

THE ARGOSY

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The Phantom Horse of the Terai.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

"SO you are going into the Terai, are you? Well, I wish you luck—and a safe return." As he said this Brown shrugged his shoulders and glanced at me in such a peculiar manner that my curiosity was instantly aroused.

Brown was our quartermaster, and he had been stationed so long in India that he knew pretty

much all that was worth knowing—especially concerning that vast extent of jungle and morass which borders the range of the Himalaya mountains and is commonly known as the Terai. The place had an evil reputation—principally for fevers and dampness—but it was infested with large game of every sort, and for that reason Captain Lamson and I had determined on a shooting trip and obtained a week's leave of absence. We were new to this part of the country, and eager to explore a region whose chief charm was mystery.

"What is the matter with the Terai, Brown?" I asked. "It is not by any means healthy, I know, but I don't suppose a few days of it will hurt a fellow. We take plenty of quinine with us, of course. And then the shooting—every one says it is the best hunting ground in India."

"So it is," replied Brown. "Everything that goes on four legs is to be found there—tigers, elephants, bears, panthers, and deer."

"What is there to be afraid of then—do you mean the wild animals? I don't suppose they are more ferocious in the Terai than any place else."

"Did you ever hear of the phantom horse?" replied Brown, solemnly. "If you catch a glimpse of that animal I'll warrant you'll come out of the Terai a good deal faster than you went in."

"A phantom horse!" I exclaimed, sharply. "Nonsense! I don't believe in any such stuff as that."

"You may change your mind before you get back," said Brown. "The animal has been seen more than once and always at night. It dashes through the jungle at breakneck speed, saddled and bridled, but without a rider. Bullets have no effect on it—at least that's what they say."

"Who say so?" I demanded. "Have you ever seen it yourself, Brown? Come, tell me all about it. I'm beginning to be interested."

"I haven't time now," he replied. "I must go down to Dinapore on an errand. Wait until I come back this evening."

He turned away chucking to himself, and as I saw his broad shoulders shaking I concluded at once that he had been trying to quiz me. Not caring to be made an object of ridicule to the whole regiment I said nothing to any one of the phantom horse, and in fact quite forgot the matter in the bustle of preparation.

Something must have detained Brown, for he

Paltu did not share in our merriment. He squatted close to the fire, throwing terrified glances into the darkness on either side, and when we inquired if he had ever heard of the phantom horse his teeth chattered so badly that we could not understand what he was saying.

We put this down to sheer terror, for the natives are naturally superstitious and ready to take fright at the slightest provocation.

Well, the night passed without any alarm—though Paltu did not sleep much, I fancy—and at dawn we were off for a day's sport.

Our success was not quite what we anticipated, for beyond a futile glimpse of a tiger the big game kept well out of the way.

Late in the afternoon Lamson shot a small animal of the deer species and soon afterward we made a camp for the night. The locality was a good one—an open glade in the center of a thick bamboo jungle. The ground was carpeted with matted reeds and we cut a great heap of these for bedding. We built our fire beside a pool of cold water and feasted royally on broiled venison.

We were in high spirits that night—full of bright anticipation for the morrow despite our recent ill luck. Even Patu was content and free from alarm. After gorging himself to the throat he rolled over and went to sleep on the reeds. Lamson and I smoked a pipe or two, gathered a heap of fire wood, and then followed his example, leaving Job Skillet to

mount guard—for his was the first watch.

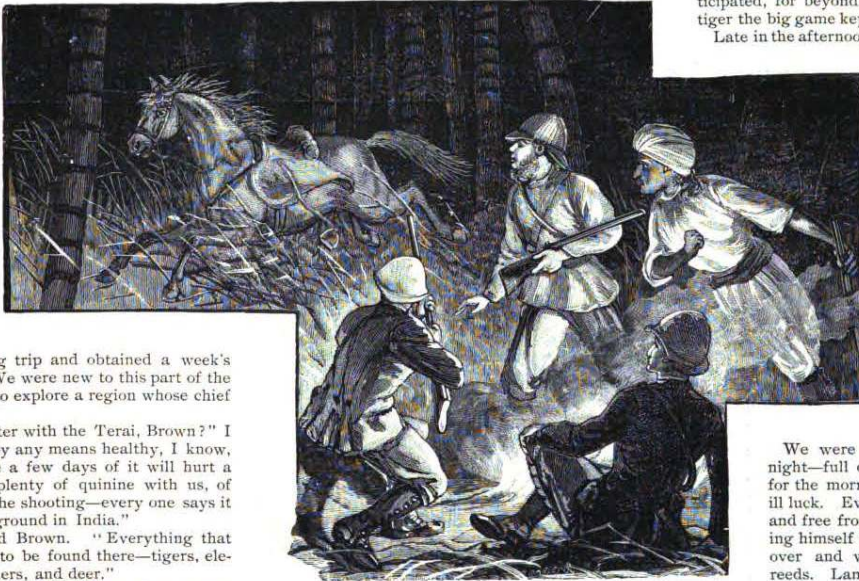
How long we slept I don't know, but my dreams were suddenly interrupted by a rude shake, and when I rose drowsily to my feet I found Lamson and Skillet peering into the gloom, each with rifle in hand.

"What's wrong?" I demanded half angrily, for it is no pleasant thing to be roused from a sound sleep in the middle of the night.

Lamson raised a warning finger.

"Listen!" he said. "Do you hear that?"

I was wide awake instantly and as I picked up the rifle that lay by my side, I heard a dull pounding noise, and finally, mingled with it, a crashing of reeds, as though some great animal was dashing through the jungle.



A WHITE HORSE PLUNGED MADLY INTO THE OPEN GLADE.

did not come back that night, and bright and early on the following morning our little party started away from the cantonment. It comprised, in addition to myself, Captain Lamson, his servant Job Skillet, and a native guide, Paltu by name. We traveled on foot, as horses would have been a hindrance rather than a help, and when sunset came we were far into the Terai.

That first night we encamped on a bit of firm ground almost surrounded by a canebrake swamp, and when we were gathered about the campfire after supper, smoking our pipes, I related Brown's story of the phantom horse to my companions. They were vastly amused, of course, and Brown's ears would have tingled sharply had he been there to hear our conversation.

"It must be an elephant," whispered Lamson, "a but—" A louder and nearer came the sound. Paltu woke up and crept close to us for protection. Skillet dashed a bunch of reeds on the fire and the flames blazed high, throwing a red glow into the jungle. We fixed our eyes on the spot whence the noise seemed to come, and waited with cocked weapons. The clump of bamboos shivered as though tossed by a wind. Then they broke apart and a horse plunged madly into the open glade—a huge white horse with an empty saddle on his back and the stirrups clattering against his belly. "The phantom horse!" yelled Skillet. He dropped his rifle and his face turned deathly pale. Paltu uttered a howl of fright, and falling down on the reeds, thrust his head as far under them as it would go. This ostrich-like performance would have been ludicrous at any other time, but we were in no mood for laughing then.

The horse galloped swiftly across the glade and disappeared in the jungle. The crashing of the reeds grew fainter and at last died away.

"What does this mean?" said Lamson huskily. "Was that a real horse or not?" I did not know how to answer him. To tell the truth I was in doubt. What could a live horse be doing here in the depths of the Terai, and why would it flee madly through the forest unless some wild beast were in pursuit? Job Skillet, shared my feelings. "It's a phantom horse sure enough," he muttered with chattering teeth.

Lamson took a few steps forward and bent over the ground.

"Would a phantom horse leave hoof-marks behind him?" he exclaimed incredulously. "Could it break down the reeds, make racket enough to wake the dead? That horse was just as much alive as I am, and I'll stake my best rifle that his rider is lying somewhere in the jungle, dead or injured." Lamson's Skillet was more than half convinced. Skillet and myself, and we began to feel ashamed of our ghostly fears. Strangely enough this new theory received startling confirmation at that moment. From some remote corner of the jungle echoed a faint cry, more human than savage in its accents.

"What did I tell you?" cried Lamson, triumphantly. "That settles the phantom theory. Some one is in peril, and we must try to help him. Who will go with me?"

"I will," volunteered Skillet. "I'm not afraid of a living fellow, but I draw the line at ghosts."

Skillet was really a brave fellow. He had seen service in many of England's little wars—Zululand, Burma, and the like.

I was quite willing to accompany Lamson of his own accord, but he insisted all sorts of misfortunes, and tried hard to alter our determination. He still believed the horse to be a ghostly visitant, and the cry in the jungle a supernatural trick to lure us to destruction.

"Very well," said Lamson, "if you won't come we will leave you here."

This dire threat speedily altered Paltu's mind. He choked down his fears, and even consented to act as torch bearer.

We started off at once. We shouted several times as this brought no response were dependent upon the path left by the horse, which our torch made sufficiently plain.

We trudged on for half an hour, now waist deep in mud and water, now tangled in cane thickets. Serpents hissed and fiery eyes glared at us from the shadows, but the blazing torch kept all dangerous intruders at a respectful distance.

Sometimes we lost the path, and found it again with great difficulty.

The object of our quest was apparently as yet almighty as ever when we gained a stretch of unusually firm ground covered with fairly heavy timber, and strewn with big rocks.

We moved forward very cautiously, and Lamson and I, who were in the lead, discovered at the same moment the embers of a fire sparkling dully at the base of a high rock.

We involuntarily halted, and just that instant a voice from somewhere overhead called in a loud whisper:

"Look out! Look out!"

Before we could recover from our sur-

prise at this unexpected hail, a terrific sound like the blowing of a great trumpet, echoed through the forest, and with a great smashing of undergrowth a ponderous elephant dashed at us from the right, with his gleaming white tusks uplifted and his little eyes sparkling with fury.

This apparition was even more dreadful than the phantom horse, for we knew it to be a "rogue" elephant, the most dreaded beast in existence. It was so close as to give us no time to fire. We fled in every direction, Paltu dropping the torch as he ran. Chance led my footsteps to the big rock previously mentioned, and with a few scrambling leaps I was on the summit.

A sonorous blast warned me that the elephant was in close pursuit, and for a moment I felt sick with horror, for my rifle was on the ground and the rock was not high. The big rock ten feet above I could dimly see the bulky monster looming out of the semi-darkness.

"Pull yourself into the branches, quick, or you are lost."

It was the same voice that had warned us before.

Looking overhead I saw the drooping limb of a tree, and in a second or two I was safely on the swinging perch, and moving upward from branch to branch. When I reached the pinnacle of the trunk I stopped. The stranger who had spoken was perched snugly among the boughs, holding a torch as he below must have shown him my peril.

"It was fortunate that you made for that rock," he said. "The ugly brute seemed to have singled you out from your companions. I hope they have found shelter by this time. But how did your party get to this part of the forest, and who are you?"

This same question was trembling on the tip of my tongue, but before I could answer, the tree began to shake violently and we heard the elephant trumpeting angrily from below.

"I am armed," he said to my companion. "He tried that game more than once before you arrived on the scene. The tree is too big to be rooted up like a cabbage stalk."

Almost as he spoke the tree was wrenched violently, and then it slowly began to bend, assisted by our weight in the crest. The repeated assaults had weakened the roots.

It reached an angle of forty five degrees, and then went to earth with a prodigious crash.

For a moment I was stunned and lay helpless in the mud, until the limb had broken the serenity of our fall. My companion pulled me to my feet.

"Run! Run!" he whispered, taking hold of my arm. "The brute is coming. He will overtake us."

He pulled me along for a few steps, and then ran ever faster than he. The trumpeting of the maddened elephant sounded right in my ears.

All at once we plunged knee deep into water and as we struggled onward it reached gradually to our waists. Then we stuck fast in the muddy bottom of the swamp and our frantic efforts to tear loose only made us sink the deeper.

It was a moment of unspeakable horror. The enraged elephant was coming closer with every second, and his ponderous feet as they came down dashed the waves into our very faces.

"Help! Help! Help!" I cried with all my might, and as though in answer to the appeal a tiny light flashed from the edge of the swamp and then Job Skillet held aloft a bunch of burning reeds. By his side stood Lamson, rifle in hand.

The light cheered us for an instant and then it went blank and dark, for the elephant was almost upon us. A few seconds more and our bodies would be crushed deep into the mud and slime!

Suddenly Lamson raised his rifle with a loud cry and fired. The ball struck the elephant in the back. The brute stopped in his tracks—not ten feet from where we stood—and then, wheeling about with a snort of pain and fury, dashed toward the bank. What took place then I could not see perfectly, for the huge gray bulk blotted out Lamson and Skillet. Crack! The sharp report stopped over the swamp, and down went the elephant with such a tremendous crash that waves three feet high rolled over our heads, and when they subsided we were all but drowned.

With the aid of branches my companions dragged us out on shore, and we

were soon thawing our chilled limbs around a blazing fire. The elephant lay in the shallow water, stone dead.

Mutual confidences were soon exchanged. The stranger proved to be Lieutenant Harris, an officer from a distant cantonment. He belonged to a hunting party of half a dozen who had come into the Terai three days before. He had become separated from his friends, and while he was sitting by his campfire, waiting for dawn, the rogue elephant surprised him, driving him into the tree and causing his horse to run away.

As the elephant was now dead, we concluded to spend the remainder of the night where we were.

On the following morning we fell in with Lieutenant Harris's party, and hunted the Terai in company for several days, finally returning to our respective cantonments with new trophies of our skill, among them the tusks of the elephant that Lamson shot. Harris found his horse on the day following our adventure. It was in good condition except for a few scratches.

[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 LII.

IN THE OLD CELLAR.

WHILE the three young men, with the detective, are hurrying toward the Center, let us precede them by a few hours.

As has before been mentioned, the office of the Home Mutual was not open that day, for the reason that Major Van Slyck was in no condition to attend to business, and without him at the helm things began to go wrong at once. The secretary of the company was an inefficient man, totally incapable of filling his office without the major's careful supervision.

Major Van Slyck had endeavored to get his friend Chess Gardner to accept the position of secretary, but Chess saw that holding such an office would greatly hamper his movements, so he respectfully declined all the major's advances in that direction.

The office being closed, of course Annie Remington had not gone to the city. The one or two pleasant days since the storm had completely dried the woods and fields, and the former, in the glow of a fine autumn, had lured the young girl from the house early in the afternoon.

Cesar, who occupied his usual position on the porch, rose, yawned prodigiously, wagged his tail, and shaking off his drowsiness, followed as she started from the house. Annie chose the same path Arthur and she had followed when they had taken their eventful moonlight walk some weeks before.

The path, after leaving her father's farm, passed along the edge of the Kenyon estate. Hal, who had been doing some of his father's fall plowing, reached the corner of the field just as Annie arrived at the same point.

"Whoa! Boy! gee 'round there, Dick!" he shouted to his team. "Hullo, Annie, where you bound?"

"I'm going to see if there's anything left of the woods after all the downpour we had," she replied, laughing. "Don't you want to come, Hal?"

"I allus did hate ter refuse a girl when she invited me ter go with her," declared Hal good naturedly; "but I'm afraid I'll have ter this time." Say, Annie, where's Art Blaisdell now?"

"I—I don't know," returned Annie, blushing a little.

"Oh, ye needn't git red," said Hal, with a hearty laugh. "I didn't mean nothin' personal. I went up to Hart's to find him last night, and that old curmudgeon, He's father, have ter this time, and he hoped he'd seen him my opinion of his meanness in accusing Art of stealing. Why, it's the meanest thing I ever heard of."

"So I think," assented Annie warmly. "I don't believe Hi would have allowed it if he'd been there."

"Of course he wouldn't. Hi's a good fellow, and trusted Art—Art did well by him,

too. Ye see, Annie, why I wanted to know if you knew where he was, was so I could git a letter to him telling him that a good many of us don't b'lieve Bill Olney's yarns by a long shot."

"I sent him a note with just that in it," said Annie. "I was going to mail it, but Tuesday morning he rode past our house with an old gentleman—I don't know who he was—and so I gave it to him then."

At that moment Cesar, who had been nosing about in the bushes, started as fast as he could go across the fields and out of sight in hot pursuit of a woodchuck who had come out of his hole for a few cabbage leaves.

"Well, I'm glad he knows," said Hal. "I'd hate ter hev him think we were all sech heathens out here as the old man Hart and Bill Olney."

"I really believe," said Annie, with a little compression of her lips, "that I know who was the robber up at Hart's."

"Who do you think? I had an idee 'twas just as likely ter be the old man himself as any one—so's ter get Arthur out an' git Hi's business in his clutches."

"I think 'twas Bill Olney," declared Annie.

"Sho! ye don't mean it?"

"But I do, Hal. He seems determined to ruin Arthur's character if he can, and he's mean enough to stoop to 'most anything to do it, I believe."

"Well, if he did, by mighty!" and Hal smote his thigh a resounding blow, "he'll suffer for it if I kin find him out."

"It will expawn itself at last, I suppose," said the young girl; "but I know Arthur feels it sorely now, he's so proud spirited."

"He's a nice feller," declared Hal, gathering up his lines and jerking his plow around into the furrow. "Well, git up, Dick! Good by, Annie," and he went on down the length of the field, turning up the brown earth in a furrow behind him, while the young girl continued her ramble.

Whistling for Cesar, she pursued her way through the grove, at the edge of which she had stopped to converse with Hal. But the mastiff did not come at her bird-like call, and she went on alone.

On the other side of the woods she came out upon the back road. Still continuing in the course that she and Arthur had pursued, she approached the ruined house belonging to her father. There was nothing at all ghostly in the place by daylight, and as no one appeared to be about, she entered the weather beaten front door.

"I wonder what Gardner could have been doing in here the night Arthur and I saw him?" she thought.

She walked carefully through the rooms, avoiding the broken places in the floor, until she reached the kitchen. Here the door which led to the cellar stood wide open, and as she approached the staircase she detected a smell of smoke arising from below.

"Perhaps some tramp has dropped his pipe there, and it has set the house afire. The old place isn't worth anything, but if it should burn down it might ignite the woods, too. I believe I'll step down and see."

She hesitated a moment before she decided to go down, for there might possibly be some one there. But there was an old cistern in the cellar, and unless it had dried up there would be water enough in it to put the fire out if it had just started.

Gathering her skirts about her she carefully descended to the lower regions. As she advanced, the smell of smoke became stronger, and on reaching the foot of the stairs it suddenly crossed her mind that the odor was of burning tobacco.

"Suppose somebody is here!"

The thought thrilled her through and through, and she half turned again toward the stairs.

At that instant there was a sudden movement in the darkest corner of the cellar, a hasty step sounded on the earthen floor, and a roughly dressed, villainous looking man seized her by the arm.

"What ye doin' here, young woman?" he demanded, dragging Annie away from the staircase despite her struggles.

"Help! help! help! Cesar!" shrieked the young girl.

But no human being was within hearing to aid her, and at that moment Cesar was industriously digging out a woodchuck half a mile away.

"Stop that, my pretty," muttered the man, pressing a not altogether clean hand over his captive's mouth. Annie struggled desperately, but she was helpless. Still keeping his hand pressed

tightly over her mouth, he fairly dragged her across the dank smelling cellar to the opposite side.

Forcing her against the boards he held her with his huge hand, which half covered her face, the rough grip bruising and disfiguring the tender flesh. With his disengaged arm he stumbled along the wall a moment and then the narrow door which led to the underground apartment swung open. A flood of candle light streamed out into the darkness.

The villain stooped over and seized a greasy bandana which lay upon the floor just within the room. Whirling the girl about with her back toward him he quickly tied the filthy rag across her mouth, knotting it tightly behind her head.

All the time she fought furiously with her hands to free herself. Her hair was disarranged and her dress half torn from her by the scoundrel's rude treatment. The handkerchief about her mouth and nostrils almost smothered her.

"Look here, my girl!" exclaimed the man, with a terrible oath, still holding her by the shoulder and doubling his fist menacingly. "I'm going ter tie yer hands spite o' yer kickin'. Keep still or I'll spite yer face!"

His angry, bloodshot eyes glowered upon her like a wild beast's, and the long, ugly looking scar on his jaw seemed tinged a darker hue by his passion.

Her struggles ended and she held out her wrists, which were quickly knotted together before her. Then throwing her heavily upon the ground, the man leaned back against the wall and panted for breath. The exertion had not made him breathless. He was a strong man, but he trembled in every limb and the chilly sweat stood in great drops on his forehead.

Finally he recovered from his emotion, and after glancing at his captive lying prone upon the floor to see if she was still securely fastened, he squeezed through the entrance to the inner apartment and left the girl alone.

Hastily searching about the room he found a pitchwood torch in the corner, and lighting it by the aid of the candle, he re-entered the cellar, closing the door behind him. For a moment he gazed at the prostrate form, holding the torch above his head so as to light up his surroundings. Then a look of cruel determination crossed his face and he walked quickly away.

The suffering and almost fainting captive followed him with his eyes, until his form was swallowed up in the gloom and only the torch was visible, flashing like a yellow star. After a few moments' tomb-like silence a faint splash as of something dropped into a pool of water, reached the strained ears of the young girl. Then the wavering torch began to approach again.

As she waited, the yellow spark growing larger and larger to her eyes as her captor came down the long cellar, a new sound assailed her ears. She distinctly heard the front door of the house open, and a heavy step advanced through the deserted rooms to the very head of the stairs.

Every nerve in her body was on the *qui vive* while she struggled desperately to free herself from her bonds. If the man, whoever he might be, would only descend the stairs and find her before her captor should return!

But he had evidently heard the sound, too, for the torch wavered to and fro more quickly, and he hastened his steps. After a moment's hesitation at the top of the stairs the unknown man commenced the descent. He reached the bottom just as the other came up with the torch, and the latter stepped hastily back as the flaring light shone full on his face.

The features of Chess Gardner were revealed! For some reason, inexplicable to herself, Annie lost her momentary hope of deliverance.

CHAPTER LIII.

ON THE BRINK.

"O, H, it's you, is it?" exclaimed Annie's captor, evidently recognizing the new comer. "I thought you were never coming."

"Got here just as soon as 'twas safe," returned Gardner, advancing farther into the circle of light cast by the blazing torch.

"What in thunder have you got here?" and he stepped quickly to the side of the prostrate girl.

"You've come jest in time ter 'ficiate at a funeral," returned the other in a harsh voice.

"For heaven's sake!" cried Chess. "What do you mean?" and snatching the torch from his companion's hand, he bent over the captive.

"Who—it's Miss Remington!" he gasped. "You know her?" asked his companion.

"Know her—yes; and she does me," as he noted the look of intelligence in the girl's eyes, and kneeling down he commenced to unfasten the handkerchief knotted across her mouth.

"Stop!" commanded the other fiercely, grasping Chess by the arm. "Do you know what you're about? You're crazy."

"It's you that's crazy," returned Chess, trying to pull away from his grasp. "What do you mean by tying a girl up that way, Jack? Do you want to kill her?"

"Yes! and I mean to," hissed Jack. Chess sprang to his feet.

"You fool!" exclaimed the other, paying but little respect to his superior. "Do you want her to go away from here an' blab everything? 'Wot's the matter with you, any way? You've played me enough screwy tricks, already—ye won't get a chance to now, and he drew a revolver from his pocket.

"Don't fire that thing," exclaimed Chess. "I'll twill row the neighbors."

"There hain't no neighbors." "But somebody might be lurking near. Where's Ben?"

"Ben who?"

"The fellow who helped you." "That fellow who helped me!" returned Jack in disgust and anger. "Ye needn't play that game. There warn't nobody helped me an' ye know it."

"Didn't he meet you?" and Chess fairly gnashed his teeth in rage.

"Meet me? Nol!"

A volley of maledictions fell from Gardner's lips, as he said that his cherished wish to drag Ben Dahlgreen down deeper into the mire had come to naught.

"Oh, you needn't get so fustered," said Jack, laughing sneeringly. "If he won't turn rusty on us, why, he can stay away fr all I care. You kin pass his divvy of the swag over ter me."

"Take it and be hanged," growled Chess, who seemed to be perfectly infuriated by the knowledge that Ben had escaped the web he had woven for him. "But what shall we do with her?" and he pointed to Annie. "Her father owns this place, I believe."

"Then he can turn it into a famly buryin' lot," returned Jack with a fiendish laugh. "Er we'll plant her here."

"Have we got to?"

"Yes, in course. Don't stand there ogling me like a blinded hoo owl, but ketch hold an' help me. She sneaked 'round here of her own accord and she must suffer fr it, that's all."

"You can't dig anything here—'twill be seen. They'll search the place and we'll be in a nice mess. I don't see but what we'll have to let the girl go."

"Let her go?" exclaimed Jack savagely. "Not by a long chalk. I worked hard fr this swag, I dare, and I'd kill you and her too, fr my share of it."

"Oh, well, you needn't get so ferocious," said Chess, evidently but little frightened by his companion's threat. "Can't we let her go and make her promise not to tell?"

"I have to get to it." "I wouldn't trust anybody—not I. We'll have to fight out of this anyhow just as soon as it comes dark if we want ter save any of the swag an' our own skins. They'll be searchin' fr her by that time. I tell ye I worked hard fr this 'ere."

"I should think you must have," said Chess. "How in thunder did you manage to do it all alone? I thought of course you'd have to have Ben. But he won't peach, confound him! I know him altogether too well."

"So you've got a hold on him same's ye got on me, eh?" said Jack, with a leer. "Well, as for the work, it was summat of a job. But in the first place I found the watchman drunk."

"Yes, I saw to that," interrupted Chess, with a chuckle.

"He was drunk, thanks ter you," continued Jack, "an' so I fixed him easy 'nough. Then the rest was easy. What sort of a racket did the old major kick up about it, hey?"

Chess glanced hastily at the prisoner and said in a warning tone:

"Look out—don't tell all you know."

"That don't matter none," replied Jack.

"Much good it'll do her. But come, while

we're fooling here, the whole town may be after us."

"What is your plan?" asked Chess. His companion bent toward him and whispered a few rapid sentences in his ear.

Then at a nod from Chess he led the way toward the further end of the cellar, and the captive girl was left alone.

What agony she endured during those moments of suspense no pen can describe. In the power of villains who would stop at nothing to make themselves secure—what hope was there for her?

In a few minutes the increasing yellow glow of the torch marked the return of her captors. Without uttering a syllable Jack took the torch in his left hand and seized her feet with his right. Chess lifted her with his hands under her shoulders, and in this manner they carried her toward the farther end of the cellar.

The cellar was long and dark, and as they progressed the two men had to bear their burden around broken partitions and spots of rubbish. Then they reached a head directly beneath what had been the farm house kitchen. Daylight struggled through a crevice in the wall and faintly illuminated the scene. At their feet the light revealed a circular well whose green, slimy water filled it to the very brink.

Here the two men placed the young girl on the ground.

"Tisn't deep enough, is it?" asked Chess in a hoarse whisper.

His companion plunged the torch, whose light was no longer needed, into the stagnant water. It went out with a spiteful hiss and a little cloud of steam arose from the charred end as he tossed the stick away.

"Yes, 'tis deep enough," he growled.

Going to the side of the room he brought back a long pole with which he sounded the depth of the well. The water marked at least eight feet. Jack showed his teeth in savage exultation.

"How you going to keep—'t down?" inquired Chess hoarsely.

"Simple 'nough," returned Jack, and he dragged toward the prostrate prisoner a heavy stone with an iron hook at one end, evidently used at some time as a well weight.

Seizing the girl's ankles he tried to tie them together. Annie struggled with all her failing strength.

"Hold still, my pretty," exclaimed Jack brutally, "or I'll break yer legs. An' that won't be as easy as rowndin'!"

In a moment he had securely fastened the rope to her feet, and then arose from his knees.

"Take hold," he commanded, and together they raised her from the ground.

Joel Aububon Webb, now blossomed into a law student, had been storm bound in the country for the few previous days. Now that the weather had sufficiently cleared away to make traveling on the country roads possible, he still lingered to enjoy the beauties of nature.

Joel was usually an inoffensive young man, but occasionally he did make himself exceedingly obnoxious. To Hiram Hart, who, from the very fact of his strong and rugged nature, could not understand anything so weak and foolish as Joel often was, the presence of the law student was exceptionally irritating.

During the few days since his return to consciousness, Hi had gained rapidly in mental strength, but physically he was very weak. Very little things jarred upon him, and he suffered considerable pain.

His first inquiry on coming to a complete knowledge of his surroundings was for Arthur. "It's but a short time after the boy's departure, and it was thought best not to tell the sick man why Arthur had left."

"I couldn't have expected him to stay forever," said the invalid, on learning of his employee's departure. "But I did hope he would hang on a little longer."

"Mother, I wish that fellow would go home!" he exclaimed with considerable energy, as he heard Joel's voice in an adjoining apartment. "He makes me sick. I'd like to choke him!"

Mrs. Hart was far too tender hearted to send Joel Audubon away so summarily—even to please Hiram; but she suggested to him that the woods were very beautiful at this season of the year, and that it was dry by this time, too. Why did he not take a ramble about the farm?

Joel considered the suggestion a good one, and in a very short time departed, greatly to Hiram's relief. Near the barn he

found young Louey, for a wonder without either of the dogs.

"Wouldn't you like to take a walk with me, my child?" inquired Joel, smiling benignly down upon the youngster.

To tell the truth, Joel was just a little timid, and Louey was such a shrewd little chap in all matters of the woods and fields, being almost as old as Louey himself—that the student had often taken him before on his rambles.

Louey eyed him askance a moment. He evidently had in mind the frogs Joel had slaughtered in cold blood, for he said:

"Ye ain't goin' down in the swamp medder, be ye?"

Louey had already procured some more croakers which he was laboriously training. "No, it is too wet," responded Joel. "We will go to the woods. Will you come along with me?"

"I should snalligate!" replied the youngster, and forthwith he trotted off beside his sedate companion.

"That is not a very choice expression," said Joel admonishingly. "You should not use it."

"Why not?" demanded Louey.

"It is not refined. It is inelegant." Louey simply stared. He could not understand Joel or his big words. In fact, as a Bostonian would say, "there was no affinity between them."

"They took their way across the fields in the direction of the woods where, on the memorable day so many weeks before, Ben Dahlgreen had come face to face with Chess Gardner. As they approached the woods Joel suddenly stopped and clutched his companion by his ragged coat sleeve.

"What is it? A bear?" and he pointed with considerable agitation toward some object near the woods.

"Where?" demanded Louey eagerly, for the child knew no fear and would have just as readily approached a bear, had there been one in the path, as a toad.

Then he saw the object which had so startled Joel, and started on a gallop for the spot. Joel followed more slowly and anxiously. But he saw when he drew near that it was a great, tawny colored dog digging what appeared to be his own grave beside a stone wall, while Louey danced and shouted about him like a young Indian.

"What is the matter with you?" inquired Joel.

"Caesar's diggin' out er woodchuck," announced Louey, in great glee. "Go it, Caesar! I hope I'll see 't git him!" "Will it be dangerous?" asked Joel, and he began to back away from the vicinity.

Louey was too pre-occupied to make reply, and as Joel continued to back like a balky horse his heel tripped over a protruding stump and he executed the first part of a backward somersault. At the same instant Mr. Woodchuck decided that it was about time for him to make a dash for liberty, and he forthwith shot out of his hole, fairly between the paws of the excited mastiff.

Caesar scrambled out and gave chase at once, and in making a short cut for the fleeing woodchuck sprang directly against Joel Audubon, who was at that moment rising from the undignified position in which he had landed. Dog and student rolled over together in the long grass, while Louey, wild with excitement and delight, executed a war dance around them.

But Caesar quickly recovered himself and bounded away after the woodchuck, and after a brisk encounter dispatched the offending rodent and brought him to Joel's feet.

The young man's clothes were awry and his collar irrecoverably ruined; but as long as the mischief was done he decided to continue his ramble and not go back to the house. Louey and Caesar led the way, and dog and boy ran hither and thither, while Joel sedately brought up the rear. After a little they struck into the road very near the old, abandoned dwelling.

"A very picturesque old ruin," declared Joel, gazing at the building and its surroundings with what was intended to be a professional eye.

"Look at Caesar!" suddenly exclaimed Louey.

The mastiff had evidently discovered something on the road, for he ran from side to side, sniffing at the earth, and finally started off like a flash, nose to the ground and tail up, toward the deserted house. Louey followed at a gallop in the rear.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 453.]

NORMAN BROOKE;

OR,

BREASTING THE BREAKERS.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

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

CHAPTER XVI.

IN CENTRAL PARK.

"WHAT shall I do?" These were the four words that kept repeating themselves over and over in my mind, as I walked up Broadway, jostled by the bustling throng of passers by, all of them with work to be done or pleasure appointments to be kept. Was it possible that the chance coming into my stateroom that night of Dale Cameron was going to blight all my prospects in life? It seemed absurd, and yet I could clearly trace back to him my present condition.

But nothing could be accomplished by looking backward. New York was a very big town, and it must be that the future held in store for me some situation, and after I had obtained it I would then look back upon my present dependency as a sort of nightmare of the past. Just at this minute, though, it was a very disagreeable bugbear of the present, and with a view of getting rid of it as quickly as possible, I turned into the store I happened to be passing at the moment—where a wholesale concern, dealing in feathers—and asked the first man I saw if they wanted any help.

"Yes, if you've got ten thousand dollars you can place in our business we do," he replied, winking at a friend who stood near.

I made no reply, did not even smile, but hurried out. Nerving myself for whatever might await me, I entered the very next door and put the same question. "NO!" came the very emphatic response from a red faced individual, who was all heated up trying to open a wooden case.

"Three times and out!" I muttered to myself with a feeble smile as I walked into the adjoining store.

Here I inquired for the proprietor, was informed by a very polite young man that he was not in, but that if I would wait a moment he would probably be there. I waited fifteen, my hopes raised by this cordial reception, only to have them dashed again when the head of the house came in, and in response to my query announced that they were discharging instead of hiring clerks.

"And this, you will find," he added in the style of Job's comforter, "is the case pretty nearly everywhere at this season of the year."

I realized this fact only too clearly, and told myself as I continued mechanically on my way that I was "out" in every sense of the word.

Very sober then were my reflections as I walked on. At this rate I must positively cut down even on seven dollars a week for living expenses. I could probably find a room somewhere for three, and I must save my eating.

But how was I to do this? Here I was beginning to grow hungry already. It was half past twelve, and I was constantly passing restaurants.

"There's Mrs. Max's, though!" I suddenly recollected. "I'm paying for my meals there, and I might, as well get the full worth of my money."

So, quickening my steps, I kept on and finally reached the house in Forty Third Street shortly after one. When the door was opened I saw the ladies at the table in the dining room, so I wince strained back. Cameron was not there, and as I took my seat I was

conscious that some very penetrating glances were directed at me. But I looked at no one, ate my lunch in silence and then went up to my room.

"What shall I do about writing to Aunt Louise?" was a question that was now troubling me almost as much as the problem of employment.

I felt that I must let her hear from me, and yet I could not bear to have her know the facts of the case. And how could I write without stating them? But then she did not even know whether or not I had arrived safely. A few lines would certainly be worth something to her, and I determined to write them.

I unlocked my trunk, got out my note paper and pen and then realized that I had not yet purchased any ink.

That recalled Cameron's cordial invitation to make myself at home in his room. But he was out now, and under

at me wonderingly as I held her for an instant in my arms. The young fellow turned back and exclaimed in an agitated voice:

"Oh, what is it? Have I done any harm?"

His large gray eyes roved from side to side, and I realized for the first time that he was blind.

"It's all right," I hastily assured him, as I handed the child back to the frightened nurse.

"Thank you very much for saving me from some accident," the other went on, putting out one hand till it rested on my arm. "I suppose I should not have come out alone, but Pierre was so long in getting back, and I grew tired of the house. Then you know I can see light, and I live only across the street."

I have always had the deepest compassion for the blind, and now for the

would prefer—that is, I generally walk along beside Pierre and he tells me when it is necessary to turn to the right or left."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" I rejoined, understanding then the reason why the fellow did not even carry a cane.

He was very sensitive about his infirmity, and as long as strangers could not find it out for themselves—for he wore no dark glasses and his eyes, as I have said, gave no sign of the terrible truth—he wished to keep them in ignorance of it if possible.

There were but few people in the park at that hour, so that our progress was a very simple matter, and in the course of fifteen minutes, by which time we had reached the lake, I felt quite well acquainted with my companion. He told me that he lived with his parents and sisters in a large apartment building on Fifty Ninth Street, and that they had gone to Lake George. He had preferred to stay behind, he said, for inasmuch as he could not enjoy the scenery in the country with his eyes, he felt happier in town where the sounds of life in the street made him feel that in one way at least he was in touch with the rest of humanity.

He had been a blind simper for he was twelve and the doctors had told him there was no hope.

"I never talk this way to my friends, Mr. Brooke," he said suddenly, when he had suggested that we sit down on a bench near the lake where he could hear the dip of the oars. "I had told him my name. "I never talk to them about—a lot of the thing that makes me different from other people. It's all a fearful trial to my family. My father is a proud man, and I am the only boy. He had mapped out a great future for me in carrying on his business—importer of china. And then the girls, my two sisters, they had looked forward to my being their escort, and now—they have to be mine," and he laughed, such a mournful little laugh that I shivered.

He felt it—he had dropped his hand, on my arm while he was talking.

"There, I have made you feel about me, the way everybody does," he said quickly. "I know just how it is. I know how I used to want to get out of the way of people who couldn't see; well, we all do that, but in the other sense I mean," and this time there was some mirth in his laugh.

I comprehended all the time that he was fearful of tiring me, so when he proposed to go home I did not protest, although I really enjoyed his society, aside from the fact that it kept me from thinking of myself.

"Are you going to stay in New York or are you only on a visit, Mr. Brooke?" he asked as we neared the gates.

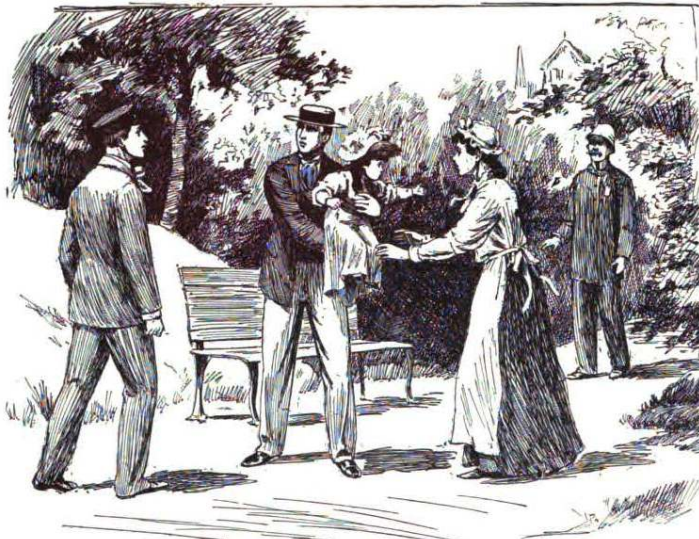
"I expect to live here, or anywhere else I can find anything to do," I answered.

"Oh, then you are a business man," he said.

"I'm trying to be," I answered soberly, but he could not of course see my face, and supposed I was speaking in the bantering way so often used, and laughed innocently enough of course, but in a way that grated on me under the circumstances.

He told me where to find the apartment house in which they lived, and when we reached the entrance way said: "If you will come up stairs with me, I will be pleased to give you one of my cards and have you call on me some time, if you wish."

So we entered the elevator and were taken up to the sixth floor, where my companion opened the door of a suite with a latch key he had on his key chain, and I was ushered into a most luxurious abode. He left me seated in the parlor, amid statues and paintings and books, all of which betokened a happy combi-



"IT'S ALL RIGHT," I ASSURED HIM, AS I HANDED THE CHILD BACK TO THE FRIGHTENED NURSE.

the circumstances I would not for worlds have entered his apartment. So I took a pencil from my pocket, and wrote off a few lines announcing that I had arrived safely and was well.

"What will she think when she gets that?" I said to myself, as I dropped it into the box at the corner.

"Now I'll try some of the up town stores," I resolved, and entered the first one at hand.

But the rebuff I received was so rude that I passed several before I could summon up courage to enter any of them. Then came the feeling that perhaps those I had skipped might be the very ones where I would succeed, so I went back and tried them one by one. But everywhere the same reception awaited me, varying in manner, but always the same in effect—"No more help wanted."

At last I reached the end of the avenue, where Central Park cut it off, and utterly discouraged I crossed over and entered the inviting inclosure. Seating myself on the nearest bench as I sprang for the moment to the darkest visions, seeing myself starving by inches, and with no one even to look after my body when I was dead.

"Look out there!" This exclamation, uttered half aloud, half to myself, cut into my gloomy forebodings as I sprang to my feet and rushed forward to pick up a two year old toddler who was almost under the feet of a young fellow about my own age, who seemed not to look where he was going.

The child had been playing on the walk, while the nurse was talking to the policeman at the gate, and now looked

moment I forgot my own troubles in sympathy for the affliction of this stranger.

"Come and sit down on the bench a moment," I suggested, gently leading him over to it.

"You're awfully kind to me," he said. "Yes, I would like to rest a minute after the shock, and, excuse me for saying it, but I like your voice so much. You know our ears are very sensitive to sound. You're from Boston, are you not?"

"From a town very near it," I replied.

"Boston is the last city I ever saw," he responded gravely; then checking himself, he added: "But you must excuse me. I am probably keeping you from your friends."

"No, I am here alone," I told him, "and should be very glad if I could be of service to you. If you would like to walk on, we will go together."

"Wouldn't you mind really? I imagine most people don't care to go about with me. I've heard them say that it makes them feel blue. I don't see how any one can feel blue when they have all their faculties."

How true that was and how much I had to be grateful for after all! I felt that the stranger had already repaid what little service I could render him.

CHAPTER XVII.

A NEW VENTURE.

"If you will take my arm we will go on now," I said.

The stranger flushed a little and said hesitatingly: "If you don't mind, I

nation of wealth with taste, and presently returned with a card bearing the words:

MR. CLAIR LA FARGE.

"I should be glad if you would come soon, Mr. Brooke," he said, as he handed it to me. "You are the best very kind, and I should like to take you to the Thomas concert at the Garden some night. I am passionately fond of music. Will you go with me on Saturday?"

"With pleasure," I said, wondering as I spoke what the three intervening days might hold in store for me. Then, with a warm pressure of the hand, I took my departure.

Where should I go now? It was just four o'clock. Oh, if it were only possible for me to obtain some promise of a position before I went back to dinner!

But it seemed from my recent experience as if this was hopeless. Nobody wanted any help now.

Still, I must have work, that was clear, and, selecting Seventh Avenue this time, I started in, determined to inquire at every store on the west side. And this I did, even including the car stables, where I filed an application for the post of driver. But everywhere the same reception met me, and at half past five I reached No. 197, utterly worn out in body, and almost discouraged in mind.

As I passed Cameron's room on my way up stairs I saw him stretched out on his sofa, smoking a cigarette and reading a novel. A great bitterness possessed me.

"If it had not been for you," I thought, "I might not at Tick's post, which, congenial as it was, at least provided me the wherewithal to purchase food and shelter."

I tried to quell these hard feelings by thinking how much better off I was than Clair La Farge. I could not have made much of a success at it, as, when we met at dinner, my greeting to Cameron was more freezing than his had been to me the evening before.

That night I remained in doors and went to bed early, and in the morning purchased both the *Herald* and *World*. I marked several promising advertisements in both papers, but had no better luck in applying for the positions than the day previous. Some—most, in fact—were already filled, others required references which I could not give, and still others wanted an older man.

This list having been exhausted, I determined, as a last resort, to apply for the agency of a book which, so the announcement said, had netted some canvassers as high as a key. So after lunch we went down to the publisher's office and made my request for an outfit. I was obliged to leave a deposit, and was then given a copy of the book, with specimens of three styles of binding, and made acquainted with its merits.

It was an account of the lives of the generals in the late war, and was merely an expansion of matters contained in histories and late editions of the cyclopedias. But there were maps and portraits, and the cover design was very patriotic, and the publishers declared very flatteringly that a taking young man like myself ought to do splendidly with the agency.

He gave me a district on the west side which, he added, was a very choice one, and, with my book done up neatly in brown paper, he went to disguise my calling. I started out.

"Begin with your friends," the publisher had advised me. "Success with them will give you confidence, and then they will give you the names of their friends. An introduction is half the battle."

Begin with my friends! What a list of them I had in New York, to be sure! There was Cameron to start with, with whom I was not on speaking terms; then Powers King, who might even now be on the point of starvation, and Clair La Farge, who was blind, and couldn't read the book even if I could bring myself to offer it to him.

Why hadn't I chosen anything rather than this? But at once came the answer: because there wasn't anything else I could do.

The publisher's was in Bond Street. Turning into Broadway, I crossed over and entered a fur store.

"They can't be very busy in this weather," I told myself. "The proprietor will have plenty of time to look at the book."

"Can I see Mr. Fecheimer?" I asked of the clerk who came forward to wait on me.

"Business or personal?" was his inquiry. I thought rapidly for an instant. It was surely a matter which concerned himself alone, whether or not he wished to purchase the book, so I answered "Personal."

"Will you kindly send in your card then?" was the response, which rather demoralized me.

But "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," I reflected, and taking out my card, I handed it to the young man, and as calmly as I could awaited the result.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MY EXPERIENCE AS A BOOK AGENT.

I MUST confess that I had not much doubt as to the result of this, my first experience in the canvassing line. Somehow I felt that I would have stood a better chance if I had been able to strike my man at once, without the intervention of my visiting card, which I confidently expected would be brought back to me with the report that Mr. Fecheimer did not know any such person.

I was not a little surprised then when the clerk returned and said: "If you will step back to Mr. Fecheimer's private office he will see you at once."

"Well, this is encouraging," I thought, and as I started down the long store I imagined that my step had an elasticity that had not shown itself since Monday. So little does it take to send our spirits up when we are away down on our luck, as the saying goes.

The only occupant of the room, which had been pointed out to me, was an old gentleman with a short gray beard, a stoop in his shoulders and a kindly expression on his eyes. Greatly to my surprise when I entered, he brought toward me with his right hand outstretched. The left held my card.

"I am very glad indeed to see you, my dear"—here he referred to the card—"Mr. Brooke. It is very kind of you to stop in and see an old man, and bring him news of his family. And how did you leave them all in Saratoga?"

Here was a horrible blunder. No wonder I had been received so cordially. I had been taken for some one, whose name the old gentleman had, I thought, forgotten, who had met the fur merchant's wife and children at a summer hotel probably, and on coming back to town had promised them that he would drop in and see the head of the house. What could I do?

But the question did not trouble me long. There was but one thing to do; announce the mistake and get away as quickly as possible, for after such a false start I could never hope to sell a book here.

"I beg your pardon, M. Fecheimer," I said. "I have never been to Saratoga. You must have mixed my name with some one else's."

"What? Not come from Saratoga?" he exclaimed. Then, with a keen look at me, he added: "I'm sure I don't know who else you can be for nobody but this young man would send in his card and I don't know it."

"But I did send in my card," I rejoined, somewhat doggedly, "because they told me it was necessary. I thought if you didn't want to see me, you wouldn't have sent word for me to come in."

"What did you want to see me about?" and this time there was not a little curiosity in the old man's tones.

He had been fumbling with the string around his specimen book and now I dashed off the paper and drew the volume forth.

"I wanted to see if you wouldn't buy this book," I answered. "It is an account of the lives of all the generals in the late war."

But I hadn't the heart to go on any further. The old man had raised his two hands before his face and dropped back into his chair, apparently a limp heap. The two uplifted hands were mutely, appealingly waving me toward the late war specimen book and now I dashed off the paper and drew the volume up, I walked out, the brown paper fluttering loosely in my hands, and the string trailing behind me on the floor.

"I said to myself when I reached the street and had stepped

into the entrance to a photograph gallery to tie up my package. "But I'll try not to be disheartened. There were peculiar circumstances about this case which aren't liable to occur again once in a thousand times. Wonder where I had better go next? Why not try the photographer and commence to pull at the bow knot I had made in the string."

I mounted to the third story and found a young lady behind the counter. She looked very friendly when I entered, so I made up my mind I would try and sell direct to her. I placed my package on the counter and commenced to pull at the bow knot I had made in the string. "I should like to show you," I began, when I stopped short.

The half smile with which she had greeted my entrance had broadened to a whole one, which showed a double row of very pretty teeth. She shook her head slowly from side to side, and said never a word. But I understood; and, feeling the hot blood rushing to my cheeks, I hurriedly tied my string, in a hard knot this time, and got away as quickly as possible.

It would be well to be comparatively cool, I was bathed in perspiration from nervousness. But I tried to re-inspire myself with thoughts of the man who had cleared twenty dollars a day, and started boldly in at the next hallway. I had not gone up more than three steps, however, when my eye caught a notice painted on the inside just above me:

NO PEDDLERS NOR BOOK AGENTS ADMITTED.

This seemed like the last straw. "The times are out," I said to myself again, and turning back to the street I sprang aboard the first car that came along, and recklessly squandered five cents on a ride up to Forty Third Street. On reaching the house I cooled myself off with a bath, and then letting my bed down from the side of the wall, lay down to think.

My thoughts were pretty serious ones. It seemed as if every avenue of employment was barred to me. Summer was a dull time in all trades, and yet people had to eat in hot weather as well as cold. What line of work was there that I hadn't tried?

"I might go to the mountain or seashore hotels and turn waiter as the college students do," I reflected. But then I thought of something to do, and my luck and the position would only be temporary. Then I got up and counted over my money. I had a little over twenty one dollars left.

"Seven from this next Monday for board," I mentally calculated, will leave me but thirteen. Let me see, how much will become of me a month from today?"

I had a calendar in a small memorandum book I carried in my pocket; this I now took out and with my pencil marked off the calendar. An early date in August, and I went down stairs hungry, and resolved not to waste my vitality by worrying about the future any more than I could help.

"In the meantime I'll get the papers again," I decided. "Perhaps I'll find just what I want there."

Cameron was away, and immediately after dinner I went out for a walk. Instinctively I turned my steps toward Bryant Park as the nearest spot that had trees and grass in it. Something to do, I said to myself. Let me see, I was entering one of the gates some one caught me by the arm and a glad voice exclaimed: "I was hoping I would meet you here. You are my mascot, and I want to shake hands and tell you how much I thank you."

It was Powers King. He was clean shaven and was looking so much brighter than when I had last met him, that had it not been for the voice I am not sure that I would have recognized him.

"I am very glad your luck has turned," I said. "Did you get that position I saw for Mr. Tick?"

"No," he replied, "he told me he wasn't going to take any money on just now, but he gave me a note to Mr. Millbank, in the paper business, and I got a situation there. An advertisement brought me on. And now there is only one thing more you can do for me!"

"Lend me a five," I expected he would say, and made ready to tell my own tale of woe.

"And what is that?" I asked as he hesitated.

"Come down town with me a few

blocks if you can spare the time, and I will show you," he answered.

"I suppose his wife wants to meet and thank me," I thought. "Well, I have nothing else to do, and I might as well go."

But why did not my good angel give me some prompting of what fresh evils I was preparing for myself?

(To be continued.)

THE BURIED PAST.

THE reader is no doubt aware that the chronology based upon the Old Testament history places the creation of the world a little less than six thousand years ago. Geologists tell us, however, that the reckoning of time given in the early chapters of Genesis must be taken figuratively, and that the "days" of creation were epochs of tremendous length. The earth, they say, must really be at least two hundred millions of years old. Man, too, though a mere new comer compared to the creatures whose fossil remains are found in ancient rocks, must have been upon the earth for many thousands of years before a fact unearthed by the explorers of Egyptian antiquities, which is brought forward as evidence:

In digging out the colossal statue of Rameses II, at Thebes, 9 feet and 4 inches of consolidated Nile mud were removed before the platform was reached. This platform was laid 1,361 years before Christ. Hence, 3 1/2 inches of this consolidated mud represent 1,361 years since then.

Under the platform a depth of 30 feet had to be penetrated before the statue was reached, and, according to this, 10,000 more years must have elapsed. Pieces of pottery were found there that show the Egyptians to have possessed a civilization to form and bake vessels of clay 13,000 years ago.

PROFITABLE FOEMEN.

YOU have all heard how certain famous generals have turned defeat into victory, but it seems rather surprising to learn that lawyers have built up a lucrative practice in serving the very men they have defeated. A prominent New York barrister explains in the *Tribune* how this comes about:

"I have found that when I won a case for a client I did not get so much gratitude from him as I expected from the client on the other side. When in a case I have literally wiped up the whole of New York County, and the case is closed, I find I have always gained that man's respect and admiration. The chances have always been even that in his next suit he would come to me in seeking help. I have often been wiped out just as he was wiped out. It is in this way that I have gained many of my profitable clients. I do not mention a dozen examples, but my lawyers never cite names in such cases."

But here is one illustration. I once thrashed, legally, of course, an opponent within an inch of his life. The winning of that case did not yield me a dollar directly, for it happened that my client was never able to pay the bill. The case, however, the litigant came to me afterward to try a case for him. He liked the way in which I had beaten him in the case. He liked me, and still better, of course, I won three more cases for him. Now my client's business forms an important part of my work. My defeating him that time has brought many dollars into my pocket—a sort of tribute, you might say, to the victor."

HOW A SHIP RAN UP ON A MOUNTAIN.

SIXTY miles an hour is extremely fast railroad speed, and that a ship would ever travel at that rate seems incredible, and yet such a feat has happened. It is true, to be sure, the circumstances were peculiar. But here is the remarkable story, as told by Commodore Gilkeson, in the *Harrisburg Patriot*:

About twenty years ago he was an officer on the United States vessel *Waterer*. One clear, bright afternoon when about thirty miles off the coast of Peru, an enormous wave was seen bearing down upon the ship. The *Waterer* was brought about to meet the wave, rode upon its crest, and thirty minutes later was left high and dry upon a mountain three miles back from the Peruvian coast and seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea, having traveled at a rate of over sixty miles an hour.

The loss of life in this tidal wave was frightful, one ship alone brought about to meet the wave, and seven hundred inhabitants having been overwhelmed. All the vessels in the neighborhood of the Peruvian coast at the time were abandoned, there being no way of getting it down. The United States government appointed commissions to investigate the catastrophe, but, while they advanced many theories, they never satisfactorily explained the cause.

AFTER THE STORM.

The rain is o'er—How dense and bright
 'Yon pearly clouds repose in lie,
 Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
 Contrasting with the dark blue sky!
 Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
 Methinks some spirit of the air
 Might rest to gaze below awhile,
 Then turn to bathe and revel there.
 In grateful silence earth receives
 The general blessing; 'fresh and fair,
 Each flower expands its little leaves,
 As glad the common joy to share.
 The softened sunbeams pour around
 A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
 The wind flows cool; the scented ground
 Is breathing odors on the gale.

—ANDREW NORTON.

[This Story began in Number 451.]

THE DEERSKIN TALISMAN.

A TALE OF MEXICAN TREASURE.

BY GILBERT CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FAIR HAired PRIESTESS.

THE shock that Arthur had received was very great—much greater, indeed, than his Indian escort imagined, and shortly after he had entered the tunnel he sank into a lethargic state, which was half sleep and half a swoon; nor did he awake from it until long after his arrival in the City of the Cacique.

On recovering his senses it was some time before he could collect his scattered faculties and remember the events of the past few hours.

He found himself lying on a lofty bed, upon a number of deerskins, dressed so skillfully as to have attained the softness of velvet; lamps emitting a fragrant odor gave out a soft and cheerful open doorway at the other end of the room he could see a vast chamber, in which the occasional gleam of arms showed that a good watch was kept upon the security of the White Prince. Near to the couch two handsome Indian boys were crouched upon the ground, and by their side stood a salver formed of some shining metal, upon which were placed cooling beverages and fruits of various descriptions.

As Arthur stirred wearily upon his couch, both boys started to their feet.

"Has the Prince need?"

asked the first, in the Indian dialect that Arthur knew so well.

"Hush, Arnli!" said the other. "He is weary; disturb not his rest."

"Where am I?" questioned Arthur, turning towards Arnli.

"In the palace of the Cacique," was the reply.

"At that moment a form appeared in the doorway, and the gray headed chief who had led the party that had brought Arthur to the city, appeared and made a low obeisance.

"I have you to thank for my life," said Arthur, extending his hand toward him.

The old Indian took it respectfully, and, kneeling down, placed it on the top of his head.

"We but did our duty," murmured he. "And now let the White Prince listen to the words of his servant. For many weary years we have kept watch over this city and the treasure that it contains. Our Cacique had the misfortune accidentally to slay his son, the young Prince, and the Priests of the Sun told him he must make expiation for his crime by becoming a wanderer upon the face of the earth until he should find a pale face youth who would treat him well; to him he was to give the mystic scroll which he carried with him, and to the bearer of it we were to deliver the treasure which had for many years rested here. All is ready, we will escort you whither you wish, and then we shall be free to leave the city in which we have so long stayed."

"And is that scroll which he carried with him, and to the bearer of it we were to deliver the treasure which had for many years rested here. All is ready, we will escort you whither you wish, and then we shall be free to leave the city in which we have so long stayed."

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White Prince shall go forth, and the watch of the City of the Sun shall be free," was the reply.

"But why must I be detained so long?" demanded Arthur. "I have a brother who will be in despair at not knowing what has become of me; he will be wandering about the mountains, and will think that I have deserted him."

"The three suns must rise and set before the appointed time arrives, and the Stone of Horror must be moistened with blood before the gates of the City of the Sun can be opened to give exit to the Treasure of the Cacique," answered the old man.

"But can you not send out a party to search for and bring in my brother?" urged Arthur.

"None of the sons of the Sacred City can leave it until the White Prince departs; so says the ancient writing in the hands of the priests," answered the Indian. "Would the Prince wish to converse with the fair haired Daughter of the Temple?"

"Who is that?" asked Arthur; "but never mind; let her come in, whoever she is."

The old chief bowed and retired, and in a few minutes a young girl of some fourteen years of age entered the room and saluted Arthur.

"Can that be an Indian girl?" thought the pale face. "Impossible! those flaxen locks and blue eyes surely never came from Indian stock."

And, indeed, it would have been difficult to have taken the maiden for an Indian girl. She was fantastically dressed in gayly colored cotton clothes, it is true, and was absolutely covered with gold ornaments rudely shaped and engraved; but her long, fair hair hung down to her waist, her feet were incased in deerskin sandals, and in her hand she bore a rod of cedar wood.

The apparition that presented itself to the astonished eyes of Arthur.

"Has the Prince need of my presence?" she asked, speaking in the same dialect as had been used by the old chief.

Arthur gazed at her in speechless astonishment.

"She reminds me of some one," he said aloud in English. "Who ever can it be that she resembles?"

The girl started as the words struck upon her ear.

"What?" exclaimed she, with equal surprise and in the same tongue. "Are you an American?"

"Certainly I am," replied he; "but I little thought to find a countrywoman here. Who are you?"

"My mother," she answered, with a tone of sadness, "came out to join my father and brothers; our caravan was attacked by the Apaches, my poor mother was slain by an arrow, and I was carried off by the savages. A party of the braves of the Sacred City fell in with my captors, routed them, and rescued me; and saying that I should be a fit attendant for the White Prince, who would soon come, brought me here."

"You came out to join your father and brother?" cried Arthur. "And you are—"

"Lily Sedgwick," answered the child. "And your brothers' names?"

"Bob and Arthur."

"My dearest sister," exclaimed the boy, and in another moment brother and sister were locked in each other's arms.

"And so our poor mother is dead?" said Arthur; "then we are indeed orphans;" and he told Lily the sad fate of their father. Both of them wept.

"And where is Bob?" asked Lily.

"Wandering about the mountains in search of me," he answered Arthur.

"I wish he could find his way here."

"Do not wish anything of the kind," said Lily, with a shiver. "They would sacrifice him upon the Stone of Horror were he ten thousand times our brother. Beh when do you leave this place?"

"In three days' time," answered he. "I wish that certain ceremonies had to be performed before I could leave."

"But you will not leave me behind?" pleaded Lily, in tears.

"I would sooner abandon all the Treasure of the Cacique," was the reassuring answer. "But I have an idea. These queer people are evidently strangely suspicious; let us say nothing about our relationship, and so to

them you will still be the Fair Haired Priestess, and I—"

"The White Prince," said Lily, with a smile.

And so it was settled.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STONE OF HORROR.

FOR a long time the novelty of his position kept Bob awake. At last, however, his wearied limbs were lulled to repose, and he slept peacefully until the clash of arms aroused him from his slumbers. He started from his bed.

"What do you want with me?" exclaimed he, addressing a gayly accoutred Indian who, at the head of an armed escort, stood by his couch.

"Is the pale face able and ready to reply to the questions which the council has ordered me to put?" was the reply.

"Able I certainly am," answered Bob, using the broken Spanish in which he had been addressed. "But whether I am ready is another matter. By what right am I detained here?"

"The pale face is here to answer questions, not to ask them," was the calm reply. "He was caught like a thief and a robber within the precincts of the Sacred City, and he must die!"

"Die!" cried Bob, half springing from his couch. "And why?"

"The pale face has no chance of life," said the Indian. "In an hour he will be placed upon the Stone of Horror, and if he can drive from it in succession three of the antagonists allotted to him, his life will be spared; but if he cannot, he will be sacrificed as an offering to the White Prince."

The Indian made a sign, and immediately the guard removed Bob's fetters, while another, leaving the room, returned with a dish of savory meat and a basketful of *tor tillas* (a kind of corn cake).

"In an hour the pale face will be conducted to the Stone of Horror, and then let him do his best!" and his guard withdrew.

Hunger acted as good sauce, and after a time Bob finished what had been placed before him.

By and by the guard again entered his prison, accompanied by two venerable men, whom Bob took for priests. In spite of his resistance, they stripped him to the waist, covered his body with perfumed oil, and then, placing him in the center of the guard, led him away by a narrow, winding passage from the cell that he had occupied.

After a long tramp a door was suddenly thrown open, and Bob found himself in what appeared to be a large amphitheatre.

Upon the seats, which rose tier upon tier, was a gayly dressed throng, who saluted his appearance with loud plaudits, and as they raised their hands Bob could see their rings and armlets glisten in the sun. In the center of the arena was a huge slab of lava, about twelve feet in length, raised upon blocks of the same material, some three feet from the ground. At about three feet from one end a ring of gold was firmly let into the surface. The guard hurried Bob towards this slab, placed him upon it, and immediately fastened his ankle by a leather rope some two feet in length to the ring. They then withdrew, and fresh plaudits burst from the audience.

The two priests then approached and delivered a long harangue, of which Bob could comprehend but one syllable, and then, placing in his hands a heavy war club, the head of which was studded with sharp blades of obsidian, withdrew right and left with many strange gesticulations.

The Indian who had visited Bob in the prison now approached and briefly informed him of the terms of the coming combat.

"You will be attacked by one adversary at a time," said he, "armed like yourself. If you succeed in driving him off the stone the victory is yours, and you will have to cope with a fresh antagonist; but should he prostrate you, he is the victor, and you will at once be taken and sacrificed to the White Prince."

"But I have never done any one here an harm," urged Bob.

"Such is your weapon, and such are the rules," said the Indian, sententiously. "Behold your first adversary."

And almost as he spoke an Indian man for the stone, brandishing in his hand a similar weapon to that with which Bob had been supplied.

The boy sprang forward, and, forgetting of the throng which confined his ankle, fell at once upon his face, thereby escaping a right-to-left blow from his antagonist's club.

Before the Indian could recover his balance, Bob was once more upon his feet, and a fierce struggle ensued. Accustomed as the Indian was to the use of the weapon, Bob's agility almost counterbalanced that advantage; and, had it not been for the rope that hampered his movements, the Indian would not have stood upon the platform long.

After a little cautious play, Bob's adversary made a forward rush; the boy avoided it, and in another moment had brought his own club down. For a moment the Indian strove to recover his balance, but failed; and, with a heavy thud, rolled off the platform.

A wild shout of applause arose from the assembled multitude.

Hardly giving Bob time to take breath, another Indian leaped upon the platform. He was a shorter but perhaps more muscular man than the last, and made the club play around his head like a reed. The conflict was too unequal for last. A blow upon the side of his head prostrated Bob, and as he essayed to raise the heavy point of his adversary crushed him down, until the war club, with its sharp blades of obsidian, was brandished above his head.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SHOT IN TIME.

ALL the weary morning Arthur had been lying almost exhausted upon his luxurious couch, and had been longing for the appearance of his sister Lily, who, moved by prudential reasons, had been barred from the pleasure of seeing her brother.

In spite of all of his questions as to the unwonted noises and the tramp of the populace, his guard invariably returned evasive replies. At last, in despair, he asked for the fair haired Priestess of the Temple, and to his surprise his sister was at once ushered into his presence.

"Can you tell me, Lily," he asked, "what is all this disturbance, and why I am kept a prisoner here, or how the whole population seem to be so full of mirth?"

"Easily," she replied. "In honor of your arrival they are about to sacrifice a poor victim upon the Stone of Horror, and I believe that they caught an intruder yesterday, who is to be the one."

"But can you talk like that, Lily?" asked her brother. "It seems so hard hearted."

"I have seen so much of it," answered she sadly. "After all, it is only a chance; and perhaps it is not a white man, after all, but a Shotonomi or a wandering Apache."

"But what are they doing?" asked her brother. "You must have seen a lot of this during the time that you have been with them."

"You have bound him to the Stone of Horror," murmured the girl; "he cannot overcome three of their warriors he will be sacrificed to the sun, and to your honor."

"The heathens!" muttered Arthur, in indignation. "And can you tell me, Lily, whom they have caught now? I do not wish to see any man, black, red, or white, to die for me."

"I will find out," answered Lily; and after a few more words she glided noiselessly from the room.

The excitement and worry of the past few hours had nearly taken away all Arthur's energy, and he had almost relapsed into a state of lethargy, when his sister Lily came flying back with the startling news:

"It is, I believe, our brother. Oh! can we not save him?"

"Bob!" cried Arthur; "how has he come here? And what am I to do to save him?"

"He has followed you, and been captured by the guards," cried the girl; "and he is now bound upon the Stone of Horror."

"And what is that?" cried the boy; "for though I heard the name mentioned repeatedly during my journey hither, I have not the slightest idea of what it means."

"It is simply this," answered Lily breathlessly. "He is fastened by a short cord to a ring in the stone, and has to contend with three of the bravest warriors of the city; if he defeats them he is free—that is to say—to choose his own death; if he is defeated he is sacrificed to the sun."

"And do you mean to tell me," exclaimed Arthur, springing up, "that Bob is there, and I am not of the least assistance to him? No, no! I let me do something, Lily, or my heart will break. What can I do?"

"Let us hasten to the stone; I can take you there by a short route, and perhaps your presence may enable you to save him."

"Yes, yes, come quickly," said Arthur. "Stay, though. Where is my rifle? Ah, there it is, and my other things." And snatching up his weapons, he followed his sister from the room.

Lily led him through the temple, with all its barbaric ornaments, through many dark and devious passages, until at last they emerged into a street which appeared to be quite deserted.

"Hark!" said Lily, raising her hand, as a loud cheer burst upon their ears. "They are at their cruel work; I know too well the meaning of that shout."

"Hasten, oh, hasten!" cried Arthur, "or we shall be too late."

"In another moment," replied his sister, "we shall be there."

It was as she had said, for as they emerged from the street the whole scene burst upon their view. The gayly dressed spectators, the white slab spotted with blood, the upraised club, and their brother lying prostrate at the feet of his conqueror. Arthur did not pause for an instant. Like an arrow from a bow, he sprang forward, burst through the ranks of the astonished spectators, and in another moment was bestriding the body of his brother, while the Indian, dropping his club, recoiled before the revolver which was pointed full in his face.

A loud shout rose from the multitude. "The White Prince! the White Prince!"

Lily had followed her brother, and, stooping down, raised Bob's head and wiped the blood from his face.

"Men of the Sacred City," cried Arthur, raising his voice to its highest pitch, "is this the way in which you treat the brother of your Prince? Do you not know that in striking him you strike me? Release him, and bear him at once to my room!"

There was a moment of hesitation, for it was a bold stroke of the lad's. Then the white-headed chief and his guard advanced, and severing the thong that bound Bob to the stone, raised him in their arms.

But a frantic figure rushed forward. It was the pale face of the girl.

"The pale face belongs to the sun!" yelled he, with wild gesticulations. "The sacrifice must be accomplished! The pale face was vanquished, and must die!"

"Stand back!" cried Arthur, laying a hand upon the breast of the frantic man, "and respect your Prince!"

But with a fierce shout Otan Hari rushed past him, and his knife gleamed in the sun as he raised it above Bob's breast. Immediately was heard the sharp crack of a revolver. The knife dropped to the ground, and the arm that had held it fell powerless.

Then at Arthur's commands they bore Bob back to the palace.

(To be continued.)

NOISELESS SOUNDS.

SOME of the greatest wonders of nature are things that we see every day, and which, therefore, by reason of their very familiarity, fail to awaken in us any special interest. Our own bodies, for instance, in the perfect mechanism with which their parts are adjusted to respond to our slightest wish, are miracles in themselves. In this connection we think our readers would be interested in a talk which the editor of one young people's page in the Philadelphia Times had with his readers the other day.

There is no sound outside of our ears. That seems strange, doesn't it? When you strike a bell with the clapper, there is no sound in the act itself, in the bell, or in the clapper. The stroke makes the particles of which the bell is composed vibrate, and these vibrations give little blows to the surrounding air, for vibrating motion has

power in it as well as the motion that goes from place to place.

As the bell vibrates it gives a great many blows to the air, and every time the air is struck it strikes the air next to it, and so on, till the waves of sound, as they are called, reach and strike the drum of your ear. Then you hear a sound—in fact, we may say, then there is a sound, for there has been none up to this time.

But you wonder how all this was found out. Simply by study and experiment. As for the proof of it that is easily given. If you try to ring a bell in a place from which the air has been taken, in the receiver of an air pump, for example, you may see the clapper strike the bell, but there will be no sound. That is because there is no air for the bell's vibrations to strike.

Perhaps you do not know that when you sing or speak the resultant sound is caused by the vibrations of two little flat chords that are stretched over a sort of box at the top of your windpipe. These vibrations give blows to the air just as the vibrations of the bell do.

Another proof that sound depends upon air is found in the fact that a pistol fired on top of a high mountain gives no louder report than a pop gun. That is because the air is very thin at such an altitude.

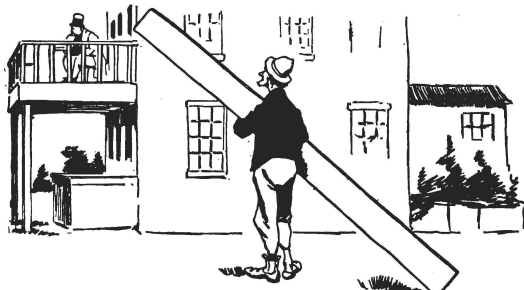
The motion of sound waves is beautifully illustrated by what we call echo. If you are in a place where there are high cliffs and call out in a loud tone of voice, the sound will strike against the cliffs and be thrown back to you much as a rubber ball would be. The cliffs prevent the sound

waves from going farther, and they rebound and reach the drum of your ear. If there are several cliffs at different distances from you, you will hear several echoes, and you can always tell how far off the cliff is by noting the time it takes for the sound to go there and return, for sound travels at the rate of 1,100 feet each second.

One word more. The speaking tube is an illustration of how sound waves may be made to go to a great distance. The tube prevents the waves from spreading out and losing their force, and thus enables persons to talk with each other with ease, although they may be at opposite ends of a big building.

IF IGNORANCE is bliss, the wonder is why so many people complain of being miserable.—*Atchison Globe.*

INGENIOUS HOULIHAN'S EXPLORING EXPEDITION.



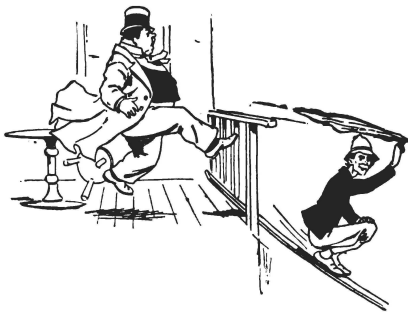
I.

"See de old feller asleep on de balcony! I believe I'll go up there and look around."



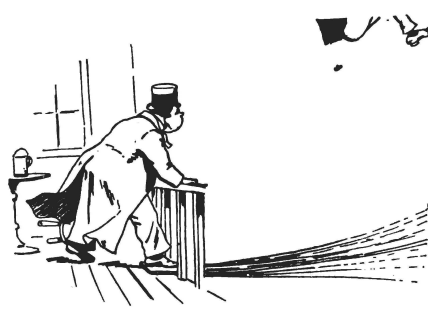
II.

"Here's a good chance ter swipe de old gent's wipe!"



III.

Mr. Podby (suddenly awaking from his siesta)—"Hi there! Stop thief! Hold him till I get after him!"



IV.

(As he sets his foot on the plank and sends Ingenious Houlihan spinning into the air)—"Ha! Now I've got him!"



V.

"Here he comes! I was catcher of the Hayseedville baseball nine when I was a young fellow!"



VI.

"Now just come along with me, you ruffian, to be handed over to the police! Ain't you ashamed to attack an old man like me!"



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UNCLE SAM'S HARVEST.

AMERICA'S claim to the title of the granary of the earth is strikingly enforced by the present situation of the world's grain markets. Europe has this year experienced a failure of crops which in medieval times would have been enough to cause wide spread and disastrous famine. But upon the fertile plains of our great West, from Manitoba to Kansas, the farmers are reaping such splendid harvests of cereals as have hardly been known before. The methods of modern commerce, which have, so to speak, made Dakota and Liverpool next door neighbors, will relieve the needs of Europe with the surplus of America, to the profit of the Western agriculturist and to the benefit of all the parties to the exchange.

This year's crops will bring to the farmers of the West and Northwest a sum reaching into hundreds of millions of dollars.

HAS THE BICYCLE DONE IT?

THE roads of our rural districts, as well as the streets of our cities, have undergone vast improvements during the past decade. Macadam has been very extensively used on the former, while asphalt is rapidly taking the place of cobble stones in the latter.

That we are directly indebted to the wheelman for these grateful changes it would be perhaps too much to say, but that the popularity which cycling has now attained is largely responsible for the agitation which has led to these results is surely a plausible supposition.

To ride a bicycle with any degree of pleasure a good smooth roadway is the first requirement, and the simultaneous increase of these with the extraordinary growth of wheeling is certainly significant.

SOME COLD FACTS.

THESE are the days when all the incoming steamers are crowded with travelers returning from sightseeing tours in Europe. And undoubtedly they have all been well repaid for the money spent and the inconveniences endured in making the journey. For, as all know, it costs a snug little sum to cross the "big pond," while, as perhaps some do not realize, travel on the other side is by no means so easy and pleasant as it is here.

However, this latter fact will but serve to make the wanderers more contented with their own land when they get back. Indeed, one scarcely realizes what patriotism is till he finds himself far from home and under a foreign flag.

But there is another side to this craze for going abroad, which each summer rages with greater virulence among our countrymen. As they choose the warm season for their flight it is reasonable to

suppose that they wish to seek refreshment from nature as well as to enjoy the treasures of art and architecture which the old world can reveal to them. But do they ever stop to think that within the borders of the United States they can obtain as great a variety of climate as all of Europe can afford?

An article printed in a Philadelphia paper the other day bore this significant heading, "From 95 in the Shade to Perpetual Snow Only Three Days!" The writer then went on to dilate on the grandeur of the snow capped peaks of the Rockies, equaling as they do in almost every respect the famous summits among the Alps in Switzerland, and capable of being reached by a luxurious railroad ride of less than half a week from our Eastern cities.

Is not this a suggestion worth stowing away in the memory? Ponder it, ye who dread the "maldy of the sea," and when the next season of outing comes around, let the new world stand at least an equal chance with the old in your choice of a locality in which to cool off and be awe inspired.

A BOOM FOR STARS.

WHAT a sense of importance the wearing of a uniform inspires in a man! Not only are its effects visible in the man who wears it, but in those who have to do with him.

The answer to a question addressed to a street car conductor who sports a gilt band on his cap is received with entire trustfulness, whereas the same response from a like official "in plain clothes," would be by no means conclusive. And the tendency to elaborateness in uniforms of every description is almost alarmingly prevalent just now for a democratic country.

An incident that occurred the other day in Kansas City will without doubt give fresh impetus to this craze for decorations. The star on a policeman's coat stopped a bullet that would otherwise, so the report runs, have sped its way to his heart.

Here is a suggestion that will appeal both to the artistic and humanitarian instincts of the people. Let the coats of the policemen, as well as our soldiers, be provided with forty four stars. Thus will they not only be useful as armor but will serve to remind beholders of the States for which they stand.

A REPENTANT THUNDERBOLT.

A VERY thoughtful thunder storm was one that broke not long ago over a town near Portland, Maine. The lightning struck a barn, which began to burn merrily, when the electric fluid, seeming to regret the destruction it was causing, flew to the main that supplied the building with water and made a hole in it that caused a stream to spurt up large enough to put out the flames.

Lightning is said never to strike twice in the same place, but on this occasion the rule was most luckily broken.

WHAT PUZZLES THE PROPHETS.

"WHAT'S one man's meat is another man's poison," runs the adage, and sometimes a person dies of a pin prick while his neighbor may continue to live for years with a bullet inside of him.

A man was walking across a railroad bridge at Providence the other day. A train came along, struck him, and hurled him into the river below, a distance of forty feet. Of course everybody thought he was killed, but he wasn't even stunned, for he was able to swim ashore, after reaching which he stepped out and walked away as unconcerned as if being knocked overboard by a railroad train was a matter of every day occurrence with him.

This was an instance of a powerful cause resulting in an infinitesimal effect. A contrasted infinitesimal cause issuing in a gigantic outcome is furnished by one of New York's recent great fires, started by a half smoked cigarette flung among some loose boards, and which did not stop until \$200,000 worth of property had been destroyed.

ALFRED HOLT COLQUITT,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM GEORGIA.

SENATOR COLQUITT, whose portrait appears herewith, is one of the most prominent of the Southern statesmen, and a typical son of the State in whose service the best years of his life have been spent. He was born in Georgia on the 20th of April, 1824. His father was Walter T. Colquitt, who once represented the Empire State of the South in the Senate at Washington, as his son does today. Young Colquitt was not obliged to contend with the



SENATOR COLQUITT.

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

disadvantages and hardships that have marked the early career of many of those who have risen to eminence. None the less does he deserve credit for making good use of the opportunities that were his. He was prepared for college at a private school, and then went to Princeton, where he graduated in the class of 1844. Next he studied law, and was admitted to the bar; but on the breaking out of the Mexican war he gave up his practice to go to the front as a member of General Taylor's staff, with the rank of major.

Returning to Georgia after the close of the war, in 1852, when he was only twenty eight years old, he was elected to the Thirty Third Congress. He served with credit, and was unanimously renominated, but declined the proffered compliment.

When, after the election of 1860, Georgia seceded from the Union, Mr. Colquitt followed the fortunes of his State, and joined the Confederate army as captain of the Sixth Georgia infantry. He served throughout the war, becoming colonel of his regiment, and then successively brigadier general and major general. He won a reputation as a gallant fighter, and one of his battlefield exploits gained him the title of "the hero of Olustee."

After the conclusion of hostilities, for some time he took little part in public affairs. In 1870 he became president of the Georgia Agricultural Society, to which office he was six times re-elected. He also acted, in the year mentioned, as chairman of the State convention of his party. Four years later he was nominated for the governorship, and received a majority of eighty thousand votes. At that time the chief magistrate of Georgia held office for four years, but in 1880, under a new State constitution, the tenure was limited to two years. Governor Colquitt was re-elected, and on the expiration of his second term was chosen by the State Legislature to his present office.

Senator Colquitt enjoys a great and well deserved popularity in his State. He has been earnestly in favor of every undertaking toward the development of her resources. The success of the Atlanta Cotton Exposition, held during his second term as Governor, was largely due to his efforts as President of the Board of Management; and that display, at which all the leading industries of the section were represented, did much to prove the possibilities of the "New South." Nor have Mr. Colquitt's sympathies with beneficial movements been limited to the boundaries of Georgia. He has become widely known as a speaker and worker in the cause of temperance, and few of the honors that have fallen to him have been more highly prized than the presidency of the International Sunday School Association, which he held some years ago.

THE OLD BOAT.

A WORN out boat upon the shore,
The children's playground is it now,
The troubled deep it tempts no more,
But lies at rest like a rusty plow.

And yet it basks in bright noontide,
It echoes gladly childish voices;
A sailor's wife leans here, and wide
Her outlook till her heart rejoices.

[This Story began in Number 456.]

A DEBT OF HONOR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

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

CHAPTER VIII.

TRACKING THE THIEF.

GERALD blushed with indignation at the unexpected accusation. "What do you mean, Mr. Wentworth?" he demanded angrily.

"I mean just what I say. During the night my wallet, which was full of bank bills, has been stolen. Of course your father couldn't have taken it. There was no one else in the room except yourself."

"You are making a poor return for our hospitality," said Gerald coldly. "In what pocket did you keep your wallet?"

"In the inside pocket of my coat."

"Look about on the floor. It may have slipped out."

Bradley Wentworth deigned to accept this suggestion. Both he and Gerald looked about on the floor, but could discover no trace of the lost article.

"Just as I expected," observed Wentworth in a significant tone.

Gerald colored and felt mystified.

"I don't understand it," he said slowly.

"Probably the wallet walked off without hands," sneered Wentworth.

"It must have been taken," said Gerald quietly, "but who could have done it?"

"Yes, who could have done it?" repeated Wentworth with another sneer. "I will trouble you to speak in a different tone," said Gerald with quiet dignity. "My father and I are poor enough, but no one ever charged us with dishonesty."

Mr. Lane, awakening from sleep, heard the last words.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" he asked dreamily.

"Mr. Wentworth misses his pocket-book, father," exclaimed Gerald.

"How much money was there in your wallet, Bradley?" asked the sick man.

"Nearly two hundred dollars."

"That is a great deal of money to lose. You are sure it was in your pocket when you went to bed?"

"Yes, I felt it there."

"Some one must have got into the cabin during the night."

"But the door was locked," said Wentworth.

"True, but there is a window near your bed. There was no fastening, and it could be raised easily. And that reminds me," he continued with a sudden thought, "I waked up during the night, that is I partially awakened, and thought I saw a figure near your bed in a stooping position. It must have been the thief going through your pockets."

"Why didn't you speak, father?"

"Because I was more asleep than

awake, and my mind was too torpid to reason upon what I saw."

"Did the figure remind you of any one, father? What was it like?"

"A man of medium height, stout and broad shouldered."

Bradley Wentworth started, and a sudden conviction flashed upon him. The description tallied exactly with Jake Amsden, the man with whom he had had a conference the day before.

"Is there any such person who lives near by?" he asked.

"Yes, a worthless, dissipated fellow named Jake Amsden."

"I think I caught sight of him yesterday during my walk. Is his hair red?"

"Yes. Did you speak to him?"

"I spoke to him," said Wentworth evasively, for he did not care to mention the subject of their conversation.

"Did he know where you were staying?"

"That boy has more in him than I thought. He is no milk and water youth as his father probably was."

"Very well," he said aloud. I will accept your offer—that is, after breakfast. I am afraid I shouldn't muster up courage enough to meet this rough fellow on an empty stomach. I don't feel like giving up such a sum of money without a struggle to recover it. Do you know Amsden?"

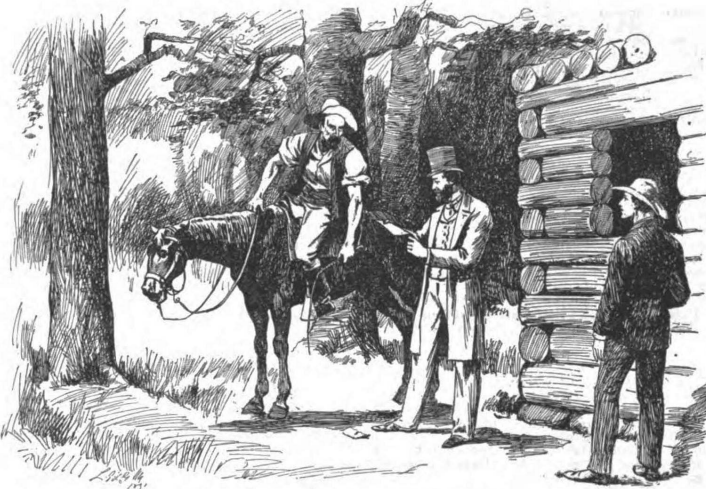
"Yes; he has been in this vicinity almost as long as we have."

"Are you on friendly terms?"

"We are not unfriendly, but he is not a man that I cared to be intimate with."

"Will he be likely to leave the neighborhood with his booty?" asked Wentworth anxiously.

"No; he is not a coward, and will stay. Besides, he probably thinks that he has covered his tracks, and will not be suspected."



HERE IS A TELEGRAM. I HAVE RIDDEN SEVENTY MILES TO BRING IT TO YOU.

"I believe I mentioned it."

"And from your appearance doubtless he concluded that you had money."

"Possibly. Has he ever stolen anything from you?"

"I am too poor to attract burglars. Besides, theft in this neighborhood is a serious offense. Only last year a man living five miles away was lynched for stealing a horse."

"This is an awkward loss for me," said Wentworth. "If I were at home I could step into a bank and get all the money I wanted. Here it is different."

"Have you no money left? Did the wallet contain all you had?"

"I have some besides in an inside pocket, but not as much as I may have occasion to use. Is there any hope of recovering the wallet from this man—that is, provided he has taken it?"

"After Gerald I will go with you," said Gerald, "and see if we can find Jake Amsden. If we do we will make him give up the money."

"But will it be safe? He looks like a rough character."

"So he is; but the two of us ought to be more than a match for him."

"I have no arms."

"I will lend you my father's pistol, and I have one of my own."

Gerald spoke so calmly, and seemed so cool and courageous that Wentworth gave him a look of admiration.

Breakfast was prepared and eaten. As they rose from the table Gerald said:

"Now, Mr. Wentworth, I am at your service."

They took their way partly through woods till they reached the poor cabin occupied by Jake Amsden. The door was open and they looked in. But there was no sign of the occupant.

"He is gone!" said Wentworth, in accents that betrayed his disappointment.

"I didn't much expect he would be here," said Gerald.

"Have you any idea where he is?"

"Yes; he is very fond of whisky, and there is a place at the foot of the hill where drink can be obtained. It is kept by a negro, a man of bad reputation."

"Then let us go there. There is no time to be lost," said Wentworth, anxiously.

As they walked along Wentworth broached the old subject of selling the cabin and the land attached.

"I think you make a mistake, Gerald," he said, "in not selling me the cabin. Two hundred dollars would be very useful to you."

"The place is worth more."

"I offered you two hundred and fifty, and I stand by that offer."

"I may desire to sell it some time, but not at present."

"You don't mean to remain here after your father dies?"

"Please don't refer to that, Mr. Wentworth," said Gerald with emotion. "I don't want to think of it."

"But you know he can't recover."

"I know it, but I don't like to think of it."

"This is only weakness. You ought to think of it, and be forming your plans."

"Excuse me, Mr. Wentworth," said Gerald with sad dignity, "but I cannot and will not speak of my father's death at present. When God takes him from me it will be time to consider what I shall do."

"Suit yourself," said Bradley Wentworth stiffly, "but you must not forget that I am your father's friend, and—"

"Are you my father's friend?" asked Gerald with a searching look.

"Of course I am," answered Wentworth, coloring. "Hasn't he told you we were young men together?"

"Yes, he has told me that."

"Then you understand it. I am his friend and yours."

"I am glad to hear it," said Gerald gravely, "but there," he added, pointing to a low, one story frame building, "is the place where Jake Amsden probably came to buy liquor."

Over the entrance was a large board on which was painted in rude characters:

P. JOHNSON,
Saloon.

CHAPTER IX.

FOILING A THIEF.

MR. PETER JOHNSON, the proprietor of the saloon,

hearing voices, came to the door. He was a dirty looking negro of medium size, dressed in a shoddy suit, common enough in appearance, but with a look of cunning in his small round eyes.

"Good mornin', gemmen," he said rubbing his hands and rolling his eyes. "What can I do for you udis mornin'?"

"Has Jake Amsden been around here?" asked Gerald abruptly.

"No, sir," answered Peter.

In spite of his answer there was a look in his eyes that belied his statement.

"You have seen nothing of him?" continued Gerald, sharply.

"No, sir. What for should Jake Amsden come here for, Mr. Gerald?"

"He might feel thirsty," suggested Wentworth, "just as I am. Have you got some good whisky?"

"Yes, sir," answered Peter briskly.

"Well, go in and get a couple of glasses," said Wentworth.

"None for me," commenced Gerald, but Wentworth gave him a quick look that silenced him. He saw that his companion had an object in view.

Wentworth made a motion to go in, but the negro interfered hastily. "Stay where you are, gemmen, I'll bring out de whisky."

"We can go in as well as not, and save you trouble," said Wentworth, and despite Peter's opposition the two followed him in.

They looked about scrutinizingly, but saw nothing to repay their search.

There was a counter, such as is usually found in saloons, and Mr. Johnson going behind this brought out glasses and a bottle of whisky.

"Help yourselves, gemmen!" he said, but there was an uneasy look on his face.

Wentworth poured out a small quantity of whisky and drank it down. He poured out a less quantity for Gerald, but the boy merely touched his lips to the glass.

"So you say Jake Amsden has not been here?" repeated Wentworth in a loud voice.

"No, stranger, no, on my word he hasn't," answered Peter earnestly. But he was immediately put to confusion by a voice from behind the bar; a voice interrupted by hiccoughs: "Who's calling me?"

"Come out here, Jake," said Wentworth, showing no surprise. "Come out here, and have a drink with your friends."

The invitation was accepted. Jake, who was lying behind the counter half stupefied, got up with some difficulty, and presented himself to the company a by no means attractive figure. His clothes were even more soiled than usual by contact with a floor that was seldom swept.

Wentworth poured out a glass of whisky and handed it to the inebriate, who gulped it down.

"Now you drink with me!" stuttered Jake, who was too befuddled to recognize the man who had treated him.

"All right, Jake, old boy!" said Wentworth with assumed hilarity.

He poured out for himself a teaspoonful of whisky, but did not replenish Gerald's glass, as Amsden was not likely to notice the omission.

"Now pay for it, Jake!" prompted Wentworth.

"Never mind!" said Peter hastily, "another time will do!"

"Jake has money. He doesn't need credit," said Wentworth.

"Yes, I've got money," stammered Amsden, and pulled out the wallet he had stolen from Wentworth.

"Give it to me, Jake," said Wentworth, and Jake yielded, not knowing the full meaning of what was going on.

"I take you to witness, Gerald," said Wentworth, "this is my pocketbook, which this man Amsden stole from me last night. I'll keep it."

"Stop there, gemmen!" said Pete Johnson. "Dat don't go down. Dat wallet belongs to Jake, I've seen him have it a dozen times. I won't 'low no stealin' in my saloon."

"Be careful, Mr. Johnson," said Wentworth sternly. "These are papers in this wallet that prove my ownership. You evidently intended to relieve Jake of the wallet when he was sleeping off the effects of the whisky. If you make a fuss I'll have you arrested as a confederate of Jake Amsden in the robbing."

"Fore 'Heb'!" said Peter, becoming alarmed, "I didn't know Jake stole the money."

"Did you ever know him have so much money before?" demanded Gerald.

"Didn't know but he might a had some money left him," said Peter shrilly.

"Well, you know now. When this gentleman lay asleep in our cabin last night Jake stole in and took his wallet."

"What'll I do, gemmen? When Jake wakes up" (he had dropped on the floor, where he was breathing hard, with his eyes closed) "he'll 'cuse me of takin' his money."

"Tell him that the man he stole it from came here and got it," said Gerald. Gerald and his companion left the saloon, leaving Peter Johnson quite down in the mouth. He had been spoiled, for rightly supposing that Jake did not know how much money there was in the wallet, he had intended to abstract at least half the contents and appropriate it to his own use.

"Did he use much of your money, Mr. Wentworth?" asked Gerald.

"I will examine and find out," answered his companion.

He sat down under the tree and took out the roll of bills.

"Only five dollars are missing," he said in a tone of satisfaction.

"Have you a son?" asked Gerald. "I think I heard my father say you had one somewhere near my own age."

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"My son—Victor—is seventeen. You have an advantage over him."

"What is that, sir?"

"You are a poor man's son."

"Do you consider that an advantage?"

"Money is a temptation," returned

Bradley Wentworth slowly, "especially to a boy. Victor knows that I am rich—that is, moderately rich," he added cautiously, "and he feels at liberty to spend money, often in ways that don't do him any good. He buys clothes extravagantly, but that does no harm outside of the expense. I am sorry to say that he has contracted a taste for drink, and has given several champagne suppers to his friends. I suppose you don't indulge yourself in that way." Wentworth added, with a faint smile.

"I have heard of champagne, but I never tasted it," returned Gerald, but "You are as well off without it—nay, better. I noticed you merely sipped the whisky at the place we just left."

"Yes; I knew your object in ordering it, and did not want to arouse Peter's suspicions, or I would not even have done that."

"So I supposed. I approve of your moderation. I do not myself drink whisky, and indeed very little wine. Drink has no temptation for me. I wish I could say as much for Victor. I presume he has heard of champagne, but you would do the same."

"You are quite mistaken, Mr. Wentworth," said Gerald indignantly.

"Well, perhaps so, but you can't tell, for you have never been tried."

"I have never been tried, but I hate liquor of all kinds, and drunkenness still more. The sight of Jake Amsden just now is enough to sicken any one."

"True, he makes a beast of himself. I am not afraid Victor will ever sink to his level; but I should be glad if he would abstain from drinking altogether."

Bradley Wentworth rose from his recumbent position.

"Shall we take a walk?" he said.

"I would do so, but I don't like to leave my father alone."

"I will accompany you, if you will, to the cabin."

"Yes, but he is subject to sudden attacks."

"And you have no doctor within a reasonable distance?"

"No; but his attacks are always the same, and I know what to do for him."

"We will walk to the cabin, and then, if he seems well, you might venture to 'take a walk.'"

"Very well, Mr. Wentworth."

When they were within a few rods of his home, Gerald, impatient and always solicitous about the invalid, ran forward, leaving Mr. Wentworth to follow more slowly.

The latter was startled when Gerald, pale and agitated, emerged from the cabin and called out: "Oh, come quick, Mr. Wentworth. My father has had a serious hemorrhage, and he choked, unable to finish the sentence."

Wentworth hurried forward and entered the cabin. Mr. Lane lay back in his chair, gasping for breath.

He opened his eyes when he heard Gerald's voice.

"I am—glad—you—are—come, Gerald," he gasped. "I think—the end has come!"

He did not utter another word, but in half an hour breathed his last!

CHAPTER X.

ALONE IN THE WOODS.

TWO days afterwards the simple burial took place. Mr. Wentworth remained, influenced by a variety of motives. He felt that with Warren Lane dead all form of demand upon him for the money he had once faithfully agreed to pay had passed. Gerald might know something about it, but what could a poor and friendless boy do against a rich manufacturer? Still, if the boy had the papers, he might as well secure them for a trifle. So as they sat in front of the cabin after the burial he said suddenly: "What do you propose to do, Gerald?"

"I don't know," answered Gerald sadly.

"If you will go home with me, I will give you a place in my factory."

"I prefer to remain here for a time."

"But how will you live?"

"I can hunt and fish, and as my wants are few I think I shall get along."

"As your father and I were young men together, I should like to do something for you."

"You can do something for me," said Gerald significantly.

"What is it you refer to?"

"Keep the promise you made to my father fifteen years ago."

Bradley Wentworth looked uneasy. It was clear that the boy thoroughly understood the compact.

"That do you mean, Gerald?" he asked.

"I mean that my father sacrificed his reputation to save yours. Through him you obtained your inheritance and are today a rich man. For this you solemnly agreed to give him twenty thousand dollars when you came into your uncle's fortune."

"You are laboring under a delusion, boy!" said Wentworth harshly.

"You know better than that, Mr. Wentworth," answered Gerald calmly.

"You are certainly very modest in your demands. Twenty thousand dollars, indeed!"

"It was not I who fixed upon that sum, but yourself. As my father's sacrifice brought you over three hundred thousand dollars, it was a good bargain for me."

"What have you to show in proof of this extraordinary claim of yours?" demanded Wentworth, waiting eagerly for the answer.

"Your confession over your own signature that you forged the check, a crime attributed to my father, and confessing that he bore the blame to screen you."

"Where is this paper?" demanded Wentworth, edging, as if unconsciously, nearer the boy.

"It is safe," answered Gerald, rising and facing his companion, "and confessing that he bore the blame to screen you."

"Show it to me! I won't believe in its existence unless you show it to me."

"This is not the time to show it," said Gerald.

"I differ with you. This is the precise time to show it if you have it, which I very much doubt."

"I will show it to you in due time, Mr. Wentworth. This is not the right time, nor the right place."

"Have you it about you?"

"I shall answer no more questions, Mr. Wentworth."

Wentworth eyed Gerald, doubting whether he should not seize him then and there and wrest from him the paper if he proved to have it, but there was something in the resolute look of the boy that daunted him, man though he was.

"I will have a few plain words with you. For this the boy would be less prepared than for open force."

"Look here, Gerald," he said, moderating his tone and moving further away, as if all thoughts of violence had left him.

"I will have a few plain words with you. If you have any paper compromising me in any way, I will make it worth your while to give it to me. I remember that I was in a little trouble, and being young made a mountain out of a molehill. Still I wouldn't care to have it come out now, when I am a man of repute, that I ever sowed wild oats like most young men. I will make you the same offer that I did your father. Give me the paper and I will give you a thousand dollars to start you in life. Think what you will. I will not care to buy like you."

"I don't think I care much for money, Mr. Wentworth," responded Gerald.

"But my father left me this claim upon you as a sacred trust. I feel that I owe it to his memory to collect it to the uttermost farthing."

"No, Mr. Wentworth, I was only trying to find out whether you were a man of integrity!"

"Do you dare to impugn my integrity?" demanded the manufacturer angrily.

"A man of integrity keeps his engagements," said Gerald briefly.

Bradley Wentworth regarded Gerald with a fixed and thoughtful glance. He had expected to twine the boy round his finger, but found that he was more reso-

lute than he expected. He exhibited a force of character which his father had never possessed.

Wentworth was not a patient man, and the boy's perverseness, as he called it, provoked him, and brought out his sterner and more disagreeable qualities.

"But," he said harshly, "I have a piece of advice to give you."

"What is it, sir?"

"Don't make me your enemy! I came here intending to be your friend, and you decline my advances."

"No, sir," answered Gerald firmly. "I don't consider that you act a friendly part when you decline to carry out a solemn compact made with my father."

"It is a delusion of his and yours," returned Wentworth. "I can only look upon your attitude as that of a blackmail."

"No one has more contempt for a blackmailer than I," said Gerald. "I am old enough to understand the meaning of the term. If a man owed you money, and you presented your claim, would you consider it blackmail?"

"Of course not," said Wentworth.

"Then I need not defend myself from your charge."

"You and I take different views on this question, but it is of some importance to you not to offend me."

"Why?" asked Gerald, looking straight in the eyes of his companion.

"Because I am rich and powerful."

"And I am weak and poor?"

"Precisely."

"What use do you propose to make of your power, Mr. Wentworth?"

"To crush you, said the manufacturer. "Listen, boy, I am capable of being a good friend—"

"As you were to my father," suggested Gerald significantly.

"As I was to your father, only he did not appreciate it."

"I would like to have such a friend."

"But I have something to add. I can be a bitter enemy when I am badly treated."

"I suppose that is meant as a threat, Mr. Wentworth," said Gerald calmly.

"You can take it so."

"Then I have my answer ready. I care neither for your friendship nor your enmity. I shall do what I consider right, and if my own conscience approves I shall seek no other approval."

"You are very independent for a young man; especially one in your circumstances," sneered Wentworth.

"You may be right. I am independent, and I intend to remain so."

"Wait till you get older, and have been buffeted by the world. You will understand then that you have made a serious mistake in repelling my offer of help."

"Have you anything more to say to me, Mr. Wentworth?"

"No, unless to add that I generally get even with those who oppose me. Indeed, I have a great mind to chastise you here and now."

Gerald rose from his seat and confronted the angry man, but without betraying any trace of excitement or fear.

"You are probably more than a match for me physically, Mr. Wentworth," he said, "but I will undertake anything of that kind you will meet with a determined resistance."

And as Wentworth looked into the boy's resolute face he quite understood that he spoke only the truth.

"No," he said, after a brief pause, "I will not undertake anything of that kind you will meet with a determined resistance."

He did not finish the sentence, for a man on horseback came galloping up to the cabin. He checked his horse, and said indignantly, "Is this Mr. Bradley Wentworth?"

"I am he," answered Wentworth, rising.

"Then here is a telegram for you. It came to Denver, and I have ridden seventy miles to bring it to you."

Wentworth tore open the message. It contained these words:

Come home at once. The men are on strike. I can do nothing without your authority.

MORGAN.

This is from my foreman. I am summoned home," said Wentworth, looking up. "How soon can I leave here?"

"At once. I engaged a wagon that will be here in fifteen minutes."

In fifteen minutes Bradley Wentworth

set out on his return. His mind was so much occupied with the serious news from home that he left without a word to Gerald, who stood watching the conveyance till it disappeared behind a bend in the cliff.

"Now he is indeed alone!" he reflected, as his eyes rested sadly on the poor cabin which he and his father had occupied for three years. "I am alone in the world, with no friend, but with one powerful enemy."

(To be continued.)

IN MID OCEAN.

BY J. CUTHBERT CARR.

THE two branches of the Trescott family in South Williamsport had never been on very friendly terms, and when old Jeremiah Trescott, the wealthy axle manufacturer in Wabac, died and left his fortune to his nephew Clark, and not a cent to Alfred, the breach seemed to be widened irrevocably.

And it was an odd thing, almost a cruel one for the one man, that Clark's parents were well off, while Alfred's father was an invalid confined to his bed. His wife managed to support the family while Fred was a child by keeping a small fancy goods store, and now that he was approaching man's estate, Fred had succeeded in securing a berth aboard the merchantman Princess, trading between Boston and Hamburg.

It almost broke his mother's heart to let him go, but there seemed to be nothing else for him to do. For weeks he had tried to obtain work in or near South Williamsport, so that he could live at home, but without success.

As a matter of fact both families were surprised at the axle manufacturer's bequest. With neither of them had Jeremiah had much to do, and while they knew that he was wealthy, they had supposed that his money would go either to relatives on his deceased wife's side or to some public institution. But to have Clark get it all, when he was abundantly able to get along without any, and Fred receive none, this the young sailor found very hard to stand without murmuring.

"It is all right, my son," his mother told him. "We had no claim on the money. Your uncle could do with it as he pleased."

"Oh, it isn't for myself that I feel like rebelling," returned Fred. "It is for your sake, and father's. What will Clark do with all those thousands? He has all he really needs now. He'll make ducks and drakes of the money, see if he doesn't. But there, I won't think of it any more, but I despise myself."

So for fear lest Clark should imagine he wanted to fawn upon him with a mercenary object in view, Fred looked the other way whenever he chanced to meet his cousin in the street, and so, as we have said, the breach between the rich and the poor Trescotts in South Williamsport perceptibly widened.

This was through no fault of Fred's mother, who was always for peace, but Clark's parents had always looked down upon the little fancy goods store, and thus matters stood when Alfred said a brave good-bye and set out.

This was several weeks after Uncle Jeremiah's death. Clark and his family had moved away from South Williamsport, had gone to Boston, and were living in grand style, so the report ran. Fred hoped to see and despise himself while he was there. He had always been an arrogant fellow, and now proud spirited Alfred was not so much afraid of being snubbed as patronized.

However, he had so timed his movements that he need remain in the city only a few hours, so there seemed small likelihood of his running across his cousin in that brief period. And he did not; but made his few purchases and went aboard the Princess to begin his career.

The beginning was surely a discouraging one, for he fell ill as soon as the ship began to toss on Atlantic's waves, and for a day he cared not whether he lived or died. Then one morning he woke up feeling in splendid shape, and set about learning his duties with a will. He was quick witted and agile of limb, so it did not long seem to him to become passably expert, while his genial manners and pleasant face soon made him a favorite with both officers and men.

"Wonder when that passenger of ours is going to show himself," remarked one of the sailors one afternoon, when the Princess was seven days out.

"What passenger?" inquired Fred. "I didn't know we carried any."

"We don't as a rule," replied Forbes, who was a very pleasant fellow from Plymouth. "But this is some young Boston swell who dissipated till he was all run down, and the doctor sent him a voyage with us for his health. And by George, he's been sick ever since we started."

Then the conversation—it was during the dog watch—turned to other themes, and Fred forgot all about the Princess's passenger till his existence was recalled to him in a very forcible manner.

It was early one afternoon when the schooner lay idly tossing on the long swell in almost a dead calm. Fred was sitting with Forbes in the bows ostensibly minding the jib, but the lack of wind left him in reality without any occupation, except to wish—and whistle—for a breeze. He was thinking a good deal of South Williamsport, wondering



"OH, WHAT A WICKED, WORTHLESS FELLOW I AM!" AND HE BURIED HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS.

how his father was and how his mother was getting along.

"She'll be glad to hear that I am succeeding so well as a sailor," he thought; "glad and sorry, too, I suppose, for that will mean that I stick to it and not at home."

His reflections were interrupted at this point by a most startling occurrence. A figure dashed out from the after companion way, and, without an instant's hesitation, rushed to the side and with one flying leap went over.

"Man overboard!" shouted the man at the wheel and Fred simultaneously, and the latter darted for one of the boats, calling on Forbes to follow him.

Within a minute they were both lowering themselves to the water, but in casting off Forbes' foot slipped, he lost his balance and went over.

"Never mind. I'll go alone!" called out Fred, seeing that a rope had been lowered to his luckless companion, who was there in no danger.

The fellow who had gone overboard, was, on the other hand, in great peril. He was already some distance from the schooner, for a breeze had just sprung up and the ship had at once responded and forged ahead.

If the man was to be saved, no time was to be lost, and Fred bent to the oars with all his might. But the wind was increasing every moment, and the next instant an inky black cloud blotted out the sun. Then the rain began to fall in torrents, and the would-be rescuer despaired of ever being able to find his man through the thick sheets of water which made it difficult to see even the ship.

"Hillo, there, hillo; here I am!" he kept calling out, turning round every ship or two to peer to see if he could see him.

But for a while he could see nothing but the water of the sea and that from the clouds commingled.

"He must have gone down long ago," Fred finally concluded with a little sullen.

Just then he heard a faint cry.

"Help!"

He started, for he thought he recognized the tones. But he did not stop to

try and solve the mystery, but rowed rapidly in the direction of the sound, and soon came in sight of a head bobbing about.

Two more lusty strokes brought the boat up with it, and dropping his oars Fred bent over to pull the man in. But all the power seemed to go out of his muscles as he recognized the face turned up to his. It was his cousin, Clark Trescott.

He had expended his last atom of strength, and was now an inert mass that would have slipped back into the ocean had it not been for Fred's grasp on his collar. The young sailor collected all his energies and thinking only of a fellow being to be rescued from a watery grave, hauled the exhausted man into the boat.

He was obliged to fall to work at once chafing his hands and limbs in the endeavor to restore circulation, and meantime everything else was neglected, while the storm that had broken so suddenly continued to increase in violence. The waves rose higher and higher, and at last, just as Clark opened his

But the afternoon wore away, and the sun sank into the waves, still no sign of sail or smoke betokened the presence of some Atlantic liner.

Clark sat with his head in his hands. Fred had found Forbes' hat in the boat, where it had dropped, and given it to his cousin, but he could not himself stand up most of the time, eagerly scanning the horizon.

The sun had dried his clothes, but it could not provide him with a supper, and as night fell the prospect for the two castaways was a gloomy one indeed.

There was no use in wasting strength rowing. Help was as likely to come to them in one spot as another, so they drifted idly on the billows, which gradually became longer and easier, and finally when the moon rose, there was a dead calm again.

"Give me your hand, Fred, won't you?" he said. "I want to feel that I have thanked you for what you have done—in case anything happens. You are my cousin, though we have not lived as such, goodness knows, and if we ever get out of this scrape I mean to do by you as I ought to do."

Fred said nothing, simply took the extended hand and pressed it. Clark was about to proceed, when Fred started up with a "Hush!"

A throbbing sound came over the sea, the cousins turned, and saw lights at a little distance. An ocean steamer was approaching, and hope swelled within the breasts of the castaways.

Nearer and came the huge bulk, and now the question arose, how could they signal her? They had no means of making a light, they could only shout and hope to be heard.

They both stood up, a hand on each other's shoulder to brace themselves, but suddenly Fred dropped to the seat with the cry:

"Quick, Clark, take an oar or she'll run us down!"

The monster's course had suddenly been changed and she was coming straight for them. Both boys pulled for their lives, and just succeeded in getting out of range as the Atlantic greyhound swept past.

They were too frightened to cry out, and if any one observed them on the steamer, no report was made of the fact, and presently they were again alone on the surface of the deep, hope deferred making their hearts heavy.

The night dragged its weary length along, and by and by the boys both pretty well used up, with what anxiety, hunger and the exposure to which they had been subjected.

As the sun rose several sails became visible, but none were near enough to be of service. Not till toward noon did another steamer come close to them, and then they were both too weak to do much shouting. But a lady on deck chanced to sight the small boat docking the sea plain, and called the attention of the officer on duty to it. A glass was brought to bear, and then a crew was ordered off to investigate.

In an hour's time Fred and Clark were on the Afric, bound for New York. By the time they reached that city the two cousins had had a talk which completely changed Fred's future, and that of his cousin. When the news of his fortune Clark wanted his cousin to join him in the hardware business in Boston. Fred's share of the capital, Clark declared, was due him for the life—and soul—he had saved.

So a gentlemanly and agreeable fellow, Fred's first voyage, and the Trescott feud was as if it was buried in the depths of the sea.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

EDUCATED FIG.—"There was some excitement up in the curio hall last night after the show."

TRAINED CANARY.—"What was it?"

EDUCATED FIG.—"The Circassian girl dropped her wig, and the two headed man had a fight with himself to see which side of him should pick up the thing."—*Minneapolis Journal*.

THINGS ONE WOULD HAVE SAID

DIFFERENCE IN

A YOUNG lady was calling for the first time upon acquaintances, whose friendship she was exceedingly glad to cultivate, and before whom she wished to appear as advantageously as possible. But as she withdrew gracefully from the parlor she exclaimed cordially, while shaking the hand of her hostess, "I am so glad to come and see me soon, and don't stay as long as I have done!"—*Christian Union*.

ARCHERY.

BY GEORGE R. BRADLEY.



S weapons of warfare and the chase, the bow and arrow have a history many times as long as that of the rifle and the shotgun. Indeed, their origin far precedes the birth of written history, and dates from the times when primeval man, who had not yet discovered the art of working iron, fastened to his shafts arrowheads laboriously chipped from hard flint. The nineteenth century, which has witnessed the final disappearance of archery as a practical art of offense or defense, has seen it attain a considerable degree of popularity as a pastime.

Of course archery cannot claim as many devotees as baseball or lawn tennis. The cost of the archer's outfit, the difficulty of securing a safe and suitable ground for target shooting, and the long practice required in order to attain a fair degree of skill, are apt to discourage beginners. Still, it has enthusiastic followers here and there throughout Europe and America, and it deserves to have them, for it is a sport in whose favor there is much to be said. It is mainly a game of skill, not of strength, though a little experience will prove that it brings into play the muscles of the arms and shoulders in a way sure to strengthen and develop them. It is especially calculated to promote quickness and steadiness of eye and hand, qualities that are often of great usefulness in the practical affairs of life.

If there are any readers of *THE ARGOSY* who have never taken up archery as a pastime, but would like to try the experiment, they will desire to know the rules of the game and the equipments needed by the archer. As for the latter, the only real necessities are a bow, some arrows and a target.

Of these the bow is the most important and expensive. For a six foot bow made of a straight and knotless piece of English yew, as much as a hundred, and even two hundred dollars has sometimes been paid. But a good article for ordinary use may be had for from five to ten dollars. It will probably be a "backed" bow—that is one made of two strips of wood glued together. Lancelwood is a favorite material, either by itself or in combination with a kind of hickory.

The bow is generally from five to six feet in length, tapering from the middle to each end. At either extremity is a tip of horn, with a groove—technically known as a "nock"—through which the bowstring passes. Makers usually mark upon each bow its strength, which of course depends upon the stiffness of the wood. Twenty five pounds will represent a light, flexible bow, forty pounds one of medium strength, and seventy five pounds a bow that none but a powerful man can use with good effect. The side of the bow is flat, the other rounded. Midway between the tips is the handle, which is simply a velvet band placed around the wood.

Bowstrings are made of hemp or flax, coated with a composition that gives additional elasticity and durability. The string should be from two to three inches shorter than the distance between

the nocks in the tips of the bow. It is looped around one tip, and then the bow is bent until the noose at the other end of the string can be slipped into the other nock. The bow will now be curved so that the handle will be from five to six inches from the string.

Arrows are generally made of white deal or of some other kind of heavy wood. At one end is a point of brass or iron, riveted to the wood; at the other, a small piece of horn with a notch for the string. Near this latter end three small strips of leather are glued to the shaft of the arrow, to steady its flight. One of them is different in color from the other two, to mark that side of the arrow that should be held uppermost in shooting. Some monogram, colored ring, or other distinguishing mark is usually painted between the feathers, so that each archer can distinguish his own arrows.

The target is a circular mat of straw from three feet six inches to four feet in diameter, and about five inches in thickness. It is covered with stout canvas, painted in a series of five circles. The center circle, corresponding to the bull's-eye of a rifle target, is gilded and called the gold. The next is red; then comes the inner white, then the black, and last the outer white. The target is supported upon a light, three legged iron stand.

These—the bow, the arrows, and the target—are, as we have said, the only absolute necessities of the archer. There are a few other articles that may with advantage be added to his outfit—a quiver, or tin case, for keeping the arrows when not in use; a pouch which straps around the waist and holds those that are actually being shot; a pair of gloves to protect the hands; a small pot of grease, which is occasionally applied to the gloves in order to prevent friction, and a leather guard for the arm. The beginner, however, will probably be willing to dispense with some of these accessories.

The proper method of bending the bow is as follows: Let the right hand hold the bow by the handle, while one end of it rests upon the ground, against the hollow of the right foot. Now place the heel of the left hand upon the upper limb of the bow, below the action of the string. Then, while the fingers and thumb of the left hand slide the eye toward the notch in the horn, and the heel pushes the limb away from the body, the right hand pulls the handle toward the target, and rests the action of the bow, left by which the bow is bent, and at the same time the string is slipped into the notch. Take care to keep the three outer fingers free from the string, for if the bow should slip from the hand, and the string catch them, they will be severely pinched.

To unstring the bow, bend it exactly as before until the string is loose enough to be lifted from the nock with the forefinger and allowed to slip down the bow. Now we are ready to shoot at the target. The usual range is from fifty to sixty yards. Standard distances for men, in the archery clubs' matches, are sixty and eighty yards. Lady archers sometimes stand but thirty yards from the target, and the beginner will probably find that far enough to start with. The arrow properly placed on the string, take the bow in the left hand, with the string toward you, the upper part of the bow being toward the right. Hold it horizontally while you take the arrow by the middle, pass it on the under side of the string and the upper side of the bow, and draw it two or three inches past the left hand. Hold it there with the forefinger or thumb while you remove the right hand down to the nock, turn the arrow until the feather that differs in color from the other two, comes uppermost, then pass it down to the bow, and fix it on the working part of the string. In doing this all contact with the feathers should be avoided, unless they are rubbed out of place, when they may be smoothed down by passing them through the hand.

The arrow should be at right angles with the target, but the face must be turned over the left shoulder, so as to look directly toward it. The feet must be set flat on the ground, with the heels a little apart, the left foot turned toward the mark, the head and chest inclined a little toward the target. Draw the arm full length of the arm till the hand touches the shoulder, then take aim.

The loosening should be quick, and the string must leave the fingers smartly and steadily. The bow head must be as firm as a vise. Trembling or nervousness is fatal.

Do not attempt to take aim by sighting the point of the arrow against the target, as if you were shooting with a rifle. Keep your eye fixed upon the mark while you draw the arrow back for the shot.

The young archer will find it difficult to hit the target at first. One block upon which he often stumbles may be removed by making sure that his bow is string exactly straight. He can determine this by holding the bow perpendicularly before him, with the string toward him. Now it is easy to see whether the line of the string cuts down the middle of the bow. If it does not, the nooses that pass around the ends of the bow should be slightly shifted.

After shooting, the bow should be unstrung as speedily as possible. If kept continually bent, it is apt to lose its elasticity and become forced out of shape.

The beginner should be careful not to choose a bow that is too strong or heavy for him. Always select a bow that you can draw to the full length of the arrow without any trembling of the hand. If this cannot be done with a little practice, the bow should be changed for a weaker one, for no arrow will fly true if discharged by a trembling hand.

[This Story began in Number 450.]

THE CHINESE CONSPIRACY;

OR,

A Naval Cadet's Adventures in the Celestial Empire.

BY ENRIQUE H. LEWIS,

Author of "The Adventures of Two Naval Apprentices," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

THE curtain was suddenly torn away, and the chief, with another man, stood before the astonished group in the little cave. It was a complete surprise.

In their excitement at Mr. Dalton's remark about the hidden passageway, all three had forgotten their situation for a moment, and by low talking had unfortunately attracted the attention of those outside. The attitude of the two Chinamen was so threatening that Lawrence and Charlie involuntarily stood on the defensive, and with clinched fists awaited the assault.

The latter was armed with a sword, which he held uplifted as if on the point of aiming a blow at his defiant captives, but, evidently changing his mind, he lowered the weapon and called loudly for assistance.

Behind him, in the open space of the large cavern, several coolies stood as if awaiting the summons, and, obedient to his order, they came rushing forward, hastily snatching up their guns as they passed a rude table in the center.

Lawrence was naturally quick in emergencies, and his training in the naval school had taught him the advantage of decisive action; the knowledge stood him in good stead now. He saw that they were in great peril, and that if not killed they would be punished and separated. The latter was a calamity which would hurriedly decrease any chance for escape, and he determined, therefore, to seize the present opportunity.

It was a desperate resolution, and the chances for success were not one in fifty, as the case looked. They were practically cornered in at the entrance; the chief and his companion, with drawn swords, blocked their path, and coming from behind were reinforcements. As Lawrence saw this his face paled slightly, but he did not hesitate.

Turning to Charlie and the old man, he exclaimed in a voice of wonderful calm under the circumstance, "Now is our time. If we make a bold dash we can possibly break through and gain the tunnel. Anything is better than remaining here, as it will mean a separation, and no chance for escape. Charlie, you take that man, and I will try the chief. Grab their swords if possible, and make for the outside. Come on!" Without

waiting for a reply, or to see if they followed him, the middy started for the little opening.

While Lawrence was speaking, Charlie stood listening quietly, but his eyes had been roving about the cave in search of a possible weapon. Over to one side several loose stones were lying, where they had evidently fallen from the wall as the men had been detached from the wall at odd times. This suggested an idea, and Travis acted on it at once.

Just as the middy rushed at the chief, Charlie picked up one of the rocky fragments, and hurled it with all his power at the two natives. The result had been immediate and decisive. The flying missile struck the chief full in the face, and he reeled over against his companion, knocking him to the ground.

In the meantime Mr. Dalton had not been idle either. At the first appearance of the Chinamen, he had quickly retreated behind his companions; but when Lawrence announced his plan and started forward, he followed Charlie's lead, and, snatching up a couple of stones from the floor, let fly at the advancing coolies, who had now reached their fallen leader. Although not thrown with much force, the rocks landed in the enemy's ranks with disastrous effect.

To say the least, it was a surprise to Lawrence, who had not seen his companion's move, to find his man *hors de combat* at his feet. He did not stop for any self congratulations; more of them were in front, and, with a shout, he sprang upon the leader of the group. For a moment there was a fierce struggle; Lawrence grasped the first coolie by the throat before the fellow could unsling his weapon and force him to the ground. The rest, not accustomed to this system of warfare, and, moreover, feeling their ranks considerably shattered by the unremitting shower of stones from the front, turned and fled as one man.

Considerably encouraged by the success of his first maneuver, Charlie started to run after the middy, shouting at the same time to the old man to follow him; but as he stepped over the prostrate natives at the entrance, a hand clutched him by the leg, tripping him so that he fell headlong to the floor. Before he could recover, he felt a sharp sting in the side, and found that the chief's companion was striving to pierce him with his sword. The man had risen to his knees, and was making fierce jabs at Charlie with the flat of his weapon, but fortunately Charlie was almost out of reach. However, the attempt was suddenly ended.

Mr. Dalton had delayed to secure more ammunition before he left the source of supply. Carrying a large piece of rock in each hand, and with his weapon in his companions, and arrived at the entrance in time to see the vindictive Celestial busily engaged in prodding Travis. To see was to act; dropping one stone, he used both hands, and brought the other down on the native's pate with a terrific crack. He subsided.

Most fortunate fact now became apparent. There were evidently not over half a dozen coolies in the caves. The rest of the gang had probably gone on one of their usual raids, leaving only a few behind as guards. This was caused by the belief in the impregnability of the stronghold, and it was well founded, but internal complications were not dreamed of. As it was, a better time for an attempt at escape could not have been selected.

The natives retreated hastily into the main cavern, leaving their fallen leader to his fate, and were showing every inclination to put as much space between them and the "Fankwei" as possible. They had been so bewildered and terrified at the middy's dashing onslaught that none of them had dared to touch their guns; in fact, they carried them aimlessly in their hands, and where one good volley would have settled the matter, they fled without attempting it.

Charlie scrambled to his feet in short order, and, grabbing the chief's sword, ran after him, leaving the middy to the old man, who had likewise armed himself with the weapon of the other native. Lawrence had speedily disarmed his man, and now stood with the gun aimed at the balance of the guards, who, in their haste to leave such dangerous quarters, had drawn their guns at the narrow entrance leading out into the open space.

He fired, but with elevated muzzle, and the bullet struck over their heads, sending down a shower of rocky splinters. It was the proverbial last straw, and they melted out of sight in much less time than it takes to tell it. So far the middy and his companions were masters of the field, but the hardest part was yet to come. Between them and actual freedom lay the outer opening and the tunnel.

The three were now standing together near the center of the large cavern, resting on their hands and feet for a minute. Lawrence looked about him rather undecided what to do next. Suddenly a confused hubbub sounded outside, and several loud reports came to their ears—the coolies were firing their guns to recall the rest of the gang.

"Great Scott! We must get out of here some way," exclaimed Charlie breathlessly, "or those fiends will corner us sure."

"Look for that other tunnel, quick!" shouted Lawrence in reply, and he dashed toward the matting fastened to the wall near at hand. Not stopping to lift it, he gave a rapid jerk and tore the whole thing down. Disappointment! It was only a shallow hole, evidently used as a storeroom.

At the same moment the old man reached another, but he merely drew the curtain back and was rewarded with a like result. Alarmed by an increase in the commotion outside, Charlie seized a rifle from the table and was standing in readiness to fire as it appeared at the entrance. The torches in the cavern cast a lurid glare on the scene, and by their unsteady light he thought he saw a head at the opening. The supposition was enough and he pulled the trigger. His aim, however, was bad, and the leader's bullet only rattled against the side, but the head promptly disappeared.

In the meantime, Lawrence frantically continued his search for the supposed exit. Noticing the screen from behind which he had just stepped back that night, he dashed toward it and discovered another curtain at the rear. It was but the work of a moment to tear this away and then—joy unspeakable—a draught of cool air came through an aperture in the rocky wall.

"Eureka!" he shouted, dancing about in great glee for a second, then running back to the others, he exclaimed hurriedly: "I have found the tunnel; it is behind this screen. Come on; we haven't any time to lose; those coolies are retreating." Telling Dalton to bring a rifle, he passed into the newly discovered passageway, followed by Charlie and the old man, just as a crowd of natives rushed through the outer entrance.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HIDDEN TUNNEL.

ALDOUT shout from the cavern soon apprised the fugitives that the natives had entered, and they stumbled blindly on in the dark, expecting to hear a fusillade from their enemies at every step. Lawrence was ahead and closely following him came the old man. Charlie brought up the rear, and as he hurried along after the others he grimly fingered the trigger of his gun with a bad muttered wish that he could have "potted" a brace of the yellow scoundrels before departing.

It was utterly impossible to see where they were going, but it mattered very little to them, and Lawrence increased his pace, regardless of the danger ahead; he was perfectly satisfied that it could be no greater than they were leaving behind, so he called out encouragingly to the rest and continued his flight.

In this way they proceeded for probably ten minutes, and as yet there was no evidence of pursuit. The noise in the cave had long since died away, and only the sound of their own feet striking the rocky surface of the tunnel broke the quiet. The middy thought it very peculiar, and halted for a moment to see if he could hear anything.

"Wait a bit; I can't make out why we are not followed," he exclaimed, leaning against the side for a brief rest.

"Have you heard anything, Charlie?" "No!" was the reply answer, and the hard breathing that accompanied it proclaimed that Travis was almost "winded," to use a cant expression.

"It is rather queer," continued Lawrence, his relief at the fact being tempered with uneasiness. So much good luck seemed rather suspicious, to say the least. One thing he noticed, that brought a slight recompense, was the extent of freedom that the middy meant the proximity of their destination—the outside.

"Probably they are searching in the little cave," suggested Mr. Dalton. "It runs back a good distance, and they wouldn't think we knew of this passageway."

"Well, they have had time enough now to find out," replied Lawrence. "I am afraid there is some other reason. We had better proceed more carefully. There might be another tunnel connecting with this one, or a hole for us to tumble into. I'll keep the lead, but don't you follow very fast."

The middy started on ahead, exercising greater caution this time. He used the gun as a staff, and kept testing the surface before him as he went along. Several times previous to the start he had run against the sides of the passageway, but found that it was caused by a turn in the direction. There seemed to be plenty of room overhead, and the width was sufficient for two or three to walk abreast, but single file was the most sensible formation under the present conditions.

Lawrence stepped gingerly, feeling his way with the butt of the gun and taking care to touch the floor with it at least every three paces. Suddenly he struck an obstruction ahead; thinking it was another curve he turned to the right, but encountered the wall, then to the left, but the rock interposed there also. What did it mean?

"Good heavens! I believe we are blacked out," ejaculated, dropping the rifle, and feeling on all sides with outstretched hands.

"What's up?" anxiously asked Travis from the rear.

"We are caught like rats in a trap; both Charlie and the old man immediately joined the middy, and with sinking hearts fruitlessly examined the walls in every direction. Lawrence had spoken the truth; the tunnel stopped at an impenetrable surface of flinty rock, and all they could do was to retrace their steps and surrender to the merciless fiends in the cavern. This was the reason they had not been pursued. Their captors, like the cat with the mouse, had allowed them to taste of freedom, and then had come along presently and drag them back.

For a time neither of the three broke the silence. What could they say but acknowledge defeat and wail with impotent rage? At last Lawrence started up and recommenced examining the sides. "One thing we have forgotten in our first disappointment," he said, very quietly, "is the draught of fresh air in this tunnel. There must be a hole for it to blow through, and if it is not down here it is overhead. I have been thinking there might be steps cut in the sides, or something of that description. There is no use in giving up. You know what awaits us back yonder, so come on, and let each take a certain portion."

"By Jove! I believe you are right, Larry," exclaimed Travis. "I can feel a cool wind on my face, and it seems to come from overhead somewhere. Here, I'll look along the right side. Mr. Dalton, you take the end."

While they were speaking the old man had already set to work, but on an idea of his own. He had retraced his steps some feet and now continued to move backward, guiding himself by the wall. He kept his head elevated and eyes directed toward the roof in minute search.

"It appears to me," he muttered softly to himself, "I noticed a faint glimmer up there, as we came along. It might have been fancy, so I'll just see before saying anything."

Mr. Dalton proceeded for a couple of minutes, carefully feeling his way inch by inch. He ran his hands along the wall with a precautionary measure, and suddenly brushed against a slight projection. At the same time he saw a brightening of the gloom just above his head. It was the wished for opening.

"Here it is; I have found it, boys!" he shouted, and as Lawrence and Charlie came hurrying up, he made another most welcome discovery—the projection was a stake of wood and there were

others just above it. They were arranged in the form of a rough ladder and the fact caused the delighted old man to add a series of joyful exclamations to his previous announcement.

Lawrence quickly verified Mr. Dalton's luck by climbing up two feet. The stakes were placed at short intervals and were driven into holes made for the purpose. They projected out from the face a sufficient distance for easy ascent and seemed worth as if from long usage. Calling to the rest to follow, the middy continued until he reached a shelf several yards above. As his head extended beyond this he saw that it formed the commencement of a short passageway running up to an iron door, at the top of which was a broad grating for the admittance of air. Fastened against the sides of the tunnel were a couple of large wax candles, and it was the light from these that had enabled Mr. Dalton to locate the avenue of escape.

But the most startling object of all was a solitary Chinaman seated on a rude stool just in front of the door. He was bent over as if half asleep, and his head nodded from side to side in further verification of the fact. He was evidently stationed as doorkeeper, for hanging from a stick driven into a crack in the wall near his elbow was a bunch of keys.

Lawrence had stopped instantly on making this alarming discovery, and the others were right below him, wondering why he did not move on. Suddenly a faint noise came from the lower tunnel, and the middy heard Mr. Dalton utter an exclamation of alarm. The sound increased and swelled into the murmur of many voices. The coolies were coming in a body to the surface.

"Or heaven's sake! Larry, what is the matter up there?" Travis shouted. "Go on, quick; those yellow rascals are right at our heels!"

His voice aroused the sleeping guard, and the man sprang to his feet, at the same time reaching for a rifle which rested on the floor in front. Lawrence was too quick for him, however. Scrambling over the edge of the shelf, he leaped on the half dazed Chinaman before he could lift the weapon and held him against the side. Mr. Dalton and Travis appeared in view just then, and not a minute too soon. As Travis, who was last, crawled on the shelf a loud cry proclaimed the arrival of their pursuers at the bottom of the shaft.

"Here, Charlie, tie this fellow's hands while I hold him!" exclaimed the middy, still struggling with his captive. "Hurry up! those fellows below there will be after us in a jiffy. Can't you find anything? Take your coat, or—that will do." This last to the old man, who had produced a large handkerchief. With that and the native's blouse, torn into strips, they speedily bound him hand and foot.

A flare of light streamed up through the opening and the sound of angry voices came to their ears. The gang had evidently discovered the direction they had taken. Lawrence kicked the guard's rifle over to Charlie and, telling him to shoot the first one who appeared in sight above the shelf, hurriedly tried to lock the lock on the iron door. After several attempts he found one that fitted and, giving the knob a sharp pull, the heavy mass swung back, revealing a flight of rude stone steps leading out of sight into the gloom above.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MONASTERY.

WHILE Lawrence was unfastening the door, Charlie had kept a wary eye on the opening at the top of the shaft, and he saw the gang's readiness to thwack the first comer on the head, intending to reserve his fire until it was absolutely needed. Next to him stood the old man, who for want of better weapon had picked up the stool. It was a rough contrivance of wood, but carried well enough in his soiled portions to induce a headache if judiciously applied.

The light afforded by the two candles on the wall sufficed for a sharp scrutiny of the edge of the hole, and the watchers were lastly rewarded by the sight of a yellow pate cautiously raised above the shelf.

Charlie figuratively spat on his hands

and, lifting the gun by the barrel, brought it down with such a resounding blow that the stool shivered into pieces. A stifled shriek of pain and the sound of a falling body immediately followed, and then a wild chorus of yells came from below. Several reports echoed against the roof, and a faint light in the distance and the sudden concussion extinguished the lights, leaving the three in darkness.

However, at that moment the middy had succeeded in finding the proper key, so it did not take them long to pass through. Hanging the door behind him, Lawrence speedily locked it and, together with Charlie and the old man, crept up the stairs.

"I wonder where on earth this leads to?" remarked Travis, panting with the exertion.

"To the outside and safety, I hope," replied Mr. Dalton, catching him by the arm to keep from being separated. "We have earned freedom by pretty hard work. Don't you think so, Lawrence?"

"Sh!—sh! I think I see a light ahead," was the cautious answer, and Lawrence stopped suddenly, at the same time stretching his arms out to prevent the others from passing.

A peculiar grayness had taken the place of the previous gloom, but so gradually that neither had noticed it until the middy spoke; now they could plainly discern the brightening of the inclosure in which they were standing. It seemed to grow more distinct above and increased in power until they were enabled to see each other's faces.

"They were on a stairway cut in the solid rock, winding in short curves, and from just in front, where the curve continued, came the strange glow. They remained silently watching for a brief moment, then Lawrence whispered: "Hold your gun ready, Charlie, and—what's that?"

The sound of many voices, low and murmuring, accompanied by the tinkling of bells, interrupted him. At first it was faint and confused, then swelling rapidly to a deafening shout and with the booming of huge brass cymbals, echoed through the rocky passage until the air was filled with the discordant clamor. Then it died away again as it came, slowly and with a descending scale.

"Ha!" It was the old man, and turning at the exclamation, Lawrence and Charlie saw him with head bent forward, listening intently. His grizzled face was flushed with excitement; but it also bore a look of joyful surprise, and in an instant he turned to the middy's hand, and shaken it violently.

"Saved! saved!" he shouted. "There is a Buddhist monastery just above us. That means a place of refuge. Come on, boys; come on!" He started to run up the steps, but Lawrence caught him by the shoulder and drew him back.

"Stop!" "Why—why, what is the matter? Come on; we will be all right up there. The Buddhist monks are—"

"Possibly in league with these robbers," interjected the middy, dryly. "Just wait a moment and we will talk this matter over, Mr. Dalton. It looks very queer to me, these steps leading from a thieves' stronghold to a monastery."

"You are right, Larry," coincided Travis. "I have often heard that some of the interior Joss houses are suspected of being connected with robbers, and I will wager it is the case here. Otherwise, why should there be a tunnel between the two?"

"The old man's face fell, and he looked from one to the other in bewilderment. Again came the sounds of chanting, and now the Buddhist service could be plainly heard. The slow, monotonous intoning of the word: "O-me-tau" [Hail the Buddha] repeated over and over again in solemn strains; the weird notes of sacred music, and every few seconds a peculiar hollow sound as of iron striking against wooden cylinders—all this produced a most singular effect, and the listeners in the little passageway ceased speaking until the sound died away again.

From the clearness with which they could hear, it was evident that the ceremony was in progress not very far away, probably just around the bend, and Lawrence resolved to steal ahead a short distance and definitely locate it. Bidding the others wait, he removed his shoes and stepped softly up the stone

flags. He did not believe the stairway ended in a building, because the draught of air was very strong, and, moreover, it bore a freshness of scent only to be derived from the open.

Half a dozen strides carried him to the curve, and, drawing up close against the wall, he cautiously peered around the edge. It was only by a sudden effort that the middy refrained from uttering an exclamation, for, right ahead, the steps ended at an open trap door, through which the sun was pouring in floods of golden light. They had forgotten the time spent in the cavern.

But it was not this which caused Lawrence to display so much excitement. It was astounding enough, but a sight far more surprising was the form of a man just entering the stairway; a native clad in the yellow robes of a priest, and carrying in his hand an unlighted candle. He was moving leisurely, with skirts held up from the stone steps and his shaven head shining in the sun's rays with queer effect. After entering he paused for a moment and lighted the candle, then continued his progress.

With the quickness of desperation the middy flew back to where Charlie and Mr. Dalton were still waiting, and in a few hurried words explained the new danger. He had also become conscious of a rattling noise down below, indicating the arrival of their old foes at the iron door. His plan of action was quickly formed, and turning to his companions he said:

"The only thing we can do is to go back where it is darker and knock this man over as he comes down the steps. Here, give me your gun, Charlie." But the latter would not surrender the weapon.

"I'll attend to him, Larry," he replied, whirling the rifle with some flourish. There was no time for dispute, as they could hear the priest coming, so the three fugitives crept silently down until the gloom deepened, and lined themselves against the side. The hubbub was increasing at the bottom of the stairs; any minute the coolies might succeed in forcing the barrier, and then recapture would be a certainty. At the thought Charlie gritted his teeth and took a firmer grip of the rifle barrel.

Presently a faint glimmer of light illuminated the opposite wall; then a guttural voice slowly chanting the "praise" came to their ears, and Travis elevated his weapon in readiness—but the light suddenly went out and the intoning changed to an expression of alarm; then the waiting trio heard the sounds of hasty feet beating a tattoo on the rocky steps. A loud crash rang out below, a clanging noise as of a heavy piece of metal falling to the floor, and, immediately following, came a series of exulting cries. The coolies had broken down the door!

"After him!" shouted the middy. "Quick, for your lives!" and without further words he darted up the stairs, three steps at a time. Charlie was alongside of him and Mr. Dalton was just behind. Old age had vanished; fear lent wings to his ancient limbs, and he would probably have taken the lead in a longer race.

A very short time at this speed brought them in view of the priest. He was

skurrying along at the top of his bent, but it wasn't fast enough. Charlie was at his side and had given him a shrewd tap on the roof of his queue long before the trap door was reached; then they ran into the open air, and darted along the side of a large stone building only a few feet away.

An open window looked down on the entrance to the stairs, and a confused murmur of many tongues floated out, together with the heavy smell of incense. A cursory glance revealed the fact that their present chance for escape was somewhat better, for not a living soul could be seen about the grounds.

As they ran along, Lawrence looked back and saw the doorway that had just left. It was placed against the sloping side of the mountain, on a small plateau on which the monastery was built, and was cunningly situated in a mass of creeping vines.

Just as they rounded the edge of the building, a loud shout came from behind and several shots rang out. Charlie gave a sudden exclamation of pain, and clapping his hand on his shoulder, staggered against the wall.

(To be continued.)

OSTRICH STALKING.

In the days when the buffaloes roamed in thousands over the Western prairies, the Indians often approached within arrow shot of the roving herds by disguising themselves in buffalo hides. A similar trick is practiced by the natives of South Africa, to enable them to stalk the swift and timid ostrich. A traveler who witnessed an ostrich hunt upon the *veldt* or great plain of Griqualand gives an interesting description of the ruse. The birds were sighted from a hot December afternoon—it should be remembered that in the southern hemisphere, where the seasons are reversed, December corresponds to our July.

The party of which I was a member, he writes, was instructed to remain concealed behind a ledge of rocks while the two hunters, who belonged to a tribe of Bushmen, worked around below the ostriches in order to be able to approach them against the wind. I selected a high point of land where a good view of the feeding birds could be had, and with a powerful field glass awaited developments.

The two hunters were prepared for the stalk by their companions by having their legs rubbed with a white chalky kind of clay. Then each placed a sort of saddle over his shoulders. This arrangement was for the purpose of spreading an ostrich skin, which was thrown over the head of the hunter.

The neck of the skin was arranged so that a long stick thrust into it up to the head and held in the hunter's left hand made the man look like a full fledged ostrich, with head erect and wings extended. With the aid of occasional and quite natural shakes and rocking, stately tread, assumed for the occasion, I am free to confess that, at one hundred yards' distance, I would have taken a shot at the disguised native, fully expecting to bag a fine bird.

The hunters went down a kloof, or shallow ravine, about eight hundred yards, and came out on the plain in full view of the feeding birds. Then commenced a series of the most wonderful imitations of natural maneuvers I ever had the good fortune to witness.

The Bushmen would trot forward a few yards, and then, by cleverly manipulating the neck of the supporting head, would make the beak to dive into the grass as though feeding in a most lifelike manner, then turn and

apparently arrange the wing and tail feathers. The two would run together, exchange carcasses, feed again, raise the head as though looking around, all the time working carefully up against the wind and frequently reducing the distance between themselves and the feeding birds.

The ostriches would meanwhile occasionally raise their heads, and huddle close together, regarding the strange birds with evident distrust; but as the hunters drew near they would frequently and abruptly resume their imitations of the natural actions of the birds, apparently paying no attention whatever to their game. This would eventually reassure the ostriches, and they would separate and begin feeding again.

These movements were continued until the Bushmen were in the midst of the flock, when they suddenly threw off their disguises and commenced to fire, poisoned arrows from the short bows they had concealed under the ostrich skins with a rapidity that was truly astonishing. The birds attempted to escape in all directions, but when the raid was ended the ostriches, dead or stricken on the ground, while a fourth was too badly crippled to escape.

THOSE WERE HARD TIMES FOR INVENTORS.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun," our readers may think, was a true enough assertion to make in Solomon's time, but is quite contrary to fact at the present day. Certainly - we moderns have made vast strides, particularly in the path of scientific attainment, but then in many cases have but put to practical use ideas which, in their germ state, were in the minds of men centuries back. Speaking on this subject the *Troy Times* says:

We talk of the art of printing as modern. But the Romans used movable types to mark their pottery and indorse their books. The principle of the stereoscope, invented by Professor Wheatley, was known to Euclid, described by Herodotus, years ago, and more fully in 1599 A. D., in the works of Baxista Porta. The Thames tunnel at London, and later that at Chicago, were anticipated by one under the Euphrates at Babylon, and the Egyptians had a Suez canal thousands of years before the present waterway was built. Such examples might be indefinitely multiplied.

It must be admitted, however, that the "patent system" of the ancients did not encourage the development of inventive genius. Now when a man invents a really useful article his fame and fortune are fairly well assured. It was not so then. A Roman architect discovered the means of altering the nature of glass and making it malleable. He produced all the malleable glass which the Emperor Tibertius desired, and then, to prevent the secret becoming known, the monarch cut off the inventor's head. So late as the reign of Louis XIII. a similar discovery was made. But Cardinal Richelieu was afraid that it would injure the French glass manufacturers, of whose profits, after the style of government "paternalism," then in vogue, the prime minister probably had a liberal share; so the man with a too inquiring mind was put in prison and there remained all his life. That sort of thing was not calculated to send men on exploring expeditions into the "dim unknown," and Edison and his guild, had they lived then, would hardly have found a profitable field for their inventive talents.

WHY SHE WEPT.

ONE of the bridesmaids was softly crying during the ceremony, and her escort, nudging her, whispered:

"What are you crying for? It isn't your wedding."

"That's why I'm crying," she said.

New York Press.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I. D. W., Chicago, Ill. THE ARGOSY does not publish requests for correspondents.

C. T. H., Salversville, Ky. No premium on the half dollar of 1866. See coin article in last week's ARGOSY.

O. W. B., Massillon, O. For the bicycle route you want we advise you to address the League of American Wheelmen, care of Geo. R. Bidwell, West 9th St., New York City.

C. S. H. BICYCLE, Chicago, Ill. 1. The new story by Mr. Graydon will begin in No. 46. 2. No self respecting boy should at any time use language which he would not be perfectly willing to have his mother or sister hear.

C. P., Philadelphia, Pa. "Some Practical Suggestions on Summer Outings," which appeared in No. 345, and "Camping Out," printed in No. 346, will undoubtedly furnish you with the information you desire; price of each ten cents.

C. N., Waterbury, Conn. 1. To obtain information relating to the game and game laws of Maine, write to the *Portland Transcript*. 2. The best place to hunt and fish in this part of the country is undoubtedly the Adirondack region.

W. C., Milwaukee, Wis. 1. Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger, Jr., and Edward S. Ellis may be addressed in care of this office. 2. We must leave it to the boys themselves to decide who is the most popular writer for them. 3. Rates for illustrations that have appeared in the paper will be furnished to you if you will send your full name and address, and specify the cuts which you would like to rent. We do not sell them.

S. S., Atlanta, Ga. 1. The greatest generals during the Civil war were the Confederate side: Lee, Jackson, and J. E. Johnston; and on the Union side: Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and McClellan. (I can supply you with copies of Horatio Alger, Jr.'s "Young Acrobat" for 25 cents each. 3. As fresh accessions are being constantly made to the list, it would be impossible for us to tell you the number of subscribers THE ARGOSY has in your city. 4. Mr. Alger is a man of middle age.

C. D. D., Joliet, Ill. The Obelisk in Central Park, New York, was made under Thothmes III, who ruled Egypt about 3400 years ago. It was presented to the Western metropolis through the State Department, by Ismail Pacha, Khedive of Egypt, in 1877. A translation of the inscriptions on three of its faces—those on the fourth are illegible—would occupy more than half a column of THE ARGOSY. 2. Some very sterling attractions by prominent writers are being prepared for future numbers. As elsewhere announced, William Murray Graydon's new serial will begin in No. 460.

CHALLENGE CLUB. 1. Candidates for West Point must be between seventeen and twenty-two years of age. Winfield S. Moffat's short story about baseball, appeared in No. 286, Vol. VI. 3. The day for exchange depends upon the date. 4. It would be convenient for a boy desiring to join a military company to choose one located in the city where he himself resides. 5. You ask how to get the most out of an amateur paper, and what your education must be. It all depends. If you want to get up a good journal, you must be able to correspondingly heavy, while if your field is to be among cultured readers, you must be very able yourself. In any case, however, you should be prepared to spend more than you make, and you ought to be able to write good English and spell correctly. 6. We will mail you a copy of THE ARGOSY for two years on receipt of \$3. 7. We hope to print a story by Mr. Ellis at no distant date.

HARRY, Albany, N. Y. 1. As baseball shoes are usually made of canvas we cannot conceive of any polish that would improve their appearance. There is a preparation, however, Castine, which has the effect of putting up of russet leather that has become soiled. 2. Your question regarding the highest speed that has been attained by a locomotive is one that cannot be definitely answered. "The World Almanac" gives the fastest time by American roads as having been attained by the Nettle Fly train on the run from La Junta to Chicago on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, January 23, 1890, in 183 minutes, an average of 78.1 miles per hour. (George P. Rowell's "Newspaper Directory," published in Spruce Street, New York, will give you the names and addresses of the periodicals published in the United States. 4. The best known remedy for the removal of freckles is bathing the face in buttermilk. 5. Yes, the rate of postage on letters from England is the same as in this country—one penny, equivalent to two cents. In France it is equivalent to three cents; in Germany to two and a half cents, and in Italy to four cents.

MILITARY MATTERS.

Boys between the ages of 14 and 21 desiring to organize companies of American Cadets, may address Major Wm. T. Rees, care of Dinwiddie & Wick, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A SUGGESTION THAT WAS ACTED UPON PROMPTLY.



I.

II.

LAZYBONE LANKS—"What we need, feller citizens, is more free baths!"

HIS AUDIENCE (promptly pushing him off the dock)— "That's so!"

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"I highly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to every one who suffers from debility." F. L. REID, School for the Deaf, Omaha, Neb. N. B. Get

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DIDN'T TAKE THEM.

A NERVOUS woman was on board a Maine Central train the other day on her way to Auburn. At every station she jumped and asked, "Is this Auburn?" although the newsboy had assured her often that she should be notified when the place was reached.

At last the place was reached, the name of the station called, and, as it happened, the newsboy was near at hand.

"Do I—do I—do I leave the cars here?" inquired the anxious passenger.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the newsboy, "unless you wish to take them with you."

The lady looked several volumes at him and slammed the door as she went out.—*Lewiston Journal.*

WON OVER.

BEGGAR—"Madam, won't you help a poor old soldier?"

OLD LADY—"I don't like soldiers. My husband didn't either. He hired a substitute, who was killed."

BEGGAR—"I know it, ma'am. I'm the substitute."

OLD LADY (bewildered)—"You don't say so! Well, here's a quarter."
—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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NEW WHAT WAS EXPECTED.

THE seaside hotel clerk was looking through his books to make out the bill of the departing guest when the latter laid his wallet on the counter and asked the clerk whether he wanted any more.

"Wait until I've made out the bill, please," said the clerk, haughtily.
"Oh, that's all right," said the guest, reassuringly. "I used to own a summer resort hotel myself."—*New York Recorder.*

ALMOST CAUGHT.

SINGLESON—"I asked Miss Passe, point blank, her age last night. She said she wouldn't tell me, but she would write it on a sheet of paper if I would sign my name to it."
BENEDICT—"Well, what is her age?"
"I didn't find out. The paper she produced was a marriage licence."—*Boston News.*

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHING

HAWK-EYE CLUBS FORMED AND FORMING FOR AN ACTION.

THE Gloversville (N. Y.) Leader notes the forming of the Hawk-Eye Club, of that city, with the usual officers and an apparent design to "take" the town and the surrounding country by "Camera" if not by "storm."
"Several excellent snap-shots," add the Leader "have already been taken with the Hawk-Eye Camera, and they show good results." That is the story that comes to the manufacturers of the Hawk-Eye from every section of the country. Organization for this delightful pastime means improvement as to the methods, and new ideas as to the subjects; at the same time that it affords opportunity for extra amusement and congenial interchange of experience and suggestions.

As every wise newspaper will remark, in view of the Hawk-Eye Cameras, "Now is the time to get up clubs."

BIG LITTLE WIND.

DURING a viceregal tour in the west of Ireland, one of the suite, who had been told that the natives would be sure to agree with anything and everything he said to them, determined to test the truth of the assertion. Accordingly, in one of the coasting trips with which the tour was interspersed, and in which the wind was blowing half a gale, he shouted to the Irish pilot:

"There's a very little wind." The answer came back at once:
"Thru for you, sir. But what little there is very strong."—*London Tit Bits.*

A BOOK NEITHER PRINTED NOR WRITTEN.

A BOOK belonging to the family of the Prince de Ligne, now in France, is said to be the most curious volume in the world. The letters of the text are cut out of each folio upon the vellum; and, being interleaved with blue paper, it is as easily read as print. Rodolph II, of Germany offered for it, in 1604, 11,000 ducats, probably equal to \$60,000 at this day.

WHERE IGNORANCE WAS BLISS.

IMAGINATION goes a long way in relieving people's ailments. A lady of this city had, for six months regulated the air of her room by a glass transom. When the room was too close she opened the transom to admit air, closing it at night to prevent draughts and exclude noise. It worked like a charm until she discovered that there had never been any glass in the transom.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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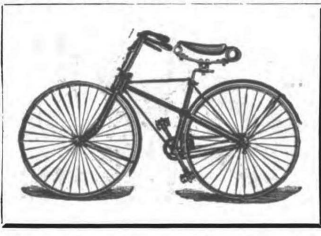
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