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FEODOR,

THE YOUNG MILLER OF THE CAUCASUS.

By Russell Stockton.

THE people of the hamlet asked what was to become of Feodor and Catharine when their father, the miller, died. But when Nicholas Chmelnicki, who secretly thought to step in and take possession of the little mill himself, now that there was no miller, struggled up the ravine the day after the father had been laid to rest, he found the sixteen year old Feodor awaiting him at the doorway, covered with the white dust of the grain, the wheel, as of yore, creaked painfully, and the millstones laboriously ground the corn from the sacks that had been waiting since old Ivan had been stricken with his sudden and short last illness; the clatter of pewter, also, betokened that the tiny housewife was busily at work with her accustomed duties, and everything seemed to be going on so regularly and with such order that it was with a doubtful falter and a crest-fallen look that Nicholas extended his half hearted and by no means disinterested invitation to these mere children to come and abide in the rude house of himself and wife with their already numerous family.

"Poor as we are, it is our duty to offer shelter to the weak and homeless; though it would be hard for me to leave my flock and my fields to look after the mill."

"But we are strong, good Nicholas," cried little Catharine, "and we are not homeless, for this house, though not so large, is quite as good as your own;" and she said this with an air of dignity and pride almost laughable, coming from one so young.

"And while I thank you for your consideration in offering to take charge of the mill," said Feodor with politeness, but also a look that showed Nicholas he had not pulled any wool over those sharp eyes, "I will wait before accepting to see how I manage myself." Then he proceeded to measure out the other's corn, putting the usual tithe aside for himself as miller. And Nicholas did not scruple to partake of the homely meal of these "weak and homeless" ones to whom he had offered a corner of his hovel in exchange for the mill that had caused the owner to be regarded wealthy, as wealth ran in that impoverished hamlet.

When the inhabitants of the dozen cabins on the stream below heard of Feodor's decision to take his father's place as miller, they opened their eyes in astonishment and wagged their unkempt heads in doleful prophecy; for Feodor, who had always been silent and moody, and not given to the prevailing habit of speaking many words about nothing, was considered to be more or less of a booby perhaps; but then there was an old head or two that discovered in him thoughtfulness rather than shallowness, and did not altogether doubt the

when these poor and rude people, illiterate and slow minded, cultivated with primitive implements their little strips of farm land along the clearings on the bank of the stream, and fed their scant flocks of sheep and goats on the wild hillsides.

It was a rugged Caucasus landscape, this; the prospect was that of dense, forest covered mountains, with bare, rock ribbed summits, covered nine months in the year with deep snows; even at the end of the summer the traveler could find in crev-



capability of the young miller to manage his own affairs; and, as to the fourteen year old, blue eyed Catharine, they remembered that she had kept house for the family of three—then why not for a family of two? It was not long before the talk quieted down and matters went on as they al-

THE WHEEL, AS OF YORE, CREAKED PAINFULLY AND THE MILLSTONES LABORIOUSLY GROUND THE CORN.

ices of the rocks. Drifts that the sun had not finally conquered. The people never left their lonely birthplace, buried as it was between the two mountains, except that very rarely, one or two would journey to Kutais, many miles distant, to supply some humble wants, and then the journey would have to be made in winter in order that their sacks of wool or goats' hair for barter could be transported; for their only conveyance was a rude hand sled manufactured for the occasion.

The following winter was more than ordinarily severe; the mountains were impassable with the heavy snows, and the little stream was hard frozen for fully three months, a circumstance unknown since six years before. In the little mill the occupants had been almost prisoners, and suffered severely from their confinement and enforced idleness; this was relieved occasionally for Feodor by an expedition up the mountain with his father's ancient fowling piece, in search of a few rabbits; deer, bear and wolves also abounded, but these were game too heavy to drag back, and were left unmolested.

At last the hard winter broke, the snows melted in the valley and the stream swelled to its highest point; thunder and lightning betokened the advent of the spring, and Feodor again sallied out one day to climb the mountain for game. Little Catharine went singing about her duties, cleaning every corner of the house after the confusion of their winter's imprisonment, and making room for the sacks of corn and rye that would come in for grinding, now that the icy chains had been taken from the idle mill wheel.

But when the shadows deepened and night fell, while Feodor was still absent, Catharine's songs ceased and anxiety was in her face. The howling of a distant wolf sent cold shudders through her frame, and a hundred horrors painted themselves on her mind. Irresolute as to whether to alarm the hamlet, she stood in the open doorway, when suddenly a crackling of underbrush told her that some one or something was descending the mountain side; nearer it came, but very slowly, and at irregular intervals. Was it her brother, or a bear or a wolf, that was approaching? She cried out:

"Feodor!" and the answer came back, but in a feeble voice:

"It is I, sister;" and in a moment her brother appeared at the doorway, pale and halting, and with a face drawn with pain. He dragged himself to the moss couch and pointing to the door gasped out:

"The *shepherds!*" and fell exhausted on the rough bed.

Catharine started visibly at her brother's cry and, following the direction in which his finger pointed, hastened to the door and barred it. Then she sprang back to her brother's side, tore off his boot and coarse wool stocking with great difficulty, exposing an ankle greatly swollen from a sprain. This she deftly bathed and bandaged, while Feodor lay utterly exhausted and in intense pain, though he uttered no sound. At last he regained a little strength and recounted his adventure.

That afternoon while traversing a rocky portion of the mountain a stone had turned under his foot, his whole weight had fallen upon the bent ankle, and it had been badly wrenched. The pain had overpowered his senses and he had fallen down in a faint within a crevice formed by a huge boulder and the rocky side of the mountain. By and by voices seemed to steal on his senses, as though in a dream, and as he slowly came to consciousness, these grew more distinct. At last he distinguished a hardly understood *patois* which filled

him with a sudden fear and which was verified when he peered around a corner of his sheltering boulder, and saw eight fur clothed, shaggy bearded forms around a little fire of dried twigs. Feodor listened, and his face blanched as he caught their words and the name of the little hamlet on their tongues. They were laying their plans to descend on the place in the middle of that night, favored in their sudden attack by the darkness and the state of slumber in which the people would be plunged.

These ferocious men were shepherds, who herded their flocks on the high plateaus of the mountains, living in nomadic companies, and almost savage in their uncouthness. In the winter they descended a little way into the valleys, where they almost hibernated in caves; they shunned all others than their kind, and were usually harmless except when a severe winter had exhausted their stores of food and ravaged their flocks, which were their only coin current. Then they became desperate and descended on any neighboring town where the resistance would be slight, and provided themselves with looted stores of food and, incidentally, anything else that took their fancy.

Six years before they had burst upon Feodor's native place in the depths of a black night, and somehow in the darkness two of the peaceful farmers had been slain, dying of ugly, gaping knife wounds, which made Feodor shudder to remember. And now the scene was about to be repeated—that night; there he lay and groaned in spirit as he thought of himself helpless on the mountain, and defenseless little Catharine awaiting him, listening for his footsteps and springing to the door to meet—a pack of bearded ruffians!

The thought gave him resolution and strength; shielded from view by great masses of rocks, he crawled in a sinuous course, suffering great pain, until he reached the woods, and then he began his slow descent, nearly sinking lifeless at times as the sharp twinges from his sprained wrist seemed almost to rend him.

Night found him still on his perilous journey, and to his bodily suffering was added the mental fear that the marauders had perhaps started on their expedition and would outstrip him. But he had arrived at last, and that fear had been set at rest; but how could he resist, or secure protection or even warn the simple people below that they might be prepared to keep the robbers from their doors? Catharine! could she traverse the rugged path in the darkness of the night? The way was rough and at times precipitous; the snow chilled breath of the mountain tops was descending in wild gusts dangerous to such a frail form; and the wolves! they might be lurking near the folds with glaring eyes and sharp fangs, famished and ferocious.

"I will go!" said Catharine quietly.

Around her shoulders she tightly drew her coarse homespun shawl, but not until she had hidden under a loose board of the floor the precious fowling piece and few trivial—but so valuable—trinkets and heirlooms that the little house contained. As she opened the door to the cold wind and the bleak night, a sudden thought seemed to strike her. She returned and opened a cupboard, whence, from its furthest recess, she drew a dusty stone jug, and, placing it on the table, pointed to it silently, but with an expressive glance; then, with one last farewell look, she disappeared into the abyss of the night.

With many muttered prayers for her safety, Feodor lay in his pain and waited—not long! Half an hour had not passed when stealthy noises were heard outside. The door was slowly opened,

and a savage, bearded face, crowned with a thick fur cap, peered in; the glaring eyes encountered those of the disabled boy as he stared at the intruder from his pallet; the figure stepped quickly in and seven others crowded after him, the leader making a threatening display of a long flashing knife as he advanced to the couch.

"We want food!" exclaimed the harsh voice.

"Why do you ask it with knives in your hands, my friend? It is yours to take, such as you may find. Even if I could resist you, it would ill become me to deny my loaf to the famished," answered Feodor. "Yonder in that closet you will find our small store;" the starving shepherds with one accord scrambled to secure the loaves of bread—"eat and warm yourselves at the fire."

Almost before he had ceased speaking the savage men were tearing the few loaves and devouring them with avidity. One espied the jug on the table; he drew the stopper of wood, smelt of it and grunting the word "*vodka*," raised it to his lips; but seven other pairs of hands were reaching for it, and it was quickly circulated, with many a guttural sound of satisfaction. The strong spirit seemed to course through their veins like lightning. They became voluble and rudely playful in the space of a few minutes, and ignoring Feodor entirely, they consumed the last crumbs of bread and began to search in the corners and cupboards.

"Stop!" cried the leader. "Waste no time here now. There is other work to do below, and we pass here on our return."

"At least," returned one of them, "let us rest and warm ourselves awhile. It is early yet and some may be stirring below."

The leader looked irresolute, and the men, not waiting for his decision, adopted the suggestion and threw themselves on the bare floor before the fire. The chief accepted the situation and imitated their example, and soon the fumes of the strong, homemade brew caused most of them to nod sleepily. The hot air of the small room, crowded with its nine occupants, aided this effect and the warmth from the fire penetrated their chilled frames, diffusing an unaccustomed sense of comfort and repose.

Feodor was likewise rendered drowsy and his pain deadened, and he, too, sank into a light slumber.

Suddenly his eyes opened wide and he rose on his elbow to stare at a dozen figures that had crowded through the door and stood in a compact mass silently gazing on the shepherds, who, aroused by the noise of the entrance, had sprung to their feet, hands on knives, yet too stupefied to take further action.

The new comers were the men of the hamlet; white bearded Rurik, the patriarch, stood to the fore and spoke:

"Friends, we learn that you have descended into our valley for food, nor do we wonder that you have been driven to this extremity after a winter so severe that memory must go back for years to find its equal. If you come in peace it is well. Our scanty stores shall be shared with you, and welcome; but if you come in hot blood—" a general exhibition of rude weapons by his fellows completed the sentence.

The marauders looked at each other in wonderment at this mild and politic address, which they could hardly understand, proceeding from people whose blood they had come by stealth to shed if necessary. It acted as a master stroke to partly disarm them at the outset, and gleaming torches outside, indicating further numbers and organized preparation for resistance, served to complete their submission.

It was stipulated by Rurik that the shepherds should remain where they were until morning under the surveillance of a well armed guard. When day broke they would be escorted to the hamlet and such stores could be distributed. A guard was detailed to pass the night with the invaders and the rest withdrew, not before Rurik had bent over Feodor and whispered:

"The little Catharine bade me say she was well and unharmed, and you—you have done well, my son!"

The plan was faithfully and liberally carried out in the morning. The shepherds were conducted to the hamlet and distributed throughout the houses. They were fed and warmed and provided with such stores as would sustain them on their journey back to their rugged plains above, where the fast opening season bade fair to relinquish to them their accustomed sustenance.

Thus those who came for plunder and rapine departed in peace, and the villagers looked upon the brave children, Catharine and Feodor, as the saviors of their homes. This is the story the old men sometimes tell the children in that wild and lonely spot.

(This Story began last week.)

BLAZING ARROW,

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

Author of "*Boy Pioneer Series*" "*Deerfoot Series*," etc.

CHAPTER V.

A MISCALCULATION.

YES, Wharton Edwards was destined, in Blazing Arrow's mind, to the torture. This had been the fierce savage's purpose from the outset, and it remained as such for a few moments after the two burst into the opening. Then a doubt arose, and by the time half the clearing was thrown behind him, the pursuer awoke to the fact that the despised youth in front was running faster than he was.

The soul of Blazing Arrow must have been humiliated beyond expression when, despite the most strenuous exertions he could put forth, and the knowledge that never in all his life had he run with greater speed, that lithe, graceful youth in front began steadily drawing away from him.

It was an astounding truth: Wharton Edwards could outrun the champion of the Shawanoes, and he was doing it with such certainty that neither he nor his pursuer could fail to see the fact.

The youth waited till a fourth of the distance was passed so there could be no mistake as to the actual test. He had gone that far with all the strength of which he was capable. He knew that his pursuer had done the same, so that when he glanced around, the truth as to their relative speed must be established.

The result was more striking than he had dared hope. He had widened perceptibly the space between them, and was still doing so, even though his venomous enemy was putting forth the utmost exertions of which he was capable.

It can be understood how the discovery thrilled the fugitive, and he can be pardoned, if, even in that trying moment, he felt a touch of regret that the race between him and the Indian did not take place, as it was arranged at the settlement. What a triumph he would have won!

Nor can he be blamed because in the flush of victory, and with the belief that the real danger was past, he deliberately snatched off his cap, swung it above his head and uttered a shout of

exultation. It was only human nature, and you or I would have done the same, had we been in his place.

That cry was wormwood and gall to Blazing Arrow, and deep must have been his regret that at the time when seized with drunken frenzy, he made for the lad, he did not finish him. Had he done so, the Shawanoe would have been saved this humiliation.

Why did not the pursuer stop short and bring his rifle into play? He was a good marksman and the distance was not enough to require any special skill on his part. Doubtless the dusky miscreant was influenced by several reasons, one of which was the loss of ground he would sustain. Then, too, a man who has been using his muscles so fiercely is not in the best condition to aim a rifle accurately. Furthermore, it is not impossible that the Shawanoe believed that the youth was unable to maintain his astounding speed. He must soon slacken it, and then the Indian champion would take revenge for this temporary defeat.

Wharton feared an attempt to shoot him, and he continued his prodigious exertion, since there was every inducement to increase the gain he had made, and the sheltering wood was now but a short way in advance. He glanced back a couple of times, and then threw his thoughts forward, for he recalled that he was confronted by a peculiar condition of things.

Immediately after entering the forest again the trail made what may be described as a horseshoe curve. A deep, wooded ravine interposing in front necessitated a looping of the path. The circuit was a furlong in length, the trail coming back to within a few rods of the first turn. Standing at this point, one could see the slightly ascending course on the side of the narrow ravine, and a man or animal walking up the gentle incline was in view of any one at the beginning of the curve.

It will be understood, therefore, that if Blazing Arrow should halt at this point the instant he reached it, and the youth should keep to the trail, the latter would come directly under the muzzle of his own rifle, in the hands of his implacable enemy.

But Wharton Edwards was not the one to throw away an advantage gained by a display of speed, such as it is safe to say no other living person could have made. It would have been idiotic to do so when no necessity existed.

Several ways of escape presented themselves. He could leave the trail at the lower point of the loop, not returning to it until well beyond sight of his enemy, or possibly he could leap across the gorge, as he had done in the case of the torrent, and thus not sacrifice any ground.

It was this step which he revolved in his mind while dashing across the latter fourth of the narrow plain, but a single fact restrained him: he doubted his ability to make a successful leap.

Although he had been over the path several times, and might be considered familiar with it, he had never studied it closely enough to settle the question without another inspection, and there was not a minute to spare for making that.

If he could make the leap it would be a great gain; if he should fail the disaster would be irreparable, for among the wood, brush and undergrowth, he could neither conceal himself nor travel as fast as the Shawanoe, who would quickly have him at his mercy.

The risk was too great to incur and he decided not to take it. He did a thing, on the contrary, which was like an inspiration. Making the short turn, he ran a few rods, when he glanced toward the plain. Blazing Arrow was invisible and would remain so for several min-

utes, despite the speed with which he was approaching.

The youth made a powerful leap aside from the path and dodged behind the trunk of an oak large enough to shelter his body. Then he stood panting, alert and watchful, awaiting the coming of his enemy.

He saw him a minute later through the trees, running with undiminished speed and like an engine that was absolutely tireless. The Shawanoe was more familiar with the course of the trail than the youth, and, therefore, knew of its looping, which had puzzled the latter for a few brief moments. The course adopted by the Shawanoe was peculiar, and for a time assumed an almost ludicrous phase.

The quick glance which he cast down the path failed to show him the fugitive, who, he must have supposed, was still running over it, and would speedily reappear, as he rushed up the incline. By leaping the ravine he would head him off and have him at his mercy.

The pursuer decided to adopt this course, and, with only a slight slackening of pace, dashed toward the gorge; but, when almost on the brink, he must have concluded the chances of success were against him, and he changed his mind.

But he did not succeed in changing the course of his body, as he meant to do. He would not have failed had the bank of the ravine been as firm as he supposed it was. He checked himself with the skill of an experienced runner, but the ground gave way, and despite everything he could do, he went floundering, scrambling and struggling to the bottom of the ravine, which was almost perpendicular and fully thirty feet deep.

Had he given less attention to the effort to save himself and looked out where he was going, it would have been better; for, as it was, although the fall was considerable, it was so broken that it would have amounted to little had not his head come in collision with the base of one of the trees growing in the bottom of the gorge.

The impact was violent and must have jarred the tree. It jarred Blazing Arrow to that extent that he tumbled over on his back senseless.

Wharton Edwards was watching matters like a cat waiting for a mouse. When he saw the Shawanoe disappearing he ran cautiously forward from his hiding place, and, not forgetting to screen himself, peeped over the edge of the ravine.

"I am afraid he hasn't broken his neck," he muttered, as he noted the shock the other had received, "though that crack against the trunk of the tree is enough to kill any one."

This unlooked for incident insured the safety of the fugitive, who, if he chose, could have continued his flight to the block house, but two considerations led him to take a different course.

He could not desert Larry Murphy, who, beyond all question, was in imminent peril, and he disliked beyond expression to lose his rifle, which was a birthday gift from his father, and a superior piece of workmanship.

It was this fact that led him to attempt a feat worthy of Simon Kenton himself.

Leaping lightly from the edge of the ravine, he grasped the branches of a tree near at hand. It bent low with his weight and broke, but he seized another, and that also, after dipping downward, gave way and let him fall. By that time he was so near the ground that he dropped lightly on his feet.

He paused and glanced at Blazing Arrow lying outstretched on his back, with his face upturned, as though he were dead. But he was not; he was only senseless.

"If he will only stay that way for a few minutes I shall be all right, but if he awakes—"

Aye, if he awoke what vengeance he would take on the youth who dared not only to beat him at running, but to steal like a beast of prey upon him!

But young Edwards had determined upon his line of action, and it was now too late to turn back.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE WATCH.

WHILE matters were moving in this lively manner with Wharton Edwards, his absent friend found himself in anything but an easy situation. It did not take him long to examine that portion of the gorge above the falls, which had been allotted to his survey. There were one or two places which he believed could be readily leaped by Wharton, but were beyond his own capacity.

"It's Whart that has the fine legs," he mused, working his way below the falls. "If I could run and jump like himself I wouldn't care for Blazing Arrow and the whole tribe of Shawanoes."

He did not believe that any spot could be found within a long distance which could be jumped by himself. For this reason he began to look more favorably upon swimming.

"Leastways I can swim and Whart can jump, so what's the odds? We'll both be on the wrong side of the stream, and, therefore, on the right side."

His decision was reached when he came upon a log against the bank of sufficient buoyancy to float his rifle. He carefully adjusted it upon the decayed trunk, and then, without removing his clothing, headed for the other side.

The force of the current carried him a considerable distance down stream, and emerging from the water he felt none the worse for his bath, for it will be remembered that it was summer.

"Now if Whart has made the leap that I'm pretty sure he has, we'll soon be together, and we can move around through the woods so as to leave Blazing Arrow and the rest of 'em out of sight, which reminds meself."

It was of the Indians he was thinking, and he made his way back toward the falls with all possible circumspection. Arrived there he climbed to a point above, where he noticed an opening in the wall, or shore, which allowed him to approach to the very water's edge.

"There's only one objection to swimming the stream here," he said, looking across, "or rather I should say there be two of them. After reaching the other side there's no place where I could climb over, because of the high rocks over there; or, if I started to swim I would be carried over the falls before I could get half way across."

With two such good causes at command, and with no necessity of crossing immediately, it need hardly be said that Larry did not make the attempt.

Nothing was to be accomplished by remaining where he was, and he started back over the section already traversed, except that he was on the other side of the gorge when he made his former tour. His fear now was of the Shawanoes. He could not doubt that they were in the neighborhood, and if they had any reason to expect the approach of white persons they would be so guarded in their movements and would keep so carefully out of sight, that the boys would be in danger every minute.

Advancing in this stealthy manner, Larry halted where the upper part of the rocks was unusually rough and broken. He had already gone beyond the portion assigned to him to examine, and he was in doubt whether it was prudent to go further.

"Whart can't be far off, and he'll be back purty soon. I make no doubt that he has jumped to this side and is looking for me. I wonder whether he has seen anything of Blazing Arrow and the rest of 'em. There's no saying what might have taken place."

It was wise in the youth to decide to stay where he was until his friend rejoined him, for it is not only difficult but dangerous to maneuver in the presence of an enemy. He was less likely to be discovered, while partially hidden among the rocks, than if he was moving among the trees, even though he did so with the skill of Daniel Boone or Simon Kenton himself.

Larry ventured to signal two or three times, but, receiving no response, he ceased, fearful that the sounds might be noticed by unfriendly ears.

A slight bend in the course of the stream enabled him to see the spot where Wharton Edwards made the leap described just previously, although of course, the whole thing was unknown to him. He was looking in this direction and wondering whether there could be any serious cause for delay, when a Shawanoe Indian walked into view and paused on the brink of the gorge.

He held his rifle in one hand and was in war paint. He stood motionless for a moment, his appearance suggesting to Larry that he was measuring the distance to the other side, preparatory to leaping.

"If that was Whart and he wanted to make the jump," thought the youth, "he wouldn't take so much time to make up his mind. I believe there is something amiss, and he's looking for Whart."

The suspicion quickly became conviction, and an iron determination instantly entered the heart of the lad, who was as ready to risk his life for his friend as the latter was to risk his for him.

The hesitation of the warrior lasted but a minute. Retiring several paces, in order to gain the necessary momentum, he nimbly ran the short distance with the ease of his predecessors. At the moment the crouching form was in mid air, with limbs drawn together and muscles set, the gun dropped from his grasp, his arms went upward with a wild cry, and his body, striking the edge of the bluff, rolled back into the torrent and sank out of sight.

"I believe I can jump the stream as well as yourself," was the cool comment of Larry, who crouched among the rocks and began reloading his gun.

None knew better than he that this incident would raise a breeze among the Indians, and they would investigate matters off hand.

Had Larry possessed one of the modern breech loaders and repeating rifles, he might have secured a good position and held half a hundred Indians at bay, but with his clumsy, though excellent weapon, he could not hope to maintain his position for any length of time.

The moment his gun was ready again, he stealthily advanced to the edge of the stream and peered around the rocks. There was no warrior in sight, but he did not neglect to look along the bluff on the other side, as far as his vision extended. At first he discovered nothing, but while scrutinizing a certain portion a small protuberance appeared at the very spot on which his eyes happened to rest.

"It's another of 'em," was his thought, as he screened himself as far as he could behind the ledge of rocks and brought his rifle to a level; "when his head comes high enough I'll fetch him in the eye."

But the Indian was cunning. Instead of bringing his crown into sight he allowed it to sink out of view again.

The youth was standing with his gaze fixed on the point where he had just seen the suspicious object, his gun leveled and ready to fire the instant a fair target presented itself, when it shot up like a jack-in-the-box, a dozen feet to one side, immediately dropping out of view again.

The movement was so quick that the painted face had appeared and vanished before Larry could shift his aim.

The Shawanoe must have known that some one was awaiting the chance to serve him as the warrior was served who attempted to leap the gorge.

"I know what ye are driving at," muttered Larry, who felt that his situation was becoming critical. "Ye mean to sneak down below the falls, or further up stream, and cross where I can't head ye off. I wonder what's become of Whart."

CHAPTER VII.

A CHAT.

IT was like approaching a sleeping tiger, likely at any moment to bound to his feet and rend the helpless victim, and Wharton Edwards, despite his well proved courage, felt a misgiving as he drew near the terrible Shawanoe.

Blazing Arrow in falling held the rifle fast so long as his senses remained with him; but when he came near splitting the tree trunk with his head, the weapon flew several feet away. This happened to be on the side furthest from Wharton, who, therefore, was forced to walk around him in order to secure the gun.

Everything depended on promptness; and when Wharton found himself within a few paces—too close to retreat—he took several quick leaps, and, bending over, snatched up the weapon from where it lay on the ground.

Words cannot picture the relief that came to him when his hands closed about his beloved rifle and he knew that from fleeing in terror before the fierce Shawanoe, he was now his master. He could not only defy his wrath, but Blazing Arrow was at his mercy.

Quickly as all this took place, Wharton was not a second too soon. At the moment of stepping back and looking at the Shawanoe, the latter began rallying from the shock that had held him senseless for a briefer period than seemed to be the case.

Doubtless he suffered a good deal of pain from the accident, but he was too stoical to show it. He moved uneasily, muttered something in his own tongue and then came to a sitting posture with such suddenness that the startled youth recoiled several paces and grasped the weapon more firmly than before.

The painted face was like that of a demon, as the Indian, fully understanding what had taken place, sat for a few seconds glaring at the youth ten feet away, unable to speak, perhaps because of his overflowing wrath, but emitting a serpent-like hissing between his teeth, as if in warning of the blow he was about to strike.

The law of the frontier would have justified young Edwards in sending a bullet through the one that had sought his life. Perhaps few would have condemned him had he fired when Blazing Arrow's face assumed the expression of hatred which is beyond description, but the lad, despite his training, could never have condoned such an act now that his life was in no danger.

Recalling that the Shawanoe spoke English tolerably well, Wharton, holding his rifle ready for instant use, addressed him:

"Are you hurt, Blazing Arrow?"

"Yes—much hurt—can't walk—can't stand."

Had the wily red man been less prompt with his reply, he might have deceived

the youth. The latter could feel no pity for him, even though he knew he was suffering, but there was an eagerness in his manner which convinced Wharton that he was shamming, and was not injured to that extent as to be unable to help himself.

Blazing Arrow spoilt everything by adding, before the other could make response:

"Help Shawanoe git up—mebbe he den walk," and he reached out his hand toward the boy.

"I rather guess not," replied Wharton, with a faint smile and a meaning shake of his head; "if you can't rise to your feet you can stay there for all I care."

"Help little bit," persisted the Shawanoe, making what seemed to be a futile effort and then sinking back, with one hand still extended, as though he were a child.

"No, sir," replied the youth more emphatically, "I wouldn't trust you, Shawanoe."

"No speak lie—Blazing Arrow no double tongue."

"You have always had a double tongue; you have always spoken lies; was it not you who tried to kill me when we were about to run a race?"

"Shawanoe drink firewater—didn't know nuffin'."

"You knew enough to run off in the woods before my friends could punish you. Why have you chased me so far today?"

"Want to catch you," replied the warrior frankly, evidently perceiving that this was an occasion in which truth would serve better than falsehood.

"What hindered you from catching me?"

"Brudder run faster dan Shawanoe."

"Did you run as fast as you could?"

"Yes—run hard—run like thunder—brudder much run—beat deer—beat antelope."

"Then I can beat you?" asked Wharton with a meaning look at the subtle miscreant, who nodded his head with great vigor, as he made reply:

"Yes—beat Shawanoe—run faster—much more run."

If Blazing Arrow hoped by "acknowledging the corn" in this fashion to win the confidence of the youth, he was mistaken. He could afford to own up when the only one that heard him was his conqueror. Little fear of his ever making the confession to his own people.

"That's the first truth you have told in a long time. What would you have done to me if you had outrun and captured me?"

"Take back to Shawanoes."

"And what then?"

"Run race wid me."

"Suppose I had beaten you."

"Den get away—like do now—no hurt brudder."

Wharton little doubted that such a chase would have been arranged, with the difference that no possible escape would have been left for him.

"If I had outrun you I would have been allowed to go free?"

"Yes—dat so—ugh!—yes."

"Well, being that I have just outrun you, I will keep a good distance between you and me."

And thereupon Wharton turned about and began walking along the ravine towards the point whence he came. As he did so he partly turned his head, so as to keep the wretch in his field of vision; he knew better than to trust him, even to the smallest degree.

He half expected to see him leap to his feet and dash after him, but the wily warrior remained seated until the intervening trees shut him from sight, Wharton hurried along the ravine and had to go almost to the end, where the

trail curved again and came back, before he struck a place which permitted him to climb out. He did so, however, with little difficulty, and reaching the path once more began retracing his steps to the clearing, across which he had run with such great speed.

This brought him to the spot where Blazing Arrow had met with his mishap. Stealing carefully forward Wharton peered over.

To his astonishment the Shawanoe was not in sight; he had disappeared as utterly as though he had never been.

At the same moment the youth made another and more astounding discovery.

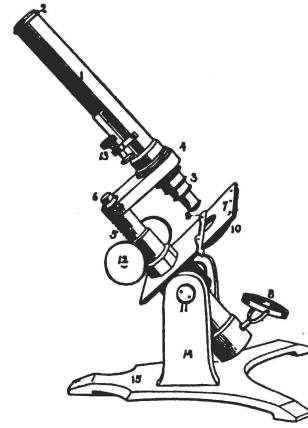
(To be continued.)

The Microscope and its Revelations.

I.

PRINCIPLES AND STRUCTURE.

THE first thing we did when we got our microscope was to buy a live frog; then we prepared to pry into the secrets of his being. We procured a cigar box cover and cut a half inch hole through it; upon this we placed the frog, swathed in wet bandages, fastening him, like Gulliver, by means of threads attached to tacks driven into the wood. Over the hole that had been cut we carefully stretched and secured the delicately webbed foot of the frog, and placed the whole on the stage of the microscope. The bright light from the mirror shone through and illuminated the living tissue of the web



THE COMPOUND MICROSCOPE.

and we could see the meshes of tiny veins, filled with their streams of hurrying, jostling blood corpuscles—thousands of them! On and on they raced, spurting with every heart beat and tumbling over each other in a mad scramble; the sight was so fascinating that we took the best of care of our frog for many days, in order that we might renew the curious experience.

The microscope has been of tremendous value to science; it has shown the minute structure of plant and animal tissues and revealed the unknown processes of their life and growth, and in innumerable ways it has become an indispensable instrument in physiology, anatomy, botany, geology and many other branches of science.

But what especially concerns us about this instrument is its unique character as a teacher of science in a form that is absolutely fascinating to every youthful mind; the young student is enabled to penetrate into a mine of minute and general information as astonishing in its brilliant wealth as the cave of the Forty Thieves. We propose to give some information about this instrument and

to say something about some of the mysteries that are daily passing unrevealed before our eyes, in the hope that some of our readers may be impelled to adopt this elevating pursuit as an occupation for their leisure indoor hours.

The theory of the microscope is simple. As an object approaches the eye its smaller details become plainer, as a page of very fine print, which must be held closer to the eye than a page of coarse print; but nothing can be clearly seen by the average eye if held nearer to it than a point about six inches distant, because the rays of light from objects do not focus in the human eye at that short range. Here a scientifically ground lens, or glass, steps in and takes the place of the eye by approaching very close to the object and there gathering the rays of light that come from it, and carrying them properly focused to the eye, forming the image of finer detail, which the eye unaided had been unable to grasp. This is the principle of the hand magnifying glass and of the simple microscope; understanding it, the structure and the theory of the better instrument, called the compound microscope, as illustrated on this page, will be easy to comprehend.

Referring to the illustration, the parts numbered 5 and 14 are a claw and up-rights on which the instrument proper is mounted and given a firm and solid support; on the axle (11) the whole instrument is balanced and can be tilted at any angle. The concave mirror (8) collects the rays of light and reflects them in a strong and concentrated beam through the circular opening near 10 and up through the tube to the eye at 2. The table 7 is called the stage; on it is placed the object to be examined, usually firmly bound between two thin sheets of glass for preservation and facile handling, called a slide; the bracket (9) holds the slide in place; the screw (12) moves all of the apparatus above it nearer to, or further from, the stage by means of the rackwork at 5; 6-4 is a rigid arm supporting the tube (1), which tube is the principal part of the instrument, because it carries the lenses.

First, in the lowest section (3) is the lens known as the object glass; its function is to collect into a point the rays that come from the object resting on the stage, and transmit them so correctly as to form a faithful enlarged image of the object. Each of two object glasses at 2 magnifies still further the image of its predecessor and also arranges the rays of light properly for reception by the eye. The interior of the tube through which these rays are transmitted is blackened, that no reflection on its sides may mar the integrity and intensity of the transmitted light. The tube is moved nearer to, or further from, the object for the purpose of focusing, by means of the screw 12 and that at 13; the latter, by means of a very fine thread, propels the tube the smallest possible distance for the ultimate perfection of focusing.

Supposing the amateur has supplied himself with a microscope and slides, the next thing is how to proceed. First, after seating himself, with the instrument on a firm table in a good but not direct light, he must tip it at such an angle as will be most convenient for him to reach the eye piece; then looking into the instrument at 2, he at the same time must turn the mirror carefully until the strongest possible beam strikes the lenses. This mirror moves freely in its suspended fork, and the fork also moves on a pivot, so that the mirror can be made to face in every direction. This requires very delicate handling as, indeed, does every part of a machine dealing with things so minute. The light being fixed, the slide is placed on the stage (9) so that the tiny object in

the center of it is directly over the circular opening. The amateur will find that the prepared specimen or object between the thin sheets of glass is so translucent that the light from the mirror comes through it and illuminates its delicate structure; but he will not be able to judge of this until he has performed the delicate task of focusing.

Keeping his eye at the orifice at 2, he slowly turns the screw at 12; at first he will see a confused blur; as he turns the screw this may seem to be receding, in which case he is turning the screw the wrong way; but if he turns it right, the blur gradually takes shape, every particle of it infused with a bright light; he continues to turn the screw until the image is perfectly distinct. Then he uses the screw at 13; by this, which moves the tube an infinitesimal distance, the perfect focus can be obtained without danger of a nervous tremor or a jar undoing what he had already accomplished. At last, then, the image is perfect; the delicate structure of the object is vividly outlined in a field of bright light, as the observer looks into and through it. The slide may be carefully moved about the stage, so that every portion of the object is viewed in turn.

For objects which are not transparent which it is desired to view under the direct, instead of transmitted light, a crystal bullseye condenser on a separate mounting can be used to gather the light and throw a beam upon the top of the object instead of through it from below, as the mirror does.

The optician will have in stock slides containing prepared specimens of an infinite variety of subjects, which will be useful to appease the beginner's craving for curious sights on first obtaining his instrument; but when the edge of his curiosity has been taken off, he will then wish to pursue investigation on his own account, and examine into a thousand things he has at hand—a thread of cotton, the water he drinks, a shred of meat. Several accessories will be found necessary. Plain glass slides will be needed for holding such objects in place on the stage; for instance a drop of water is placed on a slide bearing a slight depression; a thread of wool or a hair can be placed between the two slides and so firmly held as the different points of the object are examined.

The bullseye condenser is needed for the examination of opaque objects, and a pair of small forceps for handling minute particles; then a pair of needles, each inserted firmly in a slender handle, are useful to separate objects when under the glass, as a piece of meat, in order that its fibers may be pulled apart. It is well to have an animalcule cage—a device to hold a small volume of water to be examined, though usually one can get good results from the convex slide already mentioned. Being thus equipped, let us note what we shall see.

NEWS FROM THE MINT.

THESE are some new silver coins about to be stamped and the *New York Sun* tells all about these melodious jinglers:

New halves and quarters will soon be ready for circulation. In the competition by artists about a year ago between two hundred and three hundred designs were submitted, but not one was available. The designs that have been submitted to Secretary Foster were suggested mainly by Director Leach, and the drawings are by Charles E. Barber, the designer in the mint at Philadelphia. The character of the devices is limited by law to this: On one side shall be an impression emblematic of liberty, with the inscription, "Liberty," and the year of the coinage, and on the reverse side shall be the figure or representation of an eagle, with the inscriptions, "United States of America" and "E Pluribus Unum," and a designation of the value of the coin. Most of the designs were on scales too minute for use, and a classic head will make the new coins artistic. The design is to be the same for the two coins, except the words designating the value.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

COME up into the mountains. Set your feet Light heartedly upon their wrinkled floors,
And leave the valley to its smile. Be yours To scale the trenches of the heavens and meet

The mighty wind upon its throned seat. Come up into the mountains. Grief and care

Make haggard the divinest vale,
And baffled hopes shall hardly lose their pale

Complexion in that soft and gentle air,
Having a need they may not cancel there. Set them upon the mountains. Bid them climb,

Story by cloudy story, some vast hill,
And there, erect upon its pinnacle,
Deliver them to presences sublime
That know not space and have forgotten time.

—AMBROSE BENNETT.

[This Story began in No. 463.]

TRUE TO HIMSELF;

OR,

ROGER STRONG'S STRUGGLE FOR PLACE.

BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER,
Author of "Richard Dare's Venture," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

A SURPRISE.

"STOP, I tell you. Do you want to be shot?" cried Mr. Booth, and I knew that he was now thoroughly aroused.

"No, I don't, but I haven't time to wait," I called back and started to make the best possible use of my legs.

I ran across the yard that separated the carpenter shop from the house. As I did so Mrs. Booth appeared at the back door. Upon seeing me she held up her hands in horror.

"Mercy on us! Roger Strong! Where be you a-running to? 'Zekell! 'Zekell! the prisoner's broke loose!"

"I know it, Mandy!" I heard Ezekiel Booth answer. "Dunno how he did it though. Stop, Roger, it's best now, jest you mark my word!"

I heard no more. Jumping the side fence I ran through a bit of orchard and across a stony lot until I reached the Passaic River.

At this point this body of water is several hundred feet wide. The bank sloped directly to the water's edge. Near at hand were several private boathouses, one belonging to Mr. Aaron Woodward, he having built it to please Duncan.

At the end of the boathouse pier lay a skiff, the oars resting upon the seats. I knew it was wrong to make use of the craft, but "necessity knows no law," and my need was great.

Running down to the end of the pier I dropped into the boat and shoved off.

As I did so Duncan Woodward accompanied by Pultzer, came out of the boathouse.

"Hi, there, what are you doing in my boat?" he sang out. "What, Roger Strong!" he continued as he came nearer.

"You must lend me the boat, Duncan," I returned, "I've got to cross the river in a hurry."

"Not much! I thought you were in jail."

"Not just now," I replied. "You can get your boat on the other side."

"Hold up? You shan't have her. Come back!"

But I was already pulling out into the stream. He continued to shout after me, and presently I saw the two joined by Booth.

"Stop, or I'll fire," yelled the carpenter, at the top of his voice.

I judged that this was only an idle threat, and that he had no weapon. But in this I was mistaken, for presently the report of a pistol reached my ears.

But Ezekiel Booth's aim was bad, for

the bullet flew wide of its mark, and by the time he fired again I was out of range and well over to the other shore.

Reaching the bank I beached the boat high up and then climbed to the roadway that ran beside the stream. Trees and bushes were thick here, and I had but little difficulty in hiding from the view of those opposite.

For a moment I hesitated as to which way to proceed. A number of miles down the stream lay Newark, of which I have already spoken. Probably my pursuers would think I had gone in that direction. If so they would hasten to the bridge below, with the intention of cutting me off.

I therefore started immediately on my way up the river road, resolved to put as much ground as possible between myself and my pursuers. I had no definite destination in view, but thought to gain some hiding place where I might rest secure and think things over.

It was now going on to two o'clock in the afternoon, and as I had not had anything to eat since the noon previous, I began to feel decidedly hungry. I felt in my pocket and discovered that I was the possessor of sixty five cents, and with this amount of cash I did not see any reason for my remaining hungry any longer.

Presently I came to a small, white cottage, upon the front porch of which was displayed the sign

BOARDING.

Ascending the steps I knocked at the door.

A comely, middle aged woman answered my summons.

"I see that you take boarders here," I said. "I am hungry, and several miles from any restaurant. Can you furnish me with dinner?"

She looked me over rather sharply before replying. Then I realized for the first time that my appearance was not of the best. My clothes were considerably the worse for having rolled over and over in the old tool house, and in escaping from my prison I had made several rents in my coat.

"I will pay you whatever you charge," I added hastily, "and I would like to wash and brush up, too. I have had a tumble," which was literally true.

"I can let you have dinner for twenty five cents," she said finally. "I won't charge you anything for cleaning up," she added, with something like a smile.

"That will suit me very well," I returned.

"Will you mind paying in advance?"

"No, ma'am, and I handed over the money." "I suppose I won't have to wait very long."

"Oh no, the regular boarders have just finished. You can sit right down."

"If you don't mind I'll take a wash first."

The woman led the way to an ante-room, in which were placed a bowl of water, towel and soap, as well as a dust brush. It did not take me long to fix my self up, and then I flattered myself I did not present an unbecoming appearance.

The dinner that the woman served was not as good as that which my sister Kate helped to prepare at the Widow Canby's, but it was wholesome food, and my sharpened appetite made it disappear rapidly.

As I ate I reflected upon my situation. For the life of me I did not know what to do next. I longed to see my sister and tell her that I was safe. This done I intended to devote my time to hunting up the man who I firmly believed held my father's reputation in his hand. I was sure I would discover him sooner or later, and this accomplished, I would not let him out of my sight until he had confessed his secret. I wondered if Kate had succeeded in finding that precious statement I had lost. Heartily

did I reproach myself for not having taken better care of it.

Having satisfied myself upon the substantial things set before me, I finished my meal with a small cut of apple pie.

As I was swallowing the last mouthful I glanced out of the window up the road.

I gave a cry of surprise. And no wonder, for coming toward the house was Mr. Aaron Woodward and beside him walked John Stumpy!

CHAPTER XIII.

AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION.

I COULD hardly believe the evidence of my senses when I saw Mr. Aaron Woodward coming up the road with John Stumpy beside him. It would have astonished me considerably to have seen the merchant alone, but to see him in company with the very man I was looking for was more than I had thought possible.

Yet I reflected that the tramp—whatever the man was—had evinced a determination to secure an interview with Mr. Woodward before quitting Darbyville. There was important business to be transacted between them. Mr. John Stumpy intended to have his say, whatever that might mean.

"What was to be done?" It would never do for me to be seen. Nothing short of arrest would follow. I must get out of the way as quickly as possible.

During the time I had been eating the sky had become overcast as if a shower was imminent. Taking advantage of this fact I rose quickly and reached for my hat.

"Guess we're going to have a thunder shower," I remarked. "Hope it holds off. I don't want to get wet."

"Then you'll have to hurry," rejoined the woman as she looked out of the door. "Looks as if it would be here in less than quarter of an hour."

"Then I'm off. Good day."

"Good day. Come again."

I slipped out of the door, and passing behind a hedge made my way to the road. As I did so Mr. Woodward and Stumpy turned from the road and walked directly up the gravel path that led to the house!

I was dumfounded by this movement. What did they mean by going to the very place I had just vacated? Was it possible they had seen me?

I earnestly hoped not, for if so it would spoil a little plan that had just come to me, which was to follow them, see what they were up to, and, if possible, overhear whatever might be said.

I was soon convinced that neither of the men was aware of my presence. They were talking earnestly and stepped up on the porch just as ordinary visitors would have done. In a moment the woman let them in and the door closed behind them.

My curiosity was aroused to its highest pitch, and at the risk of being discovered by any one who might chance to be passing by I walked cautiously back along the hedge until I reached a clump of rose bushes that grew directly under one of the dining room windows.

The window was open, and by a little maneuvering I easily managed to see and hear what was going on within.

"You came for the rent, I suppose, Mr. Woodward," the woman was saying. "Joel was going to bring it up tonight. He would have brought it over this morning, only he thought it was going to rain and he had some hay he wanted to get in."

"Yes, I did come for the rent, Mrs. Decker," replied the merchant. "It's due several days now."

"I have it here—thirty dollars. Here is the receipt book."

There was the rustle of bills and the scratching of a pen.

"Here you are, Mrs. Decker."
 "Thank you, sir. Now we're worry free for another month."
 "So you are. Nothing like being prompt."

"My husband was going to speak to you about the roof. It leaks dreadfully."
 "Pooh! That can't be. Why it was patched only two years ago."

"You are wrong, Mr. Woodward. It is four years, and then but very little was done to it."

"It cost near twelve dollars," growled the merchant. "You can't expect me to be fixing up the house all the time."

"It leaks very badly."
 "Then your husband will have to attend to it. I can't spend any more money this year."

"I don't know what we'll do. I wish you would just step outside and look up at the shingles. Nearly all of them are ready to fall off."

I was alarmed by Mrs. Decker's request. Suppose the trio should come out? I would surely be discovered.

But my fears were groundless, as the next words of Mr. Woodward proved.

"I can't go out now, madam, not now. I haven't time. I have a little business to transact with this man, and then I must return to Darbyville."

"I'm sorry—" began the woman.
 "So am I; but it cannot be helped. Can I use this room for awhile?"

By the look upon Mrs. Decker's face it was plain to see she wanted to say, "No, you can't," but she hardly dared to speak the words, so she gave an icy assent and withdrew.

The merchant followed her to the door and saw that it was closed tightly behind her. Then he strode across the room and faced John Stumpy.

"Well, sir, now we'll have an accounting," he began in an authoritative voice.

"So we will, Woody," returned John Stumpy, in no wise abashed by the other's manner.

The merchant winced at the use of a nickname, but after an instant's hesitation passed it over.

"What do you mean by coming to Darbyville, sir, when I have repeatedly written you to stay away?"

"Oh, come, Woody, don't get on your high horse," was Stumpy's response, as he swung back in the rocker he occupied. "You know I never could stand your high toned ways."

"I flatter myself I am a trifle above common people," returned Mr. Woodward, and it was plain to see where Duncan got his arrogant manner.

"Oh, pshaw, don't make me tired," yawned Stumpy. "Come, let's to business."

"I am at business. Why did you come here?"

"You know well enough."
 "I haven't the least idea."
 "Didn't I write to you?"

"Yes, and got my answer. We've squared up accounts, sir."

"Don't 'sir' me, it don't go down," cried Stumpy angrily. "We haven't squared up, not by a jugful. Not till you hand over some more cash."

"I've handed over enough now."
 "No you hain't. Do you think I'm going to do all your dirty work for nothing?"

"You were well paid."
 "It's only you as thinks so; I don't."
 "How much more do you want?"
 "A thousand dollars."

The largeness of the demand fairly took away my breath. As for Mr. Aaron Woodward, he was beside himself.

"A thousand dollars!" he said.
 "Yes, sir, a thousand dollars."
 "Why, you're crazy, sir."
 "No, I ain't, I mean just what I say."

"You expect me to pay you a thousand dollars?"

"Of course I do. I wouldn't ask it if I didn't."

"See here, Fer—"
 "Sh— John Stumpy, if you please."

"That's so, I forgot. But see here, a thousand dollars! Why, I've already paid you that."

"So you have. Now I want another thousand and then we'll cry quits."

Mr. Aaron Woodward grew white with rage.

"I never heard of such an outrageous demand," he cried. "I'll never pay it."

"Oh, yes, you will," rejoined the other coolly. "Aaron Woodward never yet acted rash."
 "Suppose I refuse to pay?"

"Better not I'm a bad man when I get my dander up."
 "I don't fear you. You can do nothing to me."

"Oh, yes, I can. I can tell ugly stories about Mr. Aaron Woodward; stories concerning his doings when he was collector for Holland & Mack."

"And who would believe you?" sneered the merchant. "You, a common tramp—"

"Tramp, am I—" interrupted John Stumpy, with a scowl. "If I am, who made me so?"

"Your own self and the bottle. Do you think you can hurt me? Nonsense!"

"I can try."
 "And who will believe you, I repeat? A common tramp—"

"Take care!"
 "—whom the police are now hunting for, because of a robbery that occurred only last night."

"Tain't so!"
 "It is. You broke into the Widow Canby's house and stole over two hundred dollars."

In spite of the dirt on his face, John Stumpy grew pale.

"Who can prove it?"
 "Several people. Carson Strong's son, for one."

Stumpy sprang to his feet. Then he as suddenly sat down.

"Didn't know he had a son," he said, as carelessly as he could.

"Yes, you did," returned the merchant flatly, "and what is more you tried to take his life. I think, Fer— Stumpy, I know a little more about you than you do about me."

Bitter hatred spread itself over the tramp's face.

"Oh, ho, you do, do you? Well, we'll see. 'Them laughs best as laughs last.' If you won't pay I'm off."

He rose to his feet and reached for his hat. Mr. Woodward intercepted him.

"Where are you going?"
 "That's my business. I want you to know I didn't come on all the way from Chicago for nothing."
 "Are you hard up?"

"Yes, I am. I want money, and I'm going to have it."
 "How about the two hundred odd you stole last night?"

Stumpy hesitated.
 "Well, if you want to know the truth, I lost it," he said.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PRICE OF SILENCE.

FOR a moment I was staggered by John Stumpy's announcement.

Was it possible he was telling the truth? If so the chances of recovering the Widow Canby's money would assume a different shape. To arrest him would prove a moral satisfaction, but it would not restore the stolen dollars.

Occupying the position I did, I was more interested in restoring the stolen money than I was in having the tramp incarcerated.

Nothing would have given me greater satisfaction than to have met the Widow Canby at the depot with the two hundred odd dollars in my pocket. It would have silenced the public tongue and made my breaking jail of no consequence.

But perhaps John Stumpy was telling a falsehood. He was not above such a thing, and would not hesitate if he thought anything could be gained thereby.

That Mr. Aaron Woodward also guessed such to be a fact was proven by the words that followed Stumpy's statement.

"Lost the money?" he ejaculated.
 "That's what I said."
 "Do you expect me to believe you, sir?"

"It's true."
 "Senseless, sir. Jack Fer—"
 "Sh—!"

"John Stumpy ain't the one to lose over two hundred dollars!"
 "Just what I always said myself, partner, and—"

"Don't 'partner' me, sir!"
 "Well, wasn't we all partners in the good times gone by?"

"No, sir!"
 "I reckon we were. Howsomever, let it pass. Well, as I was saying, I reckoned I'd never lose any money, leasewise a small pile, but that's what I have done, and that's why I want you to come down."

And John Stumpy leaned back in the rocker in a defiant fashion.

The merchant eyed him sharply in silence for a moment.

"Where did you lose the money?" he asked at length.

"How do I know? If I did don't you suppose I'd go back and pick it up?"

"I thought perhaps you were afraid of discovery."

"Humph! I'm not skeered of any such constables as they have in Darbyville."

"But you must have some idea where you dropped it," went on Mr. Woodward, and I was astonished to see how coolly this man, who always pretended to be so straightforward, could inquire about stolen money.

"Not the least, hang it," responded John Stumpy. "There was two hundred and sixty dollars in all. I took out ten and left the rest in the pocketbook it was in. I've got the ten dollars and that's all. And that's why you've got to come down," he went on deliberately.

"I'm off for Chicago tonight and I'm not going back empty handed."

"Think I ought to pay you for your own carelessness," returned Mr. Woodward coolly.

"Not a bit of it. You owe me every cent I ask."
 "I don't owe you a penny."

"You owe me a thousand dollars, and for the last time let me tell you, you've got to pay or take the consequences."

And John Stumpy brought his fist down on the table with a bang.

"Hold on; don't make so much noise," cried Mr. Aaron Woodward in alarm. "There is no use of rousing the household."

"I don't care. Either you'll come down or I'll rouse the whole of Darbyville," cried the tramp vehemently.

"I haven't any money."
 "You can't tell me that."
 "It's true. Times are getting worse every day."

"Didn't the woman who lives here just pay you?"
 "Yes; thirty dollars—"

"And didn't you put the bills in with a big roll in your vest pocket?" went on Stumpy triumphantly.

The merchant bit his lip.
 "That money is to pay a bill that falls due tomorrow," he replied.

"Well, my 'bill' falls due today, and it's got to be met. So come; no more beating about the bush. We've gassed long enough. Now to business. Do you intend to pay or not?"

The merchant hesitated. Evidently he was afraid to oppose the other too strongly.

"Well, I don't want to let you go without anything," he began. "I'll let you have twenty five dollars—"

John Stumpy jumped up in a passion. "That settles it. I'm done with you. Tonight I'll send a letter to Chris Holtzmann, 877 Sherman Street, Chicago, and tell him a few things he wants to know, and—"

"You dare!" almost shrieked Mr. Woodward. "Write a single word to him and I'll—I'll kill you."

"So! ho! You're afraid of him, are you?"

"No, I'm not, but—"
 "But what?"

"What's the use of letting him know anything?"

"Humph! Do you suppose I'd tell him without pay! Not much! I can easily get him to fork over fifty or a hundred dollars. And he'll make you pay it back ten times over."

Mr. Aaron Woodward sank back in a chair without a word. Evidently he was completely baffled, and knew not which way to turn.

As for myself I was very much in the dark as to what all this was about. I was certain the past events spoken of pertained to my father's affairs, but failed to "make connections."

One thing, however, I did do, and that was to make a note of Mr. Chris Holtzmann's address. He was the man Stumpy had written to just previous to the robbery, and he was probably one of the persons concerned in my father's downfall.

"See here," said the merchant at last. "It's too late for us to quarrel. What good would an exposure to Holtzmann do?"

"Never mind. If you won't come to time I shall do as I please," growled Stumpy.

"But a thousand dollars! I haven't got it in cash."
 "You can easily get it."

"Not so easy as you think. Tell you what I will do. I'll give you a hundred. But you must give up all evidence you have against me."

Stumpy gave a short, contemptuous laugh.

"You must think me as green as grass," he sneered. "I'm not giving up any evidence. I'm holding on to all I've got and gathering more."

"You have Nicholas Weaver's statement," went on Mr. Woodward, with interest.

"So I have. Nick told the truth in it, too."
 "I would like to see it."

"Of course you would. So would some other people. Carson Strong's boy, for instance."
 "Sh— not so loud."

"Well, then, don't bring the subject up."
 "Have you the statement with you?"

"Maybe I haven't; maybe I have."
 "Perhaps it was taken from you," went on Mr. Woodward curiously.

"What do you know about that?" Stumpy again jumped to his feet. "You've been talking to that Strong boy," he cried.

"Suppose I have?"
 "Well, it didn't do you no good. Say, how much does the young cub know?"

"He knows too much for the good of either of us," responded the merchant.

"Sorry he wasn't found in the ruins of that tool house," growled the tramp savagely.

This was certainly a fine assertion

for me to hear. Yet it was no more than I would expect from John Stumpy. He was a villain through and through.

"You meant to burn him up, did you?" asked Mr. Woodward.

"And if I had, Mr. Aaron Woodward would never have shed a tear," laughed John Stumpy.

"Let me see the statement."

John Stumpy hesitated.

"Hand over the money first, and maybe I will."

"The hundred dollars?"

"No, a thousand."

"Do you suppose I carry so much money with me?"

"Give me what you have in that roll, and I'll take your word for the rest."

Mr. Woodward winced.

"You're mighty hard on me."

"No harder than you'd be on me if you had the chance."

The merchant gave something that sounded very much like a groan.

"Well, I suppose if you insist on it, I must," he said. "I'll give you what I have, but I won't promise you any more."

"Hand it over," was Stumpy's laconic reply. He probably thought half a loaf better than no bread at all.

With a heavy sigh Mr. Woodward drew the roll of bills from his pocket and began to count them over.

I was eager to catch sight of them. I stood on tiptoe and peered into the window.

It was an interesting scene; the sour look upon the merchant's face; the look of greed in the tramp's eye. In a moment the counting was finished.

"A hundred and seventy dollars," said Mr. Aaron Woodward. "Here you are."

And he held them out.

Stumpy almost snatched them from his hand.

"There, now that's settled," he said. "Now about— What was that?"

A noise had disturbed him. While absorbed in what the two were doing I had given an involuntary cough.

"Somebody listening," he declared as he thrust the money into his pocket. "We ought to be more careful."

"Only some one coughing in the next room," returned Mr. Woodward. "Don't get scared."

"I ain't scared, but I don't want other folks to know my business. Reckon you don't either."

"No, indeed. It's bad enough for me to be seen in your company," returned Mr. Aaron Woodward, with just a trace of his former lofty manner.

"No insinuations, please," was the ready reply. "My hands ain't any dirtier than yours."

"Well, well, let's stop quarreling. Let me see the statement."

"Will you promise to hand it back if I do?"

"Why not let me have it?"

"Never mind why. Will you give it back?"

"You will have no use for it."

"Maybe I will."

"I can't see it."

"Well, it may be handy some time."

"All right. If you insist on it you shall have it back," was Mr. Woodward's final reply, seeing that he could gain nothing by parleying.

Stumpy drew forth the envelope. I anticipated what was coming.

"Here it is," he said, and handed it over, as he supposed.

"The envelope is empty," said Mr. Woodward.

Stumpy looked dumfounded.

CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE STATEMENT.

BEFORE Mr. Woodward made the announcement just recorded he had walked close up to the window, probably to get into the light, for

the sky was now darkening rapidly, portending the near breaking out of the storm I have mentioned.

In doing this the merchant's back was turned upon his companion, and for an instant Stumpy had been unable to see what the other was doing.

When therefore Mr. Woodward declared the envelope to be empty every action of the tramp indicated that he did not believe the statement.

"Empty?" he cried hoarsely.

"Yes, empty," replied the merchant; "and you knew it," he added.

"No such thing. The statement was inside."

"It wasn't."

"It was! Woody, you're trying to play a sharp game, but it won't work."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"You're trying to rob me."

"Nonsense. I say the envelope was empty."

"And I say it wasn't. Come, hand over my property."

"I tell you, Fer—Stumpy, I haven't it."

"You lie, you have!"

"What's that?" and Mr. Aaron Woodward bristled up.

"I don't care what you say. You can't play no such game off on me," rejoined John Stumpy, with increasing anger.

"I'm only speaking the truth."

"You ain't. Hand it over, or I'll—"

John Stumpy caught the merchant by the coat collar.

"What would you do?" cried Mr. Woodward in alarm, and it was plain to see he was a coward at heart.

"I'll choke the life out of you; that's what I'll do."

"No, no! Let up!"

"Hand over the statement."

"I haven't it, upon my honor."

"Your honor? Bah! What does that amount to?"

John Stumpy suddenly shifted his hand from its grasp on the collar to the merchant's throat. For a moment I thought Mr. Woodward was in danger of being choked to death.

"Stop! Stop! Se—search me if you— you want to," he gasped.

But John Stumpy's passion seemed to have got the better of his reason. He did not relax his hold in the least.

A short struggle ensued. The two backed up against the table, and presently a chair was upset.

Of course all this made considerable noise. Yet neither of the men heeded it.

Presently the door from the other room swung open, and the two had hardly time to separate before a tall, lank farmer entered.

"Hello, what's up?" he asked in a loud, drawing tone.

For an instant neither spoke, evidently not knowing what to say.

"We were—were—ahem—trying to— to catch a rat," replied Mr. Woodward, with an effort.

"A rat?"

"Exactly, sir. Had a terrible time with him, Mr. Decker."

The farmer looked surprised.

"So I supposed by the row that was going on," he said. "Curious. I knew there were rats down to the barn, but I didn't suppose they came up to the house. What become of him?"

"Slipped out of the door just now," put in John Stumpy. "There he goes!" he added, pointing out into the hall.

Mr. Decker made a spring out of the room.

"I must ketch him, by gopher!" he cried. "There's enough eat up here now without having the vermin taking a hand in."

Mr. Woodward closed the door after him.

"Now see to what your actions have brought us," he exclaimed. "If it

hadn't been for my quick wit we'd been in a pretty mess."

"Not my fault," growled John Stumpy. "Why don't you give up the papers?"

I could not help but feel amused at his persistency. His demands upon the merchant were about on a footing with those Mr. Woodward had made upon me.

"If you'll only listen to reason," began the merchant, "I will prove—"

The rest of his remark was drowned out in a clap of thunder. Somewhat startled, I looked up at the sky.

The black clouds in the south had rolled up rapidly, until now the entire horizon was covered. The first burst of thunder was succeeded directly by several others, and then large drops of rain began to fall.

The wind blew the drops directly into the window. I crouched down out of sight, and the next moment Mr. Woodward said:

"It's raining in the window. We'd better close it up."

Of course directly the window was closed I could hear no longer. I remained in my position for half a minute or more, and then as the rain began to pour down rapidly I made a break for better shelter.

I sought the barn. It was a low rambling structure, with great wide doors. No one seemed to be around and I rushed in without ceremony.

I was pretty fairly soaked, but as it was warm I did not mind the ducking. I shook out my hat and coat and then sat down to think matters over.

What I had heard had not given me much satisfaction. To be sure, it had proved beyond a doubt that Mr. Aaron Woodward was a thorough scoundrel, but of this I had been already satisfied in my own mind.

What was I to do? I had asked myself that question several times, and now I asked it again.

If only I could get John Stumpy arrested, perhaps it would be possible to force him to make a confession. But how was this to be done?

While I sat on the edge of a feed box a form darkened the doorway, and farmer Decker appeared.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"I took the liberty to come in out of the rain," I replied. "Have you any objections to my remaining until the shower is over?"

"No, guess not. It's a mighty heavy one. Where're you from? Newark?"

"No, sir, Darbyville."

"Yes. Had quite a robbery down there, I understand."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, a chap named Strong robbed an old woman of nearly five hundred dollars. Do you know him or the woman?"

"I know the woman quite well," was my reply, and I hoped he would not question me further.

"They've got him in jail, I believe. The fellow and his sister tried to make out that a tramp had taken the money, but I understand no one would listen to the story."

"No?"

"No. It seems this Strong boy's father is in jail now for stealing, so it ain't strange the boy's a thief."

"But maybe he isn't guilty," I put in, by way of a mild protest.

"Maybe. Of course it's rather tough on him if he isn't. But you can't tell nowadays; boys is so all-fired high toned, and want to play big fiddle."

"Some boys are, but not all of them."

"Some of them. Now there's our landlord, who is in the house now, he's got a son as extravagant as can be, and if it wasn't for Mr. Woodward keeping him in funds I don't know what that boy

might not do. He— whoa, there, Billy, whoa!"

The last remark was addressed to a horse standing in one of the stalls. A clap of thunder had set the animal to prancing.

"Your horse feels rather uneasy," I remarked, glad of a chance to change the subject.

"Allers acts that way when there's a storm going on. Too bad, too, for I want to hitch him up and take Mr. Woodward over to Darbyville?"

"Over to Darbyville?" I cried.

The news was something of a surprise to me. Yet it was only an ordinary thing to be done.

"When do you intend to start?"

"Soon as possible. Mr. Woodward says he must get back. There is a man with him."

"Who is it?"

"I dunno. He didn't introduce him. They had a high old time trying to catch a rat in the parlor."

As Mr. Decker spoke he led the horse from the stall and backed him up between the shafts of the chaise that stood near the rear of the barn.

While he was hitching up I set myself to thinking. While I was perfectly willing that Mr. Woodward should return to Darbyville, I did not wish to allow John Stumpy out of my sight. Once away and I might not be able to lay hands on him.

If I was sure that Kate had succeeded in finding the lost statement I would not have cared, but the chances in her favor were slim and I did not wish to run any risks.

"Are you going to drive around to the house for them?" I asked as the farmer finished the job.

"Guess I'll have to. It will be a beastly drive. Sorry I can't offer you a seat—it would be better than walking."

"I think I'll wait till it clears off," I returned. "I'm not on business, and—"

"Say, Decker, how long is it going to take you to hitch up," interrupted a voice from the doorway, and the next instant Mr. Woodward strode into the barn, followed by John Stumpy.

I did not have time to conceal myself. I tried to step behind a partition, but before I could do so the merchant's eye was on me.

"Roger Strong!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," I replied, as boldly as I could.

"How did you get here?" he demanded.

"Walked, just as you did."

"Thought you were in jail."

"So do most people."

"Who is this chap?" asked the farmer, staring at me with open eyes.

"It's the boy who was arrested for that robbery last night," explained the merchant.

"Shoo—you don't say? And I was talking to him about that very thing. You rascal, you!"

"How did you get out?" put in John Stumpy.

"None of your business," I replied briskly.

"What's that?"

"I mean what I say. If you'd had your way I'd been burnt up in the tool house last night."

"No such thing," was the tramp's reply. "Never saw you before."

It was now my turn to be astonished.

"Never saw me before?" I ejaculated.

"That's what I said," replied Stumpy coolly.

"It isn't true. You're the fellow who stole the Widow Canby's money."

"You must be crazy, young fellow. I don't know anything about the Widow Canby or her money."

"I can prove it."

(To be continued.)



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A IS THE SLAVE TRADE STILL ALIVE? RECENT occurrence would seem to indicate that the slave trade is not yet stamped out, and it is our shame to say that the discovery has been made through the medium of a ship carrying the American flag—the flag of the free.

Two months since this ship was found anchored in a secluded bay, only ten miles from San Francisco. Securely confined in the hold were three hundred of the half civilized natives of the Gilbert Islands who were being conveyed to Mexico to labor on the coffee plantations. The captain, claiming that he had put in to repair damages suffered by storms, did not explain in a satisfactory manner why he had anchored in a secluded spot instead of putting in at the convenient port near by; he claimed that the imprisoned natives were not slaves but had signed contracts to work knowing the nature of those contracts, and he affirmed that the Mexican government was under agreement to send these people back to their native islands on the completion of their term of voluntary service. This the Mexican government denied. The vessel went on its way unmolested and those who have claims to accurate knowledge of this affair, assert it is no more nor less than an incident of the iniquitous slave traffic that is still occasionally carried on in the Pacific Islands.

THE ARGOSY'S ANCHORAGE.

SHORTLY after the offices of THE ARGOSY had been removed to the very spacious premises they now occupy, opportunity offered to look around and remark some of the detailed fixtures of the neighborhood. This survey was rewarded by the discovery that the editor had been placed in the middle of a small area really crowded with institutions where learning in various forms is acquired, and whence thousands go out into the world to disseminate the beneficial results of what they have imbibed under the shadow of THE ARGOSY building.

First in importance and scope is the College of the City of New York, where every year six hundred boys from the public schools enter upon a free collegiate education. But half a square away is the College of Pharmacy where many of the country's future druggists are studying the hard Latin nomenclature of the pharmacopœia; next door to this is the New York Dental College where that nerve wracking profession of dentistry is mastered.

and in the adjoining building are the Homeopathic Medical College and the Ophthalmic Hospital, where the younger doctors acquire their practical knowledge of the eye, ear and throat. Only a few doors from this is one of the largest of the city's public schools. At THE ARGOSY's very elbow is the Art Students' League, where future celebrities of painting pursue their studies with pencil and brush; its fellow, the Academy of Design, is but a block away. Between these two is one of the largest commercial colleges of the country, facing the great building of the Young Men's Christian Association, which nightly almost takes on the character of a university. Three Sunday schools within a radius of four hundred feet complete the catalogue as made up to date.

THE ARGOSY itself is glad to record that, according to the praises of its friends it, too, is an educational institution of no mean standing; with its circle of students numbered in the many thousands, it is not an unworthy acquisition to these neighboring institutions.

THE ARGOSY's curriculum is one of many studies, many benefits; not the least is the course of manly uprightness, stout courage, truth and honor which it asks its readers to pursue.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER.

THE second issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is now ready and contains a wealth of attractive features. Among the illustrated papers are articles on Fifth Avenue, Edison's home and workshop, and the Tuxedo Club. The complete novel, filling thirty six pages, is by Matthew White, Jr., author of "Norman Brooke" and other ARGOSY serials, and is entitled "Allan Kane's Friend," besides which there are four short stories.

Ask your newsdealer for the November number, or send 25 cents to this office for a copy.

A SNOWY COUCH.

IT is related that two Indians in the mountains of Nevada were seen to dig a trench in the snow, wrap themselves in a single blanket and lie down for their night's rest. In the morning a grave-like mound of snow covered their forms and they were about to be dug up as dead, when they themselves broke through their snowy covering and, freeing themselves from the blanket, were found to be covered with perspiration.

This may at first glance seem anomalous, but it must be remembered that the blanket kept the snow from contact with the bodies of the sleepers and served as a jacket such as is put on boilers to keep the heat from radiating and consequent waste at the surface. The sleepers were thus not only kept warm by their own unwasted heat, but the coldness of the snow was prevented from reaching them by the warm air in the interstices of their woolly covering. The Indians knew the process, but not the reason why.

A MANLY CARRIAGE.

THE young man of the great city who has arrived at the noble age of seventeen and desires to be "fashionable" is seen daily walking Broadway with the prevailing forward stoop that is supposed to be the trade mark of the "heavy swell." It is hardly to be wondered that his back bends under its heavy cares in the matter of mustache, cravats and walking sticks.

But the boy who is not particularly anxious to be in the swim has not these burdens and can easily keep his shoulders well back, his chest drawn well up, and breathe at every inspiration deep down into the bottom of his strong young lungs the exhilarating air of this crisp autumn.

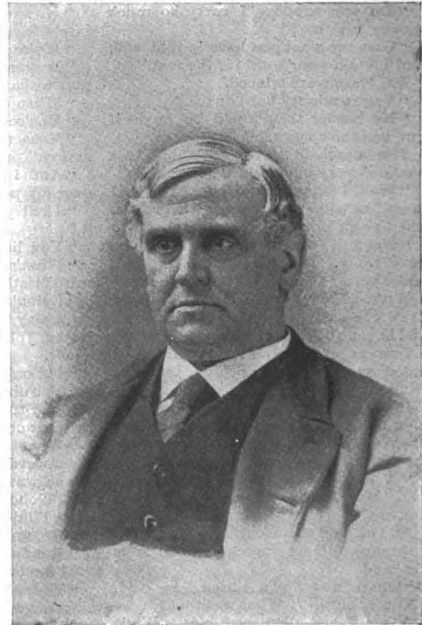
Walk erect by all means! It is more manly more graceful, and it robs your frame of one active cause of weak lungs. The West Point cadet is remarkable for his exaggerated erectness. He is made to keep the muscles of the abdomen contracted in the effort to raise his chest as high as possible, and it is a painful experiment at first. It becomes easier after practice, and the extreme erectness becomes a habit that insures a fine bearing for life with the freest play of the lungs.

PHILLIPS BROOKS,

BISHOP OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE Reverend Phillips Brooks, after thirty two years' service as a rector of the Protestant Episcopal church, was consecrated Bishop on October 14 last. He is one of a dozen ministers of the gospel who stand prominently in the eye of the whole country's public by virtue of shining talents, and magnetic personality.

Phillips Brooks was born in Boston, December 13, 1835; after attending a Latin school he entered Harvard College. On being graduated in 1853 he taught school for a while and then entered the Episcopal Seminary at



PHILLIPS BROOKS

Alexandria, Va. Just before completing his studies here his fine character made him the mark of a unique distinction.

In 1859 the little Church of the Advent in Philadelphia lost their rector and were in such straitened circumstances that the usual salary would tax them too severely. They received enthusiastic accounts of young Brooks from a fellow student; they met him, liked him and gave him the formal call to take effect on his graduation in the following June, with a salary of one thousand dollars a year. To be called before taking orders was a signal distinction.

Having become rector of this humble charge, the unusual ability of the preacher began to fill the church, even in time drawing the fashionables from the heart of Philadelphia to his suburban house of worship to hear the new fledged divine. He accepted a call to the prominent Holy Trinity Church in 1861, where he was equally successful in improving the church and its work.

Twenty one years ago he was called to that charge where he has gained his widest fame and exercised his greatest power—Old Trinity Church of Boston—which he found in an unfortunate condition and has elevated to the most prominent and prosperous position among that city's churches. Visitors to Boston from whatever part of the country do not fail to make a pilgrimage to the church of this eminent preacher.

Dr. Brooks came prominently before the country in his championship of the colored race years ago when that meant treading on the toes of many of the wealthy and influential members of his congregation; also in his aggressive advocacy of the cause of the Union at the time when this also could not fail to displease many of his parish. He was not to be deterred by self interest, however, and he did not flinch.

Bishop Brooks is of distinguished personality; his great height and powerful physique are imposing; his nervous energy is tremendous and accounts for his enthusiastic, restless work all through his career, and shows itself in his pulpit delivery; this is distinguished by the remarkable combination of lightning rapidity and perfect distinctness; words, those nuggets of ideas, crowd each other for an hour without cessation, and his power as a pulpit orator is certainly not surpassed in this country.

He is a deep scholar, a broad thinker and a man of the largest heart. His temper is proverbially sweet and his temperament sympathetic to a degree. The miter certainly was never placed on head more worthy to wear it.

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

AUTUMN HAZE.

ACROSS the pearly distance
It lies on hill and stream,
In banks of airy turquoise
As softly as a dream.

A slumbrous smoke that rises
Serenely in the cold,
From autumn woodlands blazing
In flames of rosy gold.

—Scribner's Magazine.

TOM THORNTON'S MOUNT.

BY BURTON MELVILLE.

CARYLL THORNTON, barrister, and the Nimrod of Cape Town, consented, after much persuasion, to take his two nephews, Tom and Harry Thornton, into the bush for a hunt; anything, from a bird to a rhinoceros, was game for the party, and the boys spurred their horses madly in their excitement, until admonished by their preceptor that the twenty miles before them had better be taken at a milder and more enduring pace.

Besides these three, Thornton's singular Hindoo valet was along; this fellow had such an unpronounceable name that Caryll had dubbed him Atkins for short; he had been picked up somewhere in the British Indian possessions and he was invaluable—silent, quick, and sharp as a needle, all of which traits were shown in the adventure that occurred just as they reached the borders of the hunting grounds.

Tom's horse planted his foot in a burrow and broke his leg; there was but one thing to do—shoot him. This was promptly done, but when the poor beast was out of misery the next grave question was, what to do with Tom? Again there was only one course of procedure—to mount Tom behind Harry, which put both of them *hors de combat*, as far as chasing game was concerned. But it had to be borne, and Tom mounted with a wry face.

The party started again toward a slope a short distance before them, Atkins well in advance; but they had not gone a hundred yards when Harry exclaimed:

"Look at Atkins! See how intently he scrutinizes the slope ahead of us!"

Several minutes passed before the party discovered anything that would explain the interest of the Hindoo; but, while searching closely, they detected something which startled them. The grass on the crest of the slope was quite short, being no more than five or six inches in height. Besides, it was sparse and scattered, so that a poor hiding place was afforded an enemy; but, while scrutinizing the crest, they suddenly caught sight of three faces peering over the ridge. They were frightful countenances, being black, misshapen, and surmounted by a scrubby, but luxuriant growth of wool. They were close to the ground, showing that the bodies of the wild men were on the other side of the slope, their heads being pushed only far enough upward to give them a view of the approaching hunters.

Atkins waved his hand for the party to halt, and, without any further explanation, he struck his horse into a swift gallop, directly up the slope, and consequently straight toward the four grinning heads.

The Hindoo was well mounted, and certainly was the best qualified of the entire party to make such a perilous reconnaissance. He seemed absolutely

without fear, as he swiftly advanced upon the wild men, who did not stir until he had passed half the intervening distance. Then each black face whisked from view as suddenly as if some giant had caught their legs in one grasp and yanked them out of sight.

When within a hundred yards of the crest the Asiatic wheeled his horse sharply to the left, and, spurring him to his utmost, thundered up the slope at a point which was far removed from where the Bushmen expected him. It was a wise precaution on the part of Atkins, and, beyond question, saved his life.

Rising in his saddle as he gained the crest, the Asiatic caught sight of the

arrows at the approaching horseman, and then whirled about in the wildest consternation and dashed down the slope. For an instant the air seemed to be full of whizzing arrows, and Atkins was compelled to dodge not a little as he dashed into range, though he held the missiles in such contempt that they gave him no anxiety. Had he known that every one of those arrows was tipped with the deadliest poison, and that the slightest puncture of the skin would have insured his speedy death beyond all earthly help, it is more than likely he would not have been quite so enthusiastic in his pursuit. But nothing spurs a horseman like the sight of

the dwarfish scamp who turned to the right and marked him for his own. With a yell, more frightful, if possible, than any he had yet uttered, he bore down upon this terrified fellow, who was bunched in a heap, leaning forward over his horse's mane, the single sheepskin flying straight out from his neck, while he screeched and urged the animal to greater speed than was at his command.

The dark pony stretched his graceful limbs, and, with nose thrust forward and mane and tail flying, went across the plain on a dead run, as though he believed death itself was at his heels. But the dreadful horseman was swiftly gaining upon him, and nothing could save him from being overtaken. Seeing that his animal could do him no good, the nimble Bushman, in the blind excess of terror, bounded like a monkey from his back and, striking squarely on his feet, ran a short distance in the same direction, with a speed only slightly less than that of the flying steed himself. Then, as if he meant to make his fate as costly as possible, he stopped abruptly, turned, elevated his small bow, and launched an arrow at his dread pursuer. It was well aimed, and it was a wonder that the Hottentot was not killed. As it was, his escape could not have been any narrower.

When the terrified Bushman had run a short distance, and was expecting to feel the crushing hoofs of the pursuing horse or the weapons of his dreadful rider, his frightful countenance was turned to glance over his shoulder to learn why his fate was delayed; he saw that the Hindoo, instead of pursuing him, was chasing the riderless horse, and in fact had already overtaken him. That single look must have caused Atkins to shrink at once in the estimation of the savage, who supposed until then that the strange hunter was seeking his life, but found that he was nothing more than a vulgar horse thief. Nevertheless the dusky scamp showed his wisdom in taking advantage of the opportunity thus given. He saw his three mounted brethren going over the nearest swell of land, still cringing in terror, and he lost no time in following them, without pausing long enough to take a second look at the horrible being from whom he had so narrowly escaped.

Meanwhile Atkins made the most of his chance. One of his friends had lost his horse, and here was a prospect of gaining another for him. The animal of the Bushman was in a state of panic, almost equal to that of his master, skurrying in another direction, and did his utmost to prevent the pursuer overtaking him. But it was useless, and while he was struggling the

hardest the black steed of the Asiatic galloped alongside. The fugitive animal swerved off to the left, but at the same instant Atkins made a skillful leap from the back of his own steed and landed on the back of the other. He had no saddle or bridle, but it required only a few minutes for such an intelligent animal to learn that his master sat upon his back. Reaching forward Atkins gripped the nose of the beast with his iron-like fingers and forced it back on his chest. The horse snorted and tried to shake off his grasp, but could not. He reared and plunged and whirled about in a dizzying circle, but the painful grip seemed to tighten, until, absolutely conquered, he came to a standstill, trembling, but anxious to do the bidding of his conqueror.



THE ASIATIC SEEMED ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT FEAR AS HE SWIFTLY ADVANCED UPON THE WILD MEN.

four savages grouped together on their horses at the foot of the slope and no more than a hundred feet from the point where they expected him to present himself as a target for their bows and arrows. Their horses were as black as themselves, without saddle or bridle, and the sight was a picturesque one as they ranged themselves beside each other, all their noses pointing toward the top of the crest, and the nearly naked riders holding their bows and arrows ready to discharge the moment the hunter should come within reach.

Without checking his animal in the least, Atkins gave utterance to a terrific shriek, as blood curdling as the war yell of an Apache, and thundered straight toward the group.

The hideous quartet launched their

flying game, and Atkins, still yelling and brandishing his gun about his head, rode on a dead run for the flying Bushmen. Had they kept together, it undoubtedly would have proven a bad thing for the pursuer, whose horse was so superior that he would have overtaken them all, and precipitated a fight in which the poisoned arrows would have been sure to do deadly work. But the Asiatic had no intention of killing any of these miserable savages. His first purpose was to give them a good scare, and the second was formed at the moment he discovered the superiority of his own animal in point of speed.

He smiled grimly when he observed the artifice of the cowardly savages in scattering, but he did not hesitate a second. He immediately singled out

The Hindoo patted his neck and spoke soothing words to him. The animal was quick to recognize this and speedily became quiet. He stood expectant and ready to obey his new master. A cheer went up as the captor turned the head of the prisoner toward them and rode forward at an easy trot, his own animal preceding him by a few paces. The latter threw up his head and looked back at his master and then forward at his friends, as though desirous of calling attention to the fact that he had borne an important part in this rather peculiar business.

Congratulations were showered upon the Hindoo when he came up and formally presented the captured horse to Tom.

"Now you shall ride the same as the rest of us," said Atkins, with a grin, for he could not but feel pleased over the success which attended the raid on the Bushmen party. And that is how Tom Thornton secured a second mount.

And the mount turned out to be a most excellent one, for with it Tom, during the next month, ran down a monster rhinoceros, whose capture covered him with glory.

[This Story begins in No. 460.]

WITH GOSSACK AND CONVICT.

A TALE OF FAR SIBERIA.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON,

Author of "Under Africa," "The Rajah's Fortress," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A STRUGGLE ON THE WATER.

THAT the convicts had arranged beforehand what disposition to make of the stolen gold was quite evident from the furious and yet confident manner in which they drove the sledges away from the post station, keeping at first to the road and finally turning northward into the forest between two gently sloping hills—a most amazing proceeding when it is remembered that beyond the post road no beaten track existed, for either horse or sledge.

But these daring fellows had plainly made themselves familiar with the neighborhood by frequent visits, for, in spite of the blinding snow in the air, and the thick drifts that the eddying wind had tossed up here and there, they lashed the horses unsparingly, and the maddened animals—four to each sledge—plunged onward through the rock strewn bed of the ravine, their slight track speedily covered up by the drifting snow.

The excitement of this reckless ride was lost on Andre Dagmar. He lay tightly wedged between two heavy chests of gold in the hindmost sledge, oblivious to the terrific jolting of the vehicle as it bounded over the rocks or swept through thickets of stunted bushes. The drooping branches of trees presently tore off the stout leather top, framework and all, and as the snow began to beat freely on Andre's uplifted face he returned to a dim sort of consciousness, in which an aching head was the only tangible thing that his mind could grasp. The rest he saw and heard through a dream—like haze—the dark forest overhead, the falling snow, the violent pitching of the sledge, the mad plunging of the horses, and the hoarse yelling of the driver as he cracked his whip.

Andre had not the least idea where he was, nor for that matter did the convicts know he was there. They had forgotten him from the moment that he fell senseless under the heavy blow.

The creaking and groaning of the sledge increased each minute until it seemed to be falling to pieces; then the

violent motion subsided and a dash of icy water suddenly spurted over Andre, wetting him liberally from head to foot and clearing his brain as if by magic. He wiped the drops from his face and sat bolt upright between the chests. A short struggle with his memory recalled the attack on the post station, and a glance at his surroundings made the situation clear.

The sledge was moving slowly across a wide stream—evidently a ford for the water did not come quite to the sides, and the sharp click of hoofs on the stony bottom could be heard distinctly. The shore that Andre faced was slowly receding, and when he turned and looked in the other direction beyond the driver, who was in plain view on the seat, he saw the dim outline of the opposite bank through the driving clouds of snow.

A brief reflection convinced Andre that his presence on the sledge was unknown and he breathed more freely. His head seemed to be splitting with pain, but the application of some snow to the big lump produced by the blow, eased him considerably and he began to think of getting out of his unpleasant situation.

"I wonder where I am" he muttered under his breath. "Some place on the Angara river probably—Hello! what's that?"

Above the whistling of the wind he heard the dull rattle of musketry, now in brisk and rapid volleys, now a succession of single reports.

The sounds cheered his spirits and he read in them a meaning favorable to himself. "This is the only sledge that succeeded in getting away from the station," he reflected. "My men must have heard the noise of the attack and turned back in time to intercept the scoundrels, and now they are having a lively struggle. The first thing is to get possession of this load of gold. It will be fatal to me if I lose the contents of even one sledge. As for the other three they are no doubt safe enough."

This supposition was a natural one, for as far as Andre could see through the falling snow no other sledges or horses or men were visible—only the black surface of the river, dotted with cakes of drift ice.

He concluded to wait until the opposite shore was reached and then overpower the driver. With a view to this object he felt around him for a weapon, and was so unfortunate as to strike his arm against one of the chests—a mishap that precluded him from carrying out his plan, and forced him to immediate action, for the convict who was driving heard the slight noise and quickly turned his head.

Andre was watching him at the time and for a brief second their eyes met. The convict uttered a hoarse cry of alarm and reached one hand for his rifle under the seat, but that instant Andre flung himself forward, and catching the fellow by the throat, pulled him heavily to the bottom of the sledge.

But his advantage was short lived. The convict was muscular and desperate and quickly broke from Andre's grasp, and then ensued a fierce and bitter struggle.

The combatants rolled over and over in the narrow space, at first fighting for a grip on one another's throat, which was frequently gained only to be torn loose the next second. Failing in this they came to blows, and battered each other with clinched fists.

Andre was careful to waste no breath, but the convict alternately swore and shouted for help at the top of his voice, an appeal that brought no response, though it reached the ears for whom it was intended. They answered it, too, but the sound of their voices was car-

ried far astray on the whistling wind and was lost.

Meanwhile, the horses, left to themselves, fell into confusion and panic, floundered helplessly about for a little while, and then headed down stream. The fording was but a narrow one, and in an instant the terrified animals were swimming for life in the icy waters, and the sledge was lurching dizzily from side to side as the rapid current bore it away.

As the water surged up through the bottom boards Andre and his antagonist sprang to their feet, forgetting their enmity in this new peril. Deeper and deeper sank the sledge until the heavy chests were half submerged, and the water was almost over the sideboards. Two of the horses were drifting with the current, perfectly motionless, and the other pair were fast drowning.

As Andre glanced hopelessly at the swirling waters around him, the convict, seeing his chance, sprang at him with a snarl of rage, and both fell heavily against the side of the sledge. At the same instant the two heavy chests of gold slid forward, and the combined weight tipped the sledge clear over.

Andre retained his presence of mind as he went under water, and by vigorous strokes quickly came to the surface. His clothing must speedily have dragged him down again had not the sledge floated by him bottom up, and so close that he was able to grasp the runner. He clung to it with might and main, calling loudly for help.

The convict was at first not to be seen, but presently his head appeared some yards away, and then his hands, feebly beating the water.

But he was past all help, and as the waves choked his maledictions and frantic yells, he sank never to rise, and the ripples widened until they reached the drifting sledge.

Such was the situation when Donald Chumleigh, attracted by the outcry, forced his horse to the bank of the river. He could see the sledge plainly and the figures clinging to it, and without an instant's delay he forced his unwilling steed into the water, resolved to save the man, be he friend or foe.

To tell the truth, Donald did not think this would be hard to do, for the sledge was considerably nearer to his side of the river, and, moreover, he had a great deal of faith in the ability of his horse to reach the spot and return with a double burden.

At first the animal behaved well and swam out with his rider until the sledge was so close that Donald leaned out of the saddle to help Andre to mount behind him.

But just at this critical time the horse showed signs of exhaustion, and a cake of drift ice happening to strike him on the flank pretty forcibly, he went clear under water, and Donald only saved himself by leaping forward and grasping the end of the sledge as it floated by him.

He pulled himself out on the bottom and then helped Andre to a safer place, for the latter was still holding to the runner with his body submerged to the neck.

Donald's horse had meanwhile recovered strength enough to swim vigorously toward the shore, and had every prospect of reaching there in safety.

The sledge drifted rapidly on with the four drowned horses entangled in the harness, and the two castaways looked ruefully at each other as they contemplated their probable fate. The snow was falling more thickly than ever and the air was bitterly cold. In their wet clothes they must soon freeze to death.

Donald was surprised to find his companion a Russian officer, but he did not

recognize him as the man he saved from Lavroff's knife outside the Tomsk prison, nor did Andre suspect that they had met before. The latter briefly related the story of his adventures and warmly thanked Donald for his brave though futile deed.

Donald replied as briefly, merely explaining to Andre that he had been assisting the Cossacks that night. Under the circumstances he was not disposed to make a confidant of his companion.

It was difficult to talk at all, for both were numb with cold, and as the sledge drifted on through the night their sufferings grew more severe.

Presently the bridge hove in sight, and as they passed under its dark shadow they shouted for help as loudly as they could. But their voices were pitifully weak and could hardly have reached the post station. The sledge drifted on to the wider and swifter part of the river, and the cries for help were lost in the distance.

* * * * *

An hour later a peasant and his son, who lived on a small island some miles down the Angara, were dragging their boat to a place of safety, when the father espied a drifting object on the water, and when they re-launched the craft and pulled to the spot their surprise was great to find two bodies lying on an upturned sledge.

As some slight signs of life remained, the peasant and his son removed the unconscious men to their little cabin among the rocks, stripped off their wet clothes and put them to bed, where they dosed them with hot tea, until, when morning dawned, both were out of danger and were weakly conscious of their surroundings.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN AUDACIOUS LETTER.

"SUDEKIN, I can't endure this much longer. I shall go mad. You who are childless do not know what it is to lose an only daughter—and in such a horrible manner! I would rather she were dead than in the hands of those accursed ruffians. Oh! Varia! my poor Varia!"

The speaker was General Tichimiroff, the governor of Irkutsk. He was pacing up and down the floor of the little post station on the Angara—the same which had witnessed the attack of the convicts and the seizure of the Czar's gold.

Near the fireplace sat Colonel Sudekin, the *starosta*, and a Cossack officer, all moody and dejected.

The suffering of the past ten days had committed terrible ravages on General Tichimiroff. His stalwart frame was thinner, his face white and haggard, his eyes sunken and his expression full of hopeless despair. For days he had not slept, and but little food had passed his lips.

He continued to pace the floor nervously, clasping and unclasping his hands; though his limbs tottered under his weight he persistently refused to sit down. His only relief was in constant motion.

"I can't endure this strain much longer," he groaned. "It is killing me, Sudekin, killing me by inches. The Cossacks have scoured the country for a radius of forty miles and yet they have found nothing—not a trace. Each day the situation grows more hopeless. By this time my poor child must be dead—or worse than dead. God help those fiends when they fall into my power, as some day they must. I will flay them with the knout till the flesh drops off their bones. I will grind the life out of them by ceaseless labor in the mines. I'll hang them up by the thumbs and gloat over their tortures—if I dared I'd burn them alive, Sudekin. I'd surpass the horrors of the Inquisition, and make

them think they were living in the days of Ivan the Terrible—"

His face grew purple with rage and the violence of his emotions choked him. He walked up and down in silence, grinding his teeth and glaring at his companions so ferociously that they shrank nearer to the fire.

"There is still hope," Sudekin ventured to say when the governor had become slightly calmer. "The very daring of these scoundrels will surely prove their ruin. To think that they have carried off a million and a half of rubles in gold and the Czar's private property at that! It is incredible! What will they do next? And poor Dagmar! What fate can have befallen him? He was a brave lad, but he committed a grave error in ordering his men off to Tolnar; he should have suspected some trickery after these recent outrages. It is better perhaps that he is dead. If living, disgrace and punishment would be his."

"There is a strange feature connected with this affair," said the Cossack officer. "I mean the stranger who intercepted us that night and whom I brought back mounted behind me. After the fight he disappeared and has not yet turned up. It is my belief that he was one of this gang of robbers."

"Very likely!" rejoined Sudekin in an absent manner. "Very likely!" He lit a cigar and gazed moodily into the fire, and the Cossack taking the hint did the same.

The governor continued to pace the room, and the *starosta*, who was terribly afraid of him, crept unseen into a corner and went to sleep on the floor.

Three whole days had gone by since the night of Andre's disappearance. For two of these days the snow storm had raged until the ground was covered many feet deep. Then the weather had changed, bringing a warm rain, and now, on the morning which witnessed the opening of this chapter, it was again bitterly cold and a crust was on the snow, heavy enough for men on foot but too frail for horses.

The alarming news flashed over the wires had brought Colonel Sudekin and a force of Cossacks on from Irkutsk in hot haste, and at the post station on the Angara he joined General Tichimiroff, who had been forced to abandon his search by reason of the severe snows.

Of the three stolen sledges of gold not the faintest trace had been discovered, for when the Cossacks broke through the barricade on that terrible night and dashed along the road in hot pursuit the point where the sledges were turned off was already covered with drifted snow, and thus the only clew was lost.

"It was more than probable," Colonel Sudekin reasoned, "that sledges, gold, horses and drivers were buried deep under the gigantic drifts and would not be found until spring opened—if even then."

That the thieves could have got safely away with their booty none for a moment believed.

At the present time matters were at a compulsory standstill. The Cossacks, to the number of several hundred, were quartered at the various stations along the post road for twenty miles on each side of the Angara, awaiting further orders from the governor.

The dead, who had fallen in the fight at the bridge and before the barricade, were in their last resting places—Cossack and convict alike. The poor operator, who had been shot down at Donald's side, still lay where his life had gone out, deep under the trusted snow. Andre and Donald had disappeared as mysteriously as the convicts and the gold.

The scene of the late stirring events was itself quiet and calm, but a volcano

of rage and despair smoldered in the hearts of Colonel Sudekin and the stricken governor of Irkutsk; and from Vladivostok to St. Petersburg the people of the vast Russian Empire hung expectantly on the telegraph wires, their interest centered on the little post station by the Angara.

From this brief digression let us return. The fourth day wore on as monotonously as its predecessors, and sunset found the scene in the posthouse little changed. The governor still paced the floor in moody silence, the *starosta* slept at intervals in his corner, and at a table by the fire sat Colonel Sudekin and the Cossack officer with a box of cigars and a bottle of *vodka* between them. Out of respect for the governor they wore abnormally long faces, but they were nevertheless making themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

Rap! rap! rap! A heavy knock shook the panels of the door.

The governor paid no attention to the sound, but the *starosta* sprang to his feet with a smothered cry, while Colonel Sudekin, with his nose buried in a glass of *vodka*, growled angrily, "Come in."

The invitation was promptly accepted, and three Cossacks entered the room, conducting between them an ill looking stranger, who wore a reddish beard of recent growth, and was muffled up in coarse, heavy gray garments.

"We caught this fellow outside, your excellency," said one of the soldiers. "He declared he must see you on very urgent business."

"Well, what is it? What do you want with me?" asked the governor wearily, while Sudekin and the officer rose and came forward.

The stranger was the center of attraction as he drew a folded and sealed paper from under his coat and handed it to General Tichimiroff. Then without a word he sat down on a chair and the Cossacks grouped themselves around him.

The governor opened the document with sudden interest and glanced over the contents. Then—his eyes dilated, his face purpled with rage, and crushing the offending paper in his hand, he sprang at the stranger so menacingly that the latter bolted across the room, and tripping on a chair, came down with a crash. Before he could rise the governor had him by the throat and was shaking him furiously.

"You dog!" he cried with every shake. "You infamous dog of a convict, how dare you show your face here?"

At last the governor's rage spent itself, and flinging the terror stricken wretch into a corner, he picked up the crumpled paper and hastily unfolded it.

"Listen!" he cried hoarsely to his companions. "Was there ever such audacity as this? Ah! how I long to lay my hands on the scoundrel!"

Then choking down his passion the governor read as follows:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY,
GENERAL TICHIMIROFF,
GOVERNOR OF IRKUTSK:

By an unfortunate misunderstanding my men captured your daughter, Varia, who is now in my keeping, and has been treated with the respect due to her high rank. As you are well aware the past twenty years of my life have been passed in Siberia, and as I desire to return to Russia—where I pledge you to lead in future a life free from crime—I have the honor to submit the following proposition. If you will grant me a free and unconditional pardon I will restore you your daughter. I know well that this is in your power, and I will allow you one week to make the necessary arrangements. The messenger, by whom I send this will remain with you and will conduct you at the expiration of a week to a certain spot in the forest, where, if you bring with you the pardon properly made out and including passport to Russia, your daughter will be re-

stored to you. You may be accompanied by two Cossacks, but if more come you will not see me and your life will be in danger. It is a sufficient guarantee of my good faith for you to know that any treachery on my part would of course render the pardon useless. I warn you to make no attempt to find my hiding place, for if you should do so through treachery on the messenger's part your approach would mean immediate death to your daughter. The successful issue of these negotiations is the only thing that can save her life and give her back to you. At the hour of noon one week from the date of this letter, I will be at the appointed place in the forest to which my messenger will lead you. Until then I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,
FEODOR BARANOK.

CHAPTER XXV.

BARANOK'S PERFDY.

AS he read out the signature attached to the letter the governor's temper again gave way and he stamped furiously up and down the floor, glaring at the terrified messenger and growling out invectives and maledictions.

Nor were Sudekin and the Cossack officer less amazed and indignant to learn that Feodor Baranok, the famous convict, who had escaped a year ago and was supposed to be dead, was the leader of this gang of robbers.

"The daring scoundrel!" cried Sudekin.

"The infamous assassin!" echoed the officer fiercely.

"The man is a fiend!" exclaimed the governor, coming to a stop and bringing his hand down on the table with such force that the glasses and the bottle jumped in air. "If he expects to get the better of me he will be greatly mistaken. I will outwit him and bring him and his cowardly band to justice. As for you, you scoundrel," he added, turning to the messenger, "your just dues would be a rope and a short drop, but I'll spare your life if you lead me to the place where these ruffians are concealed, and that at once without an hour's delay. Dare to refuse and I'll hang you to the nearest tree."

"But, your excellency, you surely know what would be the result of that step," pleaded the fellow in a stammering voice. "Baranok's retreat is impregnable, and if I should lead a party of Cossacks there, the sentries would discover their approach and—and your daughter would—would be—Baranok is a terrible man, your excellency, and will surely keep his word. Moreover, an army of Cossacks could not take the place in a week's fighting."

Instead of flying into another rage the governor seemed stunned by this plain speaking, and sinking down on a chair he propped his arms on the table while an expression of acute anguish passed over his face.

"Sudekin," he muttered huskily, "my spirit is broken. For the sake of my daughter I must accede to this fellow's demands. There is no alternative, for I know enough of Baranok's nature to feel convinced that he will carry out his threat. If I attempt to outwit him Varia will be lost to me forever. In dealing with such a scoundrel everything is fair, but as you see I am helpless. I dare not storm these ruffians in their den, and if I try to take a force of Cossacks into the forest with me on the day appointed for the interview the scoundrel will find it out and will keep away."

Colonel Sudekin nodded a grave assent.

"I am compelled to agree with you, your excellency," he replied, "much as I should like to see that scoundrel punished. Of course your daughter's safety must be your first consideration. May I venture to suggest, your excellency, that in case you accede to Baranok's

demands, you stipulate for the restoration of the gold as well as of your daughter—or at least a revelation of the place where it is hidden? In this way you can kill two birds with one stone."

"Ah, yes, the gold," said the governor absently. "A good suggestion! It shall be acted upon."

He remained silent for a moment, and the convulsive working of his countenance showed that he was passing through a severe mental conflict.

Suddenly he rose to his feet and turning to one of the Cossacks, said with a touch of his old pompous manner. "Have my *tarantas* at the door as soon as possible, attended by a dozen mounted men. And see that my baggage is packed."

The Cossack saluted and left the room.

The governor pulled on his heavy fur cloak and buckled his sword to his side.

"Sudekin," he said sternly, "my mind is made up. Everything must be sacrificed for Varia, and the greatest scoundrel that ever drew breath will go unhung. Look to it that this fellow here is well taken care of against my return. I am going to Irkutsk to procure this pardon. It will require several days to communicate with St. Petersburg and give the authorities a clear understanding of the case, but I shall return here with the necessary papers in plenty of time to meet Baranok at the designated place."

As the governor spoke the tinkle of bells and the tramping of hoofs were heard in the post yard. The *tarantas* and the escort of mounted Cossacks were in readiness.

"Your commands shall be obeyed, your excellency," said Colonel Sudekin. "The messenger will be here when you return."

"Very well, Sudekin, I rely on you," replied the governor, as he drew on his gloves and slipped a huge fur cap down over his ears.

At this very moment, while Feodor Baranok, in the distant cavern on the Angara, was dreaming of a free pardon and a return to Russia an avenging fate was preparing a blow that was destined to shatter his hopes.

The governor opened the door and passed out to the waiting *tarantas*, accompanied to the threshold by Colonel Sudekin and the Cossack officer Captain Urmanov. The gray twilight was falling and a bitter wind blew from the north.

"A cold night for traveling," remarked the governor with a shiver.

He had placed one foot on the stepping block and was about to mount to the seat when a figure turned in at the gate and came wearily across the post yard.

The stranger was a tall, slim young fellow with a ruddy complexion—in fact he was no other than Donald Chumleigh.

At sight of the governor he quickened his pace and cried eagerly, "Stop! stop! your excellency. I must speak with you."

The governor looked up in surprise; Captain Urmanov uttered a cry of amazement, and the convict messenger, who was watching the scene through the window turned pale to the lips and trembled from head to foot. He thought he saw a ghost.

Donald reached the *tarantas* with an effort, and then his numbed limbs gave way and he fell forward in the snow.

By the governor's orders he was carried into the posthouse, where all followed him, and in a short time the warm fire and a sip or two of hot *vodka* restored his vitality, and he insisted on sitting up.

"It is the man who stopped me on the post road," whispered Captain Urmanov, "the very same."

Donald overheard the words. "Yes, I am the man," he cried eagerly, "but who is that?" pointing to the still trembling messenger. "What is he doing here?"

"Do you know him?" demanded the governor.

"Yes, he is one of Baranok's band. I am sure of it. His name is Leontef."

A burst of surprise greeted Donald's words.

"Leontef!" cried Captain Urmanov. "Then he is one of the two who escaped a week or so ago from the exile gang by slipping off into the forest."

"That's it," said Donald. "His companion's name was Gross."

"And who are you?" questioned the governor sternly. "Give an account of yourself."

"I belonged to the same exile gang," replied Donald. "I was captured by Baranok's party the night the post station was raided." He proceeded to tell all that had happened to him from that time, and when he came to his adventures in the telegraph station and the flight with the operator the governor, who had been listening intently to every word, interrupted the narrative.

"If your story is true and you really saved my daughter from drowning you shall be properly rewarded. Now where is this hiding place of Baranok's, and how far distant?"

"That is what I came to tell you," cried Donald eagerly. "Baranok and his gang are in a cavern on the Angara river, about fifty miles from here. I will lead you and your men to the place, and I ask of you in return but one thing—a fair hearing of my sad story. I am an American, and my arrest and sentence is one of the greatest outrages ever committed by the Russian government. My tale is a long one, but I would prefer to tell it now if you will listen—"

"No! no! Not now," interrupted the governor impatiently, while a slight, incredulous smile appeared on his face. "That is what they all say. Every exile who comes to Siberia asserts his innocence. However, I grant your request, and if you can be of any service to me I will give your story a fair hearing and afford you every facility for proving its truth."

That the governor had little expectation of that story passing through the test was proved by his tone and manner. To Donald the promise meant everything. He struggled with his emotions for an instant and then suddenly burst into tears.

"Come! come!" said the governor not unkindly. "This won't do. I want to ask you a few questions. Is this cavern impregnable, or can a sufficient force of Cossacks take the robbers by surprise and overpower them?"

Donald hesitated.

"The place will be difficult to capture," he said slowly. "It may require a stubborn fight to take it."

The governor struck his hand despairingly on the table.

"That infernal ruffian will get the better of me," he cried. "He is playing his cards well. Here! Read this! Tell me what you think of it. See if your brain can devise any scheme for circumnavigating this fiend."

He took the paper from his pocket and handed it to Donald.

As the latter hastily unfolded it, Baranok's messenger broke from his guards and sprang forward.

"Read it aloud!" he cried hoarsely. "Read it aloud!"

(To be continued.)

UNCOMFORTABLE SHAVING.

It is said that the Czar never shaves, but most people know that he has had many a close shave.—Pittsburg Post.

THE CHIMNEY DEMONS.

OUT on the top of a chimney tall
I saw a parcel of demons crawl;
Some in gray and some in white,
And others in robes as black as night.
They danced together, they waltzed and whirled,

With streamers out on the air unfurled!
And the windy bugles began to blow
And sent them skurrying to and fro.

In gauzy garments they all were drest,
And one with a lengthy plume on his crest,

Was the leader of all, without a doubt,
And marshaled his forces round about.
With graceful gestures, like those at court,

They bowed and courtesied and then they fought—

Fought like furies—for none would yield—
And not a remnant was left on the field.

The chimney demons their part performed
From morning till night, unless it stormed!

And I loved to watch them and note the shape

That each one took as it made escape
Out of the shaft, and to see them rise
And melt away in the distant skies;
And when they were angry they rose the higher,

For then they were fed with a fresher fire.
Comic or tragic they seemed to me,
In whatever the mood I chanced to be;

And fancy led me from day to day
To watch these giants and midgets play,
And even now, that I'm older grown,
I often sit by the window alone,

And amuse myself as the demons crawl
Out on the top of the chimneys tall.
—The Independent.

[This Story began in Number 456.]

A DEBT OF HONOR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

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

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

TWO weeks later Gerald found himself in the town of Brentwood, Minnesota. It was too small for him to expect to do much business there, but he had a special message to bear to a sister of Mr. Sanford who had her home in the place. He put up at the Commercial Hotel, a small inn capable of accommodating about thirty travelers.

Brentwood did not seem an attractive place to Gerald, and he felt that he should be glad to take the morning train to St. Paul. Yet he was destined to meet here a man who could aid him materially in the object to which he had consecrated his energies—that of clearing his father's reputation and punishing his enemy.

He was sitting in the office of the hotel when a man apparently fifty years of age entered and had a whispered conference with the clerk. He appeared to prefer some request which the latter denied. The man was thin and haggard, and his face bore a look of settled despondency. His clothing was shabby, yet he looked as if he had seen better days and had at some time occupied a better position. Without knowing why, Gerald's curiosity and interest were excited. As he left the room Gerald said: "That fellow looks as if the world had gone wrong with him."

"Yes," answered the clerk, "he has been going down hill the last three years, and now is near the foot."

"Does he drink?"

"Yes, when he gets the chance, but he has not had money enough to gratify his appetite lately. I don't pity him so much as I do his wife and child, for he has a daughter of twelve, a sweet, innocent child, whose lot in such a home as he can supply is far from being a happy one."

"How long has he lived in Brentwood?"

"Five years. When he first came

here he kept a small store, and seemed to do tolerably well. He appeared to receive some help from outside, for he sometimes brought checks to the hotel to be cashed. They all came from the same party, a certain Bradley Wentworth."

"What!" exclaimed Gerald in startled surprise.

"Do you know the name?" asked the clerk.

"I know a man of that name. It may not be the same one."

"This man, so Hastings told me once, was a manufacturer, and lived in—"

"Seneca, Illinois?"

"The very place. Then it is the man you know?"

"It seems so. What is this man's name?"

"Thomas Hastings."

"Did he ever live in Seneca?"

"I think he once told me so."

"Perhaps he is some relative of Mr. Wentworth, and that may account for the checks."

"I can't say as to that."

"Then no checks come now?"

"No, not for a long time. Since these supplies were cut off Hastings has been going down hill."

Gerald bent his eyes upon the floor in silent thought. What, he asked himself, could be the connection between this human wreck, living in a small Minnesota town, and Bradley Wentworth, the wealthy manufacturer? With his eyes fixed upon the floor his attention was drawn to a torn letter which he now remembered that Hastings had held in his hand and clutched convulsively as he stood at the desk.

Mechanically he picked it up, when the name signed to it attracted his attention and filled him with a thrill of excitement.

This name was Bradley Wentworth.

"I don't know as I am justified," thought Gerald, "but my father's connection with Mr. Wentworth makes me desirous of learning whatever I can about him."

He withdrew to a corner of the office where stood a table covered with newspapers and writing materials, and taking out the torn letter pieced it together so that he could read it consecutively.

It ran thus:

SENECA, ILLINOIS, September 7.

THOMAS HASTINGS, SIR:

I have already warned you that you have annoyed me sufficiently, and that I should pay no further attention to your letters. Yet you persist in writing to me and demanding money. On what grounds? You claim to be acquainted with a secret, now many years old, and threaten to divulge it unless I will send you money. What you have to tell is of no value whatever. The man to whom you want to reveal it is dead, and his son is dead also. There is absolutely no one who takes any interest in your threatened revelation. When I think of the sums of money which I have sent you in the aggregate I am provoked with myself for my weakness. You ought to be in comfortable circumstances, but you write me that you are destitute and that your wife and child are on the verge of starvation. Well, this is not my fault. It is largely the result of your inordinate love of drink. A man like you ought never to have married. You can't take care of yourself, much less can you care for a family.

I have wasted more words upon you than I intended. As, however, this is the last letter I ever expect to write you, I determined to make myself understood. Let me repeat, then, you have nothing to expect from me. You have exhausted my patience, and I have no more money to send you. If you can't support yourself in any other way, go out and work by the day, and let your wife take in washing. It is an honest business, and will help to keep the wolf from the door. In any event, don't write again to me.
BRADLEY WENTWORTH.

Gerald read this letter in ill suppressed excitement. He could not misunder-

stand these words, referring to the secret of which this man had knowledge. "The man to whom you want to reveal it is dead, and his son is dead also." He, the son, was not dead, but it suited Bradley Wentworth to represent that he was. What could this secret be? It must, he felt, relate to the "debt of honor," and to the forgery which Wentworth had succeeded in laying upon the shoulders of his friend and associate.

Hastings must possess some information of great value, or Bradley Wentworth would not have sent the sums of money referred to in the letter. Clearly it was for Gerald's interest to see Thomas Hastings, and learn what he could. He was quite in the dark as to the nature of his information, but it was unquestionably of importance. It seemed as if Providence had directed his steps to this out of the way town in Minnesota, and he resolved to take advantage of his visit.

He sauntered up to the desk and in a voice of affected unconcern inquired, "Can you tell me where the man Hastings lives?"

"Are you interested in him?" asked the clerk, smilingly.

"Yes, somewhat. He looked so sad and woebegone. I might perhaps help him to a position if I could have a conversation with him and judge of his abilities."

"Oh, his abilities are good, but his intemperate habits are so fixed that I would not advise you to recommend him."

"At any rate I can give him a dollar, and I suppose that will be acceptable to him."

"It will be a godsend. You will find that he won't refuse it. As to where he lives I can't readily direct you, but here is a little fellow," pointing to a colored boy who had just entered, "who will be glad to show you. Here, Johnny do you want to earn a dime?"

"Don't I just?" returned the boy, showing the whites of his eyes.

"Then show this young man the way to Tom Hastings's house."

"All right, boss, I'll show him."

Gerald followed the boy along the street for about twenty rods; then down a side street, till he reached a shabby, two story house, dismantled and with the paint worn off in spots.

"That's where he lives, boss," said the boy.

"Does he occupy the whole house?"

"No, he occupies the right side."

Gerald hesitated a moment at the gate and then walked in. He was considering how he should introduce himself.

Thomas Hastings himself answered the knock on the door. He was in his shirt sleeves. There was a beard of nearly a week's growth on his cheeks, and he looked as neglected as the tenement which he occupied. He eyed Gerald in some surprise, and waited for him to mention his business.

"Are you Mr. Thomas Hastings?" asked the young visitor.

"Yes."

"Are you acquainted with Bradley Wentworth of Seneca, Illinois?"

"Yes, do you come from him?" asked Hastings, eagerly.

"No, but I would like to talk with you about him. May I come in?"

Hastings looked backward, and the disordered rooms struck him with a sudden sense of shame.

"No," he said, "we can talk better outside. Wait a minute and I'll be with you."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

"NOW what have you to say about Bradley Wentworth?" asked Hastings abruptly, as they walked slowly up the road.

"First, let me ask you how long you have known him?"

"How long have I known him? Before you were born, youngster—a matter of twenty years, I should say."

"Did you know a man who was in the employ of Wentworth's uncle at the same time—Warren Lane?"

Hastings started.
"What do you know of Warren Lane?" he asked abruptly.

"He was my father," answered Gerald.

"Your father! But I heard that he had died, leaving no son."

"My poor father is dead, but I am as much alive as you are. Who told you that I was dead?"

"Bradley Wentworth wrote me to that effect."

"Bradley Wentworth would not be sorry to hear that I was dead, but he knows better. He has seen and spoken with me more than once during the last six months. He was at our cabin in Colorado when my poor father died."

"He is false and treacherous as he always was!" said Hastings bitterly.

"I can believe that. I consider him to be my bitter enemy, as he was my father's."

"Then you know—the secret?"
"You refer to the forgery? Yes. How much do you know about it?"

"Everything," answered Hastings emphatically.

"You know then his compact with my father?"

"I know of it. I was the only one that did know of it outside of your father and Bradley Wentworth himself."

"Then you probably know how basely he refused to pay my father the sum agreed upon for his sacrifice of reputation."

"I know that, too. The sum was twenty thousand dollars, was it not?"

"Yes, it was a debt of honor, or should have been considered such. I don't care so much for the money, but it was the price of my father's sacrifice, and in justice to his memory and his ruined life, I want this man to pay it."

"That's sentiment, youngster. I should want the money for itself."

"I can earn my own living. I am earning it now."

"Where are you working?"
"In St. Louis. I am traveling for Gilbert Sanford, of that city. He is a well known merchant."

"Never heard of him. You are young to travel for such a firm," continued Hastings, eying Gerald curiously.

"Yes, he engaged me as a favor, but I think that he has found my services satisfactory, or he would not have taken me from the store and sent me out on the road."

"You must be smart, youngster. Did your father leave you anything?"

"A cabin and a few acres of land among the foothills of Colorado."

"Have you any evidence of the agreement made by Bradley Wentworth?"

"I have two letters written by him on the subject, in which the matter is plainly referred to."

"Does he know that you have them?"

"Yes; he tried to buy them from me."

"What did he offer?"

"A thousand dollars."

"Then he considers your claim good. And you refused?"

"Of course!" answered Gerald indignantly. "Do you think I would compromise such a claim?"

"I don't know. A thousand dollars would be a mighty convenient sum to handle."

"I am not willing to pay so high a price for it. You must have been in Mr. Wentworth's confidence or you would not have known of the forgery."

"Why shouldn't I know it? I was the paying teller of the bank, and I cashed

the check in the ordinary course of business."

"And the check—who presented it?" asked Gerald eagerly.

"Bradley Wentworth himself."

"Then you knew all the while that it was he that was the forger and not my father?"

"Yes."

"Then what kept you silent?"

"Bradley Wentworth's money!" answered Hastings significantly.

"Yet you tell me."

"Because he has thrown me off. I wrote him ten days since for a beggarly fifty dollars, and he refused to send it to me. In fact he defied me, writing that there was no one alive to feel an interest in the secret I had to sell. That is the sort of man Bradley Wentworth is. Stay, I will show you the letter," and he began to explore his pockets.

"I can't find it," he said, after an ineffectual search, with an expression of perplexity, "and yet I had it when I went to the hotel an hour since."

"Is this it?" asked Gerald, producing the torn letter already referred to.

"Yes, yes! How came you by it?"

"I found it on the floor of the hotel where you dropped it. You must excuse my reading it. I should not have done so if I had not seen the name of Bradley Wentworth signed to it. Everything that relates to him has an interest for me, and when I read it I felt that it must relate to my father."

"Yes, it does. I am glad to meet you, boy. I forget your first name."

"Gerald."

"I remember now. Why, I was in the church when you were baptized. There's some difference between now and then."

"I suppose I must have changed some," said Gerald smiling.

"Yes; you have become, a fine, manly boy. You don't look like your father, but you remind me of your mother. My wife would like to see you. She always liked your mother. Can't you come round and take supper with us," and then he hesitated and looked embarrassed;

"but I am afraid we can't offer you much that is inviting," he added.

"I will come with pleasure, Mr. Hastings," said Gerald, "and as I am afraid you have been out of luck, will you allow me to lend you a small sum?"

Hastings took the ten dollars extended to him and his face brightened.

"Now I am not afraid to have you come," he said. "My wife's a good cook when she has the wherewithal. We've been reduced to shortcommons lately."

"Well," said the clerk, as Gerald returned to the hotel, "did you call on Tom Hastings?"

"Yes; I found him at home. I am going there to supper tonight."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the clerk in astonishment. "Did Tom Hastings invite you?"

"Yes; he and his wife used to know my father and mother."

"You will excuse my suggesting it, but it might be wise for you to eat something here before you go over. Hastings isn't much in the habit of entertaining strangers, and I don't think he sets a very good table."

"I think there will be a good supper tonight," said Gerald. "At any rate I will risk it."

He proved to be right. Mrs. Hastings was a good cook when she had the wherewithal, as her husband expressed it, and she did her best, going herself to the village market for supplies. It is safe to say that Gerald fared better than he would have done at the hotel.

He was very cordially received by Mrs. Hastings, who indulged in reminiscences of his mother, to which he listened eagerly.

"She was a good woman," said Mrs. Hastings, "and I was grieved to hear of her death. I am sure she would have lived longer but for the wicked plot of Bradley Wentworth against your father."

"You knew about it?"

"Yes; and I could not bear to think that my husband was aiding and abetting him in his wicked scheme. I hope the time will come when his injustice will be repaired."

"I think it will, Mrs. Hastings. To that end I have been working ever since my father's death. I think Providence directed me to your husband as the man who could help me. His testimony will be most important."

"And it will be forthcoming, Gerald," said Mr. Hastings. "I have stood by Bradley Wentworth long enough. I never liked him as well as your father, and I am prepared to help you because you are the son of Warren Lane."

"Thank you, Mr. Hastings."

"I am a poor man. Still I make no condition. When you come to your own you will not forget that I helped you to it."

"I shall not forget it, Mr. Hastings. Do I understand that you will be ready to give your testimony whenever I may call upon you?"

"I promise it. When do you leave Brentwood?"

"Tomorrow morning, but it will not be long before you will hear from me."

(To be continued.)

A WRESTLING BOUT IN JAPAN.

In Japan wrestling is the most popular sport, and such exhibitions are patronized in great numbers by all classes of society. The following account of such an event is taken from an article in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

In the big cities the wrestling ground is square and surrounded by two roped galleries. Women occupy the upper tier. The ring is about twenty feet in diameter and raised about two feet above the ground floor. It is strewn with sand and surrounded by a double embankment of bags of straw. It is covered by a roof, decorated with flags and lanterns and supported by four slanting red pillars.

A contest between the Typhoon and the Stone Giant in Yokohama, was witnessed recently by a correspondent of the *Post-Intelligencer*. The wrestlers were accompanied by friends and coolies carrying lacquer boxes containing the costumes for the ring and toilet articles. They are famous for their strength and the elements of the game. While undressing they talked together in a friendly manner. The ring costume consisted of large silk handkerchiefs, with fringed edges, tied around the loins. They were stout fellows—solid, broad and muscular, but not tall. The Typhoon was about 4 feet and 7 inches in height, and the Stone Giant was a little more than 5 feet.

When noblemen, who patronized them, entered the dressing room they jumped up, making the joints crack and stretching their limbs.

At the sound of a drum on the tower at the entrance to the grounds the wrestlers put on velvet aprons and several belts, tokens of former victories. With pentam arms, preceded by the four judges and followed by a file of other wrestlers and several attendants, they entered the inclosure and marched around. The spectators had reached a high pitch of excitement. They shouted loudly, clapped their hands, and rapped on the balustrades with their fans. After the parade all seated themselves around the ring, the opponents facing each other. Each of the judges stepped to one of the poles and squatted. The attendants placed a bucket of water and a vessel containing salt on the top of the embankments. The wrestlers took off their aprons and belts, jumped into the ring and struck many athletic attitudes that caused approval.

Refreshing themselves with a drink of water and a pinch of salt, they squatted on the sand, facing each other as a kind of salutation, and then rose with their arms extended and their fingers bent to catch hold of each other. Then they began to stamp the ground and repeatedly rushed at each other to get a firm grip. Stone Giant's only endeavor during the whole fight seemed to be to press down his opponent by his weight, and so push him out of the ring. But the dark olive body of the Typhoon always managed to struggle away from the lump of flesh that threatened to crush him, and he tried to improve his grip at every opportunity. At last he seized his opponent by the leg, and made him hop backward. The spectators roared with laughter. They

had got near the embankment. Stone Giant once more threw himself on the "dwarf," as he called him, angrily, and almost succeeded in bouncing him over the line. The two judges nearest them stood at the line, for as soon as one stepped across it the match was over.

Typhoon became enraged, but all his twisting, wriggling, pushing, and other tricks were of no avail against the 400 pounds. So they fought for twenty, thirty, forty minutes. Typhoon was getting tired. Several times he was pressed to the ground, and it became more and more difficult to hold each other, as they perspired freely. During all this time the movements had looked somewhat theatrical; it seemed as if they had learned to pose for and exaggerate every situation of the combat. But now they were in dead earnest, and they wished to come to a close. For an instant Stone Giant lost his foothold, and Typhoon, getting all his strength together, lifted him up from the earth and hurled him over the embankment. It was a marvelous acrobatic feat.

The judges rose and the manager pronounced Typhoon to be the victor. The spectators got up from their seats, shouted, and three presents into the ring. He bowed and bowed again, putting both hands on his knees. Many snaps of paper came flying down from the tiers in which the presents of sums were announced and the addresses where he could send for them. Attendants picked them up and Typhoon marched off with his suite.

BOTH AFRAID, ONE PLUCKY.

SOMEWHERE, General Grant said that he never allowed himself to be troubled by fear of an antagonist, because he kept well in mind the thought that the other fellow was as much afraid as he was. This idea is exemplified in the following story, told by a writer in the *Philadelphia Times*. He relates that a passenger took a London cab, and he continues as follows:

On getting down he tendered three and six for his fare—this was a little over the proper amount. The driver wanted five shillings. The passenger refused. "I'd like to fight you for it," said the driver. "The very thing!" cried my friend, who had never in his life put on a boxing glove, "I was almost as much afraid as you, even of the fighting attitude." "The very thing! Capital! We'll have the fight in the back garden. My brother will look on, hold the stakes and see fair play." The cabman got down slowly. "I was pleased," continued the narrator, "to discover that he appeared almost as much afraid as myself, perhaps—if that was possible—even more. He followed me into the back garden, where there was a lovely little bit of lawn, quite large enough for practical purposes. I placed my five shillings in my brother's hands, took off my coat and waistcoat and rolled up my sleeves, all with the appearance of cheerful alacrity. "Now, my friend," I said, "I am ready as soon as you are." The anxiety of the moment was, I confess, very great. But it decreased as I watched the man's face express successively all the emotions of surprise, doubt, hesitation and abject cowardice. "No," he said, "I grimace and groan, but I know your tricks, both of you. I've been done this way before." And so grumbling and muttering he moved away.

ANOTHER USE FOR ELECTRICITY.

A novel exhibition, recently made in Boston, is described by the *New York Sun*; it demonstrates the practicability of forging the hardest metals without the usual accompaniments of glowing blast furnace and superheated atmosphere, the subtle yet powerful electric current being the substitute. Just as the carbon sticks in the arc lights are heated to the white heat point and burned into vapor by the passing of the electric current, so these metals are acted upon when connected with the poles of a powerful battery.

The exhibition was of processes of forging and tempering by electricity of obdurate metals. One experiment was the melting into liquid form of a bar of steel an inch in diameter and twelve inches long in forty-five seconds, without the temperature of the room being raised a single degree from its normal condition.

Another thing shown was the making of a steel railroad spike. The bar is cut into the required length, the pieces passing through the electrical machine, where one end is heated, and then to a die, which shapes the head on the heated end, the point being compressed into shape without heating. Another exhibit was the forming of an auger screw, the flat bar of iron being fastened in the machine at the two ends and heated almost instantly, and then twisted into the required spiral by the automatic turn of the machine. A similar machine is devised for making spherical ball bearings, such as are used for bicycles, &c. While the exhibit was thus in progress a cablegram was received from the Krupps, the great gun makers of Germany, in furtherance of negotiations for the rights of the invention in Germany and other countries of the European Continent.

THE BELL BUOY.

WHAT is the song that the bell buoy sings
In the dreary, wind strewn dawn;
When the dull gray east froths the waves to
yeast,
And the thick gloomed night is gone;
When the sea bird, waked from the crag
down swings,
And the day begins to yawn?

Blithe sailor boy on the wave afloat,
Do you hear what the bell buoy sings?
There are stirless deeps, where the ocean
sleeps,

'Neath night's never folding wings!
Oh, haste to the mother—speed the home-
ward boat—

See the glow that the love light brings!
The day on the waste sea slopes is dim;
The cloud drifts hide the sky;
The waves are rife, with a restless life;
The winds flare up and die;
And ever goes on the ceaseless hymn,
That seemeth a human cry!

What is the song that the bell buoy sings,
In the dreary, wind strewn dawn?
Ah, life is a breath, and the end is death!
The sea snares gap and yawn:
The waves are rife with a restless life;
The ceaseless bell hymn rings;
The sea bird waked, from the crag down
swings,
But the sailor lad is gone!

—Mail and Express.

A GLOBE TROTTER POSTAL CARD.

A READER OF THE ARGOSY sends us an old postal card bearing a three cent stamp, about which he writes as follows:

I have been a reader of your valuable paper since the first number appeared, and now I look forward to next week's paper as eagerly as I did then.

Very often an article appears which specially interests me, among which was one, several weeks back, speaking of postal cards, etc., going around the world. Today, while looking over an old box of relics, I found the inclosed card, which, if not the first, was nearly the first to go clear around the world. Another card started the same day, went to London and came back the same way it went.

I had never heard of this being done before, but Jules Verne's famous book, "Around the World in Eighty Days," was what gave me the idea. My card was just one hundred and thirteen days making the trip.
Yours very truly,

WILBUR M. WAITE.

This card bears date of Lynn, Massachusetts, June 21, 1879; thence it must have crossed to England, proceeding over Europe and through Italy by rail, for its next postmark is Brindisi, July 8. Then follows the mark of Singapore, Aug. 2. Two other marks of Aug. 13 and 18, bearing the word "Watershed," are probably the stamp of the North German Lloyd steamer which bore the card to Hong Kong, arriving Sept. 3. Yokohama was reached Sept. 10, and the second postmark of that place shows a detention until Sept. 21. San Francisco put the final mark on the card on Oct. 7.

Those who would wish to emulate our enterprising correspondent will regret to hear that the sending of cards and letters in this way became so frequent and so bothersome that the post office ceased to regard the globe girdling directions and such missives as now returned to the sender at once.

THE DESCENDANTS OF DICKENS.

THOSE who have passed delightful hours in the company of Charles Dickens through the medium of his absorbing stories will be interested to know something of his children, as told by his son and namesake in an interview for the *Boston Transcript*:

My sister Mary, the second of the family, is unmarried and manages a type writing establishment in this very building. My second sister, Catherine Elizabeth Macready, married Carlo Pellegrini, the artist, and is an artist herself, as you may know. My eldest sister does not do any literary work. She edited my father's letters, but at present she has nothing to do with literature.

I have two brothers in Australia. The eldest, Alfred Tenyson, is in business as a merchant in Melbourne. The youngest, Edward Bulwer Lytton, is connected with the sheep farming interests, and is a member of the New South Wales Parliament. I have also another brother in London, Henry Fielding, who has a very large practice at the bar. Those of my brothers who are dead were Walter Landor, Sydney Smith and Francis Jeffrey, the latter of whom died at Moline, Illinois, and is buried there on the beautiful bluff overlooking the Mississippi. All my brothers were named after literary men. My second sister was named after Macready the actor. With regard to myself, I edit *All the Year Round* and *Household Words* as well. I have also a large printing business, and in the winter I travel

all over the country, giving readings from my father's works, the same as I gave in America. They are those that he used to read himself.

A FATAL FEAST.

Next to monkeys, some bears are the most human of animals in their actions and postures. Fancy, for instance, the bear in the *Boston Globe's* description of a Siberian trap, carrying off the log of wood and hurling it and himself into space.

A long cord, very strong and several yards long, is attached at one end to a huge log of wood, and at its other extremity a running noose is rigged and artfully concealed in the center of a mass of brush and leaves.

This noose is so arranged that Bruin, in order to get at a peculiarly tempting mess of raspberries which his gluttonish eyes see not far away, must put his head through it. The noose falls loosely about his neck and does not trouble him until he begins to move away, when the weight of the log of wood tightens the rope, and Bruin finds that he cannot breathe.

After two or three angry trials to pull ahead, like a dog attached by a rope when walking with his master, the bear growls and follows back the rope until he comes to the log.

He picks it up and bites it, shakes it, fights it, throws it down and starts off again; but anew the fatal cord tugs at his wind pipe and his eyes are starting from their sockets. Twice or three times he goes back to fight the log of wood. Then finding that this does not help him, he takes up the log and carries it off in his arms or in his forepaws.

Then he looks about for a high precipice or a lofty rock from which to throw the offending log. The moment he finds one he pitches the log violently over, and is, of course, pulled over after it and killed by the fall, or so choked that he is easily captured.

MISTAKES OF EXPLORERS.

EXPLORERS in strange countries need to be men of great ingenuity when it comes to conversing with people speaking unknown tongues. The pitfalls of the sign language are many, and the following paragraph from the New York *Sun* shows how some of the consequent errors may become embalmed in print:

Hundreds of mistakes creep into maps through misinformation given by savages or semi-civilized people, or the misunderstanding of explorers. Here is one instance: A conspicuous place, the capital of the Laos country, east of Burmah, has been known for many years as Zimme, and the name has appeared in large letters on the maps. The real name of this place is Ching Mai. The Burmese cannot pronounce this name, and the name introduced on our maps is their mispronunciation of it. An Indian map maker recently introduced both names on his map as the names of separate places. Hundreds of African names on our maps are amusing when we understand

them. Thus the appellations of quite a number of rivers are not their names at all, but simply signify river or water. Explorers hearing these words applied to them erroneously concluded that they were the names of rivers.

HE SECURED THE PLACE.

An old tale of the celebrated Dean Swift is revived by the *Philadelphia Times*, in its boys' and girls' department.

A funny story is told of Dean Swift, who was a witty man and fond of a joke at the expense of other people, as most witty people are. One very cold night when he was traveling, he stopped at a little inn. There was only one fire in the house, and the guests of the inn crowding about it, left no place for the new comer.

With a solemn face Dean Swift called to the hostler and told him to get a peck of oysters immediately and take them out to his horse.

"Will your horse eat oysters, sir?" asked the astonished man.

"Just take them out and see," said the horse's master.

The people around the fire stared at the man that owned this curious animal, and nearly every one of them left his seat and went out to see the remarkable horse eating oysters.

Then the cunning Dean made himself comfortable in the warmest corner and ordered his supper.

Presently back came the hostler, with the disheveled crowd after him.

"He won't touch them, sir," cried the hostler.

"Then take the foolish animal all the oats he can eat," replied Dean Swift. "You can bring the oysters here. I'll eat them for supper myself."

DUG UP AFTER MANY YEARS.

THE famous battle of Lundy's Lane is recalled by a find of relics in October last, on that historic field. This engagement took place in 1814, in the war of 1812; a British force of three thousand, with a battery were posted on a commanding eminence at the head of Lundy's Lane; General Winfield Scott came upon them with a force of twelve hundred; he whipped them, captured the battery and the commanding general with his staff. The relics recently found are described by the New York *Sun*:

Skeletons of British soldiers of the war of 1812 were recently found at Lundy's Lane at Niagara Falls, Ontario, in a trench in the sand pit opposite the cemetery, where the bones of many others are supposed to lie. Some of the red coats were in perfect condition. Many buttons were found, also tobacco pouches, knives, buckskin vests, and officers' braids. About fifteen skeletons have been dug up. The regiments, as shown by the buttons, were the Sixty Ninth and the One Hundred and Third. The British Historical Society will have the bones buried in the trench in the cemetery. The other relics will be placed in the society's rooms. The cemetery is on a knoll of ground where there was an English battery.

CORRESPONDENCE.

E. G. M., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A few weeks' notice of change of address should be given to our mailing department.

E. C. S., Bloomsburg, Pa. Vols. I and II, bound, of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, cost \$10 each, there being but a few copies left.

P. R. C., Newark, N. J. Maps of the roads of the State of New Jersey, for the guidance of bicyclists can be had of Dr. Benedict, 111 Belmont Ave., Jersey City, by remitting \$1.00.

KING OF BERGEN. 1. We cannot say where free cornet lessons can be obtained, and not knowing your address, we are not able to tell you where you can find a teacher. 2. There is no premium on the white cent of 1863 or 5, and war tokens are of trivial, if any, value.

I. S. B., Wheeling, W. Va. 1. The stories "Lost in the Slave Land" and "On the Border" will probably be published during the winter. 2. Copies of the *Daily Continent* are out of print. 3. A. G. Spalding & Bros., New York City, can procure you any kind of stuffed animal or bird.

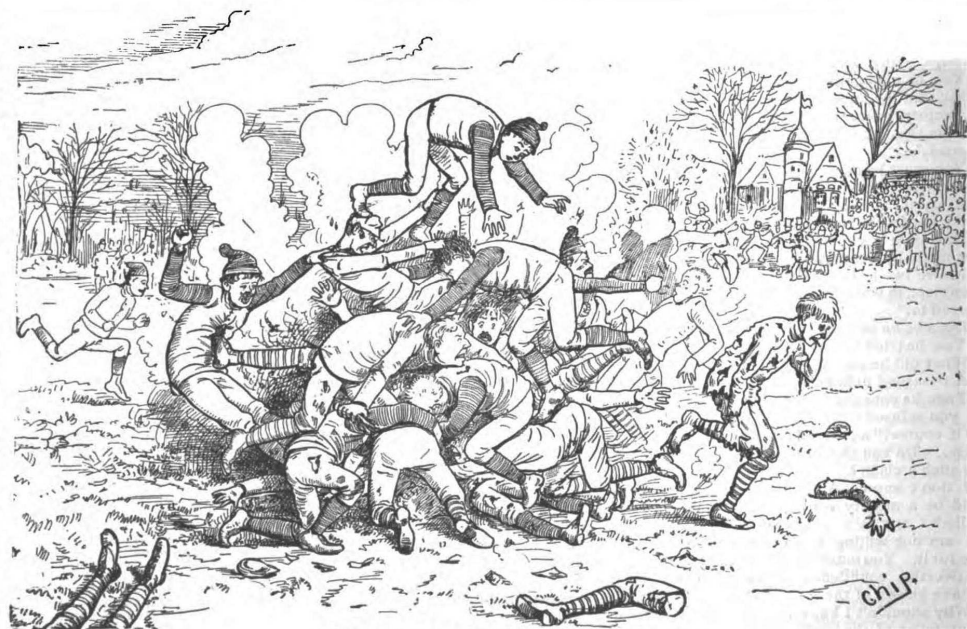
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