

# THE ARGOSY

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## A SPLIT IN THE CLUB;

### OR, RALPH MORTON'S MUTINY.

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### RALPH MORTON AND THE SPORTSMEN'S YACHT CLUB.

"I'm going to be a sailor,  
A sailor bold and free,  
To fight for my dear country  
On the dark and deep blue sea."

"I'm going to be a sailor,  
To stand beside the mast,  
To watch the rolling of the waves,  
And hear the tempest's blast."

"I'm going to be a sailor,  
To visit distant lands,  
To see the East, of wild romance,  
And stroll on foreign sands."

SO sang Ralph Morton, a young fellow nineteen years of age, dressed in a fantastic costume which was a cross between that of a Mexican dandy, a Texas cowboy and a United States naval officer, as he strolled out on the veranda of the club house and threw himself into a hammock hanging there.

Though he was singing, his looks and actions seemed to indicate that he was in a particularly disgusted frame of mind. An expression of discontent rested on his face, and he did not deign to notice, by word or look, the half dozen or more other young fellows who were lounging, in various attitudes, in chairs and on the railing of the veranda.

Ralph possessed a far from melodious voice, which was probably the reason he indulged in vocal music when anything occurred to "ruffle his feathers"; he thereby made his companions painfully aware of his discontent. He paused a moment, after he had completed the third stanza of his song, to settle himself comfortably in the swinging couch. Then significant glances were exchanged between those on the piazza, a deep groan went up, and Brandon Morton said:

"Give that calf more rope!"

"Does his mama know he's out?" added Rex Grantly, in comically solicitous tones.

"Papa take the baby, don't you hear the little dear?" sang Frank Manly.

Ralph took no notice of these gibes, but pulling his wide brimmed felt hat over his eyes, continued in even louder tones:

"I'm going to be a sailor,  
A hero's name to win  
By daring deeds of glory  
Amid the battle's din."

"I'm going to be a sailor,  
To hear the roar of guns,  
To hear the shouts of victory  
Of Columbia's bravest sons."

"I'm going to be a sailor,  
My war cry then shall be  
For honor, death or glory,  
And my country's victory."

"That's all very fine when you're singing about it, Ralph, but the reality hasn't so much music in it," laughed Brandon Morton, when the song was ended.

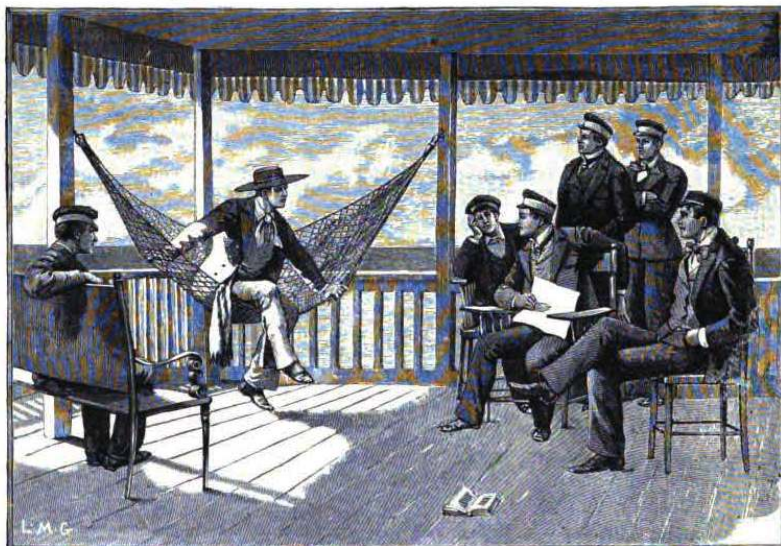
"I'll tell you what's the matter, though, there would be plenty of music of another kind, but of course you couldn't enjoy anything in which there was any excitement, and the rest of the club are no better," growled Ralph, without changing his position, or raising his hat from his face.

"If we are to get our excitement by running the chance of being blown out of the water, shot as patriots, or put in a loathsome prison, then we de-

"Look here, Ralph Morton, you know we're nothing of the kind," exclaimed Brandon impatiently; "and you've only to remember what we went through the last time we were mixed up with those Cubans, when there were no hostilities, to tell you what we could expect now in a time of actual war."

"I beg your pardon, Brandon, perhaps you're right, but I tell you I just wish it was us old Spain was fighting. Wouldn't we give the Dons a jolly thrashing?"

"What with? Our elegant navy of rotten ships and antiquated guns?" laughed Brandon.



"WHY DON'T YOU SAY YOU'RE ALL COWARDS AND NINNIES AND THAT YOU'RE AFRAID YOU'LL HEAR A GUN GO OFF?"

cidedly wouldn't enjoy it," responded Brandon emphatically.

"Oh, pshaw! there's no danger of such a thing; they wouldn't dare to intercept us."

"I suppose you have heard of the case of the Virginus, haven't you? That shows what they would dare do," added Brandon.

"Yes, of course; but that wouldn't likely happen again. I've been counting on our making this cruise to the Bahamas, and nothing else will satisfy me," replied Ralph doggedly.

"Then you will have to go alone, for I and the rest of the club have fully decided that there is too much real fighting going on in and about Cuba at present to make it healthy for us to venture anywhere near the island."

"Why don't you say you're all cowards and ninnies, and that you're afraid you'll hear a gun go off, and be done with it?" cried Ralph, in withering tones, raising himself to a sitting position in the hammock.

"Yes; and I'd be only too happy to go in one. I believe I'd lend those Cubans a hand if I had a chance."

"You'll not get the chance, Ralph, so you might as well content yourself and fall in with our plans."

"I might have had, though, if you had held out to go to the Bahamas, as we planned last year."

"There you are again, back to where you started from. It's useless to think of such a thing."

"Well, you'll have to give a fellow time to get around to your way of thinking, for it's hard to give it up."

Ralph settled himself back in the hammock again, and turned his face seaward, apparently satisfied to yield his desires to the majority, while Brandon turned on his heel and entered the club house.

The young fellows whom we have so unceremoniously introduced to the reader were all between the ages of seventeen and twenty one, and members of the Sportsmen's Yacht Club. Three of them, Brandon Morton, Ralph Morton and Rex Grantly



were cousins, and the nucleus from which sprang the organization. A number of years before, when each was just old enough to take a keen interest in such things, they had begun to make an annual vacation visit to their uncle's ranch to indulge in hunting and fishing, and to ride the latter's fine horses, of which he had a large number. Logmore Lodge, the unique name given to the ranch, was situated in extreme south-western Texas, about ten miles from the Gulf of Mexico. It was still far beyond the first advancing borders of civilization and population, and the country about it abounded with all that was necessary to gladden the heart of an ardent sportsman.

Though way out in the "great solitudes," the ranch building proper was a roomy, one story structure, constructed mainly of logs, (which probably gave it its name,) and its interior was filled with all the comforts, and not a few of the luxuries, one would expect to find only in a long and thickly settled community.

Richard Morton, or Uncle Dick, as all the boys called him, had settled there before the war between the States, after having followed a seafaring life till he was thirty five. He was one of the pioneers of the country, having gone there when nobody thought of venturing forth unarmed, and he had participated in many perilous encounters with the settlers' relentless enemy, the Comanche Indians of the plains. When the Rebellion broke out, he enlisted in the Union navy, and came out of it a captain, with many courageous actions to his credit, and not a few scars to commemorate them.

Fortunately, at the close of the war, he was able to return to his landed possessions and claim them without any trouble. Since then, his cattle and blooded stock had increased to such an extent that he was known, in the parlance of the West, as a "cattle king," and his bank account was up to the hundred thousands.

And since early in the '70's, when the last Comanche Indian had been driven over the Rio Grande to return no more, till his nephews were old enough to visit him, life at Logmore Lodge had been peaceful and quiet. But with the advent of three healthy, boisterous youngsters, there was a decided change, for either one or all of them were continually up to some mischief, or in some predicament.

Ralph soon established a reputation for utter fearlessness and recklessness, and Uncle Dick always declared he was "the most uneasy fellow in the world." And had we time to tell of the many exploits in which he was the deliberate or involuntary participator, the reader would readily believe the declaration; but when you have read what concerns him in this story, you will no doubt agree with Uncle Dick without the additional evidence.

From their sojourns at the ranch, the cousins laid in a store of robust health which was invaluable to them when they returned to their books and the school-room, and as the years passed they developed into hardy, muscular young fellows, with all the accomplishments incident to life on a cattle ranch. They were all superb horsemen, could lasso, throw and hobble, a long horn almost as quickly as the best cowboy in their uncle's services, and were unerring shots with rifle and revolver.

With them occasionally came one or more of their schoolfellows, to join in "roughing it," notably among whom were Prince Duncan and Frank Manly of New Orleans. They were particularly congenial spirits to the cousins, and the former bore a remarkable resemblance to Ralph, though he possessed none of his restlessness of spirit.

Finally, at an impromptu meeting of the cousins and their friends, and a number of other fellows who lived on ranches from fifty to a hundred miles around, the Young Sportsmen's Club was roughly organized, the principal feature of which was a grand meeting, ending up with a jollification and big hunt, each year.

Then Uncle Dick, being aware that his nephews were as much at home afloat as ashore, and were members of a yacht club back in their Eastern home, bought at a government sale, a schooner yacht, which had been confiscated for smuggling. She was quartered in a sheltered bay on the coast called Morton's Cove.

When the new yacht was started on her first cruise, manned by the cousins and their two friends from New Orleans, a series of complications ensued with the schooner of a cigar smuggler, which was an exact counterpart of their own, and they were carried off to Cuba. After a number of exciting and perilous adventures, they returned safely to the States, and then it was found that Prince Duncan was heir to a large fortune. The latter then purchased the smuggler's schooner, which had been seized by the revenue authorities, and the Young Sportsmen's Yacht Club was organized, to which was admitted all the members of the Young Sportsmen's Club.

Uncle Dick had then erected a common-union club house, on an elevation overlooking the cove and the Gulf, and the following year Prince Duncan came over from New Orleans in a handsome little steam yacht. The latter, of course, instantly took her place as the flag ship of the club, and then occurred some lively tests of speed between the two schooners.

During the same summer, a large steam yacht, commanded by her owner, Randolph Raymond, a rich young man from New York, stopped at the cove, and after a series of exciting events, in which Brandon, Ralph, Prince Duncan and Andy Raymond took part, and the latter discovered his long lost cousin, the Ulysses became enrolled as one of the club's fleet, and her young owner promised to attend the annual reunions of the club whenever it was possible.

Then a number of the members became the owners of vessels, both schooners and sloops, and the fleet expanded till it consisted of a dozen craft of all kinds. The organization having increased to such a degree, and a number of its members having reached their majority, it was decided to drop the juvenile prefix "young," and simply have it known as the Sportsmen's Yacht Club.

The year before our story opens the club had made its cruise to the southwest, ending up with a regatta and a camping out party on Lagoon Island. It was then decided by a majority of the club that their next voyage should be of a more ambitious character—that it should be extended to the Bahama Islands. But meanwhile there had commenced one of those periodical uprisings in Cuba, which promised to be more serious than any which had preceded it, and to develop into actual war with the mother country—Spain. And the day before we introduce the club, after the fleet had gone into commission by the formal hoisting of the organization's ensign and the firing of a salute from the flagship, it was decided to abandon the Bahamas as an objective point in the cruise, to avoid possible unpleasant encounters with the warring parties, and to go to the southwest as far as Vera Cruz. They were to attend the annual regatta of the Petrel Yacht Club, which was to come off at Galveston, before the start was made.

Most of the club were satisfied with

the change of programme, for they did not care to become mixed up in the contest, as they would stand a good chance of doing in making the voyage to the Bahamas. But there were several "uneasy spirits," like Ralph Morton, who thought it would be "great fun" to get within sight and sound of a real war, and though the latter had apparently given up the idea of the cruise to the eastward, we doubt if he had got entirely around to Brandon's way of thinking. But we shall see.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE STARS AND STRIPES.

"HULLO! What's that?" cried Ralph, straightening up in the hammock and shading his eyes with his hand, at the expiration of about the time it has taken us to tell the record of the Sportsmen's Yacht Club.

"That" was the sails and the dim outline of a schooner almost on the rim of the horizon.

"It can't be any of our fellows, for none of them were missing from the anchorage an hour ago," he continued; and, to convince himself he was right, he cast his eye over the assembled fleet, riding at anchor in front of the clubhouse, and counted them. They were all there—four schooners, seven sloops, and Prince Duncan's steam yacht, the Marie D.

"Hold on, Ralph; we'll take a squint at her," said a young fellow standing near, who had overheard him, and who was one of the "uneasy spirits." He stepped into the clubhouse to get a telescope.

"What do you make her, Barry?" asked Ralph, when the other had returned and adjusted the glass.

"Make her out what she is—a schooner," grinned Barry Oakes in an aggravating way.

"Pshaw! You know what I mean. Give me the glass—" began Ralph impatiently.

"Well, she's a stranger, that's certain—doesn't belong in these parts," added Barry quickly, "and it's equally certain she's a yacht, for her sails are white as snow, and I can see the glint of brass-work in the sunlight."

"I'll tell you what's the matter. I'll wager it's some of the fellows from the Galveston Club coming down to see us and to act as a convoy of honor when our fleet sails," exclaimed Ralph, as he took the glass and inspected the approaching stranger with increased interest.

"But she has no ensign at her gaff, and if she was one of the Petrels she'd have her colors flying," he added doubtfully, a moment after. "And, by George, she hasn't got a flag or streamer of any kind."

"But she's a yacht just the same," interrupted Barry positively.

"Yes," corroborated Ralph, as he noted the points his companion had reported, and on which he based his opinion.

And he noted something else. The stranger carried an unusual spread of canvas for the size of her hull, and though the wind was blowing only a fair sailing breeze, she flew along as if impelled by half a gale. She was undoubtedly making for Morton's Cove.

Long before she reached a position off the cove she attracted the attention of most of the young yachtsmen, and Ralph and Barry Oakes, in their eagerness to learn the identity of the stranger, had rushed down stairs and out on the long wharf, which projected into the cove in front of the clubhouse.

The schooner came up "with a bone in her teeth," like a great white winged bird, and reached the headlands of the cove in an incredibly short time. As she rounded to she was a sight to stir

the blood of the most confirmed old yacht racer, and she elicited many expressions of admiration from the assembled yachtsmen.

As her sails came down, and the loosened anchor whisked through the hawse hole with a clinking rattle, there was a puff of smoke from her port bow, and the report of a gun reverberated among the neighboring cliffs.

The salute was promptly answered from the flagship Marie D., on which Commodore Duncan happened to be at the time.

Before the new arrival could lower a boat to board the flagship, as it was evident her crew had started to do, a light Whitehall boat, with Ralph and Barry Oakes at the oars, was well on its way to board her, Ralph did not feel he was doing anything not in strict accordance with club etiquette, for, as indicated by the crossed anchors on the sleeve of his pea jacket, he held the rank of fleet captain. But perhaps it would have been a more dignified proceeding to have first allowed the stranger to pay his respects to the commodore.

As the backs of Ralph and his companions were turned toward the vessel which they were approaching, they had no opportunity to spect her till they had got quite near her and rested on their oars to check their progress.

Then their admiration for her speed was changed into positive astonishment at the unusual and ungainly lines of her hull. She sat rather higher out of the water than usual with vessels of her class and length, creating the impression that she was cranked, and while her stem had a tremendous overhang (that is, it reached a considerable distance amidships before it struck the water), most of the balance of her length was taken up by her sharp bow, which was of the ram pattern, her forefoot projecting under water nearly three feet forward of the top of her stem. She certainly had a long, lean, homely form, which impression was deepened by the funeral black it was painted. But, with it all, there was an aspect of stealthy speed about her which one could not locate definitely. As evidenced by the great length of her masts and spars, she carried a tremendous spread of sail. She had a cabin of rather contracted dimensions situated well amidships. Most of her space inboard was taken up by the standing room, which could accommodate about a score of persons.

When Ralph had noted some of these things he characterized the stranger as being "as homely as a New England old maid's Sunday morning expression of countenance." However homely this may be, perhaps she will again prove the truth of the adage that "handsome is as handsome does," but this remains to be proven in this case.

After his inspection, Ralph gently guided their rowboat to the main channels of the schooner, and while Barry was securing the painter to the laneyard rove through a deadeye, he leaped on her deck.

"I beg your pardon, Captain—" began Ralph, as he raised his brigandish looking wide brimmed hat from his head in salute, and approached a thick set, middle aged man, who differed in dress from the three other men standing around only in the fact that he wore a cap.

"Bentrick Byfield, at your service—Captain Ben," replied the skipper, with a twinkle in his eye, for Ralph had correctly interpreted the rank the cap indicated. "In charge of the yacht Stars and Stripes at present," he added.

"I'm fleet captain of the Sportsmen's Yacht Club, and thought you might be one of the club from Galveston," explained Ralph, as he was joined by Barry.



"Where do you hail from?" joined in the latter.

"Glad to meet you. No, we don't belong to any yacht club yet," responded Captain Ben slowly, the good humored expression increasing about his eyes and extending over his face; "but there's no telling what we may do before we get out of these waters. We have no port to hail from at present, though we are just from New York this trip."

"New York!" repeated Ralph and Barry, in astonishment, in doubt whether to be more amazed at the skipper's strange answer, or the fact of such a vessel (which they had already decided was not a good sea boat,) making such a long voyage. And then they thought of the insurrection in Cuba, and wondered that the captain had ventured near there.

"Didn't you see anything of the row in Cuba on your way out?" added Barry.

"Nothing more than a Spanish man of war a hundred miles southeast of Santiago, but she did nothing more than to ask us to show our colors. We were careful to give the island a wide berth."

"But I shouldn't think this thing would have stood the blows you must have met coming down," continued Ralph.

"This thing," chuckled the captain, evidently amused. "That's nothing. I've crossed the Atlantic in a smaller craft than this, though this one was built more for speed than anything else."

"She certainly wasn't built for beauty, that's a fact," laughed Ralph. "I never saw anything like her before."

"And you never will—in speed—in these waters," rejoined Captain Ben confidently.

"Why don't you fly your colors?" asked Barry. "The national flag is a very appropriate one for your vessel."

"I know; but we have a prettier one than that, we think," chuckled the captain. "But I must see your commodore before we go into commission. That's his vessel off there with the two full anchors crossed on the club ensign, isn't it?" he asked.

On receiving an affirmative answer he ordered the schooner's yawl, and without extending an invitation to Ralph and Barry to remain until his return, was rowed to the flagship.

"Queer fish, isn't he, Barry?" commented Ralph in low tones, after he had gone, as they both glanced curiously about the decks of the schooner.

"Yes; mighty mysterious about his vessel. Perhaps he is going to enter her as the 'Great Unknown' in the regatta," responded Barry.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Ralph as he walked forward, "she's got two eighteen pounders, one on each side. Looks like she was meant for more serious business than yacht racing. And I declare! they are just like those we saw on the Ulysses last year."

The two yachtsmen examined the shining pieces of ordnance with much interest, and extended their scrutiny to the finishing and furnishing of the craft, the former of which was entirely of hard wood, and the latter of the richest and most luxurious kind. She was undoubtedly built for a pleasure boat and a racer. But they saw nothing that could give them any more information than the skipper had already imparted.

In fifteen minutes Commodore Duncan was put aboard the new arrival by Captain Byfield and his boat's crew, and the two members of the club saluted their superior officer.

"How do you like her, Mr. Fleet Captain?" greeted the latter, turning to Ralph with a particularly pleased expression on his face.

"She's very pretty when you get aboard of her, Mr. Commodore, but her hull, from the outside, looks like the hump on a camel, and in a gale of wind I'm afraid her crew would have to part their hair in the middle to keep from going over."

"Would you like to see her sail, Mr. Commodore?" interposed the skipper, disdaining to notice Ralph's disparaging criticism.

"There isn't wind enough to show what a boat of this size can do," objected Ralph, who had noticed that even the fair sailing breeze that had brought the Stars and Stripes in with such speed had almost entirely died out.

"Plenty; this schooner was built to sail whether there is any wind or not," laughed the captain.

"A truly remarkable craft," smiled the commodore.

"That's what I told you she was," added the skipper, as he gave orders to his crew to get under way.

"Hold on," interposed the commodore, "we'll give you something to have a trial with."

He made a sort of trumpet with his hands, and shouted to those on board two of the schooners anchored near—the Bianca and Smuggler—to get under way. The Smuggler was the fastest sailer in the club.

Captain Byfield delayed the operation of making sail till the two schooners were under full canvas, had slipped their cables, and were standing out of the cove.

"Those are heavy weather craft," commenced the captain, as he took the wheel of his vessel, "slow and clumsy."

"We think not. They will beat anything between here and Galveston," responded the commodore.

"That may be true, too—before we arrived; but nevertheless they are slow and unwieldy. The Stars isn't a heavy weather boat, though I've come all the way from New York in her. No doubt either one of those fellows could beat her in a gale of wind, but in any ordinary wind she will sail all around them, and keep doing it all week."

When the Stars and Stripes reached the entrance to the cove, a light air struck the upper part of her sails, and she shot out into the Gulf. Her two opponents were tacking off shore, not going over a knot an hour, in the light wind that came in fitful zephyrs from the southwest.

Certainly it would not be remarkable if any boat did not make much progress in such a light air, but the Stars and Stripes forged out into the Gulf as if propelled by a five knot breeze.

"Now haul in on those sheets, men," ordered the captain, as he put his helm down and pointed to overhaul the schooners.

"I'll tell you what's the matter, she walks off like a steamer," commented Ralph, certainly astonished at the speed of the stranger when there was so little propelling force.

"I told you we didn't need any wind," chuckled the captain.

"Now you will see we are on the same reach as the schooners, and at least a mile astern of them," he continued.

"Every bit of it," affirmed Ralph.

"The wind is rising a little," continued the captain, as a gentle flaw struck the huge sails of the schooner, heeled her over considerably, and caused her to shoot ahead as if she was really being propelled by a screw.

She actually seemed to skim the water like a bird. In less than twenty minutes she overhauled the two schooners in succession, and forged by them as if they had been at anchor.

The breeze freshened a little as she got further out, and she increased her speed. The captain brought her about,

after passing his opponents, and after standing across their bows, took a long reach, and then, close hauled, passed astern of them, thus sailing completely around them.

Sid Brentwood, the captain and owner of the Smuggler, was even more astonished, if that were possible, at the speed of the stranger, than the other members of the yacht club on board of her, for, as we have said, his yacht was the fastest in the organization, and he was counting on the first prize at the coming regatta in Galveston.

"Just let me have a trial at her when there's a decent wind blowing," observed Sid to his crew, much chagrined.

"Hello, Sid! How are you?" yelled Ralph, as they passed the Smuggler's stern.

"What schooner is that?" asked Sid. Ralph gave the desired information, and in a few moments was out of hearing.

"I hope you are satisfied she is a remarkable boat, Mr. Commodore," observed Captain Byfield, as he shaped his course for the cove.

"Perfectly."

"But she's only a light weather sailer," interposed Ralph.

"Of course; she wouldn't carry these sails in a gale of wind, but with several tons of ballast put into her she would be stiff enough for any weather I'd care to go out in."

In a few moments the Stars and Stripes passed into the cove again, and as she came up to her anchor one of the guns forward belched forth a salute, and a ball of bunting was run up to her gaff.

Ralph and Barry watched the latter with much curiosity, and as the flag was loosened and straightened out, they were astonished and mystified to see their own club's ensign floating to the breeze.

They turned simultaneously toward the captain to ask for an explanation, when the latter drew a portentous envelope from his pocket, and extending it toward Prince Duncan, who was not in the least moved, said:

"Commodore Duncan, in the name of Mr. Randolph Raymond, of New York and the steam yacht Ulysses, I have the honor to present to the Sportsmen's Yacht Club the schooner Stars and Stripes, to be your joint property and defend the prestige of your flag."

Ralph's jaw dropped, his eyes expanded, and for a few moments he was so filled with amazement and excitement, he could only gaze from one to the other of those present in silence.

"I was ahead of you this time, Ralph," laughed the commodore, who had been prepared for the magnificent gift when Captain Byfield visited him on the flagship.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### THE TRIAL OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

IF Ralph and Barry were mystified by the unfurling of the yacht club's ensign at the stranger's gaff, some of the other members, who were not aboard of her, were even more so, though a number of them thought the action was merely intended as one of courtesy.

You may be sure many questions were showered upon the trio when they went ashore, but, under the direction of the commodore, Ralph and Barry gave no explanatory answers. This they had readily agreed to, because they had been got ahead of by the commodore in the great secret, and they wished to astonish the rest of the fellows.

The signal for the various skippers in the fleet to assemble at the clubhouse was run up on the flag staff. As soon as they had gathered, a formal presentation of the Stars and Stripes to the club by Captain Byfield took place, and amid much enthusiasm, during which

three cheers were given for the donor, resolutions of thanks were drafted and passed, which were to be perpetuated in the highest style of the penman's art. And when the captain concluded with the announcement that Captain Andy Raymond and the Ulysses would probably arrive in a day or two, the tumult of cheers was renewed.

An impromptu banquet followed, given to the captain and his crew, and much "boat brag" was indulged in by the nautical youngsters.

Though they had all witnessed the remarkable performance of the new acquisition sailing around the two fastest schooners in the fleet, they were all, without a single exception, skeptical as to what she could do in a stiff sailing breeze. As Captain Byfield had said, the club's schooners were heavy weather craft, and as for that matter, so were the sloops. What would be a fair sailing breeze for them, in which they could carry all sail, and even a gaff topsail would, no doubt, be too much for the Stars and Stripes.

"Just let me catch you out when the wind blows," repeated Sid Brentwood of the Smuggler, "and I'll show you our wake. She sails very well without any wind, but you know all of our regattas have been held in a stiff breeze, and it isn't likely this one will be an exception."

The consequence was, that from that time till the regatta, most of the yachtsmen, especially those of the fast sailers, were hoping for "a regular snorter." Certainly a stiff wind would make the most interesting and exciting race.

Before the meeting broke up, Frank Manly, the rear commodore of the club, was unanimously chosen captain of the Stars and Stripes for the current season, and until it could be satisfactorily decided as to how the post could be filled impartially in the future.

Captain Manly at once selected Ralph Morton, who was not attached to any particular portion of the fleet, as his sailing master. The latter was really the best all round yachtsman in the club, and when he could not get speed out of a boat there was no use trying. He had not held any of the official positions, with the high sounding titles, within the gift of the club, because of his propensity to get into scrapes, though he had been captain of the Beppo the year before, and was now the fleet captain. But when he came near sending a number of the old members to the bottom in the Beppo, by attempting to sail her single handed in a gale of wind, the command was taken away from him, and the position of fleet captain was given to him, in which he had general supervision of all (but not direct command of any single one) of the vessels in the fleet, and the general direction of all regattas.

It was a noticeable fact that when Ralph selected his crew, all of the "un-easy fellows" in the club, who were always with him in his schemes, were among them, and Barry Oakes was made his first mate.

Ralph immediately became enthusiastic about the Stars and Stripes, and transferred his allegiance from the Smuggler, which had been his favorite, to the homely schooner. One of his first thoughts on taking charge of her was Captain Byfield's suggestion, that the addition of several tons of ballast would make a weatherly craft of her, for he was determined she should not be left in the coming regatta, even though it should blow "great guns," if he could do anything to make her stanch as well as swift.

What should he ballast her with, and where would he get it? Those were questions which must be answered before the day of the regatta, but he lit-



tle imagined that the final answering of them would be productive of the most astonishing developments, and lead up to a train of exciting and perilous events, that would far surpass any in which he had ever been concerned.

The next day was "ladies' day" in the opening ceremonies of the club, and as an unusually large number of "maidens fair" had gathered from far and near, the jolly tars were kept busy most of the day entertaining them; and it must be said they performed this duty equally as well as they could sail a boat, which is saying a good deal.

In the afternoon Ralph proposed a trial of the new acquisition to the club, of which he was now proud to say he was the sailing master, with his own crew, unassisted by Captain Byfield or his men, and invited a number of ladies and gentlemen to accompany them. But as a lively breeze was blowing, and they had heard considerable talk about the Stars and Stripes not being a weatherly boat, only one of the gentler sex accepted the invitation.

Uncle Dick was there, and of course he *must* go, and then there was Miss Frankie Neil, the courageous young lady among the female guests, for whom Ralph had a decided preference, who was only too glad to go, on account of her love for things aquatic, if for no other reason. Though she was the only lady in the party, Uncle Dick was her escort, and he seemed more of an uncle to her than if he had been one in fact. And Commodore Duncan, together with Vice Commodore Brandon Morton and Rear Commodore Grantly, completed the party.

Under the sailing master's orders, the Stars and Stripes was soon got under way and stood out to sea. The schooner answered her helm beautifully, and Ralph was pleased with her. The wind was rather fresh, with every promise of rising. It would have been only a fair sailing breeze for the heavy weather boats, but it was as much as the Stars and Stripes could stand up under.

Ralph headed her toward Otter Point, and covered the ten miles in forty five minutes, which was about at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour. But it was decidedly plain to the young sailing master that she could not carry all sail if the wind should continue to rise, for she now already rolled and twisted in what would have been only an ordinary wind for the other boats in the club.

The wind was southwest, and soon began to freshen; and when he went out from the shelter of the Point, to come about on the return trip, a flaw struck the schooner and nearly knocked her over. The water poured into the standing room, and washed half across her forward deck.

Though a courageous woman, Miss Neil could not suppress a scream, as she hung to Uncle Dick's arm. But Ralph succeeded in bringing the schooner up in the wind in safety, and returned to the shelter of the point to put a reef in her mainsail. Under this shortened sail she went along very well, though the waves from under the lee of the bluff were choppy and lashed to foam.

The Stars and Stripes rose buoyantly as a duck, lifted her ram-like nose over the waves, and darted ahead at a surprising speed. Before she reached the cove another reef had to be taken in her fore and mainsails.

She was certainly not a heavy weather boat, as Captain Byfield had said.

The wind had now risen to half a gale, and Ralph determined to stand off shore to see "just how much she could stand," feeling confident he could keep her right side up by coming up in the wind and letting off sheets.

But she made only tolerable weather of it, and as she wobbled, creaked and groaned, he wondered how she had ever come all the way from New York in all kinds of weather. He could not bear her to windward with any degree of success, and he knew that was the heavy weather crafts' best point of sailing.

Ralph then realized that he was doomed to be laughed at if the regatta took place in a lively breeze, as it was very plain that the schooner was built only for speed in light or moderate weather. And again he thought of the only remedy, as suggested by Captain Byfield, of putting several tons of ballast in her, and decided he would load her down with boulders from Otter Point if nothing else was available.

He had about reached this conclusion, and was admiring Miss Neil, who stood almost directly in front of him, dressed in a natty nautical costume, when an unusually violent flaw struck the schooner.

Ralph threw his wheel over, to ease her off and bring her up to the wind, but not as promptly as he would have done had he not been paying eloquent, though silent, homage to Miss Neil.

"Ease off your fore and main sheets!" he cried at the same time to his crew.

The Stars and Stripes flew around, and heeled over at an alarming angle.

The foresheet was let out promptly, thus removing part of the strain, but for some reason the mainsheet could not be cast loose from the cleat. Several of the crew were fumbling at it, but it was evident it had got into a snarl.

Another flaw struck the schooner, and Ralph saw at once that he could not bring her up to the wind without going over if the mainsail was not eased off.

"Cut loose that main sheet!" he yelled, with energy, "or we'll go over sure as guns."

The two members of the crew working at the taut and tangled rope raised themselves upright, and glanced toward the sailing master, a dismayed and helpless expression on their faces, while barrels full of water began pouring over into the standing room of the schooner. It did not seem possible that anything could be done to avert the impending calamity.

(To be continued.)

## AN HOUR'S SURPRISES.

BY HUGH PENWORTHY.

IT was half past two on a crisp November afternoon when a crowd of well dressed boys came swarming out of the Butler Latin School—a leading private institution of New York City.

Against the area railing stood a roughly clad young man who, while keeping a vigilant eye up and down the street for the appearance of a policeman, was distributing sample copies of a sensational story paper in violation of a city ordinance. Most of the boys did not seem to care about looking at the sheet, copies of which strewed the pavement far and wide, but a lot of them pushed and struggled around the "agent," to the great danger of his lower ribs.

Just as the man was giving out his last copies, and the crowd was dispersing, two belated young fellows came down the steps. They were each about seventeen years of age, and, from their size and the fact that neither carried more than one text book, they must certainly have been upper classmen, for it seems the higher a boy climbs in school the less books does his dignity allow him to display.

These two young chaps, both fair and inclined to resemble each other, were, like the rest, very nicely dressed and they had a certain graceful carriage, with that confident, self contained air

which bespeaks good breeding. The heavier of the two was talking so earnestly to the other that, as he left the lowest steps, he ran full into the paper distributor who was just moving off.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed the boy.

"Come off, young fellow! Why don't you keep yer blinkers open, eh?" was the surly response.

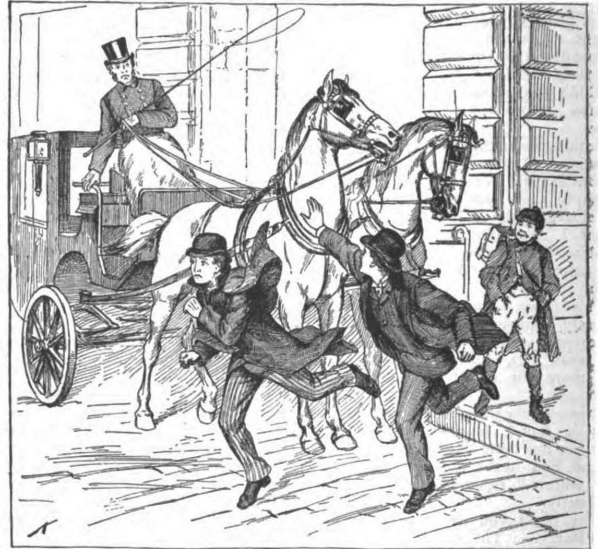
"Tough looking customer that," said the boy as the individual in question slouched along ahead of them toward Fifth Avenue.

"But as I was going to say," he continued, "the same idea must have oc-

eral of the fellows had girls up with them, looking on while we practiced. When I was hurrying through before stripping I got a sort of three quarter back hair view of a girl standing by the railing. I recognized her as Miss Sloane—do you know her?"

"Not I."

"That is your loss! When I got into my rig and came out on the track there she was with her escort sitting in the shaded stand where I could not get a clear view of her face, though I hadn't any doubt as to who she was. So, while I was doing my practice mile I caught her eye and bowed, she returning the



THEY DODGED UNDER THE HORSES' HEADS AND DARTED ACROSS THE AVENUE.

curred to Clint and myself at the same instant, for we each started for the other's house the moment it flashed on us, and we met just half way between."

"That was curious—coincidences usually are," commented the other.

"I should say so! And they seem to be running my way all the time, too."

"Well, I guess that's because you are sort of looking for them and know one when you see it—half the people don't." At this point they turned down the avenue and the first speaker abruptly changed the subject.

"But I say! why weren't you up at the track yesterday afternoon!"

"I just had to get up that geometry; I had already let it slide for a couple of days, and I found I was getting into lumpy water."

"That's all very well for the geometry, but let me tell you, Tom Burleigh, that you've got to work your little hardest if you want to capture the hundred and the two twenty on the 25th, for that fellow Dobbs is coming right along and—"

"Let me tell you, Fred Bradish, that I know my man like a book. I can lead him ten yards in the hundred; as to the two twenty—if it were twenty yards further he'd beat me, for I can't last beyond that, but there isn't a man in the Association can hold me on the home-stretch!"

"All right, old man; you know your business; I thought you might need the tip."

"Trust me!"

"But, I say! you ought to have been up at the track yesterday, if only to see me put my foot in it."

"In what—track soft?"

"No, no! this is the way it was. Sev-

salute, you understand, with apparent cordiality.

"Finally, when I had dressed I hurried out to speak to her, because, between you and me, I was a little nervous about the new fellow with her. They were just going out of the gate. I rushed up alongside, said 'How do you do, Miss Sloane,' and I'm hanged if it wasn't a strange girl all the while. Of course I got a cold stare from a mighty pretty face, though not as pretty as the one I expected. What knocked me out is that she seemed to have just the build and trim of Miss Sloane and a coat with a peculiar kind of trimming with gold threads run through it, that I have often admired on Miss Sloane. I tell you, Tom, *there's* a fine girl! You ought to know her—shan't I take you up some evening?"

"Not if I know it, thank you all the same. I've got all I care for in that line just now."

"Who is it?"

"Miss Nanette Corson. My! but isn't she a beauty! Besides, she's just as bright as she can be. I think *you'd* better go out with me some night, Fred. What do you say?"

While the boys were carrying on this conversation a brougham passed them and drew up before the porcelain shop on the next corner half a block away. A graceful young girl stepped out and entered the store.

As both boys were looking at that moment at a passing tally ho they had not noticed this ordinary incident, but Fred Bradish brought his eyes to a right line just in time to see part of the side face of the young girl as she disappeared within the door.

"Did you see that?" he asked eagerly.



"That was Miss Sloane. I can't be mistaken this time, though I only got a glimpse of her. When I saw the full face of the unknown one yesterday I found there was, after all, not the slightest resemblance."

"Look there, Fred! What is that fellow at?" broke in Tom Burleigh, pinching Fred's arm. The latter looked and saw a rough figure close to the vacant carriage looking into its window, while the stiff English coachman, whose pride it was that he could sit or stand for six hours without turning his head or eyes the least bit, was perfectly oblivious of the suspicious stranger. The latter glanced down the avenue and saw no one but a little bootblack approaching; then he glanced up the avenue and saw two slim boys nearly half a block away, and then—

"See that, Tom! He's got his arm through the window—by Jupiter! he's gone off with a package?"

It was so. The young lady had left several trophies of a shopping tour in the vehicle; she sneaked then, with a keen judgment in matters of the kind, had selected the smallest, principally because it looked solid and square, for all the world like a box from the jeweler's. Seizing this he had slipped around the rear carriage to keep out of the coachman's range, and was going directly across the avenue when Fred foolishly let a cry escape him. The thief looked around and saw the two youths starting for him at full split. He turned and ran down the few feet between him and the corner and disappeared. But the boys were after him. They ran past the carriage, dodged close under the horses' heads and cut across the avenue eastward. The English Jehu was actually startled when his horses suddenly reared their heads, and he saw a slender strippling with flying cape dart out from under their noses, followed by a heavier youth, who seemed to be addressing no other than coachy himself when he turned and cried:

"Wait—back in a minute!"

"What bloomin' row is this," he thought, as he resumed his stiffness and his stare, not having seen the thief turn on the other side of the avenue.

The boys were in for it, heart and soul. Tom Burleigh, the sprinter, easily took the lead, though closely followed by Fred Bradish, the long distance champion of Butler's; but the thief was no novice, either. Fred was gaining a yard in three, but they were sixty yards apart. Harder and harder it came; shorter and shorter became the gap; the next avenue was close—a last spurt! three yards!—two!—one!—a grasp—the touch of a coarse threadbare coat—and—

"Missed, by Jupiter!" panted Tom, who had reached his limit, while Fred sailed by, fresh as butter. Tom kept on at a trot watching the chase. The thief was tiring—Fred was saving himself; he was gaining easily, as the tough saw when he half glanced around. He laid his head back on his shoulders and strained every nerve. No use! He heard Fred nearing—close to him—abreast! Why did he not lay hold? Fred had played football; he got fully abreast, turned slightly and leaped, throwing an arm around the thief's neck—there was a jerk and down they both came, Fred's feet under the other's body. The box flew out of the sneak's hand clean into the middle of the street.

There was a struggle, and the thief was up and away again, while Fred rose with an eye on the precious token of victory, which he picked up just as Tom came along.

"Well, Fred, you're the better thief taker," said Tom, "with your wind and endurance."

"I didn't take him all the same," re-

sponded Fred. "You yourself did the super running in overhauling him with your coat on and—I say! didn't you have a book?"

"Yes, that same geometry, but I dropped it at the start."

"So did I with my book. But we must hurry—ah! I think I see those horses' noses there yet."

The young lady had made her purchase in the shop and was closing the carriage door behind her, when a flushed, good looking face suddenly appeared with uncovered head at the window, impetuously exclaiming:—

"So happy, Miss Sloane to—" then a blank look with much mortification. "I beg your pardon, this is the second time I have been guilty of a mistake. My friend and I just—" a second flushed face, bearing a sort of resemblance to the first, appeared at the window. There was a quick flash of recognition and Tom Burleigh put his arm in to take the hand extended to him, as he exclaimed:—

"It seems I am the happy man, Fred. Miss Corson, may I present my friend Mr. Bradish, to whom you are indebted for a small service. Now, go ahead, Fred."

Fred's vexation passed like a summer cloud; he handed back the box, and explained the incident to the astonished owner of the package.

"Mr. Bradish, you have done more than you thought and I am mortified to think of my own carelessness, which made your trouble necessary. This box contains my mother's solitary earrings which I was taking to Tiffany's for remounting. Just suppose you hadn't—" it almost made Miss Corson feel faint to think of the possibility. "Won't you both call on me tonight and let me thank you as I should?"

"As for my share, Miss Corson, please hold that back to offset my stupidity and rudeness in twice mistaking you for my friend, Miss Sloane."

"Not at all; that was not nearly so bad as my carelessness today. But that reminds me to say, Mr. Burleigh, that I expected you to come out to the stand and speak to me yesterday; in fact I waited just a little longer than I should have."

"The track? Yesterday? I was not at the Oval yesterday."

"Why, Mr. Burleigh! where is your memory? Don't you remember bowing to me as you were running? And when I acknowledged the bow you waved your hand."

"Really, Miss Corson, I—"

"Pardon me, Tom, I am the happy man this time. While I mistook Miss Corson for another, I in turn was mistaken for you. I don't know but what that evens us up, Miss Corson."

"Indeed, I am so confused I cannot follow this at all. You certainly must call on me tonight and we will balance accounts."

"Only too glad to get into your books even as a debtor, Miss Corson," was the farewell complement of the gallant Fred as the brougham started down toward Tiffany's.

It is impossible to say what would have become of the books the boys had dropped at the outset of the chase had it not been for the little bootblack; he had picked them up when the boys ran off, and during the conversation at the carriage door he had stood close by listening with open mouth to a conversation which was probably as Greek to him. In fact the boys were so dazed by the curious surprises and excitements of the hour that they would probably have forgotten even to look for the books.

The little gamin, however, thrust these into their hands and was made happy with a nickel. Then the following conversation took place.

"Fred, did I understand you to say that the face you saw yesterday was not as pretty as your friend's?"

"Er—did I say that, Tom?" replied Fred absently. Then there was a long pause.

"But I say, Tom! Talking of coincidences—eh?"

"Yes, rather curious."

"So many of them, too. The girl I mistook for Miss Sloane yesterday I meet today—that's one. Then the girl I bow to by mistake, bows to me for somebody else—that's two. Then the somebody else and myself are friends—that's three. Then there's that fellow—"

"What fellow?"

"The thief—didn't you recognize him?"

"I haven't any acquaintance in that line."

"Why, man, that was the fellow I ran into up at the school."

(This story began in No. 466.)

## BLAZING ARROW,

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

BRIGHAM EDWARDS and his wife, whose home is in Tipton, Kentucky, have gone to visit some friends living about one hundred miles further east. It is arranged that their son, Wharton, an Irish lad, Larry Murphy, who lives with them, shall meet them on their return at the block house, situated fifty miles from Tipton. On the way they fall in with a settler who has been wounded to the death by the Indians. He tells them that the Shawanoes are on the war path, Blazing Arrow being with them. Blazing Arrow is the famous runner of the tribe. This is a branch of athletics in which Wharton Edwards also excels. On learning that the Indians are roaming the country between Tipton and the block house, Wharton feels that he must warn his friends of the danger in the way.

To do this with the best chance of success the boys separate and it is not long before Wharton falls in with Blazing Arrow, between whom and himself there then ensues a race, which is one for life by the white boy. He manages to outdistance his pursuer, however, and then seeks to rejoin Larry. But the next person he meets is Blazing Arrow again.

Larry, meanwhile, while wandering about the country in the darkness, tumbles into a cavity in which he presently discovers there is some other living creature.

### CHAPTER XI.

IN A CORNER.

LARRY MURPHY'S first thought, when he found he had stumbled into something in the nature of a cave, was that it might serve him as a refuge or a fort in the impending fight with the Shawanoes, who were certainly beginning to crowd him hard.

The night being fully come, his eyes were of little use, but the sense of feeling told him that he had stumbled down an abrupt incline, perhaps a rod in length and into a cavern in the rocks, of whose extent he could form no idea. It might be only a few feet, or it might extend backward or to the right or left until its ramifications equaled those of the Mammoth Cave, afterwards discovered at no great distance from that very spot.

He was debating the question with himself when a figure appeared at the head of the short incline down which he had stumbled. There was just enough arrowy moonlight reaching that portion of the rocks for him to identify the huge lumbering mass as that of an immense bear.

He had his rifle at his shoulder, with the intention of letting fly at him as he came head on, when the thought that the Shawanoes were so near that they would hear the report caused him to hesitate. If they were near enough to appear before he could get away he would be caught in a bad fix, knowing nothing of the cave, and with no chance to get food or water.

Still, he could not stand still and allow the brute to make a supper upon him, and, plucky as he was he had no

wish to fight him alone with his hunting knife.

He thought and acted quickly. He resolutely walked backward several paces in the cave at the risk of breaking his neck. His extended hands told him that the space was wide, and he moved silently to the right so as to be out of the path of the animal, provided he followed anything like a direct course.

The enormous beast swung along in his heavy fashion and was in the act of entering the cavern, when he stopped, emitted a grunting snort and abruptly withdrew. He had scented something wrong, and did not intend to rush head-long into danger.

The act of the bear disconcerted Larry for the moment. Standing within the cavern, he could have fired his gun with little risk of the report being heard outside. That was one of his motives in retreating, willing to let the animal alone if he would be equally considerate, but not afraid to fire the moment it was necessary.

But Bruin not only withdrew from the entrance to the cavern, but clambered up the incline to a point where he could not be seen by the youth. The discovery on his part that some intruder was in his home had doubtless decided him to have it out in the open air, rather than in the dark.

This was a wise proceeding on the part of the animal, which is rarely capable of anything of that nature, and it outwitted the Irish lad—an exploit not often achieved by others.

He could not leave the cavern without following the bear up the incline and bringing about a collision, for he was certain the beast was lurking near, with the intention of attacking him.

After some delay he moved softly toward the opening of the cavern to gain a view of the exterior, which was faintly lit up in places by moonlight. He could see nothing, and he hesitated to venture out, through fear that, despite its size, the bear would pounce upon him before he could defend himself.

The brave youth, however, fully understood his grave situation. So long as he remained within the cavern he might as well be a thousand miles away, for all the help he could give his friend. Instead of assisting Wharton Edwards, he was in need of assistance himself.

Knowing the patience with which most wild animals will await the descent of treed game, he believed this bear would remain on the outside through the night or perhaps a portion of the next day, with the probability that even then the prisoner would have to make a fight of it before he could get away. This was more than Larry could stand, and he did not mean to wait.

If the bear was really lying on the outside he was not so near the top of the incline that the youth did not have some chance of eluding him without firing a gun.

Furthermore, if he was obliged to discharge his rifle, it was by no means likely that any of the Shawanoes were so close that they could rush to the spot before he would have the opportunity of getting away. He had already stood within an arm's reach of them, as may be said, without discovery; and, although that was because they had no suspicion of the fact, yet the favoring night, it would seem, ought to give him all the hope he could ask.

"At any rate," he concluded, "I've stayed here as long as I intend to, and now I'll take my departure."

### CHAPTER XII.

THE COOING OF A DOVE.

LARRY MURPHY having decided on his course of action, followed it out with his usual promptness. With his rifle grasped in his right hand,



and his body slightly crouching, he began climbing the incline which led to the level ground above. This was so steep that when he stumbled at the top in the first place, he rolled all the way to the bottom, but with care he could make his way up or down without falling.

The stillness was profound,—the sound of the falls being dull and faint, as though they were miles distant in the depth of the wilderness. Though the fierce Shawanoes were prowling in the darkness among the trees, not a rustling leaf betrayed their presence.

Near the top of the slope he sank on his hands and knees and advanced inch by inch. The bear, as we have stated, is not famous for his sagacity, but at times, he shows a remarkable cunning, and this specimen was not likely to let his supper walk away without causing some trouble.

As the lad's head came to a level with the surface, he crouched still lower, and advanced a little further. This gave him the "purchase" he wanted. Then sitting on his heels, he brought his gun around to the front, the hammer up and the weapon held with both hands. In this position it could be fired the instant needed.

He now slowly raised his head and peered intently in all directions. His height was sufficient to allow him to see all about him, but the intense gloom rendered his eyes almost useless. It was impossible for him to identify any object.

Fancying that he might be able to detect Bruin's breathing in the stillness, he listened for a few seconds, but was unable to hear anything. He was now on the threshold as may be said, and it was useless to wait longer.

He assumed the upright position, stepped away from the incline for several paces, and then stopped. He meant to do this with a certain dignity, and fully expected that it would compel the bear to uncover himself, so that he would know where to fire.

He began his effort well, but in the darkness he could not observe the obstructions in his way. So, when at his most dignified point, an obtruding boulder sent him sprawling over it.

He was not hurt and when he pulled himself together, and with his weapon ready, stared about in the gloom, he not only saw but heard nothing.

And then the odd truth dawned upon him. There was no bear near and had not been for some time past.

The animal, after his hurried retreat up the incline, on discovering the intruder in his home, had not lain down to pounce upon him as he came forth, as that intruder suspected, but had lumbered off into the woods, apparently as anxious to get away from the young hunter, as the latter was to keep out of his reach.

Larry had waited a long time in the cavern before making this venture, and naturally he was chagrined on learning the truth.

"It's a big lot of valuable time wasted," he muttered.

He was now once more free to do as he chose, but without any clear idea of what course to take. His whole anxiety was to find his friend Wharton Edwards and give him what help he could, if he stood in need of it, but where to look for him, he knew no more than the earth's satellite.

Ah! through the cool hush of the summer night a soft, almost inaudible sound reached him. It was the faint, tremulous cooing of the wild dove, but so low, timid and flute-like, that the bird seemed to mean it should be heard only in its immediate vicinity.

The heart of Larry Murphy gave a quick throb. That was the call he and

Wharton Edwards had practiced until they could give it perfectly. Could it be that his friend was not only free from the Shawanoes, but was so near?

It seemed impossible, and, yet when the signal was repeated a minute later, all doubt was gone, and hardly unable to repress a shout, the lad replied with a precisely similar call.

These signals were of that pure musical quality that, when first made, neither could tell the point whence the other came. The note was simply "in the air." Larry, however, suspected that his friend had crossed the torrent a few minutes before by means of the prostrate tree, and he began treading his way thither with the utmost caution.

For several minutes utter stillness reigned. Some cause led the first one to hold his peace for that time.

Larry was so near the narrow, moonlit space bordering the torrent, that he halted, deeming it unwise to venture further. It was evident that, despite the care he used, he had gone away from instead of toward his friend. To advance any further was likely to take him beyond reach, and possibly complicate matters with the Shawanoes, who could not be far off.

"I wonder where they can be," he mused, sufficiently prudent to remain in the shadow among the trees. "He's very careful, which is wise, and I'll be the same."

He waited minute after minute, without hearing the expected signal, and a vague misgiving began to trouble him.

"It can't be I'm too far off for me to hear him. I'll give him the call meself, and a little louder."

He was shaping his lips to form the singular cry, when it sounded so near that he started. With the signal came a thrill of affright, for the listening ear detected a shade of difference; it was not precisely what he expected, nor exactly similar to his own.

At the same moment a crouching figure appeared on the edge of the moonlit space, advancing with the slow, noiseless motion of the shadow across the face of a dial.

Larry Murphy saw that it was a Shawano Indian. As if the red man meant to reveal himself beyond mistake, he took a single step forward, held his head bent for a moment in the attitude of intense attention, and then slowly looked toward every point of the compass in turn.

At one angle the full moonlight fell upon the painted face, which the youth recognized as that of the ferocious Blazing Arrow.

"I'll settle you," whispered the youth, stealthily raising the hammer of his gun. "Ye have no business with that signal."

He tried to present his weapon without any noise, but, with all his care, the hammer, as it was drawn back, made two dull clicks, which sounded startlingly loud in the situation.

Knowing that the ear of the Indian had caught the noise, Larry brought his weapon to his shoulder like a flash and pointed the muzzle toward the spot less than twenty feet away.

But no Blazing Arrow was there. He had disappeared like the coon at the flash of the huntsman's rifle.

Whether his acute sense of hearing had enabled him to locate the point whence came the double click, Larry did not wait to see. He had no intention that the miscreant, knife in hand, should come down on him, with the resistless force of an avalanche.

Lowering his head to help conceal his movements, he drew back several paces, with a silence and stealth that the Shawano himself could not have surpassed. Then, crouching low on the ground, he waited, watched and listened.

His rifle was ready to be fired, and he resolved to let Blazing Arrow have the charge the instant he caught sight of him. The warrior was cunning, but he was liable to uncover himself in moving about the youth, whose precise location he could not know.

The danger of the latter was that other Shawanoes besides this one were near, and might close around him in the gloom. He was ready, and would fight any number of them, if they beset him, but there could be but one result of such a desperate struggle.

Hearing and seeing nothing of his enemies, he decided to improve his situation by a further change of base. Inasmuch as the slightest slip was certain to prove fatal, the work was slow and surpassingly delicate.

The foot was lifted quickly from the ground and suspended in air, and lowered slowly, while the body leaned gently forward, waiting a long time before its weight was allowed to rest on the limb.

The tedious work was continued until Larry moved fully a dozen yards from his starting point. Then, for the first time, he breathed freely and felt that it was safe to pause.

Still nothing was seen or heard of Blazing Arrow or his companions, and the youth, with a shudder, asked himself the startling question:

"How came the Shawanoes to have the signal of Wharton Edwards?"

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### REVERSING POSITIONS.

PAUSING on the edge of the natural clearing, which had been the scene of the terrific race between himself and Blazing Arrow, Wharton looked back and in the gathering darkness saw a flickering figure on the further side, where the trail re-entered the wood, and he knew it was that of the champion runner of his tribe, whom he had not only defeated in the contest of fleetness, but in the singular battle of wits which followed.

"I'd wager a good deal if I had a chance," muttered the lad, "that he feels just a little impatient with himself. I am quite sure that matters haven't gone to suit him."

It was in the power of the youth to turn the tables still more completely on the dusky miscreant. He had but to wait where he was until he was within easy range and then shoot him down. It need not be said, however, after what had taken place a short time before that this was a crime which nothing could have induced young Edwards to commit, even though he knew the Shawano was as eager as a tiger to secure his life.

"We're likely to come together again before this business is over," he reflected, "where I won't feel so much like letting you alone as I do now."

There was one uncomfortable proceeding which he did not mean to undergo: that was to have Blazing Arrow dogging at his heels, like a sneaking wolf awaiting the chance to pounce upon him unawares. It is hard to imagine a more trying situation than that of knowing an enemy is stealing behind you in the darkness, on the alert to dart forward when your vigilance is relaxed, and make his attack with the deadly quickness of the rattlesnake.

Walking but a short way, Wharton stepped aside from the trail, and stood motionless among the trees, where an owl would not have noticed him in flying along the path. He was not kept waiting many minutes. A soft tap tap sounded on the ground, as Blazing Arrow, on a loping trot, left the clearing and plunged into the wood, and then a faint shadowy figure was dimly seen moving between the trees.

Directly opposite Wharton it came to a halt. Because of the obscurity he could not be seen except in motion, but the watcher knew what that meant. He was listening. He could not be assured what the youth in front was doing, and, since his experience with him, the red-skin understood that he had a young man above the ordinary as his antagonist.

A minute later, Wharton saw something flicker in the gloom. The Shawano had started on again. This time he did not trot, for the protruding limbs interfered, and would have made too much rustling. He walked rapidly enough, however, to overtake any one going at the usual rate.

Waiting until he believed he was at a safe distance in advance, the lad stepped back upon the trail and continued his journey toward the war party, where he hoped to be of service to his friend.

Since the white and red man had exchanged situations, Wharton had now to guard against running into the one in advance. If the Shawano should learn what had been done, he would be sure to try some trick on the youth. By crouching along the path, he could leap upon him as he passed and bear him helplessly to the ground.

It need not be said that young Edwards was on the alert. He could not have been more so, frequently pausing to listen or to use his eyes so far as possible in the darkness.

Unable to hear anything through the air, he knelt down and pressed his ear to the ground. That served him no better, and he slowed his progress and stopped more frequently.

"I wonder whether he has any suspicion that I am behind him," was his thought. "It may be," he added grimly, "that he is thinking what sort of yarn to get up to explain why he hasn't brought me with him. If I am not careful he may nab me after all. I'd like to know whether he still has the headache, or whether he hasn't set me down as a fool for letting him off when I had the chance to finish him."

If it should so prove that Blazing Arrow was not aware that, instead of following the white youth, the reverse was the case, the space between them was certainly increasing, for one was going slow and the other fast.

When the distance passed became considerable, Wharton began to feel hope. They were close to where he had already undergone several stirring adventures, and he was almost certain the savage runner knew nothing of his whereabouts. Finally he turned off from the trail, almost at the point where he had started to run away from Blazing Arrow and his companions.

Attentively listening and watching, he heard nothing, and then began a guarded examination of the immediate neighborhood. It was there the Shawanoes had crouched, when he bounded across the gorge in quest of his rifle, but it was not to be expected that they had remained here ever since. The examination convinced him that all had moved somewhere else.

Wharton's concern being now for Larry Murphy, he did some close reasoning.

"I know he will risk his life to help me, whom he naturally thinks is in a bad way, but how is he going to do it or how has he got across to this side of the torrent? He can't make the leap that I did, and I am quite sure he wouldn't try to swim, because that would compel him to go below the falls. The chances are that he is on the other side."

This conclusion, it will be perceived was correct, but had the reasoner known of that fallen tree spanning the gorge, it is likely his decision would have been different.



Before repeating the leap he had already made, Wharton spent more time in what may be called reconnoitering.

It was altogether beyond reason that the Shawanoes should be looking for any such performance, and, with little hesitation, therefore, he walked out from the shadow, ran across the moonlit space of rocks, and with the same ease and grace as before, placed himself on the other bank. He quickly skurried to cover, and then awaited the result.

It was nothing, so far as he could tell. Still at a loss which way to turn or what to do, but hoping that Larry might be somewhere within reach, he made the signal which has been described elsewhere.

"If he hears that, he will know what it means—by gracious he has heard it!" From a point close at hand and directly behind him came the response, although, as the reader well knows, it was not the lips of Larry Murphy that made it.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No 456.]

## A DEBT OF HONOR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

Author of "Ragged Dick," "Tattered Tom,"

### CHAPTER XL.

#### CONCLUSION.

ON his way back from Colorado Gerald stopped at Kansas City and ascertained that Victor Wentworth had recovered from his sickness and was intending to go to work on the following Monday.

"Mrs. Ferguson has agreed to take me back," he said. "She has had another boy, but she does not like him."

"You can't make any arrangements without the consent of your guardian," said Gerald smiling. "I have other views for you."

"You can't be any older than I," said Victor, "but I feel like a small boy beside you. I wish I was as strong and self-reliant as you."

"We were brought up differently, Victor. You are the son of a rich man, while my father was very poor."

"My father's wealth doesn't seem to do me any good," said Victor sadly. "He leaves me to myself, and if it had not been for you I don't know what would have become of me."

"It will be different soon. I want you to take the next train for St. Louis with me."

"That is on the way home," said Victor brightening.

"And I am going to take you home. I have some business with your father." "But if father will not receive me?" suggested Victor apprehensively.

"Then I will take care of you. You will in that case have to call me papa." Victor laughed aloud. Gerald's bright humor was infectious.

"I will if you ask me to," he said. Gerald's plans were already laid. He wrote to Thomas Hastings to come at once to St. Louis, and three days later all three started for Chicago. There Gerald called upon Stephen Cochrane, the lawyer, who had in his possession the agreement signed by Mr. Wentworth to pay Warren Lane twenty thousand dollars in a certain contingency.

"The promise is outlawed," said the lawyer, "but with the collateral evidence which you have in your possession I don't think that Bradley Wentworth will feel like setting this up as a bar to the payment."

We must now precede Gerald to the town of Seneca, which was his ultimate destination.

A change had come over Bradley Wentworth. He was a man of iron constitution and had never had a sick day

in his life. Yet a few weeks previous the grip which had recently ravaged the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific attacked him, and though he had recovered from it the languor which usually follows had come upon him in an aggravated form. He found it difficult to attend to his business, and was obliged to spend half of his time reclining upon a lounge in his office.

Those who are seldom sick feel the effects of illness much more keenly than those who are frequently indisposed. Bradley Wentworth found himself depressed in an unaccountable manner. He became alarmed about himself, and feared that he would never regain his strength. What then would become of his property? Where was the boy for whom he had been laboring these many years, and whom he had fondly looked upon as his heir? He was an exile from home, suffering perhaps. Why was he an exile from his father's house? Because, as he was compelled to acknowledge, he had been harsh and stern, unaturally severe. For, after all, what had the boy done? He had not committed a crime. He had committed an act of youthful indiscretion, for which he was heartily sorry, yet to save his own pride and gratify his vindictive disposition the father had left the boy to the cold mercies of the world. Suppose Victor should die? What lay before him but a cold and solitary life, without object and without sympathy? Too late Bradley Wentworth lamented his refusal to send Victor money when he wrote for it.

"I must have him back," he said to himself in feverish impatience, and began to institute a search for the lost boy. But he was without a clew. He dispatched a messenger to Kansas City, but he returned without information.

It was while he was suffering from this disappointment, and anxiously considering what to do next, that a servant entered the room where he was resting after supper and presented a card.

"A young gentleman who wishes to see you," she explained.

Mechanically Bradley Wentworth scanned the card and read the name

GERALD LANE.

"Bring him in," he said quickly.

"Probably," he thought, "Gerald has repented his refusal and is ready to enter into negotiations for the sale of his small patrimony in Colorado."

Gerald entered the room with an easy grace, and bowed to Mr. Wentworth. The merchant could see that he was no longer the unsophisticated boy whom he had met in the Colorado mountains. Still he did not give Gerald credit for the full change which had passed over him.

"Be seated," he said. "I suppose you have come about the land your father left you in Colorado."

"No, Mr. Wentworth, I have sold this land, or at least four fifths of it."

Wentworth looked disappointed.

"You should have accepted my offer," he said harshly.

"I should have made a very great mistake if I had," replied Gerald calmly.

"How much did you sell it for?"

"I sold four fifths of it for six thousand dollars."

Mr. Wentworth was amazed, but he gathered strength to say, "Probably you will never get your money."

"It was paid me in cash, and I have it invested in good dividend paying bank stock in St. Louis."

"Then," said Wentworth after a pause, "I don't understand what has brought you here."

"I have some very important business with you, Mr. Wentworth. I have come to ask you to redeem the solemn promise made to my father to pay him twenty thousand dollars."

"This is all nonsense," said Wentworth, knitting his brows. "No such promise was ever made."

"I beg your pardon, but I can prove to the contrary."

"Perhaps you will tell me how," sneered Wentworth.

"My lawyer, Stephen Cochrane of Chicago, is at the hotel. He has in his hands the written promise."

"It is a forgery. There could be no reason for my making such an extraordinary promise."

"Do you deny, Mr. Wentworth, that you forged a check on your uncle and that my father screened you?"

"Young man, you are impudent. The check was forged by your father."

"That is untrue. The letters written by you to my father disprove that."

"Can you produce those letters?" asked Wentworth with another sneer.

"Yes, I can."

Bradley Wentworth looked amazed. "I don't believe it," he ejaculated.

"Mr. Wentworth," said Gerald calmly, "the letters which your agent stole from me in St. Louis were copies. The originals are in a safe deposit vault in St. Louis, or rather they were there at the time of the robbery. Now they are in Mr. Cochrane's hands."

"This is a bold game you are playing, Gerald Lane, but it won't work. No one can connect me with the forged check."

"There is one who can. Thomas Hastings, who was paying teller at the bank when it was offered."

"He is dead!" said Wentworth hastily.

"I think you are mistaken."

"Then where is he?"

"He was at Brentwood, Minnesota, till recently. It was there that I met him a few weeks since."

"I doubt if you will find him there now," answered Wentworth, registering a resolve to send a special telegram to him to change his residence in consideration of a handsome check.

"You are right, Mr. Wentworth," was Gerald's unexpected reply. "He is in this town."

"What!" ejaculated Wentworth in dismay.

"It is as I say. He is prepared to testify that he paid you personally the money on the forged check, and that you have from time to time paid him money to keep this secret."

"No one will believe him," said Wentworth very much perturbed.

"You can discuss that question with Mr. Cochrane. I have merely wished to let you know the strength of our case. But before I go I ought to tell you that there is another person who has come with me from the West."

"Who is it in Heaven's name?"

"It is your son Victor."

"Victor!" exclaimed Bradley Wentworth, his face radiant with joy. "Is he well? Where is he?"

"At the hotel."

"Where did you find him?"

"In Kansas City some weeks since. The poor boy was sick and unable to work. I had him leave the store where he was employed, though hardly able to stand, and I paid the expenses of his sickness. He is now well and anxious to see his father."

Bradley Wentworth's face worked convulsively. His hard heart was touched at last.

"God bless you, boy," he said; "you have restored my son to me. I shall not forget it. You can send your lawyer to me. I will do what is fair and right; I begin to think that I have been wrong all these years."

"Will you consent to authorize a statement clearing my father from any connection with the forged check?"

"Yes, as long as I am not personally implicated."

"Mr. Cochrane tells me that this can be arranged."

"If Victor is at the hotel I will go over at once."

Victor, uneasy and anxious, saw his father coming across the street. He did not know how he would be received, but he was not left long in suspense. The father's hard heart was softened, and he felt sincerely grateful that his only child had been restored to him.

The next week the Seneca weekly published a card from Mr. Wentworth stating that a discovery had been made exonerating the late Warren Lane from the charge which had so long been laid at his door. "The guilt lies elsewhere," so the card read, "but at this late day it is unnecessary to mention the name of the actual delinquent."

The debt of honor was paid, and Warren Lane's memory was vindicated.

Gerald felt that the task to which he had consecrated his energies was accomplished, and he could rest content. He is already rich for a young man, but he cares little for money compared with his father's vindication.

THE END.

### UNBESWERVING JUSTICE.

THE example of Lucius Junius Brutus who, five hundred years B.C., condemned his two sons to death, finds a paraphrase in the less tragic action of a Western official, as related by the *New York World*.

General Daniel Macauley was at one time the mayor of Indianapolis, and in those early days petty offenders against the municipal laws were brought before the mayor, and passed their sentence upon them according to their faults. There was a very strict city ordinance against fast driving, which had been disregarded so steadily that it grew to be a matter of common complaint, and special instructions were given to the officers to keep an eye upon offenders, and for a time a great part of the judicial business of the mayor was the consideration of charges of fast driving.

General Macauley's mother was a very spry old lady, who was much interested in horseflesh, and who drove one of the fastest horses in Indianapolis. One day she came down one of the city's principal streets in her buggy driving this horse at a rate which exceeded the regulation, and a special officer placed her under arrest. Next morning she was brought before the mayor with the other offenders. General Macauley looked up and caught sight of his mother under the vigilant escort of a policeman. He showed no sign of special interest in the case, and when he got to it on the regular list he said to the officer: "What is the charge?"

The officer related the circumstances under which he had arrested Mrs. Macauley. Turning to his mother, General Macauley said: "Have you anything to say?"

"No," said the old lady.

"Ten dollars," said the mayor, and went on to the next case. Mrs. Macauley paid her fine of \$10 without comment.

### A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE.

THE following paragraph from the *Boston Globe* seems to foreshadow a new novel in the usual stupendously imaginative style of the popular French author.

M. Jules Verne has been speculating as to what will be the daily life of people 1000 years hence. As science extends her dominions it is noticeable how increasingly ambitious such forecasts become. Nothing will satisfy M. Verne but aerial trains traveling at the rate of 625 miles an hour, a transatlantic tubular service, conveying the traveler from London to New York in 205 minutes, a "telephone," which enables the sons in different hemispheres to dine with each other, or at least to see and converse with each other while eating, and accumulators for condensing and radiating at will the sun's rays.

Such are the advantages to be enjoyed by the inhabitants of a certain town called "Universal City," the capital of the United States, in the year of grace 2801. England by that time will, according to M. Verne, have become a province of the United States. The public will be kept informed of the latest political developments, not only upon the terrestrial globe, but upon Jupiter, Mars and Venus. Not that they will read newspapers. The newspapers of the day will be spoken.

Brilliant descriptive writers will be retained to speak through the telephone to millions of subscribers, and daily instalments of novels to be continued tomorrow morning will be given by popular authors. Man is to be fed with the choicest viands, sent into the house as water is now, and it will be sufficient to step into a toilet cabinet to be tubbed, shaved, dressed and brushed in the space of two minutes.





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### SHORT, LIGHT, AND DEFECTIVE.

IT is not necessary to preach a sermon. The bare facts will speak for themselves and for us:

Records carefully taken and tabulated at Yale College show that those students who do not smoke are one fifth taller than those who do, one quarter heavier, and have nearly twice the lung capacity of the smokers. Amherst College, also, furnishes some similar facts. THE ARGOSY gives these records for what they are worth. They are worth reading.

### A BOOBY IN FEATHERS.

ONE is reminded of the old story of the monkey compelled to pull the chestnuts out of the fire when he reads of the booby birds of the African coast. The natives keep these birds tamed and use them for fishing. A boat pushes out to the deep water and anchors; poles project from the sides on which the birds sit contemplating the waters; when one sees a fish, he rises, hovers over it, dives and brings it to the surface; then he tosses it in the air, catching it right end downward; but before the fish can get half way down the bird is seized by his owner and choked until the fish is disgorged. Time after time this operation is repeated and the bird's meal is long deferred. The naturalists aptly named the stupid creature which seems not to know enough to get away and enjoy the fruits of his own exertion.

There are some people, too, very much like the booby bird.

### SOME SMALL SEEDS.

AN illustration came to light recently, showing how great actions or good deeds or efforts of any sterling worth, may live like little seeds in some remote or unsuspected quarter, to push their stems up through the mold of long years.

An old general sat at his desk; since his last campaign, which he rode in the full of his life, time had whitened his hair and palsied his body.

One day among his mail was one letter post-marked at some small Western town; it was written in a poor hand and a shaky one, with faint ink that mayhap betokened poverty. It was signed by a private who had fought in a brigade commanded by this general; it went on to say that the writer had read of the general's just receiving a medal from Congress for bravery, "and" said he, "I am

glad, for I remember how before the charge at Gettysburg you spoke to us and told us to rush in and every man should think he was the one to be spared, and so close up the ranks whenever they were broken. And you went ahead—you never did tell us to go anywhere you would not go yourself" \* \* \* And so this unknown private went on to tell his general stories of his own brave words and daring acts until the old man's eyes glistened half with reminiscence and half with tears.

It is much the same with wrong doing. People sometimes display the most remarkable memory for the little incidents of our unworthiness which we have supposed long forgotten.

So, every act, good or bad, however small, may be treasured in memory, may have a long and lasting influence on ourselves or on others—if they be good acts, 'tis well, if bad, what then?

### A BEAUTIFUL NUMBER.

THE November issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is a perfect gem pictorially and a treasure house of good things in the way of letter press. In addition to Matthew White, Jr's complete novel "Allan Kane's Friend," there are no less than six short stories, all of them bright, clear cut and specimens of modern fiction. Of extraordinary interest is the article on Edison, giving pictures of his beautiful home in Orange and the workshop where his wonderful inventions are brought to perfection. Everybody has heard of the fashionable colony at Tuxedo, so of course the beautifully illustrated paper in the November MUNSEY'S describing it will be eagerly read. Then there is the magnificent collection of portraits of "Stage Favorites of Today," the "Picturesque Points on Fifth Avenue," and the wealth of other matter, all going to bear out the assertion of the New York *Mail and Express* when it says that "MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is an excellent illustration of what a popular magazine should be."

### THE AEROPLANE.

MANY have been the failures in the domain of aerial navigation. Yet inventors continue heroically to push their little caravels out into this unplumbed main.

The latest project for navigating the air is that of a Frenchman who has come to this country to build an air ship on his theory for the World's Fair and we understand that Congress has appropriated \$150,000 to aid the work.

The idea of the French engineer is, in its simplicity, a steel cylinder from which the air is to be exhausted to secure a three quarter vacuum, making the cylinder lighter than the atmosphere it displaces—so much lighter as to bear the additional weight of a car containing electric machinery for the air pumps and the propellers.

It would be a historical monument to the coming Exposition—the first truly practical air ship, but it is to be doubted if the fair will be illumined by such a brilliant feature.

### OUR LITTLE WORLD.

ONE often hears the expression, "This is a great world?" It is really a very small one, compared with some of the other worlds of the infinite heavens. First there is the sun, which fortunately holds this earth so tightly in its grip—it would contain three hundred and fifteen thousand earths. It is not possible to form an adequate idea of how large a body the sun really is, because it is something so far beyond our experience and grasp. The planet Jupiter is equal to three hundred of our own, Saturn to almost ninety, Uranus over twelve, and Neptune just short of seventeen.

And then we are told that if we stood on some of those glimmering worlds and looked hitherward no earth would be seen even by one of the strongest telescopes; they are so large that we can perceive them but our own earth is so small as to be imperceptible at such a distance.

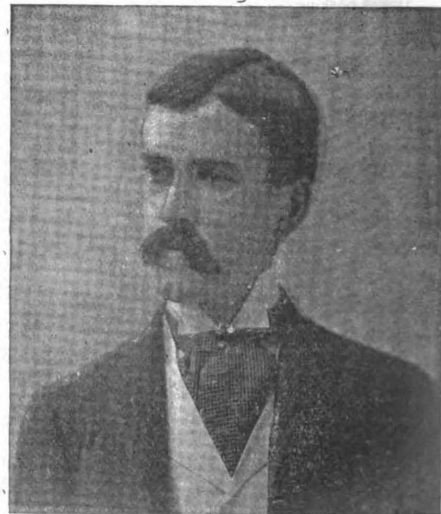
So this is not after all such a great world in size at least and we may ourselves be pigmies, if some of those large spheres are inhabited with people in proportion.

## WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

AUTHOR OF "WITH COSSACK AND CONVICT," "VERA SHAMARIN," ETC.

FOR two years and a half now Mr. Graydon has been a regular contributor to THE ARGOSY, and in that time has won for himself a large circle of admiring readers who will be greatly pleased, we know, to learn something of the personality of one who has afforded them so much pleasure.

Alexander Graydon, the great grandfather of the sub-



WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

From a photograph by La Rue Lemer, Harrisburg.

ject of our sketch, was an Englishman, who received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and came to this country in the year 1730, where he took up the practice of law in Philadelphia. William Murray's taste for literary pursuits was doubtless inherited from another Alexander Graydon, his great uncle, whose book of reminiscences, entitled "Graydon's Memoirs," dealt with Philadelphia and Pennsylvania about the time of the Revolution, and was published both in this country and in Edinburgh. Mr. Graydon's grandfather moved to Harrisburg about 1798, where William Murray was born February 4, 1864.

His father is a prominent lawyer in Pennsylvania's capital city, and the son was educated at various schools, spending seven years at the Harrisburg Academy under Professor Seiler. A voracious reader, his first essay at writing was made at a very early age. The Harrisburg *Telegraph* published a great number of these "maiden efforts."

For six years, from 1884 to 1889, Mr. Graydon was employed in the Harrisburg National Bank, since which latter date he has devoted himself exclusively to literary work, the success of his stories contributed to THE ARGOSY having decided him to make writing his profession. He married in 1886, and has two children.

Mr. Graydon works at home, in a study overlooking the beautiful Susquehanna and the Cumberland Valley, in which the scenes of so many of his stories are laid. This room is a typical author's den. A large, flat topped desk stands in the center, and on this, the two tables and the lounge are heaped stacks of old MSS., letters, French and English papers, while bound volumes of the London *Graphic* and the *Illustrated News* occupy one corner. A prominent feature of the apartment are the pictures which adorn it. Among the latter are views of all the foreign cities and a great panel portrait of the famous French military painter, Edouard Detaille, bearing his autograph in one corner, a personal gift from M. Detaille.

Mr. Graydon is intensely fond of nature, and seeks his recreation in camping, fishing, canoeing and walking. There are two clubs named after him in Philadelphia—the Graydon Camping Club and the Graydon New Year's Club, both organized by his enthusiastic admirers among THE ARGOSY constituency.

Mr. Graydon's success as a story writer has been achieved with marvelous speed. His popularity is undoubtedly due to his fertility in conceiving ingenious plots and to the rapidity of action which is a characteristic of all his work.

[This Story began in No. 46.]

WITH COSSACK AND CONVICT.

A TALE OF FAR SIBERIA.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON,

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

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

DONALD CHUMLEIGH is a young American, born in St. Petersburg while his father was in business there. When he was ten his parents removed to Philadelphia, which Donald leaves at the age of twenty two, after the death of his father, to pay a visit to Europe. On his way to St. Petersburg he falls asleep in the waiting room at Wirballen junction and misses his train. He gets a cabman to drive him to a hotel, but the man is drunk, and the horse, taking his own head, causes the carriage to collide with a building outside of the town, which frees the animal from the shafts and permits him to gallop off into the darkness. The driver, somewhat sobered, starts in search of him, leaving Donald in the carriage. On seeing a man approach he hopes to obtain some information from him which will help him to find the hotel of which he is in search. He halts him and tells his name, but while they are talking the stranger suddenly feels him to the ground, and while he is lying there unconscious, proceeds to possess himself not only of Donald's passport, but changes clothes with him throughout.

When Chumleigh comes to himself he finds himself in the carriage, which has stopped before the hotel to which he had desired to be driven. Feeling dazed and stupefied he goes inside, and is at once arrested as Serge Masloff, a Nihilist, who had attempted to murder the chief of police at St. Petersburg, and succeeded in making his escape by means of a passport he had procured through the agency of his brother, Andre Dagmar.

The Dagmars are held in great esteem by the Czar, and the course pursued by the younger son, Paul, as a source of great grief to the father, Count Vasily Dagmar.

While Andre had become a captain in the Imperial Guard of Cossacks, Paul had thrown in his lot with the enemies of the government, and under the name, Serge Masloff, has conceived many deep laid plots against the Czar. But the police have at last got on his track, and in disguise he comes to his brother and implores him to save him by procuring him a passport under the name of Nicholas Pasluna. Andre yields, Paul makes a blunder which betrays his brother's hand in the matter, and Andre is deposed from his position in the capital and sent to occupy an inferior one in Irkutsk.

Meanwhile Donald is also sent to Siberia as Serge Masloff, the convict, he not being able to prove his identity. On the march he makes his escape with some of the other convicts and is taken to the headquarters of a gang, of whom Feodor Baranok is the head. This gang has captured the daughter of General Tichimiroff, governor of Irkutsk, and also robbed the convoy of treasure that is being sent from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg in charge of Andre Dagmar, on whose successful conduct of the expedition hinges his restoration to favor with the Czar. Andre is killed while trying to defend his charge and carried off on one of the convoys. He is now fording a river and has a struggle with the driver, which ends in the drowning of the latter and the horses, while Andre drifts away with the wreckage. He is rescued by Donald, who has escaped from the convicts after they have endeavored to kill him. Baranok having decreed that he must die on hearing his real name.

The loss of the treasure preys on Andre's mind and he leaves the fisherman's hut, where he and Donald were sought for by the police to trace it.

Donald, meanwhile, finds his way to a post station and agrees to lead General Tichimiroff to Baranok's retreat. They arrive there only to find the convicts flown, having taken Varia, the general's daughter with them and murdered Leontef, one of the convicts, who had offered to betray his companions into the general's hands. The soldiers follow the trail and are almost upon the fugitives when a shot is fired into the ranks, and Captain Urmanov falls forward into a stream they have just reached.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A DEARLY WON BATTLE.

DONALD was close behind Captain Urmanov when the latter fell, and catching the stricken man under the arms he lifted him partly from the water and staggered to a big rock on the edge of the stream, dropping himself and burden behind it just in time to escape a second and heavier volley.

The puffs of white smoke seemed to shoot out from every cranny among the bowlders, and the bullets did deadly work among the Cossacks, for three of them were killed outright, and the governor himself narrowly escaped being shot.

"To cover, quick!" roared Colonel Sudekin, and the troops instantly sought

what shelter there was among the trees and bushes.

It was evident that the whole band of convicts were entrenched on the hillside, and a strong position they had, too, for not a man of them was visible, while the Cossacks, being so numerous, could not find sufficient shelter and were exposed to a continual fire. They were brave fellows, however, and stood the ordeal well, pouring a hot return fire into the nest of rocks.

The bowlder behind which Donald had taken refuge was a large one, and he was quickly joined by the governor and Colonel Sudekin.

Poor Urmanov was laid tenderly on a bed of pebbles, with his head resting on his heavy fur cap. He was shot in the breast and the front of his jacket was wet with blood. He was perfectly conscious, but was suffering a great

deal and evinced an unwillingness to talk. Little could be done for him beyond washing the wound and putting a bandage over it.

Meanwhile the bullets were whistling angrily overhead without cessation, and the Cossacks were growing impatient and venting their dissatisfaction in loud growling. They chafed under this unequal mode of warfare, to which they were little accustomed.

The audacity of the convicts maddened the governor. He was almost purple with rage and indignantly refused to discuss Sudekin's proposition that part of the force should make a detour and come in on the enemy from behind.

"No, I won't hear of such a thing," he declared. "It would only give the scoundrels a chance to scatter and slip away in the forest. Not one of the dogs shall escape if I can help it. I'm going to storm the place at once, and no mercy shall be shown—no, I don't mean that. Capture as many of the dogs alive as possible. I have a bitter reckoning to settle with them. And, Sudekin, look out for my daughter, will you—they have her up there, I know—don't let them harm a hair of her head!" The governor groaned with anguish and turned away.

"If the girl is there," muttered Sudekin to Donald, "it would be better to

place himself at their head, but Sudekin caught him and refused to let go. "Pardon, your excellency," he entreated. "but I cannot let you expose yourself. You will surely be killed!"

Donald did not wait to see the end of this altercation. The excitement fired his blood, and without a thought of the peril he plunged in among the crowded ranks of the Cossacks, a pistol in each hand. What followed passed like a dream. As he struggled through the icy water, with the dark green uniforms all around him shutting out the scene in front, the sharp crack of rifles suddenly drowned the hideous yelling of his companions, and he saw the bullets splash among the ripples and flatten out on the hard gray rocks. Down went one poor fellow just in front of him and he tramped without compunction over the quivering body.

Another fell on the right and one on the left, but there was no stopping for such trifles as these, and the next thing Donald knew he was charging up the opposite side of the ravine, over rocks and bushes and fallen trees.

Crack! crack! crack! crack!—the rifles spit out their deadly contents with the regularity of a mountain gun, and the very air seemed to grow hot and suffocating. Donald's knees began to tremble under him and his brain to swim, but he kept on up the slope, shouting as

loudly as the others. The Cossacks were falling to right and left, in front and behind—everywhere; branches of trees fluttered down, nipped off by the leaden storm; bluish smoke curled upward in puffs and wreaths, tiny red streams trickled sluggishly between the stones, and the white snow was stained with crimson spots. The noise and tumult increased, and the rifles cracked more furiously than ever, drowning the death cries and shrieks of agony.

Then the scene changed with the swiftness of a pantomime transformation, and the tables were turned on the desperate little band of convicts.

Out of the drifting smoke loomed the natural fortress of crags and bowlders, every nook and cranny alive with red flashes and rifle muzzles and savage faces; and the next instant the maddened Cossack s were plunging in among them, striking right and left with their clubbed weapons.

Those behind forced Donald onward, and he was soon in the very thick of the fray, pulling himself upward from ledge to ledge. A bullet whizzed by his head. A stone smote him painfully on the thigh. Looking upward he saw a rifle pointed at his breast, and raising his pistol he shot the convict dead, and the body came tumbling down beside him.

He climbed to the next ledge, shouting with excitement. The firing had almost ceased and a terrific hand to hand struggle was waging.

Above the din and the crashing of blows rose General Tichimiroff's voice: "Spare the dogs, men! Capture them alive!"

"Spare them!" echoed Donald. "Make them prisoners."

He looked eagerly around for Baranok, or Valborg, or the girl Varia—but they were not to be seen.

"You traitor, we'll have our reckoning now!"

It was the convict Gross who spoke. He sprang from a cleft in the rocks and rushed savagely at Donald with a clubbed rifle. His face was distorted with passion.

At that instant a Cossack near by fired, and Gross staggered slightly, being hit in the thigh. Donald pulled his pistol on him, but it missed fire, and dropping the useless weapon he sprang forward and grappled with the convict before the latter could make use of his rifle.

The footing was precarious and they slipped on a smooth rock, rolling down to the next ledge. Gross undermost, and then bounding off into the snow at the foot of the crags.

When Donald disengaged himself from his unconscious enemy and rose dizzily to his feet, the brief but terrific struggle was over, and the Cossacks were chasing the miserable remnant of the band—not more than four or five—up toward the hill crest. Nine or ten of the convicts had perished in the hand to hand combat and eight had been taken alive. Of the Cossacks at least twenty were dead or wounded, the bodies lying where they had fallen, from the edge of the stream clear to the line of rocks. It was a dearly won victory.

"Ah, Chumleigh, glory to see you safe!" said Colonel Sudekin as he picked his way over the snow to Donald's side.

"You fought well. I watched you."

"Did I?" asked Donald. The whole



THE BOAT WAS GONE. THE SWIFT CURRENT HAD TORN IT FROM ITS PRECARIOUS HOLD ON THE ICE.



affair seemed like a dream to him. "And the governor's daughter—is she safe?"

Sudekin shook his head sadly. "She was not with the convicts at all, and neither was Baranok. The victory is a fruitless one as far as those two are concerned."

"Is there a one armed man among the dead or captured?" asked Donald eagerly.

"No such person," replied Sudekin. "All have been examined closely."

Then Baranok and Valbort have gone off with the girl," exclaimed Donald excitedly. "The scoundrel was too shrewd to remain with his companions."

As they were talking the governor approached. His face was white and haggard and a bloody handkerchief was wrapped about his left arm.

"It's a poor victory, Sudekin," he muttered huskily. "The fiend was not among those who broke away. My men followed them and shot down two and captured the other three. Up yonder they are on top of the ridge. Baranok could not have been with his band. He must have taken his captive to some hiding place in the forest—ah! whom have we here?"

As he spoke the convict Gross opened his eyes and began to moan piteously for water. The blood was oozing freely from the bullet hole in his thigh, and it was evident, from his fruitless efforts to rise, that his back was either broken or badly sprained.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

##### THE WOUNDED CONVICT.

"THAT is one of Baranok's right hand men," said Donald. "The same who escaped from the exile band with Leontef. We had a struggle up there on the rocks and fell down together, but fortunately I was on top and escaped injury."

"Water!" moaned the convict. "For the love of Heaven give me water. I'm burning up."

The governor looked at him steadily and mercilessly.

"You'll get no water from me, you dog," he cried harshly. "Stay! I will give you water on one condition. Where is your leader Feodor Baranok and where is my daughter Varia? You had better answer me and make what atonement you can for your sins. You have not long to live."

A look of terror came into Gross's glassy eyes, and then he closed his lips stubbornly and shook his head.

"You refuse, do you?" cried the governor savagely. "In the face of death you still stick by your dog of a leader—the man who sought to betray you all?"

The convict's face showed sudden interest, and he looked bitterly at Donald.

"He—he betrayed us," he muttered.

"I thought he was dead."

"You are wrong," said the governor. "Your own leader was the traitor." He went on to relate briefly but clearly the whole story of Baranok's perfidy. It was wonderful to watch the changes on the convict's face as the narrative proceeded—for he clearly believed what the governor was saying.

"Ah! the traitor!" he muttered savagely. "What would I not give to have my hands on his throat for just one minute! I see it all now. We were blind fools to believe him. Bring me water, quick! I'll tell you what I know. It's little enough."

At a signal from the governor Donald ran down to the stream and returned with his cap full of water. Gross swallowed some eagerly, but when they tried to lift him to a sitting posture he shrieked with pain.

"My back! My back! Let me alone. It will kill me to be moved."

He grew calmer in a moment, and

fixing his eyes on the governor's face he said slowly:

"We had a dispute with Baranok only last night—a dispute about the girl Varia. We knew that it was perilous to keep her any longer because the Cossacks were scouring the country closely, and so we insisted that she be given up. Baranok agreed to this readily, and before daylight this morning he left the cavern with the girl, saying that he would take her to the post road and set her free."

"The fiend!" interrupted the governor. "He had no such intention. He and Leontef must have met at the mouth of the valley. Surely Baranok left the cavern long before daylight."

"Yes, he did," continued Gross. "It must have been soon after midnight. And so Leontef was helping him in his perfidy? He did not return to the cavern after the fight at the station and we thought he was among the dead. If he was murdered he received only what was due him."

"Go on!" cried the governor impatiently. "Proceed with your story."

"There is little more to tell," said Gross feebly. "About two o'clock this morning one of our party came in and told us that an army of Cossacks were approaching the cavern. He said that a man was with them"—pointing to Donald—"so we knew that our hiding place was known to you. We decided to abandon the cavern at once, for we had not sufficient provisions to endure a siege, and an hour after the news was brought we started. We thought we would have time to get away, for when our spy saw you you were bivouacking in a forest."

"Yes, but we did not stay there long," said the governor grimly. "But what of Baranok? Can't you tell me where to find him?"

Gross shook his head.

"I know no more of his plans than you do. When we marched away from the cavern, Valbort—his intimate friend—started down the river after him to tell him what had happened. Whether or not he joined him I can't say. Give me water, quick! I am suffering such pain—oh! such terrible agony."

Donald pressed the cap to his lips and he drank eagerly.

"Ah!" exclaimed Sudekin, clapping his hand to his knee. "I have it! The trail leading down the river was the one taken by Baranok. We shall catch him yet."

"God grant it!" muttered the governor. "Why did we not follow it in the first place?"

He would have questioned Gross further, but the latter's mind was beginning to wander, and when Sudekin asked him concerning the lost dog he replied incoherently.

"Let him alone," commanded the governor. "We have captives enough from whom you can wring that secret."

He glanced around him for a moment and then turning to Donald demanded hurriedly: "Is there a path leading down the river from the cavern?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"And are you familiar with it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the governor, "I will give you another opportunity of serving me. I will send a squad of my men after Baranok and you shall guide them. Don't on any account lose the trail, but follow it to the end. Sudekin, I appoint you to command the party, and if you come up with this fiend capture him alive if possible and rescue Varia before she can be harmed. I hold you responsible for her safety."

This last clause must have made Sudekin tremble in his boots, but he answered firmly, "Yes, your excellency."

"I would go myself," continued the governor with a groan, "but I am wounded in the arm and moreover have sprained my ankle slightly, so that I could not keep up with you on foot. I will follow your trail as rapidly as possible, bringing the dead and the prisoners with me; so that we are sure to meet unless snow falls in the meantime. Pick out any twelve men to suit yourself, Sudekin, and start without delay. When you reach the river you can add the fellows whom I left there to your force. It is an arduous task, for I know that you are all tired, but I will promise you a good long rest when you get back to the post station. Don't spare your men, but keep them on a quick step all the time."

With these final instructions the governor turned away to make the arrangements for his own departure—no light task, for eight or nine of his wounded soldiers had to be transported, and Gross and Captain Urmanov as well. The two latter would probably die, but they could not be left behind.

As the living were not sufficient to assume charge of the captured convicts and transport the wounded and the dead Cossacks, the latter had to be left behind, covered up with snow to protect them from wolves, until a force could be sent back to give them decent burial. The dead convicts were interred in the snow without compunction or ceremony.

It was a sad and dreary scene that the bright sun witnessed that morning as it shone down into the ravine, and gaunt gray wolves afar off in the forest sniffed blood and carrion in the atmosphere.

A dearly won victory! Did the governor feel no remorse, no twinge of conscience, as he looked down on the cold dead faces of the brave Cossacks whose blind obedience to his command had sent them up the hillside in the teeth of that raking fire? Remorse! No, what had he to do with remorse? It was the fortune of war, and besides there were plenty more Cossacks among the Czar's levies. What mattered the loss of a paltry score of men?

While General Tichimirff was thus engaged, superintending the burials, and the construction of litters and the binding of the sullen, morose convicts, Donald and Colonel Sudekin, with their little force of Cossacks, were hastening back to the river, eager to track Feodor Baranok to his place of refuge.

At three o'clock in the afternoon they came to the mouth of the valley, picked up the Cossacks who had remained there to bury Leontef, and without delay started down the shore. The trail of blood alone would not have sufficed to guide them, for after going a short distance the red drops were seen only at long intervals, but the other trail was plainly visible, the dull mark of foot-steps on the icy snow crust. The tracks indicated the passage of three persons. Valbort had followed up Baranok and the girl. The blood spots here and there indicated that Baranok had been wounded, probably in the struggle with Leontef.

During the brief remaining hours of that afternoon the search party pursued their quest along the shores of the Angara. Darkness compelled them to halt for several hours, but with the rising of the moon they were off again, for the silvery light was quite strong enough to reveal—though very dimly—the sodden footprints on the snow.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### WHAT BEFELL ANDRE.

CAPTAIN ANDRE DAGMAR was so thoroughly worn out both in body and spirit by his long and fruitless wanderings that he slept all of Thursday night and a good part of Friday, waking late in the afternoon.

He knew that it must be Friday, and

without rising from his snug bed he could see the sun going down behind the hills on the opposite side of the river. He was still weary and drowsy—so much so indeed that before he could make up his mind to rise and examine the place in which he had taken refuge, he was sound asleep again.

When next he awoke it was night, and the cavern—for such it now appeared to be—was in darkness except for a ray of moonlight that shone through the crevice by which he had entered, and another faint glow some yards off that seemed to come from a long, low orifice close to the ground—probably a second means of communication with the outer air.

The sense of weariness had left Andre. He felt vigorous and wide awake and was conscious of a gnawing hunger. The discovery that he was in a fair sized cave aroused his curiosity, and he determined to make an investigation. He first felt around him for his pistols and the little packet of food, but not finding them he concluded that they had been lost on the night that he so nearly perished in the snow.

A search through his pockets revealed some matches, and he was just about to light one of these in the vague hope of finding the missing articles, when the sound of human voices fell on his ear, and the match dropped from his nerveless fingers.

"Give me a light, Valbort," said a gruff voice. "I have a little tobacco left. It will make the time pass more easily until daylight."

"Here you are," answered the other, and the next instant a yellow flame lit up the darkness.

Not a detail of the scene escaped Andre's eyes during the brief time that the light lasted. The cavern was ten yards long and half as wide, and at the farther end on a pile of straw sat two men. One was a big, massive fellow with a black beard, a long purple scar across his forehead, and a more recent cut, raw and bleeding, on one cheek. His left arm was wrapped in a bloody bandage, and with the other he held the burning match to a short black pipe between his teeth.

His companion was of smaller build and had but one arm. Behind the two was the dim shape of some object, and between them and Andre, forming a sort of a barrier before the latter were three large square blocks looking to be of stone or wood.

The match went out before Andre could make a clearer inspection. His curiosity was greater than his fear, and crawling noiselessly back a foot or two he waited to hear more. He already had a pretty strong suspicion of the large man's identity, and it was confirmed a second or two later.

"Baranok, those are pretty ugly wounds you have," said the man who had been addressed as Valbort. "How did you say it happened? I did not hear you clearly before."

"I told you once," growled the other. "What more do you want? I met a sneaking Cossack at the mouth of the valley. We both had knives, and I used mine to better advantage. That's all. The body went down the river."

"I saw the marks of the struggle when I passed by," said Valbort. "It was an odd weapon for a Cossack to carry—a knife."

"Not at all," muttered Baranok fiercely. "He had a right to carry a knife, didn't he?"

The other made no reply, and there was silence for a little while, during which Andre was alarmed by the loud beating of his heart.

"Well," said Valbort finally; "what next? Do you really intend to set the girl free?"

Baranok laughed harshly.

"Set her free? No. I have a better plan than, and you shall share it, my friend. When daylight comes we will take as much of the gold as we can carry and go down the river to a place that I know well. Then we will send a message to his excellency the governor offering to restore his daughter on condition that he gives us both a pardon. He will consent, never fear, and we shall both return safely to Russia, laden down with wealth."

"But our companions?" said Valbort hesitatingly. "Do you mean to betray and desert them?"

"What we do won't matter much to them now," replied Baranok grimly. "If they left the cavern, as you say they intended to do, the Cossacks have overtaken them long ago and made short work of them."

At this point the speakers unconsciously lowered their voices, and Andre was unable to hear anything for a long while.

At length the conversation was resumed in a louder tone, and the very first sentence caused the listener's heart to leap wildly.

"If you had done your work well with Serge Masloff," throwing a peculiar emphasis on the name, "this misfortune would not have happened. Your blunder makes it all the more necessary that I should get back to Russia at once. The whole affair may come out at any time now since the rascal is helping the soldiers."

"I can hardly believe that it was he," replied Valbort sullenly, "though Salkin declares he recognized him among the Cossacks. Can a man come to life after falling from a hundred feet precipice into the river?"

Baranok's reply to this conundrum was inaudible, but it mattered little to Andre. He had heard quite enough to make his brain dizzy with mingled amazement and delight. His brother—Serge Masloff, the Nihilist—whom he believed to be toiling in the mines at Kara, a thousand miles away, was actually close at hand. He had fallen into the hands of the convicts, had been pushed from a cliff by Baranok's command, but had escaped death, and was now leading a force of Cossacks against his would-be murderers.

Why there should be any enmity between Masloff and the convicts, birds of the same feather, Andre did not understand, nor did he puzzle long over the mystery. He had other amazing things to think about. The governor's daughter, Varia, was in the cavern with him, and the stolen gold, too, was close at hand. Both must be rescued from the clutches of the two convicts. But how?

For a long time Andre pondered and puzzled over the problem—giving no thought to his present perilous situation—but he could reach no satisfactory conclusion, and finally, on glancing through the crevice, he was startled to see the sky already pale with dawn.

This fact had not escaped the attention of Baranok and his companion.

"It will soon be light enough to make out the spot," said the former. "You are sure you remember the exact particulars?"

"Yes," replied Valbort. "I can find the place."

"Then I'll go up now and get the boats. Slay her until I return."

A shadow passed under the long, low opening in the rocks, and footsteps were heard on the crisp snow outside. Baranok had departed on his quest.

The situation was growing clearer to Andre's mind.

"The gold is concealed some place close by," he thought. "Baranok was not with the party on the night of the robbery and does not know the exact spot, but Valbort does."

He glanced toward the latter, who was sitting motionless on the straw, and then his eyes fell on the three square objects in front of him. He gasped with surprise. He was looking at the contents of one of the lost sledges—three massive chests of gold. He had been lying close beside them for a day and two nights and did not know it.

"Half of the treasure accounted for," he thought exultantly, "and the other half not far away."

A rippling noise caught his ear, and creeping on hands and knees to the crevice—so that Valbort could not see him—he looked out. The gray light was stealing over the hills, and the swift dark surface of the Angara, and as he glanced up the ice strewn edge of the shore three long spacious boats drifted into range. Baranok sat in the foremost guiding it with a paddle. The other two were joined to it by a cord.

The convict landed directly in front of the cavern and pulled one of the boats out on the ice.

"We will leave this one here," he said to Valbort, who had already heard his approach and come out. "The other two we will take with us. They will be sufficient, I think. Get in now, quick!"

Valbort obeyed without a word, stepping into the empty boat and picking up a paddle from the bottom with his one hand. An instant later both prows were cutting the ripples, headed almost directly across the stream.

Andre watched them for a little while. The river was swollen at this point, and on the opposite shore was a narrow ravine between two steep hills. Through this the sledges had no doubt been driven to the water. The post station could not be far away.

Andre watched the boats until they drew near the other shore, and then with a beating heart he turned back into the cavern and approached the dim object lying in the shadow of the farther end. Strong man that he was the sight brought tears to his eyes—the governor's daughter, Varia, the young and beautiful girl who had been reared amid luxury and refinement, lying bound and gagged at his feet.

She did not recognize him in the dim light and her eyes showed the terror that she felt.

"I am your friend," he whispered. "I am Captain Dagmar. I am here to save you. Have courage!"

He took the gag from her mouth, and with a small pocket knife severed her bonds, which were but loosely tied.

Then in his strong arms he lifted her to her feet. She was too weak and stiff to stand alone and he had to support her.

"Thank God that you came, Captain Dagmar," she said feebly, and then burst into tears.

In a moment she became calmer and asked where her captors had gone.

"Leave me and save yourself," she entreated. "They may return at any minute. I am unable to walk and if you attempt to carry me we will be pursued and easily overtaken."

"I will find a way to save you," said Andre firmly. "Wait a minute until I see what the ruffians are doing."

He placed her gently down on the straw and creeping to the mouth of the cavern looked out.

Both boats had landed on the opposite shore close to a big flat rock that jutted into the river, and on this rock stood Baranok and Valbort, bending over side by side and tugging fiercely at a rope. A moment later the other end of the rope came into view, and tied to it was one of the missing chests of gold. The rest were no doubt close by.

In his joy at this discovery Andre almost forgot the presence of the girl, and was only recalled to a sense of his

responsibility by observing the empty boat that lay a few yards from him. The sight of it suggested a way out of his difficulties.

"The very thing," he muttered. "I can seize this and escape down the river with Varia. I will have a good start of the convicts, and they won't dare follow me to the bridge. The station is not more than a mile away, and I can return here with a force of Cossacks so quickly that both the gold and the two ruffians themselves will fall into my hands."

He turned back and hurriedly explained his plan to Varia.

"There is no time to lose," he added. "We must go at once while the rascals are some distance from their boat."

"I am ready," she whispered. "I can even walk a little now. Here! Take this. I saw it fall from Baranok's pocket."

She handed Andre a paper and he thrust it hastily into his coat without looking at it, little dreaming of the important part it was destined to play in after events.

Then they hurried across the cavern, crept through the low opening, not daring to look toward the other shore, and rose to their feet, Varia clinging to Andre's strong arm.

The boat was gone. The swift current had torn it from its precarious hold on the ice, and it was already some yards down stream and drifting steadily out from the shore.

(To be continued.)

#### FEROCIOUS HUNTERS.

A CRUEL practice outlined in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, is reprinted as a contribution to the list of foreign national customs. The paragraph tells of a hunt with cheetahs, by the court of Nizam of Hyderabad.

The Nizam has a splendid palace erected on the plains twenty miles from Hyderabad. From there the hunting party starts on the fleetest of Arab horses. With it is a low open cart upon which ride two enormous cats, the hunting panthers. The game of which they are in search is the black buck, the fastest of deers, and one which will outrun any horse. Ahead of the party the huntsman moves cautiously. Beyond a gently sloping hill the black buck is seen. The panthers have already felt its presence and are crouching ready for their prey. The enormous beasts are led up the hill. They tug constantly at the leash, but when all is ready the hood which covers their eyes is removed, and with a bound, they affright the frightened deer. The race is short and when the huntsman has galloped to where the black buck lies, the panther has its teeth sunk in its victim's throat and is slowly sucking its blood. The deer's throat is then cut from side to side and the gushing blood caught in a pan. The panther's nose is thrust into the warm blood, and the chase is over. The hood is placed over the animal's eyes and it is led back to its place on the cart.

#### THE DIRTIEST HAND.

BOYS are boys, and it is probable that the best men are those who have been most thoroughly boyish in their early days. The *Hartford Times* tells a boyhood anecdote of one of our greatest men of the past, which shows that he was as mischievous as any of them.

As a boy in the rude village school at Salisbury, (now Franklin), New Hampshire, Daniel Webster was not free from the small pranks and mischiefs in which boys of a dozen years are (or used to be) apt to indulge even in school hours. It was a whipping punishment then for almost everything, and the master, a hard disciplinarian, had called Daniel up to the chair.

"I used to have, I am sorry to say it," said the statesman, "as a schoolboy, very dirty hands. On being called up to be 'feruled,' the customary form of punishment then, I covertly and hastily licked one hand, to make it more presentable, and hurriedly wiped it by rubbing it on my sleeve, after getting up from my seat."

"Hold out your hand!" was the command—and out went the hand I had tried to lick.

"Dan" exclaimed the master, in a reproving tone, looking at the dirty little paw, "if you can show me a dirtier hand than that in all this school, I'll let you off."

"Immediately," added Webster, "I thrust out the other hand! The schoolmaster was astounded. He was as good as his word; he let me off."

[This Story began in No. 42.]

## TRUE TO HIMSELF;

OR,

### ROGER STRONG'S STRUGGLE FOR PLACE.

BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER,

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

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

ROGER STRONG and his sister are living with the Widow Canby in Duwille. She kindly gives them a home after Carson Strong, their father, has been sent to jail at Trenton, on a charge of having stolen money from the provision firm of Holland & Mack, in Newark, where he was employed as a salaried clerk. In their employ was also Aaron Woodward, who, shortly after the arrest, gave up business and moved into a house in Newark, where he had had a fortune left to him by a relative. His son Duncan is very arrogant and overbearing, and induces a club called the Models, of which he is a member, to waylay Roger in the woods on the latter's return from driving the Widow Canby to the station. He is bound and thrust into a deserted cabin or tool house, which is afterwards visited by a tramp, one John Stumpy.

Roger overhears him planning to rob the widow's house, and later, when giving notice of his participation in the persecution of young Strong, comes to the tool house and unbinds him, the two going to the Models' office in Newark. Just as the tramp is succeeded in securing \$200 and made ready to return to the tool house in the hope of finding the tramp there again, he discovers it to be empty, but picks up on the floor an envelope, supposed to contain the dying statement of Nicholas Weaver concerning the forgeries for which Carson Strong was being persecuted.

Roger has just time to thrust the envelope into his pocket when John Stumpy, the tramp, appears. They have a war words, and when Stumpy overpowers the boy, locks him in the hut and then heads for it. Roger succeeds in breaking his way out just before he is suffocated, and at daylight is found lying face up on the ground by a number of boys and men. He tells his story and is taken to Judge Penfold's to make complaint against Stumpy. The judge declines to do so, but Roger is retained as a witness, and while the matter is being discussed Mr. Aaron Woodward breaks in with the announcement that the boy is a worse thief than his father.

Roger is taken off to the lockup, where Woodward visits him and charges him with stealing some valuable documents from the court, and demands that they be given up to him, but Roger, knowing nothing of the matter, of course cannot comply, and Mr. Woodward threatens to send him to the county jail.

Roger resolves to escape, and as the lockup is only a makeshift affair, succeeds in doing so. He is retaken, however, after overhearing an important conversation between Mr. Woodward and John Stumpy. He is brought up before Judge Penfold and is about to be committed, when his uncle, Enoch Moss, a retired lawyer, comes to the rescue. Captain Moss goes home to the Widow Canby's with the brother and sister, and consents to lend Roger fifty dollars to go to Chicago. He wants to hunt up a man of whom he has heard Stumpy speak, and who evidently knows a great deal about the blackmail robbery.

Meanwhile Mr. Aaron Woodward sends Roger a note, asking him to call at his house at nine o'clock that evening. Roger decides to go and at first Mr. Woodward seems inclined to be friendly. But he renews his demand that Roger give up the papers he charges him with stealing and produces a list of Roger's own handkerchiefs, which he asserts was found in the house. Then they both grow angry and Roger declares that he, with his uncle's assistance, is going to sift matters to the bottom, and find out all about Mr. Woodward's connections with the Holland & Mack robbery. This enrages the gentleman, who, after locking the door, declares that Roger knows too much, and that therefore he must be attended to.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### A CLEVER RUSE.

I MUST confess I was frightened when Mr. Woodward locked the door of his library and caught me by the collar. Was it possible that he contemplated doing me physical harm? It looked decidedly that way.

I was not accustomed to such rough treatment, and I resented it instantly. I was not very large for my age, but I was strong, and ducking my head I wrenched myself free from his grasp and sprang to the other side of the small table that stood in the center of the room.

"What do you mean by treating me in this manner!" I cried. "Unlock that door at once!"

"Not much, sir," replied Mr. Woodward vehemently. "You've made some remarkable statements, young man, and I demand a clear explanation before you leave."

"Well, you demand too much, Aaron Woodward," I replied firmly. "Unlock that door."

"Not just yet. I want to know what you know of Holtzmann of Chicago?"

"You won't learn by treating me in this manner," was my determined reply.

"Unlock that door, or take my word for it, I'll arouse the whole neighborhood."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, young man," he rejoined.



"I will."  
"Make the least disturbance and you shall pay dearly for it. Understand, sir, I'm not to be trifled with."

"And I'm not to be frightened into submission," I returned with spirit. "I have a right to leave when I please and I shall do so."

"Not till I am ready," said he coolly. I was nonplused and alarmed—nonplused over the question of how to get away and alarmed at the thought of what might happen if I was compelled to remain.

I began to understand Mr. Aaron Woodward's true character. Like Duncan he was not only a bully but also a brute. Words having failed he was now evidently going to see what physical force could accomplish.

"Forewarned is forearmed" is an old saying, and now I applied it to myself.

In other words I prepared for an encounter. On the center table lay a photograph album. It was thick and heavy and capable of proving quite a formidable article of defense. I picked it up and stepping behind a large easy chair, stood on my guard.

Seeing the action, the merchant paled.

"What are you going to do with that?" he asked.

"You'll see if you keep on," I replied. "I don't intend to stand this much longer. You had better open the door."

"You think you're a brainy boy, Strong," he sneered.

"I've got too much brain to let you ride over me."

"You think you have a case against me and Mr. Stumpy, and you intend to drag it into court and make a great fuss over it," he went on.

"I'm going to get back my father's honest name."

"What you mean is that you intend to drag my name in the mire," he stormed.

"You can have it so, if you please."  
"I shall not allow it. You, a young upstart!"

"Take care, Mr. Woodward!"

"Do you think I will submit to it?" He glared at me and threw a hasty glance around the room. "Not much!"

Suddenly he stepped to the windows and pulled down the shades. Then he took out his watch and looked at the time.

I wondered what he was up to now. I was not long in finding out.

"Listen to me," he said in a low, intense tone. "We are alone in this house—you and I—and will be for half an hour or more. You are in my power. What will you do? Give up all the papers you possess and promise to keep silent about what you know or take the consequences."

It would be telling an untruth to say I was not thoroughly startled by the merchant's sudden change of manner. He was about to assault me, that was plain to see, and he wished me to understand that no one was near either to assist me or to bear witness against his dark doings.

I must fight my own battles, not only in a war of words but also in a war of blows.

I was not afraid after the first shock was over. My cause was a just one, and I would stand by it, no matter what the consequences might be.

"I don't fear you, Aaron Woodward," I replied, as steadily as I could. "I am in the right and shall stick up for it no matter what comes."

"You defy me?" he cried in a rage.

"Yes, I do."  
I had hardly uttered the words before he caught up a heavy cane standing beside his desk and made for me. There was a wicked determination in his eyes, and I could see that all the evil passions within him were aroused.

"We'll see who is master here," he went on.

"Stand back!" I cried. "Don't come a step nearer! If you do you'll be sorry for it!"

He paid no attention to my warning, but kept on advancing, raising the cane over his head as he did so.

When he was within three feet of me he aimed a blow at my head. Had he hit me I am certain he would have cracked my head open.

But I was too quick for him. I dodged, and the cane struck the back of the chair.

Before he could recover from his onslaught I hurled the album at him with all force. It struck him full in the face, and must have loosened several of his teeth, for he put his hand up to his mouth as he reeled over backwards.

I was not astonished. I had accomplished just what I had set out to do. My one thought now was to make my escape. How was it to be done?

The key to the door was in the merchant's pocket, and this I could not obtain. The windows were closed and the blinds drawn down.

I had but an instant to think. Spluttering to himself my assailant was endeavoring to rise to his feet.

A hasty glance around the room revealed a door partly hidden by a curtain next the mantelpiece. Where it led to I did not know, but concluding that any place would be better than to remain in the library, I tried the door, found it open, and slipped out.

"Stop, stop!" roared Mr. Woodward.

"Stop, this instant!"  
But I did not stop. I found myself in the dining room, and at once put the long table between us.

"Don't you come any nearer," I called out sharply. "If you do it may be at the cost of your life."

As I spoke I picked up a fancy silver knife that lay on the table. It had a rough resemblance to a pocket pistol, and gave me the idea of palming it off as such.

"Would you shoot me?" cried the merchant in sudden terror, as he saw what he supposed was the barrel of a revolver pointed at his head.

"Why shouldn't I?" was my reply. "You have no right to detain me."

"I don't want to detain you. I only want to come to a settlement," he returned lamely.

"And I want nothing more to do with you. I'll just give you one minute to show me the way to the front door."

"Yes, but, Strong—"

"No more talk, if you please. Do you intend to show me the way out?"

"Put down your pistol and let me talk to you."

"I've told you I don't want to talk to you. Your minute is nearly up."

"Won't you listen to reason?"

"I won't listen to you. Show the way before I count three."

"I want to settle—"

"One!"

"Strong, I—"

"Two!"

"If you'll only—"

"Three!"

"Don't—don't shoot!" The merchant cowered down behind a chair. "You—you wild boy, would you commit murder?"

I made no reply, but moved around as if trying to get a better aim at him.

Then Mr. Aaron Woodward showed what a coward he really was. He gave a cry of horror and sank completely out of sight.

"Don't shoot, Strong. I pray you, take care. I'll show you the way out, indeed I will!"

"Well, hurry up about it. I don't intend to stand any more nonsense."

"Here, this way. Please stop pointing that pistol at me; it might go off, you know."

"Then the sooner you show me the way out the better for you," I returned coolly, inwardly amused at his sudden change of manner.

"This way then. I—I trust you will keep this—this little meeting of ours a secret."

"Why should I?"

"Because it—I would do no good to have it made public."

"I'll see about it," was my reply.

By this time we had reached the front door, and with unwilling hands the merchant opened it.

"Now stand aside and let me pass," I commanded.

"I will. But, Strong—"

"No more words are needed," I returned. "I have had enough of you, Mr. Aaron Woodward. The next time you hear from me it will be in quite a different shape."

"What do you mean?" he cried in sudden alarm.

"You will find out soon enough. In the meantime let me return your fancy knife. I have no further use for it."

I tossed the article over. He looked at it and then at me. Clearly he was mad enough to "chew me up." Bidding him a mocking good night, I ran down the steps and hurried away.

## CHAPTER XX.

### AT THE PRISON.

MR. WOODWARD'S actions aroused me as I had never been aroused before. My eyes were wide open at last. I realized that if I ever expected to gain our family rights I must fight for them—and fight unflinchingly and to the bitter end.

It was nearly ten o'clock when I reached the Widow Canby's house. I met my Uncle Enos on the porch. He had grown impatient and was about to start for Darbyville in search of me.

In the dining room I told my story. All laughed heartily at the ruse I had played upon the merchant, but were indignant at the treatment I had received.

"Wish I'd been with you," remarked my uncle with a vigorous shake of his head. "I'd a-smashed in his cocoanut, blame me if I wouldn't!"

"What do you intend to do now?" asked Kate.

"Let's see; today is Friday. If you will take us to Trenton tomorrow, Uncle Enos, I'll start for Chicago on Monday."

"Don't you think you had better have this Woodward arrested first?" asked Captain Enos.

"No; I would rather let him think that for the present I had dropped the whole matter. It may throw him off his guard and enable me to pick up more clues against him."

"That's an idea. Roger, you've got a level head on your shoulders, and we can't do any better than follow your advice," returned my uncle.

I did but little sleeping that night. For a long time I lay awake thinking over my future actions. Then when I did fall into a doze my rest was broken by dreams of the fire at the tool house and Mr. Woodward's attack.

I was up at five o'clock in the morning attending to the regular chores. I did not know who would do them during my absence, and as soon as the widow appeared I spoke to her on the subject.

"Your uncle mentioned the matter last night," said Mrs. Canby. "He said he would do all that was required until you came back. He doesn't want to remain idle all day, and thought the work would just suit him."

This was kind of Uncle Enos, and I told him so when, an hour later he appeared, dressed in his best, his trunk having arrived the evening before.

"Yes, Roger, I'd rather do it than sit twirling my thumbs, a-waiting for you to come back," said he. "I used to do

such work years ago, before I shipped on the Anna Siegel, and to do it again will make me feel like a boy once more. But come; let's go to mess and then hoist anchor and away."

A few minutes later we were at breakfast. Then I put on my good clothes and brought around the horse and carriage, for the Widow Canby insisted upon driving us down to Newark by way of Darbyville just to show folks, as she said, that she had not lost confidence in me.

Kate was in a flutter of excitement. She had wished to see my father every day since he had been taken away. As for myself, I was fully as impatient. My father was very dear to me, and every time I thought of him I prayed that God would place it within my power to clear his name from the stain that now rested upon him.

We reached the station in Newark five minutes before train time. My uncle procured our tickets and also checked the basket of delicacies the Widow Canby had prepared.

"Remember me to Mr. Strong," said the widow, as we boarded the train. "Tell him I don't believe he is guilty, and perhaps other people in Darbyville won't think so either before long."

A moment later and we were off. Kate and Uncle Enos occupied one seat and I sat directly behind them. Soon Newark was reached. Then came a stretch of meadowland and we stopped at Elizabeth.

"I spent a year or more here when I was young," said Uncle Enos. "It's a very old city, and has a splendid water front on Staten Island Sound, where we tied up. General Scott was born here. During the revolution the place was quite a noted ground."

Soon Elizabeth was left behind. Then came Rahway, Metuchen and numerous smaller places, and finally after crossing a number of other railroads, we rolled into a brick station and the conductor sang out:

"Trenton!"  
It was eleven o'clock when we crossed the wooden foot bridge and emerged upon the street.

"We'll go to the prison at once," said my uncle. "Perhaps it isn't 'visiting day,' as they call it, but I reckon I can fix it. Sailors on shore have special privileges," he added with a laugh.

"Which way is it?" asked Kate.  
"I don't know. We'll take a carriage and trust to the driver."

He called a coach and soon we were rolling off.

Finally the coach stopped, and the driver sprang from his box.

"Here you are, sir," he said, as he opened the door.

I looked up at the big stone buildings before us. My father was behind those walls. I glanced at Kate. The poor girl was in tears.

"You had better stay on board here till I go in and take soundings," said Captain Enos. "I won't be gone long."

Jumping to the ground, he walked up to the big open door and entered.

"What a dreadful place," said my sister, as she strained her eyes to catch sight of some prisoner.

My uncle was gone not over ten minutes, yet the wait seemed an age. He returned with a brightened face.

"I had hard work to get permission, but we are to have half an hour's talk with your father under the supervision of a deputy," he explained.

In another moment we were inside. Along a wide corridor and into an office, and then a short, stout man, Mr. Carr, the deputy, joined us.

"This way, please," he said, and gave a kindly glance at Kate and myself. "You will have to leave the basket here. I will see that it reaches the—the—your father."

He led the way. How my heart beat! Why, I cannot tell.

"I'll go in first," said my uncle Enos. We entered a room. In a moment the deputy brought in a man dressed in striped clothing, and with his hair cut close. It was my father.

My uncle and I rushed forward. But we were too late. With a cry Kate was in his arms.

It was a great moment all around. "My children! My Katie and my Roger!" was all my father could say, but the words went straight home.

"I am heartily glad that you are back," he said then to my uncle. "You will look after them, Enos, until I am free."

"Indeed I will," replied Captain Enos heartily. "But you must listen to Roger. He has a long story to tell."

"Then tell it. I am dying to hear news from home."

We sat down and I told my story. Perhaps the deputy ought not to have allowed me to say all I did, but he pretended not to hear.

My father listened with keen attention to every word, and as I went on his eyes grew brighter and brighter.

"Roger, my faithful boy, you almost make me hope for freedom," he cried. "Oh, how I long to be set right before the world!"

"God make it so," put in my uncle solemnly. "To suffer unjustly is terrible."

Then I told of my interview with Mr. Woodward in his library, and of Holtzmann.

"Holtzmann was one of the principal witnesses against me," said my father. "So was Nicholas Weaver, who managed the Brooklyn business for Holland & Mack. Who John Stumpy can be I do not know. Perhaps I would if I saw him face to face. There was another man—he was quite bald, with a red blotch on the front of his head—who was brought forward by Woodward to prove that he had nothing to do with the presentation of the forged checks and notes, but what his name was I have forgotten."

"This can't be the man, for he has a heavy head of hair," I replied. "But I am sure Stumpy is not his true name."

"Probably not. Well, Roger, do your best—not only for me, but for Katie's sake and your own."

Then the conversation became general, and all too soon the half hour was at an end. My father sent his regards to Mrs. Canby, with many thanks for the basket of delicacies, and then with a kiss for Kate and a shake of the hand to Uncle Enos and me, we parted.

Little was said on the way back. No one cared to go to a restaurant, and we took the first train.

It was dark when we reached Newark. The Widow Canby's carriage was at the depot waiting for us.

"Suppose I get my ticket for Chicago now," said I. "It will save time Monday, and I can find out all about the train."

"A good idea," returned my uncle. "I'll go with you."

So while Kate joined Mrs. Canby we entered the depot.

The ticket was soon in my possession, and then I asked the ticket seller a number of questions concerning the route and the time I would reach my destination.

Suddenly instinct prompted me to turn quickly. I did so and found John Stumpy at my shoulder.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

MR. JOHN STUMPY had evidently been watching my proceedings closely, for when I turned to him he was quite startled. However it did not take him but an instant to recover, and then he attempted to walk away without a word.

He was now neatly dressed and had had his face shaved. I conjectured that Mr. Woodward had advised this change in order to more fully carry out the deception in relation to the tramp's real character.

"There's that Stumpy," I whispered to Captain Enos, as I pointed my finger at the man. "He has been watching us."

"How do you know?" asked my uncle.

"Because he was just looking over my shoulder," I replied. "Shall I speak to him? I'd like to know what he intends to do next."

"It won't do no good. It ain't likely he'd tell you anything, and if he did it wouldn't be the truth."

"Maybe it might."

"Well, do as you think best, Roger, only don't be too long—the widow and Kate are waiting, you know."

Pushing through the crowd I tapped Stumpy on the shoulder. He looked around in assumed surprise.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed sharply.

"What do you want?"

"Nothing much," I returned. "I just saw you were greatly interested in what I was doing."

"Why, I didn't see you before."

"You were just looking over my shoulder."

"You're mistaken, young man, just as you are in several other things."

"I'm not mistaken in several other things."

"Yes, you are."

"I'm going to prove I am not."

"Pooh! Let me see you do it."

"I will, presently."

"What do you intend to do?" he asked curiously.

"That's my business."

"Where have you been?"

"That is my business also."

"Strong, you're a fool," he whispered.

"Do you think you can hurt me like Mr. Woodward and myself?"

"I can bring you to justice."

"Bah! I suppose you think you can do wonders by going to Chicago."

"How do you know I am going to Chicago?" I questioned quickly.

Stumpy's face fell as he realized the slip he had made.

"Never mind. But you won't gain anything," he went on. "Better stay home and save your money."

And to avoid further talk he pushed his way through the crowd and was lost to sight.

A moment later I joined the others in the carriage. While driving home I related the conversation recorded above.

"It's too bad he found out you were going to Chicago," said my uncle. "He may try to stop you or something."

"I'll keep my eyes open," I replied.

The remainder of the day was spent in active work around the widow's place. Not only did I work all the afternoon, but far into the evening as well, to show that I did not intend to shirk my duty even though I was going away. Besides, Mrs. Canby had treated me so well that I was almost willing to work my fingers to the bone to serve her.

The following day was Sunday. Kate and I were in the habit of attending church and Sunday school over in Darbyville, but we shrank from doing so now. But Uncle Enos and I went to church, and despite the many curious eyes leveled at me, I managed to give attention to an excellent sermon. I noticed that the Woodward pew was empty, but then this was of common occurrence and excited no comment.

On Sunday evening my handbag stood in my room packed, ready for my departure. Dick Blair came over to see me and brought strange and sad news.

Duncan Woodward and Pultz, his intimate crony, had got into a row in a pool room down in Newark and were both under arrest. Mr. Woodward and

Mr. Pultz had both gone off to get their sons out of jail. Dick did not know how the row had started, but had heard that both boys had been drinking heavily.

I was much shocked at the news, and so were the others. If things kept on Mr. Aaron Woodward would certainly have his hands full.

I retired early so as to be on hand the next day. Sleep was out of the question. I had never been a hundred miles away from Darbyville, and the prospect of leaving filled me with excitement.

I was up long before it was necessary, but found Kate ahead of me.

"You're going to have a good hot breakfast before you go," she said. "Sit right down. It's all ready."

Presently, as I was eating, my uncle and Mrs. Canby joined me. They were full of advice as to what to do and what to avoid, and I listened to all they had to say attentively.

But all things must come to an end, and at length breakfast was over. My uncle Enos and Kate drove me to Newark and waited till the train rolled in.

"Good by, Roger," said Kate. "Please, please, now do keep out of trouble."

"I will, Kate," I returned, and kissed her. Then I shook hands with my uncle.

"Keep a clear weather eye and a strong hand at the wheel, Roger, my boy," he said "and you'll make port all safe."

"I'll try, Uncle Enos."

A moment more and I was on the cars. Then with an "All aboard" the conductor gave the signal and the train moved off.

I passed into the car and took a vacant seat near the center. I had hardly sat down before a well dressed stranger took the seat beside me.

"Hot day," said he, after he had arranged his bag on the floor beside my own.

"Yes, it is," I replied, "and dry, too."

"Meanest part of the country I've struck yet," he went on.

"Yes?"

"Yes. Don't have any such climate as this out West."

"I should think that would depend on where you come from," I returned with a short laugh.

"I hail from Chicago. It's hot there, but we get plenty of breeze from the lakes."

I looked at the man with some attention. He came from the city I intended to visit, and perhaps he might give me some information.

He was a burly man of middle age, and, as I have said, well dressed, though a trifle loud. His hair was black, as was also his mustache, which he continually kept smoothing down with one hand. I did not like his looks particularly, nor his tone of voice. They reminded me strongly of some one, but whom I could not remember.

"You come from Chicago," I said. "I am going there."

"Is that so? Then we can travel together. I like to have some one going along, don't you?"

I felt like saying that that would depend on who the some one was, but thinking this would hardly be polite I returned:

"I don't know. I've never traveled before."

"No? Well, it's fun at first, but you soon get tired of it. My name is Allen Price, what is yours?"

"Roger Strong."

"Glad to meet you." He extended his hand. "You're rather young to be traveling alone—that is, going a distance. Do you smoke? We'll go into the smoker and take it easy. I have some prime cigars."

"Thank you, I don't smoke."

"That's too bad. Nothing like a good

cigar to quiet a man's nerves when he's riding. So you're going to Chicago. On a visit?"

"No, sir; on business."

"Yes? Rather young for business—excuse me for saying so."

"It is personal business."

"Oh, I see. Going to claim a dead uncle's property or something like that, I suppose. Hal! hal! well, I wish you luck."

Mr. Allen Price rattled on in this fashion for some time, and at length I grew interested in the man in spite of myself. I was positive I had seen him before, but where I could not tell. I asked him if he had ever been to Darbyville.

"Never heard of the place," he replied.

"Only been in Jersey a month, and that time was spent principally in Jersey City and Camden. I'm in the pottery business. Our principal office is in Chicago."

"Do you know much about that city?"

"Lived there all my life."

I was on the point of asking him about Holtzmann, but on second thought decided to remain silent.

On and on sped the train, making but few stops. There was a dining car attached, but I was traveling on a cheap scale and made my dinner and supper from the generous lunch the widow had provided.

Mr. Price went to the dining car and also the smoker. He returned about nine o'clock in the evening, just as I was falling into a light doze.

"Thought I'd get a sleeper," he explained. "But they are all full, so I'll have to snooze beside you here."

His breath smelt strongly of liquor, but I had no right to object, and he dropped heavily into the seat.

Presently I went sound asleep. How long I slept I do not know. When I awoke it was with a sharp, stinging sensation in the head. A pungent odor filled my nose, the scent coming from a handkerchief some one had thrown over my face.

With a gasp I pulled the handkerchief aside and sat up. Beside me sat Mr. Allen Price with my handbag on his lap. He had a number of keys in his hand, and was trying to unlock the bag.

(To be continued.)

### SEEKING THE LAIRS OF WILD ANIMALS.

EVERY one of the ancients were fond of the spectacle of wild animals, but it was the battle of these they enjoyed, while we in our day are interested in the habits and traits of these ferocious creatures. The *New York World* tells of the wild animal "industry" which keeps many people almost constantly in the quest, thousands of miles away.

There are people employed all the time hunting leopards, tigers, elephants, lions, and every kind of a wild animal ever heard of. They are sent out to wild countries to do this work, and the animals come home to fill up the menageries, circuses and museums, where these beasts are kept to amuse visitors.

The business of wild animal hunting is not a new one. In what was spoken of as the "palmy days of Rome," when that ancient city was at the height of its grandeur, one of the favorite sports of the people was watching fights between savage animals. These animals always fought to the death, the victor killing the conquered. So, as the supply had to be kept up, it took many men's work to trap the animals for the people's amusement.

We are told that four hundred lions alone were brought out every year, and other animals as well. And as many as eight thousand men were employed for many years in trapping them.

### HE DISAPPROVED.

A LITTLE fellow was taken into his mother's chamber to see for the first time a baby brought out every year, and other animals as well. The three year old looked at the infant over with a calmly critical regard, and then, turning to the maid who accompanied him, he said very decidedly: "Jane, you keep that in the kitchen."—*Newark Advertiser.*

### THE RETORT CRUEL.

MAUD—"George has the oddest terms of endearment; last night he called me his little duck."

MARIE—"Well, my dear, you know that you are no chicken."—*Puck.*





S. S. PACKARD.

## FROM LOG CABIN TO COLLEGE.

BY WILLIAM J. BAHMER.

ALL eyes are turned to the man who is thoroughly conversant with the practical affairs of life. The world admires the shrewd, intelligent individual who can face existing conditions with a clear understanding and a cool, collected judgment. A man of this stamp is Mr. S. S. Packard, of New York, whose career illustrates the success which follows a steady, unflinching attention to business.

Mr. Packard is a self made man. He spent his boyhood in a log cabin in Ohio and remembers the day when there was not a railroad in the country and a telegraph line was not dreamed of. His large experience with men and things has given him an insight into human

nature that fits him admirably for the responsible work which he has in charge.

Over thirty years ago Mr. Packard founded a school in Cooper Union for the training of boys and girls in practical commercial matters. This school was the beginning of what is now known as Packard's Business College of New York, an institution of which Mr. Packard is the president, and which is one of the most important schools of the kind in the world. In the early days of business colleges, bookkeeping, mathematics and penmanship constituted the entire curriculum, but the college of today that is in touch with modern business requirements covers a broader field. Banking,

correspondence, law, language, shorthand and typewriting are now included among the studies. Mr. Packard has been foremost in bringing the business college up to its present development.

An inspection of the various methods of "business practice" at the Packard college is productive of much information. In our illustration is seen the bookkeeping department, where students are being initiated into the science of "posting books," "ruling down ledgers," "balancing cash," etc. A regular bank occupies another part of the building, where the machinery of the banking business is shown in all its phases. The school of stenography is conducted in a large room where row after row of desks are occupied by shorthand students whose pencils at first stagger over the paper in much the same erratic way that David Copperfield's did, but which, eventually, form the correct pot hooks and curls with dazzling rapidity. The typewriting department is in another part of the college, and here young men and women can be seen operating the typewriter with gratifying swiftness. Language and law is taught in a separate class room, and, in short, every department of practical business is included, teaching, as Andrew Carnegie said in regard to it, "what is useful."

It is over this institution, which is the creation of Mr. Packard's own brain, that he presides, infusing his personality into every department and stimulating ambition in his students by example and precept.

Much that Mr. Packard has done has been recognized abroad. The business schools of France, particularly those at Paris and Rouen, under the management of the Chamber of Commerce at Paris, were modeled after his plans, and the Antwerp school has taken some of its features from this source.

It will be seen that commercial education is one of the many branches of old world life that is becoming leavened by American ideas. And the result of this may be far reaching. It may prove to be a factor in the struggle for supremacy in the markets and exchanges of the

globe, and may help in coming years to transfer to America the commercial supremacy of the world.

### DINING BEFORE NOON.

UNDER a strict definition, "dinner" is the principal meal of a day, and the queerly timed dinners of the following personages, from the San Francisco *Argonaut* are to be accepted under that explanation.

In the fourteenth century the king of France dined at eight A. M. and retired to rest at eight P. M. In the time of Philip the Good an old verse said: "Rise at five, dine at nine, sup at five, go to bed at nine, and thou shalt live to be ninety and nine." In the reigns of Henry the Fourth and Louis the Fourteenth the dinner hour was eleven A. M. Louis the Fifteenth changed the dinner hour to two o'clock. Two o'clock remained the usual dinner hour in France up to the time of the revolution, after which six o'clock became the fashionable time. In England the upper class breakfasted at seven in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and dined at ten A. M. In Elizabeth's reign the dinner hour was eleven A. M., and supper was served at five o'clock. In Germany the fashionable hour for dinner up to the time of the French Revolution, was twelve o'clock; afterward it was fixed at one o'clock.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

M. W. P., Philadelphia, Pa. There is no premium on your coins.

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C. A. M., Pottstown, Pa. We shall be glad to have you use our correspondence department; but we do not give cures or answer medical questions.

F. J., New York City. 1. We believe the "sacred scenes" have been replaced. Inquiry at the office will inform you positively. 2. Two men, marrying sisters, would be called brothers in law.

D. A., Pullman, Ill. 1. Any legitimate trade offering prospects of steady work is a good one to learn. 2. You should take a course of electricity at some college, or work up through some electric light shop.

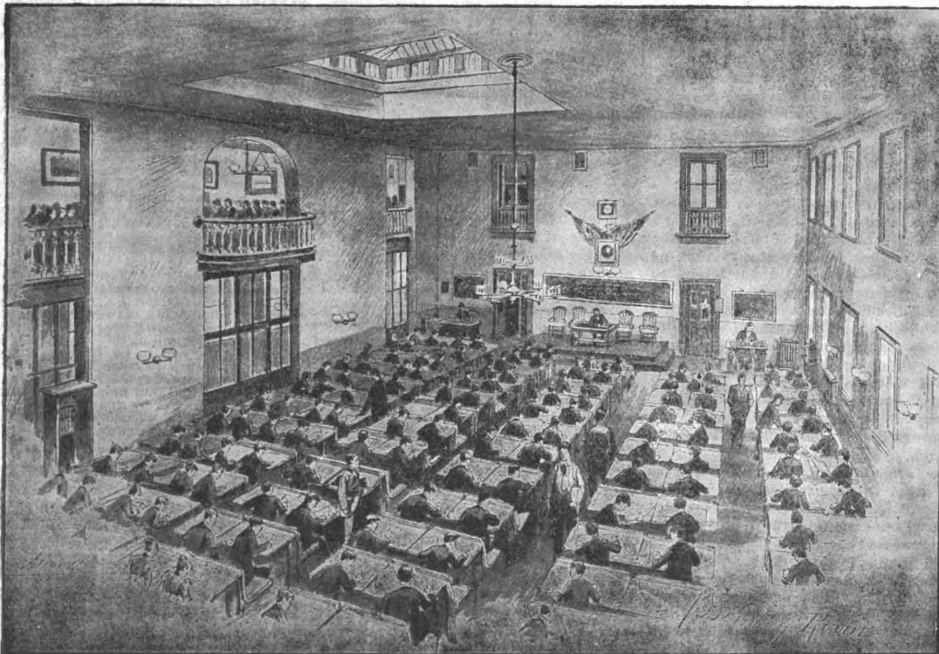
READER, Wilmington, Del. The author of "The Crimson Banner" and "The County Pennant" will be represented in our columns by a serial to begin about January 1, and possibly another baseball story later in the year.

SUSQUEHANNA, Harrisburg, Pa. 1. Statistics on the billiard matches between Schaeffer and Slosson vary. According to the most generally accepted, Slosson's recent victory gives him the seventeenth in thirty three games. 2. We do not answer questions on handwriting. Comparison with standard models is recommended.

H., Chicago, Ill. 1. By addressing the Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., you will be informed of the location of the nearest recruiting station. 2. On being discharged from a training ship enlistment is permitted in the regular service as "third class boy." All officers, even petty officers, are made of graduates of the Academy at Annapolis, or of veteran sailors occasionally.

H. S. J. H., East Orange, N. J. The new navy consists of forty vessels, built or building, from torpedo boats to armored battle ships. The old navy consists of eight iron or steel steam vessels, twenty three wooden steam vessels, three wooden steam receiving ships, twelve iron and wooden steam tugs, one wooden sailing practice vessel, two wooden sailing schoolships, one wooden sailing store ship and six wooden sailing receiving ships.

C. H. B., Chatham, N. Y. 1. Algebra is one of the requisites for admission to the Naval Academy. 2. Postage on binders for THE ARGOSY is 12 cents each. 3. Your tastes and capabilities should decide your vocation. Otherwise, and on general principles, a trade that keeps you at home, that offers regular employment, and tends to keep you a fixed and good citizen is better for you than a roving pursuit. 4. A machinist's pay is \$18 to \$30 per week, according to circumstances.



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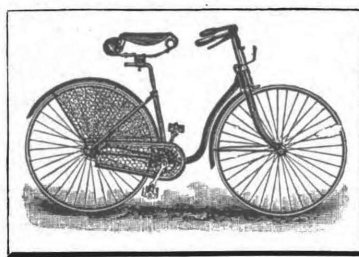
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