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#### Black Cloud Peak.

BY E. E. YOUMANS.

T HE dogs suddenly began barking fiercely, and a moment later a great racket was heard in the underbrush.

derbrush.

The boys paused, and with their guns held ready for instant use, waited to see what was coming. They were much excited; it was their first experience at deer hunting, and from the baying of the approaching hounds they were sure a stag had broken cover.

Oscar was the coolest of the party, but even he could not master entirely his agitating as he said:

agitation as he said:
"Be sure you take good aim; we must not—"

The sentence was never concluded, for at that moment the bushes before them were suddenly parted, and a magnificent deer burst into view with the dogs in close pursuit.

The boys were so excited that they forgot to shoot, and swift as the wind the game bounded across the clearing, and not until it had nearly reached the other side was any attempt, made to and not until it had nearly reached the other side was any attempt made to bring it down.

Then Oscar recovered himself sufficiently to shout:

"Fire!"

ciently to shout:

"Fire!"

At the same moment he leveled his given and pressed the trigger, but the report of his own weapon was the only one heard, and the stag was seen to sway slightly, stumble, then recover itself and bound madly on.

The shot had not been wasted, but the aim was not sufficiently accurate to prove fatal, and the young, sportsman turned to his friends, de" ingangrily:

"Why didn't you shoot?" to day one of the day of the we'd have brought him down. You're a fine lot of chumps anyhow."

"Don't be so fast," cried Sam Bolton. "You have nothing to boast of; you were so excited yourself that you almost forgot to fire."

"I did, eh? Well, I'll have that deer anyhow, and don't you forget it," continued Oscar with energy.

"I don't think you will," Sam rejoined doubtfully. "He's making straight for Black Cloud Peak, and that's a dangerous section to travel over."

"I don't care; I'm going over it, and

that's a dangerous over."

"I don't care; I'm going over it, and if you fellows don't want to follow me you can go around the mountain, and meet me on the plains below."

"You'd better not," said Harry Upgar.

"There's precipices and chasms in the peak which the deer won't be able to pass, to say nothing of a man."

"I'm going all the same. There's no

pass, to say nothing of a man."
"I'm going all the same. There's no use asking any of you to go along, for I see you're all afraid. Meet me on the other side of the mountain, and I'll have the deer with me."
Saying which Oscar, who had slipped a fresh shell into his gun, shouldered the weapon and started off. He was angry at himself for having become so excited when the game first appeared, and was fully resolved to secure another shot.

shot.

His friends made no further attempt to dissuade him from his perilous journey, and, after watching him till he had crossed the open and entered the brush, began making their way around and down the mountains to the point where he must come out, that is if he succeeded in crossing Black Cloud Peak.

Oscar gave no more attention to his

Oscar gave no more attention reak.

Oscar gave no more attention to his friends, but pressed on through the brush in the direction the deer had fled. The baying of the hounds could just be heard far in advance, but this

did not discourage him; he would catch

did not discourage him; he would catch up in due course.

He knew he had attempted a decidedly dangerous enterprise in crossing the peak, but he was angry at the boys, ashamed of himself, and did not care particularly for personal danger.

A drop of blood on the ground suddenly attracted his attention, and he stopped for a moment to examine it. He knew now the deer was wounded, and perhaps it would become exhausted and be run down by the hounds.

He hurried on, and presently came to

When he came to another precipice, along which a narrow path led over a ledge of rock from which he could look down many feet, he drew back with a cry of alarm. But the deer had passed it in safety, for he could see the trail of blood, and, after several unsuccessful attempts, Oscar finally got himself strated.

cessiul attempts, Oscar maniy got himself started.

He kept his eyes turned from the frightful abyss, as step by step he picked his way over the ledge, and when at last the danger was passed, uttered a sigh of relief.

OSCAR WAVED HIS CAP IN TRIUMPH AS HE STOOD OVER THE FALLEN STAG

another blood mark, followed by another a little farther on, and his excitement increased as he began to believe that his shot might prove fatal after all.
"I hope it does," he told himself.
"The fellows will be surprised if I cross the peak and meet 'em with the deer."

The trail of blood was now well de-

fined, and he encountered little difficulty in following it. It led directly toward the top of the peak, and in a few mo-ments he came to the base of the eleva-

tion.

"Here goes," he cried with flashing eyes. "I'll have that deer, or know the reason why. The fellows don't get a chance to laugh at me now."

The next moment he was toiling up the steep incline, with the trail of blood still in sight. But the path was so rough and uneven that he soon began to wonder how the wounded game could make its way at all, and he was obliged to be extremely careful to prevent a serious fall. rious fall.

rious fall.

Presently he found himself on the verge of a deep chasm, around which he had to slowly work his course with the greatest caution. He could no longer carry his gun, as he was forced to use his hands constantly in making the ascent, so he strapped the weapon to his back, where it was now resting.

Several times he was tempted to turn

to its back, where it was now resting. Several times he was tempted to turn back as his course grew more perilous, but the dread of being laughed at after making such boastful assertions, prevented him from yielding.

"That was awful," he gasped. "I hope there won't be any more such places."

places."

He was almost up to the top by this time, and the clouds seemed to be only a few feet above him.

In times of a shower they appeared to rest on the summit of the peak, and it was to this fact that the elevation owed its name. The thunder would roar down the chasms, and the vivid lightning play around the rocks in a way that was appalling to the beholder.

But Oscar had no time to think of this now.

He had already gained the highest point where the trail led, and noticed with keen satisfaction that it began to

with keen satisfaction that it began to descend.

The baying of the hounds reached his ears at intervals, coming up from the base of the peak on the other side, and he was sure the deer had fallen at this

And now he was assailed by a new And now he was assailed by a new fear. Could the boys go all around the mountain, and reach the spot before he could cross the peak? He did not think they could, but he had lost considerable time back at the chasm, and the idea that they might do so made him somewhat times.

that they might do so made nim some-what uneasy.

"I must get there first," he cried.
"To tail now, after all the danger I've passed, would be more than I could stand."

He pressed on, eager and excited.
So sure was he that the game had been run down by the dogs that he

abandoned the course of the trail, and started straight down the peak toward the point whence emanated the baying of the hounds.

He appeared to have selected a com-He appeared to have selected a com-paratively easy route, and was making such progress in the descent that he be-gan congratulating himself on his com-ing success, when he suddenly paused

such progress in the descent that he began congratulating himself on his coming success, when he suddenly paused with a groan of dismay.

Another abyss deeper, wider and more frightful by far than the other yawned ahead of him.

This time there was no ledge by which to cross, and with a sinking heart he began to think he would be compelled to turn back, when, chancing to look some distance below, he uttered a cry of joy.

A small tree had fallen across the chasm in such a way that the top was suspended above the brink of the abyss on the opposite side. The youth was confident he could walk out on this and leap over without danger, and he hurried toward it.

There were little branches protruding from the trunk at convenient intervals, and it would be an easy matter to pass over by the aid of these. Oscar stepped upon the tree and made his way out cautiously at first, becoming more courageous as he found the tree scarcely felt his weight.

Suddenly he heard a peculiar noise behind him. is weight.
Suddenly he heard a peculiar noise

behind him.

He started, looked quickly back, could

He started, looked quickly back, could see nothing to cause alarm, and began to advance again.

He had probably accomplished half the distance when there was another slight noise in the rear, and Oscar was appalled to feel the tree sinking under him. He turned swiftly to work his way back, but before he could take a step the tree dropped, and he clutched desperately at the branches to save himself.

self.

Fortunately, however, all the roots did not part, and, being held by two or three tendrils, the tree swung to and fro like a pendulum with the horrified boy dangling from the branches.

The sensation was awful.

Hundreds of feet below were the jagged rocks and bowlders upon which he would be plunged to destruction if those few frail roots should separate.

He looked up with fear and trembling, and cried out in horror as he beheld the roots slowly but surely slipping away.

With an energy born of utter despair, he began climbing for life. It was the only thing he could do, and he realized it.

it. Would the roots hold two minutes

Would the roots hold two minutes longer?

The tree swayed with every motion of his body, and steadily those roots continued to shp.

Up, up he swiftly mounted, and now he had almost reached the top. Only one foot more, and he would be safe.

But now two of the roots had broken, the whole weight was sustained by one which threatened to snap each second.

He had just extended his hand to take the hold that would draw him to safety when the root broke, and with a yell of terror he seized the upper end, while the whole tree went plunging and crashing down to the depth's below.

There, dangling over a horrible fate, was the form of Oscar, for the root being relieved from the weight of the tree, could support him easily enough, and with all his strength he drew himself upon the edge of the precipice and rolled a few feet away from the brink.

For a long time he lay there, scarcely able to realize his miraculous escape, and when at last he rose to his feet and began making his way along the precipice to a point where a crossing could

began making his way along the preci-pice to a point where a crossing could

easily be effected, his face was still very

white and his step unsteady.

After a while he found a place, and crossed over, to continue his way down, but he had given up all hope of reaching the deer first, and made no attempt to

At last he reached the foot of the peak, and began making his way through the bushes to the open country

beyond.
Suddenly he heard a shout to the

right.
"The boys," he cried, springing forward. "They're just coming around the mountain. I can get there first after all

He plunged ahead with renewed hope now, and when he came to the edge of the bushes beheld the deer sure enough lying dead on the border.

The hounds were not in sight, and Oscar concluded they had gone to meet the approaching boys, whose shouts were momentarily drawing nearer. "I've won, I've won!" he cried, and just then his friends appeared around

the bushes.

They saw him at once, and began cheering, while Oscar waved his cap in triumph while he stood over the fallen

"My shot was a fatal one after all,"

"My shot was a fatal one after all," he said, as they came up. "I chased him over the peak, and here we are." His friends were profuse in their congratulations, and his face flushed with pleasure as they shook him by the hand and uttered words of praise.

Oscar then told of his narrow escape, and whenhe concluded Sam Bolton could not resist evinn be himself the satisfaction.

not resist giving himself the satisfaction of saying:
"I told you so."

But it was a very happy party of boys for all that, who, with the dead deer in their possession and Oscar walking proudly in advance, began the home-

[This Story began in No. 560.]

# Lester's Luck.

BY HORATIO ALGER, IR., Author of "Victor Vane," "Chester Rand," "Ragged Dick Series," etc.

#### CHAPTER IX.

F course," began the squire, "I appreciate your situation. You port yourself."
"There your server are a poor boy unable to support yourself."

"I beg your pardon, squire. I think I am old enough and strong enough to earn my living without being beholden to anybody

"Don't be too independent! It is not becoming, and is in fact ridiculous."

'I am ready to hear what you have to say." "Of course you cannot expect me to support you as if you were a son of my

own."
"I don't. I only ask for a chance to

will give it to you. I have a man working for me about the place—Abner Morton—you will help him, and—ahem! Peter suggests that you can run errands for him. for him."

'I would rather be merely a farm

boy."
"Beggars should not be choosers," said the squire sententiously. "I see no reason why you should not assist Peter."

Lester said nothing, but he privately determined that he would not let Peter boss him.

Abner Morton was at work in the barn when Lester went out and told him that he was detailed to help him.

Abner was a pleasant looking man of thirty, as strong as an ox, a good, practical New Hampshire man who looked forward some time to having a farm of his own.

"I heard something about you from Nancy," he said. "You're related to the squire, ain't you?" "Yes, I am a poor relation."
"I know what that means—and you're

to pay for your keep by helping me?"
"Yes."

"I'm sorry you can't go to school. I think it would do you more good than

"Do you like Peter?" asked Lester abruptly.

"No, I don't. I think he's a—a chump."
"So do I," laughed Lester. "I believe he wants me to be a sort of servant to him, while he is at home. I don't expect to stay here long."
"I see. You think he will try to boss

you.

"I know he will, and I won't stand it."
"Suppose I boss you?" said Abner,

smiling.
"I won't mind that."

"I won't mind that."
"Peter tried to order me round when
I first came," continued Abner. "One
day, when he was unusually impudent, day, when he was unusually impudent, I held him under the pump and gave him a sprinkling. There was a fine fuss about that, but I told the squire I was ready to leave at once, and he found me too useful to part with me. However, Peter lets me alone now."

Lester laughed. He rather enjoyed the picture of the proud and overbearing Pater under the nump.

ing Peter under the prond and overbear-ing Peter under the pump.

"How long have you been here,
Abner?" he asked.

"Eighteen months."
"Do you mean to stay here a long

time?"
"No, I don't care to be in anybody's service permanently. Infabout a year I shall go back to New Hampshire and hire a farm. I shall have money enough for farm tools and a yoke of oxen. I mean to be a farmer on my own account

"I shall never be a farmer. I prefer a life of business.

"That is something I don't know anything about. Farming is what I'm used to. Now, if you'll follow me, we'll go out to the potato field. Today we are

to dig potatoes."
"All right."
"You'd better put on a pair of overalls. Here is a pair the last boy wore. He was about your size."
"Where is he now?"

"He left. He couldn't stand Peter." Lester was glad to put on the over-ls. The suit he wore was his best; in

ans. The suit he wore was his best; in fact it was his only suit, and he could not afford to soil it.

He found Abner a shrewd, intelligent He found Abner a shrewd, intelligent man. He was surprised to discover that he was a young man of fair education and had twice taught the winter school in his native town in New Hampshire. He entertained Lester with an account of how the big boys had tried to turn him out of school in return for a

to turn him out of school in return for a flogging he had given the ringleader, and how they had been obliged to succumb after a protracted battle.

"Why don't you become a teacher by profession?" asked Lester.

"I haven't the education."

"But you have taught already."

"Yes, a common school. I shouldn't be satisfied with that. If I had graduated from an academy or high school I wouldn't mind taking it up. As it is I think I had better stick to my plan of being a farmer. Besides—"
Here he paused, but finally he told

Here he paused, but finally he told Lester that when he had a farm of his own there was a young woman who was ready to join her fortunes to his. If he were a teacher he would consider his income too precarious.

The morning passed very quickly, so Lester found, and at twelve Abner struck work on hearing a bell rung from

the back door.
"That's for dinner," he said. "Are

you hungry? you hungry?"
"I have a healthy appetite," answered Lester with a smile. "I didn't think digging potatoes would help the appetite so much."
"This morning you ate at the squire's

table," said Abner. "Now you will have to eat with me in the kitchen."
"I don't mind that. I shall have as good company."

Thank you, but you are forgetting

"No, I am remembering him. I would much rather eat with you than with him."

"I see there is no false pride about you.

"I hope not. Peter has enough for him and me, too."

They sat down at the kitchen table,

Laster still in his overalls. The meal provided was ample and of good quality, for the squire, though by no means a generous man, was always a good pro-

Nancy was a smiling, good natured rirl, rather inclined to treat Lester with deference, partly on account of his good looks, and partly because he was related to the squire, though only a poor rela- in your circumstances. I will excuse

"He's enough sight handsomer and nicer than Peter," she said privately to

"I agree with you there, Nancy. am afraid he won't stay long though." "Why not?"

"Because Peter will try to boss him,

"because reter will try to boss him, and he won't stand it."
"He doesn't try to boss you."
"No, he doesn't like the cold water treatment," said Abner with a twinkle

of the eye.

Both Nancy and Abner laughed. No one had enjoyed better than Nancy Peter's humiliation when Abner put him

under the pump.

They were about finishing dinner when the door opened from the sitting room and Peter entered. He glanced at Les-ter with a supercilious smile. He rather

ter with a supercilious smile. He rather enjoyed seeing him in overalls.

"So you've gone to work?" he said.

"Yes, Cousin Peter."
"I don't care about your claiming relationship with me," he said.
"I don't claim it," said Lester significantly.
"I suppose it exists, however."

Lester did not reply.

"I see that I shall soon have a conflict with Peter," he said to Abner.

with Peter," he said to Abner.
The afternoon passed, and at five he
and Abner got back from the field.
They took their supper an hour before
the squire and Peter sat down to theirs.
Then Peter came out into the kitchen

Then reter came out into the kitchen bringing with him a pair of soiled shoes. "Say, I want you to clean and shine up those shoes," he said, and he dropped them on the floor.

As he turned to leave the room Lester observed Abner's eyes fixed upon him. "Well," he said, "you have your orders from the young sultan."

"Are you going to obey them?"
"No, Peter can shine his own s'
"There'll be a fuss." shine his own shoes."

"Do you advise me to clean them?"
"No, I don't."
"I thought we should agree on that

point Half an hour later Peter entered the

kitchen. Only Nancy was there.
"Has Lester cleaned my shoes?" he asked. "There they are just as you threw

them on the floor! Peter looked furious

"What does the boy mean?" he demanded. "I guess he doesn't mean to clean

'I'll fix him!" said Peter angrily.

CHAPTER X.

LESTER LOSES HIS PLACE. A BOUT eight o'clock Peter came out into the back yard where Lester was chatting with Abner. "Pa wants to see you in the library," said Peter briefly, addressing himself to Lester.

"Very well, I will go and see him."
"He's going to give it to you!" said
Peter spitefully.
"Is he? What is he going to give

"A piece of his mind." Lester smiled but made no reply. He was an independent boy, and was not in love with his present position. He thought he should prefer to earn his liv-

ing somewhere else.

Squire Dunton was sitting back in an easy chair, with his legs extended at full

I heard vou wanted to see me," said

Lester.
"Yes. My son Peter has entered a complaint against you."
"I should be glad to know what it is."
"He asked you to clean his shoes and

"He asked you to clean his shoes and you paid no attention to his orders."

"I don't care to do that kind of work!" said Lester sturdily.

"Ahem! I am shocked, yes shocked at such an unbecoming answer. Are you aware that you are a poor boy?"

"I understand that very well."
"And are dependent you me."

"And are dependent upon me."

"No, sir. I don't admit that. I am working for you, but there are others I can work for. Abner is not dependent upon you, though like me he is working

for you."
"Ahem, the case is different. should send you away you would be in danger of starving.
"I don't think so.

"You are very independent for a boy

your first fault, however, on condition that you take Peter's shoes and clean them."

"I shall have to decline, Squire Dunton

ton."
"Then," said the squire, his face flushing with anger, "I must request you to leave my house tomorrow morning."
If he expected by this threat to bring teste to terms he found himself mis-

"I am ready to leave tonight if you

"I am ready to leave tonight if you desire it," replied Lester.
"No, you can stay till morning. I will give you a chance to reconsider your unwise obstinacy. After breakfast, if you are still of the same mind,

you can go."

Squire Dunton waved his hand in a dignified manner as a token of dismissal. Lester only said "Very well," and left the room.

Peter was lingering outside, anxious to hear the result of the conference. He had no doubt that Lester would yield, and submit to his demands.
"Well," he said, "did pa give it to

you? "Your father and I have come to an understanding."

"So I thought. You will find my shoes in the kitchen where I left them.

Snoes in the kitchen where I left them. Just hurry up and clean them, for I am going to make a call in the village."
"You are mistaken about the understanding. I am going to leave here tomorrow morning."
"What!" exclaimed Peter in amaze-

"What!" exclaimed Peter in amazement.
"It's all true. I prefer to earn my living somewhere else if I am expected to act as your servant."
"Why you will starve!"
"Perhaps so, but I don't expect it."
"Where will you go?"
Lester smiled.
"I won't tell you now, but I may write they often.

"I won't tell you now, but I may write to you after I get settled." "You are the most foolish boy I ever

met."
"From your point of view, but not from my own. If you were my intimate friend I wouldn't mind doing out of friendship what I refuse to do under or-

ders."

Peter bit his lip and went into the house. He was deeply disappointed. It would have been a great satisfaction to him to have Lester under his thumb, and order him about as he saw fit.

He had promised himself that he would revenge upon his penniless cousin the affront he had put upon him at their first meeting. But Lester's sturdy independence interfered with his plans.

"But pshaw," he concluded, "I don't believe he will go after all. He is only bluffing, thinking I will excuse him from cleaning my shoes. But I won't. He's

bluming, thinking I will excuse him from cleaning my shoes. But I won't. He's got to do it if he expects to live here."
"Well," said Abner, when Lester returned to his side, "did you have an interview with the squire?"
"Yes."

"Yes."
"Was it satisfactory?"
"In one way. I have made up my mind to leave here tomorrow morning."
"I am sorry for that," said Abner, concerned. "Is it necessary?"
"Yes, unless I agree to be Peter's servant. I won't do that."
"And I don't blame you."
Upon this Lester related the particulars of his interview with the sourre.

lars of his interview with the squire.
"I approve your pluck," said Abner,
"but I shall miss you very much. Per-

haps they will come round and let you without insisting on what you object to.

"Even if they did I can see that my position here will be disagreeable. No, Abner, it will be better for me to go

Abner, it will be better for me to go away."

"Where will you go?"

"To New York."

"Have you money to get there? If you haven't I will lend you enough."

"Thank you, Abner, for your friendly offer, but I have five dollars and a little more. Then I am to hunt up Mr. Thornton in New York and he will do something for me."

"I did not suppose he was able to take care of himself."

"I don't suppose he has much money, but he has a generous disposition, and it was he that gave me most of the money I have. He has made his own way for the last twenty five years, and I don't think he will have any trouble in making a living."

"At any rate I am glad you won't be quite alone, but will have a friend to fall back upon and advise you."
The next morning after breakfast Lester put on his hat and sought the squir

I have come to say good by, sir," he

·said "Do you still persist in your foolish plan of giving up a good home for a

whim?"
"Yes, sir, if you choose to put it in that way, sir.

that way, sir.
"You will bear me witness that it is
not I who send you away."
"No, sir, only that you attach condi-

tions to my staying that I cannot com-

ply with.
"You are the son of my cousin, and are poor. I have offered you a home, but you have foolishly refused it."

ryou have toolship refused it.
Lester did not speak.
"Is this so, or not?"
"Yes, sir. You have offered me a sine if I will be Peter's servant, but

home if I will be Peter's servant, but this I decline."
"Then go! I wash my hands of you."
"Very well, sir. Good morning."
Squire Dunton followed Lester with

his glance as he turned into the lane chat led to the high road.

"He is like his father," he muttered.

"proud and hard to manage. He will have many a hard experience if I am not mistaken.

Squire Dunton cared very little for Lester, but he was afraid that the neighbors might censure him for turnneighbors might censure him for turnturning away a poor boy—and his relative—from his plentiful home. He
wished he had asked Lester where he
was going, but it was too late now so
be turned into his library and resumed
reading the agricultural paper which
came to him weekly, and which he relied
upon for a guide in farming.
Lester pushed on and reached the
pleasant, but modest home of Willie
Miller. Willie was just coming out of
the gate on his way to school.
"I have left Squire Dunton's house."
"I thas come sooner than I expected."

It has come sooner than I expected." "Yes, I had to decide between being Peter's servant and leaving, and I have

"You will stay with us a few days, won't you?

"Will there be any advantage in it,

"Yes. Tomorrow there will be a pic. nic at Baker's grove, and I want you to

go with me."
"I think I ought to go to New York and see if I can't get something to do to support myself."

"There will be plenty of time for that after the picnic. Besides you may make

"How is that?"

"How is that?"

"Are you anything of a gymnast? Can you jump, run, or vault?"

"I am pretty good at all those?"

"Then you will stand a chance of winning a prize, or perhaps more than one. The prizes vary from two dollars to five. Walk to school with me and I will tell you shout it as I go along." will tell you about it as I go along.

#### CHAPTER XI.

MRS. FINN'S PERIL.

THE picnic," continued Willie Miller, 'is got up by the Pythian Association. It is open to all Association. It is open to all who are willing to pay twenty five cents admission

"Will that enable one to compete for the athletic prizes?

No: there is an entrance fee of

twenty five cents to each contest, the entrance money being used to pay the prizes. 'Are there many good athletes or

Symnasts in the village?"
"You know one of the principal

"Who is that ?"

"Peter Dunton."

"What! my high born cousin?"

"Yes, and let me tell you that Peter has a pretty high idea of his abilities in that direction."

"Is he justified in his good opinion?"
"Yes; he is an excellent runner and
very good at leaping and vaulting. You
will have to be pretty expert to beat

I don't know that I can, but I feel

"I don't know ...
inclined to try."
"Goodl it will be great fun to see how he will look when he is matched against you. You had better keep

pretty quiet and he will think you are out of town."
"I don't know how I shall pass the

"You know how I shan pass the time while you are in school."
"You might take a walk about the town, and when you get tired go to our house. Mother will take care of you. Do you like reading?"

Immensely. "Ask her to show you my books. I have thirty or forty books by prominent juvenile writers."

In accordance with this invitation Lester went to the house of his friend about eleven o'clock, and received a pleasant welcome from Mrs. Miller. She showed him Willie's room, and he was soon absorbed by one of Oliver Optic's attractive stories, so that when the tic's attractive stories, so that when the bell rang for dinner he was surprised to find that time had flown so fast. "I am glad to see you again," said Mr. Miller, smiling. "I am afraid I am imposing upon your

hospitality," said Lester.
"Don't be afraid of that. I look upon you as a friend of the family."
"And I, too," said Mrs. Miller.
"I don't need to say anything, do I?" added Willie.

I feel pretty sure of you. "Willie tells me you think of competing for the athletic prizes at the picnic," said Mr. Miller.

Yes, sir.' "I shall be glad if you win a victory over Peter Dunton. He is not a boy to my fancy, and I learn that he is very vain of his skill."

vain of his skill."
"I will do my best. I fancy he will be very much disgusted if I beat him."
"You bet he will!" exclaimed Willie.
"Do you think you can do it?'
"After dinner, though that isn't a very favorable time, we will go into the back yard and I will show you a little of my jumping." my jumping."
"Good! I shall have half an hour to

Without going into details it is suffi-cient to say that Willie Miller was quite delighted with what he saw of his friend's agility.

ritend's aginty.
"Why you are a splendid athlete!" he said. "Can you do anything else?"
"I am a good short distance runner.
As to other things you can judge better when the time comes."
"What are you going to do this after-

"What would you advise me to do?"
"Take a walk to the westerly part of the town."

"Is there anything worth seeing?"
"Well, there is Bates pond. It is near the grove where the picnic is to take place."
"I will "

will follow your advice.'

take place."

"I will follow your advice."

About half past two Lester put down his book and sallied out. He saw an umbrella in the entry, and as it looked a little like rain he asked permission of Mrs. Miller to take it with him.

He had walked perhaps a mile when his attention was drawn to an old woman in distress. She was a little old woman, probably over sixty, and she wore a bright red shawl.

For this reason, probably, she attracted the angry attention of a cow which up to that moment had been peaceably grazing by the road side. Excited by the bright color, for it is well known that cows object to red, though they are often of that shade themselves, the cow put down her horns, uttered a cry of defiance, and started on a run for the old lady.

Mrs. Nancy Finn was not of heroic mold. She was constitutionally timid, and if there was anything she especially drawded it were a "bound a sitter".

and if there was anything she especially dreaded it was a "horned critter."

When she observed the hostile approach of the quadruped she uttered a thin little shriek of dismay, and throwing up her hands, ejaculated: "Oh goodness mercy me!"

This did not appear to have any effect upon the cow, and the old lady became very much agitated.

Waving a black bag frantically in the direction of the cow, she exclaimed "Go away, you sir!" forgetting that this masculine title could hardly be applied correctly to the animal. When she observed the hostile ap-

correctly to the animal.
Instead of being deterred by this, the cow only became more and more en-raged. She began to lash her sides with her tail, and with her horns still lowered, advanced to the attack.

If Mrs. Finn had been prudent she

would have pulled off the shawi, and thrown it upon the ground. The cow

would have attacked, and perhaps injured it, but the owner would have escaped scot free. Unfortunately the old

caped scot tree. Unfortunately the old lady did not think of it.
"What shall I do? I shall be killed!"
wailed poor Mrs. Finn.
So far as she knew there was no help for her. She did not observe Lester, who no sooner saw her predicament than like a gallant knight, he determ-ined to rescue her from her peril.

He ran forward and managed to get between the cow and the old lady. Then, suddenly opening his umbrella, he advanced upon the cow, opening and shutting the umbrella in rapid succes-

It was the cow's turn now to be frightened. She did not understand the rapid ened. She did not understand the rapid changes in the appearance of the umbrella, and her bovine heart was filled with dismay. I blush to record it, but she fell into a panic, ane incontinently turned and fled.

The old lady hailed Lester as a hero and her preserver.

"You have saved my life, young man!" she said, gasping for breath.

"I am glad I have frightened the cow away."

away."
"I never was so frightened in all my

"I never was so frightened in all my life! How brave you must be!"
"No," said Lester modestly. "The umbrella helped me. I don't know whe-ther I could have helped you without that."

"You saved my life," said Mrs. Finn

Lester did not contradict this assertion, for it looked to him as if it might possibly be true. Had the cow impaled the old lady on her horns there would have been small change for her. have been small chance for her.

"I am glad I was near by," he said.
"It was was truly providential. You were never so near your death before, Nancy Finn."

Is your name Finn? I have a very nice boy friend named John Finn. always call him Johnny."

"I have a grandson named Johnny."
"I have a grandson named Johnny. He is the son of my oldest boy."
"It was your shawl that excited the cow, Mrs. Finn. You know cows don't like red." I am sure I don't know why. They

"I am sure I don't know why. They are generally red themselves."
"I would advise you to take off the shawl, as it might excite the animal again."
"I will, but I am afraid to go home

alone

"Where do you live?"
"In that white house across the fields."

"If that write house across the fields."

"I will go with you."

"I wish you would. I should feel very much safer. But won't it be taking you too much out of your way?"

"Oh, no. I have plenty of time on my hands."

"I must put on my specs and take a look at you. I don't think I ever saw you before. Do you live round here?"

"No, Mrs. Finn. I come from Harper's Mills."

"Be you going to live here?"

"No; I am visiting at Mr. Miller's."

"What's your name?"

"Lester Gray."

"I ain't acquainted with any one of that name. Have you got folks?"
"My father and mother are dead."
"I am sorry" gold the ald ledy in a

"My father and mother are dead."
"I am sorry," said the old lady in a
tone of sympathy. "Do you have to
earn your own living, or did they leave
you some money?"
"I am a poor bov."
"It's too bad! How old are you?"
"Most sixteen."

"And an orphan. I am an orphan,

Lester wanted to laugh, but he kept a serious face, and asked, "How long have you been an orphan, Mrs. Finn?"
"My father died ten years ago, and my mother two years before that."
"I wish my parents had lived as long as that."

But it makes a body feel awful lone-

some to be an orphan."
"I know that, ma'am."
"Well, here we are! This is my house. Do you see anything of the house.

house. Do you see the cow has given up the chase."

"I'm very glad," sighed the old lady in a tone of relief. "I think the cow have a good whipping."

ought to have a good whipping.
"I agree with you."

"It seems so silly to get mad at a red shawl,"

"Of course we can't understand it be-

oause we are not cows."

This was not a very profound observation, but it was approved by Mrs.

"Come in!" she said hospitably. "My darter Sophia has been frying dough-nuts, and I want you to eat one." (To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 554.]

# The Markham Mystery.

BY ROWLEY BROOKS

CHAPTER XXIV.

R. SAMUEL SMITH came in with an air of great important

an air of great importance.
"There's more into this here

TV1 "There's more into this nere thing than what you people want to make out, I believe." said he.
"Be seated, Mr. Smith," said Mr. Pigott, with distinctly oppressive formality. Mr. Smith said down on the edge of a chair with his white stovepipe hat on chair with his white stovepipe hat on his knees. Mr. Badger sat in a far cor-ner, half shielded from view by the

ner, half shielded from view by the bureau, and lit a cigar.
"Now, Mr. Smith, what have you got to say?" inquired Mr. Pigott.
"Only this, as, seeing how I got some interest in the old gentleman, me having comething to say about his will."

unterest in the old gentleman, me hav-ing something to say about his will—"
"Come to the point, please! I under-stand you are aware of some suspicious circumstance—"
"Yes I om V"."

circumstance—"
"Yes, I am. I live acrost the way, and about eight or so, just after it were getting dark, I come down to my door to get a breath o' air, seeing it were so hot and stuffy indoors. Well, sir, when I opened my entry door, what did I see, but a man run out. And he run out mighty lively, I can tell you, going down the street and turning sharp at the next corner."

going down the street and turning sharp at the next corner."
"Well?" said Mr. Pigott.
"Well, that's all," said Mr. Smith,
"except that Mrs. Wiggins over the way, she says she seen him standing there in the shadder, as if he was hiding himself, for a good half hour before that. Ain't that significant enough?"
"Could you identify the man?" asked Mr. Pigott.

Mr. Pigott. It was so dark I couldn't see

"No. It was so dark I count it see him much—'sides, he lit out so quick." "What did you do?" "Nothin'. I was kinder s'prised, but didn't take much reck'nin' of it at that

time. "Did he come back again?"

"Did he come back again"
"Dunno. I went for a walk myself
and when I came back there was a crowd
gathering about this here place."
"Then that is all the information you

have to give?"

Mr. Smith was loath to admit that this was all, but, as he could relate no this was all, but, as he could relate no further circumstances of his own know-ledge, he was dismissed with a caution not to spread false reports or magnify trivial circumstances. Mr. Smith went down with his enthusiasm perceptibly diminished.

I received the impression that Mr. Pigott was bent on suppressing what-ever suspicious facts there were about this Markham catastrophe, and I won-

this marking are actively that he should do so.
But Mrs. Wiggins now came up stairs. She, too, had a weird tale of a shadowy figure standing within Mr. Smith's entry at dusk and for some time after. He seemed to have his attention fixed on

seemed to have his attention fixed on Mr. Markham's house opposite.
Did Mrs. Wiggins recognize this man? No; his face was back in the shadow. Then how could she know that he was watching Mr. Markham's house? Well, that's what it seemed like.
Did she get that impression when she

saw the man?

Well, no, (with much hesitation), Well, 110, (with much hesitation), such didn't take any particular notice of what he was doing at the time, but when she heard that Mr. Markham was killed, it all came back to her.

Mrs. Wiggins went down. She was not encouraged to believe that she had

not encouraged to believe that she had information of great value.

Mr. Lemuel Stott came up. He had been sitting by his open window, several doors away on the opposite side of the street. He had heard Mr. Markham's voice raised to a high pitch. It was about eight o'clock, because the church bells had just stopped tolling.

How did he know that it was Mr. Markham's voice?

Markham's?

What did he see?
Nothing; except that there was a light in the front room up stairs; the shades were down; he could see the light at the sides, but no more.
Did he hear what was said?
"No; he couldn't make out; but it seemed as if he was mad about something and was sort of tearing around.
Mr. Stott had heard no other voice?

No. Seen no one go in or come out of Mr.

No.
Could be say there was anybody in the room with Mr. Markham?
There must have been. He wouldn't go on like that all to himself.

· But Mr. Stott did not actually know that any one was in that room with Mr. Markham ?

Markham?
.. Well, no!
How long did Mr. Markham's voice continue at this pitch?
Well, Mr. Stott couldn't say that.
Guess he must have fallen asleep, for the next thing he knew there was somebody screeching down in the street.
Mr. Stott went down. Mr. Pigott looked after him thoughtfully.
"Badger," said Mr. Pigott, "it remains to find out who came into this house and into that front room.
"If those people saw him loafing

"If those people saw him loafing around it's only likely that some one else must have seen him go in or come out, or at least seen his face somewhere in the street.

"How can we ascertain that without For, until we better know on what ground we stand, I prefer to keep our suspicions quiet. How will you pro-

Before Mr. Badger could reply I spoke p. I had not been thinking for no-

"Why don't you ask me?"
"You? What do you know?" demand-"Why don't you ask me?"
"You? What do you know?" demanded Mr. Pigott.
"I know that the man lurking across the way was Hen Billings," said I.
Mr. Pigott looked at me incredulously, as I thought. Then he said:
"Explain!"

"You see, Mr. Pigott, you'd have had this story long ago if you had only given me half a chance to tell it."

me half a chance to tell it."
"Never mind that! Proceed!"
I then minutely narrated my experience in the cave, beginning at 9.05 p. m.
Lest the reader may have forgotten some of the details, I will summarize those of most importance as bearing on

the present subject. Two men, one recognized as Hen Billings, the other named by Hen as "Ike;" together with allusions in their talk, to say nothing of the voice, to identify the dimly seen one as Mr. San-

ger.

Hen Billings's reference to Mr. Markham, "the old man you just come from," or words to that effect.

or words to that effect.

Ike Sanger's perturbation on hearing this, and his exclamatory question, "You saw——?"

Hen's reply, "Of course I saw; didn't I wait in the shadow?" or some such

words.

At this point Mr. Pigott seemed to be convinced. He arose abruptly.

"As I suspected. It was Sanger who

was here. Badger, we must search for that will before taking another step leave no crevice unexplored and make assurance doubly sure.

"Try the bureau first," I suggested.
"The bureau has been searched," said Mr. Pigott.

"And the will was not there?"

"I can't think where else it might be," said J. "Zknow," said Mr. Pigott.

"Vknow," said Mr. Pigott.
"What do you mean?" I asked, impressed by his emphasis,
"Have you forgotten Sanger demanded to have the will produced?" replied Mr. Pigott.
What did he mean by this? What was he insinuating? I struggled to reason out the answer. Suddenly a reason out the answer. Suddenly a

flash of light broke in upon me.
"Listen!" I cried excitedly. "I have not finished my story."
"What is it now?" demanded Mr.

Pigott.
"Hen Billings made a demand upon Mr. Sanger for his money. Mr. Sanger

He recognized it, of course. Besides, 'readily gave up what he had about him, he had looked over to Mr. Markham's to make sure it came from there.
What did he see?
Nothing; except that there was a light in the front room up stairs; the shades were down; he could see the light at the sides, but no more.
Did he hear what was said?
"No; he couldn't make out; but it seemed as if he was mad about some"That proves nothing," said Mr.

That proves nothing," said Mr.

Pigott.
"But I saw—I touched—several scraps of paper on the ground when Ike Sanger had run away. Just why I cannot say, but I have the impression that these were torn papers pulled from Mr. San-

ger's pocket."
"He seemed anxious not to have them

examined?"

"Precisely. He came to blows over this packet, when he let even his money and watch go with but a protest."

and watch go with but a protest."
"What became of these papers."
"I burned some of these scraps to light a fire. There were others still, left in the road."
"We must have them," said Mr.

Pigott. I will fetch them," said I. "Where

can I get a lantern? "Two are better than one—on the witness stand, Go with him, Badger.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

AN EXCURSION IN THE DARK.

S Mr. Badger and I left the house A I looked at my watch. It was a quarter after one a. m. The crowd had dispersed; the streets were

crowd had dispersed; the streets were dark and silent.

I had remembered a lantern in the celar and had procured it. I started to light it while we were yet in the house, but Mr. Badger said: "Better not till we need it."

My curiosity was excited about Bad-ger. Who he was I did not know and what he was doing in this particular matter I could not quite make out.

After he had asked some questions as

to where we were going. I asked him, putting it as delicately as I could:
"Are you a friend of Mr. Pigott's?"

"Can't say that I am. I'm a private detective from New York."

Oh, I understand now. You hap-ned on hand in good time, didn't pened vou

"Ves: just came in from Buffalo last " res; just came in from Buffalo last night and run up here tonight, thinking to catch the midnight train back. This is the worst hole to get out of I ever struck." struck

That made me think of Hen Billings. Perhaps it was the midnight train he had gone away on. Hardly that, though. He would not dare to show himself around the station.

How could be ever have managed to get back here without being recaptured? A foolish move for him to have made, thought I. But now that constable Halsey had seen him, he must have run

But Mr. Badger apparently was not content with silence.
"Say," said he, "you're in luck."
"I? How?"

"You're on the blind side of the governor."
"Whom do you mean?"
"Mr. Pigott."
"How do you make that out?"

"Seeing how he's taken you into his confidence about this here thing."

"Strikes me I took him into my confidence. I'm the one that's been telling him things."

"Yes, but he kept you by him from the start."

"Yes, and accused me of coming back secretly this evening and quarreling with Mr. Markham."

"Did he accuse you of it?"
"Not in so many words, but he hinted

as much.

as much.
"That shows he never believed it."
"I disagree with you there."
"No; if he'd have believed it, he'd have gone some other way about proving it than by letting you know he was on to you."
"Humph!" was all I said. I did not

take much stock in this.
"Did he tell you anything about this here hunt for old Markham's daughter?"

asked Mr. Badger.
"No; but I have heard he's going to search for her."

"He's done it. That's what I was up to Buffalo for."

"Indeed! Any news?"
"Lost the trail there. It's too long ago. Besides, they seemed to have dropped out o' sight pretty sudden like."
"That reminds me!" I exclaimed. "I haven't told Mr. Pigott all my story yet."
"How's that."

"How's that."
"I know of the existence of certain letters, which I believe to be from Elizabeth Markham to her father——"

"After she was married?" So I believe."

" I've seen the only two letters he says

she ever wrote."
"That's why I'd like to get at these

"That's why Id like to get at these letters—particularly as they were in Sanger's possession."

"Say, what is this here you're giving me, any way?" asked Badger, with a great show of interest.

I completed my narrative of the even-ing's experience by relating what I had overheard about the stolen box and its

contents.

Badger listened attentively. When I

Badger listened attentively. When I had finished he said:
"There may be something in that. We'll have to talk it over with the governor. Say, how much further have we got to go on this here dark road?"
"Only a few rods down hill. The bridge is——"
"What's that?" Mr. Badger had

seized me by the arm and stopped.

I could not see where he was pointing.

but I did see a light ahead and it was moving about from side to side. "A light!" I whispered. "And just about at the spot where we are going. Perhaps it's Hen!"

The fellow who stole the letters?"

"The fellow who store the reteres."
"Yes."
"We want him! Lay low! We'll sneak it on him. Go softly!"
Badger stole quekly down the hill, I after him. If we only could get Hen! It would just tekle me to death to turn the high so he had turned them. the tables on him as he had turned them

on me!

But how could he dare to remain in the neighborhood? He was taking long

As we neared the bridge the light grew larger. It moved from one side of the road to the other. We could of the road to the other. We could already distinguish the dim outlines of a man's figure, when my foot struck a stone. It made but a slight sound, yet an instant later the light went out.

This sudden going out of the light down at the bridge made us abandon all caution. We dashed forward at full these area of the the struck.

down at the brings made as admired all caution. We dashed forward at full speed. In three seconds we felt the planking of the bridge under our feet. I put out my hand and stopped Badger. "Listen!" I whispered.

The night was as still as the grave. No! there was one sound—every now and then—irregularly—a patter of foot-steps—hardly audible—growing fainter

-gone: "The man who handled that lantern

is running away," said I.
"We can get him yet if we work it right," and Badger seemed to be on the

right," and Badger seemed to be on the point of starting after the runner.

"Let him be," said I. "We can get him any time we want. It's not the man we supposed. Light the lantern!"

"What are you going to do?" demanded Badger.

"What are you going to do?" demanded Badger.

"That was not Hen Billings," I explained. "It was Ike Sanger—I'm certain of it! He lives just a bit out that way. Light up! and let us see if he has left any of those scraps he was looking

for."
"I take you now!" said Badger. "You reason pretty straight. You'd ought to be on the special force some day. Now, where is the spot!"

Just as Badger ceased speaking we heard the distant barking of a dog from the direction in which the sound of footsteps had disappeared. The peculiarity of this new sound was that it ceased as suddenly as it had begun. At this time we paid no particular attention this time we paid no particular attention to it.

I took the now lighted lantern from Badger. I was on the very spot where I had struck Hen Billings down—the very spot where I had swept up a handful of those scattered fragments of paper for kindling. Now there remained not a

"Gone, you see!" I exclaimed. "There were half a dozen pieces almost as big as my hand right here when I left. But

"Maybe some blew away," suggested Badger.

"There's no wind," I answered. "However, I will look."

I swung myself down from the bridge to the bank of the brook, took the lantern and explored the ground for several yards.

"Nothing!" I exclaimed. "We came just too late. Any doubt now about the value of these scraps of paper?
"Not a bit! not a bit!" repli

Not a bit! not a bit! "replied Badger rather absently. He was leaning against the bridge rail, gazing hard at the lantern flame. "Where does this Sanger fellow live?" he asked.
"Just outside these "Just outside these woods somewhere, guess. I don't know what house it is,

I oness. I guess. I don't know what house it is, though I didn't see above three or four when I passed that way."
"Let's find it," said Badger peremptorily. "Put out that light."
"But why? What can we do at this

"But why? What can we do at this hour?" I objected.
"What time is it?" asked Badger.
"After two," I replied.
"Good!" said Badger. "Folks ain't

likely to be up at this hour o' the night. If there's a light in Sanger's house it goes to help out our idea that it's him who was around here just now. Come on?

on?"

I needed no further urging. I realized
we were to look for a house with a light
burning. If there was such it would
doubtless prove to be Sanger's. If we
should find him out of bed at this hour it would go to confirm my belief that it was he who had been down at the bridge at 2 a. m. with a lantern.

Badger had struck into a jog trot, and I was close at his heels. It was a hard up hill run out of the ravine, but we

I was close at his heels. It was a hard up hill run out of the ravine, but we were out of the woods in a minute. We were going back over the road by which I had approached Centerville—"Only a week ago," thought I. I remembered a poor looking farmhouse near the woods—there it was now. looming up just ahead. But there was no light in this house. For that matter there was no light visible anywhere on the open plain before us.

Badger and I had stopped.
"Nothing here," said Badger. "You can't say he lives here?"
"No." I replied. "But wait! Before we go on let me take a look at the kitchen. It is not likely there would be light in the parlor."
"Good for you!" said Badger. "I don't pretend to be up to country ways."
He raised the latch of the gate. We stole softly towards the side of the

don't pretend to be up to country ways. He raised the latch of the gate. We stole softly towards the side of the house. We had hardly taken a step when we heard, right before us, a low growl, then a sudden and ferocious barking.

Bang! went Badger's head against mine, as he jumped back for the gate. We did not wait for apologies. We

mine, as ne jumped back for the gate-We did not wait for apologies. We were outside that gate in a twinkling. "What are we doing?" exclaimed Badger. "Listen!"

"What are we dong. Badger. "Listen!"

The dog was still barking furiously. The sound did not approach us, and we distinctly heard him tugging at a chain. "He's tied up," said Badger. "Let's try the other side of the house.

try the other side of the house.

By the other side we hurried around to the rear. It was dark.

We heard a sound—the shutting of a door. We peered in at the window. We observed a single glowing spot in the center of the interior void of dark-

ness.
"What is that?" whispered Sanger.
"I know!" said I excitedly. "It's the smoldering wick of a lamp which has just been put out."

"You're right!" exclaimed Badger.
"D'yer hear that dog barking yet?"
"What of it?" I asked.

"You heard him bark when we were down at the bridge.

"He barked once and was done with it, eh?" That's so!"

"Why did he shut up then, yet keer it up now, eh?"
"Because," said I eagerly, grasping

his idea; "because it was Ike Sanger master, who came in at the gate

"Hush! keep your ears open for some one at a window. The dog's enough to raise the dead."

We waited—a long time. The dog continued to bark, apparently in our direction. He undoubtedly scented us Yet no one appeared in order to see the cause of the disturbance or to quie the dog:
"That settles it!" said Badger at last

"If this is Sanger's house, he's up, but

don't want to show his face."
"And if he's up, it's because he was down at the bridge, as I said. He was

down at the bridge, as I said. He was down there to get back those scraps of paper, and those scraps are—" "Say!" exclaimed Badger in a whisper, "what a pity you didn't look'at one o' those papers before you burned 'em!" "Badger!" cried I stopping short. "You give me an idea!" "You're full of 'em tonight! What's

"Did I burn those papers up-all of them?

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SANGERS' SUSPICIOUS HOSPITALITY. E were making our way cautious-ly back alongside of the fence towards the front gate as I propounded this startling question.

The idea that had occurred to me was

so sudden as to bring me to a standstill; so sudden as to bring me to a standstin; my question was so amazing as to make Badger, also, come to an abrupt halt.

"Did you burn 'em?" he echoed.

"Well say! what have you been talking

about all night, any way?"
"Well, Badger," I returned, half apologetically, "it is rather far fetched; apologetically, "it is rather far fetched; but it did flash across my mind that perhaps one of those scraps—just suffi-cient to establish the nature of the document it was torn from—perhaps just one may have escaped the fire I kindled in that cave. We didn't look in there, you

know."
"Well, why didn't you think of that at

first? 'I'm afraid it's not worth while hav-

ing thought of at all."
"It's on our way back. We can't do any more than look."

"It looks as if we'll have nothing to

"Maybe! but we've wasted enough time here already," said Badger. "Come on! Let us make for the cave. We'll see if any of that valuable docu-ment of Mr. Sanger's escaped the farms."

flames."
No sooner were the words off Badger's lips than we heard the sound, almost directly above our heads, of a falling window sash and a cry of pain. As I looked up something fell across my face with a smart blow. I grasped it. It was a notched stick, of the kind used to

was a notched stick, of the kind used to bold window sashes up.
And there was a head, distinctly visble, protruding out of a window almost directly over us, and the sounds that were coming out of its organ of speech were such as I cannot afford to repeat.

'It's he!" I exclaimed in a whisper.

"Who?" asked Badger.
"Ike Sanger."

"Is he being murdered?"
"No; the window has fallen across his neck."

Then his head must have been stick-

ing out.
"Yes; and he was listening to what

we said.

Meanwhile Mr. Sanger, or perhaps his
sister within, had raised the window
sast off lke's neck.

"May I make bold to hope you have suffered no damage, sir?" called up Mr.

Badger sweetly.

"Confound you! Who are you, any way?" was Sanger's reply. "What's all this here prowling and sneaking around here for, heh?"

I waited with curiosity for Badger's

explanation. It came quickly enough.
You know Hen Billings, don't you?
Well, it's him we we're after. We thought we got a sight of him down at

thought we got a sight of him down at the bridge—say! how far from here does Mr. Sanger live?"

"What do you want to know for?" was Ike's cautious reply.

"Because," said Mr. Badger glibly, "this here Hen Billings has give out through a friend of his—Joe Reynolds, do you know him?—that he's going to do this Mr. Sanger up if he hangs for the And as Hen skipped up this way, I lought Mr. Sanger's place the likeliest to look for the scalawag."

"Don't you believe 'em. Ike!" exclaimed the voice of Selina Sanger, from the black depths of the room in which Se sood. "That there's all made up

the black depths of the room in which she stood. "That there's all made up out of whole cloth. They're just spying round here on us; it's that Eb Pigott's doings—that's what it is."

Mr. Sanger withdrew his head from

the window. We heard the sounds of whispering, but we could distinguish nothing that was said. It was quite a long colloquy that brother and sister were holding: but it ended finally, and Mr. Sanger's head could again be dimly seen, poked out of the window above us. "Say, when did you see this here "Say, when did you see this here Hen Billings?"
"Only half an hour ago," replied Badger. "At least that's whom we

supposed it was."
"Where was this?"

"Where was this?"
"Down at the bridge yonder."
"What was he doing?"
"What was he doing?"
"Bon't know, further than that he seems to be prowling around with a lantern. When he saw us coming, out went the light and he cut and run up this way, where—"

this way, where—"
But Mr. Sanger had again withdrawn

But Mr. Sanger had again withdrawn his head. In a moment, however, he once more addressed us:
"Say, 7'm Ike Sanger, I am. And if Hen's around here after threatening me, we ain't safe agin him all alone—me and my sister. He's a desp'rit man, Hen is, and I don't make no bones about not being ekal to him. Now, I don't know who you are, but I suppose you wouldn't mind staying with us the rest wouldn't mind staying with us the rest of the night, would you?"

"Well," said Badger, "I can't very well. You see, we're being waited for back in town—"

back in town -

"Ike, why don't you ask the gentlemen in to sit down and refresh themselves," said Miss Sanger in an unnecessarily loud voice. "If there's any discussin' to be done, it might as well be done comfortable."

Again more whispering above.
"Mr. Badger," I hurriedly breathed,
"they're trying to put up some sort of
job on us."

"Say nothing!" ordered Badger in the same low tone.
"Yes, that's so!" exclaimed Ike above.

"Yes, that's sor exclaimed inclasove.
"I hope you'll excuse me, gents, for forgetting to do the proper thing. You'll come in and restabit, won't you? I got some rare old cider down cellar, what ought to taste good after your cheer."

chase."
"Well, that does sound kind of good," said Badger. "Don't like to put you out at this time o' night, though."
"That don't make any difference," returned lke; "seeing I been roused up I won't be able to get another wink o' sleep tonight. I'll be down in two seconds."

Ike disappeared, and a glow in the

room a moment later betokened that he had at length lighted a lamp.
"Anything," said Badger—" anything to get a look at the clothes he has on. If he ain't pretty near half dressed, I'm a Dutchman!

a Dutchman!"
The change of policy on the part of
the Sangers puzzled me. But a few
minutes before they had evidently extinguished a lamp in the kitchen at the sound of the dog's barking. Throughout the racket which followed, they had made no sign until, being discovered by the accident to lke, they were now about to throw open their doors to us.

We heard the chain rattle behind the front door; it opened; Ike stood in the aperture with a lamp in his hand, his aperative with a tamp in his hand, his sister behind him. As the light fell on our faces—on mine particularly, Ike started a little, as if he had not been prepared to see our two particular prepared to see our two particular selves in his interlocutors.
"Come in, come in!" said Mr. Sanger nevertheless. "What time is it, any

"About three a. m., I guess," replied Mr. Badger.
"Well, I ain't lost more'n two hours' sleep," said Ike. "S'lina, I'll go down cellar for that jug."

I had of course taken particular notice of Mr. Sanger's state of toilet. He was of Mr. Sanger's state of tollet. He was in his shirt sleeves; he had no collar on and no shoes. Otherwise he was fully dressed, even his vest being entirely buttoned. It was plain to me that, instead of having been roused out of bed, as he evidently wished us to believe, ha as he evidently wished us to believe, he had but thrown off a few outer articles of clothing. As to Miss Sanger, she had on a loose wrapper, which may have been her regular house dress or may have been thrown on in a hurry.

Meanwhile, Miss Sanger was industri-ously questioning Badger. She remem-bered seeing him in Mr. Markham's besid seeing him in Mr. Markham's house that night and was bound to find out who he was. I do not remember the donversation now; it was inter-

rupted by the re-entrance of Ike with

the jug.

He poured out glasses of cider all around. It looked mellow in color and I was certainly very thirsty. Mr. Badger toasted Miss Sanger and we all

ger toasted Miss Sanger and we all raised our glasses to our lips. Just as I was about to swallow my cider I felt Badger tread on my foot under the table—so suddenly and so hard as to make me choke and sputter with my mouth full.

The Sangers showed great solicita-tion for me and helped to pat me on the back and get me into shape again. Mr. Badger accounted for my sudden seizure in some ingenious way and I—I said nothing, but thought to myself that Mr. Badger had wanted to prevent my

drinking the cider.
Still, I noticed he drained his glass. I I merely sipped mine, with my eye on Mr. Badger. He winked at me in approval. As I learned afterwards, he had observed that it was particularly hard cider and had meant for me to go slow with it.

Now Mr. Sanger, after filling up our glasses again, excused himself on some plea or other, and Miss Sanger immediately unmasked her battery of questions again on Mr. Badger.

After a minute or two, I heard their dog out in the yard suddenly growl and bark, then immediately become silent. I thought at once of the short bark we had heard when we were down at the bridge. Our conclusion about that was that Mr. Sanger's presence had silenced

him. If that were so, how now?
I quickly stepped to the window.
"What's the matter?" exclaimed Miss
Sanger. "Set down! It's only the dog!

Sanger. "Set down! It's only the dog! Come, you haven't finished your glass yet. Set down, I tell you!" No wonder she was anxious for me to come away from the window and "set" down. I could just make out the lines of a figure going cautiously out of the gate, then starting on a run towards the woods—the bridge—the cave, where Badger and I had been planning to go, while Ike Sanger had been listening at the window above.

I turned quickly towards Badger.
"What is it?" said he, rising to his
feet as he realized that I had discovered

on the run," said I, "and it looks like on the run," said I, "and it looks like the same fellow we thought was Hen

Without a word Badger started for the without a word Badger started for the door. Evidently he agreed with me as to the significance of this new move. We darted out of the house, leaving Miss Sanger to her own reflections, and we went down the load towards the

we will down the load towards the bridge at our best pace.

As I ran, I reviewed the little plot of the Sangers: Ike had evidently overheard our words under the window, and learned, or at least presumed, that in the cave there was a possibility of find-ing a scrap of the precious paper. On consultation with his sister, we had been invited into the house and plied with hard cider and questions, to give Ike a chance to slip off and get to the cave before us.

We darted into the woods, down to

and over the bridge and, at that instant we saw a light spring up in the cave. We clambered down from the bridge;

we had not tried to lessen the sound of our tread and we were evidently heard, for there was a crash of glass and the sound of some one dashing out of the cave and up the hillside.

We in turn entered; the cave was dark now and we struck a light. The first thing we saw was a broken lantern lying on the ground. It's wick was still smoking.

"He dian ..." said I. didn't have time to get any-

thing," said I.
"Where's your papers, then?" said Badger.
"Here are the ashes of the fire," I re-

plied, "but not a sign of a scrap of white paper. They were all burned up —yes, I remember! I covered them all over with twigs and—"
"And one blew away," said Badger,

"And one blew away, said Bager, pouncing down upon something over to one side of the cave.

"What is it? Have you found a piece?" I cried.

"Well, I don't know—hold on! hands

off! Bring that light a little nearer!"
All excitement, I got down on my
knees beside him and pushed the lantern over. Then I saw what Badger

was looking at: a piece of charred paper about three inches square. One edge of it, about one eighth of an inch wide, was still virgin white, untouched by the fire, and showing a few syllables of writing in ink; the rest was browned by burning in various degrees up to black char—the whole curled up like an autumn leaf.

tumn leat.
"Oh, Mr. Badger! that's of no use!"
I exclaimed. "The writing on it is almost all burned up!"
"Maybe it is and maybe it isn't," said
Badger. "Don't touch it, but leave it to me."

He produced from his pocket a metal he produced from his pocket a metal box which, on opening, appeared to be filled with chewing tobacco. Part of this Mr. Badger transferred to his mouth; the rest he put into a vest pocket to draw upon later.

Then, lifting the fragile scrap of paper with the utmost care, he placed it in the metal box, snapped the lid and arose

to his feet with "We'll leave that to them as is smarter than us."

With that he put the box in his pocket; and we started for the village, with hardly a hope that our labors and ad-ventures in the ravine after midnight had amounted to much after all.

(To be continued).

[This Story began in No. 559.]

# The Lone Island;

Adventures Among the Savages.

BY E. E. YOUMANS.

Author of "The Treasure of Wild Rock Is-land," "The Oakville Mystery," etc.

#### CHAPTER X.

HELP FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER.

"WE'LL hear from 'em again," said the hermit. "They'll hatch up some other scheme to spring upon us later on."

"We must watch them closely then," returned Tom, "so they can't take us unawares."

The glass showed them to be gathered The glass showed them to be gathered at a safe distance from the cave, conversing animatedly, but no further demonstrations were made; so the afternoon passed and night fell around them. Then suddenly the occupants of the cave made a great discovery.

They were expecting an attack of some kind at any moment, but they were not prepared for the new feature which suddenly made itself epparent.

The besiegers had remained comparatively quiet until now, when a great

atively quiet until now, when a great commotion was heard among them. They seemed to be agitated by a ming-ling of surprise and alarm. This continued for a minute and more,

and the occupants of the cave longed to look about and see what had occurred, but the dread of being pierced by an ar-

but the dread of being pierced by an arrow inspired prudence.

"They seem to be much excited," said Tom, as the commotion increased.

"Yes; it seems as if——"
Here the captain was interrupted by such a terrific hubbub that he could control his curiosity no longer; and determined at all hyards to discount the termined at all hazards to discover the cause of the disturbance. To do this it cause of the disturbance. To do this it was necessary to expose himself entirely, for they could not see clearly with the glass on account of the darkness.

glass on account of the darkness.

He did not hesitate, however. Boldly approaching the aperture, he looked fearlessly out and uttered a cry of surprise at what he beheld.

Tom was at his side in an instant, and as he saw the situation, his amazement not less than that of his companion.

panion.
Yet there was nothing particularly astonishing in the sight, for it was only another party of Indians advancing up the gully. It was the evident terror of the besiegers at the appearance of the new comers that surprised the occu-pants of the cave, for they supposed the strangers to be friends of the other

savages.
In this they were speedily undeceived, for the new comers began to assume a war-like attitude, and the besiegers, stimulated by the vigorous orders of their chief, hastily prepared themselves

The advancing party did not equal the enemy in numbers, but they had a

decided advantage in being all provided with shields, behind which they could screen themselves from the arrows and spears of the foe, while their own weap ons would do effective work.

Tom and the captain watched the scene with the most intense interest. They could do this without fear now, as the entire attention of the besiegers was

occupied with their new foe,
It was easy to see that their dread of
the attack was extreme, and it was only
by incessantly shouting encouragement
that he chief succeeded in keeping them in order.

The strangers were soon close enough The strangers were soon close enough to commence hostilities, and suddenly a shower of spears, the only weapon they carried, were hurled into the ranks of the enemy. The next moment they came together, and the conflict began in

earnest.

After the first dread of the meeting had passed, the attacked party seemed to be infused with new courage. They fought like tigers, and the occupants of the cave were the witnesses of one of the fiercesthand to hand encounters they had ever heard or read about.

For a few minutes the conflict was

maintained with savage ferocity on both sides, and the besiegers, having the ad vantage in numbers, would surely have been victorious had it not been for the shields of the adversary. Thanks to shields of the adversary. Thanks to these, the missiles of the foe were turn-ed aside, and the weapons of the new comers created such havoc that the tide of battle soon began to turn in their

When the besiegers saw the day was lost, they became panic stricken, and from this moment each seemed to be actuated by the one idea of personal safety. They scattered in all directions and fled from the scene, closely pursued

and fied from the scene, closely pursued by the enemy. Some were overtaken and captured, while a few succeeded in escaping by climbing the steep banks of the ravine and seeking shelter in the woods above. Our friends were first inclined to be-lieve that this sudden turn of affairs

lieve that this sudden turn of affairs would bring increased misfortune upon them, but soon Captain Bolt began to look upon it in a different light.
"If nothing unforeseen happens now," he said, "I think we'll soon be able to leave the cave. The new comers are already going, and it looks as if they don't know we're here."
"I hope they won't find out," returned Tom, though he was not quite so sanguine as his companion.

sanguine as his companion.

The next few minutes,

proved that the captain was right.

The survivors of the conflict who had been captured were now forced to march down the grotto toward the sea, and no further attention was devoted to the vicinity by the strangers, while the be-siegers seemed to have been so terrified by their defeat and capture as to have

forgotten the party in the cave.

The captain and his friend watched their departure with the keenest delight, for now the prospect of a speedy release from this dangerous locality appeared to

be close at hand.

It was entirely dark by this time, and

in a few minutes the savages were no longer visible. Still it was not deemed in a few minutes the savages were no longer visible. Still it was not deemed advisable to depart from the cave at once, for fear that some of the foe might yet be lurking in the vicinity.

But the captain was anxious to leave

at the capitain was anxious to leave at the earliest possible moment, for it was uncertain how soon the savages who had been captured might tell of the presence of the whites in the cave, when swift disaster would follow.

"We'd better go now," he said, "for if the prisoners should tell their captors

if the prisoners should tell their captors that we're here a detachment would be sent back to capture us."
"That's so," Tom agreed, seeing the wisdom of this suggestion.
The things they had intended to take with them were hastily put on the out side, then the two men passed through the aperture. Noselessly gathering up their effects, they turned away from the place that had come so near being

the place that had come so near being their tomb, and began making their way up the grotto.

## CHAPTER XI.

PERILS IN THE FOREST.

BOLT'S knowledge of the locality enabled him to make his way through the darkness without difficulty. Tom followed close behind difficulty.

him, and in this manner they soon as-cended from the ravine and entered the forest.

As little noise as possible had been made in the journey, for the woods were probably occupied by some of the es-caped besiegers, and our friends had no desire to encounter them. As yet, how-ever, no cause for alarm was visible, and after a short pause they started off through the forest in the direction Tom had suggested.

They had probably proceeded in this manner for nearly an hour, when they suddenly became convinced that all was not right. In fact this feeling had taken possession of the captain some time be-fore, but he did not mention it until Tom, halting abruptly, touched his arm and whispered:

and whispered:
"I think there's something wrong."
"My opinion exactly," was the quick reply; "but what makes you think so?"
"Several times I heard a noise in the bushes, and twice I thought I heard footsteps near us."
"I caught the same sounds; and since we both heard 'em there can be no doubt about it," said the captain. "We're being followed, and we must be careful or we'll fall into a trap. If we

careful or well fall into a trap. If we could separate our chance for escape would be better, but that's out of the question; we must stick together."

They now changed their course a little, bearing farther to the left. After cautiously proceeding in this direction for some time, they halted and listened

intently.

Not a sound was heard, and they be-Not a sound was neard, and they began to think they had escaped the danger, when they were startled by a low, trembling whistle, like the notes of a bird, quivering on the air.

It was so close that they instinctively

It was so close that they instinctively grasped their guns, expecting an attack, for they knew that the sounds were uttered by one of the savages in signaling to a companion. But they had made their way through the woods thus far with profound silence, and could not believe that their whereabouts was known.

So they stood perfectly still, holding their guns ready for instant use, and

their guns ready for instant use, and straining their eyes to penetrate the darkness ahead.

A minute or two passed, and the whistle was again heard, coming from a point a lattle further away, but still uncomfortably near. This time an analysis comfortably near. This time an answer was given in exactly the same manner, only a trifle to the right.

These signals between the savages were continued at intervals, as they began working their way toward each

Our friends soon discovered that they Our friends soon discovered that they were in imminent danger, for the second savage was coming directly toward them, and would probably pass within arm's length of the place where they stood. Even now they could hear his cautious tread as he carefully picked stood. Even now they cautious tread as he carefully picked his way through the forest.
"Hist!" whispered Bolt, and they

both crowded close against the trunk of the tree under which they were stand-

The careful footsteps of the savage continued, and presently his shadowy outlines loomed up through the gloom, increasing in size as he cautiously approached. He was headed directly toward them, and they thought it would be a miracle if he passed without seeing

them.

The next moment he reached the spot

and halted under the tree.

Again the signal was sent forth, and
was answered immediately from a point
close by. A moment later the outlines close by. A moment later the outlines of the other savage came into view, and our friends crowded closer to the tree trunk, anxiously awaiting developments.

The second savage joined his companion and the two began talking, standing so near the captain and his friend that it seemed impossible to avoid discovery.

To be sure, each carried a loaded rifle and could have shot the foe on the spot, thus effectually ending all danger, spot, thus enectually ending an danger, but they had no desire to shed blood unless it was absolutely necessary for self preservation, and this point of the situation had not yet arrived, though it was liable to do so at any moment.

The savages, however, were too much interested in the subject under discussion to give attention to anything else. and though at first our friends thought they were cautiously stealing upon them to make an attack, the idea was soon dispelled. It appeared as if they were only anxious to get out of the forest themselves, and leave the island without attracting the notice of their

recent enemies.

The two natives continued the discussion for some time, then, having evidently come to a decision, began moving away. The fugitives experienced a sense of relief as the enemy retreated, and, if they had only remained quiet a few minutes longer, all would have been well. But they had hugged the tree trunk so closely that the position was extremely tiresome, and they now stepped out a little to ease their cramped limbs. In so doing a slight noise was made which reached the ears of the savages, and, grasping their spears, they wheeled around.

The two men crowded back into the

shadow of the tree again, but it availed nothing. The keen eyes of the natives detected their outlines, and a moment later two spears sped through the dark-

Bolt saw the motion as the missiles ere hurled, and he quickly called out

were nursed, and ne quickly cared out to his young companion:
"Down, Tom, down!" at the same time dropping upon the earth himself.
Tom sank beside him, and the weapons passed harmlessly over their heads, burying themselves in the tree trunk

just above them.

They were on their feet again just as They were on their rect again just as the savages had drawn their bows and were adjusting their arrows. The captain saw the danger, and quickly leveling his rifle, fired. A cry of anguish succeeded the report, and the two missucceeded the report, and the two missues the same than t creants fled precipitously through the

But the peril was not yet over. There might be more savages close by, and the fugitives did not attempt to move for the next few minutes. Then as nothing more could be heard, and after the captain had reloaded his rifle as well as he could, they turned and began picking their way in the opposite direc-

They paused every few minutes to listen, as there was no telling when and where one of the natives might be en-

countered. They had no fear now that the savages would purposely seek them, but if by accident a meeting should occur, they accident a meeting should occur, they might not escape so easily as they had on the present occasion. The best way was to guard against all possibility of such a meeting, and they were doubly cautious as they proceeded on their jour-

ney. On account of the darkness they found travel exceedingly uncomfortable. They occasionally stumbled over fallen logs and other obstacles, besides being switched painfully in the face at times by the low hanging branches and underbrush.

Presently they found themselves in a kind of thicket.

Here the underbrush was so dense as Here the underbrush was so dense as to be almost impassable, and they turned back in disgust. All this of course was a great loss of time, and finally their patience began to give out. "This is a confounded nuisance," said the captain irritable. "At this rate it'll take hours to travel—thunder!"

This last emphatic exclamation was caused by his suddenly catching his foot in a running vine, and pitching headlong to the earth. He was up again the next moment, but he had sprained

his wrist badly in the fall.

His rifle was flung some distance away, and they had to search a long time before finding it. But it was not injured, and after the sailor had wrapped a bandage tightly around his wrist, they continued the tedious journey.

After a while they succeeded in get-ting out of the thicket into the more open forest. Here they could advance with less annoyance, and they took ad-vantage of this opportunity to increase their nace. their pace.

several hours they journeyed on For several nours they journeyed on steadily, but strange to say no indications of emerging from the forest were visible. In fact they seemed to be getting deeper into the woods.

The captain was puzzled.

He had imagined that he knew the

woods quite well, but after a while was obliged to confess that the locality through which they were passing was not familiar. As they continued to advance this fact became more and more

apparent until at last, coming to a halt turned to his companion saying: "Tom, we're lost!"

#### CHAPTER XII.

AN UNLUCKY STAR.

RDINARILY the captain's ag-nouncement would not have been so startling, but now, the forest teeming with enemies, and the possi-bility of meeting them at any moment. the prospect before them was dismaindeed. Still, up to the present time, nothing of an alarming nature had presented itself, and if this good fortune would continue to favor them there was

would continue to favor them there was no need to despair.

"We can't help it," was the philosophical assertion of the sailor, "and there's no use in complaining. The question is, shall we keep on, or wait till daylight?"

"I think we'd better keep moving," said Tom, "for we may succeed in finding our way out of the woods, while is, we wait till morning that much time will be lost." will be lost.

"All right then, we'll keep on," assented Bolt. "Do you see that star up yonder?" pointing to a large one visible in the sky above. "We'll keep that for

in the sky above. "We'll keep that for a guide."

With the twinkling little orb well in view, they resumed the journey.

The moon did not rise until nearly morning, so they could look for no assistance from that quarter.

The woods continued comparatively free of underbrush, and they could still bears up a fair rate of sneed.

tree of underbrush, and they could still keep up a fair rate of speed.

Steadily on they made their way, but no signs of the termination of the forest were discernible, and they began to be surprised. They were sure they had followed a direct course, for the star had been constantly kept in sight, and considering the direct each lead to considering the distance they had traveled, the end of the woods should be

veled, the end of the woods should be near at hand.

They kept on, however, and at last noticed that the country began sloping away before them. This convinced them that they were coming down from the high land toward the coast.

"I thought it was pretty near time that we reached the sea," said the captain. "I began to think that we had lost our way again."

"We may have done so," answered Tom. "There's no sign of water yet.

"No, but I'm sure there will soon be." continued the sailor.

continued the sailor.

He was right. In a little while the roar of the ocean fell on their ears, and a little later the phosphorescent gleam of the water could be seen through the

trees.
"This must be the eastern side of the island," said the captain, "and if so we're many miles out of our way."
"That's too bad," returned Tom.
"We've tramped far enough as it is, without gaining anything, and the idea of another long journey is not at all to my liking."

my liking."
There was no help for it, however, so they decided to follow the coast around to the place where the camp had been, for Tom felt sure that the boys must for Tom felt sure that the boys still be somewhere in that vicinity.

They pushed steadily on, and, as the woods grew thinner as they neared the coast, they were soon able to see the ocean for a considerable distance around them. Finally they reached the edge of the woods which terminated on a large expanse of lowland that extended down

to the water.

They paused here to satisfy themselves that all was safe before venturing out from the cover of the forest.

A careful inspection failed to reveal anything suspicious, and they were about moving on when several fierce looking natives suddenly appeared and hurled themselves upon them with sav-

age impetuosity.

The attack was so swift and unexpected that before they could recover themselves sufficiently to make a de-fense they were overpowered, disarmed, and their hands secured behind them. The capture was complete, and the blacks now stood around them, grinning hideously at their evident dis-

At last they were marched across the lowlands to the coast, where a number of other natives were gathered. They proved to be the same band that had attacked the besiegers in the grotto, for Tom and his friend recognized several prisoners in their possession as those who were captured when the battle was lost.

They were huddled together near by in an attitude of the most abject fear. Two large proas were drawn up on

the beach and these the savages now proceeded to shove into the water. The prisoners were forced to enter, after which the entire band embarked, and the island soon began falling rapid-

ly astern.
"That was an unlucky star for us, Tom, my boy," grimly remarked Captain

Bolt.
"Yes, and I suppose we can consider
ourselves in for it now," answered Tom,
with a sort of desperate resignation.
The savages did not bestow much at-

tention upon them, and they were allowed to converse without molestation. But the prospect before them was so discouraging that they had no inclina-tion to talk for any length of time, and they soon relapsed into a gloomy silence.

Meanwhile the natives pulled steadily

Meanwhile the natives pulled steadily at the sweeps, and the proa cut its way rapidly through the water.

Hour after hour passed, and at last the dawn appeared in the east. Soon the sun came up above the sea, and our

triends began looking around them.

The island was no longer in sight, but something else was visible which caused

Tom and the captain considerable uneasiness.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

A DARING PLAN.

BOUT three fourths of a mile to A BOUT three fourths of a mile to the left another large proa, full its way along in a course parallel with their own. That they were friends of their captors the prisoners did not doubt, and they had evidently been traveling in the same direction all night, though their presence had not been discovered until now.

"The's had for us Tom" said the

"That's bad for us, Tom," said the captain, as they watched the party in the other craft. "With so many against us our chances of escape will be decid-

edly small. "I know it," answered Tom gloomily.
"But maybe they'll separate after a while," he added, his face brightening a

little.
"I hope so," the sailor replied, " for it has a depressing effect on a fellow's feelings to see 'em so near."

feelings to see 'em so near."

As time passed, however, it appeared as if the two boats intended to remain together, for they continued on in the same direction, and at intervals certain signals were exchanged between them, which did not seeme the notice of the which did not escape the notice of the

which did not escape the access and prisoners.
Finally, however, the party in the other proa got out a queer looking sail, which was soon hoisted, and as a good breeze was stirring, the boat containing the prisoners dropped rapidly astern.
As the distance increased between them reveral sionals were sent out from the several signals were sent out from the receding craft which the captain ap-peared to understand, and the proa was

turned a little to the west.

The course of the one in advance was altered at the same time, but the same distance between the two momentarily increased, and before moon the leader could just be seen far ahead on the ocean.

Some arrangement had evidently been made between the two parties, but what it was the prisoners were unable to de-termine. They had carefully watched the maneuvers of the savages, but found it impossible to interpret their mean-

it impossible to interpret the ing.

"It's certainly something in which we'll have to figure," said the captain, "and I'd like to know what it is. Those fellows have not sailed on in advance for nothing, and if we could be sure of what they mean to do with us, or where they intend to take us, we could prepare

what they mean to do with as, of where they intend to take us, we could prepare ourselves accordingly."

"Isn't there some way in which we can escape?" asked Tom. "I'm willing to risk almost anything that promises even the ghost of a chance."

"I've been thinking of that for hours."

even the ghost of a chance."
"I've been thinking of that for hours," answered the sailor. "The only thing we could do is to suddenly attack and overpower them. There are only seven of 'em, and if we were free I think we could knock two or three of 'em overboard before they could prevent it. Our rifles are near; and we could seize them

and shoot a couple more, so that there'd be only two or three left for us to get away with. We'd have to act as quick as lightning, but it's the only thing so that we can do.

Tom listened with surprise as the appain unfolded his scheme. The encaptain unfolded his scheme. The en-ormity of it, and the courage required ormity of it, and the courage required to execute it, was something that excited his admiration for the man who dared to suggest such a thing, while his surprise lay in the fact that the idea had entered the sailor's mind at all.

It was doubtful whether they could succeed, but once they had decided to make the attempt no time was lost in beginning operations.

make the attempt no time was lost in beginning operations.

The first thing was to free their hands, and this they set about doing. Owing to the haste with which they had been secured, the thongs were not bound as firmly as they might have been, and it was with feelings of satisfaction they finally discovered a possibility of extricating themselves.

cating themselves.

But great care was required, as the savages were almost constantly looking at them, and the slightest suspicious movement would attract attention and ruin all.

In entering the proa, the besiegers had gone in first, the prisoners next, with savages bringing up the rear, and the two whites were now in position to spring upon their captors if they could only succeed in securing the use of their

It was impossible to make a move without being observed by the besieg-ers, and several times Bolt looked fearfully at them to see if he could detect any intention on their part to betray them. He was pleased to see that there was no cause for alarm from this quarter, for although they were aware of what was going on, they appeared to be so much depressed by their own unfortunate condition as to be entirely

oblivious to everything else.

Convinced of this, he devoted his whole attention to watching the captors, and working at the thongs whenever he was sure he could do so without being

observed by them

He and Tom continued to talk unre-He and Tom continued to talk unrestrainedly whenever they felt so disposed, for they knew the blacks could not understand a word they said. Besides this they had been talking considerably for the last hour, and the captain was afraid that a sudden cessation of conversation would attract attention. "How are you making out, Tom?" he asked after they had worked at the thongs for some time. "Better than I expected," answered Tom. "The bonds are loosely tied, and if nothing happens I can get my hands out in less than an hour." "So can I," said his friend, "but we must be very careful. One mishap would ruin all. Watch them closely, and only work when you know they're not looking."

and only work when you know theey te not looking."

This caution, however, was unneccessary, as Tom knew only too well what the result would be if they were discovered. His whole mind was bent on success, and he did not intend to fail

success, and he did not intend to fail through any fault of his own.

Meanwhile the savages, all unconscious of what was being done, continued their work at the sweeps with such good result that the proa made its way through the water at a rapid rate. They seemed to be anxious to complete the reverse as group a possible, and althe voyage as soon as possible, and al-though the labor was causing the per-spiration to roll from them in streams,

spiration to roin from them in streams, they did not lessen their efforts.

Suddenly one of them stood up and began looking intently ahead. The two prisoners felt their hearts beat quicker as they saw the move, for they imagined he had noticed them vorking at the

ngs on their wrists. he was evidently looking for something which he expected to see, and which must have met his gaze, for he turned to his friends and began speak-ing excitedly. Then he sat down again, and all bent to the oars with increased

low cry of satisfaction. He had con-trived at last to free his hands, and he could hardly control his excitement as he said to Tom:

"I've done it! How are you making

"Ten minutes more will see me free,

was the reply.
"Careful, for heaven's sake careful,"

cautioned the captain. "To fail now, when success is so near, would be more than I could stand."

"We won't fail if I can help it." answered the boy, a light of stern resolve

swered the boy, a light of stern resolve coming into his eyes.

Fortunately their position enabled them to conceal their movements considerably, otherwise it would have been impossible to avoid discovery. But they sat in the proa with their backs leaning against the sides, and by pressing against the boat, they could work their hands without the motion of their course heirogeness. arms being seen.

Even under these favorable conditions

Even under these favorable conditions the task was exceedingly arduous, and, as before mentioned, had the thongs been securely adjusted the attempt would have proved a failure.

Now that the possibility of success was before them they began to get excited, and the sailor had all he could do to control his feelings while waiting for Tom to work his hands free. He was Tom to work his hands free. He was eager to begin the attack, and longed to assist his young friend in removing the thongs that held his wrists, but he knew such a course would be disastrous, and

governed his patience accordingly.

The savages were still continuing their labor at the sweeps with unabated their labor at the sweeps with unabated vigor. They appeared to be a trifle agitated about something, for they would talk excitedly at intervals, and the one who seemed to be the leader kept a constant lookout ahead.

At last the dark outlines of land could At last the dark outlines of land could be seen in the distance, and it was this that they had evidently been expecting, for the leader now gave utterance to an exclamation of satisfaction, and, settling back in his place, pulled steadily at the sweeps with his companions.

Now was the time to make the attack,

and Captain Bolt looked anxiously to-ward his friend. The attention of the savages was so much occupied by the business before them that the surprise would be complete and success likely

to follow.
Would Tom manage to extricate his would from manage to extricate his hands in season? The minutes passed and still he gave no indication that he had slipped the thongs. Bolt's anxiety was steadily increasing, and he found it exceedingly difficult to remain quiet while so much was at stake.

while so much was at stake.

"If you can only hurry a little, Tom," he said, trying to speak calmly, "our chances of winning will be almost certain. The attack now would be so entirely unexpected that they could not resist us. But for your life," he added, "don't make a mistake."

Tom Radcliffe had never been so excited, and never had the necessity for composure been greater. The slightest mistake would ruin all, and, although he struggled had to control his agita.

he struggled hard to control his agita-tion as he worked at the bindings on his wrists, his heart beat so tumultu-ously that he feared the savages would

Meanwhile the precious moments ere passing. Would the thongs ever were passing. Would the thongs ever give way? How he longed to exert all his strength, and, with one prodigious effort, burst the bands assunder, but he knew this would undo all so far accom-plished, and he controlled the mad de-

sire by a mighty effort.
Suddenly he felt the thongs relax, Another move was carefully made, and Another move was carefully made, and his hands were free. He felt like shouting in triumph as the bands dropped from his wrists, and there was a thrill in his voice as he said to the captain:
"I'm ready!"

#### (To be continued.)

THAT ICE CREAM PAIN.

WHY, why? is the refrain of the small boy. And there are many older ones among us who would like to know the reasons for many things that it is not always convenient for us to find out about. Below you will find an answer to a mystery that has doubtless frequently puzzled you.

doubtless frequently puzzled you.

During the scorching weather of July and August, says the Chicago Journal, you often run into an ice cream saloon with the avowed intention of cooling your body to at least a few degrees below the melting point. If you are in a great hurry you are apt to make the first few spoonfuls of the cooling mixture rather large. This almost immediately gives you a violent pain in the temples or somewhere in the region of the eyes. One who has studied the physiology of the case says that it is caused in the following manner: The frozen mixture coming in contact with the nerves of the throat (the larynx, pharynx, etc.) temporarily paral-

yzes them. The sensation instantly shoots to the center of those nerves, which is in the brain, but finds there a side connection in the shape of the great facial nerve, which starts from in front of the ear and extends

the snape of the great factal nerve, which starts from in front of the ear and extends its branches over the sides of the face. One branch of this fatal nerve, extending across the temple, is a "nerve of sensation." The start of the start

#### A GREAT INVENTOR.

MRS. HOGAN—"And fwy isn't the old mon a-workin' now?" MRS. GROGAN—"It's a invintor he is. He has got up a road schraper thot does the work of foive min."

work of foive min."

MRS. HOGAN—"An' how minny min do it take to r-run it?"

MRS. GROGAN—"Six. It will be a great thing fer givin' imploymint to the laborin' man."—Indianapolis Journal.



G. M. A., Hokendanqua, Pa. There is no premium on the half dollar of 1832.

IF the author of "Teddy, the Messenger Boy" will send his address to this office, the story will be returned to him.

W. H. H., Newark, N. J. If you will attend the annual auction sale at the Navy Yard you will doubtless find what you de

J. H. H., Highmount, N. Y. See article, "Our New Navy," in No. 332 of THE AR-GOSY, for a description of the torpedo boat Cushing.

H. M. S., Hamlinton, Pa. Electricity is taught in the scientific department of all the colleges, such as the School of Mines at Columbia.

L. H. G., Brooklyn, N. V. The best way to obtain the information you desire would be to apply at the armories, or to some one who has charge of them.

A FAITHFUL READER. THE ARGOSY you will find a clipping on the subject of ice lenses. 2. We only answer questions of general interest.

BROOKSIDE, Ballston Spa, N. Y. supply you with indexes for the last four volumes of THE ARGOSY. Send a two cent stamp for each lindex to cover expense of mailing.

HAYSEED, Easton, Md. An editor should be familiar with all branches of knowledge. He must have an all round education; any good college would doubtless be able to as-

H. P. H., Winston, N. C. Matthew White, Jr. lives in New York City and William Murray Graydon in Harrisburg, Pa. Let-ters addressed to them care of THE ARGOSY will be forwarded promptly.

W. R., New York City. 1. A first class machinist gets \$3.50 per day. 2. Indexes will be mailed on receipt of a 2c. stamp for each one. 3. For information regarding the Concord address the Navy Yard.

P C. W., Nokomis, Ill. The only testimorials we require of a writer's ability is the work he does. An editor is generally preju-diced in advance against a would-be con-tributor who sends in his MS. accompanied by a letter telling what people have said about his stories.

P. G. B., Sioux City, Iowa. 1. A serial by Mr. Moffat will shortly begin in THE ARGOSY, in which some of the characters in "Dirkman's Luck" will figure. 2. The main exposition buildings at Chicago are thirteen in number. There is also a building for each State, besides numerous others.
3. "The Lone Island" will be quite a long

CHAS. E. MAC. Kansas City. Mo. 1. An-CHAS. E. MAC, Kansas City, Mo. 1. Annie Ashmore has written four serials for THE ARGOSY, viz. "Who Shall Be the Heir," "Quiet Courage," "A Heart of Gold," and "The Hetherington Fortune." Gold," and "The Hetherington Fortune."
2. Title and index for Vol. XVI is now
ready. 3. In the October, 1892, number of
MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE you will find a sketch
of Oliver Optic. 4. The electrophone is an
instrument for producing sounds by means of electric currents.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

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ADDRESSES.

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

FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY Publisher

155 East 23d Street, New York

JAILED FOR LOSS OF TEMPER. VER in China, if a man loses his temper in public, he is liable to five days' imprisonment. This seems harsh, but certainly such a law should be salutary in its effects. A man who loses control over himself is capable of doing a good deal of damage. This is none the less to be deplored because a large share of this damage descends upon his own head.

A man over whom anger has gained the mastery is in almost as bad a case as the man whose brains have been stolen away by drink. He neither knows nor cares what he says. Such a person is indeed a menace to the community, and while we may not think it advisable to make the giving way to one's temper a punishable offense, the fact that it is so in one country ought to cause us to regard the failing in more serious light than we generally do.

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

# "MUNSEY'S" FOR SEPTEMBER.

HE new number of Munsey's Magazine, now ready, presents a splendid table of contents for the delectation of its readers. Mr. Graydon's thrilling serial, "In the Name of the Czar," describes vividly the horrors of the march to Siberia and brings the story to an exciting point in the unfolding of the plot.

"The Grandfather of Europe, Christian IX of Denmark, is described in a paper called, "A Remarkable Royal Family," which shows how the Danish throne is bound to some of the most powerful kingdoms in the world. The article is handsomely illustrated, as is also that on "The French Palaces."

The leading contribution in this number is that with which it opens, and which is adorned by nearly twenty pictures, the most beautiful the magazine has ever given.

There are the usual number of short stories, continuations of the serials by Mr. Munsey and Richard Mace, and The Stage department is embellished with charming portraits of Edna Wallace Hopper, Anna O'Keefe, Blanche Walsh and Georgia Cayvan. Don't fail to secure this issue and read the important announcement it contains. For sale by all newsdealers, price 25 cents.

THE FASCINATION OF AUTHORSHIP. HY is it that so many boys are ambitious of becoming authors? Boys as a rule despise letter writing, and composition day is the most dreaded date in the school calendar. It seems very odd in view of these facts that editors should receive so many manuscripts from young men still in their teens.

Wherein lies the fascination of authorship? Is it in the putting together of words that are destined to raise up a series of pictures in the mind of the reader of which he has hitherto had no conception? Or is it because of the complete mastery it gives the writer for the time being, over a set of people whom he may compel to do his bidding?

We might be inclined to find the solution of the matter in this last theory did we not know it to be a fact that in many cases the author is not master of his characters, who sometimes lead him a pretty dance before the end of the story is reached.

If any of our readers can throw any light on this mystery of the charm of authorship, we should be glad to hear from them.

#### EYE LANTERNS.

T SING the eyes for lamps is a novel idea indeed, and yet an experimentor declares that in a perfectly dark room he was enabled to see the movements he made with his arm by the light of his own eyes. The journal Electricity, in commenting on the case, calls it one of the most remarkable experiments in the history of science, and believes that only a few men could succeed in repeating it, claiming that " the luminosity of the eyes is associated with uncommon activity of the brain and great imaginative power."

A German comic paper published the other day a picture of the appearance of city streets when each man should carry about with him his own little incandescent electric lamp, and lights in store windows and lamp posts would be no longer needed. But what a long step beyond this state of things would be the era when man had succeeded in so cultivating this luminous power of the eye that he would need no artificial means of illumination whatever!

#### THE OUTLOOK FOR THE BOY OF TO-DAY.

TOT long since one of the New York morning papers printed an editorial entitled "Future of the The writer claimed that boys nowadays found it much more difficult to get ahead in the world than did their fathers and grandfathers before them. Then everything was in a stage of transition; forests were to be cleared, towns to be laid out, and men obtained to manage them after they were set going. The young man just entering life today finds few, if any of these openings; hence the conclusion of our contempo-

But we think the journal in question was shortsighted in not finding any hope to throw out to the rising generation among its readers. It is as true now as it was forty years ago that there is plenty of room at the top. Let a merchant once be assured that a boy who comes to him in search of a position is trustworthy and intelligent, let him see that he takes an interest in the business not because he is paid to do it, but because his heart and soul are thrown into the work-let these factors be present, and such a boy need not fear but he will find standing room on the upper rounds of the ladder.

#### How to Work Through College.

HEN the roll of this generation of prominent citizens, business men, lawyers, and ministers is called, it will be surprising to see how many of them have worked their way through college. The fact is that if a boy is turned loose in the world with health and strength and no incumbrances, nothing to hold him back, no duties to tie him to wage earning for

somebody else, and he has the wit and the understanding to see that the more he knows the more he can do in the world-given all this, nothing can keep him from getting that education in the way he wants it. Rich men will send their sons to Harvard or Yale and pay thousands of dollars, while some poor boy is working his way along, defraying his own expenses from week to week, and by this very necessity, by the very struggle he is obliged to make, gaining an experience which means as much to him as the text book or the lectures.

The boy who has worked his way through college never stands around after his college days are over, and looks for "something to do." He has measured his resources almost hourly; he knows what he can do. He has been serving an apprenticship in living, and the diploma the college puts into his hands is usually simply his final tool. It is not always a misfortune to have been born poor. It seems that the wheel turns pretty regularly. And in a republic like ours, a native born American boy, with his inheritance of native health and native wits, is a little more likely to die a prosperous citizen than boy who lay in the soft places of life from his cradle up.

Many of the men who control trade, society and the courts in our cities were boys who came up from the farms and had a sturdy respect for all work which was honest. They saw in it no debasment; every dollar they gained by honest labor, was But another round in the ladder which was to lead them up to the positions they had set themselves to win with the same determination they used to have when they stood on one side of the field, looked at the other end of the potato row and realized that every hill had to be hoed by night.

every hill had to be hoed by might.

It is always interesting to hear the story—the true story, with facts and figures of one of these boys—or young men. One of them has frankly, told his story, and here it is. It may give a hint to "the other boy," who has the longings, but not the knowledge what to do, nor the blind courage to spring into an unknown sea. It isn't every young man who could have this history, but individual cases make individual aids.
"When I left Boston for Cambridge I had forty four cents. I was a stranger in Cambridge. The first day I spent all but nine cents. I had one great help this year. The Price Greenleaf Aid had been awarded to me. This, however, I

been awarded to me. This, however, I could not draw until Christmas. In could not draw until Christmas. In order to buy books to begin my work, I pawned my watch and a few other things, receiving for them \$15.50. During my freshman year my receipts were: Price Greenleaf fund, \$250; pawned witch for the business. watch, \$15.50; typewriting, \$71.40; books sold, \$7.50; tutoring, \$160. Part of this year I was poor. My washing I did myself. About midyear I was so short of money that for nearly two months I ate

but one or two meals a day."

During the summer he worked as a porter in a hotel and cleared \$118, enporter in a hotel and cleared \$118. entering his sophomore year \$51.77 in deht. In that year his receipts were: Loan fund, \$75; beneficiary funds, \$80; work for Professor James (taking sheep's brains from skulls for experiments), \$7.50; publishing notes, \$25.50; waiting on table, \$38.33; typewriting, \$70; outside jobs, \$52.15; total, \$38.48. In addition to his necessary expenses he spent \$151.60 on athletics, theaters, unnecessary books, subscriptions to college sports, charity, etc. During the summer he was clerk in a hotel and clerk in a hotel and cleared \$158.64. But he ena hotel and cleared \$158.64. But he tered his junior year \$101.31 in debt. But he en-

tered his junior year \$101.31 in debt.
In that year his receipts were: Scholarship, \$150; loan fund, \$75; beneficiary
fund, \$15, odd jobs, \$7-13; publishing
placards, \$18.10; advertising scheme,
\$105.05; tutoring, \$207.50; typewriting,
\$32.19; Professor James's work, \$2-45;
waiting on table, \$16.11; total, \$680.53. His necessary expenditures were \$395-14. During this year he bought a type-writer worth \$100, and actually gave \$100 toward the support of men poorer than himself. For incidentals he paid

The next summer he cleared \$100.50 as a clerk, bought books and began his senior year with \$7.90. In his last year he managed to make \$1.021.21. He had learned what to do. When he finished college he left it with a fine record as a college he left it with a nie record as a student and an athlete and with \$41.70 in his pocket. He paid his debts and passed out equipped for the world. During his course he had bought a typewriter and a piano, and had increased his library by several hundred

A prominent New York physician, who graduated in a famous class at Dartmouth, says that many of his classmates, himself among the number, worked their way through college by teaching school in the vacations. Some of them had to miss a year or two, working in the winter as well as in the summer, but they came through all right. He says that when he was eighteen his father called him one day and asked him tather called him one day and asked him to go with him about the farm. It was one of the rocky, hilly farms in northern New Hampshire, where the best blood and brain comes from.

They walked over the land for a mile

or two, going back and forth discussing what was to be done with this field and

what was to be done with this field and that; the profits that might come under a certain set of circumstances and the loss that might come under others. Finally the old man said:

"James, my father left me this farm. He hewed it out of the virgin wilderness, working hard every day of his life. His wife worked, and we children worked. My mother knew nothing but the round of household cares. But when he died this farm was all that he had to represent his vers of toil. I to represent his years of toil. I fully and so has your mother, and so have you up to this. I have nothing left but this farm. If I die and leave it left but this farm. If I die and leave it to you, you will go over the same old story. You will have a narrow, shut in life, will be an old man before your time, and your wife will be an old woman. Now don't do it. Leave it. Go away, work your way through college and be a man. The farm will take care of your mother and me." And so he went.

The father lived to ride in his son's The father lived to ride in his son's own carriage through city streets. The boy went away, worked in a college town, and studied, taught school, sawed wood, coached other boys through their lessons, and, realizing that his studies were his object, put every spare minute upon them. He left with the friendship

were his object, put every spare minute upon them. He left with the friendship and respect of every man in his class. Another young fellow who was deft with his fingers, set up a shop where he cut the hair and shaved the chins of the pupils. There is nothing dishonorable in work like this and the student is never made to feel that there is anythink derogatory in it. Many of the guards and the guides about the Exhibition grounds in Chicago, are young college students who are taking this opportunity of seeing the Fair and of earning sufficient money to take them through a next year's course. It is really a most excellent thing for everybody concerned. It would be impossible to find men of such varied information who would come and act as chair wheelers for those who are too ignorant wheelers for those who are too ignorant or indolent to search out the subjects for themselves. These young men acquire in this way a stock of information such as they could only get by years of travel abroad. It ought to make, and it doubtless does make a Harvard man who has spent thousand of dollars during his years at college, a little warm to think that there are men who are almost

starving themselves to get through.

But this world is full of compensations. Self denial counts in the long run in strength of character, singleness of purpose and hardihood. The man with no money except what he earns, who keeps his wits sharpened from morning until night, comes to the front, which he values as the result of so much hard work, with a mind tuned up and alert to lose nothing. He has no temptations to fight. He leaves no loose ends to be gathered up by "cramping". He goes out from college physical loose ends to be gathered up by "cram-ming." He goes out from college phys-ically and mentally and morally strong, having gone through at this early and formative age one of the hardest ordeals in his life. He has 'passed in his thesis in his life. He has passed in his ticsis and had his degree given to him by the world as well as by his alma mater.

SAMUEL N. PARKS.

#### HOSPITALITY.

WHEN friends are at your hearthstone met, Sweet courtesy has done its most If you have made each guest forget

That he himself is not the host.

# Gene's First Assignment.

BY JARED L. FULLER.

I.

"I'M glad to see you, my boy," said Mr. Oscar Coppleton, editor of the Camden Daily News, whirling about in his chair and offering Gene Travers his hand. "Your father is my oldest friend, and although I haven't seen him for fifteen years, I am only too delighted to welcome his son. You are much like him personally, Eugene."

"Thank you, sir," responded the word man, taking the chair to which Mr. Coppleton motioned him.

"Ha!" exclaimed the newspaper man. "So you are proud of your father's good looks, ch? He is a handsome man, Gene, and in this case, at least, 'handsome is that handsome does,' for I know no truer friend than Bob Travers. Now this note Bob writes me, I under-

Gene, and in this case, at least, 'handsome is that handsome does,' for I know no truer friend than Bob Travers. Now by this note Bob writes me, I understand that you wish to go into newspaper work—'enter upon a journalistic career,' as they usually call it.' Gene laughed as he replied:

"I've already made my début in the mewspaper world, Mr. Coppleton. I've had a year's experience on the Charlotteville Advance. That's a weekly, you know, and there's not much opportunity for a man to get ahead on a country paper. I thought that if I could get on the News it might be a stepping stone to a city daily some time."

"That's a very laudable ambition, but let me tell you, your experience on a country paper is not to be laughed at. It brightens up a young fellow's wits amazingly. I'm glad you have some knowledge of all round work, for in that case I think I can find something for you to do on the News."

Mr. Coppleton was silent a few moments and Gene waited expectantly.

"Now see here, Gene," he continued, tapping the desk thoughtfully with his pencil. "There is something which I was about to put into the hands of Mr. Murphy, my oldest man, but if you will undertake it, you can accomplish the object a great deal better because you are a stranger here. It is a bit of newspaper detective work—something which It was about to you rea, too, let me tell you make anything out of it, it will be a fine feather in your cap, too, let me tell you, and it will see that you get all the credit that is due you."

"That sounds promising, but what is it?" Gene asked with a smile.

"I'll tell you what it is and then you may take it or not, just as you wish," said the editor, becoming grave. "A farmer just out of town has been charged with something, which, it it is true, is a disgrace to our civilization and onght to gain the fellow a term in the penitentiary. It was brought to my attention by old Judge Burgess—he is part owner of the News—and the old gentleman begged me to investigate the matter.

"It seems that this man (his name is h

It seems that this man (his name is

"It seems that this man (his name is Howard—Dan Howard—by the way) has a bound boy out on his farm whom they say he treats with terrible cruelty. Now how much we are to believe of what 'they' say I leave you to judge.

"Judge Burgess has taken more than ordinary interest in the boy—John Andrews is his name—and although I never saw him but once I thought him a very nice, well behaved little fellow. But old Howard would never let him off the farm if he could help it and as the boy was a slight, delicate lad, I judge that he must have had a hard time of it with Howard and his son. They are both builtes and as cruel as an Apache Indian.

"Howard has never been able to keep decent men working for him, because of his temper, and has to depend for extra help upon the three four Ludius erelia under the results in the three four Ludius erelia was the contraction of the contrac

decent men working for him, because of his temper, and has to depend for extra help upon the three or four Indians who live over in the Hollow, about two miles beyond the Howard farm. They are pretty poor workmen, as I know to my cost, but they are the best Howard can do, I reckon. The judge tells me that young Andrews was afraid of his life among them all, and especially was he fearful of the old man and his son,

Hank. The boy will land in the peni-tentiary, if his father doesn't, you see what I tell you.

what I tell you.

"The judge rather blames himself for not investigating the matter before, for about a month ago he saw the Andrews boy and knew by what he said that the Howards were treating him worse than ever. The next thing that we heard—and by 'we' I mean the outside public—was from the Howards themselves. Old Dan appeared in town one morning and was from the Howards themselves. Old Dan appeared in town one morning and declared that John Andrews had run away in the night, after half killing his boy Hank, and he hurried the doctor right out to patch him up.

"The doctor told me that Hank wasn't hurt very seriously, despite the great noise old Dan made about it. He land a seal wound and was hruised a

had a scalp wound and was bruised a little about the shoulders and head, as though beaten with a club. The doctor had no particular love for Hank and thought that he had probably got no

Travers at once. "The story interests me, and if those Howard's are maltreating that boy, I'd like to be the one to run them down,"
"All riobs."

"All right. I'm glad you are interested in the case; you'll do better work. Take your time about it, and be sure you are right. Don't go into anything impetuously and make the News a

impetuously and make the News a laughing stock.

"Never fear sir. I'll use discretion," Gene assured him. "Now I've got to find a boarding place and I might as well get one out near the Howard farm as elsewhere. In which direction is it?" Mr. Coppleton gave him the necessary directions and Gene started off at once with this table. withhis valise.

II.

Campen was not a large town, al-though it supported a daily paper, but being the center of a large farming country, it was the place of shipment to

"Excuse me, madam," returned young Travers. "I have nothing to sell. I stopped to inquire if you could refer me to any house near here where summer boarders are taken? Or perhaps you could take me yourself? This is a pleasant country and I expect to spend my vacation here."

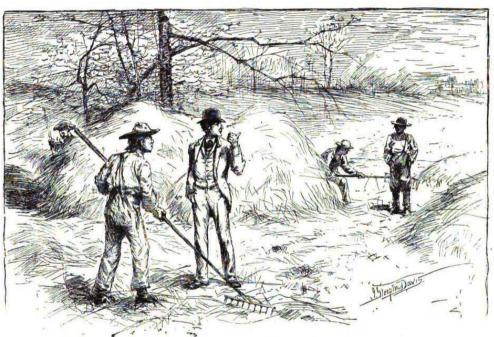
spend my vacation here."

The woman opened the door a little wider and before she spoke Gene knew, by the expression on her face, that avariciousness was her ruling characteristic. Her eyes took in in one comprehensive glance Gene's handsome outfit, as though she was deciding in her own mind how much the young man would be willing or able to no.

her own mind how much the young man would be willing or able to pay.

"I dunno," she said slowly. "Boarders don't pay very well, an' so I haven't taken any this summer, though I've had em every season for eight years before. But—well, you step in an' I'll see what my husband says."

Gene endeavored to be outwardly un-



"DO YOU SUPPOSE HE KNOWS?" GENE ASKED.

more than he deserved, but he expressed more than he deserved, but he expressed to me his doubts that such a slight fel-low as Johnnie Andrews was able to deal such blows. "There was no sign of the boy's pres-

There was no sign of the boys pres-ence about the house, however, nor has he been seen by any of the neighbors since; but the judge believes that the boy is confined in the Howard house and is still more cruelly treated than before. His reason for this is that his gardener's boy refused to go by the Howard house on an errand after dark the other even-

on an errand after dark the other even-ing, because, as he declared, the place is haunted by Johnnie Andrew's ghost.

"Upon inquiry the judge learned that three or four nights after the bound boy was supposed to have disappeared, the gardener's son was near the Howard house and heard (as he avers) John beg-ging and pleading for mercy with old man Howard, just as he used to do when the farmer was beating him.

"Now if that poor boy is confined over there and is being treated inhum-anly, as these accounts would suggest, the people want to know and stop it,

anly, as these accounts would suggest, the people want to know and stop it, and the News wants to know it first. Several of the neighbors have made inquiries of old Howard about it, but he has such a temper that none of them have tackled him but once. Now if I should send any of my men up there, the Howards would be 'onto them' at once; but you're a stranger, Gene, and will not be suspected. What do you say to playing the detective in a good cause?"

"I'll do it gladly," replied young-

the more distant cities and its tradesmen thrived prosperously upon the in-habitants of the outlying districts as well as upon those in the town proper. The News had the field to itself, and although strictly partisan in politics, the paper had few enemies throughout the region.

the region.

By the aid of Mr. Coppleton's directions Gene easily discovered the road leading past the Howard farm, and it being a cool day he briskly traversed the two miles lying between the outskirts of the town and the farmhouse. There was enough romance about his first assignment on the News to make him thereoughly in expensible, with him him thoroughly in sympathy with his task, and as he strode along he rapidly

him thorougnly in sympathy with an ask, and as he strode along he rapidly sketched a plan of action.

When he reached the Howard house he saw, by a swift glance up and down the road, that there were only two houses in sight—one a large, handsome mansion, surrounded by well kept grounds, and the other a tiny brown cottage in the opposite direction and on the other side of the road from the farmhouse. With but little hesitation he opened the gate and walked quickly up to the side door of the house.

His rap brought a woman to the door almost instantly. She was a tall, muscular, and hard featured woman, dressed in a scant, figured dress. She glanced at Gene in anything but a friendly manner.

"We don't want to buy nothin' today, young man, so you kin go right along,"

young man, so you kin go right along, she said, in a high, sharp voice.

conscious of her sharp scrutiny and fol-lowed her into the house. Instead of leading him into the sitting room Mrs. Howard gave him a seat in the kitchen and threw on her sunbonnet, prepara-tory to running out to find her husband. Before she left the room, however, she hesitated before a door which Gene was certain led down caller.

she hesitated before a door which Gene was certain led down cellar, and after darting a penetrating glance at her visitor, she locked the door and removing the key, left the kitchen by the back way. Her actions, coupled with what Mr. Coppleton had told him, were significant to Gene's mind; but remembering that he might be even then watched by some member of the family, he did not seek to discover what was beyond that door.

From the window he could see into

beyond that door.

From the window he could see into
the back yard and a few moment's after
Mrs. Howard crossed it on her way to
the barn, he saw her returning in company with the farmer himself. Howard
was a tall, heavily built, smooth faced
man, with the most brutal expression of
countenance which it had been Gene's
fortune to see on any man. He could
hear the man's rough words before he
got to the house.

hear the man's rough words before he got to the house.

"I sh'd have thought you'd known better, Mirandy," he was saying. "You know very well that there can't be no boarders in this house now, any way. Like's not he has been sent here by some of those blasted busybodies to find out what he could about us. I know their ways, dern 'em! An' you've gone an' left him alone in there."

The kitchen window was open, but it was evident that neither Howard nor his wife knew it, for they took no pains

nis wife knew it, for they took no pains to lower their tones.

"I locked the door, so ye needn't be none scared," the woman said sharply, "But if anybody's a fool it's you, Dan Howard. A-cuttin' of your own nose off out of spite—that's what you're doin', you an' Hank. That young fellow could stand eight dollars a week jest as well's

stand eight donaid a month."

"I can't help it; he can't come and that's all there is to it."

"You certainly be a fool, Dan Howard!" his better half exclaimed wrath-

fully.
"Mebbe I be, but it can't be helped "Medde I de, but I can't be neped now. I didn't know you wanted to take boarders this summer. Now you go erlong in an' send that chap off 'fore he gets to snoopin' around that cellar door."

Howard turned back to the barn and

Howard turned back to the barn and the woman came into the house, her hard face flushed and angry.
"I can't take ye, mister, an' that's all there is to it," she said, throwing off her sunbonnet. "I'd like to well enough, but my husban' don't-don't think it

"I'm very sorry, madam," Gene replied, rising and picking up his valise.
"You seem to have so much room here."
"You seem to surely I could get

"You seem to have so much room here that I thought surely I could get board."
"I'd like to hev ye the best kind," the woman again declared; "but I just can't, an' that's all there is to it, I

s'pose."
"Do you know any one about here who would be likely to take me in?" Gene inquired, as he stepped through the

inquired, as he supported doorway.

"I spose widder Jones would be only too glad ter git ye," Mrs. Howard returned, in anything but a neighborly spirit. "But I can't say much for her table an' beds."

"Well, I suppose I must try her, although I'd much rather stay with you,

"Well, I suppose I must try her, although I'd much rather stay with you, of course. Where does she live?"
"In that brown cottage down the road. Good day," and the door was hastily slammed.
"There's a pair of 'em," Gene soliloquized, as he left the place and retraced his steps toward the brown cottage.
"If the son combines all the characteristics of his paranta has must have a istics of his parents he must have a sweet disposition! Both the old man and his wife are capable of worse things than ill treating a bound boy, and I wouldn't trust myself in their clutches over night."

GENE found "Widder Jones" a quiet, pleasant voiced old lady, evidently in the poorest circumstances, but her pleasant voiced old lady, evidently in the poorest circumstances, but her house was as neat and orderly as possible. Gene liked her at once, and she on her part was glad to have him as a boarder for five dollars a week.

"Usually what few people come here go to Howard's house up the road," said the widew, as she bustled about the wide, cool kitchen, getting dinner.

"Yes, I was—er—directed there," Gene returned; "but they're not taking boarders this summer."

boarders this summer."
"Not taking boarders!" cried the old lady, in evident surprise. "I never knew

Miranda Howard to refuse to make a dollar before. Are you sure?"
"Quite sure, Mrs. Jones. I did my best to get her to take me, but her husband objects to her taking boarders this

pand objects to her taking boarders this year, I believe."

Mrs. Jones looked at her guest thoughtfully a moment, and then shook her head slowly.

"I don't understand it at all," she

said.
"What is there about it you don't understand?" Gene asked with a smile.
"Why, not more than a month ago she was getting ready for boarders, I know, for she told me so," responded the good lady. "But then," she added, "it's none of my business, and I the good lady. "But then," she added, "it's none of my business, and I shouldn't be wondering about what doesn't concern me."

"Perhaps it does concern you—at least, to a certain extent," Gene said quietly. "How do you mean, young man?" "I can guess what is in your mind, Mrs. Jones. You are thinking of what Mrs. Jones. You are thinking of what the neighbors are saying about the way the Howards have treated a boy in their employ, and, as some suggest, are still treating him."

"Seems to me, young man," she said rather severely, "that you know more about what is going on about here than a total stranger. Are you one of these detective fellows?"
"Not a bit of it."

detective fellows?"
"Not a bit of it," returned the young man, laughing. "I am a stranger, as I told you, but I have heard what people are saying about the Howards and that poor boy. I am very much interested in the case, and if, as some suspect, the boy is still in the Howards' custody there

boy is still in the Howards' custody there must be some reason for their not wanting the fact known."

"I think you have been listening to gossip, Mr. Travers," said the old lady, evidently relieved to find that her visitor was not a police officer. "Johnnie Andrews is not in Dan Howard's power any longer, I am sure. You may well call him a 'poor boy,' for if any one needed sympathy and love that boy did. The Howards treated him cruel enough, it's true, ever since he came here last spring. true, ever since he came here last spring, but many's the time he's told me he'd run away, and at last he's done it. I don't stand up for Dan or Miranda Howdon't stand up for Dan or Miranda Howard, but I do think that folks is wronging 'em by supposin' such dreadful things about 'em. Why, old Mr. Donnelly, as is gardener up to Judge Burgess's, told me he believed they had poor Johnnie locked up in their cellar because his boy—a half witted little lad—heard voices there one night."

"Then if all these stories which are being circulated about the Howards are

being circulated about the Howards are wrong, we should do all in our power to right them?" Gene suggested, when his

right them;" Gene suggested, when his hostess had finished.
"That is true, sir, but Dan and his wife act so when they are spoken to on the subject, that people think they are guilty of some awful crime."

guilty of some awtul crime."
"I hear that the Howards claim that
their son was attacked by Andrews the
night he ran away and handled pretty
roughly," said young Travers. "Was
John the sort of a fellow to do such a

This evidently staggered the good

lady.
"I don't know what to think of that,"
"I don't know what to think of that,"
"I think that she admitted slowly. "I think that that is a lie, but why the Howards tell it I don't know."

"Why do you think it is a falsehood?"
"Because," Mrs. Jones replied, sinking her voice to a whisper, "Johnnie was so ill treated and poorly fed that I don't believe he would have had strength don't believe he would have had strength to beat Hank the way they claim he did. That's why. Johnnie used to run in here just on the edge of the evening sometimes—Dan would swear at him and beat him cruelly if he knew he talked to the neighbors—and I used to feed the poor lad, for I pitted him so. He was a dreadful delicate boy, and looked like myson. I we have a decaded to the second the second to the second the second to be a second to looked like my poor Jamie before he

The old lady's voice broke a little, and she wiped her kind old eyes on her apron before continuing.

I know Johnnie wanted to run away "I know Johnnie wanted to run away, an' though I knew he was legally bound to the Howards, I couldn't blame him none. If he had come here, as I told him to, the night he ran away, I should have given him a little money I had saved for him, and food enough to have lasted him a day or two."
"Did you expect him, there on that

"Did you expect him, then, on that night?" Gene asked, quickly.
The old lady blushed as rosy as a

girl.
"I didn't mean to tell you that," she said, half laughing through her tears, but I did expect the poor boy to come here, and I was dreadfully worried when he didn't come."

"And yet you don't believe he is being kept a captive in the Howard house?"

"Not a bit of it," she declared decisively. "They have advertised for the runaway, and Mirandy Howard would never have agreed to that expense had poor Johnnie been in their possession."
"Not even to disarm suspicion,"
Gene inquired.

"I see you are determined to believe the boy is there," said the widow, with a smile

"I intend to find out whether he is or not," young Travers returned firmly.

WITH this end in view, Gene left the little brown cottage directly after din-

Mrs. Jones forgot her dinner and sat lown.

"Seems to me, young man," she said ather severely, "that you know more and entered the farmer's fields opposite Judge Burgess's handsome mansion.

Judge Burgess's handsome mansion.
Evidently the Howard farm was a
large one, for as far as he could see
down the valley the white painted
boundary fence ran, inclosing at least
two hundred acres. Far down in the
swale, where a narrow ribbon of brook
ran through the farm, several of the
hands were at work raking up the long
winrows of hay, and towards this spot
Gene directed his steps.

As he drew near the field, he discovered that there were but two men at

As he drew near the held, he discovered that there were but two men at work raking the coarse interval hay into great heaps, while a third individual was lazily reclining between two heaps, watching the others rake. This was a young fellow of eighteen or twenty, awkwardly built and with fea-tures drawn so nearly on the coarse and brutal lines of old Dan Howard and ordical lines of old Dan Howard that Gene had no trouble in recogniz-ing the son, and as a further identifica-tion, if he needed any his head was bound up with a white cloth.

bound up with a white cloth.

The two men who were working were half breed Indians, of whom a few families dwelt in the neighborhood, and whom Mr. [Coppleton intimated were the only help the Howards could hire. They were dull looking, heavy featured men, their black, coarse hair sweeping their shoulders as they worked with the slow precision of convicts.

Gene to all appearances caralessia or

precision of convicts.
Gene to all appearances carelessly approached the workman furthest from where Hank lay, and spoke to him.
"Where does this brook lead, my man?" he inquired in a tone quite loud enough for Hank to hear; then, before the man could reply, he added in a lower voice: "Where is the boy who read to work hear Louvnie Anderse 2".

nsed to work here—Johnnie Andrews?"

The man worked stohdly on without replying for a moment, and if Gene's replying for a moment, and if Gene's question or manner had startled him he gave no sign.
"Dat brook lead to Con'way ribber,"

"Dat brook lead to Con'way ribber," he said, at length.
"Coneway river is the stream that passes through the town, isn't it?"Gene went on, and then softo zocc. "But what about the boy?"
"He run away," declared the man, casting a glance from his beady eyes at his questioner's face. "Johnnie kind to me, I help him."
"You helped him run away, eh?" repeated Gene, eagerly, though striving to hide his anxiety. "You know where he is then?"

"No," the Indian shook his head decidedly. "I no see him. Molly, she my wife, she no see him. I fasten rope to de shed window so he get out, but no see him again."

"Then you expected to see him again, eh?" said Gene, shrewdly. "There was

eh?" said Gene, shrewdly. "There was an old lady—widow Jones—who lives just down the road a piece, and she ex-pected to see him, too, but he didn't go there. Where do you suppose he is?" The Indian shook his head and went to raking harder than ever; but Gene did not intend to give up so quickly. He had evidently stumbled upon a clew and he proposed by no means to relin-

They say that he beat Howard's son and that his head is all cut open," said young Travers. "Do you believe young Travers.

A shadowy grin for an instant crossed the Indian's face.
"He's no strong enough to beat a rat," he said. "He very sick—most rat," he said. dead."

" But where is he now?"

The man shrugged his shoulders, but did not reply. At that moment Gene heard the rough voice of the senior Howard across the meadow.

"Do you suppose he knows?" he asked, indicating the approaching farmer with his thumb

But the Indian refused to be pumped any further.
"You ask him," he said, looking at

Gene suspiciously.

The old farmer came nearer and

caught sight of his son reclining on the hay cocks.
"You Hank! how do you expect we're

goin' ter git this fodder in if you laze 'round that way?" he bawled, freely interspersing his remarks with oaths. "You git ter work or I'll tan your hide for ye."
"You'll have a nice job trying it," was

Hank's filial reply, but he slowly arose, nevertheless, and grasped his rake. "I ain't a-goin' ter slave for ye the way Jack does."

You git ter work az I tell yer, or I'll "You git ter work az I tell yer, or I li bat ye over the head," declared the old man, who seemed particularly savage over something.
"No, ye won't—you've batted me over the head enough—"

the head enough—"

He stopped suddenly and looked at Gene, who halted nearby to listen to the quarrel. The old man's attention was thus drawn to young Travers also.

"Can't ye ever l'arn ter keep a close tongue, Hank?" he demanded, in a lower tone; then to Gene: "Well, what do you want, mister?"

"I was inquiring if this stream would lead me back to tow," responded Gene.

"I was inquiring if this stream would lead me back to town," responded Gene.
"Wal, I kin tell you that it would, but it ain't goin' ter." returned the farmer rudely. I don't want no city fellers sneakin' round my farm, a-bothering of my men, an' cuttin' up didos gunerally. So you'd better git back to the road."
"All right," returned Gene with a smile, and he turned about at once and went back to the fence.
He could afford to smile, for unwit-

went back to the fence.

He could afford to smile, for unwittingly Hank Howard had settled one point in the mystery of John Andrew's disappearance. It was not the bound boy who had inflicted the injuries on the junior Howard; it was the work of the old man himself, whether intentional or not, Gene neither knew nor cared.

As soon as it was dark enough for his purpose that night Gene excused himself to his kind, though voluble hostess, self to his kind, though voluble hostess, and leaving the cottage bent his steps toward the Howard house. He leaped the fence some distance from the farmhouse and approached under cover of the grove just east of the building.

During the afternoon he had taken a careful though unobtrusive survey of the premises and had the situation of every sleed and stump about the house.

every shed and stump about the house mapped out in his mind. He was sure that the bound boy had not run away and if he was still at the Howard house, then the cellar was the place of his cap-

Silently he crept nearer to the build-ing, but it was not until he had circled nearly around it that he discovered anynearly around it that ne discovered any-thing out of the ordinary about the cellar. Then a beam of light flashed out of an opening just before him, and crawling swiftly forward, Gene peered into the cellar.

The small, square window was open, but a heavy screen was screwed to the out a heavy screen was screwed to the frame. The room itself into which Gene looked was a small, square apartment, evidently a potato cellar, with one narrow door leading out of it. At one side was a heap of old sacks and rags and

was a heap of old sacks and rags and upon this was stretched the figure of a youth, with wrists and ankles tied, and face turned to the wall.

A cry of pity rose to Gene's lips at the white, drawn face of the boy, but he stifled it, and turned his attention to the other figures in the cellar. They were the Howards, father and son, and they stood directly heapest the window. they stood directly beneath the window

they stood directly beneath the window conversing.

"What under the sun shall we do with him, dad?" Hank demanded, al-most whimpering. "He looks awful."

"I dunno, son," responded the senior

"I dunno, son," responded the senior Howard, who was quite as frightened as his son, for his hand, which held the smoky oil lamp, trembled visibly. "I wish't we'd let him run away ef he wanted to 'nstead o' pitchin' on him." "So do I, dad," responded Hank. "Then you wouldn't hev batted me over the head, a-thinkin' twas Jack."

over the head, a-thinkin' 'twas Jack.'
"You oughter hev stayed 'round behin' the woodshed," snarled his father;
"then I wouldn't hev hit ye. But the
mis'rable little wretch does look mighty
sick. He'd oughter hev a doctor, but I
don't see how he kin."
Gene waited to hear no more, but
stole quickly away from the window.
"That boy must have a doctor, that is
a fact," he muttered, as he hurried
along," and I know just who will get
him one."

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

The next afternoon's Daily News was read with avidity. Conflicting reports of affairs at the Howard farm had been of affairs at the Howard farm had been circulated all day, and only one thing was absolutely known until the paper came out, and that was that the Howards, both father and son, were lodged in jail.

The News had obteined a statement

of the affair from the bound boy, John Andrews, himself, who had found a comfortable refuge in the widow Jones's little cottage, with the good woman her-

self as nurse.

The Howards, seeing the 'rope dang-The Howards, seeing the 'rope dang-ling from the window of the shed where John slept, and suspecting the bound boy's intention of running away, laid in wait for him, the old farmer himself armed with a wagon stake, a weapon of sufficient weight to fell an ox, let alone a poor, half starved boy. In the darka poor, half starved boy. In the darkness, however, the old man ran against Hank and attacked him, thinking it was John, inflicting a beating which made the younger Howard roar again.

Discovering his mistake and seeing the bound boy escaping in the darkness, the irate farmer pursued him and brutally knocked him down with the stake, depthies using more force than he had

doubtless using more force than he had intended in his excitement.

In the examination of the prisoners ome days later, Hank admitted that the bound boy had been picked up for dead by his father and in great fear they had hidden him in the cellar. Then the old man had ridden off for a doctor the old man had ridgen on for a octor to attend to his son's wounds, and reported that John Andrews had caused them before running away. Before his return from town with the doctor, Hank and his mother had discovered that John was still alive: but the mischief as already done and they dared not reveal the truth.

The brutal nature of the act and the subsequent cruelty of concealing the injured boy in the cellar, assured the elder Howard of a long term in the penitentiary; but the grand jury did not hold Hank, and after selling the farm he and his mother left that part of the

country.

Andrews, whom the courts at Tohn John Andrews, whom the courts at once released, found plenty of friends among those in Camden who knew of his sad case, and he made his home with good Mrs. Jones. As for Gene, his share in the work of investigating the mystery brought him into prominence at once and he received, as Mr. Coppleton had and he received, as Mr. Coppleton had promised, all the credit which was his due from the Daily News. To that first assignment Gene points, as one of the stepping stones which gained him his present editorial position in the metropolis.

[This Story began in No. 557.]

# TheCoastGuard:

LIFE SAVERS OF ROCKY HAND

BY GEORGE WALDO BROWNE.

Author of "Elmer the Outcast," "Writ-ten in Water," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROYAL'S DISCHARGE.

HE precipitate flight of the terri-fied men brought a smile to Royal's lips, but it soon vanished

as he realized his own peril.

His better judgment showed him, however, that the danger from the fire was not so immediate as the others had anticipated.

But tied as he was, hands and feet, his chance of escape seemed hopeless. He wrenched and tugged at his bonds, until he felt the blood trickling down his wrists, to find that it was useless to think of breaking them.

He had a knife in his pocket, but it might as well have been at home as far as the good it would do him, for try as he might he could not reach it.

He next attempted to wear off the cord upon his wrists by sawing it across tied as he was, hands and feet.

ord upon his wrists by sawing it across the rough edges of the lathing where the plastering had fallen from the walls. But that seemed to have little if any effect, and he was forced to give it up.

effect, and he was forced to give it up.
The crackling of the flames grew
louder and he knew the upper story of
the building must be rapidly falling
under the fiery consumer.
Then as he glanced hastily into the
next room to see the fire beginning to
catch upon the floor from the brands
which had fallen from above, he con-

which had fallen from above, he con-ceived how he might free his limbs.

To think was to act with him, so put-ting his shoulder against the partition dividing the apartments he pushed with all his might, hoping to break through

It was stronger, however, than he had calculated, and after a few vain efforts he was forced to give up that idea also. Was there no way for him to escape? Yes, there was one more chance for him and as rapidly as possible he began to roll over and over until he reached the door.

This led into a hall, as he could see by

This led into a hall, as he could see by the light of the fire.

Along the hallway he rolled and reaching the door opening into the room recently deserted by his enemes, he worked his way over the threshold.

The fire had burned over the ceiling so the coals were dropping all about

him.

But unheeding them he advanced to a burning brand, when he held his bound hands over it, so the fire could eat off the rope with which they were secured.

The heat burned and blistered his hands and wrists, but in spite of the pain he kept the ligature on the fiery ember until with a furious wrench the cord suapad asynder.

ember until with a furious wrench the cord snapped asunder.
Royal felt like shouting for joy, but he more prudently turned his attention to freeing his lower limbs, which was a

task now easily performed.

Quickly cutting the borknife, he was at last free. bond with his

knife, he was at last free.

The crash of falling timbers overhead warned him that he had little time to lose if he wished to get away unharmed. He had seen the outlaw drop his vest and supposing the paper he had prized so highly was in its pocket, Royal at once picked up the garment, which was already on fire.

As he did so the missive fell to the

floor.
With a glad cry the young life saver seized it just as a huge portion of the ceiling fell upon the floor, to send up a suffocating volume of dust, smoke and

Surrocating volume of dust, states fire.

Nearly blinded by the fiery mass, Royal rushed out of the room, running against some one in the hall to trip and fall headlong to the floor.

"Head Day hall quick!" cried the

"Here, Dan, help—quick!" cried the leader of the captors. "He is getting away!"

away!"
As agile as a cat Royal regained his feet, and sent the ruffian reeling back against the wall as he attacked him.
The next moment he bounded toward the door, to be met on the threshold by

the other man.

His only course seemed straight ahead and with all the power he could muster he dashed upon his enemy, hurling him down the steps.

down the steps.

But the fellow proved himself no mean adversary and though taken unexpectedly, he grappled with his antagonist, when, locked in each other's arms the two fell sprawling upon the wet, slippery ground.

A fierce struggle followed, in the midst of which Royal heard his second enemy coming rapidly to the scene. "Hold on to him, Dan, till I can get

there.

"Quick! he is as slippery as an eel!"
Royal had broken the hold of the ruffian's left hand, but in doing it, had allowed him to get upon one knee and

lowed nim to get upon one know and elbow.

"I'll hev you!" gritted the man, attempting to seize him by the throat.

But Royal, by a dexterous move, defeated his object and at the same time

threw him back prostrate upon the earth.

The fall caused the wretch to loosen The fall caused the wretch to loosen his grasp upon Royal's collar, when the latter sprang to his feet and was in the act of rushing away when the other sprang in front of him, saying:
"No, you don't. I—"
Before he could finish his sentence, Royal threw his whole weight upon

sending him heels over head into a

thicket near at hand.

His way clear, Royal sped out of the yard, disappearing into the gloom of night before the men could rally to give

night before the men could rally to give him effectual pursuit.

Meanwhile, when off Tipping Rock shore, Jack Lonecraft and his companion saw the light of the distressed schooner, and they could tell that the craft was bearing dangerously close upon the shoals of Horseshoe Neck.

Each of them discharged a Coston light, and while the Sandsink patrolman kept to his station, Jack returned to apprise keeper Oak of the close proximity of the vessel.

Preparations were at once made to lend whatever assistance they could.

By this time the rain was falling in torrents, but the wind had died away, lessening the danger to the schooner, which continued to keep close to the shore, her action being so queer it was finally decided to send a boat out to

her. 'Accordingly keeper Oak, with four of his crew, Jack, Burl and the Speeder brothers, put out from Black Cove to hail the ship, but the only reply they got, after a stormy passage, was the retort:
"'Tend to your own bizness! We can look out for ourselves."

look out for ourselves."

Angered by the reply, keeper Oak or-

dered a return to the shore, which was reached without mishap.

Notwithstanding the treatment they had received at the other's hand, or rather tongue, the life savers felt duty bound to be in readiness to lend their assistance whenever needed.

And from the strange manner in which the schooner was managed, it seemed highly probable that need might come speedily.

The vessel, however, succeeded in escaping, and after an hour's tossing in that vicinity it drifted down within range

of the Foreinger.

At this critical moment, leaving Jack Lonecraft in charge of the lookout, keeper Oak went up to the station to get his breakfast.

Grote was in charge of the place at

Grote was in charge of the place at the time.
"Hear anything from the boy?" asked the latter, as Oak finally prepared to return to the shore.

"No. Oh, I've got him foul this time."
"D'ye----- great Cæsar! there he

He does? Them-

Royal was so close upon him the keeper did not finish his sentence; but recovering his self possession he sprang forward to stop the young life saver at

the door, crying; "Don't you dare to come in here, deserter! You have no right here, for I have discharged you from the service."

#### CHAPTER XV.

KEEPER OAK DEFEATED.

"DISCHARGED me?" exclaimed Royal, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise. "I do not understand you, Mr. Oak." "Well, I think I can soon make it plain to you. Isn't it a part o' my authority to be able to discharge one o' my men when he disobeys me?" "Yes, sir; when your order is reasonable."

"S'pose he willfully neglects his

duty?"
"Then I suppose you would have sufficient reason."
"So I think. Now when were you due here from your last watch? Answer

that, young man."
On or before four o'clock, sir, pro-

viding I had nothing to detain me."
"Jes so," and keeper Oak fixed his piercing black eyes upon the young life saver with a look which he intended should carry terror to his heart. "Why

weren't you here?" "For good and sufficient reason, keeper Oak," replied Royal, meeting his gaze without flinching. Oak was dumfounded at his coolness.

Somehow, to use a well worn expression, "he didn't scare worth a cent."
Grote was watching the couple with

great interest.

great interest.
"Explain yourself—if you can," cried Oak, losing his temper.
"Perhaps you wouldn't care for another to hear, Mr. Oak," said Royal, nodding toward Grote. "But I will go on if you say so"

nodding toward of on if you say so."

As Royal spoke he drew a sheet of paper from his pocket and began to un-

Keeper Oak recognized the paper at

Anticipating that his plans had mis-carried, he turned to Grote, saying huskily:

"Go down to the shore, Bill, and see

how the schooner stands now. Tell the boys I will be down in a minute." The excuse was a very thin one and e surfman reluctantly obeyed the the

When he had passed beyond hearing Royal said:
"Before I begin my explanation I have something to read you, Mr. Oak, which will help you to understand what

which will help you to understand "haz. I have to say."
"What impudence are you up to?"
cried the keeper. "Let me see the
paper."
"Crand back. I can read it very well.

"GREVION, Dec. 12, 1878.

"MR. WILLIAM STORY:
"It is about time. Be ready at the first fitting opportunity. Don't bungle. Get the boy off half a day if you can. Don't care if you hurt him some, but don't kill him. That would make too much of a rumpus. Do the job well and the fifty dollars is yours. Be sure and get young Southard and not one of the others. Be careful.

"R. OAK."

Royal had barely uttered Oak's name Royal had barely uttered Oak's name when the surfman, with an imprecation, sprang toward him, uplifting his arm as if he would fell him to the ground. Springing nimbly to one side, however, the young life saver easily avoided the blow.

"Hold, Mr. Oak," he cried. "You don't want to harm me."

"Where did you get that paper?" panted the other, wheeling about to face the youth.

the youth.
"From one of the men you hired to

kidnap me. I-"It's a lie, every word of it! I didn't write it. You needn't think you can scare me with it."

"I will leave it to any man in Grey-

don."
"Let me see it."
"Not if I know my business. At least, until I know your intentions toward me."
"I don't wish to injure you, Roy, I

"I don't wish to injure you, Roy. I will allow I was mad because you did not report as I expected. But now you have given a satisfactory account of yourself, it is all 'right," said the mollished keeper. "Of course the paper is a forgery, though I can't imagine the ruffian's intentions. To get a ransom perhaps. You will let me look at the paper if you won't let me take it?"

ruffian's intentions. To get a ransom perhaps. You will let me look at the paper if you won't let me take it?"
"Mr. Oak," replied Royal firmly, "I am going to be plain spoken in this matter. You have been against me ever since I entered the service; in fact you did all you could against father, because you wanted his place. I know this message is in your handwriting, and I know its value to me. You intended to have kebt me from my duty tended to have kept me from my duty to make it appear I had deserted, when you would have a pretext for discharging me. I outwitted your men and in doing it have defeated your intentions. Now you can discharge me if you wish.

"Roy Scuthard!" exclaimed the keep-"Koy Scutnard!" exclaimed the keep-er, who suddenly seemed very humble, "I would discharge every other man I have got before I would you. You've misunderstood me." "If I have, Mr. Oak, I ask your par-

don "

Spoken like a Southard. Now we moposen like a Southard. Now we understand each other, you will let me have that paper. It is of no good to you, and if any one should see it, it would put me in a bad light. I would like to put my foot on the one who wrote it."

The keeper extended his hand to take ne document, but Royal shook his

"I think it is best for me to keep it,
Mr. Oak, as long as I have got it."
"But you will ruin me by it."
"I promise to let no one see it as long

as you let me alone. It will be safe in my keeping."

At that moment Grote came running

At that moment Grote came running up from the shore, crying:
"That schooner is bewitched! She's going on the Scar in spite of Old Nick. What shall we do?"
"Let the fool go!" exclaimed Oak.
"It's her own fault."

"It's her own tault."
The vessel was behaving in a most peculiar manner, and for the time being it seemed certain that she would be grounded on the Scar.
But while the life savers watched her,

she suddenly stood to the starboard, shied clear of the shoals, and headed

for the sea.

"The blamed fools are out of it," growled keeper Oak, who was in anything but a good humor. "They have made us enough trouble."

"Ay, an' probably are laughing at us for our pains. She's an uncanny craft."

The apparatus was then loaded into the cart and pulled back to the station.

The storm showed signs of clearing away, and the surfmen were expecting an hour's rest when the lookout cried: for the sea.

"The strange schooner has run

#### CHAPTER XVI.

REAPPEARANCE OF SPARWOOD.

HE lookout was right, for the un-known schooner lay hard and fast on the biting sands half a mile down the shore.

In a moment all was bustle and excitement at the station. The mortar cart was run out for the second time

that morning, and the apparatus into it.

It was an easy run to Deer Neck, and in less than fifteen minutes after the lookout's alarm, the crew were on the beach, ready for action.

The vessel, a small coast craft, had run in so near to the shore that it was

not thought necessary to use the gun.

In fact, the crew would have had little trouble in reaching the shore unassisted if they had felt disposed to make the attempt.

the attempt.

Following one of the receding waves out as far as he could, Jack, by means of the heaving stick, succeeded in throwing the life line to them.

In five minutes the crew were safely

ashore, the captain saying, as his feet

touched terra firma:

Though the men were sober enough by this time, it was evident enough they

and been drinking freely.

That afternoon the surfmen helped
the sailors get their vessel afloat, and
they went on their way feeling in good spirits.

Keeper Oak's outward treatment of Royal had undergone a radical change, which the others could not help observing, though they wisely remained quiet.

To a few Royal told the real cause of

To a few Royal told the real cause of his non appearance at the station that morning, but the paper he showed to no one. He intended to keep his promise as long as keeper Oak treated him civilly.

The balance of the active season passed without bringing any event worthy of our mention.

thy of our mention.

There were several wrecks as a matter of course and perilous work for our gallant surfmen to perform, but they never faltered in the discharge of their duties

In fact, on one occasion in particular they received honorable mention from the head of the department for heroic conduct in the rescue of a shipwrecked

Luke Southard recovered somewhat from the effects of his injuries, but not

from the enects of its injuries, but not fully and it is doubtful if he ever will. When asked if he would again enter the service, he shook his head slowly, as if reluctant to give up, saving:

"No; I did my duty as long as I could.
I must now give up my place to Roy."
"Right well will he fill it, too," declared the others.

"Isn't she a beauty, Roy?"

"Ay, Burl, and as fast as she is pretty I'll warrant."

I'll warrant."
"Ay, ay, mate. She must belong to one of the New York gentry."
"No doubt. She is good enough in fair weather, but for all times give me the old Storm Bird after all."
The above dialogue took place between Royal Southard and Burl How-

and as they rowed into the little port of Harbor Head, ten miles or so from Greydon, on the afternoon of an August day near the close of the uneventful summer.

summer.

The object of their remarks was a jaunty looking yacht, chafing uneasily at her moorings, as they drew their clumsy boat up to the landing.

They were on a short visit to the town for business and pleasure.

"Well," said Burl as they stepped ashore, "as I have got a mile walk to see my man, you will have plenty of time to see yours if I start at once. So here I go."

"How long will it take you, Burl?" "An hour; more likely an hour an' a

"Call it an hour and a half and I will be here then."
"All right."

As soon as he had made the boat secure, Royal started in quest of the man he wanted to see, to be told that he would find him at the hotel.

Thither the young life saver turned

"Yes. Van was here fifteen minutes "Yes, van was here fitteen minutes ago, and he will be back soon. Walk in and wait," said the landlord.

Royal entered the reading room and

took up the daily paper to while away the time

"Yes: it's a deuced bad affair. Turned

"Yes; it's a deuced bad affair. Turned me completely round."
"Strange he should come back when everybody supposed him dead. Story is a man you can trust, I suppose?"
"Oh, yes. He'll do his part."
The foregoing conversation, though carried on in a low tone, reached Roy's ears and caused him to suspend his

reading at once.

The more so because the voice of the

The more so because the voice of the first speaker sounded strangely familiar. The men were in the parlor, which adjoined the reading room, and was connected by a door, then half open. Glancing in that direction without changing his position, Roy saw through the crack between the door and the jamb the well remembered countenance of Sparwood!

It was his voice he had recognized. As may be imagined Royal waited anxiously for what might be said next, for evidently the couple did not dream

for evidently the couple did not dream of his presence.
"I couldn't see any other course for me to pursue," Sparwood continued.
"It certainly isn't safe to leave the girl with that Oak any longer."

with that Oak any longer."
"You think he is on the scent," said
the other, whom Royal could not see.
"Looks like it. At any rate I am
going to be on the safe side. Oak will
entice her down to the seashore out of sight of the house and Story will do the rest. You see I don't wish any suspicion to rest on the surfman. wouldn't be best for me.

"Oh, 'I'll risk you to look out for yourself. But isn't it time for us to start if we want to get to Cat Island before dark?"

fore dark?"
"By George!" exclaimed the other consulting his watch, "I didn't think it was so late. I must settle with the landlord and then we'll be off. Story will be there on hand I'll warrant you."

Sparwood then went into the barroom, followed by his companion.
The disjointed conversation bore a startling revelation to Royal.
The abduction of Mona was intended and Sparwood was planning the work.
Story he remembered as one of the men whom Oak had hired to carry him off. George!" exclaimed the

off.
Cat Island was a lonely, uninhabited strip of land separated from the mainland by a sheet of shallow water some ten miles in width.
While Royal was trying to decide what was best for him to do, the two men left the hotel and started in the direction of the new yacht, which he knew then belonged to them.
The only feasible course seemed to be

The only feasible course seemed to be

to intercept them at Cat Island.

He wished Burl were with him, but knew he would be back too late to be of assistance.

Van Orden, the man whom he wished see, entering at that moment, he

"Can you go with me to Cat Island, Van?"

Yes."

"At once?"
"Yes."

"Come with me then."

"I shall have to go up to the house to tell my wife. But I won't be gone more than two minutes."

more than two minutes."
"Please don't, for I have no time to lose. Will be down to the shore."
"All right; I'll be on hand."
Sparwood was already leaving the little harbor in his yacht and Royal knew he must work with a will to thwart

the villain's intentions.

Van Orden, however, did not come as he promised and after waiting patiently for him five minutes or more, Roy pushed his boat out from the shore and springing in, seized the oars to start upon his mission alone.
(To be continued.)

#### A GREAT INVENTOR.

A GREAT INVENTOR.

MRS. HOGAN—"And fwy isn't the old mon a-workin' now?"

MIS. GROGAN—"It's a invintor he is. He has got up a road schraper thot does the work of foive min."

MRS. HOGAN—"An' how minny min do it take to r-run it?"

MRS. GROGAN—"Six. It will be a great thing fer givin' imploymint to the laborin' man."—Indianapolis fournal.

#### CHMMED

I WATCH the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white sleeved row: With even strokes their scythes they swing. In tune their merry whetstones ring : Behind, the nimble youngsters run And toss the thick swaths in the sun The cattle graze, while, warm and still, Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill, And bright, when summer breezes break, The green wheat crinkles like a lake. -J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

This Story beean in No. 556.1

# A Publisher at Fifteen

BY MATTHEW WHITE ID Author of "In The Grasp of Another,"
"The Young Editor," etc.

#### CHAPTED VIV

MR. SANDERSON AND HIS PROPOSITION.

HARRY was thinking of calling to Miss Griggson and asking her to tell the other boys to step down to the parlor, when the stranger pro-

to the parior, when the stranger pro-ceeded.

"My uame is Sanderson. I am the proprietor of the Unexcelled Dime Museum in the city. Of course, had your father not lost his money I would your father not lost his money I would not think of offering a young gentleman of your standing an opportunity to earn a salary in my employ. As it is—I will give you twenty dollars a week to come down to my place and exhibit yourself as the youth who captured Dan Miggs." Harry was so astounded by this outcome of the interview that for an interview capture and Mr.

come of the interview that for an instant he could make no reply, and Mr. Sanderson took the opportunity to add that he must annex one condition: young, Mr. Atwin must wear "short

young Mr. Atwin must wear "snort pants."

"I wouldn't come for any price," Harry finally managed to get breath to say. "The idea of showing myself off in a dime museum as if I had two heads or—or only half a one! Great George, won't the fellows roar when I tell them!" And Harry showed symptoms of rosting himself.

ing himself.
"Young man," Mr. Sanderson interposed at this point, "this is no laughing matter. I came here with a business proposition—one that any other young gentleman in your position would snap

"Why don't you make it to 'any other young gentleman' then?" was Harry's retort."

He of the big diamond made a gesture

"You are talking nonsense now, exclaimed. "You are the boy who Vau are the boy who cap-

exclaimed. "You are the boy who captured the convict, and you are the boy I want. Come, I will make it twenty five a week," he added persuasively. "I don't care if you make it a hundred," retorted Harry, becoming suddenly serious. "I consider myself insulted by the proposition. Is that a

sulted by the proposition. Is that a plain enough answer?"
"Young man, you are impertinent. Do you realize that you are talking to a man worth thousands of dollars?"
Harry was in a reckless mood. He was strongly tempted to say, "Well, he's no gentleman any way, or he wouldn't wear a diamond of that size in includent taxars."

wouldn't wear a diamond of that size in his short bosom." But he bit his lip, and just then Miss Griggson rushed in. The dime museum man had raised his voice in crescendo fashion with his last remark, and the worthy dress-maker, with her ear to the keyhole, fancied that her favorite was in bodily

danger.
She dropped to her knees in front of Harry, and turning her face imploring-ly toward Sanderson, cried with melodramatic vehemence:

"Oh, spare him, spare him! Don't hurt the boy."

Harry felt as if he would sink through the carpet with shame. To have a wo-man come in and intercede for him when there was no earthly occasion for

when there was no earthly occasion for it, was indeed humiliating.

"Miss Griggson, get up," he said.

"There is nothing the matter."

A gleam of mischief entered the wily Saunderson's eye. Since he could not secure young Atwin as an attraction, he determined to give himself a little amusement to repay him for his journer.

ney.
"There is something the matter, madam," he burst forth, contracting his

heavy eyebrows into a deep frown. "This young whippersnapper has insulted me, and I mean to make him apologize on his knees—on your knees, do you hear, you young rapscaller " apologize on his knees—on your knees, do you hear, you young rapscallion," and he made a lunge at Harry with his cane, which caused Miss Griggson to raise her voice in a shriek of mortal

Harry easily dodged the cane, and instantly there was the sound of hurrying footsteps on the stairs. The next second George, Dick and Hebe burst into the room.
"What's the matter?" they demand-

"What's the matter?" they demanded, all at once.
"That man," gasped Miss Griggson,
"is trying to kill Harry."
Mr. Sanderson looked rather taken
aback when he beheld the three other
boys appear. He now used his cane to
defend himself from the onslaught they made on him

made on him.

Harry became alarmed.

"Stop, fellows." he cried. "There's nothing the matter."

"What did you yell for down here, then?" Dick wanted to know.

But Harry didn't answer. He had gone to help Miss Griggson to her feet. and was now trying to induce her to

She consented to do this if he would accompany her, and his yielding to this request left Mr. Sanderson alone with

"Now, sir, what have you been doing?" said Dick, stepping valiantly up

ing r said Dick, stepping variantly up in front of the stranger.

"Let me get out of here," answered Mr. Sanderson. "It's a nest of luna-

And without more ado, the dime museum proprietor seized his hat and dashed out of the front door.

Harry came back just as he had disappeared.

"Has that fellow gone?" he asked.
"Yes," replied George. "Do tell us what he wanted!"

"Wanted to exhibit yours truly in a

"Wanted to exhibit yours truly in a dime museum in town."
"Oh, what fun!" exclaimed Dick"What did you tell him?"
"Told him that I considered myself insulted. Then he got mad, began to talk loud, Miss Griggson thought I was being murdered and—you know the rest."

A daisy item for the news columns of the next number, eh, Harry?" said George.

"It's too personal I think," returned

Harry.
"Not a bit of it," exclaimed Dick. "You can write it up in first class shape, and make a big feature of it, with stun-ning headlines. Exciting Scene at the Publication Office. Fisticuffs in a Par-

Publication Omce. Fishers and I'll lor.!"

"All right. Come up stairs and I'll begin on it straight off."

For some three quarters of an hour the boys worked pretty faithfully. Then they began to compare notes and talk, and supper time came before they realized it.

Harry was so tired after his busy day that he fell asleep as soon as he at-tempted to write by lamplight, and at last was compelled to go to bed without

last was compelled to go to bed without having accomplished anything further. But the next morning all four boys worked like beavers, and by noon there was enough matter Harry thought to fill the three pages. Then after dinner the typesetting was begun, Harry undertaking to turn out enough matter to fill the fourth args but three-clock.

dertaking to turn out enough matter to fill the fourth page by three o'clock.

The trouble began about four when Dick's column of satirical locals was made up and found to be ten lines short.

"Can't you turn out a couple more, Dick?" said Harry.

"I'll try," and Dick dropped his stick, held his head in his hands, and thought for about five consecutive minutes without any result.

out any result.
"Can't you fill it with something else?" he asked then.
"But what?" Harry wanted to know.

"But what?" Harry wanted to know.
"If we had any exchanges we might
clip from them."
"I'll go home and rummage through
the papers in our library for something," Dick volunteered.
"And lose an hour," said George.
"Only ten lines—we ought to be able

to think of something right here to cover that space."

They all stopped work and proceeded to "tap their think tanks," as Dick put it, quoting Bill Nye.

But when at the end of ten minutes nobody had an idea, Harry declared that they would not waste any more time, but leave the space to be filled with something of importance that might happen before they went to press.

"Like the editor I read of once," said

"Like the editor I read of once," sau Hebe, "who was always stopping the press to insert some important item. We might do as he did one day when he put in this note, 'We stop the press to announce that nothing of sufficient im-portance has occurred to warrant us in stopping the press to insert it." stopping the press to insert it.

Hebe had barely uttered

Hebe had barely uttered the last words, when there came three thunder-ous knocks at the door below and all the boys hurried to the windows to see

who was there.

#### CHAPTER XX.

MR. BUNTING HAS A GRIEVANCE.

T'S Bunting the baker!" cried Dick, the instant he had put his head out of the window. "Wonder what he wants here?" said

Harry:
"Maybe he's courting Miss Griggson,"

"A fellow doesn't knock like that when he comes a courting," returned George.

that instant Bunting looked up and saw the row of heads at the second

and saw the row of heads at the second story windows.

"Come down here and let me in, Mr. Harry Atwin," he called out. "You're the man I want to see. I've been hunting the town over for yon."

"He's mad," whispered Dick. "You'd better let us go down with you, Harry."

"I can't think what he can possibly have against me," rejoined Harry. "I think I can handle him without help, though. Isn't it funny to see the meek little man in a rage?" ttle man in a rage?"
Harry hurried down stairs, and found

Miss Griggson fairly cowering with ter-ror at the bottom of them.

miss Griggson fairly choming ror at the bottom of them.

"Oh, Master Harry," she exclaimed,
"did you hear that awful knocking?
I'm afraid to open the door. It's that terrible man come back again

"No, it isn't; it's only Bunting, the Canterbury baker. He wants to see me. I'll let him in, so you needn't bother."

"But if you should need any help, remember to call upon me," Miss Grigg-son reminded him, as she returned to

the rear regions.

Harry smiled to himself as he thought of the protecting deity that ruled over his goings and comings in the person of anis goings and commiss in the person of the weak nerved spinster. But the smile faded as he opened the door and confronted the angry visage of Mr. Buuting.
"What do you mean, sir," the latter

what do you mean, sir," the latter began at once, "by making me a public laughing stock?"
"Won't you come inside, Mr. Bunt-ing," said Harry, "so'l can shut the door?"

"No, I won't. The insult to me was

"No, I won't. The insult to me was made in public, and I mean to have the satisfaction made in public, too."

The baker's voice was raised high enough so that those passing on the opposite side of the street could hear it. George, Dick and Hebe, hanging out of the upper windows, listened breathlessly.

the upper windows, instened steamlessly.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Mr. Bunting," said Harry, trying to speak calmly and with a dignity befatting the publisher of a local paper.

"Don't tell me that," stormed the other, growing red in the face. "You can't pretend to deny that you get out paper called the Record?"

a paper called the Record?"
"I haven't made any attempt to deny

it. And I hope you thought it nice enough, if you have seen the first copy, to buy the second."

remark so incensed the little baker that he was speechless for an in-stant. Then he burst out with:

"I didn't need to see a copy to know how you villified me. It's all over Can-

But at this point Harry's curiosity to know wherein he had offended impelled him to seize Mr. Bunting by the arm and start to drag him forcibly into the

"Come up stairs with me this in-stant," he said, "and point me out in the paper what I said about you that you didn't like."
"I tell you I'm going to have the

thing settled here," cried the baker, pulling back with all his might.
Two or three people had stopped at the foot of the steps. Harry knew them But there was no moving Mr. Bunt-

ing.
"What did you mean by saying," he went on now, "that I was afraid of that convict and stood trembling while you

I never said such a thing," exclaimed Harry in amazement

"You must have said it. How would I know about it if you hadn't?" and there I know about it if you hadn't?" and there was a ring of triumph to the baker's

was a 1mg correct the record with your own eyes?" Harry demanded.

"Of course I didn't. I tell you I have never seen the sheet."

never seen the sheet."
"How do you know about it, then?"
"How can I help knowing about it, you mean. Everybody I meet says, 'Well, Bunting, we understand you made quite a hero of yourself the other morning with the escaped convict. Then they begin to laugh and I feel like a fool."

a fool."
"But I tell you there was no such thing in the paper, Mr. Bunting," Harry declared. "If you will excuse me a minute I will go up stairs and get one. Then you can see for yourself."
But there was no necessity of this.

George had overheard, and now Record fluttering down to the front

Harry caught it, and while Mr. Bunting was looking up to see where it had come from, he found the place and presented it to the baker for his inspection? sented it to the baker for his inspection?
"Do you see, Mr. Bunting?" he said.
"I imply that if you had not happened along just when you did the convict might have got away."
"But he did run off with my wagon," truth compelled Mr. Bunting to admit.

"I know that, but this gave me the means of stopping him, whereas if you hadn't come along at all he might have done for me there in the middle of the road. I can't see where I have reflected

on your bravery, Mr. Bunting."

The baker pushed back his hat and and scratched the side of his head.

and scratched the side of his head.
"It don't seem to be here in the paper,
what they said, for a fact."
"Who said it?" asked Harry quickly.
"Well, Miffins, of the Chronick for
one," replied Mr. Bunting. "Then
controlly Hochroned ""

one," replied Mr. Bunting. "Then constable Hooker and—"
"I see it all!" broke out Harry excitedly. "It's all the doings of that Chronicle man. He's jealous, and he wants to get the Record into trouble. Here, Mr. Bunting, I'll make you a present of this copy, and after this make sure you read the paper every week, and then you will know for certain the truth about things."
"Every week!" ejaculated the baker. "Do you mean to tell me that a boy like you is going to bring out a recular.

like you is going to bring out a regular newspaper once a week?"

"With the help of the fellows whose

newspaper once a week?"

"With the help of the fellows whose heads you see popping out of the windows up there I mean to try. And I hope, now matters are cleared up between us, you will speak a good word for it, Mr. Bunting."

"Give me your hand, Harry," cried the baker. "I'll have my Chronicle stopped, and tell all my customers they ought to take the—what's the name of your paper, Harry?"

"Receveport Record. Thank you, Mr. Bunting. I'm glad you came straight to me with your complaint."

As the baker went off, he stopped to explain matters to the people who had lingered at the foot of the steps, and as Harry overheard the words "a mighty bright boy," modesty compelled him to close the door and join his friends.

"The Record's getting to be a power in the land, fellows," he exclaimed, "if it causes the editor of another paper to resort to such methods to injure us."

And then he told his story.

And then he told his story.
"I think brother Miffins will find," marked Dick, when he heard of what Mr. Bunting had promised to do for the Record, "that a large sized boomerang has struck him."

"We must be careful though," added Harry. "We can't be sure where he will strike next." Harry.

No. 2 was all set up by five o'clock and then the printing was begun. This was interrupted while Harry went to the post office for the evening mail and the other boys adjourned to their homes

When they assembled again at the sphication rooms. Harry held out a publication rooms, Harry held out a packet of letters and exclaimed joy-

ously:
"Look there. Five subscriptions at a clip. All from Canterbury, too, the home of the enemy."
"Three cheers for our side," exclaimed Dick, taking off his hat to swing it, dropping it on the ink roller and then sitting down with rueful counterpance to contemplate the black black. tenance to contemplate the black blotch

"When are you going to get back the unsold copies of No. 1, Harry?" George wanted to know.
"When I deliver No. 2 in the morning.

Then I'm going to pay salaries."
"Nonsense. We don't want any sal-

"Nonsense. We don't want any salaries.
"Nonsense. We don't want any salaries. The fun's pay enough."
"But if I don't pay salaries, I wouldn't feel free to order you around, and if I don't do that, where does my fun come

And the discussion ended with a laugh.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

#### CHILLED HOPES.

ARLY the next morning George drove Harry over to Canterbury in his buggy. They both felt in very good spirits because the returns of No. 1 of the Record showed that at least two hundred copies had been sold in Peaswnput along. Reeveport alone.

"Canterbury ought to have sold twice as many," said George. "It's more than four times as big."

They would soon find out about this. In the back of the buggy was a huge bundle of No. 2's.

The first stop was made at Colburn's stationery and book store on Main Street, which Mr. Colburn himself was

Street, which Mr. Colburn himself was in the act of sweeping out.

"Good morning, Mr. Colburn." called Harry from the buggy. "How many Recards have you left unsold. I'd like to settle this morning."

"Oh, good morning, Harry," returned the storekeeper, shading his eyes from the sun to assist him in recognizing the speaker. "I thought all your folks had gone to town." speaker. "I thought all your folks had gone to town."
"Mother and father have, but I

"Mother and father have, but I couldn't leave my business. And that's what I'm eager to find out about from you. How did the papers sell?"
"First class, Harry, first class, Don't know as I have a single one to give you back. Just wait a minute and I'll see," and the old man placed his broom against the side of the doorway and dis-

appeared.

The two in the buggy hugged each

The two in the ouggy nugged each other in estatic joy.

"He took a hundred, didn't he, Harry?" said George.
"A hundred and fifty," returned the young publisher, with rising inflection. A moment or two of intense suspense and then the old man came out with one Record in his hand.

one Record in his hand.
"This is all I have left, Harry," he said. "And I'll keep this for my own use. Let me see, you left me—" and he took a well thumbed memorandum book out of his pocket.
"One fifty," he went on, "and at three cents apiece, that leaves four fifty coming to you. Here it is, and I hope the part time you can have a present on.

next time you capture an escaped con-vict you'll let me sell another account of it

"Thank you, Mr. Colburn," said Harry, as he took the money, adding: "Now, do you want the same of No. 2, out today?"
"What's that?" exclaimed the store-keeper. "A second number, did you say?"

say?"
"Yes, of course. Didn't you see the

res, of course. Dun't you see the notice in No. 1?"

"No, I haven't read it, I told ye. Been too busy sellin' 'em. But you don't mean to say you've got out another

paper?"
"No, it's the same paper, only the second number."

"Been capturing another escaped jail bird?" No, but I thought you understood

that I'd gone into the paper publishing business as a regular thing."

The old man took hold of the wheel of the buggy with both hands, and gravely shook his head from side to side. "Foolishness, foolishness," he mut-

tered. "But you sold a hundred and forty nine of the first number," retorted

Harry, with a semsation as though hisheart was slipping away from him down some steep incline, and he was stretched out on his stomach, reaching out over-the edge in a vain endeavor to recap-

ture it.

"Very true, but I had something to sell'em on. It isn't every day a young boy like yourself captures an escaped. murderer and then gets out a paper to-tell how he did it. But what's going to

tell now he did it. But what's going to make people buy your second number? What have you found to put in it?"
"We had five subscriptions from Canterbury yesterday," George interjected.
"And we expect to make the paper interesting enough," added Harry, "to-make people warm it for itself alone, and not for anything its publisher may have done." have done.

have done."
"Subscriptions, eh!" exclaimed the old man, not seeming to pay any heed to what Harry said. "And what do you ask for a year's subscription?"
"One dollar,"replied Harry promptly.
"One dollar," exclaimed Mr. Colburn.
"Hoity-toity, you want to freeze us dealers out, I guess."
"Why, what do you mean?" Harry wanted to know anxiously.
"You sell your paper for five cents a

"You sell your paper for five cents a single number, don't you?"

"Yes."
"Well, then, multiply that by fifty
two, for a year."
"That gives 260."

"Precisely a dollar and sixty centsmore than to take it by subscription."

"Great Scott, you never thought of that, did you, Harry?" exclaimed George, much impressed.

"But all publications are less to sub-scribers, who pay in advance, than to those who only pay out small sums for single-copies from week to week," re-

single copies from week to week," replied Harry.

"Not so much less than you have made it," replied Mr. Colburn. "You ought to make your papers two cents apiece if you are going to charge only a dollar a year for them."

a dollar a year for them."
"But then we'd only make a cent apiece,' exclaimed Harry, "and we couldn't possibly afford to do that. We're going to have pi—"
George came down hard with the heel of his rubber shod tennis shoe on the toe of Harry's tans.

The latter bit his lip and checked himself. He had nearly given away the secret for the detection of which a prize was offered.

was offered.
"But look here," broke out George fishing up a poster from the bottom of the buggy. "Look at the attractions. Each person stands the chance of win-

Each person stands the chance of win-ning a prize."

The old man put on his glasses and gazed at the sheet George held up in front of him.

"A box at the theater, eh?" he mut-tered. "I spose you know that there are some folks that objects to theaters, and lots of others that don't want to take that late train out after 'em. An'

what's that they've got to guess?"
"The novel feature we're going to introduce in No. 3," said Harry.
"And what's that?" went on the old

"And what's that?" went on the old man innocently.

"Oh, that's what you've all got to guess," replied Harry. "Of course it wouldn't be fair for us to tell anybody."

"And don't you suppose I could keep a secret," said the storekeeper tartly. "I guess if I have the handlin' of the papers I'd ought to know a little comething shout what's goin' to be in something about what's goin' to be in em.

"But nobody knows this outside of the office," declared Harry. "Don't you see it wouldn't do?"

The old man silently handed back the

The old man stendy handed oack the poster and turned away.
"I guess you needn't leave me any papers," he said, and taking up his broom, went on with the sweeping of the sidewalk where he had left off

There was nothing for the boys to do but drive on, which they did, each look-

but drive on, which they did, each looking pretty sober.

"Rather a let down for us, wasn't it, Harry?" remarked George, presently.

"After the heights to which we had raised ourselves on hearing of the splen-

raised ourselves on hearing of the splendid sale he had made."

"And I've wasted lots of valuable times on him," added Harry. "Suppose we stop at Taylor and Bates's now."

This was the leading dry goods emporium in Canterbury, but groceries were sold in the rear, so Harry had not hesitated to ask Mr. Taylor to add a

newspaper to his stock. He had taken a hundred, and when the young publisher went in now to inquire how they had sold, he hoped that he would a num hear as good a report as had come from Mr. Colburn without its unpleasant

But the first dash of cold water struck him when he entered the store and discovered Mr. Taylor in close converse with Miffins, of the Chronicle.

His first impulse was to retreat, but he His first impuise was to retreat, but he didn't want to seem to be afraid of a brother editor. So he walked on, and when he reached the two, said, "Good morning, Mr. Taylor."

The merchant had his back to him,

and now he looked guilty when he turned around.

(To be continued).

[This Story began in No. 551.]

## The Cruise of the Dandy.

BY OLIVER OPTIC, Author of " Always in Luck, " " Every Inch a Boy," etc.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

LUKE'S ROLAND FOR SPOTTY'S OLIVER.

APTAIN GUSTOFF was in excellent humor, as he had been the day before. He told Spotty that he was not quite satisfied in regard to ne was not quite satisfied in regard to the relative speed of the Dandy and the Saranac; and he wanted to try it over again as soon as possible. He invited his guest to the after cabin. The door was hardly closed behind them before Luke came out of one of the two state

rooms opening into the cabin.

Spotty wondered if he had been invited into the cabin to meet the enemy. Captain Gustoff remained but a few minutes after the appearance of Luke; but if Spotty had been invited into the cabin, he had not been asked to come on board of the Saranac. The latter fact did not look as though a conspiracy had been worked up against him. But then Luke was doubtless a very cunning fellow, and he might have inferred that Spotty would come on board while wait-

Spotty would come on board while waiting for his owner.

"I am glad to see you, Spotty," said Luke, very pleasantly. "How do you like your new situation?"

"First rate," replied Spotty, looking around him at the condition of the cabin; and he noticed that all the blinds of the windows were closed.

"I did not expect to see you today; but I am none the less glad to meet you on that account. You and I have a little unfinished business to attend to

unfinished business to attend to," con-tinued Luke, as he seated himself, and invited Spotty to do the same. "I am not aware that we had any un-finished business," replied Spotty, de-clining the seat by not taking it.

clining the seat by not taking it.

"I have told you what I wanted, and you were to consider it," added Luke, concealing as far as he could the interest he felt in the subject.

"I could not very well help considering it, whether I promised to do so or not," replied Spotty, looking towards the door of the cabin. "The most I said was that I might give you the ring and locket when I understood the case better than I did at that time.'

oetter than I did at that time."
"Take a seat and be a little more sociable, Spotty. I don't intend to hurt you, for you are my cousin, and have just as much interest in this busines as

"Your cousin!" exclaimed Spotty, un-able to conceal his contempt for the liar in front of him.
"Didn't I tell you the facts in the

case, and prove to you that your mother and mine were sisters?" asked Luke. You told me so, but you didn't prove

"Wasn't the fact of my knowing about

the ring and locket enough to prove that what I said was true?" asked Luke,

rather warmly.

"I don't think it was. You said your mother was my mother's sister. I happen to know that your mother had no sister," replied Spotty, quietly.

"You happen to know it!" exclaimed

the villain.
"Whether I know it or not, I believe "Whether I know it or not, I believe it," added the captain of the Dandy. "Of course this part of the story being without foundation, all the rest is pure invention. I wish to speak out plainly what I think."

"How do you happen to know that

my mother had no sister?" asked Luke, evidently astonished by the position taken by the captain, as well as greatly chagrined.

"I had it from one who knew your

"I had it from one who knew your mother's family well; and I think there can be no doubt of the fact as I state it."

"But who is the person that told you! It may be some one that never saw my mother, for she has been dead nearly twenty years."

may have been, but it was not. don't think it is of any use for us to talk any more about this matter. The story you told me had not a particle of truth in it," replied Spotty, as he moved to-wards the door.
"I don't think there is any one in

these parts that knew my mother," persisted Luke. "Don't be in a hurry, Spotty. We might as well come to an understanding about this matter now as at any other time. It must be set-

"I have come to an understanding about it already; and the sooner you do so the better it will be for both of us," answered Spotty, who certainly desired to have the matter disposed of.

What understanding have you come

"What understanding have you come to, Spotty?" asked Luke.
"That I will have nothing more to do with the matter, and I don't want to say another word about it. You deceived me before, or tried to do so, and—"
"I deceived you!" interposed the villain

lain.
"You did; you told me that your mother was my mother's sister."
"And that is true. You are a cousin

"And that is true. You are a cousin of mine. The only wrong I have done you was in trying to get the estate in England for myself, without sharing it with you. But I told you the last time we met that I would divide with you; and I am sure there could be nothing fairer than this. I should have all the tryible and expense of recovering the trouble and expense of recovering the property. I should have gone to England by this time if you had given me the ring and locket."

Spotty could not help smiling, in spite of himself, at the matter of fact manner in which Luke still handled his fiction. Of course his uncle knew more about his mother's family than Luke himself, and Spotty was sure there could be no mistake in his information. He wondered in what manner Luke in-tended to get the two articles under the

tended to get the two articles under the present circumstances.

"I think I have said all I have to say about the matter," said Spotty, walking over to the door of the cabin.

The captain grasped the handle of the door, and was about to open it and escape from the presence of one whose society was far from agreeable to him.

But the door was locked.

He tried it two or three times and

He tried it two or three times and then he realized that he had been locked into the cabin by Captain Gustoff. The latter had been so pleasant and so mag-nanimous to him that it was hard to believe he had engaged in a conspiracy to entrap him. But the fact was before him and he could not evade it.

Spotty looked at Luke. That worthy was still seated in an arm chair, with a was still seated in an arm chair, with a very diabolical expression on his face. If he had spoken, perhaps he would have said, "It is your next move, Spotty." But he did not say anything. He only looked at his prisoner and seemed to enjoy Spotty's astonishment and disgust at the situation in which he found himself.

Spotty could not help asking himself what these proceedings meant. He had been captured, and so far as he could see he was at the mercy of the

could see he was at the mercy of the enemy. He looked around at the wincould see he was at the mercy of the enemy. He looked around at the windows. They appeared to be open, though the blinds were closed. But it would be quite impossible for him to escape through one of them, for Luke could lay hands on him before he could make his way out.

Spotty had no revolver with him this time and it was possible that the villein.

time, and it was possible that the villain was supplied with such a weapon.
"Well, Spotty?" said Luke, when the former had satisfied himself that he

was a prisoner.

The captain of the Dandy looked at him, but made no reply. He was not alarmed at the situation, though he was alarmed at the studenon, though he was sorry to find that Captain Gustoff had gone over to the enemy. The Saranac was still at the wharf, and within a few yards of the Dandy. If he should cry out he had no doubt that Tom would come to his aid, procuring all the assistance that might be needed to make a successful onslaught on the boat.
"This is the after cabin of the Sara-

nac," said Luke, with a satirical smile.
"It isn't quite so elegantly fitted up as
the after cabin of the Dandy, but it is the best cabin on the Dandy, but it is the best cabin on board. I suppose she has a hole in the forward part such as that where you kept me all day. But I don't condemn you to such a place as that." that.

Spotty thought that silence was discretion, and discretion the better part of valor, and he made no reply to the remarks of his captor. He was not willing to discuss the subject which aping to discuss the subject which appeared to occupy the thoughts of Luke night and day; and it was useless to provoke him by any strong talk. He saw that, for the present at least, he was in the power of the enemy, and that he had better follow the example set him by his companion, and submit to the inevitable

Spotty, all my future life depends upon the possession of the ring and the locket. They would enable me to right locket. They would enable me to right a fearful wrong, done to me as well as to you. You don't feel as I do, though you would if you understood it as well. have been cheated out of my birth-

I have been cheated out of my birth-right, and others are reveling in the wealth that belongs to me."
"Let them revel," thought Spotty; but he concluded that it was not expe-

dient to say so.
"You have the means of making me an honest, true, and good man, Spotty," continued Luke.
"If I had the means, I should certain-

ly be very glad to use them for such a pnrpose," replied Spotty, who could not be silent over such an issue.

"Give me the ring and the locket, and the result will be achieved, not at once, but in due time," replied the villain, gently, as though he had found the weak spot in the nature of the captain.
"To make you rich is not to make you an honest, true, and good man," replied Spotty. "It often has the con-

plied Spotty. plied Spotty. "It often has the con-trary effect."
"It would not with me. If you give me those things I shall be restored to my birthright," added Luke. "With

that my self respect will be recovered, and I shall be a true man."

"I shall not give them to you. They are the only memorials I have of my mother, except a portrait of her and the Bible she used to read. I am not willing to part with them, and I cannot see how they concern you, since the story you told me is all fiction. If I must speak, it was your uncle who told me that your mother had no sister, and I believe he knows more about the mat-

believe ne snows more ter than you do."
"My Uncle Paul!" exclaimed Luke, springing out of his chair, his face red with anger and excitement. "You have spoken to him about this matter?"
"I have," replied Spotty, glad to find he had struck on a point where his

companion was sensitive. "You have talked with my uncle about my mother and her sister?" repeated Luke, apparently knocked out of his play by this information.

"I have, and your uncle assured me that your mother never had a sister, and consequently I know that your explanation planation was an invention made to satisfy me. I don't care to say anyg more," replied Spotty, and the window

At that moment the propeller of the Saranac began to revolve. Lowering the blind, Spotty found that the boat was a mile from the wharf. He had uke's Roland for his own Oliver.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI. LUKE FINDS HIMSELF IN HIS OWN TRAP.

THE Saranac's propeller turned slowly at first, but presently Spotty heard the speed bell, and the boat was soon going at the rate of at least ten miles an hour. Precisely the strategy which he had played off on Luke had now been turned upon him Of course the captain of the Dandy did not enjoy the situation.

A very sharp and short whistle from the pilot house of the Saranac attracted attention of the prisoner in the attention of the prisoner in the cabin. It was not long enough to be a signal for passing steamers. But Spotty was not long left to conjecture what it might mean, for at the sound, Luke hastened to the door of the cabin, thus indicating that it was a signal agreed

upon to call him, or to apprise him of

ome fact or condition.

Luke tried the door; but it was as much locked when he tried it as when his prisoner did so. Captain Gustoff could not very well have locked in the one without rendering the same service to the other. In a word, both Spotty and and his captor were prisoners in the

Luke uttered an exclamation of impatience when he realized the situation. He had no means of communicating with the captain, and the pilot could not leave the wheel, even if he knew the

situation, to open the door. Luke tried the door as many times as Spotty did so, but it was as obstinate as it had been when the latter found that he was a prisoner. The villain stooped down and looked into the kev-Spotty had done this, and four the key was in it on the outside. Luke

discovered the same thing.

The prisoner who had imprisoned the other prisoner was certainly not so well reconciled to his captivity as his com-panion was. He began to exhibit his impatience by walking up and down the cabin. Spotty was afraid he might be so wrathy as to vent his ire upon him, and he looked about him for such means of defense as the cabin might afford. He was strongly averse to a fight of any kind, but he was not willing to be beaten without making the best possible re-sistance. There appeared to be nothing in the cabin in the shape of a cudgel; or if there was, he did not know where

Walking did not improve Luke's temper. He seemed not to be able to walk off his wrath in that manner. It was useless to walk since he could not walk out of the cabin. At last he rushed to one of the starboard windows, Spotty being still on the port side, and with a desperate hand shoved down the shut-

ter.
"Captain Gustoff! Captain Gustoff!"

But the propeller of the Saranac was beating and hammering under the stern of the boat, and the water was surging so as to contribute not a little to the noise, so that the captain evidently did not hear the sound. Luke repeated his call several times in a much louder tone, but with no better success. Spotty wondered whether Captain Gustoff was really in the conspiracy, or was playing off a trick upon his companion in cap-

It was no use to yell from the stern of the boat, for the propeller seemed to have a monopoly of the right to be heard. Luke gave it up; but he ap-peared to have no intention of submitpeared to have no intention or submit-ting to his fate. From the window he rushed to the door of the cabin, which opened upon a little bit of quarter deck, which was two or [three feet below the main deck.

The impatient prisoner took some-thing from his pocket, and went to work upon the lock of the door. Spotty thought it not improbable that he had implements used by dangerous men upon locks, for he had known him to work upon a job of that kind.

Spotty had already taken the measure of the window, and considered how he or the window, and considered how he could best put his mortal frame through it in the most expeditious manner. Luke was twenty three years old, five feet ten in height, and rather a large man. Doubtless he had considered the idea of getting out by the way of one of the windows, and it had not looked practicable to him. His judgment had served him a good turn, for the windows were small for the passage of a person of his size.

Spotty was not so large by a considerable avoirdupois. While Luke with his implement was intensely absorbed in turning the key in the lock, and forcing turning the key in the lock, and forcing it out of its place, Spotty laid his body down on the sill of the window, and slowly worked his way through till his shoulders were on the outside, when he made a flying spring, and landed on his hands upon the main deck with but little inconvenience.

He was out of the only a large set of the caping Large set of the caping

He was out of the cabin. Luke ran to He was out of the cabin. Luke ran to the window he had opened, and shouted again. The pilot house was only open in front, for it had no back windows like those in the Dandy; and the impatient prisoner could not force the sound of his voice so that it would reach the ear of the captain.

(To be continued).

#### WARM WEATHER REMARKS.

THE blacksmith is shoeing the flies, His ardent son beams on a maid, While the dry goods dispenser is muslin his

dog And the lamp chimney sits in the shade.

Society's damsel departs
To catch the fresh heir by the sea;
The heir with alacrity raises the wind
The damsel's companion to be.

The baseball is frequently hot, Quite 'orrid the dudish young f—l; The poem of passion is dreadfully warm. The editor only is cool.

# A Boy's Account of a Schoolship.

In the past The Argosy has given its readers many articles, some of them illustrated, on training ships and other marine schools, a subject in which the boy of today appears to take a perennial interest. Herewith we quote from the Pittsburg Dispatch the impressions of a young sailor on his first voyage, as conveyed in a letter to his home.

PENNSYLVANIA
NAUTICAL SCHOOLSHIP SARATOGA,
AT SEA, June 5.
Dear Mother and Father:

Dear Mother and Father:

I am going to begin now and tell you
about the voyage, as I am apt to forget
a great many things, There was quite
a crowd at Philadelphia to see us off.
The tug came alongside about 11:30
a.m. We were towed up the river about a quarter of a mile before we could turn round. When we had turned we came back with flying colors. Everywhere we passed the people cheered us and waved their handkerchiefs lustily while waved their handkerchiefs lustily while the ship dipped her colors. It is about 95 mies to the Breakwater, so it took us quite a while to go down, especially swe had wind and tide against us. About 4p. m. a squall struck us in the river. The tug nearly capsized and we had to cut the hawser with an axe. We dropped anchor till it passed over. We then proceeded on our way. We passed into the breakwater at night, end when we came on deck the next morning we found ourselves at anchor in the bay.

we came on deck the next morning we found ourselves at anchor in the bay.
There was Old Ocean in sight, while all around us were ships and steamers at anchor! We at once got under way and slowly passed Cape Henlopen, and then away, and away, out into the very occasion.

The starboard watch went on duty first The starboard watch went on duty first at 8 a.m. and stayed on deck until noon. Then my watch, the port, went on deck, and remained till 4 p.m. Then comes the dog watch of two hours until 6 p.m. Then my time comes till 8 p.m. Last of all comes the starboard watch again until 12 m. The dog watch! Isn't it a funny name? A good one, too! It is so arranged that each watch will have eight hours off every other. will have eight hours off every other night. Just think of the time I used to night. Just think of the time I used to sleep at home! Here I am supposed to get enough rest if I sleep four hours one night and eight the next. Unless the weather is bad we pipe down on deck, and on a warm night it is nicer to have eight hours out in the open. You used to be so afraid of my taking cold from wet feet and from exposure to damp weather! What would you think if you could see me now, lying down some rainy night, in water from half to two inches in depth? I sleep like a log for four hours at a stretch, and then get up and never feel any the worse for it.

I will give you an idea of our daily routine. If our watch has been eight hours in we get up at 7 o'clock, go on

fours in, we get up at 7 o'clock, go on deck, wash ourselves and then get our breakfast. We have no tablecloth, nothing but the clean, scrubbed boards to eat from. Each boy has a tin plate, a comp but the clean, scrubbed boards to eat from. Each boy has a tin plate, a tin cup, a claspknife, a fork and spoon. There are no napkins and no style about our meals. We take all our courses at once, and as we wash our own dishes and all our linen, we can't afford any extra touches. We go on afford any extra touches. own dishes and all our linen, we can't afford any extra touches. We go on duty at 8 o'clock and remain at our post nutil 12:30, when we go below and have duner. We have till 4 p. m. to do as we please, or rather as we don't please, for we have classes for about two hours. I am in the arithmetic class and am being drilled over again for the 90th time in decimals, as all navigation is calculated by them. by them

At 4 p. m. we go on duty again until 6 o'clock, when we have supper, after oclock, when we have supper, after which both watches generally go on deck and have a good time. We can make all the noise we want to, and you bet 60 boys know how to do that! At 7-30 we pipe to hammocks—that is, we take them below and prepare them for

turning in. At 8 p.m. the watch below is piped down and turns in till midnight. They then go on duty till 4 a.m. At 7 a.m. we lash and stow away our hammocks, and the whole performance be-

gins over again. Some of the boys were very seasick and one is still so miserable they talk of sending him home as soon as we make port. "Yours truly" was not even touched with seasickness in the least, and had the bulge on the other new boys, except a very few.

You ought to see the feed! It is mush,

macaroni, salt horse, bean soup, ox tail soup, mock turtle soup, cheese, hard tack, spud hash, oatmeal, hominy, fried tack, spud hash, oatmeal, hominy, fried spuds, baked beans, butter twice a week, tomatoes twice a week, sugar twice a week, plum duff twice a week and rice pudding and lasses twice a week. Sounds nice doesn't it? You just ought to taste it! It must be eaten to be appreciated! The butter is not above suspicion; you would not use it for cooking! I tell you what we boys at sea can't eat, is not worth eating. The discipline is awfully severe. If we commit the least breach, into the "brig" we go on hard tack and water. The "brig" is a kind of wooden closet with iron bars in front. Sometimes we have to remain in front. Sometimes we have to remain there three days at a stretch!

This morning we sighted a steamer and took mail aboard of her. I did not hear of her arrival in time, so you will receive no word from me. It has been either a caim or else a head wind for nearly a week. At present the sea is as smooth as glass. We see fish of some kind nearly every day, mostly "por-prises," (excuse the spelling; they don't furnish you with a dictionary down here in the brig); they, the porpises, I mean, always swim with the wind and leap out of the water every few feet, and dart and circle about the ship like a streak of

lightning.

We sighted some whales the other

We sighted some whales the blows. We day, but could only see the blows. We also saw several blackfish, jellyfish and dolphins, and even saw the fin of a

I am getting along finely. I have learned how to make a great many knots and splices and other things, and go aloft and furl and reef a sail. You don't aloft and furl and feel a sail. You don't know how hard it is to wash linen clean in salt water! Our maid ought to try it at home! It takes you three times as long as in fresh water! Most of the officers are very well

liked by the boys, who will do anything for them.

liked by the boys, who will do anything for them.

We have had a very pleasant trip, taking it all in all. We remain here in Fayai, Azore Islands, five days. It is a very odd place, and I see many remarkable things. I have not time to describe them, as the steamer by which this letter goes leaves shortly. From where I now am I can see Mt. Pisco rising abruptly for 7,613 feet from the sea. It looks down on Horta Bay, which is really the correct name for the town. It is commonly called Fayal. There was a gale blowing when we tried to go out and we blowing when we tried to go out and we were very nearly blown ashore. We had to drop anchor and wait for the gale to abate, which happily it soon did. We struck a three days calm about five or six miles out of the channel, but after that we came in a kiting and made nine or ten knots for two days and a half. Coming up the channel we passed every sail in sight and even two or three steamers.

You talk of seeing the different countries while away on our cruise. I am afraid we shall only visit a few seaports, and the chief attractions lie inland. We are signaling the steamer. In haste I close to catch the boat. With love to all at home and my Pittsburg friends, I am as ever yours.

## The Cost of Congress.

EXTRA sessions of Congress are not to be decided on hastily. It costs a good deal of money to oil the wheels of the machine that runs the country. The details of this vast expenditure are given by the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe Democrat. The pay alone of members of the House amounts to \$1,800,000 a year, and they get \$130,000 extra for mileage. To help them transact their business they require a small army of clerks, doorkeepers, bookkeepers, pages, messengers, etc. The salary list for this force of assistants runs up to \$730,000. This does not include the office of the ser-

geant at arms, which is a sort of bank through which the salaries of the Repre-sentatives are paid. To run this financial institution an outlay of \$16,000 is cial institution an outlay of \$10,000 is needed. An additional \$\$\frac{25}{50},000 \text{ provides} for the support of the House post office, through which as much mail matter passes as comes into and goes out of a

passes as comes into and goes out or a good sized city.

The number of Senators being much smaller, their annual pay amounts only to \$440,000, with an addition of \$45,000 for mileage. There is an expense of \$5,460 for employees in the office of the Vice President. The office of the secre-Vice President. The office of the secretary of the upper house, which does the banking and attends to much of the clerical business of that august body, costs \$\xi\_4,500\$ in salaries. Clerks and messengers to the various committees draw \$\xi\_6\xi\_5,500\$. The sergeant at arms, doorkeepers and other helpers get an aggregate of \$\xi\_18,600\$. There are further expenditures of \$\xi\_6 \xi\_6 \x expenditures of \$30,700 for the document and folding rooms, \$18,200 for the Senate post office and \$16,000 for sta-

tionery and newspapers.

This brief statement by no means comprises all of the expenses involved comprises all of the expenses involved in running Congress. Among many things left out, which are paid for out of the contingent funds, is the item of salaries for the official reporters. These are the men who write out the reports of proceedings and debates which make up the daily publication called the Congressional Record. There are five of them on the floor of the House, who sit at a table in front of the Speaker's dest. at a table in front of the Speaker's desk. at a table in front of the Speaker's desk. It is their duty to report every word that is said from the opening to the adjournment. Being all of them rapid stenographers, they manage by taking turns. As quickly as No. I has got 1,000 words put down he holds up his thumb and No. 2 takes up the thread, very likely in the middle of a speech, while No. I goes down to a room on the while No. 1 goes down to a room on the floor below, where he dictates the 1,000 words he has taken to two shorthand writers—500 words to one and 500 to the

While the two shorthand writers are copying off their notes quickly in typescript, reporter No. 1 goes back to his seat in front of the desk. Meanwhile No. 2 has finished his 1,000 words, and held up his thumb to No. 3, who in his turn takes up the thread, while No. 2 goes down stairs and dictates-and so goes down stairs and dictates—and so on until No. 5 holds up his thumb to No. 1, and the business goes on as before. This arrangement renders it possible to have a complete typewritten report of the House proceedings ready for the printer a few minutes after that body adjourns. It is the same way with the Senate. Thus each Congressman fords on his breakfort table way way way the proceedings. for the printer a few minutes after that body adjourns. It is the same way with the Senate. Thus each Congressman finds on his breakfast table next morning a copy of the Record, comprising a complete report of everything that was said and done in the National Legislature on the day before. These skilled stenographers get \$5,000 a year each. There are ten of them, and so it costs \$50,000 a year for the writing of the Congressional Record, the stenographers paying their own assistants. The printing of this interesting daily publication is done at an expense of nearly \$50,000 annually. During the last fiscal year it used up 325,000 pounds paper and 1,053 pounds of ink. For the titles and ornamentation on bound copies 150 packs of gold leaf were required, valued at \$1,000. Five barrels of flour were consumed in the shape of paste for binding. During the session of the last Congress the outlay on the printing of bills and joint resolutions for both Senate and House was \$71,800. During the two sessions 10,837 such documents were presented to the House, and 4,056 to the Senate. Bills have to be printed and reprinted at all stages of their progress, so that a single one may have to be put into type a score of times before it be-

so that a single one may have to be put into type a score of times before it becomes a law.

Among the advantages which a Congressman enjoys is the expectation of a costly eulogy in case he dies during his term of office. In such an event custom demands that his virtues shall be embalmed in book form at the expense of the government. During the last fiscal year nine Representatives and Senators were thus honored, at an outlay of \$46,462. The most extravagant of these publications came to \$10,812. The expenditures for eulogies runs from \$2,500 up. From 10,000 to 25,000 copies ordinarily are distributed. Fifty are presented to the family of the dead states-man; most of the others sooner or later



Mrs. Paisley.

WHENEVER I see Hood's Sarsaparilla I want to bow and say 'Thank You.' I was badly affected with Eczema and Scrofula Sores, covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged

from both ears. My eyes were very bad. For nearly a year I was deaf. I took HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA and the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, jaundice, ick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, nauses.

find their way to the junk shop. Each one must have a portrait, the engraving of which costs uniformly \$34. which costs uniformly \$34. Congressmen have caused great waste

of the public funds by scattering the publications issued from the govern-ment printing office broadcast where ment printing office broadcast where there was no use for them. As a result of this practice thousands and thousands of volumes every year were sold to dealers in waste paper all over the country without having been taken from their wrappers. Compilations of statistics, produced at enormous expense, have excited the worder and dismay of country constituents, while learned essays on "Tertiary Insects," or other equally abstrues subjects have astonished the untutored residents of city slums. This abuse has been done astonished the untutored residents of city slums. This abuse has been done away with to a great extent by recent legislation. Among the materials consumed by the public printer in the last year, mentioned in his account, were three gross of fire balls, \$50 worth of eggs, eighty four yards of blue jeans, 206 gallons of benzine, \$16,171 worth of gold leaf, and \$2,000 worth of imitation gold leaf. Lithographed and engraved illustrations for the reports and executive decuments of both House and Senate cost \$8,824.

tive documents of both House and Senate cost \$8.824. Congress is fairly economical with re-spect to its expenditure on religion. The salary of the House chaplain is only \$900, while the chaplain of the Senate

The salary of the House chaplain is only \$900, while the chaplain of the Senate gets the same amount.

It costs a lot of money to run the building which Congress occupies for business purposes. The Capitol is under the charge of Architect Clark, who is allowed \$65,006 a year for keeping it in order. Seven carpenters are employed all the year round in making repairs, while six painters devote their exclusive attention to the many acres of wall surface inside and outside of the structure. Four plumbers do nothing but mend and renew the arrangements for water and gas, while a skilled coppersmith attends to the roof and sees that it does not leak anywhere. Half a dozen gardeners and a score of assistants are always at work on the surrounding grounds, while twenty five laborers are engaged every day of the year scrubbing the corridors of the great edifice, washing the steps, etc. All this has nothing to do with the keeping up of the two wings, so far as their interior arrangements are concerned. The care of these devolves upon the Senate and House respectively. Furniture and repairs require an annual outlay of \$18,000, to which must be added about \$35,000 for fuel and gas. The wages of engineers, elevator conductors, and workingmen come to \$33,500 wages of engineers, elevator conduc-tors, and workingmen come to \$32,500 extra. The pay of the Capitol policemen is \$39,000 per annum.

#### CLEARING HIMSELF OF THE CHARGE.

FIRST PEASANT (to judge)—"Your honor, I lent my neighbor a milk pan; he has gone and broken it, and now I claim damages."

Second Peasant — "Your

claim damages."
SECOND PEASANT—"Your honor, there's not a word of truth in what he says. In the first place, he never lent me a milk pan; secondly, the pan was already broken when he lent it to me; thirdly, the pan was whole when I took it back to him, and I am prepared to swear to each of these statements." - Tit Bits.

He who grasps time by the forelock generally finds he has also laid his hand on the key to success.—Troy

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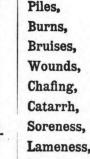
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