

# THE ARGOSY

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## The Hobart Diamonds.

BY W. BERT FOSTER.

I MET Spink last June when I ran down to the great Harvard-Yale boat race. I hadn't seen him before for eight years and shouldn't have seen him then only he boarded the same train for home as myself and came and sat down on the seat beside me.

"Ted, old man, how are you?" he exclaimed, gripping my hand with fervor.

"Just the same as ever, only growing a little old," I replied, with a laugh.

"Old? You're right. Look here," and he removed his hat, displaying a pronounced bald spot upon his crown. "Doesn't that look like it? But I felt as though it was only yesterday when I pulled over that same course myself; yet 'twas ten years ago. Well, well! I've got a boy at home almost old enough to talk about going to college. It made me feel young again to meet so many of the boys. Did you see Earle Hobart there?"

"Earle Hobart?" I repeated, cudgeling my brains for some remembrance of such a person. "I don't seem to remember any fellow by that name."

"You don't? Well, he was a junior when we were lordly seniors, so I don't wonder you've forgotten him. He came from the same town as myself so I had sort of a fatherly interest in him."

"But what of him? You spoke as though there was something in the wind."

"Nothing, only since I saw him last he's fallen into no end of a big fortune. I knew all about it at the time, but I'd never seen the fellow before to congratulate him."

"Quite a swell now, I suppose," suggested I. "What's the figure?"

"Not far from half a million," Spink responded coolly. "Didn't you ever hear of the Hobart diamonds?"

"Positively, never."

"You must have been migrating, about that time, and missed it all. It happened two years ago and the papers were full of it. I tell you, they made Earle quite as famous as the victim of some patent nostrum. for they had his pictures in all the papers."

"Come let's hear about it," I said. "I'm always ready to listen to other people's good luck. You've time enough before we get to Providence, haven't you?"

"It was luck—blind luck and that's about all," Spink declared. "Otherwise Earle would never have had a hundredth part of his property. The way of it was this: Earle was the only child of people in pretty moderate circumstances, but he had a great uncle—Simon Hobart by name—in New York who had become immensely wealthy in trade; but old Simon would have nothing to do with Earle's folks, because of some fancied slight he had received at their hands. So of course Earle had no expectation

in that direction, and when he graduated from college he went down to New York and accepted a position in a wholesale house.

"Just by chance he happened to meet old Simon and the old fellow was wonderfully taken with him. Invited him

to be a monomaniac on the subject of losing his money. Watched the papers all the time for bank failures, and seemed to fear that all his cash and securities were liable to be swept away and he left penniless.

"This fear obtained such a strong

diamond merchant, and diamonds are always worth their face value. So what did he do but put all his available property into stones, buying them of several dealers. Of course he did not do it all at once, for it might have advanced the price on such valuables, but he was two years in exchanging his bank stock and other securities for the gems. And then, when the transfer was completed, he locked the stones up in his vault at the house, rather than trust a bank. Oh, he was quite cracked.

"There were just two men, besides Earle, whom the old fellow had any confidence in, and they were as widely dissimilar as two men could be. One was the old butler, a faithful fellow named Jerome, and the other a man named George Stanton, a broker who had done considerable business for old Simon. Stanton, so Earle, says, was every inch a sharper and looked it, too; but for some reason the old man had taken a great fancy to him, had him at the house to dinner, and made him the executor of his will. Earle met him several times and liked him less and less each time he saw him, although Stanton did everything possible to ingratiate himself with young Hobart.

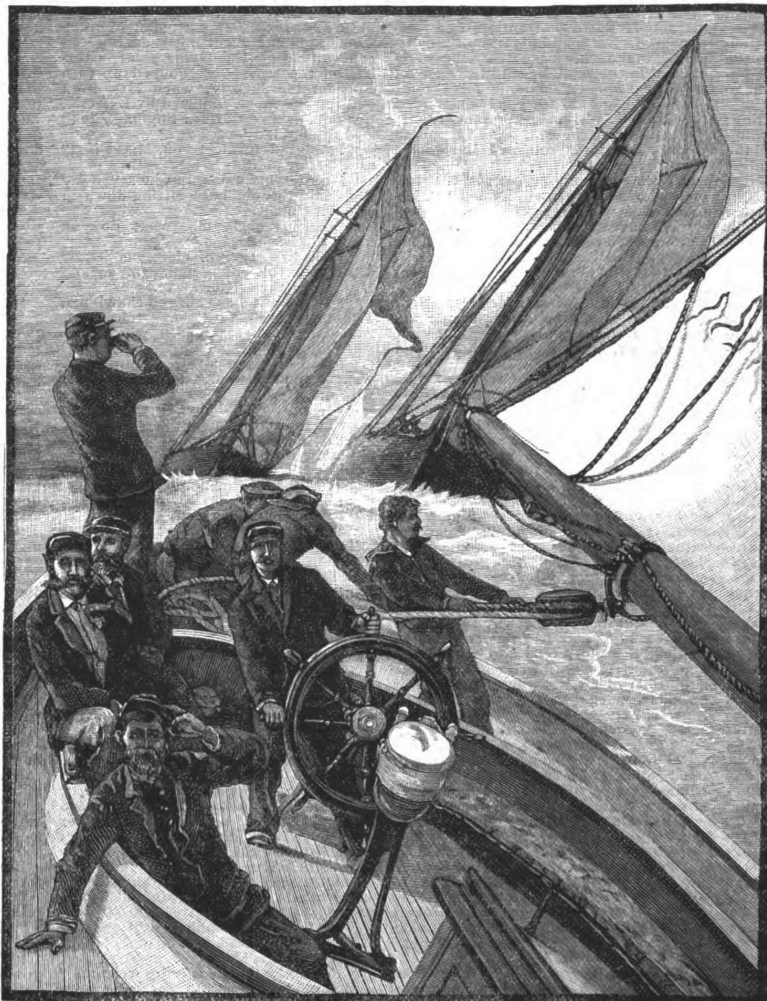
"Earle did not understand the broker's reason for being so polite and deferential to him at the time, but later, he comprehended it. Without the least warning, one day, old Simon Hobart died, and when his papers were examined a will was found making Earle his sole heir, while George Stanton appeared as executor.

"Earle was surprised as you may believe, when the contents of the will were made public and he was by no means pleased to find Stanton the executor. He didn't have a bit of confidence in the fellow and knowing that the great majority of his great-uncle's property was in diamonds, he determined to attend personally to their disposal so that Stanton would be unable to make more than his legal commission on the sales.

"While Stanton was negotiating for purchasers, the gems remained in the vault at the house, and old Jerome was left to guard the house and guard the watchman, as well, for Earle felt as though there was really no one he could trust but the old butler. Earle did not remain long at the house after his uncle's death, for it was in the summer and he had found among some odds

and ends of his uncle's property a pretty fair sloop yacht named the Weehawken, and taking a party of his friends he went off in her for a fortnight, while Stanton was straightening out the legalities of the situation.

"Earle had never cared anything particular for old Simon, had never pretended that he did, and was a fellow who didn't believe in showing a semblance of respect; he didn't feel for the old man's memory; so he went off in the Weehawken without any compunctions. He told me that after he got away he



FOR SEVERAL SECONDS HIS EYES WERE GLUED TO THE GLASS.

to his house and to his club—the latter, as Earle himself expressed it, containing as antiquated a set of human fossils as it had been his fortune to see—and otherwise made much of him.

"At this time, you must know, old Simon had left trade. He had always been of an exceedingly careful and parsimonious disposition and at length he wouldn't risk his money in business any longer, but sold out to his partners and retired to his big house on one of the up town avenues. I judge he was as big a miser as one generally finds and he got

hold upon him that he discharged nearly all his servants and lived in one or two rooms of the house so as to reduce his expenses. At length a little bank in which he had some money did fail and the old man lost three or four thousand dollars. The blow couldn't have affected him any worse if three or four thousand had been every cent he possessed. He was almost crazy for a time. He believed none of his securities safe and expected all the banks to fail because one had gone to the wall.

"In his youth old Simon had been a

was impressed by the fact that he had made a mistake in allowing those diamonds to lie in the vault up town instead of having had Stanton place them with one of the deposit companies, and he had two minds about running back to New York and having flat-tended to. But the weather was good and he hated to discommodate his guests, and so banished the idea from his mind.

"The Weehawken sailed along the Long Island Sound, coasted the Rhode Island shore and came into Newport just as the season opened. Although the yacht wasn't much for show, she was pretty speedy and could accommodate a good sized crowd for a sloop.

"Well, they remained at Newport ten days and Earle had quite got over worrying about the diamonds when he received the following telegram which, to put it mildly, was of an astonishing nature:

Butler gone with the diamonds. Supposed to have started toward Canada. I leave in an hour for Albany with special officer. Police notified. Return at once.  
GEORGE STANTON.

"Well, as you may fancy, Earle was knocked all of a heap. There he had trusted old Jerome implicitly, had even taken him one side before leaving New York and expressed to him his suspicions of the broker, and then to have the butler turn out a thief! It looked impossible and Earle didn't know what to make of it.

"It was rough weather for yachting; but he realized the necessity of reaching New York as quickly as possible and the Weehawken could take him there in less time than it would take to get passage by steamer or by running across to Narragansett Pier and waiting for a train to connect to New York. Newport isn't far from New York when there is a good breeze blowing.

"Several of the party he had brought with him would not allow him to go back alone, although he wanted them to stay until he could run back for them, so he was not entirely alone on his trip. The loss of the diamonds would make a fearful hole in old Simon Hobart's legacy and although Earle had not been wealthy long enough to really feel the magnitude of his loss, still he had already decided to leave no stone unturned to recover all, or part of the gems.

"And through it all, do you know, he couldn't bring himself to believe in Jerome's guilt. He had trusted the old man so implicitly that despite Stanton's telegram, he could not lose the impression that the broker instead, of the butler, had something to do with the disappearance of the gems.

"They ran out of Newport about nine o'clock in the forenoon and not until they got some distance out did they realize that the wind was something more than a pleasant off shore gale. The Weehawken was not a heavy weather craft, but she shook the sea from her bows and tore away from the land as though raving for the cup.

"The weather got pretty black and if the trip had been only one for pleasure, Earle would have turned the yacht about and beat back to the harbor. As it was he kept on, running as much before the gale as possible, and hoping that the wind would go down. But instead it increased and they found, in the course of a couple of hours, that they had run outside so far that to take the inner course to New York (i. e., through Long Island Sound) would be impossible.

"Block Island was now behind them and the yacht kept on before the wind for several hours. She was running almost due south, and getting farther away from land every hour. A sloop yacht isn't just the nicest craft to go to sea in, and although they did not fear a real storm, still they began to be fearful that the blow would last long enough to make them very late in getting into New York.

"The gale began to subside about four o'clock and so they dared to change the yacht's course several points to the westward. Just before five two ships were in sight, both coming out from New York. The biggest was the Caleb G. Wright, bound for the Mediterranean, as they afterwards discovered; the other was a West Indian trader and she hasn't anything to do with the story any way.

"The Weehawken was just about

beating her own record then, with every sail drawing and she cut across the big ship's course and went to the westward of her when she was almost within speaking distance.

"Earle took up a glass and scrutinized the schooner with careless interest as the yacht crossed her bows, and suddenly became conscious of a figure beside that of the captain, on the quarter. Something familiar about the individual caused him to look again and for several seconds his eyes were glued to the glass.

"Then he gave a whoop which might have been heard on the deck of the schooner.

"I've got him by George!" he shouted, and greatly to his friends' astonishment he ordered the yacht brought up into the wind and the schooner spoken.

"Then he signaled the larger vessel to lay to. The schooner did so, but with evident reluctance, and the Weehawken lowered her only small boat and Earle, with a man named Kingsbury and Fred Acton—you remember him, Ted?—who was with the party, went aboard.

"The schooner's commander met them at the rail, but the man who had attracted Earle's attention had disappeared. Earle and his friends mounted to the deck, while the sailors remained in the small boat to fend her off from the schooner's side.

"What can I do for you?" demanded the Caleb G. Wright's commander.

"You have a man aboard named George Stanton?" returned Earle. "I want to see him."

"Then you may be certain the two men who accompanied Earle were astonished. "We haven't such a man aboard," the captain declared. "We have only one passenger, Mr. Mark Newberry, of Trenton, who is taking a sea voyage for his health."

"Mr. Mark Newberry, or Mr. George Stanton, it's all the same to me," returned Earle. "Just trot him out please, sir, for I saw the rascal aboard."

"He's gone below, gentlemen," said the captain nervously. "I certainly believed him to be just whom he represented himself to be. I'll speak to him. There must be a mistake somewhere."

The captain led the way below and the three men from the yacht followed him closely. Sure enough, in the cabin was Mr. George Stanton, the New York broker and executor of old Simon Hobart's will. He had a small leather satchel in his hand, and before he could dart back into his stateroom Earle sprang upon him and wrested the bag from his grasp.

"So, old Jerome has stolen those diamonds and was on the way to Canada with them, eh?" Earle demanded sarcastically, while Acton and Kingsbury held the trembling wretch. "And I suppose you are following the thief to Canada by the way of the Mediterranean?"

He wrenched open the bag, and among several articles of wearing apparel found two packages done up in oiled silk. These he opened on the cabin table, displaying a collection of flashing stones that made the schooner's captain's eyes stick out with wonder.

"Pretty clear case, eh gentlemen?" asked Earle and they bundled the rascal into the small boat and pulled back to the yacht. The captain made no objection to their removal of the broker, for Stanton was so broken up by his capture that he did not even try to deny his guilt.

"Well, they got into New York at four the next morning and Stanton was put in safe hands. The schooner had formed his plans well and only by sheer luck, as I said before, was he out-matched. The poor old butler had disappeared from the vault at the same time, and Stanton had put the police on a false scent, which gave him an opportunity to escape by a sailing vessel from the country.

"Jerome was found half dead in a tough dive down town, where he had been taken after being drugged by some of Stanton's pals. The old fellow is still in Earle's employ, so he tells me, and Earle has tried to make amends for the way the broker treated him, by putting a good sum to his credit in the bank. Stanton was punished to the full

extent of the law and another executor, of course, appointed.

"The papers made a great story of the affair—odd you didn't hear of it, Ted—and you must admit that that meeting on the Atlantic was romantic. Well, here's Providence, and my story's finished," Spink added, as the train rattled over a long stretch of switches. "Run down and see me when you can. I shall be at home any time after the tenth. Between now and that date I expect to be off with Hobart on the Weehawken, for he still keeps the little sloop believing, as he declares, that she is his mascot."

[This Story began in No. 560.]

## Lester's Luck.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

Author of "Victor Vane," "Chester Rand," "Ragged Dick Series," etc.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

MRS. FINN led the way into an ample kitchen. There was a pleasant flavor of frying doughnuts, and a tall, thin woman of forty stood at a table cutting them out and superintending the frying pan sputtering on the stove. She looked up with considerable surprise when Mrs. Finn entered the room, followed by Lester.

"This is my darter, Sophia Finn," said the old lady.

"I am glad to meet you, Miss Finn," said Lester politely.

"I forget his name, but he saved my life," said the old lady, sitting down in a wicker chair.

"God's gracious ma, what do you mean?" asked Sophia.

"I was in danger of being hooked by a cow, and this young man came up and frightened the critter away."

"I suppose it was your red shawl, ma. You know how often I have told you it was dangerous to wear it when cows were around."

"I won't allow a cow to dictate to me what I am to wear," said Mrs. Finn with dignity.

"I will. I would do anything rather than be hooked by a cow."

"You haven't proper self respect, Sophia."

"But I have a good share of common sense. What's your name, boy?"

"Lester Gray."

"How did you frighten the cow?"

"With this umbrella."

To illustrate, Lester half opened the umbrella and began to experiment with it in the way which he had found so effective with the cow. There was an unexpected result.

On the cushion of a low rocking chair reclined a black cat with drowsy, half open eyes. She evidently thought the demonstration intended for her, and jumped about six feet, taking refuge behind the skirts of Sophia Finn.

"Why, Topsy, what are you afraid of?" said Miss Finn soothingly.

"I didn't mean to frighten her," remarked Lester, smiling and closing the umbrella.

Miss Finn, though devoted to the cat, accepted the apology. There was a comical contrast between her and her mother. Mrs. Finn was barely five feet in height, and Sophia was probably five feet eight. Her attitude was increased in appearance by her thin, angular figure, while her mother was inclined to be stout.

"Oh, I forget, Sophia," said the old lady. "I promised Lester one of your hot doughnuts."

"Certainly, ma, he is quite welcome," and Sophia brought a saucer and put on it three good sized doughnuts just fried.

Lester ate them with relish, for he had the ready appetite of a boy of his age.

"I am glad you like them," said Sophia, pleased by this testimonial to her good cooking.

"They're fine," said Lester, with his mouth full.

"How would you have felt, Sophia," asked Mrs. Finn, "if I had been brought in dead from that terrible cow's horns?"

"I should have loved the red shawl," answered Sophia, "for I should have felt that that was the cause of the accident, and I should have deplored your folly. It would have been a sad way of celebrating your birthday."

"To be sure. This is the first I thought of it. La me, our birthdays come so often. I am sixty five today."

"Sixty seven you mean."

"No, I don't," answered the old lady.

"I ought to know how old I am."

"Yes, you ought. All I know is that you were sixty six last birthday."

"It's no such thing. You needn't make me out any older than I am. I leave it to the boy if I look any older than sixty five."

"I think you are very young looking for an old lady," said Lester diplomatically.

"There, Sophia, what do you say to that?" exclaimed Mrs. Finn triumphantly.

"Have it as you like, ma. If you keep on you'll be younger than I am some day. I only mentioned your birthday to remind you of the way you usually celebrate it."

"To be sure, Sophia. I am glad you mentioned it."

"And as this boy has saved you from serious danger—"

"Just so!"

Mrs. Finn rose from the rocking chair and left the room. She returned in a very short time, holding an envelope in her hand.

"Explain to Lester, Sophia."

"My mother always celebrates her birthday by making a present to somebody. So do I. The general custom is to receive presents on such occasions, but we think it is only proper to show our gratitude for another year of life by doing somebody a favor. I presume you are a poor boy."

"Yes," said Lester. "I have my own way to make."

"As you have done my mother a great service, you are the proper person to be helped on this particular day. Ma, how much money is this here?"

"Twenty five dollars."

"That is more than you usually give."

"Yes, Sophia, but he saved my life."

"And your life ought to be worth twenty five dollars. Don't think I object to the sum, ma. You can afford it, and I heartily hope it will do the young man good."

"Twenty five dollars!" repeated Lester, almost overwheeled, and surprised also, for he had not supposed Mrs. Finn to be a woman of means. "That's too much."

"Not for saving my life, young man," said the old lady. "Won't you write down your name on a piece of paper, and let me know where you live."

"I have no settled place at present, madam, but I will write to you when I get one."

"That's right. Won't you have another doughnut?"

"No, thank you. I am afraid I should not have any appetite for supper."

"Where are you staying?"

"At Mr. Miller's."

"The man who works in Clark's store?"

"Yes, ma'am. He will always know where I am, as his son is my friend."

"I will remember it."

"If you are in want of a place," said Sophia, "perhaps ma will hire you to go round with her and protect her from stray cows."

"I think it would be cheaper for her to wear a different shawl," returned Lester, laughing.

"I hope ma will take your advice."

Lester rose to go, and once more thanked Mrs. Finn for her generosity.

On his way home he met Willie Miller, just returning from school.

"Have you had a pleasant afternoon, Lester?" asked the younger boy.

"Yes, and a profitable one. What do you say to that?" and Lester displayed the wallet full of bills.

"Did you find it?"

"No, I had it given to me."

"Was it the square?"

"Not much. If he gave me twenty five cents it would be a wonder. Do you know a little old lady named Nancy Finn?"

"Yes, she is rather eccentric, but she is very well off. Father says she is worth thirty thousand dollars. Did she give you the money?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps she is looking for a second husband," suggested Willie, smiling.

"I shouldn't care to be stepfather to that tall daughter of hers. No; I saved her life this afternoon, or, at least, she declares that I did."





This announcement was received with interest and greeted with cheers. "Will you jump first?" said Peter. "Yes, if you prefer to have me," "I do. I want to know what you can do."

Lester smiled and tightened the cord around his waist, which at the end of the foot race he had loosened.

He took his position, braced himself for the effort, and jumped. There was a buzz of excitement as the referee, after measuring the distance, announced "Seven feet, six inches."

Willie Miller looked radiant. So did Ben Hurton.

Peter Dunton turned pale, and an expression of consternation was seen upon his face. He had not bargained for such a rival as this.

He closed his lips firmly and advanced to the standing point with none of the confidence he had expected to experience.

He felt a presentiment that he could not beat Lester, and that a second defeat was in store for him. He would a hundred times rather that Ben would have beaten him.

Still it was possible that he might win after all, and if so, it would be a triumph, indeed. So he gathered up all his courage and jumped.

But he did not reach Lester's mark. "Seven feet three inches and a half" announced the referee. "Lester Gray has won!"

What Peter felt it is difficult to describe.

He took the five dollar gold piece from his pocket and handed it to Lester. "There is your money!" he said.

Lester accepted it in silence, for he knew that Peter would consider it an insult if it were returned.

"Can I offer this in prizes for another foot race?" he asked of the marshal.

"Yes, if you like."

"Then I should like to offer two prizes of three dollars and two for the best running done by boys under fifteen."

"I accept your proposal, and thank you in the name of the managers."

"I especially request that no entrance fee be required."

"It shall be as you say."

Announcement was made accordingly. Twenty young boys came forward eagerly, including two who had competed for the first race. Among these Lester was gratified to find his friend Willie Miller.

A good deal of interest was felt in this race, as the twenty boys all had relatives present. The start was made—the distance being one hundred and fifty yards.

It soon became apparent that the race lay between two boys, Willie Miller and Jeff Pettengill. The latter was the older of the two and came out a yard ahead of Miller.

The first prize goes to Jeff Pettengill, the second to Willie Miller," announced the marshal.

"I congratulate you, Willie," said Lester.

"Thank you, Lester. This is the first prize I ever won."

"I wonder if Peter will congratulate you."

But on looking around it was found that Peter had disappeared. He had left the picnic in disgust.

(To be continued.)

#### THE COST OF CARS.

WHEN one considers the enormous cost of building, equipping and operating a railroad, the rates charged for fare, only a few cents a mile, do not seem high. Take the single item of the prices paid for rolling stock, for instance. The price of a single car ranges from \$15,000 down to \$380. The former is the price of a first class Pullman car, while the latter is that of what is known as a flat car, such as are used to haul gravel and dirt. A common flat bottomed coal car costs \$500, while a car with a double hopper bottom is quoted at a hundred more. A refrigerator car costs \$350. A combined baggage and mail car costs \$3,500, and a first class coach is valued at \$5,500.

#### OUT OF PLACE.

"Of course, you have somebody to clean the boots and knives, and somebody to do the kitchen and—"

"Oh of course, and I send the beds out to be made. I wanted somebody only to be looked at—but you won't do. Good morning."—*Judy.*

#### ASPIRATION.

FOR me to have made one soul  
The better for my birth  
To have added but one flower  
To the garden of the earth;  
To have struck one blow for truth  
In the daily fight with lies;  
To have done one deed of right  
In the face of calumnies;  
To have sown in the souls of men  
One thought that will not die,  
To have been a chain in the link of life,  
Shall be immortality.

—EDWIN HATCH.

[This Story began in No. 559.]

## The Lone Island;

OR,

Adventures Among the Savages.

BY E. E. YOUMANS,

Author of "The Treasure of Wild Rock Island," "The Oakville Mystery," etc.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

SEVERAL CLOSE CALLS.

**B**OLT look at the enemy from under his heavy eyebrows. It was a quick, comprehensive glance with which he favored them, and it revealed the most effective way to begin the attack. He had planned out all the while waiting for Tom to free his hands, but any change in the respective positions of the natives would necessitate a corresponding alteration in the plan of attack, and it was to be sure this had not occurred that he gave them this hasty scrutiny.

It was his intention at first to dispose of the two blacks in front of them by a quick and unexpected onslaught, then seize the guns, and, before the others could recover from their surprise, club two more into insensibility, after which only three would remain to contend with. Two of these could be shot on the spot if necessary, and the remaining one speedily brought into subjection.

On second thought, however, the captain thought that there was more haste required in executing this plan than the narrow space of the proa would admit of. If the rifles could not be secured in time after the first two blacks had been taken care of, the others would have a chance to rally, and the deadly spears brought into requisition with telling effect.

He accordingly changed this part of the plan, and decided to seize the weapons first and take the risk of being able to club four of the savages into helplessness before the others could offer any resistance. He had made this change and arranged the other details while Tom was working at the bindings on his wrists, and now when the latter announced his readiness to begin the attack, he quickly unfolded his plan.

"Be sure you make no mistake," he concluded. "Strike quick and sure, then step back and shoot the fellow on the left, and I'll aim at the one on the right. There must be no hitch, for a moment's delay will ruin all."

At this juncture an incident occurred which greatly facilitated the success of the first attack. The savage in the rear accidentally lost his hold on the sweep he was using, and as it dropped away he quickly leaned over the side of the proa to secure it. This attracted the attention of his friends and they all turned their heads to see what had happened.

Bolt was quick to take advantage of this opportunity. Springing to his feet he shouted:

"Now is our time, Tom; quick!"

The rifles were lying just in front of the first black, and as the captain stooped to secure one, he dealt the savage a terrific blow in the neck with his fist, knocking him senseless in the bottom of the proa. Then, quick as the lightning's flash, he seized the weapon, and almost crushed the skull of another savage, who was knocked over the side of the boat, where he hung with his head dragging in the water.

Meanwhile Tom had not been idle, and the third savage was quickly disposed of by a powerful blow from his rifle.

The surprise was complete, and, had there been more room in the proa, the savages could have been overpow-

ered before they could recover sufficiently to resist. But the prisoners were obliged to climb over the bodies of the fallen foe in order to get at the others, and in doing so too much time was lost.

Before they could get near enough to strike again the remaining savages quickly rallied and retreated toward the bow of the proa where their spears were lying. In less time than it takes to tell if they had secured these deadly weapons, and with fierce cries of rage, pressed toward the prisoners.

The two men saw the danger, and quickly raising their rifles, fired. At such short range it was almost impossible to miss, and two of the savages tumbled into the ocean.

But two more remained, and they were desperate. With wild shouts of anger they hurled their spears at the prisoners, and it was only by quickly dodging that the missiles were avoided.

As the spears passed over their heads a cry of agony was heard behind them, and, turning quickly, they saw that one of the weapons had passed through the body of the first besieger, transfixing the unfortunate man to the side of the proa. But no time was allowed them in which to bestow more than a quick glance at the dying black, for the savages had each seized another spear, and were about to throw them.

"Down, Tom, for your life!" cried Bolt, and the next second the weapons whizzed through the air.

Both the whites fell forward, and, as the missiles passed over them, Bolt regained his feet, and, with all the strength he could summon, hurled his rifle at the two blacks. It struck one in the breast, knocking him out of the proa, and, as he sank from sight in the water, the captain sprang toward the other, and, seizing him around the waist, endeavored to throw him overboard.

The savage, however, made a desperate resistance, and the proa rocked so that Tom, who had regained his feet and was hurrying to the captain's assistance, lost his balance and fell over into the sea. He sank at once, and when he came up was some distance behind the boat, which was still rocking furiously as the two combatants struggled for supremacy.

With all his strength Tom began swimming toward the craft, but it was only after the most prodigious exertion that he succeeded in reaching it. He grasped the gunwale with tenacity and hung on as best he could, but he was too exhausted to make any attempt to climb in. Besides this, the proa was rocking so violently that it required his whole attention to maintain his hold on the side.

The captain and his foe were still struggling desperately, and it was as yet a matter of doubt which one would be victorious. The native was a powerful black, and he fought with such tigerish energy that the sailor had all he could do to hold his own.

Tom could see this, and realized the necessity of going to his assistance at once. He had recovered his breath somewhat by this time, and began trying his best to climb into the proa. The attempt was useless, however, for every time he succeeded in drawing himself up on the edge of the craft, he was thrown off by the violent plunges it made as the two fighters struggled from side to side.

"I can't do it," he groaned in despair; then as his eyes fell upon his friend, who was battling so hard for their freedom, he continued:

"But I will, I must do it," and again struggled desperately.

The sudden strain thus brought to bear on that side of the proa caused it to roll over toward him, and the combatants were thrown off their feet, and fell together in the bottom. Each exerted himself to get the upper position, and by a mighty effort the captain succeeded. Then placing his knees, one on each side of the savage's breast, and seizing him by the throat, he managed to hold him down while he endeavored to render him insensible.

He had the advantage at last, and he did not mean to lose it. He tightened his grip on the dusky throat of his adversary, whose struggles soon began to subside.

But now a new danger menaced him, which the captain himself did not discern.

The savage whom he had knocked

senseless with his fist in the beginning of the fight had regained consciousness, and, seeing that his friend had been overpowered by the sailor, proceeded to assist him.

He was still too weak to accomplish anything by main strength, but one of the spears lay within his reach, and he soon had this in his hands. Then making his way forward he managed to get near enough to the captain to use the weapon with deadly effect, and Tom groaned in despair as he saw him raise the spear.

"Look out, captain!" he called, but he saw that the warning was not uttered in time, and that it was impossible for Bolt to avoid the attack.

Already the savage was in the act of hurling the missile, and, as his arm shot forward and the weapon left his hand, Tom exerted all his strength, and pulled the proa so far over that the sailor was thrown on his side in the bottom.

This saved his life.

The point of the spear whizzed past his neck, and plunged into the water at the stern of the boat. His escape was miraculous, but he was not allowed much time to think of it, for the savage he had been struggling with speedily took advantage of the opportunity this afforded him, and before the captain could recover himself, got upon his knees, and seized one of the spears that lay near by.

The next instant he made a savage lunge at the sailor, and it was only by a quick move that he escaped being impaled.

He quickly seized the spear, and wrenched it from the native's grasp, then turning it around, drove the point through the black's shoulder, who fell back with a gasp. This effectually disposed of him, and Bolt turned his attention to the other fellow, who had just secured another weapon and was hastily preparing to use it.

But the captain closed in on him before he could contrive to make a thrust, and another powerful blow of his fist stretched the savage senseless again.

Bolt then assisted Tom to climb into the proa, after which he proceeded to regain his breath, for his prodigious exertion had almost exhausted him.

#### CHAPTER XV.

WHAT NEXT?

"THAT was the hardest fought battle I've ever been through," said Bolt, when he had recovered sufficiently to speak. "And I've been in a good many in my time."

"I should say it was," Tom replied, "and once I thought you'd lose it." "And so I would if it hadn't been for your presence of mind in jerking the boat over at the right moment. You've saved my life, my boy, and I'll never forget it."

They now busied themselves in considering the situation. The two unconscious blacks were the only ones in the boat, as the others had fallen overboard when they were knocked down, and the one who had hung over the side of the proa must have been dislodged during the violent rocking of the craft while the captain and his foe were battling.

They looked carefully over the ocean, but no signs of the natives could be seen, and it was evident that they had gone to the bottom. This relieved them of the necessity of caring for what would have proved a troublesome burden.

"I can't say that I'm sorry," was Bolt's observation. "They brought it upon themselves, and must take the consequence. I suppose we'll have to secure this fellow in some way before he regains consciousness, and attend to the other's wounded shoulder."

As he spoke he proceeded to bind the savage's hands together, and just as he finished the black revived. He made no attempt to move, but there was a look of hope in his brilliant black eyes, as he fastened them on the captain.

"You'd like to murder me, youascal, wouldn't you?" said Bolt, as he met the malignant glance of the fallen foe. "Well, that's about as near as you'd come to it I reckon, though you did try hard enough to do it a while ago."

A deep groan coming from the injured black now drew the sailor's attention, and he proceeded to examine the wound in his shoulder. It was not as bad as it might have been, the spear



having penetrated the fleshy part making a long but not very deep gash.

Considerable blood had been lost, however, and this had exhausted the man's strength and produced insensibility. But he was regaining consciousness now, and, by the time Bolt had dressed the wound and stopped the flow of blood the savage opened his eyes.

Like his companion he made no attempt at resistance, and seemed to accept his defeat with comparative nonchalance. He only looked around as his reclining position would allow, then, closed his eyes, and gave no further attention to his surroundings.

After these fellows had been disposed of the captain looked at the besiegers to see what effect the sudden change in the situation had produced upon them. They tried hard to appear indifferent, but the keen eyes of the sailor soon detected that they were thoroughly interested in what had occurred.

They were not to be trusted any more than the late foe, however, and the captain concluded to treat them accordingly. They were securely bound, but in order to be on the safe side, Bolt carefully examined the things that confined their hands, as he did not purpose to permit them to serve himself and Tom as they had treated the other savages.

What ultimate disposition would be made of them he did not at present decide. As he and Tom were masters of the situation, this matter could be attended to at any time.

"Well, we've got everything our own way now," he remarked, when he had attended to the details above mentioned, "and the question is—what shall we do?"

"I don't know, for my part," answered Tom. "Do you think we're likely to sight a ship, or are we out of the track of vessels?"

"We probably are. [These natives seem to belong to some of the South Sea islands, and, if so, we can safely conclude that vessels are seldom seen in this latitude, otherwise these fellows would be more civilized and less blood-thirsty."

"What do you think it is best to do, then?" asked Tom.

The captain thought for a moment before replying. At last he said:

"The only plan that I can suggest is to lay our course in a direction that will bring us in the way of some passing ship, and sail on till we meet one. Now I think if we travel several leagues to the northwest we will probably come in the path of some craft; but in order to do that we must have something to live on while making the journey. We have neither food nor water, and it would be folly to attempt anything without these supplies, besides we must get rid of the savages."

Tom saw the wisdom of the captain's argument, but found himself unable to suggest anything. He decided to let Bolt manage the whole business, and trust to his good judgment to carry them through.

"Do just as you think best," he said. "I'm willing to be guided by whatever you say."

The sailor looked pleased.

"I'll do my best," he continued, "and I think I can contrive to get us out of our unpleasant situation. There's land not many miles away, and we'd better go there first, as we can probably secure water and fruit enough to last us several days, and by that time I hope we can sight a ship. We can also decide what to do with our freight here, and, for my part, I want to dispose of 'em as soon as possible."

Meanwhile the proa had been steadily floating on with the tide, and the land ahead was now distinctly visible. They concluded it must be an island, but of this they could not be sure until a closer examination could be made.

Although Tom had a good deal of confidence in his companion, he could not help feeling a trifle uncomfortable. He knew the proa full of savages that had sailed on in advance a few hours before had gone in this direction, and as they neared the island, the fear of meeting these fellows again gave him considerable uneasiness.

The captain saw the troubled expression on his face, and rightly judging its cause, hastened to say:

"I know what you're thinking of, my boy; but don't let that worry you. We'll change our course and touch

the island several miles from the point where those fellows must have landed. I don't think there'll be much danger of meeting them."

This plan was carefully followed out. When they came near enough to the land to see well what they were doing, their course was altered so that they would reach it at a point at least two leagues to the westward.

#### CHAPTER XVI. IN THE WILDS.

AS they approached the land they noticed that the coast extended away on either side as far as they could see, and this convinced them that it was not an island.

It was probably the main land of some strange country, and they experienced a peculiar sensation as they thought of the new adventures that might await them in the wilds looming up ahead.

Tom could not help feeling that their worst experiences were yet before them, and he would have suggested turning back, without food or water, laying their course in search of some vessel; but the captain had decided upon this plan, he had consented to trust to the sailor's judgment, and he did not feel at liberty to speak.

In a few hours they were within three miles of the coast.

The savages could see everything from their position in the boat, and they appeared to be much excited, keeping up a continual jabbering in their own tongue. Tom would have given a good deal to understand what was said, but this was impossible, and he could only conjecture.

He had no doubt, however, that they were talking of what it would be possible for them to do when land was reached, and, as he reflected how they might secure their freedom and recapture himself and the captain, he grew decidedly uncomfortable. This was only for a moment, as on second thought he realized that it would be almost impossible for them to do this unaided.

There were six of them all told, and each was securely bound, so that in case any attempt at revolt should be made it would not be likely to meet with success. But the land ahead might be teeming with the friends of the besiegers, who even now were only waiting for them to come near enough to be attacked, and, as these thoughts ran through his mind, Tom became so uneasy that he was compelled to say:

"I don't think it's a good idea to land here after all. I can't help feeling we'll get in trouble if we do. Those blacks may have come from this very place, and we're probably running right into their hands again."

"I've thought of that, and that's one reason why I changed our course so far to the west. Of course we may be running some risk, but it's our only alternative. We must get rid of these fellows, and the best way to do this is to leave 'em here. Then food of some kind and water may be had, or we can accomplish nothing toward reaching a vessel. So you see we can hardly avoid landing, and we must trust to luck not to meet any more savages."

By this time the coast was at hand, and they began looking for a suitable place to land.

A little to the left a small river was discernible, and they decided to enter this and make a short journey into the interior where fruit trees would doubtless be found. There were none to be seen anywhere along the coast.

So they entered the river, and when they had gone up a mile or more it became so narrow that the trees, which lined the bank on either side, hung over so far that their branches were interlaced, forming a green canopy overhead.

It was a wild and strange country in which they found themselves, and a dense forest soon stretched above and below them on both sides.

They were not likely to discover anything in the shape of fruit here, and it would be necessary to keep on a few miles further, when probably the forest would end, and fruit trees be found in abundance.

"Just as soon as we find what we want we'll land, and take these fellows out and put 'em in a safe place. Then we'll load up the fruit, take on some water,

and get back as soon as possible," said the captain, who, to tell the truth, did not feel as safe here as he would feel on the waters of the ocean, though he was careful not to let Tom know it.

He could see the boy was very uneasy, and, when a noise of any kind would come to their ears from the forest, he would start and turn quickly as if expecting to see a party of savages appear on the river bank.

The rifles, of course had been carefully unloaded after the battle with the blacks, and were now lying near, ready for use at a moment's notice.

It was fortunate for the captain that his weapon had not dropped into the sea and sunk when he hurried it at the foe, but, as before stated, it struck the savage full in the breast and fell in the bottom of the boat.

They continued up the river for several hours, but no indication of reaching a more open country could be discerned, and it appeared as if the great forest would never end. They could gain nothing by turning back, however, so they kept on, hoping the desired condition of country would soon be apparent.

"If we could have found fruit trees near the coast I would say that we had made a bad move in coming into the river," said the captain. "But there were none there, and this was the only thing we could do."

"I hope we won't have to go much further," returned Tom. "Every minute carries us so far out of our way, and we may get into no end of trouble. I don't like the way those fellows act. They seem to be looking for something to happen, and I wouldn't be surprised if we were attacked at any moment."

The prisoners did seem to be very much interested, and they made no attempt to conceal it. They continued to talk excitedly at intervals, and to glance expectantly from shore to shore as the proa glided up the river.

All this made Tom feel more uncomfortable as the time passed, for he knew that each mile placed between them and the ocean increased their perils accordingly.

At last, however, they were delighted to notice that the forest began to be less dense, and when another mile or two had been added to the journey, the eagerly looked for fruit trees came into view. These became more abundant as they advanced, and at last Bolt decided to turn the boat shoreward.

"I don't think we can find a better place," he said, "and we must secure what we want, and get back as soon as possible. The first thing we'll do is to hustle these fellows out, then we'll load up and leave."

"That'll suit me to a T," rejoined Tom with such earnestness that the captain laughed.

The proa was turned toward shore and soon reached the bank. The two whites stepped out and began looking for a suitable place to dispose of the savages. They finally decided to carry them a short distance from the river, and there leave them.

"That's the best plan," said the captain, "and we can't afford to waste more time on 'em than is necessary."

"That's my idea," answered Tom. "I'm anxious to get back as soon as we can."

"We can make better time going back, as we won't have all these fellows to carry," continued the sailor.

They began transferring the savages from the proa to the place intended for them, and in a little while the task was finished.

They were not disposed to be unnecessarily cruel with them, and they decided to adjust their things in such a way that they could ultimately work themselves free and join their friends back in the wilderness. This they would not do, however, until they were ready to start back toward the ocean themselves.

Tom and the captain now set to work gathering what fruit they wanted, and in a short time a large quantity lay in the boat.

The next thing desired was water. But here they were confronted by a difficulty not hitherto taken into consideration.

They had nothing to put the water in, and no means of constructing anything that would answer the purpose.

They began to be in serious doubt as

to whether they would not be compelled to abandon the water, and trust to the juice of the fruit to supply its place, when an idea flashed into Bolt's mind, which he proceeded to carry into effect. A small section in the bow of the proa was partitioned off with the clay found along the river bank.

This clay was hard and compact, and there would be no danger of the water leaking out after being put into the novel receptacle thus improvised.

When the work was finished several leaves were secured and made into a cone with which water was conveyed from an adjoining spring and turned into the tank. It required a long time to fill it, small as it was, but the work was finished at last, and the tank covered over with leaves to prevent the salt water from getting in and spoiling it.

"I don't know how long we can keep it, Tom," said the captain, "but if the plan proves a failure it's the best we can do anyhow."

"There's nothing to keep us here any longer," he added, "and we'll make a start for the ocean."

"I won't feel safe till we reach it," said Tom.

"I don't think we need feel alarmed," his friend replied. "Still we won't lose any time."

They walked over to where the savages were lying, and proceeded to slightly loosen the bonds that bound them, after which they started for the proa, and had almost reached it, when a loud noise was heard in the underbrush, and they seized their rifles and turned around just as a fearful looking object came into view.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 556.]

## A Publisher at Fifteen

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

Author of "In The Grasp of Another," "The Young Editor," etc.

### CHAPTER XXII.

FRIENDS AND FOES.

"OH, good morning, Atwin." Mr. Taylor tried to speak carelessly, but Harry could see that he was constrained. The young publisher was positive that the merchant and the editor had been talking about him.

"I called to get the returns on my paper, Mr. Taylor," Harry went on. "The second number is now out. I have a bundle of them in the carriage at the door now."

"But it hasn't been a week yet since the first number was published," exclaimed Mr. Taylor.

"I know that, but we wanted to change the publication day from Friday to Wednesday."

"Yes, Friday has too hard a name," interposed Mr. Miffins. "It is too bad you couldn't have got your first issue out on some other day."

"But about that number," said Mr. Taylor, as if anxious to get the interview over with. "I believe I have only a few left, you see everybody was anxious to read something written by the boy who captured the convict. However, I think you needn't leave any of No. 2. You see it is a little out of our line, and for the few that we would be able to sell of another edition, with no sensational features to arouse public interest, it wouldn't pay us. Well, what is it, Fred?"

The last was addressed to one of his clerks, who had stepped up to him.

"Mrs. Spear has stopped at the door," the clerk answered, "and wants to know if we have the second number of the *Reveeper Record* yet. She said it was advertised to be out this morning."

Mr. Taylor frowned, editor Miffins looked intensely disgusted, and Harry awaited, with considerable inward amusement, the merchant's answer.

"Tell her we haven't got it." After saying this in almost a snappish tone, Mr. Taylor turned to Harry with: "If you will come with me to the bookkeeper I will settle with you for the first number now. Excuse me for a moment, Mr. Miffins."

"And excuse me for one, Mr. Taylor," added Harry, starting with quick strides for the door.

He reached the sidewalk in time to catch Mrs. Spear just as she was driving off.

"If you will wait a second," he called out to her, "I will let you have No. 2 of the *Reeveport Record*. I am the publisher and have a bundle of them in the buggy here."

"Oh, are you Harry Atwin?" exclaimed the lady, pulling up her horse. "I was wondering where I could get it when Mr. Taylor sent out word he hadn't any."

Harry soon drew a nice, smooth, fresh smelling copy out from the bundle, and handed it over to Mrs. Spear.

"Five cents I believe," she said, fishing in her purse.

"Yes, but if you would like to subscribe for a year it is only a dollar for the fifty two numbers."

"Why, are you going to keep it running for a year?"

"I mean to try. I've got some good, original features to introduce, and if it fails—why, we'll send the money back to the subscribers or give them something else for it."

"Well, I will subscribe now," said Mrs. Spear, handing out a dollar bill. "You can count this as the first number, and send the paper to S. B. Spear, Box 22, Larkspur."

"Thank you, very much," said Harry, and he marched back into the store with something of triumph in his manner.

Mr. Taylor was ready with the money and two copies of returns.

"Thank you," said Harry, in his grandest tones, as he received them. "I believe you don't want to be bothered with the second issue. And it is just as well. A subscription business direct with the readers suits us better, and saves trouble all around. Mrs. Spear just handed me hers."

With this he walked off, but not quick enough to avoid overhearing Mr. Miffins's remark, "an impudent youngster as ever lived!"

Harry felt the tips of his ears redden. No one likes to be abused even if he is conscious that he does not deserve it.

And as Harry recalled the difference between his age and Mr. Taylor's, he asked himself how he would have liked it had he been in the merchant's place.

"But I didn't accuse him of anything," he argued. "I simply stated a fact or two."

"Let's drive to the station now," he said, when he reached the buggy.

"But you've forgotten to leave the supply for Taylor & Bates," exclaimed George, starting to pull in Dolly.

"No I haven't. They don't want any." And then Harry proceeded to relate his experience with Mr. Taylor.

"What do you suppose has come over the man," said George, when he had heard all. "He was very cordial when we first left the papers with him and said he'd do all he could to dispose of them."

"That was when he thought it was just boy's play. I think I can understand how it is, and I suppose Mr. Taylor isn't so much to blame after all."

"I wish you'd just explain then. To me it looks as if he was mighty mean."

"He's only looking out for No. 1, George. You see when he sold ninety out of a hundred, and people probably told him they liked the paper, he spoke of the matter to Miffins. Miffins began to be alarmed for the circulation of the *Chronicle*, although that's all nonsense. But you know what sort of a fellow he is?"

"I should say I did."

"Well, our folks moved away about that time, so there was no more trade to be expected from them. Mr. Miffins has a wife who probably deals at Taylor & Bates. Mr. Miffins isn't the man to be backward about dropping a hint that he would take his trade elsewhere if Mr. Taylor persisted in encouraging an organ that might develop into a dangerous opposition sheet. Now do you see?"

"Yes, but I think it's pretty small potatoes all the same. But here we are. How many papers did you leave with Mooney?"

"Two hundred."

Harry sprang out and hurried up to the little house on the station platform. He saw his poster prominently displayed.

"Good morning, Tom," he said to the bright faced Irish lad inside. "Are you

ready for No. 2 of the *Reeveport Record*?"

"Indade I am that," was the encouraging reply. "It's every one of the first number I'm after sellin', an' I could a got rid of fifty more if I'd had them."

"Good for you, Tom," exclaimed Harry. "And how many do you want of No. 2?"

"Have you caught another murderer, Mr. Harry?" asked Tom, scratching his head thoughtfully.

"No, I haven't, Tom. But I've got a guessing contest and a poster that calls attention to it. Look here," and Harry held the placard up for inspection.

"That's the talk. Always keep things moving. I'll take the same number I took last time. And now I'll hand you over the six dollars that's comin' to you."

"You're my prize dealer, Tom, and I shan't forget it."

Harry and George soon counted out the two hundred copies, and leaving them with their mascot Mooney, drove away.

"That's splendid, isn't it?" exclaimed George. "Where now?"

"To the *Chronicle* office," George turned square around in the carriage and looked at his companion.

"To the *Chronicle* office?" he repeated. "What in the world are you going to stak straight into the camp of the enemy for?"

"I've got an idea," replied Harry. "I'll tell you about it as we drive along."

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### A SHOW OF GRIT.

"THE *Chronicle* comes out tomorrow, doesn't it?" began Harry, in fulfillment of his promise to explain to George why he wished to visit the office of the opposition sheet.

"Yes," returned George. "Do you intend to turn Anarchist and place a dynamite bomb under the press that will go off and send the whole thing sky high at the first revolution?"

"Not exactly. On the other hand, I intend to put some money into the *Chronicle's* coffers if Mr. Miffins will take it."

"Harry Atwin, what do you mean? The big sale Tom Mooney made has turned your head, I guess."

"You're right, George. That's just the thing that has turned my head towards the *Chronicle* office. Listen, Mooney has sold more *Records* than any other agent in Canterbury. In fact the other agents don't want to handle the paper any more. That leaves all the business in Mooney's hands."

"I understand that, but what has all this got to do with the *Chronicle*, which tomorrow will probably come out with an article that will jump on you and the *Record* with both feet."

"I'd forgotten about that possibility. But never mind. We can stand it, I guess. Now I don't hurry and tell you what I propose to do, we'll be there before you know. I want to put an advertisement of the *Record* in the *Chronicle*, telling the Canterbury people that No. 2 is now out, with a special prize offer, and that they can buy single copies at Mooney's station news stand."

"Miffins won't take the ad," said George promptly.

"I'm going to tempt him with it nevertheless," returned Harry, rattling the change in his pocket. He's not the sort of man to turn away from spot cash."

"I'd like to be present at the interview."

"All right, hitch Dolly and come on up with me. Here we are."

"Perhaps Miffins is with Mr. Taylor yet."

"Then I'll leave the ad in the office. But I think he must have got back by this time."

Mr. Miffins was back, sitting in the editorial chair in his shirt sleeves clipping matter from exchanges with praise-worthy diligence. He let the shears fall to the desk with a clash when he saw his visitors were.

"I called, Mr. Miffins," Harry began promptly, "to leave an advertisement for tomorrow's paper. It isn't too late to get it in, is it?"

"Oh no, not too late," answered Miffins, with the slightest possible emphasis on the last word, as though tardiness would be only one out of many hindrances.

"Then with your permission I will sit down at the table here and write out the notice I would like to have put in."

Mr. Miffins wriggled in his chair for an instant, then came out with:

"For such late notices we require cash with the order."

"Certainly," rejoined Harry. "I intended to ask you the price as soon as I had written the ad."

The young publisher drove his pencil rapidly over a pad of paper he found on the table and in a few minutes handed over the result for inspection.

"I should like this to go in double column, to occupy fifty lines, with a good deal of display space, on your local page. How much will it be?"

George, who was watching Miffins's face closely detected a sort of gasp at this point. He had evidently never been so astonished in his life.

"That is a choice position," he said at length, "and will cost you a good deal of money."

"How much?" asked Harry in his quiet way.

"Well," and Miffins took a ruler and pretended to be measuring space on a copy of the *Chronicle* which lay on his desk, with great exactness.

But Harry knew he was only taking time to consider whether he had better put on a prohibitive rate at once or try to "bleed" the rival editor for a sum that would be exorbitant, but yet not out of all reason.

The latter course was the one evidently decided upon.

"That will cost you, Mr. Atwin," the editor said slowly, "twenty eight dollars and ninety cents."

George came near exploding into an "Oh!" He knew that Harry had not over ten dollars with him. As for himself, about sixty seven cents was his limit.

He restrained himself with an effort, and awaited almost breathlessly what his friend would do.

But Harry "never turned a hair," as George afterwards expressed it.

"Twenty eight ninety," he repeated. "Kindly put these figures down on a piece of paper, Mr. Miffins, and I will consider the matter and let you know in the course of an hour. That won't be too late for this issue, will it?"

"Oh, no."

Miffins scribbled the figures on the blank side of an advertising contract and handed it to Harry.

"Come, George," said the latter, and they went down the stairs in silence.

"Whew," whistled George, when they reached the sidewalk, "but that was a settler, wasn't it? Twenty eight dollars and ninety cents! Why didn't he say fifty at once?"

"Because he knew I wouldn't pay that."

"You don't mean to say you're going to pay what he did say?"

"I'm going to try to."

"But how are you going to do it? He wants it on the spot, and I know you haven't got more than ten dollars with you."

"I haven't got that."

"Then what's the use of thinking about putting in that ad? You'd never get your money back."

"I might."

"I don't see how. Listen a minute. We're printing an edition of a thousand copies, aren't we?"

"That's what we printed of No. 1."

"All right. Now, suppose you sell every one of these at three cents apiece, that brings in thirty dollars. With twenty eight out of that for one ad, where's your profit?"

"But look at the matter from another side for a minute, George. If Miffins can get twenty eight dollars out of me for one advertisement, why can't I get fifty out of other people for several? If you'll drive me out to Mr. Drake's factory now I'll try to make a beginning on Eureka Starch."

"Well, you ought to succeed, Harry Atwin," remarked George, as they climbed into the buggy. "You've got the grit."

The Eureka Starch Works were situated on the outskirts of Canterbury, and gave employment to more people than any other one concern in the place. The starch was extensively advertised all over the country, and the Drakes, who spent their summers in a magnificent place between Canterbury and Reeveport, were friends of the Atwins.

But in spite of this latter fact, Harry realized that he had a disagreeable task before him when he got out of the buggy and entered the little brick building that served as the office of the works.

The soliciting of advertisements had always been associated in his mind with book canvassing. But he was not going to back out now.

Mr. Drake was in, a big, military looking man, with precisely the appearance one would expect a successful man of business to have. He was talking with the foreman of the manufacturing department when Harry entered, so the young publisher waited until he was disengaged and then stepped forward.

He saw at once that Mr. Drake did not recognize him.

"I think you do not remember me," he began. "I am Harry Atwin."

"Bless my stars, are you?" exclaimed the old gentleman, putting on his glasses. "Why, so you are—the boy who captured the convict and got out a little sheet to tell about it. Very creditable indeed, but now I suppose, since your poor father's misfortune, you will quit playing and go to work."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### ANOTHER NEW IDEA.

HARRY realized that he could not well have had a more unfortunate leading up to the matter of which he wanted to speak than was made for him by Mr. Drake's remark. He was not here though to cower at obstacles, but to surmount them.

"Yes, Mr. Drake," he said, "I have quit playing and gone to work, but I have done so by means of that same paper. I have sold nearly a thousand copies of the first number and intend to do my best to make a paying investment of it. So I called on you this morning to see if you did not want to take a quarter of the back page in No. 3 with an ad of Eureka Starch."

There was no question but Mr. Drake was annoyed. Harry's announcement was followed so promptly by his request that there was no time allowed the manufacturer to suspect that the latter might be forthcoming and so prepared.

He made no reply for an instant, and Harry seized the opportunity to continue:

"I wasn't going to have any advertisements at first. I didn't ask anybody to give me one until I could claim a circulation. But I want to have an ad of the *Record* in the *Chronicle*, and as they asked me nearly thirty dollars for it. I thought I might as well pay running expenses by devoting one page to the announcements of, say four leading firms in Canterbury."

"And how much do you want for a quarter page?" inquired Mr. Drake, looking very serious now.

Harry glanced at the clock before replying. He noted that his hour was fast slipping away, and he governed his answer accordingly.

"Ten dollars," he said, "but I'd like to make a proposition to you, Mr. Drake. If you will take the whole page I will let you have it for twenty five dollars, if paid now."

Harry noted a slight elevation of the gentleman's eyebrows at this last sentence, and hastened to add:

"I'll tell you frankly the reason for this offer. You see, Miffins, of the *Chronicle*, is absurdly jealous of the *Record*, and I know he has put a big price to that ad. I want to put it in his paper just because of this. And he wants spot cash, and the matter must be settled within an hour, so I haven't time to go back to Reeveport for more money, and I would like to walk in and say, 'Mr. Miffins, here's your twenty eight dollars and ninety cents.'"

"And you shall do it, Harry!" exclaimed Mr. Drake, touching a button by his desk.

When a boy appeared he ordered him to bring several of their page advertising plates, and within two minutes Harry left the office with one of these, that would fit the *Record*, under his arm; and three crisp bank bills—two tens and a five—in his pocket.

"Did you get it?" asked George eagerly.

And for answer Harry waved the electrotpe triumphantly on high.

"Now let's drive as quick as we can back to the *Chronicle* office," he said.



On the way he recounted his experience with Mr. Drake.

"I don't believe he gave it to me for anything in the world," he added, "but because I told him about Miffins; but I think it'll pay him any way, and its a pretty ad, with a picture, and will be an ornament to the paper."

"Wait till I tie Dolly," George said, when they arrived at the *Chronicle* office again. "I want to go up with you. I wouldn't miss the expression of Miffins's face when you hand over that money, for a farm."

And this was a sight to see.

"Here's your twenty eight dollars and ninety cents, Mr. Miffins," said Harry. "Please give me a receipt."

The *Chronicle's* editor gazed at the money as though he thought it might have grains of dynamite concealed about it that would explode when he touched it. His under jaw dropped and a scowl appeared on his forehead.

But he took the cash and filled out the contract without a word.

Harry looked at the latter and made sure that the agreement was that the advertisement should appear in the next day's issue; then he and George hurried off.

"Now," began Harry, as Dolly settled into a steady trot on the Reeveport road, "we ought to decide at once what pictures I shall take for the next number. In fact they ought to be made today."

"You won't need more than three now, will you, with that Eureka starch ad occupying the whole of the back page?"

"No, and that simplifies matters a little. But these news must interest people hereabouts and yet be taken so that the public shan't know what we are up to!"

Both boys were silent in thought for a few minutes. Presently George suggested:

"Suppose we give a picture of the Lottie, the boat in which you captured Miggs?"

"Yes, that might do for one," said Harry, "although I should prefer a picture with people in."

"You sit in the boat, then."

"No, thank you. The publisher doesn't want to present his portrait at this early stage of the game."

"But you can't take portraits of other people without their guessing what it's for and spoiling the fairness of your prize offer."

"That's so, George. I did run myself into a corner there, didn't I?"

There was another silence and more thinking. Then Harry came out with:

"I say, George, I believe you could write a story."

"Nonsense, I couldn't at all. Besides, what has that got to do with pictures?"

"Your sister can then. Hurray, the very thing. Doris took the prize once, didn't she, for the best young contributors' story sent in to some juvenile magazine?"

"Yes, but she hasn't written any since. And I thought we were talking about pictures, not stories."

"So we are. Let me explain. If your sister will write a story, a humorous one, about us four boys, I'll give her five dollars for it."

"But the pictures? You haven't brought them in yet."

"Here they are, then. You and Hebe, Dick and I are to pose for the characters in the story. Put ourselves in all sorts of odd positions and then have the camera snapped on us. See?"

"That's great!" exclaimed George.

"Of course Doris must keep it a dark secret."

"Of course. I'll guarantee that. And she'll feel greatly honored, I'm certain. She takes a great interest in the *Records* which wants to come first—the picture, or the story?"

"The story I should say, at any rate speak to your sister about it as soon as you get home and see if she has any ideas. Then come over and tell me, and we'll get the fellows together and take the pictures this afternoon."

As soon as Harry reached his room, he wrote a long letter to his mother, telling her of the encouraging prospects ahead of the *Record*. He had reckoned up the total of sales and found that they numbered 927.

"I wonder when the Mensing people are going to pay me that \$250?" he asked

himself. "That will come in mighty handy if I'm going to do much advertising."

While he and Miss Griggson were eating their lunch, the heavens clouded over and by two o'clock rain was falling heavily.

"That dishes our taking any photographs today," Harry sighed. "We'll have to hustle pretty lively."

George came over about three with a request that Harry go back and talk over the plot with his sister. This was done and by tea time, for which meal Harry remained at the Martins', a very good scheme was laid out, and the scenes for the camera planned to the smallest detail.

Harry went to bed that night with the lightest heart he had carried since his father's failure. The sun was shining brightly when he rose, but he was not yet through breakfast when Dick Stenhouse rushed in, consternation depicted on his countenance.

He held a paper in his hand and this he extended to Harry, as he exclaimed: "Did you ever see anything meaner than that in your life?"

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### FUN AND BUSINESS COMBINED.

"WHAT is it, Dick?" exclaimed Harry, taking the paper the other handed to him.

He saw that it was the *Canterbury Chronicle*.

"Did they leave my advertisement out?" he asked quickly, turning the sheet to look for it.

"No, indeed. It isn't what they left out, but what they put in that does the mischief," and Dick pointed to a particular paragraph.

Here it is:

There was issued in Reeveport last Friday a boy's sheet styled the *Reeveport Record*. The only reason for its existence was the fact that its publisher, a boy of fifteen, chanced to pick up in the river the half drowned convict, Dan Miggs, who escaped from Mensing prison not long ago. Young Atwin may be plucky enough, but he is not an editor, and the quicker he finds out that fact, the better it will be for the already depleted pocket of his unfortunate father.

"Well?" said Dick, rather impatiently, after Harry had read the foregoing and still remained silent.

"Do you want to know what I think of it, Dick?"

"Let yourself out, Harry. Don't mind me. Such an insult excuses any sort of outburst."

"I think," Harry went on, "that that paragraph is almost as good an advertisement for the *Record* as the one over here that I paid nearly thirty dollars for."

"W-h-a-t?" Dick fairly gasped.

"Of course it is mean and insulting, but don't you see how Miffins has out-reached himself in it? He couldn't have written a better accompaniment to my advertisement if he had laid himself out expressly to do it."

"If you don't explain yourself, Harry Atwin," said Dick as he dropped into a chair, "I shall think that anger has made you a little flighty about the upper story."

"Why, it's just here. People will read that and then see my advertisement. I wonder what a paper looks like when a fellow runs it who don't know anything about the business?" they will say to themselves. And they will buy a copy to find out."

"Well, you are the greatest fellow for theories I ever saw," exclaimed Dick.

"Of course it's mean in Miffins to write that," Harry continued, "and that reference to father makes me mad. But I can't see that it's going to hurt the *Record* any. Now s'pose we walk around to the post office and see what the morning mail has brought us in the way of guesses."

There was quite a pile of letters, addressed indiscriminately to the publisher and the editor of the *Reeveport Record*. Harry opened and looked over them as he and Dick walked along the maple shaded street towards the Martins'.

"Here's a man guesses the new feature is to be payment to the public for reading the paper instead of the reverse."

"That must be from some of the Miffins tribe," remarked Dick.

"Here are two subscriptions to take the taste out of our mouths then," added Harry.

Hebe was already at the Martins' waiting for them, and presently the party of five—for Miss Davis was along set out for the Tilford's, whose place bordered on the river.

Here Harry had sent his camera, and here it was proposed to take the pictures which were to form the leading feature of the *Record's* third number.

Scene first was to be an instantaneous view of diving from the end of the Tilford pier, so the first thing on the programme was for the boys to get into their bathing suits. Then Miss Doris, who understood all about cameras, stationed herself at an advantageous point and superintended matters.

The picture was to be of the four boys diving all at once, and three attempts were made before a satisfactory result was secured.

"Now for the fun," cried Hebe, when the next picture was called for.

In this he and George Martin were to figure. They hurried up to the bath house and each put on an old suit provided for the occasion, and which wetting would not injure.

Harry and Dick established themselves comfortably on the bank to enjoy the coming performance, and Doris stood ready with the camera.

Presently George and Hebe emerged attired in their natty garments, drawn hastily over their still wet skins. Hebe took his shell and George boarded an old scow, a relic of Hebe's younger days when Mr. Tilford was afraid he might fall overboard from an ordinary boat and had caused one to be built for him on the tub principle.

This had now grown to be like a siene, so long had it been out of use, but it was just the thing for the present occasion, and the boys had brought it out of the boat house with great glee.

"Now you must be sure to be ready, Doris," George called out. "Remember this act won't be so easy to repeat as the other was."

"I'm ready now," answered his sister. Hebe had pulled out a little distance from the shore and was watching George closely.

The latter pushed off and as soon as he was clear of the beach sat down and began to row rapidly. The water poured into the boat and in a few minutes the unique spectacle was presented of an oarsman pulling away in apparent unconcern with the water in the boat up to his waist.

"Now for your picture, Doris," George called out, and snap went the camera.

This was the signal to take his turn in the scene.

"Help! help!" roared George in mock distress, whereupon Harry and Dick plunged into the water again, as though to go to the rescue, and Hebe drove his shell straight for the sinking boat.

Now was approaching the supreme moment for the camera,

"Ready, Doris?" George called out.

"Ready," answered his sister, and then, as the shell drew up beside him, George stood up and made a wild grab for it.

Of course he overturned it, and he and Hebe both plunged into the water and snap went the camera once more.

"Did you get us?" both boys cried out in a breath, as they came up, spluttering.

"Splendidly," was the answer, and the aquatic and photographic performances of the day were over.

Doris hurried with her pictures to Hebe's dark room, where Harry soon found her. The photographs were pronounced to be excellent, and as there was plenty of sun, the printing was finished in time for Harry to take them to town the next day.

He went at once to a photo-engraving establishment of which he had the address, and obtained the promise of the manager that he should have the cuts by Tuesday.

"Can't I have them before that?" he asked.

"Impossible," was the reply, and Harry went back to Reeveport, cudgeling his brains for subjects for the pictures in No. 4, which he decided ought to be taken at once.

He called a council of the company when he got back, laid the matter before them, and requested suggestions.

"Let's do another illustrated story with girls in it this time," proposed Dick.

"Doris can't write it," George hastily interposed. "She's used up on this one."

"Suppose I leave the matter with you, Dick," said Harry. "I've about got my hands full with the publishing department. Here's Mooney saying he wants more papers, and we haven't got 'em to give him unless I can gather them from some agents who haven't sold out their supply, and that takes time."

"All right; I'll do the best I can," replied Dick.

The *Record*, as may be inferred from Harry's remark, was doing splendidly. Fifteen yearly subscriptions had been received since the issue of the second number and Harry had succeeded in filling up two of the four quarters on the advertising page of No. 4.

The pictures, all ready for printing, arrived duly on Tuesday, Harry eagerly put them on the press and took an experimental impression.

The result was appalling. The pictures were one black blur. Nothing could be made of them.

(To be continued.)

#### AN INVISIBLE NEWSPAPER.

The most unique newspaper in the world is published in Buda-Pesth, Hungary. It requires neither type nor paper, and a blind man can enjoy it with as much ease as his seeing neighbor. From a description of this peculiar journal, given in the *Kansas City Star*, we learn the following particulars about it:

Its name is *The Telephonic Gazette* and it furnishes all the news of the day to its subscribers by telephone at a rate equivalent to 60 cents a month. The subscribers are supplied with a telephone of a special pattern, for which they pay \$6. It receives but does not transmit sounds, excepting from the central office of *The Telephonic Gazette*.

The telephonic instrument occupies a space of about five inches square, and has two ear pieces, so that two persons can listen to the sounds on the wire at once. At nine o'clock in the morning the first edition of the *Gazette* is announced by the simultaneous ringing of a bell in the houses of the subscribers, and the business man and his wife listen to the stories of the evening of the night. The editor is talking to hundreds of other subscribers at the same time, and he has the instrument so arranged that inquisitive housewives must content themselves with his precise statement of the news and not ask questions.

The second edition appears at ten o'clock, when the foreign news comes over the wire in a condensed form for twenty minutes or less, according to the amount of news. At eleven o'clock the story of the meeting of Parliament is told, along with divers items of a local and political nature. The price of stocks is given, and the wise broker may have time to hustle out and get "long" or "short" on certain securities in time to save his bank account. At two o'clock the editor gives a concise statement of the debates in Parliament.

At three o'clock the editor opens up on local news again. He tells about fires, riots, and other happenings of the day in Buda-Pesth. He gives his subscribers a chance to rest then until six o'clock, when he gives literary and society news. Sometimes he repeats the latest poem at six o'clock. This six o'clock edition is popular with the women, and the editor speaks in a soft voice. The seven o'clock edition is the last. It gives the reports of concerts and plays in progress.

#### FRESH FLINT ARROW HEADS.

If anybody offers to sell you a collection of arrow heads, purporting to be the work of Indians in the dim past, be sure they are genuine before purchasing. It seems that the making of these stone fittings to the red man's bow is not a lost art after all.

The art is probably lost to the Indians, says the *Chatanooga Times*, because they have no use for it. The stone implements have given place to those of iron and steel, and the rifle and revolver have supplanted the flint ax and arrow head. The art of making them is not lost, however. There are many collectors of relics of the aborigines who have studied the art of working in flint and have become adepts. In *Chatanooga* a gentleman has become so proficient that he has not only manufactured magnificent specimens of arrow heads from flint, but also from the far more brittle obsidian, and even from ordinary glass.

#### HER SUGGESTION.

MR. SOUTH—"I'll buy some of those new scarfs you so much admire if you refer me to somebody to tie the knot."

MISS NORTH—"Why don't you see our Pastor?—*Clothes and Haberdasher's Weekly*."



PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE ARGOSY IS TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. FOR THREE DOLLARS WE WILL SEND THE ARGOSY TWO YEARS. CLUB RATE—FOR THREE DOLLARS WE WILL SEND TWO COPIES OF THE ARGOSY ONE YEAR TO SEPARATE ADDRESSES.

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

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

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

### A SLAVE TO HABIT.

ONE of the syndicates recently printed a batch of letters sent in by actors in answer to the question, "What would you do if you had a million dollars given to you?" It was not, however, to discuss these replies that we have mentioned the matter, but because it reminded us of a remark we recently heard a boy make in connection with the gift of just such a large sum.

"I don't believe I could stop smoking cigarettes," he said, "if some one was to promise me a million dollars for doing it—not unless I was out on a yacht or somewhere like that, where I could not possibly get them."

There is a slavery for you. And this same boy realizes the fact. He realizes, too, that his smoking is injuring him, but feels himself powerless in the coils of habit. Merely an "inhale" or two satisfies him, but the demand to experience this returns again and again, and liberty, that precious boon, is not the portion of this young fellow of seventeen.

And alas, how many there are in the same case! Beware then, of the entering wedge. The easiest time to throw off the shackles of the slave, is before they are fettered on. Don't forge the first link.

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

### WHAT DO YOU SAY OF THEM?

SUPPOSE some morning you should start out and take mental notes of the subjects on which you talked during the day. In the case of a great many we think you would find that people figured more largely than things.

And then, if you went on to observe what you said about these people, what would be the result? Would it always be pleasant words, a report of some noble act or successful achievement? It may be so, but if it is, you are quite different from the rest of us, who seem, like the newspapers, to take more delight in spreading the report of men's evil deeds than blazoning abroad their good ones.

We often criticize the newspapers for this very thing. How about our own conversations? Suppose we watch out about this.

### BICYCLES UP TO DATE AND BEYOND.

WE suppose all our readers understand that the price of bicycles is far in excess of the actual cost of manufacture. They understand, too, we dare say, that this is owing to the fact that the wheel of steel is covered with patent right on which royalty must be paid. And, unfortunately for those who have been waiting patiently for these to expire, that they may get a machine cheap, improvements are con-

stantly being devised which will keep the rates up for some time to come.

That "bicycle stoop," by the way, is still with us, in spite of the fact that the papers all over the country are talking about it in disparaging terms. It has even invaded the funny column and promises to become an important addition to the professional humorist's stock in trade.

One cycle company, we note, has made an effort at a special reform by advertising a handle bar that is adaptable to either "scorching" or upright riding.

### WHAT IS MUNSEY'S LIKE?

FOR those who may not have seen the magazine that for the past years has been issued from the office of THE ARGOSY, we shall answer the foregoing question and say that it is a monthly of the size of *Harper's* or *Scribner's*, containing in each number over a hundred pages of reading matter and nearly forty pictures, pleasing in subject, superbly engraved and printed on heavy coated paper.

The letter press consists of serial stories, three of which are now running; short stories by bright writers; special articles on topics that are really popular; poetry that is always pleasing; and three departments devoted to literature, the stage and editorials, that are models in their way.

The September issue of MUNSEY'S is now out and for sale, at 25 cents, by all newsdealers. Back numbers can always be obtained. Mr. Munsey's serial, "Derrington," began in March; "The First Families," a delightful tale of New York, Atlantic City and West Virginia, in July; and Graydon's thrilling romance of Russian life, "In the Name of the Czar," in August.

### AN ITEM IN RAILROAD BUILDING.

AS you ride in the vacation days in sumptuous cars over smooth tracks and around the face of lofty hills, do you reflect what has gone before to make this comfort in traveling possible? In the construction of a road through the mountains of North Queensland, Australia, the workmen are hung in chains, and yet, in spite of this precaution, some fifty of them had fallen and been dashed to pieces on the rocks a thousand feet below.

Civilization sometimes exacts a high price from its disciples, particularly from those who go before and blaze the way.

### BWARE OF THOUGHTLESSNESS.

LEAVE things the way you find them, is a maxim that is often instilled into the minds of children. There was a terrible fatality in Chicago not long ago because an unknown man failed to observe this rule.

He had patented a device for holding steady the swing bridges across the Chicago River and, armed with permission from the board of public works, he had gone out upon one of the bridges to examine the lever that is at present in use.

When he had completed his inspection he restored the lever to its place, but forgot to drop the safety pin that keeps it steady. A street car entered upon the bridge a moment later and the jar sent the heavy, pointed hardwood lever flying through the air, straight for a woman passenger, through whose body it passed, pinning her to the seat. Few more horrible deaths can be imagined, and yet, had it not been for what some might call a slight oversight, it would never have happened.

Be careful to keep yourself from thoughtlessness. You can never be sure that damage neglect on your part may do.

## How to Become a Member of a College Team.



HERE are few boys who are preparing for college, who have not as one of their ambitions

the entering of their names on a college team. There is still a disposition among fathers who live in the inland States to think athletics a waste of time; an idea which has been fostered by the jokes and caricatures of the newspapers. The seaboard father who sees other men's sons becoming strong in self denial in their efforts to make themselves physically strong to compete with strength, is only too glad to have his son's ambitions turned toward physical training.

When the Chicago University was founded, the very first man put on the faculty was Alonzo Stagg, who has charge of the athletic training of the members of the university. It may look like play to the outside, but there is no such work as belonging to a college team. The day of a great match game only comes once in a long time, and the shouts and applause are not always there to waken and stir the blood. The boy who really belongs on a college team is the boy who in his own home, wherever that happens to be, has long before gathered together the boys in his neighborhood and given his muscles as much training as possible.

There must be a natural aptitude, and there must be beside that "condition" which can only be found in the boy who has taken and given hard knocks from infancy. Hardships that are real hardships, to a soft muscled boy are nothing to the man who has been through it all. There is for the real college athlete little play of any sort. He is obliged to study.

In the first place, in most colleges no man is allowed to go into the field as a member of a representative team, who is at all backward in his classes. The boy must also have the written permission of his guardian before he can become a member of any organization. It will be found in almost every case that the man who excels in sport is a man who bears a first class record in his classes. Energy of body, real, vital energy, is only compatible with energy of brain. Then, too, the member of the college team does no idling about. He must take the hours which other men give to recreation, for work in preparing for his contests, for training. There is no doubt that the college athlete has a better chance of having a sound mind in a sound body than the bookworm or the dawdler. Life depends in a great measure upon physical conditions.

In some of the colleges all athletics are controlled by a committee of alumni, with a president from the senior class. The president and treasurer of the club, arrange all games, and have complete control of the finances. The captain picks his teams each year.

Work begins in January for the spring season. There are sometimes almost a hundred candidates for admission, all of whom must be passed upon by the captain.

A preliminary drill is given to all the candidates, such as exercising with chest weights and dumb bells, to develop the muscles. There are several weeks in which all the candidates play at the games under the careful eye of the captain, upon whom it depends to

get the very best material and make the most of that which he has. Then, one by one, the least promising men are dropped, that more time and more coaching may be given to the others. This is only in reference to the team. The men have the privilege of playing as much as they like, but without the incentive of a coming public appearance as a representative athlete of his college.

To the boy who has his heart in his training this is not everything. There is brought in for the finally selected team, a professional trainer, who takes the men entirely in his charge. He pays attention to the arms and legs, and has not only the trick and science of the game to impart but the best method of overcoming defects.

The men are at this time doing most of their work indoors, but they are keeping up the most vigorous practice. Every player must run "sprints," and all the strategy of games must be learned and practiced. Every player must learn to "slide" both feet foremost and head foremost.

Looking at the great game of baseball played by Harvard and Yale, one can see the different methods of the two rival trainers exemplified. The Harvard men are heavy, ponderous, while the Yale men are slender and lithe.

By the time outdoor practice can begin the men are expected to be in excellent "form." They are sponged every day with salt water, to keep the flesh solid, and then they are rubbed with alcohol to keep them from taking cold. Only one regular bath a week is allowed, and that two days before the game.

It is not until April that the exhibition team is finally and permanently made up. The man who has given up all hope of being chosen, but has gone on with his practice, may finally be selected. It is at this time that games with professionals are arranged. This is to show the team what the professional can do, and to teach the members how to cope with the very best training.

There is a "training table" in the college where the men eat the food that is considered necessary for their perfect condition. A great many of the old ideas about dieting have been exploded. The principal thing is to have the meals regular, and nourishing. All smoking, chewing, drinking and late hours must be given up. There is an early breakfast, a luncheon in the middle of the day, and at six o'clock dinner. There must be no parties, no dinners. Plenty of meats, of good vegetables, eggs and ice cream are allowed.

The team practices three hours a day. Pitchers are hired for every day. It is necessary practice to face every sort of a pitcher. It is curious in one of the great games to see how poor a batter the best pitcher usually is. He may have practiced longer that one art than any of the others, but the talent that makes him a good pitcher seems to be the one which prevents his batting. All the plays are very carefully studied. Even when they cannot go out in the field in the evenings the men meet in the captain's room and a board with a "diamond" marked on it is brought out. Markers fill the positions and every point of strategy is gone over and over, exactly as a chess player goes over problems. It is a matter of brains as well as body. A good all around athlete must be a man of judgment, of lightning rapidity in action, his hand must follow his eye automatically. He must be a man of great will power and of great endurance.

RICHARD MACE.



## TRUTH.

THERE is a gem, a pearl of worth,  
As lasting as the skies,  
More dazzling than the gems of earth:  
Its splendor never dies.

—SELECTED.

## A Typewritten Letter.

BY JAMES F. DEMERRIT.

"IT'S a fact, Jim Graham! You shirk about half of this sweeping every blessed morning. There hasn't been a day for over a fortnight that you've been here before half past six."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked the other in solemly.

"I'm not accountable to you, I hope. If Mr. Goodsall thinks I shirk he'll tell me of it, I guess."

"Yes, and that's where it is; he doesn't know it," said the first speaker, who was a rather short, dark haired boy of sixteen. "I'm down here at six every blessed morning and relieve Mike, and get half through the sweeping before you show up. I've got about sick of it."

"I don't see what you'll do about it unless you run and tattle to Mr. Goodsall," returned his companion, coolly hanging up his hat and coat in one of the closets which extended in a row along the rear end of the great department store.

The store was the largest in Riverton and Messrs. Goodsall & Dickinson sold almost everything from dry goods and millinery to harnesses, and from house furnishing goods to garden seeds and implements. The long counters were carefully draped with their cambric coverings, which were put on every evening and not removed until after the room was swept in the morning.

The two boys whose duty it was to relieve the night watchman at six o'clock and sweep out the store

and offices in the rear, Ralph Kingsley and Jim Graham, were alone in the store at this time in the morning, for it was not yet seven. Jim was a tall, slight fellow, a year or so older than Ralph, and was dressed a good deal better. In fact there was a marked difference in their appearance in the matter of clothing.

Jim was the son of one of the wealthiest men of Riverton and had been engaged by Goodsall & Dickinson at the same time as was Ralph, three months before. The two boys were both "learning the business," the firm offering them every opportunity, consistent with the thorough mastering of the details of trade, to rise rapidly. Jim had taken the position because he fancied commercial life above a profession.

Ralph's circumstances were vastly different from those of young Graham. He lived with his mother and sister, and one faithful old colored servant, on a poorly cultivated farm two miles outside of Riverton. The Kingsleys were Southern people and had come from Tennessee not more than four months before, hiring this farm because it could be obtained cheaply.

His circumstances were particularly distressing. They had been very well to do people in Nashville, where Mr. Kingsley was in business. Being of a rather unsuspecting temperament, he had been drawn into an investment scheme by several sharpers, was made their tool, and the investments proving a fraud of the very worst kind, the law

seized the only manipulator who was not intentionally guilty of deceit, and clapped him into prison, to satisfy the demand of the creditors.

The blow had been a terrible one to his wife and family, and after sacrificing nearly all their possessions to repay a portion of the sum her husband had unwittingly lost, Mrs. Kingsley came North with her two children. One faithful old servant, Abel, came with them, and he worked the abandoned farm just out of Riverton, while Ralph obtained work in the city.

Fortunately Mr. Goodsall was a man who had little faith in references or letters of introduction, and being a shrewd student of human nature he took pleas-

ure in personally attending to the hiring of the firm's employees, and had engaged Ralph without any parley relative to his former life, or position in society.

The sad occurrences which had broken up the Kingsleys' southern home, or their reason for coming to Riverton, were therefore known to but one person in the town. Ralph and Jim had become "chummy" and Ralph had taken his friend into his confidence. Jim was an honorable young fellow and appreciated his friends' confidence; but several occurrences during the past few days had created a little trouble between the two, and instead of healing over, the wound grew worse. This was mainly the cause of the unfortunate argument this morning.

He was more danger of your losing your place than there is of my leaving. How do you s'pose 'twould sound to Mr. Goodsall or Mr. Dickinson if I should tell them how your father is in prison for fraud and how some of the store-keepers in Nashville wouldn't give you work because they couldn't trust you?"

It was a cruel thing to say and Jim Graham would have given worlds to have recalled it the instant it was said. He wouldn't have done such a thing as he had threatened for the contents of the store, but the cruel shaft had sought the wound in Ralph Kingsley's heart and rankled there.

Ralph turned away without replying, his face white as a sheet and his lips



THE NEXT INSTANT THE DOOR OPENED AND OLD ABEL APPEARED.

noted this fact at once.

"Was Mr. Goodsall informed as to your—your antecedents?" was the next question.

Ralph made a great effort to recover himself and speak coolly.

"I presume Mr. Goodsall informed himself," he said quietly, yet with a tremor in his voice. "I gave him my references."

"H—m; well, Mr. Goodsall never pays the least attention to references," remarked the junior partner, who did not altogether approve of his senior's methods. "I suppose you can explain this letter."

He held the sheet of paper out toward Ralph and the boy took it with trembling hand. It was a typewritten letter and ran as follows:

MESSRS. GOODSALL & DICKINSON:  
Riverton, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: You have a young man in your employ named Ralph Kingsley. Ask him these questions and see what answers he makes. Why did he leave Nashville, Tenn., and come North? Ask him how long a term his father is serving in the State penitentiary for fraud. And also ask him if he was not discharged from stores in Nashville for appropriating goods.

A FRIEND OF THE FIRM.

The villainous letter was written on a thin sheet of letter paper, without date or heading, and even the signature was typewritten. Ralph felt as though he was about to faint when he saw it. The room reeled before his eyes and he grouped his way to a chair and sat down.

There was nothing in the question itself, but Ralph paled visibly. Mr. Dickinson

trampling. He had had no intention of "tattling" to Mr. Goodsall about Jim; he had only threatened to in his anger. Neither boy had for a moment meant what he said, but the other thought he did, and the words could not be taken back.

Jim went about his part of the sweeping, feeling fully as bad as Ralph, but he was bound that he wouldn't be the first one to make overtures toward a reconciliation. He was in this mood when he entered the large office in the rear, having completed the sweeping of the store. Ralph was sweeping the sidewalk in front and already the salesmen were beginning to come in one by one.

Jim thought the office deserted until he closed the door behind him; then he suddenly discovered the crown of a head just above the top of a desk in the farther corner.

"There's that Shanks!" he muttered. "I wonder how long he's been here. I hope to goodness he didn't hear what Ralph and I said. He's such a sneak."

Eben Shanks arose to let him sweep behind his cabinet. Shanks was a tall, sallow faced young man, with very light hair and eyebrows, and a faint promise of a moustache. The boys—Jim and Ralph—had begun to call him "the ghost" (not to his face, of course) and disliked him exceedingly because of his unpleasant temperament and cat-like motions.

Shanks was the firm's typewriter—or rather, manipulated one of the writing machines, for the business of Messrs.

Goodsall & Dickinson had so greatly increased of late that another typewriter was necessary, and this second machine Jim and Ralph used alternately.

"So David and Jonathan have fallen out, have they?" sneered Shanks, who never lost an opportunity to make the boys feel uncomfortable. "I thought that Damon and Pythias business was pretty near played out."

Jim felt more like knocking him down than anything else, but he kept on with his sweeping and appeared not to notice the fellow's taunts. When Ralph came in and the routine of the office was commenced, Jim was already seated at his own desk, entering a batch of shipments.

Noon came and they took turns out for lunch. Mr. Goodsall went off just after Ralph returned, bidding each of them good by. He was going out West and would not return under a fortnight, and Mr. Dickinson, the junior partner, a nervous, quick motioned and sharp voiced little man, would have full control of the business.

An hour after Mr. Goodsall had departed the afternoon mail was brought in. Mr. Dickinson retired to his private office with it, and ten minutes after opened the door and called Ralph into him.

When the boy entered he found the junior partner sitting before his desk with a greatly troubled face, the pile of letters before him and an opened one in his hand.

Kingsley, you came from Nashville, did you not?" asked the little man sharply.

"Yes, sir."

There was nothing in the question itself, but Ralph paled visibly. Mr. Dickinson

noted this fact at once.

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Ralph made a great effort to recover himself and speak coolly.

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The villainous letter was written on a thin sheet of letter paper, without date or heading, and even the signature was typewritten. Ralph felt as though he was about to faint when he saw it. The room reeled before his eyes and he grouped his way to a chair and sat down.

Mr. Dickinson watched him closely. During the three months Ralph had been with the firm, the junior partner had observed him narrowly and had been greatly pleased with his careful attention to business and his faithfulness, but he was one of that pessimistic sort of men who are ever ready to believe the worst of mankind. His face grew stern as he noted the effect of the letter upon the young man.

"Can you explain that?" he asked, pointing to the letter which Ralph still held.

"I—I can only explain it by saying that it is partly true," replied Ralph, hardly above a whisper. "My father is in prison, but from no fault of his own; he was cheated as much as any one else."

"How about that other item?" asked Mr. Dickinson, his voice growing harsh and his manner cold at what he considered Ralph's evidence of guilt. "What were you discharged for in Nashville?"

"I was only discharged from one store—Adams Novelty Co.'s. Mr. Adams missed some articles from one of the counters and accused me of stealing them. I was not guilty—everybody said it was sheer persecution on Mr. Adams's part because he lost money in the investments father conducted. I never stole a penny in my life, and I defy any one to prove my statement false!"

Ralph had recovered himself somewhat by this time and arose and faced Mr. Dickinson. The gentleman was impressed by his boldness, but not sufficiently by his honesty.

"I don't know what to do about it, I am sure," he exclaimed, nervously running his hand through his hair, a trick he had when especially wrought up. "I wish Goodsall would attend to his own help and not bother me. We can't have you here if these things are true, of course."

"Then you will discharge me on the strength of that letter, sir?" asked Ralph.

"On the strength of your own testimony, you mean," returned Mr. Dickinson sharply. "Another thing, I don't discharge you. I'll let Goodsall do that when he comes back, if he sees fit. But I shall suspend you, pending his return. You may go now."

Ralph did not think of begging for a reprieve from this decision. He held his head up proudly and went out, not at all like a guilty fellow.

Outside the door he glanced again at the letter in his hand. Only one person in the North knew of his disgrace, and that person, he at once decided, had revenged himself upon him by this contemptible letter. Jim Graham, his 'foretime friend and confidant, had betrayed the trust he had imposed in him and ruined him in the eyes of his employers; for that Mr. Goodsall would be one particle fairer than Mr. Dickinson, Ralph did not believe.

Jim still kept his head bent over his desk as Ralph slowly approached. Suddenly a type-written sheet was thrust in front of him and Ralph's voice, hoarse with pain and anger, exclaimed close to his ear:

"There is your letter, Jim Graham, and you will be happy to learn that your contemptible plan has succeeded."

The next instant he had turned on his heel and left the office, while the startled Jim sat blankly gazing at the letter.

Ralph's feet seemed leaden weights as he traversed the familiar road toward the farm and when he came in sight of the house he threw himself beside the path, feeling for the moment as though he could not go back and tell the terrible story to his mother and Alice.

"What a fool I was ever to tell Jim Graham about it all!" he groaned. "It is all my own fault."

A very bitter feeling indeed against his friend filled his heart. He lay on the grass by the roadside for some time, until at length a noise above him made him turn about to see old Abel's black face peering over the wall at him.

"What's de marter, Marster Rafe?" inquired the old negro, climbing upon the wall and baring his white head to the cool breeze.

Thankful for some sympathetic companionship in his trouble Ralph opened his heart to the black man.

"Tut, tut, Marster Rafe, don't ye gib way ter sich feelin' ez dat 'ar," he said, when the boy told, with bitter tears, of

Jim Graham's perfidy. "De good Lord ain't agwine ter let yo' an missis an' leeble Miss Alle suffer fur what wasn't yo' fault, fur long—no sirree. He ain't. Hit ain't His way."

"Now don't yo' worry erbout it no longer. Jest yo' take holl' here an' holl' o' Abel on de farm till de Lord, He straighten dis yere tangle out, 'r gits ye another place jest ez good. We got a right smart lot o' craps comin' Marster Rafe, 'n' if yo' lay to an' holl' me, reckon I'll put in some more."

So Ralph followed old Abel's advice and in the hard farm labor partially forgot his recent troubles. It was hard to tell his mother and Alice of his discharge from Goodsall and Dickinson's, but neither blamed him for confiding in Jim Graham, and thus giving that individual a weapon to turn against him. If his mother and sister had blamed him a little, Ralph really thought he could have borne it better.

And thus a fortnight or more passed. One day Ralph was working alone near the river when he descried a fisherman on the opposite bank. The individual was armed with a handsome trout rod and was trolling the shy, finny beauties out from their retreats with considerable success. When the fisherman drew nearer Ralph recognized Jim Graham.

Jim was across the river, which was not more than fifty yards wide, and did not appear to have noticed his old acquaintance. All the feelings of bitterness which he had at first experienced against Jim, welled up in Ralph's heart as he watched him carelessly casting his line into the rapid current.

Suddenly the line whistled loudly through the reed and there was a slight exclamation from Jim. Evidently he had hooked a big fellow. He leaned over the slippery bank, and suddenly, without a premonitory sound, the earth gave way and he was thrown headlong into the stream.

Ralph saw it all from where he stood, and he also saw Jim slowly rise to the surface, struggling feebly against the current, the blood trickling down his face from an ugly wound in his forehead. With the one thought that a life was in danger, Ralph tore along the bank, throwing off his outer clothing as he ran, and plunged into the stream.

But the current was fierce, and swirled with great force among the bowlders which obstructed its channel. Ralph received several bruises before reaching the now thoroughly exhausted Jim, and with his dead weight, it was a terrific fight to reach the shore again.

He accomplished it, however, and old Abel pulled him and his insensible burden out upon the bank.

It was an hour later when Jim Graham opened his eyes again. He was lying in a rude bunk in a little room in the Kingsley house. The poverty of its inmates was plainly apparent by the furnishings of the room, yet everything was as neat as possible. Jim felt strange and his head sang.

He put his hand to his forehead and found a plaster covering the wound he had received when he fell into the water. In a wooden bottomed chair beside the bunk sat Alice Kingsley, chiding his hand, while her mother had just entered the room with a bowl of some steaming drink.

"Drink this right down, you poor boy," she said with motherly kindness.

"Has he come to?" Jim heard Ralph's voice asking from the berth above.

"Yes, indeed, old fellow," cried Jim, swallowing the last drop of the liquid. "I got a day off particularly so as to come up here to see you, but when I got in sight of the house my courage failed me, and I went to fishing instead."

"Nobody made any reply to this, and by the expression on Mrs. Kingsley's and Alice's faces Jim knew they were aware of what had occurred at the store.

"Ralph," he cried, "I didn't write that letter! How could you think me so mean and cruel?"

"You—didn't—write it?" repeated Ralph, slowly.

"No, sir."

"But you were the only one whom I told—"

"I know it, old fellow, but somebody else everheard us—he must have overheard us—and sent the letter to Mr. Dickinson just out of spite."

"Who was it?" How do you know?" asked Ralph.

"Let me tell you all about it," said Jim quickly. "I knew that letter was written in the office the moment I looked at it, for there's never another machine that has the same tricks as that old one which stands in the corner."

"Shanks's machine!" exclaimed Ralph.

"Yes, Shanks's machine. You remember how the cap 'N' is broken and the shank of the small 'p' gone? Well, that letter showed both these deficiencies, and I would have wagered my year's salary that the note was written on that machine. But it wasn't till yesterday that I discovered the proof of it."

"You remember that Shanks's typewriter is so old that he has to use a 'backer,' that is a sheet of heavy paper beneath the sheet on which he writes, so as to get a good impression. It's not a ribbon machine you know, so the impression is just as clear on the 'backer' as it is on the printed sheet, only it isn't inked."

"Well, while Shanks was out yesterday at noontime, I rummaged through the waste sheets on his cabinet and found the very one I wanted. He'd only used it once and for that letter, and you could read it just as plainly as you can on the typewritten one. I've got it at home."

"Alice was the first one to speak when Jim's story was completed.

"I'm so glad it wasn't you," she said. "And so am I, Jim," Ralph declared, reaching his hand over from the upper bunk and gripping Jim's warmly. "But this doesn't give me back my place, does it?"

"At that instant the door opened and old Abel appeared.

"If yo' please, missis, dere's a gentleman here dat wants to see Marster Rafe. Mistah Goodsall, missis."

"Mr. Goodsall!" cried Jim. "He was expected home this morning. I hoped he'd see the matter in the right light and take you back, Ralph."

And Jim's expectations were correct. Mr. Goodsall had heard the story of the letter from his partner and had hurried out at once to the Kingsley place to assure Ralph of his sympathy and offer him his position again.

"Come back, my boy," the merchant said, heartily. "We do not persecute people in Riverton for either the sins or mistakes of others. Mr. Dickinson was a little hasty in his judgment, but remember you have never been discharged. \* \* \* You were only suspended."

Of course Ralph went back to the store, where both he and Jim Graham—now the "chummiest" of all chums—are rapidly learning the business under Mr. Graham's careful oversight.

Not long after the affair of the typewritten letter Eben Shanks left the firm's employ and so our two friends were rid of a very unpleasant companion. Two years later Mr. Kingsley was pardoned by the governor of Tennessee, and is now faithfully toiling to repay the people who were defrauded of their property through his error, and it will indeed be a happy day to them all when that work is accomplished and his error is retrieved.

#### IT BURNED THEIR FINGERS.

HERE is a suggestion to bank cashiers from the *San Diego Sun*, which is apropos at this time. As soon as the bank can persuade the public they are turning out dollars red hot, they will be able to quiet frightened depositors.

Once there was a run on a bank in an iron mill town and the depositors were being paid in silver dollars. The excitement increased and the run became a fast one.

The cashier was a young Irishman and the work put upon him was more than he liked. He resolved to stop it. He sent the janitor with a bushel of silver dollars into a rear room where there was a stove, with instructions to "heat them silver dollars red hot." They were heated, and in that condition were handed out with a ladle. The depositors first grabbed the coin, then kicked. "But you'll have to take them that way," said the cashier. "We are turning them out as fast as we can melt and mold them, and if you won't wait till they cool you'll have to take them red hot."

That settled it. The run was stopped.

#### AN APPROPRIATE POSITION.

MANAGER—That young nephew of yours is a sleepy sort of fellow. What shall I do with him?"

MERCHANT—"See if you can't find room for him in the night shirt department."—*Tit Bits.*

#### A RAY OF LIGHT.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue.  
And some with thankful love are filled  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's good mercy gild  
The darkness of their night.

—TRENCH.

[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 XXXVI.—(Continued.)

LUKE FINDS HIMSELF IN HIS OWN TRAP.

SPOTTY picked himself up and listened to the calls of his late fellow prisoner. Then he concluded that it would be better for him to go aft than to go forward, for he did not care to encounter Captain Gustoff until he understood his views on the question of imprisoning a fellow Champlainer a little better.

When he reached the stern of the boat he was delighted to see the Dandy steaming down the bay with all the speed she could command. He wondered who was at the wheel; but he was sure that Tom Gates would get the best speed out of the boat on an occasion like the present. He concluded that the whistle he had heard some time before, and which had been several times repeated, was to inform Luke that the Dandy was in pursuit, or to call him from the cabin that he might see for himself.

Towing astern of the Saranac was the little tender of the steamer. Of course this diminished the speed of the craft, and it was through carelessness that the boat had been left there instead of being taken on board. But Spotty concluded that it had been left there for his use. At any rate he lost no time in casting off the painter, and giving it a turn around a cleat.

With no little difficulty he hauled the boat up near enough to the stern of the steamer to enable him to get into it. With the end of the painter in his hand, he transferred himself to the bow of the boat. Then, letting go of the rope, he allowed the little craft to go adrift.

At this moment the Saranac was just beginning to round Cumberland Head, and she had gone quite near the shore. As soon as the boat was clear of the steamer Spotty seized the oars he found in it and began to pull with all his might for the land. In a few minutes he was behind the point, where the pilot of the Saranac could not see him.

By this time it was evident to Spotty that the Saranac was hurrying to keep out of the way of the Dandy. It seemed to be a good time for the race which Captain Gustoff was so anxious to try with the Dandy. Spotty thought he should like to be somewhere near the Saranac when her captain discovered that he had made a prisoner of his employer, for he had no doubt that Luke had chartered the boat to capture him and assist in obtaining the ring and locket.

The more he thought of his cruise of an hour in the Saranac the more he thought it was a regularly organized conspiracy to entrap him. He was astonished to think how easily he had escaped. The odds had seemed to be all against him half an hour before. He wondered what Luke meant to do with him, and in what manner he intended to make him give up the cherished relics of his mother.

The Dandy was at least a mile astern of the Saranac. It was probable that Tom had seen him go on board of the Saranac, and when he saw her under way, and moving out of the harbor, he had procured a pilot, and given chase. Before Spotty could reach the shore, he saw the bow of the Saranac come out from behind the point.

Sie was moving at her best speed. In precisely what manner her captain had discovered Spotty's absence he could not determine. He did not see Luke in the pilot house, nor anywhere about the deck. The steamer succeeded in getting inside of him, and prevented Spotty from reaching the shore.



There was no retreat for him in the direction of the land, and the next best thing was to pull for the Dandy. But she was a mile off, and the chance of reaching her was not good. Captain Gustoff handled his craft very well, and in two minutes more, Spotty, in spite of all his endeavors to give her a wide berth, found her alongside the tender.

"What do you mean, Captain Hawke, by stealing my boat?" shouted Captain Gustoff, with a broad laugh on his face.

"What do you mean by stealing me?" demanded Spotty, in reply.

Captain Gustoff rang his bell, and then came down upon the main deck. Grasping a boathook, he caught the painter of the tender, and hauled it on board. With the rope in his hand, he went aft with it, and secured it at the cleat, as Spotty had found it.

"Don't you think you had better come on board again, Captain Hawke?" asked the captain, with a broad grin on his face.

"I think I will, for the Dandy will be here in a few minutes now," replied Spotty, suiting the action of the word.

"What did you want of that boat, Captain Hawke?"

"I wanted to get off in it," replied Spotty, as he followed the captain forward.

"I did not like my room mate."

"Unlock the cabin door, captain, and let me out," growled Luke, from one of the windows.

The captain turned to grant this reasonable request, and Spotty did the same. The latter reached the door first, and taking the key from the lock, threw it into the lake.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## THE CAPTURE OF THE SARANAC.

At the moment when Spotty reached the cabin door Captain Gustoff was looking to see where the Dandy was and he did not notice what had happened to the key, which the late prisoner had thrown into the lake. Captain Gustoff could not find it in the lock, and for this reason he could not very conveniently release Luke Spottwood.

"Open the door!" shouted the latter, angrily, for he had been nursing his wrath for fully five minutes.

"I can't open it," replied Captain Gustoff, going to one of the open windows.

"Break it down, then!" replied Luke.

"I think not," added the captain, displaying his ivories at what he regarded as a very absurd proposition. "What have you done with the key?"

"What have I done with it!" exclaimed Luke fiercely. "You locked the door on the outside and ask me what I have done with the key!"

"I did just what you told me to do; and I haven't had a key since I locked the door. But the Dandy is down upon us, and if you want to keep out of her way it is time something was done," answered Captain Gustoff.

"Go ahead, then!" replied Luke, apparently choosing the less of two evils.

"Keep out of her way. Do you know who is running her?"

"I don't know; but I dare say Spotty can tell you," replied the captain, as he hastened to the pilot house.

Spotty did not wait to hear anything more from Luke, but followed the captain. The boat was started again, and the Dandy was still half a mile astern of her.

"What's going to be done now, Captain Gustoff?" asked Spotty.

"I don't know anything more than a child unborn. Mr. Spottwood chartered the Saranac for three days, and of course he can go anywhere he pleases in her," replied the good natured captain. "I always obey orders without asking any questions."

"Luke may go anywhere he pleases, but it doesn't follow that I must go where I don't please, added Spotty. "You seem to be helping him to carry me off, whether I want to go or not."

"Not a bit of it! I didn't invite you on board, or into the cabin. But when I got ready, I cast off the fasts. If you wanted to go on shore, I shouldn't have prevented you from doing so. It was nothing but one of Luke's practical jokes, to pay you for the one you played off on him," said Captain Gustoff, laughing.

"I don't think you understand the situation at all," answered Spotty.

"You will find in the end that it is a serious matter, and no joke. Luke will take my life, if necessary, to accomplish a certain purpose he has in view. He intends to compel me to do what I have no intention of doing."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Captain Gustoff, but without abating his usual grin. "I don't understand it so."

"I didn't suppose you did," added Spotty.

"I have another key that will fit the cabin door," replied the captain, as he took a bunch of them from a nail in the pilot house. "If you will steer a couple of minutes for me I'll go aft and let Luke out, and then we'll fix up this business."

"If I steer at all I shall run for the Dandy," replied Spotty.

"That wouldn't be just the thing, when Luke told me to run away from the Dandy. I'll stop her for a minute while I run aft and open the door."

Captain Gustoff suited the action to the word. He rang his gong, and then waited a moment for the boat to lose some of her headway. Taking the keys, he went aft. He unlocked the cabin door and went in. Spotty considered it his duty to look out for his own interests, and he had followed the captain. As soon as the latter entered the cabin, Spotty was seized with an impulse to lock the door, and make a prisoner of him. He did it in the twinkling of an eye.

When he had done the deed, he did not deem it advisable to wait for the result of his stroke of policy. He hastened to the pilot house, and rang the gong to start her. Obedient to the sound, the boat started. In a moment the new pilot rang the speed bell. The Saranac began to cut through the water at her usual rate.

But Spotty did not deem it incumbent upon him to carry out the programme of Luke, whatever it may have been, and he put the steamer about, and headed her in the direction of the Dandy. Before she was fairly on her new course, Spotty heard the voice of Captain Gustoff, whose lungs were evidently in better condition than Luke's had been when he tried to make himself heard.

But Spotty took no more notice of the call than the captain had of Luke's.

In less than two minutes the Dandy was within hail; and in two more they were alongside each other. Captain Hawke discovered that Mr. Winggold, the steamboat inspector, who was an old pilot, was at the wheel of the Dandy. Mr. Paul Spottwood was with him, and there appeared to be several men on board.

"What does all this mean?" called Mr. Spottwood, from the hurricane deck of the Dandy.

"It is another trick of Luke's," replied Spotty. "Both he and the captain of the Saranac are locked in the cabin."

Mr. Winggold indulged in a laugh, and then led the way with his friend, the owner of the Dandy, on board of the Saranac. The inspector seemed to be in a very jovial mood, while the owner looked very sober, not to say serious.

"So you have captured the Saranac, Spotty?" laughed the inspector.

"I don't think the engineer understands the situation at all, or he would not have opened his valve," replied Spotty.

"I will go aft and see Captain Gustoff," said Mr. Ringgold, as he left his friend with Spotty.

"I don't know anything more than attend to my business while Luke is around. I must tell you all about what has passed between him and me. I don't understand what he desires to accomplish, but he will pursue and worry me as long as I am about here," said Spotty, as soon as he was alone with his employer.

"Luke?" queried Mr. Spottwood. "I hope you have not been too intimate with him. I came down to the steamer with Mr. Winggold, who was going down to Tonnington to spend the night with me, and you were not to be found. Tom had seen you go on board of the Saranac. He was sure Luke meant to do you harm; in fact, he knew more than he chose to tell. Winggold called several men, and we started after you."

"If you had not, I don't know what might have happened to me," replied Spotty; and he proceeded to relate

what had occurred on board of the Saranac.

"But why does Luke pursue you in this manner?" asked Mr. Spottwood. "I do not see what connection or relation he can have to you, Spotty. I think you have not told me all that has passed between you."

"I have not, nor a tenth part of it. I have hardly time to do it now, for it is a long story. I have a couple of articles of jewelry which Luke wants; and I believe he would take my life to get them," added Spotty, with energy.

"You astonish me, Captain Hawke. What can you have that he wants?" asked the owner, with a look of wonder.

"The articles are a diamond ring and a child's locket. He says they belonged to his mother. He broke into the cottage at Gildwell and tried to obtain them. I followed him to Tonnington."

"But you did not say that the robber was Luke, Spotty."

"I did not know it was he the first time I saw you. He came again the same night, and I shot him through the hand while he was trying to break into my sleeping room."

"Merciful Heaven! Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Spottwood.

"When I had the captain and Luke locked into the cabin, I had a good mind to run for the vicinity of Gildwell, and hand your nephew over to the deputy sheriff as a housebreaker; but I did not think it would be right for me to do this without first consulting, as I am in your employ."

"I should not wish to have him arrested as a felon, though I am afraid he will soon come to that," replied the owner, with a long sigh.

"But my life is in danger while he is at liberty; or, at least, until the mystery of what he pursues me for is solved."

"I can make nothing of it from what you have told me. I have merely informed you not to be too intimate with my nephew, for he is not a young man of good habits. But I have never supposed him capable of a deliberate crime, like breaking into a house," added the owner.

"It was only to obtain the two articles that he broke into the cottage at Gildwell, not for the plunder he might have obtained, for he took nothing," Spotty explained.

"So much the worse, it seems to me, for him. But what are these articles which Luke desires so much?"

"A ring and a locket. The ring belonged to my mother, and so did the locket, but I wore it when I was a little child."

"Why should Luke want these things?" asked Mr. Spottwood.

"That is a mystery to me, as it was to Mr. Hawke," replied Spotty, who never spoke of the fugitive from justice in any other way.

"Do you mean your father when you say Mr. Hawke, Spotty?" asked the owner.

"Yes, sir."

"I concluded to let the prisoners out of their cage," said Mr. Winggold, coming forward at this moment. "I thought their health might suffer for the want of fresh air."

A moment later Captain Gustoff came into the pilot house, followed by Luke. The former wore his usual smiling countenance, but Luke had a hang dog expression, which showed that fear was uppermost in his mind.

"I think we need not remain on this boat any longer," said Mr. Spottwood, as he moved towards the Dandy. "You had better take your place at the wheel, Sir."

"Had on a minute, Spotty," interposed Luke. "I want to speak to you before you leave."

"I don't want anything more to do with you, Mr. Spottwood," replied Spotty.

"But I have something more to do with you," added Luke, savagely. "In the first place, if you say a word to my uncle about what has passed between you and me—"

"You are too late. I have said it already," interposed Spotty. "I want you to understand that I am not afraid of you, if you are bigger than I am."

"Spotty, you have made me desperate. I have a revolver in my pocket this time. You will give me those things, or you will not live to see another Sunday," added Luke, in a low and fierce tone.

Spotty hastened on board of the Dandy.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## MR. SPOTTWOOD'S SAD NARRATIVE.

LUKE'S threat was a terrible one to a boy of sixteen, but Spotty did not seem to be alarmed, though he probably would if the circumstances had been favorable to its execution. As it was, it showed to what a state of desperation the villain had worked himself up.

The captain of the Dandy followed Mr. Spottwood and Mr. Winggold to the pilot house of his own boat.

One of the volunteers on board of the Dandy cast off the lines which had secured the two steamers together, and Spotty rang the gong. The boat began to move, and the captain inquired of the owner where he should go. He was directed to run for Plattsburg, as the volunteers must be landed.

As soon as the boat was under way, Spotty told all the incidents connected with the attempted robbery of the cottage at Gildwell, with the story of the cruise of the Dandy which conveyed Mr. Hawke to the northern end of the lake. Luke's connection with the trip had not been known to his hearers before. Mr. Spottwood asked a great many questions, which brought out all Spotty's relations with the banker, and the history of his mother.

"Then Mr. Hawke was not your father, Spotty?" said Mr. Spottwood, after all the reader knows had been imparted to him.

"He informed me himself that I was not his son; but Luke insists that he is my father," replied Spotty.

"But what can Luke know about your father?" asked Mr. Winggold, who at the owner's request had remained to hear the story of the banker and his son.

"He certainly knows something about our family, though how much he knows or how he learned it, I cannot say," answered Spotty.

"The fact of his wanting the ring and locket, or even his knowledge of their existence, shows this."

"It is certainly very strange," added Mr. Spottwood, looking at Mr. Winggold as though he expected him to solve the mystery.

"I can see neither head nor tail to the matter," replied the inspector.

"I wonder if those two portraits of my wife and Mrs. Hawke have any connection with the matter," added Mr. Spottwood, as he proceeded to explain the meaning of his remark to his friend.

"This is as great a mystery as Luke's connection with the ring and the locket," said Spotty.

"I should like to see those two portraits," added Mr. Winggold.

"Then go down to Tonnington with me tonight, and you shall return as early as you wish in the morning in the Dandy," suggested Mr. Spottwood.

"I think I will do it. I am very much interested in this mystery, and perhaps we can get at it before morning," replied the inspector. "I think we should study up this business until we have the meaning of it."

"That is just my view; and we must do it for Spotty's sake," replied the owner.

"You are very kind, sir; and I had no right to expect so much from you," replied Spotty, with much feeling. "I would have spoken to you in the first of it about the matter if I had dared to do so. I was afraid I might lose my place if I continued to be bothered by Luke as I have been."

"I hope you did not take me for a heathen, Spotty," said the owner, very kindly.

"I did not want to trouble you with my affairs. You were good enough to say that you must look into the matter for my sake. I have not told you what Luke told me as I was leaving the Saranac."

"What did he say, Spotty? You have no father or mother now, and you must regard me as your father as far as you are willing to do so; at least, so far as my advice and counsel are concerned. Do not be afraid to tell the whole truth."

"I am not afraid to tell the whole truth, Luke is your nephew, sir; and for this reason I have not been willing, till it seemed to be absolutely necessary,

to say anything that might implicate him in wrong doing," continued Spotty, watching closely the expression of his employer.

"That need make no difference. Luke is my only relative now, and if he conducted himself properly—but no matter about this. I shall not shield him in any wrong that he has done, or may do. What did he say to you, Spotty?"

"He told me I had made him desperate, and that he had a revolver now. Then he said that I must give him those things, or I should not live to see another Sunday," replied Spotty.

"That was certainly plain talk, though it may have been an idle threat, intended only to intimidate a boy," said Mr. Winggold. "At any rate no one has a right to use such language, and Luke ought to be held responsible for it. It will be well for Captain Hawke to keep out of the rascal's way."

"That is what I desire to do; but he will not keep out of my way. If I had known that he was on board of the *Saranac*, I should not have left the *Dandy* to-day," added Spotty, as he raved the speed bell, for the steamer was by this time approaching the wharf.

"I am sure to unravel this mystery to-night, I think we ought to know more about the articles which Luke desires so much that he is willing to take a human life in order to obtain them," suggested the inspector.

"I think we had better see them," added Mr. Spottwood. "Where are they, Spotty?"

"I put them in a bank here in Plattsburg for safe keeping, asking the cashier, who is a good friend of mine, not to deliver them to any person but myself; and not even to do so on a written order; for I know that Luke would not hesitate to forge my name on a paper for this purpose," replied Spotty, as he rang to stop her.

In a few minutes more the *Dandy* was fast to the wharf. Mr. Spottwood and the inspector went ashore, promising to be on board for the trip to Tonnington in the course of an hour. It was only two o'clock in the afternoon, and there was time enough for the passage before dark.

Spotty locked the door of the pilot house and went down to see Tom, in the engine room. He had heard nothing particular about the voyage of the captain in the *Saranac*; and the whole story had to be told. When this was done, Spotty went to the bank and obtained the precious memorials of his mother, which he was careful to secure in a pocket inside of his vest. On his return to the boat he saw the *Saranac* off Cumberland Head. She appeared to be standing off and on, as though she was waiting for something.

The owner and his friend soon came on board, and the *Dandy* started up the lake. Both of the gentlemen preferred the pilot house to the cabin, and Spotty had their company all the way. Mr. Winggold asked Spotty if he had the articles of jewelry with him, thinking he might have forgotten them in the exciting events of the day. The captain took the package from his pocket, and exhibited it to the owner and the inspector. It was still sealed up, as the cashier received it.

"I think we will not open it till we get to the house," suggested Mr. Spottwood, to which Mr. Winggold agreed. "Perhaps these articles may throw some light on the remarkable resemblance in the two portraits now at Tonnington."

"May I ask where you were married, Mr. Spottwood?" inquired Spotty, diffidently.

"Certainly; I hope you will ask any question you desire. I was married in New York city."

"I think you said there was something sad about your life," added Spotty.

"Very sad. I first saw my wife at a concert. She was as beautiful as you see her in the picture at my house. I obtained an introduction to her. Our acquaintance ripened into friendship, and then into affection. She was an angel, Spotty, though I did not know it till it was too late to repent," added the owner, the tears starting to his eyes.

"We were married in 1861. In 1862, a son, who received the name of John, from my father who died two years before, was born. I was supremely happy with my wife and boy at Tonnington."

"Four years after my marriage I had

a difficulty with my throat, and the doctor said I must spend the winter in a warmer climate. We went to Europe in January, and were soon settled at a hotel in Nice. There were many gay people there. My wife was a beautiful woman, and I fancied an English earl of about her own age was more attentive to her than the occasion warranted. I say that I fancied it; for I am sure that neither the earl nor Mrs. Spottwood was guilty of the slightest indiscretion.

"But I was in ill health, and I was unreasonable; I know it now to my sorrow. In a word, my wife and I fell out. She was gentle, calm, and resolute. She refused to insult the earl at my bidding, though she declined to see him any more. The result was that one day I missed my wife and child. For three days I could obtain no clew to them. The child's nurse had been left behind. Then I ascertained that she had taken a steamer for Marseilles.

"I followed her thither by rail. She had just taken another steamer to the south of Spain. I found she had landed at Gibraltar. Here I had considerable difficulty in tracing her; but after a week of diligent inquiry, I was satisfied that she had taken a P & O. steamer for India. I was amazed at this step, but I followed her in the next ship. I found that my wife and child had landed at Colombo, in Ceylon. I had never heard her speak of relatives or friends in India, and I wondered that she had come to this distant part of the world.

"I soon found that she had taken another steamer for Bombay. On my arrival at that city I learned that the steamer had been lost in a hurricane, and that all the passengers had perished. My wife and child were buried in the ocean, and I was never forgiven."

Mr. Spottwood groaned in anguish as he finished his narrative; and nothing more was said till the *Dandy* arrived at the wharf at Tonnington.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 557.]

## The Coast Guard;

OR,

LIFE SAVERS OF ROCKY HAND

BY GEORGE WALDO BROWNE,

Author of "Elmer the Outcast," "Written in Water," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN EXCITING RACE.

ROYAL knew every part of Cat Island and he was aware of a shorter way to reach it from Harbor Head than Sparwood on his yacht could follow.

He had formed no definite plan of action, but he bent to his oars with a hearty will, anxious to keep out of his enemy's sight as long as possible, for if the other should discover his pursuit he could not hope to affect his purpose.

One side of the island was covered with a thick growth, and he shaped his course so as to come up on that shore.

He came in sight of his destination just as the sun was setting, but he could see nothing of the yacht.

As soon as his boat grated on the white sand, he sprang out to drag it beyond the reach of the tide, when he started along the shore on a reconnaissance.

He had gone about a quarter of a mile, when to his joy he saw Sparwood's yacht moving in a little cove, so it was necessary for him to move with extreme caution.

As there was no boat to be seen he concluded that the abductors had not come with their victim.

The thought that he was in season gave him hope; but anxious to know what had become of Sparwood and his confederate he advanced cautiously toward the interior of the island.

The land rose gradually as he left the shore, and knowing there was a considerable eminence about a hundred rods from the water, he at once concluded that Sparwood had gone hither to see if he could discover any signs of his men.

Accordingly Royal kept on in that direction, making every step with extreme caution, while keeping a careful watch of the shore as far as he could see.

It was getting quite dusky under the growth when he came within view of the summit, where he saw Sparwood and his companion looking earnestly out over the water.

He was near enough to hear the first exclaim:

"It's mighty strange they don't come. I ought to be on my way to the city."

"Perhaps they have bungled," said the other.

"You are very consoling in your remarks; but Story can't be such a fool. Isn't that they off there?"

His confederate shook his head.

"Well, it isn't any use for us to stay here longer. It will soon be dark; let's go back to the yacht."

Royal had paused by a clump of bushes and seeing the men were coming that way, he began a hasty retreat.

He had gone but a few yards, however, when he stepped on a dry stick, which broke with a loud snap.

At his next step he felt the earth give away beneath him and he was precipitated into a huge burrow.

Sparwood heard the breaking stick and stopping abruptly he exclaimed, clutching the other by the arm:

"What was that?"

"Some one is on the island—we are betrayed!"

Though taken completely by surprise, the two men rushed so swiftly upon Royal that before he could extricate himself from the pit he was seized and overpowered in spite of his resistance.

"Hold him fast!" cried Sparwood. "he is a spy."

Royal was dragged into a small opening in the forest, his captors eyeing him fiercely.

"Who are you?" asked Sparwood, "and what are you doing here?"

"If you don't want to break every bone in my body, you had better not crowd me so hard."

"Let up a little," said Sparwood. "There, now give an account of yourself, young man."

Royal had expected that his enemy would recognize him at once, but, as boys do at that age, he had changed considerably since their last meeting, so the other failed to remember him.

"I suppose I have as good a right here as you, as long as I attend to my own business."

"That's just it; what are you doing here?"

"I fail to see of what account that is to you, so long as I—"

"Hold on, youngster! Where is it I have seen you before?"

"I cannot tell, sir; and it is very likely that you have not seen me at all."

Sparwood bent a closer gaze upon his prisoner, to exclaim at last:

"That is young Southard!"

"Anybody to hurt us?" asked his companion, anxiously.

"If anybody in this world can. We have been betrayed, Jim."

"Oh, Lord!" gasped the other, "let's run."

"Hold fast to him, you fool! He must not get away. Have you a cord with you with which we can bind him?"

"No; but there is one in the yacht."

"Little good that will do us."

"Why can't we lead him down there?"

"We might try it. Mr. Southard, will you promise not to resist us if we allow you to rise?"

"No, sir."

"You are frank, I must allow. What a blamed fix to be in; We must try and lead him. We can do it if we look out for Sparwood, who knew the young life saver's strength better than his confederate, showed that he feared him, though they were two to one."

"Hold fast," he said. "Remember we are lost if he escapes."

Royal, waiting for a more opportune time, offered no resistance while his captors lifted him to his feet.

"Go slow, Jim, and don't let him up one iota."

Then, one going on either side, they started with their captive toward the shore.

Royal's non resistance disarmed them somewhat of their caution, and as they moved along he could feel their grasps loosen gradually.

Still he walked along between them as unconcerned as if a thought of escape had never entered his mind.

But his opportunity soon came.

Sparwood, stepping into a slight depression, stumbled, and before he could recover himself Royal sprang back with a force which nearly threw the two men to the ground.

Before they could regain their feet he was a dozen yards away running at the top of his speed.

"Stop him! stop him!" yelled Sparwood; "he must not escape."

Hastily pulling a revolver, he fired three or four times in rapid succession, but owing to his excitement he aimed wide of his intended victim.

Royal was a fleet runner, and he ran as he supposed toward the place where he had left his boat, thinking to escape by putting out to sea.

But he soon found that he had mistaken his direction, and that to reach the spot he would have to circle considerably to his right, which would enable his pursuers to intercept him. He realized a moment later, too, that Sparwood's companion was gaining upon him in spite of all he could do.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

A BOLD RESCUE—OAK'S STORY.

FINDING himself defeated in one direction Royal looked for an escape in another.

Catching sight of the white sails of Sparwood's yacht the next moment, he conceived of a daring dash for freedom.

Abandoning his idea of reaching the boat, he suddenly changed his course and ran toward the yacht with renewed speed, to outdistance his pursuers several yards before they discovered his intentions, when a yell of rage came from Sparwood.

"Stop him, Henley! Don't let him go to the yacht or we are lost."

Pursuers and pursued were doing their very best. The sight of the yacht gave new vigor to Royal, and he succeeded in reaching it just as his enemies gained the shore.

It was an exciting moment, but before Sparwood or his companion could prevent it Royal had freed the boat, and with his hand upon the tiller the light craft went skimming over the water like a bird.

Sparwood's rage was fearful to behold, but a ringing laugh from the escaping life saver was its only answer.

"You may have my boat, Mr. Sparwood; fair exchange is no robbery."

A stiff breeze was blowing from the south-southwest, and Royal was bowling merrily along when he caught sight of a boat approaching the island.

He judged at once that it was the one Sparwood had been so impatiently looking for and that it contained the two men who were to bring him Mona. Confident of this, he began to devise some way to rescue the captive.

"It's the bold stroke that counts," he said half aloud. "I must not let them pass me—ah! they are laying to."

Evidently recognizing the yacht and naturally enough expecting their employer or one of his associates was on board, they were waiting to hail him.

In a minute Royal ran the yacht alongside, to discover Mona lying in the bottom of the boat.

"Ho there!" he cried, speaking as if he had been expecting to meet them, "where have you been?"

"The old duffer of an Oak bothered us," growled one of the boatmen. "We did the best we could. Where's the capten?"

"On the island raving over your delay like a caged lion. You have got the girl I see."

"Yes, but we had a ticklish job."

"Don't doubt it; but let me have the girl to take to her stopping place, while you go on the island as fast as you can. The sooner you get there the easier you will find it to appease the old man's wrath."

It was getting dusky by this time, so the men could not see Royal's features very plainly; and if they could have done so he was a stranger to them, while his presence upon Sparwood's yacht seemed conclusive evidence to them that he was one of the other's friends. So they unhesitatingly lifted Mona up and passed her over into the young life saver's care.

"Carry my farewell to the captain and tell him next time to be warned by the past. Good evening and a short row to you," sang out Royal, as with a glad heart he started for Greydon, leav-



ing the perplexed boatmen to watch him out sight without knowing what to do or say.

"Have no more fears, Mona," said he, as he cut the bonds which held her. "I just consider that the most fortunate thing that ever I saw."

"What was those dreadful men going to do with me? she asked, as if her captivity had been a horrible dream to her.

"We will talk it all over when we get home, and you shall tell us all that has happened."

"But I don't want to go back to Black Oak's again. He sold me to those ugly men."

"How would you like to live at our house?"

"On, I would like it ever so much; can I?"

"I think so. We will soon know. At any rate you will not have to go back to Ransom Oak."

Royal saw nothing more of Sparwood or his men, and wondering what the former was saying over his defeat, he made a safe trip to Greydon.

He went at once with Mona to his home, where his story was listened to with surprise.

As yet the actual duplicity of Oak in this matter was not known, so it was decided to conceal him as far as possible with the affair, until at least he should have opportunity to tell his story.

The next morning Royal and his father called upon the keeper to learn what he had to say in reference to the matter.

It would be hard to find a more surprised man than Black Oak. At first he was speechless, but finally he managed to say:

"Mona safe! I am thankful. I have been crazed with grief. I did not know what to say or do. Now I can tell you what I have wanted to an' you'll believe me."

"Last evenin' 'bout sunset Mona an' I went down to the shore, an' 'twas so pleasant we walked erlong hand in hand, she all the time prattin' in her innocent way. I didn't think 'em any harm to her, Luke, honest! I didn't an' we went 'bove the bluff."

"I see'd a boat pulled up on Black Cove beach an' two men standin' by it. When we got up to 'em, one on 'em, the tallest one, says:

"This is Mister Oak."

"Ay," says I.

"Cap'n Ransom Oak?"

"I says the same."

"Wal, the cap'n sends some money to you fer the lettle gal."

"An' he takes out a roll o' bills an' puttin' his arm in mine led me down the shore. I was that s'prised I did not object; an' Mona was left with the other man."

"But the man hadn't led me more'n round the corner when I felt an awful clip on my head an' I must hev fell right there, fer it was dark when I come to an' I was layin' on the sand."

"I got right up then an' run back to the cove, but Mona was gone an' the men were gone!"

"Why didn't you give an alarm?" demanded Mr. Southard sternly.

"Don't blame me, Luke. I think the blow sort o' took away my leetle common sense, fer I come right home an' didn't go out o' the house ag'in."

"Mary cried all night to think she should never see leetle Mona ag'in. An' now she's come back. She's at yer house! D'ye hear that, Mary? Mona's safe an' sound."

"No thanks to you either, Ransom Oak! I believe you helped to get her off."

In a moment Oak's manner changed, and there was the look of murder in his flashing eyes as he cried:

"Don't you repeat that, madam!" and her reply was inaudible.

"So Royal saved the child," said the keeper, turning to his visitors. "Tell me how he did it. If any brave thing is done in Greydon it's alwus Roy."

The young life saver then gave a brief account of his adventure on Cat Island and rescue of Mona, to which Oak listened with great interest.

"My faith! that's the best thing I have heerd o', my boy. But I don't understand it all. Who's this Sparwood? There is one thing certain," he continued, without waiting for a reply, "after my blunderin' it shows Mona isn't safe with me. She had better stay at your

house, Luke. They's likely to try tlet her ag'in."

Oak's story agreed with Mona's as far as the latter's went, still Royal and his father both felt that he had not told the whole truth.

The account of Mona's abduction caused no little excitement at Greydon and the feeling against Oak became bitter.

He realized it and felt keenly the judgment. His manner became more surly than ever and what had been only whispered before was openly avowed—*he was drinking heavily.*

As the yacht was never called for it remained in Royal's hands.

Burl Howland reached home toward noon and when he learned what had happened he did not blame Royal for leaving him in the way he did.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A NIGHT LONG REMEMBERED.

**A**GAIN the active season for the life savers had opened and they had begun the regular routine of duty.

Ransom Oak was still keeper and no change had been made in the crew.

Royal held his rank as Number One. Keeper Oak's feelings toward him had not softened. In fact, his former dislike had seemed to extend to the others, so the situation at the station was far from pleasant.

Oak was a man who had never been liked by many, but he had been considered by all courageous, ever ready to do his duty whatever the danger may be.

But a great change had seemed to come over him within the last few years. He had been anxious to be keeper and now he held the position he was dissatisfied. Perhaps the greatest source of trouble came from the fact that he was not fit for the place and he felt his crew knew it.

His enmity to Royal made him unpopular with all. He knew this, too, but instead of modifying his conduct he grew more insolent and overbearing.

To Royal's credit he bore the ill-treatment with as good a grace as possible, hoping something might occur to change the other's feeling toward him.

Tire autumn, with its share of perils and hardships, passed and the first two months of winter had ended, when a storm memorable yet in the history of the life saving service strewed the coast with wrecks and desolation.

The afternoon of February 3 was cold and dreary, with dark, threatening storm clouds hanging low in the wintry sky. Towards night the tempest which had been gathering from the southwest was met by another from the northwest, when, like mighty armies contending, they began the work of terrible annihilation.

The storm began with sleet and snow, the wind blowing at times at the rate of over eighty miles an hour. The sea was the highest ever known, beating against the Greydon Bluffs in mighty volumes.

As the storm cloud grew blacker, keeper Oak ordered out the day patrol and everything at the station was in readiness for action.

The afternoon passed without any change in the situation, save that the storm had settled down upon sea and land with appalling fury.

Burl Howland was returning from his trip to the Sandsink post, when the clouds of frozen rain and snow began to fall, blinding his sight.

Crossing the bluff at Tipping Rock Point, he thought he saw a flash of light off the Forefinger.

Looking across the wind after he had gone by, it being impossible to see anything against the gale which so filled the air with snow and sand, he discovered the faint outlines of a ship in the distance.

She was lying broadside on the shoals, at the mercy of wind and waves.

Discharging his Coston light, he ran for the station with the news of his discovery.

Grote, who was out on the east patrol, was not in, so leaving a note for him to follow, the others set forth through the blinding storm with the mortar cart.

Enough snow had already fallen for the wind to blow into huge drifts at places, and through these the six men had to pull their load in the very teeth of the warning elements.

Night had set in before they reached the place where they must plant the Lyle gun and set up the apparatus for live saving.

Then, their forms covered with ice and snow and their lanterns so thickly coated with sleet that they emitted only shafts of light so feeble that the lines and implements could not be seen, they began their work in almost utter darkness.

The vessel's glimmering light his objective point, keeper Oak proceeded to charge the gun and get his elevation and range, while Tristram Speeder held a rubber blanket to the windward to shield him from the driving gusts of sleet and sand.

"Tain't no use," he muttered, "but I'll try."

The first shot was a failure, the line falling short of its mark.

It was hauled and faked for another shot with alacrity.

By that time Grote appeared and the news of a vessel aground having somehow reached the ears of the citizens, a crowd began to gather on the shore despite the storm.

For the second time the gun was poised and fired, but as before the line missed its mark.

"The ship must be off the outside of the Forefinger," said Jack, "and the distance is too great for the line."

"Who asked you for your pinion?" cried Oak. "I know this coast as well as you an' I guess I'm capable o' runnin' 'fairs tonight. Hold the blanket higher, Speeder, while I charge thet gun ag'in."

"Why don't you launch the surf boat?" cried an outsider.

But keeper Oak busied himself about the gun and when it was again fired the result was awaited with breathless interest.

For the third time the line fell useless upon the stormy sea, when it had to be hauled.

"We can do nothin' till the storm abates!" exclaimed the keeper.

"The boat! the boat!"

"No boat can live in such a surf. But if there are fools who want to prove it they shall!"

A rush was then made for the surf boat, and in fifteen minutes it was ready to be launched at what was considered the most feasible point.

"Take the steering, Jack," ordered keeper Oak, notwithstanding it was his place to conduct the undertaking.

Blue Water Jack hesitated, not from fear, but from the unexpected responsibility it threw upon him.

"I'm willing to do my duty, but—"

"What! Afraid?" cried the keeper.

"You have boasted of your skill, now show it."

"But it is not my place."

"Your place is where I command you."

Jack Loncraft stepped forward to obey, exclaiming involuntarily as he did so:

"I would to God Luke Southard were here one hour."

Oak heard the speech and shouted:

"You hev his boy! why not take him?"

"The place belongs to 'em more'n me," answered Jack. "I'd trust my life in his hands quicker than my own."

"Take the oar, Roy Southard, if you are not afraid. Fools never are!"

"We may be fools but we are not cowards!" cried Royal. "Come, boys, we'll show them we never fear to do our duty."

With a lusty cheer the surfmen sprang into the plunging boat and as Roy's hand seized the steering oar they shot out into the raging sea.

(To be continued.)

### A SIMPLE METHOD.

"A year or so ago," said a young man to a Pittsburger, "I spent a few weeks in New Orleans. One day I saw a machine which bore the inscription, 'Drop a nickel in the slot and learn how to make your pants last.' As I hadn't a pile of money I thought an investment of five cents to show me how to save the purchase of a pair of trousers would be small capital put to good use, so I dropped a nickel in and a card appeared. What do you suppose it recommended as the way to make your pants last?"

"Don't wear 'em, I suppose."

"No."

"Make your coat and vest first."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

[This Story began in No. 554.]

## The Markham Mystery.

BY ROWLEY BROOKS.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. BADGER RECEIVES A POINTED HINT.

**O**UR quests being over, both Badger and myself felt the fatigue which our excitement had kept in abeyance up to this moment. The way back was not above half a mile, but to us it seemed five times as much as we dragged our weary limbs along.

Yet, observe what power the mind has over the body and what reserves of energy are stored up within us to draw upon; for no sooner had we reached Mr. Markham's now sepulchral shop, and met Mr. Pigott's compelling gaze, than both Mr. Badger and myself forgot our fatigue again and started in with all our energies to employ the last remaining section of that wondrously eventful night.

Mr. Pigott was pacing up and down the shop on our arrival. It was fully three a. m. He seemed as fresh as ever. He explained that, in our absence, he had examined in vain every possible nook and corner for the missing will. What had we found?

Mr. Badger produced his tobacco box, opened it and handed it to Mr. Pigott very much as he would have offered him a pinch of snuff.

I hurriedly explained what had befallen us—the light on the bridge, the unknown fugitive, Ike's hospitality, his dash for the cavern and our finding of this single charred scrap.

Mr. Pigott seemed hardly to attend to what I was saying. He had carefully emptied the charred scrap out upon a clean sheet of paper on the table in the back room.

He had moved the lamp up close and turned its flame up to its brightest height. And now he was bending his head over the brown scrap and moving it around slowly with the point of a lead pencil.

So intent was he, that I involuntarily stopped in my narrative, and Badger and I waited in almost breathless silence for the conclusion of Mr. Pigott's examination.

He was writing something now on a bit of paper. In a moment he had finished; he raised his head and pushed the writing over to us.

"The ink marks can still be distinguished on the scorched paper," said Mr. Pigott, "and this is what I read."

On the piece of white paper Mr. Pigott had penciled the following:

I give, devise and bequeath to my beloved daughter, Elizabeth Markham, her heir and assigns forever, all the residue and remainder—both real and personal—or words to that effect."

"Then I was right!" I cried. "Ike Sanger is guilty of destroying Mr. Markham's will!"

"You are undoubtedly right, Robert," said Mr. Pigott, "but do not let that fact turn your head. Can you sufficiently calm yourself to think over all the details of the morning?"

I was a little stung by his tone in calling me to order; but it had the desired effect of throwing cold water on my heated condition of mind. I became calm at once and thoughtful.

"Start at the beginning," said Mr. Pigott; "go slowly and describe to me every incident, however trivial, which you can remember subsequent to your falling asleep in the cave."

Mr. Pigott had placed a sheet of paper before him and seemed to be taking memoranda as I rehearsed with great minuteness all the facts which I have detailed in the foregoing pages.

This systematic rehearsal of the rather remarkable series of events coming under my notice, served to bring before my mind still more clearly than before the details of what I considered a great crime, namely, the theft and destruction of a will, and the indirect murder of old Mr. Markham; for, even granted that Mr. Markham had died of heart trouble, I felt absolutely certain that his death had in some way been caused by Ike Sanger's presence.

When I had finished Mr. Pigott laid down his pencil. After a moment's recovery, he said:

"A very pretty case!"

"You have all the facts you want, then?" I asked.

"Oh, no; not all. The story is not quite complete."

"Won't you tell us how you read it, sir?" I asked.

"On the testimony of Mrs. Briggs we knew that some one knocked at the shop door about seven o'clock, and that Mr. Markham admitted the visitor."

"But she says it was I," I murmured.

"You heard Hen Billings state that he saw Ike Sanger at Mr. Markham's, and waited for him to come out."

"And it was Hen Billings that Mr. Smith and Mrs. Whatsername saw lurking around here," I interjected mentally.

"You, Robert, testify with a reasonable certainty that Mr. Markham placed his will in a certain bureau drawer, and that this bureau drawer was always kept locked. Yet we find it unlocked and partly open on discovering Mr. Markham's dead body."

"The keys—where were they?" I asked.

"Safe in Mr. Markham's pocket," replied Mr. Pigott.

"If Mr. Markham unlocked that drawer," said I, "he did not put the keys back in his pocket again without first locking the drawer—that I'm certain of."

"Let that pass," said Mr. Pigott.

"The next scene reveals Mr. Sanger much perturbed about what he says are scraps of paper in a certain pocket. By his exclamations you are led to believe that Hen Billings rifled that pocket; and, a few minutes later you see that spot strewn with crumpled bits of paper, some of which you use to kindle a fire in the cave."

Apparently, now, Mr. Pigott knew the story quite as well as I did.

"That Sanger should have returned to the spot to recover the scattered evidence of his crime is of no great importance. The important fact is that you, Robert, recovered one of these scraps, which, I suppose, you are willing to swear is one of those which you found on the spot where Sanger stood."

"That I am!" I replied, "To the best of my knowledge and belief it is."

"We want Hen Billings on several counts," went on Mr. Pigott, "and one of them is, to testify that he pulled these scraps out of Sanger's pocket."

"He's a slippery customer to get," said Mr. Badger.

"Do you think you are unequal to the task?" said Mr. Pigott.

"Well, I can't do no more'n try," answered Mr. Badger.

"With better success, I trust, than you had in that Buffalo matter."

"Now, Mr. Pigott," protested Badger, looking uncomfortable, "what can you expect—a matter of over fifteen years back?"

"Yes, yes; I make due allowances, Badger."

"Besides," continued Badger, "there's them advertisements I put in the Buffalo papers—they're running still. You can't be sure you've heard the last of the matter yet."

"Let us pass that subject, then, for the present," said Mr. Pigott. "I want you to get this Hen Billings."

"You're willing to pardon him for that little job of his, I suppose—I mean the one he was sentenced to," hazarded Mr. Badger.

"No! I am not! I will make no terms beforehand," said Mr. Pigott. "I want Billings found and brought back. Then I will deal with him face to face."

"But," said I, "are you not willing to buy those letters of old Mr. Markham's, as I hinted you would?"

"I tell you, sir," replied Mr. Pigott, "I will have no dealings with Billings except it be face to face. Therefore,

Mr. Badger, you must apprehend him speedily.

Mr. Badger did not look jubilant at the prospect.

"What is this?" exclaimed Mr. Pigott—"the dawn."

"The east was already aglow."

"Time has gone faster than I thought. Do you stay here with Robert, Badger. Before you sleep lock and bar every door and window and let no one set foot in the door. Sanger will possibly try to enter. Remember, you have my advice to back you."

"As for you, Robert; do not leave the premises till you hear from me. But I think you, Badger, had better not neglect Billings."

Mr. Pigott gave this last bit of advice in a rather significant tone, and then without further words, withdrew.

The sun was almost up when Badger and I having locked all up tight, turned in on the bed in my room, next to the chamber where the shadow of death seemed still to hover.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. BADGER UNDERTAKES ANOTHER MAN'S BUSINESS WITHOUT APPARENT AUTHORITY.

ON awakening the next (or rather, the same) morning, my first impression was that I should arise and look in at Mr. Markham. Such had been my custom, and habit, for the time, prevailed over memory.

But an instant later, I remembered the tragedy of the previous night. I sat up in bed, rubbed my eyes and gradually assured myself that I had not dreamed the startling things that were coursing through my mind.

The entrance of Mr. Badger clinched the matter. He was fully dressed, and he informed me it was half past nine o'clock, with breakfast waiting on the table.

On hearing of the unconscionable hour, I jumped out of bed like a cat after a bird. Badger sat around in a preoccupied way while I was dressing, evidently with something on his mind.

Possibly I was but half awake yet; at all events, when I went down stairs, I found myself starting to open up shop as usual. Of course it almost instantly occurred to me how out of order this was.

I noticed three or four people outside looking up to the second story window curiously and talking earnestly together. Evidently, this house was still the center of interest.

Before touching the breakfast which Mrs. Briggs had held back so late, I wrote out on a piece of paper in a bold hand:

THIS STORE CLOSED  
Owing to the Death of  
JOSHUA MARKHAM, ESQ.

and this notice I pasted inside of the glass panel of the door, so that it faced outward and could be read by all who stepped up to the door.

As I appeared in sight, the idlers in front of the shop displayed a considerable degree of animation. They looked at me eagerly and at each other, and spoke rapidly together. I felt they were talking of me as the one who had been suspected of murdering the old gentleman. As they crowded up to read the notice I had put up, I let down the shade again and retired to the back room.

At breakfast Badger revealed, as I might have guessed, the cause of his preoccupation. Hen Billings was that cause. In pursuance of Mr. Pigott's last word, it was necessary for Mr. Badger to trace and capture this exceedingly slippery person, and the first move in the game was what bothered Mr. Badger.

In the course of the meal this private detective confessed that he did not feel quite easy in his mind over his failure to trace Howard Hallingsworth and his wife Elizabeth, beyond Buffalo; though he was in no way to blame, he protested, considering that these people disappeared from the public view over fifteen years ago.

But Mr. Pigott seemed to expect others to accomplish any task he chose to set them; and his manner of giving Badger instructions concerning the recapture of Hen Billings had rather frightened the detective into the belief that, if he did not succeed in this undertak-

ing, his employment by Mr. Pigott would cease.

Accordingly Mr. Badger questioned me with considerable minuteness about the conversation I had overheard between Billings and Sanger before they came to blows over the contents of a packet. Mr. Badger's mind seemed to dwell on that bargain between the two concerning the letters.

Spite of the fact that I assured him it was ridiculous to suppose that Mr. Sanger would part with five hundred dollars for a few letters—spite of my opinion, I say, Badger persisted in asking me over and over about the conversation on this point. Finally, appearing to be satisfied, he pushed his chair away from the table and went out, leaving half of his breakfast untouched.

I did not know what to do with myself. I saw that the store door was locked, as also the entry door, against a visit of the Sangers, which I rather expected. But I was greatly distraught and could neither keep my mind on any one thing nor my body in any one place.

Among other things, it occurred to me that I did not know when Mr. Markham's funeral was to take place—nay, I did not even know where he lay at this moment. I had an impression that he had been taken to the undertakers, but still I had no information.

However, Mrs. Briggs enlightened me when I appealed to her for information; and thus I learned that Mr. Markham's funeral was set for the following (Tuesday) morning at 10 a. m.

An hour—two hours passed, during which I shifted about the premises uneasily. About noon time I fancied I heard distant shouts. A moment more and I was certain of it, for they became plainer—in fact, I heard what sounded like an uproar, and it was evidently coming down the main street.

I darted to the entry door and looked out into the street. What I saw immediately reminded me of the incident which occurred the first afternoon I spent in Centerville.

The whole town seemed to be out in full cry after a fugitive. He came tearing down the main street towards where I stood. As he came on, and the cries of the crowd preceded him, people came out of the shops and the side streets and made a feint to catch him; but the man had but to flourish his right hand to cause the human obstruction to fall back.

I saw that he had a pistol in this hand. I noticed, also, that one man was either more fleet or more brave than the rest of the crowd and seemed bent on catching the runner; he was gaining by degrees, and had but a few yards to make up. The fugitive looked back over his shoulder and called out something; the pursuer paid no heed—rather, he visibly increased his efforts. The fugitive slackened his pace, half turned and pointed the pistol at the pursuer. The crowd behind stopped, broke and scattered for shelter in anticipation of a bullet among them.

The fugitive was Hen Billings; the pursuer was detective Badger; and Badger was running point blank on destruction.

When Mr. Badger left me eating my breakfast he inquired his way to Joe Reynolds's—the straw creditor to whom Ike Sanger had been told by Hen to pay his five hundred dollars.

Reynolds lived in one of the back lanes of the town not far from Mr. Markham's; he was a dissolute character, supported by a dragged-out looking wife who wore herself away at the wash tub.

Mr. Badger found Mrs. Reynolds ironing on the front porch of a poor looking frame house, two stories high. When Mr. Badger accosted her, he noticed that she appeared to look rather frightened or at least uneasy. She said that Mr. Reynolds was not at home, and, eyeing Mr. Badger furtively, affirmed that she did not know her husband's whereabouts.

Mr. Badger was exercising all his ingenuity to prevail upon Mrs. Reynolds to give him some clew to her better half's whereabouts, when a man emerged from Hooley's tavern at the top of the street, and, observing the colloquy, came down with a slightly unsteady step.

"What's the row?" demanded the new comer surlily.

"No row," returned Badger. "I'm only inquiring for Mr. Reynolds's."

"Who wants 'im?"

"I do."

"What for?"

"That's what I'm dying to tell him."

"Well, why don't you out with it then?"

"How's this? Are you Reynolds?"

"Yes, I am, and I ain't ashamed o' the name either."

Mr. Badger took Mr. Reynolds's arm affectionately, and, leading him out of his wife's hearing, whispered:

"Isn't there some money owing to you from a man named Sanger?"

Reynolds appeared to be a trifle startled at the question. He gazed hard at Mr. Badger for a moment, then said cautiously:

"What of it?"

"I've come to settle."

"For Sanger?"

"Yes."

"Why don't he come himself?"

"I guess you don't know Sanger," returned Badger with an air of contempt. "He's scared of your crowd after what he got last night."

Mr. Reynolds seemed to understand what this meant; but still he appeared to be afraid of something.

"You're a lawyer, heh?" said he.

"No, I ain't!" declared Mr. Badger. "I'm at present in the banking business," tapping his breast pocket, "and, if you've got a quiet corner anywhere in the house and a drop of something hearty, I'm ready to talk straight business."

Mr. Reynolds, after a further suspicious scrutiny of Mr. Badger, mumbled something and entered his house, whispering a few gruff words to his wife on the way. Mr. Badger distinctly heard him mount the stairs and slam a door.

A few moments later, he heard the shutter slats of a closed upper window move. Mr. Badger casually turned his back to the house, knowing full well that he was being scrutinized from the second story window. Mr. Badger's eyes twinkled thoughtfully.

By and by Mr. Reynolds came down, and invited Mr. Badger into the house. Mr. Badger was too intent on his errand to notice the squalor of the room into which he was shown.

(To be continued.)

#### UNEXPLAINED DREADS.

A MAN'S nerves play strange tricks with him sometimes. Soldiers who are as brave as a lion in facing the enemy may be endowed with a horror of felines that causes him to shudder at the presence in the room of a cat. In an article on remarkable instances of antipathy, the *Philadelphia Press* gives the following cases:

Amatus Lesitanus tells of a monk who would faint on seeing a rose and who never quitted his cell at the monastery while that flower was blooming. Orfila, a less questionable authority, tells us of how Vincent, the great painter, would swoon upon going suddenly into a room in which roses were blooming, even though he did not see them.

Valenti tells of an army officer who was frequently thrown into violent convulsions by coming in contact with the little flower known as the pink. Orfila, our authority in the case of Vincent, the painter, above related, also tells of the case of a lady forty six years of age, hale and hearty, who if present when linseed was being boiled for any purpose, would be seized with violent fits of coughing, swelling of the face and partial loss of sight from the ensuing twenty-four hours.

Writing of these peculiar antipathies and aversions, Montague remarks that he has known men of undoubted courage who would much rather face a shower of cannon balls than to look at an apple! In Zimmerman's writings there is an account of a lady who could not bear to touch either silk or satin and who would almost faint if by accident she should happen to touch the velvet skin of a peach. Horie records the case of a man who would faint upon hearing the "swish" of a broom across the floor, and of another with a natural abhorrence for honey. Hippocrates of old tells of one Nicanor who would always swoon at hearing the sound of a flute. Bacon, the great Englishman, could not bear to see a lunar eclipse and always completely collapsed upon such occasions, and Vaughelm, the great German sportsman, who had killed hundreds of wild boars, would faint if he but got a glimpse of a roasted pig.

#### QUITE LIKELY.

HUNKER—"What prompted you to ask Miss Giddey to be your wife?"

SPATTS—"I think Miss Giddey herself prompted me more than anybody else."—*Puck.*



**A POSSIBLE SOLUTION.**

I ALWAYS wondered why the boy stood on the burning deck when every one had fled and left the smoking, scorching wreck. And now I think I've found it out. To my exceeding joy: The lad, I have a notion, was A District Messenger boy.

—Puck.

**The Buffalo's Last Stand.**

ABOUT the only place one can see a buffalo nowadays is in a zoological garden or a menagerie, and this in spite of the fact that the buffalo is often used allegorically as typical of America. Under the title, "The Last Great Buffalo Hunt," a writer in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* gives a thrilling account of an experience in which he shared ten years ago. The last great buffalo herd in the northwest was a band of no less than 75,000 head, which had found a temporary refuge in the triangle formed by the Yellowstone, Musselshell, and Missouri rivers in Montana.

This was in the latter part of the fall of 1883.

The Northern Pacific railroad, stretching across the continent, had cut it off from their southern range (for a bison will never, unless forced, cross the iron of a railroad track), and the Indians of the Canadian Northwest as well as these of our own country barred their retreat into the far North, so they were hemmed in between the two, and took refuge in the Musselshell country, where they were comparatively safe for a time.

Red and white hunters, however, "smelled them out," and it was only a few weeks before that mighty head of bison were being stampeded, hunted and slaughtered by scores of red and white hunters. At the time mentioned I was passing with a small detachment of soldiers from the Missouri river country to the Yellowstone and came across, almost daily, numerous bands of Gros Ventre, Piegan, Blackfeet and other Indians, all hurrying to the slaughter of the noble animals on the Musselshell. One day when threading our way through bad lands, painted buttes, and broken coulees, a small herd of about sixty bison came rushing into view around a bluff not more than 200 yards distant, and with heads down and paint-brush tails erect they came plunging on until almost upon us. The men did not wait for orders, but shied off to a safe distance, and there I sat feeling like a fool until the stampeded brutes were almost upon me.

Drawing my revolver quickly, I fired a few shots at the leaders, and the sting of the lead must have caused them to become aware of my presence, for without halting or making a pause in their mad rush, they separated, when about twenty five yards distant, and a motley went sweeping like the wind on either side of me. My horse chanced to be a good buffalo pony (a cayuse captured from hostile Indians), and was perfectly quiet and tractable while all this fuss was going on about him. In a few minutes the fleeing bison were disappearing to the rear with the speed of an express train.

While watching them and considering whether a chase would be worth the trouble (for we had an abundance of fresh meat and game was plentiful in the country ahead of us), from behind the bluff where the buffaloes had first appeared now came a second band of bison, and about a dozen well mounted Cheyenne bucks in pursuit. As before, the animals came direct toward us, but our shoutings and hallooings turned them aside, and they shied off to the left, entering the jaws of a rough broken ravine, which was precisely what the Indians wanted. It was a sort of rift in the bad lands which practically led nowhere, but which we afterward found out narrowed and closed in until it ended in a steep, impassable pocket with no outlet except by the original way of entry.

The Indians shouted to us as they reached by, and, rather interested in the outcome, as I suspected the nature of the ravine, I left the sergeant with the detachment, and, taking an orderly with me, followed swiftly on the heels of the flying Cheyennes.

The ravine must have been at least two miles in length.

Game and hunters soon disappeared from view in the twining and intertwining of the gorge, and as it was an exceedingly rocky and difficult trail we took our time and practically "made haste slowly." It is indeed marvelous with what skill the Indian or cayuse pony can make his way through almost inaccessible places. Either on the prairie or among the bad lands this hardy little beast is equally at home. An American horse will plunge ahead fearlessly and not infrequently snap his leg in a half concealed prairie dog hole. A cayuse will instinctively dodge such places, and the rider must dodge, too, not to assist in avoiding the danger, but for the sole purpose of keeping in the saddle.

We left our ponies to take their own course, for the reason that they had more sense about picking a trail than we had. How the red men ahead of us ever got over the ground so quickly was an unsolved mystery. At any rate they were far ahead, for in a bend of the coulee we could see them at least half a mile in advance, but apparently going about as slow as we were.

They paused a few minutes, held a consultation, gesticulated wildly, and then went on again very slowly. When we reached the point where they had been, both Indians and bison were out of sight again; but the coulee was narrowing, and besides, the many huge boulders and rough cuts, the steep walls were covered with scrub cottonwood and stunted growths which concealed everything ahead from view.

Narrower and narrower became the gorge, and at length we paused to listen. There was scarcely a sound on the air, but this intense stillness was suddenly broken by a series of rapid shots and wild yells, accompanied by a thundering, rumbling noise, which was almost deafening. The tumult rapidly grew louder, and then just in front of us, out of the brush and from behind boulders and corners, came the buffalo herd like the wind, direct toward us.

There was danger in the situation, and both the orderly and myself saw it instantly.

Scrambling back as well as we could, we took refuge in a sort of pocket behind an angle in the coulee, and just in time, for the now thoroughly stampeded and maddened buffaloes, never pausing for rocks, brush, or impossible trails, came helter skelter onward, with heads down and tails up, as usual, passing us in one solid black mass toward the outlet of the gorge. It never seemed possible that living brutes could travel over such ground with such speed, but the difficulties of trail never seemed to concern them in the least, for, as a matter of fact, the rear ones crowded the forward ones on so persistently and rapidly that they had to move quickly or be trampled under foot.

After this thunder cloud had gone by I drew a sigh of relief and went on up the canyon to see how the Indians had fared.

It proved to be a disastrous encounter for the Cheyennes, and this is the condition in which we found them: Seven dead buffaloes, three wounded Indians (one of them quite seriously), and six ponies killed or maimed. It appears that after cornering the bison in the farthest depths of the coulee the red hunters had attempted to block their passage out, and then commenced firing on the animals. The latter stood this for a while, and then in sheer desperation, seeing no hope of escape beyond, they simply turned on their red pursuers, and, charging their way out, escaped with a loss of seven of their number, after inflicting more or less damage on their assailants. Old Buck, a Cheyenne buck who had successfully dodged the sharp horns of at least half a dozen enraged bison, said it was the most plucky thing he had ever seen the buffaloes do.

As a rule, these animals will never take the aggressive unless cornered or wounded but on this occasion they were eminently justified in cutting their way out, and did it in true cavalry spirit, according to the latest improved tactics. One of the seven slain was an ancient old bull, a veritable old patriarch of his race. When skinned and cut up he showed traces of no less than eighteen wounds, all of which were received in his long battle with humanity for the preservation of his life.

**The Glory of Being an Author.**

BY JOHN S. GREY.

No one who has not experienced the feeling can imagine what balloon like pride, what ecstatic satisfaction, what sweet, rose colored happiness can be derived from the pleasure of seeing one's efforts for the first time in print, with the name attached in clean, cold, solid type.

I was a voluminous contributor to the waste basket of many periodicals for some months prior to noticing a poem of mine in the *Bungtown Bald Eagle*. It was printed in its entirety, and my name appended in imposing capitals. How I hugged that paper to my breast, and read and re-read my "Lines on Seeing a Tramp Washing His Feet" until the paper became thumb stained and dirty. I bought out as much of that edition as my pocket money would purchase. I sent copies to my friends all over the country, and flattered myself that my contribution had largely increased the circulation of the paper. So it had for that one issue.

I would stop on street corners, pull out a copy of the paper and read my poem with as much freshness and energy the hundredth time as on the first. And often I would hie me away to the woods, and feast my eyes upon those forty lines of agate until the position of every letter had burned itself into my brain.

For years I wrote violet tinted poetry, which editors would occasionally publish to fill up their forms, but I never made a red cent.

I am out of the poetic business now, and a commission on the sale of pickled pigs' feet makes me a living.

It is not quite so romantic a profession, but it is much more remunerative.

**Through Hardships to the Throttle.**

"How can I become an engineer on a railroad?" is a question that frequently comes to the desk of the editors of THE ARGOSY's correspondence column. These inquiring friends, and many others, will be interested in the subjoined confessions of an old Pennsylvania railroad engineer, made in the course of a talk with a reporter of the *Pittsburg Press*.

"You ask me how I became a locomotive engineer," said he, thoughtfully stroking his beard. "My experience, I presume, is like that of many other engineers. I was brought up in a small town in eastern Pennsylvania. My home was not far from a railway line, and I used to spend my hours for pleasure after school down by the station where trains were coming and going. I took delight, at first, in sitting near the track and watching the engines shifting through the yards. Then I became bolder and used to climb up on the cars and ride through the yards. The brakemen took a fancy to me, and although I was often cautioned and told I might meet with an accident, they never molested me in any way. Consequently my fondness for the railroad had a good chance to develop. I had such a fancy for the engines and studied their mechanism so closely that I used to make drawings of engines on my slate in school, and at home I made some pencil drawings that were pronounced by the railroad men to whom I showed them, to be pretty accurate. I have often thought since that perhaps I made a mistake by not following up mechanical drawing, as by a course of study I might have been able to fill a more remunerative position in railroad service than that I now occupy."

"My parents did everything to suppress my penchant for railroading, and tried to induce me to learn a trade after I left school. They refused to compromise with me and I finally ran away from home. My first experience on an engine was in the yards where I was employed as a hostler. My position consisted of oiling and cleaning the machinery and running the engine in and out of the round house to any place the engineer desired. I was studious in my work and got along very well.

"After a year spent as a hostler I secured a position as brakeman on a freight train and embarked in the work. I found it a rough experience, but I was determined to advance until I reached the engine cab, and I knew that it would only be through faithful work on my part that I could succeed. I often got discouraged, especially in winter. The



Willie Tillbrook.

**Scrofula**

In the Neck.

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of MeKeesport, Penn.:

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a scrofula bunch under one ear which the doctor lanced and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and the sore healed up. His cure is due to HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

hardships of a brakeman on a bitter cold winter night are something few people but themselves know anything about. I fell from the tops of cars on two occasions when trying to walk over the icy roofs, with the wind blowing a gale. I was badly hurt the second time and laid up in the hospital for two months. On another occasion I had a fight with tramps and was badly injured. I finally became a fireman and two years later an engineer. It was then that I was first caught in a serious wreck. My train side wiped another one day at the entrance to a passing siding and my engine veered off the track, plowing itself into an embankment and then overturned. My fireman jumped and was killed by a car falling on him before he could get out of the way. I remained on the engine and fell under it as it rolled over. For nearly three hours I was pinned down by the machinery, but was finally rescued. My injuries were slight and two weeks later I was back on another engine.

"It is many years since that accident happened and I have been in half a dozen wrecks since, but Providence has been on my side every time. I have had legs and arms broken, but have no permanent disability. I have a good home, an interesting family circle, but I assure you that none of my boys will go into the railroad business. I propose to give them something more congenial."

**A NAME TO FIT THE CASE.**

"MAY I ask what your Indian name is?" inquired a visitor at Jackson Park the other day, addressing a doleful youth with a coppery complexion who was leaning against the Indian School Building. "Injun name Not-Struck-on-My-Job," answered the noble young red man, unwinkingly.—*Chicago Tribune*.

**SPEAKING EVIDENCE.**

WEARY BILL—"Say, pard, did you ever try to stop a cross dog by looking him in the eyes?"

PARD—"Did I? What am I limping for, and where is that there left ear of mine gone to?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

**THE STUFF DREAMS ARE MADE OF.**

A PORTION of Salisbury Cathedral was being restored, and a gentleman noticed a man busily engaged in carving a grotesque face with apparently no design to go by. He went up to him and said:

"How do you manage to invent such frightfully ugly faces?"

The man replied, "I eats a piece of cold pork before I goes to bed, and then I dreams 'em."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

**POOR LITTLE THING.**

"WHAT'S the matter, Molly?" asked Colonel Yerger of his little six year old daughter.

"Pa, my mocking bird is dead."

"Well, never mind, Molly, I'll buy you another one."

"I am calm enough now, but when I saw that poor little dead bird I could have cried like a child," said Molly.—*Texas Siftings*.

**JUST CAN'T DO IT.**

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