

# THE ARGOSY

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## A DEBT OF HONOR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

Author of "Ragged Dick," "Luck and Pluck," etc.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE CABIN IN THE FOOTHILLS.

OUR story opens in a cabin among the foothills of Colorado. It was built of logs, and was not over twelve feet in height. In the center was a door, with a small window on each side. Through the roof rose a section of funnel, from which issued a slender cloud of smoke.

Let us enter.

The interior of the cabin is a surprise—being comfortably furnished, while a carpet covers the floor. On one side is a bureau, a few portraits are on the walls, a pine bedstead and an easy chair, in which is reclining a man of middle age whose wasted form and hollow cheeks attest the ravages of consumption. From time to time he looked wistfully toward the door, saying in a low voice: "Where is Gerald? He is gone a long time."

Five minutes later the sound of hoofs was heard outside, and a boy of sixteen galloped up from the canyon on the left, and jumping off at the portal, tethered his pony and pushed open the door of the cabin. He was a marked contrast to the sick man, for he was strongly made, with the hue of health in his ruddy cheeks, and a self-reliant, manly look upon his attractive face.

"How do you feel, father?" he asked gently.

The sick man shook his head.

"I shall never be any better, Gerald," he answered slowly.

"Don't look on the dark side," said Gerald. "See, I have brought you some medicine."

He took from the side pocket of his sack coat a bottle, which he placed on the table.

"There, father, that will do you good," he said in a cheerful tone.

"It may relieve me a little, Gerald, but I am past permanent help."

"Don't say that, father!" said the boy, much moved. "You will live a long time."

"No; I shall deceive myself with no such expectation. Don't think I fear death. It has only one bitterness for me."

The boy looked at his father inquiringly, anxiety wrinkling his brow.

"It is," resumed the sick man, "that I shall leave you unprovided for. You will have to fight the battle of life alone."

"I am young and strong."

"Yes, but I would like to have left you in better condition. It is possible I may do so. I wrote some time since to a man who is rich and prosperous, and is under great obligations to me, telling him

"Yes, father, I have wondered, but I did not like to ask you."

"It is the fault of one man."

"The man whom you expect to befriend me, father?"

"Yes."

"I don't think I should like to be indebted to such a man," said Gerald, and a stern expression settled on his young face. "I should not wish to accept any favors at his hands."

"Nor would you. It would not be a favor, but the payment of a sacred debt. It would be reparation for a great wrong."

"But, father, the reparation ought to have been made to you, not to me."

"You are right, Gerald, but it is too late now."

"Why did you not take steps before to have this wrong righted?"

"Because the world has misjudged me, and might misjudge me yet. This man should have needed no prompting. He should have saved me all trouble, and when he saw my life ruined, and my health shattered, he ought to have done what he could to pay me for the great service I did for him. I am afraid I was weak to yield to the temptation to help him in the first place."

"Don't say that, father," put in Gerald.

"Yes, I will not try to disguise the truth from you," went on the old man.

"I was too pliant in this man's hands. To be sure I committed no crime, but then I allowed a false impression about myself to get abroad, and I sometimes think that—that all that has happened since has been my punishment."

"No, no, that cannot be true, father," broke in the son. "I am sure all the fault was on the other side. But have you never seen the man since?"

"No, Gerald."

There was silence in the little cabin for a brief while then. The boy was desirous to hear more, but the father seemed absorbed in meditation.

"Father," finally said Gerald.

"Yes, my son," rejoined the sick man, turning his gaze back to the boy by his side.

"Do you think the person of whom you speak is likely to befriend me?"

"I do not know. He has behaved so ungenerously about the whole matter. That is what makes me anxious."

"Will you tell me the name of this man, father?"



FIVE MINUTES LATER THE SOUND OF HOOFS WAS HEARD OUTSIDE, AND A BOY OF SIXTEEN GALLOPED UP FROM THE CANYON ON THE LEFT.

about you and asking him, as I had a right to ask him, to befriend you."

Gerald looked surprised.

"Why has he never helped you?" he asked.

"Because—well, I have not perhaps urged the matter sufficiently," he said.

"You say you did this man a service," said Gerald.

"Yes. I think the time has come when I should tell you what that service is. Let me say in the outset that I saved his reputation at the expense of my own. It was, I am afraid, a mistake, for it ruined my life. But I was strongly tempted."

He paused. Gerald listened with painful interest.

"You never told me much of your early life, father," he said.

"You have wondered, no doubt, why I left civilization and buried myself—and you—in this out of the way place?"

"His name is Bradley Wentworth, and he lives in the town of Seneca, Illinois, where he has large investments, and is a prominent man."

"Do you mind telling me how he injured you, father?"

"That is my wish and my duty while I yet live. Fifteen years ago when we were both young men we were in the employ of Dudley Wentworth, the uncle of Bradley. We were both in the office, he occupying the more lucrative position. I was married and had a modest, but comfortable home in Seneca, in the State of Illinois. He too had been three years married, and had a son two years old."

"Were you friends?"

"Not intimate friends, but we were on friendly terms. He had extravagant habits and spent more money than I—a family man—could afford to do. I had bought a house and lot, for which I agreed to pay the sum of two thousand dollars. I was paying this by slow degrees, but my salary was small, when the great temptation of my life came."

The sick man paused in exhaustion, but soon proceeded.

"One evening Bradley Wentworth came to my house in a strange state of excitement, and called me to the door. I asked him in, but he declined. 'I want you to take a walk with me, Lane,' he said. I demurred, for it was a cold, damp evening, and suggested that it would be better to sit down by the fire, inside."

"No, no," he said impatiently, "what I have to say is most important, and it must be kept a profound secret."

"Upon this I agreed to his proposal. I took my hat, told your mother that I would soon return, and went out with Wentworth. We had proceeded but a few rods when he said, 'Lane, I'm in a terrible scrape.'"

"What is it?" I asked.

"Last week I forged a check on my uncle for five hundred dollars. It was paid at the bank. Tomorrow the bank will send in their monthly statement, and among the checks will be the one I forged."

"Good heavens! what induced you to do it?" I asked.

"I was in a tight place, and I yielded to sudden temptation," he answered bitterly.

"I advise you to go your uncle early tomorrow and make a clean breast of it." "It would not do," he replied, "the old man has the strictest ideas of honor, and he would never forgive me."

"It's a bad position to be in," I said gravely.

"The worst possible. You know that I am generally recognized as my uncle's heir, and he is worth three hundred thousand dollars. You see that if my uncle finds out what has happened I am a ruined man, for he will dismiss me from his employment with a tarnished name."

"Indeed I feel for you, Bradley," I said.

"You must do more," he replied; "you must save me."

"But how can I do that?"

"By taking my crime upon yourself. You must acknowledge that you forged the check."

"What do you mean?" I demanded sharply. "You want me to ruin my own prospects?"

"It isn't the same thing to you. You won't lose your inheritance, but only your place."

"Only my place! How, then, can I live? Why should I dishonor my own name and lose my reputation for you?"

"Because I will make it worth your while. Listen."

"Then he proceeded to make me an offer. If I would consent to take his guilt upon myself, he agreed to pay over to my wife five hundred dollars annually

out of his salary of fifteen hundred dollars, and when he inherited my uncle's estate, he furthermore agreed to pay over to me twenty thousand dollars. It was this finally won me over to his plan. To a poor man, struggling along on a small salary, and with no hope of getting rich, twenty thousand dollars was a dazzling temptation. It would make me comfortable for life. Besides, as he urged, I should not have to wait for it long, for his uncle was already seventy-one years old. Still, the service that I was called upon to perform was so distasteful that I held out a long time. At last he sank on his knees, and implored me in the name of friendship to consent. After much hesitation, I agreed to do so upon one condition."

"Name it!" he said, in feverish excitement.

"That you will sign a paper admitting that you forged the check, and that I have agreed, though innocent, to bear the blame, in order to screen you from your uncle's anger."

"Wentworth hesitated, but, seeing that I was firm, he led me to his own room and drew up the paper."

"Of course," he said, "this paper is not to be used."

"Not unless you fail to carry out your agreement."

"Of course," he said in an airy manner.

"We then talked over the details of the scheme. It was decided that I should leave town the next morning, and start for Canada. I began to realize what I had done, and wished to get off, but he implored me not to desert him, and I weakly yielded. Then came the hardest trial of all. You were an infant, and I must part from you and your mother for a time at least. I must leave the village under a cloud, and this seemed hard, for I had done no wrong. But I thought of the fortune that was promised me, and tried to be satisfied."

"I did not dare to tell your mother of the compact I had made. I simply told her that I was going away on business for a few days, and did not care to have my destination known. I told her that I would shortly visit her my reasons. She was not satisfied, but accepted my assurance that it was necessary, and helped me pack. Early the next morning I took a north bound train, and reached Montreal without hindrance."

"I waited anxiously, and in a few days received the following letter:

MY DEAR LANE:

The murder's out! The forged check has fallen into my uncle's hands, and he is in a great rage, you may be sure. Of course suspicion at once fell upon you on account of your hasty flight. My uncle was at first resolved upon having you arrested, but I succeeded in calming him down. "The man must have been mad," he said. "He has ruined himself." I pleaded for mercy, and he has authorized me to say that he will not prosecute you, but expects you some day to make good the loss. This is out of consideration for your wife and child. You are therefore at liberty to come to the United States and obtain employment. He will not interfere with you. Of course I will see that the note is paid by instalments and let him think that the money comes from you.

My dear friend, you have done me an inestimable service. He would not have been so lenient with me. At any rate, he would have distrusted me. Now I am high in favor, and mean to retain the favor. I shall not be insane enough again to risk the loss of a fortune by yielding to temptation. I have had a close shave, and an sensible of it. I am sorry that your sacrifice was necessary, but some day, probably not many years distant, you will be richly paid. Meanwhile I have prevailed upon my uncle to hush up the matter and not let it leak out.

I advise you to go to Chicago or some other Western city and obtain employment. Then you can send for your family and wait patiently till the tide turns and you become a moderately rich man.

BRADLEY WENTWORTH.

"This letter comforted me. I went to Chicago and succeeded in securing a position yielding me the same income as the one I had given up. I sent for my wife, but did not venture to explain to her fully my reasons for leaving Seneca.

I feared that she would say something that might injure Bradley Wentworth, so I lay as she to me."

"Did Mr. Wentworth send you the five hundred dollars he promised you annually?" asked Gerald.

"Yes," he would not have dared to deny, "but I had his written confession, and this I made known to his uncle, who had lost him the estate. He wrote me, however, in a complaining tone, asking me to let him reduce the sum to three hundred dollars, but this I positively refused to do. I felt that my sacrifice was worth at least all that I had stipulated to receive."

"Five years passed, and old Mr. Wentworth died at the age of seventy-six. As was expected, the whole of his large estate—two hundred and twenty thousand dollars—was left to his nephew."

"I waited anxiously for Bradley to redeem his promise. Three or four weeks passed, and I heard nothing. I sat down, therefore, and wrote to him, demanding that he should carry out his agreement."

"Here is the letter I received in reply."

"I took my pen from his pocket a day or two ago, and handed it to Gerald, who read it with indignation."

MR. WENTWORTH:

DEAR SIR:

I have received from you a letter, asking me to send you twenty thousand dollars, during some year, since I have said to give you my share of the death of my uncle. What I have done is to send you with a great exultation myself responsible for my rash and ungenerous words, and I am sure that you will not be so unkind as to blame me to them. I have no money, and my deceased uncle would not give me any such gift to a stranger. I consider myself a steward of the large fortune I have inherited, and should not feel justified in sending you such a considerable portion of it. Think upon reflection you will see the justice of my position."

I believe you claim to have some papers that you think may injure me. I don't think you will find among them any written promise to give you twenty thousand dollars. If, however, you will send or bring the papers you have, I will, out of kindness to an old acquaintance, give you a thousand dollars for them. That is all that I will consent to do, and I strongly advise you to accept this generous offer. After all you did not suffer from losing your place in my uncle's office. I need only refer you to the annual sum which I sent you regularly, pinching myself to do it. Trusting you will see the matter in a reasonable way, and accept the very liberal offer which I have made you, though in no wise bound to do so, I am,

Yours sincerely,

BRADLEY WENTWORTH.

## CHAPTER II.

### A DEBT OF HONOR.

"WHAT do you think of that letter, Gerald?" asked his father, when the boy had perused the epistle which had been handed to him.

Gerald's look of disgust answered for him.

"I think it is thoroughly contemptible," he said. "It is the worst case of ingratitude I have heard of. Is Bradley Wentworth yet living?"

"Yes; he is rich and prosperous."

"What did you do when you received his letter?"

"I wrote him in scathing terms, declining his proposal to surrender the paper for the paltry sum he offered. I reminded him of the good service I had rendered him. I had undoubtedly saved him the estate. I had also sacrificed more than I originally supposed, for I had learned two years after my departure that Mr. Wentworth had intended to give me a small interest in his business, which by this time would have made me a rich man. Of course when he came to look upon me as a forger my chance was lost."

"Did Bradley Wentworth know this also?"

"Certainly he did. He knew better than any one the extent of the sacrifice I had made for him, but when his uncle

was dead and the estate was securely his, he took advantage of this fact and treated me as I have told you."

"Did you receive any answer to your second letter?"

"Yes, but it only renewed the proposal contained in the first. He requested me bluntly not to be a fool and declared that the papers were not really worth even the small sum he offered for them."

"And what followed?"

"I was at a loss what further steps to take. Then came the death of your mother after a brief illness, and this quite broke me down. I became sick, my business suffered, and finally I came to regard myself as born to misfortune. Three years since I moved out here, and here we have lived, if it can be called living, cut off from the advantages of civilization. I began to understand now that I acted a selfish and unmanly part, and cut you off from the advantages of an education."

"I have studied by myself, father."

"Yes, but it would have been better to attend a school or academy."

"Your health has been better here."

"Yes; the pure air has been favorable to my pulmonary difficulties. Probably I should have died a year since if I had not come out here."

"Then you were justified in coming."

"So far as my own interests are concerned; but I ought not have buried you in this lonely and obscure place."

"Don't think of me, father. Whatever I have lost I can make up in the years to come, and it is a great deal to have you spared to me a little longer."

"Dear Gerald!" said his father, regarding his son with affection. "You are indeed a true and loyal son. I feel all the more under obligations to secure your future. An unexpected hemorrhage may terminate my life at any moment. Let me then attend at once to an imperative duty."

He drew from his pocket an envelope and extended it to Gerald.

"This envelope," he said, "contains two important documents—the written confession of Bradley Wentworth, that it was he, not I, who forged the check upon his uncle, and the last letter in which he repudiates my claim upon him for the sum he agreed to pay me."

"You wish me to keep these, father?" said Gerald, as he took the envelope containing the letter.

"Yes. I wish you to guard them carefully. They give you a hold on Bradley Wentworth. I leave you nothing but this debt of honor, but it should bring you twenty thousand dollars. He can well afford to pay it, for it brought him a fortune."

"What steps am I to take, father?"

"I cannot tell. It may be well for you to consult some good lawyer. You are young, but you have unusual judgment for your years. I must warn you that an effort will probably be made by Bradley Wentworth, perhaps through an agent, to get possession of these papers, which he knows are in existence. Ten days since I wrote to him, and in such terms that I should not be surprised if he would seek me out even here. If he comes, it will be in the hope of securing the papers which I have placed in your hands. Should you meet him here, don't let him know that they are in your possession."

Half an hour later Gerald set out slowly in the direction of a small mountain lake a mile distant, with fishing tackle in hand.

It was not so much that he wished to fish as to get a chance to think over the important communication which had been made to him within the last hour. He had often wondered why his father had buried himself among the mountains, and had always concluded that it



was wholly on account of his health. Now he understood what it was that had darkened his life and made him a melancholy recluse. The selfish greed of one man had wrought this evil. To him, Gerald, was left the task of obtaining redress for a great wrong. It was not so much the money that influenced him, for youth is apt to be indifferent to worldly considerations, but his heart was filled with resentment against this man who had profited by his father's sacrifice, and then deliberately refused to fulfill the contract he had made.

"It is only through his pocket he can suffer," thought Gerald. "If it is possible he shall be made to pay the last dollar that is rightfully due my poor father."

He reached the shore of the lake, and, unfastening a boat which he kept there for his own use, he pushed it out from the shore, and then suffered it to float lazily over the smooth surface of the lake while he prepared his fishing tackle. In the course of a couple of hours he caught four beautiful lake trout, and with them as a trophy of his skill he started for home, first securely fastening his boat.

"Perhaps father will relish these," he soliloquized. "I will cook them as soon as I get home, and try to tempt his appetite."

Gerald had walked but a few rods, when he was hailed by a stranger.

"Hallo, boy, do you live about here?" Gerald turned, and his glance rested upon a man of about his father's age, but shorter and more thick set. He was well dressed, in city rather than in country style, but his face wore an expression of discontent and vexation.

"Yes," answered Gerald, "I live in this neighborhood."

"Then perhaps you can help me. I have lost my way. It serves me right for venturing into such a wild country."

"Is there any particular place to which you wish to be guided, sir?"

"If you mean towns, there don't seem to be any. I wish to find a man named Warren Lane, who I believe lives somewhere among these mountains."

Gerald started, and looked intently at the stranger. He connected him at once with his father's story, and felt that he must be Bradley Wentworth, the man who had ruined his father's life. A natural feeling of dislike sprang up in his breast, and he delayed replying.

"Well," said Wentworth irritably, "what are you staring at? Did you never see a stranger before? How long are you going to keep me waiting? Do you know such a man?"

"Pardon me," replied Gerald coldly; "but your question surprised me."

"Why should it?"

"Because Warren Lane is my father."

"Ha!" exclaimed the other, eyeing the boy sharply. "You don't look like him."

"Do you live near by?"

"Yes, sir. Fifteen or twenty minutes will bring us to my father's house."

"Then I should like to go there at once. I want to get out of this country as soon as possible."

"You have only to follow me," and without another word Gerald started off.

## CHAPTER III.

BRADLEY WENTWORTH.

"ARE you back, Gerald?"

"Yes, father, and I am going to surprise you. I have brought company with me."

"Company! Whom can you have met in this wilderness?"

"A man whom you used to know in early days."

"Not Bradley Wentworth?" said Mr. Lane eagerly.

"Yes, Bradley Wentworth."

"Thank Heaven I wanted to see him before I died. Where is he?"

"Just outside. He is waiting to know if you will see him."

"Yes, yes; bring him in at once."

Gerald went to the door and beckoned to Wentworth, who rose immediately and passed into the cabin.

"Bradley Wentworth," said the invalid, looking up excitedly, "I am glad to see you. I thank you for obeying my summons."

Even Wentworth, callous to suffering and selfish as he was, was shocked by the fragile appearance of his old companion.

"You look very weak," he said.

"Yes, Bradley. I am very weak. I stand at the portal of the unseen land. My days are numbered. Any day may bring the end."

"I am shocked to see you in this condition," and there was momentary feeling in the tone of the word hardened man.

"Don't pity me! I am not reluctant to die. God! you may leave me alone with Mr. Wentworth for a while. I wish to have some conversation with him."

"Very well, father."

"Have you acquainted him with the incidents of our early life?" asked Bradley Wentworth, referring to Gerald with a frown.

"Not until this morning. Then, not knowing but I might be cut off suddenly, and uncertain whether you would answer my call, I told him the story."

"Better have left it untold!" said Wentworth with an uneasy look.

"Why, he was entitled to know, otherwise he might not have understood why it was that I had buried him and myself here in this wilderness."

"He would have supposed that you came here for your health. I understand that Colorado is very favorable to those having pulmonary diseases."

"Yes, but he was entitled to know my past history. He was entitled to know what a sacrifice I had made—for another."

Bradley Wentworth winced at this allusion, and his forehead involuntarily contracted.

"That is your way of looking at it," he said abruptly.

"It is the true way of looking at it," rejoined the sick man firmly.

"Hush," said Wentworth, looking apprehensively towards the door of the cabin.

"Gerald knows all, and he is the only one to hear. But to resume: I saved you from disgrace and dishonour."

"I did so against my wishes, because your need was so great, and you solemnly promised to provide handsomely for me and mine when you came into your fortune."

"I was ready to promise anything in my extremity. You took advantage of my position."

"The bargain I made was a fair one. It touches but one sixteenth of the fortune which you inherited. Bradley Wentworth, it was and is a debt of honor!"

"To talk of my giving you such a sum is perfect nonsense!" said Wentworth roughly.

"You did not regard it in that light fifteen years since," returned the sick man reproachfully.

"Of course I admit that you did me a service, and I am ready to pay for it. Give me your papers and I will give you a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars in repayment of my great sacrifice! Have riches made you narrow and mean?"

"Riches have not made me a fool!" retorted Wentworth. "Let me tell you that a thousand dollars is a great sum. It will save that boy of yours a small start in life. It is more than you and I had at his age."

"You have a son, have you not?"

"Yes."

"How would you regard a thousand dollars as a provision for him?"

"There is some difference between the position of my son and yours," said Wentworth arrogantly.

"You are fortunate if your son equals mine in nobility of character."

"Oh, I have no doubt your son is a pauper," said Wentworth with a sneer.

"But to the point! I will give you a thousand dollars and not a cent more."

He had hardly finished this sentence when he started in affright. Warren Lane fell back in his chair in a state of insensibility.

(To be continued.)

## A SEAFARING SONG.

O, tired little mariner,

Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho!

Unto the strand of Slumberland

Assailing we must go.

This is the time when children fare

Away from home;

So we'll seek the good ship Rockingchair

Afar to yoo-ho!

O, sleepy little voyager,

Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho!

The pleasant breeze of drowsiness

Beginning is to blow;

And now the isles of Nidnod are

Never had one.

And now over Dreamland's harbor bar

We steer at last,

O yoo-ho!

—Portland Transcript.

[This Story began in Number 439.]

## ARTHUR BLAISDELL'S CHOICE.

BY W. BERT FOSTER.

Author of "The Treasure of Southlake Farm," "Down the Mountain," etc.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

BEN NORTON'S STORY.

"I WOULD not tell this to you," began Ben, "did I not feel that it was your due. I have been placed in a very peculiar position before you by circumstances, and I don't want you to think me worse than I really am. I never saw my brother—I never had one. What I told you, Arthur, about my having lived at my brother's house and having trouble with his wife was a lie—nothing less; I won't give it any fancy name. My true story is as follows:

"I was born and brought up and spent most of my life until I was nineteen, not twenty miles from Boston. My father died when I was quite young, but he left my mother amply provided for. She was, in fact, wealthy, and I wanted nothing. She was a good mother—the best a fellow ever had," and there was a slight break in his voice.

"I was great for larking and having a good time, but I never got into any harm until I got in with a wild set of fellows at college. While there I went from bad to worse, and finally was expelled. Then I awoke to my disgrace, and the thought of it made me reckless."

"During my college days I had become acquainted with a man considerably older than myself—a man of good manners and pleasing address. He was well informed, and had traveled extensively. With this man I had formed an acquaintance which ruined me in the end. I knew that with all his polish he was not what he should be, but I did not for a moment suspect him the villain he really was."

"When I was expelled, he learned of it, and immediately proposed that I should accompany him West. I didn't understand why he was so urgent to have me go with him, and I don't know now. But he was, and without even going home after the college faculty examined me, I took the train with him for the West. He pictured to me all the glories of a life in the wild, free country to which we were bound, and before we reached St. Louis I was crazy for a career on the plains."

"At St. Louis my eyes were first opened to the fact that my friend was a professional gambler, and had evidently been in the city before, for, on our arrival, a quiet, well dressed man stepped up to him in the depot, and, calling him by name, said: 'How do you get on, and when must you stay here but one night. I shall expect you to leave on the first train in the morning—you and your friend,' and he favored me with a scrutinizing stare."

"I couldn't understand it at the time, and he passed it off as a joke, although I noticed that he made it a point to start for the West the next morning. I know now that the man was a detective by the name of Dickson, and it was during the time when the city of St. Louis was endeavoring to free itself from the gamblers and sharpers which infested it."

"We were long enough in the city, however, for my dear friend,"—Ben said this bitterly enough—"to find some of his old associates, and when we went West we didn't go alone. I was plentifully supplied with money, and he seemed out of funds, and when we reached Sheridan City in Wallace County, Kansas, we all brought outfits (there were four of us), and then three more men soon joined us."

"We pushed on into the country, and, before I fairly woke up to the knowledge of what my companions really were, they had run off some choice horses belonging to a stock raiser, and I found myself a member of a gang of horse thieves!

"I was already a marked man, and, knowing I should be shown no mercy were I found among them, and being made reckless by the pickings of my associates, I went in with them without parley. Of course my friend was the leader, and a gallant commander he proved to be," and Ben showed his handsome white teeth savagely as he laughed unpleasantly. "We did not confine ourselves to horses, but held up a wagon train now and then, and went through it in the most approved manner."

"Strange as it may seem, the very detective who knew my friend at St. Louis, soon followed us to Sheridan, and he was evidently well known there, for the people made him sheriff in short order, and then I tell you we fellows had some pretty stiff times of it, for he was dead on us all. I don't want to poison you boys' ears with an account of all we did; so I'll just skip until the 'time of the end.'"

"We were encamped one day less than ten miles from Sheridan, and our leader went to town—disguised of course—on business. But Dickson met him, saw through the disguise and nabbed him, and to save his own skin he told just about all the rest of us were to be found, and got scot free himself."

Ben gritted his teeth fiercely, and struck his knee a resounding blow with his clinched hand. "The scoundrel rode away and left us to our fate, and at daybreak next morning Dickson and a posse surrounded us and captured four of us, killing the other three."

"I came pretty near seeing death that time," resumed the narrator, after a moment's silence, "for the citizens were for stringing us all up in a bunch. But Sheriff Dickson faced 'em all and carried his point; we were tried, convicted and sentenced to three years' hard labor, and that means *southlake and 'at'.*"

"Well, we served our time and were released on the same day and warned to leave the country. We left; but not before we all solemnly swore to avenge our betrayal should either of us ever meet the wretch who played us false to save his own skin. I met him," and Ben almost hissed the words through his lips, "and I met him while at Hart's and I almost wish I had killed him."

"Oh, no! not that, Ben," exclaimed Arthur, springing from the keg where he had been sitting spellbound in common with his brother during the entire recital. "I am glad you did not. As wicked as Chess Gardner is I am glad you did not kill him that day in the woods."

"Chess Gardner! That day in the woods!" repeated Ben, starting in amazement at the boy.

"Both Hal and I have known who the man you went West with was all along," said Arthur, looking at his brother, who nodded silently. "The day Gardner came across you in the woods the first time, I saw you and heard all your conversation—"

"Heard all our conversation!" exclaimed Ben. "You are joking."

"No, sir; it's true. He tried to make friends with you and you threatened to cut him down with the axe you held in your hands. Then he drew a revolver on you and finally, when he couldn't persuade you to be friends with him, he went away—"

"The dickens he did," murmured Ben.

"And I had a run for it to get out of sight," went on Arthur. "Then he was out there hunting for you in the woods one after—the day Flossie Davidson was run away with—did you see him that day?"

Ben nodded.

"Then afterwards you met him at Remington's old house," hazarded Arthur.

"I did," declared Ben, gazing at the boy in blank surprise. "But how the mischief you know all this I don't understand. I did meet him just as you say; but he didn't go away just when you thought he did the first time—no, we stayed there a full hour and talked. And, I'm ashamed to say it, he half talked me into a scheme that he was at work on. That letter I received, Arthur, was from him in relation to the matter, and the reason I left Hart's was because I didn't stay any longer in Gardner's vicinity, and so I ran away and went to Boston where I shipped on the Kaspar."

"And what was the scheme Chess tried to get you into? Was it to rob Major Van Slyck?" asked Hal eagerly.

Ben looked at him curiously.

"That was it," he said. "But I didn't s'pose he'd do it."

"He did, though, I firmly believe," declared Hal. "Though how he did it is more than I know, when he was at Newport."

Ben smiled quietly.

"Before we go any further I want you boys to tell me all you know about the affair—everything."

The brothers complied with this request at once, and Ben listened to what the reader already knows, in silence.

"So Mont Raymond, as you call him, and Chess are going to follow up a clew to the burglars, eh?" was his only comment, and he laughed. "Now I wonder—" but he stopped suddenly and declared that he would say nothing more till morning.

"But it's your duty to put the authorities on the trail of the burglars if you can," said Hal.

"I reckon I know my duty, youngster," returned Ben grimly. "It must be after one o'clock and we must get to sleep. I'm going on deck to see if all is shipshape," and he left the galley.

Through the open door the boys could see that it had stopped raining although the wind was still blowing and the sea had in nowise abated. Ben soon returned, and reported that the clouds looked as though the storm was almost over. He had sounded the pumps and found only a small quantity of water and the drag they had thrown over still held.

"We must keep watch," said Ben, "for no knowing what might turn up. Say we divide the rest of the night up into hour and a half watches and each of us keeps a bright lookout until his time is up as near as he can guess."

"They drew lots and on Hal fell the first watch, Ben the middle and Arthur the last. "Try the pumps occasionally," admonished Ben, as Hal went outside for his lonely vigil. "And keep all your eyes peeled," which Hal promised to do.

But the young fellow found it exceedingly hard work to keep awake; so that the excitement was over. Every bone in his body ached and he had to keep tramping back and forth on the slippery deck in the second mate's big sea boots, to keep himself from dozing off. When he could endure it no longer and it seemed to him as though he had been on watch half the night (though in all probability he had been on deck less than an hour) he awoke Ben and took his place beside Arthur on the galley floor.

Both the brothers slept peacefully till broad daylight, for Ben did not rouse Arthur when it came to the boy's watch, but paced the deck alone until the sun, scattering the few remaining clouds, appeared above the horizon.

The first the boys heard was a heavy pounding on the galley door and Ben's voice shouting:

"Rouse ye, sleepers! Rouse out, watch below, and see the sun!"

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

##### RESCUED.

IMAGINE a blue gray expanse of sky, across which a few misty white clouds were scudding, meeting on all sides the turbulent dark green water on which the bark floated. Not the faintest speck of land was visible to the eastward, westward, north or south. The distant horizon was unbroken by cloud-land, white sail, or smoke of "ocean courier." They were alone on the Atlantic!

This was the scene which met the gaze of Hal and Arthur Blaisdell as at Ben Norton's summons they sprang upon deck. The storm had departed, its only trace being the still heaving billows and the demolished rigging and spars of the Kaspar. The warm September sun shone far and wide on the water, and the haze was fast being melted from the sky by its bright rays.

"Glorious, isn't it?" cried Hal, drinking in the scene.

"An illegant blaze!" as the Irishman said when his house was burning up," declared Arthur drily. "It's very glorious, indeed!

but how the dickens are we going to get out of it?"

"Don't fret," said Ben. "It won't be long before something or other crosses our path. We are going, as near as I guess, on a course a little south of east, and that ought to take us directly across the New York steamship tracks. Then there's all the chance of a sailing vessel picking us up."

"Well, I won't be sorry as long as the old ship holds together," rejoined Arthur. "But I say, Ben, you didn't wake me up when it came my way, did you?"

"Didn't I?" returned Ben with a quiet smile. "Well, I thought you needed the sleep much more than I, so I let you alone. You're not going to quarrel about it, are you?"

"I shall if you do it again," replied Arthur. "But come, fellows, who says breakfast? I'm hungrier'n a bear."

"We'll all say it, and appoint you cook," said Hal, "seeing that you stood no watch."

So Arthur went about his culinary preparations, which certainly would have made his mother smile could she have seen him, while Ben and Hal tried the pumps, put a new rope on the drag, and at Ben's suggestion made a trip to the hold.

This last Hal could not understand, for Ben crawled all about among the boxes of merchandise, seemingly with the endeavor to enumerate them. There were cases of muskets and cheap rifles, ammunition, two small howitzers, barrels of "Union Mill" cotton cloth, boxes of calico, and all sorts and conditions of knick-knacks and Yankee notions necessary to trade in the South Sea archipelagoes.

"An excellent cargo," commented Ben, looking mightily pleased, as they clambered out of the hold and batted down the hatch again. "The Kaspar's three quarters loaded, too."

"But it won't do us any good—it's not ours," said Hal, extremely puzzled.

"No, it's not ours," returned Ben with a peculiar smile, "but—it's nice to be aboard a vessel with a particularly good cargo," with which rather strange remark he turned away.

"Mother must be dreadfully worried," observed Arthur as the trio partook of the breakfast he had prepared.

"And won't Coffin be owley?" added Hal. "If Mont Raymond got down to the Inlet the Telegraph will be 'way ahead of us again. The Journal is out of luck lately."

"I tell you what we'll do," declared Arthur. "We'll take a look in the captain's quarters, find some materials and scribble a full account of our adventures."

"Good idea," said Hal. "But you'll be better at it than I, so you go ahead. I'll constitute myself advisory editor and Ben can be general supervisor. The old Journal will get something after all."

As soon as the meal was dispatched, all three repaired to the cabin, and among the captain's possessions plenty of paper and pencils were found. Sitting on the steps of the companion-way, with an atlas held in his knee for a desk, Arthur commenced his article. As Hal said, ingeniously enough, to be sure, he fairly "spread himself," and the sketch was formed and grew rapidly under his hand, while his brother hung over him and watched the quick moving pencil, and Ben eagerly devoured each sheet of the manuscript as it was finished.

So occupied were they that all else was forgotten, when suddenly they were startled by a noise like the shriek of a steam whistle. Arthur dropped the atlas with a bang, scattering papers

and pencils in every direction, and all made a rush for the deck, tumbling over each other in their haste.

There lying not a pistol shot away, was one of the largest and handsomest steam yachts they had ever seen. Every inch of woodwork was spotless, and the brass railings and other bright work shone like gold. At her peak there was flying a dark green pennant on which in letters of gold was her name, Psyche.

But the three young men paid but little attention to the yacht's beautiful lines. To them, at least, the Psyche was one of the handsomest crafts they had ever seen, for in her they saw a way of escape from their perilous situation. Arthur and Hal were for immediately hailing the yacht and asking assistance; but Ben motioned them back.

"Let me run it," he said in a low tone. "On board the brig!" shouted a blue coated officer on the yacht's quarter.

"Aho!" returned Ben. "What brig's that, and where bound?" demanded the officer.

"Kaspar, four days out from Boston—bound for Davy Jones', most probably, unless you can tow us in, or send a tug to our assistance," said Ben coolly.

The officer was evidently nonplussed. "Don't you want any help?" he demanded, while the boys stared at Ben Norton in amazement.

"We'd like to make a dicker with you to tow us into New York," responded Ben, still calmly.

"For Heaven's sake, Ben," demanded Arthur, "what do you mean? I shall be only too glad to get out of the old tub."

"Be easy," returned Ben. "I don't intend to leave here until I'm dead sure that we shall get the salvage."

"Salvage!" exclaimed Arthur and Hal together.

"Yes, salvage. There's a small fortune in this brig for us, boys, once we get it into New York," replied Ben. Then to the yacht's officer he said:

"What say? Is it a bargain? The brig's sound as a dollar. What'll you ask to take us in?"

"Well, you're a cleaner," remarked the officer in astonishment. "Come aboard and you can talk with the owner," and at his command one of the yacht's boats was lowered and pulled to the brig.

Arthur hastily collected his scattered manuscript, and in the nondescript clothes in which they were dressed the trio of "shipwrecked mariners" were transported to the deck of the Psyche.

The officer in command met them at the rail.

"Well, you all look as though you'd had a pretty hard time of it," he declared. "But here, let us see if we can't fit you out a little better than that from the slop chest," and he led them below to a roomy stateroom.

In a short time he returned with a colored steward staggering under a huge pile of wearing apparel.

"When you are ready I'll conduct you to the owner," said the officer, who they afterwards learned was the first mate—Mr. Shippen.

The young fellows greatly wondered what the "slop chest" aboard the yacht was like. In the pile of clothing were three full outfits, including underclothing and blue naval suits, and Mr. Shippen must have sized up all three very accurately, for the suits fitted nicely. Arthur was the first dressed, and he sat down on the edge of the lower berth to wait for his companions. Beside him lay a folded news-

paper, and picking it up he discovered that it was a New York daily, printed that very morning.

"The Psyche hasn't been out of port very long," he declared, looking over the sheet. "And—oh, glory, listen to this!"

Springing to his feet, he began to read a paragraph in the columns devoted to an account of the ravages of the storm. The article had been telegraphed evidently by a special correspondent of the paper, and was a rather thrilling account of the wreck of the Kaspar off the Rhode Island coast. After the account of the brig's running astore, the paper went on to say:

"A lifeboat was quickly manned, and after a dozen or more attempts, was successfully launched. The journey from the shore to the wreck was a fearful fight with the waves. Finally the brig was reached, and the crew taken aboard. At the last moment the lifeboat was found to be overcrowded, and two young men, reporters, it is said, on a Providence daily paper, gallantly gave up their places to the shipwrecked seamen, and went aboard the brig. It is also stated that one member of the vessel's crew was left behind, although this report is not corroborated. It was impossible, owing to the increasing storm and change of the wind, to again launch the lifeboat, and in a few hours the brig was torn loose by the waves, and sank with the gallant fellows on board. Up to midnight no trace of the wreck or the bodies had washed in, as the gale was still blowing off shore. The names of the two young men who lost their lives are as yet unknown."

The two brothers were fairly horrified at the report, and Ben Norton was considerably amazed.

"They think we are drowned," said Arthur, as soon as he had finished reading the article. "It will kill Little Mum."

"Here, let us get us the owner to put back to New York at once so that we can telegraph to mother," cried Hal excitedly. "Hang the old salvage any way. I don't care if the brig sinks in five minutes."

Hastily donning his coat as he spoke, Hal left the way out of the stateroom. Mr. Shippen was waiting for them.

"Take us to the owner at once," said Hal. "Certainly!" replied the officer; "right this way."

He led them along a corridor, through the dining room, and into the yacht's saloon. The furnishings of the craft were magnificent, and not only showed wealth but artistic taste. The dining table, at which the steward was putting the last touches for dinner, glittered with silver and crystal, and the other appointments of the apartments were in accord.

But if the dining room was charming to the three visitors, the saloon was even more so. They had no time to examine it closely, however. Hal dropped behind a little and Ben Norton took the lead as they entered the room.

Instead of meeting a portly, aristocratic gentleman, as all three expected the owner of the Psyche to be, the only occupants of the saloon were two ladies, who rose as the young men entered and came towards them.

Greatly to his surprise Arthur noticed something in the bearing of both which seemed familiar. Before he could place them, however, Ben Norton took a quick step forward. At the same instant the elder lady, with a half articulate cry, threw her arms around the young man's neck.

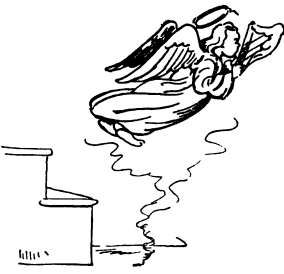
Arthur dropped into the nearest seat astounded, while Hal gazed at the scene in horrified amazement.

(To be continued.)

## THE DEADLY CIGARETTE;

OR,

THE PREMATURE TRANSIT OF THE MESSENGER BOY.





## THE OLD HAYMOW.

The old haymow's the place to play  
For boys, when it's a rainy day!  
I good deal rather be up there  
Than down in town, or anywhere!

When I play in our stable loft,  
The good old lay's so dry an' soft,  
An' feels so fine, an' smells so sweet,  
I most forget to go an' eat.

An' one time, onc't, I did forget  
To go 'til dinner was all et.  
An' they had shortcake—an'—but he  
Hogged up the piece ma saved for me!

Now, I won't let him lay no more  
In our haymow, where I keep store,  
An' get hen eggs to sell—an' 'rhou  
The cackle-un old hen out too!

An' now, when aunty she was here  
A-visitin' from Rensselaer,  
An' brought my little cousin—*he*  
Can come up there an' play with me.

But after awhile, when Bud he bet  
To go 'til dinner was all et.  
Let him come up there, if he can  
Act ha' i way like a gentleman!

J. WHITCOMB RILEY.

## CURVE PITCHING.

BY GEORGE R. BRADLEY.

TO the severely practical, curve pitching may not seem worthy to rank as one of the great inventions of the nineteenth century. There are many young enthusiasts, however, as well as some of riper years, who consider it as such, and often regret that there is no one man to whom they can do honor as the originator of the art that has become so important a part of modern baseball.

Twenty years ago curve pitching was unknown. The pitcher propelled the ball with an underhand swing, aiming only at the delivery of a swift, straight ball, or varying this occasionally by directing the sphere to one side or the other, in the expectation that the batsman would hit it to a certain part of the field, where a fielder stood ready to capture it. Then, gradually, as seasons passed by, the pitcher's hand began to rise higher, and the muscles of his elbow, wrist, and even fingers began to come into play, enabling him to make his deliveries swifter and more difficult to hit with accuracy. A rule was passed forbidding him to raise his hand above the level of his waist in pitching the ball, but it was found impossible to enforce the prohibition. Then the limit was fixed at the shoulder, but this law



DELIVERING THE BALL.

too was disregarded, and the pitcher is now free from all restrictions in this respect. The result is that nowadays he invariably uses an overhand motion, which gives him a much more complete control of the ball than the old fashioned method.

He curves the ball by giving it a strong twisting motion at the moment when it leaves his hand. This twisting motion, as the ball strikes against the cushion of the atmosphere, forces the

sphere slightly to the right or the left, according to the direction of the twist, just as a billiard player makes the balls rebound at unexpected angles from the cushion of the billiard table by putting on "English" when he strikes them with his cue.

The curve pitcher's art depends entirely upon the resistance of the air. Not many years ago there were good judges of baseball who hesitated to believe that it was possible for this natural force to operate to any perceptible effect during the passage of the ball from the box to the plate. Even today there are some doubting Thomases in this country, while it is almost impossible to persuade an Englishman that the tales of American pitching are not the wildest of romances. The worthy Britisher forgets that a baseball is much



AN AMATEUR CURVE PITCHER.

lighter than a cricket ball—so much lighter that feats impracticable with the one are quite feasible with the other. His bowlers make their deliveries curve or "break" after striking the ground, the resistance of which to the spinning motion of the ball is of course much stronger than that of the atmosphere, and affords a much closer analogy to the cushion of the billiard table. It would be impossible, in all probability, to make a cricket ball curve perceptibly while passing through the air. That this can be done with a baseball every ball player knows, and it has been convincingly proved by indisputable tests.

One of these took place on the grounds of the Cincinnati club in 1879, when curve pitching was comparatively a new thing, and was regarded with much wonder and some incredulity. Two sections of board fence, six feet high were erected in the same straight line and about fifty feet apart. Midway between them a stout square post was set up, the right hand face of which was exactly in line with the left hand surfaces of the two fences. Thus a ball delivered with a straight throw from the left hand side of one fence, and passing to the right hand side of the post, must necessarily pass on the right hand side of the other fence. But the pitcher to whom the experiment was intrusted—his name was White—succeeded, after a few trials, in delivering a ball that passed from the left of the first fence, to the right of the post, and then curved in its flight so far as to pass six inches to the left of the other fence.

The "drop" is a variety of the curve that is frequently and successfully employed by the most skillful pitchers. It is brought about by giving the ball a horizontal instead of a lateral twist as it leaves the hand, causing it to curve, but to curve downward instead of to right or left, and to deceive the batsman by

dropping lower than he had expected. This device is often very effective in conjunction with a slow ball.

Indeed, very swift pitching is incompatible with all curves. The higher the speed, the less the curve. The greater the momentum of the ball, the less the power of atmospheric resistance to swerve it from a straight course. The most effective pitchers, as a general rule, are those who can pitch terrifically swift, straight balls, and vary them with slow and deceptive curves. In this way the batsman may be "kept guessing," as the phrase is—that is, he will never know what kind of a ball to expect.

There are one or two curious ideas afloat with regard to curve pitching. One is that a left handed pitcher—a "south paw twirler," as he is termed in baseball slang—can deliver a more

which he is most deeply interested in, "How can I pitch a curve?"

That is a query that is very easy to ask, but very difficult to answer by verbal or written instructions. The art can hardly be learned without the assistance of a teacher. Five minutes' coaching from a capable pitcher would be of more benefit than columns of printed directions.

We advise any boy who wants to learn to pitch a curve to get some experienced player to show him how the ball must be held and delivered. Then precept and example must be followed up by long, earnest and conscientious practice.

## WHEELING THAT WOULD BE WHIZZING.

How rapid has been the evolution in the cycle, starting from the three wheeled velocipede of twenty years ago, running through the various styles of so called "Ordinaries" till we have now the perfected Safety of today! But has the end yet been reached? Who shall dare to say yes, even though *Outing* scoffs at the possibilities outlined in the subjoined hints about the very newest candidate for cycling records:

"Seventy three miles an hour!" That's what a Worcester (Mass.) inventor claims is the speed which riders can attain on one of his cycles. Is it safe to laugh at this man? Let us see. Twenty miles an hour was deemed impossible only a few years ago; 20 for the mile was scoffed at, as being beyond the range of possibilities a few months ago, and yet these performances are now known to be very much within the bounds of reason today. Yet, in spite of these facts, I imagine it will be perfectly safe to risk a very loud chuckle at the claim of seventy three miles an hour on any manumotive machine. The description of the machine, to my unmechanical mind, is vague, and all I can seem to grasp is that it is one big wheel with two rims, and the rider sits suspended from the inner rim.

## WHERE A FLY HAS THE ADVANTAGE.

WHAT is more aggravating than a fly?—just one fly that keeps coming back, and coming back after each slash you make at him. You feel that you wouldn't so much mind if there were more of him, but to have one man worried by a single small insect not so big as the nail on your little finger, this is galling. But perhaps our readers who have experienced this humiliation will gain some consolation from perusing the following facts as set forth in the *Chicago Herald*:

The fly has an advantage over a man. For instance, he has a pair of double compound eyes and with them he can see in any direction or in all directions at once without for an instant turning his head.

These eyes have 4,000 distinct facets, and all of them have direct communication with the brain, so that if a man comes along on one side of him and a line of sugar on the other, he will be able to watch both of them and steer for the sugar so long as it is safe on account of the man.

When he sees he can get one and dodge the other, that is exactly what he does, and he does not have to twist his neck in two trying to keep track of the opposite object.

## THE COSTUME OF A COWBOY.

Most Eastern boys have great ideas about the dash and glory of the cowboy's life. He is to them the typical representative of the freedom and excitement of existence on the boundless plains, and as a consequence they are apt to weave a romance about his belongings which is very far from being borne out by the facts of the case. Here is a description of the cowboy's real rig, as given in *Zeller's Magazine*:

The most striking part of a cowboy's costume is the chaperajos, or huge leather overalls, he is apt to wear. This originated in the mesquite or chaparral country, where the cattle business had its origin, and where jeans or a pair of the best cords will be torn to shreds in a day. This singular garment is made of cowhide, and weighs five or six pounds. The chaperajos could not comfortably be worn in any other saddle than one which gave a short, upright, "forked-radish" seat. They are too much like trousers made of stout canvas.

At the cowboy's saddlebow usually hangs a rawhide or hair or Mexican grass rope, from forty feet long upward, to use for every purpose, from roping cattle to hauling on a mired team; and his rifle, a seventy three Winchester, rests crosswise at the horn, in a broad pouch-like strap, which protects the lock from injury, or is slung under the left leg, where it hangs with equal security. He boasts a few riches. What he has is apt to be in dollars, or occasionally in cents. He buys a pair of eighteen cent boots, pairs of fifteen cent gloves, and the rest of his rig and dress is scarcely worth a five dollar bill.

THE CHINESE CONSUL;

A Naval Cadet's Adventures in the Celestial Empire. BY ENRIQUE H. LEWIS, Author of "The Adventures of Two Naval Apprentices," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

LAWRENCE COLMAN is a Naval cadet on board the frigate Ben-ton, flagship of the American fleet on the Asiatic station, Admiral Hewett commanding. The period is during the commencement of hostilities in the late Franco-Chinese war, and it becomes necessary to send a messenger from the Ben-ton's anchorage in the harbor of Foo Chow, China, to the minister at Peking with a cipher dispatch. Ensign Dalton is selected as this messenger. But it comes to the knowledge of Colonel Monroe, the American consul at Foo Chow, that this young Dalton was selling information to the French concerning the Chinese preparations for war. It has therefore been determined to send Coleman along with him, to keep a watch on his movements and to carry a copy of the dispatch to the minister at Peking in case Dalton should fail to do so.

Duty Lawrence at first declines to perform, even going so far as to tender his resignation from the service, but when it is represented to him that he is not only sent to Peking, but that he will be called to account and arranges to leave for Shanghai by next day's steamer. It is then that he meets a friend of his—Charlie Tru—also to be a messenger. On reaching Shanghai Lawrence goes ashore with Charlie, and in the darkness of their sedan chairs carry them in the darkness to a strange part of the town instead of the town. Travis had indicated, but when they were there he found a box and overpowered them. Lawrence is kidnapped, and a junk and anchor were drawn up into the interior, while Charlie, unable to find his friend, returns to the steamer in dire anxiety. Here a piece of paper is put into his hands, which he reads. It is a communication from a man, representing himself to be a poor trader traveling through the interior, stating that he has seen the fugitive, and that he is longing to a foreign land of war, wrapped up in a paper and thrown into the sea. The letter goes on to state that the writer had afterwards examined the body and found on it a paper bound with blood, and was inclined to prove to be the cipher dispatch. This communication the colonel makes haste to take out to Admiral Hewett, who has seen the letter, and who is returning from Shanghai that the midship, Lawrence Coleman, has been captured, and that he is in the hands of the and the old admiral is almost beside himself with anxiety.

CHAPTER XIX.

A TIMELY INTERRUPTION.

LAWRENCE was a lad not easily alarmed. He was not at all disturbed by the faint sounds of whispering voices at the open hatch that night, he felt instinctively that something was on foot which meant danger to him, and he bewailed the fate that caused him to lie bound hand and foot at the mercy of his enemies.

"If they would only give me a fair chance for my life instead of tying me up, the cowardly curs!" he muttered, in helpless indignation, wrenching at the thongs in futile effort. "If only had my hands free, I know them how an American boy can fight—ah, they are coming!"

Even as he spoke, a half dozen coolies descended the stanchion, one of them carrying a lantern, and Lawrence noticed with an apprehensive glance that all were armed with swords. The light was faint and dim, but he could see their faces gleaming with ferocity and hate. He recognized in two of them the men he had struck while attempting escape, and the fact did not decrease his anxiety.

Lawrence had no time to speculate on their probable object, for, immediately on entering the hold, they arranged themselves around him and stood with uplifted swords, while one of their number quickly placed a block under his neck. After this was done, the midship's shirt was thrown open and turned down, then at a given signal all stepped back save one who, with deliberate cruelty, felt the edge of his weapon, and then lifted it in readiness to strike.

Lawrence's heart gave one great throbb. He felt a momentary faintness flash over him, then with a silent prayer he looked calmly up at the executioner and awaited the blow. The stillness of death filled the little space, unmarred save by a strange murmuring gurgle of

water rippling against the wooden hull, or the melancholy whisper of a rufil wind on the deck. It was a fitting scene for such a tragedy.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a loud clatter overhead. A voice rang out in fierce tones, and, at the sound, he with the uplifted sword gave a violent start, and dropped the weapon with a clang. The change was magical; at the unexpected interruption the coolies standing in menacing fashion over Lawrence fled in all directions. Some vanished in the depth of gloom at the other end of the hold, some first by extinguishing the lantern with a kick of his foot, made for the hatchway.

Before he could pass through it, however, a form blocked the opening and a stern voice called out several Chinese names. For a minute all was still; then Lawrence heard the man creep away to his fellows. There was a noise of muttering words, and immediately following came the sound of a heavy body dropping to the deck close by where he lay. The midship could not see the face of the person, but he recognized by the name of the man who had threatened him when he was transferred from the other junk. Here was the chance he had been waiting for.

"If you speak English," exclaimed Lawrence rapidly, "for Heaven's sake tell me what all this means. Why say I carried away like this? Answer me, man!"

He stopped and waited breathlessly, but the silence continued. Suddenly a thought struck the midship, and he added: "If you are strong enough to carry some of the men down here, hiding at the other end. They were just going to kill me when you interrupted them. They—"

He was checked by a fierce imprecation, and the man darted rapidly toward the hatch, where he had been secretly themselves. For a space, pandemonium reigned in the hold; the sounds of scuffling, intermingled with cries of pain, came to his ears, and then Lawrence saw a glimmer of light at the far end.

In the excitement he had risen to a sitting position, and was thus able to get a better view of what followed. By the dim flame of the lantern he could only make out a confused mass of shadows, but it was enough to convey to his startled eyes a bright flash of steel, and then a wailing cry sounded for an instant—a scream of agony, stifled in its birth.

Presently the light moved towards him, and stopped under the hatch. Two of the natives, carrying an inanimate body, stepped out of the gloom and passed it with many tugs through the opening. Then a Chinaman, his face hidden by a gaudy silk wrap, followed them on deck. Lawrence strained his eyes with a futile endeavor to see his countenance, but it was completely lighted away, and his identity remained as ignorant as before.

Again left the sole tenant of the hold, Lawrence lay back on the hard deck and thanked his lucky stars that he still had his head on his shoulders. He plainly saw now what a narrow escape he had just made. The man in authority, whoever he was, had evidently gone on shore, and, in his absence, the crew had made the attempt to get rid of their prisoner. That they were not successful was due solely to the fortunate return of the unknown Chinaman. That he was a high personage, the coolies' consternation made apparent. He was exalted enough to perform a summary execution then and there, and Lawrence gave an involuntary shudder as he recalled the tragic scene.

The midship was left undisturbed for several hours. He had not been given food since noon, and he vaguely wondered whether starving was going to be added to his other troubles. He was speedily undeceived, however, by a couple of the crew came down with the bill of fare, but it now had a most welcome addition in the shape of a pot of tea.

Lawrence hailed the fragrant herb as one after a watery diet for seven days would be apt to do, and made short work of the delicious brew, though even the endless rice taste different, and under its magic influence the corn cakes were changed into hot biscuit, fresh from the deft fingers of a New England farm cook.

"That was the best Oolong I have

ever tasted," Lawrence muttered to himself, as he watched the disappearing forms of the coolies pass through the hatch. Then he stretched out as well as circumstances and an unfriendly rope would permit, and wondered what was next on the programme.

"If I have a drop of this alive, I'll write a book," he soliloquized, shifting his head about in search of a board that had served him as a pillow for many a weary hour; then, as he found it, he gave a sigh of satisfaction and continued: "I have had almost enough adventures to fill a respectable tome. Ah! that tea, how it tastes even yet. But as I was saying, I would make it, let me see, at least forty chapters full of um-m-m, tea is better than water any day, and come to think of it, I wonder why the Chinese boys don't bring my—my—" There was silence for a moment, then he continued: "What on earth is the matter with me? I feel as drowsy as—say, Charlie, old boy, I have had an awful dream, and I wish—"

The voice died away, and then only the sound of heavy breathing disturbed the echoes of the little hold. An old, gray whiskered rat, gaunt and fierce eyed, skurried across the grimy boards, and, after many cautious advances and retreats, crept up to the recumbent figure. The veteran roger sniffed at the midship's hands, and, after such seeming deliberation, took a quiet nibble.

The hand moved uneasily, but soon settled down again, and the rat, evidently pleased by the first sample, started to resume his meal. He displayed great strength of character in every lineament of his peaked face, and there is no telling what would have been the result if a noise had not sounded overhead just then. As it was, he gave a squeak of disappointment, and with a whisk of his tail, vanished at the time he was to escape the searching rays of a lantern carried by a coolly descending figure. The man was followed by several others, and between them they conveyed the midship's listless form to the deck above.

When Lawrence again opened his eyes, he felt much confused, and conscious of a great thirst. His tongue troubled him, and seemed of extraordinary size and dryness, but he forgot these little details in the astounding discovery that he was at the top of the hold.

"Ship's making heavy weather of it," he thought drowsily, feeling himself tossed about and shaken from side to side of what seemed a bunk. "Didn't know we were going to leave Foo Chow until now, but it was a good thing we were a roller; must be a sixty knot gale. Oh, my head, how it aches! Wonder if I can't see the doctor? I'll send the boy for him. Hay! William; come—"

The motion stopped suddenly; a light flashed through a window at his side, and he found himself in the bewildering that he was in a Chinese mule litter. He stared at the sides and the roof, and then at the face of a man watching him through the opening. The native said something in a menacing tone and then drew the curtains again.

The unsteady lurching began once more, and Lawrence, bracing himself as well as he could, tried to collect his scattered thoughts. After the start just given he had little difficulty in recalling what had occurred, and wisely concluded that he had been to the place where the captors to save trouble in the transfer.

Presently a halt was called and some food passed in to him. He had little appetite and only ate a few grains of rice; but the water—ah that bowlful did not seem so enough. After a few minutes' rest for the mule march was resumed and continued uninterrupted for many hours.

In this way four days passed slowly by. Lawrence was kept closely confined in the dark interior of the litter, and, even at times, during the journey he was gagged while passing through villages. At odd intervals the ropes which secured him were removed, and, attended by two armed natives, he was allowed to walk for an hour by the litter, but this was only done at night and in a thinly populated district.

He now saw that his body guard consisted of four coolies, all carrying modern guns. None of them seemed to be members of the junk's crew, and they were probably natives of that part of the country.

On the evening of the fourth day, Lawrence noticed by the motion that they were ascending what seemed to be the side of a mountain. The progress was very slow and evidently difficult. Several times one of the mules stumbled, and was on the quickness of feet to get out of the way, but the litter from a disastrous fall. At last the cavalcade halted and Lawrence was lifted to the ground.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MOUNTAIN RETREAT.

THE place where the little party had stopped was in semi darkness. Night had fallen several hours before, and only the uncertain light afforded by a new moon and a few scattered stars illumined the spot. For some reason the coolies had extinguished their lanterns, and when Lawrence was assisted to the ground his first eager glances revealed but little.

He could see that they had stopped on a narrow, shelf-like formation, apparently the result of being disturbed in the finny wall of a cliff, which towered out of sight in the gloom above. The litter, with the two mules, occupied almost one half of the space, and Lawrence looked ahead only to discern that the rude path ended abruptly against a huge rocky spur not three yards away.

Further observations were cut short by one of the guards, who, stepping up, deftly passed a scarf around his head, effectually blinding him. Then the midship felt the rope being removed, and when that was done he wished to find himself grasped firmly by each arm. Suddenly a long, shrill whistle sounded close by, and, after a moment, he heard an answer, faint and wavering, as if from a distance.

Before the slight echoes had died away they were again heard. The progress was necessarily slow at first, and Lawrence was compelled to trust to his unseen companions to keep from stumbling. After a dozen steps had been taken they stopped, and the midship felt a rough hand pressed on his head as an intimation to stop. In this position he was half dragged through what appeared to be a long tunnel, tortuous in shape and having a gradual descent.

It was so narrow that only two could walk abreast, and one of the coolies was obliged to pile the other on his back to sustain his hold. Every once in a while the one ahead would grasp Lawrence by the legs, and he could feel himself lowered down a couple of feet. This continued for many minutes, and then, when the descent was over, the midship was painfully crick in the neck, and several severe bruises in the side, had almost determined to force a halt, a loud voice challenged them.

The guard immediately replied, and for a moment a conversation was carried on in a low voice, and Lawrence was shoved along again. This time he had not gone five yards before he felt the cool breeze on his face, and instantly realized that they had passed into the open air. Encouraged by the fact he cautiously straightened himself, and, to his joy, found plenty of space overhead.

The surface on which they were walking seemed more even and the speed became comparatively rapid. Suddenly Lawrence heard the murmur of voices and a sound as of rattling swords or arms in long files, and he could distinguish the faint glimmer of light through the thin folds of the scarf. A peculiar warmth succeeding the fresh atmosphere he had just felt indicated that they had entered a room or inclosure. Just as this fact dawned upon him the baggage was tossed away.

Dazed by the sudden transition from almost total darkness into the glare of a dozen torches, he stood for a moment unable to see, then he gazed around upon a scene startling in the extreme.

In a natural cavern of broad dimensions, the walls of which were aflame with a myriad of gleaming points from sparkling quartz, a score of villainous natives stood glaring at him with vindictive faces. Some were armed, and Lawrence noticed instinctively that their weapons were of the most modern class. It took very little time for him to discover that he was in the presence of a band of mountain robbers, and he involuntarily glanced back for a way to escape. At the action a rude hand grasped him by the shoulder and he looked into

the frowning muzzle of a Martini-Henri. It was apparently a hopeless case.

Just then a man came from behind a curtain formed of sleeping at the far end and walked towards him. He had evidently been sleeping, and stretched his arms with a yawn. As he drew nearer, however, his look of indifference changed to one of authoritative interest, and he strode up to Lawrence's guards with a stern air of inquiry.

They both saluted, bowing their heads low before him; then one commenced a long speech, at the same time handing the chief, for such he appeared to be, a roll of paper. While the coolly was talking the chief glanced rapidly over it and Lawrence saw him frown heavily at several points. Cuttingshort the guards' report with a haughty wave of his hand, he issued an order to them and turned away.

The midly had long before seen the folly of offering any verbal objection, so the two natives left him alone again he followed without demur. He had kept his eyes busy while the interview was in progress, and had noticed that the cavern was roofless or else the upper part was lost in the obscurity above. Another thing he observed was the indications of a large opening from the main cave, made apparent by sundry pieces of matting hanging from the walls at intervals. It was towards one of these he was now taken.

The chief paid no more attention to the matter, but walked back to his curtain and received the roll of paper from the natives scattered about pay him the greatest deference, some even saluting as he passed. When he had disappeared they turned their attention to the midly. It was plainly evident from their black looks that he need expect but little mercy from them should any thing happen. The only reason he could imagine for their peculiar hatred was the growing animosity felt towards all foreigners at that period.

His two guards were still with him, and, as they arrived before one of the mat curtains, they drew it aside and shoved him through an irregular shaped opening into what appeared to be a smaller cave. It was only while the matting remained up that he was able to see, so when the man let it fall again the midly was in total darkness.

He waited for a moment uncertain whether to move or not. The hum of many voices came faintly through the thick folds of the curtain behind him, and he was tempted to peep out, but on second thought he concluded not to; it was best to leave well enough alone for the present.

"Humph! this is hardly an experience for a naval officer," thought Lawrence grimly. "Now, if it was a pirate's den I might feel more at home, but a robber's retreat in the interior is rather out of my line and I beg to be excused. However, it won't need matters to remain standing here. I wonder if it is a smooth floor, or if pitfalls are waiting for the unwary? Pshaw! they wouldn't bring a fellow all this distance to tumble him down a hole."

He started to walk ahead, slowly and with the caution a man naturally exercises in darkness, even in familiar quarters. He placed one foot before the other and advanced with his arms outstretched, feeling his way. Presently his fingers touched the wall. It was of rock and rather damp, as if moisture had oozed through from some unknown source.

This afforded a means of guidance, and Lawrence proceeded with greater confidence. He had counted twenty steps; under other circumstances this would mean about forty feet, but taken as he had paced close together, it meant that the chamber was not more than six yards across. As yet he had encountered nothing save the bare wall and stone floor. At one place the dampness had increased so much that he could feel water trickling down in tiny streams.

"Not much encouragement this, for good health," he muttered to himself, smiling softly at the very idea of health in the home of violent deaths; then it amused him so much that he laughed aloud and the sound startled him. It was hollow and had with a peculiar echo, more like a groan than an outburst of merriment.

"Mighty queer, that!" exclaimed

Lawrence, feeling a creepy sensation at the roots of his hair. "My voice hasn't changed that much since I heard it last, surely. I wish I had a match. I would give fifty dollars for one little lucifer just now, but come to think of it, I haven't either. I'll bet the beggars stripped me as clean as a whistle. By Jove! the ciphers, I—"

A faint sound suddenly interrupted him—a sound of a short cough or gasp, and Lawrence stopped, instantly, astounded beyond measure. There was assumed one else in the cave!

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE MAN IN THE CAVE.

AT the unexpected noise, Lawrence instinctively crouched against the reeking sides, his hands ready for instant defense. For the greater part of a minute he remained motionless; then half thinking it was only imagination, he started to slide along the side, and Lawrence's feet very softly on the hard stone bottom, and listening with bated breath the while.

The cavern was so intensely dark that it was impossible for the midly to see his hand before him, as the phrase goes, and he felt his way with increased caution, keeping in touch with the side. Every few steps he would stop and move his left arm around as far as he could reach, but it encountered nothing as yet.

"This is getting monotonous," thought Lawrence, creeping a few feet away from the wall as an experiment. "I think the best plan is to make a noise and let the other fellow do the groping for a while."

Suiting the action to the word he coughed and waited. Not a sound broke the quiet. He tried it again, but he failed to induce any notice to the test by slapping his hands together. It had the desired effect, and in a most surprising manner. While the results of his own efforts were still echoing, a rustling noise came from close by, and a voice demanded in quick, startled tones: "Who—who is that?"

The words were uttered in English! Before Lawrence had time to many, the voice again rang out, this time in Chinese, and he heard a scrambling as if some person was hurrying away. The midly instantly concluded to answer and solve the mystery at once.

"Who are you?" he asked rapidly, and then, without waiting for a reply, added: "I am an American, brought here from Shanghai by these cowardly thieves and—"

He was interrupted by a sudden exclamation of joy and an invisible hand clasped him by the arm, and then the voice exclaimed: "Praise Heaven! It is one of my own nation. I am a prisoner, too; an old man waylaid and robbed near Changteh, and then confined in this den for more than a month. I am a tea merchant from Foo Chow. My name is Dalton."

"Dalton?"

"Yes; Julian Dalton, senior. I have a son in the American navy, on board the Benton. Do you know him?"

Lawrence was too astounded to answer. Dalton's father a prisoner in this cave! A captive in the hands of the Wong-si-ko band, and the son undoubtedly hand-in-hand with his captors! The dumfounded midly involuntarily uttered a prolonged whistle, and then a great feeling came over him, as if for the poor old man at his side; to be the parent of such a son and the victim of his avarice and greed. Lawrence was on the point of bursting out into a fierce denunciation of the ensign, inspired by honest indignation, but checked himself just in time. No; he must refrain, if only for the old man's sake.

"Yes; I know him," he said quietly, and, reaching for Mr. Dalton's hand, he grasped it with friendly warmth. "He is a shipmate of mine. I am a naval cadet of the Benton."

"Is that possible? When did you leave there? Oh, tell me, sir; where is my son? Is he still on board?"

The old man asked one question after another, and in his eagerness placed his arm around the midly's shoulder with an involuntary gesture. His voice was broken with the feebleness of old-age and recent hardships, and Lawrence felt his sympathy increasing with every passing moment. He resolved to be

guarded in his replies and not allow the father even to suspect his son's villainy.

"I left the Benton at Foo Chow a little over two weeks ago together with your son. We were bound on a secret mission to Peking. I was attacked by coolies in a side street of the bund at Shanghai while on shore with a friend, and was brought here as you see. I don't know whether your son went on or is searching for us."

Julian Dalton, so Chow over two weeks ago. Tell me, do you know whether he had received a letter from here? It was written here. It told him where I was and the ransom required; also full particulars how to proceed in paying the money. Oh! Mr. Coleman; what shall I do, what shall I do? The chief of this band told me to write it, and he sent a secret messenger to Foo Chow. He promised me that I would be released as soon as the money came, and now Julian has gone away. The old man broke down and wept. Lawrence felt his frame quivering with grief, and the hearted midly endeavored to sooth him with cheering words.

He could not hold out the hope that Ensign Dalton would get the letter now; that was manifestly impossible after telling the old man that his son had but since then I have e'en measured the hours. Now—

"Yes, yes," interrupted Lawrence hastily, fearing another outbreak of grief, "why I asked was, to find out whether you had been here long enough to learn anything about this cavern. I want to see just what chances we have for escape, for understand Mr. Dalton, we are not going to languish here, calmly waiting until the villains see fit to kill us. No, sire! If there is a hole large enough to crawl through, we must find that hole, and I am going to commence right now."

His masterful spirit awoke a responsive echo in the old man's breast, and he sprang to his feet and began pacing back and forth in the dark with a carelessness born of topical knowledge.

Just then voices sounded at the door leading into the other cavern, and the curtain was drawn to one side, sending a stream of light into the little cave. Lawrence looked up quickly, and then sprang to his feet with a cry of amazement.

(To be continued.)

## THINKING BY MACHINERY.

We sometimes wonder whether it will be necessary for our grandchildren to go through the agony of learning the multiplication table. There are so many mechanical aids to mathematical computations today that it does not seem to be a wild prediction to prophesy the invention of an instrument that will actually do our thinking for us. The New York Commercial Advertiser prints a description of a wonderful machine, called the comptograph, on which a patent has lately been granted:

By its means figures may be placed in tabular order, with the rapidity of ordinary typewriting, and their amount can at the same time be automatically added with absolute certainty. The machine is adapted to record and foot up eight columns of figures, and it can be made with even a capacity of ten columns. The first two columns are used for units and tens of cents, the next three for tens of cents, tens and hundreds of dollars, and the remaining three for units, tens and hundreds of thousands, the machine being thus adapted to all amounts under a million dollars.

The comptograph is an outgrowth of the comptometer, a universal figuring machine brought out not long ago, which was operated by keys and not by the pen. The comptograph prints lists or columns also items, and adds and automatically prints the answer beneath them at the same time. Besides its advantages in clearness and accuracy, it is said to enable an operator with very little practice to do as much work as can be done by two men in the ordinary way.

## HE KNEW HIS OWN MIND.

He was homely and tall, and sawnwood and sunburnt, and his clothes didn't fit him, and his hair had turned gray, and he had a habit of hanging loose to the sport of the winds, he had only fifty cents in money, and looked like a chronic stupid besides, but he applied for a marriage license with as much confidence as a dude going to marry a girl with a million dollars in her own right.

"What do you mean by you going to get married for?" asked the astonished clerk, sizing him up.

"For life, mister," he replied with such promptness and simplicity that the clerk handed the license over in a minute and forgot to collect the fee.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Heaven bless your mercy here, Mr. Dalton," he said cheerfully, "we will make the best of a bad job. I am satisfied, just for the present moment, to sit down and rest. I have had a pretty hard time of it during the last week. Been occupying private quarters on a junk for most of the time, and while an entire hold to myself, with a finely upholstered plank bed. You might think there are no virtues in such a couch, but I found a great many. For instance:





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#### THE ENLARGED ARGOSY.

THIS issue inaugurates an important change in THE ARGOSY—a change that enables us to give a much greater quantity of reading each week than has heretofore been published, and one that makes possible a better picturesque effect.

The management of this journal has been and is still in favor of small pages. The old size of THE ARGOSY (Volumes V and VI) was too large. It too nearly suggested the "flash" order of literature, and approached too closely to the "blanket sheet" for a weekly magazine of good character. THE ARGOSY in its smaller size was without objection on this point, but was hardly large enough for effective illustration. Moreover, the wide columns required large type, and large type meant less reading. The narrow columns of the present form enable us to publish in good, clear print, from twenty to thirty per cent more matter than the size we have just abandoned would carry satisfactorily.

The present size, in our opinion, retains the desirable features of the smaller form and avoids the objectionable newspaper appearance of the larger form.

In making this change we have sought to embody good taste with a more generous freightage of the best of reading.

Next week *The Argosy* will contain an article on RARE COINS—a subject in which many are deeply interested.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT WORDS.

THE common usage of certain words in our language is often an interesting subject for study. Take the terms "store" and "shop," for example, as employed in this country. When speaking of the place itself we always say "store," yet what we do there is "shopping," while the feminine clerks who wait on us are "shopgirls." Then, on the other hand, those who work in factories are frequently heard to speak about the "shop."

This is the word universally used for store in England, where candy is always "sweets," and where nobody would know what you meant if you asked for a spool of cotton. Our British cousins invariably refer to that useful article as a reel of thread.

Nobody would ever think of fixing his hair in London. In fact they never "fix" anything over there. The hair is always "done" or "brushed," while "arrange" serves every purpose for general usage.

Then supposing you were a ruddy cheeked British boy, riding a high wheeled bicycle along the pretty English lanes. You would not be possessed

with a fear of "taking a header." The only mischance to which a stone in the path could subject you would be "coming a cropper." But we may add that one is just as unpleasant as the other.

Crossing the Channel, an American may flatter himself that there is at least one French word of which he is certain; that is *depot*. But alas, he discovers immediately on his arrival that the term is never employed in France to mean anything but storehouse. Railway station is always *gare*. "Depot" for station is a monstrosity which we are glad to find is rapidly being put on the retired list in America, the only country where it was ever used in this way.

*The Argosy* will print from week to week special articles on popular subjects, which will embrace yachting, cycling, hunting, fishing, photography, football, cricket, and other kindred subjects, together with a series of papers entitled: HOW TO MAKE THINGS. This latter series will cover a wide range and will prove especially interesting to boys.

#### NO FOOLISHNESS ABOUT IT.

"NO foolishness about it," is what we said last week of the new heading to THE ARGOSY. We repeat the same statement this week, now that the heading appears for the first time on the title page of this journal. It is modern, graceful, simple. The lettering is firm and distinct, and is not hedged about by a lot of old time rubbish—symbols of one thing and another that do not count. All this sort of thing has gone by in modern art and decoration. Simplicity, dignity and grace are the things sought after by artists of the best rank, and these the new heading to THE ARGOSY has to perfection.

*Those who appreciate good press work, fine illustrations and the best of paper will pronounce The Argosy peerless. It is the prince of juvenile publications—always alive, always clean, always interesting.*

WE have received a communication from the Davis Boat & Oar Company, of Detroit, Michigan, announcing that Benjamin B. Thomas, of Pemberton, New Jersey, is the fortunate winner of the "Gift Launch," largely advertised in THE ARGOSY, he having guessed the exact weight of the boat, 1276 pounds.

*Mr. Alger's new story, which commences in this issue of The Argosy, is one of the best he has written since his famous RAGGED DICK appeared. The scenes are new and the action is rapid and spirited.*

#### A QUEER LIBRARY.

THE circulating library is a great institution. It enables persons of slender means, who could not afford to buy books, to become acquainted with the masterpieces of literature at a very trifling outlay, or, in many cases, for none at all.

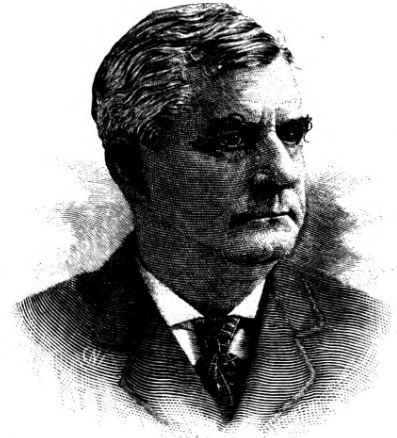
One of New York's most celebrated circulating libraries has recently moved into new and spacious quarters, and the Mercantile will now doubtless be one of the sights of the city. But the metropolis contains another circulating library that, to a certain class of students, is more interesting than one that might boast the original manuscripts of the world's most famous writers. This is the library of human bones in connection with the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Its shelves contain the articulated skeletons of a hundred and fifty human bodies. Students of the college are privileged to take out a "volume" or oblong cedar box containing portions they wish to study, after making a deposit of \$3.50, to insure the return of the circulating medium.

This is a library, one would say, that contained only tragedy, and yet to those who use it, the gruesome nature of these decidedly "original editions" probably never presents itself.

SETH L. MILLIKEN,

CONGRESSMAN FROM MAINE.

THE old Pinetree State of Maine, that has sent forth from her rocky borders so many of the men whose brains and energy have built up the fertile West, has not lacked for sons to uphold her fame at home and at the national capital. She has contributed to the country more than her share of men eminent in the highest ranks of public life. It is hardly necessary to specify the present Secretary of



SETH L. MILLIKEN.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington, D. C.

State as one who hails from Maine, and the name of the Speaker of the late Congress will also readily occur. And when we scan the list of the State's representatives in both branches of Congress, we find that its brevity is compensated by its quality. The practice of electing third rate men to first rate offices, too common in American politics, evidently does not obtain in Maine. She believes in sending to Washington her best equipped champions, and retaining at their posts those who have proved their ability to render efficient service. For four successive Congresses the Maine delegation has stood unchallenged, and this state of affairs may apparently continue indefinitely, for no change took place at the Congressional elections of last November. Messrs. Hale and Frye have been Senatorial colleagues since James G. Blaine and Hannibal Hamlin resigned in 1881. Mr. Reed has sat in the House of Representatives for the first Maine district since 1877, Mr. Dingley since 1881 for the second, and Captain Boutelle and Mr. Milliken since 1883 for the fourth and third respectively.

Of the last named we present herewith a portrait engraved from a recent photograph. His career, while not distinguished by the remarkable events or strange vicissitudes that have signalized those of many prominent Americans, is remarkable as an instance of steady promotion won by energy and merit, and as a proof of the fact that it is not necessary to go West in order to win success. Congressman Milliken has won honor in his own country and among his own people, for he was born in the district whose voters have five times elected him to represent them at Washington. His birth took place at Montville, in Waldo County, Maine, about fifty five years ago. He studied and graduated at Union College, Schenectady, New York. Then he read law, was admitted to the bar, and began to practice at Belfast, the old seaport at the mouth of the Penobscot River, and the chief city of his native county of Waldo.

Professional prominence led him into politics, and his fellow citizens elected him to the Maine Legislature. He served for two terms, and was then appointed clerk of the State Supreme Court. He was an early member of the Republican party, and has attended two of its national conventions as a delegate, besides acting as a Presidential elector. In 1882 he was nominated for the Forty Eighth Congress, was successful at the polls, and has been four times re-elected by majorities that have testified the continued confidence of his constituents by reaching the substantial average of about six thousand votes.



[This Story began in No. 453.]

## NORMAN BROOKE;

OR,

## BREASTING THE BREAKERS.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "My Mysterious Fortune," "Eric Dane," Etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

NORMAN BROOKE, whose father and mother died in his infancy, has been brought up by his uncle, Mr. James Adams, at the latter's home in Lynnhurst, near Boston. Norman is preparing to enter Harvard in the fall when his uncle, who has been traveling abroad for his health, is killed by a rail-road accident in Switzerland. After the funeral Norman ascertains from the family lawyer, Mr. Winkler, that Mr. Adams's business affairs are very much involved, and also learns for the first time that his own father had left nothing for him. It is arranged that Mrs. Adams and her daughter Edna go to live with the former's brother in Cincinnati, while Norman starts for New York to take a position obtained for him by Mr. Winkler with Angus Tick, dealer in toys and novelties.

On the Fall River boat he has rather a peculiar adventure with a young man, Dale Cameron, who, finding that Norman wants a boarding house, recommends one where he is himself staying in Forty Third Street. On reaching the office Norman finds that Mr. Tick expects a rather peculiar service of him—a sort of watch dog over the other clerks, who are all very young fellows. Mr. Tick sends him out to lunch with two of them—Larkin and Rich—who already begin to show their hostility to the new comer.

After rather a trying first day Norman goes up town to Mrs. Max's—the boarding house to which he has been recommended—where, a most cordial welcome is given to him by Cameron, who suggests a walk after dinner. They finish up with the Casino roof garden, where Norman declines to drink, but Cameron takes too much and has to be assisted home.

Norman has no night key, and while he is searching Cameron's pocket for one a hand is laid on his arm and a rough voice accosts him.

## CHAPTER X.

## A HUMILIATING EXPERIENCE.

I turned quickly to see who it was that had "nabbed" me, as he expressed it. I thought at first it was a policeman, but a second glance at the uniform revealed the fact that the fellow, who was a grand, swaggering sort of personage, must be a night watchman.

"Yes, I see you have 'nabbed' me," I replied, looking him full in the face in the glare of the street lamp that stood opposite the house. "And now will you be kind enough to tell me what you have 'nabbed' me for?"

After the first shock of feeling the fellow's hand on my shoulder, I had recovered my equanimity, and was disposed to assume the "high and mighty" role.

"Why, for goin' through the pocket of this poor young fellow, who's too far gone to help himself," responded the watchman, putting out the other hand to steady Cameron, who had begun to topple over sideways.

"This gentleman is a friend of mine, whom I have just assisted home," was my spirited rejoinder. "We both live here and I was feeling in his pockets for his latch key to open the door."

"What's the matter with using your own?" the man wanted to know.

"I didn't have any. I depended on liars."

"That's too thin a story to go without some proof. Let's see if 'this' knows you," and he proceeded to wake Cameron in no very gentle manner.

My very soul revolted from the whole proceeding, not so much from any fear for myself, as from disgust at Cam-

eron's condition. His eyes were closed and he appeared to be half asleep, so that it took considerable exertion on the part of the night guardian of the street to get him to look at me.

"I've half a mind to hand you both over to Pat and have you run in," muttered the irascible watchman. "Waker up here, you poor, weak minded dude!"

Could it be possible, I asked myself, that this pitiable looking creature, heavy eyed, his mustache drooping, his hat over one ear and his necktie under the other, could it be possible that this was the same fellow who had behaved so pleasantly to me under trying circumstances, who had presented a sewing machine to the mother of a new-boy, who—yes, whom the people at Mrs.

The next minute the policeman came up, and the watchman was starting in volubly to explain about the bold high-way robbery he had caught me in the act of committing, when the officer tilted Cameron's hat back and exclaimed: "Why, it's young Mr. Cameron. Don't you know him, Mike?"

"Never seen him afore, nor don't want to again," growled the other.

"That's so, he's been away a good deal lately since you've been on this beat. But it's all right, I guess. This must be a friend of his."

"He don't know his name, though," the watchman hastily interposed.

"Guess he don't know much of anything now," the officer responded with a smile. "He ought to be put to bed."

I was permitted to continue my search for the key, which I finally found at the end of Cameron's key chain, although first I was obliged to try several on the bunch while the officer and the watchman held him up between them.

"Thank you," I said to the officer, as I stepped inside.

"Shall I help you up stairs with him?" he inquired.

"No, I guess it will not be necessary," I rejoined, fearful we might meet some one, when the presence of the policeman would only make a bad matter worse.

"Well, good night, then; it's a shame such a fine young gentleman treats himself in this way," and the policeman closed both doors, leaving me in darkness.

Cameron had been stood up in the corner, and I feared he had gone to sleep there.

"Come, we must go up stairs," I said, putting out my hand and feeling for his wrist.

But there was no response, and when I took hold of his arm it was perfectly limp. It was plain that I must get him up to his room more through main strength than persuasion.

Fortunately, plenty of exercise, both in rowing, cycling, and in gymnasium work, had given me a good supply of muscle, so, putting my arm under his back, I bore him along as straight for the stairs as I could calculate in the gloom. Careful as I tried to be, his feet struck the lower step with a crash which echoed up through the silent house with ominous distinctness.

I waited stolidly for an instant, and then lifted the inert form to the next rise. And so, slowly I got my burden up the first flight, then stopped to wipe the perspiration from my brow. Then I took hold again for the next one, and finally succeeded in getting him into his room.

I shut the door softly, lit the gas, made sure the shutters were closed, and proceeded with my unwanted task of undressing a man. I was obliged to grit my teeth hard, and think as often as I could of that sewing machine episode to keep me from being savagely rough over the work.

I heaved a great sigh of relief when I had got him in bed, and, turning out the gas, went out to feel my way up to my own room. It was just one o'clock. No letter to my aunt that night. And what sort of news would it have carried had I written it?

## CHAPTER XI.

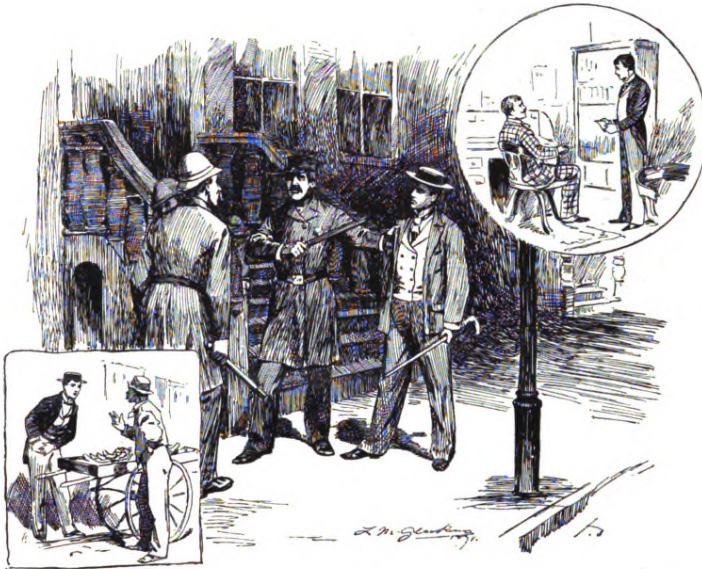
## AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY.

I WAS awakened the next morning by the heat, but, finding it was seven o'clock, decided it was time to get up.

"I wonder what time they have breakfast here?" was my next thought.

It would never do for me to arrive at the office late. I hurried into my clothes and went down stairs to investigate.

Just as I reached the parlor floor, one of the servants came out from the dining room and began to ring a bell.



"I CAUGHT HIM IN THE ACT OF GOING THROUGH THE OTHER FELLOW'S POCKETS," SAID THE WATCHMAN, POINTING AT ME WITH HIS CLUB.

Max's seemed to look upon with such disapproval, casting pitying glances at me for being seen in his company?

I understood all this now. "This could not have been the first time Cameron had come home under these conditions.

But now the watchman had succeeded in getting him to settle his gaze upon me for a moment.

"Do you know this young fellow?" he asked in his brutal tones.

Cameron fixed his eyes on me for an instant and then came out with: "What's your name?"

"That's enough," broke in the watchman, and stooping over he rapped on the pavement with his club.

"What would Fred and the Bridgewater, Aunt Louise and Edna say to this?" was the thought that flashed across me, as from the corner of Broadway I saw an officer come hurrying down toward us. Before he reached 107 a gentleman and lady walked past, and I noticed the latter shrink away as they passed the unpleasant group as formed, for Cameron had relapsed into a more maudlin state than ever, with his hat now tilted over his eyes, while the watchman stood there between us, with a hand on the arm of each.

"And then do you mean to say, Pat Demmah, that you'll go for to permit this young fellow to open the door with this Cameron's key and go in with him? He may go through the house before mornin', an' it'll be on your shoulders, remember, Pat, not on mine," and the watchman spat on the pavement in deep disgust.

"Hold on there, I'll fix this," and stepping into the arway, the policeman rapped on the basement window.

"Julia is that you?" he called out the next instant. "Put something on and come out an' tell us if this young man belongs here."

Something was said inside in response to this and then the officer went on:

"Yes, he's got light hair, a straw hat and a white vest. He belongs here then, does he?"

Another response from inside and then the policeman came back to us, after a "Good night to you, and much obliged, Julia," to the basement window.

"It's all right, Mike," he said to the watchman. "You blundered that time. Come, help me up the steps with Mr. Cameron, while the young gentleman opens the door."

"Is that for breakfast?" I inquired, as soon as the din ceased.

"No, it's not," she returned rather snappishly, and from the way in which she looked at me I think she must have been the girl whom the policeman had roused from sleep in the middle of the night.

"What time do you have breakfast?" I asked meekly.

"Eight o'clock," was the response, as the girl betook herself and the bell below stairs.

Here was an unpleasant condition of affairs. I had timed myself coming up the night before, and knew that it would require all of half an hour to go from Forty Third Street down to the Tick establishment in William Street. I must either go without my breakfast or get it outside. This was a point on which I had entirely forgotten to question Cameron.

At thought of him an involuntary shudder of disgust ran through me, succeeded by the reflection: "Ought I to stop at his room and inquire how he is this morning?"

But I felt that I could not bring myself to face the fellow just yet, so I turned and went up stairs for my hat, wondering where I could get my breakfast, and how much it would cost. Just as I was closing the front door on my way out, I glanced back at the dining room, and saw one of the boarders sitting at the table drinking his coffee.

"I believe that girl is down on me on account of my association with Cameron," was the thought that instantly struck me. "In any way, I'm not going to be imposed on."

Stepping inside again, I walked back and said: "I beg your pardon, but the girl told me I could not have breakfast till eight. I must be down town by half after, so I was just going out for mine."

"You have to order it special if you want it earlier," was the reply, as the fellow wiped his long mustache carefully, and favored me with a penetrating glance.

"Oh, thank you," I said, and hurried off, resolving to look further ahead the next time I leaped.

It was now nearly eight. I didn't see any restaurants around but those in hotels, which I knew would be high priced ones, so I bought a couple of bananas at a fruit stand and a doughnut at a sidewalk booth, and munched them as I hurried along across City Hall Park.

It was twenty minutes after eight when I reached the office. Archie Dorset was there; so was Mr. Tick.

"Oh, good morning, Brooke; warm day, isn't it?" was the latter's greeting. "But we generally manage to keep pretty cool in here."

There was a large pile of mail matter on my desk and I plunged into work with a sigh of relief. I wanted some thing to make me forget my night's experience and my up town prospects. What a whirligig fate is! It was only the previous day that I was looking forward to getting up town to make me forget my environment at the office.

"Hill I got the mail sorted, time went rapidly, but then began my troubles. There were all sorts of complaints about goods, some of which had been received in a smashed condition, others failed to prove what the receivers had expected, some people wanted to know if we couldn't let them have things at a discount, because they wanted to make a present to a lame child, and so on. It seemed as if my employer could not make a form that would fit all cases, and I went to him so often for instructions that I think he finally became rather impatient.

"Go ahead and use your judgment," he told me. "That's what I want you here for." So ahead I went, wondering if he would eventually hear of any blunders I might make.

Rich and I were both came in on time, and I could not help noticing that each favored me with rather a peculiar glance. I did not understand the meaning of this until Mr. Tick went out about eleven, when Larkin, after executing a short jig in the middle of the floor, remarked very audibly to Rich:

"I say, Phil, head doesn't look any larger today, does it? Must be used to it, I guess."

I imagined they were alluding to Mr. Tick and tried not to hear; but Rich's reply at once arrested my attention.

"Looks a little dragged down on left side. The other cove was bigger than

he and must have leaned pretty heavy. S'pose they take turns doing 'the pilotin' home act. It's this one's jag tonight."

Could it be possible that Rich and Larkin had seen me taking Cameron up Broadway? It was not at all unlikely, as it was New York's principal street. I felt the warm blood rushing to my face, and the realization that I was thus showing that the fellows' remarks struck home made me indignant with myself for showing my feelings, and this brought still more color to my cheeks.

"That would be a pretty story to tell Angus, wouldn't it?" went on Larkin.

"I should say so," laughed Rich, "Wonder how much it is worth to him not to have it told, eh, Phil?"

"We might make a neat thing out of it, Ned. What do you say to our trying it on?"

"All right. I'm with you."

"It's a go then."

The two now put their heads together and continued their talk in lowered tones. I tried to absorb my own work and ignore them, but I found this out of the question.

I was sure now that they had seen me the previous evening, and equally certain that they would endeavor to extort money from me as the price of their silence.

"Well, let them tell Mr. Tick," I said to myself at first. "I was doing nothing wrong myself."

On reflection, however, I could see that the knowledge of such an incident would give me a great drop in my employer's estimation. According to his own statement, one of the principal services he required of me was to inspire respect in the other members of the staff. He had known me only one day. Would he believe me if I told the story of my connection with Cameron just as it was?

It seemed that after all my up town and down town life were to become inextricably tangled up.

"Oh, thank you," I said, and hurried off, resolving to look further ahead the next time I leaped.

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"Looks a little dragged down on left side. The other cove was bigger than

you last night as Phil here, and I did, wouldn't he?"

"He couldn't have been any more surprised than I was myself," I rejoined, adding: "But if you don't mind, we will drop the subject."

A smile with a touch of triumph in it broke out over Larkin's face at these words.

"Then, I infer," he said, "that you would rather Mr. Tick did not know about it."

"Would you like him to hear about that little baseball episode of yours and Mr. Rich's in the office yesterday?"

I regretted saying this the instant it passed my lips. The incident had quite faded from my memory till Larkin's remark recalled it to me, and it seemed at the instant such a pat rejoinder that I spoke it out without further thought.

A change instantly came over the faces of both the fellows, and Rich exclaimed:

"I think, Mr. Brooke, your offense is a much more serious one."

"More offensive?" I repeated, for seeing I was in for it, I made up my mind to learn the worst at once. "Just what do you mean by using the term 'offense'?"

"Do you pretend to tell us," Rich rejoined, "that you do not imagine Mr. Tick would regard it as an offense for one of his clerks to be seen going through the street at midnight intoxicated?"

"I was not aware of the fact that such a thing happened," was my retort. "Mr. Tick," I added, with a tinge of sarcasm I could not resist. "I confess I did not see yourself and Mr. Larkin, so am unable—"

"Do you mean to insult us, Brooke?" exclaimed Rich, bending over the table towards me excitedly and suppressing his tones with difficulty.

Larkin was enjoying the thing hugely, sitting there with a broad grin on his face.

"I mean no more than you and your friend here meant with reference to myself," I said. "But my own mistake can't see at what you are driving? You think that I committed an indiscretion last night, of which I am ashamed, and that you can make something out of it by getting me to bribe you to keep it from Mr. Tick. But you have mistaken your man. You can tell Mr. Tick just as soon as you like, and by way of encouragement you to do so, I will add that I would scorn to mention to him that incident of the broken glass. I merely brought it up for purposes of comparison."

So saying, I took my knife and fork and proceeded to eat my lunch as if I had no companions at table.

Larkin and Rich seemed rather taken aback at this stand on my part. As I looked at it then it seemed to me as if Mr. Tick would set down any story they might get up against me to spite on their part at having me placed over them as a sort of inspector, and that in the end it might do me more good than harm by making it impossible for me ever to get on intimate terms with the two.

Lunch proceeded in silence for a little while; then Larkin said in a friendly tone, and as if the subject of last evening's adventure had never been broached:

"I say, Brooke, who was that with you last night? I've seen him around town once or twice before. He looks as if he was pretty well fixed."

"He's an acquaintance of mine up town," I answered shortly.

Larkin said "Ah!" and then once more conversation languished.

Rich seemed to be offended and looked sulky. He said not a word on the way back, although Larkin tried to draw him into conversation two or three times. When we reached the office Mr. Tick was there and looked very grave when we entered.

"How do you come it, Brooke," he said, when I took my seat, "that you three went out and left Dorset here alone?"

"Mr. Larkin told me it was your request, sir," I replied. "You know we went together yesterday."

"Was here then," besides yesterday and today, are altogether different. I am very much displeased. Be kind enough to see that it does not occur again," and Mr. Tick turned to resume the letter he was writing after casting a severe look at each one of us in the office.

On his way to the table he would only tell now. I thought! My employer was evidently under the impression that we were getting too "chummy."

The afternoon was fearfully hot, and to one whose mind was as much perturbed as mine was, the heat seemed more than ordinarily oppressive. I felt that I had made a bad beginning all around, and the future looked very dubious.

About half past four Mr. Tick closed his desk and announced that he was going home. With a "Good night" that was the coldest thing that had struck the office that day, he had gone out and the girls soon had shut behind him, when Rich made a rush into the hall.

He was gone some time, and when he came back, Mr. Tick was with him. The bookkeeper returned to his desk, and the proprietor came straight up to me.

"Brooke," he said, "will you be kind enough to step in my private office for a moment?"

This was a little room at the back, seldom used. I rose with alacrity, and followed my employer inside. I felt that Rich had told, and looked forward to the atmosphere being cleared as the outer atmosphere by a thorough airing. You can imagine, then, how astounded I was when Mr. Tick took out a roll of money from his pocket, counted out two one dollar bills and a two dollar note and handed them to me.

"Here Mr. Brooke," he said, "is your salary for the two days you have been here. I shall not require your services any longer."

There was a fearful pause then. Mr. Tick was evidently waiting for me to say something, but I was so completely taken by surprise that I could make no movement of hand, tongue or foot for an instant. The click of Archie Dorset's typewriter came with the distinctness of a trip hammer through the closed door, and I never heard the sound now without recalling that memorable interview.

The silence was at last broken by Mr. Tick himself.

"I supposed," he said, "from Mr. Winkler's recommendation, that I was securing a person who would maintain the office at night, but after the performance of last night, I cannot hope to see my wishes realized. You may go without waiting for the regular closing hour," and without another word Mr. Tick walked off, leaving the door of the private office open for me to follow.

(To be continued.)

#### SHEEPISH STUPIDITY.

THE GERMANS have a term for a stupid person, which, literally translated, means "head of a sheep." So that where we would call a blunderer a donkey, they would call him a *schaafkopf*. As when only one can interview characteristics of sheep, the simile seems very apt.

No animal that walks on four legs is as big a fool as a sheep, according to a sheep raiser, who says in the *San Francisco Argonaut*:

"We have to watch them every minute, and if vigilance is relaxed for an instant the entire flock is likely to practically commit suicide. If caught in a storm they could make no shelter before the wind and die of cold and exposure rather than move one hundred yards to windward to obtain shelter in their corral. To drive sheep against the wind is absolutely impossible. I once lost over one thousand head because I could not drive them to a corral not two hundred feet away. In the corral they are still more foolish. If a storm comes up they all move 'down wind,' until stopped by the fence. Then begins the proceeding so much dreaded by sheepmen, known as 'gilling.' The sheep will climb over each other's backs until they are heaped up ten feet high. Of course, all those at the bottom are smothered. Not one has sense enough to seek shelter under the lee of the fence, as a horse or a dog would do. Again, if a sheep gets into a quicksand, its fate is sealed, for it does not know how to get out after, but the whole flock will follow its leader to destruction. No more exasperatingly stupid brute than a sheep walks."

#### EXPENSIVE FUMES.

A GENTLEMAN traveling in Sweden asked the rich of smoked salmon.

"One dollar and a half," replied the clerk.

"What does fresh salmon bring?" he inquired, in wonder.

"About thirty cents a pound at retail."

"And what is labor worth in the smokeries?"

"Something like twenty five cents a day, I believe, sir."

"Then," said the traveler, "I smoke must be very dear here."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A LITTLE girl in a Boston suburb ran gleefully for her mother one day a few weeks ago and exclaimed:

"Oh, mama! I've just been 'pointed' thermometer at school!"—*Boston Times.*



## FRIENDS.

The setting sun's last light  
With rozier colors blends;  
The whole world's glad tonight—  
Mary and I are friends!

We quarrel—I can't tell  
Just why—but now that ends;  
We're friends—well that depends;  
For us two to be friends.

So now we're friends to stay;  
At least we'll not depend;  
One of these days we may  
Be something more than friends.  
R. H. T.

[This story began in Number 45.]

## THE DEERSKIN TALISMAN.

A TALE OF MEXICAN TREASURE.

BY GILBERT CAMPBELL.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

BOB AND ARTHUR SEDGWICK have come from New England with their father, a prominent ranchman of northern Mexico, to wash for gold, the failure of a bank at home having ruined Sedgewick of most of his means. They have had fair success in their search, but have made some enemies among the trappers, some of whom have conspired to kill the boy and his father. The boys have friends in the mining community near which they live, among them Lopes, Tigrero, and Halfung. Then Arthur has once befriended a dying Indian, who has told him of the treasure and of the chiefs of the tribes from which he was descended, the Caciques of the Aztecs, and given him a piece of deerskin which contains symbols that will not only guide him to the Indian city, but will insure him a safe return with the treasure. So Bob and Arthur set out, accompanied by a pack mule.

After various adventures they reach the St. Jacinto river and make a discovery. The old trapper man has been murdered, and from a scroll that he holds clutched in his hand the boys are convinced that the treasure is hidden in the hills of Cifuentes—one of the villains who killed their father. They determine to search for the assassins, and to this end Joe and Lopes consent to cross to the other side of the stream and beat about for the trappers, while Bob and Arthur do the same where they are.

The ferry is operated by a rope, and the two have scarcely embarked on the ferryman. Bob discovers an old watch on it, which he places in his pocket for safekeeping. Later they are attacked by a savage dog, who breaks the chain and they are killed by Arthur to save their lives.

When evening closes in and they can elude their enemies, they start south on their journey, but have not gone far when they are overtaken by a troop of Mexican Lancers, who are on the trail of the murderer of old Gomez. A boy has been seen Bob takes the watch from the dead body and the blood of the dog, that has spotted their clothes, and evidence against them. They are carried before the Alcalde, where both boys lose all patience at the injustice done them, and then the Alcalde and they all give both prepare to stand on the defensive.

## CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

## BEFORE THE ALCALDE.

IT was a critical moment, for, wild with passion, the Alcalde motioned to the Lancers, who formed the escort, to fall upon the brothers; and assuredly blood would have been shed had not a man, whose clothes were covered with dust, and whose face showed marks of the deepest excitement, burst into the court, almost overturning the lieutenant in doing so.

"Justice, Senor Alcalde! justice!" panted he.

"You know justice can always be obtained here," answered the Alcalde, stiffly. "But tell me why you burst into the court and disturb its deliberations like this?"

"There has been a diabolical murder committed at the ferry of the St. Jacinto," cried the man, "and I have come to denounce the murderers!"

"Ha, ha!" replied the Alcalde, rubbing his hands, "more corroborative evidence! Did you see the young villains actually commit the murder?"

"What young villains?" asked the newcomer, with a face of genuine astonishment.

"Why, these, the prisoners here, are the murderers of Pedro Gomez," answered the Alcalde.

"Your honor is mistaken. I saw poor Pedro Gomez stabbed by Cifuentes, a noted picaro, and afterwards brutally scalped by a man called Halfung Simon, to make believe that the deed was done by Indians."

"Are you sure of what you state?" exclaimed the bewildered Alcalde: "or is it a plot to defeat the ends of justice? And yet I seem to know your face."

"To be sure your worship does. I am Carlos Martinez, and have owned a hacienda here for the last twelve years—ever since the death of my Uncle Tomaso," returned the man.

"And you saw Pedro Gomez murdered?"

"As plainly as I see your honorable worship. I was on the other side of the river, and saw the two men ride up to Gomez, who was sitting outside his house smoking; and after a few words, Cifuentes, whom I knew well by sight, stabbed him, and then Simon scalped him. I had to make a long round to get to Caiman's Ford, and then came on straight to tell your worship of the deed."

"Then these young men are innocent of killing Gomez today?"

"Evidently, since I saw him murdered yesterday," was the reply.

"Young men," said the Alcalde with an air of intense severity, "you are discharged. Be more careful for the future, and do not let me see you before me again."

But the lieutenant was desirous of hearing more, and it was soon arranged that steps should be taken to try and secure the murderers. Meanwhile the boys were free to leave if they would, a note of their destination being made in case of their being needed later on for give evidence.

Before the interview was over the lieutenant, who proved after all not at all a bad fellow, stepped forward.

"Senor," said he to Bob, "I confess that I have not acted rightly in this matter. There is nothing derogatory in making such a confession, and I beg that you will offer my excuses to your brother for the rude and unbecoming manner in which I behaved towards him."

As soon as Bob heard this frank explanation he glanced towards his brother with a meaning look. Arthur was not slow in taking the hint, and springing forward, grasped the lieutenant's hand with a warm pressure, and in a moment a reconciliation was established. After a brief leave taking, Bob and Arthur mounted their horses, driving those of Joe and Lopes, together with the pack mule, before them, and set out upon their sad mission to the rapids of the St. Jacinto.

## CHAPTER XV.

## A FIRST CHECK.

BUT in spite of the energetic search that the boys made for some distance upon both sides of the river, they could find no trace of their late comrades, and it was with heavy hearts that they were compelled to come to the conclusion that some deep pool far down the river held the bodies of Indian Joe and Lopes the Tigero.

"We can do no more for them," said Bob sadly, as once more he turned his eyes towards the river; "we have searched every possible place; but the St. Jacinto, I fear, holds the key to the secret."

"I fear so too," replied his brother mournfully. "Are you ready to return to our quest for the treasure?"

"I am," was the answer. "Let us consult your old Indian scroul, and see how near we are to their country."

Arthur produced the piece of deerskin from his bosom.

"We have not gone far out of our way," said he, musingly. "Look here," pointing as he spoke to a wavy red line which crossed a broad blue one. "The trail is plain enough."

"To you it may be," answered Bob,

with a laugh; "but, frankly, to me it only looks like a collection of colored threads without sense or meaning."

"Well, you must trust to me," replied Arthur. "We must cross the hacienda—we can easily do that below the rapids—and strike into the hills, keeping due west; and unless my reading of this Indian map fails me, we are not far from the city of the Cacique."

That night the brothers pitched their camp far in the interior of the mountains that lay beyond the river. It was a wild and desolate region, and the wolves, excited by the scent of the horses, prowled about the camp in great numbers, and rendered valorous by hunger, occasionally made a dash forward, but the brightly blazing fires which the boys took good care to keep up, terrified them, while an occasional shot from Bob's rifle effectually cooled their courage; and though the horses quivered and trembled as they heard the fierce howls of the brutes, they were all safe when daylight dawned.

After a hasty meal, the boys continued their course of exploration, Arthur looking more and more anxious, and carefully consulting his map as they slowly advanced into wilder and more inaccessible parts of the mountains.

"Are you sure of your way?" asked Bob.

"Tolerably," was the reply. "On turning this corner we ought to come into an open basin in the hills, surrounded on all sides but one with high mountains. On the open side a broad valley leads to a lake, round which the city is built."

"But it seems strange," objected Bob, "that a city of the kind you mention should be in existence, and yet be unknown."

"Not so unknown as you fancy; the Apaches know it well; but the warlike character of its inhabitants has kept their marauding parties from venturing to attack it, while among the trappers the golden city of the Cacique is a subject that is frequently discussed by the campfires."

"Well," answered Bob, "we shall soon see how correct your guide is, so let us push on."

The boys accomplished another mile in silence.

"Here is the basin," said Arthur, "and here the hills that surround it."

"Yes, yes, that is plain," rejoined Bob; "but where, my boy, is the broad valley leading to the lake, around which the city is built, for it seems to me that we are shut in here upon all sides."

Arthur looked round and round him, then consulted his deerskin guide, and at last broke out:

"All seems as it should be," cried he, "except the valley, and that has disappeared. Where can the mistake lie?"

"That hill of loose stone seems pretty well to fill up the place where your valley ought to be," replied Bob.

"I have it!" cried Arthur, as though inspired by a sudden idea. "There has been a convulsion of nature; the hills have fallen and closed up the valley."

"And your lake and city, Arthur?" asked Bob, with a smile.

"Are upon the other side of the mountains," replied Arthur calmly.

"Then there they must remain for me," answered Bob. "I haven't got the wings of an eagle to soar over them, and I don't believe even the feet of a goat would enable me to scale them."

"I am quite of your opinion," said Arthur; "but, Bob, there is another way of getting over the difficulty of these mountains than by climbing over them."

"And what may that be, my philosphical brother?"

"Going round them," was the reply.

"True, that may be done," said Bob,

after a moment's consideration; "but we may have to go many miles before we turn the flank of a range of hills like this."

"I think that as this egress has been allowed to remain closed, the inhabitants of the city must have had an equally convenient one close at hand, and so we may not have such a long search after all," observed Arthur.

"Yes; you may be right there," answered his brother, "if the same convulsion of nature that brought down the mountains did not overwhelm the city as well. However, the thing is feasible. What do you propose?"

"To return out of the basin the way that we came in, to take one of the larger ravines to the right and try to work round; but, as we may be some days in the mountains, and the stores of provisions is getting scanty, I think we ought to do a little hunting before we resume our search."

"So we will," answered Bob; "I have seen lots of traces of mountain sheep, and two miles back there is wood and water. Let us pitch our camp there and make all ready for a fresh start."

Turning their backs on the basin, the boys returned to the spot that they had selected; but here an unfortunate accident occurred—Arthur slipped upon a round stone, and he fell, spraining his ankle so severely that, though he made every effort, he found it impossible to put his foot to the ground.

"Never mind, my boy," cried Bob cheerily; "cold water will see you all right in a day or two, and one gun is quite enough to pick up a few mountain sheep."

Accordingly next morning Arthur was left to take care of the camp and nurse his sprain; while Bob, shouldering his rifle, left the spot, waving his brother a gay farewell as he disappeared from his sight.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## A COLD EMBRACE.

LONG after his brother's departure Arthur sat musing before the log fire, and an contemplating the deerskin scroll which he had drawn from his bosom, and occasionally wetting it in a pannikin of water that stood by his side a linen rag, which he applied to his swollen ankle. Then his eyes wandered to the tops of the lofty mountains by which the camp was surrounded, and about the summits of which the flocks of birds of prey could be seen circling, but at such a height that it was impossible to say whether they were the common bald headed eagle or the giant condor, which is occasionally met with in these regions.

The little rock rabbits, utterly unscared by Arthur's presence, were playing about on the sides of the slope some thirty yards off, now popping into their holes and again reappearing, then sitting on their hindquarters and brushing their faces with their forepaws, and winding up all by a grand race round after each other, which was generally concluded by some of them falling head over heels.

"Pretty little creatures!" said Arthur. "It would be a sin to disturb them, they are so tame; besides, Bob is sure to bring in something good. Oh, dear, I wish this wretched ankle were not so painful!"

And he again applied the cooling fluid to his sprain.

"Hullo!" exclaimed he, "what is the matter with my little friends? They are running like mad! Oh, I see," continued he, "and they have good cause for their alarm."

For there, crawling painfully and slowly over the rocks, he saw the hideous form of a huge rattlesnake, quite five feet long, its slimy spotted scales glittering in the sun. There was a look of anger in its sparkling eyes, and the forked tongue which protruded from its jaws quivered and vibrated with every movement that it made.

"I could polish you off, my friend, easily enough," thought Arthur; "but the last snake I shot brought me rather ill luck—at any rate, I'll bide a bit for my gun is in the tent, and it is no joke crawling so far with my lame leg."

All the rabbits had now disappeared, though from their burrows an occa-

sional sharp nose might be seen peering out at the common enemy. But the snake did not seem to pay much attention to what was going on. Selecting a sunny spot, he coiled himself up, and to all appearance seemed to go off to sleep, though the attentive observer could notice that the cunning eyes were still intently engaged in watching the burrows in which the rabbits had taken refuge.

But the bunnies did not remain long concealed. Finding that their dreaded enemy took no aggressive measures, they ventured out of their lurking places, and began to play about as merrily as ever.

In the midst of their gambols some of them approached within a few yards of the snake.

At an instant, as though moved by a spring, the head of the snake rose; all the rabbits took to flight, except one, who, perched upon a fragment of rock, seemed to meet the full gaze of the reptile.

To vain the little animal endeavored to bound away; its trembling limbs appeared to refuse to perform their office, its eyes dilated with terror, and it remained quivering and motionless, as though rooted to the spot.

The whole body of the snake seemed to inflate; it uttered a sharp hiss, and made a slight movement towards its intended victim. The unhappy rabbit uttered a wailing cry, and, with a convulsive movement, seemed even to come a few inches nearer to its merciless enemy. Then the head of the snake moved so quickly that the stroke of the rabbit was hardly visible. But it was enough, for the poor little creature at once fell on its side, and, after a few feeble kicks, remained perfectly motionless. Then the serpent seized its head and began to swallow its victim.

"Nasty bit that the stroke is," said yet I suppose I ought not to interfere. It is only the question of supply and demand; but really these snakes are so hideous to look at, that no wonder one's fingers itch to put an end to them. But what is the matter with Master Rattle-snake? He has dropped his prey, and appears anxious to make off."

"In truth, the snake had hurriedly disgorged that portion of the rabbit which he had half swallowed, and was making his way with all speed to an adjacent fissure in the rock."

"There is no animal that can have frightened him!" cried Arthur, looking to the right and left; "and no eagle or bird of prey," he added, glancing upwards. "What ever can have induced him to make off like that? At any rate, where is the snake?" "As he spoke the end of the rattlesnake's tail disappeared in the fissure.

"Well, that is mysterious!" said the boy. "And, now that the adventure is over, I think I will turn into the tent and take a nap."

He turned upon his hands and knees with the intention of carrying out his design, when a spectacle met his eyes which brought him to an instant pause.

Crawling noiselessly along the ground between himself and the tent, in which every weapon was stored, was an immense rock snake some sixteen feet in length. The eyes of this monster were gleaming with anger, and Arthur at once remembered that the rock snake is rather partial to devouring the rattlesnake, utterly regardless of the latter's poisoned fangs. The attentive boy perceived the approach of his enemy, and had taken refuge in timely flight, while the rock snake, enraged at the escape of his intended victim, was advancing rapidly in the direct line where Arthur lay.

"There seemed no escape for the boy; his gun was far from him, his sprained ankle prevented him from flying; besides, the snake was too close to give him a chance of escape. In utter terror he mechanically raised his arms, breathing a silent prayer, and the movement seemed to irritate the great serpent, which, making a rapid forward movement, seized Arthur's shoulders with his formidable teeth, and in another instant had wrapped his cold, slimy coils tightly round the body of the sinking boy. With one dread cry he died; it became insensible, and the monster piled coil upon coil until the form of his victim was hardly visible.

(To be continued.)

### THE BRAVEST MAN.

A BALL ROOM BALLAD.

He looked so handsome, proud and brave  
As he stood there straight and tall,  
With his steadfast eyes so gray, so grave,  
The beau of the Hunt Club ball.

Ah me! Full many a white breast sighed  
For the favor in his hand—  
For the love of a heart so true, so tried  
For life—you understand.

He looked a hero—he was more,  
A martyr, too, perchance,  
For he went to the oldest girl on the floor  
And led her out to dance.

### A HERO BY ACCIDENT.

BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

I WAS a tenderfoot, and I couldn't help it. Time and experience are the only remedies for such a case, and I was trusting to them to bring me out all right before very long.

Meanwhile, I was doing my best. I had been but three weeks at my uncle's ranch in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and my knowledge of the wild and woolly West was still limited, though rapidly expanding. I had not acquired the cowboys' skill in riding bucking bronchos, throwing lariats, and performing wonderful feats of marksmanship with rifle and revolver. But, as I said before, I was doing my best. I learned much from my uncle, and much from his cattle-men, who were always ready to give me useful hints, not unmingled with good natured chaff and an occasional practical joke, which I was well enough to take in good part.

Still, practical jokes are never very pleasant to their victim, and I was rather glad to get a timely warning from gray haired Hank Parsons, the oldest of my uncle's cowboys, of one that two of the men had planned for my benefit.

"Forewarned is forearmed," youngster," said Hank, "an' I'm tellin' ye this to give ye a chance to turn the joke back on Tom Payne and Jack Rose. It'll sarve 'em good an' right, for it ain't hardly fair to give ye such a scare as I just happened to turn 'em half dead." Then, looking around to make sure that there was no one within earshot, the old cowboy told me that Tom and Jack, who were two of the youngest and wildest of the ranch hands, had to ride the next day to the military post at Fort Jackson, to reach the fort on a rough and wooded tract of country, to carry a message from my uncle in relation to a supply of meat that he had contracted to furnish. They were going to invite me to ride with them, knowing that I was always ready for such an expedition.

When I reached the fort an' were out of sight of it on our way back, their plan was that one of them should fall behind on some pretext, to come galloping after us with an alarm of hostile Indians. Then there would be a wild ride for the ranch, with simulated panic on the part of the two cowboys, and a real terror on mine, which they expected to find very amusing. My uncle's homestead reached, the truth would be explained, to my further discomfiture.

Forewarned is forearmed, as old Hank Parsons said, and you may be sure that I thanked him for the information he had given me. It put me in a position to turn the laugh upon them most effectually, and of course I was not sorry to get the chance. I owed Tom and Jack something of the sort for one or two occasions when they had played me, and Hank, who cherished the opinion that "them young fellers" were "a bit too fresh, any way," seemed to be as pleased as I was at the opportunity of getting even with them.

I felt a strong inclination to smile when Tom Payne approached me a little later and unceremoniously addressed me with:

"Say, sonny, do you want to go with us to Fort Jackson tomorrow? It'll be a long, rough ride—just the kind you'll enjoy."

Without noticing the intended slur upon my powers of endurance, I simply replied:

"All right, I'll go. What time do you start?"

Half past five, sharp, for it's a whole day's work to get to the fort and back.

"I'll be on hand," I said briefly, and turned away lest I might unwittingly betray the fact that I knew the object of Tom's desire for my company.

It was barely daylight the next morning when we hastily swallowed our breakfast of bacon and cornbread in the ranch kitchen, and went out to the corral for our horses. We had them bridled in no time, and headed them along the trail to the fort at an easy gait. They were three good horses, too. They were not exactly like the sleek beauties that draw the millionaire's carriage in the park of some Eastern city, or the graceful fliers that carry his colors to victory on the race track, but they were good horses nevertheless—a hand higher than most of the Western bronchos, speedy, strong and willing, with the sure foot of a mule, and the endurance, almost, of a camel. Tom's and Jack's were brown, mine—for my uncle had given him to me—was a gray.

We kept steadily onward without a halt until we had passed beyond the furthest limits of the ranch. For the first part of the way there was a tolerably good road, as roads went in that section; then the trail led over wooded hills, wound through stretches of broken, rocky outcrops, and crossed a succession of small gulches with precipitous sides, between which mountain streams flowed along narrow, swampy valleys. Sometimes the trail was clearly marked, and then again it became so indistinct that a tenderfoot could hardly have followed it. But Jack and Tom were familiar with the route, and went ahead without the slightest hesitation.

We halted for a short rest and a drink of clear, cold water in one of the ravines we had to cross, about two hours after leaving the ranch. Hank had already been little chance for conversation, but Tom Payne took advantage of this opportunity to ask the cheerful question:

"Ain't this the place where Bill Davis was murdered by the Utes three years ago last April?"

"Forewarned," was addressed to Jack Rose, but I felt sure it was intended for my benefit, being designed to work me up into a proper state of mind for the springing upon me of the Indian scare. Indeed, I had a strong suspicion that Bill Davis and his tragic death had been invented for the occasion by the ingenious Tom. I had certainly heard nothing of it during my sojourn at the ranch.

"Do you suppose there's any fear of our running up against any hostiles to-morrow?" I asked, to draw the veracious Jack out.

"H'm—no, I guess not," he replied slowly, "but as I said, ye never kin tell—ye never kin tell."

We remounted and rode on toward the fort, which we reached before noon. The incident occurring during the mark our ride. Leaving our horses in the stables, we walked to the officers' quarters, where the cowboys delivered my uncle's message and received a reply. By half past one we had started homeward, and ten minutes later we reached the fort beyond a wide, clear range of hills that rose above it on the east. The trail here was a fairly good road, which had been built by the soldiers to facilitate getting supplies from the railroad, a dozen miles away to the southeast. Our route to the ranch diverged to the northeast a couple of miles from the fort.

We were not far from the point where we should have to turn from the road to follow the rough trail over the hills, when Tom slackened his speed as we approached the top of the range, and then he pulled up and dismounted, shouting to us as he did so:

"You two fellers keep right ahead. Monarch acts as though there was somethin' the matter with his foot. I'm just goin' to look at it, an' then I'll be right at ye, you."

Jack was of course expecting something of the sort. So was I, and with an "All right!" we rode on at moderate speed, which we gradually reduced to a walk as the minutes passed and Tom did not reappear. I began to think that I ought to be really be disabled, and had just suggested that we should turn back, or at least wait for him, when he came around a bend in the trail behind us, galloping at top speed, and with an expression of terror on his face which, though I knew what was coming, surprised me by its realism. I had rather thought that Tom could play a part so well.

As soon as he came in sight he made frantic signals to us to ride on. I was

determined, however, to give the cowboys no possible opportunity to accuse me of showing the white feather. It is easy to be brave, you see, when you know that there is really nothing to be afraid of. So I reined up Owlface and held him in until Tom was within a few yards of us.

"It's Injuns!" he cried excitedly.

"Get along there, you young idiot! Ride for yer life if you ever want to take yer scalp back to the ranch!"

I was singularly calm and collected in so alarming a situation.

"Indians!" I said. "Well, what of it? Let's go back and fight them. We ought to be able to hold our own against a few miserable Utes."

"Why, you're crazy!" gasped Tom, reining up for an instant. "There's seven of 'em, with guns, an' we haven't got a rifle with us! Come on!"

And as he came alongside of me he caught wildly at my reins, and gave them a jerk that sent them flying out of my hand and started Owlface off at a gallop. As for me, I first nearly fell off backward over my horse's head, and then, recovering myself, I lurched forward and clutched his neck, making desperate efforts to get hold of the reins again.

I succeeded after a while, and the first thing I did was to bring Owlface down to a stop.

"Don't be so dead scared," I shouted to Tom. "I wouldn't lose my wits, even if there are a few Utes around!"

"Come on, you young idiot!" was Tom's breathless and uncomplimentary reply. "Ow's goin' to wait for you." The two cowboys were playing their part well. I never saw such a good imitation of a panic as their flight. But of course I was not deceived. Thanks to Hank Parsons' warning, they could not frighten me. I laughed aloud as I brought Owlface to a stop, and I found out that after all I did not know so much about the way as I might. I discovered that I was on a part of the road where I had never been before. I must have passed the point where our trail turned away from the ranch.

Being thoroughly satisfied of my mistake, I turned around and walked Owlface back, carefully searching the right hand side of the road for the signs that would show where Tom and Jack had left it. I expected to find the marks of the horses' feet upon the ground.

In another moment I heard the sound of hoofs, and I was on the point of hailing the riders, whom I concluded to be the cowboys, when I saw a sight that fairly struck me dumb with amazement and alarm.

Twenty yards ahead of me, but almost hidden from view by the thick foliage that bordered and overhung the narrow road, was a party of mounted Indians coming toward me at a gallop.

It was not a joke after all. It was the deadliest and grimmest sort of earnest. Tom Payne had really seen pursuing Utes.

I gave myself up for lost. I could not even turn to fly. Every muscle in my body was paralyzed, and that alone was my salvation. I kept perfectly still, and Owlface stood as motionless as a wooden image. The Indians turned abruptly and struck off into the woods without seeing me. They were no doubt in hot pursuit of Tom and Jack, who had turned off at that point on their way to the ranch.

This was a terrible turn to the situation. I had no time to reflect upon my luck in having escaped the keen eyes of the Indians. It was time to act, and I lost no time in hesitation.

The Indians were scarcely out of sight when I started Owlface at a gallop toward the fort. I flew over the ground at top speed, and it was not half an hour later when I was back again with a squad of troopers—twenty-five picked men, with a captain in command. We turned into the ranch trail and followed it at the very best pace that the nature of the ground allowed.

We were about half way to the ranch when we suddenly popped right on to the Utes, who were gathered in a little hollow, with their two prisoners—for



they had just overhauled Tom and Jack. They were as thoroughly surprised at our appearance as were the two cowboys, who had no entertainment, the slightest hope of rescue, and had resigned themselves to the unpleasant fate that they fully expected. They had felt sure that I had been overtaken and killed by the savages.

Every one of the Indians was nabbed and marched back to the fort, while Tom and Jack and I continued on our way to the ranch, rejoicing at our narrow escape.

Well, that was the last practical joke that Tom Payne and Jack Rose ever tried to play on me. They had a good deal to say about what they called my pluck, and so had my uncle, and indeed, every one that heard the story; but my own opinion is that the part I played in the adventure was nothing remarkable. If I was a hero at all, I was a hero by accident.

ONE IN A THOUSAND.

BY G. K. WHITMORE.

"YES, they're all going to be there—Nan, and the two Fargo girls, Jo Wadsworth—and oh, we'll just have a glorious time!" and Louise Alley looked up from the trunk she was packing, her dark eyes shining with anticipated joy.

"Well, you certainly deserve some fun if any one ever did," rejoined her friend, May Stillman, fanning herself vigorously with a paper novel, "making a martyr of yourself stewed up here in town half the summer. Here, let me help you shut the trunk," and May, who was by no means a slyph, promptly sat on the lid till the hasp clicked in the lock.

Mr. and Mrs. Alley had been spending June and July abroad, the trip having been undertaken by the doctor's orders for Mrs. Alley's health. But it was out of the question to take Bess, who was just five, and if she stayed behind, Louise must stay too, and as the house had to be kept open for Fred, who was in business down town, the three lived there for the two months together.

And now the travelers had returned, and Louise was on the eve of departing with her brother and May Stillman for a fortnight's stay in the Adirondacks. They were to leave by the night boat that very day, and when May left to go home and finish her own packing, Louise turned to and helped her mother with hers, for the rest of the family were going off at three to Long Branch.

It was a busy time, but everything was a labor of love with Louise, for was not every moment of packing and carrying to the joys that lay before her up in the north woods, where so many of her friends were already gathered, eagerly expecting her?

At last the Long Branch party were got off and Louise had gone up to her room to put on her traveling dress. But just as she took it from the hook the front door bell rang.

"Who can that be?" she said to herself. "I wonder if mother has forgotten something and sent back for it."

She slipped into the hall and leaned over the balustrade as Delia answered the summons.

"Does Mrs. Alley live here?"

It was a woman's voice that asked the question, a high keyed voice that Louise did not recognize. Then, on Delia's replying that it was Mrs. Alley's home, but that the lady herself was away, the visitor went on:

"Yes, I know, but Miss Louise is in, isn't she? She is the one I want to see."

Louise, hearing this, nearly lost her balance and went head first over the baluster. A strange woman inquiring for her; and at such a time!

She stepped hurriedly back into her room and glanced at the clock on the mantel. It was ten minutes to four. May was to call for her with the carriage at five. She must contrive in some way to get through with her caller within the next ten minutes. There were so many "last things" to be done.

But now Delia appeared with the message:

"Please, miss," she said, "there's an old lady down stairs who wants to see you. She didn't send up her name because she says you expected her."

"Expected her?" Louise repeated the words mechanically. "Why, I don't ex-

pect anybody but Miss May. You're sure, Delia, it is not she, up to some of her tricks?"

"Oh no, miss," responded the girl. "She's a sure enough old person, and she seems kind o' feeble. Her bag was pretty heavy for the likes o' her to be carryin'."

"Her bag!" gasped Louise. "Is she a book agent?"

"No, miss. I think not. She's been travelin' in from the country. I take it, an' looks clean beat out."

"Well, I will go down at once and see

quired the way an' come over in the cars by myself. But I'm most tuckered out. Can I go right up to my room? If I lie down for a spell I'd feel better."

Her room! She had come to stay then. Louise was utterly bewildered. Matters must be straightened out at once.

"I'm very sorry," she began, "but—but I think you must have mistaken the house. Was it Mrs. Theodore Alley you came to see?"

The old lady, who had half risen from

stairs, where Louise applied restoratives, and presently she opened her eyes and looked about the daintily furnished room inquiringly.

"Is it all right, my dear?" she said feebly.

"Yes, Aunt Abby, but you must lie quiet for a while, and try and get some rest. I will darken the room and come back soon, and I want to find you asleep."

"You are very kind, so like your mother," and the old lady's eyes followed the fair young girl out of the room.

And Louise? With lips still compressed she hurried back into the library, trying to feel that the struggle was all over, and that right had triumphed.

"The girls will be horribly disappointed, I suppose," she thought, "and May—"

Here the silver chiming of the tall hall clock striking the quarter after four warned her that if she wanted to keep May from stopping for her she must send a note at once.

"I'll write to her first. If she comes here and finds I'm not going, there'll be a scene, I know," soliloquized Louise, as she pulled down the handle of the messenger call. "But how shall I keep her from it?"

An instant's thought, and then she hurried on into the library, seized paper and pen, and, not taking time to sit down, dashed off the following:

DEAR MAY:  
Don't stop for me. Explanations at boat.  
Yours,  
LOUISE.

"There, I hope that isn't unjustifiable deception," and scribbling off the address, Louise sealed the envelope and called to Delia to give it to the messenger, who had just appeared.

Then she rang for another boy and sat down to write her note of explanation to Fred. This dispatched, she tiptoed into her own room, saw that Aunt Abby was sleeping, and then went into her mother's apartments and sat down by the window.

The whole thing had come about so quickly that she scarcely realized yet what she had done, and kept thinking she was wasting precious minutes when it was now nearly five and her traveling dress still hanging on its peg in the closet.

The sound of carriage wheels suddenly stopping startled her. Had May come after all, and must the battle be fought all over again?

No, it was at the Dryers' opposite. The girls were going away. There came the trunks down the stoop, then the good byes in the doorway and the fluttering of handkerchiefs from the carriage window till it turned into the avenue at the corner.

A lump rose in Louise's throat. "It seems hard, almost cruel when I stayed here in New York those two months, looking—"

But here she interrupted her own thoughts resolutely.

"No, the hard and cruel part would be for me to send that well meaning soul back, when she had come all this distance just to keep me company. It isn't her fault that the letter went astray. All I must do is to keep her from knowing."

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An extract from a letter written in October by May Stillman to Nan Van Wagenen:

I've the greatest piece of news for you. You remember how Louise Alley disappointed me all so dreadfully by staying away from Saranac last summer, because a great aunt she'd never seen before came to visit her? Well—no, the great aunt hasn't died and left her a fortune, or even promised to mention her in her will, but she *did* give Louise a mine she has taken for a bad debt when she was out in Dakota.

And now somebody has discovered that the Louise Mine, as they call it, is a regular little bonanza. Louise wanted to give it back then, but Miss Moorehead wouldn't hear of it. She's found out how Louise's what Lou gave up when she stayed home that time, and declares that Louise Alley is one girl of a thousand. Well, she is, besides being a girl with several thousands now.



LOUISE HAD DECIDED THE QUESTION, AND HASTILY DASHED OFF A NOTE TO HER FRIEND MAY.

what she wants. The expressman has come for the trunk, has I e, Delia?"

Louise paused for an instant with her hand on the door, racking her brain to try and gain some glimmering as to the identity of the person awaiting her in the parlor, some person who had said that she was expected.

"It's some one who knows the rest of the family are away too," she mused, but this fact did not enlighten her in the least, and finally she went down, still mystified.

Nor was she any wiser when she entered the drawing room and beheld a little old lady seated on the sofa. The top of her head could surely come no higher than Louise's shoulder, her face was yellowish and wrinkled with age, and her gown was of black and severely plain.

Louise was certain she had never seen her before. Her surprise, therefore, may be imagined when the caller rose to her feet, and, coming quickly toward her, reached up on tiptoe and kissed her on the forehead.

"I'd have known you anywhere, my dear," she said, "from your resemblance to your mother."

"Yes, but—but—"

And here Louise paused. The old lady, whose face, when one came to look at it closely, had a certain sweetness of expression, seemed so confident that she was known that the young girl felt as though it would be almost like striking her to say that she had not the remotest idea who she was.

"I looked for you over at the station," went on the stranger, pulling Louise down to a seat beside her on the sofa, and gently smoothing with her wrinkled fingers the fair ones she still held; "an' I waited some time. Then I thought somethin' might have kept you, so I in-

her seat, now fell back again with a little gasp.

"Mistake?" she repeated. "There can't be any, can there, when you're Louise Alley? Didn't you get my letter?"

"I beg your pardon," said poor Louise, beginning to grow very nervous, "I don't know who you are."

"Then you didn't get my letter!" exclaimed the old lady promptly. "Praps I ought to have fixed it different, but I'm Abby Moorehead."

"Oh, mother's Aunt Abby!" exclaimed Louise, putting her hands out instinctively. "—I thought you were out in Dakota."

"So I was, my child, but I got back this spring and was sick a long time up at my brother's, in New Hampshire."

"But how did you know where we were?" inquired Louise. "We've only lived here two years."

"That's what I'm going to tell you," went on Miss Moorehead. "It all came about so queerly. You see the railroad to the White Mountains runs through Conman, and two weeks ago there was an accident, and a passenger came to Timothy's for linen to bind up the wounds, an' if it wasn't Albert Bond."

"Oh yes," broke in Louise. "He's a very old friend of mother's."

But at this point the old lady's body swayed to one side, and Louise sprang up and caught her in her arms. She was as she had expressed it, "clean tuckered out," and was now on the verge of a swoon.

Louise reached behind her and pulled the bell, and presently Delia appeared, the picture of amazement.

"Here, help me up to my room with Miss Moorehead," and Louise, with compressed lips, gently put her arm around the old lady's back.

Between them they got her up the



## THE STORY OF A DAY'S SPORT—IN THREE SHORT CHAPTERS.



I.—THE BEAR, 10 A. M.



II.—THE HUNTSMAN, 10 A. M.

## SOME TYPE SETTING TO BE REMEMBERED.

VERY rapidly now men who were intimately connected with the formative period of our history as a nation are passing off from life's stage. In an obituary notice of Samuel Sands, who recently died in Baltimore in his ninety second year, the Boston *Transcript* mentions an interesting fact in connection with his early career.

When a printer boy in the office of the *Baltimore American* in 1814, he put into type, fresh from the author's hands, the song of "The Star Spangled Banner." Left alone in the office on account of his youth when the other hands went into the trenches on the attack by the British on the city, he put the stirring poem into print in the shape of a broadside, which, in patriotic ardor, he distributed throughout the city with little idea of the value and popularity the song would afterward attain.

## A LIGHTNING CHANGE.

We print the following item, from the *Central Nevadaian*, not with the idea of inspiring our readers with the desire to go West and do like, —for it is a million chances to one that they would really fare, not likewise, but otherwise, but with a view of proving that fiction does not hold a monopoly on marvelously swift transitions in fortune.

Simon Wenban had run the Garrison tunnel at great expense, and was left a poor man, owing his creditors \$25,000. There was not a pound of ore in sight whereby the debt might be paid. As a last resort, with a forlorn hope after the mine had been closed, Wenban drilled a hole in the hanging wall and blasted out a huge piece of rock, which he found to be almost a solid block of metal and part of an immense vein which had been paralleled hundreds of feet. This fortunate fall effected a sudden change that seldom fails to the lot of man. It was Wenban, the poor man, the laborer, before that blast was fired; it was Simon Wenban, the millionaire, but a second thereafter. The first month's run of his little mill gave him \$30,000, and ever since he has grown more wealthy.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT "NEWS."

NEVER was so much attention paid to the news of the day as at the present time. Thousands of dollars are spent daily to secure it in its freshest and most palatable shape. This being the case, the derivation of the little word "news" itself is sure to be a matter of interest.

The Chicago *Herald* asserts that the statement, recently going the rounds of the press, to the effect that "news" owes its origin to the initials letters of the four points of the compass, is wholly imaginary, and goes on to say:

The prosaic truth is that "news" is a substantive formed of the adjective "new," which is literally now. News, as it is, is now. "News" was spelled originally "newes," which quite disposes of its adaptation to the four points of the compass. In middle English it was also pronounced in two syllables. It is the French *nouvelles*, the Latin *novus*, the sound of the v being that of our w. It has closely related kin in all modern languages, running back to the Greek and Sanskrit, which is *nuh* or *nu*, our English now. "News" and "novels" were at one time the same thing.

## PATRIOTIC PICTURE MAKERS.

THE ARGOSY is constantly in receipt of queries regarding the origin of things. Everybody likes to know history, whether he enjoys studying it or not. Here are a few interesting facts culled from a recent issue of *The Christian Union*:

The first printing press in this country was set up in Harvard in 1639, and Mr. W. Lewis Fraser, the artist lecturer finds that the first American-made illustration appeared in Tully's almanac of Boston in 1698. Increase Mather's "Ichabod," published in 1703, contained an

American copper plate portrait, and from 1720, books were regularly illustrated in this country by American workmen. Mr. Fraser says he has every reason to believe that Benjamin Franklin was an engraver either on wood or type metal. If that is so, then three men who figured conspicuously in the Revolutionary war were illustrators. Paul Revere was a copper plate engraver. Isaiah Thomas, the printer, who distinguished himself at Lexington, was another, and Benjamin Franklin was the third.

## WHY WAR WILL END.

IT seems odd to predict that a certain thing will cease to exist because of improvements that have been made in it. And yet that is the fate that is prophesied for the art of war. Walter Besant, the English novelist, in writing of the perfection to which modern military science has been brought, takes a peep into the future, and says, in a letter to the *Philadelphia Times*: "Then suddenly, without any warning, the whole of the armed camp of the world will melt away; the soldiers will lay down their arms; the armies will cease to be. Why? Because the long looked for invention will at last be made. It will consist of a little instrument, no bigger than a rifle, by which one man—even a child—will be able to annihilate a whole army, lay in ashes a whole town. War under such circumstances will be ridiculous. Everybody will make haste to disband; the sword shall be turned into a sickle; every nation will lay in a stock of the Universal Destroyer, and a Peace-Smiling Peace—will return to the world, never to leave it again."

## DUE TO THE BLUE PENCIL.

Nor everybody thinks he can paint a picture or play the violin, but it certainly seems as if nearly all think they can write for the papers. But practice and training are as necessary in this art as in any other, and simply because the implements—pen and paper—are always at hand, it does not follow that all that remains is to plunge in and go ahead. Some very good advice for beginners is quoted (and commented on) by the *Philadelphia Times*:

"In newspaper work the great rule is to begin at the beginning and stop at the end; use the kernel of your subject and throw the shell away."

That rule should not be restricted to newspaper work; it is as broad as literature itself. There was a time when "padding" was tolerated, even liked, perhaps, by some readers, but wonderful progress has been made in literary workmanship, and the more concise and pointed the writing now, the more favor it finds. This improvement in "style" is largely due to the blue pencil of the modern editor, a little implement that is used with more and more freedom and with more of condensation is more and more appreciated.

## THE GREAT ATLANTIC ROBBERY.

We trust that those of our readers who live on the Atlantic seaboard will not allow ourselves to be kept awake at night worrying over the facts which are printed below. There will still be plenty of room on our "boundless" continent for them and their descendants when the deep sea rolls where today the lofty walls of our cities' business palaces rear themselves. But here are the facts, as presented by the *Washington Star*:

If all the water in the Atlantic ocean were dried up, you would perhaps be surprised to observe that the eastern edge of the great land mass which we call the North American Continent is not the present beach line at all. You would see that the continent itself extends far out into the ocean, a distance varying from 50 to 150 miles. Once upon a time this terrace was all above the water; the east shore of the continent had very different shape; there was a deep sea close to the coast, and the localities where now are situated New York, Philadelphia and Boston, were far inland. Gradually this great terrace has sunk, so that ships are sailing over what was a few thousands of years ago dry land. So short a time, from a geologi-

cal point of view, has been required to effect this change, that the beds of the Hudson, the Potomac and other great streams are still deep channels cut out of the terrace, a sufficient period not having elapsed for filling them up with detritus.

The process by which this was accomplished is steadily and progressively going on. Each year the Atlantic shore line—and the same is true of the Gulf coast—is farther westward by an average distance of a rod. For each century there is a loss of one third of a mile to the edge of the continent. How long is it going to be at this rate before the Eastern coastal plain of the United States is submerged beneath the ocean, together with all its populace, cities, and fertile fields? These plains, originally fashioned by the sea, the ocean is reclaiming for its own. Its octopus arms are seizing them in their embrace, and, day by day, month by month, year by year, generation by generation, the monster is creeping further and further inland. Its power is too great for puny man to resist successfully; he can only slowly retreat before the invasion.

## TREASURES IN WASTE BASKETS.

WE heard the other day of a family whose male members had preserved the high hats worn by each of them for fifty years back. As the haters aim to change the style at least once in twelve months you can imagine that the present accumulation comprises a most motley assemblage of headgear, ranging from the long haired heaver of the Fifties to the tapering crowned tile of last season. Such an assortment of relics of the past, while they are provocative of much amusement and are interesting in their way, fall far below in real value such a collection of newspaper extracts as has been made by a janitor in Philadelphia, a colored man named Cathcart.

The *Leifer* of that city, in an article on the subject, states that for nearly thirty five years he has been using his shears industriously, and as a reward he has today 182 volumes unbound, containing between 150 and 200 pages each, and 86 volumes handsomely bound in half leather, some folio in size, and others having quite 400 pages, all comprised of newspaper cuttings. Cathcart called himself the original "Great scrap book maker," and all the bound volumes in his newspaper library are stamped with his name and the initial letters "G. S. B. M." To obtain an idea of the number of extracts in the library, I may take for instance, the three volumes on China and Japan, which are composed of 1,000 cuttings. Among these there is a full account of the arrival of the first Japanese Embassy in Philadelphia, in 1860, an event which at that time created unusual interest.

Almost all the papers which he uses have been picked out of the waste baskets in the offices of which he is the custodian.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

E. M. H., Toledo, O. No premium on the cent of 1863.

E. J. M. A. S. L., Worcester, Mass. No premium on the dime of 1835.

YOUNG SURVIVOR, New York City. Tompkins Square contains nearly fourteen acres.

A READER, San Francisco, Cal. Your question is not clear. What do you mean by "our little book?"

H. P. T., Portsmouth, N. H. An Irish penny or halfpenny of George II. It may be worth a small premium; apply to dealers.

H. R. H., Pittsburgh, Pa. In good condition the silver three cent piece of 1866 is worth 25 cents; that of 1863, 30 cents.

A. J. F., New York City. 1. "He-plays by ear," not "air," is the correct expression. 2. Hayti is pronounced as though spelled Haytee.

Geo. V. Cox, 255 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., would like to purchase Nos. 284, 310, 311 and 312 of THE ARGOSY, issues out of print at this office.

G. T., New York City. During the winter season night sessions are held in many of the public schools, where instruction in the common English branches can be obtained.

ANY Chicago boy wishing to join the Drexel Cadets, should apply any Monday or Tuesday evenings to Captain State, corner 43d St. and Drexel Boulevard. Height required, 5 feet.

G. K. T., Columbianna, Co. You can obtain information about admission to the training ships from an article entitled "Life on the New Hampshire," published in THE ARGOSY—Nos. 354-355—price ten cents each.

J. A. C., Maywood, N. J. Some periodicals pay contributors according to a fixed standard, so much per thousand words. Others, among them THE ARGOSY, base their payments on the intrinsic value of each article.

J. A. C., Ansonia, Conn. Your question is a revival in a slightly different form of the old problem about the man and the squirrel. Yes, certainly the man goes around the monkey, even if he sees only one side of him.

R. B. H. The photograph outfit is given to one who secures for THE ARGOSY a new subscriber, not a news stand purchaser. The one who sends in the subscription may himself be a news stand purchaser, however.

Brooklyn, N. Y. You can get information about admission to West Point, together with other interesting facts about the Academy there, in Chapter VIII of Lieut. Hamilton's book "Our Young Soldiers," which we will mail you on receipt of the price—25 cents.

W. A. S., Kansas City, Mo. Most decidedly it is not good English to use the expression, "It is them." They is the proper pronoun. 2. We can recommend nothing that will produce a dreamless sleep unless possibly extreme exhaustion before going to bed will do it.

W. DE W., Prairie Depot, O. You can obtain Vols. VII or VIII of THE ARGOSY at this office, either bound or unbound, for \$2. We have but a few copies left of bound Vol. IV, and the price has therefore been raised to \$10. When sent by express the cost is paid by the receiver.

J. E. P., Long Beach, Me. 1. There is no fixed standard for the length of serials, but as you want to know "what is the least number of chapters a story can have to be a full length serial," we will say that in THE ARGOSY editorial rooms a thirty six chapter serial is regarded as the shortest of the full length variety. 2. Yes, it is most indubitably true that tigers do not climb trees, and for a very good reason—they cannot. 3. The seven wonders of the ancient world were the pyramids of Egypt, the Pharos of Alexandria, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the statue of the Olympian Jupiter, the mausoleum of Artemis, and the Colossus of Rhodes. The serial by Alger begins in the present number, and we expect to start Graydon and Stratemeyer stories in the near future.



III.—THE HUNT, 11 A. M.

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ON THE OCEAN.

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CAPTAIN—"Commercial? I don't understand; do you mean the trade winds?"  
MRS. SHODDY—"Yes, but 'trade' sounds so vulgar."

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### INSULATED.

WAGGS—"We had a terrible thunder storm as I came up in the train this afternoon."  
WOODEN—"Weren't you afraid of the lightning?"  
WAGGS—"No, I got behind a brakeman."  
WOODEN—"Behind a brakeman? What earthly good did that do?"  
WAGGS—"Why, he was not a conductor."—*Boston Courier.*

### AN APPARENT SUFFICIENCY.

CALLER—"Your train ran into my wagon at the crossing; killed my two horses, smashed the wagon, killed my wife, and used me up generally. Now, I want damages."  
URBANE OFFICIAL—"Want damages! Why, man alive, I should think you had enough damages to last you a lifetime!"—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

"MAMA, may I go sailing with Mr. Guyrope?"  
"I am afraid, my darling, that you may catch cold."  
"Oh, no, mama, there is not a particle of breeze blowing!"—*Puck.*

SINGING with one's work not only lightens but sweetens it," observes a magazine philosopher. This must be why that cheerful rascal, the mosquito, is willing to work overtime o' nights, instead of going to sleep with the rest of creation.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

### INDICATIONS OF FROST.

YOUNG SHANGHAI—"Good morning, Miss Plymouth Rock. I think we will have a fine day."  
MISS PLYMOUTH ROCK (haughtily)—"Pardon me, sir; but I cannot converse with you, as you do not belong to our set."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

### AN EXAMPLE OF HIS PROGRESS.

In a letter to an American friend, a French gentleman of some literary note in his own country says that he is learning English by the aid of a small text book and a dictionary, without any other instructor, and he adds: "In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come at the America and to go on the scaffold to lecture."—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

### SAVED.

"The water here is more than 400 feet deep," said the oarsman casually.  
"Mercy!" exclaimed the timid lady of the party, "and we can't any of us swim. Do, for Heaven's sake, let us get nearer the shore."  
"The water here is only twenty feet deep," said the oarsman a few minutes later, and the timid lady of the party exclaimed: "Thank Heaven, we are safe!"—*Somerville Journal.*

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Gibson (calling on Miss Westcott)—"Where is Miss Dickey? I thought she was visiting you."  
Miss Westcott—"She will be down after a while. She is looking for her collar button."—*Puck.*

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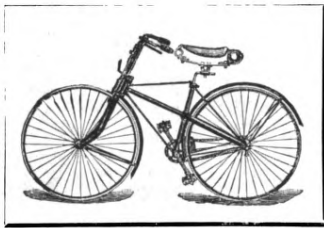
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