

THE ARGOSY

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TRUE TO HIMSELF;

OR,

ROGER STRONG'S STRUGGLE FOR PLACE.

BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER,

Author of "Richard Dare's Venture," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE TROUBLE IN THE ORCHARD.

"HI, there, Duncan Woodward!" I called out.

"What are you doing in Widow Canby's orchard?"

"None of your business, Roger Strong," replied the only scion of the wealthiest merchant in Darbyville.

"You are stealing her pears," I went on.

"No such thing."

"But you are. Your pockets are full of them."

"See here, Roger Strong, just you mind your own business and leave me alone."

"I am minding my business," I rejoined warmly.

"Indeed!" And Duncan put as much of a sneer as was possible in the word.

"Yes, indeed. Widow Canby pays me for taking care of her orchard, and that includes keeping an eye on these pear trees," and I approached the tree upon the lowest branch of which Duncan was standing.

"Humph! You think you're mighty big!" he blustered, as he jumped to the ground.

"No, I don't, Duncan."

"Yes, you do. What right has a fellow like you to talk to me in this manner? You are getting too big for your boots."

"I don't think so. I'm guarding this property and I want you to hand over what you've taken and leave the premises," I retorted, for I did not fancy the style in which I was being addressed.

"Pooh! Do you expect me to pay any attention to that?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I won't."

"You had better, Duncan. If you don't you may get into trouble."

"Who'll get me into trouble—you?"

"No, you'll get yourself."

"I suppose you intend to tell the widow what I've done."

"I certainly shall; unless you do as I've told you to."

Duncan bit his lip.

"How do you know but what the widow said I could have the pears," he ventured.

"If she did it's all right," I returned, astonished, not so much over the fact that Widow Canby had granted the permission, as that such a high toned young gentleman as Duncan Woodward should desire that privilege.

"You've no business to jump at conclusions," he added sharply.

"If I judged you wrongly, I beg your pardon, Duncan. I'll speak to the widow about it."

guiding influence, he had grown up wayward in the extreme.

He was a tall, well built fellow, strong from constant athletic exercise, and given, on this account, to having his way among his associates.

Yet I was not afraid of him. Indeed, to tell the plain truth, I was not afraid of any one. For eight years I had been shoved in life from pillow to post, until now threats had no terrors for me.

Both of my parents were dead to me. My mother died when I was but five years old. She was of a delicate nature, and, strange as it may seem, I am

inclined to believe that it was for the best that her death occurred when it did. The reason I believe this is because she was thus spared the disgrace that came upon our family several years later.

At her death my father was employed as head clerk by the firm of Holland & Mack, wholesale provision merchants of Newark, which was but a few miles from Darbyville.

We occupied a handsome house in the center of the village. Our family besides my parents and myself contained but one other member—my sister Kate, who was several years my senior.

When our beloved mother died Kate took the management of our home upon her shoulders, and as she had learned, during my mother's long illness, how everything should be done, our domestic affairs ran smoothly. All this time I attended the Darbyville school, and was laying the foundation for a commercial education, intending at some later day to follow in the footsteps of my father.

Two years passed, and then my father's manner changed. From being bright

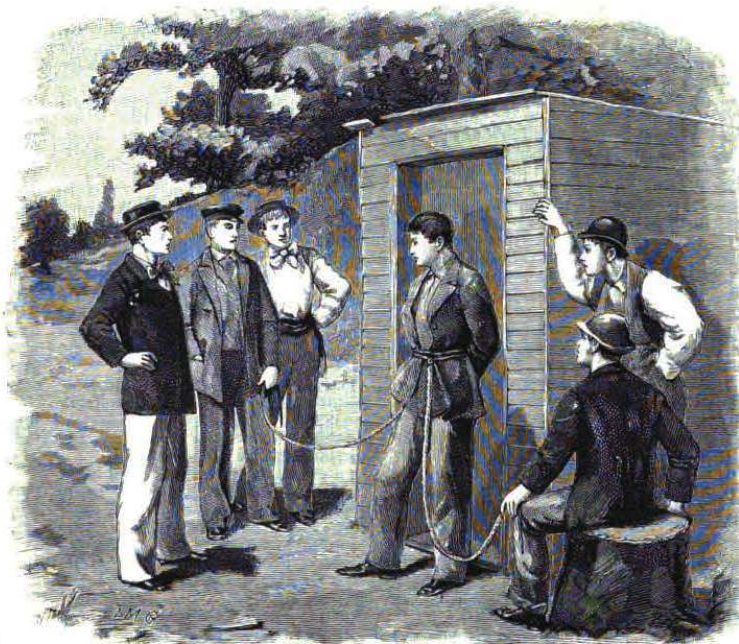
and cheerful towards us he became moody and silent. What the cause was I could not guess, and it did not help matters any to be told by Duncan Woodward, whose father was also employed by Holland & Mack, that "some folks would soon learn what was what, and no mistake."

At length the thunderbolt fell. Returning from school one day I found Kate in tears.

"Oh, Roger!" she burst out. "They say father has stolen money from Holland & Mack, and they have just arrested him for a thief!"

The blow was a terrible one. I was but a boy of fourteen, and the news completely bewildered me. I put on my cap, and together with Kate, took the first train to Newark to find out what it all meant.

We found my father in jail, where he had been



"FIRST OF ALL I WANT YOU TO GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND APOLOGIZE TO ME FOR YOUR CONDUCT THIS MORNING."

I began to move off towards the house. Duncan hurried after me and caught me by the arm.

"You fool you, what do you mean?" he demanded.

"I'm going to find out if you are telling the truth."

"Isn't my word enough?"

"It will do no harm to ask," I replied evasively, not caring to pick a quarrel, and yet morally sure that he was prevaricating.

"So you think I'm telling you a lie? I've a good mind to give you a sound drubbing," he cried, angrily.

Duncan Woodward had many of the traits of a bully about him. He was the only son of a widower who nearly idolized him, and, lacking a mother's

GRACE AND STRENGTH.

Manoah's son, in his blind rage malign,
Tumbling the temple down upon his foes,
Did no such feat as yonder delicate vine
That day by day untired holds up a rose.

—T. B. ALDRICH.

BOBBY BLAKE'S IDEA.

BY JOHN RUSSELL FISHER.

TAKEN altogether, that was an odd conceit of Bobby Blake's.

He had felt it in his bones when he arose that morning, and it had impressed him so strongly by the time his chores were through with that he had very little appetite for breakfast, and actually forgot to pass his plate for the

It was considerably after banking hours when the money was paid into his hands, and Mr. Blake had no means of safely disposing of it until the bank should open the following day. So he carried it home with him and talked the matter over freely with his wife and hired man, Richard Ransom, during the evening.

Ransom had been in his service for several years, and Mr. Blake would have staked his life upon his honesty and integrity.

About eight o'clock this man announced the intelligence that his sister, who lived several miles beyond the village, had been taken suddenly ill, and had

the greatest indignation possible when informed of the daring robbery which had been committed during his absence. He was busily at work in a neighboring field when Bobby entered the barn, after watching his father off to the village.

"That man may be all right," the lad muttered, glancing off across the meadows to where he was engaged in breaking the rich fallow lands; "I wish I could think so. He ought to be, I'm sure, for no chap ever had better treatment than he has received from father. But—well, we'll just see how it all comes out."

Going back to the house Bobby sought out his mother, whom he found up to her elbows in the week's baking.

"Mother," he said abruptly, "I suppose you wouldn't like to tell a lie, would you?"

The good woman started back, and gazed at the boy as though she feared he had taken leave of his senses.

"Why, Bobby, what on earth—" she began, but Bobby interrupted her.

"Of course, I wouldn't ask you to do that, mother," he said, laughing heartily at the expression of her puzzled countenance. "If Ransom should ask for me when he comes in to dinner, I only want you to say that I will be away for the day. Will you do this for me?"

"But, Bobby, what—"

"Now, mother, no questions, please. You know that I must have a good reason, or I would not ask it of you."

"But I can't see what Ransom—" she persisted, but Bobby interrupted again.

"Of course you can't, mother. I don't mind telling you that I have an idea about the stolen money, and I only want time for carrying it out. You will do just what I ask of you, I know; so I sha'n't waste time coaxing you to promise. I will be back by dark, or shortly after."

"But, my son, there may be danger—" the mother began again, but Bobby was already out of hearing, whistling along the path to the barn, with both hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets.

Arrived at his destination, he climbed into the hay loft and crept over to the side which commanded an unobstructed view of the hired man, as he went busily about his labors.

Here he lay down upon the fragrant hay, directly in front of a convenient knot hole, just on a level with his eyes, and prepared to do a great deal of thinking and watching at one and the same time.

Bobby had read that it was impossible for robbers to keep away for long at a time from the spot where they had hidden their ill gotten treasure, and he argued that, if Richard Ransom were really the culprit, and had concealed the money anywhere about the farm, the best way to ferret him out was to keep a continuous watch upon his movements.

The request which he had made of his mother was simply a ruse, by which to gain freedom of action, without arousing the suspicion of the man he was shadowing.

All through the long day the eyes of Bobby Blake followed every movement of Richard Ransom, but nothing occurred worthy of note, and the boy had begun to fear that, after all, nothing was to come of his watchful vigilance.

At sundown Ransom came in from the fields, and from his hiding place Bobby heard him whistling about his work while grooming and bedding down the tired farm horses.

At times the lad felt ashamed of his suspicions, and was tempted to creep down the ladder and beg his forgiveness for the wrong which he had done him, in thought, if not in deed; but at such times his idea would come back upon him with singular force, and he would set his



IN HIS HANDS THE MAN HELD THE BLACK MOROCCO POCKETBOOK.

second helping, as had been his invariable custom.

Bobby was fifteen years of age, and lived with his father, a prosperous and thrifty farmer, on one of the best quarter sections of land in the State of Connecticut.

After breakfast he followed his father out to the barn, where a somewhat peculiar conversation took place between them.

"Father," said Bobby thoughtfully, "I suppose you have discovered no clew to the two hundred dollars yet?"

"None, my boy," replied his father, a troubled expression overspreading his good natured countenance; "I suppose it is gone, and we'll just have to make the best of it, that's all."

But Bobby did not altogether agree with him, and right here was where his odd conceit came into the matter.

He said nothing, however, but quietly assisted his father to harness the well fed team of grays to the carriage, and watched him out of sight in the direction of Fairgrove, whither he went to prosecute further investigation in regard to the missing money.

"It's gone, eh?" Bobby muttered as he turned to re-enter the barn. "Yes, it's gone, there's no doubt of that, but whether it's gone for good is altogether another matter. And now for the carrying out of my original idea."

The secret of the whole matter was simply this:

Two days before, his father had returned from the village at a late hour in the evening with two hundred dollars, the price received for a number of fatted cattle disposed of to a drover at a good round figure.

"No."
Duncan gave a sniff.
"I guess that's all put on."
"Not at all. What I am anxious to know is, what you intend to do with me."
"Well, first of all I want you to get down on your knees and apologize for your conduct towards me this morning."
"Not much!" I cried.
"You won't?"
"Never."
"It will go hard with you if you don't."
"I'll risk it."
"You are in my power."
"I don't care. Go ahead and do your worst," I replied recklessly, willing to suffer almost anything rather than apologize to such a chap as Duncan Woodward.

Besides, what had I done to call for an apology? I had certainly treated him no worse than he deserved. He was a spoiled boy and a bully, and I would die rather than go down on my knees to him.

"You don't know what's in store for you," said Duncan, nonplused by my manner.

"As I said before, I'll risk it."
"Very well. Where is the rope, boys?"
"Here you are," answered Pultzer.
"Plenty of it."

As he spoke he produced a stout clothes line, five or six yards in length.
"We'll bind his hands a little tighter first," instructed Duncan, "and then his legs. Be sure and make the knots strong, so they won't slip. He must not escape us."

I tried to protest against these proceedings, but with my hands already bound it was useless.

In five minutes the clothes line had been passed around my body from head to foot, and I was as stiff as an Egyptian mummy.

"Now catch hold and we'll carry him into the tool house. I guess after he has spent twenty four hours in that place without food or water he'll be mighty anxious to come to terms."

I was half dragged and half carried to the tool house and dropped upon the floor. Then the door was closed upon me, and I was left to my fate.

(To be continued.)

LONGEVITY OF ANIMALS.

A PERSON can be born, attain his majority, marry off his grandchildren and depart for his reward, while some of the long lived animals of the lower order are still in their verdant youth. A writer in "Our Boys and Girls"—*Philadelphia Times*—makes some guesses at the ages of these Methuselahs of the animal kingdom:

Questions often arise as to the age attained by certain animals, and perhaps it would be convenient for you to know more about some of them. Of course it is impossible to tell the exact age reached by wild animals, because we cannot obtain accurate data. It is believed, however, among East Indians, that the elephant lives about three hundred years. Instances are on record of their having lived one hundred and thirty years after being captured, though it was not possible to tell how old they were when taken.

The age of a whale is ascertained by the number and size of what we call the "whale-bones," the laminae, or scales, or certain organs in the mouth, which increase annually. If this method of computation be correct, and it is supposed to be so, whales have been known to live four hundred years.

Swans attain the age of one hundred years sometimes, and ravens live even longer than that. Some parrots live eighty years. Our domestic fowls live not longer than twelve to fifteen years.

Fishes and other water animals all live to a great age. A carp is known to have reached the age of two hundred years, and ordinary river trout thirty to fifty years.

Camels live from forty to fifty years, horses from twenty to thirty, oxen about twenty, sheep eight or nine, and dogs from twelve to fourteen.

HE PAID.

"I BELIEVE you are a carpenter," he said to the new boarder. "I am," he replied meekly. "Well," she continued, "then I suppose you can be trusted to plank down your board money."—*St. Paul Globe*.

"Yes; far better," rejoined the captain. "Serge Masloff is destined to end his life at the mines, and the sooner that life ends the better for him. He deserves it, though. None can question that."

"Yes," answered Andre; "he does." The remainder of that short walk was finished in silence. They parted at the prison office, Andre going inside, while Captain Rosny hurried off to attend to various matters which claimed his attention. They met again at dinner, when Captain Rosny informed Andre that a true statement of Masloff's case had been forwarded to St. Petersburg by telegraph, and that a reprieve had just been received.

"It is virtually a commutation," said the captain. "It amounts to the same thing. There will probably be some delay, and then I will be instructed to send Masloff on to the mines. He won't be shot. I can promise you that much. Nor will he receive a free pardon," added the captain with a quiet smile.

That night Andre slept fairly well. He was satisfied that Paul's life was safe, and though he would have given much for a farewell interview with his brother, he was too wise to ask it of Captain Rosny.

On the following morning he parted with his generous host and started on the long journey to Irkutsk in the best conveyance that his ample means could procure.

We need not follow him on the way. He encountered some vexatious delays, but reached his destination in the third week of July, and was favorably impressed by his first view of the city which was to be his future place of residence—for Irkutsk was the capital of Central Siberia, and in its shops, hotels, and dwellings, as well as in its social life, bore a marked resemblance to St. Petersburg.

Andre reported at once to Colonel Sudekin, the commander of the Ural Cossacks, and to his horror was immediately placed under arrest. This was probably done as a test, for at the expiration of a week he received the free pardon of the Czar, as well as a stern reprimand from Colonel Sudekin, and was then restored to his former rank as captain of Cossacks and assigned to Colonel Sudekin's staff.

His new duties soon caused Andre to endure his banishment lightly, and with the memory of his disgrace and suffering still fresh in his mind he resolved in future to do nothing that would imperil his honor and newly restored rank. He still continued to think of Paul, and with feelings of deep gratitude, but he realized that he could do nothing to lessen the fate of his unhappy brother.

As the brief Siberian summer wore on, exiled parties passed through Irkutsk every few days, and when September had come and gone Andre felt relieved to think that Paul had by this time left Irkutsk behind and was probably toiling hard on the Czar's gold mines at Kara. It was better for both, he reasoned, that they had not met.

Of course this was but a mere surmise on Andre's part. Let us see if he was correct in supposing his brother—or the person he believed was his brother—to have passed through Irkutsk previous to the month of September.

The events that succeeded the escape of Valbort—who was not retaken—and the death of Lavroff, seemed like a dream to Donald Chumleigh. He had already been informed of his destined execution on the morning of the day that witnessed the shooting of the assassin Jorka, and the news of his reprieve which reached him that night was like the breath of life to one already dead, for he had abandoned hope and resigned himself courageously to the inevitable.

The delay at St. Petersburg proved

far longer than even Captain Rosny had anticipated. For six long dreary weeks Donald remained in solitary confinement, seeing no one but the guard who brought him food and drink. The hope of obtaining an interview with the young Russian officer whose life he had saved, sustained him during a portion of his confinement, but when days passed into weeks and even his guard refused to exchange words with him, he lost this slight consolation and concluded that a Russian was incapable of feeling gratitude. The future now held no glimmer of hope, and he found himself wishing at times that the sentence of death had been carried out. Why it had been suspended he knew not.

But early in August Captain Rosny was informed that the case of Serge Masloff had been fully considered, and that the circumstances warranted a permanent suspension of the death sentence. He was instructed to forward the prisoner to the mines of Kara in accordance with his former sentence.

As this order included no provision for special transport, Captain Rosny was obliged to carry out his instructions in the usual way.

One crisp August morning, at day-break, an exile party nearly two hundred in number filed out of the gateway of the Tomsk prison attended by a large force of Cossacks, and started eastward along the dreary Siberian highway—a direction in which thousands go every year who never return.

With this exile party went Donald Chumleigh.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE MARCH.

NOW for the first time Donald experienced the full measure of his wretchedness. Dressed in a gray convict suit, with shaven face and manacled limbs, he plodded stolidly along with that unfortunate band of which he formed a part.

A squad of Cossacks in their dark green uniforms always rode in front. Then came the disorderly throng of men and women—criminals of the worst grade many of them—marching between thin, broken lines of soldiers. A string of *telegas* followed, bearing the old and sick, and the small children, and finally came a rear guard of six Cossacks escorting wagons filled with gray bags which contained the meager personal belongings of the exiles.

Progress was painfully slow, a very few miles being traveled each day. Every night they stopped at one of the exile station houses—*etapes* they are called—which line the Siberian post road at regular intervals, and every third day they rested at one of these places, which were similar to the Tomsk prison, only on a smaller scale. They were all foul and dirty beyond description, and Donald soon learned to dread these periods of rest. He would far rather have marched on from day to day. Each prisoner was allowed a daily sum equivalent to five cents, and with this he purchased such food as could be obtained from peasant women along the way. It was often hard to get—and of poor quality at that.

Donald avoided all intercourse with his companions. There was none of whom he cared to make a confidant, and to avoid forced attentions he affected ignorance of the Russian tongue. He was constantly on the lookout for some high official to whom he might appeal for a hearing, but the weeks passed into months and still the hoped for chance did not come. He frequently saw Russian officers at a distance, but was never close enough to hail them.

The 1040 miles that separated Tomsk from Irkutsk were usually covered by an exile party in about three months, and in this case very fair progress was made

during August and the first half of September.

The weather continued fine and the country passed through was so beautiful that at times Donald forgot his troubles in admiration of it. Siberia is far from being the dreary and barren land that its name usually suggests. In winter it deserves its odious reputation, but the brief summer is in many parts of the country a season of surpassing beauty.

Day by day the exiles marched over wide plains carpeted with alpine roses, daisies, wild pansies, dandelions, violets, lilies of the valley, and various other flowers that made the air perpetually sweet. Sometimes the way led through forests of poplars, aspens and silver birches, and sometimes they passed villages—a cluster of quaint pagoda topped houses with a golden domed church rising from the center—from which swarmed picturesquely clad peasants, curious to see the procession of prisoners.

But in the middle of September all this was changed. The autumn rains began earlier than usual, and with them came much frost and sleet. Wet to the skin through their thin garments, the exiles trudged on day by day in mud so deep that the wagons stuck frequently, and it was no uncommon thing to cover but two or three miles between dawn and sunset.

No pen can describe the misery and suffering. Many of the prisoners died along the way, and by the beginning of October but little more than half remained alive of the band that had started from Tomsk two months before.

Donald had been permitted to retain his undergarments, and owing partly to this and partly to the faint hope that still flickered in his heart, he escaped serious illness. He sought relief from his own sorrow in the misfortunes of others, aiding the weak and infirm with his strong arm, and often carrying little children for miles at a time.

About the middle of October winter began in earnest. The weather grew bitterly cold, freezing the roads as hard as stone. Snow storms were frequent, and were often followed by rains, after which a crust formed on the snow that was strong enough for travel.

At the end of October Irkutsk was still nearly two hundred miles away.

The exile party had now reached the most lonely and desolate region that is traversed by the great Siberian road. But few habitations were seen. To the north and south lay range after range of gloomy mountains, deep ravines and gorges almost as dark by day as by night, and streams swollen by rain and snow that poured tumultuously under the frail bridges which the Siberian government had constructed along the highway. This wild and almost impenetrable region stretched clear to the Arctic seas on the north and on the south through Mongolia to the Chinese Empire. It was inhabited by packs of fierce wolves and a few tigers who were larger and more ferocious than those found in India. Small game was abundant, for no human beings lived in these dreary solitudes. The Cossacks in charge of exile parties were always glad when this section of territory was passed, and the spires of Irkutsk came in sight.

One bitter cold morning, when the snow crust was firm enough to bear a regiment, the exiles halted for their noonday lunch in an open glade surrounded by a dense forest. Close to Donald were two desperate looking criminals, Leontef and Gross by name, who had frequently made advances to him and been as often repulsed. Taking advantage of a dispute among some of the prisoners over their food, these two men made a daring break for the forest, the chains on their legs rattling furiously as they ran. The guards fired a dozen shots after them, but apparently without

effect, for the two fugitives vanished in the thick undergrowth. Half a dozen Cossacks then started in pursuit, but returned in a short time—alone.

The officer in command shrugged his shoulders. "Let them go!" he muttered. "The fools will repent of their folly. Fall in there now," he added sharply. "Forward—march!"

The exiles formed sullenly in line, cramming what food remained into their mouths, and the desolate glade which had witnessed the successful escape of Leontef and Gross was soon left far behind.

Donald wondered at the indifference shown by the soldiers, but there was really nothing unusual about it. Hundreds of exiles escape every year in this way, but hardly one in a thousand ever reaches Russia. They either perish of hunger and cold, or are retaken and severely punished for their rashness. It was only because Leontef and Gross had been of those implicated in the escape of Valbort and the digging of the tunnel in the Tomsk prison, that the Cossacks had followed them into the forest at all. Donald hardly envied the men their liberty. It was easy to guess at their fate. He did not suspect that a deeper motive than temporary freedom had prompted them to run the gauntlet of the Cossack rifles.

After a weary march of six miles a wayside post station was reached about sunset. It was a low log building, inclosed by a courtyard. Close by was one small house and a telegraph office. On each side of the road stretched a range of mountains, broken here and there by narrow valleys.

The Cossacks halted their prisoners before the gates of the station. It was too late to reach the next *etape*, and they had decided to remain here for the night. Nailed up against one of the massive gateposts was a placard covered with large printed letters.

Curiosity prompted Donald to draw near, and the Cossacks did not offer to hinder him. He read the proclamation—which was printed in Russian—with much interest.

5,000 RUBLES REWARD.

The above sum will be paid for the capture—dead or alive—of Feodor Baranok, the Nihilist assassin, who escaped from the mines of Kara in October, 1880. Said Baranok is sixty years of age, of tall and massive build, with iron gray hair and beard. He has a long purple scar across his forehead. All persons are hereby warned under penalty of death to extend no aid to the above mentioned Feodor Baranok.

TICHMIROFF,

Governor of Irkutsk.

"I shouldn't think Mr. Feodor Baranok would sleep well at night with a price like that on his head," said Donald half aloud. "The authorities must be desperately anxious to capture him. He has been at large for a whole year now, and yet this placard has the appearance of being newly printed."

A sudden movement of the prisoners pushed Donald forward and forced him through the gates into the courtyard of the post station. The evening rations were doled out, and then the Cossacks built blazing wood fires at half a dozen different points, about which the half frozen convicts gathered eagerly. It was evident that they would have to spend the night here on the hard ground, for the limited interior of the post station was at once occupied by the Cossacks, who locked the courtyard gates and went in, leaving a scant half dozen soldiers on guard without. Donald presently saw them through the window as they sat at a lamp lit table devouring bread and meat and pouring glasses of fiery *vodka* down their throats.

As soon as darkness came on the exiles stretched themselves unconcernedly on the snowy ground, crowding as close to the fires as possible. Donald was not in



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FRANK A. MUNSEY, Publisher,
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THE INFLUENCE OF FLOWERS.

A LADY recently wrote to one of the newspapers describing how, when walking with a bunch of roses in her belt, a little, ill clad tot rushed up to her and eagerly pleaded for the flowers. She added that she had often noticed among the poor a very hunger for Flora's beautiful products.

Something there is in a flower that touches the hearts of most people; something that rests, something that softens one. When hard at work a flower or two on your desk will do wonders. In the pauses its soft, yet rich, color will relieve the eye; the momentary admiration that a glance at its curving petals will inspire will in a moment clear the mind of some of its fatigue; a breath of its perfume will give a sensation of pleasure that will make the work just a trifle less irksome—but a trifle that counts.

And when one is ill, how the flowers do rest tired eyes! That is indeed a beautiful charity which sends its freight of refreshing flowers into the sick chambers of the crowded city tenements.

When in a passion (let us hope it is seldom), who has tried the experiment of going into the garden and looking into the sweet rich depths of the rose bush? The result is marvelous in its celerity and completeness. Try it next time; but, better yet, prevent the necessity for the trial.

WHERE DANGER LURKS.

THOSE cheerful people who are fond of reminding us with awful impressiveness that danger constantly lurks in the highways and byways, and at every corner (if not in the middle of the block), should be made aware of a new and curious accident that is said to have recently befallen an unsuspecting lady while, in an unguarded moment, she threw aside all vigilance and precaution and began operations on a five pound box of candy.

Her teeth suddenly struck a hard substance—there was an explosion which broke several teeth and otherwise injured the lady, and subsequent examination discovered tiny bits of fulminate and of copper imbedded in the ruins. A percussion cap had found its way into the candy kettle.

The engine of the law has long been directed against the deadly ice cream manufactory, but how can we reach the horrible dangers that lurk in the delicious, but dangerous caramel?

MUSIC AND MUSCLE.

SO much has been said on the power of music over the human mind and emotions, that there is little left of the subject but repetition. Yet unique application of music as a motive power is described by Admiral Walker, whose flagship is the great new armored cruiser, the Chicago.

The admiral asserts that music helps the officers immensely to keep the crews in discipline. His broad minded views are shown when he tells how, almost every evening in the summer season, he sends the band forward to play spirited airs. The

tars are delighted; they sing and they dance in the liveliest manner, and, as the admiral truly says, they are cheered and their minds are refreshed. They work with a better will and a keener interest and any lurking sulkiness is banished at once.

Sometimes, the band is called into requisition when a particularly heavy haul is to be made. Twenty men on a rope may cause the block to creak and no more; but, start the music, and the line makes the pulley warm in no time.

The admiral's use of music is but a new application of the theory according to which on the field of battle the band is made to crash out the grand national air: at once, thousands of men with flashing eyes and heroic devotion rush forward to certain death in the cannon's belching fire.

PERHAPS THE BIGGEST YET.

NIAGARA is said to have a rival, situated in the interior of Labrador. As yet but very meager information concerning this new wonder of the western world can be obtained, as but two white men have seen it, and there are good reasons for supposing that they may have indulged in some high coloring of the facts in their description of Grand Falls, as it is called. They claim that the water falls without a break a distance of 2,000 feet, twelve times the height of Niagara.

The return of an expedition now in Labrador will be awaited with interest, in the hope that its members may bring full information regarding this stupendous cataract.

GHOSTS OF OTHER DAYS.

JUST as people were beginning to feel a delicious thrill of horror at the thought that a real ghost or spook had been located at last, it was suddenly exploded. In a New York City household pieces of coal were for days thrown about the house with great violence. Strict watch was instituted, and at last a nurse girl in the family was found to be the human ghost.

For a century or more there has been an army of people every ready to spring to arms to conquer our childish belief in ghosts and kill off for future generations the possibility of that delicious experience of shivering in the flickering firelight as in sepulchral tones is told, how at midnight, the ghost was always known to walk. The dark corners of the room seemed full of a creepy, horrible something; the striking of the clock was a thrilling shock; and, later on, we went to sleep entirely concealed by the bed clothes.

If people will keep on exposing the ghosts, that inherited belief in them that we all have in childhood will surely be lost; and who will deny that with it will disappear one of the cherished, yet fearsome delights of youth?

STANDARDS OF MEASUREMENT.

PEOPLE are fond of talking of the high civilization of the present day, but, just as the civilization of the present is far in advance of that of the patch and powder epoch of a century or more ago, so in a few generations hence our refinement of civilization may have been thrown into the shade.

It is interesting to trace the steps in the great forward march; the great inventions of the century chiefly, perhaps, characterize the advance in the near past; but, according to the great chemist, Liebig, progress is best traced in the increasing use of soap; a great writer counts the steps in steel pens; a physician claims a reliable test in the increasing number of undergarments with which civilization wraps its form. In truth, the signs are legion, but the most general and the most positive measurement of progress, is the conversion of luxury into necessity and the increase of our needs and desires. What was the luxury of the rich, becomes the habit and the need of all, as those luxuries are cheapened and brought within reach of the masses. It is indeed true that, the more we have the more we want.

JAMES K. JONES,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ARKANSAS.

SENATOR JAMES K. JONES, who was lately re-elected to the United State Senate from Arkansas, is a native of Mississippi, having been born in Marshal County on September 29, 1839. His family were the owners of large plantations and it was thus possible for him to receive the benefits of a classical education. Hardly had he arrived at man's estate when the smoldering fires of the late war leaped into



JAMES K. JONES.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

ravaging flames. In 1861 the State of Mississippi passed an ordinance of secession and adopted the Confederate constitution.

The future Senator testified his loyalty to the cause his State had made its own by enlisting in the Confederate service as a private soldier; when the war ended he retired to his plantation to reappear in 1873 as a practicing lawyer in Arkansas. During the same year he was elected to the United States Senate of Arkansas, and was still in the Senate when the Constitutional Convention of 1874 was called.

The new Constitution and new State government having been put into operation, Mr. Jones was re-elected to the State Senate, and, in 1877 was made President of that body. Further promotion came in the form of an election to the Forty Seventh Congress (1880) and to the two succeeding terms. Again, in 1885, he was sent to Washington as a Senator of the Democratic side. His recent re-election to the Senate makes him a national legislator until 1897.

A VALUABLE PREMIUM.

ON next to the last page we reprint this week our bicycle premium offer, to which we desire to call the special attention of all new readers. Now is just the time to secure subscriptions among your friends; the reading season has commenced, a new story starts in the present issue, and Mr. Graydon's fascinating "With Cossack and Convict" was begun in No. 460. THE ARGOSY was never so valuable as it is this fall, and the attractions booked for the coming months will carry it to a still higher level of excellence. Read the bicycle offer carefully and begin forming your club. We have already sent several machines to winners.

RAISING A GREAT FLAG.

A SHORT time since a firm of bicycle manufacturers, the Overman Wheel Company, unfurled a Star Spangled Banner, of which they boast as the largest American ensign ever raised. Its dimensions are forty one feet by seventy one, which makes it as wide as two medium city houses, while its length would cover almost four fronts. A pretty feature of this raising consisted in the filling of the great flag with flowers which showered upon the heads of the spectators when it was unfurled.

HOPE.

THERE is no grave on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it;
So hope sings on in every breast,
Although we may not hear it;
And if today the heavy wing
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance tomorrow's sun may bring
The weary heart a blessing.

—ANON.

The Cormorant Cruiser.

BY BURTON MELVILLE.

STRANGE and adventurous were the voyages of the merchant service in the old days early in the century—the days when ships were not, as now, safe from indignity at the hands of a superior vessel of a rival nation; when pirates infested some of the seas, and in many quarters of the globe hordes of unclad savages might be expected to swarm over the bulwarks at almost any moment. For this reason the pacific pursuit of commerce had for adjuncts cannon and shot, guns and cutlasses, and all the other appurtenances of sea warfare.

My father once sailed a voyage on a smart full rigged ship in the China trade. She was called the Indus and had an armament equal to a man of war's—indeed, I believe she was one of the vessels that had been sold to reduce the navy under the administration of President Jefferson.

On this voyage, as my father used to relate, when off the Cape de Verde Islands one of those terrible whirling waterspouts was met with, so close to the vessel that all could see the extraordinary spectacle of a huge whale overtaken, drawn out of the water and upward until his bulk broke the waterspout and its columned tons of water sank back into their native element.

But listen to my father's story of another incident of this voyage that occurred later, off the north-west coast of Africa, on their way to the Cape of Good Hope. This is the way he used to tell it.

One evening about dusk, when the order had been given to sway up the foretopsail yard, Bill Coles and Bob Grimes, who were taking in the slack thought they heard some unusual sound ahead of the ship—a kind of bellowing, hollow noise, which could hardly have been made by a porpoise.

"What's that?" said Bill Coles.

"Hallo, there!" cried Bob Grimes, looking over the rail; "what sort of a fish are you?"

By this time the ship's headway had brought the sounds abreast of the main chains, and now captain, mate and every one else heard the extraordinary noise.

"What are you and where are you?" sang out Captain Penible.

The answer that came back was certainly in human accents, though hollow enough to have come from under a drum head and wholly unintelligible.

"It's some one on a raft or something of that sort," said Captain Penible. "A man almost dead, likely enough."

He then gave orders for bringing the ship up in the wind. The yawl was lowered and Bill Coles and Bob Grimes, who had first heard the peculiar sounds, were ordered to accompany Mr. Forney, the mate.

Presently the boat went "bump!" upon something in her way and was brought up all standing. Bob Grimes was at the bow oar and the shock tumbled him backwards into the eyes of the

boat. Jumping up, he reached out for his oar and touched some faintly seen object. It was from this that the human tones were mysteriously issuing.

"It's a cask!" cried Grimes as he got hold of it and felt along the bilge to find the bung hole.

"Here, Bill," said Mr. Forney, taking up a coil of rope, "sling it in this line and we'll take it in tow."

The sailor slung the object in the rope with surprising ease and simplicity. Then they rowed back to the ship, where the cask was hoisted on board with a watch tackle hooked to a strap on the main yard.

The unheading of the cask showed its occupant to be a large man, apparently a negro. At first he was scarcely able to stand, but

Indus, then his own. Finally, making the figures 103, he pointed from these to the men who stood about him, and once more nodded towards the cask which had held him prisoner.

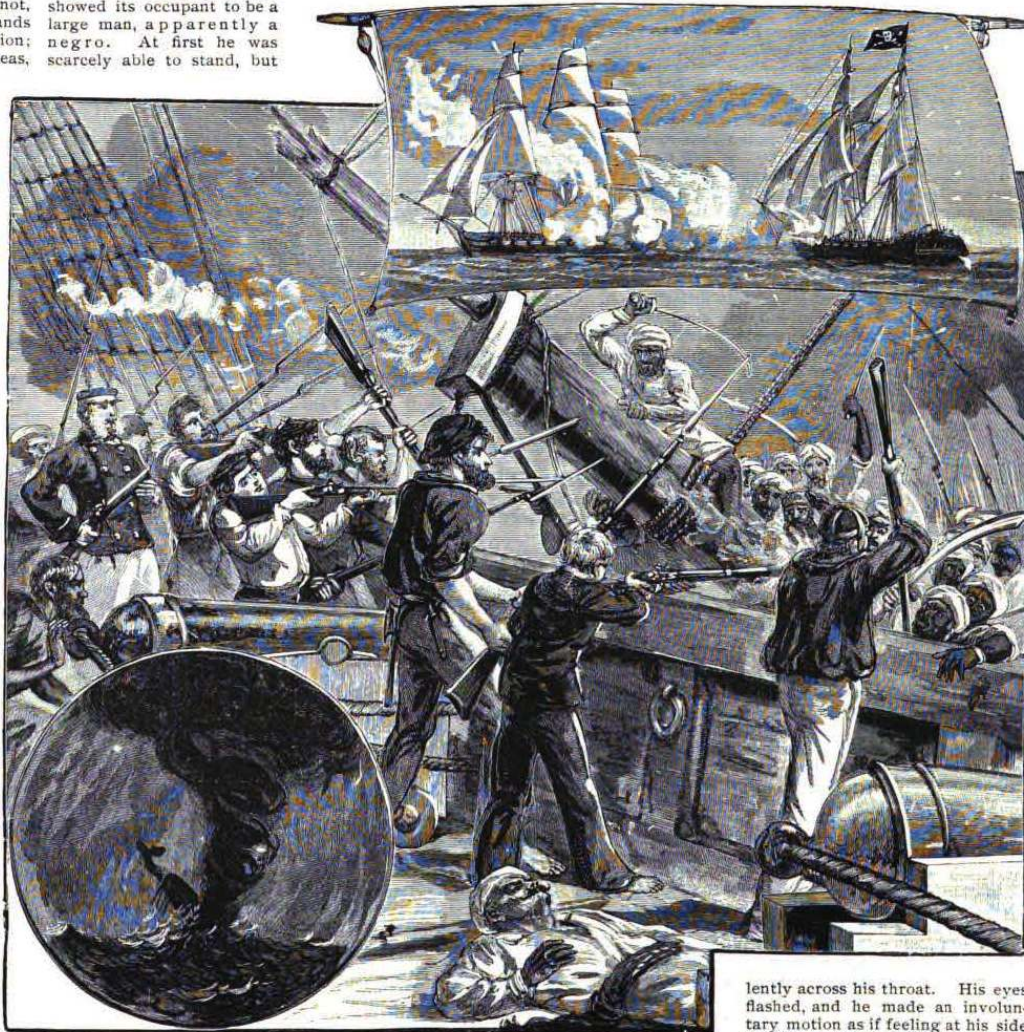
All these signs Captain Penible interpreted without difficulty. The stranger had been captain of a Moorish brig of war of sixteen guns; his crew had mutinied and set him adrift in the cask; they had probably turned pirates and gone on a cruise, and they numbered one hundred and three.

That night the men talked of the ferocity of the Moors—and confessed to

Sure enough, one morning there was discovered not more than two miles off a full rigged brig, sailing on a course parallel with that of the ship.

"A full rigged brig!" was the ejaculation that passed from mouth to mouth; and, as almost everything that sailed in the South Atlantic was ship rigged, the words had a deep significance.

Hassan, the Moor, was at once called on deck, and all eyes were fixed upon him as he took the captain's glass. In another moment a gesture and an exclamation told the worst. Turning fiercely about, he drew his hand vio-



STRUGGLING MADLY TOGETHER THE PIRATES WEDGED THEIR WAY UPON THE HEAD RAIL AND BOWSPRIT OF THE BRIG.

a glass of brandy and a good rubbing of his stiffened limbs soon put him in better condition.

Resorting to signs, he scratched upon the mizzen hatch a rude representation of a flag, then pointed first to that and then to himself.

"Let us see," mused Captain Penible, "a pair of shears? I believe that's what he has drawn. That's the Moorish emblem—he's a Moor!"

Then followed the shape of a full rigged brig, showing eight broadside guns, and he pointed successively at the brig, the flag, himself and the cask. He next indicated his rank by touching, first the head of the captain of the

each other that a Moorish pirate would be a serious thing to meet.

Sky and sea continued smiling, and for days together there was no necessity of starting tack, sheet or brace. Yet the boys could not help feeling that there hung about the ship a kind of gloom. Hassan, as the Moor called himself, was almost always about deck. Unable to converse in words, he would point and nod, so that his gestures told what he would ask and when he understood.

But how frequently he scanned the horizon! The image of a Moorish brig, with eight ports on a side, was constantly before his mind.

lently across his throat. His eyes flashed, and he made an involuntary motion as if feeling at his side for the sword he no longer wore.

"Beled el Gerid!" he exclaimed. This was the name of the dreaded vessel, as he had previously managed by word and sign to communicate it to Captain Penible.

The cannon, cartridges and small arms were at once brought on deck, the round and other shot were taken out of the long boat and all things placed within easy reach. The twelve pounders were then loaded, and all four ranged at the portholes on the larboard side, while the heavily charged muskets were set against the life rail by the mainmast.

The executive officer, obeying the captain's order, saw the ship brought on the port tack with the wind abeam, so that she headed athwart the bows of the brig, now only a quarter of a mile off. Upon this the pirate, hauling down his

was the close pressure he gave my hand. I had had a little talk with him the evening previous before beginning the exhibition. He knew Lynnhurst very well, and the fact established a sort of tie between us at once.

"It is very mysterious," I replied, and then I told in detail how I came into possession of that bottle of chloroform. "You see I was afraid to throw it away," I added, "for fear some one might pick it up who couldn't tell what it was, and do himself some damage. And now see what has come of it!"

"How you came by the bottle does not signify so much now," said Mr. Farrington, "as does proving that Mr. Tretbar was killed by some one else, or by himself. You cannot prove that you did not leave your room during the night, I suppose?"

"I have nothing for it but my word," I answered. "Can't something be found out about this Mr. Tretbar himself? Whether he had anything on his mind, was troubled by something that might induce him to take his life?"

"It seems that nobody here ever saw or heard of him till last night when he came and asked for a room," was the reply. "I believe they have discovered in his pockets some letters from people in New York, to whom they have telegraphed. When they are heard from something definite may be learned."

"Then all I can do is to wait, I suppose," I said with a little sigh.

I had finished my breakfast, and now looked inquiringly at the man on my right. He in turn glanced at Mrs. Gunfer, the landlady, who said, just as if he had spoken: "Oh, yes, the room at the end of the hall on the second floor."

We all rose and Mr. Farrington looked at his watch.

"I have just time to catch my train," he said. "You will not be taken to—that is, you will be kept here until a reply is received from this Tretbar's friends. Meantime my two boys are working hard to find some clew that will prove him a suicide. Remember that we believe in you and will stick by you. I shall see you again tonight. Good by," and once more he gave me his hand.

We were just leaving the office when Cameron appeared in the doorway. Archie was not with him, and on catching sight of me he hurried over to shake hands.

"I don't know what you must have thought of me, Brooke," he began, "for not turning up to report last night. But I couldn't get away. That was Archie's father at the Schlessingers'; his name is Boyd, Archie Boyd. That's just what the youngest said, and we took it for 'boy.' Well, he was hurt so that he didn't miss the child until after he was brought out here, and you can imagine how glad he was to see us. Our friends next door found out about things, so we got in easily enough. And then they wouldn't let me come away; said I must stay and be companion to Archie, who wouldn't go to anybody else except his father, and he was in bed. They want me to spend the day, and I want you to go back with me."

Cameron had talked rapidly, for he had a good many things to tell me. But now as he paused he appeared to notice for the first time the presence of the two guards, who stood patiently through it all close beside me.

Cameron turned on them a look of the strangest compound of wonder and disapproval, ending up with one directed at me which seemed to say: "If these fellows who stick by you so closely are your friends, why on earth don't you introduce them?"

There was only one thing for me to do. Take the cold plunge at once and have it over with.

"I can't go with you, Cameron," I said. "I am under arrest."

"Arrest!" He repeated the word, as if trying thus to comprehend better its meaning. Then he began to laugh, as he added: "Oh, come now. It's morning. You needn't think you can work your magical arts on me. Why—"

He stopped suddenly, convinced by the expression of my face that I was in earnest. He came a step closer and threw one arm across my shoulder as he asked:

"Great Cæsar, Brooke, I believe you mean what you say. What is it for?"

"Murder," I said as softly as I could, but even then the awful word sounded to my ears as though it had been shouted from the housetops.

Cameron did not take his hand from my shoulder. I felt him start violently as his fingers took a tighter grip on my coat.

"Will you come up stairs with me?" I went on. "We are waiting here until we hear from the friends of the — the friends of Mr. Tretbar."

One of my guards kindly allowed Cameron to take his place beside me, he falling to the rear, and so we ascended the stairs and entered the room which had been set aside for me.

This was a pleasant corner apartment, containing besides the usual allowance of furniture, a wicker lounge, on which Cameron and I took seats. The door was locked by one of the guards, who pocketed the key and joined his companion by the window overlooking the lawn, where they each took out cigars and proceeded to make themselves comfortable.

"Now tell me all about it," said Cameron, "I can't seem to realize it yet."

Neither could I, for that matter. If I had I suppose it would not have been possible for me to sit there so calmly as I did.

I had just finished giving my account of the affair to Cameron when there came a rap on the door. One of the smokers hastened to open it and brought back a telegram, which he read aloud:

"Will arrive at Fairlea ten ten.
DUMONT TRETBAR."

"That must be the poor chap's brother, eh, Hodgkins?" was the reader's comment, and he passed the dispatch to his fellow guardsman, as though the latter might be able to make more out of the message if he had the handling of it.

"It must be his father, 's far's we know," answered Hodgkins, fishing in his pockets for a pair of black rimmed eyeglasses, through which he regarded the message critically. "He was a purty young fellow, you know."

"It's almost time this other one was here now," went on the first speaker, looking at a great open faced watch, which he had considerable difficulty in getting out of his pocket. "I say five minutes to ten. What have you?"

Then the two fell to bragging about their watches, while Cameron and I sat there, he trying to think of something hopeful to say to me, and I dully wondering if there was any harder trial yet in store for me.

My awful position had not as yet really frightened me. The very horror of it seemed to render me incapable of realizing that I was in danger of —, but as I say, my thoughts never went so far as that, and my pen refuses to do so now.

My present greatest longing was for freedom. It was a glorious day, and when I looked out of the window and saw the trees, and the shadows cast by the fleecy clouds on the grass, and remembered that but for that bottle of chloroform I might now be walking along the pleasant country roads with Cameron, I shivered.

I sat still till I could remain quiet no longer, then got up and began to pace back and forth.

"Don't make a prisoner of yourself for my sake," I said to Cameron, but the latter declared he would stay at any rate until this Dumont Tretbar arrived.

"And I wouldn't go then, Brooke," he added, "if I hadn't promised to come right back to look after the boy."

At this moment a stage drove up to the porch beneath, and I knew that a new phase in my experience was about to begin.

CHAPTER XXXIII. DUMONT TRETBAR.

IT seemed an age to me between the time that stage stopped at the door and the reappearance of Mr. Hodgkins with Dumont Tretbar. The latter, instead of the tall, spare, grave looking gentleman my fancy had conjured up, proved to be a jaunty young man in a loud check suit, a highly colored necktie, and a straw hat with a tremendously wide brim and a white band.

"Ahem, this, Mr. Tretbar," announced Mr. Hodgkins as they entered, "is the young man as I was telling you about."

I had resumed my seat on the sofa beside Cameron, and now the new comer walked straight up to the latter and exclaimed melodramatically: "Wretch, how can you hold up your head after such a direful deed?"

In spite of the grave nature of the whole affair I felt a strange inclination to laugh; and not only at the mistake of this dude in the object of his vituperation, but at his voice and manner. The former was high and shrill, like a child's, without any bass notes in it at all, and his gestures were on the pump handle order, as practiced by amateur orators in their early efforts at school.

"That's not him," put in Mr. Hodgkins, pulling the impetuous avenger by the sleeve. "Besides you oughtn't to talk that way. It ain't been proved yet that he killed him. Take a chair, sir, while we put a few questions to you."

But young Mr. Tretbar was far too excited to sit down.

"Proved?" he cried, pacing up and down the floor and waving his straw hat about in much the same fashion as the end man does his tambourine at the minstrels. "What more proof do we want than the bottle found in his pocket?"

Here he slapped his own pocket, rolled his eyes up to the ceiling and then ended up by fixing them on me with a glare that was no doubt intended to be baleful, but which was really ridiculous.

"But he says he didn't do it," here interposed the other guardian, who had all along seemed to be on my side.

"Of course he'd say so," blustered young Tretbar. "He doesn't want to be hanged. Nobody does. It doesn't feel a bit good," and he ran his finger around inside his collar suggestively. "My poor cousin, to think he should come to this!"

"Have you noticed anything strange in his actions lately?" inquired Mr. Hodgkins, assuming a judicial look as he planted a chair directly in Tretbar's path.

"Er—no, I can't say that I have," answered the latter, halting suddenly and looking a little queer.

"When did you see—the late lamented last?" went on the other, after pausing an instant to think of a suitable term for the deceased.

This question seemed a poser for Dumont. He changed from one foot to the other, twisted nervously the fringe of hair on his upper lip and finally answered: "I guess it must be all of sixteen years."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Hodgkins, almost springing from his chair.

We were all astonished at this an-

nouncement. Somehow it had seemed that the man who came down to claim the body must have been on intimate terms with the dead man. His manner at first had certainly led us to believe that such was the case.

"Is he married? Has he any nearer relatives than yourself?" inquired Hodgkins's companion.

"I—I don't know," replied the dude, who appeared to be gradually wilting. "I tell you I haven't seen or heard from him in about sixteen years, and then I was quite a small boy."

"But your card, with the address printed on it was found in his pocket," I ventured to interpose.

"My aunt must have given it to him when she went to Chicago, where he came from, and perhaps he was going to call on me. It was pretty yellow. When the dispatch came I thought I ought to represent the family, don't you know?"

I thought I saw through it now. Dumont Tretbar was a young swell, of limited brain and unlimited aspirations for notoriety. When the telegram arrived he thought he saw a splendid opportunity to figure in the papers and—

But here an appalling thought occurred to me. Of course the reporters would eagerly seize on this incident and write it up in lurid colors. My name would naturally figure prominently in all the accounts. What would Aunt Louise, what would Edna think when they read it?

What must they think in any case at not having heard from me in so long? In the haste with which I had left the La Farges' I had neglected to state where any letters that might come for me should be sent. I had been ill two weeks. What must be the state of mind of the people in Cincinnati at not having heard from me in that time? And now, if the first word they received about me was in the form of this newspaper report the shock would be awful.

A sort of trembling came over me, and I put my arm on Cameron's coat sleeve, feeling as if I must stay myself on something.

Meantime the two guardians of my person were interrogating young Tretbar, without much success, however. He seemed to be all froth and bluster, and was apparently quite incapable of doing any practical good in this sad emergency.

Finally he went out with Mr. Hodgkins, whereupon the other guardian, whose name I had by this time ascertained was Ferguson, moved his chair close over to the sofa and began: "Mr. Brooke, I can't believe you would do this awful thing, but the constable ain't here and Hodgkins and I have got to do our duty at keepin' you safe till he comes back."

"Where has he gone?" inquired Cameron.

"Gone off on the firemen's picnic to Coney Island," replied Mr. Ferguson, adding, as he scratched the back of his head in perplexity: "I don't see just how we're to get the straight of this. That young feller that come out here from town don't appear to be worth much."

"And you think it your duty to hold my friend till the constable comes back?" remarked Cameron.

"Sartain," was the prompt response. "That is, unless there's somethin' turns up in the meantime that shows the man upstairs killed himself or— and he lowered his voice significantly—"pints to the real one who did it."

At this moment there was a knock on the door. Mr. Ferguson went to open it, and admitted a bell boy bearing a tray containing two bottles of beer and a couple of glasses.

The boy gazed at me curiously while

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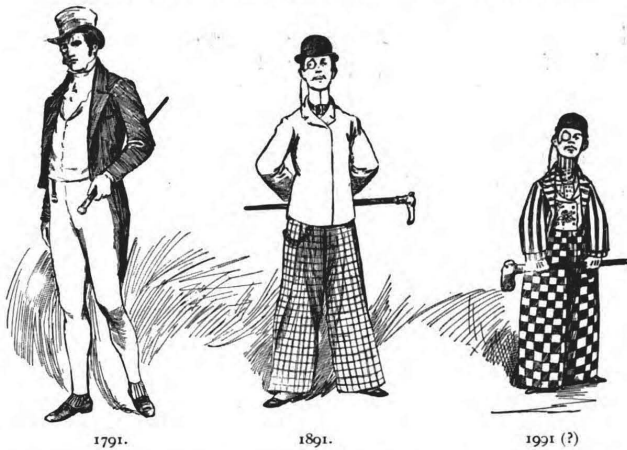
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THE DUDE'S PROGRESS; PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.



1791.

1891.

1991 (?)

HE WANTED TO PRACTICE ON PIE.

"No, Bobby," said his mother, "one piece of pie is quite enough for you."
"It's funny," responded Bobby with an injured air. "You say you are anxious for me to learn to eat properly, and yet you won't even give me a chance to practice."—*Washington Hatchet.*

THE craze of the souvenir spoon seems to have made quite a stir.—*Baltimore American.*

THE FASHIONABLE GROAN.

BILDERKIN—"That table is altogether too rickety. Why, it creaks if you put your hand on it."
STOREKEEPER—"Why, that's all the style, sir. It's built that way on purpose. You can't read an account of fashionable dinner parties without noticing how 'the tables groaned under the weight of the delicacies.' Why, in the regular way of business we ought to charge \$5 extra for them kind of tables, but seeing it's you," etc.—*Grip.*

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