better take the sleigh home, and then hang around Dr. Leonard's office until he returns, so he won't lose a minute. I can't trust that boy."

Perry was off in an instant. Brad and Rob Wilton then proceeded to get Eugene to bed—by no means an easy matter, owing to his weakness and the care with which his bandaged arm had to be handled.

"We can never get that coat off over those bandages!" exclaimed Brad. Out came his knife, and in a moment the sleeve was slit up.

"Don't mind my extravagance, old boy," he said with a smile. "You shall have my corduroy jacket when you get well."

The joke had scarcely passed his lips, when affairs suddenly again took a serious turn.

"By George! something is going wrong—the blood has started again."

Brad was for a moment really alarmed.

"Here, quick! help me, youngster. That sea bean must have slipped from its place. Confound it! We'll have to strip off those bandages again. Bring me water, sponge and towels."

Resting Eugene back comfortably on the bed, where he lay as if in a faint, Brad, assisted by Rob Wilton, quickly stripped off the bandages.

"Now, youngster, clutch the arm just above the cut as I did, will you? I'll have to play surgeon myself; and I think I can make a fair job of it, too, for I've had a little experience with bad cuts. Now, do you think you can hold on tight for some little time? I am going to wash the cut clean, and take a look at it to see what's to be done."

"Yes, yes; I can hold," answered Rob Wilton resolutely, taking Eugene's wrist in both his slender hands.

Brad then set to work, rapidly and skillfully cleaning the wound. He owned once or twice to a slight sense of faintness in handling the cut; and as he did so, he looked up quickly at Rob Wilton to note the effect of the operation on him. There was not the faintest quiver in the nervous, tense fingers that clasped Eugene's wrist like a vise.

"And this is the youngster they all call soft and tame!" thought Brad. "By George! I believe he could stand more than I."

"That sea bean is no good, I fear," he said aloud, as he finished his work. "I can't trust it. I'll try something else."

Here he picked up his big knife and opened out a pair of tweezers. Then, searching about the room, he succeeded in finding some thread. Once more at the patient's side, he inserted the tweezers into the cut and caught the end of the severed artery. Instantly a shudder of pain ran over Eugene's body and a moan escaped his lips. It was for only a second, however, and then Brad had the silk thread around the artery and had tightened it.

"Ah!" he exclaimed with genuine satisfaction. "That will fix it. Now, with the bandages tight around the arm, just above the cut, we'll have no more trouble."

The bandages were soon replaced and securely tightened. Then Eugene was placed in an easy position, and for the first time the boys had a breathing spell.

\*Begun in No 436 of THE ARGOSY.

"Now we can wait for the doctor comfortably. By the way, where is Mrs. Hollis all this time? I didn't see anything of her in the halls. Perhaps you'd better look her up, youngster. She might have lots of things to suggest."

Rob Wilton was gone for some little time.

"She is not here," he said on his return. "I never saw the place so quiet. Everybody seems to be away—at the lake, I suppose."

"But not Mrs. Hollis," said Brad.

"Oh, no. Tom Sweeny told me she had leave of absence over night to visit a sick sister. Dr. Hope is calling somewhere in Bramford."

"Well, this is nice. Everything seems to go wrong."

At this moment they heard voices and footsteps in the hall, and on the stairs, and a few seconds later, to the intense relief of both boys, Perry Landon entered, bringing Dr. Leonard with him.

"I met him on the road," he said, "and brought him right back."

Dr. Leonard, a bright, rosy little man, bustled into the room, nodded pleasantly to the boys, and went at once to the bedside. Brad, who accompanied him there, told him hastily everything that had been done. The doctor nodded his head in approval.

"Good! good! Couldn't have done better—smart boy—scarcely need me at all; still, now I'm here, I'll sew up the cut and give him a good liniment for the bandage."

He began at once unfastening his leather case of materials.

"Yes," he repeated; "smart boy—good piece of work—glad all boys not so smart as you—no business at all for me if they were—why didn't you sew him up and finish the job?—I believe you could have done it—poor fellow; sorry to disturb you, but I won't be three minutes—there, my boy; rest quiet. It's all right—all right."

And so, alternating in his garrulous way, between jocular remarks to Brad and soothing words to Eugene, the doctor skillfully completed his work. Then, with a few last instructions he bustled out.

"Well, he's a cheerful body," said Brad.

"Yes," answered Perry. "He is a little eccentric, but he is very much liked by everybody. He has a faculty of making people forget they are sick the moment he enters the room."

As the afternoon advanced and evening came on, Eugene grew easier, until at length he seemed to fall asleep, his breathing was so regular.

As Mrs. Hollis would not return that evening, the question of an attendant was soon suggested to the boys.

"Everybody will be coming back from the lake shortly," said Perry, "and then it will be easy for us to arrange."

"I am not so sure," answered Rob Wilton. "All the boys expect to remain at the club house for the reception. I doubt if any one, except Samuel and Dr. Hope will be here during the evening."

"I think I had better stay with him," said Brad, after a moment's thought. "I know exactly what to do in case anything happens, and—"

"But Brad!" exclaimed Perry, "you can't do that. Just think—the reception, the prizes, the—"

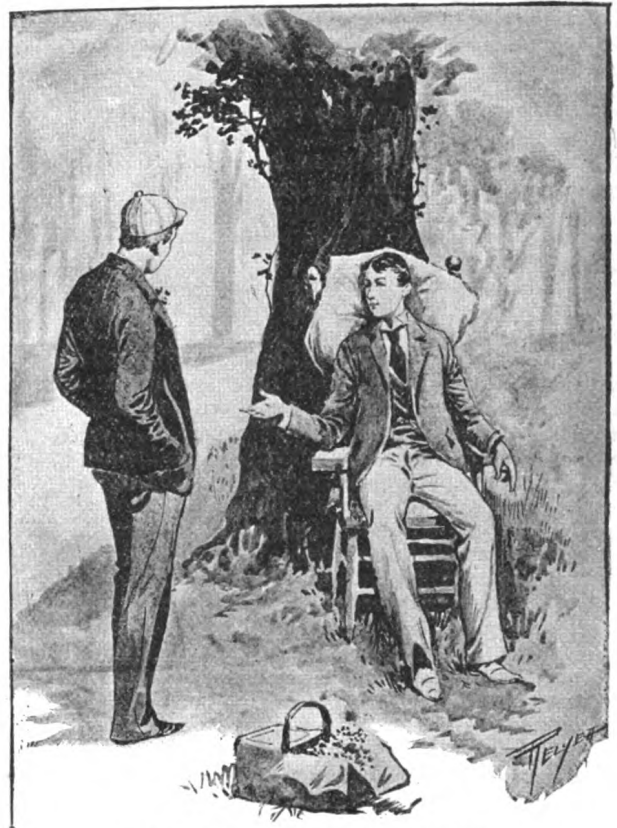
Here they were interrupted by a tap on the door. On opening it, they found a small boy outside. "Mr. Fisk sent me for news of Mr. Clifford," said the boy.

"Well, tell him that Eugene has been fixed up by the doctor, and is doing very well," answered Brad.

"And Mr. Fisk said I was to tell you everybody was waiting to see you at the club house, and to find out when you could come over."

"Tell Mr. Fisk I am very sorry, but I'll have to stay here—"

"Oh, Brad," cried Perry, "go on over. Don't think of staying. It's simply absurd. I can stay, or Rob Wilton. You go to the reception. Why, they *must* have you."



"BRAD, IT WAS NOT AN ACCIDENT."

They have to present you with the prize tonight. You can't stay away."

Brad hesitated a moment. Just then Eugene rolled over and began moaning. Immediately Brad was at the bedside, and rested his hand gently on the patient's forehead. Then, turning quickly, he said:

"Tell Mr. Fisk I *must* stay here. I am very sorry. I know what the reception will be, and all that, but they will have to send the prize to me, or wait until I can come after it. Tell them I cannot leave here."

The boy turned and was gone. Perry gave Brad a look of curiosity.

"I must say, Brad, you are a puzzle to me. To give up an evening of pleasure, when we could watch just as well."

"Oh, no. I don't give up any pleasure," answered Brad. "I shouldn't have an easy moment if I went. You had better go, and leave me with Eugene. Not that I don't trust you, but because I am afraid things are taking a bad turn. Do you notice Eugene's face—how hot and flushed it is. He has considerable fever now, and it is running steadily higher."

The two boys were beside Brad in an instant.

"You are right," said Rob Wilton, bending anxiously over Clifford.

"Then we shall stay here too," added Perry Landon, seating himself by the side of the bed.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

BRAD AS A NURSE.

BRAD had only too just cause for uneasiness. Eugene's temperature continued to increase with alarming rapidity, until by nine o'clock he was in the first stages of delirium, tossing restlessly to and fro, and muttering incoherently.

In the meantime Dr. Hope had returned, and noting at once the seriousness of Eugene's symptoms, dispatched Perry once more for Dr. Leonard.

The doctor arrived in about an hour. His face grew grave at sight of the sick boy's condition.

"Bad,—too bad—I never thought it would take this turn."

"What could have brought on the fever?" asked Dr. Hope.

"The blood, I fear has been affected—something in it—he will probably fight it off soon, for he's a strong, healthy boy; but we must be careful."

But the days passed, and still the fever continued to rage without signs of abating. Then there appeared an abscess upon Eugene's arm, and other complications incident upon a weak and depleted system.

The days grew into weeks, and still the patient lay suffering—now better, now worse; sometimes, when the fever ran high, talking wildly of his home, his parents, his studies, his sports, and most of all, the skating contest, which had laid him so low; at other times lying weak and weary, with only the faintest, fluttering breath, to show that he still lived.

And still the genial doctor fought bravely and cheerily on, defying the monster disease, even when it raged hottest, meeting it skillfully at every point, taming, and at length subduing it. And during all this time no one was more assiduous in his attentions, nor more serviceable at the bedside, than Brad.

The doctor, who had taken to him at first sight, selected him from among all the others as his assistant; and it was to Brad that he gave his directions, whether it was a night draught to be administered, bandages to be adjusted, or temperature to be taken.

"Bless my heart! There's no use for me when Mr. Mattoon is on hand. He's more woman than man in the sick room," Mrs. Hollis would say to the servants in the kitchen, after leaving Brad in charge up stairs.

During the perilous period of Eugene's illness, only Dr. Hope, Mrs. Hollis and Brad were admitted to the sick room, and of these the latter was most frequently in attendance. The many cares and duties of the academy of necessity occupied much of Dr. Hope's time, and allowed him opportunity for frequent, but only brief visits. Mrs. Hollis also had other work to engage her, though this would have mattered little had she not found Brad so efficient in his services. So, for some time the other boys saw little of Brad, who spent almost every leisure moment at his friend's bedside. Dr. Hope, fearing that Brad's own health might break down, several times recommended the employment of a professional nurse, but this Brad stoutly opposed.

"I nursed Bill Scott through a siege of fever in India, with its bad climate and scorching weather, without going under, so there's no fear of my getting sick; besides," he added with a smile, "I've a notion I can handle Eugene better than a professional nurse."

"Gad, sir!" chuckled Dr. Leonard, "I believe the boy's right. Come to me, young man, when you're hard up. I can always give you a job."

And so Brad stayed by his friend, and, in the dim dawn of returning consciousness, it was his face that Eugene first saw; his hands that set him easier as he faintly struggled to rise; his strong, cheery voice that soothed him as he tried to speak.

It was a glad day for all his friends when Eugene passed the crisis and started on the path to recovery. As soon as he could receive visitors, the boys came in one by one to cheer him; and though he could talk but little—for he was weak and wasted—the sight of their strong bodies and bright faces, and the sound of their pleasant voices, did him a world of good.

Then Brad had an interesting diversion for all, for the "big box" had come at last. And such treasures it contained! It seemed fairly inexhaustible, and Brad, who emptied it by degrees in Eugene's room, was drawn by the various objects he exhibited and the questions they aroused, into narratives of travel and adventure that were a source of unflagging interest and delight to his companions. The pleasure was not all their's, either, for these knickknacks and mementoes, gathered from all quarters of the globe, were vivid reminders to Brad of the many delightful incidents of his extensive travels.

Though the real danger of Eugene's sickness was now over, the weeks passed, and the sharp winds of February and March gave way to the soft breath of April before he fully recovered his strength.

Both of Eugene's parents were in England at the time he was taken ill, but they were telegraphed for when he was lying low, and they made haste to return. They did not reach Hosmer, however, until near the middle of March, and then, to their infinite relief, they found him up and walking about in his room. They remained a week, during which they found their son fast recovering all his former strength, and entirely out of danger. Then, with fervent and oft repeated expressions of gratitude to those who had attended Eugene so faithfully, they returned to New York.

It was now warm enough to go out of doors, and on the third day of April, the weather being especially soft and balmy, Eugene was permitted for the first time to try the out door air. It was Wednesday—a half holiday—and most of the boys were off on sporting pursuits, but Brad was on hand, and soon made the convalescent comfortable in a capacious rocking chair under the shade of one of the large elms in front of the Hall.

Eugene accepted these attentions, as he had all that Brad had tendered, gratefully, but for the most part in silence. Brad thought nothing of this silence, for he always attributed it to the apathy which weak convalescents often evince. Of the real state of Eugene's mind Brad knew nothing.

This afternoon Eugene seemed more uneasy than apathetic, and his manner might have aroused an inquiry from Brad, had not the latter been lying on his back on the grass, with eyes closed, and almost oblivious to his surroundings.

After some time, while Brad lay there contentedly, footsteps suddenly sounded on the gravel path.

"Why, that is Judge Carter's coachman!" exclaimed Eugene.

Brad raised his head as the man approached and placed a basket before him.

"Here is some fruit from the judge's greenhouse," said the man, touching his hat. "Mrs. Carter and Miss Lena picked them for Mr. Clifford—and they send good wishes. I was to ask how Mr. Clifford was getting on."

Eugene had, during the days of his convalescence, received many kind gifts of this nature from various people in Bramford, and this was not the first that had come from

Judge Carter's house. It was an attention that Eugene fully appreciated, and his face flushed with pleasure.

"Tell them I am doing very well, David, and thank them for their kindness. I wish I was strong enough to go over and thank them myself. I will soon, though."

As the man departed, Brad sat up and opened the basket.

"Golly!" he exclaimed, "some more of those lovely Malaga grapes."

"Take some," said Eugene.

Brad handed Eugene a bunch and then broke off a small cluster for himself.

Eugene was silent a moment, and his face again grew grave. The gift suggested the Carters, and somehow the Carters suggested the skating contest. At length with a sudden determination he said:

"Brad!"

"Well?" and Brad's head came up from the basket.

"I am thinking of that skating contest."

Brad looked at him quickly, and noted his expression.

"Well, don't think of it. What does it amount to any way?"

"But I *must* think of it."

"Why must you? Every one has forgotten it. I have—and that prize cup, what good is it? There it is in the corner of my room, just where I put it when it was sent over. I hardly feel as if it belonged to me anyhow."

"It isn't the prize, Brad. That doesn't interest me any more. It is yours, and you won it fairly. I lost it—but I did not lose it fairly."

"Why?"

"I fouled you—several times, in fact. Now don't interrupt me. I must speak. I've been silent long enough, and I must ease my mind. I tell you I fouled you—do you remember when our skates clicked, and you warned me?"

"That was purely an accident."

"Brad, it was *not* an accident. I was sure you did not know me fully. I don't know what got into me that day. I was so confident of winning the prize that your success seemed to drive me out of my senses. I couldn't stand losing the cup, after counting on it for sure. So, when I saw you steadily gaining on me, I fairly lost my head, and—well, I tried to trip and throw you out of the race. The result was only what I deserved—now, Brad, what do you think of me?"

"I think you are a manly fellow to own up so honestly. It was foolish of you, that is certain, for you stood a good fair chance to win anyhow—but, if that is what has been worrying you, just let your mind rest at once, and don't say another word about it."

"And Brad," added Eugene, "you will think no more of it?"

"Of course not."

"Then it is all right now. I wish I had spoken of it before, but—you see, I was afraid you would despise me. Oh, I wish I could do something to show my appreciation of your kindness."

"Bosh!"

"No, I must—I *will* find some way, some time. My mother said before she went away: 'Never lose a chance to repay Mr. Mattoon's kind services.'"

"Nonsense! I didn't *lend* them to you."

"That makes no difference. I feel it as a debt. My father, too, told me to ask you to come visit us. Brad, a bright idea! The Easter vacation comes in ten days. Won't you spend the week with us in New York?"

"Why, I would like that," said Brad, as his mind dwelt on this pleasant prospect for a vacation that had promised to be dull.

"Ah, there's my chance then!" exclaimed Eugene.

"Won't we make things pleasant for you though! I'll make every minute of that week tell. Come now, let us clinch it. Give me your word. You will spend Easter week with me."

"With pleasure, and a thousand thanks, too," said Brad heartily.

So Brad gladly accepted Eugene's invitation, little thinking what an important bearing certain events in that visit were to have upon his future life.

*(To be continued.)*

## TRAIN AND STATION;

OR,

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

BY EDGAR R. HOADLEY, JR.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

AT EAGLE FLAT AGAIN.

AT the instant he saw the switch at the other end of the siding was turned to the main track, Dash realized that it would be utterly impossible for any one to reach it, much less right it, before the express was at that point. And once the latter had entered the side track, he knew it would not be possible for the engineer to stop his train, even with the air brakes, before it crashed into the standing engine with disastrous force.

Unless those on the express engine were particularly vigilant, it was not probable they would see the misplaced switch, and would not realize anything was wrong till they were deflected to the siding; and even if they saw it, it would still be a doubtful problem if they could stop in time to avoid a collision, as the side track was very short.

These thoughts occurred to Dash in a flash, as he gave one wild look about him; then he sprang into action as if moved by an inspiration.

He clutched the switch standard, and sent it crashing over, setting the siding to the main track again. Then he started toward the freight engine, yelling:

"Start her up! Start her up, for your life! The express is behind you!"

But there was no response to his warning cry, and as he neared the engine he almost despaired on discovering that no one was upon it.

The engineer and fireman were standing at one side of the track, watching the oncoming train. Whether they had seen the express and deserted the engine, or had simply got down from their cab to walk about, Dash had no time to determine. At any rate, neither of them made a move to obey the shouted order.

To think with Dash was to act, and straining every muscle, he reached the engine in half a dozen prodigious bounds. He made a leap into the cab, without thinking of the foot plate, shoved the reverse lever forward, and grasped the throttle valve, pulling it open. At the same moment he pulled on the whistle lever with the other hand, and holding it down, sent forth a continuous blast.

There was a hissing of steam, a succession of rapid exhausts, and the machine leaped forward. Dash looked fearfully backward for a moment. The express was almost upon him, when its engineer sent out a whistle, and he saw its speed slacken.

Would his engine gather headway enough, or the express come to a stop in time to avoid a collision, were the two questions Dash asked himself?

\*Begun in No. 434 of THE ARGOSY.

It was an anxious moment, evenly divided between watching his increasing speed and the stoppage of the express. But at last, when he felt sure the express would strike his tender, he was relieved to see the space between them rapidly increase.

The express was saved, but the reaction made Dash so weak and faint that his engine ran a mile before he thought of checking it.

He had just shut off steam, and was about to apply the brake, when the locomotive rolled to one side and then the other, almost jerking him from his seat.

Dash thought, with a shiver, the machine must be off the rails, and going over. He struggled back to the lever and sent the steam into the brake cylinder. With a grinding and shivering, the iron steel came to a stand. Placing the reverse lever on the center, he looked back.

The express was out of sight, and had no doubt stopped at the siding, or just beyond it. But as he could not plainly see the track back of him, on account of the mass of coal piled on the tender, he got down and walked back to investigate the cause of the lurching of the engine a few minutes before.

He had gone only a few rods, where there was a fill of considerable depth, when he found the waters of a creek had risen up on one side of the embankment, and were flowing over the track. The water had washed away much of the ballast from under the ties, which had caused them to sag when the heavy engine passed over.

Looking further, he discovered the cause of the flood at a time when no rain had fallen for a week or more. The culvert, or tunnel, which carried the creek under the track, had become completely choked up in some way, thus making an effectual dam of the embankment.

As he looked at the washed track, Dash told himself that it was a miracle the engine had passed over it without being capsized, and that if it had been the express under full speed it would have been ditched with all its passengers.

The track was rapidly becoming undermined more and more every minute, and he saw it would be impossible to run the engine back to Eagle Flat until it was repaired. Returning to the locomotive, he took a red flag from the locker under the seat, and started back toward the express.

He passed over the washout on the ties, as they were still held to the web of the rail by the spikes. He soon met Cupples and some of the passenger trainmen coming toward him.

"Hello, Dykeman, another narrow squeak," exclaimed Cupples. "But what have you done with the engine?"

"She's on the track the other side of the creek. There's a washout there. She nearly went into it, and she cannot be got out of the way until the track is repaired;" and Dash added a detailed account of his run and the damaged track.

"It's a question which would have been worse—to have run into your engine or the washout," commented the conductor of the express.

"It doesn't make any difference, as long as you didn't do either, thanks to Dykeman," added Cupples.

"You're a hero, young fellow," continued the passenger man bluntly, "and there's the hand of Tom Blake, who has run on this road fifteen years and seen many close calls."

"We're a pair of them, then," laughed Dash, nodding to Cupples, as he took the proffered hand.

"Oh, yes, that affair at Branchville. It was certainly a fine piece of work, and here's a hand for both of you, though Cupples is an old bird, and you're just beginning."

As Dash gazed into the rugged face, with its clear blue eyes, he little realized he would very soon be associated with

conductor Blake in one of the most exciting and trying experiences of his railroad career.

Fortunately there was a section house near Eagle Flat, and the track laborers were working not far below it. They were soon at the scene of the washout, and when the obstructions had been removed from the culvert the water was quickly drained off. Then when the roadway was strengthened and leveled with new dirt and gravel, the track was ready for the passage of trains.

The local's engine was run on the siding again at Eagle Flat, and the express backed out. It came up the main track, and as soon as it had gone, the freight followed.

"Look here, Dykeman, what's the matter with us? We've had more grief and excitement in the last four days than I've had since I commenced to run," laughed Cupples, as they ascended the second grade.

"Maybe I'm a Jonah," suggested Dash, with a smile.

"I guess not; nothing broken this trip yet."

In consequence of the washout, No. 30 was very late in arriving at Joyville Junction that night. Dash was completely exhausted by the day's labors, and as Cupples said he would make out the car report alone, he immediately prepared to seek his bed.

On his way there the agent handed him two letters—one postmarked Madrid from Dorothy Orloff, and the other with the plainly marked R. R. B. (railroad business) in one corner, from whom he could not guess.

With a flush of pleasure he deposited the former in his pocket, to be perused later, and opened the latter.

It was from Mr. Rodway, and briefly directed him to report in St. Louis by the first passenger train. A man had been sent to relieve him.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### ANOTHER MISSION.

DASH was certainly surprised at the directions from Mr. Rodway to report in St. Louis. He had been but four days on the local freight, and had made but two round trips, and was not aware that he had as yet discovered any conclusive evidence of wrong doing on the part of Cupples or his brakemen, though there had been several suspicious circumstances connected with them that he could not understand.

Why did the superintendent recall him so soon, and what did he want? Was he displeased with his progress, and did he intend to relieve him, he asked himself? But the only thing to do was to obey the summons. He looked at his watch, and felt disappointed to discover that he still had time to catch the up through express from the main line.

He felt so tired and disinclined to make an all night journey, during which he would get little refreshing sleep or rest, that he almost decided he would wait and take the morning train. But when he glanced again at the superintendent's letter, and noted that the words "by first train" were underscored, he changed his mind. The business, whatever it was, must be urgent, and no doubt the official expected him on that very train, as ordinarily the local freight got in in ample time to catch it.

Dash hastened to his caboose for his satchel. Fortunately Cupples was there, so he did not have to hunt up the conductor to tell him he had orders to report in St. Louis, and was going to leave on the express.

"Dykeman, here's a fellow with a letter from the old man that says he is to take your place," said Cupples, a sort of protest in his tones. "Have you heard anything about it?"

"Yes, I received a letter a few minutes ago ordering me to report in St. Louis," replied Dash, glancing at the heavy

set young man who was in the caboose, and who was evidently the "fellow" referred to. He regarded Dash with peculiar interest, and a half smile hovered about his pleasant but determined looking mouth. Dash could not help thinking the man had been sent to relieve him for some other purpose than merely to brake on the local.

"I hope they are not taking you off to put me in," interposed the young man, addressing Dash.

"I guess not; the old man will take care of him," added Cupples. "Did he say what he wanted, Dykeman?"

"No; only to report in St. Louis by first train," replied Dash.

"And you're going on the main line express tonight?"

"Yes."

"I'll bet they're going to put you on the varnished cars for having saved that special near Shufflers day before yesterday," declared Cupples.

"I'd rather they'd give me something at a station—as operator or agent—and put you on a passenger run. I'm sure you deserve it more than I, after your long service and what you did at Branchville," responded Dash.

"It isn't likely they'll take any notice of it," rejoined the conductor, in a skeptical and dissatisfied tone, which Dash could not understand. "Maybe they'll do better by you when they hear what happened at Eagle Flat today."

"I don't want anything I can't hold down with perfect satisfaction to myself and the company, no matter how much I deserve it," protested Dash. "If they don't notice what you did, it won't be because I don't tell them all about it."

"Thank you, Dykeman; but it won't do any good. I'm glad to see you don't remember against me the unpleasant mistake I made in choking you the first night you were with me."

"No; why should I, if it was a mistake?" said Dash keenly. Since the heroic conduct of the conductor, he had changed his opinion of him considerably. He admired Cupples's fearlessness, and was loath to be convinced that the man had deliberately made that savage attack upon him, of whatever else he might be guilty.

"I don't suppose you are very sorry to leave us," concluded Cupples, as he shook hands with Dash.

"And I can't say that I am glad, for I've had some valuable experience," laughed the latter, as he descended from the caboose with his satchel. "Good by."

Dash stopped at the agent's office and requested him to keep the deed Dorothy Orloff had sent him, until he should write or call for it. As he still had a few minutes to spare, he hastily wrote a note to the young lady at Madrid, telling her of his unexpected call to St. Louis.

He was soon on the flying express, and by the murky glare of a badly trimmed coach lamp he perused the letter from Dorothy. For a few minutes he forgot his weary bones, and even the rushing train and his immediate surroundings. Under the spell of her words, a vision of the young girl came up before his mental eyesight, and made him oblivious of material things.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed to himself, as he was rudely re-

called to the prosaic reality by a demand from the conductor for his fare, "I do believe I'm getting spoony."

He showed the letter from Mr. Rodway, which served as a pass, and the conductor continued on down the aisle.

Dash was considerably more rested and refreshed than he expected to be when the train reached St. Louis. He left the express at the yards, and, after taking breakfast at an adjoining restaurant, reported at the superintendent's office.

Mr. Rodway had not arrived, and Dash seated himself to wait for him. In the interval, he wondered over and over



"HELLO, DYKEMAN, GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN."

again why he had been brought to St. Louis, but he got no further than to conclude that if it wasn't on account of his flagging the excursion it was useless to surmise.

"Good morning, Dykeman; you are here, are you?" said the superintendent pleasantly, as he came in at the door. "Step into my private office."

Dash followed him into an inner room, put at ease by the official's affable manner.

"I congratulate you, Dykeman," began Mr. Rodway, seating himself at his desk, and commencing to open the pile of letters before him. "Sit down. It's truly remarkable how you did it. I thought it would take a month, and certainly not less than two weeks, to accomplish anything."

"I don't comprehend you," stammered Dash, coloring under the words of praise.

"Is it possible you don't understand the importance of the information you have sent me? But, hold on; perhaps you don't, as I didn't tell you what to look for."

"I really do not," interposed Dash.

"Then I can only tell you you have put us on the trail of what becomes of the missing freight, and the method of defrauding the company of revenue," said the superintendent slowly.

"How?" queried Dash involuntarily, though the official had said that was all he could tell him.

"I cannot explain for several days, but you will hear all about it."

"If I did it, it was all from blind luck. It all came in my way, and I don't claim much credit for it," protested Dash.

"You will be paid seven dollars a day for your time, just the same, which is the rate we pay special agents of the detective service. Counting the two nights on the train, en route to Joyville and back, you have made five days, which comes to thirty five dollars. Here's a check for the amount."

"Thirty five dollars!" gasped Dash, holding the check in his hand. "That's too much. I didn't earn it."

"Yes, you did; that's what we would have paid a detective. But it's very small to what we ought to do for you. I have received a report of how you saved the excursion train near Shufflers."

"It was a close call for me," responded Dash modestly. "I was only doing what was expected of me."

"Yes; every man is expected to do his duty, but he doesn't always do it," added the superintendent.

"Cupples did it in a double sense at Branchville," observed Dash, thinking it was a favorable opportunity to speak a good word for the conductor.

"Yes," was the short reply, and a frown contracted on the official's brow. "I have heard of that, too."

"He would make a good passenger man," ventured Dash. "He will never run a passenger train on this road, and not even a freight much longer," declared Mr. Rodway.

"Is he implicated in the robberies?" asked Dash, again thinking of his suspicions of Cupples.

"He certainly is, if he is not really a ringleader; but do not say a word about it to any one."

"I will not. But it's too bad," and Dash could not understand how a man, who was capable of such heroism as Cupples had shown, could be a common thief.

"Yes; we're sorry, too, for he is one of our best men," rejoined the superintendent.

"And now, what do you want us to do for you, Dykeman?" he continued, after a pause.

"Give me a position as operator at some station, or in the dispatcher's office. You know I have had some experience in the latter."

"Then you wouldn't care to undertake another job similar to the one you have finished?"

"I'd rather not, that's a fact; the work is hard, and my hands are bunged up, so I don't believe I could send a word decently on the key," Dash replied, though the pay of seven dollars a day was a big inducement.

"But suppose it was on a passenger train?" added the superintendent.

"I might undertake it, if you think I'd fill the bill."

"All you would have to do would be to keep your eyes open, and I have no fear of your not doing that."

"All right. When do I begin?"

"Right away; and if you'll wait a few minutes I'll give you your instructions."

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### BAGGAGEMAN ON THE THROUGH MAIL.

**SUPERINTENDENT RODWAY** continued the examination of his mail some minutes without saying anything.

"Ah, Dykeman," he said finally, pausing and looking up, with a paper in his hand, "I have here a report, from the trainmaster of the southern division, of the washout at Eagle Flat. That was a neat piece of work you did there."

"I couldn't help doing it," protested Dash.

"You seem to possess the faculty of doing the right thing at the right moment, and of having more adventures in four days than most men have in four years."

"I don't care about their being so numerous," laughed Dash.

"We shan't forget them, Dykeman."

The superintendent turned to his desk and resumed the perusal of his mail. He cast several sharp glances at the young railroader at intervals, in which were approval and a touch of admiration, and he seemed to be revolving something in his mind concerning the young man. When the contents of the last envelope had been examined, and he had given directions concerning matters needing immediate attention, Mr. Rodway handed Dash a small piece of pasteboard and said:

"Look at that, Dykeman! There's evidence of rascality in that piece of cardboard."

Dash examined it closely, and with much curiosity. It was an ordinary local ticket, reading: "Good for one continuous passage from St. Louis to Madrid," with the usual name of the road, number, and signature of the general ticket agent on it. On one end was the punch mark of a conductor, a star showing it had been used.

"I see nothing wrong, Mr. Rodway," he said, turning the ticket over, revealing the selling agent's stamp at St. Louis, and then handing it back to the superintendent.

"That ticket has been sold twice; once when the company received the value of it, and once when some one else did," rejoined the superintendent.

"How could that be when it is punched?" asked Dash.

"It was not punched by the conductor on whose train it was used first."

"How did you learn that?"

"It was purchased by one of our special agents, or detectives, and tendered for passage on one of our trains. The agent swears that the conductor to whom he gave it, punched it, and yet this same ticket was presented two days later, bearing no evidence whatever of having been punched, and was honored by the conductor whose punch mark is now on it."

"And your conclusions are?" queried Dash, beginning to understand the scheme of fraud.

"That either the special agent was mistaken about the ticket being punched by the conductor to whom he gave it—and the latter is a rascal, selling our tickets over again for his own gain—or——" and Mr. Rodway stopped abruptly.

"Or what?" asked Dash.

"We don't know what to think. The conductor under suspicion is one of our oldest and most trusted passenger men, and we do not wish to accuse him until we have some more direct evidence."

"Which you wish me to get," added Dash doubtfully, for he had no idea how he was to go about to secure it.

"Yes, as the detectives are completely stumped, and do not know what else to do."

Dash told himself that if the professional spotters had given up finding a solution to the mystery, he did not see how he was to accomplish any thing.

"Who is the conductor, and what do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Tom Blake of the through mail."

"Blake," repeated Dash, the rugged, honest face of the veteran conductor recalled to him. "I met him at Eagle Flat. Surely he cannot be guilty."

"That's just what we think, but we are compelled to consider him under serious suspicion until proven innocent. We were just as confident of Cupples, you know. I am going to send you out on his train as baggageman tomorrow morning."

"How can I learn anything there? Wouldn't it be better to go as forward brakeman?" suggested Dash.

"No; Blake spends most of his time between stations in



the baggage car. It would be useless, to watch him in the coaches, for if he deceived the detective so cleverly in apparently punching his tickets, you would discover nothing. Fortunately Roberts, the regular baggage master, wants a vacation, and he will make the trip down and back to teach you your duties. Here's a letter to Roberts, which I have already written. Report for duty at the Union Depot in the city half an hour before train time tomorrow morning, and let me have a report from you at the end of each trip. I wish you success, and hope you will prove that our confidence in Blake has not been misplaced."

As the superintendent had apparently concluded the interview, Dash pocketed the letter to Roberts and left the office. The prospect of a day in the city, without the anxiety and uncertainty accompanying a lack of funds and a situation, was exceedingly pleasant, as compared with his previous experience. It would give him a complete rest, to prepare himself for his new duties the next day. And besides, it would afford him an opportunity to see some of the points of interest in town, and to do several other things he had marked out for himself.

He took a street car to the heart of the city, and as he thought of his new position and its mission, he told himself that if conductor Blake was dishonest, he would never believe in appearances again. The revelation that Cupples was a criminal had made him skeptical of an "open face," and he was not so sure of Blake's innocence as he otherwise would have been, though his belief in Cupples's integrity had been based mostly upon his fearless conduct at Branchville. He realized for the first time that a man may be a hero and a villain at the same time.

On reaching the city, Dash went direct to Mrs. Fedmore's, where he was received with every demonstration of pleasure. Miss Fanny Fedmore was specially gracious, and wore her most winning smile and fetching gown, but Dash was proof against her girlish fascinations, and had thoughts but for the orphan maiden at Madrid.

As soon as he had exchanged a few words with the mother and daughter, and arranged for his accommodation at the boarding house on the days he would be in the city, he sought the room in which his trunk had been placed. Securing writing materials from the landlady, his first duty was to indite a letter to his grandfather, in which he intended to inclose the twenty dollars that had been sent him, as soon as he could get the check he had received from Mr. Rodway cashed. Then followed a letter of some length to Dorothy, in answer to hers received the night before.

When the letter was finished it was dinner time, and after an appetizing, home-like meal, Dash went out. He first directed his steps to the general offices of the Consolidated Pacific. Here he had his check exchanged for cash, and put twenty dollars of it in the letter to his grandfather. Then, availing himself of the opportunity, he called on Mr. Hummon.

The latter had heard of Dash's recent exploits, and, after a pleasant interview, during which the superintendent of telegraph offered him an agreeable and good paying position, Dash took his departure, promising to consider the offer as soon as he had brought his present undertaking to success or failure.

The balance of the afternoon and evening was spent in visits to Shaw's Garden, the Exposition, and other points of interest.

At the appointed time next morning, Dash was on hand at the Union Depot, and found Roberts, the baggageman, in his car, which was backed down to the station, attached to the through mail.

Roberts was a pleasant fellow, only too glad to initiate his substitute into the duties of his position, in anticipation of his own leave of absence.

Dash learned that the method of loading baggage was very similar to that in use with local freights. Pieces for the most distant points were put in first, followed in rotation back to those for the nearest points, which were close to the doors. This was to avoid the rehandling of the baggage in the car en route, and to facilitate the delivery of the trunks at each successive station down the line. The trunks were ranked up, one above another, on each side of the car, with the ends having the checks on turned out, leaving an aisle in the center.

As soon as the baggage had been stowed in the above order, Roberts checked off the numbers on the way bill he had received from the station baggage master, to see if he were short or over. Finding it was correct, he entered them on his record book, giving the station received at and to be delivered to, which were designated by numbers. He, in his turn, had to make a way bill for every piece of baggage delivered, which he gave to the agent receiving it, and also took his receipt for the same on a book provided for the purpose.

Dash soon realized that handling baggage was not the extent of the baggage master's care and trouble. He was required to fill the position of a sort of postal clerk in receiving and delivering letters on railroad business at the various stations. If any of the letters were valuable, he was expected to give a receipt, and take one, for them also. In addition, he had to handle a large amount of supplies, necessary to the operation of the road, sent to agents and other employees by passenger train.

Dash quickly found he had no sinecure, and it was a question with him if the position was not harder than braking on the local freight. He felt like answering it in the affirmative that night, when he reached the end of his run, tired in every muscle, and under Roberts's direction made out a voluminous and detailed report of his trip.

Each baggageman had a tin box, in which he carried his books, way bills, report blanks and extra checks. Dash noticed another box—very similar—in the baggage car soon after they left St. Louis. It had the initials "T. A. B." on the cover, and as Roberts seemed to have nothing to do with it, Dash asked:

"What is this, Roberts?"

"Oh, that's conductor Blake's train box."

Dash was about to ask for further information as to the use of the box, when Blake came in.

"Hello, Dykeman; glad to see you again!" exclaimed the latter, heartily shaking Dash's hand. "Heard you were going to run with us for Roberts, and hope you'll like it. You'll be handling a punch soon."

"Thank you; I hope I will like it, but I'll leave the ticket punching to better men like you," laughed Dash.

"No soft soap, young fellow, or I'll put you off," threatened the conductor in mock resentment, as he brought a key from his pocket and unlocked the tin box with his initials upon it.

He transferred a large number of tickets from his pocket to the box, and then relocked it.

As Dash watched him, an idea occurred to him. If he could gain access to that box, unknown to any one, he could determine, beyond a doubt, if Blake was punching all of the tickets he collected or not. He could not open it without the key, and even if he had the latter, he would not have an opportunity to examine the contents while Roberts was with him. But how was he to get the key, was the first question

While he was asking it, the train came to a sudden halt. Blake dropped the key in his pocket and rushed out.

The train was not started up for several minutes; but as those in the baggage car took no interest in the other trainmen's duties, they did not inquire the cause of the stoppage at a point other than a station. They may have supposed it was caused by some defect in running gear, engine or road, that could soon be remedied.

The mail had no more than regained full speed, when it was suddenly stopped again. This operation was repeated a third time, and Roberts was about to go out and ask an explanation when Blake came in, an angry and perplexed look on his face,

"Smash me, boys! I can't understand it. The spooks have got hold of this train, sure. This is the third time the air brakes have been set by the Lord knows who. The engineer and fireman swear it was not done there; the brakemen say they didn't do it, and are equally certain no passenger touched the air brake cord. It only remains now for you to say you're not responsible."

We will add that, in addition to the bell cord for signaling the engineer, there is, on most trains, another cord connected with the air brakes for use only in cases of emergency. This latter is generally run along one side of the coaches instead of in the center.

Roberts and Dash both instantly disclaimed any interference with the signal, and Blake continued:

"I have put a man on watch in every coach, and we'll find the joker, if he is flesh and blood."

There was no further interruption and no evidence of the "joker" till they stopped at the next station. While the car inspector was examining the brake gear, to arrive at a possible solution of the mystery, and everybody was on the alert to discover the cause of the brakes being set without any apparent human agency, there was the usual sish of air, and the brakes were thrown on right before the eyes of the inspector and the watchers.

They looked at each other in blank amazement. The thing was most mysterious and uncanny, and everybody was utterly at a loss where to look for an explanation.

(To be continued.)

#### A BAD THING TO BE HIT BY.

WE have taken occasion to point out at various times in THE ARGOSY the industrial uses to which water, as a motive power, can be put. In California the waves of the sea are utilized in this way, and in France they are arranging to harness the tide to man's service. The *Pittsburg Dispatch* tells of still another guise in which this most important element can be turned to account and made to take the place of steam.

The old ascription of the power to remove mountains to such as had faith as a grain of mustard seed, has come to be no mere figure of speech. The effect of the hydraulic monitor, which is now used for the purpose of removing masses of earth, well nigh passes belief. A stream of water issuing from a nozzle or pipe six inches in diameter, with a fall behind it of 375 feet, will carry away a solid boulder weighing a ton or more to a distance of fifty or one hundred feet. The velocity of the stream is terrific, and the column of water projected is so solid that, if a crowbar or other heavy object be thrust against it, the impinging object will be hurled a considerable distance. By this stream of water a man would be instantly killed if he came into contact with it, even at a distance of a couple of hundred feet.

At 400 feet from the nozzle a six inch stream with 375 feet fall, projected momentarily against the trunk of a tree, will in a second denude it of the heaviest bark as cleanly as if it had been cut with an axe. Whenever such a stream is turned against a gravel bank it cuts and burrows it in every direction, hollowing out great caves, and causing tons of earth to melt and fall and be washed away in the sluices. The quantity of material which can thus be removed in a short time is almost inconceivable. This quantity depends, of course, very much upon the nature of the soil, whether loose soil, ordinary gravel, or cement gravel. Some idea of the immense amount of earth and gravel which has been removed in this way may be gathered from some statistics on the subject recently compiled in California.

During the height of the hydraulic industry there was in use from the Feather, Yuba, Bear and American rivers, and three other streams of water, a total of 18,650,505 miner's inches of water every twenty four hours. At an average of 3 1-2 cubic yards of gravel to the inch, there are thus washed away daily 38,600,000 yards of material. This is a low estimate, and as an actual fact much more was carried away. The amount stated represents a mass of earth 500 yards long, 386 yards wide and 200 yards high. If such a prodigious quantity can be washed away in twenty four hours, it can require no great length of time to remove mountains and cast them into the sea.

#### MYSTIFIED THE VISITOR.

EVERY branch of industry has its own peculiar lingo, or technical phrase. A stranger to any one of these forms of speech is often mystified by the odd terms, which are perfectly clear to the initiated mind. In no department of labor is there more variety of expressions than in a newspaper office. ARGOSY readers who are acquainted with the process of "making up" a newspaper, so well described in Matthew White, Jr.'s story, "The Young Editor," will appreciate the following misunderstanding, related by the *Washington Post*:

It was about 12.30 at night when he drifted into the newspaper office. A warm smile lit up his face when he discovered that there was some place open after midnight. He sat down near the editor's desk.

"Take out and kill 'A Famous Woman,'" said the editor.

The visitor started.

"Our Little One's" must be boiled down, and you can put a head on John L. Sullivan."

He was standing by the door.

"And then you can cut 'Society' altogether and have the whole business locked up."

The man went out with a pained expression, that showed plainly how likely people are to be misunderstood.

#### HIT THE NAIL WITH THE FIRST BLOW.

"HE who hesitates is lost," runs the old saying. If you have anything to do go at it at once; don't dally around the edges of duty. Aim straight at the head. A little story, with the above for its moral, is related by the *Congregationalist* of London's great preacher.

Mr. Spurgeon once spied a railway porter wheeling a truck towards him. He thought, "I'll try and say a word to this man about his soul." They met, and Mr. Spurgeon said: "Well, friend, it's a warm day, and you have a big truck there to carry a very small parcel on." The immediate rejoinder of the truckman was: "It is hot, sir, very hot, and you are the first gentleman I have met likely to give a fellow a drop of beer." Mr. Spurgeon says he received a lesson from the man. The man was intent on his beer, and went right to the point at once. Mr. Spurgeon dallied and was baffled.



#### JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

THIS INDIVIDUAL—"Mr. Cleever, I think I'll trade with you hereafter. I've been buying my meat from the butcher across the way."

CLEEVER—"Well, you look it!"

# CORRESPONDENCE.

E. W., Brooklyn, N. Y. There is no premium on any of the cents mentioned.

A. S., Toledo, O. No premium on any nickel five cent issue except that of 1877.

F. A. G., Portland, Me. The authors named are not at present writing for any paper.

W. A. F., Albany, N. Y. If in good condition, your cent of 1802 is worth double its face value.

A. B. R., Little Rock, Arkansas. No premium on either the half dime of 1838 or on the cent of 1844.

F. S., Bath, Me. The numbers of THE ARGOSY containing "Dean Dunham" are out of print.

Q. V. K., Seattle, Wash. The average height of a boy of fifteen is 5 feet 1 inch; weight 96 1-2 pounds.

DON GORDON. 1. See answer to first inquiry of Dick Y. 2. There has been no sequel to "Eric Dane."

S. S. M. Oakland, Cal. Neither "The Braganza Diamond" nor "The Golden Ridge" are in book form.

ORIOLE BOAT CLUB, Cincinnati, O. How do you like Undine or Water Witch as a name for your new boat?

J. G., Parkersbury, W. Va. It is against our rules to publish requests for correspondents in this department.

J. M., Newman, Ga. 1. No premium on the half dollar of 1831. 2. The average weight of a boy of sixteen is 107 lbs.

S. I. G., Nyack, N. Y. Forney's "Catechism of the Locomotive" is published by Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago.

W. Q., Brooklyn, N. Y. You can get books on navigation from Van Nostrand, Warren St., near Church, New York.

H. W., Hamlington, Pa. Edison phonographs vary in price. Write for fuller information to the Edison works, Harrison, N. J.

H. S. K., Indian Orchard, Mass. 1. See response to Q. V. K. 2. Boys usually graduate into long trousers at the age of fifteen.

G. R. I., Albany, N. Y. Harry Castlemon lives at Westfield, New York. He wrote a story for the first volume of THE ARGOSY.

O. R. H., Toledo, O. Yes, all numbers of THE ARGOSY since the reduction in price to five cents (beginning with No. 417) are in print.

CAN any of our readers supply W. W. Spafford, Box 414, Bryan, Ohio, with Nos. 288 to 303 of THE ARGOSY, those issues being out of print at this office.

F. H. B., New York City. Plenty of outdoor exercise and a preparation of sulphur and molasses taken internally, is said to be a good remedy for pimples.

H. B. S., Rochester, N. Y. You can get the beginning of both "Bob Lovell" and "My Friend Smith" by purchasing bound Vol. VI of THE ARGOSY, price \$2.

E. S. Y., Newark, N. J. Yes, THE ARGOSY has printed articles on the building of canvas and wooden canoes, but the numbers in which they appeared are now out of print.

H. R. A., Pittsburg, Pa. We printed an article about the Naval Academy at Annapolis in No. 338 of THE ARGOSY, which will be mailed you on receipt of the price, ten cents.

N. S., Pittston, Pa. We cannot undertake to give the values of rare foreign coins. No premium on the eagle cent of 1858. In good condition the half cent of 1834 is worth two cents.

HARRY, Albany, N. Y. It would be much cheaper to ship even one unbound volume of THE ARGOSY by express than to send it by mail.

H. F. P., Philadelphia, Pa. See reply to A. B. R.

F. M. H., Portland, Me. The numbers of THE DAILY CONTINENT containing William Murray Graydon's serials; "The Head Hunters" and "The Fall of the Soudan," are out of print.

LEMBROOK DARE, Philadelphia, Pa. Yes, "The Gold of Flat Top Mountain" was written by Frank H. Converse. It appeared in Vols. VI and VII, but the earlier numbers are now out of print.

M. G. L., Vincennes, Ind. No premium on the half dollar of 1827. J. C., Red Bank, N. J. THE ARGOSY never knowingly inserts the advertisements of unreliable firms. In New York you can unhesitatingly enter into dealings with the Scott Stamp and Coin Company.

THE ARGOSY CLUB wishes members from among the readers of this paper. Object: mutual benefit for stamp and coin collectors, amateur editors, printers, photographers, etc. Address Charles E. South, Burlington, Kansas.

L. P., Nebraska City, Neb. 1. In good condition, the quarter of 1853, without the rays behind the eagle, is worth \$2.50. 2. See reply to J. C. 3. No premium on the nickel cent of 1850 or on the other coins mentioned.

CLASSICAL, Philadelphia, Pa. From the extent of your attainments, as set forth in your letter, we judge you would be placed in one of the highest, or A grades of the New York public schools, with boys of seventeen or eighteen.

DICK Y. 1. A spirited Indian story will be among the attractions of the present volume. 2. The word "golden" was dropped the title from THE ARGOSY December 1st, 1888. 3. For circulation figures of all periodicals, consult a newspaper directory.

MAJOR MCKINLEY, Brooklyn, N. Y. No, the picture of Major McKinley in THE ARGOSY was not a woodcut, but what is called a "half tone" cut, produced by the photo engraving press. We have not as yet printed an article on this subject.

READER. 1. No premium on any of the coins mentioned except the cent of 1800, which, in a good state of preservation, will bring three cents. 2. Mrs. Elizabeth Custer may be addressed in care of her publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

STORY PAPER CIRCLE. Thank you for your complimentary words. We fear it would be impossible to do as you suggest and keep up the present high grade of the magazine. You will note, however, beginning with the last number, an additional number of reading pages.

ONE OF THE 400, Warren, Pa. The term Four Hundred, as a designation of New York's most select circle, originated some three years ago, when Mr. Ward McAllister, in answer to a question, stated that the society of the metropolis contained about four hundred members.

O. F. S., Elgin, Ill. 1. No, "The Mystery of Silver Canyon" was never published in book form. 2. "On the Border," to be begun in a month or two, is a splendid, breezy Western story. 3. The authorship of the song "Marching Through Georgia" is a matter of considerable dispute.

P. B., Middletown, N. Y. Your poem is more complimentary in its terms than accurate in its meter. We are not at present accepting any short stories for THE ARGOSY, and our serials are all written by experienced authors—a state of things with which our readers are apparently well satisfied.

W. H. C., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. You can obtain THE DAILY CONTINENT from almost any newsdealer in Philadelphia. 2. No premium on the half dollars of 1821 and 1830. 3. A binder for THE ARGOSY holds about a year's numbers, and costs sixty cents or 12 cents additional when sent by mail.

F. A. B., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. About the largest, finest office building in New York City is that of the Equitable Life Assurance Company, at 120 Broadway; for residence, the Dakota apartment house, at 72d St. and Eighth Ave. 2. The prospectus for this volume of THE ARGOSY was printed on fifth cover page of No. 442.

P. LEASE ANSWER, Philadelphia, Pa. 1. Edgar R. Hoadley, Jr. wrote "One Boy's Honor." 2. The five countries having the strongest navies are England, France, Italy, Russia and Germany respectively. 3. In warring against the United States Italy would find a strong drawback in the difficulty of obtaining coal for her immense war ships while off our coasts.

## MILITARY MATTERS.

CAMBRIDGE boys 5 feet or over in height, wishing to join the Cambridge Zouaves, address Fred M. Beckett, 173 Putnam Ave, Cambridge, Mass.

BOYS in New York City over 15 years of age and 5 feet 2 inches in height, who desire to join a military organization, will hear of a splendid opportunity by addressing Thomas F. Gaffney, 59 West 11th St., New York City.



THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE ARGOSY IS TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS EACH. DISCONTINUANCES—THE PUBLISHER MUST BE NOTIFIED BY LETTER WHEN A SUBSCRIBER WISHES HIS PAPER STOPPED. THE NUMBER (WHOLE NUMBER) WITH WHICH THE SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES APPEARS ON THE PRINTED SLIP WITH THE NAME. THE COURTS HAVE DECIDED THAT ALL SUBSCRIBERS TO NEWSPAPERS ARE HELD RESPONSIBLE UNTIL ARREARAGES ARE PAID AND THEIR PAPERS ARE ORDERED TO BE DISCONTINUED.

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

### A BICYCLE FOR EVERYBODY.

THE greatest offer ever made in the premium line will be found on the front cover page of this number of THE ARGOSY. By its terms everybody can win a splendid bicycle, and he can do it too, in any one of a variety of ways.

\* \* \* \*

THE fall of a meteorite to the earth does not always attract that attention which one would imagine would be the result of such a visitation from space. At first thought it would seem nothing could be more interesting than such a product of "other worlds than ours." But such occurrences are reported in the papers under one display head and taken apparently quite as a matter of course.

However, if the aeorolite that fell in Siberia in 1886 is to have many successors, we can look for more excitement attending their arrival. A scientific investigation has recently announced that this heavenly visitor contained diamonds in the rough.

\* \* \* \*

EVERYBODY is striving after something, looking forward to attaining some end which shall place him on a higher round of life's ladder than he at present occupies. But while ambition is laudable, and its absence a fact greatly to be deplored, there is danger that in the anxiety to reach the end, carelessness of the means employed may creep in. As another puts it, "the crown and glory of life is character," and character is not some great deed which we achieve, but the impression made on others by the countless little acts of our everyday life.

Beware, then, of putting weak timbers into this all important structure. No matter how resplendent be the golden dome, should the foundation prove faulty, collapse of the whole is certain. A good name is the immediate jewel of men's souls, says Shakspeare; and if this is lost while we are seeking fame or fortune, neither the one nor the other can replace it with that other jewel—content.

\* \* \*

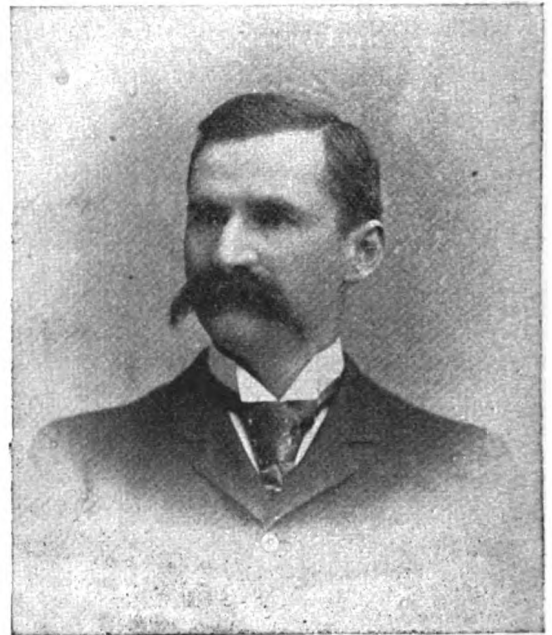
WHEN you have been entranced by the beautiful notes of some wonderful singer, it has doubtless never occurred to you that the eye, as well as the ear, could be gratified by their exquisite sweetness. But such is the case. Ours is pre-eminently the age of science, and scarcely any department of human achievement but has felt its progressive touch. So now we have visible sound.

A recent magazine article tells about this strange discovery, illustrated with pictures of various shapes assumed by musical notes when sung into an instrument called the eidophone. Many of these shapes resemble flowers, such as daisies and pansies, and are of the most delicate beauty. The whole subject is a deeply interesting one, and suggests possibilities that may add a new form to the cultured enjoyments of coming generations.

HENRY C. HANSBROUGH,

SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA.

NO country in the world is so prolific in examples of the poor boy's rise to greatness as is our own. There is no position so obscure, but that it contains the germs of possibilities that dazzle one. For instance, there is New York's new Music Hall, a building that for completeness of equipment has no rival in the world—it seems stupendous to realize that the man to whom it owes its existence—



HENRY C. HANSBROUGH.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

Andrew Carnegie—was less than fifty years ago a factory boy, shoveling coal into a boiler in Pittsburgh.

Our new State's new Senator, Henry C. Hansbrough, was at one time a "tramp printer." That, is, he went from town to town, getting work at the case where he could, which must have been a very unsatisfactory manner of living, although it afforded him an opportunity for a diversified study of men and things, of which, it is needless to say in view of his rapid advancement, he took the fullest advantage.

Born January 30, 1840, at Prairie de Rocher, Illinois, young Hansbrough was educated at the common schools, and when twenty years old removed to California. Here he learned the trade of printer, and, as already stated, practiced it on the march, as it were. The insight into the business thus gained, induced him to start a daily paper at San Jose in 1860, which he left the next year to accept a position on the San Francisco *Chronicle*. This he held for nine years, and when he resigned had risen to the position of news editor.

We next find him in Chicago, then in Wisconsin, still working at journalism. His paper in the Badger State was the *Baraboo Bulletin*. He did not permanently establish himself, however, till he reached Devil's Lake, Dakota, where he became publisher of the *Inter-Ocean*, the leading weekly of the town.

Senator Hansbrough is a Republican, and was a staunch advocate of the division and admission of his State. When the State of North Dakota was created, he was sent to Congress as its first Representative, with a magnificent majority of votes over his opponent. He received the Senatorship on the expiration of the term of Gilbert Pierce, March 3, this year.

Senator Hansbrough's career is fruitful of encouragement to all aspiring boys. Failures did not discourage him. By keeping persistently at it he has won that success which always waits on energy rightly applied.

GEORGE K. WHITMORE.