

THE ARGOSY

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THE FATE OF THE TIGER CAT.

BY HUGH PENWORTHY.

It would be hard to find a prettier sight than was the beautiful full rigged clipper Alice as she glided gently up toward Calcutta one soft, languid afternoon at the beginning of the century.

With all sails set and but just bellying in the light Indian airs she passed majestically to windward of the great British seventy four that lay at anchor and, coming about, down went her own

anchor with a loud splash and up went her private signal to the fore peak. It was that of Pruett & Company of Salem, Massachusetts whose China traders were unbeaten on the seas.

Bright and early next morning the Alice was towed in and tied up to the wharf while her Indian consignments were unloaded and her exchange merchandise was taken aboard, before proceeding on her further way clear around to the China coast.

This being completed, shore leave was granted to the men, a few at a time and for a short while.

It was on the afternoon set for departure when it was found that two of the crew of the Alice were missing—Dan Carson and Chris Maddox.

Captain Plunkett sent his second mate ashore with a company of hands, who beat up the

town thoroughly; they had no difficulty in tracing the two delinquents up to a certain point; at that point, both being remembered to have been in a painfully inebriated condition, they disappeared completely. The mate so reported and the Alice, whose voyages were always made on time against a competing house, sailed that evening shorthanded.

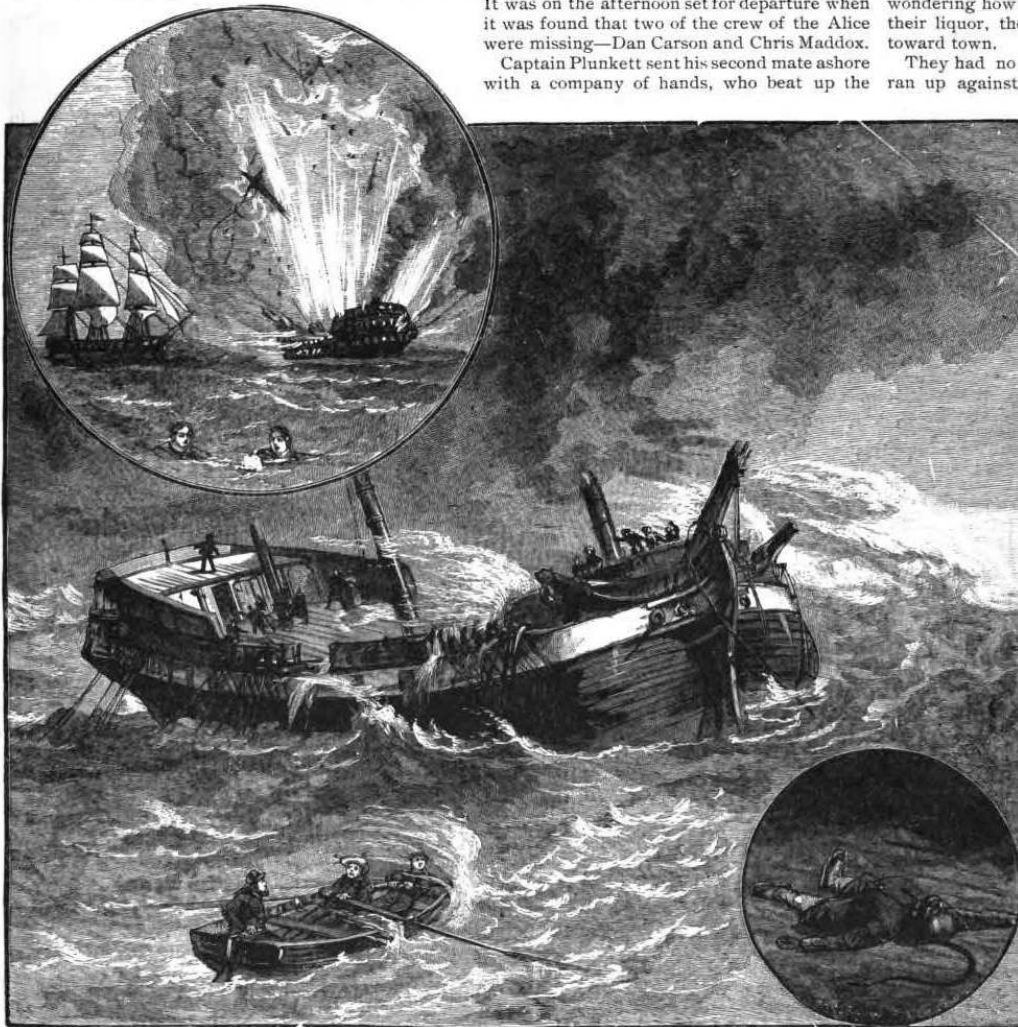
The following morning two begrimed and bleary eyed seamen rolled out from under a roadside bush and asked each other where they were. The glittering domes and pinnacles in the distance told them they were a mile out of Calcutta and, stupidly wondering how they had ever got so far away from their liquor, they bent their uncertain steps back toward town.

They had no sooner reached the city than they ran up against a gallant company of tars from

H. M. S. Tiger Cat who laid violent hands on our two worthies. These, you may be sure, did not hesitate to let out right and left against the whole twenty or so of the Britisher's crew but it needed only a couple of clips from a bludgeon to silence both the Yankees. Again, on that same day, they awoke to wonder where they were; they soon found out: they were between the decks of H. M. S. Tiger Cat, making across the Bay of Bengal toward the Burmese coast, for the purpose of picking up the pirates that infested those waters (that is, if they allowed themselves to be caught) and wiping them off the face of the earth.

Chris and Dan knew their business. They had been impressed and there was nothing to do but make the best of it and trust to luck. When Chris learned that the Alice had sailed the day before he confided to Dan that they were just as well off as they were; they were looked upon by Captain Plunkett as deserters and were liable to prosecution and punishment in their own country; but it needed only a slight shrinkage in dates to prove, against such a charge, that they were victims of British lawlessness and thus much sinned against and guiltless.

So, they accepted the situation, took their assigned places in the next watch and, when the bo'sun piped them on deck, Chris as usual was the liveliest man in the ship. First of the whole watch he scrambled up the companion ladder and sprang out upon the deck—



LIKE THE BELCHING OF A VOLCANO AND WITH THE ROAR OF A BATTERY OF ARTILLERY, A GREAT COLUMN OF FLAME SHOT UP FROM THE SEVENTY FOUR.

smash against the Chinaman, Li Sin, carrying part of Sir Archibald Clovercut's finest Dresden service on a tray.

There was a scream from the Chinaman and a terrific crash as the tray fell to the deck. The fragments of the service were scattered far and wide, and Li Sin wept at the sight. He was the commander's private steward, and he knew of that nobleman's unreasoning temper from observation, and he feared it accordingly.

That afternoon, by order of Sir Archibald Clovercut, Li Sin was stood up to the mainmast and received thirty lashes on his bare back for his carelessness. He who had wept tears and cried aloud when he saw his charge of precious crockery broken to bits, had not a tear to shed or a sound to utter while receiving the unjust and brutal punishment. His body, bare from hips upward, squirmed and writhed like a serpent at every cut, beneath which rose a livid line. When it was all over, Li Sin silently donned his shirt and blouse and retired to his pantry.

Chris seemed much more affected by the casualty than the victim himself, after the first few moments. Dan was, however, the only one who knew the true cause of Chris's perturbation; when a chance came Chris took his shipmate aside and told him this tale:

When Chris was sailing his first voyage in the China seas, his patron and protector was a certain Brock, who told incidentally on several occasions anecdotes of a disastrous voyage in those parts in which a Chinese cook of sinister disposition figured largely. The ship came to grief before the voyage was over, which experience was no more remarkable than any other salt water yarn.

But it happened that Brock and Chris were ordered to man the yawl one day when a dismasted and sinking bark was spoken.

They tumbled the exhausted officers and crew into their boat—but eight remained to tell of the fearful tempest—and were about to pull away when some one thought of the cook. Under the guidance of one of the derelict's crew Brock went into the cook's galley and found there the body of a Chinaman, who lay prone upon the floor as if dead. His heart still beat, however, and he was lifted into the yawl. It was said he had fallen sick during the gale and had lain for days unattended to while death impeded in many forms.

With care the Chinaman came around in a few days, and when at last he appeared on deck, free from the traces of his sickness, Brock was surprised to find in him the same Mongolian of his previous disastrous voyage, and of course he communicated his discovery to Chris.

Only a few days after this recognition the ship struck a sunken rock while beating up to Shanghai, and, while the crew were rescued by a passing junk, the ship and cargo were a total loss. It did not fail to occur to Brock and Chris that the three vessels they had known the heathen to sail with had come to a disastrous end, and they breathed a sigh of relief when, being put on board a passing American, they saw their Oriental cook sail away in his native junk—forever, Chris had hoped.

Li Sin was he! What wonder Chris was disturbed. Like all seamen, he was superstitious. You could not tell him there was nothing fateful in this meek and mute Celestial, in whose path sure disaster had followed close. Of course Chris was disturbed and so was Dan. There was some chance, they argued, of escaping the cutlasses of the ferocious freebooters, being sheltered behind the oak timbers and the great guns of a seventy four; but the Chinaman! he

seemed to appear with the weight of a decree of fate, and thus were our honest sailors in sore distress.

Three days after leaving Calcutta H. M. S. Tiger Cat, skirting the Burmese coast, sighted the square topsails of what later proved to be a trim clipper ship standing out from the harbor of Akyab. She was flying the flag of the United States, and, while a merchantman, the white band around her side, dotted with gun ports, showed she was well prepared to give a Roland for an Oliver if it should come to an exchange of incivilities.

The news of a sail on the port bow spread down below where Chris and Dan were falling into a doze between watches. Chris lazily rolled out of his hammock and went to one of the ports where he could see the strange ship to windward and a half mile ahead. It needed but an instant's glance to tell the practiced eye of the sailor that this was no other than the Alice—the craft from which he was rated a deserter, and to return to which he was ready to risk his life, seeing that, in his belief, he was a doomed man if he remained on this ill omened man of war.

Chris called to Dan; he, too, recognized the ship. As they were going—the Tiger Cat southward, the Alice coming out from the eastern shore—they both agreed that the man of war would cross the merchantman's bows in the course of twenty minutes.

The two cronies held a whispered confabulation; there was excitement in their eyes and in their gestures; they again approached the port and looked out at the on coming vessel; then they silently shook hands, and, without attracting the attention of the few sailors who dozed in their hammocks, the two Americans cautiously made their way aft.

The cabins and quarters had nearly been emptied on receipt of the news that an American was sighted. All expected a speedy beating to quarters, for, as was the custom then, a Yankee craft must always be searched for "British deserters." But there was no beating to quarters this time; for Sir Archibald Clovercut, too, made out the name of the vessel, and, bethinking himself that he already had two of the Alice's complement, he discreetly decided to keep upon his even way and make no further claims.

The two seamen of his thoughts were at that identical moment making their way aft toward the commander's very cabin. Under ordinary circumstances they would have been met and stopped before they had gone twenty feet after leaving the seamen's quarters. But nearly every soul was above.

Silently they stole their way until the sound of an opening door startled them. Like a flash they dodged into the open cabin at their elbow and closed the door, all but a tiny bit; to this slight opening Chris glued his eye. The result was that he saw Li Sin stealthily pass along the gangway and a little further on stop, produce from his pocket a key, with which he unlocked a door amidships. Into the apartment thus opened he entered, after peering cautiously in every direction to make sure he was not observed. Then he withdrew the key from the door and closed it after him.

Chris gave the word to Dan, and again they started on their mysterious errand aft. They gained the commander's luxurious cabin; it occupied the overhang of the stern with windows on three sides. The men peered in, saw no one, and entered softly. They sighted the Alice abeam on the port side; they were nearly crossing the line of her course, and she was but an eighth of a mile to windward.

Chris opened a rear window; they both

shook hands once more; then Chris crawled out on the sill of the open window and dropped with a splash into the blue waters below. Dan waited to see him rise; he gave his comrade a wave of the hand, and, following his example, too, was soon swimming lustily, while the man of war sailed majestically on and away.

There was no time to lose; the Alice must not be allowed to pass out of hail, and the seamen struck out to swim directly into her course, keeping where they would be least likely to be seen by their deserted ship. Nearer and nearer came the Alice; further and further away sailed the Tiger Cat until at last the latter had crossed the bows of the former, and rescue seemed to the swimmers near at hand. Chris raised an arm out of the water and waved a hand, giving at the same time a great shout. It was drowned in a terrific report.

Like the belching of a volcano and with the roar of a battery of artillery, a great column of flame shot up from the seventy four, and in what seemed but a minute of time, she had split in twain and gone from view.

It was an hour later when the two Americans and twenty eight Englishmen, officers and crew, were gathered together on the deck of the Alice, whose every boat had pushed off to skim the wreck strewn waters.

The officers agreed that the powder magazine of the Tiger Cat had blown up. Chris related what he had seen of the Chinaman's stealthy movements, and when he described the position of the door the heathen had been seen to enter, the officers further agreed that this was the door, and the only door, of the powder room, of which there was but one key on the ship. The inference was plain; the Chinaman had deliberately blown up the ship, by which fiendish act three hundred and sixty souls had been lost—including one scion of the British nobility. But the fateful Chinaman had disappeared, and that, Chris declared, was something to be thankful for.

HARD LUCK AND FAMILY.

ANOTHER example from "Autobiographies of Failure" which was recently quoted in these columns, is that of a man who related how, by his inventive genius and in other ways, he made several successive fortunes and each one was regularly lost by faulty arrangements, fire without insurance, responsibility assumed for others and thieving partners whom he termed swindlers. The last is the cause to which he lays most of his failures and naturally, he believes himself a much injured man or to a great extent the plaything of fortune.

Not so! each incident as he relates it shows how he might have taken ordinary precautions dictated by common sense and business rules. In his closing paragraph he himself unconsciously confesses the true cause of his distress:

Let every young man when going into business with any person take the advice of the best counsel, and have such agreements executed as utterly to prevent any advantage being taken by one party over the other, as the rule of the present day is to defraud you if there is profit in it.

It is not a manly habit that some of us have of shifting the responsibility of our failure over to the broad backs of "hard luck," "the other fellow" and "circumstances." In nearly every case if the matter be fairly and honestly analyzed, the fault can be traced to some one error of judgment, some act of carelessness or omission or something for which the man himself is directly and solely responsible.

A BUSINESS-LIKE BRIDEGROOM.

A YORKSHIRE vicar once received the following notice regarding a marriage from a parish house: "This is to give you notice that I and Miss Jemima Arabella Brearly is comin' to your church on Saturday afternoon nex, to undergo the operations of matrimony at your hands. Please be prompt, as the cab is hired by the hour." The "operation" was performed in due course. —*New York Tribune.*

SMITHY SONG.

When I am half a dreaming,
And only half asleep—
When daylight's grayest gleaming
'Gins through the blinds to peep—
Oh, then I hear the dinging
Of the smithy hammers ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

At eve, when I'm returning
From labors of the day,
Their forges yet are burning,
And still their hammers play;
And oft the smiths are singing
To that measured, merry ringing.
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

Often with to and fro
Of bodies rhythmic bending
They toil in couples—sending
The sparks out, blow on blow;
One hammer always swinging
The while the other's ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

Oh, merry anvils sounding
All day till set of sun!
It is by sturdy pounding
That noblest tasks are done—
By steady blows and swinging
That keeps the world a ringing,
Ching ching, ching ching,
Ching ching, ching ching.

—*The Century.*

[This Story began in No. 475.]

BATTLING WITH FORTUNE.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "Norman Brooke," "On Steeds of Steel," etc.

CHAPTER X.

A VERY PERSISTENT YOUNG MAN.

"GOOD morning, You wished to see Mrs. Kirkpatrick, I believe?"

This was Russell's greeting as he entered the parlor and walked up to a young man who was seated in the corner nearest the curtains behind which Mrs. Kirkpatrick was concealed. Russ could scarcely restrain a smile when he saw that Hubert Cantrell was a young man of about twenty, with a smooth and rather good looking face and an avoirdupois of at least 175 pounds. He might have heart disease, but he certainly looked like anything but an invalid.

"Yes. I was informed that she was at home."

Cantrell spoke sharply and glanced, almost glared, at Russ as if he already suspected the mission on which he had come.

"Will you please inform me of your errand with her?" went on Russ, foreseeing trouble ahead, but realizing that the only way was to plunge in and get through with it as speedily as might be.

"I do not see that I am called upon to do that," was the other's response. "Who are you, pray?"

"I am Mrs. Kirkpatrick's private secretary."

"And I am her nephew," promptly added Cantrell. "Which of us bears the closer relationship to the lady, should you say?"

The Philadelphia fellow spoke calmly, and did not appear to be the least bit excited. Indeed, his voice was a wonderfully agreeable one. Russ felt strongly inclined to take his side, but of course this was not to be thought of in the circumstances.

"I am not here to discuss that question," he replied. "Mrs. Kirkpatrick declines to see you herself, and sent me out in her stead."

"And what if I decline to see you?" rejoined Cantrell. "How do I know who you are and whether you have a right to act in my aunt's place? By George, I am strongly tempted to believe that you are some lick spittle of a New Yorker who has wormed himself

into my poor aunt's confidence and is bleeding the old lady for all she is worth."

Naturally this was an exceedingly unpleasant accusation for Russ to listen to, particularly as he realized that the old lady herself must have heard every word of it. However, he reflected that he was wholly innocent and strove to keep his temper. Before he could make any reply the other went on:

"Great Scott, I came on in the nick of time to save my dear relative from the machinations of a miscreant. How's that for the title of a sensational story? Here let me go and find poor Aunt Alice and tell her that these strong arms will protect her."

Cantrell rose and started for the door. Russ stepped in front of him.

"You cannot see Mrs. Kirkpatrick," he said firmly.

"Who's to stop me?"

"I will."

Russ's voice did not falter as he made this reply, although Cantrell towered almost half a head above him.

"Jingo, young fellow, I like your grit," suddenly broke out the young giant. "Here take my hand and let's go shares on what we can get out of the old lady."

Russ gazed in trepidation toward the embroidered curtains. He fully expected to see them brushed aside and to behold Mrs. Kirkpatrick stride forth in majestic wrath. But there was no movement there.

Russ put both hands behind him.

"You misunderstand me entirely," he said. Then after an instant: "But I think your aunt does not in the least misunderstand you."

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"Just this," responded Russ, thinking that the time had come for him to be perfectly plain with him. He recollected too, that possibly Mrs. Kirkpatrick might be disappointed if he failed to tell about the inheritance the nephew had come so near acquiring. "Your aunt commissioned me to inform you that your name was down for a hundred thousand dollars—"

"What?" exclaimed Cantrell, dropping into the nearest chair and almost turning pale from surprise.

"But," Russ went on, "that paper has been destroyed. A man who has been given up by the doctors, so to speak, has no use for money."

Russ expected to see the fellow slap his forehead and call himself "fool, idiot!" on hearing how his little scheme had turned out a boomerang, to recoil upon himself. But he did nothing of the sort. He simply sat there and looked at Russ steadily.

"Did you see this paper?" he asked finally.

"I did," replied Russ, thinking he knew what was coming.

"Do you know when it was made out?" he went on.

"I do."

"When was that? A few minutes ago, was it not? At any rate since my letter was received?"

"You are right," rejoined Russ, feeling that it was no more than fair that Mrs. Kirkpatrick should be caught in her own trap.

"I thought so," remarked Cantrell quietly, and crossing one knee over the other, he drew off his gloves and began to slash them lightly against the chair.

"Tell Mrs. Kirkpatrick," he said, "that I shall remain here till I see her." Russ was nonplused. Although he might make an attempt at defending himself against this healthy young giant, it was out of the question for him to put him out of the house by force. Besides he had not been authorized to resort to such measures. Clearly, nothing

remained for the secretary to do but to report to his employer. So without a word he left the parlor.

He found Mrs. Kirkpatrick leaning back in her chair with a smile on her face. As soon as she saw Russ she placed her finger across her lips and motioned him to precede her to the library, where they would be out of ear-shot.

"You heard it all?" began Russ when they reached this apartment.

"Yes," she replied, "and I must say I admire Hubert's pluck. What does he look like? I haven't seen him since he was eight years old."

"He's very stout and rather good looking," replied Russ.

"He's a cute one," she went on. "Says he'll sit there till I see him, does he?"

"Yes, and he looks as if he meant it."

"Well, we'll let him see that I mean it, too."

"You intend to let him stay there then!" exclaimed Russ.

"Certainly. What else is there to do? I cannot go back on my word. Besides, if I did see him my heart might go out to him, and I would write a paper that I would not destroy, leaving him all my money. And in that case what would become of the Retreat for the Feeble Minded, the Home for Half Orphans, the Asylum for Incurable Spinners and the Harbor of Refuge for Superannuated Sailors?"

To this Russ had nothing to reply. The matter was Mrs. Kirkpatrick's own affair.

"Shall I tell him, then, that you still decline to see him?" he said.

"Yes, most emphatically decline."

"And shall I wait there till he goes?"

"No, I guess we can trust him not to run off with any of the bric à brac. Besides, I want you to read something I wrote yesterday afternoon."

Russ returned to the parlor and delivered the message.

"Very well," repeated Mr. Cantrell. "I said I would wait here till she did see me, and I am prepared to do it."

With that he smiled pleasantly on Russ and changed his position in the chair for a slightly easier one.

Russ looked at him for an instant in silent wonderment at such a display of offrontery, and then returned to the library.

CHAPTER XI.

A PECULIAR STATE OF AFFAIRS.

HE settled himself for a siege." This was the report Russ made on presenting himself again to Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

"Very well; we can stand it if he can, I guess," smiled the old lady, and then she extended toward her new secretary three or four pages of written manuscript.

"Can you make it out?" she asked. "I have not had it put on the typewriter yet."

"If you will let me run over it once to myself I think it will be all right," replied Russ.

He began to read the sheets—it was a continuation of the tragedy, part of which he had recited the day before—but he had not reached the bottom of the first page when some notes were struck on the piano in the parlor, and the next instant a clear tenor voice began to sing "The King's Highway."

Russ glanced over the paper at his patroness. She had started slightly when the sound first broke the silence and now sat there in a listening attitude.

Russ said nothing, but he could not help admiring the clear, sweet tones of the singer as he trilled out the well known song as joyously as though he had not a care in the world.

"I am ready now," he remarked presently. "Shall I begin?"

Mrs. Kirkpatrick held up her hand. Russ thought he saw a tear glistening in her eye. The singer was just giving the last lines.

"I think I will not have you read this morning," she said, when there was silence again. "Tell me more about Hubert. How is he dressed? Nicely?"

"Yes, but I do not think his overcoat was a heavy one."

"Poor fellow, perhaps he suffers from the cold. Ah me, Mamie was always a foolish girl. None of us wanted her to marry that West Point lieutenant, but he was very fascinating, I must admit. And he thought a cousin of his who had taken a great fancy to him, was going to leave him his money. So I suppose it runs in the blood to live on expectations."

She was silent for an instant, sighed and gazed so longingly toward the parlor that Russ thought she was going to rush in and embrace her nephew on the spot. But she sat still, and then suddenly asked Russ if he had the time.

"It is twenty minutes to eleven," he replied, looking at his watch.

"Almost time for my drive," she went on. "Oh, by the way, you had better come with me! We can stop at your house and correct that mistake about the trunk. And now you can go up to your room and settle things a little there. I will ring for James to show you the way."

The stiff footman responded to the summons, and, with rather an ill grace, picked up Russell's valise, and preceded the latter up two flights of stairs.

"Here it is," he grunted, and planted the satchel down on the floor just inside the door of a pretty room in the front of the house.

"I imagine I am not looked upon with favor by the domestics of the establishment," mused Russ. "I suppose they're jealous of me. Great Scott, I don't know but I'd rather be in James's boots this minute. He knows at least what is expected of him. I don't."

But the coziness of the apartment that had been assigned to him served in a measure to reconcile Russ to the situation. He unpacked his bag and then hurried down stairs when he saw the horses at the door. One of the maids was in the lower hall, evidently waiting for him.

"Mrs. Kirkpatrick is in the library," she said to him in a whisper.

Russ hurried back there and found the old lady in rather an excited state of mind.

"I can't go out by the front door without passing the parlor," she said. "Is Hubert sitting where he can see me?"

"I think he is," responded Russ.

"He will rush up to me then as I go by," went on the old lady, "and that is not to be thought of. Oh, I have it. We'll go out by the basement. Here, give me your arm down those dark stairs."

When they reached the sidewalk she sent Russ on ahead to open the carriage door and give the coachman the number of the Grays' house, so that they could start right off.

"Hubert may rush out and intercept me, you know," she explained.

After all this dodging about, they finally got off and presently halted in front of the familiar house in Seventy Sixth Street. How strange it seemed to Russ to drive up there as a visitor only!

"I am going make a call on the next block," said Mrs. Kirkpatrick, as he alighted. "Keep a watch out and be ready for me when I come back."

Russ doffed his hat and then sprang up the steps and opened the door with his key.

"Did my trunk come back here?" he cried, bursting in upon a family group in the library.

"Yes, and we did not understand it," said his mother, coming forward to greet him as if he had been absent a week instead of barely two hours.

"How do you like it as far as you've got?" Bernard wanted to know.

"You drove up in state, didn't you?" remarked Margaret.

"How do they treat you, my son?" asked his father.

"They treat me a good deal better than they do the other fellow," replied Russ, and then he briefly explained the present position of affairs at the Kirkpatricks'.

"And is that chap sitting there in the parlor yet?" exclaimed Bernard.

"That's where we left him," rejoined Russ; "so you see I don't lack for excitement."

"It's a shame," remarked Margaret. "You ought to persuade the old lady to receive him."

"She's ready enough to do it without any person persuading, but I suppose if she takes him in she'll have all the rest of them down on her. But there's the carriage now. The lady she went to call on must be out. Good by. See that my trunk is sent again this afternoon, will you, Bernie?"

"Do use what influence you have in favor of that poor young man, Russell," said Mrs. Gray, coming to the head of the stairs with him.

"All right, mom. I'll do my best," he called back, and hurried off.

The old lady seemed buried deep in thought and did not encourage conversation as they drove down Columbus Avenue to Seventy Second Street and so into the Park. And Russ thought it wise not to broach the subject of Hubert Cantrell of his own accord.

But when they had made the rounds of the West and East Drives, and the horses' heads were turned towards home, Mrs. Kirkpatrick sighed and said, "I wonder if he will be there still when we get back."

Now was Russ's opportunity, and he promptly took advantage of it.

"He seems to be quite a nice fellow," he said. "If you would only consent to see him—"

"I would be undone," almost snapped the old lady. Then turning suddenly on him she went on: "Contrive me some way by which I can do all that is in my heart to do for him without its getting out and bringing all my other relatives down upon me and—and I'll do it."

Russ was astounded at his unexpected success, and at the same time daunted at the task set him.

CHAPTER XII.

DETECTIVE GRAY.

CONTRIVE a way for me to do all that is in my heart to do for him without its getting out."

Russ pondered over these words as the carriage rolled on toward the Kirkpatrick mansion. Then he thought of Cantrell's scheme about the life insurance.

"I wonder if he really ever tried to take out a policy?" he asked himself.

And on top of this came the recollection of how the old lady had written that paper for the express purpose of destroying it afterwards.

"It seems six of one and half a dozen of the other so far as deception goes," he reflected. "I hope—"

And here Russ paused. He had been brought up to hate an acted lie as deeply as a spoken one. That Cantrell had endeavored to deceive his aunt was no reason why he, Russell Gray, should make himself a party to a counter de-

ception. He was not a prude, but he determined to be honest, come what might.

"Well, have you thought of a plan yet?" asked the old lady, as the carriage turned in to Seventy Seventh Street.

"You won't see Mr. Cantrell then, if he is there yet?" Russ asked this question instead of giving a direct reply.

"How can I without going back on my word?"

Here was another opportunity for Russel. He hesitated for an instant, drew a long breath, and then responded: "That would be no worse than deceiving him by that paper you burnt up a little while ago."

Now that he had said it this speech sounded terribly audacious, and Russ prepared himself for an outburst. From the carriage window he could see the express wagon and a man carrying his trunk into the house.

"Probably she'll order it off again now," he told himself.

But no reply came, and when the carriage halted before the house, she gave him her hand to assist her in alighting, still without a word. He noticed, however, that she did not go in the basement way. When he got into the house himself after closing the carriage door, he found her in the parlor, peering in the corners, over chair backs and behind screens.

"Where is he?" she demanded, when she saw Russ. "Where did you leave him? Find him for me instantly, do you hear?"

"He has gone," replied Russ.

"Gone?" repeated the old lady, and she sank down on an ottoman and would have fallen over backward had not Russ run forward and supported her.

She recovered herself in an instant, however.

"Ring the bell and call the servants," she commanded. "Find out what has become of poor Hubert."

When Betty appeared in answer to the summons, "Did you see that gentleman who was here in the parlor go away?" demanded her mistress.

"Yes'm," responded the girl. "He went off a few minutes after you did. I was answering the door for a woman selling iron holders—which we ought to have a few, Mrs. Kirkpatrick—when he walks past me so silent like it give me a start."

"Didn't he leave any message?"

"No mum, nothing of the sort. He just walked off quick like."

"Which way did he turn?"

"I don't remember. Leastways, I guess I shut the door before he got to the sidewalk."

"What did you do that for, stupid? Now look all over the parlor here and see if you can find a note or any scrap of writing he may have left. You, too, Gray."

The old lady herself put on her glasses and began to peer around the room, while Betty and Russ tumbled over books, moved ornaments and even ransacked the gas logs piled up in the grate; but all to no avail. No scrap of writing came to light.

"Look in the library," suggested Mrs. Kirkpatrick. "Perhaps he went in there to write it."

Russ started to act on the suggestion, but as he pushed aside the *portière* something pricked his finger. It was a pin, fastening to the curtain a green envelope on the back of which something was scribbled in lead pencil. As the curtain was olive, the similarity of color had kept them from noticing it before.

The old lady clutched eagerly at the message and read it aloud. There were but a few words:

My letter contained no deception. On

thinking it over I believe I had better go. You need never expect to see me again.

HUBERT.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick stood perfectly silent after finishing the above. It was easy to see that she was deeply moved. Presently she turned the envelope over and looked at the other side.

"Sheldon, Briggs & Co., agents for Dunlap & New, Philbert Street, above Thirteenth, Philadelphia," she read. Then turning to Russ she said: "I want you to find that young man and bring him back here."

"Shall I tell him you will see him?" asked Russ.

"Yes, tell him anything so that you get him back here. He has behaved in a way entirely different from any of the others, and it has pleased me. I am curious to learn more of his character. I must see him, and as soon as possible."

"But why don't you put an advertisement in the papers, stating that you wish to learn his whereabouts?" suggested Russ. "That would be the quickest way."

"Undoubtedly, but I couldn't prevent other people seeing it. And some of those other people would, of course, be my relatives, and then—" the old lady raised her hands above her head as the most expressive way of finishing her sentence.

"Shall I go to the police department then and get a detective to track Mr. Cantrell?" Russ inquired.

"Mercy no! Let me see. You had better go first to the telegraph office and send a message to this firm in Philadelphia whose address is on the corner of the envelope, asking them what they know of Hubert. He may be employed there. Here is some money. Wait at the office till the answer comes."

Russ hurried off. Surely he could not complain that his first half day in his new position was a monotonous one.

There was a telegraph office not far away. Russ sent the message, and while waiting for the reply, wondered what the old lady would do if word came back that nothing was known of the young man by the Philadelphia firm. Presently came the click of the instrument, and in two minutes the following was handed over the counter to him.

Don't know Cantrell. He may be a young man whom our bookkeeper saw pick up some stationery yesterday when he applied for a position.

W. N. BRIGGS.

Russ hurried back to the house with this message. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was waiting for him in the parlor with her things still on.

"You must go to Philadelphia for me this very afternoon," she said. "You can have all the money you want for expenses, but you must find Hubert."

(To be continued.)

LONG DAYS.

THOSE who wish the days were longer and bedtime less frequent, should change their residence to Norway where, according to the *Kansas Farmer*, night is a time indefinitely postponed.

At Stockholm, Sweden, the longest day is eighteen and one half hours in length.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is three and one half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one half hours.

At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzic, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22, without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours and the shortest five hours.

At Tornaa, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly twenty-two hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length.

At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours long, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen hours.

THE SUPPLIANT.

THE night was dark, and knew no star,

The rain had put them out:

The door was shut with bolt and bar:

A beggar stood without.

Long time he sued nor would depart,

Though all his suit was vain,

With tones that seemed to pierce the heart

Like infant's cry of pain.

At length the bolt was backward drawn

Amid a sound of tears;

He entered in like light at dawn,

With step that no man hears.

The house changed hands that fateful night;

With strange and sudden thrill,

Its firm foundations owned the might

Of an all conquering will.

The day relumes its golden torch

In dawn without a cloud;

Without, the roses in the porch

Unfold, the birds sing loud.

Within, the cloak of rags slips down

That hid his purple wing;

Love stands revealed in starry crown,

A suppliant? Nay, a King!

—Gentleman's Magazine.

[This Story began in Number 400.]

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 XXV.—CONTINUED.

THE CUBAN'S DEFIANCE.

AT a word of command from the insurgent captain, the solid line of men was split in the middle, and each half fell back on the side, one to port and the other to starboard. Thus an unobstructed view of the deck clear to the fore-castle, was given. The four cannon Brandon had already seen were revealed and gathered about each piece was a full gun's crew.

At another command, the crew of each gun loaded their piece with the celerity and precision of trained men of war's men, which they no doubt were, and fell back to their stations.

"See, we have changed into a man of war," remarked Captain Erben with a saucy laugh. "You can get under way, Mr. Pilot."

Uncle Dick turned with curiosity to look at the man addressed as the pilot, who was standing on the bridge, but whom he had not noticed before.

"You, Dull!" he exclaimed, recognizing one of the Galveston pilots, with nearly all of whom he was acquainted. "Are you going to carry this steamer out?"

"No," interposed Captain Erben, exhibiting his revolver, "he is not. This is going to guide it out."

"I guess I'm in for it, Mr. Morton," replied the pilot, turning pale. "I assure you I didn't know anything about this vessel, or thought she had been seized by the marshal, when I came out to her."

Uncle Dick said nothing, for it looked as if they were all "in for it," and he knew the pilot was no more responsible for his position than he and Brandon were for theirs.

The order was given to start the steamer up. When she came up to her anchor, the cable was slipped and she continued on her way down the bay. Pilot Dull took up his position near the wheelman to direct him, and Captain Erben stood over him with cocked revolver.

"I hardly need tell you that any accident to the steamer will be rewarded with instant death," was the insurgent captain's admonitory remark.

The two detachments of armed men retained their position, and the gun crews remained at quarters ready for action.

The steamer rapidly gained headway until she was under full speed, and hardly a word was spoken, except by the pilot, till they were nearly up with the entrance to the harbor.

"Slow down, Mr. Pilot," ordered the insurgent captain.

Dull rang one bell, and the screw ceased revolving. By the time the steamer lost nearly all headway she was about midway between Fort Point and Bolivar Light.

"Put over the ladder," continued Captain Erben, "and burn a blue light on the port bow."

When this was done, a rocket went up from Bolivar Point, and the Cuban escorted Uncle Dick and Brandon to the gangway. By the pale blue light from the signal on the bow a boat was to be seen approaching from the shore.

"You must excuse me for putting you to this annoyance, Mr. Morton," began Captain Erben.

Uncle Dick was about to interrupt him with a repetition of his protests at being put ashore, when the darkness was further illuminated by a Bengal light which flared up on Fort Point, and which was immediately followed by a rocket.

Captain Erben never finished what he was going to say, but, glancing at the approaching boat, which was still some distance away, he exclaimed:

"Hullo! what's up? Something's wrong."

The next moment a long dark body shot out from the inner shelter of Fort Point, and, with an imprecation in Spanish, he continued:

"Start her up, pilot, and be lively about it if you value your life. Haul in that ladder. We are discovered and they are after us."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PURSUIT.

IT was with different feelings that Uncle Dick and Brandon realized that they were not going to be put ashore—just then at least.

The former noted the turn affairs had taken with satisfaction, for he would not be entirely dispossessed of his charge, and felt that the pursuer was either a revenue cutter or a war vessel, which he could not bring himself to believe the Cubans would resist, notwithstanding Captain Erben's declaration to the contrary. Brandon was filled with dismay, for he expected nothing short of a pitched battle should the insurgent steamer be overtaken and resist all efforts to detain her.

Pilot Dull lost no time in obeying the peremptory and threatening order to get under way and promptly gave the signal to go ahead.

As the steamer gradually increased her speed, it was not immediately apparent that the vessel which had just come into view was gaining on them or was even acting the part of a pursuer, but that was probably because she, too, had just started.

But not many minutes passed, after both vessels were under full headway, before it was seen that the one from Fort Point was gradually creeping up on the insurgent steamer. And if those on the latter still had any doubt of the intentions of the new comer it was instantly removed by a flash from her bow, followed by a report which split the air and rolled away in the distance with a dull rumble. It was a signal to have to.

Uncle Dick was apparently unmoved by the incident, as a grim smile hovered about his mouth. But Brandon gave a convulsive and involuntary start, and his heart appeared to come up in his throat, as he expected to hear the shriek of a cannon ball or the bursting of a shell. An instant's reflection would

have reminded him how utterly improbable it was that a shot would be fired at them at that stage of the game, but he found it quite a different sensation to be apparently shot at from that of standing by and seeing a gun discharged at some one else.

Captain Erben paid no attention whatever to the signal to stop, but shouted down the speaking tube to the engine room to put on increased pressure.

No improvement was immediately apparent, and the vessel astern continued to gain on them.

Suddenly there was a flash of light from the pursuer, and the bright rays of a signal, burning on her quarter, lit up the waters of the whole bay.

Then Uncle Dick and Brandon saw something that did not fail to startle both of them almost as much as the shot had stirred up the latter.

"The Ulysses!" cried Uncle Dick, as he recognized her; and it did not seem near so hard now to believe that the insurgent would dare to resist seizure. In fact, he instantly feared it, if those on the steam yacht persisted in making the attempt, and that was what startled him and made him anxious. He quickly decided that Marshal Guard was on the Ulysses. Having a suspicion that an attempt would be made to carry the steamer out that night, the marshal had, no doubt, stationed a lookout at Fort Point to signal if she was discovered, and in the absence of a government vessel in port, had arranged with Captain Andy to go down on the Ulysses and lay in wait for her. The marshal evidently had a force with him, in addition to the regular crew of the steam yacht, but he probably did not know that the Cuban had four cannon and over one hundred armed men on board, and Uncle Dick dreaded to think of the deadly encounter that might result from Guard's ignorance of the latter fact.

Thus it came to pass that the ranchman began to hope that the steam yacht would not overtake them, in spite of the fact that he and Brandon would, no doubt, be carried off he knew not where. But, in the latter event, he felt convinced that a war vessel, strong enough to seize the saucy insurgent steamer, would be immediately dispatched to bring her back, which would be much better than having his friends and the beautiful steam yacht threatened with death and destruction.

"The Ulysses?" repeated Captain Erben, who had heard Uncle Dick's exclamation, in a questioning tone. "A private steam yacht?"

"Yes," responded the ranchman, and he could have bit his tongue off for having uttered the name; he would much rather the other had thought she was a revenue cutter.

"And is that all you people can send after me?" laughed the insurgent captain.

"You will find she is quite enough if she gets alongside of you," retorted the ranchman boldly.

"Tut! tut! we're not playing; we could blow her out of the water before a single one of her men could get a footing on our deck," returned the Cuban; and then, with a wave of his hand toward his assembled crew, he added: "Besides, what could all the men she can hold on her deck do against those, even if they should board us?"

Just then another gun boomed from the Ulysses, and Uncle Dick anxiously wanted to see if a shot had been fired at them. He feared, that if his friends did so, it would provoke a return fire from the insurgent steamer, and was relieved to see no evidence of a missile following the report. Probably Marshal Guard, or Captain Andy, did not want to take

the responsibility of injuring or disabling the steamer with a shot from the guns of a private vessel, and the ranchman hoped such was the case.

"She's walking right up on you, though," observed Uncle Dick, which fact he had observed as he watched the yacht after the second gun. "What are you going to do when she catches you, Captain Erben? Will you put us off?"

"It's too early in the game to answer those questions, Mr. Morton—I'm going to fight, of course, for one thing—but she hasn't caught us yet."

Captain Erben had evidently not yet given up hope of running away from the steam yacht. He made frequent use of the speaking tube leading to the engine room and repeatedly urged the engineer to "hurry her" and "give her all she can stand."

Though this did have the effect of decreasing the rate at which the distance between the two vessels was being lessened, the Ulysses crept up surely and steadily.

The jetty was passed and left behind, and the two steamers stood straight out to sea—one, large, dark and grim looking, and the other small, white and graceful.

Another quarter of an hour passed, and though the distance between them had been lessened they were still hardly within hailing distance of each other.

"Stop her?" ordered Captain Erben suddenly.

The throbbing machinery ceased, and the steamer glided along almost noiselessly, gradually losing headway.

"Now I suppose you can say just what you are going to do, Captain Erben," observed Uncle Dick, in some surprise and curiosity.

"Yes, I can accommodate you now, Mr. Morton," returned the insurgent captain. "I find we cannot run away from her, and I don't wish to do so any further. We are beyond the three mile limit, to which the jurisdiction of your country extends, and are on the high seas. That vessel there has no authority to intercept us now, and I doubt the right of even one of your war vessels to do so."

"I beg your pardon," interposed the ranchman, "as long as I am on board a government vessel can seize you, by force of arms if necessary, wherever you are found."

"I'll admit that changes the rights of the case a little, but I don't intend to let any one not aboard of the vessel know that you are here, and by the time it is conclusively ascertained that you are, I will have attained my object. That answers your question as to whether I'm going to put you off. Having passed the three mile limit with you on board compels me to do this."

"Do you intend to permit any one from that steam yacht to board you?" asked Uncle Dick.

"No."

"But if they persist, will you resist?"

"I certainly shall; but I don't think they will insist on coming aboard when I tell them they can't and show them our teeth."

Uncle Dick's fear of an encounter between the Cubans and Marshal Guard's party prompted these questions, for he knew that the marshal, ignorant of the force on board the insurgent, would make a strenuous effort to seize her, which would bring on a conflict.

This fear was somewhat allayed by the last words of Captain Erben, for he, too, believed that a display of force, such as the insurgent could make, would show those on the Ulysses the hopelessness of a resort to arms. But the ranchman far from liked the idea of being carried off without his friends' knowledge when they were so near.

"Mr. Morton," continued Captain Erben, "I must warn you that if, after that steamer approaches within hailing distance, you or your assistant cry out, or in any way reveal your presence on board, you will suffer the consequences."

Notwithstanding these words a daring scheme to get word to his friends and government occurred to Uncle Dick. It was no less than this: When the two vessels were as close together as they would come, Brandon should leap overboard, and risking being fired at by the Cubans, should start to swim to the Ulysses.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW LA LIBERTAD ESCAPED.

BEFORE the ranchman had an opportunity to communicate to Brandon his daring and hazardous scheme to get word to his friends on the Ulysses, the plan was nipped in the bud by two armed Cubans taking up their positions on each side of the uncle and nephew.

"Remember what I said," Captain Erben reminded them, nodding significantly at the two guards, "and not a word."

"On board the steamer?" finally shouted a voice which Uncle Dick recognized as Marshal Guard's.

"The steamer!" responded Captain Erben.

"Is that La Libertad?"

"Aye, aye, sir. Who are you?"

"What do you mean by sailing, when your vessel is under seizure by a government officer?" demanded the marshal.

"We do not recognize your right or authority to seize us," replied the Cuban boldly.

"But you have a deputy marshal and his assistant on board, and that is sufficient warrant for your seizure now," added the marshal, after a pause.

"Who told you so?" queried the insurgent impudently; and he added with cool effrontery: "You will find them on the east shore, north of Bolivar Light, where we put them off."

Uncle Dick could hardly resist giving the lie to the Cuban's statement, by speaking out and declaring his presence, in spite of the proximity of his guards, and their deadly purpose. Brandon was looking at him, and trembling for fear he would do such a rash thing.

Whether he believed them or not, the marshal was decidedly nonplused by the Cuban's last words, for he said nothing for a few moments.

"As you deny our right to hold you," he began finally, "and have, as you say, put the deputy and his assistant ashore, you surely cannot object to an inspection."

"We can, and do object to anything of the kind; we are beyond the three mile limit, and out of the jurisdiction of your government."

"As a marshal of the United States, whose authority I have already read to you, I order you to lay to till I board you," shouted Marshal Guard, who was no doubt suspicious, and clearly out of patience.

Captain Erben made no response to this formal command, and neither did he disregard it by giving an order to start the steamer up.

Uncle Dick and Brandon had no doubt the Ulysses was getting out a boat, though they could not see it from where they were, and they anxiously awaited the next move.

The latter came with startling suddenness. They did not hear any order from the captain of the insurgents, but the next instant there sounded the long roll of a drum.

Lights flashed along the deck of the steamer, armed men ranged themselves along the bulwarks in plain sight of

those on the Ulysses, and two of the cannon were run out of blind ports that the deputy marshal and his assistant had not before noticed.

It was a weird and thrilling scene, and it reminded Uncle Dick of the times he had gone into action during the Rebellion.

There was a moment's silence, while the men stood like statues at their quarters. It must have been an impressive sight as viewed by those on the other vessel.

"Sheer off!" shouted Captain Erben, "I tell you again, we are out of the jurisdiction of your government, and I warn you to keep off."

The uncle and nephew listened intently for the reply, but were unable to make out what was said. Surely, they told themselves, the marshal would not be so rash as to proceed after such a display of force, which must have been a startling and unexpected one to him and those with him.

It was with some relief, therefore, (though it destroyed all hope of their immediate release), that they heard Captain Erben give the order to go ahead.

The steamer started, and the lights on the yacht were seen, rising and falling, as she still lay motionless. A light bobbing up and down between the two vessels showed the location of the small boat, which was returning to the Ulysses.

When these lights had been left some distance astern, the crew were piped from quarters, and the deck relapsed into gloom, with the exception of a lantern here and there.

"What is the next act on the programme, Captain Erben?" asked Uncle Dick, when he and Brandon had followed the insurgent skipper back to the cabin.

"As you are with us, and liable to stay with us till we finish this business, there is no danger in telling you," laughed Captain Erben. "We are to cruise around out here till we fall in with a schooner loaded with ammunition."

"Do you know her name?" interposed Uncle Dick.

"Yes, certainly—the Stars and Stripes—a rather odd one for her mission."

"How did you know it? Did Captain Carbine tell you?" continued the ranchman.

"Captain Carbine," repeated the Cuban. "I never heard of him. Captain Mauzum sent me word by a messenger early in the afternoon that he would meet me outside here with the schooner."

"That's the message Captain Carbine sent, when he went up town, to send a telegram, just before the Stars and Stripes went into the race," remarked Uncle Dick, turning to Brandon.

"What do you mean? What do you know about the Stars and Stripes?" asked Captain Erben, who was evidently not familiar with the details of his bold confederate's actions.

"I should say we know a good deal about her," replied the ranchman. "She belongs to the Sportsmen's Yacht Club of Morton's Cove, and was seized and carried off just as she was coming in as the victor in the regatta."

"And did she have the ammunition on board then?" pursued the insurgent, who showed clearly that he was astonished and mystified.

"Yes, but hold on," returned Uncle Dick. "Did you ever hear of the schooner Stranger?"

"Yes; that's the one Captain Mauzum was to meet me on with the ammunition on board. I could not understand the change in the vessels, and supposed he had simply changed her name for some reason."

"Then your Captain Mauzum and our Captain Carbine are one and the same; but before I tell what I know about him, will you oblige me by telling me exactly who and what he is?"

"He is the captain of the Cuban war vessel *La Independencia*, and one of the boldest and bravest leaders among the insurgents."

"Then you are the *bona fide* captain of this steamer?"

"Yes; Captain Mauzum only had charge in making the run to Galveston. After we transfer the ammunition from the schooner, we will meet *La Independencia* to give her that, and all the provisions and coal we have on board."

"Then what?" queried Uncle Dick, quickly, while the other should be in a communicative mood.

"Most of our present crew and the guns will be returned to the man of war, and Captain Mauzum will resume charge of her. We must then sail to a rendezvous in the Bay of Honduras, to await further orders."

"Taking us there with you?" added the ranchman, in a questioning tone, far from pleased with the prospect.

"We are compelled to now," replied the captain, with a shrug.

"Unless one of our men of war intercepts you after you part from your war vessel," suggested Uncle Dick. "You can rest assured one will be sent after you as soon as it is discovered that I have been carried off by you."

"No great matter then, for we will have performed our mission. But tell me how your yacht got mixed up in this matter, and what became of the Stranger."

Uncle Dick thereupon went over the whole story of the wreck of the Stranger, and the subsequent events, with the details of which the reader is familiar.

Captain Erben gave utterance to several expressions of surprise and admiration during the recital.

"He's certainly a very cool and daring man," concluded Uncle Dick; "and I hope he will let no harm come to those boys of mine."

"He will take good care of them, never fear, Mr. Morton, and they can return home with the schooner after her cargo is transferred to us."

"Why can't you send me and my assistant back with them?" suggested Uncle Dick quickly.

"That's so; I hadn't thought of that. I will discuss it with Captain Mauzum."

As it was now several hours after midnight Captain Erben returned to the deck, no doubt to watch for the schooner. And as the expected sighting of the Stars and Stripes, and their possible return to Galveston on board of her, drove all idea of sleep from their eyes, Uncle Dick and Brandon followed him there.

They told themselves that Ralph had no doubt wished he was out of it many times after he discovered the kind of business he had got himself and companions into. They would not believe he would become a voluntary assistant to Captain Carbine, or Mauzum, in his daring and unlawful expedition; and they had some curiosity to learn what had taken place on the schooner.

The Libertad was slowed down to half speed, and in the next two or three hours her course was changed as many times, till she had gone around the three sides of a triangle and returned almost to the same spot she had started from.

The gray early dawn was then just beginning to be perceptible. A light fog hung over the water down near its surface. As it grew lighter, the white vapor rose slowly.

Then a long black hull, pierced by frowning muzzles of cannon, was seen lying off the steamer's quarter, almost

within hailing distance. She appeared so suddenly that the veil of fog seemed like a curtain which had been snatched to one side.

The next instant a gun boomed from her bow, and a flag was run up to her gaff. *It was the ensign of Spain.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DARING PROJECT.

CAPTAIN ERBEN was decidedly startled by the appearance of the Spanish flag on the approaching war vessel.

For a moment he thought of giving the order to change the course and putting his vessel under full speed, in the hope of getting away. But a second glance at the stranger told him that she was too near for him to do so with any chance of success, especially as it would soon be broad daylight and the fog entirely dispersed. And the sight of the other's armament convinced him that it would be almost suicidal to make the attempt.

Uncle Dick and Brandon were filled with conflicting emotions at sight of the vessel and her flag—hope that it might mean deliverance for them, and fear that the Cuban would attempt to escape, or resist, either of which would no doubt, bring a broadside of death and destruction from the man of war's guns.

Then Captain Erben resorted to the ruse which has so often been used in such emergencies. He ordered the Union Jack to be displayed at his gaff, and told the wheelman to ring one bell to stop the steamer in obedience to the signal gun.

In some anxiety he awaited the approach of the war vessel to within hailing distance.

"On board the steamer!" came the cry in a few minutes.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"What steamer is that?"

"The *Indianola*, Miller master, with cotton for New York," answered the insurgent glibly. "What steamer is that?"

"*La Independencia*, of Cuba, Mauzum," was the unexpected reply.

Captain Erben gasped, and something like a sigh of relief escaped him. Uncle Dick and Brandon looked at each other in astonishment and disappointment.

"That fog fooled me, as it no doubt did them," laughed the insurgent. "Come to see her plainer now, it's easy enough to recognize her."

"Why didn't you say so before?" he shouted back in Spanish. "This is *La Libertad*."

The war vessel had evidently discovered this, or was satisfied that the other was not an enemy, for even as he was speaking, the Spanish colors came down, and the flag of the insurgents took their place.

"Because we could not make you out. Well I send a boat aboard."

In a few minutes a full boat's crew was alongside the Libertad, and an officer came over the side by the landing stage and ladder, which had been lowered for him.

He and Captain Erben shook hands warmly, and the latter led the way aft to a spot not far from where Uncle Dick and Brandon were standing. The insurgent captain invited his visitor to his cabin, but the latter declined on the plea that he was in great haste to have his interview and get to work on the matter in hand. Probably Captain Erben would have insisted on having the talk in the privacy of his cabin had he known that the deputy and his assistant understood Spanish fairly well, though they were indifferent speakers of it. But possibly he may have thought that it would make no difference under

the circumstances, and perhaps he did not think of it at all.

Our friends listened with much interest to the conversation, and one piece of information told them that there was still a chance of lively times ahead.

The officer from the war vessel was somewhat surprised, and considerably concerned, when he was informed that the Libertad had not yet fallen in with the schooner, and did not have the ammunition on board.

Then he gave the information that the Spanish man of war, *L'Imperiale*, was in the vicinity.

They had sighted her the evening before, just as darkness was coming on, but had succeeded in eluding her.

Some conjecture was then indulged in as to what had become of Captain Mauzum and the schooner, and as to whether he was aware of the Spanish war vessel's presence.

They concluded that he must be, to account for his failure to be on hand, as previously arranged; and decided that he was no doubt laying low, or making for a rendezvous near the western end of the island of Cuba.

This conclusion was another disappointment to the uncle and nephew, as it destroyed the prospect of meeting the schooner, and the possible chance of being put aboard of her after the transfer of the ammunition, so that they could all return home together, and be safely out of a bad business. The insurgents had already done enough to insure the pursuit and capture of the Libertad, without their presence on board.

The insurgent officer and Captain Erben finally decided that they would steam in company to the southwest immediately, till the supplies were transferred to the Cuban war vessel, to avoid a possible chance of meeting the Spanish man of war.

As the sea was smooth, the two vessels were brought alongside of each other. Numerous fenders were put between them, and they were securely lashed together.

The screws of both steamers were started up at half speed, to avoid too much strain, or pounding and rubbing against each other, and the work of transfer was immediately begun.

It was continued throughout most of the day, nearly the entire force of both steamers being put to the task. But though the laborers were many, the work went on slowly and tediously. Notwithstanding the sea was as calm as it ever is in good weather, the large swells created a certain amount of motion that made the operation awkward.

Uncle Dick and Brandon watched the transfer with considerable interest, and said very little to each other. They were astonished at the amount of supplies carried by *La Libertad*.

First came the coal, the significance of which the uncle and nephew did not fail to note. The fuel was no doubt more precious to the insurgent war vessel than the other supplies, for without it she would be of very little use to them, and it was considered of first importance to get it aboard. The Libertad must have had a generous cargo of it, for it kept going over the side till the two watchers thought she could have little else on board.

Then came the provisions, boxes, barrels, bags, and even fresh meat, dressed and in the hoof.

Finally the four cannon were swung in slings to the deck of the war vessel, and they were followed by all of the men from the *Independencia* who had been hidden in the transport steamer's hold, and most of the latter's crew, with all of their dunnage and arms.

Late in the afternoon the steamers parted, the man of war steaming due

east. Captain Erben immediately ordered sail put on the steamer, which we have already mentioned was brigg rigged, and shaped his course southeast.

Uncle Dick had already noted that the steamer's screw was not used, and watched with much curiosity and some mystification, the spreading of the sails, which he knew were never used except in case of accident to the machinery.

"What is the matter, Captain Erben?" he asked, when the operation was concluded and they were well under way. "Anything wrong below?"

"No, but we gave every pound of coal we had to the man of war, and we'll go to our destination under sail."

"What is that for?"

"She needs all she can get, and we will replenish our bunkers in Honduras."

"Didn't you leave most of your crew on the *Independencia*?"

"Yes, I have only fifteen men, including two engineers and the firemen, but the latter are good seamen, and I can easily work the steamer under sail. We will get re-enforcements in Honduras."

Uncle Dick walked thoughtfully aft, and an idea took hold of him which he proceeded to expand.

Suppose he could get possession of the steamer, and run her into a neutral port. He considered the steamer as much his as if she had really been his own property, and felt personally responsible for her; he would be perfectly justified in seizing her if he could do so. Such a feat would be a feather in his cap, and might be the means of intercepting the Stars and Stripes with her contraband cargo before Captain Mauzum could reach and dispose of it at the rendezvous at the western end of Cuba.

The ranchman was thoroughly familiar with a square rigged sailing vessel, and was an experienced navigator. But, in case of success, could he hope to handle the steamer with only three men—himself, Brandon, and pilot Dull—all that could be depended upon?

That was a question he decided he would leave to solve itself, being determined to make the experiment if he had the chance.

The first question was—could the steamer be taken with the force at his command?

Such an undertaking seemed hopeless against such odds, but the ranchman was bold enough to think it was possible.

Three unarmed men seemed practically powerless against a crew of fifteen, not including the captain.

On the other hand Uncle Dick was a brawny, big framed man, brave, determined in resolve, cool and prompt in action, and Dull (who was almost equally so) and Brandon would lend him a formidable support.

He lost no time in communicating his idea to his companions, and, calling them to his room at a convenient time that evening when they were unobserved, he disclosed to them the wild project he had formed.

(To be continued.)

AT A FORTUNE TELLER'S.

"SIR, the charge will be half a crown, if I am to tell you everything."

"Here is the money. Now, as a guarantee for the future, tell me a little of my past history."

"Nothing easier. You have been unhappy in wedlock."

"I never was married."

"You have had false friends?"

"All my friends have remained true to this day."

"You may be mistaken. You have traveled far and wide."

"I have never been any further than the next village."

"Come, let me see your hand. I shall be able to read more clearly. Now I have it. You have lost money recently?"

"Quite correct. I lost that half crown I gave you just now."

—*Joyeux Passe Temps.*

TIT FOR TAT.

"Kiss me, Will," sang Marguerite
 To a pretty little time,
 Holding up her dainty mouth,
 Sweet as roses born in June.
 Will was ten years old that day,
 And he pulled her golden curls
 Teasingly, and answered made:
 "I'm too old; I don't kiss girls."
 Ten years pass, and Marguerite
 Smiles as Will kneels at her feet,
 Gazing fondly in her eyes,
 Praying, "Won't you kiss me, sweet?"
 "Rite is seventeen today;
 With her birthday ring she toys
 For a moment, then replies:
 "I'm too old; I don't kiss boys."
 —City and Country.

CHAT ON ATHLETICS
 THE SHORT RUN.

BY JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

THE mile is a long distance run; under a mile is short distance. Those short distance under the quarter mile are sprinting distances.

It is hard to think of any track or field sport that is equally as violent as the short dashes. In these the greatest possible muscular exertion is concentrated into a few seconds of time; the nervous energy employed, the muscular strain, so rapid and so intense, are tremendous; and the nearness to the breaking down point is startling, if one but thinks it over.

The usual sprinting distances are, of course, 100 yards and 220 yards (1-8th mile); besides these, on some small grounds the longest straight that could be laid out was 75 yards, and thus that distance has been introduced occasionally; in armory games for the same reason and on some tiny tracks, 50 yards has been run, but that distance is very unusual.

The best runners at this distance are often lighter in weight than the average and more spare in build; they must have a more than ordinary development of nervous power to secure the swift and intense contraction and expansion of muscles all over their bodies.

In these short runs, where the loss of a single yard is so inordinately hard to overcome, the reserve of power for the final spurt (mentioned in a previous paper) is one of the three vital points of such races.

It is astonishing how some runners can go over ninety yards by an exertion that seems to themselves the highest possible limit, and yet, by merely willing it, can improve enough on the last ten to draw them right out of the bunch into a yard's lead.

The sprinter, for another vital point, must have that capacity which does not come entirely or necessarily from muscular development—the capability of covering 100 yards in better than 12 seconds. That power is connected closely with the nervous development, and is about the same thing as the condition known as "high strung." The average gymnasium scholar can do it in 100 in 12 seconds, perhaps, but do it in better than 10 3/4 takes an organization different in a slight degree from the average—and no final heat is won in worse than 10 1/2 seconds.

The great Myers in his best days was a mere shadow. His arms and his whole body seemed attenuated, while the calves of his legs would shame a youth of fifteen who was proud of his growth. But those leg muscles were like bands of steel, and what the "wonder" lacked in muscular power throughout the body he made up more largely in mettle and energy.

The start is the thing requiring the peculiarly special practice. It is the finest point of the sprinting game, and it is a remarkable feat when it is done well. It is a battle between two forces

—the desire to get off and the necessity for holding back. It is more or less torture to be held by the starter on the line for fifteen seconds while one is completely wrought up and feeling like a hair trigger.

If one gets away before the pistol goes off, he is put back a yard. That yard might mean the race. If he gets off slowly he may lose two yards; that may lose him a place. As a matter of fact, sprinters do not bother to practice holding back; but the getting off has their untiring efforts. Some of them make a specialty of studying starters and they try to divine, a quarter of a second beforehand, the intention to pull the trigger. If they succeed, they get off far enough ahead to keep them out of the ruck, and they have accomplished what is known as a "steal."

The amateur records for 50 and 75 yards are held by L. E. Myers, and are respectively 5 1/2 seconds and 7 3/4 seconds. The distances are not standard, and these times are probably not often the object of assault.

For years 10 seconds stood as the best accepted record for the 100 yards, and some three or four men held it. Many habitually accomplished 10 1/2, but that small extra half second was insurmountable. Occasionally claim was made by some Western athlete of 9 3/4 seconds, or something better than "even" time, but such claims were usually found to be based on suspicious circumstances, and the records were therefore not accepted.

But there has come upon the path from Princeton College a phenomenon, as great in his line as that other unique collegian, Page. This man is Luther H. Cary, who is credited with an official record of 9 1/2 seconds for 100 yards—better than even time by half a second. This may never be bettered, as it seems to be the limit of speed that the human frame is capable of.

The 220 yards run is another sprint in which even time and better has been attained. R. H. Pelling has done this

in 19 3/5 seconds. This is really better time than Cary's, for it is at the rate of 8.99 seconds to the 100 yards. This is due to the fact that 220 yards is the distance at which we can attain our greatest average speed from a standing start. The delay in the start in 100 yards pulls down the average time much further than in the 220, where we have twice the distance at our disposal to recover time lost at the start, and is not so long as to compel our relapsing from our best speed. If the middle 100 yards could be taken out of the great run of Pelling it would be found to be about the time of eight seconds.

The three special points of short running have been indicated: the start, the concentrated effort, the final heroic spurt. There is very little special instruction or advice to give to the young sprinter that cannot be most easily learned by experience.

NEVER FORGOT.

HERE are some further extracts from an article on wonderful memories, which appeared in the New York Press, and was lately quoted by us in part. So marvelous are some of the anecdotes, indeed, that they are quite beyond belief. Still, as part of tradition they will bear repetition.

Prof. Porson, the great Greek scholar, had an astonishing memory. When he was a boy at school another boy borrowed his copy of Horace, and when about to return it he dexterously substituted an Ovid in its stead. When the master called upon young Porson to read and construe from Horace he walked up to the desk and began to rattle off the text and translation until the master, stopping him, said:

"Why, Porson, you seem to be reading from one side of the page and I from the other. Let me see your book."

To his astonishment he found it was an Ovid. Not in the least disconcerted, Porson went on to the end.

At another time, upon a visit to a gentleman's house, he treated the guests to a translation without book of an Italian tale he had just read, and although there were about thirty names in the book, he mentioned every one of them.

George Frederick Cooke, the tragedian, committed to memory the whole contents of a newspaper in eight hours. But his feat was eclipsed by that of the man who waited on a Dutch minister of state to display his memory. As a proof he took up a news-

paper which happened to be lying on the table, and, after reading it through, repeated its entire contents.

If the persons present were astonished at this remarkable feat, what was their amazement when he repeated the whole thing backwards!

A man named William Lyon, a strolling player of Edinburgh, made a bet of a bowl of punch that he would repeat the whole contents of the Daily Advertiser on the following morning. He did so, going through news, advertisements, prices of stocks and market specials without the slightest error.

There have been many men who had remarkable special memory, either for time, place or person. Seneca, the famous philosopher, could repeat two thousand names in the exact order they were mentioned to him. Indeed, it is said that Secretary Blaine and ex-Governor Long have very great powers that way, never forgetting the man or the name of the man once introduced to them.

If there is any truth in what we read concerning the ancients, some of their great men must have possessed almost incredible powers of memory.

The emperor Claudius is said to have retained in his memory all of Homer, Sallust, Demosthenes and Aristotle's metaphysics. Tully and Seneca never forgot anything. Cyrus is said to have known the names of all his soldiers, and Mithridates, who ruled over twenty two kingdoms and tribes, could address them all in their own language without an interpreter.

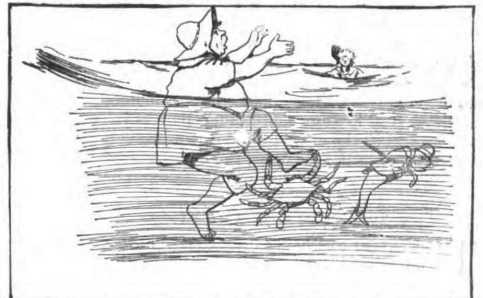
MUSIC HATH NO CHARMS.

SEEMING supernatural or occult manifestations should never be accepted as such; for them there is usually a very earthly or entirely reasonable explanation if we can but get at it. Mr. Arthur Nichols, an English scientist, gives the following sensible explanation of what has excited the wonder of open mouthed generations—the "charming" of the hooded cobra by the Oriental snake charmer.

Snake charming consists, in my opinion, in merely exciting the reptile by moving an object in front of it. The music has very little to do with it, I think, though possibly the snake is cognizant of the vibration caused by the instrument. The charmer taps the snakes to make them expand their hoods and stand up, and then the man's body and the gourd he is blowing are kept in motion in front of the snake, which naturally waves its head to meet the expected attack. This is the so-called "dancing." If the cobra is really alarmed he draws in his hood and seeks to escape, and then it is by only actually touching him that he can be made to again rise with expanded hood. He will frequently strike at the charmer, but seldom with intent.



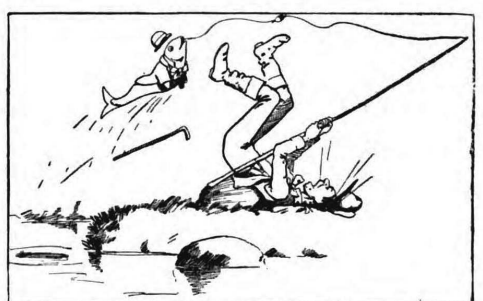
I. Mr. Youngfish reads many amusing things of the inhabitants of the air.



II. He goes on a tour of sightseeing. One of the things he saw.



III. The most foolish being he observed was a man who sat motionless on the bank of the stream.



IV. But Mr. Youngfish discovered that this man was not such a fool as he looked.



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SPIRITS.

DO the spirits of the departed visit us? When their example remains in our memory as a guide to us, when their character is kept before our mental eyes as our admiration and our model, when our loving regard cherishes these in our recollection, disposes us to do something that we may be more nearly worthy of them. keeps us from things, because unworthy—then are the spirits of the departed very present, very active and very helpful.

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

"I NAME THEE."

THE custom of breaking a bottle of wine over the prow of a ship and pronouncing her name as she glides into the water is a paraphrase of the baptismal christening of infants by the Christian church.

There is no symbolism in the wine itself and there seems to be a disposition in some parts of the world to alter the vinous details of this ceremony.

Italy, for instance, will hereafter employ at her naval christenings the old Venetian custom of wedding the ship to the sea, by dropping from her prow a marriage ring at the moment that she glides into the water.

Or, if we desired to change the launching ceremony, we could hardly find a prettier substitute for the liberated wine than that recently devised by the Empress of Japan, who broke, instead of a bottle, a fragile cage containing two pure white doves; and as the craft glided down the ways into the embrace of her element, the doves soared away and upward into their own ethereal dominions.

TWO SORTS OF ATHLETICS.

THE extent to which athletic sports are carried on at the most conspicuous of our colleges is the subject of much criticism, at least in the humorous columns of the press. It has been rumored even, that Yale is to establish an athletic department to which the great Stagg has been called as director.

When teams of collegians have to devote one third of all their working time to training for, practicing up, and playing various games; when over \$10,000, one team's share of the gate money of an annual game, is but an item of the fund required to support the athletic branches of one college—under such circumstances it is our opinion that athletics are carried a trifle too far. We believe that with such extreme devotion to sport, scholarship must diminish.

Exercise, open air games and active sports, to the degree that they give the body development while the mind is likewise cultivated, these are not only good but necessary also, and to such an extent they are a help to scholarship. For instance:

There is a boys' school up in New York State which has a crack football eleven; they devote play hours to the game and are not allowed to "cut"

their studies for it. The result is good, according to their school journal which gives this gratifying intelligence:

"The standard of scholarship has been raised much to our grief, and now one has to obtain over ninety to get an 'A' report. The remarkable thing about it is that the entire eleven are on this list, which goes to show that football does not stop hard study."

The old motto, "A Sound Mind in a Sound Body" is a good one to remember and observe, but in these latter days the impression seems in many quarters to be that the gigantic mentality of the present generation has sapped the physical. The result is too much attention to "health"—another name for a good time—and an intellectuality of cigarette and eye glass caliber.

Have you seen "The Home and Home Life of Chauncey M. Depew" in the January MUNSEY'S, with its eight illustrations?

DISCOURAGED.

LOOKING a little further in that chronicle of failure that has been mentioned here before we find a letter from a woman, who, before giving the reasons for her failures, proclaims: "My whole life has been a mistake from first to last!"

If this be really true, the being who makes the statement is unfit to exercise any rights whatever. Because a mature mind that has made mistakes "from first to last" through the "whole" of life is incapable of aught but error in the future; a guardian should be appointed.

If (as is doubtless the case) the complainer has done else but err, yet cannot see it; if her eyes are so blind that they cannot be made to discern success over beyond discouragement, what hope is there for her, even if she lives a thousand years?

Discouragement is not failure. Obstacles are really our tests. A marching army meets an obstacle in the forms of a thick, pathless forest; the pioneers go to the fore, great tree trunks are hewn down, cut into lengths, trimmed and lo! over these very trees—once a formidable obstacle, now the very material of a good road—the army traverses the forest.

Discouragement is not necessarily failure. Obstacles can often be made the very means of further progress.

"In the bright lexicon of youth, there is no such word as fail."

The price of Munsey's Magazine is \$3 a year. But to any reader of The Argosy who will send us \$2 for a year's subscription and \$2 additional—\$4 in all—we will send both Argosy and Magazine for one year.

NOT IN THAT LINE.

THE ARGOSY recently spoke of the vapid and irrelevant questions with which readers sometimes inundate the editor. It appears that the great post office of the metropolis is troubled with the same complaint in its worst form.

Judging by the character of the requests that reach the postmaster, the idea would seem to be abroad that he is not only the country's oracle, but its general servant and messenger as well.

Here are some of the performances asked of it and recorded as things "This Office Cannot Undertake" in the circular that the postmaster has been forced to issue in self defense:

To collect bills, to furnish information as to the private affairs of any person; to make search for missing relatives, to furnish the address of millionaires; to give opinions as to the most reliable dealers, doctors and lawyers; to answer any inquiries not relating to post office business.

THE ARGOSY, too, would like to make out and keep standing, a list of unanswerable queries made by some of its readers which no really intelligent person would ask after an instant's thought, but the list would occupy too many pages of our valuable space.

JAY GOULD,

THE FAMOUS RAILWAY KING.

WE never see our millionaires in our mind's eye except in luxury and ease. How doubly interesting are they when we learn that their fortunes are the outgrowth of poverty.

There are probably few, if any, richer men in this country than Jay Gould. He was born in 1836 amid humble circumstances and his fortune he owes only to his own talents.

Young Gould's boyhood was spent amid the ordinary surroundings of country life. His mother died when he was five years old, and he learned early the habits of self-reliance and reticence.

He had no education beyond that of the common



JAY GOULD.

schools; but he made the best of his opportunities, and by quiet study gained a store of information unusual for a boy in his position.

The future railroad king commenced his business career when sixteen years old, as clerk in a small store at Roxbury, owned by one Squire Burnham. It was a country store of the ordinary kind, selling a little of everything, from pens to plowshares. Two years later, failing health obliged him to give up his occupation and to seek open air employment.

For a while young Gould tried book canvassing. Then he fell in with some surveyors who were making maps of Delaware and Ulster Counties for an Albany publishing firm, and was engaged to carry their rod and chain at ten dollars a month. He turned the time to good account by picking up a knowledge of surveying; and when the publishers failed a few months later, Gould actually issued the maps and a history of the two counties on his own account. Then he tramped from farm to farm throughout the district, with a sample copy under his arm, and took so many orders that he netted a thousand dollars!

His next venture was in another direction. He left his home and moved into Northern Pennsylvania, where he started a tannery at a place which was named Gouldsboro. At first he was in partnership with a Colonel Zadock Pratt, but he soon became the sole owner. The business was successful, bringing in a profit of \$6,000 in two years.

It was natural that Gould should be attracted to the metropolis. He first appeared there in 1859, beginning the business of buying and selling hides.

The following year he married Ellen Miller, whom he had met in Pennsylvania. And it was this marriage that first brought him into connection with railroad affairs.

The father of the bride had an interest in the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad, a small line which traversed Gould's native district. The concern was a failure, and Mr. Miller wished to dispose of the stock, which was almost worthless. Before doing so, however, his son-in-law went to take a look at the line.

There was a chance of which Gould was not slow to avail himself. He quickly disposed of his other business, and got possession, at a very low price, of most of the stock. Then he went to work to reform the management of the road, and by his business-like methods he succeeded in operating it at a profit.

He entered Wall Street, and began to deal in railroad securities. Good judgment and good luck combined in his favor. His operations have been on a vast scale. He has built up great railroads, without which the wonderful growth of the Western States would have been impossible; which have added billions to the wealth of the country and millions to that of their organizer.

Now, at the mature age of fifty five, he has somewhat relaxed his grasp of the financial tiller and many of his enterprises are now engineered by his son.

CONTENT.

No longer forward or behind
I look with hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.
—J. G. WHITTIER.

[This story began in Number 474.]

DIRKMAN'S LUCK.

BY WILLIAM D. MOFFAT,

Author of "Brad Matton," "The Crimson Banner," "The County Pennant," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARK HAS A TALK WITH THE COLONEL.

THE boys stared blankly at each other for a minute.

"Why, where under the sun has that crack gone?" exclaimed Herbert.

Duncan was bending over, examining the ground carefully.

"It lay right about here," he said, extending a finger, "and rang right along that way—oh, here it is."

Dropping on his knees, he tore away some loose tufts of sod, revealing a streak of fresh earth.

"Hullo, some one has filled it in and sodded it over since we were here," said Herbert.

Duncan nodded.

"Yes," he said, rising to his feet and slapping his hands together to rid them of the dirt. "Some one has made a very careful job of it, too. I'll bet it wasn't old Decatur."

"Who's Decatur?" asked Mark.

"Mr. Lewis's gardener. He's a ducky, and as lazy as they make 'em."

"I suppose it must have been that new man Mr. Lewis has had on the place for about a week," said Herbert. "You know a new broom sweeps clean."

"Well, it's been done, that's plain," rejoined Duncan, as they continued on their way home, "and it's a good thing for Mr. Lewis if he has at last got somebody to make repairs. The place needs that sort of a man. There's plenty of back work to be done. I only wish I had such a place to look after."

They had now reached a point where Duncan had to leave Mark and Herbert, the Otis cottage lying off to the left, while Colonel Morgan's residence lay to the right.

"I suppose we won't see you again tonight, Mark," said Duncan, as he climbed the fence that separated the two pieces of property.

"I don't believe so," answered Mark. "Colonel Morgan wants to see me this evening."

"All right. Run over as soon as you can," and Duncan was off.

A few minutes later Mark and Herbert reached the house. They were on their way up stairs when they heard the colonel's voice through the half open library door.

"One moment, boys."

Then the colonel came out.

"How about the pump?" he asked, looking at Herbert.

"It's all right now. It was simply clogged up, and Duncan set it going again in no time."

"Good." Then, glancing at his watch, the colonel continued. "I see it is only half past four. Suppose we have our talk now, Mark. I can tell you all I have to say, and leave you time to get ready for dinner. Then you can have your evening to yourself."

Mark turned promptly, descended the stairs, and followed the colonel into the

library. The colonel pointed him to a chair; then stood by the hearth, leaning his back against the mantel—a favorite position with him.

"You came out here to get a start in life—to get some sort of work, you told me," began the colonel abruptly.

"Yes, sir."

"And you have a letter to Meeks, the grocer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know anything about Meeks?"

Mark shook his head.

"No, sir—except what Mr. Cross told me. He said Mr. Meeks was a kind hearted man."

"Yes—yes—so he is," answered the colonel abstractedly, pulling at his beard, "but that's all he is. He couldn't give you any chance, even if he had a place in his store. He does a fair business in groceries, but it's no

"Yes, indeed, colonel. I could see the difference in boys all around me where we lived in the city. Mother looked after me just as carefully as she could. She made me go to school regularly—"

"Then you have been to school," said the colonel quickly.

"Oh, yes, and one of the best public schools in the city. Mother made sure of that, so I could find good company. It only made it harder for me, though, later on."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you see most of the boys came from good families, and when I got to knowing them I didn't care for the gangs that used to run around our block. But I couldn't keep pace with the nice fellows, and, when I got out of school, I found I had no friends at all. I didn't feel exactly like asking the nice fellows to visit me. You see they all

"Hum-m, backhand—yes, clear, firm, and plain—very good. I think it will do. I like a slanting hand myself, but a backhand is the plainest and best for business. Now I'll tell you what I have in mind. There is a gentleman named Lewis—Clark Lewis—who lives near me. He is the chief lawyer in Medford—the leading lawyer in the county, and has a very successful business. Yesterday I had a talk with him, and, having you in mind, I succeeded in convincing him that he needed a boy in his office. He couldn't see it my way at first, but we are old cronies, and my reasoning proved too much for him. He at length said he would try to make a place there for a young fellow, provided he would be willing to learn shorthand and make himself valuable as a stenographer. Do you know anything about shorthand?"

"No, sir, but I'm sure I could learn," answered Mark eagerly. "I'd do anything to get a place in an office of that kind."

"It will be a thousand times better for you than a grocery store, for you'll be learning something all the time you're working. He will want quite a variety of work done, chiefly in the line of copying, and I think you have just the handwriting to suit him. I told him I would send you over to see him, so he said he would have a talk with you and see if you were the man for him. Suppose now you keep your letter to Meeks in your pocket, and go to Lewis's office tomorrow morning instead of the grocery store. Then if you and Lewis can strike an agreement, you can write Cross and explain matters."

"Indeed I will," exclaimed Mark, his face glowing with pleasure. "I'll go there the first thing in the morning. I'd go tonight if I could."

"Well, why not, if you want to clinch it soon," said the colonel. "You'll find Lewis at his house, and just as ready to see you as if he was in his office—it might be better, in fact, for he's often cranky in business hours."

"All right, sir. I'll go over after dinner," answered Mark. "Do you think he will find me the kind of a boy he wants?"

"Oh, he don't know what he wants," said the colonel. "All you're to do is to make yourself agreeable, and he'll give you a chance, no doubt. He's making the position for you. Of course he needs a stenographer, but then he could easily get an experienced one without training a raw hand. He'll give you a start if he likes you; and the kind of work and the amount of work—the whole position, in fact, will depend on what you make it."

"What sort of man is Mr. Lewis?" asked Mark.

"Good fellow, Lewis, but cranky sometimes, as I said. I'm sure you could get along very well with him, though, for he is kind hearted and likes boys. Talk right up to him. He admires pluck and independence—but there, I can't tell you any more now, for here comes Lake, my coachman, and I've got to go down to the stable with him. I'll see you again at dinner."

"All right, sir," said Mark rising. "Thank you ever so much for putting in a good word for me. You are very good to me."

"Nonsense. I owe you more than that," answered the colonel smiling, as Mark opened the door. "But we'll see



MARK SAT DOWN AND WROTE HIS NAME AND SEVERAL SENTENCES ON THE PAPER.

business for an ambitious boy. You couldn't do anything but sell groceries over the counter."

"Well, sir, the way I felt was that I'd be glad to do anything for a start. All I wanted to begin with was a chance to earn a living. Then I'd try to get ahead."

"But there's no 'get ahead' in Meeks's store, my boy. You'd never be anything but a clerk all the time, and you'd never have a chance to make anything out of yourself. You want to build yourself up, don't you—to be somebody?"

Mark's eyes lighted up.

"Oh, indeed, I do, colonel. Many's a time I've thought of it, but it seemed as if there wasn't the ghost of a chance for me—I couldn't find a place in that great big city of New York to squeeze myself in. It was mighty discouraging. Often I'd fall to thinking how mother used to say what a man she was going to make of me, and then when the weeks would go by and I didn't find even a place to start, it—well, it used to make me sick all through."

"You had a good mother, Mark," said the colonel.

Mark inclined his head without speaking.

"I can see that in you. You might have been a very different boy without that," continued the colonel.

had such nice homes while our place—well, it wasn't much for them to look at. It was home to me, but it was too small for company, and then I had nothing to make it pleasant for them if they came. So I lost them. And I didn't like the fellows that lived near by—that is, not more than three or four of them. That's what made it so much harder for me after father and mother died. I found it mighty lonely then. There didn't seem to be any way to turn."

"You did very well to leave the city," said the colonel kindly. "Reuben Cross was right, and you will learn to appreciate that more and more as time goes on. The country is the place for a boy. But now to business. You say you have been to school."

"Yes, sir."

"Did you finish the course?"

"Not quite. I had to leave during my last year."

"How did you make out in your studies?"

"I always stood pretty well."

"Let me see your handwriting—here, sit at the desk and write on this paper." The colonel pushed a pad of paper forward.

Mark sat down at the table, and, taking the pen, wrote his name and several sentences on the paper. Then he handed the sheet to the colonel.

The latter examined it critically.

that accounts are fully squared before we get through."

CHAPTER XV.

MR. CLARK LEWIS.

NO sooner was dinner over than Mark, eager for the expected interview, made ready to start.

"Present this note to Lewis," said the colonel, handing him an envelope. "It is merely an introduction. That's all that is needed. You can do all the rest yourself."

"All right, sir. I'll do my best."
"Hadn't Herbert better go along to show you the way?"

"Oh, no. There's no need of putting him to all that trouble. I can find the way."

Following the colonel's directions closely, Mark set off, and in the course of a quarter of an hour found himself at the entrance to Mr. Lewis's place. Through the gateway he passed into a dark avenue, gloomy and black as a tunnel, so deeply was it shaded by the trees that flanked it on either side. For several minutes he continued walking along through the pitchy darkness, and was beginning to wonder whether the cavernous avenue had any end, when he suddenly turned a curve, and found himself within a few rods of a low, heavy stone house. The path he was pursuing was a broad carriage road, and led him directly to the front door.

In answer to his summons, a servant opened the door and conducted Mark along the cold marble floored hallway to the rear room on the right. There he paused and knocked.

"Come in," rang out a sharp, clear voice. The servant opened the door and waved Mark in.

Simultaneously with the opening of the door came a gust of tobacco smoke, so thick and heavy that it was all that Mark could do to keep from strangling. Taking a long breath of the purer air of the hall, he braced himself and stepped inside. The servant then closed the door behind him. Mark's courage began to ooze. He wished now he had waited until morning. He had expected certain eccentricities in Mr. Lewis from what the colonel had told him, but he had not looked for this.

"Jerusalem! Ten minutes of this will kill me," he thought. "How under the sun am I to 'talk right up' to the man, as the colonel said, when every breath nearly strangles me?"

"Well, who's there?" exclaimed the same voice Mark had heard before.

Straining his eyes through the smoke, which hung in thick banks all about, Mark could just descry a figure seated at the further end of the room. Just beside the figure was a large writing desk, and on this rested a lamp, which struggled bravely to pierce the dense atmosphere about it. Mark moved forward.

"Is this Mr. Lewis?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I have a note of introduction from Colonel Morgan. He told me—"

But Mark could get no further. Coughing, sneezing, spluttering and choking, he let the note drop on the floor and snatched out his handkerchief.

"What's the matter with you?" exclaimed Mr. Lewis, throwing aside the newspaper he was reading and wheeling around in his chair.

"Smoke—too much—can't breathe—most dead," squeaked Mark in wheezy, half strangled tones.

Mr. Lewis took a huge pipe from his mouth, threw back his head, and emitted a long column of smoke, which rose like a cloud to the ceiling. Then seizing a small hammer which lay on his desk, he struck a brass gong three times sharply. Almost immediately

the servant who had admitted Mark entered.

"Faber, open that window."

Faber threw up the sash.

"Now leave the door open as you go out."

A gust of wind at once rushed in, plowing its way through the smoke, and driving it in whirling eddies toward the door. Mark took a long breath of relief.

"Phew?" he exclaimed, mopping the perspiration from his forehead, and drying the tears that had been forced from his smarting eyes.

"Now then. Feel better?" asked his host.

"Yes, sir—thanks," answered Mark.

"Well, who are you, and what do you want?"

Mark picked up the colonel's note and laid it on the desk before Mr. Lewis.

While the latter was glancing over its contents Mark took opportunity to study him closely. From the first he could not help being favorably impressed by Mr. Lewis's appearance, in spite of the brusqueness of his manner. The first thing about him that struck Mark was his splendid physical proportions. Even seated as he was, it was easy to see that Mr. Lewis could not be less than six feet three inches in height, while his well knit frame and broad shoulders gave indication of unusual strength. But his crowning beauty was his head—supported by a strong, well rounded neck, and surmounted by a profusion of long, wiry, iron gray hair, thrown carelessly back. And the face Mark thought he had never seen such striking and handsome features. Though Mr. Lewis was nearly fifty years of age, maturity seemed only to have added distinction to his appearance. His swarthy, smooth shaven face; finely chiseled features; large, piercing gray eyes; and rich head of hair formed an ensemble that compelled interest and admiration. All this Mark took in by a short glance while Mr. Lewis's eyes ran quickly through the note.

"Oh, I know you now. Morgan spoke to me about you yesterday morning."

"Yes, sir, so the colonel said," answered Mark. "He advised me to come to see you tonight and—"

"Well, I can't do anything," interrupted Mr. Lewis abruptly, turning toward his desk.

Mark stood aghast at this summary disposal of the whole matter. For a minute his wits deserted him, and he stood silent and motionless gazing blankly at Mr. Lewis, who had resumed his pipe and was puffing vigorously. What was the matter? Where did the colonel's friendship and influence come in? Had anything happened to upset Mr. Lewis's mind since the colonel had seen him? Had he done or said anything to offend him? Mark's hopes sank to zero.

"All right, sir," he said in tones that plainly displayed his disappointment. "I am very sorry. I thought from what Colonel Morgan said that there might be a chance for me—"

"I've changed my mind since I saw Morgan. All I need is a stenographer. Can you write shorthand?"

"No, sir, but—"

"I know, but what I want is a trained stenographer—that is all," said Mr. Lewis positively, taking up his newspaper again.

Mark fidgeted with his hat and lingered. After having had his hopes raised so high, he could not give up the whole thing at once.

"And this is the man that the colonel talked about arguing around," he thought despondently. "Well, I'd like to know how he did it, that's all. I guess the colonel takes altogether too much for granted."

"Then, there's no chance for me?" he continued aloud.

"I have nothing to offer. Tell the colonel I'm sorry. I'll explain when I see him again."

"It's all up. I must have done something to make him mad," thought Mark, and he nervously dropped his hat on the floor.

As he stooped to pick it up Mr. Lewis gave him a quick glance.

"What's the matter with your arm?" he asked.

Mark raised his left sleeve, displaying more fully the bandage which swathed the arm.

"I got it badly burnt in the fire."

"What fire?"

"The Otises' barn."

Mr. Lewis took his pipe out and looked at Mark sharply.

"Why, by George! are you the youngest that figured so prominently in that fire?"

"Well, I had a hand in it—I mean I helped work on the roof."

"Yes, I know, and stayed there till you got nearly roasted. Why, confound it, why didn't Morgan tell me that yesterday? Why didn't you tell me?"

Mark looked at him in surprise.
"Why, what good would it have done, Mr. Lewis?"

"What good? Why, everything good. Morgan talked to me yesterday about a boy he wanted to help. I made up my mind after I left him that it was one of his charitable schemes—very good in its way, of course, but I didn't purpose to be made a victim of it. I determined that I wasn't going to have a young fool for nothing in my office simply to further Morgan's plans, and I meant to tell him so. Now that I know who you are, it's different. Sit down and let's talk."

Half dazed at this unexpected turn of affairs, Mark took the nearest chair and gazed at Mr. Lewis in silence, wondering what new developments would be forthcoming.

CHAPTER XVI.

MARK GETS A SITUATION.

"HAVE a pipe?" asked Mr. Lewis.

"No, sir."

"Cigar?"

"No, sir. I don't smoke."

"No. I thought not."

There was the faintest glimmer of mirth in the corner of Mr. Lewis's gray eyes—only the barest twinkle, however, and it disappeared as quickly as it came. He took a long pull at his pipe and scanned Mark curiously.

"You're a plucky young dog. You're the kind I like. Where did you come from?"

This started Mark, and soon Mr. Lewis had his whole story—not in narrative form, but in brief answers to his many questions. Mr. Lewis grew impatient under too long answers, and Mark found it advantageous to speak tersely and to the point.

On the subject of the fire Mark was particularly alert, not wanting to betray all the circumstances. This he did not find so difficult, for Mr. Lewis seemed most interested in the events of the conflagration and Mark's share in them rather than the cause, which he accepted as accidental, without inquiring too closely. The colonel had probably satisfied him on this point. Mr. Lewis betrayed throughout the conversation a trait which Mark found later to be a prominent one in his character, namely: a genuine love for all kinds of manly exercise, and a warm admiration for the display of strength, pluck and endurance.

"Shouldn't wonder if he used to be an athlete. He has just the build for it," thought Mark as he more than once

gazed admiringly at Mr. Lewis's strong frame.

"So you want to get something to do, eh?" said Mr. Lewis, when Mark's story had been told.

"Yes, sir."

"What do you want to do?"

"Anything. I'm not particular."

"Can you write plainly?"

"Yes, sir—"

"Let me see."

Mark moved forward and wrote a few lines, as he had done for the colonel.

Mr. Lewis glanced at the writing.

"Will you learn shorthand?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. I guess I can make a place for you."

Mark's heart leaped.

"Thank you, sir. What will my work be?"

"Letter writing, chiefly. As for the rest—why anything I may want you to do. Have you ever done any office work?"

"No, sir. I haven't had any experience, but—"

"Can't pay you much then to begin with. I'll pay you six dollars a week until you learn shorthand and can take down letters rapidly and without mistakes. Then I'll see what I can do."

"That will suit me," answered Mark. It was even more than he had expected.

"When can you begin?"

"As soon as you are ready, sir. The sooner the better."

"This is Thursday—too late for this week. Come to my office next Monday. Colonel Morgan can tell you where it is."

"All right, sir."

Mr. Lewis tapped the gong again.

"Shut that window, Faber," he said when the servant entered.

Knowing only too well what this meant, Mark was glad to take it as a signal that the interview was over. Accordingly he arose, and thanking Mr. Lewis, bade him good night, and followed the servant out of the room, leaving the lawyer immersed in his newspaper and a cloud of smoke.

Not fancying a return walk through the long, dark, and lonely avenue, Mark asked Faber if there was any shorter or more direct road back to Colonel Morgan's house.

"There's no road," answered the servant, "but you can take a short cut straight across the fields."

Instead of letting Mark out the front way, Faber conducted him through a side door to the lawn.

"There's Colonel Morgan's house," he said, pointing to a spot about half a mile distant, where Mark could discern several lights twinkling through the surrounding trees. "You can make your way there on a bee line by climbing fences."

As the hour was late, Mark lost no time, but hurried away, and in a few minutes had passed the fence that skirted the lawn, and was on his way across the fields. Eager to tell the colonel of his success, he walked briskly along, and in about five minutes had covered half the distance. He had still one more field to cross before leaving Mr. Lewis's land, and had just scaled the fence which separated him from it when he became conscious of some one moving along ahead of him in the darkness. He paused and looked at the figure curiously. It was not the mere coincidence of some one else's crossing the fields at the same time that aroused a feeling of curiosity in Mark's mind. It was the peculiar, stooping, shambling, stealthy gait of the figure. The man was either lame or impeded by a heavy load in the basket, which Mark could see hanging from his left arm, for he moved along very slowly and with seeming difficulty. Mark gained upon him at every step, and was within twenty

feet of him when a small stick that lay across his path snapped under his feet. At the sound the figure in front suddenly stopped and looked back. Then with a quick exclamation, he turned abruptly off the path to the right, and making away with redoubled speed, almost immediately disappeared in the darkness.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began last week.]

LUKE FOSTER'S GRIT: OR, THE LAST CRUISE OF THE SPITFIRE.

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

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

MR. STILLWELL'S anger had reached a white heat, and as he strode towards me I was half inclined to think he intended to take my very life. He was naturally a passionate man, and the insinuation I had made concerning his son maddened him beyond all endurance.

I could readily understand why this was so. My uncle Felix almost worshiped his son, and to have any one insinuate that that son was a thief cut him to the heart. I believe he would rather have lost the six thousand dollars, greatly as he might have felt the loss, than to have imagined that Gus was the guilty party.

"My son a thief!" he repeated hotly. "How dare you?"

"Gus was the only one in the office besides myself," I replied.

"And that is the reason you lay the crime at his door? I don't believe a word you say."

I did not expect that he would. Gus was a favored son while I was but an orphan with no one to stand up for me.

"Are you going to tell me what you have done with the money and the papers?" he demanded.

"How can I when I don't know anything of them?"

"You do know."

"I don't."

I hardly had the words out when my uncle grasped me roughly by the coat collar.

"I'll teach you a lesson, you young rascal!"

"Let go of me, Uncle Felix!" I cried.

"Let go, or I'll—I'll—"

"What will you do?" he sneered.

"Never mind; only you may be sorry if you don't."

His only reply was to tighten his hand upon my collar in such a way that I was in immediate danger of being strangled.

"I'll choke you to death if you don't tell!" he cried. "Speak up instantly."

"I don't know."

His hand tightened.

"Will you tell?"

I did not reply. I saw that he meant what he said, and I was busy trying to think how to defend myself.

When Mr. Stillwell had caught me I had backed up against the desk. Near me lay a heavy ruler, used by Mr. Grinder in preparing designs for patents. I picked up the ruler, and before my assailant was aware struck him a violent blow upon the wrist.

The brass edge of the weapon I had used made a slight cut upon my uncle's arm, and with a cry more of alarm than pain he dropped his hold of me and turned his attention to the injury.

Seeing this I quickly placed a large office chair near the door, and got behind it, in such a manner that I could escape at an instant's warning.

"You young villain! Do you mean to add murder to your other crimes?"

he howled, as he proceeded to bind his handkerchief around his wrist.

"I mean to fight my own battles," I replied. "I won't let you or any other man choke me to death."

"You shall suffer for all you have done!"

"I'm willing to take the consequences," I replied, as coolly as I could.

He continued to glare at me, but for a moment made no movement, probably because he knew not what to do next. I watched him very much as a mouse may watch a cat.

"Come, Luke, you can't keep this up any longer. Hand over that money and the papers."

"Let me tell you for the last time, Mr. Stillwell, that I know nothing of either," said I. "If any one has them that person is your son."

"Don't tell me such a yarn!"

"I believe it's the truth. If not, why did Gus steal into the office and out again in such a hurry this morning?"

"I don't believe he was here. I left him in his room at home."

"Are you sure he was in his room?"

"Yes, for I called him, and he answered back."

"Nevertheless he was here, and maybe I can prove it."

My uncle bit his lip. He did not relish my last remark.

"And even if he was here he did not know the combination of the safe."

"Neither did I."

"But you could have found it out. You had plenty of chances."

"No more chances than Gus had."

"Pooh! Don't tell me that!"

"It's the truth."

"My son is not on a level with you."

"I always considered myself as good as he is," I returned warmly.

"My son is not a thief."

"Neither am I, Uncle Felix; and what is more I won't let you or any other man say so," I declared.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked curiously.

"I won't stand it, that's all."

"Do you know that I intend to have you arrested if you don't return what you have stolen?"

"If you have me arrested I will do all I can to defend myself," was my answer.

"If I am brought before the judge perhaps I will have one or two things to say that you will not relish."

"What do you mean?"

"There will be time enough to speak when I am brought into court."

"You think you are smart, Luke, but you are nothing but a fool. What can you say against me?"

"A good many things that you don't dream of. You are not treating me rightly, and you know it. You don't give me decent clothing to wear, and I have to work harder than any one in the office. I am sure my father never intended such a future for his son."

"I don't care what your father intended!" he snarled.

"But I do, and what is more, I intend, sooner or later, to try to have matters mended. My father always told me he wished me to keep on going to school and then to enter Princeton."

"Never mind, I am your guardian now, and I know what is best for you."

"How much money did my father leave me?" I asked with considerable curiosity.

"None of your business."

"Oh, but it is my business."

"It is not your business, and I want you to shut up!" he cried, in a rage.

"He left little enough."

"Little enough!" I cried. "My father was rich."

"He was at one time; but he lost the most of his fortune in stocks just before he died. You have hardly enough to keep you until you are twenty one."

I must confess that my uncle's remarks were quite a shock to me. I had always supposed that I would some day be wealthy. I gave the matter a moment's thought, and then came to the conclusion that Mr. Stillwell was not telling the truth.

"How much money did my father leave?" I repeated. "I am entitled to know."

"You will know when I get ready to tell you, not before."

"Perhaps you are mistaken," said I.

"And another thing, Uncle Felix, how is it that you were appointed my guardian?"

At these words I fancied my uncle turned pale. He sprang towards me, then stopped short.

"What do you mean by that question?" he demanded.

"I mean why were you made my guardian when my father and you were not on good terms?"

"Pooh, that quarrel was of no consequence," was the lofty reply. "Your father could not find a better person in which to trust his son's care."

I had my own opinion on that point, but did not find it fit to say so. Then I put in what I thought was a master stroke.

"I thought Mr. Banker was to be my guardian."

At these words Mr. Stillwell turned even paler than before, and his hand trembled as he pointed his long finger at me in a threatening manner.

"You think too much!" he growled.

"Are you going to answer that question?"

"What put it into your head?"

"Never mind."

"Has John Banker been writing to you about it?"

In spite of his effort to ask the question unconcernedly I could see that my uncle was tremendously interested. Like a flash it came over me that perhaps this was one of the reasons he did not wish me to spend any time at Harry Banker's home. Mr. Banker might take it into his head to ask me how I was being treated, and that might lead to trouble.

"Never mind; but I'm going to find out before long."

"And you are going to prison before long, unless you hand over what you took from the safe."

"I am not afraid of you, Mr. Stillwell. I have always done right. But I'm going to know something about myself, and soon. I have a letter in my pocket that tells me that Mr. Banker was to be my guardian, and I'm going to know why he is not."

Mr. Stillwell glared at me. If he could have eaten me up I believe he would have done so.

"You have a letter!" he cried hoarsely. "Who from?"

"That is my business."

"And I'll make it mine. Hand it over this instant!"

"Not much."

"I say you will."

"And I say no."

I was sorry I had spoken of the letter. I could readily see that it had worked Mr. Stillwell up to a fever heat.

"Give me that letter, Luke. I'll stand no more fooling."

Once more my uncle bore down upon me. But I saw him coming, and shoved the chair in his way.

I still held the ruler in my hand, and now brandished it over my head.

"Don't come any closer!" I cried.

"If you do I'll crack you on the head!"

My uncle was too enraged to pay attention to my words. He hurled the chair aside and sprang upon me as a wild beast springs upon its prey.

"We'll see who's master!" he panted.

In another instant he had me by the

throat. His grasp was that of a band of steel, and I thought for a surety my last hour had come.

"Let—let go!" I gasped.

"Will you give me the letter?"

My only reply was to struggle with all my strength. In a moment we were both on the floor.

"Help! Help!" I cried.

"Shut up!" he exclaimed, and tried to close my mouth with his hand.

"I won't shut up! Let me up! Help!"

But now my voice was fainter. It was all I could do to get my breath. The room swam round and round before my eyes.

"Give up that letter and the money—and papers you took!"

"Help! Help!"

I could cry no longer. My senses were fast leaving me. Would no one come to my assistance?

"We'll see who is master! If you don't give—"

My uncle did not finish his speech, for at that instant the door was flung open, and a tall, powerful man stood in the doorway.

"Here! let up there!" he commanded.

"What are you doing, Stillwell? Who's that on the floor? Great buckwheat, if it ain't Luke Foster!"

I listened in amazement as well as delight. The new comer was Mr. John Banker!

CHAPTER V.

AN APPALLING PROSPECT.

NEVER was an arrival more opportune than when Mr. John Banker stepped into the private office. I fully believe had he come a moment later he would have found me insensible. As it was it took me several seconds to recover my breath.

"John Banker!" ejaculated my uncle, and every line of his features told of his discomfiture.

"What are you doing with Luke?"

went on Harry's father. "Let him up."

"None of your business!" growled my uncle.

"I think it is, Luke, get up."

By this time I had somewhat recovered, and I was not slow to obey the command. I arose to my feet, and took my place beside my newly arrived friend.

"What's it all about?" went on Mr. Banker, turning to me.

"He says I robbed the safe of six thousand dollars," I replied.

"And so he did," put in my uncle, glad to be able to speak a word for himself.

"Six thousand dollars!" ejaculated Mr. Banker. "Phew! but that's a large sum!"

"I know nothing of the money," I went on. "But I think his son took it, and I just told him so, and that made him mad."

"My son is no thief," stormed Mr. Stillwell.

"And neither is Robert Foster's son, I reckon," returned my friend. "I've known Luke all my life, and he's as straightforward a lad as one wants to meet. There's some mistake, Mr. Stillwell."

"No mistake at all; and unless the boy gives up what he took he shall go to prison."

"No, no; don't be too harsh!" cried Mr. Banker. "Remember he is your nephew."

"He is no longer any relation of mine! I've cast him off."

"You have, have you?" asked my friend, curiously.

"Yes, I have."

"Maybe you haven't any right to do it," went on Mr. Banker. "You've got his money in trust."

"Precious little of it."

"Yes? I reckon Robert Foster left quite a pile."

"No such thing."

"He was worth fifty or sixty thousand dollars."

"Fifty or sixty thousand dollars!" howled Mr. Stillwell. "It isn't quarter of that sum. He left five thousand dollars, and that's all."

"Nonsense, Stillwell, he left more."

"Who knows best, you or I?"

"Never mind; you can't make me believe Luke's father wasn't better off than that."

My uncle pursed up his lips.

"But that isn't here nor there," he said. "Luke has taken the money, and he's got to go to prison."

A look of pain crossed Mr. Banker's face. He and my father had been warm friends, and I well knew that he would do all in his power for me.

"He won't go to prison if I can help it," he said. "Luke, tell me the whole story."

Despite the numerous interruptions from my uncle, I related the particulars of the case. Mr. Banker listened with close attention.

"That sounds like a straight story," he said, when I had concluded. "I can't see but what your son is just as much under suspicion as Luke, Stillwell."

"You don't know anything about it, Banker, and the less you have to do with the matter the better off you will be."

"I'm going to see Luke through."

"What brought you here?"

"I came to take him along with me, if he hadn't gone yet. Harry said he expected him up to spend the day or maybe a week, and I happened to be in the city since yesterday."

"He wouldn't leave me off," I put in. "He hasn't let me have a holiday since I've been here."

"Humph! seems to me you're rather hard on the lad, Stillwell, in more ways than one."

"It's none of your business. You had better leave us alone."

"As I've said before, I intend to see Luke through. Don't be alarmed, my lad. If you've done right all will go well with you."

"Thank you, Mr. Banker. I need a friend. Mr. Stillwell doesn't give me half a show."

"You shall have all the show you need after this, Luke."

My uncle was in a rage, but he did not know what to do. Now that I had some one to stand by me, I no longer felt the alarm I had when alone.

"For the last time, are you going to give up the money?" asked Mr. Stillwell.

"I've already answered that question," was my reply.

"Then you shall go to prison. Come along with me."

He made a movement as if to take me by the arm, but Mr. Banker stopped him.

"Not so fast, Stillwell. Where do you intend to take him?"

"To the station house, where he belongs."

This alarmed me.

"Can he do it?" I asked. "I didn't take the money."

Mr. Banker's face clouded.

"I'm afraid he can. But don't be alarmed. I will stand by you."

But the prospect before me of spending even a short while in one of the city station houses, previous to an examination, was not a pleasant one. I had known one young clerk who had done so, and was ever afterwards spoken of as having been to prison under suspicion.

"I won't go to prison," I cried. "He has no right to send me. Why doesn't he send Gus, too?"

"You come along," said my uncle sternly. "Didn't I tell you we would find out who was master?"

He took hold of my arm. As he did so Mr. Canning came bustling in.

"Hello, what's up?" he exclaimed.

My uncle told his story. The new partner listened incredulously.

"I can hardly believe it possible!" he exclaimed. "Yet many things are queer here," he added, with a peculiar look that made my uncle wince.

"And I'm going to make an example of him," went on my uncle. "Take charge of the office while I take the young rascal down to the police station."

"I will take charge of the office, but don't act hastily," replied Mr. Canning.

"Now come along," went on Mr. Stillwell to me. "And beware how you conduct yourself."

"I shall go along," said Mr. Banker.

Taking me by the arm, my uncle led the way down the stairs. Mr. Banker was close at my side.

CHAPTER VI.

A TURN OF FORTUNE.

IT was now almost nine o'clock, and Nassau Street, where the patent offices of Stillwell, Grinder & Co. were situated, was crowded with people. My uncle made such a show of what he was doing that it was not long before quite a crowd was following us, all anxious to know what had happened.

"There is no use of your making such a show of the poor boy," said Mr. Banker. "You act as if he had murdered some one."

"Mind your own business," snarled Mr. Stillwell.

Mr. Banker was an upright farmer, and there was little of natural meekness in his nature. He resented my uncle's speech, and quite an altercation took place.

While the two were talking I was doing some hard thinking. The idea of going to prison became every moment more odious to me. I could fancy myself in a dark, damp cell, surrounded by criminals of every degree, awaiting a hearing. What would my friends think? And if the affair once got into the newspapers my good name would be gone forever.

The more I thought of the matter the more determined I became that I would not go to prison. Suppose I ran away.

No sooner had this foolish thought entered my mind than I prepared to act upon it. We were now on the corner of Fulton Street, and to cross here was all but impossible. My uncle and Mr. Banker were still in hot dispute, and for an instant neither of them noticed me.

"Good by, Mr. Banker, I'm off!" I cried out suddenly.

And the next moment I had torn myself loose from my uncle's grasp, and was dashing down Fulton Street at the top of my speed.

"Hi! come back!" called out Mr. Banker after me; but I paid no heed.

"Stop him! Stop him!" yelled my uncle. "Stop the thief!"

His last words set the street in commotion. The cry of "Stop the thief!" resounded on all sides, and soon it seemed to me that I was being followed by at least half a hundred men and boys, all eager to stop me in hopes of a possible reward.

But now that I had once started, I made up my mind not to be captured. I was a good block ahead, and by skillful turning I gradually managed to increase the distance.

I was headed for the East River, and it was not long before I came in sight of the docks and the ferry slips. At one of the slips stood a ferryboat just preparing to leave for Brooklyn.

The sight of the boat gave me a

sudden thought. I dashed into the ferry house, paid the ferry fare, and in a moment was on board, just as the boat left the slip.

It had been a long and hard run, but at last I was safe from being followed. Once in Brooklyn there would be a hundred places for me to go in case of necessity.

Wiping the perspiration from my face, I made my way to the forward deck. But few people were on board, and quite undisturbed, I leaned against the railing to review the situation.

What should I do next, was the question that arose to my mind, and I found no little difficulty in answering it? I was half inclined to think that I had acted very foolishly in running away. Now every one would surely believe me guilty, and if I was caught it would go hard indeed with me.

Had I better go back? For one brief instant I thought such a course would be best; then came the vision of the cell, and I shuddered, and resolved, now I had undertaken to escape, to continue as I had begun. Whether I was wise or not I will leave my readers to determine after my story is concluded.

It was not long before the boat bumped into the slip on the opposite shore. The shock brought me to a recollection of the present, and in company with the other passengers I went ashore. I had something of a notion that a policeman would be in waiting for me, but none appeared, and I passed out to the street unaccompanied.

I had been to Brooklyn several times on errands for the firm, so I knew the streets quite well. But fearful of being seen, I passed close to the wharves, and finally came to a lumber yard, and here I sat down.

It was a hot day, and it was not long before I was forced to seek the shade. Close at hand was a shed, and this I took the liberty of entering.

It was a rough place, used for the seasoning of the better class of wood. I found a seat on some ends of planking in a cool corner, quite out of the line of observation of those who were passing.

Here I sat for full an hour. Nothing seemed to be going on in the lumber yard, and no one came to disturb me.

But at last came voices, and then two rough looking men approached. I was about to make my presence known, but their appearance was such that I remained silent; and they took seats close to the spot where I was.

"And the captain is sure that she is fully insured?" asked the taller of the two.

"Trust Captain Hannock to cover himself well!" laughed the other. "You can bet he has her screwed up to the top notch."

"And what is this cargo insured for?"

"McNeil didn't say. Not much less than a hundred thousand, I guess. Of course you'll go, Crocker?"

"Ya-as," replied the man addressed as Crocker, somewhat slowly. "I can't pick up a thousand dollars any easier than that."

"I thought I had struck you right. Are you ready to sail?"

"Any time you say, Lowell. I owe two weeks' board now, and Mammy Brown hinted last night I'd better pay up or seek other quarters."

And Crocker gave a short, hard laugh.

"Then meet me at the Grapevine in an hour," said the man called Lowell.

"I've got to make a few other arrangements before we start."

"Right you are."

"And remember, not a word—"

"Luff there! As if I didn't understand the soundings."

"All right. Come and have one."

The two men arose at once and head-

ed for a saloon that stood upon the near corner.

I arose also and watched them out of sight. The conversation that they had held had not been a very lucid one, yet I was certain they were up to no good. One of them had spoken of making a thousand dollars in an easy manner, and I was positive that meant the money was to be gained dishonestly.

What was I to do? I was no detective, to follow the men, and I was just at present on far from good terms with the police. It seemed a pity to let the matter rest where it stood, but for the present I did not feel inclined to investigate it. I would keep my eyes open, and if anything more turned up, or was noted in the papers, I would tell all I had heard.

I wandered along the docks, piled high with merchandise of all descriptions. Beyond a number of stately vessels rested at anchor, large and small, among which the steam tugs were industriously puffing and blowing, on the lookout for a job.

The sight was a novel one to me, and soon I walked out upon the end of a dock to get a better view.

"Hi, there! No loafing on this pier!" called a burly watchman; and I lost no time in moving on.

Presently I came to a wharf that seemed to be more public, and walked out to one side of it. Here it was shady, and close at hand floated a large row-boat.

The craft was deserted. Wishing to observe the scene without being noticed, I leaped into her. There was a cushion on the stern seat, and on this I sat down.

The breeze and the gentle motion of the boat were delightful, and for a moment I thought how pleasant a life on the ocean must be. Alas! little did I realize what was in store for me on the boundless deep.

Presently my head fell back, and without wishing to do so I fell into a sound sleep.

How long I slept I do not know, but it must have been an hour or more. My awakening was a rude one. I opened my eyes with a start. I was on ship-board, with the blue ocean around me. Then a hole appeared before me, and I was tumbled down into utter darkness. The hatch above was closed, and I was left a prisoner!

(To be continued.)

WHAT BROKE UP THE CIRCUS.

THIS anecdote, taken from *Our Animal Friends*, shows how a humane provision of the law stopped a good work that took half starved mongrel curs off the street to feed and train them into respectability.

"Please send one of your officers to No. — East — Street. There are at least ten poor dogs in the rear cellar starving, and otherwise ill treated; and my family cannot sleep nights. Upon receipt of the above communication at Headquarters of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a detective was sent to investigate."

"I found," said the officer, "about seven dogs in most excellent condition. The cellar had been fitted up to represent a circus ring. After removing the doors, the interior of several woodhouses had been arranged as private boxes. The manager of the show proved to be a boy about thirteen years of age, who informed me that the animals had been selected from time to time. Each animal had submitted to a test as to his qualifications, if he possessed any, for gymnastic feats, and if found competent, he was engaged for the season. If lacking in talent for the stage he was turned loose to again roam the streets. Those animals selected were cleaned, fed, and made much of. After a course of training, a time was selected for the opening of the circus, and the boys and girls of the neighborhood were invited to be present on the 'first night' of the regular performance. But such noisy demonstrations were made by the guests, supplemented by the barking of the dogs that the janitor of the premises—who, by the way, had not been invited—made up his mind to summarily conclude the entertainment; hence his complaint to the Society. Upon being informed of it, the young manager yielded cheerfully to the requirements of the law, and disposed of his dumb actors among his several friends."

FROM THE PERSIAN

Of hearts disconsolate see to the state,
To bear a breaking heart may be thy fate;
Help to be happy those thine aid can bless,
Mindful of thine own day of helplessness.
If thou at other's doors needest not to pine,
In thanks to Allah turn no man from thine.
Over the orphan's path protection spread;
Pluck out his heart grief, lift his drooping head;

When, with his neck bent low, thou spi-est one,
Kiss not the lifted face of thine own son.
Take heed such go not weeping. Allah's throne
Shakes to the sigh the orphan breathes alone.

With kindness wipe the tear drop from his eye,
Cleanse him from dust of his calamity.

There was a merchant once, who, on the way,
Meeting the fatherless, and lamed—did stay

To draw the thorn which pricked his foot, and passed;
And 'twas forgot; and the man died at last.

But in a dream the Prince of Khojand spies
That man again, walking in Paradise.

Walking and talking in the Blessed Land,
And what he said the Prince could understand:

For he said this, plucking the heavenly posies:
"Ajab! That one thorn made me many roses."

—SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

*Ajab, wonderful.

HUNTING A YO-HO.

BY C. A. STEVENS.

IT was quite late in the fall—November, I think—when queer reports, especially among the boys, began to be heard in our little rustic neighborhood of a curious animal that came down from the "great woods," after nightfall, and lurked about the farm-houses. The "great woods" is the wild unbroken wilderness above us, which stretches back towards Canada, and in which are "all manner of four footed beasts," so at least the boys think. It is the home of bears, whence they occasionally sally forth into the clearings below, picking up stray "mutton," or holding nocturnal huskings among the soft corn in moonlight fields, skirted and overhung by the dark forest. Mornings would show the broken fragments of their banquet, and perhaps some huge footprints to be stared at by the irritated farmer.

Packs of famishing wolves have sometimes issued from its desert tracts, ravid from hunger, to gad by midnight in reckless troops. In the great woods, then, as a matter of course, this new beast had its retreat. And at a husking, a few nights after, at old Deacon Sampson's, we heard no less than half a dozen different accounts concerning it. Big Sam Lufkin had been the first to see it.

Sam had recently "got grown up" into a great fellow, and was just beginning to make calls Saturday nights. He was going home from old Eastman's—Abby's father—about eleven o'clock, he said, (it might have been a little later, you know), and had got down near the "meadow bridge." A mist had risen from the brook, making it dim as well as dark. All at once he saw, just ahead of him in the road, a tall, pale looking creature standing still, as if waiting for him. The rest of the story wasn't worth much. But it came out by way of Abby that Sam came running back there a while after he had started home, frightened nearly to death. She had to get up and let him in again, where, under her protection, he remained till daylight.

One thing injured Sam's account; there were no tracks to be seen in the road the next morning at all representing the reported monster. Several looked, but the road was guiltless of anything worse than horse tracks. But about a week after, little Jemmy Nutter, the widow's son, going over to mill one afternoon, had to wait for the grist till dusk. It had begun to snow, and grew very dark as he was coming home. He said that when he had got out where Shorey's logging road comes down into the main road (Shorey gets down ship timber from the great woods in winter), a great animal came trotting down from the forest, and seeing him, gave chase. Jemmy was on horseback, with a bag of meal under him, and digging his bare heels into the horse's side, rode for dear life. It was only about half a mile further on to their house; but he had a pretty snug run. The creature was at his horse's heels when he turned into their yard. There it stopped, uttered a long, shrill cry, then wheeled about and bounded away with heavy leaps into the darkness. Now Jemmy was a plucky little fellow, and not one of the scared kind. His account made quite a sensation—much more than Sam's. Even old Mr. Shaw, who was always ridiculing the boys, was obliged to admit that there must be something—a big dog, perhaps. Jemmy was not a boy to run from his shadow.

"Dog!" cried Jemmy, with indignant heat, overhearing the word. "D'ye think I'd run for a dog? I tell you 'twas as big as the old horse, and you can believe it or not!"

Upon this Mr. Greyson, a quiet, steady going man, who lived a little out of the neighborhood, said, that as so many had seen something, he would tell what he had seen. A few nights before he had gone out to the barn with his lantern to feed his cattle. The little barn window in the further end was open; and as he was shaking in the fodder he thought he heard a sort of snort out there, and looking around saw some bright spots like eyes, staring in at the opening. Setting down his lantern, he slipped out of the barn and ran to the house for his gun. But before he got back the eyes had disappeared; though he had a glimpse of a large grayish creature, crossing the fields towards the woods. It looked, as Jemmy had said, as large as a horse. "Mr. Clive," continued he, "you was a hunter in your younger days, and have had considerable experience in the woods, what should you call it? You've heard our stories."

"Never saw anything like it," said Clive. "Don't know what to tell you. But when I was up in the Moosehead Lake region, the lumbermen were telling one winter of a strange animal that kept hanging about their camp. From the stories they told it must have been something like this. They called it a Yo-ho."

That was enough for us. After that we had a name for it. There was a "Yo-ho" in the vicinity! This was Tuesday night, and the following Thursday was Thanksgiving. We were to have a "shooting match." Johnny Betley was getting it up for us; and all the boys were going. Johnny wasn't a boy himself, however, but a spicy old chap who was always ready to help on a good time. We used to take a great deal of fun out of him. Well, Wednesday afternoon Betley went down to the village, some six miles below, after the "fixings." Now report had often said that Johnny used to take a swallow too much occasionally. Be that as it may, this much is pretty certain, that at about ten o'clock that evening he might have been seen riding up home much in the condition of Tam o' Shanter. And so it fell out that he got chased in a

somewhat similar manner. Not by a witch exactly, but by a Yo-ho. He was coming up, he said—he did not know just how far up—when he turned about on the wagon seat to see that the old stone jug had not fallen out, and saw the terrible beast walking along only a few feet behind him, snuffing the air as if it smelled something. Johnny was still sober enough to give his old horse a string of cuts, which took him along at a great rate. But not having the reins under great control, his old thorough brace wagon tacked, alternately, from the logs and stumps on one side the road to the stones on the other, including both ditches. And coming presently to a turn, he tacked in the wrong direction, and went ashore completely into the old log fence, with a disastrous crash! What with the shock, fright, etc., Johnny immediately swooned; his latest recollection being a vision of the monster, standing within a few yards of him, still snuffing.

When consciousness returned he found himself very much in the fix of "Artemus the Delicuous," when he offered a bystander ten dollars "to tell him who he was and where he came from." But either from having less money, or being a more practical man than Artemus, Johnny at once began feeling about, and drawing consciousness from things as he found them. It was still very dark, the horse with the wagon, minus the driver, seat and cargo, had gone on. His hand fell upon logs, apparently covered with sand; (a four pound paper of granulated sugar had burst). There were bugs, too! (the raisins for the pudding were all about him.) Finally, there came to hand the nozzle, handle and upper portion of the old jug. Its familiar feel recalled the whole situation. Habit is strong—went the bottomless nozzle to his lips—suck—suck—and then the full extent of the disaster burst upon him. Midnight saw him groping his way homeward, whither his horse had preceded him by some hours. But strangely enough he never once thought of the Yo-ho again, the cause of this mishap, till next day.

This event, with the destruction of the "fixings," upset the shooting match. Public indignation was loud against the Yo-ho; and to prevent the recurrence of such a misfortune, it was agreed to turn out and hunt him down. There were twelve of us; and we decided to divide into three parties—four together—and go out that very night. One party was to go down near the scene of Johnny's mishap. The second was to watch out near Mr. Greyson's, while the third, to which I had been assigned, was advised to lie in wait at the entrance of Shorey's logging road—the locality of Jemmy's ride. Both Jemmy and Sam Lufkin were of our party; the other, besides myself, being my brother Tom. We went to our appointed places at dusk, and secreted ourselves, with loaded guns, in an alder clump at the junction of the two roads. An hour passed, but all remained quiet. It was getting pretty cold. Muffled up in our great coats, we lay with our guns cocked and pointed. Another hour passed; I was getting thoroughly chilled and sick of the business, when we suddenly caught the sound of distant tramping. It came nearer. "He's coming," whispered Jemmy. Breathlessly we waited, and soon saw a great dusky form emerging from the gloom. We all fired—nearly at once—and with the reports came a wild, almost human cry. I heard big Sam scrambling out on the other side; a panic is contagious; Tom and I followed him. Jemmy stood a moment and then came running after us. We had not intended to run—Jemmy wouldn't probably—but that strange cry appalled us. Down the road we went, never stopping till we

came to Mrs. Nutter's. There we halted, and seeing we were not pursued, began to recover our courage.

"What a dreadful scream," exclaimed Jemmy. "You don't suppose it was a man, do you? It sounded so piteous."
"O, I'm afraid it was," cried Sam.
"Let's go back."

"Just then we heard the party coming up the road; they had heard the guns, and were coming to see what had been done. Jemmy brought out his lantern; and altogether we went back, almost dreading to see the result of our shots in the dark. Holding up the lantern, we peered among the tall dry mullens and fireweeds, and saw the lifeless body of a gray colt! It was all plain as day now. Its singular movements, in short, everything, was easily enough accounted for. It had strayed from its pasture in an adjoining town, into the "great woods," become lost and wild, and was finally mistaken for a Yo-ho.

THE WOODEN INDIAN.

A TOBACCONIST said: "I used to live in Spain, and afterwards in the West India, before I came to the States. I met the wooden Indian long before I came to this country. I have been asked before where the wooden Indian got his start. I only know what I have heard about him in the Old World. There was an adventurer named Ruiz, who left his old city, Barcelona, and came to Virginia three hundred years ago. When he returned he executed the wooden Indian in a rude way, as a type of the sort of animal he had met in the New World, and the figure was set up in front of a shop where wine was sold. Finally it became a sort of trademark. There were smokers in those days, and they assembled around the Indian. And the wooden Indian is now seen in every cigar store, or nearly every one in the world."

The above, quoted from the Chicago Tribune, is one way of accounting for the wooden Indian; it may be true as far as it goes, but it does not take us to the primary reason why.

When Columbus was pursuing his way through the islands of his first discovery, he and his followers observed the natives, when they were running on their journey through the forests, twist up certain leaves into rolls, which they put into their mouths, and drew therefrom volumes of smoke. These leaf rolls the natives called tobaccos.

This is not only the first known instance of smoking within the experience of Europeans, but it shows also the peculiar fitness of the "Indian" as the symbol of the new drug, which was destined to become one of such world wide use; the Indian was their teacher of the use of tobacco, and he was therefore to become its patron effigy.

A MONUMENTAL GROVE.

THE practice of Queen Victoria, as told by *Garden and Forest* and reprinted below, is a pretty and poetic one. It is in line with a custom that obtains at many of our American colleges, if not elsewhere throughout the world, where each class plants a tree on being graduated, which grows stronger and loftier as time thins out the ranks of one time college mates.

In the private gardens of the palace at Osborne, on the Isle of Wight, where only, it is said, can Queen Victoria plant and cut and arrange as she pleases without consulting the officers of the Crown, she has a long array of memorial trees commemorating events which have occurred in her family circle. In one spot stands a row set out in February, 1862, when each member of the family dedicated a tree to the memory of Prince Albert, who had died during the preceding December, the one which the Queen herself planted being a pine tree. In another place is a group, each of which records the marriage of one of her children, and it is under the shade of these, we are told, that Victoria prefers to have her afternoon tea table set. Not far away is a large, luxuriant bush of myrtle, which has grown from a sprig which the queen took from the bridal bouquet of her eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick. Myrtle is always used at bridal ceremonies in Germany, as its flowers are with us, and this bush now contributes to the adornment of all the brides among the queen's descendants. Her grandchildren are now adding on various occasions to her collection of historical trees at Osborne.

KNOWS A LOT.

HOFFMAN HOWES—"Ah, I say, have you any English books on cricket?"

DEALER—"No; nothing except Dickens's 'Cricket on the Hearth'."

HOFFMAN HOWES—"Well, give me that."

—Puck.

LIFE.

- A SUDDEN glimpse of strange things in a strange new world.
- A little, puny protest 'gainst existence hurled.
- A lot of smiles and rocking, and a lot of aches and strife.
- Soapsuds bath and catnip tea—
And this is life.
- A chasing bees and butterflies through spring's bright days.
- A plucking gold-eyed daisies in the woodland ways.
- A little bread and sugar, and a little fuss and strife.
- Mud pies and broken dolls—
And this is life.
- A little books and music, and an "art" or two.
- A sweetheart, and a long dress, and some gum to chew.
- A ring and a love letter, "Will you be my wife?"
- A wedding veil and bridal tour—
And that is life.
- A little home and dishes, and some rooms to sweep.
- A lot of tumbled castles, and a lot of tears to weep.
- Some joys as sweet as heaven, some pains keen as a knife;
- Then creeping down "the shady side"—
And that is life. —*The World*.

FELINE FABLES.

AN article in the New York Sun gives some interesting fables of cats, who seem to have occupied an unenviable position in remote times. There are still some highly nervous people who claim to feel an involuntary fear on being in the same room with one of these household pets; but these gentle, if sometimes treacherous animals are much oftener the companions and solace of maiden ladies of advanced years.

All through the middle ages people were afraid of cats. Saint Dominic, the great converter, used to represent the devil to his audiences in the form of a cat, and until the last century a strange ceremony was performed at regular intervals at Metz. The magistrates marched solemnly to the great public square, where they exhibited an iron cage full of cats. It was placed over a wood pile. The wood was lighted and the cats roasted. This was the method adopted for getting the upper hand of a witch who was sentenced to be burned, and who fooled the municipal authorities by turning herself into a cat. Of course, the ceremony was rather rough on the innocent cats, but it was the only way the good people had to catch the witch. It is said, however, that they didn't catch her after all. When she learned of the plan of the Metz authorities, she changed her fur for feathers, and with a few more trifling alterations, turned herself into an owl; and this is the reason why owls have cats' eyes.

We are told that the world has taken five thousand years to become partially familiarized with cats. Their nature and instincts are not yet, it appears, completely understood. Cardinal Richelieu was a great lover of cats, and it was he who started the cat craze of the nineteenth century. In a room adjoining his bedchamber he had his *chatterie*, and every morning he played with about a dozen of them. But a hard fate was reserved for these cats. They finally fell into the hands of the Swiss soldiers, who made a stew of them and devoured them.

About the middle of the eighteenth century an impressario exhibited a cat organ at the Foire Saint Germain. It was a machine that pinched and had choked a lot of imprisoned cats, and, one way or another, he managed to play something like a tune on it. It was called a *mialouque* and was very popular.

Mohammed was an enthusiastic admirer of cats. A fine black Tom once made a bed of one of the Prophet's flowing sleeves. Rather than disturb him Mohammed cut off the sleeve and let Tom take his nap. If it is also said that he permits cats to go to heaven.

It is not generally known that Will o' the Wisp, alias Jack o' the Lantern, is dead. A black cat was the cause of his untimely end. Jack, who used to spend considerable time in Ireland, married a witch in that country. She was in the habit of turning herself into a black cat. Jack objected to this, but he could not cure her of the inconvenient hobby. One night, after his usual rounds, Jack abused his wife and beat her with his lantern. To escape him, she turned herself into a black cat and jumped out of the window. Enraged, Jack, who was also talented, turned himself into a dog and chased her. There were no trees in the immediate neighborhood; so Puss had to depend on her legs. Hard pressed, she came to the edge of Lake Belvedere. There she turned herself into a trout and jumped in. Jack immediately turned himself into a pike and continued the chase. Hard pressed again, the witch turned herself into

a perch, and with her prickly fins all braced she calmly awaited the attack. Jack made a rush for her, and attempted to swallow her, but the "comb" stuck in his throat, and he was choked to death and left to float upon the water, a warning to wife beaters. The powers of the perch wife were exhausted. She had to remain a fish. She gave an immense amount of advice to fishermen once every seven years. They try to catch her, but the widow laughs at their hooks.

NATURAL MEDICINE.

Is there any medicine of our childhood days that was really pleasant to take? We can think of one—licorice—and we were reminded of it by these facts, from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

Heavy as is the sale of licorice in almost every part of the globe, very little of the root from which it is obtained is grown on this continent. Visitors to the Pacific Coast have all seen the licorice plant growing wild, generally near a large river; but I cannot call to mind a single instance in which I have seen it grow under any management at all. A good deal of money is, however, made by digging it up, and travelers frequently secure some of the root from curiosity. It is very juicy and soft, and takes a long time to dry. When dried it is shipped to various ports, and quite a quantity is used and prepared.

The black licorice sticks, so much sought after by children, and also used medicinally, are prepared by mixing a little starch to stiffen them, or a little gelatine when a palatable substance is desired. About thirty per cent licorice, without starch or gelatine, is very hard to handle, as it will run at a very low temperature, and even when wrapped in bay leaves, as is the invariable custom, it will not stand a long journey. A good deal of the pure juice is used to produce a black loak in tobacco, and is probably one of the least harmful adulterants used in the trade. If a man must smoke he could hardly smoke anything less injurious than licorice.

BURIED BUGS.

The following echo from a last year's convention of scientists, taken from the Boston *Transcript*, gives us a little insight into the manner in which fossils are formed.

Decidedly the most interesting exhibit at the International Congress of Geologists was a collection of fossil insects that is said to be the most complete in existence. It consists of insects that are so fragile, so minute, and so easily destroyed, that insects should have been preserved in rocks for millions upon millions of years in such perfection that the very hairs which fringe the wings of certain very small varieties are visible to the unaided eyes through the microscope. Imbedded in the scraps of stone which make up the collection referred to are to be seen the fossilized forms of all the principal species that fly and crawl at the present time. In their shape are found the entombed remains of an ancient host, so varied in structure and so closely resembling their descendants of this century, that they may be said to include practically every group in the range of the insect world. We know, too, from the imagination they repopulate the past with buzzing swarms, affording evidence, by their variety and the surprising numbers in which their remnants are found, of the fact that ancient and archaic bugs abounded as much otherwise, were vastly more plentiful than now. In fact, there were numerous kinds in the early days of creation which have since vanished from the earth.

This was so even so late, comparatively speaking, as a few hundred thousand years ago, during what is called the Tertiary epoch. At that period there was a shallow lake in a little Colorado valley, near Pike's Peak, which is overlooked by a mountain known modernly as Popaz Butte, though designated by early miners as Slim Jim. Streams into which insects fell carried them to the lake, which has since vanished. They were buried beneath layers of volcanic sand and ash which fell into the lake from some neighboring eruption, and were thus preserved, so that now geologists dig out their fossils with pickaxe and hammer. One little hill which was formerly an island, bearing to this day the erect trunks of giant petrified sequoia trees, has been found a mine of these bugs of antiquity.

SOME LOON FACTS.

The young Nimrod of Northern waters needs no information, perhaps, of the tantalizing loon, who has doubtless furnished him many an hour's exciting sport. But the following note in *Forest and Stream* will give the uninitiated an idea of how the bird that we see merrily hopping about in the winter snows manages to withstand the cold.

I have been preparing the skin of a loon. I now understand how a loon keeps warm and enjoys life even in icy waters. His white feet is lined with double thickness of fat, stitched and quilted in among the roots of his feathers in an amazing way. The warmth inside cannot get out and the cold cannot get in. How huge are his muscles and how stout his bones! He is at the

same time a stern wheeler and a side wheeler for under water both feet and wings play their part. His outfit is perfect for his business.

I was astonished to find nothing in his gizzard but gravel stones and mud and bits of roots—not a trace of organic matter. Yet he sees and reforms, were sold for the men who set the net declared that the night before his death he was several times heard to laugh. If any one suggests that a loon's laugh does not mean enjoyment, what, let me ask, does it mean? I will enter in my suggestions. Meanwhile I shall believe that a loon can laugh and be happy on an empty stomach.

SCRAWLS OF VALUE.

The purchase and sale of autographs has grown to be a remunerative and firmly established business with some enterprising connoisseurs. The proportions which this sometimes assumes may be judged by these extracts from an article in the Washington *Star*.

Some almost fabulous prices have been paid for old autographs. Four volumes of manuscript, containing letters by Bradford Torrey, were sold for \$10,000 within the last twenty-five years. A \$65 autograph letter was sold in New York for more than \$2,000. The original manuscript of Washington's "Farewell Address" was bought by James Lenox, of New York, for \$200. At a sale of autographs in 1866 a letter written by Marie Antoinette was sold for the enormous sum of \$1,473. The unfortunate queen's letter consisted of four pages addressed to Count de la Marck. The original manuscript of the "Elysium" by Thomas Gray, consisted of two small, one half sheets of paper, mutilated and torn. This was recently sold for \$65.

The British Museum has paid for an autograph of Shakespeare the almost fabulous sum of \$10,000. This autograph is no other than velvet in a sloping mahogany case, with a plate glass before it and curtains of blue silk to protect it from too brilliant a light. An agreement signed by John Milton was sold by Sir Thomas Lawrence for \$350. This soon afterward was sold for \$85. This was the agreement between Milton and Samuel Symons for the sale and publication of "Paradise Lost."

At a meeting of the Edinburgh Town Council, on July 15, 1890, the Lord Provost said that there was for sale the original manuscript of "Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled" which was recently purchased by a New York banker. He stated that it was in danger of going out of the country, but that the owner desired, before removing it to America and placing it in a museum there, that the metropolis of Scotland should have an opportunity to obtain it at the price that he had paid for it. The Council thereupon agreed to purchase the song for \$350.

Another instance where hundreds have been paid is mentioned in the following extract of a letter written by Josh Billings in answer to an anxious correspondent who asked for his autograph: "We never wrote the humorist, 'furnish ortographs in less quantities than bi the pack. It is a bizness that grate men have got into; but it don't strike us as being profitable nor amusing. We furnish a man and very dear friend our ortograf a few years ago for 90 days, and it got into the hands ov ov the banks, and it cost us \$500 t'cu get it back. We went out ov the bizness then and have not hankered for it since."

'A NEW EXPERIENCE.

The little fellow in the anecdote that follows, from the *Detroit Free Press*, was an utter stranger to courtesy and politeness; yet how directly and instantly a bit of it went straight to his heart! In the possession of such sensibilities the whole world is kin; this is well to remember in dealing with those who are beneath us in station.

One day, in hastily turning the corner of a crooked street in the city of London, a young lady ran with great force against a ragged little beggar boy and almost knocked him down. Stopping as soon as she could she turned around and said very kindly to the boy: "I beg your pardon, my little fellow. I am very sorry that I ran against you."

The poor boy was astonished. He looked at her for a moment in surprise, and then, taking off about three quarters of a cap, he made a low bow and said, while a broad, pleasant smile spread itself all over his face: "You can hev my parding, miss, and welcome; and the next time you run agin me you can knock me clean down and I won't say a word." After the lady had passed on he turned to his companion and said: "I say, Jim; it's the first time I ever had anybody say my parding and it kind o' took me off my feet."

THE MODERN PUCK.

The traveling of an electric spark is so close to instantaneous that it is not worth while wasting time to calculate how many thousand miles it will pass over a wire in a second of time. The records mentioned below by the New York *Sun* include more

than the mere electrical transmission it will be noticed.

A broker on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange can cable a message to his agent on the floor of the London Exchange and get an answer in four minutes.

There are now three operators who do nothing else but attend to this stock business. There are on an average three hundred messages sent daily from New York to London between the hours of ten and twelve.

The business is confined to a few brokers in both cities.

The messages are sent by overland wire direct to Heart's-Content, New Foundland, and are cabled from this point to Valentia, Ireland. Here they are transmitted by wire to the floor of the London Exchange. The same route is used for return messages, and this complete circuit has been made in three minutes, though four minutes is the regular time.

This so closely allies the New York and London markets, that the slightest fluctuation in one is perceived instantaneously by the other.

A JOKE ON A ROOMFUL.

The late genial and whole souled William J. Florence was the king of practical jokers; such monarchs are yet the victims of their friends. An anecdote, reprinted by *The Argonaut*, recalls how Florence and a whole company of others, were put to the laugh by the elder Sothern.

Sothern gave a dinner to Florence at a London club, and invited him for half an hour later than any of the other guests:

"When Florence comes, suppose you all get under the table. He'll think his lateness has caused you to leave."

So, when Florence was announced, all except Sothern got under the table, and the table cloth hid them from sight. As Florence entered, he saw Sothern alone and said:

"Has nobody come yet?"
"Oh, yes," said Sothern, in a loud voice, "they've all come; and as soon as you were announced they hid under the table, though why they did it, I can't imagine."

One by one the guests crawled out, looking red and ashamed.



H. W., Syracuse, N. Y. 1. No others. 2. We believe not.

A. T., Baltimore, Md. Vol. XII contains thirteen numbers.

INQUIRER, Louisville, Ky. 1 and 2. No premium. 4. See reply to G. G. in No. 477.

J. R., New York City. There are very many fire insurance offices in this city. Ask one of them.

CONSTANT READER, New York City. There is a class in telegraphy at Cooper Union, where inquire.

S. F. D., Wayne, Pa. We are unable to give details of the gentleman's future plans until he announces them himself.

H. O. W., New York City. Go to the gun dealer and read editorial in No. 471, entitled "A Target for Questions."

H. C., Troy, N. Y. We will send a copy of "Afloat in a Great City," bound in cloth and illustrated, on receipt of \$1.25.

A. R., Harrisburg, Pa. Vol. XIII began with No. 456. This and subsequent numbers are 5 cents each, or, any thirteen numbers, 50 cents.

L. S., Chicago, Ill. Back numbers of THE ARGOSY from No. 313 are in print. Money should be remitted by postal order, check or registered letter.

M. L. C., Providence, R. I. Strict metropolitan etiquette frowns upon the practice of grasping the arm of the lady you are escorting; also, it requires a gentleman to give his arm to a lady when escorting her after sundown.

S. O. B., Pontiac, Mich. 1. Mr. Stratemeyer's story was published under the name of "True to Himself," and Mr. Graydon's contribution was "Cossack and Convict." 2. See answer to G. G. in No. 477. 3. Mr. Ellis writes under his own name.

M. P., St. Louis, Mo. Subjects for debate: (1) Resolved: That there is today no material difference of principle between the two political parties of this country. (2) Resolved: That the United States needs a new and increased army equally as much as it needs ships. (3) Resolved: That every youth who can should postpone his entrance into a business career in favor of the pursuit of a college course.

La Grippe

How to avoid Its Attacks and How to Recover from Its Effects.

As la grippe is undoubtedly caused by some micro-organism carried in and by the air, the best general advice which can be given is to avoid exposure in inclement weather, and keep your strength up, your blood in good condition, and your digestive organs in regular action. These last three conditions can best be attained by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which so happily meets the requirements that with its protection you

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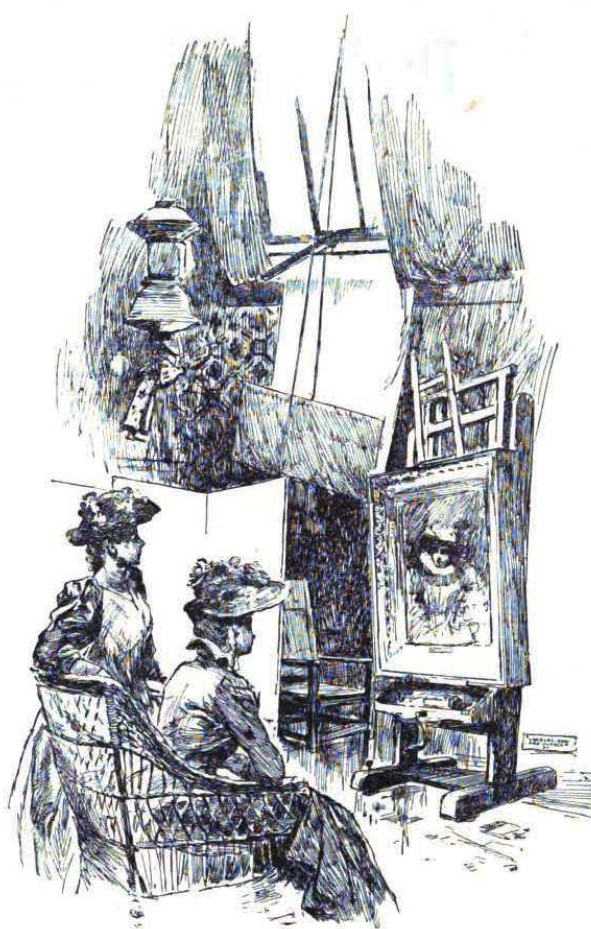
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FISHED FOR A COMPLIMENT AND GOT IT.

ALICE (looking at her portrait)—"Don't you think that Van Brush has managed to make rather a pretty picture of me?"
EDITH—"Yes, he really has—what a remarkably clever artist he is!"

SINCERE RESPECT.

"You must honor your parents," the superintendent said to the new boy. "I am sure you obey your mother."
"Yes, sir!" came the reply with an emphasis that rather startled the questioner.
"And you and your little brother here always show her respect, don't you?"
"You bet we does. Why, she kin tick dad, she kin."—*Judge.*

THE IRISH QUESTION.

THE warring Irish factions seem to have stopped their quarreling and gone to fighting.
—*Rochester Post-Express.*
True, but not until there had been considerable "skirmishing," as you will remember.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

ITS BEAUTY DEPARTED.

WIFE (rushing toward shop window)—"Oh, look here!"
HUSBAND—"Well, I declare. There is one of the tete-a-tete lamps you were admiring at Mrs. De Style's."
WIFE (suddenly stopping)—"Horrors! It's marked 'Only Two Dollars.'"
—*New York Weekly.*

FORBIDDEN FRUIT IS SWEET.

JENNIE (reprovingly)—"But we're not under the mistletoe now, Jack!"
JACK (unabashed)—"So much the nicer."
—*Puck.*

A SLIDING SCALE.

"TOMMY," said the employer, one chilly morning, "I wish you to regulate the heat so that the mercury in the thermometer shall stay around seventy degrees."
"I suppose," said Tommy, "that seventy degrees will do for this kind of weather, but when it gets colder we'll need the mercury higher."
—*Philadelphia Times.*

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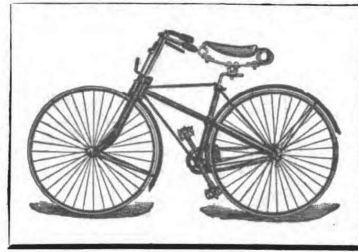
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