

THE ARGOSY

COPYRIGHTED, 1892, BY FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1892.

The Oakville Mystery.

By E. E. YOUNG.

CHAPTER I.

MOTHER AND SON.

IN a small house on a pretty country road a woman was lying in the last stages of consumption. By the side of the bed, his face buried in the pillows, a boy was kneeling, sobbing bitterly.

His mother, the best friend he had ever known, was dying, and, as he gazed upon the face he loved so well, he could tell even in his inexperience that the end was but a few hours distant at most.

The two had been there all the morning, and though the neighbors were passing the house at intervals, none stopped to inquire after the inmates.

The people of Oakville were not very sympathetic, and though they knew Mrs. Temple was extremely low, they could not conquer their prejudice toward the family sufficiently to render what little assistance might be needed to alleviate her suffering.

Dr. Tremont, however, was a kind hearted, generous man. He had been attending the invalid for weeks, though he knew his prospects of final reimbursement were exceedingly limited.

He had been a warm friend of Mr. Temple before his death, and, believing him to be an honest, trustworthy man, had stood by him through his trials, feeling a sincere sympathy for the sickly and destitute wife who had been left behind.

The doctor generally reached the Temple home about the middle of the day, and as it was now drawing toward that hour, young Melville expected his arrival each moment, hoping that he might be able to give some encouragement, yet feeling that the end was near.

At last a carriage stopped in front of the house, and Melville approached the win-

dow to behold Dr. Tremont just alighting. He went to the door to admit the physician, who asked as he entered:

"How is she today?"

"Worse," sadly replied the boy; "she scarcely notices anything going on around her."

The doctor made his way to the bedside, and, as he gazed upon the patient, shook his head ominously. His experienced eyes told him it would not be necessary to call again.

He prepared some medicine, and tried to speak a few words with the sufferer, but she was too weak to talk, and he turned to leave.

Melville followed him to the gate, and asked if there was any hope.

"No, my boy, there is none. Your mother cannot possibly live the day out. Is there no one you can get to come here and stay? It isn't safe for you to be here alone."

"I don't know of anybody," replied Melville, struggling hard to control his emotions.

He could remember the time in their prosperous days, before his father's death, when the townspeople were glad to be numbered among their acquaintances, but now, since adversity had descended upon the family, their friends had deserted them.

"Well," said the doctor, "I'll send Mrs. Rosewell up here at once; she'll come, I'm sure, if I request her to do so. And now, my dear boy, bear up manfully under this bitter experience, and remember that you have a true friend in me."

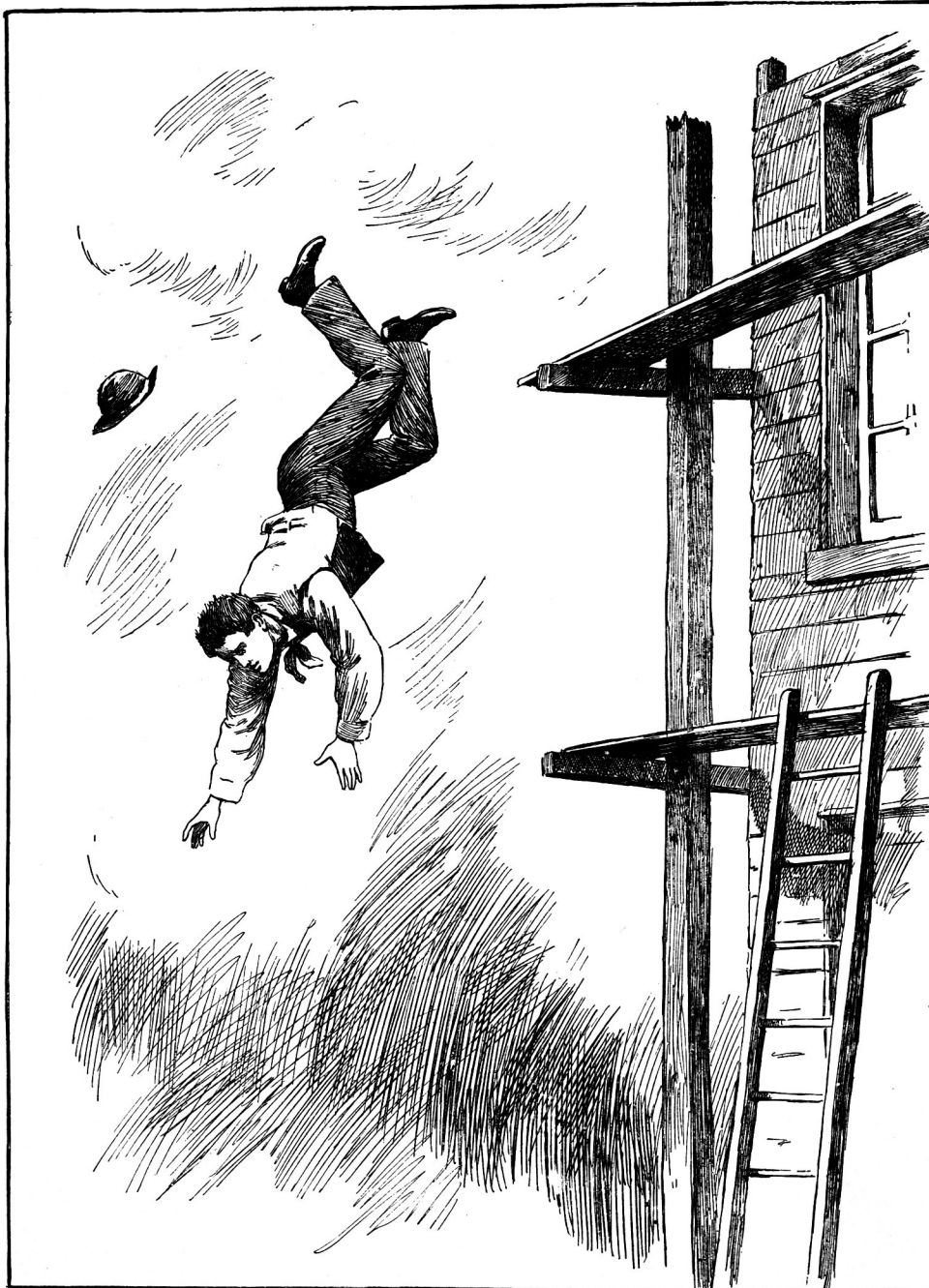
As the physician spoke, he placed his hand kindly on the boy's head for a moment, then got into his buggy and drove away.

With a heavy heart Melville returned to the bedside of his dying mother, and, kneeling down, took one of her emaciated hands in his own, and brushed back the still luxuriant hair from her forehead.

At touch of his hands the woman opened her eyes, and, seeing him looking down so sadly upon her, smiled faintly, and whispered:

"Don't take it so to heart, Melville. I am ready and willing to go, and my only regret is in leaving you. You will have a hard life of it for a year or two, but always be a good boy, do right under all circumstances, and you will succeed in the end."

"The house and furniture will all have to go to pay my funeral expenses and the other debts we owe, so after I'm buried I want you to go to your aunt Eunice and she will help you along. Tell



THERE WAS A SHARP SNAP AND JIM FELL HEADLONG TO THE EARTH.

her that I would have liked to see her before I died, and that I hope she is well and happy."

A fit of coughing seized her at this moment, and she was unable to talk further. When it subsided she lay upon the bed completely exhausted, and breathing at long intervals.

Melville kissed her tenderly, and again burying his face in the pillows, sobbed in silence.

In this position Mrs. Rosewell found him when she arrived an hour later, and, taking him by the shoulder, she shook him gently, saying:

"Come, Melville, go into the other room. You can do your mother no good now."

Her words caused him to look up, and one glance into the thin but peaceful face told him that his mother was dead.

Her end had been quite easy; she had passed away while he was sobbing beside her.

For some time he gazed at the dear dead face; then as he realized that never again in this world would he hear her voice, he stooped, kissed the cold lips, and with a weary sigh, left the room.

Mrs. Rosewell was the wife of a poor mechanic, who worked in the village factory, and when Dr. Tremont called at her house and requested her to go over to the dying woman, she readily consented.

On the way she stopped at the house of a friend, who also promised to come, then continued her journey, arriving an hour or so after Mrs. Temple died.

In a little while Mrs. Bell made her appearance, and the two women began to prepare the corpse for burial. When this was done Mrs. Rosewell came out into the room where Melville was seated and said:

"You must come home with me now; Mrs. Bell will stay for the present, and her husband will come over soon and remain with her."

She took his hand, and he suffered himself to be led away. As they walked along he said:

"Mrs. Rosewell, you and Mrs. Bell are the only ones who have shown us any kindness, and if I live you will never regret it. I can't thank you now, for I feel too sad. Mother was such a sufferer that I know she was glad to go, but it is hard to lose her, for she was my best friend."

He began weeping again, and they walked on in silence till they reached their destination.

Mr. Rosewell had just returned from his work and was making a fire for his wife.

He had found the brief note she had left for him telling where she had gone, and he shook Melville kindly by the hand, speaking words of sympathy that went straight to the heart of the grief-stricken boy.

CHAPTER II.

THE OAKVILLE BANK CASHIER.

THE mechanic's wife busied herself in preparing the evening meal, which was soon in readiness.

"Come, Mel, sit up with us," said Mr. Rosewell, and, as the boy had eaten nothing that day, hunger urged him to do so.

The Rosewells were poor but respectable people, and though they had a large family of their own, they offered Melville a home with them as long as he wished to stay.

But though he fully appreciated this kindness, he did not feel at liberty to intrude longer upon their hospitality than was really necessary.

"You have been very good to me," he said, "and I will never forget it. I will stay until after the funeral is over; then I must start out to find my aunt whom

mother told me about before she died. She lives up north about eighty miles or so, and I don't think I'll have any trouble in finding her."

"But her husband may not receive you kindly on account of that affair of your father's," said the mechanic. "I suppose he read all about it in the papers, and likely believes him guilty, though I should think he would have more confidence in his brother-in-law."

"We can hardly blame him for thinking so under the circumstances," said Melville; "but it's hard to have those who once were our friends go back on us as the people of Oakville have done. I believe it was worrying over that trouble that killed my father, and hastened my mother's death."

"There's no doubt of it," said Mr. Rosewell indignantly. "It's a shame, and some day they'll see their mistake."

"The circumstances were woefully against him," continued Melville. "He was the only one in the bank at the time, and when the money was stolen, he was of course accused of the theft."

"I know all that, my dear boy, and what appears so singular to me is that President Belmont himself was the first to accuse your father, and was his worst enemy during the trial. I must say there's a mystery in the whole business which I can't understand."

Just here a few words of explanation in regard to Mr. Temple's connection with the Oakville bank are necessary in order that the reader may clearly understand the condition of affairs.

He was cashier in the one bank of the town, and this position he had held at a good salary for several years.

His income enabled him to keep his family in comfortable circumstances, and to lay away a sufficient sum to purchase the pretty house and grounds out in the suburbs.

He was regarded as an honest and thoroughly trustworthy man, and perhaps the greatest surprise that could have fallen upon Oakville occurred on the morning that the cashier was arrested, charged with abstracting \$30,000 from the funds of the bank.

At first the news was received with indignation by the people, who refused to believe it, but as Mr. Temple declined to make any statement, they began to look upon the affair with more credence.

Still there were some peculiar features connected with the case which the townspeople could not understand.

During the time that Mr. George Corning was president of the bank, the entire business of that institution went along satisfactorily, and that gentleman always entertained the highest regard for the popular cashier. But when, on account of ill health, he resigned the presidency, and Mr. John Belmont was chosen to fill the vacancy, trouble soon began in more than one direction.

The new president seemed to entertain a very bitter feeling toward the cashier, and on several occasions, had hinted that the latter's dealings with the bank were not entirely open.

Thus matters progressed until the crisis was reached on the morning that Mr. Temple was arrested, and although he declared he could establish his innocence, there were certain circumstances which prevented his doing so. Hence those who were inclined to believe in him began to doubt, and finally came to the conclusion that he was guilty.

In due time the trial came off, and President Belmont was conspicuous in the prosecution, clamoring loudly for conviction.

But after all, conviction was not easily established.

The evidence was very much against the cashier, but nothing could be clearly proved, and although his house, private papers and books were all thoroughly

examined, nothing was discovered that would throw light on the case.

So, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of his enemies to compass his ruin, Mr. Temple came out victorious. That is, he was acquitted for lack of evidence, and he walked out of the courtroom a free man.

But what a change had come over his friends!

Those who formerly considered it an honor to be noticed by the cashier, now passed him by with a cold and suspicious glance.

The only ones who did not forsake him in this calamity were Dr. Tremont, Judge Gunner, lawyer Holmes, and several families of the laboring class, who had small accounts in the Oakville bank.

It was in Judge Gunner's court that Mr. Temple was tried, and in discharging the prisoner, he remarked with energy:

"It affords me pleasure to be able to dismiss this case against a man whom I believe to be innocent." Then, turning to the prisoner, he continued, "Friend Temple, you are discharged."

Despite this, however, public sentiment was against him, and the cashier felt it keenly.

He was the superintendent of a large Sunday school, but this position he at once resigned, and, as he had of course been summarily dismissed from the bank, he retired to a secluded life in his suburban home.

He had a thousand dollars in his possession, and his intention was to rest a few weeks, then sell his property in Oakville, remove to some town where he was unknown, and begin life anew.

This money was deposited in the Oakville Savings Bank, and, after thinking the matter over, he decided to draw it out and put it in a bank in another town. He would have no further business with the institution that had caused his misfortune.

He went to his desk one morning to secure his pass book for this purpose, and was considerably alarmed to find it missing. A careful search failed to reveal it, and with many misgivings he made his way to the bank, where he explained the situation.

He was received with manifest coldness upon entering, and, when his business had been made known, was surprised into utter speechlessness at being informed that the bank had no knowledge of the account, and unless the book was produced would take no action upon it.

Discouraged and disheartened, he returned home and searched the house again, but without success. The book had completely and mysteriously disappeared, and with it the prospect of obtaining his money.

The next day he was prostrated by a severe illness, and Dr. Tremont was hastily summoned. But the physician's skill was of no avail. He grew steadily worse, and two days later expired.

He had neglected to mention the bank book trouble, not wishing to worry his wife, whose health was very precarious, hence mother and son were both surprised and puzzled to discover that all that remained of Mr. Temple's estate, after the funeral expenses were paid, were the house and grounds and a few dollars in cash.

Just before he died, Dr. Tremont urged him to divulge the secret surrounding the bank robbery, and raising himself up with an effort, the sufferer said:

"I've written it all out, together with what I want done. You'll find the papers in my—"

He never finished the sentence. His strength gave out at this point, and he fell back dead.

When everything was finally settled a search was made for the papers referred to, but not the slightest clew to their whereabouts could be found. The desk, dressing case and table belonging to Mr. Temple had been carefully examined, but the search was fruitless.

So time passed on until the small stock of money was exhausted, and Mrs. Temple's health having begun to fail rapidly, she found it necessary to mortgage the house in order to obtain money enough for the necessaries of life and to pay for medicines.

Walter Belmont, a cousin to the president of the Oakville bank, advanced the money, and although the widow hoped to soon regain her health and be able to free the property from the incumbrance, she sank steadily day by day, until at last she closed her eyes on the scenes of this world and joined her husband in death.

Everything now would have to go—house, furniture, and all that was associated with his beloved parents, and, as Melville discussed the situation with the kind mechanic and his wife, he could hardly control his emotions.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT OCCURRED ON THE STREET.

MRS. ROSEWELL and Mrs. Bell attended to the funeral arrangements, and two days later all that remained of Mrs. Temple was laid to rest beside her husband.

As Melville saw the dear form lowered into the grave, and realized that he would never look upon the beloved face again, he wept long and bitterly, and felt as if his life henceforth would be a joyless existence.

The house had been locked, the windows closed, and silence now reigned over the pretty suburban cottage, not to be broken until several days later, when the shrill voice of the auctioneer would be heard, selling off the furniture and other effects that once belonged to the persecuted cashier of the Oakville bank.

Melville went home again with the Rosewells, where he had decided to stay until after the auction.

That evening Edward, the mechanic's eldest son, and a boy of nearly his own age, asked him to take a walk, and the two strolled away, soon reaching that part of the village where the school-house which Edward attended was located.

A number of boys were playing ball near by, and as they passed the spot Edward recognized a friend and called out:

"Hello, Jim!"

To his surprise he received no answer, and thinking he had not been heard, he called again:

"Hello, Jim!"

Still no reply.

Being of an independent disposition, Edward's first impulse now was to pass on, taking no further notice of his schoolmate. But Jim had always been friendly enough toward him, and, on second consideration he decided to speak once more. He would call so loud that the other could not fail to hear.

"I say, Jim!" he shouted, "are you getting deaf? Can't you hear a friend when he calls to you?"

The boy turned at this, saying:

"I was your friend, Ned; but if you're going to associate with the son of a thief, I don't care to have anything to do with you."

Edward's face flushed, and an angry light flashed into his eyes.

"What do you mean, Jim Bowers?" he demanded.

"You know what I mean," Jim replied; "but we won't talk about it now."

"Yes, we will talk about it, too; and

let me tell you, Jim Bowers, I consider myself just as good as you are, and when you say I associate with the son of a thief, you tell what is not so. Now you must take back those words or fight."

Edward was very angry, and, seeing that serious trouble was about to occur, Melville stepped forward, saying:

"Don't mind what he says; I expected it, and I'm sorry I came out with you. The boys will only dislike you if you're seen in my company. Come, let's go home, and in a few days I'll leave."

"I'll do nothing of the sort, Mel; you're as good as any of 'em, and if they don't like me because I go with you, they're at liberty to do the other thing. Now, Jim Bowers are you going to fight, or take back what you said?"

"I didn't mean any offense to you, Ned," said the other apologetically; "but the fellows don't like to see you going with him," pointing toward Melville as he spoke.

"Then the fellows are no friends of mine, and the sooner they know it the better."

But Melville interposed again, saying:

"I don't blame you, boys, for the feeling you have toward me; but you are awfully mistaken when you take my father for a thief, and the time will come when I'll prove it. Till then I can do nothing, but sincerely trust that none of you will be placed in my position."

"I don't believe your father was a thief, Melville," said little Tom Beaver, who was considered the dunce of the school.

He came toward the orphan and extended a dirty little hand.

This show of sympathy touched Melville deeply, and grasping the hand of his ragged young friend, he shook it warmly, saying:

"Thank you, Tom; I'll not forget those words. I'm glad you are my friend."

"Are you, honest," quickly asked the little fellow; "I didn't think you'd care for my friendship."

"You didn't think I'd care!" repeated Melville, in surprise. "Why not?"

"Oh, the other fellows don't care for me. They call me a blockhead, and tell me that I will never amount to anything."

"Don't let that discourage you," said Melville. "You've got the making of a man in you, and if you would try, you'd soon know more than any of them."

"Do you think so?" eagerly asked the boy, his face brightening at these words. "They all say I can't and that's why I don't try."

"Now look here, Tom," continued Melville. "I'm going away from Oakville, and may not be back for years; will you promise me that you will try to make something of yourself by studying hard, and showing the boys that you are not as dull as they take you to be?"

"Yes, Mel, I promise," was the ready reply.

"Good; shake on it."

The dirty little hand met Melville's in a hearty clasp, and so the promise was sealed.

They had stood a little apart from the other boys, and what they said was not overheard.

In the meantime Edward had adjusted the difficulty with Jim Bowers, and he and Melville now moved away.

But some good had come out of their visit to the vicinity after all.

The words spoken by Melville to little Tom Beaver awakened a trait in his character that had never before been aroused, and, he went home that night with a firm determination to make a man of himself.

"He said it was in me," the boy kept

repeating; "and if I don't bring it out, it won't be my fault."

Did he do it, you ask? We shall see.

Meanwhile, Melville, all unconscious of the good seed he had sown in the breast of his ragged young friend, continued his way home with Edward, and retired to bed, weary in mind and sad at heart, while Tom Beaver also sought his couch and drifted off to dreamland with a smile on his face, and his young head filled with the thoughts of an awakened ambition.

CHAPTER IV.

JIM BOWERS'S PERIL.

THE following morning Melville came down stairs looking pale and sad, but withal somewhat refreshed from his night's rest. He had forgotten his bereavement for a few hours in sleep, but now in his wakeful moments thoughts of his mother crowded into his mind again, and, though he strove hard to compose himself, there were tears in his eyes as he entered the dining room.

The mechanic had already breakfasted, and was preparing to go to his work, but as Melville entered he bade him a cheery good morning, and said:

"I've been thinking, Melville, that it would be a good idea to keep back your father's desk and table and his dressing case from the auction, for it may be that the paper he spoke of is hidden in some of the drawers. If you let the things go out of your hands, it'll never be found."

"I have thought of that," answered the boy; "but every piece of furniture will have to go to pay our debts, and I don't see how it can be arranged."

"If I had the money I'd buy them for you," said Mr. Rosewell; then after thinking a moment he continued: "I have it; why not see Dr. Tremont, and tell him all about it? He'll buy 'em for you, and some day you can repay him. Go over and see him this morning before he leaves his office; he'll have plenty of time to talk with you."

Melville promised to do so, and the mechanic lighted his pipe, took his dinner pail and set out for the factory.

A few minutes later the other children came in, and the party then sat down to breakfast.

"Suppose I stay home from school with Melville today, mother?" suggested Edward; "it'll be lonesome for him here alone."

"To be sure you can; I was going to ask you myself," replied the lady.

Melville objected to this arrangement, saying there was no necessity for Edward to lose a day on his account, but his friends insisted, and so the matter was settled.

After breakfast the boys started for Dr. Tremont's office, and arrived there before any patients had called. The physician received them kindly, and listened attentively while Melville stated the object of his errand. When he concluded the doctor said:

"Of course I'll assist you, my dear boy. I'll make it a point to be on hand when the auction comes off, and the articles you name shall be saved. Is there anything else you want to keep?"

Yes, there was something else he would like to retain, and that was a pretty little clock which belonged to his mother, and of which she had always been very fond, but he felt that it would not be right to impose too much on the doctor's generosity. But the physician saw his momentary hesitation, and added:

"Come, Mel, don't be afraid to speak out; I'm your friend, you know, and will be glad to help you. Tell me what else you would like to retain."

Thus encouraged the boy complied, and the doctor promised to look out for

them. He made a memorandum of the articles, and assured Melville again that he would be at the auction.

Just then the bell rang announcing the arrival of a patient, and the boys rose to go. The doctor accompanied them to the door, and shook hands kindly with each as they took their departure.

"Let's take a little walk before we go home," Edward suggested, and they accordingly started down the street.

There was a large building in course of erection farther down the avenue, and, when they arrived at the place, they saw Jim Bowers and several other boys playing around the scaffolding.

Work on the structure had been suspended for a few days, and, as there was no one there to interfere with them, the boys could climb around at will.

Jim Bowers had often boasted of his climbing ability, and now to show his proficiency in the art, he announced his intention to ascend the tallest of the poles, the top of which towered twenty feet or more above the upper scaffold, which was about thirty feet high, and on which the boys were standing.

His friends warned him not to risk his life so foolishly, but Jim was determined he would not listen.

"There's no danger," he said, loftily; "I'm too good at climbing to fall."

"But the pole might break," suggested one of the boys.

"Nonsense; can't you see it's strong enough to hold me?"

He ran along the scaffold as he spoke, and soon reached the pole.

The other boys drew back against the side of the building, and watched him attentively.

"You'd better not, Jim," called out Sam Jones, as a last warning, but the reckless youth paid no heed.

He grasped the pole firmly, and, twining his legs around it, began slowly ascending.

It was just at this juncture that Melville and Edward arrived on the scene, and, as the former looked up and beheld the perilous position of young Bowers, he grasped his companion by the arm, saying:

"Look there, Ned, Jim Bowers'll be killed; the pole won't hold him!"

Edward glanced up, and his face paled as his eyes rested upon the boy, now some distance up the pole.

"Come down, Jim; the pole won't hold you!" he cried, but the climber only looked toward him and smiled. He knew he was performing a daring feat, and felt proud of it.

The staff tapered to within a few inches in diameter at the top, and the reckless boy had now climbed so high that it began to sway threateningly under his weight.

He paid no attention to this, however, but slowly continued upward, while those below watched him with breathless interest.

"For Heaven's sake come down, Jim!" Sam Jones called again; "you'll fall if you don't!"

But the climber, disregarding the warning, made his way slowly upward, and now the slender top of the staff bent so far over that the horrified boys below expected to see it snap off, and plunge the reckless boy to destruction.

At last he reached the top, and, if he had now begun to descend, all would have been well. But feeling proud of his achievement, he grasped the pole firmly with one hand while with the other he removed his hat, and swinging it around his head, shouted:

"Hurrah!"

The additional strain so suddenly brought to bear upon it by the motion of his arm proved more than the staff could sustain, and the exultant shout had hardly escaped his lips, when there was a sharp snap, the slender stick

parted just below his feet, and Jim fell headlong toward the earth.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in Number 482.]

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 XXV.

MOVING.

WHEN Bart recovered consciousness he found himself lying on his bed in the familiar chamber in which, three weeks before, the explorers had established their camp. The firelight was dancing on the walls and sparkling from the icicle-like stalactites pendent from the ceiling. A savory odor of broiling meat reached his nostrils and turning his head weakly on his pillow he saw the professor bending over the fire tending several bits of meat on the spits, his shadow assuming gigantic proportions as he moved about.

Allan was not in sight, and Bart, who still felt weak and light headed, lay there and watched the amiable scientist as, with a silent pucker of his lips, he went about his culinary operations. He felt so warm and comfortable that he hated to move or speak, so he kept still and watched all that was going on.

Soon Allan came in. He had evidently been outside, for he stamped the snow from his moccasins as he warmed his hands over the fire.

He had on his wooden "blindners" and looked so comical in them that Bart laughed aloud. It was rather a weak laugh and sounded so unlike himself that Bart stopped at once. However, both Allan and the professor heard him and came to the bedside, Allan forgetting to remove the hideous looking wooden arrangement.

"Hello!" remarked Bart faintly, trying to reach his hand outside the blanket and bearskin in which he was wrapped.

"Hello yourself," responded Allan, removing the blinders so as to get a better view of Bart.

"How long have I been loafing here?" demanded Bart.

"A matter of two or three days," replied the professor, "and you'll stay right there a little longer, too," he hastened to add, as Bart made a movement as though he intended getting up. "There wasn't much left of you when you got here and we intend you shall lie there and recuperate a little.

"Yes, Bart, we've got your clothes," remarked Allan with a grin, "and you'll freeze to death if you get up and dance round here with little or nothing on. I tell you this cave isn't any warmer than it might be and the thermometer hasn't begun to go down yet, so the professor says."

Bart laughed.

"I guess you've got me," he said. "How long was I gone?"

"Over a week," replied Professor Perry. "We are eager enough to hear what you were doing all that time, but you mustn't tell us till you're stronger."

"Well," said Bart, "let me just tell you one little thing. I have found the passage leading out of the other side of the cave!"

Professor Perry and Allan exchanged glances and the professor shook his head slightly. But Bart noticed it and reading the expression on both their faces started up, excitedly.

"You don't think I know what I'm talking about, do you?" he demanded "Well, I do. I have been through the cliff and out on the other side. How do

you s'pose I lived a whole week without anything to eat? I killed two rabbits out there and got my torches there—where do you suppose I got them, hey?"

He fairly started up in bed so excited had he become. The professor seeing that it would do him more injury than good to deny him the privilege of speaking, told him to go on and tell his story, and while he and Allan listened with breathless interest, he did so.

"And you dragged yourself way through those galleries to tell us?" exclaimed the professor, when the young fellow had ceased speaking. "God bless you, Bart!"

"Do you think I would leave you two here, alone?" demanded Bart hotly.

"No, I don't," declared the professor admiringly; "but it was a heroic thing to do."

"And Bart," asked Allan, "can you find the way back again?"

"Of course I can. The string will lead us to the hole into which I fell and beyond that, although it is quite a distance, it is one continuous passage to the other side of the cliff."

"We are saved then," said the professor thankfully. "You don't know how worried I have been, thinking about our unfortunate imprisonment, boys, and this removes a world of trouble. Our friends may send out after us, but they cannot reach us till spring. We will move to the other end of the cavern and start as soon as the winter breaks up."

"So all you've got to do is to get well, old fellow," said Allan affectionately. "Then we'll move, eh, professor?"

The professor agreed and then turned his attention to the bear steak that had almost burned during this time. Bart was propped up and served with a small portion of the meal after which he went to sleep again. From that time he rapidly improved and the next morning was able to get up and walk about the cave.

The professor had neatly mended the rents in Bart's clothing and he and Allan together converted the remainder of the bear tallow into candles. Their pile of firewood had been greatly reduced, but as Bart declared fuel would be a great deal easier to obtain at the other end of the cavern they refrained from getting any more from the glacier.

In two days more Bart declared he would play the invalid no longer and preparations were made to decamp from that portion of the cave.

First Allan, Bart and the professor each shouldered a portion of the bear meat and picking up Bart's wonderful hemp thread followed his tortuous course to the brink of the precipice, down which he had fallen. More than three quarters of the twine had been used and they all immediately saw places where the distance could be shortened. Bart had used something like a mile and a half of string in going a distance (in a straight line) of a hundred and fifty rods.

"I wonder we didn't notice this place," said Allan when they at length arrived at the shaft.

"I suppose we overlooked a great many passages beside this," rejoined Professor Perry. "I doubt if Bart had been able to find this again if he hadn't thought to make and use this twine. That was a bright idea, Bart."

"You are doomed to be an inventor, old man," said Allan, laughingly. "But how shall we get across this hole?"

"How shall we get the provisions across is more to the point, I think," returned the professor. "I think all of us can jump the place if we can find no better way."

"Throw 'em across," suggested Bart. "Just as I did my torches and balls of twine. Take hold of this piece with me,

Al, and we'll see if we can't swing it over."

Allan laid hold as requested and they easily tossed it across. The other pieces followed and all three returned to the pantry.

The professor kept on to the camp to make a bundle of the blankets, bear robes, etc., while his two companions went back with more of the meat. Allan carried a candle as well as his burden, while Bart clutched his spear in one hand. They reached the edge of the precipice and threw down their loads when a savage snarl caused them to suddenly turn toward the opposite side of the chasm.

The feeble light of the candle was not sufficient to illuminate the opposite ledge, but both boys saw two glaring eyes fixed upon them.

"What under the sun is it?" cried Allan, groping about in the passage for some weapon. He had left his rifle at the camp.

"That's the critter we've been after for the last three weeks," declared Bart excitedly. "I wish we had more light. He's at work on our meat again, the rascal!"

"Shall I run back for my rifle?" asked Allan. "Stay, here's a rock. I'll drive him away from that meat."

The next instant he hurled the missile at the eyes. The creature gave voice to a howl of pain and anger, and they could hear his claws scratching on the rocky floor as he dodged a second fragment of rock.

"That is just the fellow we are after," said Allan. "I'd know that howl anywhere. I wonder what it is."

"I'll give it up, but it's ugly, that's one thing. If he didn't sound quite so ferocious and stand his ground so obstinately I'd jump over there and try my spear on him."

But he was saved the trouble. Angered by the attack, the creature retreated a few yards and then flew at his antagonists like a whirlwind. Clearing the chasm with a gallant bound he landed directly between the boys. They both darted backward, but Allan tripped and fell, putting out the candle and leaving them in darkness. But Bart had light enough to see the brute's whereabouts and at once darted forward and plunged his spear into it.

The creature gave a terrific snarl and sprang at the young fellow, but Bart fought it off and stabbed it once more, repeating the thrust again and again until it lay quite still at his feet.

Just then the professor made his appearance with another light, having been aroused by the uproar.

"We've got it!" shouted Allan. "Bart's killed it, professor."

"Killed what?" demanded the scientist, flashing his torch upon the scene.

Allan was sitting in a heap on the floor where he had fallen and at Bart's feet lay a huge gray wolf quite dead, the blood flowing from several wounds in his sides and breast.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE AVALANCHE.

"WELL, you have got him, haven't you?" cried Professor Perry, in astonishment.

"That's the chap that's been stealing from us, I verily believe," said Bart, wiping his blood stained weapon. "Isn't he a big fellow, sir?"

"He is indeed," and the professor rolled the long, lean body over with his foot.

"I don't wonder he got at our provisions," said Allan, examining the dead animal. "How lean he is! Why, you can count all his ribs."

"I suppose he's been in this cave a long while—came in at the other end of

course—and probably food has been scarce with him. I always thought the howl of a wolf was about as terrifying a sound as was ever heard, and it's no wonder it sounded so unearthly in this cave. What a beast it is!"

"I thought they always went in packs," said Allan.

"They are usually gregarious; but this old fellow may have become separated from his companions, or perhaps he is what an African hunter would call an 'old rogue.' When an old bull elephant is beaten by a younger he goes off in the sulks and roams the forest alone, attacking anything that comes in his path, man not excepted. It was the same with the buffaloes, when herds of those animals were found on the plains, and with moose and other deer.

"These 'old rogues' are always particularly fierce and tenacious of life. Perhaps our gray coated friend here was driven away from his herd. More probably, however, his companions were killed and he was left stranded alone in this region."

"What had we best do with him?" asked Bart. "Pitch him into that hole?"

"After I take his hide off," replied the professor. "You've cut it up pretty badly, but it may be of value to us."

"By Jingo! I've got an idea," cried Bart.

"Another of Bart's ideas," interposed Allan. "What is it now, Mr. Edison?"

"Don't chaff, Al, or you shan't be in it," returned Bart good naturedly. "If I can find the right kind of wood perhaps I can make snowshoes for the whole crowd."

"Snowshoes! jolly!" exclaimed Allan, who had really come to believe that Bart was capable of carrying out every undertaking he proposed.

"What has that got to do with this wolf skin?" asked the professor, a little skeptically, as he prepared to remove the pelt.

"I can scrape off the hair, cut the hide into strips, twist 'em and smooth 'em, and string the shoes."

"All right, snowshoes it is," said the professor. "And you'd better take the tendons off the legs for thread, too. That's what our grandfathers used in the backwoods."

Skinning the wolf occupied so much time that it was nearly dark before they established their new camp. After tossing all their things across the chasm they leaped over themselves and, led by Bart, quickly traversed the distance between it and the cave exit.

All three rushed out of the tunnel at once, the professor and Allan especially delighted at being once more in the open air. Their goods were quickly brought to an alcove not far from the exit; but Bart and Allan had to go out for firewood after dark. The professor built another furnace, and by nine o'clock they were all settled except as to their beds.

That night they slept on the hard rock, but the next morning one of their first duties was to gather hemlock branches and make comfortable couches back of the fire.

The weather remained pleasant, and from the mouth of the tunnel they could see a long way down the valley. From the pass just beyond them the valley sloped down quite abruptly toward the east, spreading out wider and wider as it progressed. The great mountain before them rose like a wall of barren rock, thick woods shutting off all view but that of the higher mountain peaks beyond.

The cliff at their backs was but a stepping stone beside the mountain whose lofty summit the professor judged to be nearly six thousand feet above them.

That portion of its steep front not covered by thick forest, presented a view of massive gray boulders, on which even the snow could not remain.

A little to the west a great spur of rock—a sheer precipice a thousand feet in height, ran out, almost touching the opposite and smaller cliff, and between these two frowning crags was the narrow pass. The summit of this vast cliff sloped upward from its very brink almost to the top of the mountain.

Everything was on a gigantic scale. Even the trees, untouched by the axe of the woodsman, had reached an enormous size. Several cedars growing near the foot of the mountain would have compared favorably with the huge trees of the Yosemite Valley.

In this forest Bart found just the wood he wanted for his snowshoes, being fortunate enough to come across four natural crooks which, with a great deal of shaving and a little steaming, were bent and bound tightly with wolf sinews. He and Allan made a trip into the interior of the cave and brought back from their old camp the stone basin, in which to boil water.

The fact that they all kept busy was one great thing toward keeping in good health as well as in good temper. When they were doing nothing else they cut the fuel and brought it to the cave. The forest was a perfect jungle, so they did not penetrate it far, but dead wood was plenty on the edge.

During the first week of their sojourn at this end of the cavern only one light fall of snow occurred. The sun each day was so hot that torrents of melted snow came pouring down the mountain side, wearing deep ditches in the snow. Several times small avalanches were hurled into the valley, their fall undoubtedly caused by the expansion of the rocks heated by the sun's warm rays.

Bart's snowshoes, at which Professor Perry had rather scoffed, were so rapidly nearing completion that even the dubious scientist was silenced. The curve was not very graceful, and there was a slight variation in the size; but the stringing was quite firm, even though the strips might wear out quicker than ordinary stringing, because, having no gimlet with which to bore holes in the wood, Bart held them in place by notches cut in the outer edge.

When at last these ingeniously contrived implements were finished, both Allan and the professor were eager to have them tried at once. So Bart, nothing loath, tied them to his feet and was assisted out upon the snow crust. Having never essayed snowshoes before, about the first motion he made was to dive head foremost into a drift, from which he was rescued amid much hilarity on the part of the two spectators.

But Bart was a persevering fellow and now that he had made the things he determined to learn to use them properly. So after numerous trials and a great deal of chaff and laughter from Allan, in the course of an hour he was able, with great care, to walk upright on the snow.

The professor busied himself with skinning a hare that he had killed with Bart's bow and arrows, just outside the cave entrance. Allan, however, was still watching Bart, who, having at last "got the hang of the things," as he expressed it, was striding along at a great pace toward the pass.

"Dear old Bart!" he exclaimed, turning to the professor. "What should we do without him? If I ever get cast away on a desert island I shall want him with me."

"He is bound to be a great inventor yet, or a scientist," remarked Professor Perry, laughing quietly. "When we get back to the coast—"

He got no further in his remark. The silence of the lifeless valley was shattered by a sudden crash that echoed and re-echoed from the lofty walls. The professor started to his feet, his and Allan's gaze turned upward toward the summit of the mountain.

A cry of horror simultaneously left their lips as their eyes fell upon the cause of the deafening roar which now filled the air. Far up on the side of the mountain a great mass of snow, rocks and tree trunks, tossed like an angry wave, careered down the slope. The air seemed filled with flying blocks of rock, huge trees uprooted by the terrific force, and snow spray.

It was an avalanche.

Entire groves of trees were mowed down like weeds, massive boulders which had clung to the mountain side for ages, were wrenched loose and carried downward by the resistless torrent from above. The lane swept by its onward course was two hundred yards in width and was becoming wider each moment!

"Bart! Bart!" cried Allan, clutching the professor's arm, his voice hardly rising above a whisper.

With sudden fear the professor turned toward the pass which Bart had reached just a moment before. There, in the track of the avalanche, he plainly discerned Bart's figure, standing motionless in the path. *For once the young fellow appeared to hesitate!*

The course of the mighty snow slide was down the slope of the mountain spur and over the brink of the precipice at the foot of which stood the endangered Bart. If he had not hesitated! If he had only turned back in time!

They saw him dart forward deeper into the pass and then the avalanche reached the edge of the precipice and poured its heterogeneous mass into the valley below. With a shock which seemed to shake the heavens the debris fell, boulders as large as houses, trees tall enough for spars of ships of the line, tons of gravel and earth, together with the snow itself.

In the passing of a breath the narrow defile was heaped two hundred feet in depth, filling it completely from wall to wall. The two terrified spectators stood breathless while the terrible phenomenon lasted. Speechless they stood until the last rock had fallen, the last gravel stone had rattled over the brink of the precipice.

The air above the pass was filled with a dense cloud of fine snow. Out of this cloud, miraculously preserved through the awful calamity, appeared a raven, which, circling upward as it flew with discordant cry, disappeared in the west.

Then all was silent as before.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A TERRIBLE FATE.

THE professor groaned and turned away from the awful spectacle.

But Allan still gazed with face white and rigid toward the spot where, buried beneath tons and tons of rocks, splintered trees and snow, Bart Conover had disappeared.

In an instant, in the passing of a breath, he had been severed from them!

The cloud of snow spray which had hid the devastation from their eyes gradually subsided. High up on the mountain from where the avalanche had started, to the edge of the precipice, a great path, nearly three hundred yards in width, had been swept to the bare rock. Here and there appeared patches of snow or an uprooted tree, left in the track of the slide. All else was swept away!

"Awful! awful!" murmured Allan, as though unconscious that he spoke aloud.

"Poor Bart," said the professor. "Allan, we have seen him for the last time. There will be no return from beneath that avalanche as there was from the cavern. We have lost him. Oh, Allan, it is terrible!"

"He started up the pass just before he disappeared," suggested Allan. "Isn't it possible that he might have gone beyond the track of the avalanche?"

"We will look and see," returned Professor Perry, but with a hopelessness of tone and manner that showed plainly his own belief in the fruitlessness of such a search. "Take your rifle and let us go nearer. I hardly think there will be another snow slide just now."

They approached the defile which contained thousands of tons piled up above their heads. The trunks and great boulders pushed their way out of the snow in every conceivable position.

The snow itself was barely discernible, so mixed was it with earth and gravel. To try to climb to the summit of the mass would have been folly.

"We shall have to climb one or the other of these cliffs, to reach the other side," decided Professor Perry, after a survey of the pass. "And it's doubtful if we can do that even. I declare, I don't know which is the harder."

Both cliffs presented indeed a rugged front to the two explorers. The northern and smaller of the two was almost perpendicular here, and the summit of the other, although quite as sheer a precipice, might possibly be reached by climbing the mountain side and descending the plateau from above. Either was a perilous undertaking, and it was such a forlorn hope that it was little wonder that they set out upon it with so little enthusiasm.

Starting at once, they struck into the almost impenetrable forest at the mountain's base and began to work their way upward. Every foot of their climb was fraught with obstacles if not with danger. The trees in some places seemed actually to grow out of the cracks in the rocks, and in other places were so close together that their low branches interlocked.

The ground everywhere was covered with boulders and stones, from the size of a water pail to that of a small meeting house. Tree trunks, fallen through decay or in the storms, barred their path, and thickets of underbrush had to be actually trampled down before they would yield the way.

"Why, I never saw such hard traveling—no, not in South America!" exclaimed Professor Perry, stopping and mopping his perspiring forehead. "I believe I am getting old, Allan, when anything takes hold of me like this."

"It is hard," returned Allan, halting for a moment.

"Perhaps we cannot reach the other side of the cliff after all," continued the professor; "but still we will persevere. Don't indulge in any false hope, though, Allan. There is not the slightest doubt that our poor friend was struck down and crushed to death by the avalanche."

"I know it, I know it, sir!" replied Allan, with something like a groan. "But let us keep on."

Fighting their way almost step by step, they mounted higher and higher until at length, by a particularly perilous climb, they made a short cut up the wall of rock, at the base of which they had been slowly mounting, and stood upon the plateau. With hasty steps they followed down the path of the avalanche toward the further side.

Everywhere about them were evidences of the terrible catastrophe that had taken place. Deep holes gouged in the soil, trees uprooted and left to die on the earth that gave them birth, huge rocks moved from their resting place of

ages—all denoted the terrible force which had worked this destruction.

The wide track of the avalanche could be traced far up toward the mountain's summit, the bare earth and rock appearing like a blot upon the fair surface of the snow covered eminence. Above them circled several birds, uttering sharp cries of distress, their homes having been swept away in the general ruin.

But the professor and Allan gave little thought to the spectacle about them. They hurried across the plateau and stood on the verge of the cliff which, on its western side, they found quite as abrupt as the east.

The entire side of the mountain, almost as far as they could see, was a precipice, broken here and there by ledges or narrow plateaus, but in many places running sheer to the valley a distance of from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet. Beyond this the forest line seemed to slope more gradually to the valley, but perhaps its softness of outline was due to the distance more than any real lessening of ruggedness.

To reach the foot of the cliff at the edge of the pass a man would have to travel at least thirty miles!

With earnest gaze they swept the open valley below them. Hardly an object was there which, from their height, they could not see so plainly that a man could not have hidden from their view. Allan lay down upon the rock and peered over the edge with no better success.

The entire sweep of country before them was deserted. Neither Bart Conover, nor any other creature appeared to add life to the scene.

"It is as I feared," said the professor hopelessly, sitting down upon a boulder. "Look at that great mass of snow and rock that has choked up the pass. It is all of three hundred yards long, and there will be no getting through that pass till next summer when the snow melts—perhaps not then. That was the largest avalanche I ever heard of, though in Wyoming I've seen the track of a landslide a great deal larger."

"It was a fearful sight," said Allan. "I don't think the glacial slide we witnessed frightened me so much, although this time I was in no personal danger. This may be a grand country, professor, but I never want to come into it again. I wish I was out of it this moment and back in New York."

The professor was silent. He did not mind it himself so much; in fact, had not the avalanche caused the death of one of his companions, he would have enjoyed seeing such a terrific manifestation of nature. But not only once, but a hundred times in the past six or eight weeks he had wished Allan back in New York. The entire journey thus far seemed to have been attended with all manner of danger.

The sun was going down when they again bent their steps toward the camp.

"We can't go down tonight—the way is too perilous," said the professor. "Let us get up in those woods and build a camp."

His suggestion was carried out as rapidly as possible. A spot was chosen between two fallen hemlocks, plenty of dry limbs brought up for fuel, a fire was started and sheltered by the logs and warmed by the blaze they settled themselves for the night and went supperless to sleep.

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER VICTIM.

THE man in the mackintosh had been studying the time tables in the book for half an hour and getting madder every minute. "Is that a railway guide?" inquired the man with his feet on the table. "No!" snorted the other, throwing it on the floor, "I'm the guyed!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

HUMILITY.

I ASK not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God would guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.
—CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

(This Story began in No. 486.)

JED, THE POOR HOUSE BOY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

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

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

FOGSON IN PURSUIT.

WHAT do you mean, you lunctic?" demanded the boy in a clear voice, higher pitched than was Jed's.

Then for the first time Fogson, who was short sighted, found out that the boy was not Jed, but a youth of lighter complexion and slighter physique.

He fell back in confusion.

"I was told you were Ralph Clinton," he explained, looking rather foolish.

"I am Ralph Clinton."

"But I want Jed Gilman."

"Then why don't you look for Jed Gilman? What have I got to do with him?"

"Do you act with the Gold King company?"

"Yes, when I am well."

"Did you act last evening?"

"No; there was another boy that took my place."

"That's the one I want. He ran away from me."

"Are you his father?"

"No, I'm his guardian."

"I don't like your looks," said Ralph, who was a very free spoken young man. "I don't blame him for running away from you."

Fogson scowled.

"I believe you're as bad as he," he growled. "There's one thing sure. I'm going to get the boy back. Where is he?"

"On the road, I expect. He will take my place till I get well."

"Not much he won't. Have the rest of the actors left Duncan?"

"You'd better ask down stairs. I'm not going to help you get the boy back."

Fogson had nothing to do but to go down again to the public room. The clerk told him that the company were to play that evening at Bolton, twelve miles away, and were probably there now, having taken the morning train.

"Twelve miles away!" thought Fogson in dismay. "I can't drive so far as that. Squire Dixon wouldn't like to have me drive his horse so many miles. What shall I do?"

This was a question easier asked than answered. If he had not been burdened with the horse and buggy, he would have taken the next train for Bolton. As it was, he didn't feel at liberty to do this.

He wished Squire Dixon were at hand, so that he might ask his advice, for he felt quite unable to decide for himself what was best to be done. As he stood beside his team in a state of indecision, he heard the sound of approaching wheels, and looking up recognized Dr. Redmond's carriage.

"What brings you to Duncan, Mr. Fogson," asked the doctor with a peculiar smile.

"I've come after that rascal Jed."

"Is he here?" asked the doctor innocently.

"He has run away from the poor house, and joined some strolling players. He played in the theater last evening."

"Did he indeed?" asked the doctor, really surprised. "He must be a smart boy to take up acting so suddenly."

"He is a very impudent boy."

"Is he? Then I should think you would be glad to get rid of him."

"I don't mean to let him off so easily. I'm going to bring him back to the poor house, and when I get hold of him I'll—"

Mr. Fogson nodded his head significantly. It was clear that he intended that the way of the transgressor should be hard.

"It strikes me, Mr. Fogson, that you are acting in a very foolish manner," said the doctor.

"Why am I?"

"I will tell you. Jed has got tired of being supported by the town, and he has taken the matter into his own hands. In other words, he proposes to relieve the town of the expense of his maintenance. The town will doubtless be glad to have one dependent less on its hands. You appear to want to get him back, and make the town once more responsible for his support. Is it not so?"

Fogson looked blank. The matter had never presented itself to him in that light before.

"You certainly won't make yourself very popular by this action," proceeded Dr. Redmond. "As a good citizen you ought to be glad that the town's expenses are lessened."

"Would you have me let the boy go?" Fogson ejaculated.

"Certainly, I would. Jed is able to support himself, and there is no earthly reason for keeping him in the poor house. I advise you to represent the matter to Squire Dixon, and see what he thinks about it."

Mr. Fogson drove home slowly. He found it hard to have Jed escape from his clutches, but Squire Dixon, upon consultation, reluctantly decided that perhaps it was best to drop the matter then and there. No one was more disappointed over this decision than Percy Dixon.

CHAPTER XIV.

JED'S LUCK.

JED continued to act in the part assigned to him. He knew that he was liable to be superseded at any time by Ralph Clinton, but he did not care to borrow trouble.

As a matter of fact, however, he was allowed to play till the end of the season, but this was not very far off. Warm weather had set in, and audiences became small.

One day Harry Bertram called Jed aside.

"Well, Jed," he said, "I am afraid we must part."

"Why, Mr. Bertram?"

"The weather has become so warm that we are no longer paying expenses. Mr. Mordaunt has decided to close the season on Saturday night."

Jed looked blank. He didn't know what would come next.

"I thought we might hold out another week, and we might if the weather had remained comfortable, but people won't come to see 'The Gold King,' or any other play when the thermometer stands at eighty degrees."

"What shall you do, Mr. Bertram?"

"Fall back on my trade, if possible."

"What is that?"

"I am a telegraph operator, and I may be able to fill in the summer in some Western Union office. I have to work at summer prices, but as long as I make my board and lodging I shall be content."

"I wish I had a trade," said Jed thoughtfully.

"You don't feel like going back to your old home?"

"In the Scranton poor house? Not much!" answered Jed energetically. "I'll starve first. Have you got any place engaged?"

"No, but I have worked two summers at Sea Spray, an Atlantic coast summer resort. I shall go there and see if there is an opening."

"Is it far away?"

"About fifty miles. I'll tell you what, Jed, you had better come with me. Something may turn up for you."

"What is the fare, Mr. Bertram?"

"About a dollar and a half. You will have some money coming to you. You haven't been paid anything yet, have you?"

"No; I didn't suppose I was entitled to any."

"You will get something. I will speak to the treasurer and arrange matters for you."

Accordingly on Saturday evening, after the last performance, Jed was made happy by receiving twelve dollars, or at the rate of four dollars per week for the time he had been employed.

"Mr. Mordaunt directs me to say that he would pay you more if the business would permit," said the treasurer.

"Tell him this is more than I expected," said Jed elated.

"That isn't professional," remarked Bertram smiling. "Actors generally claim to be worth a good deal more than they are paid."

"I haven't been on the stage long enough to be professional," said Jed.

Early on Monday morning Jed and his friend Bertram took the cars for Sea Spray. As they neared the coast, the ocean breeze entered cool and refreshing through the open windows. Presently the cars stopped, only two hundred feet from the bluff, and Jed for the first time, gazed with delight at the Atlantic billows rolling in on the beach.

"This is beautiful!" he exclaimed. "I hope I can stay here all summer."

"Have you never seen the sea before?"

"No; I have never traveled before. All my life has been spent at Scranton."

"Take a walk with me along Ocean Avenue, and I will see what chance there is of my obtaining employment."

Harry Bertram made his way to the principal hotel, where he knew there was a Western Union office. He told Jed to sit down in the reading room while he sought for information.

In ten minutes he came back with a smile of satisfaction on his face.

"I am in great luck," he said. "The operator here has just been summoned home by the serious illness of his father in Chicago. He was considering whom he could get to take his place when I presented myself. The result is, that I am engaged to take charge of the telegraph office at twelve dollars a week and my board."

"Then you are provided for."

"Yes. I can get through the summer very well."

"I should think so. You will have the twelve dollars a week clear."

"No; I must get a room outside. However, my predecessor has recommended his—in a private house about a quarter of a mile from the shore—at only four dollars a week."

"Then I suppose we must part," said Jed with a tinge of sadness.

"No, Jed. You shall room with me, and your room will cost you nothing. As to meals, I can see you through till you secure some work."

"But I don't want to be a burden upon you, Mr. Bertram."

"I don't mean that you shall be any longer than is necessary. It will go hard if a boy like you can't find some-

thing to do that will buy his meals at a crowded watering place."

"Thank you, Mr. Bertram. I have money enough left to buy my meals for two weeks at least."

"If we were at a regular office, I could employ you as messenger, but most of the messages will come to guests in the hotel."

"I don't know exactly what I can do, but I am ready to do anything."

"Except black boots," said Bertram with a smile.

"I don't think I should like to do that if there is anything else to be found."

"I couldn't think of allowing a member of our honorable profession to undertake such menial employment."

Harry Bertram went to work that evening. Jed kept him company in the office a part of the time, and during the three succeeding days went from one hotel to another to see if he could obtain anything to do.

But every position had been filled for the season. Jed began to fear that there was no work for him at Sea Spray.

On the fourth morning, as he was sitting with Bertram a gentleman whom he had several times seen—a guest of the house—approached them.

"Is this boy your brother?" he asked of Bertram.

"No, but he is my valued friend. In fact, I may call myself his guardian for the time being."

"Yes," assented Jed with a smile.

"He does not assist you?"

"No, he knows nothing of telegraphy."

"Would you like employment?" asked the gentleman, turning to Jed.

"I am very anxious to get work," said Jed quickly.

"Then I think I may be able to meet your wishes. How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"You may have seen a boy of ten walking about with me."

"Yes, sir."

"He is my son. He and I are here alone, but until yesterday I had a nurse in my employ whose sole business was to look after Chester. I felt entire confidence in her, but discovered last evening that she had purloined some jewelry belonging to me. Of course I discharged her instantly, and in consequence am obliged to find some one in her place."

"Chester objects to another nurse. It hurts his boyish pride to have a woman accompanying him everywhere. It appears to me that a boy old enough to look after him will suit him much better. But perhaps you would not like being incumbered with a small boy."

"I should like it very much, sir," said Jed. "I like young boys, and I am sure I should like your son."

"Come up stairs, then. I will see how he likes you."

Jed followed his new acquaintance up to a suite of two rooms on the second floor. A young boy was at the window. He looked inquiringly at his father and Jed.

"Come here, Chester," said the former. "Are you quite sure you don't want another nurse?"

"Yes," answered the boy. "Some of the boys in the hotel call me 'sissy' because I have a girl always with me."

"Would you prefer this boy?"

Chester took a long, close look at Jed, who met his glance with a smile.

"Yes," said the little boy confidently, "I shall like him much better than a girl."

"That settles it," said Mr. Holbrook in a tone of satisfaction. "What is your name?"

"Jed Gilman."

"What was your last employment?"

"I took the boy's part in 'The Gold King.'"

"Are you an actor?" asked Chester, much interested.

"Not much of one."

"You must have some talent," remarked Mr. Holbrook, "or Mr. Mordaunt, who is a manager of reputation, would not have employed you. Is your season over?"

"Yes, sir."

"I think you will suit me. I am obliged to be in New York every day on business, and this leaves Chester alone. I wish you to act as his companion, to go with him on the beach, and in bathing, and to look after him while I am away. Are you boarding here?"

"No, sir; I could not afford it."

"I shall arrange to have you take meals here with Chester, but after eight o'clock in the evenings you will be your own master. Now as to the matter of compensation. Will ten dollars a week satisfy you?"

"Ten dollars a week and my meals?"

"Yes."

"I didn't expect so much."

"I like to pay liberally, and expect to be well served."

"When shall I commence, sir?"

"At once. I want to take the next train for the city. As I go down stairs I will tell them that you are to take your meals here. Now, Chester, I will leave you with your new friend, as I have barely time to reach the next train for New York."

CHAPTER XV.

TWO ODD ACQUAINTANCES.

"TEN dollars a week!" repeated Harry Bertram, to whom Jed communicated his good luck,

"Why, that is famous!"

"Ten dollars a week and my meals!"

"Better still. That is better than acting."

"I don't know how I shall suit Mr. Holbrook."

"You will suit him if you suit the boy."

By this time Chester made his appearance.

"I want to walk on the beach," he said. "Come, Jed."

And the boy put his hand confidently in that of Jed.

They descended the steps that led from the bluff to the beach, and walked leisurely up and down on the sand. Presently Chester expressed a wish to sit down, and was presently engaged with a small wooden spade, in making a sand fortification.

Relieved from duty, since his young charge could come to no harm, Jed had leisure to watch the crowds passing him in both directions.

Presently a thin, dark complexioned man, of perhaps thirty five, after walking up and down the beach, came to a stop, and apparently without motive, seated himself on the sand beside Chester and his youthful guardian.

"A pleasant day," he remarked, looking at Jed.

"Yes," answered Jed politely.

He was not favorably impressed by the stranger's appearance, but recognized the claims of courtesy.

"Is this little boy your brother?"

"No," answered Jed.

"I thought perhaps you brought him down to the beach."

"I did."

"I have seen him about before—with a girl."

"That was Clara, my old nurse," said Chester, who caught the drift of the conversation. "I haven't got any nurse now," he added proudly. "I saw you talking to Clara one day," he added, after a closer examination of the stranger's features.

"Oh, no, my little boy!" said the man, seeming annoyed. "I don't know Clara, as you call her."

"Then you look just like the man that was talking with her."

The stranger opened his mouth and smiled unpleasantly.

"I dare say there are people that look like me," he rejoined, "though I can't say I ever met one. What is your name, my little friend?"

"I am not your friend," said Chester, who did not appear favorably impressed by his new acquaintance.

"My little enemy, then."

"My name is Chester Holbrook."

"And how old are you?"

"Ten years old. How old are you?"

Again the man's lips opened in an unpleasant smile.

"You have an inquiring mind, Chester," he said. "I am—thirty years old."

"You look older than that."

"I am afraid that is not polite, Chester," said Jed gently.

"Why isn't it?" asked Chester innocently.

"People don't like to be thought older than they are."

"Oh, never mind," said the dark man.

"A child is licensed to say what he pleases. So he is your charge."

"Yes, sir."

"I don't think I have seen you here before. Have you known Mr. Holbrook long?"

"No." Then upon the impulse of the moment Jed inquired, "Do you know him?"

The man's face changed, and he looked a shade embarrassed.

"Why do you think I know him?" he asked.

"I don't think it, but as you seemed interested in the boy, I asked you the question."

"Oh, that's it. I have seen Mr. Holbrook, and I may have spoken to him. I can't be sure on the subject, as I meet a good many people. Are you going in bathing?"

"Do you want to bathe, Chester?" asked Jed.

"No, papa told me not to go today, as I have a cold."

"I thought perhaps I would have had your company in the surf. Well, I must be going or I shall be late for the bath."

The stranger got up slowly and sauntered away.

"I don't like that man. Do you, Jed?" asked Chester.

"Not very much. I never saw him before."

"I have seen him. I saw him one day last week."

"Did you see him on the beach?"

"Yes; he came up and talked with Clara."

"But he said you were mistaken about that."

"I was not mistaken," said Chester positively. "I remember him very well."

"Do you remember what he was talking about?" asked Jed, struck by what the boy said.

"Yes; he was asking questions about me."

"He seems a good deal interested in you. Perhaps he is especially fond of small boys."

Chester shook his head.

"I don't think he is," he answered.

When the bathing hour was over they ascended the steps and took seats in a summer house on the bluff.

Ten minutes later a tall woman, with piercing black eyes and a swarthy complexion, entered the arbor and sat down beside them.

"Do you want your fortune told?" she asked of Jed.

He shook his head.

"I don't believe in fortune tellers," he said.

"Don't you? Let me convince you of my power. Give me your hand."

There seemed a fascination about the

woman and almost involuntarily he suffered her to take his hand.

"You look prosperous," she began abruptly, "but your life has been full of poverty and privation. Is this true?"

"Yes," answered Jed, impressed in spite of himself by the woman's words.

"Shall I tell you where your early years were passed?"

"No," answered Jed, with a quick look at Chester. He did not care to have the boy hear that his life had been passed in the Scranton poor house.

"You are right. The knowledge could do no good and might embarrass you. You admit that I have told the truth."

"Yes."

"Then shall I tell you of the future?"

Jed did not answer, but the woman took his assent for granted, and went on—

"You will be rich—some day."

"Shall I? I am glad to hear that. But I don't know where the wealth is to come from."

"It is not necessary for you to know. It will be enough if it comes."

"I agree with you there," said Jed, smiling. "Will it be soon?"

"That is a question which I might answer, but I will not."

"I don't care to know, as long as I am to be prosperous some day. Shall I ever go back to—the place where my earlier years were passed?"

"You may, but not to live. That part of your life is over."

"I am glad of that at any rate. One question more. Shall I meet my—any one belonging to me—any one to whom I am related?"

Jed fixed his eyes anxiously upon the fortune teller, for, skeptical as he was at first, he was beginning to have some confidence in her claims to knowledge.

"Yes."

"When?"

"Don't seek to know more. Let me look at this boy's hand. Do you want me to tell your fortune, my pretty?"

Chester laughed.

"Yes," he said. "Perhaps you can tell me if I will ever be a soldier. I would like to be a general."

"No; you will never be a soldier, but you will have a fight before you."

"A fight? What kind of a fight?"

The fortune teller turned to Jed and said rapidly, "This boy is threatened with a serious danger. He has an enemy."

"How can a young boy have an enemy?"

"There are few who do not have enemies," said the woman sentimentally.

"Can you describe the enemy?"

"He is a dark man, not tall, but taller than you. He is thin."

"I met such a man on the beach," said Jed surprised. "I met him only this morning. Is he the one you mean?"

"When you meet such a man beware of him!" said the woman, and without waiting for a reply, she rose from her seat and walked away rapidly.

"What a funny old woman!" said Chester. "I am hungry. Let us go up to the hotel. It is time for lunch."

Jed's face became thoughtful. What he had heard left a deep impression upon his mind.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISS HOLBROOK, SPINSTER.

IT was at first on Jed's mind to tell Mr. Holbrook of his encounter with the young man upon the beach and his subsequent conversation with the fortune teller and her predictions in regard to Chester. But he was afraid of being laughed at.

Moreover, as the days passed the impression made upon his mind became weaker, and was only recalled when from time to time he saw the young man on the sands or walking on the bluff.

He got on very well with Chester. The boy became strongly attached to him, much to the satisfaction of his father.

"So you like Jed, do you?" said Mr. Holbrook one evening on his return from the city.

"Yes, papa, I like him ever so much."

"Do you like him as much as Clara?"

"Why, I don't like her at all."

Time wore on till the middle of August. Jed enjoyed his generous meals, and the sea bathing which he shared in company with his young charge. He still lodged with Harry Bertram, but he shared the expense of the room.

But a change was coming and an unwelcome one.

"Chester," said his father one evening, "I am going away for a week or ten days."

"Take me with you, papa!"

"No, I cannot. I am called to Chicago on business, and you will be much better off here at the beach."

"Jed will stay with me?"

"Yes, and I have sent for your aunt Maria to come and look after you while I am gone."

"But I don't like Aunt Maria," objected the little boy. "She's always scolding me. She doesn't like boys."

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Holbrook with a smile. "If Maria had married it might have been different, but I believe few maiden ladies are fond of children."

"Then why do you have her come here, papa? Jed can take care of me."

"I have great confidence in Jed, Chester, but you will need some one to look after your clothes, and oversee you in other ways."

"Isn't there any one else you can send for, papa? I don't like old maids."

"Don't trouble me with your objections, Chester. It will only be for a little while, remember. I am sure you can get along with your aunt for ten days."

"I will try to," answered the boy with a look of resignation.

The next day Miss Maria Holbrook came to Sea Spray with her brother. She was a tall, slender lady of middle age with a thin face, and looked as if she were dissatisfied with a large proportion of her fellow creatures.

Chester looked at her, but did not show any disposition to welcome her to the beach.

"You may kiss me, Chester," said the lady with an acid smile.

"Thank you, Aunt Maria, but I am not particular about it."

"Well, upon my word!" ejaculated the spinster. "My own brother's child, too!"

"Kiss your aunt, Chester," said his father.

"No, it is not necessary," put in Miss Holbrook sharply. "I don't want any hypocritical caresses. Robert, I am afraid you are spoiling that boy."

"Oh, no, Maria, not quite so bad as that. Chester is a middling good boy."

Miss Maria Holbrook sniffed incredulously.

"I am afraid you judge him too leniently," she said.

"Well, you can tell better after you have had time to observe him. It is two years now since you have seen Chester."

"Let us hope that my first impressions may be modified," said the spinster in a tone that indicated great doubt whether such would be the case.

"Jed, you may go. Chester will not need you any more this evening," said Mr. Holbrook.

"Thank you, sir," said Jed, and walked away.

"Who is that boy?" asked the spinster abruptly, looking at him through her eye glasses.

"He is in charge of Chester while I am in the city."

"Why, he is only a boy!"

"Is that against him?"

"I thought Chester had a nurse."

"So he did, but she proved dishonest."

"Then why didn't you engage another?"

"Because Chester felt sensitive about having a girl following him. The other boys in the hotel laughed at him."

"Let them laugh!" said Miss Holbrook severely. "Are you to have your plans changed by a set of graceless boys?"

"As to that, Maria, I find this boy more satisfactory, both to Chester and myself."

"Humph! What is his name?"

"Jed."

"A very plebeian name."

"It isn't exactly fashionable, but names are not important."

"I beg your pardon. I think names are important."

"Perhaps that is the reason you have never changed yours, Maria. You

might have been Mrs. Boggs, if you had been less particular."

"I would rather remain unmarried all my life. But where did you pick up this boy?"

"I met him in the hotel."

"Was he boarding here?"

"No; I think he was boarding somewhere in the village."

"Do you know anything of his family?"

"No."

"Do you know anything of his antecedents, then?" continued Miss Holbrook.

"Yes; he played a part last season in the 'Gold King'."

"Heavens and earth!" ejaculated the spinster, holding up her hands in horror. "Do you mean to tell me that you have placed your son in the charge of a young play actor?"

Mr. Holbrook laughed.

"Why not?"

"I am surprised that you should ask. You know as well as I do the character of actors."

"I know that some of them are very estimable gentlemen. As to Jed, he has not been long on the stage, I believe."

"Do you know anything of his family? Is he respectably connected?"

"I didn't think it important to inquire. It seems to me that the boy's own character is much more to the point. I have found Jed faithful and reliable, without bad habits, and I feel that Chester is safe in his hands."

"Oh you men, you men!" exclaimed Miss Holbrook. "You don't seem to have any judgment."

"I suppose," said Mr. Holbrook with good natured sarcasm, "that all the good judgment is monopolized by the old maids. What a pity they have no children to bring up."

"Brother!" said Miss Holbrook in a freezing tone.

"I beg your pardon, Maria, but please credit me with a little good sense."

Miss Holbrook went up to the room assigned her with an offended expression, and had nothing further to say about Jed that evening.

The next morning Jed reported for duty just as Mr. Holbrook was leaving for his journey.

"Look after Chester while I am gone, Jed!" said Mr. Holbrook pleasantly.

"This is my sister, Miss Maria Holbrook, who will take my place here while I am gone."

Jed took off his hat politely, and Miss Holbrook honored him with a slight inclination of her head and a forbidding look.

"Good by, Maria! I will telegraph you on my arrival in Chicago."

"Good by, brother! You need have no apprehensions about Chester while I am here."

"I shall rest quite easy. Between you and Jed I am sure he will come to no harm."

Miss Holbrook pursed up her mouth at the conjunction of her name with Jed's, but said nothing.

"Shall I go and take a walk with Jed?" asked Chester.

"Yes, in a moment. I wish to speak to the young man first."

"What young man?"

"Jedediah."

"Jedediah!" echoed Chester with a merry laugh. "How funny that sounds!"

"I apprehend that Jedediah is your right name," said Miss Holbrook severely.

"I suppose so," answered Jed.

"You suppose so?"

"I mean that I have always been called Jed. I don't remember ever having been called by the full name."

"Don't your parents call you so?"

"My parents are not living."

"When did they die?"

Jed looked troubled.

"When I was a baby," he answered gravely.

"Indeed! Then who brought you up?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Avery."

"Were they any relations of yours?"

"No, but they were very kind to me."

"Come along, Jed! There's the steambot just leaving the pier!" called Chester impatiently.

Without waiting to be further questioned Jed answered the call of his young charge. He was glad to get away, for he felt that the spinster might ask him some questions which he would find it difficult to answer.

(To be continued.)



PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE ARGOSY IS TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. FOR THREE DOLLARS WE WILL SEND THE ARGOSY TWO YEARS.

CLUB RATE—FOR THREE DOLLARS WE WILL SEND TWO COPIES OF THE ARGOSY ONE YEAR TO SEPARATE ADDRESSES.

DISCONTINUANCES—THE PUBLISHER MUST BE NOTIFIED BY LETTER WHEN A SUBSCRIBER WISHES HIS PAPER STOPPED. THE NUMBER WITH WHICH THE SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES APPEARS ON THE PRINTED SLIP WITH THE NAME. THE COURTS HAVE DECIDED THAT ALL SUBSCRIBERS TO NEWSPAPERS ARE HELD RESPONSIBLE UNTIL ARREARAGES ARE PAID AND THEIR PAPERS ARE ORDERED TO BE DISCONTINUED.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS—NO REJECTED MANUSCRIPT WILL BE RETURNED UNLESS STAMPS ACCOMPANY IT FOR THAT PURPOSE.

FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY,
Publishers,
155 East 23d Street, New York.

THE SAWDUST HOUSE.

THERE has been discovered a better use for sawdust than to sprinkle floors to gather the dirt. A company is about to build a house of sawdust—a fitting companion piece for the house of coal recently spoken of in these columns.

The method of utilizing thus the product of the saw mill is to press with terrific force a mixture of sawdust and adhesive preparation. When dried the result is a hard, strong and durable composition wood.

Manifestly this can be made into any shape in the pressing and the prevailing form will be that of blocks of stone. There will be no nails in these wooden walls.

"It never pours, but it rains:" we had no sooner taken notice of a proposed house of coal than our attention was called to the invention of a sawdust house. Immediately comes the information of a church in Norway made of paper, compressed into a sort of *papier maché* and rendered water proof by a varnish in which white of egg curdled milk and quicklime figure.

We are prepared to learn of other extraordinary houses. Send them along, charges prepaid.

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

BABIES IN PAWN.

"CHECK your baby, ma'am?" A large drygoods house is said to have established a checking system, a sort of safe deposit, for infants.

A woman who cannot leave her hopeful at home during her prying tour deposits her progeny at the juvenile department on entering, and passes on to the notion and bargain counters without a care.

Thus do the needs of business stimulate the invention of new inducements and new conveniences to draw trade. A next step on the part of enterprising drygoods shops might be the sending out of servant girls on receipt of request—the girls to relieve woman customers of their housework for a morning in order that they might take the opportunity to visit the store and inspect the spring opening.

EVERY MAN HAS HIS MEASURE.

THERE was a time when in some countries certain grades of criminals were branded like cattle with hot irons that burned into the flesh and left a scar which could never be effaced. Thus to the day of their death and even if at liberty the ex-criminal could be identified as such or proven to be an old offender.

In this and some other countries,

photographs and memoranda of scars and other distinguishing points are recorded to aid in identifying professional criminals who conceal themselves when arrested under cloak of an alias.

In France, *par excellence* the country of secret police, they go further. Not only is the criminal photographed, but his features and parts of his body—as, his foot—are measured with a minute accuracy. Measurements are made of parts that are supposed never to vary and thus, let a criminal shave, or cut his hair or distort his face as he will, there are telltale measurements which, by an elaborate system, can be found to belong to him and which will prove him an old offender when arrested and unrecognized.

At the World's Fair next year the French government will exhibit the system in all its intricacies.

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.

SIMPLE THINGS NEAR HOME.

THE women in some southern countries have a certain unique ornament more brilliant and striking in certain ways than the precious diamond; yet it is to be had in every field—it is in the very air.

This is the shining firefly, confined in a delicate net and attached to the hair of the wearer. The fitful luminousness makes a brilliant ornament, as beautiful as simple.

Too often we spend great sums of money, or much labor or thought to procure that which lies far beyond our reach and has thus a fictitious value, while at our very feet, unappreciated, lie forms of equal beauty or things of greater actual worth.

If the rose can be cultivated to existing forms of such supernal beauty, if the sunflower can be developed to dimensions of such hugeness, what might be the possibilities of the dandelion, for instance, disdained yet beautiful.

FIRM AS A ROCK.

AN aged woman had been employed in a family during a long lifetime; being called as a witness in a suit at law contesting her late master's will, she declined to answer certain questions of counsel tending to reveal various private matters of the family's circumstances. Threats of jail had no effect and she was, indeed, committed to prison. Here many months passed but she still refused to speak if she died for it.

The public sympathy was strong with the loyal old lady and finally compelled her discharge, for it was clearly foreseen that she would even end her days in prison rather than betray her dead master's trust.

On the other hand, we read of a man who owed a debt but who refused to pay it because of some whim or spite. He was known to be well off, and on his continuing to refuse he was sent to jail. In the State where this occurred, the creditor has to pay the debtor's board while the latter is in confinement; this debtor said he could stand the board and lodging as long as his creditor could endure to pay for them, and he remained in jail nearly four years, refusing to settle a just bill which he was quite able to liquidate.

The one is called loyal and is admired for her pluck, the other is described as obstinate and is laughed at contemptuously. Why is the distinction thus made?

There is a problem for our readers to ponder on.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH.

MINISTER TO RUSSIA.

FEW American journals stand higher than the *Press* of Philadelphia, whose good reputation, wide spread influence, and financial prosperity entitled it to rank among the great papers of the land. This position it owes to the ability of Charles Emory Smith, with whose personality it is to a great extent identified, and who has in a few years built up its fortunes entirely anew.

Mr. Smith was born at Mansfield, Connecticut, in 1842, but seven years

held that post and Mr. Smith was secretary. He was also a delegate to the national Republican Convention in Cincinnati in 1876, and as New York member on the committee on resolutions a large portion of the platform was drafted by his pen.

Mr. Smith also took a warm interest in educational matters. In 1871 he was elected a trustee of Union College by his fellow *alumni*, and in 1879 the State Legislature appointed him a regent of the University of the State of New York.

In March of the latter year he removed to Philadelphia, and took charge of the *Press* of that city. First established in 1857 by John W. Forney, the well known Pennsylvania journalist and politician, the paper for a time was successful and influential as a supporter of the moderate Democratic principles of which Stephen A. Douglas was the chief exponent. Then its prosperity declined, and was at a low ebb when the reorganization was effected.

Mr. Smith took up the reins as editor, directing manager, and part proprietor, with what entire success has already been stated. The *Press* has more than regained its lost ground, and its prosperity had been well deserved. Its course in national politics has been consistent and honorable, and it has done some vigorous and effective work in the cause of local reform.

Its editor soon became actively interested in Pennsylvania politics. In 1881 he was selected to open the campaign for his party in that State.

He has for some years been high in his party's national councils and his influential pen had done them many service. They were acknowledged by President Harrison in 1889, when he appointed the editor Minister to Russia, which post Mr. Smith still fills with conspicuous ability.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

DESPAIR is the offspring of fear, laziness and impatience.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

THE noblest question in the world is, "What good may I do in it?"—*Benj. Franklin*.

DO the truth you know, and you shall learn the truth you need to know.—*Geo. MacDonald*.

IF we are ever in doubt what to do, it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had done.—*Sir John Lubbock*.

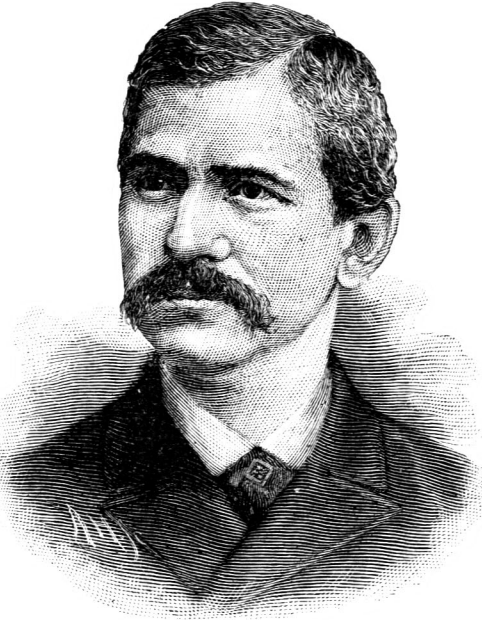
WHAT is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better.—*Wendell Phillips*.

YOU will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways improve you.—*Ruskin*.

FEVERED work, flurried work, anxious work, restless work, is always bad work. Work, all of you, as if you felt and realized the dignity of work, the innocence of work, the happiness of work, the holiness of work.—*Canon Farrar*.

IF I touch my hand to a board there is only a blunt sound; but if I touch it to the key of an instrument there is a musical sound. And the effect produced upon a person by that with which he comes in contact depends upon what there is in him to be touched.—*H. W. Beecher*.

THE sun illuminates the hills while it is still below the horizon; the truth is discovered by the highest minds a little before it becomes manifest to the multitude. This is the extent of their superiority. They are the first to catch and reflect a light, which without their assistance must in a short time be visible to those who lie far beneath them.



CHARLES EMORY SMITH.

later removed with his parents to Albany, New York. Here he was educated in the public schools and at Albany Academy, graduating at the latter in 1858.

For the next six months, when he was only sixteen years old, and before he entered college, he wrote leading articles for the *Albany Evening Transcript*, a daily paper of good standing. The remarkable development of his talents was further shown by his entering Union College as a junior in the following year.

In 1861 Mr. Smith graduated at the Schenectady University. He was appointed to the staff of General Rathbone, and for two years was engaged in the work of recruiting and organizing volunteers for the war. This post he exchanged for one in the faculty of his old school, the Albany Academy, but in 1865 he finally left the scholastic for the journalistic world, becoming an editor of the *Albany Express*.

For five years he remained in charge of the *Express*, undertaking, in addition, during several months of 1868, the duties of private secretary to Governor Reuben Fenton. Then in 1870, he was associated with George Dawson in the editorship of the *Journal*, the leading Republican newspaper in Albany, and became sole editor when Mr. Dawson retired in 1876.

By this time Mr. Smith had gained a prominent place among New York journalists and in the politics of the State. In 1874 he was president of the State Press Association, and delivered the annual address at its meetings. For six successive years he served as delegate to the Republican State Convention. In 1879 he was selected as temporary and permanent president, and was chairman of the committee on resolutions in each of the other years, excepting 1877, when Roscoe Conkling

THE BETTER PART.

OVER and over it comes to me,
A motto plain and old,
Which ought to be hung in every home,
'Cased in a frame of gold;
Oh, happier far our lives might be,
If we would never forget
That, rich or poor, or well or ill,
"Tis better to give than get!"

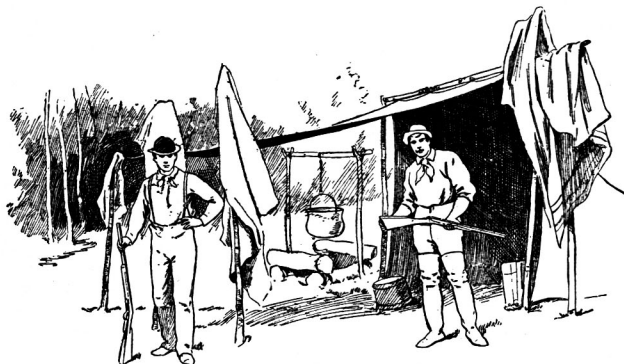
—The Cottage Hearth.

Chat on Out Door Sports.

CAMPING OUT,

BY JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

IF we are going to camp out this summer, we had better begin to consider the venture without delay, early as it is, for there are a good many things to be decided on and a myriad details to be arranged.



THE HOME CAMP.

Those who have had experience will indorse the statement that the success of the camp depends, by an overwhelming majority, on the make up of the company. It's very pleasant to include in the number the funny man who sees a joke in everything; but he is worse than useless unless he sees that real hard work is no joking matter.

Then there's the fellow who knows all about botany and natural history and the properties of matter—he makes camp life doubly interesting, except when he is like a chap of my acquaintance who sat on a log with one hand in the biscuit box and explained at great length and with great lucidity why the camp floor was always moist or muddy, but had to be threatened with a ducking before he would lend a hand at pulling-up stakes to transfer the tent to higher and drier ground.

These jolly and entertaining fellows are royal factors in a camping crowd—if they will work! For there are intervals when campers must be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and the right sort of fellow is he who finds almost as much sport in those occupations as in dodging the knats over a trout pool.

Yes, the company's the thing! Each and every individual must be hearty, strong, vigorous and even tempered, and, besides, there should be one who is by agreement commander in chief and whose word is law when it comes to a discussion on a disputed point.

It is hardly necessary to say that this fellow must be wise enough to command respect and reliance, and fair enough not to strain the authority conferred on him. So, be careful in your choice of a captain and when you have chosen him don't be jealous.

As to good places to camp, there are millions such, but what is good or convenient for some is out of the question for others. Begin by setting up camp in the woods that is nearest your home and at the spot that offers the main requisites.

Water is the first of these; a spring or rivulet or stream that will supply the liquid physical wants, and a body of water where the fish will bite and

the bipeds can swim. If you can also sail, so much the better.

If you are hunters, the place and the season must be chosen partly with a view to game; but if guns are not a part of the equipment then you have got to look out for a spot that commands a hennery or two, a pigsty and a cowshed, and be provided with plenty of ammunition in the shape of the coin of the realm.

It is better any way to be within reach of a base of supplies, for it requires a party of great experience to live on only what they can bring down and the limited provisions that can be carried.

As to the precise spot, after the water consideration, it must be sheltered, the ground must be of such form as to shed the rain as fast as it

descends, and it must be free from brush and the like, which would be easily ignited from the sparks of the campfire. That it is in the woods goes without saying.

The best tent is the wall tent, which has side walls about three feet high and then slopes up to the ridge pole some eight feet above the ground. The sail maker's or the tent maker's in your town or the nearest city is the place to get your tent; but there are innumerable ingenious devices, such as dugouts, shanties, brush shelters and so forth used as circumstances suggest.

The best bed is of boughs; rubber blankets should always be used to spread over these as a safeguard against moisture and good woolen blankets should be carried in plenty. The rain is the worst enemy of the camper; you will buy a tent that has



A FOREST LAKE.

an extra sheet of canvas to make a double roof—an added protection against soaking through; you will pitch the tent on high, dry and sloping ground to shed the water and it will be in a spot where the sun can strike it for a part of the day and drive away the damp.

Somebody must know how to cook; the best cook is he who can make the

best variety of appetizing odors out of the fewest materials and the most limited apparatus. A kettle, a frying pan, and a coffee pot are the a b c of the camp kitchen. An expert can perform a lot of culinary tasks with these few utensils.

Over the fire is a crossbar on two crotched uprights; under the fire you have some thick flat stones; in the commissary chest you've got pepper and salt and some meal and flour, and if you've got a fair amount of Yankee ingenuity you can turn out with these accessories anything you please, from a flapjack to a quail on toast.

It is only a question of knowing how! As long as I live I don't expect to taste the equal of the most primitive dish I ever ate.

It was a duck—a fat fellow he was, too. The amateur cook cleaned him with the feathers on, stuffed him with bread crusts and savory seasoning, rolled him up in a mass of doughy clay and buried him in the embers. In a little less than an hour we took him out; the clay was baked hard and we had to break it open with a slight blow of the hatchet.

Such an aroma! The feathers and skin came off like a jacket and—well, I can taste it yet!

Some one ought to compile a camp cook book confined to the dishes fit for a jaded epicure that can be made with the simple means suggested above. It would be a boon to the beginner.

Hatchets, hunting knives, cheap table knives and forks, tin cups, tin plates, buckets, lanterns, rope, twine, needles; canned meats and vegetables, crackers, self raising flour, meal, beans, rice, spices, condiments, potatoes—these are some of the staple utensils and provisions that must be taken.

Start in by making out a list covering every absolute want; then start in to strike out everything which can be done without comfortably if the worst comes to the worst, and select your camping place so as to be within at most ten miles of all the things so stricken out.

One camp I know of is more than fifteen years old and is famous, having been written about time and again in newspapers, and even elaborately pictured in a leading magazine. It is set up annually on an island in Lake George by fellows from one of the secret fraternities of a New York City college and the campers range from the verdant freshmen (sometimes including some high school fellows who are being "soaked" preparatory to entering college) up to the gray headed veteran who has been in camp every year since it was founded and who would rather go to jail than let his record of attendance be beaten by the next man.

They own several tents and hire a number of boats; have a colored cook and an assistant; open and close camp with solemn ceremonies, including special camp songs and the burying and unearthing of camp records—all of which make this camp a historic institution.

But a cause of dissatisfaction has arisen which teaches a little lesson. It is only a half hour's row to one of the lake hotels, where tennis and coach riding and the mazy dance, adorned by feminine beauty allure a portion of the youth both by day and by night and modify the genuine spirit of camp life. So this institution contemplates

moving further away from an effete civilization and the moral is: don't go camping, unless you are going to camp "for fair"—barring the fair sex.

Another camp within my ken is on a neck of land jutting into the St. Lawrence River. There is the place! For swimming, rowing, canoeing, sailing, the shooting of the elusive loon and the tricky diver with the profane surname, there is no place to beat these shores.

There is an old farmer about six miles back in the woods who supplies milk, eggs, butter and chickens at a fixed price and bears stories for nothing that make the hair curl.

When this camp had been run for a few seasons, the enterprising founder had a small two story shanty knocked together, put in such fixtures as a good camp stove and cots, and, if I am not mistaken, bought the neck from the Canadian government for a trivial price which he may some day realize on handsomely.

These are some of the ultimate possibilities of camping "for fair."

The accompanying pictures are taken by a party who hired canoes and guides and plunged into the backwoods of Maine, pitching their home camp at Round Pond and then making periodical campaigns against the pathless forests round about.

There was not much style about this camp, though in town the fellows composing it were the pink of fashion; but they had a glorious time, and, singularly enough, when they returned to town there was a general complaint about the torture of getting back to boiled shirts and the stand up collar of metropolitan society.

[This Story began last week.]

To The Cave!

A TALE OF THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

BY COLONEL ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY,
United States Secret Service.

CHAPTER IV.

A ROUGH JOURNEY.

THE sight of that sweat face, the thought that the disappearance of that stage among the forest trees would cut him off from all the world, aroused within Ford all his latent love of life and liberty; he gave no thought to the odds against him, but, under the overmastering desire to be free, he struggled with all his strength, like a young lion. But in a trice his arms were held as in a vise to his side, and he was as helpless as if in a straight-jacket.

He who seemed to be the leader of the desperadoes faced him, and holding the lantern up to his face looked him straight in the eye as he said:

"Now, lookee here, young 'un, le's understand each other. Ef as as how you've got as much sense as you have sperit, you'll save yourself a heap o' trouble. We 'uns hez got yer fast an' what's more [we be agoin' to keep yer. Ef you give us jest a leetle more trouble, there's a plenty of ways to settle yer—you mind me?"

"I'm in your power—why don't you do it now?" answered Ford, defiantly.

"That's my biznis, young un."

"What do you want of me, any way? My life? I certainly can't imagine why else you should stop me here. If you think I shall ever be of any use to you or obey your orders, you are mistaken. I shall not move hand or foot until compelled to; understand that at the outset."

"I tho't as how you mought be a more reasonable chap as that. However, that's easy fixed. Hey, you, thar! git the rope."

"You cowards! Twelve to one! Twelve men against one boy!"

"That's all right. You kin talk till you're deaf and dumb. We knows our biz'nis."

One of the men who had disappeared at the leader's command, now returned with a rope, and while two of them bound Ford's arms tight to his body, others began to lead a troop of horses from the concealment of the surrounding woods.

Ford made a struggle at every moment that he could in the face of a show of weapons and even when one of the men, exasperated beyond measure, raised his arm in the act of striking him on the head with the butt of his revolver. The upraised arm was withheld, however, by one of the villain's companions and Ford was finally secured so that he had only the use of his legs.

He was then lifted to the back of one of the horses and placed on the pommel of the saddle before the animal's rider. A rope was tied around this waist, a hitch was taken to one ankle, then it was passed under the horse.

His other ankle was also secured, and the end fastened to the strand that girdled him. He could thus use neither hand nor foot, and his position was one that bade fair to become torturing when he should have ridden a little distance.

His fellow rider then produced a bandage and tightly bound Ford's eyes, not before the latter had tried his best to penetrate the masks of every one who passed within the light of the lanterns; but all without avail. Their masks hid all of those features not covered by their unkempt beards, and not one showed any traces of identity.

Finally there was nothing left to him, but his sense of hearing and his thoughts; which were tumultuous indeed.

Lanterns were extinguished; the band mounted their horses and the leader's voice rang out short and stern for the forward march.

In a moment the splash of water under the hoofs of the troop told the captive that they had come to the stream. When this had continued for some minutes he began to be puzzled, for he had observed that the stream was not over twenty yards wide. He soon concluded, and rightly, that they were moving up the bed of the river.

"Ah! an old trick," he thought. "The flowing water leaves no traces."

It was probably not more than a quarter of an hour (though the minutes seemed as tens to Ford) that they continued in the river bottom. Then they swerved to the left and struggled up the bank to the soft turf, and struck into a trot.

Ford's brain was hot with rushing thoughts.

"What can this mean?" thought he, as he was swayed and bumped violently, saved only from falling under the horse by his guard's circling arm. "They can hardly mean to murder me, for what motive is there in such a crime? Yet of what use can I be to them alive, a burden on their hands?"

"And why should they single me out in this way from all the others? And there was no one to raise his hand to help me. If wishing could have saved me, I'm sure Ruth Harkness would have done it.

"If I could only know their purpose, it would help me. I would know what to expect, what to do, or try to do.

"I can only wait. Perhaps I was wrong to give them so much trouble—they will guard me all the closer. But my name is not Ford Dallas if I don't take the first slim chance to get away, and if I succeed—" he pressed his lips firmly together, "I shall make them smart for this! I shall show them I am

game, and just as surely as I live and breathe I will bring them to justice!"

Then his thoughts turned again, as if for relief, to that white, pitying face. It seemed as if all the light of life had gone out with that short glance. Suddenly an idea thrilled him!

"That was the very spot where her father was robbed of his gold? She said it was at the stream. And this was the gang that did it, surely. In that case at every step I am getting nearer the spoil. They must have it hid wherever it is they live. And if—" the thought made him feel a strange excitement—"Why should I not be the one to rescue this fortune from their grasp? Who knows what I may be able to discover? Oh, I should like to serve her, if only for that pitying look!"

The way had become rougher. They were no longer galloping over the smooth turf. Their horses' hoofs rang out sharp and clear on the stony ground, and, from the echoes that were awakened on every side, Ford judged that they were passing among rocky cliffs.

His body was fearfully racked by the jolting he was experiencing, and his pain began to drive every other thought away.

It was a slight relief when, his companion entering a protest, the troop halted, and he was unlashd in order that he might be transferred to the keeping of another.

This, he judged from the voice, was the leader, who had parleyed with him before.

When they had resumed their way, Ford tried again.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked. "D'yer think I'm gump enough to tell yer that?"

"Well, you can at least tell me why you selected me to be kidnaped from all the others."

"You'll know that when I get good an' ready to tell yer, young 'un, an' not afore."

"Are we going far?"

"Far enough to keep yer safe."

"But don't you know that I will be searched for? That my people will not sleep or rest until they have followed you and your gang and hunted you out if they have to go to the end of the earth?"

"Ha! ha! that's whar we air now—at the end o' the earth, young 'un. It takes a heap o' time to get thar, I tell you, unless yer know the way."

"You seem to feel pretty safe, but there is nothing that time and judgment and determination won't do."

"I'm willin' ter take the chances."

"Don't you know you are liable to go to the penitentiary for this?"

"No, do tell!" answered the outlaw in affected astonishment. Then he laughed aloud and turned to his followers:

"Ha! ha! ha! I say, you 'uns. The young 'un says as how we—" A terrible plunge of the horse put an end to the jest; the animal had stumbled.

Ford thought his last moment had come. Nothing but his lashing to the horse's back could have prevented him from being dashed to the rocky earth.

As it was, he thought his body would be broken in two as the animal strove to regain his foothold by repeated plunges. He at last succeeded and received many lashings and oaths for his game recovery.

This incident put an end to further conversation. The road seemed to become steeper and rougher and the pace was slackened. Many were the turnings and twistings that now ensued, and the stumbling of the animals was frequent as their hoofs slipped on loose stones in the path, though Ford could just see from beneath his bandages that the way was somewhat illuminated by the moonlight.

A full hour passed, and Ford, aching in every bone and burning with fever, began to think that he should at last succumb. He had never experienced such terrible agony as now racked his whole frame. Half unconscious, he swayed from side to side, every moment becoming more of a burden on the man who supported him from behind.

"No! no! I must not give up!" he thought to himself wildly. "I must live, if only for my own sake and my mother's sake! Yes! and to bring these scoundrels to justice!"

He aroused himself, and at that moment there was a halt.

"Well, that jant's over!" murmured the man behind him as if relieved.

Ford heard the man dismounting, as did also the leader, and in a trice hands on either side were engaged in undoing the stubborn knots, which, after all, had probably saved him from one violent death.

He was helped off the horse, but he did not even feel his feet touch the ground. He sank numb and limp to the earth, sick and faint with pain.

"Reckon he be kinder wrenched," said the leader. "Here you, Dan, an' you Bill, take the young 'un in, an' jes you rec'lect that it's worth your life to keep him. The rest o' youse come along to quarters." The leader had a whispered parley with the two guards and then the troop mounted again.

"That sounds as if they had some other place than this 'inside'," thought Ford, who was coming around.

As the two guards assisted him along, he heard the hoof beats of the others recede in the distance.

In a moment their own footsteps seemed to be muffled. They were treading on turf; a moment more and a damp chill made him shiver. He was left standing alone, while the sound of flint and steel smote on his ear.

Suddenly he felt himself pushed along while a door was slammed some distance behind him, and a bar was dropped.

A hand fumbled at the back of his head, the bandage was unloosened, and the glare of a lantern blinded him completely.

"There, now," said a rough voice, which was not altogether unkind. "I reckon as how you feel sort o' done up."

"Reckon they ben't much fight left in 'im anyhow," ventured the other. "Leastways, young 'un, if you knows enough to take good advice, you'll act quiet an' gentlemanlike."

Ford was now able to look around him. He saw he was in a sort of elbow of a deep cave. Its moist earth wall showed traces of the pick and shovel, and he judged the place was a dugout in a hillside.

A heavy wooden door, with a thick bar, was at the outer end, and between it and him there were a table and two or three benches; then he noticed near him at the further end of the inner room a broad pallet of hemlock boughs covered with a bearskin. Too weary and sore to take further notice of his surroundings, he threw himself on the pallet and fell almost at once into a troubled doze.

CHAPTER V.

A STORMY INTERVIEW.

GRADUALLY a murmuring sound penetrated Ford's senses. He thought he was dreaming, but the murmur soon became the sound of intelligible words, and he suddenly opened his eyes and glanced wildly around him, wondering where he was and still with the impression that he was laboring under the weight of some terrible nightmare.

He soon realized, with all its terrible reality, the horrible situation in which

he was placed and, without moving, he began to strain his ears to catch what the voices were saying. He recognized them as belonging to his two keepers.

"Beats me. Durned 'f I know what he be up to. But he be a cute one, an' he's got his puppose."

"F'om a word er two I hearn, I jedge as how it be a old score agin the boy's father."

"Well, time'll show. I don't allow to be too cur'us, 'cos 'at's too much like work."

"The young 'un's a right peart boy, blame me if he ben't."

"He do be thet, shore 'nuff."

"Reckon, though, he sees as how 'tain't no use be techy no more."

"Orter know when he's beat, to be shore."

"We'll see about that!" thought Ford, as he turned painfully on his bed. "I'll show them I'm not beat yet, if I only get half a chance."

He half crawled to the turn in the underground apartment and looked out into the outer chamber. There he saw his two jailors at either side of the table, munching a crust of dry bread and taking occasional drinks out of a dark colored flask under the lantern light. They still wore their masks and what with these, their general shaggy and uncouth appearance, their cartridge belts around their loins and their carbines and revolvers close at hand, they presented a most formidable appearance that suggested the possibility of the worst of dark deeds if they should be so minded.

The sight of the bread his captors were munching made Fred sensible of another pang besides his muscular soreness; it was hunger. It must be, he thought, nearly twelve hours since food had passed his lips, and not even his perturbation of mind could make him insensible of his physical cravings.

But even more importunate than hunger was his overwhelming thirst. His mouth and throat were parched and he was on the point of stepping out into their room and asking for a draft of water when the impulse was arrested by the thought:

"No! I shall ask nothing of them. I will let them see I have more spirit than to come to them begging for food or water."

The men seemed to be tired with their long ride and not inclined to talk. Their slight repast finished, their eyes began to droop and their heads to nod. A sudden hope made Ford's heart beat and his cheeks flush.

"Perhaps I can—"

The thought was cut short and his hope dashed to the ground by the sudden sound of a step outside and a loud pounding on the door, which caused his jailors to leap to their feet.

One of them stepped to the door. Ford retired to his couch to await developments. He heard the bar loosed from its stanchions, the click of the latch and the opening of the door.

A tall masked figure strode in. He glanced quickly around.

"The boy!" he demanded.

The men nodded toward the inner compartment.

"Has he cut up any more of his didos?"

"No. B'en sleepin' like a child."

Ford saw the dark walls of his cell growing lighter as the new comer, the one who had earlier acted as the leader of the gang, took down a lantern from the wall and advanced toward his resting place.

In a moment his eyes, wide open, were dazzled by the light which was directed upon him as the man bent over him.

"Ha! you're awake, eh?"

"You'll find I am usually pretty wide awake," answered Ford.

"I'm glad to hear it. A wide awake chap generally knows what's for his good. Get up!"

"What do you want of me now?"

"Get up and come out here."

Ford obeyed and stepped into the outer chamber.

"Sit down," and the man motioned to a stool by the table. Ford took the seat, while the other set the lantern on the table and produced from his pocket a pen and a bottle of ink. Then he spread before the wondering gaze of the youth a sheet of blank paper.

"What is this for?" demanded Ford.

"You are to copy this letter," replied the desperado, offering to Ford a sheet of paper covered with writing.

Ford took it in his hand and, holding it near the lantern, began to read.

At the first words he started slightly.

"Dear Father!" What can this mean?" He looked up. The leader was gazing reflectively at the blank wall while his hand was toying with the pistol in his belt.

Ford turned again to the letter.

When he came to the end of the first paragraph, his two keepers, who were watching him with a curiosity equal to his own, saw a light of comprehension take the place of his puzzled expression.

He read on without faltering to the end, while a half smile, as if of disdain, played around his mouth. When he had quite finished, he laid the letter down on the table and turned to the other.

"This is for my father?" he asked calmly.

"Yes."

"What is the demand this letter refers to?"

"While I object on principle to answering questions, I don't mind telling you this. Your father is going to pay *twenty five thousand dollars* for your release."

"And you want me to help you bring that about by copying this letter and signing it?"

"Exactly!"

"And tell me—do you suppose for an instant I am going to do it?"

The other looked at Ford in surprise—perhaps affected. After a moment, he said in a low tone of perfect assurance: "I *know* you will!"

Ford deliberately rose from his seat, faced the scoundrel, and looked him squarely in the eye as he said, without a tremor in his voice:

"I shall do no such thing!"

The two regarded each other steadily for some seconds. There was a death-like stillness in the cavern. Then the other spoke, still in the low tone of impressive assurance:

"You will copy and sign that letter, or—" he finished the sentence by slowly drawing the huge pistol from his belt, while his eye flashed fiercely into the boy's a look of deadly purpose through the two holes in his mask.

Ford did not move, but his thoughts came wildly. The idea that was uppermost was:

"What will my father say to see my name to such a cowardly appeal? Shall I sign, in order to save my life? Would I be true to myself if I did so? No! I would be ashamed ever afterwards. I could not look a brave man—my father—in the face!"

"Will you write?"

The desperado still regarded him fixedly. He moved close to Ford. The ominous click of his revolver was heard. He cocked it.

"I shall not!"

With a quick movement, the desperado grasped Ford by the shoulder and placed the cold muzzle of the revolver close against the lad's temple.

Ford stretched out a hand and grasped the table to steady himself, while his

heart stood still and a rush of tumultuous thoughts crowded through his mind. In these few moments, as he closed his eyes, his whole life passed in review before his mental vision, and he took an agonizing farewell of the world and all he loved.

"Will you write?"

"No!"

He felt a shock. He was swung around and dashed, spinning to the further wall.

When he opened his eyes and was able to look around he saw his would be murderer glaring at him, with pistol still in hand.

"I would like to," he said, between his teeth.

Then, after a pause, the leader subdued his wrath, put the pistol back into his belt and went on:

"But I believe you would almost like me to kill you."

"You can do what you please, but you cannot make me write such a cowardly letter as that," answered Ford.

"No? Well, we shall see! There are more ways than one to skin a cat."

"So I've heard," replied Ford, who began to feel quite cool and strong again, after a terrible reaction had passed, which made him feel weak and limp. "But I am anxious to know how you are going to make me do your bidding."

For all his assurance, Ford would have been more than mortal had he not fancied innumerable methods of torture which these villains could impose upon him, and which, he realized, might be too fearful for his young strength to withstand.

But at least he could fight it out till he dropped, and the longer he held out the more chance he would have to take advantage of some fortunate circumstance to—perhaps, to escape.

He began at that very instant to glance sharply round the chamber. Circumstance favored his inspection. The leader had taken the two men aside and was whispering some instructions to them.

Ford observed the heavy oaken door, the bar that was used to fasten it, how it was put in place; he noted where the weapons of the men were lying on the table or resting against the wall, for, he thought, he might want to snatch one up and use it on occasion.

His inspection was interrupted. The conference was over. The leader advanced to the center of the room and said negligently:

"You must be hungry."

"Yes, I am rather," answered Ford, and at the same time the pangs that the exciting events of the last half hour had driven from his mind, returned with double fury. And immediately, his eyes glanced at the remains of the crusts upon the table, for even they seemed, in his state, a meal for a king. The desperado did not fail to observe this sign.

"Oh, we have better than that close at hand," said he, to Ford's confusion. "We might cook you a nice bit of venison, you know, and there's a delicious, cool spring not far off. What do you say now, to a bit of venison, eh?"

"Just as you please," replied Ford.

"Well, we'll get it for you?" then he paused to continue in a meaning tone, "whenever you are ready to write that letter!"

A feeling of apprehension made Ford feel sick when he recognized their cruel purpose.

"You mean to starve me then?"

"Oh, no! not at all. I mean to make you write that letter."

Ford regarded his tormentor for an instant. Then, with a defiant look, he said:

"We shall see!" and he turned on his

heel, vanished into the obscurity of the inner room and threw himself upon the pallet. Then he heard these words in a harsh voice:

"You understand! Not a crust nor a drop of water!" The leader was giving his last order to the men.

The crash of the door closing behind him told Ford that he had gone.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TEMPTATION.

FOR a time Ford felt a certain exhilaration of triumph at having successfully set at defiance the cunning villain whom he supposed was at the bottom of this vile plot against his father's purse.

He felt that he, a mere boy, had foiled the other's design; for, as time passed, some way would surely present itself, by which he might effect his escape. Or the news of the kidnaping would reach his father, and Ford knew that no money would be spared—twice, three times the amount demanded would be gladly spent by his father to release his only son from his captivity and his peril.

But after all, thought Ford, what could money do? He remembered his long and tortuous ride; he remembered how they had ridden up the stream's bed, where all traces were doubtless washed away; he remembered his impression of a wild, rocky, baffling country which his torturing ride had given him. There would be no clew to trace him by.

Yes, everything must depend on himself; he felt certain of that. And if he did escape—but then that letter which he had refused to copy no doubt spoke truly. He was surely in a wilderness peopled with ferocious animals. It was just such a country to which he had been journeying for a month's sport.

Of a sudden Ford was astounded at something which had not yet occurred to him in his state of mental confusion.

How did these outlaws know the facts about himself which their letter indicated—that he had a rich father, that he was bent on a hunting expedition? The latter might have been inferred; but that letter showed that they must know who his father was and where he was; even that he was a wealthy man.

But Ford thought and thought, and could not remember that he had told them a single fact about himself; he *knew* he had not done so.

Here was a mystery indeed. Then another thought flashed into his mind. Had he been dreaming or was it a fact that he had heard one of his guards say an hour ago that "it was some old score against his father?" That must have referred to him surely. They had been talking about the present situation.

Had this fellow known his father, seen Ford somewhere, and recognized him when he dismounted from the stage?

Ford tried to penetrate in his mind the rough clothes and the mask of the leader, in the effort to recognize in him a familiar face or person, one that he had somewhere seen.

But he could not. All he could say by way of description was that he was very tall and broad, with a deep, harsh voice, black hair, and rather awkward in his movements.

Why trouble himself about the mere mystery? Every thought should be given to more practical matters, to his escape.

"Ah," thought he, "all I ask is to get out of their hands. The rest will be easy. I can find help somewhere, I *know*."

"Then *how* I will work to put the halter around their necks! That would be a proud moment for me!"

Gradually, as his thoughts came less excitedly, other matters made them-

selves more importunate. He again became sensible of that sinking sensation of hunger and that choking thirst.

His soreness of limb was nothing to the other pains. He was restless and feverish, and greater and greater seemed his agony.

With these feelings pressing more and more upon his mind, weakness of spirit also made itself felt.

"And if I *should* write that letter, what would the result be?" he asked himself.

"It would certainly give my father an early notice of my situation. Perhaps he would understand that I was in peril of losing my life when I wrote, and did it under compulsion. I can hardly think he would pay the money, even for my asking; he is too straightforward and noble to do that. He would find other means to release me. And my dear mother—" the thought choked him more than the thirst.

"Should I not do their bidding in order to save myself from starvation—this horrible craving and tearing?"

But then he experienced a revulsion of feeling.

"No, no! this is just what that fiend wanted and expected. He knew that hunger would make me doubt and waver. It *may* succeed, too, but by the eternal, I don't back down while I am in my right mind—make sure of that, Ford Dallas."

He turned over as if to shut out the sight of his weak thoughts, and by and by, when the recollection of that pitying white face in the stage window had soothed him once more, he fell into a light, restless slumber, peopled with masked men and wild horses and a score of horrible phantoms.

He awakened with a start.

"I'd rather he should do it. But it really does not matter," a thin voice was saying.

The voice claimed Ford's attention more than the words. "Try him again, and if he refuses—" the sentence was not finished.

The same leader of the gang appeared and pulled Ford roughly to his feet and into the lantern light.

When he became accustomed to the glare, Ford discerned a fourth masked figure standing apart in a shadowed portion of the chamber.

"Have you thought it all over?" asked the leader.

"Yes, I've given it some thought," answered Ford.

"And you've thought better of it, no doubt?"

"Yes, I've thought better of it—" there was a start of surprise on the part of the desperadoes—"I've thought it better than ever *not to write that letter!*"

There was a muttered imprecation from the leader's lips. He sprang toward Ford and grasped him by the throat in the violence of his rage. His fingers closed tight, and the boy felt he was slowly strangling, when the fourth figure stepped from the shadow and interposed.

"Don't be a fool, Con," he said in a querulous tone with a tinge of command in it, as he strove to separate the two.

The fingers relaxed and Ford was standing alone.

"Now, my *dear* boy," said the stranger, "why will you not listen to reason? Surely you would not wish to be the cause of your own death; but think of your poor mother, when she should have heard the news."

"Stop!" cried Ford.

It was horrible, this thought of his dear mother and her agony.

"Spare yourself the trouble of talking to me. You seem to know who my father is—perhaps you also know what sort of man he is. I may starve, but

if I do, you will pay for it with your own life. If it took his whole fortune, he would willingly sacrifice it, in order to bring you to justice for the crime."

"Now, how much better it would be if you would save him this whole fortune he will spend, and spare him all the grief of this fancied crime, my dear boy. Really, you are very unreasonable, indeed you are. Come! here are food and water," and he motioned to some meat and bread and a jug that were upon the table. "It is only a few strokes of the pen, and the thing is done."

The paper and the pen were offered to him, but Ford drew back.

"I will not!" he said.

His voice was weak and thick from hunger, and a parching throat. The new comer noted this and thought the lad was giving in. He held a tin plate with meat toward him.

"See, here is the food," he said persuasively.

The lad's eyes glared like a hungry beast's. He felt like seizing the meat and devouring it ravenously. His hands twitched convulsively, he choked and tried to moisten his dry lips with his tongue; the blood rushed to his face in the agony of his temptation!

It was more than he could see with self control. He struck the outstretched arm a furious blow that sent plate and food spinning across the chamber, and, dizzy and faint, he reeled into the arms of one of the men.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 483.]

The Order of the Mummy.

BY ALEXANDER C. DURBIN,

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN IDEA OF TOM'S.

THE stout man came wobbling over toward them.

"Now 'ow long are you goin' to loiter here, Feshus," he said. "Bless me if I aren't been callin' until I'm red hin the face. Hand you can't do the 'Slaughter' correct no wise. Your mother was remarkin' as 'ow you get more careless hevry day. What do these gentlemen want?"

"Nothing in particular," responded Ruskin. "I only stopped to pick up my hat, which was knocked on the ground by one of these plates."

"Oh, I thought as maybe you gentlemen would like to purchase a few tickets for this hafternoon's matinee," intimated the elder Spriddle. "The performance which begins at two precisely and again hat four—hallowin' time to hinspect the various beautiful works hof art imported hinto this country at enormous hexpense hand arderous toil, requirin' constant hattendance hof persons used to their 'abits—the performance, gentlemen, is refreshin', realistic and reinvigoratin'. Hall this, sir, for the small price of fifteen cents—not a shillin', sirs."

"Oh, do let up on us, father," implored the young man. "It aren't likely that these nobbs will patronize the show."

"Hand why not?" vociferated the elderly Briton. "Our entertainment, gentlemen, is not honly not excelled in the whole list of hamusements, but very few ekal to it. Come hand see for yourselves this hafternoon."

"Sorry we can't accommodate you," said Ruskin, "but we are in a hurry to catch a train. Some other day we'll come over and look in on you, maybe."

Bridge, after a few more remarks, whipped up the horse and started for the home of the Carliles. If they hoped to be in Fondale by nine o'clock they had no time to lose.

"Did you notice the lurid sign near the door of that building?" shouted Jim. "All colors of the rainbow. And such puffs as they gave themselves! 'Finest aggregation of talent in the world.' Hal! hal! 'Professor Achilles Spriddle with his wonderful collection of curiosities from all quarters of the globe. No region so remote that his agents have not penetrated it in search of novelties,' et cetera."

"I wouldn't mind seeing the show,"

said Tom. "But I guess it's a one horse affair. Feshus is a pretty intelligent fellow, though, and I think he's above his business there."

"They both appear to be a degree above traveling mountebanks," remarked Ruskin. "They have two wagons which they use in carting their materials from place to place, one for the collection of wax figures and the heads of distinguished personages and the other for the gorgeous costumes and scenery. Feshus told me so. He drives one wagon and his father the other."

"It must be a hard life," put in Jim. "Not knowing where they'll go from day to day, or how much money they may make."

"They don't seem to be doing very well in Jenkinville," added Bridge. "It must be a slow town in spite of what Mr. Carlile says to the contrary. About as slow as this horse," he concluded with a laugh.

"What the Spriddle aggregation needs," declared Ruskin, "is something new in the line of freaks. Then the people would enter by streams. Take my word for it. The public is tired of old, hackneyed bearded girls and one armed men."

"You talk like a veteran museum manager, Rusty," laughed Jim.

Tom, who had said but little for some time, now made a move which created surprise among his companions. Springing up from his seat beside Ruskin he reached over Bridge's shoulder and seizing the reins, gave them such a jerk that the fiery steed was compelled to come to full stop and rear up on his hind legs.

"Here, what are you doing?" exclaimed Bridge grasping for the reins. "Drop the ribbons, Tom. I'm driving this horse."

"We don't want to go any further," returned Tom, holding on with a tighter grip. "We want to turn right back."

"What for?"

It was the simultaneous outburst of the other boys.

"What under the sun does he mean?" demanded Bridge.

Jim looked amazed and Ruskin tapped his forehead significantly. Tom was apparently not shaken by those expressions, but guided the horse to the curb and remained standing while he delivered the following sarcastic address to the party: "Well, say, it's my opinion that we ought to go to bed at nine and wear Knickerbockers. Teddy Darrach would have thought of it sooner and made no fuss at all. Here we might have lost a big chance. Lots of money right under our noses and going begging for an owner."

The rest looked eagerly around for the loose wealth.

"Oh, of course I don't mean it that way," continued Tom scornfully. "It's an opportunity for making money that we came within a hair's breadth of missing. Don't you see what I mean?"

None of them could for an instant imagine.

"Why, the mummy!" almost yelled Tom, declaiming like a campaign orator. "The mummy and the museum of those Spriggins people, or whatever their names are. Here we are without the funds to pay our board or get home when a little thinking at the right time would have fixed it all with plenty to spare. Do you savey, fellows?"

"Now you see, maybe, why I reined up the horse. It came over me like an inspiration while you were talking about that show, and how little money the proprietors made, and that they needed some new exhibits. 'Why, the mummy fits the case exactly,' I said to myself, and on the spur of the idea I got up and made a dive for the leathers."

Ruskin solemnly arose and seized the speaker's hand.

"Tom," he said jubilantly, "you are the genuine article. Allow me to congratulate you on your ingenuity. It's a magnificent scheme if Spriddle only consents to it."

Jim, paralyzed at the audacity of the plan, smiled feebly, while Bridge looked puzzled and then disappointed.

"A glass of water for the old ladies on the front seat," ordered Tom mockingly. "They look as if the idea was overwhelming them and causing faintness."

Bridge shook his head and smiled quietly.

"It won't do, Tom," he affirmed.

"You know why, too."

"Why won't it do, I'd like to know," persisted the other. "I don't see the necessity, for my part, of keeping up a show of mystery over the mummy any longer. When it's a case of making a good big lump of money I wouldn't hesitate for an instant."

This place is a dozen miles from Fondale and there's little likelihood of our being discovered in a hurry, and even if we have nothing to be afraid of. That political business may cost us some trouble but as we're perfectly innocent that doesn't worry me in the least. Oh, I'm in favor of putting the Egyptian on exhibition."

"So am I," added Ruskin. "It's a tip top plan."

Jim thought it wasn't a bad scheme, by any means.

Bridge wavered, and while the horse again traversed the main street of Jenkinville the idea was presented to him over and over in the most glowing colors. When they came to the Spriddle museum Tom hailed the place and the proprietor himself came rushing out.

"See here, Mr. Spriddle," said the former. "We're thinking of going into the show business."

The man's face fell at this announcement and he looked sore.

"I don't mean that we'll set up an opposition monkey garden," Tom hastened to explain, "but I mean that we want to enter into partnership with you—limited both as to time and capital. We want to make some money and so do you, I suppose."

"Well, now, just try me," observed Professor Spriddle with intense irony. "I'm hopen to hoffers."

"First," continued Tom, cautiously feeling his way, "we would like you to take a look at something which we think has not its equal in the show line. If you get in with us we'll drive you over to Carlile's farm where you can see what we have to offer and we will arrange our terms according to its merits as a drawing card."

The manager, albeit somewhat mystified as to the character of the proposed new exhibit, scented a novelty and lost no time in acting upon Tom's invitation.

Once at the farmhouse the horse was hitched up to a gate post and the party of five clambered up to the attic room to inspect the mummy.

Amid an expectant silence Ruskin unlocked the closet door and brought it forth.

They removed the bag and stood the mummy up against the wall in all the ancient glory of its dingy case.

"There now," demanded Tom enthusiastically, "what do you think of that? Ain't it just fine for a museum?"

A terrible conflict of emotions was manifested in the showman's face. An expression of delight was struggling with a wave of dissatisfaction. The artistic side of his nature was contending with the business part and the combat was something wonderful to behold.

Should the artistic Spriddle go into ecstasies of joy over the mummy, the commercial Spriddle would suffer in a financial way—the boys would raise the terms on him.

"Well what do you think of it?" inquired Ruskin impetuously.

The business spirit of Achilles Spriddle prevailed.

"It ain't much, gents, hand that's a fact. Mummies has been heard of hoften hand aren't nothing new. The folks about here wants somethink on the Wild West fashion—Indians hand cowboys 'aving dreadful combats."

Bridge began to wrap the thing up in the bag.

"Not sayin'," went on Mr. Spriddle hastily, "that there ain't some merits in the thing. It might take and it might not. The risk is tremenjus, hand I'm a poor man."

"I'll bet anything it's a go," vowed Tom. "People will come from a score of miles away to see it." (He had evidently forgotten his statement of a few minutes previous to the effect that its fame would not reach Fondale). "Farm laborers will drop their plows, school-boys their books and milkmaids their pails to hurry off and see the great Egyptian Mummy. Everything depends on the advertising, for if you let the people know where it is and how much it will cost to see it they will come in droves."

Mr. Spriddle rubbed his chin violently.

"It strikes me, too," put in Jim, "that tomorrow the county fair opens at Jenkinville. That will fetch the crowds."

Bridge and Ruskin lifted the bag and carried it to the closet.

"A thousand a day at fifteen cents a head," calculated Tom. "It ought to be fully that. One hundred and fifty dollars."

Mr. Spriddle was visibly giving way. It was time to make terms with him and in that proceeding half an hour was spent. When the agreement was reached he could hardly wait until the mummy was conveyed to Jenkinville.

CHAPTER XXV.

"TO WHAT BASE USES."

IT was a triumphant procession which came down stairs, headed by the sweetly smiling Mr. Spriddle. The arrangement in regard to the division of the profits had been mutually satisfactory. The boys were to receive five cents on each person admitted to the show, and one of them was to take tickets and cash at the door.

Thus the profits of each side depended upon the popularity of the exhibit, and freed the boys from any liability for expenses. They had nothing to lose, and everything to gain.

A group of three young ladies confronted them as they gained the hallway. They were Miss Nettie Emmons and the Misses Bessie and Carrie Sadler, the trio who were playing dominoes the night before. Tom recollected his experience with chagrin.

"Oh, won't you let us have a look at it?" begged Miss Emmons.

"Oh, do," pleaded the others. "We heard all about it from Mrs. Carlile. She is dreadfully put out about it. She says it sends the cold chills up and down her back. She declares it will bring bad luck, but we don't believe it at all."

"Certainly," responded the four quite promptly, for the bevy comprised three very pretty girls, and in a truce their wish was complied with, to the great disgust of the showman, who was chafing at the delay and saw no use in sentiment.

"Oh!" was the exclamation of the girls. "How shocking! How sad! Why, he's a mere boy—an Egyptian boy. Poor fellow!"

"We're going to place him on exhibition," observed Jim.

"On exhibition?" queried Miss Bessie.

"Where, pray, and what for?"

"Over in Jenkinville," responded Jim, "in a traveling museum. The reason is we want money; there isn't cash enough in the whole crowd to buy a second hand straw hat."

"Time is money, money is wallyble," growled Mr. Spriddle, glancing uneasily up the road. "Let's move."

With adieu to the young ladies, who promised to visit the museum, they moved on to Jenkinville, having first interviewed Mr. Carlile and obtained the use of his team for a trifling consideration, his wife predicting that dire misfortune would befall the house in consequence.

When Festus was initiated into the novel scheme, and his mother—a woman of similar looks and build to her husband—was made acquainted with it, the whole party set to work to make it a success. Festus set out for a printing office to have some extravagant posters struck off, and the rest employed themselves about the museum.

The building was a long, barn-like structure of wood, which had served its time as a skating rink and was now ready for the fire. The exterior was plastered with hand bills announcing the attractions within, so that the thin coating of whitewash was only visible here and there in patches.

The seeker after amusement and information entered the hall on the main street, and was ushered into three different apartments—the first, giving punctilious preference to ladies, containing the busts of famous women together with some life-size figures and portraits of the same, and graphic illustrations of numerous events in their existence. The second chamber held busts and figures of famous men—warriors, inventors and statesmen—a group giving a blood curdling representation of the Inquisition, Esquimaux hunting the polar bear, the Laocoon, and the like.

The third room was barren of curiosi-

ties, and heretofore the visitor had been hurried through it to witness the stage performance in the long dirty hall which ran the remainder of the building's length. It was an opportune place for the exhibition of the mummy, and Mr. Spriddle exercised his managerial ingenuity to good purpose.

It was desired to display the ancient Egyptian to the wondering citizens of Jenkinville, should they care to see it, at the regular advertised time for the first performance of the day—two o'clock in the afternoon. To that end they all—the boys included—bent to their work.

The mummy's reception room was draped in solemn black; dim and ghostly candles added a sepulchral air to the chamber and a home made tripod, constructed hurriedly by the nearest blacksmith and painted a lurid red, gave forth tear inducing puffs of alleged incense at the foot of the bier.

A purple robe, which had been torn from the shoulders of Palmyra, Queen of the East, according to the sign attached to the figure—a mild and blissful mistake for Zenobia—was thrown across the case, which rested upon two flat stools concealed from the public gaze by a couple of once white table cloths. A gorgeous combination of purple and fine linen!

Shortly before noon Festus came running in with his arms full of posters, smelling of printer's ink. He held one of the smeary bills proudly aloft.

"Look at it!" he exclaimed. "Had to promise the boss a dollar extra for printing fifty in a hurry."

The wording was the work of Professor Achilles Spriddle, and the boys gazed in rapt silence at the many colored length of paper.

A CAPTAIN AT SIXTEEN.

Radames, Commander of the Egyptians!

B. C. 1,000.

His body, emblazoned with royal splendor, lies in state, guarded by a special detachment of troops from the household of the Khedive.

ONLY AND FIRST TIME IN AMERICA.

THE ROYAL MUMMY.

SPRIDDLE'S MUSEUM. PRICES AS USUAL.

Festus proposed to plaster the neighborhood for a half dozen miles around with these notices, and with that intent borrowed Carlile's team and set off.

"I wonder who corrected the spelling," observed Tom dryly.

"The printer, I guess," responded Jim. "Old Spriddle never did that."

The boys took a bunch of tickets and left them on sale at a number of stores in town, returning in time to walk over to Carlile's and get dinner. By the time they arrived at the museum it was within half an hour of show time.

Jim took his stand at the door as ticket taker, and the other three sprang into their extemporaneous costumes.

With the assistance of Festus and his father the face of each of them was properly smeared with ocher and vermilion and their youthful forms covered with robes of varied hues. Bridge wore a red flannel tunic and white trousers, with a fez, while Ruskin had on a light blue robe, with the rest of the garments on the same order as were Bridge's.

A bow hung jauntily over the shoulder of each, and a quiver containing a pair of arrows at their side. They took their stands at the head of the mummy—grim sentinels indeed.

Ruskin's placid face was made fierce by an enormous false mustache, while Bridge wore a long black beard with a smooth upper lip. They both held an eight foot spear in their hands.

This was not a dangerous weapon, although it looked so to the uninitiated, being made of wood with a gilt barb and decidedly weak in its length. Tom's was the most gorgeous apparel of the lot. In a loosely flowing robe, bespangled with figures of silver beasts and birds, he stood in his character of high priest at the foot of the mummy near the tripod. A turban lay upon his hand, and with it he surreptitiously stirred the embers in the tripod when they seemed to be on the point of expiring.

His garments were white—glittering white—but it is not meet to say that they were spotless, for they had seen good service in the peregrinations of the Spriddle family.

The two warriors looked at each other

when their make up was complete and burst out laughing. Jim stood at the entrance and grinned sympathetically.

"Silence," commanded Tom solemnly. "The tomb of the Pharaoh's must not be profaned by revelry."

"Listen to Hapis, the 'igh priest," said Mr. Spriddle complacently. "Ho! ho! That's the way to hact. Do hit mournful hand dignified like, so has folks will think you are hin real earnest. Now Bismillah and Mahomet, shoulder harms hand stand hup for your royal master."

"Look here, Mr. Spriddle," remarked Tom, "my name has got to be changed. You can't gull the public with any such nonsense as that. Apis was a god of the Egyptians, and if I remember correctly, was a bull."

"Aren't no difference," vouchsafed the showman. "That's a Latin name hand hit goes. Now steady there—the people's comin'."

The two o'clock performance was not a success from a financial point of view. Only about fifteen of the deluded public were in attendance, and they wandered listlessly around the museum—enlivened up somewhat at the tableau of the mummy—and finally wound up at the performance of the "Hollow Heart."

The partnership looked blue for a while, but at four o'clock a wave of prosperity seemed to come upon the place. The posters were having their effect, and the people crowded in by scores until Jim was worked like a laborer.

The attendants of the mummy grew stiff and uneasy with their ceaseless vigil. Had it been compatible with their duties each would have taken a good stretch, but there they were obliged to stand, motionless and solemn.

It was not long, however, before an incident occurred which relieved the strain and caused a diverting though serious change in the monotony.

Jim noticed an elderly man, who had driven up the main street in a dingy buggy, come to a halt in front of the building and gaze intently at the placards. A little child was with him and was evidently beseeching him to visit the museum which offered such wonderful sights.

The boy's wish prevailed, and, tying his horse to an adjacent post, the old gentleman took the child by the hand and entered the building.

He was a peculiar looking personage and Jim scrutinized him closely.

"Two sixty two," counted he. "Not so bad, after all. That man looks like an animated mummy himself."

The new comer made his way into the curio rooms and at last came to the inner sanctuary. He glanced sharply at the mummy, gave a start, and hastily extracted a letter from his pocket.

After a rapid perusal he uttered a cry, and brushing the high priest aside and dashing the tripod to the floor, he rushed upon the recumbent form to the great astonishment of the Khedive's guard.

(To be continued.)

A PEBBLE IN A POND.

How small we are! We have said this before, but the Springfield *Republican* furnishes a more strikingly lucid comparison than we have yet seen.

Throw a pebble into a pond and then think of the sad fate of old Mother Earth if she should fall into the sun spot now visible with the aid of a bit of colored glass. According to one idea the disturbed area is 140,000 miles long and about 100,000 miles wide.

AHEAD OF TIME.

If our Yankee nature so lacks sentiment as to be unbeautiful and cold, its hard, practical character has done much toward cementing the foundation stones of a prosperous country. The Boston *Journal* gives a sample of New England forethought.

Some forty years ago a Massachusetts good wife lay in her bed apparently dying with consumption. As the family lived four miles from the undertaker and pastor, and as the roads were badly blocked with snow, the husband, when called to the village on business on Tuesday, decided—thoughtful man!—to save an extra journey in that bitter weather by engaging the minister and undertaker at once and appointing the funeral for Friday.

In some way Wednesday the sick woman heard of this, and, arousing herself from her supposed dying condition, declared: "There'll be no funeral in this house this week!" The funeral was postponed. Friday it took place—forty years after it was originally set. The husband is still living at the age of eighty.

CALL TO DUTY.

WHEN'E'R a noble deed is wrought,
When'e'r is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

—LONGFELLOW.

(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 LIX.

CAPTURED BY CONVICTS.

THE Stars and Stripes did sail, but she did not sail the next day. She disappeared from the lagoon in a mysterious and startling manner before the next morning and before she was again seen by some of the yachtsmen she made a most unexpected port, which brought about the end of their cruise in a manner they never dreamed of.

As we have said, it was the day before their expected departure from the island. There was very little to do in the final preparation for sailing, and those of the yachtsmen who were not engaged, wandered off to take a last stroll on the island. Some were gathering specimens or shooting rare and gay plumaged birds for friends at home or the club's museum.

Late in the afternoon Ralph went on board the schooner, tired and footsore from nearly half a day's wandering in the woods. He lay down in one of the cabin berths, and in a few moments was fast asleep.

When the sailing master awoke, night had come on and there was a light in the cabin of the schooner. When he opened his eyes he was lying on his back, looking at the bottom of the berth above him, and the penetrating rays from the cabin lamp told him these two things.

He was not surprised to see the light, for a watch was kept as regularly on the schooner as if the whole crew were on board, though it consisted of but one man. Very often the latter, if he was one of the yachtsmen, lighted the lamp in the cabin to make his vigil less gloomy.

While Ralph was wondering who was on duty, he was puzzled to hear the unmistakable noise of gurgling water, such as is perceptible when a vessel is under way. He could hardly convince himself that he was not dreaming. The next moment the schooner gave a lurch as if she was heeling over under the pressure of her sails.

Ralph's heart gave a jump of astonishment, and he started to make a spring out of his berth to investigate the matter. With wonder, and a chill of dismay, he found he could not move hand or foot.

Again he tried to convince himself he was in the clutch of a horrible nightmare. But no the schooner was undoubtedly rising and falling with the motion of the waves, and was certainly under way.

By straining his muscles he quickly discovered that his limbs were confined with ropes. What did it all mean?

Were some of the fellows playing a trick on him? He listened intently, but there was not a sound to indicate any one's presence.

Rolling himself over on his side, Ralph looked into the cabin. He was doubly startled to see a black bearded, swarthy faced looking man seated at the table. The fellow had a most villainous countenance, and in his right hand he held a revolver, which was leveled in front of him, while his elbow rested on the table.

The man was neither Bradshaw nor one of his companions, as Ralph quickly saw, and was a person he had never seen before.

This sight was so astonishing that Ralph again began to doubt if he was awake. But when he let his gaze follow the direction in which the revolver was presented, he received startling evidence that he was wide awake and in a serious predicament of some kind.

Seated opposite the man, on the other

side of the table, was his new found cousin, Richard, gazing unflinchingly into the barrel of the revolver, with a look of defiance on his face.

"What does all this mean?" demanded Ralph, as soon as he had taken in the situation.

The man with the revolver started, and a shade of relief came into Richard's face. Ralph had evidently interrupted an interview in which the participators had said nothing since just prior to his waking up.

Richard nodded his head toward the threatening figure in front of him, but did not say a word.

"Oh, you're awake, are you?" said the man, in a miserable mixture of Spanish and English. "You will know all about it soon enough. Until we need you, you'll stay where you are."

"Who is it that has done this? Why is the schooner under way, and where are you going? Where are the rest of the fellows?" continued Ralph, glancing from one to the other, expecting answers from both.

Richard did not make a move to reply, and the man took no more notice of the queries than if he had not heard them. Ralph quickly decided that his cousin had been admonished, under threats of being shot, not to open his mouth.

"Then you have taken the schooner, I suppose," added Ralph.

"It looks that way," replied the man dryly.

It was immediately clear to Ralph that he would get no information from the fellow if he asked him questions all night, and he was still as much in the dark as ever as to who he was and where he came from.

Whoever he was, he doubtless had other confederates on board, and it did not take a moment's reflection to tell Ralph why they had run away with the schooner. The treasure in the safe was sufficient to incite unscrupulous men to even more desperate deeds. But how had they learned that there was a treasure, and that it was on board the schooner?

These questions were answered by the sound of footsteps descending the companion, and the appearance in the cabin of St. Cyr, followed by another man, who was a fitting mate to the fellow at the table.

"Everything is plain enough now," thought Ralph, at sight of the exquisite. "Now I know why he was away from camp so much. He was hatching up mischief with the convicts, and we have him to thank for making this ending to our cruise. I wish we had sent him off by himself, or sunk him to the bottom of the lagoon."

"I suppose these fellows will want us to take the schooner to some port where they can convert the treasure into cash. After we get there, what'll they do with the schooner, and in the meantime what will become of the fellows on the island?"

"Well, Sanchez, we're off for the United States, and none of us will have to work any more when we get there," remarked St. Cyr, turning to the man who had followed him. "I told you we could do it, and we have done it."

Sanchez grinned his satisfaction, and glanced inquiringly from St. Cyr to Richard.

"Yes, he's the fellow," answered St. Cyr.

"You ze leetle boy zat has ze key to ze beeg box. You geeve him to me," said Sanchez, stepping toward Richard.

"How much do you think you're going to get out of that box?" asked Richard, evading the request.

"Two, tree, grande fortune—plenty make ees all reeche, so we have work no more when we reach ze States," replied Sanchez, with a smile of satisfaction.

"And how much are you going to get for your share, Jim Pitney?" pursued Richard, with as much coolness as if he was the captor and not the captive.

"He geet noting," interrupted Sanchez hastily; "he come along cause he have to."

St. Cyr scowled at Richard, and glanced doubtfully and uneasily at his outlaw companion.

"That won't wash, my friend. I know better," asserted Richard. "He's hand in glove with you in this business. He played a high hand for a fortune once, and lost; and in his disappointment he has resorted to a more desperate scheme to secure a share of what was found on

the island. But I want to tell you something; perhaps you will be disappointed when you find out what's in that safe. How do you know but what we left most of the treasure on the island?"

"Don't you believe it," interposed St. Cyr quickly. "He's trying to give you a bluff."

"Yes; ze leetle boy will hand me ze key and we will see what is in ze box," added Sanchez.

"Not much," responded Richard resolutely, as he stepped backward several paces. "If you get inside of that box it will not be with any assistance of mine."

It made Ralph decidedly uneasy to hear his cousin talk in this fashion. Richard had evidently determined not to surrender the safe key at all hazards. And if he did not do so, the outlaws might do him serious injury in the struggle for its possession which was certain to ensue. But the next instant he did a very bold thing, one that filled Ralph with the liveliest apprehension as to the consequence.

"If you want a key, you will have to go after it," said Richard quickly, pointing the coveted article in the air for the briefest instant.

"Seize him, Malo," cried Sanchez in Spanish, to his companion of the revolver, instantly divining the young man's intention.

But Malo was too late. Before he had hardly made a move, Richard half turned and gave the key a fling toward one of the stern windows. It struck the sill with a metallic ring and bounded overboard.

Malo did not stop in his movements till Richard had accomplished his purpose. Then he gave the cry of rage, and raised his revolver, fully determined to vent his disappointment in a shot at the defiant youth.

The convict pulled the trigger, but fortunately there were several things to spoil his aim. At the instant of firing, Richard dropped to the floor, Ralph gave a terrific yell of warning and alarm, and Sanchez grasped his confederate by the shoulder.

"You fool!" cried the latter in Spanish. "He gains nothing by throwing away the key, and you would lose more than his death would give you. A hammer and a cold chisel, with a little powder, will do the work on the box, but if you killed him, you would only make the officers hunt for us fiercer, and with a rope at the end of it."

Malo slunk to one side, first with baffled rage, and then sullen acquiescence. Richard rose to his feet, with a pale face and visible emotion at his narrow escape. "Buena! our captain is awake," added Sanchez, turning toward Ralph.

"It looks that way," responded Ralph. "But what's the use of keeping a fellow tied up here? Hadn't you better take off these ropes?"

"Certain," added Sanchez, whipping out a wicked looking knife and releasing him.

Ralph leaped out of his berth and confronted the convict leader, as he had clearly shown himself to be.

"What are you going to do with us?" he asked in Spanish.

"Will you help us navigate the schooner to the States?" asked Sanchez in the same tongue, surprised and pleased to hear the other use it.

"I don't see how I can get out of doing it," replied Ralph.

"Neither do I. If you will take us safely to the States we will treat you well and give you something besides; but if you play us any tricks, you'll find we are bad men to deal with, and will suffer the consequences. You can command, and your friend here can be your mate."

"You are very kind," said Ralph, amused. "How many men will I have?"

"Four besides yourselves. Malo and I are not sailors, but the other two are."

"Well, I want you to understand, I don't claim to be an infallible skipper. I'll do the best I can for you, but if we are blown out of our course or disabled, you can't blame me for it."

"We'll risk that."

"You'll be astonished to learn that the other two men who are sailors, are the ones we rescued from the native village, Klunder and Goff," said Richard.

"You don't say!" exclaimed Ralph, not only surprised beyond measure, but pained to learn of the ingratitude of the captives.

"I suppose you bribed them by offer-

ing them a part of the treasure," he added, turning to St. Cyr.

"Certainly; all's fair in war," responded the exquisite. "We had to have some one to work the schooner besides you two."

"Well, if you are satisfied, captain, you can go on deck and take charge," continued Sanchez.

"There's no use saying I'm satisfied. I don't see how I can do anything better than take things as they come."

The sailing master and his cousin went on deck, closely followed by Sanchez. Goff was at the wheel and Klunder was in the waist. Ralph hardly noticed either of them, and their bearing showed that they felt sheepish and ashamed of their conduct.

Ralph glanced about him to determine the position of the schooner. There was a tiny red light which gleamed like a star, down near the surface of the water astern. It could hardly be anything but the light from the campfire of his companions ashore, as it was exceedingly improbable that it was from a passing vessel. He told himself that he must have slept very soundly indeed, for it must have taken over an hour to clear the lagoon and come as far as they then were.

In a few minutes the light disappeared below the horizon, or gradually burned down, and the only thing to be done was to keep away from the island till morning. Then, after taking an observation, he could lay his course for the States.

Ralph had decided to do his duty as sailing master as carefully as if his friends were all on board, and they were homeward bound. He had made up his mind to this, because, brave and reckless as he was, he recognized the utter futility of opposing the convicts and their allies, when they were well armed, and he and Richard were defenseless.

Of course, if their captors should relax their vigilance before the voyage was over, and a chance was given him to recapture the schooner, he would promptly improve it. But he was determined to take no chances, more on Richard's account than his own, unless those chances were decidedly in their favor.

He did not wish to risk the injury, or possible death of his new found cousin. He would much rather lose the schooner, and even the treasure, than not return Uncle Dick's son to him now that he had been found.

CHAPTER LX.

THE BOOT ON THE OTHER LEG.

"WELL, Rich," remarked Ralph, when he had surveyed the position of the schooner, "we're in for it, and we'll have to make the best of it. Our force is small, and we'll have to stand watch and watch; and as there are only two men who can handle the wheel, we will have to take our trick at it. You'd better order Klunder below, and go there yourself, to get all the sleep you can. I suppose Sanchez and Malo will take turns at watching us."

Richard obeyed, and while he went to the cabin, Klunder sought a berth in the forecabin. Both he and Ralph soon found that the latter's surmise was correct.

Malo stretched himself on the cabin floor at the foot of the companion. It would be difficult for any one to enter or leave the cabin without arousing him. He had his revolver near to his hand, and would undoubtedly sleep "with one eye open," as it were.

Sanchez took up his position on deck, to remain there till the watch was changed and Ralph went below, when he no doubt would exchange places with Malo.

St. Cyr was not considered in the arrangements for working the schooner, and he was assigned to no duty. Ralph was rather glad of this than otherwise, for it would relieve him of the disagreeable necessity of having anything to do with the exquisite.

The latter doubtless realized that it was unwise, not to say unsafe, to force his presence on either of the yachtsmen after his despicable conduct. He knew Ralph well enough to be convinced that the presence of armed convicts would not deter him from giving expression to his anger and disgust, in a more

forcible manner than by words, if he was not cautious about what he said and did. He early sought one of the berths in the cabin.

Sanchez kept the new skipper company during his watch. Though he would have been glad to be rid of him, Ralph felt that his presence was far more agreeable than St. Cyr's would have been. The convict finally interested him by relating some of the particulars of his banishment to Crocus Island, and giving some of the details of life in the penal settlement.

Then Ralph received an account of the inception and carrying out of the plot to seize the schooner and run her off with the treasure.

Sanchez and Malo had succeeded in getting possession of two revolvers and a knife, and escaping from their guards at the settlement. They took to the woods with the hope of eluding pursuit, and ultimately being taken off the island by a passing ship, or reaching the mainland in some other way.

In wandering about they fell in with St. Cyr, and on learning from him about the party on the other side of the island, they immediately formed the plan of compelling the latter to take them off by holding the exquisite as a hostage. St. Cyr tried to convince them that they could not accomplish their purpose by any such action, and that his companions would be only too glad to get rid of him.

They only laughed at his efforts to dissuade them from their purpose, for his words seemed to them to be a ruse of the flimsiest sort. Then it was that St. Cyr told them of the treasure, and had pointed out how, with their assistance, it could be carried off on the schooner. They readily joined him in the scheme, and its details were carefully worked out.

As the convicts were not sailors, it was essential that they should have some one who could safely work the schooner. St. Cyr approached the two men who had been rescued from the savages, and by offering them a liberal share of the treasure, secured their cooperation.

Then the conspirators found it equally necessary to have a person who could navigate the schooner, as neither Goff nor Klunder could take an observation. It had already been decided to get hold of Richard, to take the key to the safe from him, but on being assured by St. Cyr that he was a fairly good navigator, they concluded he should make one of the party.

Fortunately for the successful carrying out of their scheme, it was Richard's watch on the schooner, from eight to twelve, on the night before the day of the yachtsmen's contemplated departure. Between nine and ten o'clock they had come alongside the schooner, noiselessly and unobserved, in one of the native canoes. Richard was easily overpowered before he could give an alarm.

They were considerably astonished to find Ralph in one of the cabin berths, but when St. Cyr told them who he was, they were more pleased than otherwise to have him along. The sailing master was promptly secured without awakening him.

Then, when the cable had been slipped, they had towed the schooner out through the opening in the reef with the yawl.

The work had certainly been well done, not to have aroused the suspicions of those on shore as to what was going on, and Ralph could not help expressing his admiration of it when the convict had concluded his account.

Everything passed off smoothly and quietly during the night. Richard relieved Ralph about three o'clock in the morning, but at eight the sailing master was again on deck.

Breakfast was disposed of, and while Ralph was walking up and down in the standing room, Goff seized the opportunity to speak to him when Sanchez was forward talking to his convict confederate.

"If you want to take the schooner, sir, we'll stand by you. We're already sick of this business, and we are heartily ashamed of ourselves. It can come to no good end, sir," said the sailor cautiously and under his breath.

"Men who have shown themselves so ungrateful as you two have, cannot be trusted," replied Ralph, shaking his head negatively.

"Hello, there! What are you two talking about?" demanded Sanchez suddenly and suspiciously, as he stepped aft.

"Goff was asking where I was going to take the schooner," replied Ralph quickly, "and that's a point I would like to receive your instructions on."

"Let him ask me if he wants to know," growled Sanchez. "We're going to Kingston, Jamaica."

"All right," responded Ralph, as Goff walked away, and it was easy to see that the latter was less satisfied than ever with the situation he and his companions had got themselves into.

All the morning Ralph watched for an opportunity, unseen and unheard by their captors. No chance was offered until after he had taken his observation at noon, and was working up the position and course in the cabin.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE

H. H. "The Boy Broker," by Frank A. Munsey, can be had only in book form, handsomely illustrated, price \$2 postpaid.

ADMIRER, Brooklyn, N. Y. If you have a premium coin offer it for sale to any of the dealers in rare coins. They are to be found through their advertisements in many periodicals. 2. No advice.

W. E. B., Allegheny, Pa. 1. President Peixotto of Brazil; 2. President Montt of Chile; 3. Governor General of Canada Lord Stanley of Preston—these are the heads of the respective countries.

M. W., Worcester, Mass. 1. If so, we will announce it duly and in the regular place on the editorial page. 2. We shall be glad to send indexes of later volumes on receipt of one cent stamp for each index.

L. J. L., Milledgeville, Ga. Rust on nickel plate is really rust on the steel. At such a spot there is no longer any nickel plate. Rust on steel can be removed by rubbing with oil and emery, brickdust, ashes, etc.

C. W. H., Cincinnati, O. 1. The paper mentioned suspended publication about a year ago. 2. "The Erie Train Boy" we will send on receipt of twenty five cents. 3. Our earliest announcements are made on the editorial page.

S. F. O., Elgin, Ill. 1. A proof (printing) is a trial impression taken from the type for the purpose of correcting errors in the setting up of the types. The proof reader is the person who reads the proof and marks the errors. 2. We cannot undertake to tell the secret societies to which prominent people past and present have belonged. 3. Oliver Optic (Wm. F. Adams) was born in Medway, Massachusetts, 1822.

H. S. H., Reading, Pa. Since a very early day it was the custom on the eve of St. Valentine's Day to have the names of a select number of one sex put into a vessel by an equal number of the other, and thereupon every one drew a name, which for the time being was called his or her Valentine. The date and reason of the origin are not definitely known, as is often the case in connection with ancient customs. Small presents were the original valentines. The modern so called "comic" is a debasement of a pretty custom.

W. H. O., Princeton, N. J. We like to give information and all your questions are interesting; but it is not in our province to make exhaustive research to ascertain who was "wife of one postmaster general and daughter of another." Why don't you? You live in a town full of books. 1. The Bloomer costume for women was introduced by a Mrs. Bloomer—hence its designation. 2. The great family of early Italy known as the Medici bore three golden pills on their escutcheon. They were powerful merchants, i. e., money lenders. Subsequently money lending countrymen adopted the three ball device as a trade mark and carried it all over the world. 3. The French revolutionists of 1789 wore the Phrygian cap as their distinguishing mark as apostles of liberty. It has since been universally recognized as such. 4. Why women are jokingly supposed to be privileged to make matrimonial proposals in leap year more than in any other cannot be definitely stated. In leap year the regular order of days is altered; perhaps that suggested the alteration of the relative position of men and women as regards proposals. 5. After Elbridge Gerry was elected governor of Massachusetts in 1810 the State was redistricted in a way to benefit the Democratic party. Gerry was thought to be responsible for it, and when some one remarked that the shape of one district was that of a salamander, some one else said it was more like a gerrymander. The word gerrymandering is an accepted Americanism. 6. History would explain to you that the "underground railroad" was the system of conveying or helping runaway slaves to reach a northern refuge prior to 1860.

HONEST SOAP.
The Testimony of Half-a-Century.

Pears' Soap

Indisputable Evidence of Superiority.

From Dr. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.C.S., F.I.C., Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

BEING authorised by Messrs. PEARS to purchase at any and all times and of any dealers samples of their Soap (thus ensuring such samples being of exactly the same quality as is supplied to the general public) and to submit same to the strictest chemical analysis, I am enabled to guarantee its invariable purity.

My analytical and practical experience of PEARS' SOAP now extends over a lengthened period—NEARLY FIFTY YEARS—during which time—

I have never come across another Toilet Soap which so closely realises my ideal of perfection.

Its purity is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the tenderest and most sensitive skin—

EVEN THAT OF A NEW BORN BABE."

Wherever he may appear



The Wheelman on a Columbia Bicycle is an object of admiration. He is gracefully and naturally posed on a wheel which is perfect in construction and of elegant design and finish. Will you join the throng? We make and guarantee the

CENTURY COLUMBIA, COLUMBIA · LIGHT · ROADSTER · SAFETY, COLUMBIA LADIES' SAFETY,
Expert, Light Roadster, and Volunteer Columbias.

Catalogue free on application to the nearest Columbia Agent, or sent by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO.,
221 COLUMBUS AVENUE, BOSTON.

FOR Piles, Burns, Bruises, Wounds, Chafing, Catarrh, Soreness, Lameness, Sore Eyes, Inflammation, Hemorrhages,

USE POND'S EXTRACT.



DEMAND POND'S EXTRACT. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

DO YOU WANT A WATCH?

You answer, yes! But add that you have no money to spare for one.

Just here we can be of great service to you, and, if you (man or woman) will send us your full name and address, we will put you in the way of getting one at slight effort and cost to yourself.

E. C. ALLEN & CO.,
Box 1080. Augusta, Me.

Uric Acid mastered at last by BEAR LITHIA WATER. No more gout or rheumatism. Dr. L. A. Sayre, N. Y., says: "I improve daily from the use of this valuable water, and am recommending it to my patients." Dr. R. M. C. Page, 31 W. 33d St., N. Y., says: "There is no doubt about it, the BEAR LITHIA WATER is a big thing for gouty folks. I am an advocate for its use in the Uric Acid Diathesis, especially when brick-dust deposit is a condition, or an actual outbreak of gout occurs." Dr. Page is eminent authority upon Mineral Waters. It is a positive cure for Kidney and Bladder troubles. Send for pamphlet.

OFFICE: 945 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

Takes hold in this order:

Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, Inside Skin, Outside Skin,

Driving everything before it that ought to be out.

You know whether you need it or not.

Sold by every druggist, and manufactured by

DONALD KENNEDY,
ROXBURY, MASS.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED

by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. HUSCOX, 858 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs. FREE

We do not know why Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is so useful in those simple but varied conditions which you know as "having a cough." We cannot explain it: we only know the fact from experience.

It may be due to the combination of tonic effects of cod-liver oil and the hypophosphites; it may be partly due to the glycerine. There are many effects in medical practice the causes of which appear to be plain, but how those causes produce those effects we do not know at all.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

COMBINATION SAFETIES, with Rubber Tires, Mud Guards, Brake and Foot Bag.

FACTORY PRICE, OUR PRICES:

22-inch, Boys' & Girls' \$18 00	\$10 80
24-inch, Boys' & Girls' 32 00	21 00
26-inch, Boys' & Girls' 40 00	24 00
28-inch, (Ball Bearings) 75 00	40 00
30-inch, (Ball Bearings) 110 00	54 40
32-inch, (Ball Bearings) 150 00	66 00
34-inch, (Ball Bearings) 180 00	90 00

30-inch Dunlop Pneumatic, 2-inch Tires..... 150 00 90 00

E. C. MEACHAM ARMS CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

CANARY BIRDS that have ceased to chirp either from illness, exposure or on account of moulting, can be made to warble tuneful melodies by placing a cake of BIRD MANNA in their cages. It acts almost like a charm in restoring them to song. It is an absolute necessity to the health, comfort and hygiene of CAGE BIRDS. It is made after the Andreasberg recipe. Sold by druggists, grocers and bird dealers. Mailed to any P. O. in the U. S. or Canada for 15 cts., by the BIRD FOOD CO., 400 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa. Bird Book free.

In replying to this adv. mention The Argosy.

STAMPS -100 all different only 15c. Agents wanted 3/4 3 per cent com. List Free. C. A. STEGMANN, 1825 Papin St., St. Louis, Mo.

BEATTY Pianos \$175. Organs \$48. Want Ag'ts. Cat. FREE, Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.

Bound Volumes

OF

The Argosy

WILL BE SOLD AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

VOL. VII	2.00
VOL. VIII	2.00
VOL. IX	2.00
VOL. X	2.00
VOL. XI	1.50
VOL. XII	1.00
VOL. XIII	1.50

These are very handsome volumes bound in cloth and gilt with leather corners and back.

Any of these volumes will be forwarded by the publishers on receipt of price. Expressage to be paid by receiver. Volumes I, II, III, IV and VI are out of print and can only be had from some one who happens to own them. We still have on hand a very few of Volume V which we will sell at ten dollars a volume. These will go very quickly, and for this reason we do not include them in the regular list above.

Frank A. Munsey & Company,
PUBLISHERS,
155 East 23d Street, New York.

CUT THIS OUT and send with your name and express office address and we will send you free to examine and wear, a SOLID GOLD finished watch that you can sell for Ten Dollars. If it suits, you send us Four Dollars and express charges; if not, returns it to me. Mention whether Ladies' or Gents' size is desired.

W. S. SIMPSON, 37 College Place, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED

to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Liberal salary and expenses paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full particulars and reference address CENTENNIAL MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to Lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada, and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones Street, N. Y.



Victor Bicycles

Before Selecting your bicycle for the coming season, be sure that you are right on the tire question.

Tires to-day are divided into four groups: first, Victor Cushion Tires; second, Pneumatic Tires; third, inflated "hose pipes"; fourth, hose pipe cushions.

Remember that makers who failed last year with their cushion tires are trying to divert attention by offering so-called pneumatics, which are mostly inflated hose pipes.

Remember that the Victor Cushion Tire is the best on earth for general use; that it never had a rival.

Remember that the Victor Pneumatic Tire is the best pneumatic, but that nothing can be devised to compare with the Victor Cushion.



OVERMAN WHEEL CO.
BOSTON. WASHINGTON. DENVER. SAN FRANCISCO.

A. C. SPALDING & BROS., SPECIAL AGENTS.
CHICAGO. NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA.