

THE ARGOSY

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Trapping with the Tobiques.

BY MRS. CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

"THIS time it shall be an Indian story," said Uncle William Nibley, tipping forward in his chair, and laying his pipe upon the fire frame.

"That's good! I like that!" cried Arthur and Owen (his nephews) together.

"It happened a long while ago, when this region about the Aroostook River was all a wilderness. A few rude settlements had been made, where loggers could get supplies for the camp, and trappers exchanged their furs for provisions and traps. Then Indians were more plenty than they now are. Civilization doesn't agree with them, and the tribe is fast dying out. They hunted, and trapped, and fished in the same waters with the white man; but the same spirit of treachery was still in their red skins that was there in the old French war, as you will see by the story.

"One fall three Indians of the Tobique tribe, for that is what we call them about these parts, who had been living round one of the settlements for a year or two, started to go up towards Monsunga Lakes, the headwaters of the Aroostook River, to trap, as that was a famous region for game of all sorts, and is to this day. Their Indian names were awful jawrackers, so I will give them in square English: Hook Nose, Big Ear, and Long Tongue—names given them by their tribe to indicate, doubtless, their physical peculiarities.

"They had not many traps of their own, and no guns, so they persuaded a young man by the name of Lovejoy, who was well provided with traps, and had a gun, to go with them. He was a skillful trapper, and the Indians promised him one third of the proceeds of the winter's work. Lovejoy had a big, savage dog, too, famous for hunting large game, which was taken along.

"At first the Indians did not much relish Cæsar's company. They stood in fear of the savage brute, who seemed to take a great dislike to them, but, after seeing his worth in hunting, they became friendly toward the dog. Not so, Cæsar, however. He still looked upon his dark companions with distrust, and would never allow any familiarity from

one of them. The Indians were always smoking about the camp, a proceeding which seemed to fill Cæsar with rage, for he could never be coaxed inside the camp, even with fresh deer steak; and once, when Long Tongue stooped near him to get fresh fuel for the fire, his black, stumpy pipe smelling as strong as a skunk, I dare say, and puffing clouds

too, for his master strapped forty pounds of such things as would not easily damage, on to his back, which he carried with ease. But the trappers calculated on getting much of their living in the woods. Most trappers do.

"They were some days getting to Monsungan and building a little log shanty, just big enough to

sleep in comfortably. The cooking was done outside. Then they began setting their traps—all the steel ones they brought, and the rest wooden, made mostly after the deadfall fashion. Two lines were set in a half circle, one standing north from the camp and the other south, and both running away off and around, and meeting in the center. Two of the Indians tended the north line, and Lovejoy and the other Indian the south line. They would all start at the same time on their route, and meet and go into camp together.

"Game was plenty, and the trappers gathered in a large pile of valuable furs—mink, sable, *loup-cervier*, and, occasionally, a bear skin.

"After they had been in camp about three months, the snow got terribly deep. On this account they got but few skins, and there was some talk among the trappers of taking up the traps and going out.

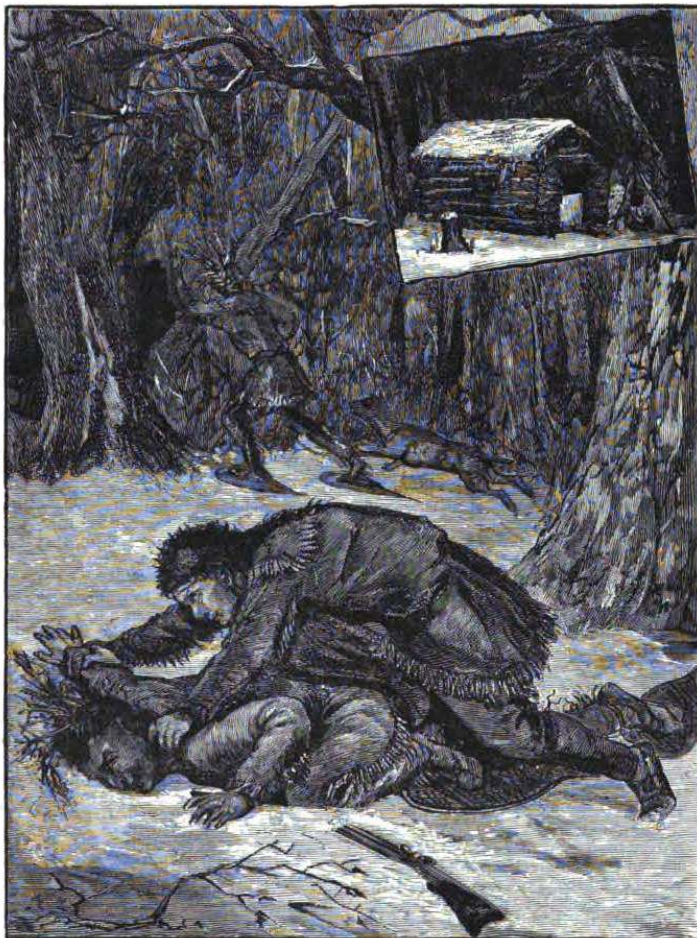
"About this time Lovejoy began to notice a change towards him on the part of his brother trappers. They became surly, and once or twice he caught them in close jabber together; but when discovered, they walked off with an air that meant mischief.

"At first he could scarcely make out what they were up to. But one morning after this sly talk and Indian sulks had been going on for about a week, old Long Tongue he up and says he couldn't go on the line that day, for he had a lame foot; and he limped about the shanty in a dreadful way.

"See! me no hobble today. Tomorrer better—good deal better! Hobble then plenty just right!"

"Big Ear couldn't go either, for he had got to mend his moccasins. 'Him got plenty tear, rip. Bime-by heel go, toe go. Notins left.'

"Hook Nose had found out all of a sudden, that the provisions were about gone, and remembered that it was his turn to go hunting. So Big Ear asked Lovejoy to go over the trail this time alone,



LOVEJOY MADE A SUDDEN PLUNGE DOWN UPON THE HEAD OF THE INDIAN, CRUSHING HIM NEARLY OUT OF SIGHT IN THE DEEP SNOW.

of smoke into his face, the angry dog seized it savagely, crunching it in his great jaws, and nearly taking the Indian's nose along with it.

"It was a hundred miles to the chosen hunting ground, and all their stores and traps had to be packed in on their shoulders over the rough trail through the woods. Cæsar was found useful here,

"The young man knew then that there was a plot against him. He felt sure that they meant to waylay and kill him, take the skins and go to their tribe; but he determined to outwit them."

"Why didn't he leave for the settlement?" interrupted Arthur.

"It would have been no use to do that," continued Uncle William; "for they would have been sure to watch his movements and follow him; beside, he did not want to give his whole winter's work, his gun and traps, to those treacherous fellows, so he set his mind at work to defeat their scheme."

"He made no objection to going, but started off, whistling cheerily so they need not mistrust anything, taking Cæsar along with him. The gun, Hook Nose must have for hunting. As it was a two days' journey to go over both lines, he took a double allowance of food."

"Now, he knew that the Indians would not be expecting him into camp till night of the second day, and felt certain that they would ambush him out on the line at that time, so as to get what fur he would fetch in. He made all haste to get over the ground, so as to be ahead of their time."

"He trudged on over the south line, finding but little in the traps, skinning a weasel or a marten, and thinking over his plans. Things looked gloomy. Here he was, a hundred miles in the wilderness, in the midst of savage enemies, and nothing to help him but his own wit and brave, strong arm. He was at this time only twenty two, but was as clear headed as any of his companions, and a good deal shrewder."

"When night came on he had got a good piece on the north line, and, coming to a place where there was a thick bunch of firs, he concluded to spend the night there. Hacking off some splinters from an old stump with the hatchet he carried, he built a fire round it, ate his supper, and then cutting off a lot of the boughs, made a bed for himself and Cæsar close to the fire and right under the shelter of the firs. The old stump would burn all night and keep him warm, for he had no blanket to cover him, save the green fir boughs."

"You may be sure he did not sleep much, for thinking of what might happen next day, for he was determined to sell his life as dearly as possible."

"By the earliest streak of dawn he was up and off. Not more than a mile from where he had camped he found a *loup-cervier* in one of the traps. Although Lovejoy's haste was great, yet he would not miss so valuable a skin. The savage creature was dispatched with some difficulty—he had no gun, and Cæsar would damage the skin too much if he were allowed to attack it—and its skin added to those already secured, and the trapper kept on the trail."

"As Lovejoy neared the camp, he began to feel anxious, and kept a sharp lookout ahead; and, when he had got within about three miles of the end of the line, as near as he could guess, he left the trail, and, keeping well hold of the dog, made a circle well out into the woods, coming round to the trail again, where there were a number of fir trees thick together. One of them was low and very bushy, leaning out over the trail. Into this, after much tugging, he hoisted the unwilling Cæsar and settled him firmly in one of the low crotches, then, after removing his snowshoes, or rackets, he crawled up after him, and stationed himself where he could get a good view of anybody coming along the trail, but could not be seen himself."

"It wasn't more than four o'clock in the afternoon, so he crouched down on a branch to wait for something to happen."

"A half hour passed, then an hour. Cæsar was getting uneasy, and young Lovejoy was beginning to think that, after all, the Indians had taken the furs and skeddaddled, and he almost hoped they had, when, all at once, what had been expected, happened. He caught a glimpse of the red, evil face of Hook Nose, peeking cautiously right and left, as he crept slowly along the line, gun in hand, looking for Lovejoy."

"Suddenly the Indian darted out of the path and hid behind a hemlock. He had probably heard something, and thought it was the distant sound of the young trapper's footsteps. But Lovejoy was not deceived, and kept quiet, for he knew that the Indian couldn't have deceived him."

"After waiting a few minutes, the Indian found out his mistake, and again crawled out of his hiding place and came along the trail, stopping every minute to listen, and watching sharper than ever."

"The sound of his sly footsteps soon came to Cæsar's ears, and he gave a low growl, but was immediately silenced by a rap from his master. Nearer and nearer came the Indian, till Lovejoy could see the savage cunning in his cruel eyes. What if he should miss!—or Cæsar, in his excited anger, should give warning of their concealment! His life depended on his coolness and courage, and, crushing down the fear rising in his heart, he slowly steadied himself."

"As the Indian passed beneath the tree, Lovejoy made a sudden plunge down upon the head of the savage, crushing him nearly out of sight into the deep snow and half stunning him; but before he could bind the Indian's hands with thongs, a quantity of which the hunters were provided with always, Hook Nose came to and began to struggle furiously. Whoops, barks, growls, and yells, all sounded together. In the midst of the hubbub the Indian's gun went off. The next moment Long Tongue came running into sight, thinking, no doubt, that Hook Nose had dispatched the white man."

"Lovejoy was now in great straits, and it was just here that he had counted upon Cæsar's help. And wisely, too, for the sagacious brute had not forgotten the fracas with the pipe, and still harbored revenge against the Indian. It needed but a word of encouragement from his master, to send him leaping savagely toward Long Tongue, who turned and fled before the enraged animal."

"Lovejoy was now on the Indian's back, jamming him deeper into the snow, and whipping the thongs from his pocket, as Hook Nose reached round to strike with his knife, the trapper grasped his wrist and bound it behind tight to the opposite shoulder. The Indian, half suffocated with the snow and trammelled by his rackets, ceased to struggle, and, binding the other hand in the same way, after considerable resistance, Lovejoy hitched his rackets together and left him."

"At a distance he could hear a great outcry from Long Tongue. Binding on his snowshoes, Lovejoy seized the gun and the Indian's knife and hastened toward the conflict, forgetting, in his excitement, the bundle of furs he had placed in the fir tree."

"Cæsar had overtaken and grappled with the Indian, and they were now going over and over in the snow, Long Tongue striking out frantically with his rackets and trying to hit the dog with his knife. Seeing Lovejoy coming with the gun, he gave a whoop and tried to get up on his feet, but Cæsar clung to him, and, after tumbling along a few yards, they again went into the snow in a heap. Lovejoy now ran up and seized

the tails of his rackets, pitching the Indian on his face, and in a trice had caught them together with a thong. Long Tongue fought desperately, but between Lovejoy and Cæsar his hands were also securely tied, and he was left puffing, and a good deal bruised and bitten."

"It was now getting duskish, and Lovejoy, with the dog bleeding from numerous cuts the Indian had given him, hurried on toward camp to see what Big Ear was up to. The white hunter did not dare to keep the trail for fear of running afoul of the remaining Indian, and he didn't feel equal to another tussle, so he kept out in the bushes."

"When he got pretty near the camp he saw Big Ear come out with a great pack, which he knew to be furs, and set it down by the door of the shanty. There was not enough elbow room inside for the old fellow to work. Creeping along, as sly as old Hook Nose himself would have done, up toward the backside of the shanty, Lovejoy got his eye to a big crack. There was old Big Ear, bending over another pile of furs, grunting and puffing, and, by the light of a pine splinter, trying to tie them together with pieces of deer thong, getting everything ready against his companions got back to take a start."

"Now was his time, and, running round to the front of the shanty, Lovejoy slammed to the clumsy door and pulled out the leathern latch string; then getting a number of props, firmly propped the door, against which Big Ear now threw himself in a fury, whooping and yelling."

"Lovejoy had not a moment to lose, and, taking possession of the big bundle of furs and a chunk of bear meat sizzling on a pointed stick over the fire, he set off with Cæsar for the settlement, leaving Big Ear to kick his way out of the shanty—if he could—or wait for his companions to either gnaw off their bonds or crawl to his relief."

"Lovejoy traveled all night, keeping to the frozen river, thus getting a long start upon his enemies, and at the end of the second day after, he arrived at the settlement, half starved and nearly exhausted. He thought it strange that the Indians had not in some way made away with Cæsar before they had attempted his life, but, doubtless, they meant to keep him for their own use."

"Lovejoy lost his traps; but as he got rather more than his share of the furs, he felt satisfied, and even thankful, that he got off as well as he did."

"How the Indians managed to get away from Mousungane Lovejoy never found out; but they were seen in a few weeks after that at the Indian village across the river. They never came about the settlement, however, for the indignant inhabitants threatened them with dire vengeance if they were ever caught in that neighborhood again."

FLUNG A JOKE AT DISASTER.

OUTWARD calmness in moments of trial is a splendid thing to cultivate; to have inward composure is better yet. Here is an old anecdote of a celebrated man and one of strong nerve, it would seem.

There is almost no end to the stories that are told illustrative of the ready wit of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whom contemporary playgoers knew best through his comedy, "The Rivals."

Drury Lane Theater burned during Sheridan's occupancy of it as manager. While the flames were swallowing up his last hope of worldly fortune, a friend remarking Sheridan's coolness as he took some refreshment, ventured to speak of his courage in viewing unmoved the destruction of his property.

"Ah, well," replied Sheridan. "a man may surely drink a glass of wine by his own fireside."

A CLASSIC EXPLANATION.

MRS. X.—My dear, I want you to observe this beautiful statue of Apollo. That one is his wife Apollinaria.—*Brooklyn Life.*

PRAYER.

I know not by what methods rare.
But this do know—God answers prayer.

I know not when he sends the word
That tells us fervent prayer is heard.

I know it cometh soon or late;
Therefore we need to pray and wait.

I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the guise I thought.

I leave my prayers with him alone
Whose will is wiser than my own.
—*New York Press.*

[This Story began in No. 475.]

BATTLING WITH FORTUNE.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

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

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT OCCURRED THE NEXT MORNING.

RUSS got but little sleep that night. Not that he was troubled by any doubts as to the proper course for him to pursue. His determination to inform Mrs. Kirkpatrick of the deception that was being practiced upon her was not shaken in the least by Rittner's threats. But the latter's scheme was such an audacious one, the thoughts of the scene that must be enacted in the morning were so disturbing, that his brain remained in a state of ferment until the stars began to pale in the winter sky and dawn was almost at hand.

Then he dropped into a deep sleep from which he was awakened by a pounding on the door.

"Hello! Who's there?" he muttered drowsily, believing for the instant that he was home and that either Bernard or Elsie had been sent to rouse him up on a Sunday morning.

"Hi, there, Gray," responded Rittner's voice in the hall. "Are you going to sleep all day? We're quite through breakfast."

"All right; I'll get up at once," and rubbing his eyes Russ got out upon the floor.

He had made a very bad beginning, he felt, at defeating the Philadelphian's plans. He should have seen Mrs. Kirkpatrick before breakfast, and now here he had lain abed like a lord. Rittner seemed quite confident of his own success; he had gone immediately away again: had not come in to renew the argument.

However, Russ was still as determined as ever. He hurried with his dressing as rapidly as possible and went down stairs to find that James had, very grudgingly, in obedience to orders, kept his breakfast warm for him.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Rittner were in the library. Russ could hear the old lady's voice as she talked of old times when she and her sister now dead were girls. It seemed sacrilege to him to think that she should be so imposed upon.

He did not linger over his meal. When it was finished he went straight to the library.

"Good morning, Mrs. Kirkpatrick," he said. "I am very sorry I overslept myself. I was kept awake in the night by this young man, who claims to be your nephew. He was trying to persuade me to keep still about the deception."

Russ had decided that the bull had best be taken by the horns at the very outset. Mrs. Kirkpatrick surveyed him calmly while he spoke. Rittner seemed not to be in the least disturbed. He tilted his chair back the least bit, thrust the thumb of one hand into his trousers pocket and puckered his lips as if to whistle a tune.

"Gray," began the old lady when Russ had finished, "sit down here." She spoke in quiet, composed tones,

and pointed to a chair that stood near her. Russ took the seat, feeling that he was already defeated.

"Gray," went on the mistress of the mansion, "I am disappointed in you. I thought I made it clear before you went to Philadelphia that when you found Hubert we were all to live here happily together. It seems that you either did not understand me, or else are like most of the rest of the world when money is concerned—want it all. It seems that you were afraid to have my nephew come back to me when you understood how anxious I was to receive him. You fancied that you could take his place with me. Now, when he comes to me of his own accord, you try to prove that he is an impostor."

"But he is, Mrs. Kirkpatrick," Russ could not restrain himself from breaking in at this point. "Don't you notice that his voice is different from the one you heard the other day? He is the Mr. Rittner I told you I met in Philadelphia—the one I paid the bill for at the gentleman's furnishing store."

The old lady waited quietly until Russ had finished. He saw that she was not convinced. Rittner had evidently laid his foundation good and deep in preparing her for all these tests. Now she replied:

"There is no need of your bringing up all this, Gray. Whom is it more natural for me to believe: you, or my own nephew?"

"But if he is not your nephew you are certainly not called upon to believe him."

Russ felt now that it was like attempting to keep back the waves of the sea with a broom, but his common sense view of things would not permit him to sit quietly by and see this great injustice perpetrated.

"How do you know the other was my nephew, if for the sake of argument we admit that the other was different from this one?" The old lady gave Rittner an affectionate tap on the shoulder as she spoke. "Ah, my dear Gray, I fear me you have lost the game. After all, it is the heart that decides these matters for us. As soon as he made himself known to me last night, my heart went out to this young man, and were your proofs twenty times as strong I would not wish to believe them and 'the wish is father to the thought,' you know."

What was there for Russ to say now? He had known that old Mrs. Kirkpatrick was very queer, but he had never suspected her of being so far off as this.

"Of course," he said, "if you want to believe that white is black, it is no affair of mine. I was simply doing my duty in telling you the true state of the case. Ask Mr. Rittner there if he did not come into my room last night and argue for an hour, trying to get me to help him in his scheme of imposing on you."

"Mr. Rittner! 'Imposing on me!'" The old lady spoke sharply as she repeated these words. "Gray, I want you to understand that I do not consider it respectful, after what I have told you, for you to intimate that this young man is other than I believe him to be. I see, however, that you are bound to be obstinate. It will probably be more comfortable for all three of us if we sever our relations at once. When you have packed your things, you may come to me here again and I will give you a check for your first week's salary."

Russ inclined his head slightly and hurried off up stairs. So this was what had come of his effort to do the right thing. The usurper was still in power and he had lost his position. What would they say at home? What would they do without the twenty dollars a week on which they were now so dependent?

But how unjust it was. Still there

was no use arguing with a woman whose mind was slightly unbalanced. Perhaps it would have been better to let the thing go.

Yet, in that case, would he not have been combining with Rittner to deceive the old lady? As things had turned out, his conscience was clear at any rate.

"And who knows?" he reflected, "I've always had rather unpleasant duties to perform here. Perhaps the next would have been ten times worse."

This, however, was rather lame consolation when the thought of what lay before him at home again presented itself to him. While he felt that both his father and mother would commend him for his course he realized all that the loss of his salary would mean to them.

While he was taking his things out of the bureau drawers and transferring them to his trunk, Rittner lounged into the room. Perching himself on the end of the bed with one leg over the foot-board, he swung his neatly shod foot back and forth and remarked: "You'll drop in and see me once in a while, won't you, Gray? I don't forget how much I owe you, you know."

Russ made no reply. He compressed his lips tightly and went on with his packing.

"Oh, come now," persisted the other, "you're not going to be angry with me. I gave you fair warning of what would be the result if you opposed me. If you'll only act sensibly about the thing you can perhaps get back here again. I'll tell the old lady that we are great chums and that I need your company in the house, and then perhaps she'll ask you to come back. So you'd better be friends."

It was all Russ could do to restrain himself from knocking the fellow over backwards on the bed. He still refused to make any reply to him, and finally Rittner went out whistling. Russ's things were soon packed and then he went down to the library again.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick was sitting there alone, looking into the open fire reflectively. She held his check in her hand, and as she gave it to him she said regretfully: "I had hoped that this would be only the first of many, Gray, instead of the first and last. I shall be very happy to have you come and call on Hubert and myself sometimes. I want you to feel that he does not cherish any hard feelings towards you. He is of a most forgiving nature. I trust you will send your friend Mr. Stebbins to call upon him, or bring him with you some time. I want to make it pleasant here for my nephew with young society. Good by."

The old lady held out her hand. Russ did not kiss it, as he had done on New Year's Day. He pressed the bejeweled fingers and then hurried off, fearing he might meet Rittner again before he got out of the house. He stopped at an express office in Columbus Avenue and left word about the trunk, and then started for home. He had reached the corner of Seventy Sixth Street when a sudden thought caused him to stop and look at his watch.

CHAPTER XX.

MORE TROUBLE.

JUST eleven o'clock. I'll have time to run down to Broad Street and back before lunch at home. And perhaps I can go to them with some silver lining to the cloud."

This was Russell's reflection as he halted in the street for an instant, his watch open in his hand. Then, his resolution taken, he hurried off to the Eighty First Street station of the Elevated.

He had made up his mind to go down to George Penniman's office and see if he could not get a position there. George was the pleasantest member of the Penniman family; he and his wife had been exceedingly kind to Margaret, and there was Fred Percival with the firm; his influence might count for a good deal. It need not be said that Russ hated most intensely to present himself with his request; but he was so very anxious to go home with something in view.

He thought of Rittner many times during the long ride down town. He wondered if his plot was really going to succeed. It seemed monstrous; but the fellow had such a persistent way with him he did not feel surprised that it had triumphed with the old lady who had been struck with admiration at Hubert's short lived obstinacy. What would happen if Hubert should turn up?

Russ suddenly recalled the fact that he had not reminded Mrs. Kirkpatrick that morning of what he had told her the night before about Percival's having come over in the train from Philadelphia with Rittner. Still, in the light of all she had said to him, he felt that this would not have counted in the scale of evidence. She believed in Rittner simply because she wanted to.

"And I suppose," Russ decided, summing the matter up in his mind, "now that I have done my duty in the affair I ought not to trouble myself any longer about it. I've got my hands and brain full about myself."

As the train whizzed by the dry goods district he recalled that Phil Harley had wondered why he did not seek a position with his father's firm. He had thought of that, and perhaps might have done so had he not so promptly got the opening with Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Now, if he did not succeed with the Pennimans he would go there, but he preferred banking to dry goods.

The excitement and bustle of Wall Street, when he reached it, inspired him. He wished that he was a part of it. A position here would be much more dignified and promising, even if at first less remunerative, than that of private secretary to an eccentric old lady, who one minute might want him to read blank verse tragedy to her and the next send him off as a detective.

The office of Penniman, Keepert & Kip was one of the most elaborate in the great building in which it was situated. Russ was a trifle overawed when he went in and inquired if he could see the man whose name led the others in the firm.

"Mr. Penniman is not down yet," was the reply he received.

Russ reflected an instant. He was very anxious to break ground, and he was on the spot.

"Can I see Mr. Percival then?" he asked.

"Your name please," and Russ sent it in.

Percival came out in a minute or two and shook hands cordially.

"I came to see Mr. Penniman," Russ began at once, plunging straight at the subject on his mind. "I've lost my position."

"Lost your position!" echoed Percival. "Between ten o'clock last night and now?"

"Yes, and that fellow you met on the train got it away from me," and Russ briefly explained matters.

Percival declared that he had never heard of such frigid effrontery in his life, and added that it almost seemed to him a case for police interference.

"But I didn't come down here to talk over that," Russ interrupted him to say. "I want to see if Mr. Penniman can't give me a position here. Do you think there is any opening for me?"

Percival's face suddenly settled into lines of serious thought.

"If there is a possible chance for anybody else here, be sure George will take you," he answered after an instant. "But come on inside and wait for him. I expect him down every minute. It's very odd he wasn't here before this. I suppose Mr. Kip won't do."

"I'd rather see Mr. Penniman," said Russ. "I know him."

He followed Percival into one of the inner offices, and as he took a seat, some one called the Philadelphian away. Russ was left alone for a few minutes.

How pleasant everything was here, he reflected. He had heard though that they didn't pay boys very much in these offices. He was inclined to wish now that he hadn't had that position with Mrs. Kirkpatrick at all. He would be all the while setting up his salary there as a criterion by which to judge those paid at other places.

It was very quiet in this part of the office. Now and then he heard the slight scratching of a pen in an apartment just beyond the one where he was waiting. Suddenly a door banged, and then some one entered this other room, evidently in very excited mood. The next instant he heard Mr. George Penniman's voice.

"Lost nearly all the morning, when I particularly wanted to be here to see Percival. He's come, hasn't he?"

"Yes," answered another voice. "But what's the matter, George? You look as black as a thunder cloud."

"No wonder," went on Penniman. "Such a scene as I've been through. My wife had her sapphire and diamond ring stolen last night."

"Whew!" whistled the other. "Was the house entered?"

"No, confound it. Wish it had been. The thief was inside all the time."

"Oh, one of the servants."

"No, worse than that. Our nursery governess. At least that's what the evidence points to, although I'd rather lose the ring ten times over than believe it."

Russ grasped tightly both arms of the deep leather chair in which he was seated. Nursery governess! And it was Mr. George Penniman who was speaking! Why, they must mean Margaret, his sister! Accused of theft? He sat there, incapable of motion, as if a spell had been cast over him, while he listened breathlessly to further details of the affair.

"You see," Mr. Penniman went on, "this governess we got for my little boy Clarence is a young lady, a friend of my sisters, whose family have suddenly found it necessary to earn their own living. She came to us only last week, and we thought so much of her. Well, our servants have been with us some time and are thoroughly reliable, so Carrie has grown accustomed to leaving the bureau drawers unlocked when she goes out, and all that. Last night I was fixing the shade on our piano lamp, when in some way I knocked the thing over. Carrie caught it, but the oil ran out all over her hands. We were about to start for the theater, and she went up stairs to wash them. I called to her to hurry, and the result was she came off and forgot her rings. She thought of it as soon as we left the house, but decided not to go back for them then. She had often left them loose on her dressing table before. When we went up stairs later in the evening to retire, there was the pile of rings on the bureau, just as Carrie had left them, but the sapphire was missing."

"And who had access to the room in the meantime?" the other man wanted to know.

"Oh, everybody had access to it, but Miss Gray was there with Clarence all

the time. Carrie left her there when she came down to go out with me."

"Have you accused her of the theft? What does she say about it?"

"No, we haven't charged her with the crime in so many words, but as soon as we discovered the ring was missing my wife went up to her room and questioned her about who had entered ours while we were away. You see, she had been there all the time. We found her there on our return from the theater. And all she could say was that no one had come in during our absence. She could not help but see the conclusions drawn from these facts. She fell in a faint while Carrie was talking with her, and this morning we had a great scene with all the servants on the possible chance that some of them might have stepped in during the instant Miss Gray stepped into the nursery to get Clarence's nightgown, for it being warmer in our room, he was undressed there. But they could all prove satisfactory alibis, and the mystery is deeper than ever. I would rather have given ten times the value of the ring than have had the thing occur."

CHAPTER XXI.

INSULT AND IGNOMINY.

WHAT Russell Gray's sensations were, as he sat there and heard the story of his sister's situation, the reader can perhaps imagine. At first he felt as if he must get up and go into that inner room and say that he was within hearing and that it was cruel in them to make him listen to such a tale. Then the overpowering desire to gather every detail mastered every other, and he was sitting there as if dazed when Percival came in.

"I thought I heard Penniman's voice," he said. "Yes, he's there; he must have come in by the other entrance. I'll go in and see him and tell him you are here."

"No," Russ caught Percival by the hand as he was passing.

"Why, what's the matter?" the Philadelphian wanted to know. "Your eyes are staring as if a ghost was inside and you had caught a glimpse of it."

"Don't tell Mr. Penniman what I came for—not now," Russ replied. "But I must see him. You can tell him I am here."

Looking deeply mystified, Percival went into the private room, and the next instant Russ heard Mr. Penniman exclaim: "What! Young Gray here?" Then some one came and closed the door between the two apartments.

It seemed to Russ hours before it was opened again. In reality it was not much above ten minutes. Then Percival and Mr. Penniman came out together.

"This is a very unfortunate affair, Gray," began the broker, assuming that the boy knew the whole story. He came straight up to Russ and put out his hand. Russ noticed the latter act particularly, and it gave him comfort in some degree.

Percival stood back by the window. It was evident, however, that he had been told.

"I think I had better go at once to my sister and take her home," Russ replied. "She has not gone there already, has she?"

"No; I left them all making a thorough search for the ring. Some one suggested it might have rolled off the bureau to the floor. I think perhaps your sister would be glad to have you with her. I trust you do not think that we—that I—"

He stopped in some confusion. Russ, troubled as he was, could not help but reflect how odd it seemed to have this head of a firm to whom he had thought

of applying for a position, hesitate and stammer before him.

"No. I understand how you are placed, Mr. Penniman," he said, with an effort. "You do not mind my taking Margaret home till this is settled?" he added interrogatively.

"No, not at all; perhaps it is all settled now, and they have found the ring. You had better go up. You know where it is." Mr. Penniman spoke lightly of the affair, as if in sending the brother up to the home he had left in such disturbed state, he was shifting a burdensome responsibility from his own shoulders. Then with a hurried "Good morning," he called to Percival to follow him out into the general offices, and left Russ to take his departure.

How suddenly the whole current of the boy's thoughts had been changed. He realized this as he rode up town again on the Elevated Road—this time on the east side, as the Pennimans lived close to Fifth Avenue. On the way down he had thought of the present only as it was connected with the future, and then it was all of himself, his own prospects of finding a position. Now his brain seemed fairly on fire as he tried to realize the actuality of the awful situation in which his sister was placed—she whom it had been the care of them all to shield from the tiniest breath of ill fortune.

The Penniman residence was a very imposing one for a young man to own, a good deal more imposing than the house occupied by his parents further down town. But George was the best of the lot, as Russ had often said, and deserved all the good things that had fallen to his share.

He pressed the electric button, and when the servant opened the door, inquired if he could see Miss Gray.

"Miss Gray!" returned the girl with a sniff. "Is it the nursery governess you want?"

"You may tell Miss Gray that her brother is here," said Russ quietly, ignoring the impudence of the creature with whom he did not deign to parley.

The maid stared at him for an instant and then opened the door again.

"If you'll wait outside I'll call her," she said. "The missus wouldn't want me to leave one of your tribe alone within reach of the parlor ornaments."

Russ started to go out in the vestibule, then halted suddenly, took the door from the girl's hand, and closed it again, still remaining inside.

"You may go and tell Miss Gray that I am here," he said in clear, decided tones, and the girl went off without another word.

He walked into the parlor and took a seat near the door. His heart was beating so rapidly that it seemed as if he must walk around to have his breathing keep pace with it. For all his firm bearing outwardly, that servant's insult had stung him to the quick. But he determined not to give way to his emotions and forced himself to sit in seeming outward composure.

The girl had not had time to ascend to the first flight when the door bell rang again and she came hurrying back. The next instant the hall was filled with a babel of feminine voices, among which Russ had no difficulty in recognizing those of the two Penniman girls.

"Has she given up the ring yet, Eliza?" one of them inquired eagerly.

"No, mum; she just sits around and looks as white as enny ghost ye iver see, a gettin' all the sympathy from master an' missis," and the servant's tone expressed supreme contempt.

"I'd have an officer in, if I was Carrie, that's what I'd do." This from the other Miss Penniman.

Then they all went upstairs together,

and Russ waited, grinding his teeth in impotent rage. He could hear the murmur of excited voices on the floor above. Doubtless they had poor Margaret on the rack now. He could scarcely restrain himself from bounding up the stairs, searching till he found her, and then bearing her off home.

Had the servant forgotten he was there, he wondered? Or was she purposely keeping him waiting? He had about decided to step outside and ring the door bell again when louder and more excited tones, and this time just at the head of the stairs, came to his ears. "If you haven't grit enough to stand up for your rights, Carrie, you must let some one else do it for you. I shall go down stairs and ring for an officer myself. Perhaps then we can frighten the girl into confessing what she has done with the ring."

It was one of the Miss Pennimans who was speaking, and then another voice broke in, evidently that of "Mrs. George."

"Oh no, Estelle, don't do that. I am sure the thing will come right some way. I didn't want you to hear about it till it was settled. Who told you?"

"Morgadow's man when he came for the empty freezer. He had been here first. I knew at once that girl must have stolen the ring. I never did like her. I suppose she imagined you wouldn't dare suspect her, coming from such a family, who have held their heads as high as the rest of us. But just let me get the officer here and you'll see her give up the ring fast enough."

The speaker's voice had been growing clearer, and Russ knew that she was descending the stairs—on the way to the messenger call.

"Don't, don't, Estelle—I forbid it," called out the pleading voice of Mrs. George from above.

But there was no reply, and acting on the impulse of the moment Russ rose hastily and stepped out into the hall just in time to confront Miss Penniman.

"Mr. Gray!" she exclaimed, the color leaving her face for an instant in the excess of her surprise. Then, suddenly re-assuming the stern, determined look which had marked her countenance before, she added: "What are you doing here?"

Russ was at the boiling point. "I am here to take my sister away," he responded. "I have been sent here by your brother."

"You cannot take your sister away until she gives up that ring," burst out Miss Penniman, and she made a motion to walk past him.

But Russ put out his arm and said, still with outward quiet: "I could not help overhearing your words with Mrs. Penniman. I am going to see that her orders are carried out. Is she the mistress of this house or are you?"

(To be continued.)

THE COBBLESTONE TREADMILL.

WHAT a patient, long suffering plodder was the late invalid, of which the *Boston Herald* speaks. In the course of time he jogged as far as twenty one trips to Europe and return, or five times around the globe. Peace to his ashes!

"Old Billy," a famous horse is dead. He was a flea bitten Morgan gray, raised in Vermont, and had reached the age of forty two years, twenty five of which he had passed in the car service in Boston.

It is estimated that during his long career "Billy" traveled over 125,000 miles between the car tracks, and it is a remarkable fact that he never lost a trip through sickness or inability. He had been on the retired list for several years.

HER MAJESTY, THE COOK.

MASTER—"Mary, I wish you would be more careful. I am very sorry to hear my wife has to scold you so often."

MARY—"Oh, don't you mind me, sir. I don't take no notice of it."—*Comic.*

THE TWO LESSONS.

LEARN, boy, from me what dwells in man alone,
Courage immortal, and the steadfast sway
Of patient toil that glorifies the day.
What most ennobs life is all our own;
Yet not the whole of life; the fates atone
For what they give by what they keep away.

Learn thou from others all the triumphs gay
That dwell in sunnier realms, to me unknown.
Each life imparts one lesson; each supplies
One priceless secret that it holds within.
In your own heart—there only—stands the prize.

Foiled of all else, your own career you win.
We half command our fates; the rest but lies
In that last drop which unknown powers fling in.

—Century 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 Blanca," "One Boy's Honor," etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FERNANDO'S STORY.

"I ONLY wish you could do what you suggest," remarked Fernando earnestly. "I have no doubt we would find Fulwood."

"We may have the chance yet," said Ralph, hopefully. "Now that the authorities know we are in this neighborhood, I don't see how Captain Mauzum is going to keep out of their way."

"I don't know," returned Fernando slowly and doubtfully; "but he's a sharp one, and will not give up till he has exhausted every resort."

"Well, even if he eludes them, don't you suppose he will turn the schooner over to us as soon as he has disposed of her cargo?"

"Yes, I should think so."

"We could then go for your island, and would be many hundreds of miles nearer to it, if Captain Mauzum carries the ammunition to the western end of Cuba."

"Yes; but I hope he will never get it there."

"So do I, of course, but we'll have to take things as they turn out."

"How did you and Fulwood come to find this fortune on Crocus Island, and what does it consist of?" asked Ralph, after a pause.

"We didn't find it there; we put it there ourselves. It is made up principally of Spanish and South American silver money, considerable plate and some diamonds. But to understand it fully, and how I come to know so much about Fulwood's affairs, I must go back and start at the beginning."

Fernando hesitated a few minutes as if to decide just where the beginning was, or to pick out the salient points of his narrative.

"Well," he began finally; "it's a little over twelve years ago now—I didn't think it was that long till I counted it up just now—that Fulwood and I sailed together for South America. He was the first officer, and as I was an officer too, we became very well acquainted. We spent much time together and had long talks with each other, but it was not until we had gone through experiences that fall to few men, that we became intimate and confidential in our relations."

"Our ship was wrecked on the coast of Brazil, not a soul surviving save Fulwood and myself. We were captured by a savage band of Indians and carried off into the interior many hundred

miles, on one of the tributaries of the Amazon. After more than a year of slavery and captivity we escaped. By constant pushing onward, through untold hardships, we finally reached one of the Brazilian provinces near the coast, but only to be arrested as escaped convicts from the diamond mines. In spite of all we could say, we were sent to the mines and spent two years amid toil and privations.

"A number of us secured valuable stones, and finally, by force of numbers, overcame our guards and escaped into Peru, traversing on foot lofty and snow-covered mountain ranges. We struck Peru in a time of war, and joined forces with those we first met. Our army was victorious, and much plunder from the rich people of Peru fell into our hands.

"From Peru Fulwood and I drifted to one of the Central American republics. There, our war experience was renewed and much wealth, in money, plate and jewels, was added to our store.

"Feeling the necessity of having a hiding place for our treasure, which was getting too bulky to carry about, we joined with a number of other soldiers of fortune in deciding on a plan to secrete it on an island in the Caribbean Sea. We secured a small schooner and ran for the first islands we could find. We there buried our treasure and stood out to sea again.

"A Spanish man of war came down on us and took the entire crew of the schooner as prisoners. All but Fulwood and I were shot, and we no doubt would have been killed too, had we not escaped by jumping overboard during the night.

"We were picked up by an American whaler, bound for the Antarctic. For three years we cruised for whales, ever keeping the secret of the treasure, which, since the death of all the others in the party, all belonged to us two.

"Finally we returned to New York, and Fulwood appeared much broken up at not being able to find any trace of the lad he had often referred to as his son, or of the woman with whom he had left the boy."

"Do you remember having heard him mention the woman's name?" interposed Ralph.

"Yes, it was Pitney—Mary Pitney, I think."

"Then young Fulwood is the boy, as sure as you live," declared Ralph, for that was the name of the woman Fluster said he remembered—there could be no coincidence about such a fact. "He remembers a woman of such a name with whom he lived till he was twelve years old. But my uncle is puzzled by another fellow about the same age who claims to be his son, and presents some very plausible evidence of the fact."

"He's a fraud," declared Fernando quickly, which seemed rather odd, as he had not yet heard the evidence. "Fulwood confessed to me that the boy was not his son, but was the son of his old skipper, Captain Richard Morton," added the sailor, as if to justify his positive declaration.

"Did he tell you how he came by the boy?" asked Ralph.

"No, and I didn't ask him. But who is this other fellow, and on what does he base his claim?"

Ralph briefly gave the story of St. Cyr's pretensions. Could he have seen Fernando's face he would have found surprise and perplexity in its expression during the recital.

"Where is this St. Cyr?" was all the sailor said at its conclusion.

"On board here with us—in the hold."

"I'd just like to see him for two minutes," muttered Fernando earnestly.

"What for?"

"Oh, just to satisfy my curiosity."

"You'll probably have a chance before

we part company. But didn't you and Fulwood do anything more to recover your treasure till now?"

"Oh, yes. We got a Captain Brinker to join us with his vessel, which he owned, and we once more set sail for the graveyard of our wealth. After considerable trouble, we found the island. Our vessel met with an accident, which made her unseaworthy. Loaded down with gold concealed in our clothing, the captain, Fulwood and I started for Panama to obtain another vessel. We were shipwrecked near the coast. Captain Brinker was devoured by a shark and the balance of the crew were drowned or shared the same fate. Thus again Fulwood and I were the only survivors. We were taken down with fever among some wreckers. As soon as we recovered we secured another vessel and started for Crocus Island. Putting in at Panama, we were recognized by some Peruvian officials, were arrested, and would have been executed but for the intervention of the American consul.

"We were released, and when we reached the island we found it inhabited by a lot of Spanish convicts, who watched our every move. We found the treasure, but dared not dig.

"While watching for an opportunity, a Spanish man of war captured us again and carried us to Cuba. There we finally joined the insurgents and made up our minds to make one more effort to secure the treasure if we could get to the United States and hire assistance. We still had considerable left of what we had carried away in our expedition with Captain Brinker."

"Well," commented Ralph, drawing a long breath at the conclusion of the extraordinary and fascinating story. "You two have been through enough to deserve your reward at last. But if these convicts are still on Crocus Island you will have more trouble when you go back there."

"We'll go prepared for them next time."

"Hullo!" suddenly exclaimed Ralph, as he noticed the gurgling of water in the bows; "we're under way again."

"Yes, and we have been for some time," added Fernando.

The two prisoners listened to the noise of rushing waters for a few minutes. Then they heard the rattling of the anchor cable. There was a splash, the gurgling ceased, and all became quiet.

"I wonder where we are now," thought Ralph.

In the next few hours a variety of noises were heard from without. Pounding, rattling, and a thumping that made the schooner tremble, and Ralph's curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch. He would have been considerably astonished, and far from pleased, if he could have seen what was going on.

CHAPTER XXXVI. OUT OF THE FOREPEAK.

LONG before the strange noises heard by the prisoners in the forepeak had ceased, Ralph had sunk into a deep sleep. It was after midnight, and he was completely exhausted by his work in the regatta, and the exciting and trying experiences which had followed that event so rapidly. Though his bed was only the flooring of the forepeak, and his pillow a hard curved stanchion in the bow, he slept as soundly and refreshingly as if he was reclining on the softest couch at Logmore Lodge. His clothes had been almost completely dried by the heat of his body, and they occasioned him no discomfort.

It was long after daylight when he awoke—at least he judged it was, from the immediate and intense cravings of

hunger he felt. He could not have decided if the night had passed by any other indication, for the contracted, triangular space was as dark as ever.

Ralph then remembered that he had not eaten anything since just previous to starting in the regatta the day before. This recollection seemed to make the pangs of his unsatisfied appetite keener and harder to bear. As the hours passed, and no one came with food, he really began to fear that Captain Mauzum intended to starve them. Ralph fretted and fumed, and was in as bad a humor as a caged young tiger cub. Fernando uttered no complaint, and only philosophically tightened his belt in lieu of something to tighten it for him.

The schooner was under way again, a fact which both could not help noticing from their position in the extreme bow. But they indulged in no speculation as to her whereabouts, and expressed no surprise or curiosity that the insurgent had not long ago been intercepted, so potent are the sufferings from an empty stomach to weaken interest in anything but that which is necessary to relieve them. This was particularly so with Ralph, but it is probable that Fernando's silence was more the result of having learned to take things as they came, and a belief that Captain Mauzum would find a way to elude those sent after him.

At last the small hatchway was thrown off, and a generous supply of ship's biscuit, fried bacon and coffee was passed to the two prisoners by one of the insurgent sailors.

Ralph had hoped to see Captain Mauzum, but he was glad enough to see any one with something to eat. The food seemed like an epicurean feast to the hungry sailing master, and he lost no time in demolishing his share.

The insurgent stood guard over the hatch while they ate. His cutlass was strapped on, and he had a carbine.

"Where are we, my man?" queried Ralph, with his mouth full, as his curiosity was quickened by a rapidly filling stomach.

"Out of sight of land, course about southeast."

"When did you get away from Bufalo Bayou?" continued Ralph, as he began to wonder how they had eluded capture.

"A little after daylight this morning."

"What time is it now?"

"About two o'clock in the afternoon."

"I thought so," remarked Ralph, as he attacked the viands with renewed energy. "Did you run across any one who wanted to stop you?"

"Oh, no," replied the guard, with a peculiar smile, "no one wanted to stop us, though we did see a tug and a steam yacht—the Ulysses, I believe she was called."

"The Ulysses saw you and did not ask you to stop," repeated Ralph, arresting the process of eating for a moment in his surprise. "What are you telling me?"

"Telling you just that, and it's true."

"And did they know this was the Stars and Stripes?"

"I can't tell you as to that, senor, but it isn't likely."

"Whew!" whistled Ralph in surprise, "you folks must have changed the whole appearance of the schooner. What have you been doing to her?"

"You will see soon enough," was the guard's brief reply, and he positively refused to give any further information.

In a few moments the repast was concluded, and the prisoners were once more shut in darkness.

"I thought he would do it," remarked Fernando, "and we're booked for Cuba."

"It certainly beats anything I ever heard of; it doesn't seem possible that

the Ulysses has been near us and did not recognize us. The other vessel must have been the revenue tug."

"It doesn't make any difference what either of them are now," added Fernando dryly.

"That's so; we're far enough away, if what that fellow told us is true," concluded Ralph. "I suppose we can look forward now to these insurgents landing their contraband cargo right under our noses, and finally handing the schooner over to us with an air that will tell us we ought to be glad we are alive, without thinking of any pay for the use of our yacht."

As Fernando ventured no comment on these remarks, Ralph took his silence as a sign that the other agreed with him, and he, too, said nothing more.

The day passed wearily enough to the prisoners in the forepeak, and it was no doubt just as bad with the others in the hold. But possibly their numbers, and nothing to prevent their conversing with each other, had served to make the confinement less irksome.

Ralph's impatient spirit could not stand restraint and inactivity very long, especially when he had been restored by sleep and food to his normal condition of energy and aggressiveness.

The story of the treasure on Crocus Island was gone over again by Fernando, and many new facts and details were gleaned by Ralph that might be of importance should the yachtmen decide to go after it. Ralph unconditionally promised his aid, adding that he would lay the whole matter before his companions as soon as he had an opportunity, in the hope that they would agree to extend the cruise to Crocus Island—all this, supposing the schooner was finally turned over to them by Captain Mauzum.

Ralph then gave further details of Uncle Dick's story, and its latest developments concerning St. Cyr. Fernando repeated, more forcibly than ever, if possible, his disbelief in the exquisite's pretensions, though he would not, or could not, give any very satisfactory reasons for his conclusion.

Ralph's impatience and restlessness would have been greatly increased by curiosity, and he would have been very much surprised, had he been told that both the Ulysses and the revenue tug had not only sighted the schooner that morning, but had actually passed close enough to her stern to see her name and hail her, and had done both.

But as an explanation of these occurrences came before many days, in the natural course of events, it was perhaps just as well he did not hear of them then.

His confinement wore on him mentally and physically. He revolved many bold and impossible schemes for escape, and defeat of the insurgent's mission; and he crawled about, examining with his hands every portion of their cell-like prison.

In reaching up to the top of the inside lining, nailed to the ribs nearest the stem, he dislodged something that fell with a metallic rattle.

Ralph reached down till he touched the object, and found by examination, that it was a small saw, such as are used by carpenters in fitting moldings.

"What's that?" queried Fernando.

"A saw," replied Ralph, as he held the object in his hand, and a way to utilize it suggested itself to him.

"How do you suppose it came there?"

"It was no doubt carelessly left there by the carpenters who fitted the inside lining of the forepeak," replied Ralph; and he added: "But I don't care how it got there; I've got it and I'm going to use it."

"What are you going to do?"

"Just wait and I'll show you."

In his examination of the partition separating the forepeak from the hold, Ralph had found it consisted of rough inch thick boards, each about a foot wide. They were fastened perpendicularly to the floor frame below, and some studding above, and there was a considerable crack between each board.

Ralph inserted the saw in one of these cracks, and endeavored to start it into the wood, downward and diagonally across a board. But the space was too narrow to permit the back of the saw to be thrown even far enough to make the teeth catch.

Then the prisoner got out his knife and cut a deep notch in the board. He was then able to start the saw on its work without any further difficulty.

"What's the good of doing that?" demanded Fernando, as soon as the cutting saw told him what his companion was up to.

"No good, perhaps," replied Ralph, who ceased his work for a moment, "but it gives a fellow something to do, and possibly it will enable me to have a talk with the fellows. It *might* lead to something else."

"Nothing else but more trouble with Captain Mauzum, I guess," suggested Fernando doubtfully.

In spite of these words Ralph continued his work. Fortunately the saw was a thin, fine toothed one, which made but little noise, and that little was easily drowned by the hissing, splashing waves against the schooner's bow. It might possibly be heard by those in the hold, but it was exceedingly doubtful if the sound would reach the deck.

One of the boards was sufficiently sawed through, but as its removal would not make an opening wide enough to permit the passage of his body, Ralph continued on into the next one. But, to reduce his work on the latter, he cut as straight across it as he could in the darkness.

He was soon gratified by completing his task. A cautious and vigorous shove, with hand and foot, bent the two boards backward and detached them from the nails which held them at the bottom. A cool draught of air set in through the opening, but not a sound could be heard to indicate that the prisoners there had been startled by the noise that had been made.

"Now we'll have a talk with the fellows," said Ralph, as he prepared to descend into the hold.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN THE HOLD OF THE STEAMER.

"SOME one may come to the forepeak while you are gone and notice that hole in your absence," warned Fernando.

"It isn't likely. They fed us at two, and it isn't probable they will come again till after dark," returned Ralph. "I'm going while I've got the chance, and will have to risk it."

The distance from the floor of the forepeak to the bottom of the forehold was not great, and Ralph had no difficulty in letting himself down cautiously with his hands. When his feet rested in the run of the schooner, which was the deepest part of the hold, his shoulders were on a line with the flooring of the prison. He would have no trouble in raising himself into the forepeak again when he was ready.

Ralph stepped cautiously amidships, listening intently for some sign of his friends and saying nothing to indicate his presence to them. He wanted to surprise them, and he succeeded admirably—succeeded in an unexpected way to him, and in a startling manner to them.

The contraband cargo did not cover the entire hold, being principally under the fore and main hatches. When he

reached the piles of boxes, Ralph paused.

He brought forth some matches he had obtained from Fernando, and reaching back, he struck one on the sole of his shoe. It was a sulphur match, and made no noise in the process of ignition. As the match flame spluttered and flared up, Ralph held it aloft in his right hand.

He did this to better enable him to see about the hold and also to be sure it did not fall on the boxes of explosives.

The bursting sulphur flame cast a pale bluish light about. It revealed the young yachtsmen, some sitting and some standing, and all of them with their faces turned toward the sailing master. They were all decidedly pale, and unmistakably startled, as indicated by their wide open staring eyes.

Ralph was surprised at the effect he produced, but he told himself if he was as pale and ghastly looking as they were, he could not blame them.

The next instant a chorus of exclamations from his friends revealed the cause of their agitation and fright.

"Ralph Morton!" exclaimed Fluster Fulwood simply, which indicated he had no doubt that it was the sailing master in the flesh.

"Ralph, is it really you?" queried Manly, not quite so positive, but in a joyous and relieved tone.

"Oh! Good gracious! it's Morton's ghost!" gasped St. Cyr, in a loud and shuddering voice, as he hid his face in his hands and fell off the box on which he was sitting.

"Shut up, you ninny," cried Barry Oakes forcibly. "Do you want those Cubans to be coming below here to find out what the racket is about? Make less noise, then, and don't be a calf. It's no more a ghost than you are. It's Ralph Morton himself."

It was quite clear that the young mate of the schooner hadn't the least doubt that the appearance of his skipper was something more substantial than an apparition.

By the time his companions had thus delivered themselves, the match in Ralph's fingers had burned out, and he managed to say something.

"Why—why, fellows, what's the matter?" he stammered in astonishment as he carefully snuffed out the gleaming cinder of the burnt match, to avoid any possible danger of explosion. Then, like a flash, the explanation of his friends' looks and words occurred to him.

"Some of the fellows had concluded you had been shot or drowned," replied Barry Oakes, corroborating the explanation Ralph had instantly thought of.

"But I wouldn't believe anything of the kind," added the mate, as he stepped forward in the darkness, and succeeded in finding Ralph's hand, which he heartily squeezed.

"That's right, old fellow," laughed Ralph, as he returned the pressure. "I wasn't born to die either of these ways."

"Nor to be hung, either, if that's what you mean," returned Barry, "judging from how near you came to it at Carrizo's rancho one time."

"Where have you been, and what have you been doing?" queried Manly, as he, too, succeeded in finding Ralph's hand, giving it a shake of congratulation and greeting, while the rest of the fellows crowded closely around.

"After you went on deck last night," continued the deposed young skipper, without waiting for an answer to his questions, "we heard a shot, and a splash in the water alongside. It produced a decided sensation among us, I tell you, for we feared it was you who had been shot and had fallen overboard. When you did not return we became

convinced of it, though Barry stuck to it that you were all right. If any of us but Barry still had doubts of your fate, they seemed to be settled when one of the Cubans, who came with food this morning, positively refused to answer any questions concerning you.

"Well, the shot was fired at me, and I did go overboard about the same time," declared Ralph to his friends' infinite amazement, "but neither of these facts ended my earthly sphere of usefulness."

He then related in his graphic style, his defiance of the insurgent captain's desires, and his bold, not to say reckless, attempt at escape from the schooner. The fellows listened with lively interest, and as if this was not enough, he added to their admiration and astonishment by telling of the conception and defeat of his ruse to capture Captain Mauzum at Bayou City, together with his exciting experience connected with it.

"And Captain Mauzum has walked off with the schooner, without any trouble, in spite of the fact that you *did* get word to the authorities?" remarked Manly at the conclusion of Ralph's story.

"It seems so," returned the latter; "but I understand that both the Ulysses and the revenue tug *were* sent after us to the vicinity of Buffalo Bayou, and that both of them were seen by the men in possession of this schooner."

"How did you learn that? How could that be, and neither of them see the schooner or stop her?" queried Manly, mystified as much as Ralph had been.

"I got it from the man who brought us something to eat today," responded Ralph, "and I will have to answer the second part of your question as he answered me: You will see soon enough how it was done. I believe they have so completely transformed the Stars and Stripes that she is not recognizable."

The others agreed with him in this belief, in explanation of the otherwise mysterious facts.

"And now where did you just come from, and how did you get here?" added Barry Oakes. "We heard some sawing and rending of woodwork but supposed it was on deck."

Ralph briefly told how and why Captain Hannock had put him in the forepeak, and how he had got into the hold with the assistance of the saw he had so luckily discovered.

Then, without going into the full particulars, he related Fernando's story of the treasure on Crocus Island. He did not say anything about the latter's knowledge of Fluster Fulwood, the elder, or anything concerning his uncle's lost son. Neither did he tell that it was possible Uncle Dick's old mate might be found on the island where the treasure was.

"I'll tell you what's the matter, fellows," he continued; "if these insurgents carry us to Cuba, and then give us possession of the schooner, I don't see why we shouldn't go to Crocus Island and make something out of this trip. We will be many hundred miles nearer the island than when home."

Most of the fellows were immediately in favor of the project, while a few were doubtful and timid about making the venture. Their conclusion was expressed when Manly put a damper on the most enthusiastic ones by saying:

"First catch your hare and then we'll talk about cooking him," which meant that they had better wait till the schooner was in their possession before planning their future movements.

"But you will join us in anything to fool these Cubans, and get the schooner back, won't you, Frank?" asked Ralph, who appreciated the advantages of harmony of action and the union of forces.

"Yes; anything but going to the Ba-

hamas. We are far enough into this trouble, and I'm willing to help you out of it. But you'll admit that I am right, and everything has turned out as I told you it would."

"Yes, if it'll make you feel any better, old I Told You So," laughed Ralph. "But as long as we're not going to make anything out of the insurgents, we might as well go for this treasure island if we have the chance. Fernando says he will reward us handsomely."

"All right, Ralph, if we have the chance," answered Manly, as he pressed the hand Ralph extended to him.

The breach between skipper and sailing master was thus healed, and the split in the club was partially bridged over.

(To be continued.)

TURNING AN INGENIOUS PENNY.

THE well known Miss Virginia Penney recently lectured in New York on the subject of occupations for women, and she revealed the fact that many women earned a living by unique and original businesses—some of which were, from their oddness, monopolies, we should judge. The *New York Tribune's* account is appended.

Miss Penney's long list of odd occupations for women begins with the statement that in Los Angeles there is a woman who sends cards to all new residents setting forth her ability to dress women for balls and receptions. In New York there is a woman who makes a business of directing dinners in private houses, relieving the hostess of all responsibility. Still another woman makes some remarkably fine puddings which find a ready sale in the homes of the rich, and another utilizes her knowledge of art by accompanying women and children on their visits to art museums and studios.

A woman who plays all games of cards well is in receipt of a steady and gratifying income from society people who engage her to spend her evenings with them at the card tables.

Mrs. Holloway, who has a contract to clean the streets of Buffalo for three years, was spoken of in terms of admiration. According to Miss Penney, one woman has become an expert in paying false teeth, false hair and crutches, and has amassed a considerable fortune in this business. The list of occupations in which women are now distinguishing themselves includes undertakers, cannery, newsmen, postmasters, lighthouse keepers, and horse trainers. Madame Isabel being one of the most successful horse trainers in the Prussian army.

THE WEIGHT OF A HAIR.

THERE is a large stone building in Philadelphia in the classic style popular in the early days of the century, from which the passers by can hear all day long the melodious chink of silver. This is the mint which is referred to by the *Philadelphia Record* in the following description of a wonderfully delicate mechanism.

"As fine as a hair," could well be the praise accorded to the wonderfully delicate weight tester for coins at the mint. As the coin runs down into it through the long spout the tester needs to balance them but for an instant, immediately shooting those that are not found wanting into the expectant and open mouthed sack at the end of a lower spout.

If too light, they are tossed out through another spout, and if too heavy, through a third one. Not long ago an astonishingly large number of coins were tossed into the "too heavy" spout.

Surprised at this unusual rejection of so great a load of silver pieces, investigation was instituted; when, lo! it was found that a single tiny hair caught in the scales had made overweight for every coin passed through.

A JONAH FISH.

THIS is a fish story, it is true, but the New York *Sun* claims to be above suspicion as to the reliability of its animal tales.

A pickerel was caught at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. It was dressed at seven in the evening. In its stomach were a half dozen of young perch, and as these were being removed, out jumped a live sunfish. The sunfish flopped round in an undecided way, and the fishermen were so surprised that they let it flop for some time before they thought of picking it up and putting it into a pail of water. When the long imprisoned sunfish found itself in its native element it rested for awhile, and then swam cheerfully around in the pail, and made itself as much at home as if it were in its native pond, and was apparently unconcerned over the fact that it had lain eight hours in a pickerel's maw. And it is swimming yet.

BELATED.

THE big flake falls from the leaden skies;
The glimmering hills die out in gloom;
The hillside kalmia withered lies
Without a spark of purple bloom;
Cold, coastward blows the Arctic wind.

Why is it thou dost take thy flight
So late through this inclement sky?
Oh! haste, before the gathering night
Dettain thee on these shores to lie,
Where thou no sheltering nest shalt find.

Thy comrades in a sunlit land
In balmy breezes rest this eve;
The palms and platanin o'er them stand,
The lotus stems their shelter weave,
The orioles warble as they feed.

Oh! haste! thy mighty pinions spread;
Swift through the blast a passage steer
For winter darkens overhead,
And desolation hovers near,
Where none can help thee in thy need.

—The Critic.

CHAT ON ATHLETICS

JUMPING AND SHOT PUTTING.

BY JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

THE running high jump would have many more votaries if it were not such a "specialty;" that is to say, there is a "secret" of high jumping, and it cannot very well be written down—every one must discover it for himself if he can.

The novice takes the high jump full front on; he rises to clear the bar with both feet at the same time, and with knees drawn up as high as possible. The majority of trained jumpers go at the bar from the side, at about the angle of a > ; they spring, then swing one leg up and over, and then the other, a method that justified the name of "cock legged," which we gave it when we were boys. This manner of jumping, to be graceful, requires a man apart from the ordinary; the other and old fashioned way of jumping is the embodiment of grace, but it is not so effective—that is, you cannot jump so high by that method.

The greatest jumper the world has ever seen had a method all his own, and, with the privilege given to the great, he was allowed to have some peculiarities. I refer, of course, to W. Byrd Page, who has jumped 6 feet 4 inches—a record which I believe will never be surpassed, and seldom if ever equalled.

Page was not over five feet ten inches high, and it was an exciting spectacle to see him sail over a bar that was much above his head.

His peculiarities of method in approaching the bar used to excite the risibilities of people who saw them for the first time. As far as my mind can photograph him, this was his practice:

He approached the bar a little off the perpendicular from a distance of about thirty feet. His first motion was to fall to one knee and eye the bar; he arose, took two catlike steps with his body bent and head forward—leaped once straight up in the air with bent knees, like a prancing horse, then started on a limping run, as if lame, finally to rise to the jump.

At the acme of his jump, when his spring had taken him to the highest point and he was about to fall without clearing the bar, a sort of convulsion would be seen to stiffen him for an instant; the effect of this would seem to be the pulling up of his lower half to the height of the bar and projecting his legs over it to the other side. At the moment of crossing over the top of the bar, his position, according to the camera, was that of a man lying at full length on his side and elbows.

This is a faint attempt to transfer a mental photograph of how he seemed to go over; just what his method was of snapping his body over a height really

higher than he could actually jump, it is impossible to say. Certain strange, quick muscular movements which he employed during his rise, he certainly had down to a scientific nicety, and no doubt most of them were discoveries of his own, for I have never seen any one who seemed to jump in the same way. I doubt not that the peculiarities of his run were mere idiosyncracies and had no effect whatever on his jump.

The pole vault for height is a most graceful sport to witness. The record is now 11 feet 5 inches, made by H. H. Baxter, an American. His predecessor in the record lists was an Englishman named Ray, who came to this country and treated us to a new kind of leaping that raised a storm of protest from some people, who claimed it was unfair.

His new wrinkle, which some admired and others hissed, was a knack he had of climbing his pole. You all know there is a point at which your pole is as nearly vertical as possible—it has taken you as far as it will—the instant at which you use it as the back of a vaulting horse and raise your body over the bar: well at that instant—a second or less, Ray's two hands—right, left, right, left—had inched up the pole; then he would fling himself over the bar, his feet higher than his head.

The moment when his pole hovered on the vertical and wherein he climbed with the quickness of a cat and squirmed feet first over the bar—that moment was absolutely breathless!

Putting the 16 and 56 pound shots and throwing the 16 pound hammer are done from within a seven foot circle in this country; this brings all performances to a common basis for comparison; in England there are so many ways of doing these things that there are few occasions when American and English records can be compared.

We believe that all of these sports are injurious and tend to shorten life, and we are borne out in this by authorities. But to the great fellows of knotty muscles such trials of strength are very seductive.

In putting the smaller shot, a solid sphere is used, weighing 16 pounds. It must be put out from the shoulder, and it is unfair to hold it at any moment back of or below the shoulder. The record is 46 feet 7 3/4 inches by G. R. Grey in America.

The larger shot is a solid iron weight, with a link handle—the whole weighing fifty six pounds. This ought to be called flinging the shot, for that is just what it amounts to. It takes tremendous force to swing this dead weight around one's knees and fling it from one properly.

The "hammer" is a shot of iron, with a slender handle of wood; the length over all must be four feet, and the combined weight of handle and hammer head, 16 pounds.

The thrower stands within the circumference of the circle, with his back facing in the direction of his intended throw. With both hands the thrower swings this hammer in wide circles around his head, and when he has acquired sufficient impetus, he lets go, and the missile sails far out over the earth—108 feet 3 inches is the furthest for the standing throw, by W. J. Coudon in America.

It will be some years, doubtless, before the readers of THE ARGOSY will be able to practice with such hefty tools, and thus much advice would be uncalled for.

THE KIND THAT FOSTERS QUACKERY.

MAN, with all his reason, is very often unreasonable. We happen to be out of sorts; a little thought would show the cause, a little common sense suggest that change of our mode of living that would restore our equilibrium. But no! we must to the doc-

tor. He does not dare (in so many cases) to talk plain sense, else we lose our faith in his knowledge of science. His ways must be mysterious and his simple reasons held from our sight. The *Chicago News* tells the whole story excellently.

A celebrated German physician was once called upon to treat an aristocratic lady, the sole cause of whose complaint was high living and lack of exercise. But it was new to tell her so, so his medical advice ran thus:

"Arise at five o'clock, take a walk in the park for one hour, then drink a cup of tea, then walk another hour and take a cup of chocolate. Take breakfast eight."

Her condition improved visibly, until one morning the carriage of the baroness was seen to approach the physician's residence at lightning speed.

She dashed up to the doctor's office, and on his appearance on the scene she gasped out: "Oh, doctor, I took the chocolate first!"

"Then drive home as fast as you can," ejaculated the astute disciple of Esculapius, rapidly writing a prescription. "and take this emetic. The tea must be underneath." The grateful patient complied. She is still improving.

A PALACE CONTAINING 4422 ROOMS.

WITH all his attributes of royalty and power, His Holiness the Pope is, from his point of view, a prisoner in the gorgeous palace described below by the *Boston Globe*.

Even if such is the case there can be very little hardship in confinement on an estate large enough to admit of drives, as well as walks, in the midst of almost the choicest treasures of art and almost the finest library that the world possesses.

The imprisonment of the Pope is self imposed, and it is within his power to go wherever any other citizen of the Italian kingdom may.

The Vatican, the ancient palace of the popes of Rome, is the most magnificent building of the kind in the world. It stands on the right bank of the Tiber, on a hill called the Vaticanus, because the Latins formerly worshipped Vaticanus, an ancient oracular deity, at that place.

Exactly when the building was commenced no one knows. Charlemagne is known to have inhabited it over a thousand years ago. The present extent of the building is enormous, the number of rooms, at the lowest computation, being 4422.

Its treasures of marble statues, ancient gems, paintings, books, manuscripts, etc., are to be compared only with those in the British Museum. The length of the Statue Museum alone is a fraction over a mile.

Conservative writers say that the gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains and other objects preserved in the Vatican would make more gold coins than the whole of the present European circulation.

STOOD BY HIS GUNS.

A BRAVE man, unknown to fame, but doubtless worthy of a share of it, has recently died, according to a New York journal.

The oldest gunner in the United States Navy, the venerable George Sirian, died in Portsmouth, Virginia, a short time since. His life was full of romance and adventure. Born in 1808 on the Greek side of Ionia, he was made a homeless orphan by the attack and massacre by the Turks of the inhabitants of that island in 1826. The bombardment of the Turks by the old Constitution—"Old Ironsides"—saved the lives of a large number, and he was among eleven boys who survived and were brought away by that gallant old vessel.

He was brought home by the executive officer of the ship. Later he was taken by Mr. Marshall, gunner in the United States Navy, and by him taught gunnery and pyrotechnics. At the age of twenty he entered the navy as a gunner and in many a hard fought battle afterward showed that the blood of the Greeks flowed in his veins. He was at Thermopylae, at Plataea and Mycenae, still lived in his veins.

A QUEER TIME TO BUY HOUSES.

WHETHER viewed as "wild cat" insurance or as a gambling game, or, as it really was at that time, a legitimate business, this practice, described by the *Chicago Standard*, is unique and interesting.

One of the strangest businesses in ancient Rome is mentioned by Juvenal in his Satires. It consisted of buying houses on fire. The speculator hurried to the scene, attended by slaves carrying bags of money and others carrying tools, judged the chances of salvage and made a bid to the distracted house owner, who was glad to accept anything to save a rule. The bargain struck in all haste, this earliest of fire insurers set his slaves to work and secured what he could. Sometimes even he put out the flames and so made a coup.

But the game was not so simple, for the poorest who speculated in a small way could hardly lose if he had presence of mind enough to grasp the chances. Thus Cato the Elder, and above all, Crassus laid

the foundations of their great wealth. The latter had a passion for such gambling. He gradually collected a force of carpenters, masons and such artificers—slaves of course which reached the hundred men. Not only did he buy houses on fire, but also, enlarging upon the common practice, he made a bid for those adjoining which stood in danger. His proposals were commonly welcome, we learn, so helpless were the people and so great the peril. By this means Crassus became the greatest owner of house property in Rome.

ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

IN a recent number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* an article of the greatest interest to Americans, appeared. It was on the extermination of the buffalo. An interesting trait these animals once exhibited is described in an extract quoted from a book by Colonel Dodge.

The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway was then, in 1871-72, in process of construction, and nowhere could the peculiarity of the buffalo of which I am speaking be better studied than from its trains. If a herd was on the north side of the track, it would stand stupidly gazing, and without a symptom of alarm, although the locomotive passed within one hundred yards. If on the south side of the track, even though at a distance of one or two miles from it, the passage of a train set the whole herd in the wildest commotion. At full speed, and utterly regardless of the consequences, it would make for the track on its line of retreat.

If the train happened not to be in its path it crossed the track and stopped satisfied. If the train was in its way each individual buffalo went at it with the desperation of despair, plunging against or between locomotive and cars, just as its blind madness chanced to direct it. Numbers were killed, but numbers still pressed on, to stop and stare as soon as the obstacle had passed. After having trains thrown off the track twice in one week, conductors learned to have a decided respect for the madman's crazies of the buffalo, and when there was a possibility of striking a herd "on the ramp" for the north side of the track the train was slowed up and sometimes stopped entirely.

HOW THE OLD ROMANS COUNTED.

IN a treatise on written characters the author, Mr. S. B. Beach, explains the supposed origin or basis of the Roman numeral system. If his instructions are followed it will be seen how plausible the theory is.

Hold up your open hands before you, palms outward, thumbs at an acute angle.

Begin on the left, I, little finger, I; little and ring finger, II; little finger, ring finger and middle finger, III; all the fingers of the left hand, IIII; the hand and thumb at an acute angle form a perfect V; or, in place of the IIII, as given above, use the fourth finger from the left, holding the thumb at acute angle, and we have IV. Now pass to the right hand.

The thumb and hand held at the same angle as before, gives us VI; by using the index and middle finger, we get the characters VII; while the thumb and the three larger fingers make a plain VIII. Now join the two Vs made by the thumbs, inverting one, and we have X, or ten. Then use the X, with the last little finger before it and it will give IX.

The combinations following X are obvious. The forefinger of the left hand with the thumb at right angle make a perfect L; the little finger of the left hand curved velvet the thumb, a C, the initial of centum (one hundred), and so one with the hundreds.

Now join the two thumbs with the fore fingers, or two Vs inverted (AA) and use them for the 1,000 mark and you have the hieroglyphics complete. I little thought that the two hands were the foundations of the Roman numerals until I had traced out three alphabets, one Asiatic, which had been wholly taken from the various changes which the moon undergoes during the month.

This curious moon alphabet had 28 letters, every one of which resembled the moon in some of its phases.

A BRAND NEW THRONE.

WE suppose kings and queens do not feel at home with their crowns and scepters chairs of state and thrones. According to the *London Figaro*, one of the newest kings has ordered a new throne.

Now that his new crown is at last completed, the indefatigable Kaiser had decided to have a brand new throne put in hand. The first Prussian King, Frederick I, had a magnificent one, consisting of heavy gold and silver frames and armrests, and red velvet upholstery. But during the Napoleonic invasion of Prussia early in this century, the precious metal part of the throne was melted down, and there are now in existence only two smaller chairs of state, of much less value, which used to stand on the right and left of the throne. The Kaiser is having designs prepared on his own instructions, and something very imposing in thrones may be expected.



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Our new volume next week will open with a serial story of extraordinary attractiveness entitled:

A LOST EXPEDITION.

A STORY OF ALASKAN ADVENTURE.

BY W. BERT FOSTER,

Author of, "Arthur Blaisdell's Choice," "The Treasure of Southlake Farm," etc.

Alaska is a comparatively fresh field for story writers and in "A Lost Expedition" Mr. Foster has proved his ability to cultivate it to the best advantage. The adventures of the trio—Professor Perry, Bart Conover and Allan Percival are of the most thrilling character, and through them all there is an undercurrent of mystery concerning the identity of the hero, Bart Conover, which, in any ordinary tale, would be considered sufficient of itself to hold the reader's interest to the end. We feel no hesitation in predicting that "THE ARGOSY constituency will unanimously vote "A Lost Expedition," in the terms of the modern boy—"a rattling good story."

KINGS IN SUBJECTION.

IN a letter to an Eastern newspaper there is a picturesque story of a Sioux Indian lad who is intensely fond of hunting, as his progenitors were. This boy has only the bow and arrows for weapons and his expertness with the weapon is quite remarkable.

One day he shot and wounded an old eagle and followed it as it labored towards its nest, which the boy was anxious to find. Arrived there, he killed the wounded bird, and waited for its mate to appear, which was in turn dispatched.

He then climbed to the nest and found two fledgling eagles. He raised and trained these birds so that now they obey him servilely, going and coming at command. Their special use is to hunt birds of the air when their master so orders. He ties their beaks so that they may not eat the bird they are to bring down, and, being released, they rise in the air, pursue their quarry and bring it to earth with a blow from their sharp beaks.

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

TREMENDOUS POWER OF ROOTS.

THE tremendous power of a pushing root is a subject for marvel. It will lift tons by the swelling of its slender trunk, or rend rocks with the power of dynamite, but silently and invisibly.

The pertinacity and force of plants is occasionally shown in the great cities in this wise. Some old residences have vines many years old, climbing up their weather beaten brown fronts. Their roots are deep in the tiny front garden plot, and their tendrils were at first trained up slender cords to the iron balconies on the first floor. These slender green things twined in and out of the iron railings of the balcony like little serpents, until they reached the vertical wall which, nothing daunted, they began to climb.

Little by little the tender green stems changed to hard woody tissue, which swelled into flat plaits to accommodate itself to the bars of the iron railing through which it had woven itself. But the accommodation was only formal; for, swelling steadily, the vine trunks appear today to have become as large as a man's arm, and the iron rails which were its earliest support, have been broken in twain by their ungrateful dependents.

Another singular example of the pertinacity of roots is heard from a neighboring State. A drain pipe seemed to be choked. Investigation showed that a threadlike shoot of a tree root had penetrated one of the minute pores of the clay pipe; once inside the drain the tendril found such luxurious nourishment that it grew and divided into branches which wound themselves in coil on coil until finally passage in the drain was completely choked up.

It is said that bucketfuls of tangled filaments were taken out of this pipe, which measured only eight inches in diameter, while the skeins originated in a single threadlike filament, back through which coursed the abundant nourishment to push on the growth of the maple tree above ground.

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.

VOL. XIV.

WITH this number we close the thirteenth volume of THE ARGOSY, consisting of twenty six issues, covering half a year. Notice is given elsewhere on this page of the remarkably strong serial with which our new volume will open next week. Of the other attractions which we have arranged to present to our readers during the coming six months, we will not now speak in detail, reserving their announcement to serve as a succession of delightful surprises from time to time. This much we will say, however; a splendid series of continued stories may be expected from our favorite authors, together with striking contributions in this line from several new writers. One of the latter will be begun in No. 483, the second number of Vol. XIV.

SIX SERIAL STORIES

will be run at the same time during the greater part of the volume, and these will be of the very best—high in tone, pure in sentiment, but rapid in action, and full of the spirited dialogue and dramatic situations in which boys most delight.

With next week's paper synopses of three of the serials now running will be furnished, so that this will be a capital time for new readers to start in. Tell your friends of this fact, assure them that the new story alone, "A Lost Expedition," is well worth the price of each number, and remind them that during most of the time they will get five others, just as good; this in addition to all the other valuable features of the paper.

A title page and index for Vol. XIII is now being prepared. It will be ready in a week or two, and will be sent to any address on receipt of a two cent stamp.

A NEW CRUSADE.

THE railroad is the most powerful engine of subjugation that civilization has ever wielded. Its latest crusade is directed against the seemingly inoffensive donkey.

Where weary travelers now jog roughly over the rocky and barren country forming the Holy Land, mounted upon the proverbial ass of the East, the puff and snort of the locomotive will soon be heard in the land and travelers will be able to go up to Jerusalem from Joppa (and return) for the sum of four dollars each.

Hordes of travelers will be attracted thither by the substitution of a safe and comfortable railway carriage in the stead of a dangerous and distressing ride on donkey back.

The traders in curios and mementoes, guides, beggars, shop keepers and bonifaces will all grow wealthier and stouter from the inflowing armies which the iron horse will bring into their midst.

GENERAL GREELY,

THE WEATHER MAN.

ACCORDING to a recent statement the weather during 1891 was of a nature to make us all pin our faith to the saying that "it is the unexpected that happens." For the summer was remarkably cool and the winter extraordinarily mild. The balance of things was therefore maintained in the long run if we were surprised by overcoat weather in July and felt the need of fans in December. But be the weather what it may, we are all interested in it, and it is therefore safe to presume that everybody will be in-



GENERAL GREELY.

terested in learning something about the man who has charge of the United States Weather Bureau.

Brigadier General Adolphus Washington Greely is an officer whose daring and memorable Arctic voyage made his name known all over the world. He was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the 27th of March, 1844, and educated at the Brown high school, where he graduated in 1860.

When the civil war broke out, though he was only a boy of seventeen, he enlisted and went to the front as a private in the Nineteenth Massachusetts Regiment, which he entered on the 3d of July, 1861. He rose from the ranks to be first sergeant, and was then commissioned as second lieutenant of the Eighty First colored infantry. Near the close of the war he was brevetted a major of volunteers for faithful service.

At the end of the hostilities he entered the regular army, with the rank of second lieutenant in the Thirty Sixth infantry regiment. In July, 1869, he was transferred to the Fifth cavalry, and on the 27 of May, 1874, he received promotion to first lieutenant.

He had already been detailed for duty in the signal service, and hence arose his selection in 1881 to command the Arctic expedition which the United States government was intending to send out. The project was designed in the interest of science, its object being, if possible, to penetrate the unsolved mysteries of the North Pole, and to establish one of a chain of thirteen stations in the icy north, which various governments had joined in planning, and which were to be used in making observations.

The expedition, which consisted of twenty five men, sailed from St. John's, Newfoundland, in the Proteus, on the 7th of July, 1881, and passed through most startling experiences. Starvation stared them in the face at one time. For months they lingered on, however, sustaining life with seal skin, lichens, and the like. One by one the poor fellows gave up the struggle and died; and when on the 22d of June, 1884, Captain Winfield Schley reached Cape Sabine with a third relief expedition, he found but seven survivors out of the twenty five strong men who had sailed in the Proteus. Another forty eight hours' delay would probably have been fatal to every one of the seven, so terribly near were they to death's door.

As soon as Lieutenant Greely reached home, and recovered after this awful experience, he resumed his work in the signal service. On the 11th of June, 1886, he was promoted to the rank of captain; and on the following year, on the death of General Hazen, he became head of the department, and a brigadier general.

TRIFLES.

A LITTLE bit of Patience
Often makes the sun shine come,
And a little bit of Love
Makes a very happy home,
A little bit of Hope
Makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of Charity
Makes glad a weary way.

—Christian Science.

TO CLEAR HIS NAME.

BY RICHARD QUIGLEY.

LAST summer, just after Mr. Trefern promoted me to the position of managing clerk and confidential man in his law offices after a period of five years' conscientious service, he supplemented the gracious act by an invitation to make one of a party of friends for a cruise up the Sound on his schooner yacht "Haley" on the approaching Fourth of July.

Aside from the perfect enjoyment of that event, the day was made noteworthy by the narration of a romance upon which I accidentally stumbled, the story of which Mr. Trefern was good enough to relate to me.

It was a remarkably beautiful day; up from the pearly haze on the horizon rose the great turquoise dome of the sky, flecked with occasional billowy masses of pure white clouds. A strong, steady breeze just capped the deep blue waves with foam and bowed us along smoothly with all sails set.

On the quarter deck we reclined full length—Mr. Trefern and I—in steamer chairs placed side by side, he with his cigar, and I with my more economical pipe, and both in that delightfully languorous state of mental and bodily rest that we speak of as Oriental.

My eyes rested, as they had often done since morning, on the most pictorially interesting figure on the yacht—the skipper—who stood with his hands upon the wheel, tall, straight, immovable. His face was pale and thin, deeply marked with a few deep lines that seemed at once to denote past suffering and to stamp upon his countenance the impress of a great strength of character. That strength was really there, I was assured later, but it was only there as the product of the suffering I thought I saw indicated by those lines. Above the high, broad face was a sort of halo of long, thick, snow white hair, and the whole head was fully worthy of a place on the canvas.

"Your skipper's head would be a more appropriate ornament to the bench than the quarter deck," I said after a long silence.

"Yes, it is full of character and strength, is it not?" replied my host. "With all that, he is simply a good sailor. What you see are the lineaments of strength and thoughtfulness and sobriety that come from long suffering. He has a history. He was an ordinary sailor, formerly, with all the bad qualities of his class, so he says. But he was violently sobered down. I will tell you the story, though it is not meant for circulation, you understand."

I give this tale as Mr. Trefern told it. Of course, as the people who figure in it are still living, I have been compelled to change the names and to disguise identities, in order that I may not be guilty of violating a confidence.

Said Mr. Trefern:

When I entered the law school in 18—, at the age of nineteen, I also studied in the office of my father's law firm,

to the business of which, as you know, I succeeded.

I found in the office a little fellow who soon attracted my attention by reason of his frank face, his industry, his conscientiousness and, above all, his intelligence.

He was at that time the office boy, and his duties were chiefly the running of errands and the carrying of messages, and as in time the direction of the office routine fell very largely on my shoulders, it so came about that I, more than almost any one else, was able to judge of the young chap's character and abilities.

In the carrying of messages I noticed he rarely made a mistake; he never started out with one unless he understood it thoroughly. If it was not quite clear, he never hesitated to ask all the

"Well, Stephen," said I, encouragingly, "what can I do for you?"

"If you're not too busy, Mr. Trefern, I'd like to ask your advice."

"Go ahead," said I, laying my book down.

"I've been thinking that, somehow, I was old enough to—to do something better than running errands, and I don't see how I—that is—you know—just what I can do!" and he finally took the shortest way of getting to the point.

I looked him over; he seemed about fifteen years of age—a sturdy lad.

"How old are you?" I asked him.

"I suppose I'm about sixteen."

"Don't you know?" I demanded, for the answer surprised me. A shade passed over his face as he answered:

"I haven't any way of knowing when I was born."



THE FOREARM WHICH HE EXPOSED BORE THE BLUE TATTOO OF A BIT OF ANCHOR CHAIN IN THE FORM OF A CIRCLE.

questions necessary to make it so, and even in that humble capacity he was able to exhibit, on occasion, what was the most excellent judgment for a boy.

Thus it came about that this young Stephen Bode and I became very good friends indeed, and he would sometimes come to me for advice on some little matter that bothered him, or for information of any sort that he might want.

There was another good point about the boy that I did not fail to note. Whenever there was nothing for him to do—and he had many such half hours—he always had a book in his hand, and I never failed to find it was some good sound work from our office bookshelves—often, indeed, a law book, over which his brow would be tightly knotted in the endeavor to understand its abstruse meaning.

One day, while I was studying in the office library, the door opened and Stephen entered hesitatingly. I saw he wanted something of me, and seemed as if he were a little timid about asking it.

"What are you telling me? You have a mother—I've heard you speak of her."

"That is Mrs. Bode; she sort of adopted me—any way, she has taken care of me for the last five years; and as the neighbors got into the habit of calling me by her name, I thought I might as well take it."

"What is your right name?"

"I don't know," he answered simply; and he hung his head as if in dejection and shame. He had some pride, evidently.

"You don't know your name? How is that? Sit down here and tell me all about it, Stephen."

"The first I knew I was one of the boys in the St. George's Orphan Asylum. They used to call me Stephen there. Sometimes I half remember a woman with a fat red face, and some children, all of us running around in the streets. But that's all very faint."

"About six years ago a man by the name of Strickett, who kept a clothing store on Third Avenue, wanted a boy to help in his business, and he came to the

asylum to get one. They gave me the place, and I went to live with him and his family, doing his errands and sweeping out the store and lots of things like that, for my board and lodging."

"While I was with him I got acquainted with a queer old Irish woman—Mrs. Bode—who kept a little shop around the corner. She rents a two story house, where she sells candy and toys and newspapers in the front and lives in the rear. She rents out the rooms upstairs to lodgers. Mrs. Bode took a great liking for me, and somehow I got to understand her peculiarities—for she is awfully queer. She had lost her husband and all her children years ago, and I guess I must have reminded her of one of her little boys that died."

"Anyhow, when I broke my arm, after I had been with the Stricketts for about a year, she heard they were going to send me to the public hospital, and the very morning they were going to take me away she came rushing around and said it was a shame to send me away to a place like that, where I would be killed first and cut up afterwards. You know how it is with some poor people, they—"

"Yes, yes, I know. They think the hospitals do nothing but murder people for sport."

"Well, the long and short of it was that she took me off her hands. She had them set my arm and put it in splints at the hospital while she stood by, and then she carried me away as fast as she could. She put me in one of her rooms and nursed me around, like the dear, good soul she is. And she made me stay with her when I got well, until I got this place; and then I began to pay her rent, like any other of her lodgers, though she says she's keeping all I pay her to give it back to me by and by. And I call her a mother to me, because that's just what she has been."

"But you haven't told me how you came to be an inmate of the asylum," I said, wishing to get at the bottom of his history.

"Mrs. Bode tried to find that out. She learned from the books of the asylum that I had been brought there about six years before by a woman named Marburg, who said that, her husband having died, she had all she could do to keep her own children."

"It was she who gave my name as Stephen, and I was put down under the name of Marburg. But the name I have now happens to correspond to this," pulling up his sleeve, "which I believe stands for my right name."

The forearm which he exposed bore the blue tattoo of a bit of anchor chain in the form of a circle. In the center of the circle were the initials "T. B." in red.

"Has that cipher always been there?" I asked.

"As long as I remember."

"And the Marburg woman—what became of her?"

"We could never find her. At the address she left at the asylum they could not tell where she had removed to."

"And your search ended there?"

"Yes; there was nothing more we could do without money."

"Do you still hope to find your parents some day?"

Stephen smiled a hopeless sort of smile and shook his head.

"I'm afraid that isn't possible now, after all this time."

"Do you really wish to find your pa-

rents or know who they were, Stephen?" I asked him.

"To tell the truth, Mr. Trefern, I'm almost afraid to; you understand—they might be—what I would not like them. I would like to find a mother or a father if I could look up to them, you know."

"I guess it would be a hopeless case to attempt to ferret out. However, just find out for me that Mrs. Marburg's former address and perhaps Tilt may find an opportunity to look them up some time when he's not busy. Of course I won't let him know what it's for."

Tilt was our office detective. I gave him the name and address and told him to stop there whenever he found himself in the neighborhood and ask among a few of the people who lived near by. I had so little hope of any result that I dismissed that matter from my mind.

But before ending our conversation that day it was decided that Stephen attend a night class of stenography and typewriting, as the most likely way of acquiring the right to a higher salary.

There was another matter that absorbed all my attention after that. A client of ours was interested in a society, whose object was prison reform and the aid of discharged criminals. Through this channel he learned of the case of a man sentenced to Sing Sing prison for life, for whom he was desirous of securing a pardon. He consulted my father, who told me to get the records of the man's trial and prepare for him a summary of the evidence.

I did this, and heard my father make his report to his philanthropic client.

Said he:

"This was a conviction on purely circumstantial evidence. The man was indicted for murder in the first degree; the verdict was a conviction in the second degree. In my judgment, this verdict for the lesser degree was a concession by the jury to the circumstantial character of the evidence, and that is the only basis I see for an appeal to the governor for a pardon. I do not think the appeal should be successful, but if you will get the signatures such as you spoke of, I will manage to prepare as strong a plea as I can and argue it before the governor to the best of my ability."

The wheels were set going, and in the course of time it became necessary for some one to run up the river to interrogate the life prisoner on certain points. My father assigned the duty to me, and I took Stephen along with me as amanuensis, he having by this time made some inroads into the domain of shorthand.

We had been closeted—the prisoner, Stephen and myself—for about an hour, deep in the story of this terrible crime. Brown was narrating with much spirit and gesture his situation on the night of that terrible crime, when suddenly I saw Stephen gazing toward the prisoner with starting eyes, while his face was sheet white. Brown was too much wrought up with his story to notice the action of my clerk, but I followed the boy's eyes, anxious to know what was troubling him so profoundly. At first I could not make out what it could be, but at last it flashed on me in an instant.

In one of his quick gestures the loose striped sleeve of this man Brown was pulled up above his wrist, revealing a muscular forearm, and on it, tattooed in blue and red India ink, a quaint cipher—the initials "C. B.," in red, surrounded by a blue anchor chain in a circle.

I glanced back at Stephen's face. He glanced to mine, and the look in his eyes was almost one of fear.

To make a very long story shorter, it took only a few questions for us to ascertain that this man Brown, this life

convict, was the father of Stephen Bode. It was he who had pricked into his baby's arm a similar device to that upon his own.

So, Stephen had at last discovered his parents—one at least. But under what circumstances! A prisoner for life!

This is the story, in brief, which the boy had to learn:

Charles Brown was a sailor on coasting vessels. He had a wife and one child. On returning from a voyage he found his wife lying on her death bed, in want of food, medicine and care. A chum of Brown's, named Stirling, who lived near and to whom the sailor had always commended his wife and child in his absence, had had some falling out with Mrs. Brown, and when she fell sick he did not help her at all. Whether he did not know her condition, or knew it and would not move to her aid, was never known and does not matter. Brown's wife died that night, and Brown went out to the liquor store and filled himself up. He was heard to utter a drunken vow to get even with Stirling as he left the saloon.

Stirling was found dead of a knife wound that night, and the officers wakened Brown from beside his wife's couch where he lay sleeping off his debauch.

On these facts he was convicted in spite of his recollection that he left the saloon, reeled homeward and entered his own house, at which point his memory failed him. In his confinement he could only learn that his wife was buried by the neighbors and his child was taken care of by some charitable people; but when, later on, he endeavored to learn something of the little fellow's actual whereabouts, he failed completely. Thus father and son were lost to each other.

Stephen was touched with his father's misfortunes; at first, I am inclined to think he did not believe in his innocence; but many and many a time after that did I see him poring over the many hundred pages of the proceedings of the trial, and he often made a point of running up to Sing Sing; and the result was, though he never said so aloud, he determined never to give up the hope of clearing his father. For, be it known, my own father's polished technical argument before the governor and his classically worded appeal for clemency, while as admirable as all his efforts were, did not strike home. Brown was not pardoned.

Before long Stephen became the most expert and intelligent stenographer and typewriter I have ever had under me and was soon earning four times his former salary. One day he announced to me he wished to be entered on the office books as a student, as he was preparing to apply for admission to the bar as soon as he was eligible by reason of age and service. And finally he did go up for his examination, pass, was admitted and became a young lawyer. He chose at the outset as his specialty the criminal branch of practice, and went to work with a vim and astuteness that engaged the attention and good will of even the judges in the courts in which he plead, who made him many assignments of cases through which he was able to exhibit some of those remarkable abilities which he has since developed to such a consummate degree.

I know of no man in the profession who has so thoroughly mastered the criminal character as Stephen Bode; he holds he gets upon most of his lawless clients is remarkable; they admire while they fear him; it seems, I am told, as if he bored down into their very hearts and rung from them the very secrets of their souls; it is a form of personal magnetism and will power—mainly the latter.

Stephen Bode advanced rapidly to

the front ranks, while his father languished in jail, a life prisoner for the premeditated murder of a fellow being. Almost from the day the first counsel fee came into his hands, Stephen had employed detectives to ferret out people who had known either of the parties to the tragedy.

It was through one of his own clients, during a private inquisition, that the son got the first clew which, many months later, took him to the bedside of an aged criminal of notorious record. No one but Stephen Bode could have attained the result; when he came out of that room he had in his pocket, signed and witnessed, the confession of the true slayer of Stirling.

Another application to the governor of the State did not fail and Brown was released, a free and guiltless man; but he had suffered an imprisonment of over twenty years and would have remained within stone walls until his death but for the devotion of his son. How strange it seems that this father and son did not in truth know each other until the boy was nearly sixteen.

At the time that father and son met I cannot believe that there was in Stephen's breast any filial feeling for a man he had never met since infancy, and a supposed criminal at that. What mainly actuated the son in his ten years' unceasing though unseen effort to clear his father, was a spirit of pride—a desire to clear the name of a near relative, and an intuitive conviction, he has told me, that the blood that ran in his veins was not criminal.

Stephen Bode you know; perhaps you are one of those who think him the leading criminal lawyer at the bar; he certainly is the most upright.

His father, Charles Brown, the guiltless convict is he who faces you at the helm.

RINGS IN THE EARS.

THERE is a limited modern reaction against the earring as an ornament for women—or rather, against the piercing of ears. The following, from the *Detroit Free Press*, shows what an ancient and thus time honored ornament would be swept away if the custom of wearing rings in the ears should cease.

Earrings have been worn from time immemorial. The Bible tells us that Abraham presented his son's wife with a pair of earrings, and historians relate that Alexander the Great found them suspended in the ears of the Babylonians.

Among the ancient Oriental nations, with the exception of the Hebrews, men and women wore them. Homer makes mention of this method of adornment in his description of statues, and Juvenal says they were worn by all the males residing in the Euphrates provinces.

Ladies and waiting maids among the ancient Greeks and Romans wore plain hoops of gold or silver in their ears, and as time progressed these became more elaborate, precious gems being set in them. Many Roman matrons possessed earrings of the most costly and gorgeous description. One of the most fashionable patterns affected by those of rank and wealth was modeled in the form of an asp, with a golden body shaded with gems of the first water. Earrings that bore the miniatures of the dear friends or relatives of the wearers were quite fashionable at a very early day, and in many cases they were attached in the form of pendants.

In ancient Egypt and India those made in imitation of the lotus and Bengal rose were sought after in preference to all other designs.

HIS PICTURE.

WILLIE (while Mr. Hankinson is waiting for Miss Irene to come down)—"Sis has got your picture."

MR. HANKINSON (his heart beating wildly)—"Where did she get it, Willie?"

"Found it in a newspaper. I heard her tell maw it looked just like you. But it didn't have your name under it."

"What was the name under it, Willie?"

"I think the name was 'Before Taking,' or something of that kind. Got any carrels, Mr. Hankinson?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

READY TO FILL THE BREACH.

EDITOR—"I am, sorry, but I cannot talk to any one today."

ATTORNEY—"Oh, that's no matter. I will do all the talking myself."—*Comic*.

THE SLAVE'S CHAMPION.

RARE Whittier! bard sublime,
Thy fame's sure granite is not rhyme;
Rhyme is the tinkling waterfall,
The pine tree's plaint, the dove's low call,
The glacial torrent's harsh uproar,
And bellowing billow on the shore.

It is fond lullabies that creep
Thro' childish heads that long for sleep;
The simple tales of Christmas time
Are garnered into pleasing rhyme;
It hath its object and its sphere—
'Tis not the fount of sorrow's tear.

The slave's deep prayer and clanking chain
Wrought up the genius of his brain,
To weave in tales of nameless wrong,
With shining words, a burning song.
Ye fused with life man's slumbering will,
Oh, poet sage, of Haverhill,

Steadfast immunity is given
To him who held the lash to He'ven,
Smote from the bondman's grasp;
And this is why humanity doth clasp
Its grateful signet on thy name;
Not rhyming gave thee fame.

—Inter-Ocean.

(This Story began in No. 477.)

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 XIII.

A NEW FRIEND.

"FELIX STILLWELL your uncle!" exclaimed Mr. Oscar Ranson, as he stepped up to me.

I was amazed at his reception of the news.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"I know him quite well," went on Mr. Ranson slowly.

"You do?"

"Yes; in fact I have had some dealings with him, but—but—"

And here the gentleman hesitated.

"But what, sir?"

"Well, I don't know as I ought to tell," was the reply. "You just saved my life, and I don't want to hurt your feelings."

These words puzzled me not a little, and I said so.

"Well, the fact is, your uncle and I could never agree on some business matters. I did not think his actions were right, and I told him so and we had quite a quarrel. But of course this has nothing to do with you."

"It will not have," I returned. "My uncle has not treated me fairly, and we parted on bad terms, so I do not care what opinion you have of him."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir. I used to live with my uncle."

"Are your parents living?"

"No, sir; they were killed in a railroad accident in England, and my uncle became my guardian."

At this Mr. Ranson was quite interested. He asked me several questions; and I ended up by telling him my whole story, even to the missing money.

"It's too bad!" he exclaimed, when I had finished. "I can well understand how a man of Mr. Stillwell's manner would act under such circumstances. He is a very unreasonable man."

"I suppose I made a mistake in running away," I said.

"It would have been better to have faced the music. But you had no one to advise you, and did not know but that you would be sent to jail without a fair trial, I suppose."

"What would you advise me to do?"

"Go back and stand trial. You have done me a good turn, and I will stand by you."

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Crocker, who said:

Captain Hannock wanted to know if the rescued man could come to the cabin. Mr. Ranson rose at once.

"You'll find the captain a very mean man," I whispered, as he prepared to leave. "When we get a chance I wish to tell you something very important about him."

"All right; I'll remember."

Mr. Ranson left the fore-castle. For a moment I was alone; then Lowell came in.

"Well, what are you doing now?" he asked savagely.

"Nothing," I replied, as calmly as I could.

"Think you're going to have a picnic of it, I suppose?" he sneered.

"I'll take things as they come," was my quiet reply.

"Well, just get on deck and help clear things up," he said. "The storm is over."

I obeyed his orders. I found the sky was now almost clear of clouds, and the moon was just sinking in the horizon. Dibble and the rest were hard at work mending the broken boom, and I turned in with a will.

It took nearly an hour to repair the damage that had been done through the captain's carelessness. When at last we had finished I followed Dibble below, and we retired.

I did not sleep well during my first night on board the Spitfire. The place was strange to me, and, besides, my mind was busy with the many things that had happened to me since I had left my uncle's home.

I could not help but wonder what my uncle had done after I escaped him. Had he put the police upon my track? It was more than likely. He was not the man to let six thousand dollars slip through his hands without making a great effort to get it back.

Then I wondered, too, if my cousin Gus had really taken the sum. I knew Gus to be a mean fellow, but had not dreamed that he would turn thief. Had not the evidence been so strong against him, I would have felt sure an outside party had done the deed.

For the present I felt myself perfectly safe from capture. It was not likely the police had traced me to Brooklyn, and if so, seen me taken on board the Spitfire, which Lowell must have done as slyly as possible.

I did not much like the idea of giving myself up after having once taken the trouble to run away, but finally concluded to be guided by my newly found friend's advice, satisfied that if he would stand by me I would be safe.

"Wake up there, Foster!"

It was Dibble arousing me. I was not long in obeying his summons. I hopped out of my bunk and rubbed my eyes.

"Time to get on deck, unless you want Lowell after you with the rope's end again."

"I don't think Lowell will trouble me much again," I replied, as I began to dress. "If he does I'll do what I can to defend myself."

"I like your grit. It does my heart good to see a boy stand up to a man like him."

"At the bottom I think he is a coward," I said. "Most all brutes are."

When I came on deck the sun was shining brightly. Captain Hannock was up, and he appeared quite a different man from what he had been the day before. His face was still flushed from the liquor he had taken, but he was sober, and, consequently, much milder in his speech.

"Take him around, Dibble," he said to the old sailor, "and show him the ropes. I guess you've got the making of a good sailor in you if you only set your mind down to learn," he continued to me.

"I'm willing to work, but I expect pay for it," was my reply.

He frowned slightly.

"We'll talk about that another time, when I've seen what you're worth, Foster," he returned, and walked aft.

Dibble took me in hand at once. He was a pleasant man to explain things, and he said I learned rapidly. By noon I knew many of the more important parts of a ship, and how the sails were raised and lowered; and as the weather was fine and we were bowling merrily along, I fancied that a life on the rolling deep wasn't half so bad after all.

As we walked around I cast many a glance about for Mr. Ranson, but could see nothing of him. Finally I asked Phil Jones concerning him, and was told he was not well and was resting in the cabin.

During my conversation with the gentleman I had made up my mind to tell him what I knew of Captain Hannock's plot. I felt sure that he would know exactly what to do. Moreover, being a lawyer he could perhaps take steps to nip the thing in the bud.

Dinner on board the Spitfire was not an elaborate affair. The variety of food was not extensive and the cook was not highly experienced in the culinary art. Nevertheless, I was hungry and did full justice to what was placed before me.

"It's good, hearty stuff," said Dibble, "and that and the sea air will make you strong—not but what you're pretty strong already."

Late in the afternoon Mr. Ranson came on deck. He looked pale, and he had his head bound up in a handkerchief, which, however, he presently took off.

It was some little time before I had a chance to speak to him. But finally he saw me and came forward.

"Why didn't you come and see me?" he asked, after I had asked him how he felt, and was told that he was fast recovering.

"Foremost hands are not allowed in the cabin," I laughed. "We are expected to stay where we belong."

"I found the captain a very disagreeable man last night," he went on. "But this morning he was much pleasanter."

"He is sober now."

"Yes, and that makes a great difference in any one."

"I have something of importance to tell you," I said in a lower tone.

"So you said last night. What is it?"

"It concerns the captain and this vessel. I don't want any one to overhear it," I returned.

"Then let us go still further forward. If any one comes near we can drop the subject and pretend to talk about the ship's course."

I thought this advice good, and we acted on it at once.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOME PLAIN FACTS.

MY story took some time to tell. Once Lowell came near us, but he only heard Mr. Ranson say that the schooner was making first class headway, and taking no interest in this he walked away.

"You are sure of all this?" asked the lawyer, after I had finished my narrative.

"Yes, sir; every word of it."

"Because it is a serious charge," he continued. "In olden times they would have hung a man for such an offense, and they might do so even now if any lives were lost through the going down of the ship."

"I don't know how he intends to sink the Spitfire. I suppose he can set fire to her or else bore holes in the bottom."

"It is a most atrocious plot. I am glad he intends to do nothing until after he has left the down East coast. Wherever he makes a landing, at New Bedford or otherwise, I can have him stopped. But the evidence must be strong against him. Otherwise we will get ourselves into great trouble."

This was a new idea. I thought for a moment.

"If you only had some one to testify to your story," went on Mr. Ranson. "Of course I believe you, but we want evidence for the court."

"Wouldn't the evidence of a bogus cargo be enough?" I asked suddenly.

"True, it would. I never thought of that. But are you sure the cargo is bogus?"

"I think it is. One thing I know: it is insured for considerably more than its value."

"What does it consist of?"

"I don't know. I think I could find out from Dibble."

"The sailor who helped to save me?"

"Yes, sir."

"It would be a good plan. But he may suspect you if he is in the plot."

"I am satisfied Dibble has nothing to do with it," was my ready answer. "I was going to tell him what I have told you."

"Oh well, then it is all right. And I don't know but that it would be better to have help in case Captain Hannock attempts to do anything before we land."

"Just what I thought."

"Where is this Dibble?"

"He has just gone below. I will call him."

"Don't do that; it might excite suspicion. These men are undoubtedly on the watch. Talk to him in the fore-castle. I will wait here until you return."

I agreed; and left at once. I found the old sailor sitting on a chest, mending some clothing.

"Say, Dibble, what kind of a cargo have we on board?" I asked.

He looked at me rather curiously.

"What makes you ask that question?"

"Because I wanted to know."

"Well," he replied slowly, "we're supposed to have fine furniture and crockery ware on board; but it's so packed up I didn't see any of it."

"Did you help load?"

"Oh, no; the longshoremen did everything. Kind of queer, too, for Captain Hannock generally gets all the work out of his men that he can."

"Then you didn't see any of the furniture or the crockery?"

"No. But what difference does it make? We sail just as well as if we had lumber or steam engines on board."

"It makes a great difference. Let me tell you something."

And taking a seat close beside him, I whispered the story I had told to Mr. Ranson.

"Phew! Smash the anchor, but that's a great scheme!" he exclaimed. "I've heard of such things being done, but never thought the captain was such a great rascal!"

"We're going to stop the game. Do you know if we could get a look at any part of the cargo?"

Tony Dibble thought for a moment.

"Just the thing!" he cried. "Come with me."

He rose and led the way to the end of the fore-castle. Here there was a small door leading to a pantry.

"There is a trap door in that pantry," explained the old sailor. "The old man doesn't know of it. Some of the boys made it on the last trip, when we were carrying a lot of provisions, and the captain tried to cut down the rations. He saved one way but lost a good deal the other; and the old sailor laughed at the memory of the affair."

It was an easy matter to raise the trap

door. The distance to the cargo stowed below was but a few feet, and I dropped down.

"Shall I go with you or stand guard?" asked Dibble.

"Better stand guard," I replied. "If any one comes get them out of the fore-castle the best way you can. Have you a chisel or something like it?"

"Here is one, and a wooden mallet, too." He brought the articles forward.

"Be careful how you make a noise."

"I will," was my reply. "But I haven't any light."

"Here's a bit of candle. Be careful and don't set anything afire."

Dibble handed the candle to me, and then closed the trap.

By the feeble rays of the light I crawled backward for quite a distance. Finally I came to a large packing case marked: S. & Co. Crockery. Briza. Handle with Care.

The top lid of the case was well nailed on. But after a quarter of an hour's work I succeeded in loosening one half of it, and pulled it off.

There was a quantity of straw next to the lid. I scraped it aside, and then took a look at what was below.

The packing case was filled with nothing but common stones.

I had expected something of the kind, so I was not greatly astonished when I beheld the bogus crockery that filled the packing case. I picked up several of the stones to make sure that I was not mistaken, and then restored them to their place, put the straw over the top, and nailed on the cover.

At first I thought to leave the place at once. But so far I had not been disturbed, and so I made up my mind to continue the investigation, since it was once begun.

I took up my candle, and was not long in hunting up another packing case. This was marked Furniture. I took off some of the boards, and soon brought to light a quantity of pretty fair kindling wood!

As soon as I had made sure of what the packing case contained, I restored the wood to its original place and then began to nail down the cover, as I had done on the crockery case. I had just driven one of the nails home when a slight noise disturbed me.

Without any hesitation I ceased my labors and blew out the light. I was none too soon, for an instant later I heard Lowell's voice.

"I was almost certain I heard someone down here!" he exclaimed, as he came forward.

"Maybe it was rats," suggested another voice, which it was easy to recognize as belonging to Captain Hannock.

"I don't think so. We have nothing to attract them this trip."

"If I find any of the men down here I'll flog them," was the captain's savage comment; and it was easy to see that he meant what he said.

"It would go rough with us if any of them should discover what we were carrying," went on Lowell. "Paving stones and kindling wood!"

"Hush! Some one might hear you!"

The two men came close to where I was crouching. Indeed Lowell's foot came within a few inches of my arm, and for an instant I did not see how I could avoid being discovered. Then they passed on.

"Must have been mistaken, Lowell," said the captain. "Guess you're getting nervous."

And he gave a low laugh.

"Better be too careful than not careful enough," returned the boatswain, slightly disturbed at the slur. "I don't want to get caught at this job."

"Neither do I."

"They can send us to prison for it."

"So they can—if they catch us. But I don't intend they shall."

The two men carried a lantern, and they swung it over their heads, casting the rays as far as possible about them.

I was in a direct line of light, and for a second the captain caught sight of the top of my head as I moved behind the case.

"Hal' what's that?" he cried. "There's something behind the box!"

"Where?" asked Lowell.

"There," and Captain Hannock pointed in my direction.

I gave myself for lost, and wondered what I should do when discovered.

"What was it like?"

"I—I don't know."

"Let's look," said the boatswain, and he moved towards me.

In another moment they would be upon me. What was I to do?

CHAPTER XV.

CAPTAIN HANNOCK TRIES TO MAKE TERMS.

A SUDDEN idea sprang into my mind. I would try it. If it failed there would be no harm done.

Captain Hannock's reference to rats put me in mind of cats; and drawing in my breath, I let off the most unearthly cat cry that has ever passed my lips, a cry that astonished even myself.

Both of the men tumbled back in great haste. Then the captain set up a laugh.

"It's a cat!" he cried. "Some odd strayaway from the docks, I suppose."

"Must be a mighty large one," returned Lowell. "Hold the light up till I catch her."

"Nonsense! Suppose I want to get bit and die of hydrophobia?" exclaimed the captain. "Let her stay where she is. She can feed on the rats or starve to death."

And taking the lantern, he moved off towards the other end of the hold.

Somewhat reluctantly Lowell followed him. Then I heard a sound as of a hatch closing, and all became quiet.

I crawled from my hiding place and made my way with all possible speed to the trap door. I reached up and knocked upon it softly, and in a moment Dibble opened it from above.

"Quick!" I whispered. "They have been down after me. Let us get on deck, just as if nothing had happened."

Dibble followed my advice. On reaching the deck I found that neither the captain nor Lowell had put in an appearance. I saw Mr. Ranson still at the bow, and immediately went forward to speak to him.

"Well, how did you make out?" he asked anxiously. "You have been a long while."

"I've got all the evidence," I returned. "But we must be careful or we shall be discovered. Listen to what I have done."

As quickly as I could I related my adventures down in the hold.

"You have done exceedingly well," he said, and laughed heartily over the ruse I had used to escape detection. "Paving stones and kindling wood! It is a great swindle indeed."

"I guess we won't need any more proofs than that," I said.

"No indeed."

A moment later the captain came on deck followed by Lowell. They gazed sharply about, and I was sure they were counting to see if any of the men were missing, for presently the boatswain entered the fore-castle to see if one of the men was not there.

"I will have to leave you now," I said to the lawyer. "We must not excite suspicion."

"You are right," he replied. "I will go into the cabin and take a rest and think over what you have told me. We

have as yet plenty of time in which to act."

Ranson left me, and I joined Dibble, who was at work tarring some ropes.

It was not very agreeable work, but for the sake of being near him, and at the same time to please Captain Hannock, I lent a hand, and we spent the remainder of the day together.

"When shall we reach New Bedford?" I asked, as we were going to mess.

"Depends on the wind," was Dibble's reply. "If it holds out we may be there by tomorrow morning."

"So soon!"

"Might have been there before if it hadn't been for the storm. That knocked us clear out of our bearings."

My work had made me thoroughly tired, and as a consequence it did not take me long to get to sleep when once I was in my bunk.

"The captain wants to see you," said Crocker, as soon as I awoke in the morning.

"What about?"

"He didn't say. You are to go to the cabin."

"All right."

Wondering what was up I pulled on my clothing and made my way aft. The captain was in the cabin alone.

"Well, Foster, I've sent for you to know what your intentions are," he said, as I entered.

"In what respect, Captain Hannock?"

"About remaining on board. Of course you came in the ship under peculiar circumstances, but I think you like the life, and I would like you to remain on board for the trip. I will pay you the same as the other hands."

Of course I was astonished at these words. What was up now? Had the captain hatched out some plot against me?

I did not know then, as I know now, that Mr. Ranson had spoken of me, and that in consequence Captain Hannock was rather alarmed over the prospects, should I get ashore. Kidnaping (as Mr. Ranson had put it) is no light crime. "I don't care to remain on board after we reach New Bedford," I replied, after a moment's hesitation.

"Why not?"

"You ought to know as well as I do."

"But I don't. You signed articles, and—"

"I didn't sign anything," I interrupted. "Your name appears on the books," he returned, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"If it does, it's a forgery."

"I know nothing about that. But I am willing to do this: If you are willing to go ashore quietly and say nothing, I am willing that you shall do so."

"And if not?"

He frowned.

"Then you'll stay on board," he said sharply.

"Perhaps I won't," I replied with spirit. It is doubtful if I would have spoken so sharply had I not had my friends on board.

"Yes, you will. Do you suppose I am going to let a boy ride over me? Not much!"

"You had no right to take me on board."

"I have a right to take my men where I find them. Now get to your work. I will give you half an hour to think over what I have said. Then you will either sign off for the trip without pay, or you will continue on the trip."

"And my money and the letter?"

"I have nothing to do with them," he replied coldly. "Now clear out!"

I went on deck. I was satisfied that there would be lively times ahead.

Yet little did I dream of all that was to befall me ere I parted company with Captain Hannock and the Spitfire.

(To be continued.)

ONWARD.

CAST all idle yearnings from you, Persevering, work and try, And though hardships overcome you, "Onward!" be your battle cry. Onward through the foe's hot fire, On through death to liberty. He who would to fame aspire, Must a valiant fighter be!

—Boston Herald.

(This Story began in No. 474.)

DIRKMAN'S LUCK.

BY WILLIAM D. MOFFAT,

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CHALLENGE.

SURPRISE and astonishment were depicted on the faces of both boys. For a moment neither spoke a word. Then Hardy's eyes flashed and his lip curled contemptuously.

"So you are the new office boy—Mr. Lewis's stenographer," he said slowly, and surveyed Mark from head to foot in an insolent manner.

As Hardy spoke, his companion stepped forward to the doorway. Mark recognized him at once as one of the more fashionable set of fellows that attended the games at the club grounds. Hardy's words, and particularly the tone of his voice, stung Mark to the quick. He kept as cool as he could, however.

"Yes," he said, boldly facing Hardy's glance, "I am working for Mr. Lewis—what of it?"

"Nothing—I might have thought it," answered Hardy with a sneer. "It's a pity you haven't better manners, that's all."

"What do you mean by that?" exclaimed Mark hotly.

"That even an office boy ought to be above listening at doors, like a sneak—"

"Oh, so that's it, is it?" cried Mark, his face flushing angrily. "So you think I've been listening here—eaves-dropping. Well, the sooner you get rid of that notion the better. I came here to work, and I was at my work when I heard you talking."

"Oh, then you acknowledge you heard us."

"How could I help it? You talked so loud anybody in this room could have heard you."

"Especially if they were at the key-hole," said Hardy with another sneer.

"I wasn't at the keyhole," exclaimed Mark. "What do you suppose I should want to be listening to you for? What could you be saying that would interest me?"

Confident that Mark knew what the conversation had been, Hardy took the last question as a taunt.

"See here, I don't want any of your back talk," he exclaimed in a louder tone, stepping closer to Mark. "I say you've been playing the sneak, and—"

"Well, what?" cried Mark, straightening up and facing Hardy, his lips white, his fists tightly clenched.

Though there was four years difference between the two boys, Mark was fully as tall as Hardy and nearly as solid. Though his muscles had not been trained by long exercise, as Hardy's had, they were strong and firm, and could yield good service in a hand to hand tussle.

It looked very much as if a tussle was about to take place. Another instant and Hardy had raised his hand for a blow. Then a quick footstep sounded in the hall outside; the door was thrown open, and Mr. Lewis came in. Hardy immediately drew back. Mr. Lewis stopped and looked sharply at both boys.

"Well—well—what's the matter?" he asked.

"I'll see you later about this," mut-

tered Hardy in a low tone to Mark. Then, casting a malignant glance at him, he turned and went into the library, leaving Mark to explain matters. This Mark did as best he could.

Mr. Lewis was seriously annoyed at having a scene of the kind occur in his office.

"No more of this," he exclaimed. "If anything of the kind occurs again you will both leave the office—for good."

Knowing Hardy's disposition well, Mr. Lewis had no hesitation in locating the chief blame with him. Leaving Mark in the outer office, he went into the library. He remained there a few minutes talking sharply. When he came out he closed the door behind him.

"Now then, remember—not another word between you in the office."

"All right, sir. I'll keep quiet."

Mr. Lewis started for his private room. Just at the door he paused and turned.

"Better leave Hardy alone, young man," he said.

"I'm willing if he will leave me alone," answered Mark.

"Take my advice—don't quarrel with him—he's a good boxer," added Mr. Lewis grimly, as he passed into his office.

"All right. I'm not picking quarrels, but I don't intend to let that fellow trample on me all the same," said Mark to Carr who had stood by, an interested and somewhat fearful spectator of the scene. Mark did not underestimate Hardy. He knew that the young collegian was reputed a good athlete, and that he was not a coward. He knew that Hardy had plenty of muscle, and that an engagement with him would be a serious affair. On the other hand Mark was not the boy to be imposed on, and knew how to defend himself well.

From Hardy's last words, Mark felt sure there was further trouble ahead. What it might be he could not of course foresee, but his own plan of action was fully settled in his mind: he would not give the least provocation for a quarrel, nor would he fight except when driven to it and in self defense.

When Mark entered the club grounds that afternoon, it was quite evident to him from the looks of interest that greeted him, as well as several remarks overheard, that the news of Hardy's dismissal had become widespread and that it had created an unusual stir.

As far as Mark could judge from the indications the change seemed to give general pleasure and satisfaction, and this gratified him exceedingly. Curry, however, was inconsolable.

"That's just the way," he grumbled. "Soon as I get a fairly good player Baker takes him away from me."

"Well, what do you suppose your old scrub team is for anyhow, except to supply men for the regular team, and give the regulars practice," laughed Tracy Hollis.

"That's all right," answered Curry, "but after scoring goals on the regulars—after tasting blood—I hate to go back to goose eggs."

But Curry was doomed to goose eggs all that fall, for the team never scored again.

As Mark came out of the clubhouse, the first person he met was Wilmot, Hardy's companion and fellow student in Mr. Lewis's office. Wilmot had evidently been waiting for Mark, for he was standing near the house, some distance from the crowd.

As Mark approached, Wilmot stopped him, and handed him a note. Mark opened it with growing curiosity. It was an elaborate challenge from Hardy, requesting Mark to name a time and place to meet him and give him "satisfaction", as the letter termed it. Such a cool, formal way of arranging a fight

was quite new to Mark, and seemed to him excessively absurd. He simply handed the note back.

"Well, what's your answer?" asked Wilmot.

"Just tell Mr. Hardy that I don't intend to make any answer at all," said Mark.

"Is this all the satisfaction you mean to give him?"

"If his idea of 'satisfaction' is to have me appoint a date and place to fight him, he won't get any satisfaction," answered Mark decidedly. "I haven't any time to waste on that sort of an engagement, and I don't propose to arrange for a fight now or any time."

With this Mark started to go on.

"You mean to say you won't accept his challenge?" asked Wilmot.

"I've told you all I have to say."

"Then you don't dare fight," said Wilmot.

"I don't intend to make any appointments to fight."

"It's the same thing."

"Call it so if you want. I have nothing more to say. I'm satisfied I can take care of myself, whatever happens."

"Yes, you take precious good care of yourself, that's plain enough," said Wilmot mockingly.

But Mark did not hear his remark, for he had already reached the crowd on the football grounds, and was soon in the thick of the struggle.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARK DISCUSSES A POINT OF HONOR.

BAKER had spoken truly when he remarked to Tracy Hollis that Hardy had strong friends. Baker soon discovered that the change in the teams did not meet with universal approval in spite of the care he had taken to convince every one of Mark's superior merits as a player. A small but sturdy minority expressed itself at once in strong condemnation of the action of the committee. And this minority, consisting of firm friends of Hardy, showed a determination to make itself a majority if possible, to vote down the election of Mark as a field member of the club. These young men were most of them influential members, and several of them were on the election committee and the Board of Governors. It was the duty of the election committee to look up the references and character of the persons proposed for membership, and to report to the Board of Governors. The latter body elected them if the report was favorable, and their action was then ratified by the club as a whole.

It angered Hardy's friends beyond measure that Baker should turn off an old and experienced player for the sake of a new comer of whom they knew nothing, beyond what Wilmot had lost no time in telling them—that he was Mr. Clark Lewis's "office boy."

It was useless for Baker to argue with them. They saw nothing in it but an expression of ill toward Hardy, and they were determined to stand by him and prevent Mark's election if possible. The truth of the matter was that most of them had not attended the practice games, and did not know how much a change was needed. Had they all witnessed Mark's good playing, as well as Hardy's bad playing, the fairer minded ones would have altered their opinions, for they had the best interests of the club at heart and wanted to see the best team possible on the field. They had formed their judgment entirely on their knowledge of Hardy's past record, and by the disparaging reports concerning Mark brought to them by Wilmot and one or two other close companions of Hardy. The latter, forming a group of about five, were at the heart of the whole

trouble, and were the leaders of the opposition. The influence they could exert on the members of the election committee and the Board of Governors caused Baker and the other football directors considerable uneasiness.

About noon on the second day following Mark's meeting with Wilmot at the club grounds, Herbert Morgan came into the outer office where Mark was busy writing.

"See here, Mark," he said, coming close to his desk, "is this true about Hardy's challenging you to fight the other day?"

"S-s-h!" answered Mark, placing his finger on his lips. "Don't talk so loud. Hardy may be in that other room."

"Well, is it true?" repeated Herbert in a lower tone. "Hardy and Wilmot are telling it all around you wouldn't accept a challenge to fight. It made me mad to hear them talk. I denied it flat and said—"

"It's true," said Mark.

Herbert looked at him in surprise.

"Do you mean to say that you were afraid to fight Hardy?" he asked.

"I mean that I didn't *choose* to accept his challenge, and so I told him. Here's the whole story," and Mark related what had occurred.

Herbert listened attentively. He did not seem satisfied.

"Well, I'm surprised, Mark, that a fellow of your grit would let Hardy bluff you that way—"

"Bluff me! How did he bluff me?"

"Why, what made you back down?"

"I didn't back down."

"Well, it certainly looks like it. You didn't fight him."

"Why should I fight him?"

"Simply to show him and everybody else that you wouldn't take any bullying from him. Where is your sand?"

"Sand! I've got plenty of sand," exclaimed Mark, growing annoyed.

"But I have better use for it than that. Do you mean to say that I ought to have gone off into some corner and had a pummeling match with that fellow simply to prove I had sand?"

"I mean to say that you ought to have fought him, and I think you made a mistake in not doing it. I think you've done yourself harm."

"How?"

"Why, by giving Hardy and his crowd a chance to tell everybody about how you took water. See here; I'm interested in this—we're all interested in it. Yesterday we handed your name to the election committee to pass on for membership. We found out right away that there was a group of Hardy's friends pulling wires in every direction to keep you from being elected, so we had to set to work electioneering too. We are all hard at it now. There are several of Hardy's friends on the committee, and they are not losing a chance. They have a pretty good show with some of the other fellows who haven't been out to the grounds to see you play, and it is all we can do to hold our own. We have done everything we can. Tracy Hollis and I have talked ourselves hoarse the last two days, and Baker has insisted that the members of the committee visit the grounds several days and see you play before they cast their votes. They are going to do it. That we thought was a good point in our favor. Suddenly, just when we are talking about your grit, out comes this story about Hardy's challenging you and your backing down. I thought it was another of their lies and said so. I came here to prove it was false, and now you tell me it is true."

"Well, what of it?" asked Mark.

"What of it? Why, everybody sets you down for a coward and milksop," exclaimed Herbert irritably, "and it's perfectly natural too."

"Oh, is it?" retorted Mark, springing to his feet; "well, any one who thinks I'm a coward has only to treat me like one, and I'll— why, confound it, do you take me for a coward?"

"Certainly not; but why, I say, didn't you fight Hardy?"

"Because, I tell you, I didn't *choose* to accept such a challenge, nor do I. If Hardy gets in my way and tries to bully me, he'll get all he wants of me in no time."

"But he did bully you."

"No, he didn't. He sent me a cool note, asking me to arrange a time and place to fight him. Now if you suppose I am such a fool as to set about in cold blood arranging for a regular slugging match with him, you are very much mistaken."

"I don't care how he challenged you—you ought to have taken him up. Everybody thinks you have lost your nerve. Do you suppose they would put you on the football team when—"

Angry as he was, Mark could hardly help laughing.

"And so I've got to fight with Hardy in order to prove my fitness for the football team! Well, if that's so they'll have to pass me by, that's all. I'm ready to fight for my rights any time, and if Hardy or anybody else thinks I'm a coward just let them meddle with me; but to coolly arrange a set to for almost nothing at all—why, it's absurd."

"Can't you see the harm it's doing you?" urged Herbert.

"I don't see why it should. It's entirely a false idea that a fellow has got to fight anybody who challenges him. If they can't put me on the football team on my merits as a player alone, I don't care to play with them."

"Well, you're a queer fellow, that's all," said Herbert.

"I don't care—queer or not queer, that's the way I mean to stand. I'm satisfied I'm right. Mr. Lewis supports me in it. I told him about it last night."

"Mr. Lewis don't understand these things. He's not a boy."

"He's something better—he's a *man*," answered Mark promptly. "Besides he was a boy once, and he hasn't forgotten it either."

"Then you don't mean to fight Hardy," said Herbert, turning away.

"Certainly not—that is, not unless he meddles with me. For my part, I can't see why so fashionable a young man as Hardy should be so anxious to fight with 'a mere office boy,' as he calls me."

Herbert said no more, but went out of the office with a disappointed expression on his face.

CHAPTER XXV.

MATTERS COME TO A HEAD.

THE crowd that afternoon, at the football grounds was very large.

The promise of the election committee to be present, and the gossip about Mark had brought together nearly all the young men of the town.

Mark realized that he was on trial, and stepped out on the field determined to do his best.

Among those awaiting him, Mark's eye quickly detected Hardy and his friends. As Mark passed the group, some one said quite distinctly:

"There goes the young coward now."

Every one near by turned and looked at him. Mark saw at once that things had gone further than he thought, and that Herbert had not exaggerated the reports.

He stopped at once and turned toward the group.

"Who said that?" he asked.

"You see, he knows his name," said a voice sneeringly, and Hardy stepped out of the crowd and approached him.

Hardy had evidently inferred from Mark's refusal of his challenge that he was afraid, and, accordingly, had made up his mind to humiliate him before everybody. This, his friends had convinced him, would be the most effective way of disposing of Mark's chances of election.

Hardy came up to him with an insolent swagger.

"I said you were a coward—and what is more, I can prove it," he said.

"Can you?" answered Mark with emphasis.

"Yes—coward!" and, reaching forward, Hardy struck Mark a sharp slap on the face.

The insult set Mark's blood raging.

Instantly he sprang forward. Like a flash his right fist shot out and caught Hardy squarely in the face. The blow came with the terrible force, and drove Hardy back several feet.

With an exclamation of rage Hardy quickly recovered himself, and set to with might and main, pressing Mark close, and aiming blow after blow at his head and body. Mark had gained a distinct moral as well as physical advantage with the first heavy blow, but even with that to his credit, he found Hardy a formidable and dangerous opponent. He guarded quickly dodging from side to side, as well as the crowd, pressing close about him, would allow.

A single glance of the spectator would have been enough to convince him that Mark was no novice with his fists—that he was on the contrary exceptionally quick and skillful in handling himself. Perhaps it was Hardy's impetuosity and anger, perhaps he was dazed by the first blow he received—whatever the cause, a few seconds later he made a feint which left one side of his body unguarded. Quick as lightning Mark slipped in and landed another terrible blow, this time on Hardy's jaw. Hardy was knocked clear off his feet, and went to the ground with a thud, striking his head heavily. It looked like a genuine finishing blow.

The engagement had only occupied a few seconds, and during this brief time many of those outside were calling out, and endeavoring to push their way through the circle of Hardy's friends to interrupt the fight. At this moment Baker and two or three others broke through.

"Here, confound it, stop this fighting!" cried Baker, seizing Mark, and pushing him back.

"He struck me first," answered Mark. "I didn't want to fight."

Hardy had now risen to his feet, and was making for Mark again. He presented a badly battered appearance, with a dark bruise on the side of his eye, and the blood flowing freely from his nose, but there was evidently plenty of fight in him yet.

Several boys laid hold of him, however, and held him back, while Baker stood squarely in front of him.

"See here, Hardy, that will do now. I want you to understand that Ware is on my football team, and everything that concerns him is my affair, too. Just let me tell you plainly once for all, that if you keep up this quarrel you'll get yourself in for a peck of trouble. I don't intend to have any of my players run the risk of getting hurt by fighting, and if you try to pick another quarrel with Ware, you've got to fight me, too. Now just remember that."

Hardy, after several vain efforts to free himself, became convinced that it was useless to try to continue the struggle; so he swallowed his mortification and allowed himself to be led away to the clubhouse.

This was just the moment for Herbert Morgan, who was wringing Mark's hand rapturously.

"You're a dandy!" he exclaimed. "Knocking him out right before all his friends. That's a thousand times better than taking his challenge. Your way has turned out the best after all. I'll never say another word."

"Who says Mark Ware hasn't any sand now?" he shouted a minute later. As every one was by this time acquainted with the circumstances of the quarrel and the challenge, the question bore considerable significance, and turned the tide in Mark's favor.

That Hardy, who had been dismissed from the team should seek so public a place to insult the boy who had succeeded him aroused a general feeling of indignation and contempt, and Mark's victory in the encounter won him many friends.

Two nights later the election committee held its meeting, and passed on the names of several applicants for membership, Mark's among the rest.

There was still some little opposition to Mark, two or three of Hardy's friends making a sturdy fight. But it availed nothing.

"Blawst my eyes, deah boy!" exclaimed Chauncey Duval, a prominent young swell of the club, when one of Hardy's friends approached him.

"Blawst my eyes, what do I care what Ware is or who he is. I'd vote for the town pump if I thought it would help our team, don't you know. We must beat the Roxbury boys this yeah, and Ware is a blawsted good player—you can see that with hawf an eye. As for this mattah between him and Hahdy, by Jove, I think Ware has the right of it. He fought like a man—and that knocked down blow, by Jove, I really enjoyed it. Hahdy won't forget that soon, I fancy. He has an eye on him like an oystah."

The committee did not take long to decide, and a day later Herbert Morgan had the pleasant task of informing Mark of his election as a field member of the club.

"With full privileges of the club—a special favor which we extend in some cases," added Herbert.

Mark's delight knew no bounds.

"Here is another distinction I have the honor to confer upon you," said Herbert, handing Mark a sealed envelope.

"What's this—another challenge?" asked Mark.

Herbert laughed.

"No; quite the contrary."

Mark opened the letter. The paper bore the monogram of the B. O. S. at the top, and the note read as follows:

The pleasure of your company is requested at the dinner of the Honorable Brotherhood of Sylvesters, to be held at the house of the Grand Master on Saturday evening next, at half past eight.

HERBERT MORGAN, Grand Master.

R. S. V. P.

"I was going to mail the invitation," said Herbert; "but then I thought I would rather bring it to you."

"I thought the B. O. S. was very secret," said Mark.

"Oh, well, we don't discuss our secrets at these dinners. They are purely social affairs, and got up just to have a good time. We usually have two or three outsiders as guests. As you are the only outsider invited this time you may consider yourself an honored guest. We have a special reason in inviting you alone—but we'll tell you about that at the dinner."

"All right," answered Mark heartily. "I appreciate the honor, and I'll be on hand without fail."

"Bring your appetite with you," said Herbert as he went out. "There will be plenty for it to do."

(To be continued.)

FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is a star that beams on earth
With tender love
That lights the path of generous worth
And speaks a brighter day.

—Boston Courier.

THE CRIPPLE RODE, THE OTHER RAN.

THE streets of the great city furnish many touching little incidents like this one, cited by the *New York Times*; only, one must look with eyes of sympathy, oftentimes, to spy them out.

An Eighth Avenue car was bowling briskly along Central Park West on New Year's day when two little boys signaled it to stop at Eightieth Street. Neither boy was more than ten or twelve years old, and one of them was lame.

With much solicitude the sound boy helped the lame boy aboard the car, and telling the conductor to go ahead, returned to the sidewalk. The lame boy braced himself up so that he could easily look out of the car window, and other passengers observed that at frequent intervals the little fellow would wave his hand and smile.

Following the direction of his glances, the interested passengers saw that the other boy was running along on the sidewalk, straining every nerve to keep up with the car. The passengers watched the pantomime in silence until the car had passed Ninetieth Street.

Then a gentleman asked the lame boy who the other boy was.

"That is my brother," was the prompt reply.

"Why does he not ride with you in the car?" the gentleman asked.

"'Cause he ain't got no money," said the little lame boy, sorrowfully. "He lost his five cents."

Then his inquiry was as to where the boys were going, and it was ascertained that they lived on One Hundred and Thirtieth Street and were on their way home. The little runner was speedily invited into the car, and the sympathetic questioner not only paid his fare, but gave each boy a quarter for New Year's.

THE CITY OF OPEN EYES.

THE origin of names and the derivation of words is a fascinating field of inquiry. This is the purport of the following extract from *Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine*:

In 711 A. D., the Arabs crossed the narrow Strait of Gibraltar, and established themselves around the famous rock whose name is derived from their leader. Field Marshal Tarik was one of the leaders of the Arab invasion of Spain. Gebel is an Arab word meaning mountain. The great rock which was by far the most conspicuous object along the shores of the strait, was accordingly named after Tarik, Gebel el Tarik, or the Mountain of Tarik. It is easy to see how this name became changed into its present name, Gibraltar.

One of the best known towns in Morocco derives its name from a curious circumstance. The place is Tetuan, which has about 20,000 inhabitants, and is noted for its manufacture of a large variety of Moroccan wares. Centuries ago the inhabitants were in deadly fear of the wild Berber tribes who inhabited the Er Rif Mountains. They kept a watchman upon a lofty minaret, and whenever he saw indications of approaching danger, he cried at the top of his voice, to arouse the inhabitants, "Tet-Tagden, Tet-Tagden." (Open your eyes.) In course of time the settlement was renamed, and it derived its appellation from this warning cry.

A MONTH OF MANY NAMES.

THEY have been reading the encyclopedia in the office of the Boston *Globe*, and the result is a brief account of the origin and vicissitudes of the first month's name.

January is so called from Janus, a Roman deity supposed to be the gatekeeper of heaven. He was always figured with two faces, one looking back and the other forward. One face is old and wrinkled emblematic of time past, the other round and smooth, the type of time present and future.

The German speaking countries formerly called January Lauw-maand, or "Frosty month"; the old Saxons called it Wulfmonath, "because the wolves were very troublesome at that time on account of scarcity of food."

With the introduction of Christianity into Britain came a change of the name of January, which for four hundred years thereafter was called Efter-Youla, meaning "after Christmas." With the opening of the Xth century the Saxon name for January was again changed, the new name being Formanmonath, or "first month."

In the French Republican calendar it was called Nivose.

RINGS OF OLD.

To the subjoined catalogue of curious and ancient rings from *Cassell's Magazine* might be added those queer ones which some of us coveted in our early boyhood. There was the funereal ring of black bone, which

sold for the princely sum of a nickel; it was not of much use, and only a deep prejudice in its favor could find anything ornamental about it, but, it was a ring. Then there was that gaudy band with its glint of sunset gold that had the magical property of changing its color in a night to a rich olive green.

Very beautiful rings have been handed down to us from the Egyptian, of pure gold, heavy, but simple in design, and some in glass and pottery; the Babylonian, cylindrical, cut from some hard substance like crystal, and perforated from end to end, so that they could be hung about the neck. The Egyptian snake rings are more quaint and curious than beautiful.

The Greeks have left us iron and gold rings of exquisite workmanship. One from Etruria, now in the British Museum, has the hoop formed of the bodies of two lions, and their paws supporting an engraving of a lion in heraldic colors.

Among the Romans iron rings were worn, save by ambassadors, senators and persons of high degree; and Tiberius made a property qualification for wearing rings.

SNAKE LORE.

EVEN the object of our dislike may be interesting. It is so with a branch of the animal kingdom, the snakes, about which story, tradition and superstition cling. *Our Animal Friends* tells how these reptiles have formed the basis of a religion.

Among the less civilized nations snake worship is credited to a most surprising extent. In this country certain Indian traditions forbid destruction of a snake that lies in the pathway, lest it should cause the death of some beloved relative. This agrees with the present Egyptian and Indian belief that the "hooded snake," from its habit of erecting its head at the approach of a person, is a sort of "guardian angel"—a protector of some loved being. In these hooded snakes are supposed to dwell the souls of persons who were remarkable for purity of living. The low caste Hindoos have a discomfiting divinity known as the Poorwag Dev, or spirit personified by a snake, which is not allowed to be killed or injured. Any individual bitten by a snake is supposed to be justly punished for some fault, and no attempt must be made to cure him.

DURATION OF LIFE AMONG BIRDS.

It will be a matter of surprise to some that some puny birds are known to live as long as the longest term of man's own life; at least, we have it through the *London Spectator*, on good authority.

The distinguished German biologist, Weismann, has pointed out that there is less exact knowledge on this subject than might be expected, considering how many numbers are the ornithologists and the ornithological societies. Small singing birds live from 8 to 15 years. Ravens have lived for almost 100 years in captivity, and parrots longer than that. Fowls live to 20 years. Some species of geese live upward of 20 years, and swans are said to have attained the age of 300. The long life of birds has been interpreted as compensation for the great mortality of their young. From the small island of St. Kilda, off Scotland, 2000 young gannets and an immense number of eggs are annually collected; and although this bird lays only one egg per annum, and is four years in attaining maturity, its numbers do not diminish. Obviously, says Weismann, otherwise the great must reach a great age, or they would long ago have been exterminated.

A FELINE DELUSION.

ANY one who has seen any of those wonderful cycloramic paintings will not be incredulous of this story, told by the *Portland Press*.

In some manner a cat found its way into a cyclorama building several days ago. The man in charge attempted to chase the trespassing feline through the door, but the cat evidently thought there was a better way of escaping the rising temper of the irate man. It looked cautiously about, as if to avoid stepping on the prostrate forms of heroes slain in battle. Finally its eye caught sight of a tree. A projecting limb hung very low, and here the cat thought to find a place of safety. It gave one leap, and, no doubt, was the most disgusted cat in Portland, when it learned by sad experience that the tree was on canvas. It picked itself up and slowly slunk through the door, down the stairs and out the back.

AN AMPHIBIOUS STEAMER.

THE paper in which the following item appears, the *Detroit Free Press*, asks if there can be any terser description than the above title, for the little craft it describes.

There are two lakes near Boras, in Sweden, which are separated by a considerable strip of land. The object of the strange steamer is to save expense in the transportation of freight across the lake, particularly the avoidance of double shipment. Rails have been laid across the land

slip, and the steamer is so constructed that by its own engines it can be run from the water upon the rails and then roll across until it dips into the other lake. The little steamer is of ten horse power, and can accommodate sixty passengers in addition to its freight. It is very appropriately named the Svanen, which is Swedish for swan.

A BIRD OF GREAT VALUE.

RESPONSIBILITY for the following story is on a Cincinnati paper. It is not improbable that such a treasure should remain in the inner recesses of the bird's anatomy, but it is hard to understand why the owner should have allowed the theft to pass. Perhaps, however, the bird's owners paid the value of the diamond in order to save the ostrich from vivisection.

Dan, the male ostrich of Robinson's Circus, wintering here, died recently of *la grippe*, with which he was seized some days ago. A post-mortem was held. The lungs were found congested and the throat was enlarged and ulcerated, while firmly fastened in the coating of the stomach the eight hundred dollar diamond pin Dan picked last summer from a gentleman's shirt front in Montreal, was found imbedded.



E. K., New York City. We may do so some time.

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C. G., Washington, D. C. Any binder will properly stamp a strip of leather, which you can paste over the error.

F. T. B. M., Galesburg, Ill. We will send an Index of any volume from Vol. VII to date on receipt of a two cent stamp each.

G. F., New York City. Consult Wilson's Business Directory under the head of Maps. Then read editorial in No. 471 entitled "A Target for Questions."

W. C. C., Boynton, Va. "The Rajah's Fortress," by Wm. Murray Graydon can be had of us in book form for 25 cents, postpaid.

F. H., Monroe, Wis. Thank you for the rhymes, but we cannot find it possible to use them. Choose a more refined subject for versification and try again.

H. A. S., Chattanooga, Tenn. 1. Read editorial in No. 471 entitled, "A Target for Questions." 2. Ditto. 3. Ditto. 4. Ditto. 5. Read history, and decide for yourself.

B. T. T., Birmingham, Ala. 1. Address for Catalogue the U. S. Book Co., New York City. 2. Numbers of Vol. VII and to date are in print. 3. See reply to F. T. B. M.

R. W. B., Little Elk, Pa. All the short matter at present used in THE ARGOSY is supplied by our regular staff. Serial stories, if suitable, are purchased from any quarter.

SUBSCRIBER, Chicago, Ill. Yes, Schiller was one of Germany's greatest, if not the greatest, dramatic poets. His fame is world wide. Any public library will contain one or more biographies of him.

W. H. O., Princeton, N. J. 1. Presidents of great life insurance companies and other corporations are supposed to receive salaries larger than the President's. Usually this is not the case. Their principal remuneration comes from the dividends on their stock holdings, for which they have never paid cash. 2. George I., King of Great Britain and Ireland, first of the Hanoverian succession, was reported not to be acquainted with the English language. He reigned from 1714 to 1727. 3. Anciently barbers performed the frequent operation of bleeding, a popular proceeding of medical science then. Thus red and white were colors familiar to the barber's patrons. The colors of the striped pole are traced to this origin. 4. As to who originated the political catchword of 1844, "Fifty four forty or fight"—that is too anecdotal to be readily ascertained. Perhaps some of our readers can supply the story. 5. Congressman Wm. S. Holman of Indiana is referred to as "The Great Obstructor." 6. It has been stated that the express business originated with Wm. F. Harnden, who, in 1839, was engaged in carrying parcels from place to place in a hand satchel. His patrons so increased in number that he was soon forced to place a representative in each city. 7. The Public Library at Paris, France, probably contains over two million volumes, surpassing in number those of all other public libraries.

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TOMMY—"There ain't a bit of danger. She ain't going to give me the smallpox."
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TOMMY—"She's my stepmother. She never gives me anything."—*Texas Siftings.*

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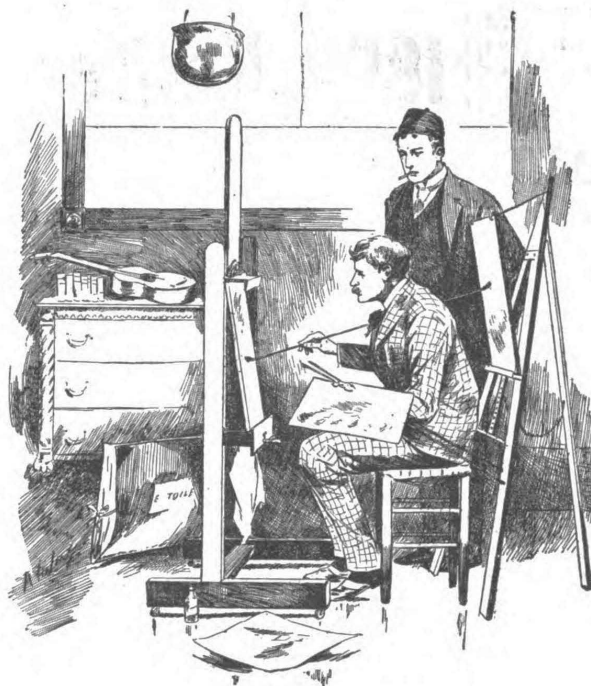
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RIFLED THE TILL.

A good many bank cashiers are like guns—well loaded when they go off.—*Columbus Post.*
But it is when they are caught that they really want to be discharged.

HER MOVING POWER.

"That is Orpheus," said the young man; "he was a wonderful musician. He was such a forceful player as to move trees and stones."
"So?" replied the old gentleman, looking at the statue in a contemplative mood; "not so bad; but you never heard that cousin of yours play. She's only a little puny thing, but they do say she's made no less than twenty whole families move, and I guess it's no more'n the truth."—*Boston Transcript.*

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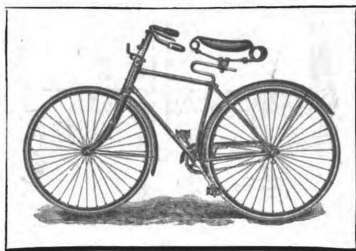
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The Episcopal Church in New York, by R. H. TITHERINGTON. The most widely known churches in the metropolis are those belonging to the Episcopal denomination. St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, Trinity, Grace—everybody has heard of them and all will be interested in the pictures of them which accompany this article, as also in the portraits and sketches of some of the most eminent rectors, including Bishop Potter, Drs. Dix, Brown, Huntington, Greer, Parker Morgan, Rainsford, Heber Newton, Ritchie and Dean Hoffman, of the Seminary.

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