

# THE ARGOSY

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[This Story began last week.]

## A SPLIT IN THE CLUB;

OR,

### RALPH MORTON'S MUTINY.

BY EDGAR R. HOADLEY, JR.

Author of "The Cruise of the Bianca," "One Boy's Honor," Etc.

#### CHAPTER IV.

ON BOARD THE ULYSSES.

"WHAT do you make it now, Fluster?"

"Latitude 28 deg. 10 min. 5 sec., longitude 19 deg. 5 min. 3 sec."

Fluster Fulwood, mate of the steam yacht Ulysses, a young man between nineteen and twenty, was seated at a table in the forward cabin. He had just completed his calculations for latitude and longitude, and announced the result as above to Randolph Raymond, captain and owner of the vessel, who was standing at the foot of the cabin steps. The mate then began working a parallel ruler on a chart of the southern coast of Texas.

"What is the course?" asked the young captain.

"Wait a minute till I work the variation," replied Fluster. "Now we have it—north north-west half north."

"North north-west half north," repeated the captain to a messenger at the top of the stairs, who was waiting for the information and was to convey it to the quarter-master.

"We have done very well; our day's run is 240 miles, which is an average of 10 knots an hour," added the mate.

"That is doing splendidly, considering the heavy weather we have had since we left the Capes of Florida; but where are we now?"

"About forty miles due south of Matagorda Bay."

"Then we ought to sight the headlands at Morton's Cove within a few hours," concluded the young captain, as he turned and went up the steps.

The mate continued his work at the cabin table by writing in his log book.

With the usual privilege of an author, we have allowed these two characters to introduce themselves to the reader, but while the mate is busy with his record, and the young master and owner has gone to inquire how dinner is progressing, we will tell the reader something more about them.

Randolph Raymond, or Captain Andy as he was more often called, was a rich young man, and though he was worth at least a million in his own right, was unspoiled by the "almighty dollar." He had only just reached his majority and had come into his property a few months before we introduce him, and though two such momentous events in a young man's life, coming at the same time, might well be calculated to "puff him up," we are glad to say Andy had no pride of position or wealth, but was sensible and generous to an unusual degree.

The only extravagances he indulged in were things nautical in general, and his steam yacht in particular, which, as we have already said, was nearly as large as an ocean steamer.

been called till he was advanced to the dignity of an officer of the yacht, was a sort of protégé of Captain Andy's. The latter had found him, sick and penniless, walking the streets of New York, several years before, after a long and trying voyage to the East Indies, and had given him a position as cabin boy on the Ulysses. And when the mate of the yacht, who had been with her since she first went into commission, left, to accept a similar position on a transatlantic steamer, Fluster was installed in his place.

Though he had not the intelligence and experience of his predecessor when he assumed the position, Fluster had made a number of long voyages in all classes of vessels since the age of twelve, and possessed an aptness for learning and a soundness of judgment that were truly remarkable.

Judging from his speech at that time, one would have thought him truly illiterate, but he had really had a fair education and had acquired the faults of grammar and pronunciation through carelessness and association with ignorant shipmates before the mast. Under Captain Andy's direction and tuition, however, he quickly regained a correctness of speech, and advanced rapidly in the study of navigation. Every opportunity was given to him to carry the theory of the latter into practice, and that is the reason we found him figuring out the position and course of the yacht, which duty properly belongs to the sailing master. He also kept a log book on his own account in addition to the official record of



"IF THAT ROPE WAS NOT CUT THROUGH BY SOME SHARP INSTRUMENT I NEVER SAW ONE."

Over a year before, his uncle and guardian, (he had lost both of his parents when an infant,) had died, but on his death bed had revealed a skeleton in the family closet concerning his own son and Andy's cousin, who had been abducted by mistake when a few years old. After many complications, in the search for his lost cousin, Andy was led to Texas. And, as already stated, had found him after some exciting events, in which several members of the Sportsmen's Yacht Club took part.

He felt so grateful for this happy result, and found the young sportsmen so congenial, that he joined the yacht club, and promised to visit them, if possible, each year. We have already told how he had further testified his interest in the organization by the presentation to it of the yacht Stars and Stripes.

Fluster Fulwood, or simply Fluster, as he had

the voyage kept by the sailing master.

Fluster's parents were dead, or at least he supposed they were, for he had no recollection of a father or mother; and there was no one in the world of any kin to him as far as he knew. The only beings he could remember, who were associated with his younger years, were a red-headed, freckled faced boy about his own age, and a virago sort of woman whom he had called aunt (the boy's mother), from whom Fluster was compelled to flee by her cruelty and constant "tongue lashing." But he felt convinced that she was no more his aunt than she was his grandmother, and he was sure she was not old enough for the latter, and he had no pangs at the parting. He had secured a berth as cabin boy with a kind hearted skipper, and had continued to follow the sea ever since.

We are thus particular in speaking of the young

mate because many interesting facts concerning him were revealed in the series of events we are about to relate.

And now that master and mate have been formally presented to you, we will permit them to introduce to your notice the other persons on the steam yacht who took part in the events that follow.

"Well, how did you find it, Mr. Manning?" asked the young mate, looking up, as a ruddy faced, heavy set man, not yet forty years of age, stepped from the forward cabin companionway.

He was the sailing master of the *Ulysses*, and whenever he took an observation Fluster took it with him and compared notes.

"You struck it almost to a dot, Mr. Fulwood, with the exception of a slight difference in variation and the course," replied Mr. Manning.

"I didn't feel that I had figured the variation right, and I had no time to go over my calculations," explained Fluster.

"Oh, you'll get there after a while, and then we'll depend on your figuring alone," smiled the sailing master.

"I trust so," concluded the mate hopefully.

"Hullo! below there, Mr. Fulwood!" shouted Captain Andy down the steps. "I thought you said we were forty miles from land."

It was always "Mr." in addressing his subordinate officers in the presence or hearing of the crew, for you must know the strictest man-of-war discipline was maintained on board the *Ulysses*, but between themselves, and when at table (for Andy was exceedingly democratic and messed with his officers), this formality was dispensed with.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Andy; I did not say so," responded Fluster, as he stepped on deck, followed by the sailing master. "I said we were forty miles south of Matagonda Bay."

"That's the same thing, isn't it? What do you call that land looming up on the starboard bow?" queried the young captain quickly, as he peered in the direction named.

"That's Lagoon Island," replied the mate promptly.

"Where the yacht club had its blow out last year," commented Andy, and then, with assumed severity, "Why didn't you say we were near Lagoon Island, Mr. Fulwood?"

"Because you didn't ask me, Captain Andy. You asked me where we were, and I figured up the location from a point in the mainland on Matagonda Bay set down in the *Pilot*."

"He's got you there, Captain Andy," laughed the sailing master.

"Yes; he's getting along, isn't he?" responded Andy good naturedly.

"Gen'l'men, da dinnah am ready," announced a white capped, white aproned colored boy, with an elaborate flourish and a bow, "an' Mistah Catah say fo' you come right erlong or the soup won't be fitten toe eat."

"Then we'll drink it, Cotton," laughed Andy. "Tell him we will descend forthwith to the banquet."

Cotton rolled his eyes till nothing could be seen but their whites, and with a plentiful show of his ivories and a chuckle, hastened off to deliver the message, which it is probable he only understood by inference.

He was the waiter on the *Ulysses* and another protégé of Andy's. He had been encumbered with such a "jaw breaking" Biblical name when the latter came across him that he was at once rechristened Cotton. Why Cotton it would be hard to say, unless it was because he often rolled his eyes, showing the entire whites till they looked like two balls of cotton, or his new master had been humorously struck with the grotesqueness, not to say inappropriate-

ness of naming such a black skinned being as he was after something that was white.

Captain Andy led the way aft toward the dining saloon, but paused at the head of the stairway and said:

"Mr. Manning, have you noticed that cloud just east of Lagoon Island?"

"Not until just before you spoke. It has a peculiar shape and color, and I wouldn't be surprised if it was one of those 'northers,' common to this latitude; but we'll see what the barometer says."

An inspection of the instrument (an extra one kept in the dining saloon) revealed the fact that it was falling, but not rapidly.

"I guess we'll have time enough to eat dinner, and to spare, before it comes down on us," decided the sailing master.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### AN INTERRUPTED REPAST.

"WHAT is the matter, high and mighty captain of the *Ulysses*?" drawled a young man, who had risen deferentially from a seat at the dinner table, as the three entered the room.

"Nothing much, Mr. St. Cyr, only Mr. Manning says we're going to have a blow," replied Andy, with an amused smile.

"Blow! It seems to have done nothing but blow since we left New York. Will it ever cease to blow, most potent captain?"

"Are you seasick, Mr. St. Cyr?"

"Sick! Mighty commander of the *Ulysses*, I scorn the insinuation. Have I not plowed the salt sea waves for nearly a week, and have you once seen me sick?"

Andy had to admit he had not, but he was secretly of the opinion that the speaker had paid his tribute to Neptune in the privacy of his cabin two days out of New York.

"Sick," repeated the young man; "I should say not; but old Boreas seems to have been on a continual spree since we started, and as he indulges in his most violent tears about the time of the midday banquet, it has become a veritable feast of Tantalus; besides, this unceasing blowing and rolling interferes seriously with my animal comfort."

"I'm sorry, Mr. St. Cyr, but I don't know what we'll do to remedy it, unless we write a letter of complaint to the clerk of the weather at Washington," laughed Andy.

"A great idea, great mogul of the *Ulysses*; but as we're still at sea, just stand off the present blow till we have fully satisfied the inner man in peace."

"We'll do the best we can, Mr. St. Cyr, but you are losing many valuable moments in discussing the matter and had better fall to at once."

The dinner was commenced, and in a moment more they were joined by Hapgood Locher, the chief engineer, who made up the complement of those who messed at the captain's table.

As very little was said during the progress of the meal, probably owing to the inexplicable but depressing influence of the approaching storm, and as that little had no bearing on our story, we take the opportunity to say a few words about Mr. St. Cyr.

Cyril St. Cyr had been absolutely unknown to Captain Andy prior to the day of the yacht's sailing from New York. On that day he had appeared on board the *Ulysses* with a letter from an old and intimate friend of the young captain's father, requesting Andy to give the bearer a passage to Texas. It was further added that the young man had some important business with Uncle Dick Morton, the ranchman.

Though he was far from being im-

pressed favorably with St. Cyr's looks or manners, Andy felt that he could not do otherwise than accede to the request; but he could not understand how the writer of the letter or St. Cyr had learned the date of his sailing, when he had imparted that information only to the officers of the yacht.

And though he had been with the young man nearly a week he had learned nothing of his personal or private history, and neither had he gathered any light as to the stranger's mission with Uncle Dick.

But of one thing Captain Andy was not left long in doubt. His passenger was an exquisite of the first water. When he first came on board he was a typical specimen of the *genus* dude, as portrayed by the cartoonist of the day, but the yacht had hardly rounded the Sandy Hook lighthouse and pointed her bows on her southward journey, ere he appeared in a nautical cap and uniform, resplendent with gold lace and brass buttons. But it must be said of him that he was more consistent in following the "nautical fad," which seemed to have been seized upon with a strange fascination by both sexes of all classes and ages, who indulged in it upon every possible pretext, and sometimes when there was no pretext for it at all. Though his surroundings partially excused his indulging his vanity and the fad, he knew less about things nautical than a land tortoise, and had never before been nearer salt water than one of these reptiles.

The continued succession of gales on the voyage had sadly interfered with his ease and comfort, and he had not once been able to partake of one of Captain Andy's marvels of the culinary art on a level keel, or even when the dishes and good things were not trying to jump over the guard rail; hence his anxiety about the approaching storm.

The soup and fish had been disposed of, and Mr. St. Cyr was looking forward with much satisfaction to the inroads he would make upon the juicy roast, which had just been placed upon the table by Cotton, when the sailing master, who had been glancing furiously at the barometer, suddenly arose from his seat and closely scrutinized the instrument.

"Great Caesar!" cried Mr. Manning; "it's gone down as if the bottom had dropped out of it! Whew! these things travel fast."

The next instant he had sprung up the saloon steps, and Captain Andy, Fluster and the chief engineer followed him a moment later.

St. Cyr gazed blankly after them for a moment, and then, determined not to be cheated out of the *pièce de résistance* of his meal, reached over to stick his fork in the steaming roast preparatory to carving a slice for himself.

At that instant there was a shrill shriek of rushing air overhead, and the *Ulysses* careened to one side with a spasmodic jerk. The mass of brown and greasy meat was hurled into the exquisite's lap, and with a cry of terror and dismay he was jerked from his seat to the floor and reeled against the port partition.

Meanwhile, as soon as the sailing master reached the deck his orders flew thick and fast. Everything movable about the decks was secured, and every opening or hatch closed and battened down.

This had not been fully accomplished

when the onrushing norther struck them with terrific force, knocking the yacht over at an alarming angle.

"Hard down with your helm!" yelled Mr. Manning.

Fortunately, after the first violent gust, there was a lull, and the *Ulysses* wore slowly around till her nose was in

the wind's eye; otherwise, it would not have been such an easy matter, with the power of the screw alone, and it would have been necessary to hoist some of the after sails.

The next instant the wind came on with renewed force, and a perfect deluge of rain, hail, sleet and snow was hurled against the steamer. But with two men at the wheel, and her screw whirling like a buzz saw, the stanch yacht kept her head up to the storm and mounted the rising billows like a duck.

These northers, which are peculiar to the western and southwestern part of our country and the Gulf of Mexico, pass over almost as quickly as they come up, and Captain Andy and his officers knew it would not be many minutes before they would have passed through the ordeal, and the sun would probably be shining.

But before that time they were destined to witness a thrilling sight.

Suddenly, as Mr. Manning was peering ahead, he saw a lurid flash of light, low down near the storm lashed waters, and the next instant the boom of a gun mingled with the noise of the rushing air.

"What was that, Mr. Manning?" queried Andy, who was standing near.

"A gun, Captain Andy, but I cannot make out any vessel where I saw it."

"What do you think it is then?"

"I don't know, unless it is an open boat or a dimasted vessel, but that gun was too large to be on anything small. Pass my glass, Fluster, and I'll see if I can make out anything."

Fluster hastened to the pilot house and quickly returned with the telescope. The sailing master proceeded to make a close scrutiny of the surface of the Gulf in the direction whence the sound of the gun had come.

He discerned something white, and as he was inspecting it there was another flash and a report. The illumination from the discharge of the gun revealed something, and the sailing master dropped the glass from his eye.

"What do you make her out, Mr. Manning?" asked Andy quickly.

"A small schooner, between forty and fifty feet long. Her masts have been carried away, and she is rolling and drifting in the trough of the sea."

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE WRECK OF THE STRANGER.

"DID you see anybody aboard of her, Mr. Manning?" continued Captain Andy, with increased anxiety.

"Yes, I'm sure there's a man at the wheel. A jury mast has been rigged up, and I suppose he is doing the best he can to keep her from being thrown on her beam ends and foundering. There must be others aboard of her, and what I can't understand is how a vessel of her size comes to have a gun big enough to make as much noise as that one did."

"Perhaps she's a yacht that has been blown off the coast," suggested Andy, as he thought of the yachtsmen at Morton's Cave, and the possibility of its being one of their vessels. "Most of them carry a small cannon, you know."

By this time the force of the norther had begun to subside, and the heavens lighted up considerably.

As the *Ulysses* had continued to approach the dimasted vessel, the latter could now be clearly seen without the glass, as she rose and fell on the heavy waves. Three other figures besides the man at the wheel, were discovered clinging to the rolling wreck.

"We must run down to her and do what we can for them, Mr. Manning," decided the young captain, anxious to learn if the wrecked ones were any of his friends; though he would have re-



sponded just as quickly to the appeal of the vessel in distress, even if he was satisfied they were not.

"All right, Captain Andy; but we're getting dangerously near Lagoon Island, and it will be decidedly risky to launch a boat in this heavy sea."

"I know that, but perhaps we can get a hawser to her and tow her to Morton's Cove. You know we once lent a helping hand to a larger vessel in a bigger blow than this."

"And lost her, Captain Andy."

"Which is no reason we should lose this one. The brig was several times larger than this schooner, was heavily laden and had sprung a leak."

"Very well, Captain Andy, we'll do the best we can for them."

The steamer rapidly approached the wreck, and when the sailing master thought they were near enough he signaled the pilot to slow down. In a few minutes they were within hailing distance of the schooner.

"On board the steamer!" some one shouted from the dismantled craft.

"The schooner!" responded Mr. Manning. "What can we do for you?"

"Can you give us a tow?"

"Aye, aye, sir. Where are you bound?"

"To Galveston."

"We are close to Morton's Cove, and are bound there. Shall we take you there?"

"Aye, aye, heave us a line and take us in."

"Didn't ask to be taken off. Plucky, ain't they, Captain Andy," observed the sailing master, turning to the young captain.

"Yes; but I beg to remind you that you have failed to ask them who they are," responded Andy, who was anxious to know if the wrecked ones were any of his friends of the Sportsmen's Yacht Club.

"So I have," said Mr. Manning, as he once more hailed the wreck.

"The Stranger. Carbine, master, bound from Vera Cruz to Nassau, calling at Galveston," was the reply to his interrogatory.

"Run up as close as is safe, Mr. Manning, and as soon as our stern is on a line with the schooner's bow throw them a heave line," ordered Captain Andy, relieved to learn that the vessel did not belong to his friends.

"Start her up, Mr. Fluster," said the sailing master to the mate, who was standing near the pilot house, and could transmit the order to the wheelman.

The speed bell was rung, and in a few minutes the yacht was abreast of the schooner.

"Give her one bell again, Mr. Mate," ordered Manning.

"One bell," repeated Fluster, and the steamer stopped, as her stern reached a point opposite the bowsprit of the wreck.

Meanwhile, under the sailing master's directions one of the crew of the yacht had coiled up a long light rope, (called a heave line), and at the word of command, threw it deftly on the fore-castle of the schooner, where it was caught by one of her crew.

"Fasten to your towing hawser, or the biggest cable you've got, and be quick about it," shouted Manning, as the Ulysses, after losing steerageway, began to roll heavily.

"All ready," came from the schooner a few minutes later.

"Have you got the other end fastened to your bits?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

The crew of the steam yacht hauled in on the heave line, and in a moment the end of the cable rope was brought aboard and secured to the after bits of the steamer.

"Start her up slowly, Mr. Fulwood," continued Manning to the mate.

In the angry sea which had been kicked up so quickly, there was great danger of capsizing the schooner, or breaking the hawser, if the towing was not done cautiously.

As the steamer went ahead, the hawser straightened and strained, the bits on both vessels cracked under the tightened rope, and the wreck started forward, plunging her bows through an enormous wave that swept her from stem to stern. But as soon as the schooner had gathered headway, she followed steadily and did not repeat the performance.

"Ring the speed bell, Mr. Fulwood," was the sailing master's final order.

The Ulysses went ahead at full speed, and the wreck behaved very well, though she continued to take some water over her bows.

By this time the full fury of the norther had been spent, though the waves had not subsided to any perceptible extent. The wind suddenly shifted more to the westward, and this circumstance called the attention of those on board the Ulysses to the fact that the yacht and schooner had done some drifting in the time taken to get the latter in tow, and that they had got in dangerous proximity to Lagoon Island, towards which the veering wind was driving them still faster.

"Port your helm! Lay your course due northwest in the teeth of the wind," shouted the sailing master.

The Ulysses wore around, and an increasing strain was added to the hawser, as the wreck swung against the huge waves partially in the trough of the sea. Before she could reach an easy position across seas, the tension on the cable proved too much for it.

The hawser parted close to the bows of the schooner, and with a whistling swish flew into the air, while the yacht, relieved of its burden, darted forward.

"Stop her!" yelled Manning promptly, as soon as he saw the rope part and the steamer increase her speed.

"What now, Mr. Manning?" demanded Captain Andy, who had remained on deck during all the maneuvering.

"I don't know, Captain Andy, unless we get out the life boat. We are too close to the shore now to approach her near enough to get another hawser aboard, and they will go ashore on Lagoon Island as sure as fate."

"Out with the boat, then," cried Andy with energy.

The wreck drifted and was blown rapidly, broadside on, towards the island, and Captain Andy watched, with tense gaze and some emotion, to see her strike among the breakers, while he waited for the launching of the yacht's yawl.

The latter was furnished with air chambers of the latest pattern, and the young captain did not hesitate to assume charge of the task of rescue. In a moment he and his crew had taken their seats in the boat, and it was swung out over the side. At a favorable moment the falls were let go and the yawl floated on the crest of a wave. At the word of command, the oars fell in their places, and in a moment they were safely away from the side of the yacht, and pulling toward the wreck.

Andy glanced toward the helpless vessel just in time to see her lifted high on an enormous billow, and then dashed broadside on the beach; then he devoted his whole attention to discovering if any of her crew were struggling in the wind lashed waves.

But though the yawl was brought as near the breakers as was consistent with safety, and held there by backing vigorously with the oars, not one of the men

who had been on the deck of the schooner was to be seen.

As it was useless to attempt a landing on the beach in such a heavy sea, Andy waited, hoping for some sign of a survivor from the wreck. Finally, reluctantly concluding that all the men had been stunned or drowned in the concussion and rush of waters, he was about to give orders to return to the yacht, when he saw the figure of a man on the beach.

"Aho! On shore there!" he shouted.

"In the boat!" was the response.

"How are you fixed?"

"We're all right—nobody hurt or lost."

"We can't get a boat in there now. Shall we stand off till the sea goes down and take you off?"

"No, thank you. The schooner's high and dry, and we're going to stay to get the cargo off. If you'll send some one out after us from Morton's Cove tomorrow, we'll do very well, and be very much obliged to you."

"All right," shouted Andy, and the yawl was swung around and headed for the Ulysses.

The young captain was considerably mystified by the action of the castaways, and on his return to the yacht he asked himself several questions that took a number of exciting after developments to answer, viz.: How came it a trading vessel had a cannon on board the size that of the stranger's evidently was? Why had they not asked to be taken off the wreck in the first place, and then why had they remained by it after being cast ashore? Was the cargo something of unusual value?

The disembarking of the crew of the yawl, and the return of the boat to the deck of the Ulysses was not accomplished as easily as was the launching; but it was safely done after careful maneuvering.

Captain Andy reported the result of his efforts to the sailing master, and remarked upon the odd and unusual devotion of the castaways to their vessel and her cargo.

"That's not the only strange thing about them, Captain Andy," responded Mr. Manning. "We hauled in that cable after you left, and if the end of that rope was not cut clean through by some sharp instrument, I never saw one cut."

"Impossible, Mr. Manning; they certainly would not be crazy enough to deliberately wreck their own vessel, and put their lives in peril."

"Not only possible but true, and they must be lunatics," asserted Manning positively.

It was certainly a strange discovery, and if the crew of the schooner were in their right minds, they must have been actuated by powerful motives to have done such a rash thing.

(To be continued.)

#### THE POSTAGE STAMP OUTPUT.

How little mites put together add up to form a vast whole is well exhibited in an extract from the *Boston Herald*. We buy a two cent stamp to mail a letter, never thinking we are contributing with millions of others to pay the government a revenue of mites that swells to many millions in a year.

Americans are the greatest letter writing people on the globe. Of the fifty odd billion pieces of mail which are posted in the world every year, nearly three billions go through the post offices of the United States. We spend every year more than \$2,000,000 for postage, and during the past twelve months American tongues have licked the backs of \$37,000,000 worth of sticky stamps. The postage stamps sold every year the world over far surpass in value the riches of Jay Gould or the Rothschilds, and the postage stamp industry of the world is one of the great factors in the machinery which moves the universe today.

And yet postage stamps are of comparatively recent origin. It is barely fifty years ago since they were first used in England, and in 1847 Congress first authorized their use in the United States.

#### THE FOUR LEAVED CLOVER.

The queen of fairies on a day  
Was busy making clover;  
And, when the task was done, she found  
She had one leaf left over.

At first she knew not what to do,  
Indeed, was almost frightened—  
To waste a whole great clover leaf  
But suddenly she brightened.

Then calling her assistants, said:  
"I find, in making clover,  
I must have somewhere counted wrong,  
Here is a leaf left over.

"So haste, and bring me quickly here  
A clover from the meadows;  
And I will tell it lovely tales  
Of sunshine without shadows.

"Of merry hearts and happy days,  
And hours of rarest pleasure;  
Of smiling faces, dancing feet,  
And rapture without measure;

"And then I will to it affix  
This leaf which is left over;  
Good luck shall always follow him  
Who finds a four leaved clover."  
—Margaret R. Hines, in *The Independent*.

#### FAITHFUL AND THOROUGH.

##### A BUSINESS STORY.

BY W. H. W. CAMPBELL.

"BE faithful and thorough, Bradford, and you'll be sure to succeed. Keep your eyes open for the best ways of doing things, and when you see a better way than the common one, try it! Now, good by, my boy! I shall expect a good account of you!"

The lad thus addressed leaped upon the train, and was soon whirled out of sight. Mr. Leroy stood for a moment gazing at the curve around which the last car had just vanished, and then turned slowly away, murmuring, "I really think he will make his way. A little slow, but sure—sure!"

Bradford Leroy was sixteen years of age. He was on his way to the city to enter the dry goods jobbing house of Blythe, Spinner & Co. His father had given him a thorough schooling up to this point, but had decided that a mercantile employment was better suited to him than a profession. Hence he had sought for him a situation with his old acquaintances, Blythe, Spinner & Co. "Give the boy a fair chance, and no favors," was all he demanded of their friendship.

In due time the lad presented himself to Blythe, Spinner & Co. They were a firm doing a moderate business, very enterprising and energetic. They were what is called a "live concern," and on their premises everything "went humming," as the boys used to say.

Bradford had, of course, to begin at the bottom of the ladder. "We all started there," said Mr. Blythe to him, "and we will give you the same chance. The faster you climb up, however, the better we shall like it; don't forget that, my lad!" he added.

The first occupations of the new boy were certainly not entertaining. He was obliged to open and close the store, to sweep and dust, to carry parcels and to run errands. The house did not at that time afford the luxury of a porter, but when heavy work was to be done, a signal flag displayed at the front door summoned an expressman from a neighboring corner.

Yet Bradford found a good deal to interest him and occupy his thoughts. The variegated stock of goods was in itself much like a museum of curiosities. He employed his spare moments in examining the various goods and "notions"—getting an idea of their uses, their qualities, and their cost. He observed the methods of the various salesmen in dealing with their customers. He was not a little shocked at some of the misrepresentations which he over-

heard, and he stoutly determined that he himself would never seek to sell goods except on their real merits.

Perhaps what interested the new boy most at this period was the machinery of the trade—that is to say, the processes of receiving, storing, assorting, and shipping the goods. There was a thorough system in regard to all of these things, and Bradford resolved to master the whole of it.

Meanwhile, he did not forget his father's injunction to be faithful and thorough. Indeed, he was rather inclined that way by nature; but as he had entered the store to learn the business, and not to amuse himself, he made it a matter of principle to perform even the least of his duties in the best manner possible.

"What do you think of young Leroy?" asked Mr. Blythe of Mr. Spinner, two or three weeks after Bradford entered upon his duties. "Rather slow is he not? He seems to hesitate when he sets about anything. Now Francis is quick as a flash."

Francis Booth was the boy next older than Bradford. He was an exceedingly brisk and pushing young gentleman, and his driving energy had rather taken the eye of the senior partner.

"Well," replied Mr. Spinner with a smile, "he does seem to take his bearings carefully. Will you be kind enough to come this way a moment. I want to try an experiment."

As Mr. Spinner was the inspector-general of the establishment, Mr. Blythe was not surprised at this way of meeting his inquiries. He followed his partner, who made his way down a side passage to some tills in an obscure corner. Here Mr. Spinner drew from his pocket a delicate cambric handkerchief—for he was rather dainty in his toilet. Not a speck of dust soiled the exquisite fabric, which its owner now proceeded to wave gently in the air.

"Here is one of my boy traps," continued Mr. Spinner. "I have caught Francis and most of the other boys in it more than once. I haven't tried it on with Bradford yet, but I will now."

So saying, he stooped to one of the tills and gave the end of his handkerchief a flirt to its remotest corner. Then he dragged it hither and thither over the floor of the till. "Now let us see what we have caught," he said.

He withdrew the handkerchief, and, advancing toward a window, held it up to the light. It was entirely unsoiled.

"That's the new boy, Mr. Blythe," he remarked, with a quiet laugh. "Just as I expected, I must confess. Slow, but thorough! He will escape all my traps, I'm quite sure."

"Well, well! To be sure! Perhaps I have undervalued him," responded Mr. Blythe meditatively, as the two partners returned slowly to the office. "I rather think I have a use for him this summer," he continued. "I was looking for somebody to keep an eye on my house while we are at the seaside. He'll do, I think."

This was the impression made by Bradford's faithfulness thus early in his business life. Shrewd employers understand very well how to estimate a boy's character from his conduct in the smallest matters.

As has been related, Bradford soon began to take an interest in the active minutiae of the business. Part of his employment was in the packing room, where he devoted himself with great zeal to the mysteries of doing up bundles, stitching and cording bales on occasion, and stowing away to the best advantage in the cases the miscellaneous assortment of goods selected by the country merchants. Frank had charge of the delivery book, as well as the storehouse book. The latter was soon to fall to the care of Bradford, and he

had already had it somewhat in hand. He had mastered the system of recording the receipt and removal of packages. This was simple enough, but it occurred to him that Frank might improve his method in the delivery book.

In this book were entered all packages that left the establishment, with the date of their delivery, the agency which took them away, and their marks and destination. It was not a perfect system, but it had been in vogue for many years, and had answered well enough.

Bradford one day was looking over the delivery book, when it suddenly occurred to him that, after all, this record was liable to be of great importance. He wondered that it was left so entirely to the care of one of the boys; and, as he knew Frank was careless as well as rapid, he also wondered if there were ever any mistakes in the entries.

He spoke to Frank on the subject, saying that it seemed to him the book ought to have more system to it, as it might be valuable some day.

"Oh, you ought to be a drudge in the public library," was Frank's scornful retort. "The book is of no great account, any way—merely a matter of form! Life wouldn't be long enough to go into particulars about all these packages. Snap is what B. S. & Co. want, my boy. Such poky chaps as you are out of place here."

Nevertheless, Bradford resolved to keep a delivery account himself for a few weeks, both for the occupation and excitement of it, and to make a comparison with Frank's book.

He therefore set up a cheap scratch book, which he kept concealed in a secluded niche, and recording therein all the parcels of goods which he saw delivered, noting the marks and numbers, if they were unbroken packages, and having a small check stroke for the made up parcels.

This voluntary labor gave Bradford some trouble, and caused him to bestir himself more than usual. It was not trouble lost, however, for it obliged him to cultivate activity and promptness, in order to accomplish this in addition to his proper duties.

Frank noticed that he had a rather busier air than common, and rallied him about it. "Why, you act, old chap, as if you had the whole business on your shoulders. When are you going to take a fellow into the concern, eh?" he cried mockingly one day.

Bradford looked at him seriously for a moment. "You are a smart young swell, I know, Frank," he said, "but I may have a chance to take you in, as you say, sooner than you think."

"Well, I declare!" retorted the astonished youngster, "if you're not coming it strong."

Bradford, however, did not mind the chaffing of his fellow clerk. He devoted himself harder than ever to the humble details which came within his sphere. Whether Mr. Spinner sprang any more of his "traps" for the entertainment of Mr. Blythe we do not know, but certainly Bradford was never caught by one of them.

Some two or three weeks after the conversation of the two boys just related, Frank was about leaving the store for lunch. Bradford had not yet returned, but he was due in five minutes, and he was so uniformly punctual that Frank had learned to depend upon him. Therefore he occasionally ventured to steal a few minutes of his time. He had just finished packing and marking some goods, and had ordered the express wagon to remove them. They were all recorded and off his mind. Two cases of prints, which belonged to the order, lay in the little area before the storehouse door—the remainder being at the door of the packing room.

Just as Frank was moving away Mr. Green called to him. This gentleman was the Co. of Blythe, Spinner & Co. "Frank," he said, "get out a case of those Happymack prints, and ship at once to Scones, Bolus & Co. They have telegraphed for them, and, if you hurry up you can catch the early boat, and get the goods to them this evening."

The goods referred to were a salable novelty, and Blythe, Spinner & Co. had secured the entire stock of the manufacturers. It proved a lucky speculation, as the pattern was in great demand.

"These are the last cases in stock," replied Frank, pointing to those which he had just marked. "There will be twenty more in this afternoon," he added; "the invoice came this morning."

"All right, Frank," said Mr. Green hurriedly, "I must leave now to catch the train. I am going West for two weeks. Just change the mark to Scones, Bolus & Co., and let the other fellows wait a day. I told them I might spare them but one case. Enter it to them, and off with it quick!" So saying the bustling "Co." disappeared into the store.

Frank hurriedly scraped off the direction and marked the new one according to orders. Then he hastened around by the alley to the front of the store, and hailed a porter. Giving him directions about the case, Frank concluded to go right along to his dinner, and finish the business on his return.

As the expressman was loading the case into his wagon Bradford returned. He noticed what was going on and made a note of the case. It has been said that the lad recorded deliveries which he himself saw. He never copied from Frank's book. In the present case it had happened that while Frank was changing the marks of the case, the express wagon had come and removed the other goods. He would have taken the case also, but that it went in an opposite direction. These little details are necessary to make clear what followed.

Francis Booth was ambitious of advancement in the store, and had already made some essays as a salesman. He had a few customers of his own from the region whence he came to the city, and the firm allowed him some latitude whenever he had one of these buyers in hand.

It happened this very afternoon that Frank encountered one of his country friends who had a long memorandum of goods needed. This was a piece of good luck for Mr. Booth, and he brought all the varied accomplishments of his versatile nature to bear upon his customer. But that gentleman was in a hurry. There was a fair in the city which he wished to visit before looking at goods. Frank did not dare leave him. Competition was so sharp that such a risk could not be thought of for a moment. Consequently Frank dispatched a street boy to Blythe, Spinner & Co., explaining his absence, and then flung himself heart and soul into the task of entertaining the country merchant. Thus it came about that he forgot the case of goods whose marks had been changed. Mr. Green had gone West, discharging himself from all responsibility, and so the matter rested.

It is not needful to dwell on Bradford's life in the store during the next three months. It may only be said that he continued to act on his motto, "faithful and thorough," and that Mr. Blythe had come to hold him in as high estimation as Mr. Spinner did. In fact, Mr. Blythe, being now with his family at the seaside, had left the keys of his city house with Bradford, and the boy spent an hour there every day airing it thoroughly.

About this time Bradford somehow became aware that the firm was in trouble

with one of their best customers. There was a discrepancy in their accounts, and a certain balance claimed by Blythe, Spinner & Co., was disputed by the debtor house. The evidence was clear enough. The goods were duly charged, and the delivery book showed that they were shipped. The country firm claimed, however, that one package had never been received, and that that they had given notice of it a few days later. This, however, seemed to have been overlooked.

The dispute had come to a point when there was likely to be a lawsuit, either against the railroad company for the loss of the goods or against the delinquent merchant for the balance due.

When this matter came to Bradford's ears he interested himself in it at once. He inquired into the names of the parties concerned and the date of the transaction. The missing goods, it appeared, were a case of Happymack prints, and of course this was the case which Mr. Green had diverted from its original destination, and which Frank had forgotten.

"I think I can throw some light on this matter," said Bradford shyly to Mr. Spinner. And he showed his record of the shipment of the missing case to Scones, Bolus & Co. Mr. Green, who had returned from the West, at once recollected the incident. The matter was as clear as daylight.

Mr. Spinner flourished his cambric in the air as if he were dusting imaginary tills, and exclaimed: "Leroy, you are a boy worth having, that's a fact! And now, where's Frank?"

That young business phenomenon soon made his appearance. On being taxed with his delinquency he was greatly abashed. He had no recollection of the case whatever. He went, however, in search of the shipping receipt book, and returned with an air of triumph to show that the package receipted for by the railway company corresponded with the number on his delivery book.

"All is, then, you shipped another package without any record of it," thundered Mr. Green, "and that is blunder number two. Let me see your book, Bradford! We'll have a comparison!" And taking the delivery book and Bradford's record he sat down to compare the two.

Although the shipment in question was not in Bradford's record, as has been told, Mr. Green soon discovered by comparing with other entries, that Frank was careless and inaccurate. Several entries had been omitted in the course of the three months past.

"Enough of this!" cried the exasperated "Co.," as he finished the examination. "Here is plenty evidence that the blame of this misunderstanding rests upon you entirely. Booth, this is the first time we have caught you in such unfaithfulness, but do be sure that it is the last! Mind that, Booth!"

"Leroy step this way, if you please," said Mr. Spinner, and the blushing boy followed the two partners into the office.

It is not our business to betray the private confabs of the firm of Blythe, Spinner & Co. We can only say that Bradford wrote a full account of the matter of the case, and his talk with the partners, to his father. The reply came in due time, and we may peep over the lad's shoulder long enough to read this:

I am glad to hear so good an account of you, my son. When you left home I felt great confidence that you would turn out as I bade you—faithful and thorough. I congratulate you on the prospects of your future!

It ought properly to be added that the proud father lived long enough to see his son a member of the firm of Blythe, Spinner & Co. Bradford, therefore, really had the chance to admit his

comrade, as he once hinted to him, but for some reason he seemed to think Frank quite well enough off as a clerk.

[This Story began in No. 460.]

## WITH COSSACK AND CONVICT.

A TALE OF FAR SIBERIA.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON,

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

### CHAPTER XXXII.

#### THE CAPTURE OF FEODOR BARANOK.

THE boat was moving off so swiftly in the current that it was out of the question to try to overtake it by swimming.

Andre's first thought was to get himself and Varia back into the cavern, where they could devise some other plan of escape at their leisure, but before they could take a step forward or even crouch down among the cakes of ice, a loud shout was heard, and looking across the river they saw Baranok and his companion leaping into one of the boats.

"Too late! They have seen us," cried Andre, turning pale. "There is only one chance for us now. We must escape down the shore. Ah! if I only had some kind of a weapon!"

"Have courage, Captain Dagmar," said Varia. "I feel stronger now. If you take my arm I think I can keep up with you."

The boat was now shooting swiftly across the stream, Baranok paddling lustily in the stern, while Valbort crouched in the bow ready to spring out the moment the keel touched.

Andre glanced hopelessly at the steep wooded hillside above him, and then taking his companion by the arm darted down the shore. At first they made fair progress, for Varia ran lightly beside him, but on rounding a slight promontory they were confronted by a rugged expanse of ice cakes, piled in confusion between the cliff and the water. Andre's heart sank as he realized the trap he had blundered into, but he struggled bravely on for a few yards until Varia's strength gave out, and she clung a dead weight to his arm.

"Go!" she cried, "save yourself before it is too late. My life is not in danger, but yours is."

Never was man in a more perplexing situation than Andre at this moment. If he remained with his helpless charge both their lives would probably be sacrificed—for what could he do, unarmed, against the two desperate convicts? If on the other hand, he abandoned Varia, he had every chance of escaping to the post station and returning so quickly with a force of Cossacks as to capture the convicts and the gold, and rescue their captive.

Andre wavered for an instant between prudence and his sense of chivalry. Which course he would have taken none will ever know, for the brief hesitation proved fatal, and before he could make up his mind Baranok and Valbort turned the promontory on a run and uttered a savage yell at the sight of their victims.

In their haste they had left their weapons behind in the other boat. Andre noticed this and it gave him a gleam of hope. He looked hastily around him for some missile of defense, but not even a loose fragment of ice was in sight. He hurriedly drew out his little pocket knife and opening the blade took his stand in front of Varia.

Baranok came on furiously and threw up his arm in time to ward off the knife from his breast. It struck him above

the elbow and drew blood. Maddened by the pain the convict closed on Andre and both went heavily down on the ice.

Valbort jumped over them and sprang at Varia, who uttered one piercing scream and swooned.

Satisfied that the girl could not escape, Valbort left her and returned to aid his companion.

But Baranok was in no need of assistance. The muscles of his powerful, ox-like limbs were as hard as iron and he had already quelled Andre's frantic struggles, and he was now pinning him down among the ice cakes, one knee on his victim's breast, one hand on his throat.

"I'll settle this fellow alone," he hissed at Valbort. "Take the girl to the cavern, quick!"

Valbort turned back without questioning, and taking Varia's slender form under his one arm, he made his way quickly up the shore.

Andre did not see what was taking place. Baranok's savage, scarred face was bending over his with the ferocity of a tiger, and his hot, scorching breath was playing over his throat and cheeks. Hard as he struggled Andre could not free a limb or tear off the hand that was choking him to death. He was completely at the mercy of his foe. It was bitterly hard to die just when the achievement of his hopes had opened a bright future before him.

"You thought to carry off the girl, did you?" muttered Baranok vindictively. "You thought to reach the post road and get the Cossack bloodhounds on our heels! Your time has come, you cur, and the secret of the gold will die with you!"

He rose suddenly to his feet, and lifting Andre in his strong arms, swung him to and fro, once! twice! thrice!—Then he landed him far out into the air, and with a dull plunge Andre vanished beneath the dark waters of the Angara.

He struggled to the surface a few seconds later, and with the instinct of life yet strong within him, swam feebly toward the shore. The cruel ice had bruised his back and limbs and sharp pains were darting through his throat, but he vanquished the current that was yearning to suck him out into the black depths of the river, and gained the edge of the ice floe. With both hands he caught it and clung fast, too weak to pull himself out of the chilling water.

But Baranok had been watching his victim as a cat watches a mouse, and now he picked his way leisurely down to the shore with a fiendish smile on his face.

"It's no use, my friend," he said with mock pleasantry. "You must die. I have no mercy for those who wear the Czar's uniform."

"Mercy!" implored Andre. "For Heaven's sake have mercy!"

"Mercy!" laughed Baranok. "There is no such word in Russia!" He stamped his heavy booted feet down on his victim's hands, and, with a gasp of pain, Andre dropped back into the water and was swept away by the angry current.

Twice he sank, twice he rose to the surface, and as he was going under for the third and last time he tossed up his arms despairingly and clutched the rim of ice again. It was but a temporary reprieve, he knew well. The end must come in a moment or two at furthest, for strength and life had almost departed from his bruised and aching body, and there was his enemy coming swiftly toward him, stopping on the way to pick up a short knotted limb that had dropped from a tree.

With the calmness of despair Andre awaited the end, riveting his eyes with an irresistible fascination on the convict's cruel face. Closer and closer

came Baranok, toying with his club. Now he was on the ice, ten feet away—eight feet—six feet.

"Your sturdy fight for life deserves some recompense," he said, wrinkling his scarred features into a hideous smile. "I am not blind to merit even in an enemy. You shall have the *coup de grace*."

He twisted the club in his supple wrist to get the knotted end undermost, and then raised it aloft.

Andre shuddered and closed his eyes. One—two—three seconds passed in silence.

"Help! Help!" Valbort's frightened voice echoed down the river.

Baranok's arm relaxed, and without a glance at Andre he turned and ran a few steps up the beach. Well might his face turn swiftly pale. Long delayed retribution was on his track.

At full speed around the rocky promontory came Donald Chumleigh, and close behind him were Colonel Sudekin and a file of Cossacks.

"Surrender! Surrender!" they cried. "We have got you this time!"

For a brief second Baranok stood still, and the expression of his face transformed to canvas would have given the painter immortal renown. All the evil passions of his nature were concentrated there.

Then as the Cossacks rushed forward, he snarled like a wounded panther, and lifting his club, sprang half way to meet them.

The story of that conflict was told for years afterward around Siberian campfires and mess tables.

The Cossacks could have shot him down where he stood, but their orders were to take him alive, and so conscientiously did they obey that they would not even use their clubbed rifles for fear of inflicting a fatal injury.

Single handed they closed around him, and in the proud fullness of his strength and stature he seemed like a giant among pygmies.

The very first blow of his knotted club broke one poor fellow's neck as if it had been pipe clay; the second blow splintered an arm, and with yet a third stroke he split open a Cossack's skull.

Then they were upon him from all sides, and for a brief instant he was down and out of sight. But not with such ease was the terrible Feodor Baranok to be subdued.

He had in him the strength of a dozen men, and twice he struggled to his knees and then firmly to his feet, snarling and cursing like a demon, and shaking off the soldiers as an old she bear brought to bay shakes off the pack of yelping curs.

Again and again the Cossacks returned to the attack, having shut off every avenue of escape by placing men with loaded rifles above and below the shore; and when, for the fourth time they had forced their terrible enemy down and the end seemed surely to be at hand, he flung them to right and left by a truly herculean effort, and seizing one of their number, used the poor fellow as a battering ram to beat down his comrades. He struck right and left, accompanying every blow with a savage imprecation, and then tossing the senseless body out on the ice, he made a leap for the water.

The knotted club—strange freak of fate—entangled itself in his feet, and he fell heavily between two ice cakes. He tried to rise, but it was too late. The soldiers poured themselves on his back, fastened to his legs, arms, and throat, and in spite of his desperate attempts to rise once more, Feodor Baranok was bound hand and foot with many thicknesses of rope and dragged back against the cliff, where he lay in silence, flashing glances of deadly hatred from

his black eyes at the triumphant Cossacks.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE GOVERNOR READS HIS DISPATCHES.

DONALD and Colonel Sudekin had played no part in the actual struggle, for at the moment when the first assault was being made upon Baranok they simultaneously discovered and recognized Andre and hurried to his assistance, willing to trust Baranok's capture to the Cossacks.

Had they delayed a moment Andre would have sunk never to rise. They reached him just in time and succeeded, after some trouble, in pulling him out on the ice and thence to the shore, where he lay so still and white that they feared he was dead.

The colonel took off his great coat and wrapped it around him. "We must get him to the station as soon as possible," he said. "Nothing can save him but prompt medical treatment."

By this time Baranok had been overpowered and bound and the Cossacks were bemoaning the fate of their two dead companions, and attending to their own injuries, which were more or less severe. The fellow whom Baranok had used as a battering ram was alive, but fatally injured.

Presently four Cossacks came down the beach escorting Varia and Valbort. The latter had been surprised in front of the cavern and captured without much resistance. Varia had recovered from her swoon, but was very weak and pale.

Sudekin was flushed with triumph, nor did the presence of the dead temper his satisfaction.

"There seems to be nothing left to do here," he said. "The post station is not more than a mile away. We will start at once, taking the prisoners with us, and send a force back for the dead and wounded. The governor can hardly arrive before evening."

This was welcome news to the troops, for all—Donald and Colonel Sudekin included—were as exhausted as men could well be. Since late on the previous afternoon they had been following Baranok's trail, and had covered in that time nearly fifty miles, not counting the distance between the battle ground and the Angara river.

As preparations to start were being made Andre opened his eyes and called feebly, "Colonel! Colonel Sudekin!"

The colonel and Donald were instantly at his side.

"What is it, my dear fellow?" inquired the former.

With a great effort Andre propped himself on one arm. "The gold!" he whispered. "I have found it. It's all there."

"His mind wanders," said the colonel in an undertone. "Never mind about the gold now, Andre," he added. "Part of it is at the station and part lies down here in the river. The balance will no doubt be found some day."

A joyful light shone in Andre's eyes. "The rest is here," he whispered eagerly. "Part is in the cavern and part across the river—on the rocks by the boat. I won't be disgraced, colonel—I have made atonement—I will go back to St. Petersburg now, won't I—back home."

His eyes closed and he dropped his head down with a happy smile.

Donald and the colonel looked at each other.

"What does he mean?" asked the latter.

"Exactly what he says," suggested Donald. "Let us make an investigation!"

Colonel Sudekin eagerly assented, and in a brief time Andre's incoherent words were fully explained. The gold con-



cealed in the cavern was brought to light, and a trip across the river in the boat revealed the three remaining chests beside the rock, where they had evidently been concealed since the night of the robbery. It may as well be stated right here that no trace was ever subsequently found of the horses or sledges. They probably sank forever in some deep whirlpools of the Angara, purposely driven into the water by the convicts. In fact a partial confession to this effect was afterwards extorted from some of the captives.

The delight of Colonel Sudekia knew no bounds.

"The terrible Feodor Baranok captured!" he exclaimed. "The governor's daughter rescued without injury! All of the lost gold found!—it is a stupendous stroke of work, a stupendous stroke!"

He could have hugged himself, and before his mind rose a vision in which he saw himself occupying a gubernatorial palace in one of the Siberian provinces, and heard the people addressing him as "your excellency."

But the colonel did not overlook Andre's share in the achievement.

"If Captain Dagmar recovers," he said to himself, "I will see that full justice is done him. He shall have charge of the transport train again."

Four Cossacks were left behind, two on each side of the river, to guard the chests of gold until large boats could be sent up for them; for the two small boats belonging to the convicts were utilized to transport Varia and Andre down to the bridge. Colonel Sudekia and Donald and half a dozen soldiers accompanied them, the remaining Cossacks going on foot with Baranok and Valborg.

The former reached the posthouse shortly before eleven o'clock, and an hour later—owing to the ruggedness of the road—the Cossacks arrived with their famous prisoners.

Baranok comforted himself with dignity, but his companion had a very crestfallen appearance as though he already saw the shadow of the gallows looming over him. They were promptly removed to the guardhouse and placed in separate cells. Donald, much to his surprise, was placed in an outer room of the same building and handed over to the care of a Cossack officer.

"The governor will attend to your case," said Colonel Sudekin with a return to his old austere manner. "In spite of what you have done for us you are really a convict, you know, and I can't assume the responsibility of allowing you at large."

Donald made no reply. It gave him rather a chill to know that he was under lock and key again, but he was too weary to trouble himself about it, and lying down on the hard wooden bench he was asleep almost instantly.

Meanwhile Varia and Andre had been put to bed in the posthouse, and the condition of the latter was so serious that a physician was summoned from a station fifteen miles away.

The telegraph operator at the Angara station had his hands full that afternoon, and before sunset the startling news was flashed to all points of the Russian Empire—the battle that had terminated the existence of Baranok's band of robbers, the capture of Baranok himself, the rescue of the governor's daughter, and the recovery of the Czar's gold.

At nightfall General Tichimiroff and his force of Cossacks arrived, bringing with them ten prisoners, who were promptly ironed and locked up. They had marched without intermission since the afternoon of the preceding day. Captain Urmanov was still alive, but the convict Gross had died on the way.

The governor's delight when his

daughter was restored to him, and he learned from Sudekin all that had occurred, can be better imagined than described.

All that day Varia's manner had indicated some weighty burden on her mind, and now, on meeting with her father, she confided to him the particulars of Leontef's murder, which she had been so unfortunate as to witness.

It appeared from her story that Baranok and Leontef had met at the mouth of the valley near the cavern, that they held a conversation, which soon grew into a dispute, and then came to a violent struggle, which ended in the stabbing to death of Leontef and the casting of his body into the river.

Varia also corroborated Donald's statement that he had saved her life—she had recognized him among the Cossacks that day—and begged her father to do what he could for him, a promise which he hesitatingly made.

By nine o'clock that night all in the post station were sleeping off the effects of their recent exhaustive march—all except Andre and Captain Urmanov, who tossed sleeplessly on their beds, watched over by the surgeon and a couple of assistants.

The governor had given orders that he was not to be disturbed in any way, and in conformity with this command a budget of important dispatches, which came by wire from St. Petersburg, were laid away until such time as it should please his excellency to arise.

The chests of gold had meanwhile been brought down the Angara and transferred to the posthouse. The contents of one sledge were yet missing, but there was every likelihood that it could be recovered in the spring, if not sooner.

All through Saturday night and the greater part of Sunday the weary men slept. By noon the Cossacks began to straggle out from their quarters, and the courtyard of the station was soon in a bustle of excitement, for government couriers were going and coming, and peasants were flocking in from far distant points in the vain hope of feasting their eyes on the terrible Feodor Baranok and his band.

About five o'clock in the afternoon Colonel Sudekin made his appearance, and was shortly joined by the governor, when they sat down to dinner in the main room of the posthouse. After the meal the surgeon was summoned, and his report proved to be highly gratifying.

"Captain Dagmar and Captain Urmanov are both slightly improved, your excellency," he said, "and your daughter, who is now sleeping calmly, will be in perfect health in a day or so. I have also seen Feodor Baranok, who is suffering from a knife thrust in the arm, and I have the happiness to tell your excellency that he will most assuredly live to be hanged."

The governor smiled grimly.

"And the wounded Cossacks—how are they?" he inquired.

"One died during the night, two more are very low, and the others are recovering."

"Very well; see that they have every attention. That will do for the present."

As the surgeon left the room the governor turned to the heap of dispatches that lay before him on the table and went over them one by one, indicating their disposition by frequent notes with a lead pencil and commenting freely on their tenor to Colonel Sudekin.

The very last dispatch of the lot was a lengthy one, and as the governor read it slowly through his face became very grave and his eyebrows dropped—a sure sign of deep mental disturbance.

"Sudekin," he said sharply, "bring

that convict to me—the one who calls himself Chomlay. I will receive him in the inner room, and during the interview see that I am not disturbed on any pretext whatever. This is an unfortunate affair—very unfortunate! The authorities have tied my hands in the matter."

Colonel Sudekin waited an instant in hopes that the governor would be disposed to enter into a fuller explanation of his somewhat enigmatical words, but seeing no such forecast on the horizon, he rose and left the room.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### SHATTERED HOPES.

DONALD had passed the day in a state of feverish impatience, having arisen at an early hour of the morning; and, when Colonel Sudekin entered the guardhouse he instantly divined the object of his visit.

The colonel's greeting was curt and his manner severe and martial as he delivered the governor's message, but Donald accepted this as a matter of course, and signified his willingness to start at once. Not a shadow of doubt was in his mind; he looked forward eagerly to the interview with the governor, feeling sure that his story would be believed and investigated, and that he would speedily be a free man.

He crossed the post yard in the gathering darkness, escorted by four Cossacks, and was conducted straight to the inner room of the posthouse—a small, square apartment with one window near the ceiling. The Cossacks left him at the door, and he was alone with the governor, who sat at a table with a lighted lamp before him.

Donald bowed respectfully and remained standing in the center of the floor.

For a full minute the governor did not speak; he was crumpling a little roll of paper in one hand, and with the other was nervously twisting his mustache and beard.

Donald misconstrued this silence.

"Shall I begin, your excellency?" he ventured to ask.

The governor straightened himself up. "No," he replied coldly, "you need not begin. The fact is that circumstances have occurred which make it impossible for me to keep my promise. I am not insensible to the services you have rendered, but I assure you my hands are tied, and much as I regret it I can do nothing."

"But you will certainly listen to my story?" pleaded Donald, turning white to the lips.

The governor frowned and shook his head.

"I have here important dispatches from Petersburg," he resumed, glancing at the papers in his hand, "and I will acquaint you with their import. I am instructed to make every effort to recapture the famous Nihilist Serge Masloff, who escaped from the exile gang several weeks ago, and in case I succeed I have strict orders to send him on to Irkutsk at once, to keep him there in solitary confinement until such time as it pleases the authorities to forward him to the mines, and to allow him no opportunity of conversing with any one. I have here a description of Serge Masloff, and I am convinced that you are the man!"

"I am not," cried Donald, taking a step forward in his excitement, "I am not Serge Masloff! I am an American—I am entirely innocent of any crime—"

The governor held up his hand warningly. "Stop! I can't listen to you. I warn you to be silent! I will give you one chance."

He rapped on the table and the four Cossacks quickly entered the room.

"Let two of you remain here!" com-

manded the governor, "and let the others bring Feodor Baranok to me at once."

The latter instantly departed on their errand, and for ten minutes the room was as silent as the grave. The governor fixed his eyes on the table and kept them there. Donald looked the picture of abject misery as he stood with a Cossack on each side of him. His hopes had been shattered and the dreaded mines of Kara once more yawned before him.

Presently footsteps and a clanking of chains were heard, and an instant later Feodor Baranok was led into the room. In spite of the heavy manacles on his wrists and ankles he walked proudly and defiantly, and met the governor's scrutiny with a glance of deadly hatred. He did not even look toward Donald.

"I have sent for you," said the governor, "to ask you a question."

"You can ask me a thousand," replied Baranok haughtily, "but they will not be answered."

"Take care!" cried the governor sternly, "you forget where you are. I think you will make up your mind to give the information I want. Who is that man?"

He pointed his arm at Donald.

Baranok turned slowly, hesitatingly around, and like a flash his manner changed. He clinched his manacled hands and shot a terrible glance of hatred and recognition at Donald from under his black eyebrows.

"Your excellency," he said quickly, "I have changed my mind and will answer your question. That man is Serge Masloff, the Nihilist. I know him well."

Donald sprang forward, livid with passion.

"You cowardly liar!" he cried. "You vile assassin! This is your revenge, is it?"

He would have struck him to the floor, but the guards caught him in time and dragged him roughly back, and at a sign from the governor the convict was hurried from the room.

Donald struggled to escape from the Cossacks.

"Your excellency," he entreated. "Hear me, I implore you. That man lies—he has an object in telling you this—"

He got no further, for the guards forced him into a chair and threatened to choke him if he spoke another word.

The governor waited quietly until Donald had ceased to offer any resistance, and then he rose and pulled his heavy coat about his shoulders, for the room was chill and cold.

"I regret what has happened, Masloff," he said, "especially in view of the services you have rendered, for my daughter admits that you saved her life, and the breaking up of this band is also due partly to you. I assure you that I will not forget this, but without delay I will forward a statement of the case to the authorities, and I am inclined to think that it will lead to a mitigation of your sentence. More than this I cannot promise, and I must refuse to hear anything you may have to say—my orders are imperative on this point. Why and through whose agency such instructions have been given I have no doubt you fully understand."

The governor paused and looked significantly at Donald. Then he touched him on the shoulder and led him into a corner apart from the Cossacks.

"I know you better than you think, Masloff," he resumed, "and I am amazed that one born and brought up as you were should have turned deliberately to a career of crime. Have you no feeling for your father, and for the devoted brother whose sacrifice of honor you so basely repaid? The latter you have seen and been with during the last few days, and I am glad at all events

that you had conscience enough to refrain from forcing your identity upon him. You are greatly changed, and I do not wonder that he failed to recognize you. Poor fellow! He has suffered enough through your misdeeds! I fear that you are thoroughly depraved, Masloff, and I do not blame either the court or the authorities for their resolve to keep you in close confinement."

Stupefied and bewildered by these incomprehensible words, Donald struck off the governor's detaining hand and twisted out of the corner.

"In Heaven's name what do you mean?" he demanded excitedly. "Have you lost your senses or have I? I tell you again I am not Serge Masloff—I am an American. My name is Chumleigh—Donald Chumleigh—I have no brother and never had one—my father has been dead for years."

Donald paused after this incoherent speech and drew a long breath.

"I know no more about Serge Masloff than I do about the man in the moon," he burst out again. "Give me another chance—bring out the other prisoners and ask them if I am Serge Masloff—some among them will surely tell the truth—let me tell you my story, your excellency—give me just five minutes time—for humanity's sake don't send me back to prison unheard—"

"Liar! Ingrate!" interrupted the governor, "I am almost tempted to admire your audacity. Such talent as you possess employed in the proper way would have placed you at the head of a province. Begone! You have forfeited my gratitude!"

He made a sign to the Cossacks, and Donald was instantly overpowered and dragged shouting and struggling back through the post yard to the guard-house. There he was heavily ironed and placed in a solitary cell.

For hours he lay awake thinking over his wretched situation and trying to extort from the governor's puzzling words some clew to the history of the real Serge Masloff. It did not occur to him that the young officer whose life he had saved could be the one designated as his brother.

It was well on toward morning when he finally fell asleep, and then he was not permitted to enjoy his rest long, for in the gray gloom of the early dawn he was roughly awakened, wrapped up in heavy cloaks and led hurriedly to the post yard, where a covered sledge drawn by four horses was waiting.

He got inside accompanied by four armed Cossacks. The driver mounted to the seat, cracked his whip, and away went the spirited steed out of the gate and off to the eastward on the frozen post road.

Donald Chumleigh had passed through many strange adventures during the last few months, but stranger things than he had ever dreamed of were yet to come—events that concerned not him alone but Feodor Baranok as well, and Pierre Valbort, too, and the real Serge Masloff, wherever he is, and Count Vasily Dagmar, and Captain Andre Dagmar—yes! and one other.

The actors in the coming drama are scattered now, some in Russia, but though separated by thousands of verst of snow and ice, they will be on hand when the curtain rises.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHEST YET.

A CONTRACT has been signed for the erection of a marvelous tower for the Chicago World's Fair that will exceed in height that of the Paris exposition by one hundred and twenty feet. The subjoined description, taken from the New York Sun, describes this structure in detail.

The tower will be 1,120 feet high. It will accommodate more than 25,000 people at

one time. Two of the many elevators will start from the ground and run up more than 1,000 feet without change or stop, directly to the lookout landing. The diameter of the tower at the foundation level will be 440 feet.

The three landings will be separate platforms, the first 250 feet in diameter and 400 feet from the ground, the second will be 150 feet in diameter and 400 feet from the ground, and the third landing, or "lantern," will be 60 feet in diameter and 1,000 feet above the ground.

At the first landing there will be a grand colonnade around the outside, 15 feet wide and 738 feet mean circumference. On this colonnade four or five thousand people can be accommodated at one time. Inside this colonnade will be space, in addition to the room required for elevators and machinery, sufficient for four hotels or restaurants.

In addition to the restaurants, there will be provided numerous kiosks, or booths, constructed in accordance with the architecture, styles, and customs of various countries, which will be used for the sale of curios, ornaments, fabrics, and other articles produced and manufactured in all lands.

In the restaurants 6,000 or 8,000 persons may be comfortably seated and served at one time. Within and about the booths and surrounding platforms, 3,000 more will have room to move about, make purchases, etc.

The second landing is designed to be a grand promenade and picnic quarters in the daytime and a dancing hall in the evening. It will accommodate one time from 5,000 to 6,000 persons.

The topmost landing will be two or three stories high, and will accommodate at one time from 1,000 to 1,500 persons. Above this will be four offices for the signal service and scientific investigation. Above these will be the circular electric railway, carrying electric lights at night and signals by day. Still further above will be a lighthouse, to be provided with the most powerful revolving light ever constructed, surmounted by a flagstaff bearing the Stars and Stripes.

AN EXPERIMENT AND THE RESULT.

IDEAS are what rule the world and make fortunes. The youth who, according to the following paragraph from the *New York Sun*, had an idea of immense value, afterwards became president of the great express company by which he was employed, and is today a several times millionaire:

John Hoey invented by accident, the system of sending money by express. While a clerk in the Adams Express Company's employment in this city, he was asked by a woman to send some money to her son, a soldier at Washington, and bound for the front. Hoey thought the matter over, and without consulting his superiors, sent the package of money by express. The money reached its destination, but Hoey was reprimanded for his bold experiment. Nevertheless, from that one act, grew an extremely profitable branch of the express business. It was just about the same time that a gentleman living in Chicago, but now a resident of New York, with difficulty induced the Western Union Telegraph Company to send a telegraphic money order. It was sent from Chicago to New Orleans, with much misgiving on the part of the telegraph officers and strictly at the sender's risk.

A HUNTING EXHIBIT FOR THE EXPOSITION.

THE Hon. Theodore Roosevelt has proposed to the World's Fair management an exhibit of a peculiarly national nature and one that will excite the very widest interest. The readers of THE ARGOSY, one and all, would be eager to study this collection, concerning which its advocate says:

"I want an exhibit of every weapon and utensil used in hunting, fishing and trapping since the discovery of the country down to the present day. We have the greatest hunting country on earth. The Boone and Crockett Club, of which I am a member, is enthusiastic over an exhibition of the kind, and we want nothing in it but what is American. For instance, I know where the rifles used by Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone can be secured. Nothing could be more interesting than a collection of the kind. The exhibition should embrace the heads of all kinds of American game of the larger sort, and specimens of the smaller game, animals, birds, and fishes; the old wigwags, hunting shocks of pioneer days, all kinds of weapons, and all the conveniences that go to make up a modern hunting camp."

AN INDIGESTIBLE MORSEL.

It is not always size that prevails in the contest, but with such a result described by the *San Francisco Examiner* in the following anecdote, it is difficult to award the honors.

Rattlesnakes are generally credited with having more sense than to attempt to feast on spine covered horned toads, but there was one snake that allowed hunger to over-

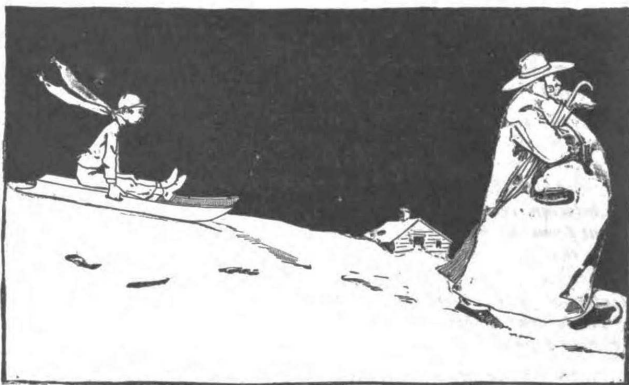
come discretion down in Inyo County a few weeks ago. It surrounded a half grown horned toad that would have eventually caused its death had not a hunter saved it the trouble. The specimen was saved, and is now at the Academy of Sciences in alcohol.

The snake is one of those vicious little prairie rattlesnakes, called the "horned rattler" and the "side winder." On either side of the head is a horny projection above the eye.

In striking it swings its body sideways, and does not strike out straight before it as other larger varieties of the *Crotalus* do, hence the term "side winder." It is considered by some to be the most aggressive of the family to which it belongs, and is dangerous because of the small size and dull color which prevent its being readily seen.

The one in question has six rattles, and is about sixteen inches in length. One third of the lizard had been swallowed when it resorted to the tricks of its species. The horned toads always run to escape, but when caught close their eyes and remain passive for a short time before making a sudden break to get away. This particular specimen allowed itself to be taken in by the snake until it thought that the matter had gone far enough. Then it began to wriggle and try to back out. It couldn't back out because the fangs of the snake held it. Then it began to work its head until one of the horns tore a hole through the snake's skin. In that position they were found, the snake nearly dead and the toad entirely so. The Academy of Sciences people consider it a rare and interesting specimen.

A CRUSHING SUCCESS.



I.—BAD BOY—"There's old man Stouter right in front of me. Now see me send him spinning!"



II.—BAD BOY—"Ha, ha! He, he!"



III.—OLD MAN STOUTER—"This is glorious fun! It reminds me of the time when I used to coast while I was a boy."





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#### WHY DO WE WORRY?

ANY one who is eager to make a family record for old age must learn to stop worrying. He should let nothing prey on his mind. When troubles loom up ahead and while the shadows grow larger and creep nearer he can lose five years from the latter end of his life just by fretting about the impending calamity.

Now, the way he should do is, to size up the trouble carefully and accurately. Surely, we have all noticed how such things, if one looks hard at them and unflinchingly, really grow smaller as they come nearer.

So, having got some idea of the true extent and nature of the impending trouble, and having exhausted all his ingenuity in trying to find a way around it, then if it must be met, let him face it and meet it, boldly and calmly, with a full realization of its probable severity—let him stand up like a man with a cool head and stiffened muscles, when behold! the frowning thing will dissolve like vapor or he will ride it as the boat rides the wave.

But to worry! that makes the trouble a real one and leaves us weaker for every shock that follows.

*The Argosy at Three Dollars for two years is less than three cents a week. See standing notice at the head of this column.*

#### THE VOICE OF THE NATION.

IT is to be hoped that all of our readers have taken a great interest in the recent elections throughout the country, no matter what political party may have their sympathies; and upon those who are nearing the age when they shall be entitled to vote it is well to impress the importance of the privilege that will be conferred upon them at that time.

If people are not content, as is usually the case, to have others meddle with their private concerns, they can hardly fail to take a personal interest in public affairs, provided they have an adequate appreciation of how directly such public affairs touch their private interests.

Many a wasteful or criminal clique has been put in power, to raise taxes and pocket public moneys, simply because a few thousands of otherwise good citizens have remained at home on Election Day, saying, "Politics are run by thieves; no honest man should soil his hands." Whereas, had he and his kind been wise enough to deposit their honest men's ballots, these same thieves would have been

driven out and the honest men would have found their own representatives in power, and themselves in pocket when the tax rates were made up.

A vote is a vote, and each vote is equal; majorities are only aggregations of single votes and every citizen has one to cast. The ballot speaks his opinion at the polls and it is there the engine of his *pro rata* fraction of power in county, State and national affairs. If he does not choose to yield this power he is working against his own interests. Voting should be regarded less as a privilege, more as a duty.

#### ONE WHO GAVE IN.

SOME of our readers may be familiar with the name of Felix Oldboy—a disguise under which a talented newspaper man wrote for many years and gained a wide and enviable reputation. A few weeks since he died in a workhouse—a pauper!

Drink? Of course! This man of brains could not control the appetite that was born of habit. At one time he entered an establishment that treated and claimed to cure with a specific the craving for alcohol. On coming out he related in the great Review of the country all his treatment and experiences, voiced his conviction that the craving for drink was a disease and heralded his cure.

Yet he filled a drunkard's grave. He mistook the cure; it is not to be bought with money or expressed from the herbs of the field. The cure is grit, determination, backbone—call it what you will. This one was weak and incurable. Such a pity!

#### THE PARTING WORD.

A METROPOLITAN journal recently devoted half a column to a writer's plaint that we take too much trouble in saying good by. An acquaintance (said he) is about to start on a journey; we put ourselves out to make a good by call, which inconveniences the departing one as well as ourselves and all for—what?

We have to differ with this writer. No act that expresses our sincere regard for another or that may remain in mind as a little lamp lighting the way from a bright home and warm friends to the colder land of strangers—no such little tribute should be an inconvenience to us, but rather our pleasure. It is the sum of such little things rather than great acts of magnanimity, that goes farthest toward brightening dull lives.

#### INDEXES OF FASHIONS.

WOMEN have always followed fashion and doubtless always will. Some dressmaking house in Paris will set to work in each spring designing the mode for the following winter; fashion plates are struck off after this design in the summer; in the autumn they are disseminated toward the four points of the compass and all the feminine world is soon dressed in the latest thing from Paris.

In early days—a century or two ago—the fashions of France were quite as slavishly followed, but they were not so easy of attainment. One unique method is mentioned in Italian writings of that time. In Venice, the emporium for silk stuffs and rich dress materials used to have a doll exposed to public view dressed in the latest French manner, and robed as often as news of a new fashion was received.

In Genoa it is said to have been the custom up to the early part of the present century for a bride of noble rank to send her trousseau, fitted to wicker forms similar to those used today, to be paraded through the streets of her parish that the people might admire and note the newest styles. This, though rather more primitive, is not very different from the custom now prevalent in fashionable circles. If Miss X. is to be married or Mrs. Z. has sent out cards for a reception, they notify the society papers that the dresses to be worn on these occasions can be viewed by accredited representatives on a certain day. Thus everybody is enabled to read a minute description of gorgeous gowns before the occasion on which they are worn.

### SAMUEL F. B. MORSE,

INVENTOR OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

AT the present day, when the manifold and marvelous uses of electricity are exciting the public wonder, one should not forget the first, and greatest because first, invention that demonstrated the possibilities of applied electricity, and furnished subsequent inventors the impetus and excuse for striving after what seemed the incredible.

This invention was that of the electric telegraph, and the inventor was Samuel F. B. Morse. He was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1791, and was graduated from Yale College in 1810. He went to England to study painting in 1811 and, when returning four years later on a packet ship, a conversation among the passengers set his mind fomenting with a



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

great idea—the transmission of signals by electricity. The fever of invention possessed him for the next few days, and he could not rest until he had made drawings of the instrument he had conceived, and mastered in his own mind all the details of his transmitting and code theories.

It was fifteen years before he could perfect his models—fifteen years of busy life, in which he made a name in other ways than as an inventor. He was the founder of the Academy of Design in New York City, a professor of the Literature of the Arts of Design at the New York University, and an experimenter in chemistry. While he was occupied with such pursuits, the cherished invention had to rest, and when he could no longer neglect it, his livelihood suffered and he was reduced almost to penury.

With his own hands he whittled his wooden models, mixed the plaster for his casts, turned the lathes for the brass and, in the same room where all this was done he also for a long time slept and ate the simplest of foods, prepared by himself. The scene of his work is thus described by a writer: "On the corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets his brother afterward erected a building, on the fifth floor of which a room was assigned to him, which, for a long time, was his study, studio, bed chamber, parlor, kitchen, drawing room and work shop. On one side of the room stood the little cot on which he slept, when sleep was kind enough to visit him."

Even after the electric telegraph was put in general use his struggles were prolonged, for he had to engage in long and expensive lawsuits to maintain his right to privacy of invention. On the other hand, no American was ever so much honored by foreign governments.

At length, in 1837, his caveat was filed in the patent office; but how raise the thousands to build the experimental line? Professor Morse journeyed to the European courts seeking aid, but found none. His own country finally came to the rescue with an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars, and the line was built between Washington and Baltimore. The public test was made amidst a notable assemblage at either end, and the first recorded words symbolized over the electric telegraph wire were: "What hath God wrought?"



## THE VIRTUE OF TRAINING.

BETTER than fame is still the wish for fame. The constant training for a glorious strife; The athlete, nurtured for the Olympian game, Gains strength, at least, for life.

—BULWER.

## The Grantham Diamonds.

BY RUSSELL STOCKTON.

HOW it did snow, to be sure! The flakes, and very small ones they were, came down in slanting drives or bewildering spirals, to be taken up again from the earth in fierce gusts and whisked along in blinding drifts.

John, the austere looking butler, was putting the finishing touches on a tempting spread in the dining room of the Grantham mansion. There was a salad and a dish of nuts; there was a generous plate of cake and a heaping pile of gorgeous red apples; but it would never do not to have something hot on such a cold night as this, so, alongside of a silver chafing dish was a fine English cheese and two eggs, which of course meant rarebits, and a tea urn with six dainty and varied tea cups and saucers, which of course meant girls.

The antique hall clock blinked like an old man at the dancing flames in the great fireplace and slowly sounded eight o'clock. Almost at once there came the merry jingle of sleigh bells, then a few shrill shrieks, a ring, and then a fierce stamping of small feet on the veranda.

Almost before John's dignity could carry him to the hall door, Miss Maud Grantham ran swiftly down the stairs, followed, partly on the stairs, but mainly on the banisters, by little Bobbie Grantham. Four rosy and very pretty faces came in with the snow gust at the door; there was much embracing and such a chattering! Maud failed to get a word in edgeways, and so resorted to the exorcism of holding aloft the yellow sheet of paper she held in her hand so that every eye could see it. The effect was instantaneous: a hush fell on the quartet at the sight of that dreadful messenger—a telegram.

"Now don't be afraid, girls! It's nothing very terrible," and she handed the sheet to Sadie Stillwell, who read aloud:

Hudson, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1891.

To C. V. Grantham, Yonkers, N. Y.  
Train stalled. Don't expect us till morning.

If the girls looked relieved for a moment they certainly showed regret the next, especially Minnie Trumbull; but she said nothing. Ella Bromley, on the contrary, exclaimed in great vexation:

"What a shame! For two whole days I've been promising myself such a time teasing that scamp Dick almost to death. I think it's too bad."

"Never mind," replied Sadie; "you will have four days in which to work out your horrible purpose. Why, is not slow torture better than killing him off in one night?"

"Why, girls! How can you stand there joking," spoke up Grace Waldron, "while those poor boys are slowly freezing to death in the middle of a snow bank?"

"Nonsense!" replied Maud. "Where there's a telegraph office there must be a station and a stove. It is too bad, indeed, that Wes and Dick must miss the little surprise party. But come along! I've done everything to help out for a jolly time. There's the supper—I've had that all fixed, and I've told

John we wouldn't want him, so he's gone off to bed, I suppose. Then mamma and papa have gone to the Bruces' musicale, so there isn't a soul in the house to disturb. Isn't that just delightful?"

With a deafening din of joyous exclamations they followed Maud Grantham into the music room, and there all the evening they played games, and gossiped, and danced and sang, totally unsuspecting of the grave proceedings that were taking place within sound of their voices.

While this festive event was in progress Wesley and Richard Grantham, the sons of a wealthy New York banker, were really speeding on toward their home by the Eastern express. About four o'clock in the afternoon they had

"Not a carriage in sight? Well, I like this! It would seem as if everything was contriving to keep us away from home on the eve of Thanksgiving," growled Dick.

"We can certainly appreciate our good home all the more. Perhaps we can give thanks more heartily for it tomorrow."

"Oh, bother!" was Dick's reply. He was an impatient youth, certainly. "Who'd expect a fellow to feel thankful when he had to climb a little St. Bernard in a storm like this. Here goes for footing it, if you're ready!"

They grasped their traps and plunged into the inky darkness, and in a moment were at the foot of the steep hill. The wind was cutting and the snow blind-

found. Wesley struck one and by its sputtering light examined as best he could Dick's eye. There was only a slight abrasion apparently, but as Dick complained of a smarting in the eyeball a handkerchief was tied over the injured orb.

"Now how are we ever to find our traps? They must have gone in every direction. Oh, I'd just like to—" Dick shook his fist at the darkness in the direction of the departed train and then began to tramp around in the snow to find his things. First, Wesley put his foot into Dick's hat which had rolled some distance off; then Dick kicked his bundle of canes and umbrellas and, lastly, he tumbled flat over his large hand satchel. He felt around it and then broke out again:

"I am a stupid. I never strapped this confounded bag in the car and the lock has slipped. The thing is perfectly empty, Wes!"

"Let us see what we can do with the aid of these fuseses, Dick. They are a good example of 'bread upon the waters,' aren't they?"

"Hang it! I'm thinking of bread in a better place just now. Come! give me some of those things, too. If we don't get along soon I shall freeze stiff."

They burned one after another of the vesuvians and gathered up all sorts of miscellaneous things in the way of clothing and boxes and little packages and what not, and at last they concluded it was useless to look further, as every inch of ground had been gone over for quite some distance. The things were jammed in pell mell and the bag was strapped this time; then they again began the ascent, cold to their very bones.

It was a toilsome tramp up the hill in knee deep snow, with sometimes a soft drift into which the travelers would plunge and flounder around till they could finally extricate themselves. But at last the warm lights of the brilliantly illuminated mansions on the Crescent began to light the way and cheer them on and, in a very few minutes the great Grantham house came into sight, all dark excepting the music room. There the windows were a blaze of light and, when the boys reached the terrace, the sound of a piano almost drowned in girlish laughter, vied with the whistling and wheezing of the wind.

"Methinks there is a sound of revelry by night," quoted Dick. "Wonder what's up."

The boys tiptoed along the veranda and peeped in on the bright scene.

"Great Scott, Wes! you're in luck; there's Minnie Trumbull at the piano," and he nudged his elder brother in a knowing way; for Minnie, be it known, was a rather serious girl who read deep books, painted in water colors and played the piano brilliantly, and it was toward her that Wes usually gravitated when he was at home.

"I am very sorry for you, Dick, for I see Ella Bromley there, dancing with our sister, and I know you are in for a quarrel," at which Dick looked a little conscious, for when Dick was at home he wanted nothing better than to quarrel with Ella, just for the pleasure of making up.

At this moment a shrill shriek pierced the air. One of the girls had discovered two faces glaring in at the window; one had a bandaged eye and "Tramps!" was the idea that for an instant filled every mind. But the boys pressed their faces closer to the glass; there was a general recognition and an impetuous rush to the hall door.

Handshaking, questioning, explana-



ONE OF THE GIRLS HAD DISCOVERED TWO FACES GLARING IN AT THE WINDOW.

run into a snow drift just after drawing away from the station at Hudson. Things had looked for a time as if they were to be held in that town over night; so, when the train had backed to the station they had sent the telegram to their father. But when they saw a crowd of laborers file off with spades and shovels toward the deep drift, they had followed and watched the work, done in the faint light of many lamps; and they had of course chafed and grumbled, as well they might, at being delayed on the eve of a school holiday and almost at the threshold of their luxurious home, quite oblivious of the fortunate outcome of the delay.

The fierce winds that had swept the drift in place had helped to clear it away, and by six o'clock, when it had long been dark, the laborers had shoveled it nearly all off. The train moved out and plunged into the shallow layer of snow that remained, sweeping it up into the air in a great feathery plumes, and the obstruction was vanquished.

"See that group, Dick! What a picture! Did you notice the beautiful effect of the tiny lights on the snow and how weird those grim Italians—"

"How about a good hot cup of coffee and the burning logs in the fireplace—there's a picture for you!" scoffed young Dick, who had not yet cultivated that eye for the picturesque that his elder brother affected, and little more was said during the remainder of the ride.

It was about ten o'clock when they stopped up at Yonkers. The boys tumbled out of the train and halted to turn up coat collars and pull mufflers more closely around their throats.

Even if they had not kept their heads well down against the blast they could not have seen an arm's length before them—only a dimly white sheet under their feet.

Dick, plunging ahead knee deep in the snow suddenly felt a terrific shock; for an instant he knew nothing; then he came to the realization that he was lying on his back in a snow bank with Wesley bending close over him and calling his name anxiously. He sat upright at once and confusedly asked:

"What was that, Wes? I did not see a thing."

"It seemed to be a man running down the hill. After he collided with you he just brushed me. Look! there he is now!"

Wes was pointing toward the station, where the train, for some reason delayed, was just beginning to move out. What Wes saw through the falling snow was the figure of a tall man dash into the circle of the station's dim light and leap on the platform of the last car, just passing away. It all occurred in an instant and Dick looked too late to see the hurrying figure.

"Did you recognize him, Wes?"

"No, of course not. The snow blurs everything at such a distance."

"Worse luck! I wish he'd missed that train. I'd go right back and interview him—yes I would! I think I'm hurt, Wes; that fellow's elbow or shoulder struck me over the eye."

"Just a moment and I will light one of those fuseses. It is fortunate I bought them from that ragged Italian—nothing else would hold an instant in this gale."

After some fumbling in pockets with gloved hands the box of vesuvians was

tion, a great pulling off of coats helped by willing hands—such a hearty welcome home made up for all their trials and misfortunes on the way.

"Maud, if you'll ring for John to carry these things up stairs, Dick and I will go to our rooms for a few minutes to get into presentable shape," said Wes.

"I'm sorry, boys, but you'll have to carry the things yourself, for I sent all the servants off to bed hours ago."

"Well! it seems we've got another climb, after all, Wes," and the boys disappeared above.

Just as every one was sitting down to the supper table Mr. and Mrs. Grantham came in and another round of loving greeting ensued. When the parents retired up stairs the fun around the supper table became furious. At its height Mr. Grantham came to the threshold of the room and said:

"Boys, I shall have to take you away for a few minutes."

The words were said pleasantly enough, but Sadie was sensitive enough to notice something in her father's tone that placed her in dread. She followed the boys and asked fearfully:

"What is the matter, father—something, I know!"

"Simply this: there has been a cunning thief in the house, and he seems to have taken off some of your mother's jewels. Don't alarm your friends, but let them go as soon as they wish to."

When the trio reached Mrs. Grantham's bedroom a glance showed that something strange had been going on. The drawers of the bureau had been pulled out and rummaged; the escritoire had been treated in the same way. The shelves of the closets showed signs of confusion, and finally a cedar chest had been pried open. In this the robber had found Mrs. Grantham's jewel case. Singularly enough he had left some of its contents behind, but he had taken the priceless necklace of large diamonds, the great solitaire earrings and two costly finger rings.

"Dick, go up to John's room and ask him to dress and step down here," directed the master.

Dick departed, to return in a moment with the exciting news that John was not in his room and his bed was quite undisturbed. It was one of the butler's nights on duty! Sadie, who arrived a few minutes later, having dismissed her friends, was sent to interrogate each of the female servants. They had seen nothing of the butler. Some of them had heard him go down stairs about nine o'clock, come back and go down again about ten; but they had thought nothing of that.

"Everything points to John Simmons as the thief," said Mr. Grantham. "But it is so difficult to realize a common burglar in this man, so dignified, so steady, so—"

"Wesley Grantham! didn't you get some idea of that brute who ran over me?" interrupted Dick excitedly.

"No; only that he was very tall—just as John was. It is likely, I think, that it was he who was in such a hurry to catch the train for New York."

"Your eye seems to be very much inflamed, Richard," said Mr. Grantham. "Go to your room and bathe it and then go right to bed. Wesley and I will go into the library and write out a description of this fellow to send to the Chief of Police early in the morning. Go now, my boy; nothing further can be done tonight."

Young Dick departed and Wesley sat down to write out a minute pen picture of John Simmons, butler. If their sight could have pierced the wall they would have seen Dick unpacking the disorderly hand satchel that had been burst open on the road. They would have seen him arranging its contents in and on his

bureau. Among these things were several small boxes—one for his scarf pins and trinkets, another for his engraved cards, and so on. But one that came to his hands seemed to interest him particularly; the others he had indifferently put in their proper places—this one, about four inches long by three wide, covered with ivory white enameled paper, he examined thoughtfully, opened and—

"Are you quite through with your description of the thief?" asked Dick at the doorway. There was a singular gleam in his eyes, and he seemed to labor under some suppressed excitement.

"All but the eyes. We can't seem to decide whether they were gray or blue."

"The person who has those jewels has dark brown eyes—almost black," answered Dick.

"Why, my son, what a poor memory you have! John was fair and florid—the English complexion, with fairly light eyes. But put it down gray. It really doesn't—"

"But it is not John who has those diamonds," insisted Dick. He would have liked to keep his discovery back longer to puzzle his auditors, but he simply couldn't. He stepped to the library table, and, taking a hand from behind his back, placed a white enameled jeweler's box on the cloth in the fierce glare of the lamp. His father, looking at him in surprise, said under his breath:

"What can be the matter with the boy?"

Wesley mechanically opened the box and both he and his father jumped to their feet in surprise, for the sharp gleam of many diamonds dazzled their eyes!

Mr. Grantham reached for the little box and pulled out, first, a necklace of twelve large pendant diamonds; to this hung one big solitaire diamond earring; the other lay in the box, and with it were a cluster diamond ring and another of rubies, sapphires and diamonds.

"I do not understand," said Mr. Grantham uncertainly; even the man of affairs was dazed by the sudden and peculiar entrance of these gems, supposed to be in the pocket of a thief in New York City.

"I guess you're surprised. Fancy how I felt when I found them in my satchel."

"Your satchel? Who could have put them there?"

"I myself. This is the only explanation I can think of. It must have been the thief—John, supposedly—who was rushing to catch the train. Perhaps he saw the gleam of the headlight up the road from one of the upper windows. He may have bundled on his wraps, thrust the box into his overcoat pocket or somewhere and started out to sprint for the train. When he struck my manly form the shock that heeled me over must have knocked this box out of his pocket or wherever it was, and I gathered it in with the things spilled out of my bag in the snow."

"I think you have found the solution, Dick. Your injured eye is not a very large price for sixteen thousand dollars worth of gems," was the comment of Wes.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed Mr. Grantham. "I must go at once and tell your mother. She is quite prostrated at this loss." He started off, but Dick stopped him by calling:

"Father! What reward did I hear you say you had offered for the finding of these shiners?"

"Ha. ha! laughed the banker. "I don't think you heard me state the figure, Dick. But didn't you say something about a sloop yacht the other day—eh?"

#### THE OLD FARM HOME.

If you've been a happy rover  
Through the fields of fragrant clover,  
Where life is all a simple round of bliss,  
When at eve the sun is sinking,  
And the stars are faintly winking,  
You can call to mind a picture such as this:

Hark! the cows are homeward roaming  
Through the woodland pasture's gloaming.  
I can hear them gently lowing through the dells,  
And from out the bosky dingle  
Comes the softly tangled jingle  
And the oft repeated echo of the bells.

—Chicago Evening Post.

(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.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### A BLUNDER.

BLAZING ARROW possessed the subtlety of a serpent and the cunning of a fox. Underneath his actions lay his inexhaustible hatred of the white race. His anger against it seemed always to be flaming at white heat.

But the slyest and wisest of animals and men are liable at times to overreach themselves. Had the imp been content with what was unquestionably a remarkable exploit, he would have held Wharton Edwards at his mercy, but he must needs spoil all by his attempt to make assurance doubly sure.

He had not seen the youth after he watched him disappear across the clearing, where the back trail entered the woods. He never suspected that he was not in his front on the return, and failed to see his last leap across the torrent. Confident, however, that he was not far off, he began a search for him, with the hope of getting matters in better shape before rejoining his comrades with an account of his experience.

It happened, therefore, that when young Edwards made his dove call to Larry Murphy, Blazing Arrow was so near that he heard it. He knew that it came from none of his people, and consequently must be from one of the whites.

With extraordinary cleverness he replied by several notes, whose resemblance to those causing them was so wonderfully close as to be perfect. Fearful, however, that he might not have hit it exactly, he repeated the call.

And in doing so he made the fatal blunder. One of the unchangeable laws governing Wharton Edwards and Larry Murphy at such times, was that under no circumstances was either to repeat a signal without a minute or two interval. It was the violation of this rule that apprised the youth of his peril and gave him time to save himself.

Suspecting that it was Blazing Arrow who was near, Wharton retreated further into the wood. In making the movement he used all the caution he could, and believed no one had overheard him. What followed looked as though he was right in the conclusion, for the Indian, without moving from his tracks, signaled again, making the same mistake as before by repeating it, in his effort to repress his impatience at the delay in the response.

"I don't think I'll be in a hurry to open a conversation with you," thought Wharton; "I'm looking for somebody else."

He was still in a dangerous situation, however, and continued edging away from the locality where he had come so

near falling a victim to the resentment of the warrior, who was among the most cunning of his tribe. Wharton's heart sank, when, despite the extreme care he used, he caught his foot in a running vine and narrowly escaped falling. He instantly straightened up and waited for the attack that he was sure was coming, but, as the minutes passed, he concluded the Indian was already so far off that the slight rustling did not reach him. It was probable that the Shawano, in trying to outwit the youth, had moved away from him, and the two were now separated by a considerable space.

How was it that this Indian was in possession of the signal which the two youths used when in danger?

In the case of Wharton, however, there was little of the anxiety of his friend. The latter heard the call before emitting it himself, so that it was impossible that Blazing Arrow should have got it from him, and since Wharton Edwards was the only other person that possessed it, the misgiving of the Irish lad was warranted.

But with Wharton the case was different. Blazing Arrow's signal succeeded his, and, therefore, was but a clever imitation.

"It may be that he got it from Larry," reflected our young friend, "but the chances are against it. Where can the fellow be?"

It was an exasperating reflection that for hours the work had been of a blind nature, as may be said. The youths had been separated, there had been a fierce race, fighting and running back and forth, and all manner of incidents, and yet matters stood as at the beginning.

While this was a cause for gratification in one respect, inasmuch as the two were still safe from the most dreaded tribe of Indians in the West, the disheartening fact was that the boys were just where they were when the danger broke upon them. They had not advanced a rod along the trail to the block house, where Wharton's parents would probably arrive that evening. The prospect was poor for the boys appearing until long after the hour they were expected.

"We ought to have had an understanding before we separated, but then," added Wharton disgustedly, "I don't see how we could, or what good it would have done. Larry wouldn't leave as long as he thought I was in trouble, and I'm sure I wouldn't desert him. I wonder now—"

A new thought had come into his mind, that of withdrawing from the neighborhood, making all haste to the block house and bringing back aid. There was always a number of the most skilled rangers of the frontier at this post, and they were ever ready to respond to any call for help. Probably Daniel Boone or the great Simon Kenton were at hand with unerring rifle and marvelous woodcraft.

Wharton could reach the block house before daylight and be back while the day was yet young with his new friends. Learned in the ways of the woods and the red men, they would quickly become the hunters instead of the hunted, and teach the marauders a lesson to be remembered forever.

Had the question presented itself as it did after his vanquishment of Blazing Arrow, the youth would have continued his flight along the trail, and been back with his friends before or by the time the sun was in the horizon. As it was, he debated the question a long time, and then decided not to continue the journey until he gained some definite knowledge of Larry; his own movements depended upon that. If the other had fallen, then Wharton should lose not a

moment hurrying away from the accursed neighborhood. If his comrade was a prisoner of the Shawanoes, he must be equally prompt in securing assistance, since he unaided could do no good; but, if the other was still his own master, then both would give an exhibition of rapid traveling toward the block house.

"No," said young Edwards resolutely, "I don't go until I learn something about Larry. I'll do just as he would do if in my place."

And he might have added truthfully, "and just what he is doing this moment."

Manifestly there was but one way to learn the truth, and that was by investigating, and the only way to investigate was to keep moving, which he did.

The night was now so far along that the Shawanoes were quite certain to have kindled a campfire somewhere in the woods. This was their custom, and it was this beacon light, as it may be called, for which young Edwards now began hunting.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### LOOKING ON.

WHARTON EDWARDS was not long finding that for which he was seeking. While feeling his way among the trees, with all his senses on the alert, a point of light suddenly flashed out in the gloom. It was directly ahead, and he had but to penetrate a short distance further, when he came in sight of the campfire of the Shawanoes.

He approached with great care, and halted at what he deemed a safe distance to study the characteristic scene before him.

Careful counting, repeated several times, showed eleven Indian warriors gathered about a mass of burning wood, which was kindled in a small open space. Upon a fallen tree were seated four of them, while the rest were lolling on the ground in lazy attitudes. Two seemed to be examining the locks of their guns, and nearly all were smoking.

There were no signs of any food, but the lusty youth felt so hungry that he was sure they must have had something to eat before he came upon them. Game was so abundant in the country that it was unreasonable to suppose any one would go hungry unless he happened to be in a situation similar to that of the youth himself.

One fact gave Wharton a thrill of gratitude and hope: Larry was not with the group of Indians, and, therefore, could not be a prisoner.

Young Edwards had been under the impression that there were about a score of Shawanoes in the party with which he and Larry Murphy had collided, but, counting those that had fallen by the way, there were less.

The absence of the youth from the camp could not be a guarantee of his zeal, for he might have been stricken down in the woods, but the sign was so favorable that Wharton felt more hopeful than at any time since their separation.

He was quick, however, to notice a significant fact; Blazing Arrow was also absent.

"I would give anything to know where he is and what he is doing," thought the youth. "It may be that he is leaning against the tree and still studying over the yarn that is to prevent the rest knowing that I outran him, but it is more likely he is prowling through the woods after me and Larry."

The answer to this conjecture came suddenly and startlingly. Wharton, not forgetting his caution, kept well back in the gloom, with his body screened behind the trunk of a tree. He was attentively watching the group around the

campfire, when something moved between him and the light, partly eclipsing it.

A second look showed the form of the twelfth Shawano, walking silently toward the blaze; and, as he joined the others, and stood so that the fire-light revealed his features, Wharton Edwards recognized him as Blazing Arrow.

"He has struck it," muttered the youth. "He has got the yarn in shape at last. I wish I could hear it, and find what sort of a fancy he has."

The great runner was without any gun, and it was evident that he must have wrenched his inventive powers to straighten out matters, so as to retain his prestige among these war-like people. His position as a great warrior and the real leader of the party could not fail to help in the test to which he was subjected.

The arrival of the dusky desperado caused a sensation. Every face was turned, and those that were seated on the tree rose to greet him. The silence in the wood allowed Wharton to hear their gruff, jerky sentences, but since he did not understand a word of Shawano, his ears were of no service.

One of the warriors extended a rifle to Blazing Arrow, who waved it back, until he, standing in the middle of the group, gave his account of matters.

Some years later the settlers learned the particulars of this amazing narrative. The great runner said he allowed the youth to draw away from him for a time, in order to put forth his best efforts. When this had taken them to the natural clearing, with which all were familiar, he started to run him down, and would have done it before the open space was half crossed but for the sudden appearance of five or six white men coming from the other direction.

Of course the new comers were fully armed, but, nothing daunted, the valiant Shawano assailed them. He brought down two, and would have had the others at his mercy had not a shot broken the lock of his gun. He then threw away the useless weapon, uttered a defiant whoop and strode back toward his own party, whither the whites did not dare follow him.

It was one of the listeners to this stupendous statement who told it to the pioneers. When asked whether he and the others believed it, a shadowy smile lit up the dusky face, and he quaintly replied that they tried to do so.

Having rendered his account, Blazing Arrow and several of his comrades seated themselves on the fallen tree and engaged in an animated talk, which lasted for a quarter of an hour or more.

The burden of it was that one of the whites was still near them and must not be permitted to steal along the trail in the direction of the block house, for, if he succeeded in reaching that point, he would be safe against anything the Shawanoes could do.

The dusky prevaricator was cunning enough not to claim that he had slain Wharton Edwards, for the youth being alive, was liable to turn up in a way that would throw discredit on his veracity.

The lad, who was looking on, could only conjecture the meaning of what passed before his eyes. When he saw a couple of warriors rise to their feet and come toward him, he supposed it was to make hunt for him and his friend. He was made to realize, too, the delicately dangerous position in which he stood.

When the figures, plainly outlined against the illumination of the campfire, started, he fervently wished himself elsewhere. He dared not stir, for, as if fate were dallying with him, a lot of wood thrown on the blaze a few minutes

before, threw a circle of light to the base of the tree from behind which he was cautiously peering. Had he started to withdraw, the two Shawanoes would have been upon him in a twinkling. He could only wait where he was and hope that they might pass by without detecting his presence.

He hardly breathed as he heard the soft rustling of their moccasins on the leaves, and pressed his upright figure against the bark, as though he would force himself into the very structure of the tree itself.

Fortunately the suspense quickly passed. If the couple were hunting for him and his companion, they did not expect to find either so near headquarters, and speedily vanished in the gloom beyond, stepping so softly that their footfalls became inaudible.

This incident gave young Edwards a good scare. He felt that he had run an unnecessary risk and wasted time in staying so long, after learning that Larry was not with the main party of Indians. More of these were likely to leave the camp, and the danger of his position must increase.

Without delay, therefore, he began his retrograde movement. This was easy, and he soon placed himself where he could feel comparatively safe.

His curiosity led him to pick his way back to the torrent that had been the scene of so many moving incidents of the afternoon. He was somewhat confused as to the points of the compass, but the faint roar was his guide, and, with little trouble he placed himself quite near the stream which coursed between the rocks with such impetuosity.

The youth was too prudent to advance into the moonlight, where the prowlers were liable to see him, and it so happened that he approached the rocks at a point that was new to him. To this fact was due a surprise. He was just in time to see one Indian following the other across the footbridge made by the prostrate tree.

"I never suspected that was there," he said to himself when he comprehended its meaning; "I thought there was no means by which Larry could make his way back to the trail, without swimming below the falls, or fording some place further up. I wonder whether he knows about that?"

The action of the Indians gave Wharton a suspicion of the truth. They had crossed the torrent with the intention of hiding somewhere along the path leading to the block house so as to cut off the flight of one or both of the boys in that direction. This seemingly was an easy thing to do, provided the fugitives were unsuspecting of what was going on.

Young Edwards saw no way of breaking through the maze of perplexity that had closed around him. He had done his utmost, without learning where his friend was. More than that, although he was hopeful, he could feel no certainty that he was really alive.

The occasion justified another appeal to the peculiar dove signal, and he now made it.

#### CHAPTER XVI,

##### A HAIL AND AN ANSWER.

MEANWHILE, Larry Murphy was not idle. He had never received a more terrifying shock than that caused by the discovery that the signal which he was confident was made by Wharton Edwards came from the lips of Blazing Arrow.

On the first thought there was but one explanation of this: his friend had called to him and had been overheard by the Shawano, who instantly caught it up, well knowing its significance, and had deceived Wharton by his clever imitation.

This supposition, as the reader knows, was correct, but when Larry went further and decided that his comrade had fallen a victim to the treacherous red man, the reader also knows he made a mistake.

Firm in the terrible belief for the time, he was so overcome that he sat down on a boulder, too faint and weak to stand, until several minutes had passed.

"This is a bad go, is this same," he mused, with a deep sigh; "if the Indians had to take one, why didn't they take meself? They're likely to do the same—it's little I care if they do."

So extreme was his dejection that had he known that a half dozen Shawanoes were stealing upon him at that moment he would not have stirred from his position or attempted to defend himself.

This intense depression, however, could not last. All strong, rugged natures are quick to rebound from such pressure and soon reassert themselves. By and by he felt a grain of hope. The rifle lying across his knees was clasped more firmly, he raised his head and listened; had he discovered the approach of a foe he would now have defended himself.

"I wish that Blazing Arrow would walk out in front of me, and dare me to tackle him," he muttered, gnashing his teeth; "I wonder where he is."

He rose to his feet and peered around in the gloom. A while before he had shunned the chief and counted himself fortunate because he was able to escape a meeting. Now he would have felt doubly fortunate could he have gained a chance to attack him.

When the Shawano was wanted he was somewhere else.

"I wonder," continued Larry, as hope grew stronger within him, "whether Whart was sharp enough to play the trick on Blazing Arrow that he did on meself. He must have heard the call to learn how to make the same; but Whart may have given him the slip."

It was a faint hope, but it did the lad good. He had hunted so much in the company of his friend that they had not only acquired a good deal of woodcraft but were familiar with each other's ways.

Larry recalled that he had heard no gun fired since the discharge of his own weapon. It was fair to believe, therefore, that, whatever the fate of young Edwards might be, he had not been shot. There were other methods of putting him out of the way, but the belief to which his friend was rapidly bringing himself was that the one for whom he was concerned was a prisoner of the Shawanoes.

The way to find out was to discover the camp of the red men, which must be pitched somewhere in the neighborhood. It will thus be seen that the lads were reasoning along the same lines to the same conclusion.

Larry had risen from the boulder on which he had seated himself and decided to move further back in the woods in search of the campfire that he knew was burning there. In making the search he would have to go it blind, since there was no means of finding guidance.

But, as in more than one previous instance, he fortunately discovered that others were near him before he was observed. He stood motionless, peering and listening under the trees, where the gloom was so intense that he might have brushed by a man without either seeing the other.

They were there, however, and a moment later were seen more plainly in the moonlight, across which they passed to reach the torrent whither they were making their way.

Larry was surprised when he saw two Indians walking with their light, noise-



less tread over the rocks. He had supposed there was but a solitary warrior.

"I'm hoping that one of them is Blazing Arrow," was his thought.

He was resentful to that degree toward this particular Shawanoc, that, despite the danger from his companion, he would have shot him down, and there can be little question that in doing so he would not have rendered a service to humanity.

But he could not identify either of the red men in the moonlight, with their faces turned away from him. He saw them walk to the edge of the torrent, where the tree lay, and then one followed the other across.

"I'd like to know the meaning of that; they must be hunting for Whart or mes-sif. I'm pretty sure they won't find mesif there, and I don't know about Whart. If they haven't got him already it may take more than them to find him."

As yet he could not know whether the war party were on this or the other side of the stream. It looked as if the couple were returning to camp. If this was so, the youth must follow them to obtain the information he wanted.

He had reached this conclusion and was about to venture out in the moonlight, when he was thrilled by the sound of the signal which he feared he was never to hear again.

He paused and listened, afraid to reply and yet on the point of doing so.

At the proper interval the call was repeated, and then, so certain that everything was right was he that, instead of making the proper answer he called in a guarded undertone:

"Is that yersif, Whart?"

"It is," was the reply of the delighted friend, and the next minute they were together.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 43.]

## TRUE TO HIMSELF;

OR,

### ROGER STRONG'S STRUGGLE FOR PLACE.

BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER,

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

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### AN ODD TELEGRAM.

I WAS startled and indignant when I discovered Mr. Allen Price with my handbag trying to open it. It looked very much as if my fellow passenger was endeavoring to rob me.

I had suspected from the start that this man was not "straight." There was that peculiar something about his manner which I did not like. He had been altogether too familiar from the first; too willing to make himself agreeable.

There was but a dim light in the car, and by it I distinguished him in the act of inserting a key in the lock of the bag.

What he expected to find in my bag I could not imagine. If his mission was robbery pure and simple why had he not selected some one who looked richer than myself? There was, I am certain, nothing about me to make him believe I had anything of great value in the bag.

"What are you doing with my valise?" I demanded as I straightened up.

My sudden question made the man almost jump to his feet. The bag dropped from his lap to the floor and the key in his hand jingled after it.

"I—I—didn't think you were awake," he stammered.

"You didn't," I repeated, puzzled as to what to say.

"No—I—I—"

"You were trying to open my bag."

"So I was—but it's all a mistake, I assure you."

"A mistake?"

"Quite a mistake, Strong." He cleared his throat. "The fact is, I'm suffering so from the toothache that I'm hardly able to judge of what I'm doing. I thought your bag was my own."

"They are not much alike," I returned bluntly.

"Well, you see, mine is a new one, and I'm not used to it yet. I hope you don't think I was trying to rob you?" he went on, with a look of reproach.

I was silent. I did think that that was just what he was trying to do, but I hardly cared to say so.

"It's awful to have such toothaches as I get," he continued, putting his hand to his cheek. "They come on me un-awares, and drive me frantic. I wanted to get my teeth attended to in Jersey City when I was there, but I didn't have time."

"What's this on the handkerchief?" I asked.

"Oh, I guess I spilled some of my toothache cure on it," he replied, after some hesitation. "I used some and then put the bottle back in the valise. That's how I came to look for the bottle again. I hope you're not offended. It was all a mistake."

"It's all right if that's the case," I returned coolly.

Holding my valise on my lap I settled back in the seat again, but not to sleep. The little adventure had aroused me thoroughly. Mr. Allen Price sat beside me for a few moments in silence.

"Guess I'll go into the smoker," he said finally, as he rose. "Maybe a cigar will help me," and taking up his handbag, he walked down the aisle.

In a dreamy way I meditated over what had occurred. I could not help but think that the handkerchief I had found spread over my face had been saturated with chloroform, and that my fellow passenger had endeavored to put me in a sound sleep and then rifle my bag.

Of course I might be mistaken, but still I was positive that Mr. Allen Price would bear watching.

About four o'clock in the morning the train came to a sudden stop. The jar was so pronounced that it woke nearly all of the passengers.

Thinking that possibly we had arrived at our destination, I raised the window and peered out.

Instead of being in the heart of a city, however, I soon discovered we were in a belt of timber land. Huge trees lined the road on both sides, and ahead I could hear the flowing of a mountain stream.

The train hands were out with their lanterns, and by their movements it was plain to see that something was up.

I waited in my seat for ten minutes or more, and then as a number left the car, I took up my bag and did the same.

A walk to the front of the train soon made known the cause of the delay.

Over a small mountain stream a strong wooden bridge with iron frame had been built. Near the bridge grew a number of tall trees, and one of these had been washed loose by the water and overturned in such a manner that the largest branch blocked the progress of the locomotive. The strong headlight had revealed the state of affairs to the engineer, and he had stopped within five feet of the obstruction. Had he run on it is impossible to calculate what amount of damage might have been done.

"Don't see what we are going to do, except to run back to Smalleyville," said the engineer, who was in consultation with the conductor.

"Can't we roll the tree out of the way," asked the latter official.

The engineer shook his head.

"Too heavy. All the men on the train couldn't budge it."

They stood in silence for a moment.

"If you had a rope you could make the engine haul it," I suggested to the fireman, who was a young fellow.

"A good idea," he exclaimed, and reported it to his superior.

"First class plan; but we haven't got the rope," said the engineer.

"Have you got an ax?"

"Yes."

"Then why not chop it off?"

"That's so! Larry bring the axes."

"It won't do any good," said one of the brakemen who had just come up. "The bridge has shifted."

An examination proved his assertion to be correct. As soon as it became known a danger light was hung at either end of the structure, and then we started running backward to Smalleyville.

"How long will this delay us?" I asked of the conductor as he came through, explaining matters.

"I can't tell. Perhaps only a few hours, perhaps more. It depends on how soon the wrecking gang arrive on the spot. As soon as they get there they will go right to work, and it won't take them long to fix matters up."

Smalleyville proved to be a small town of not over five hundred inhabitants. There was quite an excitement around the depot when the train came in, and dispatches were sent in various directions.

Presently a shower came up, and this drove the passengers to the cars and the station. I got aboard the train at first to listen to what the train hands might have to say. I found one of the brakemen quite a friendly fellow, and willing to talk.

"This rain will make matters worse," said he. "That tree was leaning against the bridge for all it was worth, and if it loosens any more it will carry the thing away clean."

"Isn't there danger of trains coming from the other way?"

"Not now. We've telegraphed to Chicago, and no train will leave till everything is in running order."

"When does the next train arrive behind us?"

"At 9:30 this morning."

We chatted for quite a while. Then there was a commotion on the platform, and we found that part of the wrecking gang had arrived on a hand car.

They brought with them a great lot of tools, and soon a flat car with a hoisting machine was run out of a shed and they were off.

By this time it was raining in torrents, and the station platform was deserted. Not caring to get wet I again took my seat in the car, and presently fell asleep.

When I awoke I found it was six o'clock. The rain still fell steadily, without signs of abating.

I was decidedly hungry, and buttoning my coat up tightly about my neck, I sallied forth in search of a restaurant.

I found one within a block of the depot, and entering, I called for some coffee and muffins—first, however, assuring myself that my train was not likely to leave for fully an hour.

While busy with what the waiter had brought, I saw Mr. Allen Price enter. Luckily the table I sat at was full, and he was compelled to take a seat some distance from me.

"Good morning, my young friend," said he, as he stopped for an instant in front of me.

I was surprised at his pleasant manner. He acted as if nothing had ever happened to bring up a coolness between us.

"Good morning," I replied briefly.

"Terrible rain, this, isn't it?"

"It is."

"My toothache's much better," he went on, "and I feel like myself once more. Funny I mistook your valise for mine, last night, wasn't it?"

"I don't know," I replied flatly.

I returned to my breakfast, and, seeing I would not converse further, the man passed on and sat down.

But I felt that his eyes were on me, and instinctively I made up my mind to be on my guard.

As I was about to leave the place several more passengers came in, and by what they said I learned that the train would not start for Chicago till noon, the bridge being so badly damaged that the road engineer would not let anything cross until it was propped up.

Not caring to go back to the train I entered the waiting room and took in all there was to be seen.

At one end of the place was a news stand, and I walked up to this to look at the picture papers that were displayed.

I was deeply interested in a cartoon on the middle pages of an illustrated paper when I heard Mr. Price's voice asking for some Chicago daily, and then making inquiries as to where the telegraph office was located.

He did not see me, and I at once stepped out of sight behind him.

Having received his directions, Mr. Price sat down to write out his telegram. Evidently what he wrote did not satisfy him, for he tore up several slips of paper before he managed to prepare one that suited him.

Then he arose, and throwing the scraps in a wad on the floor, walked away.

Unobserved, I picked up the wad. Right or wrong I was bound to see what it contained. Perhaps it might be of no earthly interest to me; on the other hand it might contain much I would desire to know. Strange things had happened lately, and I was prepared for all sorts of surprises.

A number of the slips of paper were missing and the remainder were so crumpled that the pencil marks were nearly illegible.

At length I managed to fit one of the sheets together and then read these words:

C. HOLTZMANN, Chicago:  
Look out for a young man claiming to—

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### AT CHICAGO.

I HAD not been mistaken in my opinion of Mr. Allen Price. He was following me, and doing it with no good intention.

I concluded the man must be employed by Mr. Woodward. Perhaps I had seen him at some time in Darbyville, and so thought his face familiar.

I was glad that if he was a detective, I was aware of the fact. I would now know how to trust him, and I made up my mind that if he got the best of me it would be my own fault.

One thing struck me quite forcibly. The merchant and John Stumpy both considered my proposed visit to Chris Holtzmann of importance. They would not have put themselves to the trouble and expense of hiring some one to follow me if this was not so. Though Mr. Aaron Woodward was rich, he was close, and did not spend an extra dollar except upon himself.

I was chagrined at the thought that Holtzmann would be prepared to receive me. I had hoped to come upon him un-awares, and get into his confidence before he could realize what I was after.

I wondered whether the telegram would reach Chicago. Perhaps something by good fortune might delay it.

Mr. Allen Price walked over to the

telegraph office, and following him with my eyes I saw him pay for the message and then stroll away.

Hardly had he gone before I too stepped up to the counter.

"How long will it take to send a message to Chicago?" I asked of the clerk in charge.

"Probably till noon," was the reply. "The storm has crippled us, and we are having trouble with our linemen."

"It won't go before noon!" I repeated, and my heart gave a bound. "Are you sure?"

"Yes; perhaps even longer."

"How about the message that gentleman just handed in?"

"I told him I would send it as soon as possible."

"Did you tell him it wouldn't go before noon?"

"No; he didn't ask," returned the clerk coolly. He was evidently not going to let any business slip if he could help it.

"Is there any possible way I can get to Chicago before noon," I went on.

The clerk shook his head.

"I don't think there is," he replied.

"What is the nearest station on the other side of the bridge?"

"Foley."

"And how far is that from Chicago?"

"Twelve miles."

"Thank you."

I walked away from the counter filled with a sudden resolve. I must reach Chicago before the telegram or Mr. Allen Price. If I did not my trip to the city of the lakes would be a failure.

How was the thing to be accomplished? Walking out on the covered platform, out of sight of the man who was following me, I tried to solve the problem.

Smalleyville was a good ten miles from the misplaced bridge, and in a soaking rain such a distance was too far to walk.

Perhaps I might get a carriage to take me to the spot. I supposed the cost would be several dollars, but decided not to stand on that amount.

I had about made up my mind to hunt up a livery stable, when some workmen rolled up to the station on a hand-car.

"Where are you going?" I inquired of one of them.

"Down to the Foley bridge," was the reply.

"Will you take a passenger?" I went on quickly.

"You'll have to ask the boss."

The boss proved to be a jolly German.

"Vonn't ter haf a ride, does you!" he laughed.

"I'm not over particular about the ride," I explained. "I've got to get to Chicago as soon as possible, even if I have to walk."

"Vell, jump on, den."

I did so, and a moment later we were off.

I was pretty confident that Mr. Allen Price had not witnessed my departure, and I hoped he would not find it out for some hours to come.

The rain had now slackened considerably, so there was no further danger of getting soaked to the skin. There were four men on the car besides the boss, and seeing they were short a hand I took hold with a will.

Fortunately the grade was downward and we had but little difficulty in sending the car on its way. At the end of half an hour the stream came in sight, and then as we slackened up I hopped off.

Down by the water's edge I found that the bridge had shifted fully six inches out of line with the roadbed. It was, however, in a pretty safe condition, and I had no difficulty in crossing to the other side.

Despite the storm a goodly number of men were assembled on the opposite bank, anxiously watching the efforts of

the workmen. Among them I found a man, evidently a cabman, standing near a coupé, the horses of which were still smoking from a long run.

"Are you from Foley?" I asked, stepping up.

"No; just come all the way from Chicago," was the reply. "Had to bring two men down that wanted to get to Smalleyville."

This was interesting news. Perhaps I could get the man to take me back with him. Of course he would take me if I hired him in the regular way, but if I did this I was certain he would charge me a small fortune.

"I'm going to Chicago," I said. "I just came from Smalleyville."

"That so? Want to hire my rig?"

"You charge too much," I returned.

"A fellow like me can't afford luxuries."

"Take you there for two dollars. It's worth five—those two men gave me ten."

"What time will you land me in Chicago?"

"Where do you want to go?"

That question was a poser. I knew no more of the city of Chicago than I did of Paris or Peking. Yet I did not wish to be set down on the outskirts, and not to show my ignorance I answered cautiously:

"To the railroad depot."

"Have you the time now?"

"It is about seven o'clock."

"I'll be there by nine."

"All right. Land me there by that time and I'll pay you the two dollars."

"It's a go. Jump in," he declared.

I did so. A moment later he gathered up the reins, and we went whirling down the road.

The ride was an easy one, and as we bowed along I had ample opportunity to think over my situation. I wondered what Mr. Allen Price would think when he discovered I was nowhere to be found. I could well imagine his chagrin, and I could not help smiling at the way I had outwitted him.

I was not certain what sort of a man Chris Holtzmann would prove to be, and therefore it was utterly useless to plan a means of approaching him.

At length we reached the suburbs of Chicago, and rolled down one of the broad avenues. It was now clear and bright, and the clean broad street with its handsome houses, pleased me very much.

In quarter of an hour we reached the business portion of the city and soon the coupé came to a halt and the driver opened the door.

"Here we are," said he.

I jumped to the ground and gazed around. Opposite was the railroad station, true enough, and beyond blocks and blocks of tall business buildings, which reminded me strongly of New York.

I paid the cabman the two dollars I had promised and he drove off.

In Chicago at last! I looked around. In the heart of a great city, knowing no one, and with no idea of where to go.

Yet my heart did not fail me. My mind was too full of the object of my quest to allow me to become faint hearted. I was there for a purpose and that purpose must be accomplished.

My clothes were still damp, but the sunshine was fast drying them. Near by was a bootblack's chair, and dropping into this I had him polish my shoes and brush me up generally.

While he was performing the operation I questioned him concerning the streets and gained considerable information.

"Did you ever hear of a man by the name of Chris Holtzmann?" I asked.

"I dunno," was the slow reply. "What does he do?"

"I don't know what business he is in. He came from Brooklyn."

The bootblack shook his head.

"This city is a big place. There might be a dozen men by his name here. The street what you spoke about has lots of saloons and theaters on it. Maybe he's in that business."

"Maybe he is," I returned. "I must find out somehow."

"You can look him up in the directory. You'll find one over in the drug store on the corner."

"Thank you, I guess that's what I'll do," I replied.

When he had finished I paid him ten cents for his work, and walked over to the place he had mentioned.

A polite clerk waited on me and pointed out the directory lying on a stand.

I looked it over carefully, and three minutes later walked out with Chris Holtzmann's new address in my pocket.

As I did so I saw a stream of people issue from the depot. Some of them looked familiar. Was it possible that the train from Smalleyville had managed to come through after all? It certainly looked like it.

I was not kept long in doubt. I crossed over to make sure, and an instant later found himself face to face with Allen Price!

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

WHO MR. ALLEN PRICE WAS.

I WILL not deny that I was considerably taken back by my unexpected meeting with the man who had been following me. I had been firmly under the impression that he was still lolling around Smalleyville, waiting for a chance to continue his journey.

But if I was surprised, so was Mr. Allen Price. Every indication showed that he had not missed me at my departure, and that he was under the belief that I had been left behind.

He stopped short and gazed at me in blank astonishment.

"Why—why—where did you come from?" he stammered.

"From Smalleyville," I returned as coolly as I could. "And that's where you came from, too," I added.

"I didn't see you on the train," he went on, ignoring my last remark.

"I didn't come up by train."

"No?"

"No."

"Maybe you walked," he went on, with some anxiety.

"Oh, no; I rode."

"In a wagon?"

"No; in a carriage."

"Humph! It seems to me you must have been in a tremendous hurry."

"Perhaps I was."

"Why, you excite my curiosity. May I ask the cause of your sudden impatience?"

He put the question in an apparently careless fashion, but his sharp eyes betrayed his keen interest.

"You may."

"And what was it?"

I looked at him for a moment in silence.

"I came to see a man."

"Ah! A friend? Perhaps he is seriously sick."

"I don't know if he is sick or not."

"And yet you hurried to see him?"

"Yes."

"Well, that—that is out of the ordinary." He hesitated for a moment. "Of course it is none of my business, but I am interested. Perhaps I know the party and can help you. May I ask his name?"

"It's the same man you telegraphed to," I returned.

Mr. Allen Price stopped short and nearly dropped his handbag. My unexpected reply had taken the "wind out of his sails."

"I telegraphed to?" he repeated.

"Exactly."

"But—but I telegraphed to no one."

"Yes, you did."

"Why, my dear young friend, you are mistaken."

"I'm not your dear friend," I returned with spirit. "You telegraphed to Chris Holtzmann to beware of me. Why did you do it?"

The man's face fell considerably and he did not answer. I went on:

"You are following me and trying to defeat the object of my trip to Chicago. But you shall not do it. You pretend to be an ordinary traveler, but you are nothing more than a spy sent on by Mr. Aaron Woodward to stop me. But I have found you out, and now you can go back to him and tell him that his little plan didn't work."

The man's brow grew black with anger. He was mad "clear through," and I could see that it was with difficulty he kept his hands off me.

"Think you're smart, don't you?" he sneered.

"I was too smart for you."

"But you don't know it all," he went on. "You don't know it all—not by a jugful."

"I know enough to steer clear of you."

"Maybe you do."

The man evidently did not know what to say, and, as a matter of fact, neither did I. I had told him some plain truths, and now I was anxious to get away from him and think out my future course of action.

"What's your idea of calling on Chris Holtzmann," he went on after a long pause.

"That's my business."

"It won't do you any good."

"Perhaps it may."

"I know it won't," he replied in decided tones.

"What do you know about it?" I said sharply. "A moment ago you denied knowing anything about me. Now I've done with you, and I want you to leave me alone."

"You needn't get mad about it."

"I'll do as I please."

"No you won't," he hissed. "If you don't do as I want you to I'll have you arrested."

This was strong language, and I hardly knew what to say in reply. Not that I was frightened by his threat, but what made the man take such a strong personal interest in the matter?

As I have said I was almost certain I had seen the fellow before, though where or when was more than I could determine. Perhaps he was disguised.

"Perhaps you don't think I know who you are," I said quickly.

My words were a perfect shock to Mr. Allen Price. In spite of his bronzed face he turned pale.

"You know who I am? Why I am, as I told you, Allen Price," he faltered.

"Really," I replied, with assumed sarcasm.

"Yes, really."

"I know better," I returned boldly. I was hardly prepared for what was to follow.

The man suddenly caught me by the arm.

"Then what you know shall cost you dear," he cried. "I'm not to be downed by a country boy. Help! Police! Police!"

As he uttered his call for assistance he let drop his handbag and drew his purse from his pocket.

"I've got you, you young thief!" he cried, letting the purse fall to the sidewalk. "You didn't think to be caught as easily, did you? Help! Po—oh! officer, I'm glad you've come;" the last to a policeman who had just hurried to the scene.

"What's the matter here?" demanded the minion of the law.

"I just caught this young fellow picking my pocket," exclaimed Mr. Allen. "Where's my pocketbook?"

"There's a pocketbook on the sidewalk," put in a man in the crowd that had quickly gathered.

"So it is." He picked it up. "You rascal! You thought to get away in fine style, didn't you?" he continued to me.

For a moment I was too stunned to speak. The unlooked for turn of affairs took away my breath.

"I didn't pick his pocket," I burst out. "Yes, you did."

"It isn't so. He's a swindler and is trying to get me into trouble."

"Here! here! none of that!" broke in the officer. "Tell me your story," he said to Mr. Allen Price.

"I was coming along looking in the shop windows," began my accuser, "when I felt a hand in my pocket. I turned quickly and just in time to catch this fellow trying to make off with my pocketbook."

"It is a falsehood, every word of it," I declared.

"Shut up!" said the officer sternly. "Please go on."

"He is evidently a smart thief," continued Mr. Allen Price. "I must see if I have lost anything else."

He began a pretended examination of his clothes. In the meantime the crowd began to grow larger and larger.

"We can't stay here all day," said the policeman roughly. "What have you got to say to the charge?"

"I say it isn't true," I replied. "This man is a humbug. He is following me for a purpose, and is trying to get me into trouble."

"Ridiculous!" cried my accuser. "Why, I never heard of such a thing before!"

"Guess that story won't wash," said the officer to me. "Do you make a charge?" he continued to Mr. Allen Price.

My accuser hesitated. "I will if it is not necessary for me to go along," he said. "I am pressed for time. My name is Sylvester Manners. I am a partner in the Manners Clothing Co. You know the firm, I presume?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the officer. He knew the Manners Clothing Co. to be a rich concern.

"I will stop at the station house to-morrow morning and make a complaint," continued Mr. Allen Price. "Don't let the young rascal escape."

"No fear, sir. Come on!" the last to me.

"I've done no wrong. I want that man arrested!" I cried. "He is no more a merchant here in Chicago than I am. He—"

But the officer would not listen. He took a strong hold upon my collar and began to march me off. Mr. Allen Price walked beside us until we reached the corner.

"I will leave you here, officer," he said. "I'll be down in the morning soon. As for you," he continued to me, "I trust you will soon see the error of your ways and try to mend them, and—" he continued in a whisper as the officer's attention was distracted for a moment, "never try to outwit John Stumpy again!"

(To be continued.)

#### SENSE FROM THE SENSELESS.

A PATIENT in an insane asylum who was prancing around the asylum grounds astride of a stick, suddenly hauled up in front of a visitor and called out: "What's the difference between riding a broomstick and riding a hobby? Give it up? Why, the man that's riding a broomstick can stop whenever he pleases, and the man that's riding a hobby can't! G'lang!" And he was off again. —*Norwich Bulletin.*

## OUR NAVY, AND WHAT IT CAN BE.

IN 1812 the supremacy of the seas, long held by England and constituting her greatest boast for over two centuries, was violently seized upon and shared by the United States. From that time of our greatest naval strength two things have operated to make us the weakest naval power in the world, relatively to our wealth and standing as a nation: the character of naval architecture and equipment has been revolutionized and improved far above the standard of our naval relics and, up to a short while since, we made no attempt to follow the world in their great naval strides. Yet, singularly, it was from this country that the suggestion came which started modern progress. The Monitor and the Merrimac, especially the former, set the world a-thinking.

Yet while we thus gave the suggestion and the nations of Europe—yes, even of Asia—went on building ship after ship of the most formidable character, we were content to remain in the degraded condition exhibited by the following list of "Old Navy" ships, still in commission at the beginning of the year:

- 7 steam vessels with a thin egg shell of iron or steel.
- 23 wooden steam vessels.
- 3 steam receiving ships.
- 12 tugs.
- 1 sailing practice vessel.
- 2 sailing schoolships.
- 1 sailing store ship.
- 7 sailing receiving ships.
- All armed with old fashioned muzzle loading guns.

But all this is changed; and we awoke to a realization of our weak state and we began a "New Navy." When completed to the extent already authorized by Congress, it will be something like this:

- 14 armored vessels, from a harbor ram of 2500 tons to great battle ships of 9,000 tons; speed, 10-12 to 19 knots.
- 23 unarmored vessels, including all sorts of modern craft from a 100 ton torpedo boat to ships of 4,500 tons; speed, 13 to 23 knots.

Even when all these shall be completed the United States navy will be inferior to those of the leading powers of Europe; but we shall have made a start and a right good one, and, better yet, we shall have created plants in this country capable of making ships of war and everything else connected with them, capable of making all this fully equal if not superior to foreign construction, and all this at a less cost.

And this establishing of facilities for production, which amounted to no less than the creation of new industries, is by far the most important part of the recent naval activity; hitherto we had no ships and could not get them; now, we can launch them as fast as any other nation the world over.

To get the iron and steel firms of the country to undertake the building of such ships as the Navy Department required, the most liberal terms as to money and time had to be made by the government; not only did manufacturers have to put in new and tremendous plants, but much of the machinery for the plants actually had to be invented; the rest required a degree of perfection, power or compass far beyond what any past requirement had called for; and research and experiment were needed for discovering the best methods of handling, treating and converting iron and steel—all of which was met by American ingenuity; and this in the last few years has built up several plants that are monuments to American enterprise.

In the matter of guns, armor, projectiles and powder, as in the actual shipbuilding, the same applies. The genius of the country was not found wanting. We are now making superb guns, weighing sixty five tons, needing one thousand pounds of powder to throw a ton of steel thirteen miles.

All this is a splendid illustration of what is called the Genius of America—to equal anything that is done elsewhere, if not to beat the world, and to respond to any call. The improvements in ships, steel, armor plates and guns show this. There are other examples, more easily understood by the general public; for instance:

Europe has long been experimenting on smokeless powder; the manufacture of it across the water has just passed the experimental stage; we began the experiment a short while ago at the Newport torpedo station, and already a satisfactory smokeless powder has been invented, and large works for its manufacture are about to be begun.

Again, the only good ship's protection against torpedoes has been found in a curiously woven steel net, of which the weaving process is owned by an Englishman. The price he wanted from this government for the right to use his process was so high that we were compelled to invent a better one over here.

These capabilities of our nation are things for American youth to be proud of; but it is not enough to boast of what we can do; each of us should aim to "roll up his sleeves" and help do it, by using his best brains and looking sharp for all the opportunities.



E. L., New York City. We are overstocked for some time to come.

J. H., Philadelphia, Pa. Certainly; the statement was a typographical error. There are about 30,000 locomotives in the United States.

J. R. Cowan, Cleveland, Tenn. For three new yearly subscriptions we will give you a copy of Vol. XI as premium. By new subscriptions we mean from persons who have not already taken the paper.

W. J., Chanute, Kan. 1. THE ARGOSY of September 14 can be had at 5 cents per copy. 2. Our announcements in the editorial columns advise readers of our plans as early as we deem it wise to make them public.

W. B. W., Pasadena, Cal. Altitudes can be determined by the barometer but this method is not reliable. The other methods are branches of surveying, and too technical and abstruse for treatment here. Any intelligent surveyor or civil engineer can help you to an approximate understanding. Elevation of Lake Michigan 589 feet above the level of the sea.

A CONSTANT READER, Nebraska City, Nebr. 1. Each Congressman has the right to recommend one boy to the West Point Academy, if there be vacancies. Write to your representative to inquire about the chances. 2. Age requirement, 17 to 22 years; the candidate must be of almost perfect physique. 3. The preliminary examination is in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography and history, principally of the United States.

H. A. A., Ft. Wayne, Ind. The banner which Columbus carried in his hand on stepping on the shores of San Salvador was not the true royal standard of Spain, but an ensign, known as the "Banner of the Green Cross," devised especially for the expedition. The body was of white. The initials F and Y each at the extremity of an arm of the green cross and each surmounted with a crown, are not further described. It would be safe in any design to make these of gold.

A CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia, Pa. 1. The City of New York is situated principally on Manhattan Island, which is separated from the mainland by the Harlem River. It is washed on the east by the East

River, on the west by the North or Hudson River and New York Bay. 2. We must refer you to a New York City directory for names of all the theaters in this metropolis. You will find one in the office of the Metropolitan Hotel or the Girard House. 3. It is impossible to say who is the richest man in the world. Many think Cornelius Vanderbilt is the one. His income is millions a year, possibly.

H. O. B., Albany, N. Y. 1. No premium on cent of 1863. 2. Population of New York City 1,513,501. 3. The salary of the President of the United States is \$50,000 per annum. 4. The Maine, recently launched, but not yet in commission, is the largest ship of our navy—displacement 6,648 tons. Three battle ships to be built will surpass all others in size—3,000 tons. 5. The President and the Vice President dying, the Secretary of State succeeds to the Executive Chair. The further succession is as follows: Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Attorney General, Postmaster General, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior. 7. We are not informed as to the methods of this mission. 8. Any envelope will go through the mails if properly stamped.

T. E. H., Wayne, Ind. 1. The greatest novelist of the day? No one is sufficiently above all his contemporaries to warrant his being placed thus apart. Every one may have his own opinion. Wilkie Collins has earned a distinction all his own, but he is no more, and no one has yet succeeded to his station. 2. Edison's home and laboratory are at Llewellyn, New Jersey. A valuable description of this place and of the inventor's present labors can be found, with superb illustrations, in MUSEY'S MAGAZINE for November, price 25 cents. 3. Perhaps Minister Egan was in sympathy with Balmaceda because the Chilean president was the head of established, lawful government. 4. Write to A. S. Barnes, New York City, concerning a history of the world. 5. You should state whether you mean museum of natural history, of art, or dime museum. How are you to know? 6. The authorship of the Odyssey and Iliad is a question on which scores of volumes have been written and no one is any the wiser. The works are generally attributed to Homer.

#### MILITARY MATTERS.

WANTED boys of good character between the ages of 14 and 18 years, over 5 feet, 2 inches in height, to join the First Battery (N. G. S. N. Y.) Cadets. Apply by letter for information to Hugh Brosy, 246 W. 35th St., or to Frank Connell, 520 W. 37th St., New York City.

#### A TAMED ALLIGATOR.

HERE is an anecdote, from the *Florida Times-Union*, showing how even man eaters are susceptible to kindness and cherish what seems akin to gratitude.

There is an old man who lives not a dozen miles from Jacksonville, on the St. John's River, who has what might be called an alligator farm. He owns a tract of about twelve or thirteen acres, and in one part is a low, marshy place, which, in wet weather, is filled with water. A ditch connects this with the river.

One spring day the owner of the farm, while walking near the swamp, heard a crashing sound in the marsh grass, and looking over to the center saw a large alligator moving around. He stood still and watched the saurian, and discovered that it was throwing up a mound of mud and grass. After a time, when the heap had assumed a shape not unlike that of a hut such as the Esquimaux are pictured as living in, the alligator lay on top. The farmer came to the conclusion that she was laying her eggs, and, not wishing to disturb her, left.

The next day he visited the place again, and saw that the mound had been firmly bedded all around, while the old gator lay sunning herself on a log. Each day he visited the place and carried food to the old one in the shape of fish and meat, and as the time went on she got so tame that on a certain hour she was on the lookout and came crawling up to be fed.

One morning he was startled by a loud bellowing in the direction of the swamp, and hastening over found things in a high state of excitement. There, lying in a pool of water, was the old mother, surrounded by numerous little alligators, some of which climbed upon her back and then slid off, seeming to enjoy the fun immensely. At the sight of her friend a bright light beamed in her eyes, and, after receiving a few caresses, she started off towards the river, followed by her young.

Every year after that the owner of the place has watched for the old gator, which has never failed to show up and each year build a new mound and raise her young.



# Two Things

In Regard to Catarrh  
it, It is a Constitutional Disease;  
and 2d, It Requires a Constitutional Remedy.

These two facts are now so well known to the medical fraternity that local applications, like affs and inhalants, are regarded as at best only to give only temporary relief. To effect permanent cure of catarrh requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifying the blood, repairing the diseased tissues, and imparting healthy tone to the affected organs, does give thorough and lasting cure. "I want to say for the benefit of suffering humanity, that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a Permanent Cure for Catarrh suffering with catarrh in my head for a number of years, and using every obtainable remedy, I was requested to take

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I do and after using three or four bottles I am cured of the most annoying disease the human stem is heir to." P. B. STOUT, Sheridan, Ind.

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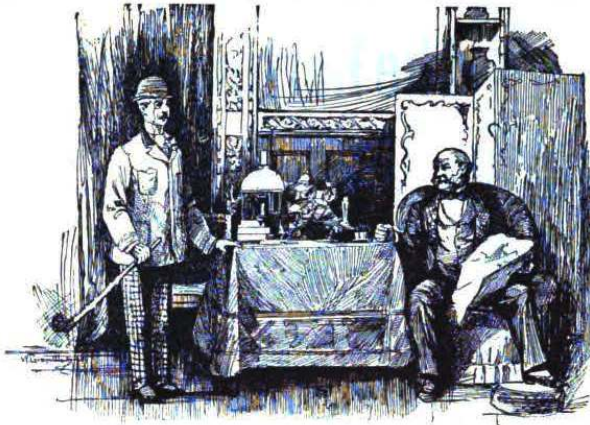


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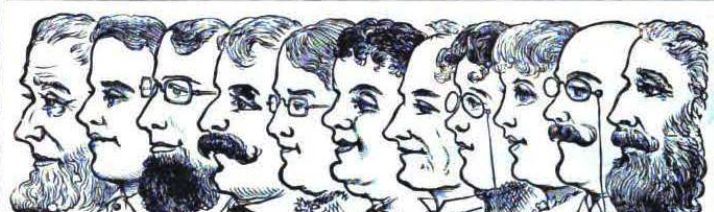
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Young Groggs (to himself)—"O, gwacious! That I should evaw have to inherwit a fawtune from such a fawtther as this!"



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SINCE the opening of the school term the great need of the small boy is a pair of shoes that will hurt so that he cannot walk to school, but will fit him like a glove when he wants to play tag.—Scranton Truth.

**A SUGGESTION TO INVENTORS.**  
"DEAR, the baby's crying. Get up and warm the milk."  
"I wish the baby were like the stove."  
"How do you mean?"  
"A self feeder."—Newark Advertiser.

**A HINT TO HISTORY STUDENTS.**  
"I CAN'T give you the money on this check unless you get some one to identify you," said the paying teller. The stranger took back the check and went out without a word. He knew it was a hopeless case. He had once been Vice-President of the United States.—Life.

**TO BE EXPECTED AT THIS TIME OF YEAR.**  
TEACHER—"What are draft riots?"  
PUPIL—"Quarrels caused by people not shutting the door."—Kate Field's Washington.

**JUST THE WRONG TIME.**  
"THAT is a wide awake baby of yours, Bronson."  
"Yes," replied Bronson, with a yawn. "Particularly at night."—Puck's Sun.

**SOME OF HIS JOKES.**  
FRIEND—"I saw some of your jokes in a book."  
HUMORIST (flattered)—"Ah, what book was that?"  
FRIEND—"I forgot the name. It was a book published a hundred years ago. I saw it in a second hand book store."—Yankee Blade.

**AN UNANTICIPATED ACCEPTANCE.**  
MR. BENEDICK—"Will you be my wife?"  
MISS BEATRICE—"Yes."  
MR. BENEDICK—"O, Miss Beatrice, this is so sudden! Give me time to reconsider."—Harper's Basar.

**ONE CONSOLATION.**  
MR. STAYER—"Have you any opinion on the wheat or stock markets?"  
MR. SHORTHORN BULL—"I have an opinion—a decided opinion—that is just about all I have left"—Puck.

**CAUSE AND EFFECT.**  
"I HAVE just seen the conclusion of a scientific experiment," he remarked. "A man fired off his pistol in the street, and the concussion was speedily followed by arraignment."—Baltimore American.

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Should Have it in the House,  
Dropped on Sugar, Children Love  
to take JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINTIMENT for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonillitis, Colic, Cramps and Pains. Relieves all Summer Complaints, Cuts and Bruises like magic. Sold everywhere. Price 50c. by mail; 6 bottles Express paid, \$2. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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INSURANCE MAGNATE—"I think you had better cancel some of our big risks at Tinderville."

**POLICY CLERK—"What is the trouble?"**  
INSURANCE MAGNATE—"A blank just came in with the question: 'What protection have you from fire?' answered, 'It rains sometimes.'"—Puck.

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**THAT DIVERGENT GLANCE.**  
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FOURTEEN MEN (simultaneously and somewhat confusedly)—"Who? I Me?"—Chicago Tribune.

**WILL DOUBTLESS SUCCEED.**  
OLDUN—"Remember my son, to always keep your expenses within your income."  
YOUNGUN—"Got a better plan than that. I propose bringing my income up to my expenses."—Indianapolis Journal.

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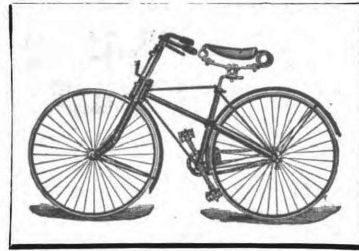
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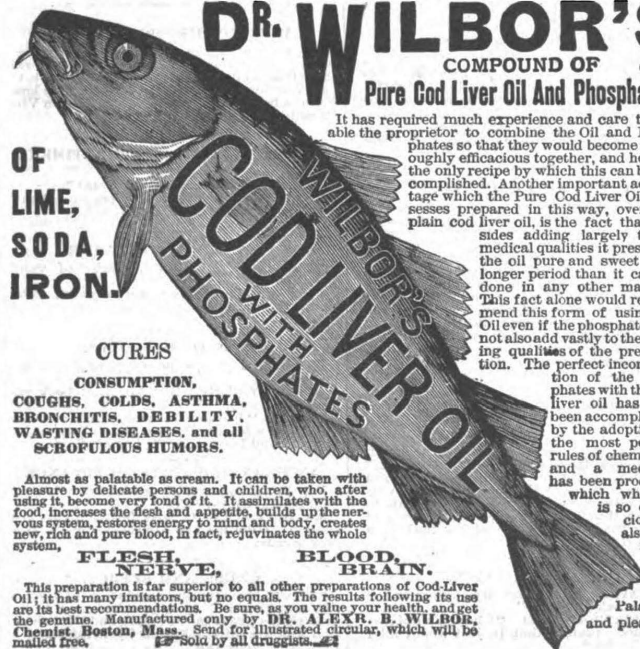
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