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THE ARGOSY

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Duff Thornton's Grit.

By OWEN HACKETT.

WHEN Duff Thornton had nearly finished his Sophomore year at Columbia College, where he had been considerable of a swell, he suddenly found himself an orphan, with just four hundred dollars a year income, a lot of elegant clothes, several walking sticks and not a bit of the swell left, excepting some expensive tastes.

The swell college youth of the land appear to the outside world a very silly lot of empty heads indeed, and Duff was to all appearance cut exactly according to pattern; occasionally one of them is, nothwithstanding the outer finish, made of right good stuff; and Duff was that kind, with something of the original in him besides. And that is what makes him worth writing about.

When Cornwallis Brierton, Esq., counselor at law and executor of his father's almost valueless estate, announced to Duff the net result of his labors, the following conversation took place, the elderly lawyer leaning back in his office chair fingering his gold rimmed eyeglasses and regarding Duff's fashionable habiliments with a sort of pitying contempt:

"This is something of a fall in the world, Mr. Thornton."

"Well, rather!" Duff had been prepared for it by the lawyer some time since, so that he was able to receive the final announcement calmly enough.

"Your—er—mode of life will have to be changed materially."

"Well, I should say so; but it strikes me I've had my share. I've lived on the fat of the land ever since I could eat meat and—well, I guess I've enjoyed it more than I would if it came late in life, as it does to most people."

"H'm! very true!" and the elderly man of affairs resumed his easy attitude. "And what are you going to do—what pursuit are you going to follow?"

"Study law," replied Duff, without hesitation.

"Ah, yes! very good indeed. Er—with whom, may I ask?"

"Well, I've been counting on doing that with you, sir."

"Well, this is a cool blade!" thought the lawyer. As too Duff himself, he was too recently out of college to be aware that he was verging on the cheeky.

What Mr. Brierton said aloud was:

"Are you not aware, Mr. Thornton, that students in law offices receive no salary? And with your income of four——"

"Now, Mr. Brierton, it strikes me that in a big firm like this there ought to be *some* work I can do, if it's only office boy's work. If there is I'd like to have it and I propose to work hard enough and well enough to be paid for it."

The smile that lingered around the corners of the lawyer's firm mouth had no vestige of contempt in it now.

"Why do you choose the law?" he asked abruptly.

"Because I believe I'm cut out for that, if I am for anything."

The lawyer suddenly pulled out his watch and started on noting the time.

"You will have to excuse me now, Mr. Thornton, as I have a case on in the Supreme Court," and he rose and took his hat. "You may report here at nine on Monday morning. We will arrange terms then. Good morning."

"There!" thought the lawyer as he hastened away. "I've given the young sprig a taste of his own abruptness."

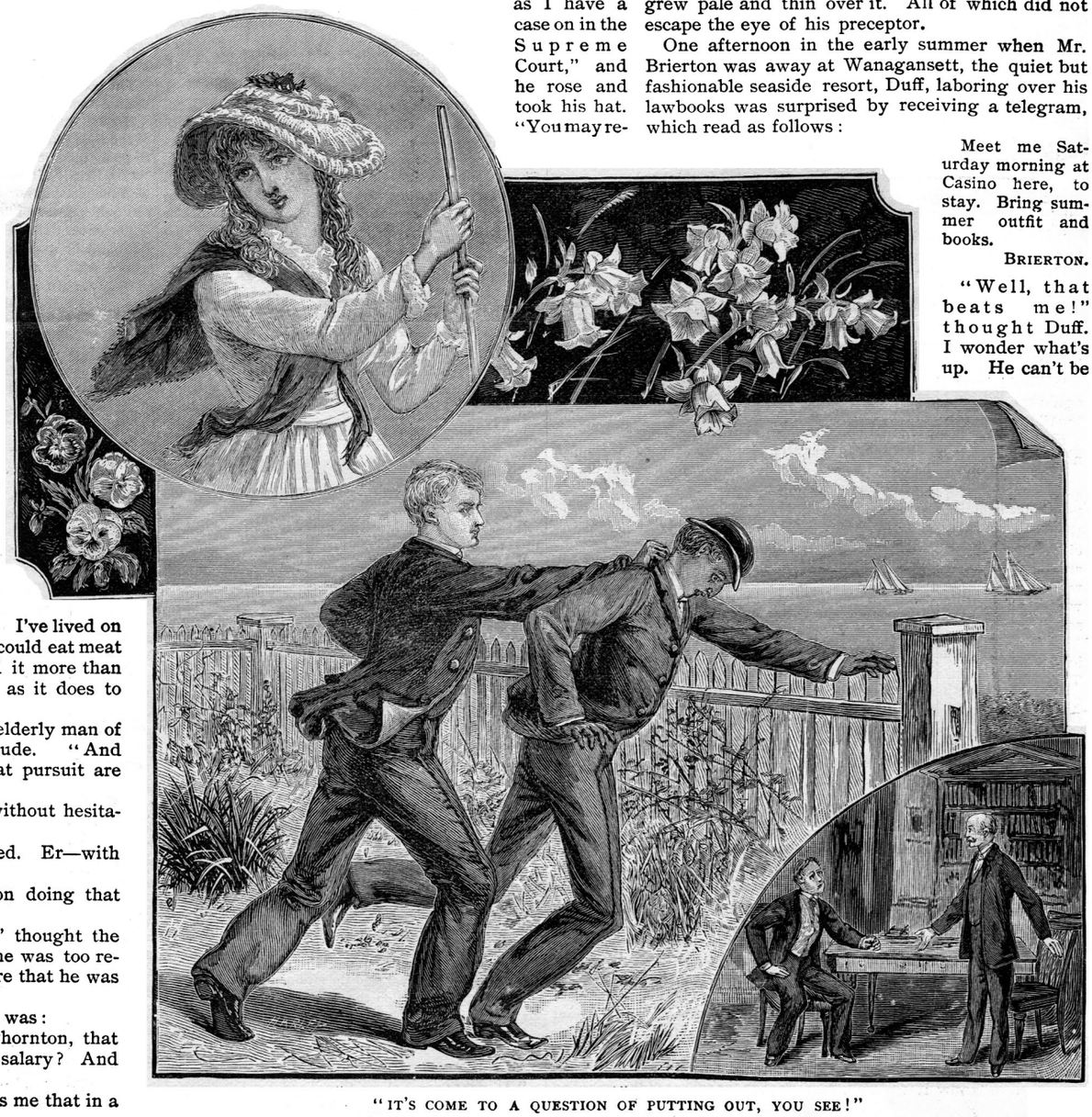
Truth to tell, Duff was a little dumfounded at it; but that did not diminish his pleasure at the result of the interview.

During the late winter and spring he performed his duties in the office with zeal and intelligence, and earned many times over the ten dollars' salary he received; besides he studied assiduously at every spare moment and far into the night and grew pale and thin over it. All of which did not escape the eye of his preceptor.

One afternoon in the early summer when Mr. Brierton was away at Wanagansett, the quiet but fashionable seaside resort, Duff, laboring over his lawbooks was surprised by receiving a telegram, which read as follows:

> Meet me Saturday morning at Casino here, to stay. Bring summer outfit and books.
>
> BRIERTON.

"Well, that beats me!" thought Duff. I wonder what's up. He can't be



"IT'S COME TO A QUESTION OF PUTTING OUT, YOU SEE!"

thinking of inviting his clerk to stay with his family, that's certain. Old Wanagansett, too! What a shine I did cut there three years ago! Ah me! Those old days!" and Duff lost himself in pleasantly regretful memories.

In startling contrast to his former perennial lavishness of expenditure for a young man, Duff had been living in a top story back den during the past six months, denying himself every pleasure that cost money, and finding to his surprise many that cost nothing. When he met his old cronies by chance he explained his situation frankly, if they invited him, as they usually did, to make one at a theater party; and he found always that the invitation was not pressed when the true state of his affairs was known.

"Of all places, the seaside is exactly what I want. My stars! how delightful it will be to get my hand on a tiller again or plunge into the surf! Fortunately I've got all the outfit I want," he mused as he rummaged that night among several trunks of clothing which he had saved from the wreck. "There isn't a man at the Casino can beat me out on duds! But quiet is the word, old man! No more flashy dressing for a fellow with nine hundred a year," and he packed up a yachting rig, a few flannels, some rough-and-readies, and a Sunday suit, put his law books in with these and took the next evening's boat for Wanagansett.

The guard at the Casino entrance touched his hat when Ford strode up on Saturday evening.

"Glad to see you back again, Mr. Thornton. I thought we had lost your father's subscription for good, sir."

"Guess you have, too, McGown," remembering with difficulty the gatekeeper of former years. "I'm here to meet Mr. Brierton—er—on a matter of business."

"He has not come over from the cottage yet, sir."

Duff walked up to the clubhouse, gave his valise to the lackey and seated himself on the veranda to drink in the pure air and enjoy the fascinating view of the boundless ocean, which he so much loved.

"Who'd have thought I should get it again so soon?—and at old Wanagansett, too!"

He was so entranced that he did not notice the sound of an approaching footstep. A young man of about his own age was strolling along the piazza smoking a cigarette. He looked very tired, though it was ten in the morning. Dark circles around his eyes told of late hours and dissipation. He was attired in white flannels, a blue cambric shirt with wide black horizontal bars and a cherry scarf.

Not until he crossed Duff's line of vision did the two recognize each other. Then the young man seemed to be greatly startled as he caught sight of Duff and stood staring at him blankly for some seconds.

"Bah Jove, old man!" he finally exclaimed. "How de do?"

"How are you, Buck!" answered Duff, extending his hand without rising, with his same old lordly manner. "What's up? Anything wrong about my appearance. You seem to be staring as if you saw something queer."

"Oh, no; not at all, you know. But I heard, don't you know, that you weren't in the swim any more. Glad to see it's not so, bah Jove."

"Why do you come to that conclusion so suddenly, old fel?"

Buck stared more at the question as if it were almost incomprehensible.

"Why, because—because you're *here*, you know—at the club, don't you know! So glad to know it isn't so, bah Jove. We must celebrate it, don't you know. Here, waiter! Bring——"

"Pardon me!" exclaimed Duff. "Nothing for me. You are all wrong. I'm not in the swim, as you seem to think. What you have heard is probably the fact."

"What! You don't mean to say you're really *poor*, as they said!"

"That depends. I don't owe any money," and Duff said this pointedly, remembering a little twenty five that Buck still owed him. The other shrank away at the words and the implied admission of Duff's poverty, and the latter turned on his heel without further remark to meet Mr. Brierton, who was just then mounting the steps.

"Here you are, Thornton!" said he heartily. "You see I can be as abrupt as you are. I ordered you down here because you're going to be a sick man if you should stay in town during a hot summer. One of the club clerks has left and—I am a director, you know—I've had you put in his place. Fifteen a week and found while the job lasts, easy hours until July—above all, good air.

"Now then! no thanks," he continued. "I save the payment of your salary at the office, you know. I want you to make hay while the sun shines—use your leisure hours, while you have them, to brace up, and study or not as you please. Here, boots! Look after Mr. Thornton's luggage. It goes to the Athertons'. Tenants of one of my cottages, Thornton. They've got an out of the way room to put you in, on my recommendation. You'll eat at the club, here, and reckon with me for your lodging at the Athertons' when the season is over. Go right along—not a word! Boots will show you the way to the cottage. They expect you," and Mr. Brierton was gone.

The first thing that Duff saw as he followed Boots through the Atherton's garden gate was a handsome young girl, whom he got to know very well as Miss Elizabeth Atherton, the only daughter of the household, and quite a belle among the young fellows of the club, of which the family were subscribers. But Duff held aloof as much as possible for several weeks from his host's family, recognizing that in spite of his own birth and breeding, circumstances had put him on a plane of inferior social standing to all those whom he saw around him.

His work at the club was not too hard; he found, before the rush season came, plenty of time for sailing, tramping and studying, and he felt, not like a king, but like a strong, independent fellow in great good luck.

Buck Briskett was Duff's chief source of amusement at the clubhouse. Not that he associated with the young fop. Oh, no! Buck took good care of that. But Duff's presence within the sacred precincts of swelldom was jarring on Buck's nerves. He never failed to pass some slighting remarks to his companions when Duff showed himself; his very keeping aloof from the members, where he had no right to mingle, being an employeé, was translated by Buck into the lordliness of a pauper. When, by and by, his history leaked out and some of the members got to know the young clerk and size him up as a gentleman, they would often stop him as he passed to hold him for a chat, or ask him out for a short run in their "thirty footers"—invitations which Duff could not always refuse.

This, too, jarred incessantly on Buck's nerves and he would pass more remarks. Some of them Duff heard, but his position forbade his noticing them. But his time was to come later on.

This sort of thing, which amused Duff at first, began to get a little too open and frequent to be pleasant; it was aggravated by an incident that occurred one night.

It was late, and Duff stopped in the dining room to get a bite before retiring. There was a party of men at one table waiting to be served. Buck, flushed with many cocktails, was among the number.

As Duff took his seat at a table on the other side of the room, Buck, who was not under control, said in a loud voice to the party:

"I want to know why servants are allowed to eat in the club dining room. Bah Jove, I've a good mind to put him out myself," and he deliberately turned his unsteady gaze on Duff.

Duff could not fail to hear and notice, it was all so pointed. He turned deadly pale at the insult and started as if he would rise and eat the speaker up, while the glance of fire he bent on the fop made that youth absolutely sick.

What Duff would have done cannot be told; he was arrested by the words of one of the party, a young man of great wealth and a fine fellow, who, glancing from Duff to Buck, said to the latter laughingly:

"If it comes to a question of putting out, there's no doubt as to who would go. Waiter, just bring my rarebit over to this table, will you?" and he deliberately rose and took a seat opposite Duff.

"Don't be a fool, Thornton! We'll find a way to stop this before the month is over. If you get into a muss it will spoil the whole thing."

"I know," answered Duff. "It was only for an instant," and he gave his order calmly enough.

Buck's rebuff did no permanent good. He continued to vent his displeasure after that night; but his worst shock came one day when he strolled into the Athertons' garden and found Duff talking to Miss Elizabeth as he lay idly in the hammock and she in her garden hat and with her rake, made a pretense of caring for the flowers—work that the gardener always promptly did over again.

Buck did not know then that Duff had a room there by the courtesy of the Athertons, and when the latter took the fop's arrival as an excuse to retire into the house, Buck was insane enongh to acquaint Miss Elizabeth with what he supposed was the fact—that she was receiving unawares a visitor who was positively "*poor*, bah Jove!"

Miss Atherton turned on him with flashing eyes.

"Allow me to attend to my own business, please," she said as coolly as she could. "I must ask you to excuse me, now. I am engaged this afternoon," and she turned away abruptly and entered the house.

Buck saw he had made a break, and he was silly enough to think he could mend it. He sprang up the steps after the young girl and caught up to her in the hallway.

"I say, Miss Atherton—no offense, you know. I thought you ought to know—"

"Mr. Briskett, I said I was engaged. Kindly leave the house!"

"Yes, but I only want to say—" and he advanced close to Miss Atherton, as if he would take her hand, while she stepped back. Still Buck advanced.

"Hold on!" it was Duff's voice. "Did I not hear you ask the gentleman to leave the house, Miss Atherton?"

Before she could answer Buck turned and exclaimed hotly:

"What business is that of yours, you—you—" but his limited vocabulary failed him for an epithet.

Duff glanced at Miss Atherton; their glances met; there was something in hers that made him turn toward Buck, stride up to him, seize him by the lapel and whirl him around toward the door. Then he grasped the idiot by the collar, ran him out of the house, down the steps, across the garden and out of the gate, where he gave him a tremendous shove that sent him sprawling across the road.

Then Duff leaned over the gate post with an amused smile on his face and remarked negligently:

"It's come to a question of putting out, you see."

"Confound you—you low impostor. I will get even with you—bah Jove, I will! Somebody will hear from the governors of the club for this, bah Jove!—and before the day is over."

"Thank you!" was all Miss Atherton said to Duff, who was quite unaware of the cause of Buck's dismissal; the two words meant a great deal more than they show in type.

"I'm afraid I used a little more force than was quite Christian-like, but—but my! it did feel so good!"

Duff reached the clubhouse a few moments after Buck. While he worked at his accounts in the office, feeling somehow like a new man, voices came from the governors' private room. One of them was Mr. Brierton's:

"I tell you, Snobbles, your request is preposterous. The rules demand he shall be dropped from the club for non payment of dues and charges. I do not see how you can presume to ask the governors to make an exception in this case."

"It will offend his set, Brierton. They are spenders, you know."

"Spenders! chiefly spenders of money they do not pay, by the manager's account. You are very much interested in Briskett. Why don't you step out and pay his bill at the desk, if it's such a very good account."

"H'm—well-er-no! That would not be a-er-*business-like*, you know."

"Exactly! and it is not business-like to let such an account increase on the club books. Rest assured, the governors will drop Mr. Briskett from the rolls tonight."

That night after the governors' meeting, Mr. Brierton handed Duff a list of the names of those who by reason of nonpayment of their accounts after due notice, had been expelled under the rules. Buck's name was among them.

Duff could not resist the temptation; he at once addressed an envelope with Mr. Briskett's name, inclosed a printed notice of dismissal and strolled out to the veranda, where that young man was sitting with a group of the members. As he handed the missive to the addressee, he bent down and said in a low voice:

"You said somebody would hear from the governors before the day was over, Mr. Briskett. Allow me!"

The next day Buck disappeared for parts unknown, and one of the members meeting Duff observed with a twinkle of the eye:

"The question of putting out seems to be definitely settled, Mr. Thornton—eh?"

THE JAPS AND THEIR FLOWERS.

THE love of flowers amounts to a ruling passion with the Japanese, and so great is their fondness for their national flower that they cultivate it to a limitless extent and it figures constantly in their conventional decorative art. To what extent their devotion to this flower goes may be estimated by the following from *Garden and Forest*.

The Japanese cite 269 color varieties of the chrysanthemum, of which 63 are yellow, 87 white, 32 purple, 30 red, 31 pale pink, 12 russet and 14 of mixed colors. A fancy prevails in the country that in this flower the same tint is never exactly reproduced, and that in this it resembles the endless variety of the human countenance.

WHEN HE WOULD BE AT LIBERTY.

"WHEN you have leisure," said a caller to the city editor, "I would like to speak to you."

"All right; come around after I am dead."—*Cincinnati Post*.

WHAT NOT TO LOSE.

Don't lose courage; spirit brave
Carry with you to the grave.

Don't lose time in vain distress;
Work, not worry, brings success.

Don't lose hope; who lets her stray
Goes forlornly all the way.

Don't lose patience, come what will;
Patience ofttimes outruns skill.

Don't lose gladness; every hour
Blooms for you some happy flower.

Though be foiled your dearest plan
Don't lose faith in God and man.
—*Exchange.*

[*This Story began in Number 483.*]

A Lost Expedition.

A STORY OF ALASKAN ADVENTURE

BY W. BERT FOSTER,

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

CHAPTER XVI.

BART'S BRILLIANT IDEA.

BART CONOVER, upon leaving his companions at the head of the gallery which he had undertaken to explore, passed rapidly, though carefully, along its length. Before he had traversed four hundred feet the passage abruptly terminated, and he entered what he supposed to be a large room. He struck a match, of which he still had several, and by its light strove to penetrate the gloom sufficiently to judge of the extent of the apartment. But there was revealed to him only walls of impenetrable darkness.

He advanced slowly, feeling before him with his spear like a blind man. Suddenly the rocky floor beneath his feet seemed to give way, and he was hurled downward into the black abyss! One loud shriek burst from his lips as he plunged over the brink, and he landed with a sudden jar at the base of the precipice.

The fall had been all of thirty feet, and undoubtedly only one thing saved him from injury, if not death. He did not land upon the rocks, but upon a soft, furry body, which, to his excited imagination, seemed to move and rolled him off upon the cavern floor!

In his fall his spear flew from his grasp, and the cord tied to his wrist hampered every movement he made to get out of the way of the creature whose repose he had undoubtedly disturbed.

Was it another bear. Why didn't the creature growl and show his whereabouts? These were the questions which flashed across Bart's brain as he groped blindly about for his fallen weapon.

At length he found the spear and raised himself upon one knee to await the creature's onslaught. As he did so his foot struck still another body. He put out his hand and touched it. It was another soft, furry mass.

A ringing cheer burst from his lips. He had solved the mystery and could laugh at his fears of the moment before. He had discovered quite by accident the carcasses of the bears they had shot upon first entering the cave!

Just then he heard the heavy tread of hurried footsteps on the rock above him, and remembering the danger to his companions, shouted to them to stop.

"Halt where you are!" he cried. "I've found the bears we killed, but they're quite a distance below where you stand. Fortunately I landed on one of them when I fell. Look out you don't fall."

The professor and Allan, thankful indeed to hear their companion's voice, got down on their hands and knees and crawled to the brink of the precipice.

"You're not hurt, are you, Bart?" called Allan anxiously.

"Not a bit, Al, old fellow," returned Bart reassuringly. "This old he bear lay conveniently under the rock and I landed on him. But now how will you and Professor Perry get down?"

"There must be some way," said the professor out of the thick darkness above him. "These caverns must be upon two levels. and we inadvertently got into the upper level when we went up that inclined passage you and Allan were so doubtful about. I shall have to take a back seat, boys," and the professor laughed a little. "I don't think I know enough to lead this expedition any further. I give up beaten."

"Well, we'll know enough to keep on the lower level after this," responded Bart, who had untied the cord from his wrist and was rapidly winding it in. "I tell you I was scared when I fell. And I was just about as frightened when I landed on that bear. Thought 'twas a live one, you know."

Allan laughed long and loudly at this, and the echoes fairly roared in reply.

"This must be a vast apartment," said the professor, when the mocking laughter had ceased. "I should like to see it lit up."

"My gracious, so should I—by the sun," returned Allan. "Come here, professor," he added a moment later. "I think I've found a place to get down."

In a few minutes, after much scrambling, the two stood on the level beside Bart.

"Let's rest," proposed Allan; "I'm dead tired."

"Very well," replied the professor; "and we can skin these bears while we're waiting. They will skin better now than later."

Bart and he began the work at once, and, despite the darkness, performed a very creditable job. The bears were both as fat as butter, and made all three long for some of the juicy steaks.

"'Water, water everwyere,
Nor any drop to drink',"

quoted Allan. "Look at all this good meat and no way to cook the first piece. Why, I never was so hungry in all my life before."

"I've been hungry enough to chew my boots," declared Bart grimly, "but I never hankered after bear steak so before."

"If I had a drink of water I think I should get along very well," declared the professor.

"If that's all you want I think I can accommodate you," returned Bart. "Listen a moment. I thought I heard water dropping not far away."

They stood in silence for a few minutes, and soon Bart's quick ear detected the sound he had heard before. Then he unerringly led the way to the spot. A lucifer was ignited, the flame showing them a tiny stream of crystal which ran from the base of the wall and trickled away into the darkness. From an overhanging rock the water fell, drop by drop, into the hollow basin it had worn in the rock below by its ceaseless dripping.

This little fountain, too, was quite curious. Evidently it had been simply a flat piece of rock, nearly two feet square and several inches thick. But the water, which probably fell in much greater volume at certain seasons of the year than it did at present, had worn a circular basin in the rather soft stone, holding as much as two quarts.

So smoothly had the work been done that it seemed almost as though carved by men. The basin was not attached to the cavern floor either, but really looked as though it had been placed there to catch the falling drops.

But while Bart and the professor were examining this curious work of nature Allan made a discovery which brought from him an exclamation of delight.

"Look here!" he shouted, dancing about in the darkness like a crazy person. "Look at what I've found. Here's the bears' lair and there's lots of sticks and leaves—fuel enough for a fire!"

The others left the water at once, the professor entirely forgetting his thirst for the moment. They found Allan's words to be true. In the lee of a huge, projecting rock, was a great bed of hard packed leaves, with not a few branches among them.

"That's what I call a special providence," said Professor Perry. "We need go hungry no longer. What wise creatures these bears were! Their bed was right beside their drinking fountain."

"And do you suppose," questioned Bart, "that they were very far in from the entrance? Does it seem probable that they would come into this cave any great distance?"

"Perhaps not," replied the professor, "though that would be a hard question to satisfactorily decide. For some reasons they might wish to come a good way into the interior and then again they might not."

They drank their fill of the water, and then, with their arms full of leaves and branches, went back to the carcasses they had just flayed.

"Don't make a fire right out in the open cavern," advised the professor. "Our fuel will soon give out if we do. We must concentrate the heat so as to have it last as long as possible."

"How can we do that?" asked Allan blankly.

"We'll build a furnace," was the reply. "Gather a lot of those small blocks of stone that are lying around head and I'll arrange it."

Allan and Bart went down on their hands and knees at once, and by groping about the floor found the necessary material while the professor built the furnace. He built it square, a little narrower at the top than at the bottom, and with a place to put in fuel underneath.

Some of the leaves were put in and a few of the sticks broken up and laid on top of them. Then, to increase the heat and keep the fire from burning too rapidly, the professor threw in several pieces of bear fat. Each severed a thick steak from one of the quarters and the professor prepared to light the fire.

Just as he stooped down and was about to scratch the match upon an adjacent piece of rock, he was arrested by a wild and entirely unexpected yell from Bart, which fairly startled the scientist to his feet.

"For heaven's sake, what *is* the matter, Bart?" he demanded.

"Are you hurt?" cried Allan, as Bart continued to dance about the cave as though he were demented.

"No, sir," replied Bart, stopping his gyrations for a moment; "but I've got the biggest idea that ever was. It's so big I can't hold it."

"Then out with it," returned the professor, somewhat crustily, yet wondering at Bart's unusual display of emotion.

"Don't light that fire yet, professor; don't light it yet," cried Bart earnestly.

"Well, what is it?"

"It's just this," replied Bart, stepping close to them and speaking confidentially. "I've got an idea whereby we can obtain light to assist us in searching for the outlet of the cave."

"What is it?" demanded the professor.

"Candles!" replied Bart.

"Candles?" cried the professor and Allan in chorus.

"How will you make them?" demanded the former.

"In each of those bears there is tallow enough to make a dozen 'double sixes'," returned Bart, quietly.

The others were silent a moment, almost stunned by the greatness of the idea. Then Allan asked doubtfully:

"What will you melt the tallow in, Bart?"

"In that piece of rock that the water has worn out like a basin."

"And what will you do for wicks?"

"This cord will make all we should need if we started a candle factory," was the prompt reply, as though he had already thought of and prepared an answer for every objection to his plan.

"And where are your molds?"

"The rifle barrels," responded Bart.

"There I've got you," exclaimed Allan. "You can't mold 'em in the rifle barrels."

"Why not?" demanded Bart, almost angrily.

"Because the barrels are grooved and you couldn't get the candles out after you had them molded!"

Bart was silenced—fairly overpowered by the sudden dashing of his hopes. But Professor Perry came to the rescue in quite as startling a manner as Bart had introduced *his* idea. Springing to his feet he brought his hand down upon his knee with a resounding slap, exclaiming:

"Who wants to mold candles? Who wants to? What's the matter with *dipping them?* When I was a youngster at home in New England I've dipped more candles than you could shake a stick at, and I haven't forgotten how yet!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIGHT!

"THERE! what did I tell you?" cried Bart, snapping his fingers till the joints cracked. "What do you think of my idea now?"

"It can't be done," returned Allan, still obstinately. "And any way, it isn't your plan now; it's the professor's."

"Well, I don't care whose it is," said Bart good naturedly, "as long as we can make the candles. I don't know anything about dipping them, but if it can be done as the professor says why then hurrah! say I, and the quicker we do it the better."

Allan shook his head unbelievingly; but the professor was as confident of success as Bart.

"Do you bring the stone, Bart," he commanded; "and Allan, get some more fuel. We'll see whether this is an impossibility or not."

They had all become fairly used to walking about in the darkness, and with little hesitation the boys retraced their steps to the fountain and to the bears' lair.

"These bears must have been here for years, or at least some bears have," remarked Allan. "And how do you suppose they ever got these branches and leaves away in here? Did they climb the tree from the glacier just as we did?"

"I don't believe they did," replied Bart, raising the block of stone from its resting place under the overhanging rock.

"Then how did they get up here from the ice? I'll be hanged if *I* could see any way to reach the ledge out by the tree."

"I don't believe they were ever on that glacier," responded Bart positively.

"You don't? Then where did they come from?" demanded Allan in surprise.

"I believe they came from an entirely different direction. Did you ever think that there might be *more than one opening to the cave?*"

Allan almost dropped his bundle of fuel.

"And that other opening——" he suggested, his voice husky with emotion.

"And that other opening," returned

Bart, "may be on the other side of these cliffs!"

"You are right, Bart," said a voice out of the darkness. "I have been thinking of that for some time and I believe it is so."

It was the professor who had followed them and overheard part of their conversation.

"Then this may prove to be the most fortunate mishap that has ever befallen us," said Allan quietly.

"When we get the candles made," added Professor Perry cheerfully. "Come, boys, I'm waiting for you."

The professor during their absence had cut several great chunks of tallow out of one of the skeleton carcasses. The stone basin, which was not more than two inches thick at the bottom, was put over the furnace and a match touched to the fuel underneath. A moment later the great chamber, so lately buried in amorphous gloom, was illuminated by a dancing, almost blinding glare.

From countless points and stalactites on the vaulted roof the firelight flashed with dazzling brilliancy and having been so long in darkness, the three explorers were forced for a moment to cover their eyes. Soon, however, they became reaccustomed to the light and immediately went about their various preparations as directed by the professor.

The tallow was not put in the basin until the stone had become very hot. While they were waiting for it to heat they broiled their bear steaks and assuaged their hunger. Then Bart cut off several sections of cord, each about eight inches long, and "flaxed out" the pieces for wicks. The strands were divided and doubled over twigs which Allan found in the bears' lair, three wicks on each stick as that was all the professor said could be dipped at a time. The depth of the stone basin would not allow the dipping of wicks more than four inches in length.

Bart climbed up to the upper level of the cavern in the way the professor and Allan had descended, and finding several blocks of stone set them in a row so that the candles could be hung between them to cool. There appeared to be quite a current of cold air across this elevated space, and it was this air current in the chambers of the upper level which had suggested to both the professor and Bart the probability of a second outlet to the cavern, and one opposite to the way they had entered.

By this time the basin had become sufficiently heated and the professor threw in several pieces of tallow. It melted quite rapidly and the refuse was scraped out with a pointed stick or a knife as fast as the pure tallow softened. This "trying out" process continued until the basin was almost running over with the liquid grease.

Then with great care the professor dipped the first wicks into the basin and drew them out, all dripping with tallow.

Allan took the twig from his hand and passed it to Bart, who stood half way up the path which led to the top of the huge rock which jutted out like a promontory into the chamber, and he in turn hung it between the stones.

Again and again this was repeated until nearly two dozen twigs were dipped. The first wicks were by this time cold enough to dip again and the boys were kept extremely busy handing them to and receiving them from Professor Perry.

The fire burned steadily in the little furnace, and but a small part of their fuel had been used when the professor pronounced them done. They found that they had sixty five very fair candles, which, although not as handsome as they might have been had their manufacturers possessed the proper facilities for making them, would give very good light indeed. One was tried as soon as it was cool and pronounced a success.

"But have we got enough?" inquired Allan doubtfully.

The professor did some rapid mental figuring, and in a moment replied:

"I judge we have enough to burn nearly *two hundred hours!* Do you think that is enough?"

"Let us hope so," said Bart fervently.

Now that their escape from the cavern was only a matter of time, the exuberance of Professor Perry's spirits was wonderful.

"Don't croak, Bart," he said gayly. "Now what do you think about our ability to make candles, Allan?"

"I have nothing to say," replied Allan, with a twinkle in his eye, "except as you did in the matter of leading us out of this scrape: 'I take a back seat.'"

Bart joined in the laugh at the professor's expense, but brought his companions' attention down to their condition again by saying:

"I don't know how you two feel, but I am beginning to get sleepy, now that our work is over. We must get some rest before we start to find the exit of the cave."

"Certainly we must," responded the professor. "But first let us dispose of this meat. We must hang it up in the coldest place we can find if we wish to keep it."

"On the top of the promontory," proposed Bart.

"I know a better place," said Allan. "You know that little chamber where we stood and waited for Bart to explore the corridor which led us here, professor? The one with the five passages leading out of it, I mean. Do you not remember that it was very cold? It's not far from here."

"That is good. I remember, now that you recall it," replied Professor Perry. "We will use that room."

The basin which had been kept almost filled with tallow all the time they were dipping the candles, and was, therefore, still quite full, was lifted from the furnace, the fire covered so as to save fuel, and with Allan leading the way with a lighted candle, the professor and Bart each shouldered a quarter of one of the bears and carried it to the chamber.

There was a strong current of air—almost freezing in its temperature—blowing through the place, and several rocky shelves furnished excellent places to deposit the meat without hanging it up.

"A veritable pantry," declared Allan. "This cave will be a very good place in which to pass the winter, will it not, professor?"

"Indeed it will. In here, with sufficient firewood from the glacier, we can bid defiance to all the storms of the next few months."

"And even if we find another outlet to the cave, this may be a desirable place to stay till spring, eh?" said Bart.

"I think now that it will be best."

The bear pelts were folded carefully together and placed in a dry spot, the remainder of the carcasses carried off to the "pantry" and the three wearied explorers repaired to their several couches of rather musty smelling leaves upon the hard floor of the cavern.

"What time is it, professor?" asked Allan, as they lay down.

"Half past eleven, *in the morning*," replied the professor, consulting his watch.

"It wouldn't be bad living in the cave all the time. It doesn't matter whether you sleep at night or in the day time," and with a sigh of contentment Allan sank back upon his bed of leaves and was almost immediately asleep.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUCCESS AT LAST.

THE three explorers slept long and soundly after their season of toil and anxiety. Indeed it was after ten o'clock in the evening before they were aroused. Day and night were the same in the cavern, where no ray of the sun could penetrate, and where the darkness of night was swallowed up in the gloom of this nether world.

Bart was the first to awake and at once aroused the professor, who, as soon as he had discovered that they had slept nearly twelve hours, awoke Allan, and the three prepared to make a thorough and systematic search for the exit to the cave.

First, however, the fire was replenished and several choice bits of bear meat were broiled.

"This is, I presume, our breakfast," said the professor, as they sat about the fire eating.

"It's delicious, never mind by what name you call it," responded Bart.

"'A rose by any other name,' etc.," quoted Allan. "But say, how much it would be improved by a little seasoning. I'd give considerable for a pinch of salt. Actually I am getting so fresh that I hardly think I shall keep when it comes warm weather again."

When the laugh raised by this remark had subsided, Bart said:

"I begin to believe that we need 'salting' just as much as cattle do. But what do these poor Esquimaux do up north of us? Or the Injuns either? I don't suppose they have any salt?"

"No, they don't. There is nothing like getting used to a thing, you know," remarked the professor.

"Why under the sun do you always say 'Injun,' Bart?" demanded Allan, delaying his eating a moment to ask the question.

"Oh, I don't know. Everybody does in California," he replied with a laugh.

"Professor Moss would like to hear you say that," remarked Professor Perry dryly. "He thinks that there is more advanced education and cultivation in California than anywhere else on the globe, Boston not excepted. Athens wasn't a circumstance to San Francisco."

"Well, I really suppose," said Bart, "that it's because I never went to school much—I went to sea so early, you know—and had no means of learning. I must have picked up lots of wrong ideas about things. I never knew the first thing about scientific subjects until I listened to remarks made by you, sir, on the Dolphin as we came up from Port Townsend. I mean to know more about those things when we get back to the coast."

"Why, do you like 'em?" demanded Allan. "Saving the professor's presence, I think most of it dry old stuff at best. You never had anybody to drive you to school, eh?'

Bart shook his head with a smile, yet it was rather a sad smile.

"You are all alone in the world, Bart?" questioned the professor.

Bart actually seemed confused by this simple question, but managed to blurt out a rather unintelligible "Yes, sir," while the dark red blood dyed his cheek and brow.

"When we *do* get back to the coast I'll see if I can help you along in your excellent intentions," went on the professor genially, and then he changed the subject.

But Allan noticed the young fellow's confusion, and it brought to his mind the mysterious actions of Bart when they first met and the reason he had for coming to Alaska, which to this time had remained a secret. He was on the point of casually asking Bart his reason for wanting to get to Sitka when the professor said:

"To return to the salt question, boys, we haven't anything about here to take the place of that excellent article of seasoning, as the Laplanders have. But we must learn to do as the aborgines do—eat plenty of fat. That will keep us warm this winter, and in this cold climate will not materially injure our health. You never see a lean or thin Esquimau, not if he has plenty of seal blubber, and any of them would consider one of these candles here a very choice delicacy indeed."

"What do you mean by the Laps having a substitute for salt?" asked Allan.

"Oh, they have," was the reply, "and it's a very pleasant seasoning, too, when one gets used to it. It is made of the inner bark of a species of pine tree, and its preparation is rather complicated and has to be done in the summer months. They peel the bark from the lower part of the trunk and separate the outer from the soft inner bark. This inner bark is carefully divided into its several thin layers and dried in the sun.

"The bark is then slit into strips, other trees are freshly barked to make boxes of in which to place the partially prepared seasoning, and the boxes are buried in the sand. A fire is built over the spot where the boxes are buried, and after feeding it an entire day, the coals are scraped away, the boxes dug out, and the pine bark put away for future use. The fire penetrates to the boxes and gives the bark a reddish color and a very pleasant flavor—somewhat sweetish. This the Laplander always uses instead of salt, and it's not bad, either, as I said before."

"I don't suppose we have the right kind of pine trees here," said Allan, a little regretfully, "I tell you what, if we were only cast away on a desert island instead of a desert of ice how easy it would be to evaporate salt from the water. But we can't do anything here."

"You forget," said Bart, springing to his feet, "that we are not on the desert of ice now, but are lost in this cave."

"Come, boys, we have dallied enough," said the professor, also rising. "Let us start at once."

Their mode of procedure was rather ingenious and was suggested by Bart. The direction in which they should first travel was decided upon (and, by the way, *that* was as Bart suggested, too) and then the professor and Allan started off together, Allan carrying the candles.

One was lit, and when they had gone as far as Bart could distinguish the light he shouted to them to stop, and the candle was fixed in some niche in the wall and left burning. Bart advanced to that, and the others went on to repeat the same process.

It was tedious work, but it was *sure*, and the lighted candles would lead them back to the place where they had slept at any time. Several times they entered "blind" passages and had to turn back; but keeping on the same general course and on the lower level of the cave, they were not two hours in finding the exit. Not all the candles were used, either, in spite of their roundabout course.

They recognized the tunnel by its peculiar shape. Otherwise it might have been passed by, for it was dark without and not a ray of light showed the opening. Morning soon broke, however, and with thankful hearts they

stepped out upon the ledge, descended the tree, and once more stood upon the ground.

(*To be continued.*)

(*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 XXX.

AN UNEXPECTED DEATH.

I WAS alarmed when my uncle fell back in his chair as one dead. I knew that his heart was affected, and that any sudden shock might prove serious to him.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Canning, starting forward.

"The news has been too much for him," I replied.

"You've killed my father!" cried Gus, white with fear. "He's troubled with his heart, and what you have said has done him up."

"I sincerely trust not," replied the junior partner. "Let us raise him up, and some one go for a doctor."

We made him as comfortable as possible and opened all the doors and windows. Then while Gus hurried off for a physician, Mr. Canning applied his ear to the unconscious man's breast.

"His heart still beats," he exclaimed. "I trust he gets over it."

We procured some water and bathed my uncle's face, and Mr. Canning poured some wine that was in the desk down his throat.

"Is this report true?" he asked as we were doing what we could for the unfortunate man.

"Yes, sir, it is."

The junior partner shook his head.

"I have suspected Mr. Stillwell for some time," he said slowly. "I was not in the firm a week before I was sorry I had invested my money with them."

"Do you think I am guilty?"

"Hardly, Foster; but Mr. Stillwell seemed so positive."

"I don't think the money was ever put in the safe, sir," I went on.

"What makes you think that?"

"Because Mr. Stillwell was not acting rightly about my late father's estate, and as I was beginning to suspect him he wished to get me out of the way."

"Ah, I see! I am afraid he has got himself in a bad fix."

"I am afraid so too, but it is not my fault, Mr. Canning."

A moment later Gus returned with a doctor. The physician shook his head when he beheld my uncle.

"I have been called to attend him once before," he said. "He is not at all strong, and this may prove worse than you imagine."

"Will it be fatal?" I cried.

"I trust not, but I cannot say for certain. The best thing is to get him home where he can have perfect quiet."

At these words Gus began to shed tears. I could not help but feel sorry for him, and also for my aunt and my cousin Lillian when they should hear the news.

I went out and procured the easiest coach I could find, and inside of it we placed Mr. Stillwell with the physician beside him and Gus on the seat with the driver.

"Are you coming along?" asked my cousin.

"No; but I will be up later," I replied.

We watched the coach out of sight up the busy street, and then Mr. Canning and I returned to the office.

"It is a bad state of affairs," said the junior partner. "I doubt, after what the doctor has said, if your uncle ever puts foot in the office again."

"I hardly know what to do," I replied.

And to tell the truth, my mind was in a whirl of excitement. The unexpected turn of affairs bewildered me.

While we were discussing matters there was a knock on the door, and Mr. Mason came in.

"What, Foster, back already! I knew you were coming, but did not expect you so soon."

"Did you receive Mr. Ranson's letter?" I asked.

"Yes; and came to have a talk with Mr. Stillwell. Where is he?"

In a few words I told him what had happened. The lawyer was much surprised.

"This will change things a great deal, especially if your uncle does not recover," he said. "I think we ought to go up to the house and see him."

"But he is very ill——" I began.

"All the more reason we should see him. He may have something to say before his death, if this stroke is fatal."

I could not help but shiver at the words. It seemed awful to me that my uncle should die, at such a time, when he was least prepared!

"I'll do whatever you think best, Mr. Mason," I replied.

"Then come. We will go at once. Delays are always dangerous."

In a moment more we were on the way. While seated in the Elevated car he asked me to tell him my whole story, and I did so, just as I have written it here.

"Will you let me see that letter from London?" he asked.

I did so. He read it carefully.

"I believe this Nottington is right," he said. "I have found that he is a gentleman in good standing, and that counts for much."

"I wish Mr. Banker had been my guardian from the start," I replied.

When we arrived at my uncle's home I found that he had been brought in but ten minutes before. The entire household was in a great state of alarm in consequence.

We met my aunt in the lower hall. No sooner did she catch sight of me than she swooped down upon me.

"You are to blame for all this, Luke Foster," she cried in her shrill voice.

"I can't see how," I replied as calmly as I could.

"You are. You upset him by robbing the safe and then running away."

"I don't think the boy is guilty, madam," put in Mr. Mason. "We all make mistakes, and——"

"There is no mistake here. If my husband dies this boy will be the sole cause."

And without waiting for a reply Mrs. Stillwell swept by us and up the stairs.

I took Mr. Mason into the parlor, a room that I hardly knew, although I had lived in the house about two years. Presently Gus came down the stairs.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "What brought you? Haven't you done harm enough?"

"I don't want to do harm. I thought I might just see your father, and then go away."

"Well, he just asked for you," was Gus's unexpected reply. "But ma said you weren't to be let up."

"If he asked I'm going," I said with a sudden determination.

I ran up the stairs at once. At the head I met Mrs. Stillwell.

"Where are you going?" she asked coldly.

"To see Uncle Felix."

"Well I guess you are not."

"Gus says he asked for me."

"I don't care. You shall not see the poor man."

"Excuse me, madam, but I will," I replied, and brushed past her and on to the door of my uncle's room.

She caught me by the arm.

"You just march down stairs!" she cried.

"Is that Luke?" came a feeble voice from within.

"Yes, Uncle Felix," I hastened to reply.

"Let him come in dear; I must see him."

With a very bad grace Mrs. Stillwell allowed me to enter. At first she was about to follow, but her husband motioned her away, and she was forced to withdraw.

My uncle lay on the bed. His face was deadly white and awfully haggard. He held out his hand.

"I'm glad you've come, Luke," he said, with something that sounded like a sigh. "The doctor tells me I cannot last long."

"Oh, Uncle Felix!"

"Never mind, it is for the best. I have done wrong, and death is better than public disgrace. Did you come alone?"

"No, sir; Mr. Mason is with me."

"Mason!"

"Yes, sir; I asked him to come with me. He is to be my lawyer if I am arrested."

"Do not fear; you will not be. I was afraid you had brought with you the officers of the law. Do you know anything of this—this Spitfire affair?"

"I know all about it. I was on board the vessel when she burned."

"You!"

My uncle was greatly astonished, and he finally persuaded me to tell my story. When I had concluded he asked me to call up Mr. Mason, and I did so.

The three of us were closeted for fully an hour. What took place will be told hereafter.

At the end of the interview my uncle was very weak. The doctor was called in and he revived him, but it was not for long. He died at sundown.

His funeral, three days later, was a large one, made up, not only of mourners, but also of those who came out of curiosity to see the remains of the man who had lived such a double life.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONCLUSION.

MY uncle's deathbed revelation was a strange one. In brief, it was as follows:

At the time my father and mother were killed he was in a sore financial strait, and needed money to keep himself from failing and losing every dollar he possessed.

He had applied to my father for relief, and my parent was about to grant him considerable assistance when the fatal catastrophe occurred.

Mr. Stillwell had immediately taken a steamer for England, and on arriving there, took entire charge of my father's affairs, though not without some difficulty with the English bankers, who held my father's funds in trust.

On examining my father's private papers, my uncle was not a little chagrined to find that Mr. Banker was to be appointed my guardian, there being a will to that effect, a will that Mr. Mason and I afterwards found among Mr. Stillwell's papers.

Mr. Banker was not on good terms with my uncle, so the latter knew that if the former became my guardian the loan that my father had consented to make would most likely never be carried out. In this predicament my uncle had taken his first wrong step. He had hidden my father's will and brought forth an old one in which he himself was named as guardian.

This wrong step accomplished, the rest was easy enough. But my uncle's original intention had been to treat me fairly, just as if Mr. Banker had been my guardian.

Yet in the end the temptation to use the money for his own benefit was too strong for him, and he had ended by losing something like ten thousand dollars out of an estate worth fifty.

It was then that he had met Captain Hannock, who was an old school chum, and been persuaded to go into the scheme that had ended so disastrously. The remainder the reader already knows.

By a paper drawn up by Mr. Mason Uncle Felix placed the charge of his affairs entirely in the lawyer's hands. Mr. Mason was to settle his estate, pay all that was due to me over to Mr. Banker, my new guardian, and then settle the remainder upon Gus and Lillian, taking out, of course, my aunt's share as his widow.

Although my uncle did not say so, I am pretty well satisfied that much of his wrongdoing was attributable to his wife, who was a very proud and extravagant woman. This, I think, is why he left her no more than the law required.

The day before my uncle's funeral Mr. Banker came down to the city. He shook me warmly by the hand and slyly asked me if I had enough of the sea.

"Yes, indeed," I replied. "Life on shipboard is well enough to read about, but the city is good enough for me."

"And what do you propose to do now?" he asked.

"You are my guardian. I suppose I'll have to do as you wish me to."

"No, Luke; you are old enough to choose for yourself."

"Then let me say that I would like to go to college and finish the education my father intended I should have."

"So be it," replied Mr. Banker.

All this happened six years ago. During that time great changes have taken place.

Captain Hannock and Lowell are both in prison, the former with ten years to serve and the latter five. Crocker was discharged about a month ago. I have never seen any of them since the day they were sentenced in the Boston court room, and I trust I never shall.

Mr. Oscar Ranson still spends his time between the Hub and the metropolis, and in him I have a true friend. Phil Jones has now a responsible position on the wharves, at a good salary, and as the work just suits him, he will no doubt rise rapidly. His old aunt has become his guardian, and she holds in trust for him two thousand dollars which Captain Hannock was compelled to pay over because it belonged to the cabin boy's late father. Tony Dibble is at sea.

Two years ago, in company with Harry Banker I finished my course at college, and now I am dully installed in Mr. Mason's office as his private clerk. Having a good home with my employer, I am happy, and that being so, what more is there to say?

THE END.

THE FISHERMAN'S FAILING.

If any one is unaware of the true meaning of that vernacular term "a fish story," the following example, from *Forest and Stream* will enlighten him.

I have never believed the story of a fisherman catching bull heads, which he threw on the grass upon the bank, to the effect that he was victimized by a frog which took pity on the fish and adroitly rolled them back into the water.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

A LITTLE miss of six, who had been brought up on a farm was earnestly listening to her kindergarten teacher's dissertation upon the cow and her products. Milk, leather, jewelry from the hoofs, and fertilizers had been enumerated by the teacher, and then the child was asked what she supposed we got from the horns. "Hooks," was the prompt and knowing reply.

—*Boston Transcript.*

SECRET THOUGHTS.

I HOLD it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with bodies, breath and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results—or ill.

That which we call our secret thought,
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings or its woes
Like tracks behind it as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chambers as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have known,
And yet make comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life; and they will fly
And leave their impress by and by,
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath
Breathes into homes its fevered breath.

And after you have quite forgot
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home,
A dove or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair;
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds and moulding fate –
God's system is so intricate.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

—New York Press.

[*This Story began in No.* 483.]

The Order of the Mummy.

BY ALEXANDER C. DURBIN,

Author of "Held in a Distant Land," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

TETLY AND SON.

AS Tom and Bridge stood by the rails of the cornfield fence and while they talked the recent matters over, watching the moon breaking through the obscuring clouds, the harsh voice of the unsuspected new comer rudely interrupted their conference and turned their thoughts to other and more pressing things.

The man who so abruptly addressed them, pointed the weapon—an old army musket—at their breasts, while his companion covered them with the light from his lantern. The former wore a look of determination upon his face, in marked contrast to the grinning phiz of his younger comrade, who seemed to think there was something amusing being enacted for his benefit.

"Ye kin consider yourselves took up," repeated the old man, handling his weapon threateningly, as if to draw their attention to its size and formidable nature generally.

"What do you mean?" demanded Bridge. "We are not harming you in any way."

"No—haha!—I vow ye ain't, haha! 'Taint fer me to allow ez them could, hey, Nehemiah?"

The man with the lantern gave a confirmatory grin.

"Th' ain't nothin' on two legs that you uns is afeard of, paw, you bet th' ain't." Then, in a burst of enthusiasm: "No, nor on four legs, neither."

"You uns hear that? Well, you jist pack up yer traps and kim along now."

"What for?" asked Bridge indignantly.

"What fer? Ha! ha! Pretty cooney, now, ain't them, Nehemiah?"

"Don't let 'em wriggle out, paw," cautioned the son.

"If you gentlemen will explain what this is all about we will be much obliged," went on Bridge. "Here we are in very much of a hurry to hunt up some property of ours which has been lost, and would like you to give us some information, for I see you belong around these parts."

"Well, I vow—such imperence——" began the old man, grasping the gun in a manner which caused the boys to feel alarmed.

"Don't let up on 'em, paw," advised Nehemiah.

"I won't," screamed his father, working himself up into a passion. "What fer you uns kim through my field night after night and trample down my grain, consarn ye? First it was the oats, now it's the corn. 'Taint 'nough, I cal'c'late, when Mammy Tinker's cow Martha, with the kinder terry-cotty spots on her hind quarters, 'tain't 'nough when she uster wander through the field jist 'sif she owned it until she et so much she near busted jist like feedin' on dried apples and water. 'Tain't 'nough, I s'pose, when Pete Stull's bay mare gits out of the stable and tramps down half an acre 'fore she was bridled."

"And 'tain't 'nough, paw," chimed in the son, "when Ike Summer's fambly uster walk through our grounds reg'lar till I tied a rope 'crost the gate one night and tripped 'em up, so'ze Jakey had a big blood bile onto his forred, haw! haw! from a hittin' of his head agin a stone. 'Tain't 'nough when the school master at Scrub Cove walks 'crost the field onct in the mawnin', twict at noon, and onct at night, knockin' off the heads of the oats with his correctin' stick."

"'Tain't 'nough," spoke up the old man, again joining the procession of grievances, "when all Silas Gilpin's chickens——"

"Great guns!" broke in Tom desperately. "What on earth have we to do with that rubbish? What do we care for Pete Stull's cow Martha or Gilpin's chickens?"

"No, I guess you uns don't care," asserted the old man, "but it's bad 'nough to stand them didoes from them ez pretends to be neighborly, but I won't stand it no more from them gallivantin' city people ez don't know a yoke from a bridle. What's the use of me moving up from North Chiny for progress when people don't mind their own business, but keeps me worrit constant?"

"What are you railing at us for?" demanded Bridge. "You're spending your breath for nothing, my man."

"What fer do you uns tresspass on my property?" returned the old man savagely. "Ain't that air road good 'nough fer ye, mebbe like? What good is it fer Nehemiah to paint a putty sign when you uns break out of the field not more'n a yard from it?" His voice ended in a thin wail of indignation, and Nehemiah again joined in.

"Almost knocked it down, too, paw, gettin' over the bars. We uns air fools fer lettin' of them do it."

"Where is the sign?" inquired Bridge. "We didn't see any. How could you expect us to see it on such a dark night?"

"Maybe it's got illuminated letters for the benefit of travelers," suggested Tom, in an intensely disgusted Tom.

"That ain't our business," returned Nehemiah in response to Bridge. "You uns must look out fer that. If ye kin pass it night after night from Thatcher's over to see your gals at that Peter Carlile's—and a meaner white man there ain't in all this here country."

"Correct, Nehemiah, correct," squeaked the old man. "Him and me'll settle scores yet if I am seventy one, goin' on seventy two. 'Tain't too old to stick up fer my rights."

"When you was kim sneakin' back," returned the son, "from a-sparkin' of your gals, and to save time goes cuttin' through our cornfield same as some other boarders as thinks themselves way up and too fine feathered fer our Deely uster go through our oats last June, then you uns ought to 've seen that air sign. Hold 'em steady, paw, while I show 'em the warnin' which was printed consequens of trespassin'."

He raised the lantern so that the boys could see a large square board, fastened to a top rail to the left of them.

In black letters—irregular, scrawling and topsy-turvy—on a streaky white background, was painted the following awe inspiring

NOTIS. IF ANY MAN'S OR WOMAN'S COWS OR OXEN OR CHICKENS GITS IN THESE HERE OATS, HIS OR HER HEAD OR TAIL WILL BE CUT OFFEN AS THE CASE MAY BE. SEEIN' YOUS MAKE A CONVENEANCE OF OUR FIELDS IN GOIN' CATTY CORNERED THIS NOTIS IS ALSO ECTTSTENDED TO ALL HUMAN BEIN'S ON PENALTY OF THE LAW BEFORE SQUIRE NIKLIS.

HOORAH TETLY AND SON.

"Now," said the junior member confidently, "you uns kin git it through yer heads that Hoorah Tetly is paw here, and I'm paw's son, and we uns hev caught you uns trespassin' on our corn, and ef you uns came along peaceable and no cuttin' up we uns won't do nothin' but take you uns tomorrer to Squire Niklis fer to fine ye. That's why we uns 'lowed to ketch ye."

"Quite right, Nehemiah, quite right," answered the old man. "And now I've got 'em I'm goin' to hold onto 'em."

CHAPTER XV.

PRISONERS.

TOM and Bridge, with their hands in their pockets, stared the sign completely out of countenance. It was, taken all in all, so ludicrous that they looked at each other and then burst out laughing. No act of theirs could have been more inopportune or affronted the strangers more deeply.

It incensed the old man to the degree of speechlessness.

"Why, see here," said Bridge, after recovering his equanimity, "this is a big and miserable mistake. We are not the people you take us for. We never came through your field night after night—especially since this is a cornfield, not an oat field, as the sign says—and we don't go to see any girls at Mr. Carlile's. We are total strangers in this part of the country."

"Brought here against our wills," added Tom, "and wish we were well out of it. We are hunting for a long lost friend, and we are in considerable of a hurry."

"You uns can't tell me no sich truck as that," declared Nehemiah, while old Mr. Tetly was gulping down his rage. "Ain't I seen ye with my own nachel eyes time and time agin? There's that feller"—pointing to Tom—"and I would know him 'mong a thousand. Spends nearly every night at Carlile's. Better stay at Thatcher's, where he belongs, or else go home to his mammy. Ain't I seen that hat what looks 'sif it was a fryin' pan turned down before, paw?"

Nehemiah the valiant addressed his father while talking at the object of his scorn.

"'Twict this week, onct last, and every night the week afore," affirmed the old man, with a rising and quivering accent on every new enumeration. "It do make me recklus mad that people as pertends to be eddicated kin tell sich dumfoundered lies and be a-laffin' all the time. I seen that hat every time I seen the feller what wears it."

Tom put his hand up to his head and lifted his tile. He found that in his haste he had seized at the Carlile mansion a blue yachting cap trimmed with gold braid, and had worn it up to this point unconsciously. It was evidently the property of one of the true malefactors, the young men who were playing dominoes at the house.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled old Tetly. "Caught neat. Conseqenses of prewarication. Now, we don't argy the question any more. I say move, and I says it three times, and ef you uns don't stir, why, by the great whilikins, I'll pepper ye with this here musket."

"One minute, uncle, one minute," said Tom, "before you shoot that blunderbuss. Where do you live?"

"'Sif you uns didn't know," put in Nehemiah. "The house down the lane with the lights."

"It's our way anyhow," Tom whispered to Bridge, and they both added, "All right; we'll go with you."

It was useless to prolong a bootless controversy with two obstinate men. So, at the command of their captors, they marched off ahead.

The junior Tetly kept at their side, lantern in hand, while the senior followed close in the rear with the musket. His large hat was bent down so far over his eyes and ears, that the tip of his nose, the smile of triumph and the long thinly pointed beard underneath, were all that was visible of his countenance. He carried his large and heavy weapon at a charge, and in the height of his eagerness and haste he frequently prodded Tom and Bridge with the bayonetless barrel.

"Sign says oats, does it?" he muttered. "'Co'se it do. We uns kin use it on whatever field we please, I calc'late. Ain't bound to change the letters every time we move it, I calc'late. Ha! ha! Ain't I got one in for Peter Carlile, though? We uns 'll see if he's goin' ter hev it all his own way 'bout them hogs of mine. Calc'late I kin do some arrestin' too."

"Keep 'em up, paw," counseled Nehemiah. "Don't let 'em escape."

"I won't, consarn 'em," responded the old man; and to strengthen his assertion, he poked Tom on the shoulder blade so sharply that that youth was about to turn around and protest, when he was called to order by his companion, who considered it the best policy to grin and bear it.

The unique procession moved slowly down the lane, till at last it came to a small log hut located in a hollow. The door stood invitingly open, and even at that late hour the smell of cooking saluted their nostrils. A tall, gawky female, as soon as she heard the sound of their footsteps, came out and stood in the doorway.

"Is that you uns, paw?" she inquired, in a harsh, discordant voice, its deep tones like the bass of a man's.

"Git out of the way, Deely; git from front of we uns. Don't stop me and Nehemiah," squeaked the old man in tremulous ecstasy. "We uns hev got 'em. We uns ketched them in the cornfield, same as Nehemiah ketched Mammy Tinker's cow Martha in the oats not more'n couple of months ago."

"I knowed you uns would ketch 'em, paw, ef ye stayed at it long 'nough. What air they like, anyhow? Why sakes alive, they air nothin' but boys."

"Look out, Deely," warned her brother; "ef they air nothin' but boys they are mighty knowin'. Every onct in a while they git desprit, too. We had an orful time fetchin' of them here. They got to argyin' and denyin', and come near offerin' wiolence."

"But they can't come any sich game on we uns," quavered the old fellow, who labored under the impression that he had captured the boy terrors of the Alleghenies. "This here weepon of mine put a stopper on their canticoes."

Nehemiah hastily bolted the door and put a beam across it. Whether he thought that an assault might be attempted by the friends of the boys it is hard to say, but when the operation was concluded he sat down upon a rude wooden settee and eyed them with a grin of satisfaction.

"Look here, Mr. Tetly," flashed out Bridge to the head of the family, "you are making a big mistake in keeping us here, and unless you let us go at once we shall take steps to make it hot for you."

"Haw! Haw! Listen at him, paw," tittered the son. "The little shote is knockin' 'gainst the rails and squealin' like a full grown."

"What you ought to do, Mr. Tetly," observed Tom sarcastically, "if you are willing to accept the advice of a friend, is to put a muzzle on your son there. He talks too much."

Nehemiah began to look indignant, and the old man remarked: "You uns kin laff and make them funny speeches, but tomorrer mornin' yer jaws will play a different tune when you uns is fined ten dollars, which must be paid to onct or else you uns 'll go to the penitenshy. Now, how do you uns like that? Ain't laffin now, I calc'late."

"We are not laughing," replied Bridge, "because it is impossible for us to tell whether you are serious or whether this is a huge practical joke. The idea of hauling us two up before a magistrate strikes us as sublimely ridiculous. Do you actually mean it?"

"Do I actilly mean it?" piped the old man grimly. "You uns 'll find out quick 'nough tomorrer."

"But great goodness!" exclaimed Bridge, "you surely don't mean to keep us here all night."

"That we uns do," affirmed old Tetly decisively, "and ye might as well make the best of it. Deely will throw you a quilt from the attic, and you kin sleep here on the floor. 'Tain't no use tryin' to break out, 'cause if you uns fool with the beam 'crost the door we're bound to hear you, and the winder's too small for you uns to crawl through. What time is it, Nehemiah? I'm almost knocked out with this here night's work."

The son produced a silver watch the size of a prize tomato.

"Twenty minutes goin' on past eleven," he replied.

"Tarrapin!" exclaimed his father. "Ain't it scandlus bad that we uns lose our nachel sleep on account of people who can't get to bed when they orter, but goes trapsin around on other folks's property."

"It is a outrage," vowed Nehemiah, "and especially when them self same people insult we uns with their tongues."

"Paw," put forth Deely, as she drew a pan of cornbread from the oven, "take a bite before you uns goes to bed; it'll do you good."

Mr. Tetly, although he was so fatigued, was not unwilling to refresh himself at this late hour, so he drew up his chair to the narrow table and began to chew away.

"Not to be inhuman as man to man," he remarked, "you uns is invited to jine the meal. Some 'lasses, Deely."

The boys thought they wouldn't eat, and the two captors, the gun at their side, finished the baking themselves.

With a final warning to the prisoners, the trio, one by one, then mounted to the top floor by the ladder, and drew it up after them. To prevent a sudden rush by the prisoners, old Tetly was the last to ascend, and he passed the weapon up to his son, who pointed it at the boys while his father was mounting.

"I got my eye on you uns," said the latter, peeping from the corner of the trap door, "and ef I ketch ye tryin' to git away, dear help ye. I know yer game, and me and Nehemiah 'll keep guard all night."

The Tetly family—father, son and daughter—then disappeared, and the captives were left to themselves. They looked ruefully at each other without attempting to disguise the fact that they were considerably shaken up by this singular turn of events.

"Well," remarked Tom after a while, "we've got about as much backbone as a couple of cigar store Indians. This is the worst fix we've been in yet."

"Positively the worst," assented Bridge dolefully. "Aside from not knowing what has become of the mummy, another question arises—how do we get to school tomorrow?"

"That's a vital point, I admit," said Tom, "and it looks as if we would lose a day. But, Bridge, we must get the better of these people somehow. This will be an awful rig on us if it ever gets to Fondale."

"Sh!" murmured Bridge softly, "don't let them hear us. Rusty and Jim may take a notion to come after us, and then if they won't let us out we'll tear the shanty down."

"I doubt if the fellows turn up," remarked Tom, "but I think, as we haven't heard from them, that the symptoms are favorable to their finding the mummy."

Impatient of their imprisonment, they tried the door, but the beam fitted too snugly across it to permit of their drawing it away without making a big noise, and an escape by the one window was impracticable as the old man had stated. With subdued groans of disgust they sank at last to sleep on the large quilt, while the solitary candle at the same time expired.

CHAPTER XVI.

"KIVERED."

THE sun, shining brightly through the calico curtain fastened to the little window, was not up much sooner than the boys. Tom, as soon as he realized where he was, sprang to the door and endeavored to lift the beam. It came easily enough, but made a grating sound that must have reached the ears of the Tetlys. To add to the noise it fell on Bridge's foot and caused him to emit an audible "Ouch!"

A shadow was cast upon the floor.

"You uns jist lay right down there an' no monkeyin'," directed a voice at this moment, and looking around they saw old Tetly peeping into the room through the window. Nothing of him was visible save his head and hat. He had pushed the curtain aside—for the window was destitute of a pane of glass—and inserted his long musket barrel into the room, resting it upon the sill.

"My hand's on the trigger," he squeaked, "no matter if ye can't see it. I'm standin' on a basket which is turned upside down unto a box fer my convenience, and Nehemiah is right here holdin' it up and urgin' me on."

"That I am, paw," were the confirmatory words of the faithful but timid son.

At the first sound of the old man's file-like voice the boys had left the door somewhat abashed at their detection in an unsuccessful effort to escape.

"Hee! hee!" snickered the triumphant Mr. Tetly, "me an' Nehemiah ain't no fools, air we, Nehemiah?"

"Deed we uns ain't, paw."

"That air thin feller had better keep clost to the wall and not keep tryin' to dodge towards the door." This was addressed to Tom, who had designs on the bolt. "I got him kivered with this here weapon so's I'll make him look 'sif he had the measles if he don't take keer of himself."

The old farmer was now monarch of all he surveyed, and the scope of his view included the whole room and its occupants. He wore a broad smile of simple victory that was funny to see, and he turned his musket around in a half circle as if it worked upon a pivot. He was prepared to rake the cabin fore and aft upon the first sign of mutiny.

"Say, Mr. Tetly," said Bridge, "this is all stuff and nonsense. What's the use of all this precaution? We don't want your ill will, and we offer to pay you liberally for our night's lodging if you let us go without any further trouble.'

"Don't let up on 'em, paw; I'm back of ye," advised Nehemiah, down in the depths, while "Deely" stuck her head from the loft and shrilly added: "Make 'em pay good fer the damage, paw. What'll Jakey Miller say ef they ain't punished as they orter be, an Zeke Younger an' Brownie Scatchem?"

"I ain't goin' ter," answered the old man between his set teeth. "I ain't goin' to allow a passel of whippersnappers trespass on my property and lord it over me. And that trampin' over my oats has got to be stopped. Somebody must be made a sample of."

"Oh, look here," broke in Tom. "We surrender—unconditionally. We'll go to Squire Nicholas with you without saying a word. We'll do anything in reason. Only give us a chance to explain matters. Briefly—we are not from Thatcher's, but live at Fondale, a dozen miles from here, I judge. We are hunting for a certain object which was stolen from us a matter of a day ago. We ought to have got it last night, and hope our friends have succeeded, if we haven't."

"Toby sho', toby sho'," sarcastically responded Mr. Tetly, with an air of cunning wisdom and a comical wink of his eye. "I knowed you uns would cave under when ye seen we uns was in fer biznis. Me and Nehemiah didn't climb out of the window up there with Deely holdin' of us fer fear we uns would drop, and kim round and take you uns by surprise for nothin'. Did we uns, Nehemiah? We knowed what we uns was up ter?"

"'Deed we uns did, paw." This from the obligato.

"Well, come on, now," continued Bridge. "Do you expect us to stay here all day? Put that blunderbuss aside and take us 'fer to be made a sample of'."

The removal was made more quickly than they or the outsiders had anticipated, for Bridge had hardly finished his sentence when the old man was seen to disappear like a flash from the window. His support had in some manner failed him, and he had fallen to the ground, his weapon striking against the upper part of the framework, but luckily without being discharged.

At this sudden evacuation of the post the boys were too much overcome by paroxysms of laughter to think of escaping. Their merriment was heard by the party without, and only added fuel to their rage.

Old Tetly put himself in position again like a jack-in-the-box, and the musket was a second time pointed at them. When he saw that they had not made an effort to get free his face wore a more complacent look.

"Deely!" he shouted. "Kim down and open this door.'

"Oh, I'm afeerd, paw; I'm afeerd of them air ruffings," responded the maiden, as she cautiously looked over the edge of the trap door.

"Never fear, never fear," called the father. "I've got 'em kivered. They shan't harm ye while me and Nehemiah's round."

"We don't want to harm her, you lunkhead," roared Bridge, angered at the old man's continued obtuseness.

Encouraged by her father's words, Deely slowly put the ladder down and made her way to the floor below. She quickly unbolted the door and permitted Nehemiah to enter. He came in with faltering steps while his father stood guard, making characteristic remarks all the time.

The daughter prepared breakfast, and although it was a coarse, greasy repast and eaten at the point of a musket, liable at any moment to go off of its own accord, the boys enjoyed it hugely. The meal was soon dispatched, and at its conclusion they sallied forth, the old man fetching up the rear, as he did the night previous, gloating like a hyena over his prey.

(*To be continued.*)

CORRESPONDENCE

H. W., Milwaukee, Wis. We are fully supplied.

P. M., New York City. Experience says it would not.

I. H., New Orleans, La. "Cossack and Convict" can be found only in THE ARGOSY.

H. M., Gloversville, N. Y. Nothing short of destruction will remove printing from paper.

S. M., Philadelphia, Pa. You will find directions for making a copying pad elsewhere in this number.

H. A. F., Jersey City, N. J. The average boy at 16 years is 5 feet 3 inches in height, and weighs 107 pounds.

G. G., Circleville, N. Y. Please observe that what you quote referred to the then current volume, price $4 per annum at that time.

L. C. C., Grand Rapids, Mich. See advertisement of bound volumes in this issue, which indicates the numbers of the issues included in each.

C. W., New York City. This department can assume the responsibilities of a reference bureau only in a negative way; it is unaware of anything to the discredit of parties mentioned.

P. F., Chicago, Ill. The qualifications for an engraver are that he should be able to engrave well. This answer is no more curious than the question. You should frame questions so that your meaning is clear.

J. O. G., Brooklyn, N. Y. Usually thought is one of the qualifications of success in "the literary line." Thought is not conspicuous in your question as to how you might succeed in that "line." Literature, by the way, is one of the arts.

D. W. A., Pottsville, Pa. Candidates for the Naval Academy are recommended to the President by the Representatives when they learn of vacancies in their districts. The course is six years. Required age, not under fifteen nor over twenty. Examinations are held in arithmetic, algebra, geography, grammar, United States history, reading, writing, spelling. Inquire of your Congressman as to a vacancy in your district.

C. H., Ogdensburg, N. Y. 1. Alexandre Dumas (the elder) published his "Count of Monte Christo" in 1845. 2. In demanding amends from Chili the President performed a duty. In referring the matter to Congress he is considered by his supporters to have done what the national dignity required, by his critics to have with unseemly haste attempted to bully a nation not strong enough to stand out against us. The best answer to your question is your judgment on reading the correspondence published in the daily press at the time of the reference to the House of Representatives. 3. "One Boy's Honor" contains some of the characters active in "A Split in the Club." It is not published in book form. 4. Watch our announcements.

D. F., Washington, D. C. 1. The Minnesingers (love singers) were a school of German poets that flourished from the middle of the twelfth century to the end of the thirteenth They were similar to the troubadours of England, traveling from court to court and composing and singing for their living. Hans Sachs, a poet cobbler, was chief of the Mastersingers of Nuremberg, and lived two hundred years after the decline of the Minnesingers (1494-1576). The German Mastersingers were societies or guilds of poet singers, and the guild of Nuremberg is the most famous. These were composed of tradesmen and the solid people of the towns. These organizations were the precursors of the modern German singing societies. We have heard only of the "Seven Wise Masters," the title of a book of Oriental tales translated into German during the fifteenth century. 2. The wolf is the typical form of the dogs. The wolverene is entirely different, resembling a little bear. Its length is less than three feet.

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TO READERS OF THE ARGOSY.

Kindly call the attention of your friends to Mr. Alger's new serial in this issue. It is a marvelously interesting story.

A RAILROAD'S QUEER PULL.

RECALLING to mind a recent observation in these columns concerning the civilizing and populating agency of railroads, we find a converse instance in contemporary American history.

It is said that Fort Benton, Montana, with a railroad running quite at hand, was a thriving town of 2,500 souls.

But the railroad moved its tracks five miles further away and the population of Fort Benton is now about 200, people following the railway, as the children followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Whether in town or country, people must be near lines of transportation and avenues of communication.

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

INDIVIDUALS' LOSS, THE GOVERNMENT'S GAIN.

A HOUSE burns up and the tenants, surprised in their sleep, dash out without regard to clothing, leaving small sums of money in various receptacles of certain lowet garments. The money therefore goes up in smoke—a frequent transformation that happens even without a conflagration.

A lady crossing the ferry and eager to get her first glimpse of the great Liberty statue, leans over the rail and her purse slips from her hand to the water and is lost.

In such ways an amount of the government issue of greenbacks is annually lost beyond recovery by any one, and as time goes on the total mounts to quite some height. At present it is estimated that this total loss is not less than fifty million dollars—all clean profit to the government, as it has just so many less notes to redeem in gold.

DOWN ON THE RAINMAKERS.

SOMETHING new has of late furnished the excitement down in the bear country of Pennsylvania. The rural privacy of the honest farmers was suddenly violated by the appearance of long haired visitors with a field battery and a lot of machinery.

The honest rustics could not decide at first whether these were a guerilla invasion from Canada, or a band of belligerent lunatics let loose. But when the guns were planted on the hilltops and their explosive missiles were discharged point blank at the sky, their worst fears were surpassed. The invaders were rainmakers!

These, then, were the fiends disguised in long locks and learned looks, who went about with their high explosives in the interest of some monopolistic capitalist who, so great was his greed, was bent on controlling even the soft dews of the night. These the sacreligious tricksters who would draw the water from the clouds faster than they could renew it and leave them like limp, damp rags, exhausted forever!

The farmers, therefore, arose in mass and appointed a vigilance committee; the latter prepared to foil the sharpers who were about to entice from the clouds the very moisture the earth was then thirsting for, and they therefore made various raids, resulting in the destruction of nearly $10,000 worth of government apparatus, and almost in the calling out of the militia to quell the moral crusade.

Doubtless the rainmakers will move elsewhere, and Lancaster County will be spared the spectacle of a lot of dark, formless clouds flopping down to shrivel up and disintegrate into the dust of widespread drought.

Horatio Alger, Jr., has written a delightful story for the March issue of Munsey's Magazine. Every lover of Mr. Alger's stories should secure the March number. It is a capital story and is published complete.

THE BOUND VOLUME OF MUNSEY'S.

IN our advertising columns this week will be found the announcement of the bound volume of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE just ready. This makes a superb book of over 750 pages, lavishly illustrated and containing a splendid collection of stories and articles. There are six complete novels, each of which in book form would sell for a dollar, written by such authors as Horatio Alger, Jr., William Murray Graydon and Matthew White, Jr. The theater, the opera, music, churches, art, picturesque features of American and foreign cities—these are but a portion of the subjects attractively treated with pen and pencil in this magnificent volume. And all this for only $2, for which sum the book will be delivered at this office, or at a bookstore. Order at once before the edition is exhausted.

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.

A FEW DIFFERENCES OF DEFINITION.

A YOUNG American, on his first visit to London, once had occasion to find a drug store in a hurry. He asked six people on the street and none of them could tell him, until one, who seemed duller than the rest, asked the lad what a drug store was.

"A store where they sell drugs, of course—medicines, pills, plasters——"

"Oh! you mean an *apothecary shop*—just around the corner, sir, to the left!"

"Chemist" is another English name for our American druggist; our baggage is their "luggage"; our elevator, their "lift"; we ride in railroad cars, they in "railway carriages" and they hand their tickets to a "guard"; as that official locks them in their compartments, he is even more aptly named than is our own conductor.

There are thousands of such differences, interesting to trace and curious to hear spoken. One, which is in the domain of pure slang, occurs (according to an American journal) in the term "rushing the growler"; its English equivalent is startlingly different from its commonplace American meaning. In London, to "rush the growler" is to cheat the hackman, for "rush" means to swindle and a "growler" is a four wheeled cab.

COLONEL CHAS. H. TAYLOR,

EDITOR OF THE "BOSTON GLOBE."

THE career of the genial editor of the *Boston Globe* is an interesting page of personal history. It tells us once more the old American story of a poor boy, toiling and struggling, and raising himself by his own efforts to win success and an honorable place among his countrymen.

Charles H. Taylor springs from the common people, and he was brought face to face with the stern realities of life at an early age. When thirteen years old he left school, and was sent to work for a short time in a printing office. Next he tried two or three trades in succession, but found none of them congenial. He had no mechanical ability, and could not succeed without it.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR.

He was only fourteen when he got work in the composing room of the Boston *Traveller*. Early and late he worked in the composing room, press room and mail room; he carried bundles to the depots, and did all kinds of odd jobs.

He was but sixteen years of age when, in 1862, he entered the United States service; he served for eighteen months, when he was wounded by a ball which is still in the colonel's side. He came home on a furlough, obtained a discharge from the army, and went back to work in the composing room of the *Traveller*.

He determined to get into the editorial room, and worked hard to qualify himself for the position. He was not yet nineteen when he gained his wish. He had learned shorthand, and the knowledge stood him in good stead.

In 1866 he was dispatched as special correspondent with the famous Fenian "army" which made a raid upon the Canadian border. Then he undertook the Boston correspondence of the New York *Tribune*, the *Times*, and other papers, a fact which shows that his powers were becoming widely recognized.

He was now working hard and saving money. In the year in which he reached his majority, he made four thousand dollars by his pen. But greater things were in store for him.

Both politics and soldiering seem to come naturally to the journalist; perhaps, as a recorder of history, he is closely akin to the soldier and the politician, the makers of history.

In 1869 he was appointed private and military secretary to Governor William Claflin, of Massachusetts, which conferred upon him the honorary rank of a colonel of volunteers.

Three years later Colonel Taylor was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature by his fellow citizens of Somerville, receiving the unanimous nomination of both parties; and when, the following year, he was chosen clerk of the House, he seemed to have fairly set his foot upon the ladder of political promotion.

But before the year was over, he had turned away from politics, and undertaken a difficult and hazardous venture in journalism.

The Boston *Globe* had been established a year, and a sickly yearling it was when Colonel Taylor took charge of it in 1873. It had proved a failure, and was in danger of extinction; and the attempt to resuscitate it seemed almost hopeless.

But Colonel Taylor had the good judgmeet to see an opportunity, and the pluck and energy to grasp it. The Democratic party of Massachusetts was practically without a voice in the Boston daily press, and he determined to build up a journal which should supply this want.

From its feeble start, and from a position outside the Associated Press, the *Globe* has risen until today it possesses a circulation, volume of business, and profit, exceeded by very few papers in the country, and bears striking witness to the talent and energy which have enabled Colonel Taylor to lift himself from odd jobs in a printing office to the head of a great newspaper.

The controlling spirit of the *Globe* is fond of new ideas. That journal was a pioneer in the matter of illustrations, which have now been adopted by most of the leading dailies. Signed editorials, too, were also introduced, and many well known names are to be found on the *Globe's* leader page. Occasionally a pithy and pointed article is penned and signed by Colonel Taylor himself.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

HE that does you an ill turn will never forgive you.

NO entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.—*Anon.*

I'VE never had any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.—*George Eliot.*

THE man who succeeds thinks before he acts. To do a thing right in the first place is better than to find the right way after repeated trials.

BOOKS are the most discreet of all friends; they visit us without intrusion; and, though often rudely put aside, are as prompt to serve and please as ever.

MEN who seldom mix with their fellows are almost sure to become one sided, the victims of fixed ideas that sometimes lead to insanity.—*Wm. Mathews.*

FEELINGS come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.—*Richter.*

OPPORTUNITY has hair in front; behind she is bald. If you seize her by the forelock you may hold her; but, if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again.—*From the Latin.*

IF you would work on any man, you must either know his nature and fashions, and so lead him; or his ends, and so persuade him; or his weakness and disadvantages, and so awe him; or those that are interested in him, and so govern him.—*Bacon.*

I FIND the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of Heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it; but we must sail, and not drift nor lie at anchor.—*Holmes.*

A GREENWOOD TREE.

THE slender beech and the sapling oak
That grow by the shallow rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.
—PEACOCK.

[*This Story began last week.*]

JED,

THE POOR HOUSE BOY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

Author of "Ragged Dick," "Luck and Pluck," "A Debt of Honor," etc.

CHAPTER V.

JED SECURES AN ALLY.

IT was trying to Mrs. Fogson to see her husband apparently getting the worst of it from "that young viper" as she mentally apostrophized Jed, and she longed to take a part, notwithstanding her husband's refusal to accept her assistance.

A bright, but malicious idea struck her. She seized a tin dipper and filled it half full from the tea kettle, the water in which was almost scalding. Then she seized an opportunity to empty it over Jed. But unfortunately for the success of her amiable plan, by the time she was ready to pour it out it was Mr. Fogson who was exposed, and he received the whole of the water on his neck and shoulder.

"Help! Help! Murder!" he shrieked in anguish "You have scalded me, you—you she cat!"

As he spoke he released his hold on Jed, who sprang to his feet and stood watching for the next movement of the enemy.

"Did I scald you, Simeon?" asked Mrs. Fogson in dismay.

"Yes, I am almost dead. Get some flour and sweet oil quick."

"I didn't mean to," said his wife repentantly. "I meant it for that boy."

"You're an idiot!" roared Fogson, stamping his foot. "Go and get the oil quick!"

Mrs. Fogson, much frightened, hurried to obey orders, and the next fifteen minutes were spent in allaying the anguish of her lord and master, who made it very unpleasant for her by his bitter complaints and upbraidings.

"I think I'd better get out of this," thought Jed. "The old woman will be trying to scald me next."

He disappeared through the side door, leaving the amiable couple busily but not pleasantly employed.

He had scarcely left the house when Dr. Redmond drove up, his errand being to see one of the inmates of the poor house.

"How are you, Jed?" he said pleasantly. "My wife tells me you did her a great service today?"

"I was glad to do it, doctor," said Jed.

"Here's a dollar. I am sure you can use it."

"But, doctor, Mrs. Redmond gave me a dollar."

"Never mind! You can use both."

"Thank you," said Jed. "You'd better go right in, doctor; Mrs. Fogson has just scalded her husband, and he is in great pain."

"How did it happen?" asked the doctoe in amazement.

"Go in and they'll tell you," said Jed. "I'll see you afterwards and tell you whether their story is correct."

When Mr. and Mrs. Fogson saw the doctor enter they were overjoyed.

"Oh, Dr. Redmond," groaned Fogson, "do something to relieve me quick. I'm in terrible pain."

"What's the matter?" asked Dr. Redmond.

"I am scalded."

"How did it happen!"

"*She* did it!" said Fogson pointing scornfully to Mrs. Fogson.

Dr. Redmond set himself at once to relieve the suffering one, making use of the remedies that Fogson himself had suggested to his wife. When the patient was more comfortable he turned gravely to Mrs. Fogson and asked: "Will you explain how your husband got scalded?"

"The woman poured hot water on me," interrupted Fogson with an ugly scowl. "It would serve her right if I treated her in the same manner."

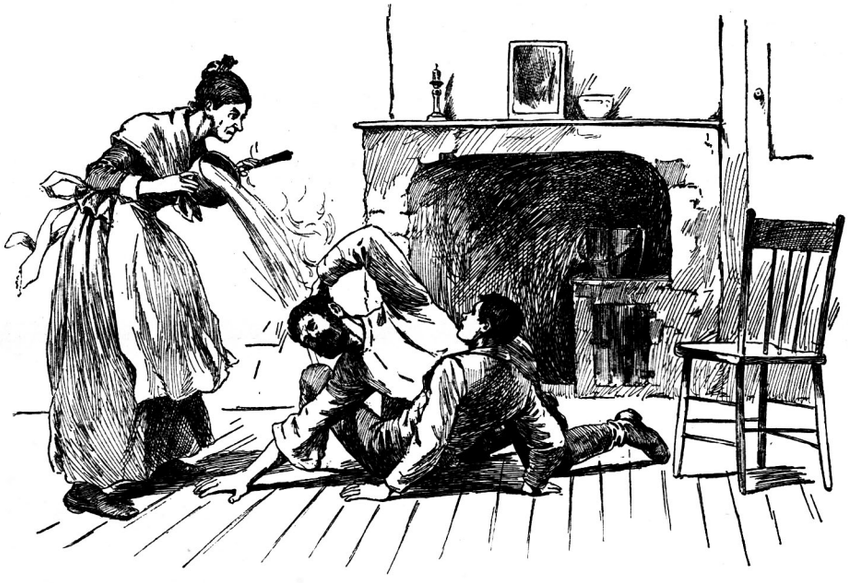
"You don't mean that she did it on purpose, Mr. Fogson?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Of course I didn't," retorted Mrs. Fogson indignantly. "I meant it for Jed."

"You meant to scald Jed?" said the doctor sternly.

"Yes, he assaulted my husband, and I feared he would kill him. It was all the way I could help."

"Mrs. Fogson, I can hardly believe you would be guilty of such an atrocious act even on your own confession, nor can I believe that Jed would assault your husband without good cause."



"HELP! HELP! MURDER!" HE SHRIEKED IN ANGUISH.

"It is true whether you believe it or not," said Mrs. Fogson sullenly.

Dr. Redmond's answer was to open the outer door and call "Jed!"

Jed entered at once, and stood in the presence of his persecutors, calm and undisturbed.

"Jed," said the doctor, "Mrs. Fogson admits that she scalded her husband in trying to scald you, and urges in defense that you assaulted Mr. Fogson. What do you say to this?"

"That Mr. Fogson struck me over the shoulder with a horsewhip, and that I pulled it away from him. Upon this he sprang at me, and in self defense I grappled with him, and while we were rolling over the floor Mrs. Fogson poured a dipper of hot water over her husband, meaning it for me."

"Is this true, Mr. Fogson?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, it's about so. Mrs. Fogson acted like an idiot."

"If she had scalded Jed instead of you, would you say the same thing?"

"Well, of course that would have been different."

"I can see no difference," said Dr. Redmond sternly. "It was not an idiotic, but a brutal and inhuman act."

"Come, doctor, that's rather strong," protested Fogson uncomfortably.

"It is not too strong! I don't think there is a person in the village but would agree with me. Had the victim of the scalding been Jed, I would have reported the matter to the authorities. Now tell me why you attempted to horsewhip the boy?"

"Because he was impudent," replied Fogson evasively.

"And that was all?"

"He disobeyed me."

"Jed, let me hear your version of the story."

"Mr. Fogson knew that I had a dollar given me by Mrs. Redmond, and he called upon me to give it up to him. I wouldn't do it, and upon that he tried to horsewhip me."

"You see he owns up to his disobeying me, doctor," put in Fogson triumphantly.

"Why did you require him to give you the dollar, Mr. Fogson?"

"Because he is a pauper, and a pauper has no right to hold money."

"I won't discuss that point. What did you propose to do with the dollar in case you had obtained it from Jed?"

"As you are not Overseer of the Poor, Dr. Redmond, I don't know that I have any call to tell you. When Squire Dixon asks me I will make it all straight with him."

"Probably," answered the doctor in a significant tone, for he as well as others understood that there was some secret compact between Mr. Fogson and the town official, and he had earnestly opposed Squire Dixon at the polls.

"Not only you, but Squire Dixon will have to give an account of your stewardship," he said. "If any outrage should be committed against the boy Jed, or any one else in this establishment, you will find that making it straight with Squire Dixon won't be sufficient."

"I will report what you say to Squire Dixon," said Fogson defiantly.

"I wish you would. I shouldn't object to saying the same thing to his face. Now, Mrs. Fogson, if you will lead the way I will go and see Mrs. Connolly."

"Come along then," said Mrs. Fogson, compressing her thin lips. "I don't believe there is anything the matter with that old woman."

"I am a better judge of that matter than you, Mrs. Fogson."

The poor old woman looked thin and wan, and hardly had strength to lift up her head to meet the doctor's glance.

After a brief examination he said: "Your trouble is nervous debility. You have no strength. What you need is nourishment. Do you have tea three times a day, Mrs. Connolly?"

"Only once a week, doctor," wailed the poor old woman, bursting into tears.

"Only once a week!" repeated the doctor shocked. "What does this mean, Mrs. Fogson?"

"It means, Dr. Redmond," answered the mistress of the poor house, "that this is not a first class hotel."

"I should say not," commented the doctor. "How often did you have tea, Mrs. Connolly, when Mr. and Mrs. Avery were here?"

"At breakfast and supper, and on Sundays three times a day."

"Precisely. What do you say to that, Mrs. Fogson?"

"I say, as everybody says, that the Averys squandered the town's money."

"They certainly didn't put it into their own pockets. The town, I think I am safe in saying, doesn't mean to starve the poor people whom it provides for. Do I understand that you are actuated by a desire to save the town's money?"

"Of course I am, and Squire Dixon approves all I do," answered Mrs. Fogson defiantly.

"If he approves your withholding the necessities of life from those under your charge he is unfit for his position. When the accounts of the poor house are audited at the end of the year I shall make a searching examination, and ascertain how much less they are under your administration than under that of your predecessors."

Judging from her looks Mrs. Fogson was aching to scratch Dr. Redmond's eyes out, but as he was not a pauper she was compelled to restrain her anger.

"Now, Mrs. Connolly," said the doctor, "you are to have tea twice a day, and three imes on Sunday. I shall see that it is given to you," he added, with a significant glance at Mrs. Fogson.

"Oh, how glad I am!" said the poor creature. "God bless you, Dr. Redmond!"

"Mrs. Fogson," went on the doctor, "do you limit yourself to tea once a week?"

"I ain't a pauper, Dr. Redmond!" replied Mrs. Fogson indignantly.

"No; you are much stronger than a pauper, and could bear the deprivation better. Let me tell you that you needn't be afraid to supply decent food to the poor people in your charge. It won't cost any more than it did under the Averys, for prices are on the whole cheaper."

"Perhaps if it does cost more you'll pay it out of your own pocket."

"I contribute already to the support of the poor house, being a large tax payer, and I give my medical services without exacting payment. The town is not mean, and I will see that no fault is found with reasonable bills."

"I wish you'd fall and break your neck, you old meddler," thought Mrs. Fogson, but she did not dare to say this.

"One thing more, madam!" said the doctor, who had now entered the room where Jed and her husband were, "reserve your hot water for its legitimate uses. No more scalding, if you please."

"That's well put, doctor!" growled Fogson. "If she wants to scald anybody else, she had better try herself."

"That's all the gratitude I get for taking your part, Simeon Fogson," said the exasperated helpmeet. "The next time Jed may beat you black and blue for all I care."

"It strikes me," remarked the doctor dryly, "that your husband is a match for a boy of sixteen, and need be under no apprehension. No more horsewhips, Mr. Fogson, if *you* please, and don't trouble yourself about any small sums that Jed may receive. Jed, jump into my buggy, and I will take you home with me. I think Mrs. Redmond will give you some supper."

"The boy hasn't done his chores," said Mrs. Fogson maliciously.

"Very well, I will make a bargain with you. Don't object to his going, and I won't charge Mr. Fogson anything for my attendance upon him just now."

This appeal to the selfish interests of Mr. Fogson had its effect, and Jed jumped into the doctor's buggy with eager alacrity.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. FOGSON MAKES UP HIS MIND.

"I DON'T know, Jed, whether I can make up to you for the supper you will lose at the poor house," observed the doctor jocosely. "Mrs.

Redmond may not be as good a cook as Mrs. Fogson."

"I will risk it," said Jed.

"Is the fare much worse than it was when Mrs. Avery was in charge?"

"Very much worse. I don't mind it much myself, for I often get a meal at Fred Morrison's, but the poor old people have a hard time."

"I will make it my business to see that there is an improvement."

"Dr. Redmond," said Jed after a pause, "do you think it would be wrong for me to run away from the poor house?"

"Have you any such intention?" asked the doctor quickly.

"Yes; I think I can earn my own living, and a better living than I have there. I am young and strong, and I am not afraid to try."

"As to that, Jed, I don't see why there should be any objection to your making the attempt. The town of Scranton ought not to object to lessening the number it is required to support."

"Mr. and Mrs. Fogson would object. They would miss my work."

"Have you ever spoken to them on the subject?"

"I did one day, and they said I would have to stay till I was twenty one."

"That is not true."

"I don't think I could stay that long," said Jed soberly. "I should be dead before that time if I had to live with Mr. and Mrs. Fogson, and fared no better. Besides, you see how I am dressed. I should think you would be ashamed to have me at your table."

Jed's clothes certainly were far from becoming. They were of unknown antiquity, and were two sizes too small for him, so that the sleeves and the legs of the trousers were so scant as to attract attention. In his working hours he wore a pair of overalls, but those he took off when he accepted Dr. Redmond's invitation.

"I didn't invite your clothes, Jed. I invited you," responded the doctor. "I confess, however, that your suit is pretty shabby. How long have you worn it?"

"It was given me nearly two years ago."

"And you have had no other since."

"No. If I stayed there till I was twenty one I expect I should have to wear the same old things."

Dr. Redmond laughed.

"I am bound to say, Jed, that in that case you would cut a comical figure. However, I don't think it will be as bad as that. My son Ross is in college. He is now twenty. I will ask my wife to look about the house and see if there isn't an old suit of his that will fit you. It will, at any rate, be a good deal better than this."

"Thank you, doctor; but will you save it till I am ready to leave Scranton?"

"Yes, Jed. I will have it put in a bundle, and it will be ready for you any time you call for it."

"There's another thing, doctor. I think Mr. Fogson will try to get my money away, notwithstanding all you said."

"He wouldn't dare to."

"He is very cunning. He will find some excuse."

Jed was right. To prove this we will go back to the poor house and relate the conversation between the well matched pair after Dr. Redmond's departure.

"Simeon," said his wife, "if you had any spunk you wouldn't let Dr. Redmond insult and bully you, as he did just now."

"What would you have me to do?" demanded her husband irritably. "I couldn't knock him down, could I?"

"No, but you could have talked up to him."

"I did; but you must remember that he is an important man in the town, and it wouldn't be wise to make him an enemy."

"Squire Dixon is still more important. If he backs you up you needn't be afraid of this trumpery doctor."

"Well, what would you advise?"

"Go this evening and see the squire. Tell him what has happened, and if he gives you authority to take Jed's money, take it."

"Really, that is a good suggestion, Mrs. F. I will go soon after supper."

"It would do no good to triumph over Dr. Redmond. He is an impertinent meddler."

"So he is. I agree with you there."

Soon after seven o'clock Squire Dixon was somewhat surprised when the servant ushered Mr. Fogson into his presence.

"Ah, Fogson!" he exclaimed. "I was expecting to see you. Has anything gone wrong?"

"I should think so. Jed has rebelled against my lawful authority, and Dr. Redmond is aiding and abetting him in it."

"You astonish me, Fogson. Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"I'll tell you the whole story, squire, and you can judge for yourself."

Upon this Mr. Fogson gave an account of the scenes that had taken place in the poor house, including his contest with Jed, and Mrs. Fogson's ill judged attempt to assist him.

"Certainly, you were in bad luck," said the squire. "Is the injury serious?"

"The burn is very painful, squire. Mrs. Fogson acted like an idiot. Why didn't she take better aim?"

"To be sure, to be sure. Wasn't the boy scalded at all?"

"Not a particle," answered Fogson in an aggrieved tone. "Now what I want to know is, didn't I have a right to take the money from Jed?"

"Yes, I think so. The boy would probably have made bad use of it."

"The ground I take, squire, is that a pauper has no right to possess money."

"I quite agree with you. Since the town maintains him, the town should have a right to exact any money of which he becomes accidentally possessed."

"I don't quite see that the town should have it," said Fogson. "As the boy's official guardian, I think I ought to keep it to use for the boy whenever I thought it judicious."

"Yes; I think that view is correct. I had only given the point a superficial consideration."

"Dr. Redmond denies this. He says I have no right to take the money from Jed."

"Dr. Redmond's view is not entitled to any weight. He has no official right to intermeddle."

"You'd think he had by the manner in which he lectured Mrs. Fogson and myself. I never heard such impudence."

"Dr. Redmond assumes too much. He doesn't appear to understand that I and not he was appointed Overseer of the Poor."

"He says you are not fit for the position," said Fogson, transcending the limits of strict accuracy as the reader will understand.

"What?" ejaculated Squire Dixon, his face flushing angrily.

"That's just what he said," repeated Fogson, delighted by the effect of his misrepresentations.. "It's my belief that he wanted the office himself."

"Very likely, very likely!" said the squire angrily. "Do I understand you to say that he actually called me unfit for the position?"

"Yes he did. He appears to think that he can boss you and Mrs. F and myself. Why, he stood by that boy, though he had actually assaulted me, and invited him home to supper."

"You don't mean this, Mr. Fogson?"

"Yes I do. Jed is at this very moment at the doctor's house. What mischief they are concocting I can't tell, but I am sure that I shall have more trouble with the boy."

Squire Dixon was very much disturbed. He was a vain man, and his pride sustained a severe shock when told that the doctor considered him unfit for his position,

"However," resumed the crafty Fogson, "I suppose we shall have to give in to the doctor."

"Give in!" exclaimed the squire, his face turning purple. "Never, Mr. Fogson, never!"

"I hate to give in, I confess, squire, but the doctor is a prominent man, and——"

"Prominent man! I should like to know whether I am not a prominent man also, Mr. Fogson. Moreover, I represent the town, and Dr. Redmond doesn't."

"I am glad you will stand by me, squire. With you on my side, I will not fear."

"I will stand by you, Mr. Fogson."

"I should hate to be triumphed over by a mere boy."

"You shall not be, Mr. Fogson."

"Then will you authorize me to demand the money from him?"

"I will authorize you, Mr. Fogson, and if the boy persists in refusing, I authorize you to use coercive measures. Do you understand?"

"I believe I do, squire. You will let it be understood that you have given me authority, won't you? Suppose the boy complains to Dr. Redmond?"

"You may refer Dr. Redmond to me, Mr. Fogson," said the squire pompously, "I think I shall be tempted to give this meddling doctor a piece of my mind."

Mr. Fogson took leave of the squire and pursued his way homeward with a smile on his face. He had accomplished what he desired, and secured a powerful alley in his campaign against the boy Jed and Dr. Raymond.

He returned home a little after eight, and just before nine Jed made his appearance at the door of the poor house. He was in good spirits, for he had decided that he would soon turn his back upon the place which had been his home for fourteen years.

CHAPTER VII.

FOGSON'S MISTAKE.

"So you have got home?" said Mr. Fogson with an unpleasant smile as he opened the door to admit Jed later that evening.

"Yes, sir."

"You had a pleasant time, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jed, wondering to what all these questions tended.

"I suppose Dr. Redmond put himself out to entertain such a distinguished guest?"

"No, Mr. Fogson, I don't think he did."

"He didn't make arrangements to run the poor house, with your help, did he?"

"No," answered Jed with emphasis.

"We ought to be thankful, Mrs. Fogson and I, humbly thankful, that we ain't to be turned out by this high and mighty doctor."

"If you don't like the doctor, you had better tell him so," said Jed; "he don't need me to defend him."

"Do you know where I've been tonight?" queried Fogson, changing his tone.

"How could I tell?"

"I've been to see Squire Dixon."

"Well, sir, I suppose you had a right to. I hope you had a pleasant call."

"I did, and what's more, I told him of Dr. Redmond's impertinent interference with me in my management of the poor house. He told me not to pay any attention to Redmond, but to be guided by him. So long as he was satisfied with me, it was all right."

"You'd better tell Dr. Redmond that when he calls here next time."

"I shall, but there's something I've got to say to you. He said I had a perfect right to take the dollar from you, for as a pauper you had no right to hold property of any kind. That's what Squire Dixon says. Now hand over that money, or you'll get into trouble."

"I wouldn't give the money to Squire Dixon himself," answered Jed boldly.

"You wouldn't, hey? I'll tell him that. You'll give it to me tonight, though."

He put out his hand to seize Jed, but the boy quietly moved aside, and said, "You can't get the money from me tonight, Mr. Fogson."

"Why can't I? There's no Dr. Redmond to take your part now. Why can't I, I'd like to know."

"Because I haven't got it."

"WHAT!" exclaimed Fogson. "Do you mean to say you've spent it already? If you have——"

"No, I haven't spent it, but I have given it to Dr. Redmond to keep for me."

Fogson showed in his face his intense disappointment. He expected to get the money without fail, and lo! the victory was snatched from him.

He glared at Jed, and seemed about to pounce upon him, but he thought better of it.

"You'll go and get the money in the morning," he said. "You and Dr. Redmond are engaged in a conspiracy against the town, and the laws, and I am not sure but I could have you both arrested. Mind if that money is not handed to me tomorrow, you will get a thrashing. Now go to bed!"

Jed was not sorry to avail himself of this permission. He had not enjoyed the interview with Mrs. Fogson, and he felt tired and in need of rest. Accordingly he went up stairs to the attic, where there was a cot bed under the bare rafters, which he usually occupied. There had been another boy three months before, who had shared the desolate room with him, but he had been bound out to a farmer, and now Jed was the sole occupant.

Tired as he was, he did not go to sleep immediately. He undressed himself slowly in the obscurity, for he was not allowed a lamp, and made a movement to get into bed.

But a surprise awaited him. His extended hand came in contact with a human face, and one on which there was a mustache. Somebody was in his bed!

Naturally Jed was startled.

"Who are you?" he inquired.

"Who'm I? I'm a gentleman," was the drowsy reply.

"You're in my bed," said Jed, annoyed as well as surprised.

"Where is my bed?" hiccoughed the other.

"I don't know. How did you get in here?"

"I came in when no one was lookin'," answered the intruder. "Zis a hotel?"

"No; it's the Scranton poor house."

"You don't say? Dad always told me I'd end up in the poor house, but I didn't expect to get there so quick."

"You'd better get up and go down stairs. Fogson wouldn't like to have you stay here all night."

"Who's Fogson?"

"He is the manager of the poor house."

"Who cares for Fogson? I don't b'lieve Fogson is a gen'leman."

"Nor I," inwardly assented Jed.

This was the last word that he could get from the intruder, who coolly turned over and began to snore.

Fortunately for Jed, there was another cot bed—the one formerly occupied by the other boy—and he undressed and got into it.

Fatigued by the events of the day, Jed soon slept a sound and refreshing sleep. In fact his sleep was so sound that it is doubtful whether a thunderstorm would have awakened him.

Towards morning the occupant of the other bed turned in such a way as to lie on his back. This position, as my readers are probably aware, is particularly conducive to heavy snoring, and the intruder availed himself of this to the utmost.

Mr. and Mrs. Fogson slept directly underneath, and after a while, the door leading to the attic being open, the sound of the snoring attracted the attention of Mrs. Fogson.

"Simeon!" she said, shaking her recumbent husband.

"What is it, Mrs. T.?" inquired her lord and master drowsily.

"Did you hear that?"

"Did I hear what?"

"That terrific snoring. It is loud enough to wake the dead."

By this time Fogson was fairly awake.

"So it is," he assented. "Who is it?"

"Jed, of course. What possesses the boy to snore so?"

"Can't say, I'm sure. I never heard a boy of his age make such a noise."

"It must be stopped, Simeon. It can't be more than three o'clock, and if it continues I shan't sleep another wink."

"Well, go up and stop it."

"It is more suitable for you to go, Mr. Fogson. I do believe the boy is snoring out of spite."

Even Fogson laughed at this idea.

"He couldn't do that unless he snored when he was awake," he replied. "It isn't easy to snore when you are not asleep. If you don't believe it, try it."

"I am ashamed of you, Simeon. Do you think I would demean myself by any such low action? If that snoring isn't stopped right off I shall go into a fit."

"I wouldn't like to have you do that," said Fogson, rather amused. "It would be rather worse than hearing Jed snore."

About this time there was an unusual outburst on the part of the sleeper.

"A little hot water would fix him," said Fogson. "It is a pity you had not saved your hot water till tonight."

"Cold water would do just as well."

"So it would. Mrs. F, there's a bright idea. I owe the boy a grudge for giving his money to Dr. Redmond. I'll go down stairs and get a dipper of cold water, and I'll see if I can't stop the boy's noise."

Mr. Fogson went down stairs, chuckling as he went at the large joke he was intending to perpetrate. It would not be so bad as being scalded, but it would probably be very disagreeable to Jed to be roused from a sound sleep by a dash of cold water.

"I hope he won't wake up before I get there," thought Mr. Fogson, as he descended to the kitchen in his stocking feet to procure the water.

He pumped for a minute or two in order that the water might be colder, and then with the dipper in hand ascended two flights of stairs to the attic.

Up there it was still profoundly dark. There was but one window, and that was screened by a curtain. Moreover it was very dark outside. Mr. Fogson, however, was not embarrassed, for he knew just where Jed's bed was situated, and, even if he had not, the low snoring which still continued would have been sufficient to guide him to the place.

"It beats me how a boy can snore like that," soliloquized Fogson. "He must have eaten something at Dr. Redmond's that didn't agree with him. If I didn't know it was Jed I should feel frightened at such an unearthly hubbub. However it won't continue long," and Fogson laughed to himself as he thought of the sensation which his dipper of water was likely to produce.

He approached a little nearer, and in spite of the darkness could see the outlines of a form on the bed, but he could not see clearly enough to make out the difference between it and Jed's.

He poised himself carefully, and then dashed the water vigorously into the face of the sleeping figure.

The results were not exactly what he had anticipated.

(*To be continued.*)

A HOME MADE COPYING PAD.

WE have many demands for the issue of THE ARGOSY which contained the following; as that issue is now out of print, we repeat these directions.

To make the pad, take one ounce of gelatine, with 6 1-4 ounces of glycerine, allowing the former to soak over night in cold water. Then the latter may be poured off, and the swelled gelatine added to the glycerine, the same having been heated to a temperature of 200 deg. Fahrenheit. This heating should be kept up for some hours over a slow fire, after which the clear solution may be poured into a pan, and allowed to remain thus, guarded from dust, for six hours.

To prepare the ink, dissolve an ounce of blue or violet aniline in seven ounces of hot water, adding, when cool, an ounce of spirit of wine, a 1-4 ounce glycerine, a drop of carbolic acid, and five drops of ether. This ink should be kept in a tightly corked bottle. One may write with an ordinary pen, then, while the writing is drying, pass a slightly dampened sponge over the tablet, and when this is *almost* dry, press the writing gently over it, leaving it there for a moment. The impression is thereby transferred to the gelatine surface, to which blank paper may then be applied, smoothed down evenly by the hand, and then neatly removed, or peeled off. This process may be repeated until the ink becomes faint. Then at once cleanse the tablet with a wet sponge, and do not use again until it dries.

NAUTICAL JACK OF ALL TRADES.

READERS will remember a recent description in these columns of a novel boat used in Sweden to travel over land as well as through the water. The same country would seem to be in its element in the construction of novel ships, as witness the following from the *Scientific American*.

The Swedish navy has recently had a new vessel added to it that possesses many novel features. In addition to being provided with all the necessary guns and torpedoes for use in time of war, it is fitted with water tanks that enable it to be sunk to any desired depth, and in this form is employed as an ice breaker. The vessel is also fitted with heavy gearing for hauling off stranded vessels, is equipped with a pump capable of delivering 22,000 cubic feet of water per hour, for use in case of fires, contains condensers for furnishing 800 gallons of water per hour, and is arranged for torpedo repairing. The length of this combined ice breaker, tug boat, fire engine, water supplier, torpedo repairing shop and man of war is 120 feet.

SOME TIME, SOMEWHERE.

SOME time, some where, the sun must shine
Forever bright, without a setting,
And all these clouds of yours and mine
Be lost in blissful, sure forgetting.
—*Exchange.*

[*This Story began in No. 475.*]

BATTLING WITH FORTUNE.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

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

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MISSING.

MRS. PALMLEY arranged to give her séance with the phonograph on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Kirkpatrick had consented to be present, and everything was well arranged and provided for—with one exception—Hubert Cantrell could not be found.

He had failed to come to the Grays' the next morning after Russ parted with him on Columbus Avenue, and although two days had since elapsed, no word of any sort had come from him. And Russ did not know where to go in search of him.

In discussing the matter with Jack he confided to the latter his surmise concerning the financial condition of the missing nephew.

"Why didn't you let me know about this before?" demanded young Stebbins. "Nothing would have pleased me better than to make him my guest until the affair across the street was settled. I took a great shine to him."

"He wouldn't have come; I'm sure of it," rejoined Russ.

"Well, never mind; we'll go ahead with the séance all the same. It's too bad you and I can't be there to see the fun; I've made Phil promise to take careful mental notes and make a full report to me as soon as the show is over."

A very select company assembled in Mrs. Palmley's spacious parlors on the appointed afternoon. There were not above ten people present; of these Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Melton Rittner formed two. The old lady was evidently very proud of her nephew; she introduced him to all her friends, and then got Mrs. Palmley to present him to Phil Harley.

"So you're going to make the old thing work, are you?" began Rittner, taking a seat close beside Phil. "What's it loaded with? A lot of scientific rubbish, I suppose."

"Wait and see," was Phil's reply. "Are you ready, Mrs. Palmley? Mrs. Kirkpatrick, I think you had better have your nephew place your chair a little nearer, so that you will be sure to hear distinctly."

An expectant hush fell on the room. Phil began to turn the crank.

"The first is a song by a tenor," he explained. "'The King's Highway.'"

A change flashed into the faces both of Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Rittner at mention of this name. and when the words began to come from the instrument they were each visibly agitated.

"Young man, who sang that song into that machine?" Mrs. Kirkpatrick rose to put the question to Phil as the last notes died away.

"He'll answer for himself, Mrs. Kirkpatrick," responded Phil, and he went on with his grinding.

"That's the voice I heard the day after New Year's!" exclaimed the old lady. "Hubert, what have you to say to this?"

"That it's a trick of that Gray fellow, Aunt Alicia," responded Rittner. "You remember I warned you that he was trying his best to get me out of the house."

"Never mind; come with me at once to Mrs. Stebbins. I'm sure Mrs. Palmley will excuse us under the circumstances," and three minutes later the alarmed Rittner found himself in the carriage.

"I tell you this is all nonsense, Aunt Alicia," he protested. "Are you going to believe a soulless instrument like a phonograph before you will your own nephew?"

"But I'm not sure that you are my own nephew now," retorted the old lady. "At any rate, I'm going to put you two together and choose between you."

When from the upper window Jack saw the Kirkpatrick coupé halt before the door, he began to caper about the room with joy—a joy that was checked by the recollection that Cantrell was still missing.

"Never mind, though," he told Russ, "I guess we've cooked Rittner's goose for him."

Mrs. Stebbins sent up for the boys in a few minutes.

"Mrs. Kirtpatrick wants to know where Hubert Cantrell is," she said when they entered the drawing room.

Rittner was sitting over by the window, tapping his foot lightly on the carpet.

"He was to come to my house Thursday morning, Mrs. Kirkpatrick," replied Russ, "but I haven't seen him since Wednesday afternoon. And I don't know his address."

Rittner drew his foot under the chair with a sudden movement and looked up with a half smile on his face.

"Can you find him for me, do you think, Gray?" went on the old lady.

"I shall try my best, Mrs. Kirkpatrick," answered Russ.

"Please take this for expenses," went on the old lady, and opening her purse, she took out a roll of bills. "Come, *Mr. Rittner*," she said, with much emphasis, as she rose to go.

"Well, we have triumphed, haven't we?" ejaculated Jack, when the door was closed on the two. "I wonder what she'll do with 'the young pretender'? Looked pretty cheap when she called him Rittner, didn't he?"

"Oh, I imagine she'll let him stay right on till she sees Cantrell. But isn't it exasperating to have the fellow disappear this way just when I want him most?"

Russell's brow began to knit itself in deep thought. When he went home that afternoon he wrote out the following advertisement:

PHONOGRAPH. If H. C. wants to hear of something to his advantage, let him communicate with R. Gray at once.

He made the notice thus blind on account of Mrs. Kirkpatrick's expressed objection to advertising for Cantrell on a previous occasion. He felt that in the present way of doing it, none of her relatives would be apt to find out that she was hunting an heir.

To this "personal," although he inserted it in all the morning papers for three days, and also in several in Philadelphia, there was no reply. Meanwhile he visited all the lodging houses in the city he could hear of and even took a trip to Philadelphia, for he found that Mrs. Kirkpatrick had handed him twenty five dollars.

Mr. Cantrell received him very coldly.

"Why do you come to me about Hubert?" he said. "He has cast me off. I know nothing of him."

"He has not cast you off, Mr. Cantrell," Russ replied, and then he explained Hubert's motive for remaining away from his father.

"Well, it may be as you say," was the response to this. "Bert is a handsome fellow, and I am proud of him. I thought though that he had renounced me for his aunt. When you find him, give him my love."

From Mr. Cantrell Russ obtained the addresses of various people who might possibly know of the young man's whereabouts, but he applied to them all alike in vain. None had seen or heard of Hubert since he left Philadelphia the day after New Year's.

Russ returned to New York. He had heard nothing from Mrs. Kirkpatrick since he had seen her that afternoon at the Stebbinses'. Now when he reached home he found a note from her, asking him to call around that evening and report.

"Jack was here this afternoon," Bern told him, when he had read it. "He says that that Rittner fellow is still staying with the old lady. He seems to cut as great a dash as ever too."

"If I don't find Cantrell pretty soon," Russ said to himself as he started for the Kirkpatrick mansion, "Rittner may win the day after all."

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN THE BALANCE.

JAMES, the footman, opened the door for Russ when he presented himself at the widow's.

"You are to walk straight back to the library, sir," he said before the caller could state his errand.

There was no signs of Rittner about. Russ wondered if he had been sent away since Jack's report.

"Haven't you found Hubert yet?" was Mrs. Kirkpatrick's greeting.

She was sitting close to the open fire, with a shawl around her shoulders. Russ thought she was looking much more feeble than when he had seen her last.

He gave an account of what he had been doing. She watched him closely while he spoke, sometimes through her lorgnette.

"And you think he can't be found?" she said, when he had finished.

"Oh no, I haven't given up yet," he responded. "There are the hospitals to be searched and—and the prisons. You know a sudden temptation might have come to him. I am sure he had scarcely any money when he left me that afternoon. I feel as if I could never forgive myself for not inviting him to stay with me till this thing was settled."

"I wish he might be found," went on the old lady, and she spoke in a weary tone. She rested her elbow on the arm of the chair, put her wrinkled chin in her hand and gazed reflectively into the fire.

"This other one has disappointed me very much" she said after an instant. "I can see now that he really does not care for me, and yet, I cannot bring myself to send him away before I am sure. I want to see them both together. This one is fond of going out alone. I see very little of him. He has no sympathy with me in my work. He is supremely selfish. And yet he has his good points. No; I must keep him with me till I am sure."

"If I find Hubert," asked Russ, "must I still demand of him that he renounce his father before you will receive him?"

"No; demand nothing. Bring him to me. Do you know I haven't written a line since you were here with me. I begin to think that I was foolish ever to write at all. I have been thinking a good deal since I heard that voice in the phonograph. It seemed to tell me what a silly old woman I have been all these years. Guarding myself so closely from being imposed upon by my relatives, and then letting an outsider work himself into my heart. For this fellow, whoever he is, has done that."

She spoke more and more slowly; her head sank back until it rested against the chair.

"I feel that I am going to join my dear husband very soon," she resumed after an instant's pause. "That is why I wished that the real Hubert might be found without much delay. If—if I should go before he comes back tell him to forgive me for being harsh to him. Tell him I think you are a fellow of high principle, and that I always want him to have you for his friend. I had my lawyer here yesterday, and made a new will. He gets most of my money; you have not been forgotten. Will you call my maid, Gray, please?"

With the last words the old lady's hand, with which she had been feebly gesticulating, fell limp by her side. Greatly alarmed, Russ rushed out into the hall and speedily summoned the household staff. From James he learned the address of the family doctor, and posted off after him himself.

When the physician reached the old lady's side he announced that that there had been a general giving way of the vital forces owing to a severe mental strain, and that the end might come at any moment. There was no certainty about it either way.

Russ was greatly disturbed. If Hubert Cantrell could only be found! But it was too late that night to do anything. He sent a message home announcing that he would remain till morning, as there seemed to be nobody in the house with any head.

About midnight Rittner let himself in

with his key. Russ met him in the upper hall.

"Mrs. Kirkpatrick is very ill," he said, "so be as quiet as possible."

"Have you—have you brought Cantrell back?" gasped the other.

"No," replied Russ; "but before she lost consciousness she expressed a strong desire to see him."

"Meaning me?"

"No, the right one."

"Do you think she is going to die, Gray?"

"I can't be certain of that. The doctor isn't; but she is very ill."

Rittner went on up to his room, looking very thoughtful. Russ returned to his station on the lounge in the sitting room and dozed off two or three times during the night.

In the early morning the nurse the doctor had procured came out to tell him that the old lady was calling for "Hubert." He went up stairs after Rittner, not feeling certain whether or not it was this one she wanted. He got him to dress quickly and come down, but when he approached the bed she turned her head away and cried: "No, no; the other."

Rittner slunk out of the room and Russ went down stairs and put on his hat and coat. He went home, got his breakfast, and then started off to the nearest hospital. He told them at the door what his object was—to find a young man who might have been brought in unconscious during the previous week, but a tour of the wards showed that Cantrell was not there.

Then on to another hospital, and so throughout that Sunday morning. No trace of the missing one could be found.

At noon he returned to Mrs. Kirkpatrick's. The old lady felt somewhat better and had been inquiring for him. He hurried up stairs and found Rittner sitting in a rocking chair by the bedside, looking excessively uncomfortable.

"You haven't found him yet?" murmured the sick woman, her eyes fixed eagerly on his face.

"No; and I have been to nearly all the hospitals in the city. Are you feeling better?"

"Yes, somewhat. Do you think that there is any hope that you can bring Hubert to me today?"

"I shall try my best, Mrs. Kirkpatrick."

"But get some dinner before you start out again, Gray, You look worn out. You need remain with me no longer, Mr. Rittner. You can go down to the dining room and see that James serves Gray with something warm."

"It's all up with me, Gray," murmured Rittner, as the two went out together. "The old lady sent for me again this morning. She told me she was sure I was not her nephew, but added if I would confess to the deception it would not go hard with me."

"And did you confess?" asked Russ eagerly.

"Not yet," was the reply. "It will be an awful come down for me. Besides, you may not find Hubert, and then——"

Rittner paused.

"Well, what then?" asked Russ.

"Then she might think I was better than nobody," went on Rittner; and when they reached the dining room he gave his orders to the butler with a certain lordly air that utterly disgusted Russell and inspired him with a firmer determination than ever to find Cantrell.

And late that afternoon he did find him, or rather discovered the place where he was. But it was so horrible a one that he was inclined to wish almost that it might have been a grave instead. Whether to tell Mrs. Kirkpatrick or not he did not know.

(*To be concluded.*)

WHY HE WAS SNEAKY.

MR. QUE SEE—"Sneaky sort of man? What do you mean, sir?"

WITNESS—"Well, sor, he's the sort of man that'll never look ye straight in the face until yer back's turned."—*Judy.*

A GRAND PLAN.

"How do you make your paper go, anyhow? I never see it anywhere."

"We print pictures of prominent men and they buy it."

"To distribute?"

"Oh, no; to destroy."—*Puck.*

TRUTH.

THERE is a gem, a pearl of worth,
As lasting as the skies,
More dazzling than the gems of earth;
Its splendor never dies.
—*Boston Courier.* —EDWIN PIERCE.

(*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 XL

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

MR. Lewis started violently in his chair.

"To this house!" he exclaimed. "Why do you say that?"

"There are footprints exactly the size and shape of the tracks on the meadow, broken through the snow of the lawn at the back of the house. They leave the roadway some distance down, and make straight for your back door. I'm sure—oh-h-h." A long shudder escaped Mark.

Startled again by this exclamation, Mr. Lewis leaned forward and, catching Mark's arm, gazed anxiously into his face.

"What's the matter?" he asked quickly. "Are you sick?"

Mark's very lips were pale—his eyes set, and staring wide open. While he had been speaking his face had been toward the door leading into the hall; and as the last words fell from his lips, he saw the door turn on its hinges—slowly, silently, without a movement of the knob, as if a spirit hand had opened it. But it was not this that made him shudder involuntarily—that made his lips turn pale.

Mark did not answer Mr. Lewis's question at first. This alarmed the latter more.

"Speak, my boy!" he exclaimed, shaking Mark's arm. "What's the matter?"

"There! there he is now—*Dirkman!*" he gasped in a hoarse whisper.

Mr. Lewis then first noted the direction of Mark's glance. Springing from his chair, he turned and looked toward the door. The lamp only dimly lighted the large room, but eyes, accustomed to the obscurity, could see quite distinctly any one who came in.

There, just within the door, with his hand still resting on the knob, stood a tall, well built man, his pale face set and hard, his scowling eyes fixed steadily on Mr. Lewis.

The latter had barely turned when the shade of the lamp, jostled by his chair in rising, slipped from its place, and a ray of light shot out and fell full on the stranger's face.

A loud cry escaped Mr. Lewis's lips, ringing harshly through the room.

"Alfred—my God! *Alfred Dean!*"

Mr. Lewis threw up one hand as if to ward off a terrible blow. Then he staggered back and fell against his chair.

For a full minute no one spoke. Mark sat dumbfounded. The stranger never stirred. Then Mr. Lewis rallied and stood up, holding the back of the chair firmly with one hand.

"What—what are you doing here—at this hour?" he asked unsteadily, and struggling to master himself.

"'What am I doing here?'" repeated the visitor bitterly. "As if you didn't know—as if you hadn't hounded me here with your cursed men—a nice turn to serve the brother of——"

"What do you mean?" cried Mr. Lewis.

"What I say—oh, there's no use bluffing me, Clark—no use playing the pious and mighty with me. I know you've been hunting me down like a runaway nigger—come, let's be honest this one hour—it's probably the last time we'll meet."

The man came closer to the desk as he spoke. He was now directly opposite Mr. Lewis. The latter had regained control of himself somewhat, and gazed at his visitor with a mingled expression of astonishment, pain, and horror.

"And you—you are *Dirkman?*" he asked slowly.

"Yes, I'm Dirkman—what of it? Haven't I kept free of your frocks? I never brought disgrace on *her* name. No one knows 'Alfred Dean' but you."

"But I thought you were miles away by this time. I never would have believed that——"

"Oh, here, no more of that, I say. Don't I know what you're made of? Don't I know the turn you've served me? Wouldn't I have been miles away from here if you'd given me the money to help me get away? But you wouldn't, and I soon learned how the land lay—that you wouldn't help me because you were hunting me down—a nice trick from the man who loved my sister——"

"Stop!" cried Mr. Lewis. "You don't know what you are saying. You accuse me of trickery—of hounding you down. Can't you see how wild your statements are? If I had wanted to arrest you, couldn't I have done it when you called at my office?"

"You hadn't any proof against me then."

"Nor now. Till this moment I never dreamed that you were—were Dirkman—that you were a hardened criminal—an escaped convict. Oh Alfred, I thought I had guessed the worst of you, but this I never thought—that you had—had sunk as low as this!"

Mr. Lewis pressed his hand against his forehead.

"Oh, there's no use crying over spilt milk—My life is bad enough, I know, but I gave you mighty little trouble, take it all in all. You served me two good turns and I remember things like that. If it hadn't been for the last trick you've played on me——"

"Trick—there's no trick I tell you. I was pursuing the burglar who had infested the neighborhood. That you were he I never for an instant thought. How could I know it?"

Dirkman reflected a moment. Then a look of cunning came into his eyes.

"Well, I believe you, Clark. I believe you didn't know it was I you were running to ground. If you'd have known who it was I believe you'd have let up on me—eh? I believe you'd do me a good turn, now, if you could, wouldn't you?—just for Laura's sake, Clark?"

Mr. Lewis's hand trembled slightly.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"These men of yours are hounding me. They've driven me into a tight corner—give me a chance, Clark—sh! There's a step on the walk now—keep him away, Clark—don't let him catch me here. Quick! I've something to say to you. For Heaven's sake, Clark, steer that fellow away! He'll be at the door in a minute, and it will be all up with me—"

Obeying a sudden impulse, Mr. Lewis stepped quickly to the window, and drew down the shade. He was not a minute too soon, for just then the footsteps, which had been approaching along the path, passed immediately in front of the window.

The sounds of the steps ceased. There was a moment's suspense. Then some one ascended the steps of the piazza, and a low knock was heard on the door.

"Clark, give me one more chance—listen to me—listen to me—for Laura's sake!" exclaimed Dirkman in a low tone.

Mr. Lewis turned and motioned him to be silent. Then he opened the outer door slightly and put his head through.

"Some one came up the walk a little while ago and went into your house," said a man in respectful tones.

"Yes, Collier, Mark Ware, a young friend of mine. He is all right," answered Lewis. "He is here now." Then Mr. Lewis and Collier exchanged several words in tones too low for Mark or Dirkman to hear. Collier descended the steps and resumed his beat. Mr. Lewis closed the door, and returned to his desk. He was now completely master of himself. Only the dark circles under his eyes, and the rigid, set expression of his mouth revealed the intensity of his mental suffering, and the terrible struggle he had made to control himself.

"Now then, Alfred—what have you to say to me?" he asked, fixing his eyes steadily on "Dirkman's" face.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE LAST APPEAL.

SO engrossed had the two men been in their brief exchange of words that Mark had entirely escaped attention. At the moment that Dirkman entered the room he had of course seen Mark, but owing to the dim light, he had not recognized him as the boy whom he had encountered in the meadow.

When Mr. Lewis turned and sprang to his feet, Mark had drawn quickly back into the dark shadow of the high desk, and there he had remained, keeping carefully out of sight of Dirkman, who was standing in such a position that the desk was directly between them. Seated there, he had listened with intense and breathless interest to the conversation.

As Collier's footsteps receded, an expression of relief came over Dirkman's face. Now that the immediate danger was removed, and he had obtained a slight breathing spell, his nerve returned to him.

He faced Mr. Lewis with calmness and even audacity.

"I want to see you *alone*," he said, nodding his head toward the spot where Mark was sitting.

"Mark," said Mr. Lewis quietly, "step into the front room for a few minutes, please."

He pointed toward the folding doors that separated the library from the parlor. As Mark rose to obey, the lamplight revealed his face clearly. Dirkman glanced at him—indifferently at first—then his expression suddenly changed. He gave Mark a searching look.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he exclaimed, scowling savagely at him. "I thought I had shut you up."

"So did I," answered Mark, turning away, "but you didn't all the same."

"Remain here till I call you. It will not be long," said Mr. Lewis in a low tone, as he closed the door on Mark.

The recognition of Mark completely disconcerted Dirkman. Whatever plausible story he may have had in mind to tell Mr. Lewis, the discovery of Mark's identity had evidently upset it all. With a muttered curse, he leaned his elbow on the top of the desk and gazed desperately into the fire.

There was a silence, lasting for nearly a minute.

"Come—we are wasting time," at length said Mr. Lewis coldly. "What have you say?"

"Well—now that you know the worst, Clark, what are you going to do about it?" asked Dirkman doggedly.

"I am not ready to answer that question. You told me you had something to say—speak quickly!"

"Well, it isn't much now, for you know pretty nearly everything. I only wanted to ask you one last favor. You've done a good deal for me, Clark—a good deal more than I deserved, I suppose, but I couldn't help that. I got to going down hill too fast to stop.

"I did something, though. I buried the name of Alfred Dean as deep as if I'd been dead, so no disgrace or shame should fall on the name she bore—the name you loved, and did your best to keep clean and honorable. I did that for her and you—give me credit for that, Clark. I was too far gone to stop, but I never forgot what you did for me, and I kept my real name a secret that nobody has found out, in spite of the times I've been nabbed and run into jail. I dodged them before they could find out much about me. To everybody but you Alfred Dean was dead.

"Now say, Clark, doesn't that deserve something? Come now, Clark; I'll make a clean breast of it. I came out here to steal. I was here a year ago and made a good haul; and I dug out a nice hiding place for myself underground, in the foundation of that old spring house down in your meadow. I didn't trouble you last year. I didn't have to, for I'd stolen money enough to take me to France.

"This year I made a good haul of jewelry, but I had no money. I couldn't raise it on the jewelry around here. I'd have been nabbed in no time, so I lay in hiding. I felt perfectly safe, and I waited for a chance to get some money. But I found a lot of night watchmen on

duty all around the town, and they didn't give me any show. I wanted to crack the bank, but there were two watchmen there every night.

"After waiting around for awhile, without seeing any chance for me, I suddenly thought of the idea of calling on you. It was a bold move, but I was sure nobody knew me, so, one morning, I went to your office—you remember. If you had given me the money I wanted that day I would have got out of town with everything.

"But you didn't, so I made up my mind I'd got all I could out of the town, and that the best thing for me to do was to make my way back to New York. Then I suddenly found out I had waited too long—that detectives were on my track. Every time I started to go I would see somebody on guard in the neighborhood. I didn't dare stir.

"I've been a prisoner for days and days down in that hole. Those bloodhounds of yours couldn't find my hiding place, but they kept me from moving, and there I've had to stay until the place caved in tonight. Clark, just see the fix I'm in! You've been a good friend to me in the past. Do me one one more favor—remember—for Laura ——"

"Stop! stop!" cried Mr. Lewis. "You have no claim on that name. Don't let it cross your lips again. They pollute it."

"Well, give me one more chance, will you, Clark? See here; I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give up everything I've stolen—you shall have the jewelry and everything else within an hour. Then, if you'll let me slip away, I swear I'll—"

"There, that will do," interrupted Mr. Lewis sternly. "If such a bargain as that is all you have in mind, you are wasting time. What is this one theft to the whole of your criminal life. You are 'Dirkman' an escaped convict—there is a price on your head—you have committed almost every horrible crime, including——"

Mr. Lewis shuddered, and could not go on.

"Yes, yes, say it. I've shot a man. Well, it was in self defense—in a drunken quarrel. He would have shot me if I hadn't fixed him. Still my life is bad enough—I know that, but remember, Clark, I'm Alfred Dean—the brother of Laura Dean. Remember the promise you made her—to stand by me—to help——"

"Don't remind me of that!" cried Mr. Lewis with terrible earnestness. His lips closed tightly and his hand gripped the back of a chair as if he would shatter it. "Don't speak of that again—it is useless. You have gone far beyond my help. Your life rests in the hands of the law."

Dirkman paused and drew back. He could detect not a ray of hope in Mr. Lewis's face and tone.

"Oh, it does, does it!" he answered, changing his manner and assuming a threatening tone. "I suppose then you know what that means. It means that I will be run in and my whole record gone over again. I have been nabbed before this, but there will be a difference now—a difference now, do you understand, Clark?"

Mr. Lewis did not answer. He gazed fixedly into the fire, his face stern and still.

"A big difference," went on Dirkman with peculiar emphasis. "This time I will resurrect *Alfred Dean*—do you understand that, Clark?"

Still Mr. Lewis was silent. Thinking he had made an impression, Dirkman continued more boldly.

"Now then, Clark, turn me over to the law if you choose, but remember; when you do, I shall let the whole world know who and what Alfred Dean was. I will tell everything. How will you like that, Clark? How will you like to hear the name you guarded so carefully dishonored and disgraced?

"How will you like to hear *her* name dragged into the criminal courts—to see the name of *her* brother published as a noted thief and cutthroat? Hadn't you better think twice before——"

Dirkman stopped speaking. He had been watching Mr. Lewis, and something in the latter's expression made him pause. Hardened as he was it half awed him.

Mr. Lewis's eyes were now fixed on his face. They seemed fairly to burn into him.

"There is no need of saying anything more, '*Dirkman*'," said the lawyer with significant emphasis on the name. "I understand you now, through and through."

"Well, what's your answer, then?" asked Dirkman.

"It is here," and Mr. Lewis walked quickly toward the door, and laid his hand on the knob.

Dirkman burst into a harsh, terrible laugh.

"Oh, so you're going to give me up to the bloodhounds, are you?—and you think I'm going quietly back to New York and sit in jail the rest of my life? Well, you don't know me through and through then, as you say. Dirkman's luck has never deserted him yet—and it will carry him through one more scrape I guess. Good by, Clark—I won't trouble you again——"

Dirkman sprang to the hall door, and, in an instant had disappeared. Mr. Lewis tore open the door leading out to the lawn. Collier and another man dashed in at once.

"Quick!" cried Mr. Lewis. "He ran into the hall—there, that way!"

As the three men rushed for the hall door, Mark, who had heard the confused sound of footsteps, hurried into the library. He took in the situation at a glance. He was about to follow the others when his eye fell on the desk.

"Mr. Lewis!" he cried excitedly. "The revolver—have you the revolver?"

"No," answered Mr. Lewis, turning his head.

"*It is gone!*" exclaimed Mark.

The four were in the hall by this time.

Scarcely had the words escaped Mark's lips when a deafening report rang through the house. Then came the dull thud of a falling body. The four stood a moment in breathless suspense.

There was not a sound to break the terrible silence—not even a groan. All was still as death.

A few minutes elapsed before this dreadful pause was broken. Then came the sound of footsteps from the room just opposite the library. The door was opened softly and a man thrust out his head.

"Edwards, is it you?" asked Collier.

"Yes—come this way," answered the man.

Collier stepped into the room, followed by Mr. Lewis and Mark.

"There!" said the man, pointing toward the floor at the other side of the apartment. The full moonlight streamed in through the window, flooding a small space with its light.

In this space lay a sprawling heap—a human figure—but still—so terribly still. From beneath its head, and directly across the path of the moonlight a dark stream was spreading its glistening stain.

With a quick exclamation, Mr. Lewis sprang forward, and knelt by the side of the prostrate figure. Placing his hands on the shoulders, he turned the form over. A revolver, clasped with the grip of death, struck the floor with a sharp rap as the arm turned.

One glance at the man's face—a hasty pressure on his chest—and then Mr. Lewis rose.

"It is all over," he said quietly. Turning away, he leaned heavily against the window sash.

"How did it happen?" asked Collier in an undertone.

"It's his own work—you can see that," answered Edwards, pointing to the revolver. "Carroll, Hawkins, Travis, and me came 'round to this side of the house as you ordered, and was keepin' a sharp lookout, when, a few minutes ago, we seen the winder open, and this fellow step out on the balcony. We covered him at once with our revolvers, and I was just goin' to order him to stand, but he was too quick for us, and slipped back in here again.

"We came to the winders then, and I told him if he didn't surrender at once we should blaze away. I suppose he knew you was followin' him up from behind, and that his goose was cooked, for, all of a sudden, there was a flash and bang from his revolver, and he fell in a heap just there where he is now. It's too blamed bad! After all our trouble, I thought we'd nab him sure."

While Edwards had been talking to Collier, his three companions came out of the shadow, and joined them. One of them stooped and closely examined the dead man.

"By thunder, Collier! Look here a minute!"

Collier stepped forward.

"Look at his face—Don't you see who it is?"

Collier leaned down closer. Then he gave a long whistle.

"Dick Dirkman, as I'm a living man! No wonder we had a mess of trouble tracking him. Who would have believed he was out here?"

At mention of the name Mr. Lewis stepped back into the room. As he turned, his eyes wandered to a large portrait that hung on the wall just above Dirkman's body. It was the portrait of a young woman of about twenty three—rarely beautiful, with sad, sweet, spiritual face, and large, tender eyes. In the pale moonlight the white face stood out from the canvas with startling vividness—a strange and ghostly witness of that terrible scene.

The officers discussed the situation in cool, business-like tones, and none noticed the portrait except Mark, whose eyes had followed Mr. Lewis's movements closely.

Mark's glance became riveted on the painting. It held him fascinated. The face seemed so real. Like a spirit the pale woman seemed to stand there, gazing sadly across the body of Dirkman.

Was it a mere fancy? The features of that fair woman's face and those of Dirkman seemed strangely like to Mark.

Mr. Lewis's lips moved. Softly the words escaped him—too low for any but Mark to hear.

"I could not help it, Laura. God knows I did all I could for him!"

"Can I send your man, Faber, into town, sir?" asked Collier, with jarring emphasis.

Mr. Lewis started and recovered himself.

"Yes—do whatever you think best. You will find me in my library. You can report to me there."

Mr. Lewis then turned and left the room.

(*To be continued.*)

(*This Story began in No.* 469.)

A SPLIT IN THE CLUB;

OR,

RALPH MORTON'S MUTINY.

BY EDGAR R. HOADLEY, JR.,

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

CHAPTER LI.

A BATTLE WITH NATIVES.

THE spectacle to which Frank Manly pointed was indeed a terrifying one. A fleet of canoes, consisting of half a dozen or more, loaded down with natives, had just rounded a point and were approaching the helpless schooner. The savages were brandishing their weapons, and at sight of the wreck gave a shout of triumph.

The sight of the approaching savages, and their warlike demonstrations, filled the storm tossed and exhausted yachtsmen with consternation. Those who had sunk to the deck in utter weariness were brought to their feet, as if from an electric shock. Aching bones and sore muscles were forgotten by them all in the face of the impending peril.

As it was impossible to run away, or to maneuver the helpless schooner back through the opening in the reef, there was nothing to be done but to prepare to resist the attack of the natives.

The case of carbines was quickly brought from the hold, the weapons loaded, and one each given to the crew. Several were left over, and they were put in convenient places, where they would be easily accessible.

Three cutlasses, belonging to Captain Mauzum's men, had been found in the forecastle, and these were appropriated by Manly, Ralph and Fernando. In addition to one of these, Ralph had his Colt, which was loaded.

Handspikes, boat hooks, axes, and even some of the heavy shot that had been provided for the eighteen pounders, were laid around in handy places, to be used in an emergency.

As Ralph saw these latter, he wished they had at least one of the cannon that had gone overboard, and he was not the only one who thought of it. A charge of shrapnel from one of the big guns would have sent the canoes to the bottom before they got within a hundred yards of the dismantled schooner.

As the islanders approached nearer, they redoubled their cries, evidently convinced by that time that they would not have to face the "big guns" they so much feared, and believing the shipwrecked ones were at their mercy. There was some surprise, and increased apprehension on the schooner when the defenders saw several muskets or rifles among the natives. These promised to make the task of repulsing the attack still more formidable.

"I'll tell you what's the matter, this is a little more than I counted on," said Ralph, as he took a fresh grip on his cutlass. "But stand together, fellows, and don't let them get a footing on the deck. If they do, they'll overpower us by sheer force of numbers."

There were some pale faces and fast beating hearts among the yachtsmen, but they braced themselves for the onslaught, and were encouraged by the coolness and determination shown by Fernando and Ralph.

By the time all preparations were completed, their foes were upon them. The canoes separated, and while a portion ran up to the bow, the others came alongside the schooner at the port quarter.

The yachtsmen were equally divided, half of them to repel the attack at the bow, under Ralph, and the other half at the stern, in charge of Fernando.

They met the savages at both places with such stubborn determination, using their carbines freely, that the first onslaught was repulsed. Those that escaped being shot were knocked back into their canoes or the lagoon, by clubbed carbines or handspikes, as fast as they reached the bulwarks.

The defenders were considerably relived to discover that those natives who had guns evidently did not know how to use them, for they shot them mostly into the air, and wide of any human mark. There was more to fear from the ponderous war clubs, sharp lances, and keen hatchets of their adversaries.

Though they were beaten back in their first assault, the savages persevered, and almost before the yachtsmen were aware of it, they had gained a footing on the deck. They came over the side at the bow in almost overwhelming numbers, and drove their opposers before them toward the stern.

Almost at the moment they gained the deck, and before Ralph had used his revolver, so busy had he been knocking them back with his cutlass, he was felled insensible to the deck with a blow from a war club.

His companions at the bow were dismayed by this catastrophe and fell back in confusion, each striving desperately to ward off the savage attacks of the on pressing horde.

They were about to give up in despair, and some were meditating a leap overboard in the vain hope of escaping the weapons of the islanders, when Fernando, who had beaten back the foe at the stern, sprang forward and placed himself directly in front of the naked crowd with bristling weapons.

"Whoop!" he yelled, as he dodged a war club on one side and warded off a thrust from a lance on the other. "Get out of way, you dirty niggers! Clear the deck!"

With well directed and lightning-like blows, he felled the holders of the club and lance with his fists and leaped past them.

The savages were so surprised by this unusual and unexpected mode of attack that they forgot to use their weapons for a moment. Before they recovered themselves, Fernando had knocked two more of them over and reached the object of his daring venture. At his feet was the insensible form of Ralph, and, placing himself before it, he turned and faced the enemy, with his cutlass now drawn and gripped in his right hand.

Most of the savages then came at him with redoubled fury, the yachtsmen making a stand, and then assuming the offensive, against the rest in the waist.

Fernando wielded his cutlass with such good effect that many a poor wretch sank bleeding to the deck. But

at an unlucky moment a lance was thrust against his weapon with fearful force, at the same time severely wounding him in the forearm, and the cutlass was knocked from his grasp.

The shock of the concussion threw him to his knees, and with a fiendish shout, a burly warrior sprang at him with uplifted club.

For a moment Fernando felt more certain than he had ever before in his adventurous career that his time had come. Then, with a thrill, his hand closed over Ralph's revolver, which had fallen from the latter's grasp when he had been struck down.

Hardly daring to hope that the weapon was loaded, Fernando clutched it and turned it upward into the face of the wielder of the descending club. He pulled the trigger. Crack! and, with a yell of agony, the savage sank to the deck.

The sailor quickly sprang to his feet, and charging fiercely on his foes, emptied the five remaining barrels of the revolver among them, every shot bringing a native dead or wounded to the deck.

"Give it to 'em, boys," shouted Fernando, as he hurled the empty weapon into the face of a savage, knocking him senseless, and then picked up his cutlass.

The boys were pressing them with telling effect from the stern, and appalled by the death dealing revolver and the savage attack in the rear, the enemy beat a hasty retreat.

The defenders followed them closely and thinned them out considerably before they could scramble over the rail into their canoes.

As they pushed off, Owen Gardner and Jack Neil completed the rout by hurling two eighteen pounder shot into as many canoes. The heavy missiles crashed through the bottoms of the frail crafts, making complete wrecks of them, and their occupants were sent sprawling into the lagoon. The natives made all haste to gain the shore, in canoes and by swimming—some succeeded, and some did not.

The yachtsmen rushed to the loaded carbines that had not yet been used, or reloaded those that had been emptied, and opened fire on the retreating savages. Those who were not hit soon reached the shore and disappeared through the tropical foliage. Ten minutes after the natives had been driven from the deck not one of them could be seen, except their dead companions on the schooner.

But they had left many evidences of their presence besides these. The deck showed every evidence of having been the scene of a fierce conflict. Crimson stains and pools of blood were everywhere, and carbines, old muskets, and rude weapons, in the shape of clubs, spears and hatchets, were scattered about in great confusion. Besides these, there were elaborate head dresses and portions of the savages' clothing, made of skins, lying about; and floating away on the lagoon were the wrecks of the two canoes.

The battle being ended, and the victory theirs, the yachtsmen were utterly unable, for a few minutes, to do anything but take a breathing spell, to recover from the intense excitement and their violent exertions. Their hearts were filled with thankfulness at the result.

Then they began to take account of the damage that had been done, and with one accord most of them rushed forward to the spot where Ralph had fallen.

Fernando was there before them, and had the sailing master's head propped up on his knee, bathing it with water.

"Is—is he hurt bad?" faltered Manly, almost fearing that Ralph was dead, but reluctant to ask that question.

"Oh, he's all right," replied Fernando, to the intense relief of Manly and the other fellows; "he will come around in a few minutes, and then we'll carry him to the cabin. It's only a tap on the head. It has raised a considerable lump, but he will suffer no more serious results than a sore head and perhaps a lively headache for a few days."

Their apprehension on Ralph's account being removed, the yachtsmen continued their investigation into the results of the contest. Fortunately none of them had been seriously injured. Several had received unimportant scratches or blows, the after effects of which would soon pass away.

Fernando had the most painful wound, the lance thrust in the fore arm, but it would not disable him, and would, with care, probably heal in a short time.

A comparison of notes revealed the fact that there had been some very narrow escapes from death, as well as from serious and painful wounds. And as the yachtsmen discussed the battle, the result seemed marvelous.

They could only attribute their good fortune to the effective work of the carbines, and the clumsiness of the savages in handling what forearms they possessed; but *we* know that a great deal of it was owing to the young yachtsmen's own courage and prowess, and their ability to keep their wits about them in a perilous situation.

Ralph "came around," as Fernando predicted he would, in a short time, but contrary to the latter's expectations, he insisted on walking to the cabin instead of being "carried" there.

"I'll tell you what's the matter," began Ralph, with a weak and wry smile, as Fernando supported him—and when he said that his friends had no doubt that he was all right—"this is a *great deal* more than I counted on. There's a lump big as your fist on my cocoanut, and I've got a headache fit for a Hottentot. I wish I could get at the black beggar who did it."

"There he is," said Fernando grimly, pointing to the burly warrior who had fallen before the first shot from Ralph's revolver. "And this did it," he added, tapping the weapon, with his foot.

Ralph glanced with curiosity at the fallen savage, and noticed the ponderous war club lying near. It was a wonder to him that he had been hit with such a weapon and was alive to tell of it.

Turning away, he continued on toward the cabin, but before he reached it something happened that created intense excitement on board the schooner; not only this, but its other results were astonishing and providential to them in the extreme.

"Help! help! save me!" came a voice, raised in abject terror, from the cabin, and the next instant St. Cyr, with ashen face and starting eyes, emerged from the companionway. He staggered forward a few feet, then fell limp and motionless to the deck.

CHAPTER LII.

BRADSAW, CARPENTER.

FOR a moment it was feared that the young New Yorker had received some bodily injury.

Manly sprang forward, turned the exquisite over, and made a hasty examination of his person. No indication of violence of any kind could be found. It was quickly decided to be a clear case of swooning from fright.

What had scared him, was the question which was then asked?

While Ralph remained, to endeavor to resuscitate St. Cyr, the balance of the crew rushed toward the cabin companion to seek a solution of the latter's terror stricken actions. Fernando had preceded them, and when they reached the standing room they found him peering intently down the steps into the cabin.

"Sh!" he said, in a warning whisper, and nodding below. "One of those savages is nosing around down there. I just caught a glimpse of him. How he got there and what he's doing there beats me; but he's there, and will finish one of us if we attempt to go below."

This information created a decided sensation, and the yachtsmen instantly reached for their carbines and other weapons. They then gathered closely around Fernando. They did not fear the savage, except at close quarters, as it was exceedingly doubtful if he had any firearms.

"Hold on a minute!" continued the sailor, drawing his revolver. "I think I can see him, and if I can get the drop on him, I'll settle his account."

Those nearest Fernando looked curiously over his shoulders.

They could see something stirring under the cabin table. First a shaggy head protruded itself, then a dark face, with wild eyes, was turned upward. It was undoubtedly one of the natives, and in a moment he was on his feet, revealing his skin garments and a tall muscular body.

Fernando raised his weapon, and, taking hasty aim, fired. The yachtsmen almost held their breaths as they waited to hear the death cry from the intruder.

"Avast there, shipmates! Don't shoot again, for Heaven's sake!" came a voice from below instead.

Fernando and the yachtsmen gazed at one another in blank amazement.

"On deck, there, mates! Turn them things away, and I'll come up," continued the voice.

Those words aroused those above from their stupefied astonishment.

"Show yourself, and be in a hurry about it," said Fernando, lowering his revolver, and, with the others, stepping back a pace or two.

And it was truly a strange and remarkable figure that presented itself the next moment. The bright light above showed that the face was several shades lighter than those of the natives, but even then it was of a brown coppery hue. The balance of the man's skin, which was not concealed by the rude garments or his long matted beard, was the same color. It was made so, no doubt, by long exposure to the tropical sun, as evidenced by the comparatively white spot on his breast, which had been protected by his beard. Had it not been for this latter remnant of his original color, it would have been hard to believe he was really a white man.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" asked Manly of the prisoner, for he now had no doubt the man had been a captive among the savages.

"My name is Bradsaw, sir," replied the fellow, raising his hand to his head in salute. "I came off with them niggers, and watching my chance, dodged below and hid under the table."

"How did you get among those savages?" continued Manly.

"I was wrecked and captured by them. My ship, the Speedwell, on which I was carpenter, was cast ashore a long time ago—so long ago I can hardly remember how it happened."

"Why, that wasn't such a long time ago—only about three years," interposed Fernando. "I remember hearing about it very well. She was a brig bound for Colon, and was caught in a cyclone just like the one we had a tussle with yesterday and last night."

"Is that so, sir? It seems like a lifetime to me," said Bradsaw, shaking his head in a bewildered way. "You're the first of my kind I've seen in three years then, except two other chaps I found among the natives when I was captured, but they're more like the niggers than I am."

"Do you mean to say there are other captives among the savages?" asked Manly with interest.

"Yes; and they've been with 'em six or seven years, as nigh as I can remember. I wish you could do something for 'em, sir. They're treated like dogs."

On being further questioned, Bradsaw went into the details of his wreck and capture and experiences among the savages. His story would fill several fascinating chapters by itself, but as it has no connection with the concluding events of our narrative, we give it in the briefest possible words.

He had been the sole survivor from the Speedwell, and he had been immediately captured by the savages and carried off into the interior. He would have been instantly killed had it not been for the intervention and representations of the two captives he found among them.

Bradsaw's chest, with all of his tools, had been saved from the wreck by the savages, and when it was shown how useful he could be to them, his life was spared. And his usefulness had been exercised to its fullest extent during his three years' residence among them. Early and late, day in and day out, he had labored, without intermission, fashioning huts, canoes, cooking utensils, and anything the whim of his captors might dictate.

Gradually the vigilant guard that had been kept over him at first was relaxed, but still no certain chance of escape offered. Several vessels had touched at the island in the last year, but at such times the precautions against escape were redoubled, and the prisoners were compelled to see them sail away, each leaving them more hopeless than before of ever reaching a civilized country.

Finally, Bradsaw became convinced that there was only one way to gain his object. He became, to all intents and purposes, one of the savages. He dressed like them, took part in all their conferences, and even went so far as to take one of their women as a wife.

To all this he added several wonderful (to them) feats, and taught them many useful things, which finally raised him to the position of a sort of "medicine man." He so won their confidence that they allowed him to join them in the attack on the wrecked schooner.

Accepting the chance of being shot before reaching the vessel, he had succeeded in gaining her deck without injury, and at a favorable moment when the fight was fiercest had slipped unseen into the cabin.

Then it came out why St. Cyr had not seen him at that time, and made his terrified exit earlier. The exquisite, then more dead than alive from the shaking up by the cyclone, was about to make his way to the deck soon after the schooner had passed through the reef. He had just got the cabin slide open, when he heard the startling announcement that the savages were approaching.

One glance was sufficient, and with trembling limbs he retreated to a berth, almost smothering himself with bedding and clothing to shut out the terrifying sounds. He had heard footsteps descend the steps during the conflict, but he did not take the pains to look, and supposed it was one of the crew.

When he finally ventured out from the berth, which was not until after the sound of the last shot and the cries of the savages had died away, he had caught a glimpse of Bradsaw's body under the cabin table. Then followed the terrified cry and frantic rush to the deck, ending in his utter prostration.

"And now I hope you'll be able to do something for the fellows who've been with 'em longer'n I have," concluded Bradsaw. "You can do it now, but tomorrow will be too late, for they're going to clear out an' go to the main land. Since you thinned 'em out there ain't more'n thirty or forty of 'em left."

"Have they got a village?" asked Fernando.

"Yes; only a short distance back from the lagoon. If you could surround 'em and give 'em a volley with them repeaters, they'd run like jack rabbits."

"How's that? They've got firearms themselves," said Manly.

"I knows that, sir; some they got from a wreck. But Lor', sir, they don't know how to use 'em; they thinks the noise does the damage."

"Can you find the village again?" asked Fernando.

"I can take you there straight as a die in fifteen minutes."

"Do you think you can get hold of your tools?" continued the sailor.

"Certain, sir; they're all together and in first class trim."

Bradsaw was dismissed, one of the yachtsmen taking him forward to the forecastle, while others rummaged around to find odd pieces of clothing for him that he might present a more civilized appearance.

"I wish we could rescue those poor fellows," remarked Fernando; "and if we could get hold of Bradsaw's tools, it wouldn't take a very great while to get the schooner fit for sea again."

"That's so," responded Manly reflectively. "Wait a moment, and let's see what Ralph says about it."

"Here, boys," he continued, turning to his companions, "let's get things cleaned up and straightened out a bit."

With the exception of Ralph and St. Cyr, who had been assisted to the cabin, the crew fell vigorously to work. The dead savages were dumped unceremoniously into the lagoon, but their paraphernalia and weapons were preserved for a prominent place in the yacht club's museum should they ever get back home. The deck was thoroughly scrubbed and every vestige of the recent fray was removed as far as possible.

Not until this was done did they attempt to discharge a duty they owed themselves, though no doubt most of them had been compelled to think of it. None of them had eaten a mouthful since the day before at noon, and now that there was a lull in their toil and peril, they felt positively famished.

(*To be continued.*)

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

SHE watched the water from the stern,
With such a soulful gaze,
I thought that I could feel her yearn
For those Venetian days.

"It's such a pretty sight!" she said;
"See how the twirling screw
Is giving Neptune's hoary head
A real 'Sea-foam Shampoo!'"

—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

HE WAS USED TO IT.

AT a social gathering a lady remarked to Colonel Mountain Howitzer:

"There is nothing, in my opinion, colonel, so terrible as a sudden death by violence!"

"Oh, we military men are so accustomed to that sort of thing that we don't think anything of it," replied Colonel Howitzer. —*New York Press.*