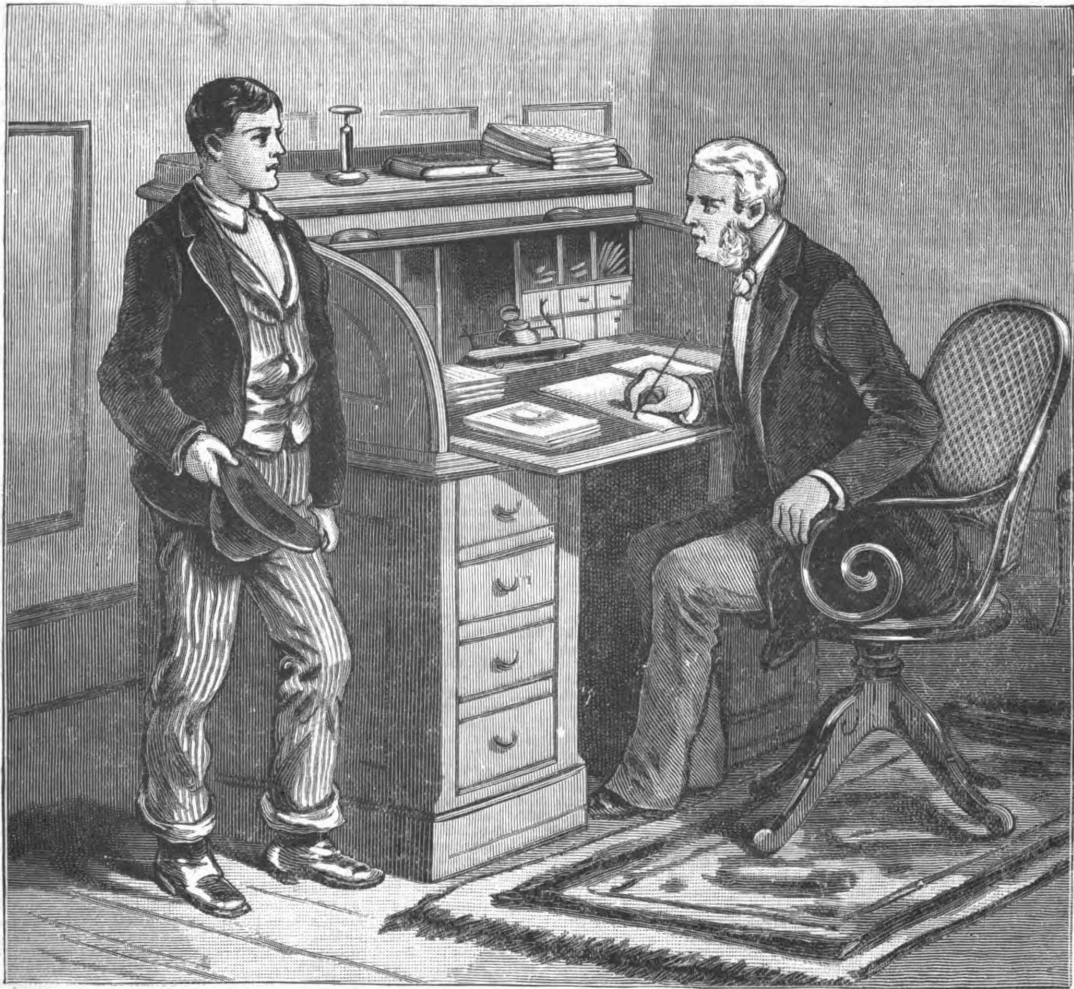


THE ARGOSY

COPYRIGHTED, 1893, BY FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893



"SEND WARE TO ME AT ONCE," SAID THE DOCTOR ABRUPTLY.

Belmont;

OR,

MARK WARE'S COLLEGE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM D. MOFFAT,

Author of "Dirkman's Luck," "Brad Mattoon," "The Crimson Banner," etc.

CHAPTER I.

COLLEGE LIFE IS BEGUN.

THE large examination room in Burke Hall was filled with young men seated at separate small tables, bending over their examination papers and scribbling briskly. They were all applicants for admission to Belmont College, and this was the last of the fall examinations—the examination in Latin. At one of the tables near the back of the room sat a boy in a gray

suit, pegging away at his paper, apparently quite oblivious to his surroundings.

The big room, brightly lit by the warm rays of a September sun; the platform, where a white bearded, pleasant faced professor sat silent and still; the tutors and proctor pacing up and down the aisles between the tables watching the students carefully; and the many scribblers about him—all these had deeply impressed the boy in gray at first, but he had soon forgotten everything else in his work, and was now hard at it, translating a selection from Cicero. So absorbed was he that he had not even noticed a pair of eyes that had been steadily fixed on his examination paper almost from the start. A boy seated at the desk just across the aisle from him, noticing how fully he answered the questions, had kept a sly watch on his paper, and followed his

writing closely whenever his watchers' backs were turned.

As the boy in gray finished a page and whisked it over to start in on the next, he heard a low whispered exclamation.

"Hist there—wait a minute!"

He stopped writing and looked up. As he did so his neighbor across the aisle crumpled up a piece of paper in his hand and gave it a little toss. It dropped neatly into the lap of the boy in gray. The latter looked down at it a moment in surprise, then picked it up and opened it.

The following lines were written in small print letters:

"Please turn back your last page a minute. I am copying off your translation. I don't know the selection on the examination paper, and I'll be stumped if you don't help me."

The boy in gray flushed up. Each

student signed a pledge at the head of his examination paper that his answers were honestly given, without help from any one.

The boy in gray turned and looked his neighbor steadily in the face for about a minute. The latter never wince, but stared coolly back. The boy in gray then crushed the paper up again, and, with a gesture of contempt, threw it back beneath his neighbor's desk. A moment later one of the watchers came down the aisle, and the boy in gray settled down to work.

Only a half page more remained, so it was scarcely three minutes later when he rose, folded up his examination paper, and walking up to the platform, laid it on the desk. He was free. His last examination was over. He left the room, and going down stairs with a light step, found a boy about his own age awaiting him at the entrance.

"Hullo, Herbert—are you through too?"

"Yes. I finished twenty minutes ago," answered the other. "Father is over at the college offices and told me to bring you there as soon as you came out. He said we could find out about some of our examinations already. How did you make out this morning?"

"Splendidly—and you?"

"Oh, quite well. I guess we are all right."

"My, but these entrance examinations are a big load to get off one's mind!" exclaimed the boy in gray, as the two set off across the campus. "I have been looking forward to them for so long that they became a regular nightmare. I feel as if I had grown twenty pounds lighter in the last five minutes."

A tall, fine looking, middle aged gentleman was waiting for them at the door of the college offices.

"I want you both to meet Dr. Drayton, boys," he said. "He told me this morning that several of the examination reports were in, and he would let you know your fate."

Entering the building, Herbert's father led the way to the main office room.

"Tell Dr. Drayton that Colonel Morgan is here," he said to one of the clerks.

The clerk disappeared into an inner office for a moment, and then returning, motioned them to enter.

At a desk close by the door sat the college president, Dr. Drayton, a somewhat stern looking man of about sixty, with gray side whiskers, and strong, clean cut features.

"Here are my boys, doctor," said the colonel. "My son Herbert, and my protégé, Mark Ware—I might almost say my second son."

Dr. Drayton greeted both boys cordially, and then, after a moment's pleasant conversation, said:

"I know what you are most anxious to hear about so I will not keep you in suspense any longer than possible—Mr. Dikes!"

A quiet little gentleman came in from the outer office.

"Have you the examination reports ready?"

"Yes, sir, all but today's of course."

"Please let me know the grades obtained by these young men."

The president handed Mr. Dikes a slip of paper containing the boys' names.

Five minutes later Mr. Dikes returned with the reports. Dr. Drayton scrutinized them closely.

"Good," he said with an expression of pleasure, "good—very satisfactory."

"Are we admitted without conditions?" asked Mark eagerly.

"Oh, certainly," answered Dr. Drayton. "You must have felt sure of that. A grade of fifty is all that is necessary for mere admission, but that is only mediocrity. You have secured grades in all cases over eighty and in some cases, over ninety."

Mr. Drayton handed the reports to the boys, and they studied them with sparkling eyes, while Colonel Morgan stood behind them, smiling with satisfaction.

"You may certainly feel proud of your boys, colonel," said Dr. Drayton. "They have made an excellent start. Let them keep it up now and all will go well. I wish them all success in their college life."

A few minutes more of conversation and the colonel hurried the boys off.

"The doctor is very busy," he said, "and besides I want to get you settled fairly well before I leave town tonight."

"While you have been at your examinations I have been arranging for your rooms," he continued as they left the building. "Mr. Dikes told me this morning that there was a vacant apartment in Colver Hall—that building over there on the right of the back campus. He said we were in great luck to find so good an apartment vacant at this time. All the desirable rooms are caught up by the new comers at the time of the spring examinations, and those who put off coming till fall have to take anything that is left. This apartment was vacated by a student who unexpectedly left college. It is completely furnished and can be had for the price of the furniture. Suppose we go over and look at it now, for you know I have only a few hours more to spend with you."

At the main entrance of Colver Hall

they found the janitor, a red haired, pleasant faced young Irishman named Carroll. On the colonel's mentioning his errand, Carroll, who had been previously instructed by Mr. Dikes, led the way to an apartment on the third floor, facing on the back campus. It consisted of a large sitting room with two windows and two bedrooms, somewhat smaller and each lighted by one window. The furniture and fittings of the rooms were neat, tasteful, and attractive. From the first the impression was agreeable. The colonel looked about with satisfaction.

"I like this, boys," he said. "Everything seems to be very nice—"

"And so homelike, too," added Herbert glancing at the easy chairs, the tall student lamp on the center table, and the cozy fireplace. "It suits me perfectly—what do you say, Mark?"

"It couldn't be better—it is a perfect nest," and Mark walked to the window and stood looking out.

"The rooms are quite satisfactory," said the colonel to the janitor. "When can the young men move in?"

"Any time, sur," answered Carroll. "I had the rooms all cleaned up and ready for Mistor Seeley when he sent wurrud as he was to lave college. Everything is ready, sur."

"Couldn't we move in tonight?" asked Herbert eagerly. "I'm fairly aching to get settled in the college. All we have to do is to have our trunks sent over from the hotel."

"I'll see Mistor Dikes about it at once, sur," said Carroll willingly. "I don't think there will be any trouble."

"Good," said the colonel. "We will wait here for you."

Mark Ware's heart beat happily as he stood looking out over the campus. It had been an eventful week for him, and this was the crowning moment. A dream had just begun to come true—a dream that had filled his mind for nearly a year past, stimulating him in his studies when his energies flagged, and leading him on through every doubt and discouragement.

Today he began his college life. He was actually a student at Belmont. He could hardly believe it. It seemed almost too good to be true.

"Well, boys," said the colonel, taking Herbert by the arm and drawing him toward the window where Mark stood.

"Here you are at last, and I am heartily glad to see you so well started. I am glad, too, that you can be room mates, for you are both my boys—remember that, and always act as brothers. College life should be the making of a man, but it can be the ruin of a man just as well. You will have trials as well as pleasures. You will have struggles to go through, difficulties to surmount, and temptations to resist. Stand by one another then like brothers. You, Mark, are older than Herbert and a little steadier. Your experience has taught you more of life. You may be able to help Herbert, and you will I know."

"Trust me for that, colonel," said Mark fervently. "It is the least I could do to show my gratitude to you. You have given me the chance of my life. You took me, a poor working boy with no prospects ahead, and gave me the opportunity to win an education and make something of myself. Nothing can make me forget that."

"I know, I know," interrupted the colonel. "Don't speak of that. If a little money of mine can bring you success in life, I will consider it the best investment I ever made. I know I can trust you. I only speak seriously about it because I must leave you soon, and I realize far more than you can how important a moment in your lives this is. I am not good at sermons though, so all I can say is: be men always, and stand by each other through thick and thin. Promise me you will never let anything come between you."

Mark and Herbert looked frankly into each other's eyes and said, "We promise."

There now, you innocent young freshmen," continued the colonel in more cheerful tones. "Your race is begun, so buckle on your harness and make me proud of you—ah, here comes the janitor."

To the boys' great delight Carroll informed them that they could move their trunks over that evening and take immediate possession of the rooms.

As it was now about five o'clock they

set off at once for the hotel, where they spent the remaining hour before dinner in making arrangements for the removal of their baggage.

An hour or so after dinner the colonel and the boys left the hotel and walked down to the station. They reached it just about the time the colonel's train was due.

A few final words of advice, an affectionate good by, and the boys found themselves alone on the platform.

"Remember your promise," were the colonel's last words from the car window as the train moved out.

CHAPTER II.

UNWELCOME VISITORS.

THE boys found their trunks awaiting them in their new apartments, and without further delay threw off their coats and set about unpacking them.

"Well, we certainly are in luck," exclaimed Herbert as he began arranging several articles of bric-à-brac on the mantel. "Walter Baker told me before we left home that we would stand mighty little chance of getting rooms in the college buildings at all, coming in September. He said that he had to room at a boarding house in the town nearly all his freshmen year."

"It's a great windfall—no doubt of that," answered Mark.

"What you used to call 'Dirkman's luck,' eh, Mark?"

"Oh, much better than that. I'd like to call it 'Ware's luck,' I have had so much of it since I met your father and he began to take an interest in me."

"Nonsense. You deserve all that father has done for you. If you want to please father, don't say anything more about your feeling of indebtedness to him. He don't look at it that way."

"I know it, and yet today everything he has done seems to come back to me so strongly that I can't help speaking."

"I wonder what Teddy Binks and the other Medford boys will say when they find us settled here in one of the best apartments in Colver Hall," said Herbert, interrupting Mark. "Teddy you know expects to live in town. He has relatives here at Belmont."

"How do you suppose Teddy got through his examinations?" asked Mark.

"Just by his eyelids, I think. I'm afraid he will have a condition or two. I watched him several times during the examination in mathematics, and he seemed to have plenty of time on his hands. Teddy always did hate mathematics. He was the first fellow to hand in his paper. I'd bet anything that he didn't answer six out of the ten questions."

"I saw Teddy day before yesterday, and he told me he had done pretty well, but he thought he would be stumped on the Latin examination today."

"I think he will be conditioned in both mathematics and Latin, but, bless his heart, what would Teddy be without a condition or two to make up. I never knew him when he wasn't behind in some study. It isn't Teddy's brains; it's his 'winning ways' that make us love him," said Herbert, laughing.

"I think the Medford boys must have made a good showing on the whole," rejoined Mark. "Tracy Hollis, Alfred Chase, and Fred Burton all told me this morning before the Latin examination that they had gone through in fine style. I knew Fred would. I'm looking for great things from him in college."

"Yes; he ought to be an honor man, sure."

"Didn't Tracy say something about having rooms here in Colver Hall?" asked Mark.

"Yes," answered Herbert from the bedroom where he was laying out his clothes. "He and Alfred Chase have rooms together, and they were crowing about it this morning. I felt actually jealous then, but now—why they are not in it with us. Their rooms are up on the fifth floor and face toward the north, away from the campus. How their eyes will pop when they see us in here—Hullo! here, who is that, I wonder?"

A sharp rap sounded on the door. The boys looked at each other curiously. It was after nine o'clock. Who could be coming to call on them at that hour?

"Open up there, Seeley. We know you're there," called a voice from the

hall outside, and a perfect rain of blows fell on the door. Mark hurried over, shot back the lock and threw the door wide open.

Three young men, perfect strangers to him, stood in the hall. They all carried heavy canes, and one of them was puffing vigorously on a cigarette. They looked at Mark in surprised silence for a moment, while he stared back at them.

"Where's Seeley?" at length asked the young man with the cigarette.

"I don't know who you mean," said Mark. "There is no one named Seeley here."

"Say, what are you giving us?" answered the young man with the cigarette. "This is Seeley's room."

"Seeley—Seeley," repeated Mark to himself. Then he suddenly remembered Carroll's words. "Oh, there was a student named Seeley who had this room," he said aloud, "but he has left college, and we have it now."

"Seeley left college!" exclaimed one of the young men. "That's the first I've heard of it. Who told you so, young fellow?"

"Go ask Carroll, the janitor. He can tell you all about it," answered Mark abruptly, feeling nettled at the offensive tone of the visitor. "All I know is, this room is now ours."

"Oh, is it?" said the young man with the cigarette. "And who are you—freshmen, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Mark bluntly. "Well, boys, here's a lark," went on the other. "The first night back at college, and we bag a fine fresh pair of greenies. Come right in and make yourselves at home."

And into the room the young man coolly walked, accompanied by his two companions. Mark and Herbert were so taken aback at this move that they could say nothing. Their visitors, however, made up for their silence. They stretched themselves out easily in the chairs, resting their feet on the center table, and began to comment freely on their surroundings.

"Pity such a nice room as this should be thrown away on a pair of freshmen," said one of them. "I'd have taken it myself if I had known it was going to be vacant."

"What's the college coming to any way when freshmen get one of the best rooms in the building?" said another. "I don't think it's right. Say, freshie," he added, turning to Mark, "where did you get the cheek to ask for this room?"

"I don't know that that is any of your business," answered Mark, flushing up.

"Oh, you don't, eh!" exclaimed the young man with the cigarette. "Well, it's time you learned then. We are members of the sophomore class, and everything that concerns the freshmen is our business."

So they were sophomores, as Mark and Herbert had already suspected. The boys knew college customs tolerably well from hearsay, and they had come determined to put up good naturedly with almost anything except downright imposition. They had been told by graduates that a man only does himself harm by trying to oppose college traditions, and they meant to stand any teasing that fell naturally to the freshman's lot. At the same time they were equally determined to stand out for their rights, and did not purpose to be trampled on.

The present predicament was an annoying one, but it had its amusing side too. Here they were, unexpectedly saddled with three unwelcome visitors, who to all appearances had come to stay for an indefinite time. And from their remarks and manners it was also evident they intended to make themselves as obnoxious as possible while they remained.

Mark and Herbert looked at the sophomores in comical despair, while each of the latter drew out cigarettes and began filling the room with tobacco smoke and personal remarks.

"The freshies have just come from home, with their little coats and pants on, as with their little caps," said one of the visitors, picking up some of Herbert's clothing that lay on the sofa. "Sorry to disturb sonny's things but I want this sofa," and throwing the clothes on the floor he stretched himself out at ease.

Another one of the sophomores leaned over Herbert's open trunk and began

urning over the things roughly, and remarking on the various articles he found here. Mark looked at Herbert in a way that said clearly "Give me the word when you have had all you can stand of this."

"Say, freshie, who is the military looking man up there?" asked one of the sophomores pointing with his cane to a framed photograph of Colonel Morgan that Herbert had placed on the mantel.

Herbert did not answer. "Do you hear me, freshie?" called the sophomore louder. "Who is that? Is papa?"

Here he made a jab at the picture with his cane. It struck the frame near the top and the picture fell to the floor, smashing the glass into several pieces.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed Herbert angrily as he sprang forward and picked up the picture. The photograph was unharmed, but the frame was wrecked.

"Oh, accidents will happen," said the sophomore coolly, puffing away at his cigarette.

At this moment one of the visitors ad, in the course of his tour of inspection, passed into one of the bedrooms. Mark saw his chance in a wink, and stepping quickly across the floor, closed the bedroom door with a snap and locked it tight.

"Now then," he said, turning around determinedly, "we had had enough of his. Get right out of here, both of you, or we'll fire you out." The two sophomores sprang up at once.

"Oh, you will, will you?" said one of them, approaching Mark; "you'll put us out, eh? We'll just let you do it," and leaning forward he puffed a mouthful of smoke into Mark's face.

In a flash Mark leaped at him. The force of the attack was so great that the sophomore well back toward the door. There the latter recovered himself and grappled with Mark. A very tussle ensued, and the two rocked back and forth for a minute or so, each struggling to get the upper hand.

The sophomore was stocky and strong, but he was by no means Mark's equal in agility and suppleness. After resisting fiercely for the open door for a few seconds more Mark succeeded in getting the grip he wanted on his opponent's leg. Then straightening up suddenly, he lifted the sophomore a clear foot off the ground and fairly threw him into the hall, where he fell on his back.

He now turned to help Herbert, but the latter needed no assistance, for his opponent was a sparely built young fellow of no strength to speak of, and Herbert was having it all his own way. As he hustled him toward the door, the sophomore succeeded in partially being himself and aimed a vicious blow at Herbert's head with his cane. Herbert dodged just in time, and the blow came down with a crash on the window casement, breaking two panes of glass. At the sound of the shattering fragments a door lower down in the building was heard to open, and footsteps sounded on the stairs. At this point the sophomore in the hall, who had sprung up and was about to renew the fight with Mark, paused.

"Come, Jack, sneak! Here comes Turner!" he exclaimed.

At that both sophomores suddenly gave up the battle and slipped off up the stairs, leaving Mark and Herbert panting and exhausted, but masters of the field. They hurried back at once and quietly closed the door. Then they tensed breathlessly.

The footsteps sounded nearer and nearer, stopping just in front of the door. There was a moment of deathlike hush. Then, to the boys' infinite relief, the footsteps receded again, and a hallway was once more quiet. They took a long breath.

"Now for that fellow in the bedroom," said Mark, going over and unlocking the door. The room was empty. They had been relieved of all care on account of that visitor, at any rate, for he had climbed out the bedroom window and down the fire escape.

"Well," said Herbert when he had regained his breath. "I suppose we are for it now. Nothing can save us from the concentrated wrath of the whole sophomore class."

"Can't help it," said Mark philosophically. "We must simply stand the

music, that's all. I couldn't put up with their behavior any longer. I'd do the same if it all happened again."

"So would I," answered Herbert promptly. "I stood it as long as I could, but when that confounded snob broke father's picture I was ready to break his head. I'm only sorry I didn't get him in the shuffle. I had nothing particular against that bag of bones I threw out."

"What do you suppose will come of it?" asked Mark.

"Don't know, but we are sure to catch the mischief somehow. The whole sophomore class will take it as an affront and treat us accordingly. These fellows will of course have their own story to tell, and it will be all around their class by tomorrow morning. We'll get it hot and heavy."

"All right, let it come. Our class will stand by us, that's certain, so, after all, what do we care?"

"Our class." How proudly Mark had said that.

It was the first time the words had passed his lips, and he felt a sense of importance as he uttered them. It had been a disagreeable encounter for Mark and Herbert it is true, but they knew that their class—strangers as yet to them but soon to be close mates and firm friends—would approve and support their action heartily, and they felt proud of the distinction they had won in being the first to vindicate the honor of the class.

CHAPTER III.

A TIMELY RESCUE.

ALL possible doubt as to the intentions of the sophomores towards Mark and Herbert was speedily dispelled the following afternoon. The morning the boys spent quietly in their room, setting things to rights, and they were undisturbed by any further annoyance. But at two o'clock the whole college assembled at the chapel for opening exercises, and it was there that the boys expected the trouble would begin.

Shortly before two o'clock they could see from their windows groups of students making their way toward the chapel, and assembling about the doors, laughing, talking, and shaking hands. It was an interesting sight to a newcomer—the reassembling of college boys, all brown and healthy from their summer's vacation in the country, at the seashore and mountains, and all full of life and spirits. Last year's seniors had gone out into world, and each class had moved on one step, assuming a new importance and new responsibilities in college life.

And a new class had arrived—a hundred or more new faces—fresh, innocent, wondering faces, on which the seniors looked down with lofty dignity, the juniors with a patronizing air of protection, and the sophomores with all the proud contempt and aggressive animosity that can actuate an individual who has just emerged from the freshman's unhappy lot, who has been abused and held under for a year, and who now feels he has earned the right to abuse his successors.

Such is college tradition—and this tradition Mark and Herbert had, on the very first day of their college life, opposed in a most flagrant manner. They had actually dared to resent the intrusion of their college superiors, and worse than this, they had the audacity to lay their profane hands on the sacred persons of sophomores!

What could they expect? Certainly little short of complete annihilation. It seemed to Mark and Herbert as if the matter had become the subject of college talk, for there was an air of suppressed excitement in the groups that stood about the chapel door as they approached. The college bell was ringing its last taps, so they passed in unnoticed and unrecognized by the students that were pressing in at the various doors.

Each class entered at a separate door, and the college authorities had so arranged the seating inside that the sophomore class was separated from the freshmen as far as possible, the seniors and juniors sitting between. This was to prevent disorder as far as possible, and it succeeded usually.

But today the ranks of the sophomores were in an unusually perturbed state. The very moment Mark and

Herbert came in and walked down the freshman aisle, the sophomores grew excited.

"There they are! Those last two fellows coming in together!" Mark could hear a sophomore exclaim in loud whisper.

Many of the sophomores half rose and looked across the chapel at Mark and Herbert. The two boys did not look back but they were uncomfortably conscious of being the object of a belligerent and vindictive scrutiny. They got the full benefit of it as well as of the numerous muttered threats that came over from the sophomore section, for they were a little late and had to walk down the full length of their aisle before they found an empty seat.

Once in their places they could do nothing but sit there in uncomfortable silence, wondering what was in store for them when the exercises should be over. It was true they had friends about them. There was Alfred Chase and Fred Burton near by, nodding to them, and further off was Tracy Hollis and Teddy Binks; but Mark and Herbert could get no word to them. The mass of their classmates were as yet strangers to them, and, besides, all whispering and communication in chapel during exercises was against the rules. They would have to stand it alone.

The exercises did not last long. An address by the president and a number of announcements of the various classes were the main features, and then the assembly was dismissed.

The very moment the last word was uttered by the president, the whole sophomore class rose in a body and made a rush for the door. Before a quarter of the other classes was out the sophomore benches were quite empty. The rest of the college looked after them in wonder and curiosity, only a few outside of the sophomores themselves knowing what was in the wind. Mark and Herbert could guess easily enough, however, what this meant, for as they approached the doorway, pushing along slowly in the rear of their class, they could hear loud and angry shouting from the outside, and they knew that the sophomores had hurried around to the freshman entrance, and were assembled there ready to give them a hot reception when they came out.

"I guess we're in for it now, Mark," said Herbert in a whisper. "Do you hear them out there, clamoring for our blood?"

"Yes," answered Mark, shutting his lips tight. "Just give Tracy Hollis and Teddy Binks a tip will you, and ask them to stand by us when we reach the door? I will speak to Alfred Chase and Fred Burton."

The two boys worked their way through the moving crowd of their companions, and in a low whisper, told them of the trouble. In this way it also communicated itself to several of their new classmates, who took up their part at once, so that Mark and Herbert were surrounded by quite a sturdy little band when they reached the doorway.

There they found the entire sophomore class arranged in compact lines on the two sides of the pathway leading from the freshman entrance. Each freshman as he came out had to run a disagreeable gauntlet of jeers, pushes, and shoves until he had passed the length of these lines.

No great harm was done any one, however. They were evidently saving their wrath for Mark and Herbert, and from the shout that went up when they appeared, they knew they were in for mighty rough handling.

The sight of the excited mob before them was disheartening. There were only about eight in their group at the doorway, and the rest of their class was scattered about beyond the lines of the sophomores, and quite ignorant of what the fuss was all about.

The boys paused a moment on the steps. "Come on there, you cheeky freshmen!" shouted the nearest sophomores. "Come off those steps, or we'll pull you off."

"Well come, boys," said Mark, turning to the rest. "We'll have to fight it out. We can't go back. Stand close together now."

Without a sign of quailing, the eight boys pluckily buttoned up their coats, pulled down their hats, and massing

themselves close together, started down the steps.

At this moment, while the air was rent with the threatening cries of the sophomores, and several of the nearest of them had started forward to lay violent hands on Mark and Herbert, a tall, strongly built, fine looking young man about twenty stepped briskly in between the sophomore lines and walked straight down towards the two boys. The sophomores, excited and wrought up as they were, paused a moment. As the young man approached Mark and Herbert, he held out his hand.

"Isn't this Mr. Morgan and Mr. Ware?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mark and Herbert, looking up in surprise.

"Do you remember me? I refereed your football game last fall at Medford."

"Oh, indeed I do remember you!" exclaimed Mark gladly. "You are Mr. Randall—the college football captain."

"Yes," answered the young man, shaking hands with them warmly. Then in a lower tone, he added, "Come, I'll get you safe out of this mess," and slipping an arm familiarly through Mark's and Herbert's, he walked them and their companions coolly down the gauntlet, while the sophomore lines, chagrined at this unexpected patronage of their intended victims by the leading college athlete and varsity football captain, fell back in bitter disappointment.

It was a strikingly dramatic scene, and one to be found only in college life. College tradition again! Those sophomores would no more have dared to do violence to any one in the company of or under the protection of a senior, especially the honored and respected football captain, than they would have dared to assault a member of the faculty. A freshman in the company of a senior was, for the time, free even from the gibes and personal comments so freely rained on him by sophomores.

And so it was that Mark and Herbert found themselves suddenly rescued by a protector against whom there was no appeal. They walked down the path between lines of almost silent sophomores, most of whom looked cheap and foolish.

"Now then," said Randall when they were out of the crowd and half way across the campus, "what's all the fuss about any way?"

"Come up to our room and we'll tell you about it," said Herbert. "It's quite a story."

So up the whole group went, their companions being greatly impressed by Mark and Herbert's rare good luck in getting into Colver Hall, which was one of the two best dormitories at Belmont.

"Why, this is Seeley's old room," said Percy Randall as he entered.

"Yes, and that was the cause of our whole trouble," answered Herbert. "Sit down and make yourselves comfortable while I tell you about it."

Herbert then narrated the story from the beginning. Randall listened in silent attention.

"Bully for you!" he cried enthusiastically when Herbert had finished. "Gee whiz, but I would like to have seen that little muss!"

"Well, but what's to come of it all?" asked Mark.

"Why you'll catch it—dead sure," laughed Randall. "You don't suppose sophomores can afford to let a thing like that go by, do you? They will persecute you every chance they get. You'll be lucky if they don't haze you."

"Thanks," said Herbert dryly.

"Well," rejoined Randall, sobering down a little. "It may not be so bad for you. You've done a mighty spunky thing, and when the story gets all around, the college generally will respect you both for it. Besides I want to make a football man out of Ware, and once on the team no sophomore will dare molest him. The college would stand it. We take good care of our football men. I want you to come out, Ware, and practice with us next week as soon as we begin work."

"Do you think you will need me?" asked Mark, flushing with pleasure.

"Indeed I do. We have no full back this year and I saw enough of your playing out at Medford last fall to convince me that you are the kind of stuff we need. I want you and Hollis both to come out."

"Do you know, Randall, I was very

"much surprised to see you today," said Herbert. "I thought you graduated last year."

"So I did," replied Randall. "But I've come back for a post graduate course in civil engineering and one or two other scientific branches—and incidentally in football," he added with a smile. "Last year we beat Halford College in football, but we lost the pennant to Park College. I'm fairly aching for another whack at them, so I'm mighty glad to come back. I'm glad, too, that you decided to come to college," he continued, addressing Mark. "I heard of it by letter from Walter Baker this summer, so I made up my mind to look you up as soon as I came back here—"

"They were interrupted here by a low tap at the door.

"Come in," said Herbert, and Carroll entered.

"I've come to say a wurrud, Mister Morgan, about your windows. Two av them is broken."

"Yes, Carroll, they were broken last night," responded Herbert. "You can charge the expense to us when you fix them."

"That's all right, sur, but I'll hev to report it furst to Mister Dikes. He settles the expinses and gives the orders. I'll go over to the office now, sur, and hev the windows fixed in the mornin'."

So off Carroll went. As he made his report at the college offices, Mr. Dikes said:

"Dr. Drayton was inquiring for you a minute ago, Carroll. He's in his office now. You had better go right in."

Carroll found the president busy over an examination paper.

"Mr. Ware and Mr. Morgan have taken rooms at Colver Hall, I believe, Carroll," said the doctor.

"Yes, sur."

"Do you know whether Mr. Ware is over there now or not?"

"Yes, sur. He's in his room, sur."

"Send him to me at once," said the doctor abruptly. "And, Carroll," he added as the janitor started out, "I think you'll find Professor Fuller in the outer office—he left me but a moment ago—ask him to be kind enough to come back a few minutes."

Mark was a little puzzled when Carroll came in with the summons to the president's office. He rose at once to go.

"Why not stay here?" he said to Percy Randall, with whom he had been eagerly talking baseball. "I will probably be back shortly."

"No, I will come in again—perhaps this evening, for there's lots more to say," answered Randall, taking his leave.

Five minutes later Mark entered the president's office. Dr. Drayton was not alone. Beside his desk sat the kindly faced old gentleman whom Mark at once recognized as the professor who had presided over the Latin examinations. The president looked at Mark with a grave and stern expression of face that puzzled and disturbed him still more.

"Mr. Ware," said Dr. Drayton sharply. "This is your examination paper in my hand."

"Yes, sir," answered Mark, glancing at it.

"You signed the usual pledge of honesty at the head of it."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Ware, there is a matter I would like to have you explain if you can," went on the doctor, his voice growing sterner. "Do you recognize this piece of paper?"

The president held out a crumpled scrap containing several lines of writing. Mark glanced at it and his face grew hot.

It was the note he had received from his neighbor, asking for help. How could he explain? What could he say? He stood there speechless, wishing he could sink through the floor. But the worst was yet to come.

"Mr. Ware," continued the president, his face hardening as he noticed Mark's confusion. "You have been accused of attempting to cheat in the Latin examination."

"To cheat!" gasped Mark.

"Yes, sir—to cheat," repeated the president leaning forward. "Tutor Turner actually saw you throw this note to your neighbor. The contents of the note are plain enough. Do you mean to deny it?"

(To be continued.)

WHAT HAS COME OVER THE SUNSHINE.

What has come over the sunshine?

It is like a dream of bliss.

What has come over the pine woods?

Was ever a day like this?

O white throat swallow, flicking

The loch with long wing tips,

Hear you the low sweet laughter

Comes ripping from its lips?

What has come over the waters?

What has come over the trees?

Never were rills and fountains

So merrily voiced as these.

O thrush, softly piping

High on the topmost bough,

I hear a new song singing;

Is it my heart, or thou?

—SELECTED.

[This Story began in No. 57.]

The Coast Guard;

OR,

LIFE SAVERS OF ROCKY HAND

BY GEORGE WALDO BROWNE,

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW ROYAL REDEEMED HIS PROMISE.

"TO Capen—forty miles away—inside an hour!" exclaimed his father. "You can't do it, Roy."

But you can do the best you can. Is it your wish, Captain Oak?"

"Ay, ay, Luke; let the boy go. He can do it, if there is one on this coast who can."

"Action, men!" cried Royal.

Only those who have been well drilled fire companies, or of such organization, rush to the work in hand with startling swiftness and precision, can realize anything of the scene that followed.

The Greydon crew was one of the best trained on the coast, and on that stormy night of February 3, though they had not recovered from their long and trying rescue of the sailors of the *Curlaw*, they fairly outdid themselves.

The life saving apparatuses were loaded into the cart, the horses attached, and amid the wild shouts of the onlookers, the life savers started on their long and thrilling journey.

The command was left to Royal entirely, Jack Lonecraft, Burl Howland, Robin Speeder, Tristram Speeder, Thomas Hardscrabble and William Grote making up his crew.

I have been careful to give the names of all these men who acted the part of heroes that eventful night.

Even the horses seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and to know that they had an important part to perform, as they plunged on through the storm and murky atmosphere, never breaking from their wild gallop until they dashed madly alongside the train waiting at the station, for the railroad officials had been as good as their word, and an engine, fuming ready for a start, with a passenger coach and two flat cars, were in readiness for them.

To load the surf boat and apparatus upon the cars, with the assistance at hand, was the work of a moment.

Then, leaving the horses in the hands of those who would care for them, Royal gave the word to start.

The bell rang, the locomotive puffed and snorted as if conscious of its own importance, and, with a terrific shriek which drowned the cries of the bystanders, thundered along its iron pathway in defiance of the storm and darkness.

Who can imagine a more soul stirring situation than that night's wild ride to the rescue of the poor castaways on Capen's storm driven shore?

At places the snow lay deep on the track, and the engine's glimmering headlight would momentarily disappear, as the iron horse, with a furious plunge into the drifts, would fling the feathery mass high into the air and darkness.

Knowing the track was clear as far as other trains were concerned, the engineers stood grimly at his post, one hand on the reversing lever, while they flew over the rails at the rate of a mile a minute.

"Keep her up at this speed, Tom," he said to his fireman, "and we'll make the quickest passage the old Athens ever accomplished."

"Trust me for that, Joe. We are already half way to Capen."

"Yes."

In the passenger car the surfmen, with a sense of the peril of their human mission apparent upon their firm weather beaten features, were discussing the prospects at Capen.

"As I remember the coast," Royal, was saying, "the wreck must be too far off for our beach apparatus to be of avail. It's my opinion we shall have to depend on the boat."

"Ay, more'n likely," asserted Jack. "D'y'e s'pose they'll be lookin' fer us so soon?"

"I telegraphed from the railroad station that we should be there at one."

"What time was it when we got word at Greydon?"

"Twelve."

"And now?"

"It is a quarter to one."

"We must be more than half way there."

"I should say so."

Little more was said for the next ten minutes, and Royal was still holding his hand, when a prolonged whistle from the engine warned them of the end of their journey.

"Here we are!" cried the young leader, "and here we are five minutes inside of an hour!"

As he spoke the train came to a sudden standstill, and they sprang out to begin their work.

A crowd was at the station awaiting their coming. Their appearance was hailed with glad cries.

It was a quarter of a mile to the shore and as soon as the boat and apparatus were transferred from the cars to vehicles which the citizens with good forethought had in readiness, plenty of hands started with them at once for the scene of action.

There they found a large number of people gathered; huge bonfires had been lighted along the shore.

The gloom outside of the radius of the yellow flames was intense and though the snow and sleet were no longer falling, the wind was blowing a terrific gale, chopping the sea into a seething cauldron of waters.

As Royal had anticipated, the wreck was too far off to be reached by the life line.

"Accordingly the surf boat was at once launched and the gallant crew put off from the shore.

Royal steered her well up to the windward, hoping to come down upon the wreck in the course of the wind.

After dint of fierce struggling they succeeded in working their way up into the teeth of the tempest when they attempted to dash down upon the stranded vessel.

They got near enough to discover the wreck, which had keeled on the sand with the sea making clean breaches over her.

The flag of distress was still flying and clinging to the nearly sundered and tossing rigging were to be seen the struggling forms of the poor unfortunates.

At that moment a gigantic billow surged over the shoals and lifting them up like a feather swept them more than a hundred yards astern.

Not discouraged by the failure of their first attempt, valiant the life savers started back to repeat the hazardous venture.

Again they pulled up in the eye of the wind and profiting by their previous experience tried to approach the disabled ship, to be met with the same fate.

Seven times was this attempted without success.

The crowd upon the shore grew disheartened, and even the most sanguine acknowledged that the wreck could not be reached.

The helpless men and women in the rigging of the doomed vessel grew more and more despondent with each failure of the life savers.

"We are lost—lost!"

The surfmen were still determined to do all in their power.

"There is but one course left to us," said Royal, as soon as they had recovered from their last failure, "and that means life or death to us as well as them. I will not ask if you are willing to try it until I have explained the hopelessness of the undertaking."

"You needn't stop to explain, my

boy," said Jack Lonecraft. "We a with you to a man. Ain't we, lads."

"Ay, ay."

CHAPTER XXIV.

TO DO OR TO DIE.

THE crowd upon the shore realized that a last desperate attempt was about to be made to save them on the wreck and a silent prayer went up from every heart in their behalf.

Royal's purpose this time was to run straight upon the vessel between the masts and throw the anchor upon the deck.

He knew it would be but one chance in a hundred for them. So did his crew when he explained his intentions. But not one of them flinched.

"You are free to go or stay—everman of you," said Royal. "Remember I do not ask you to make the sacrifice."

"Captain Southard," responded Robin Speeder, giving their young chief the title for the first time, "there is nothing else for us to do. We are not going to desert those poor fellows in the distress."

"No—no—no! We must make more effort."

"God help us all," exclaimed Royal. "Now pull, boys, and it will soon be over—saved or lost."

"Ay, ay."

It was then daylight, and the darkness lifted from sea and land, the boat's progress was watched with breathless interest by the hundreds gathered on the beach.

In the nearly dismantled rigging of the wreck the dozen human beings who had clung there over eight hours had given up all hope.

"It is no use," the captain had said. "No boat can reach us."

"But those are life savers!" replied another, who had been a passenger of the schooner, and he was none other than Sparwood! "They never give up while a man lives. This crew will not am sure. And if they had a man used to know at their head they would get here at all hazards."

"They are starting once more," shouted the captain. "Those fellows must have nerves of iron. God grant them success this time."

With feverish interest they saw the surf boat rush up to the windward, and had done so many times before.

"They come," cried the captain.

"They come!" echoed his fellow sufferers.

The surf boat was indeed heading for the wreck.

It was a trying moment for all.

Realizing better than the others the fearful risk they were incurring, Royal sat in the stern of the boat, coolly collected.

Thoughts of home and parents who in all probability he should never see again were in his mind. But there were other lives at stake, and with unflinching hand he headed the boat toward the wreck over which the sea rose and fell with such awful fury.

The men at the oars knew that the crisis was at hand.

"Pull for your lives, boys, pull!" shouted the young chief.

"They needed no urging to do their work—knew it was to do or die."

So they rushed upon the scene when the tempest raged the fiercest and the breakers flung highest their yellow waves—straight upon the wreck.

Just as they reached the fateful spot a huge breaker hurled itself upon them and for a time it seemed as if all were over with them.

Cries of despair came from the anxious castaways.

But arising from the water like a Phoenix, the boat outrode the billow, was guided with unerring precision, rounded the stern and shooting forward, struck the lee rail of the wreck with a shock which nearly threw the men overboard.

"Over with the anchor!"

"Ay, ay."

It falls on the vessel's deck while the boat thumps as if on a rock.

The anchor holds.

"Throw the grapples!" commanded Royal. "There is hope for them. Ho! fast!"

A furious surge of the sea at that moment lifted them up, up, and for a

it seemed they must be swept away. But the anchor still held.

As soon as this had passed they looked for the crew of the vessel and saw them clinging in the fore rigging, with the sea dashing and breaking all about them.

"Have courage!" shouted Royal. "We will soon have you off."

He was answered with cries of joy.

The life savers had a difficult task still left them to perform. Between them and the castaways the breakers rolled and pitched, sweeping away everything before them.

In order for the wrecked crew to reach the boat it must be got nearer to them.

Watching his opportunity Royal shouted:

"Ease her a little. That's it. Let the anchor alone as much as possible. A little more cable. Ease away! Now—ease a bit—for the grappling iron—quick—throw—there you are!"

The boat jumped forward and bumped upon the wreck with a force which nearly shook the men from their seats.

Then she rode more easily at anchor.

They were now so near the rigging where the half dead men were clinging, that two of them dropped into the boat.

"Hold on!" warned Royal, before any more could follow, as an enormous breaker swept upon them, carrying the boat away from the vessel.

Fortunately the anchor holds and when the surge is over they are able to run the boat back again.

This time they lash it to the rigging so it cannot get away, when the work of rescue is resumed.

It is soon found that there is a woman among the castaways and that she seems more dead than alive.

"Save the rest first!" cried Sparwood.

"She cannot live if she—"

He was silenced by the captain.

"Do you think us brutes? Here, men, the woman must go next."

"As you say," murmured Sparwood. But in lifting her up she slipped from his arms and fell into the sea.

A cry of horror came from the captain, who was powerless to save her.

She had no sooner struck the water, however, than Royal was overboard and at a moment he had reached her.

A line was at once thrown to him and she was quickly pulled on board with the woman in his arms.

This rescue had been barely effected when a piece of the swaying rigging struck Sparwood and knocked him into the surf.

Burl Howland was instantly swimming to his assistance, but he had been carried farther off, and though Royal quickly followed the surferman to the rescue it was a fierce struggle for them both to save the drowning man.

The other seamen were brought down from the rigging, one by one, until the captain was the last man to enter the boat.

"I am lost!" he said.

"Hold firm—all of you!" shouted Royal. "Now, men, cut her clear from the wreck. Lively! There! Now to your oars."

The sea strikes the boat to bear her swiftly from the wreck.

Then the surfmen's powers are taxed to their utmost.

"Pull, boys! pull for the shore."

The old, familiar cry sends a thrill of hope through the souls of the rowers, who bend to their tasks with a hearty will.

(To be continued.)

THE ALTERNATIVE.

SHE.—"It is true that Miss Richleigh has money, but she is also very exacting. If you marry her, you will have to give up smoking and drinking." He—"If I don't marry her I shall have to give up eating."
—Life.

NOT WORTH IT.

EDITOR—"Ain't this joke rather far fetched?"

FUSNY JOHN—"Well, I should say so. Eighty miles, and I walked all the way. Say, I'll let you have it for a pair of old shoes."—Exchange.

NO TROUBLE TO DECIDE.

SCRIPTUS—"As a disinterested critic, tell me ought I to subtitle my new drama 'Play' or 'a work?'"
CUBBER (who has sat through the performance)—"A work."—Chicago Record.

DEEDS OF ASPIRATION.

WHAT though your lot in life seems poor and small?

What though in great accomplishment you fail?

Let not the thought of this your soul appal,
Nor think your days are spent without avail.

A noble aspiration is a deed

Though unachieved, and he who judges man,

Upon his lofty throne, will give it heed,
And all will be rewarded as they plan.

—Ladies' Home Journal

[This Story began in No. 551.]

The Cruise of the Dandy.

BY OLIVER OPTIC,

Author of "Always in Luck," "Every Luck a Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE DEFEAT OF LUKE.

TOM GATES saw that Luke had dropped his weapon in the struggle, and it had been discharged in the fall, but no one appeared to be hurt though there was immediate danger that some one would be hurt soon. Tom was not a very bold youth, but the pistol had hardly gone off when he leaped on the back of the intruder, and clasped him tightly around the throat.

Luke turned upon his assailant, whom the circumstances of position rendered the more dangerous of the two. But sundry vigorous digs in the small of the back, inflicted by the bare knuckles of Tom, caused him to weaken, and then to drop on the floor. The engineer succeeded in twisting the intruder over so that he fell on his face, with the assailant on his back.

John was not an instant behind time in rendering needed assistance, for Tom could not have held his own against his more powerful adversary. Both of them lay down upon Luke, and shake him fast in spite of his attempts to shake them off. By the light of the lamp John discovered the revolver on the floor, and picked it up. He knew that only one chamber had been discharged, and the click of the lock was heard when he cocked it ready for use.

"Hold on tight, Tom! I have the revolver, and that makes it a sure thing for us," said John, as he pointed the weapon at Luke's head. "Let him up now, and I will keep his head covered with the muzzle of the pistol."

Tom let go of his prisoner, and Luke sprang to his feet. He had a dazed expression on his face, as he saw the pistol in the hands of John. He had been shot through the hand once by his cousin—for they were cousins, after all, and he knew that the boy could shoot. He was not of the sort who take any steps in the face of a pistol.

"Shut the window, Tom," said John.

"Don't let him get off."

"A ball from the revolver will catch him if he runs," added the engineer. "Your father must have heard that shot when the pistol went off."

"I gave you fair warning, Spotty—"

"My name is no longer, Spotty, but John Spottwood," interposed John, still covering the villain's head with the pistol. "You are too late, Luke Spottwood. Your uncle is my father, and you are my cousin."

"Have you been talking about me to my uncle?" demanded Luke.

"Not about you particularly; but my father and I have come to an understanding."

At this moment they all heard footsteps in the hall. The door was not locked, and Mr. Winggold came into the room, half dressed. He took in the situation at a single glance, for the presence of Luke was the key to the scene that he discovered.

But he asked for an explanation, and John related all that had occurred in the room.

"This is too great an outrage to be tolerated," said the inspector. "Can you hold him while I send for an officer?"

"The pistol will hold him, or stop him very quick if he tries to run away," replied Tom. "We could hold him without the pistol, but that does it in the easiest manner for us, if not for him."

"I will send for an officer at once.

Have you heard anything from your father, Captain Spottwood?"

"Nothing, sir; his room is in the front of the house, and I don't think he heard the shot or the noise," replied John.

"Stop a moment, Mr. Winggold," interposed Luke, who appears to have come to his senses, and to have some perception of the perils of his situation. "Don't go for an officer until you have informed Uncle Paul that I am here."

"I don't mean that he shall know anything about this business before morning," replied the inspector.

"If you cause me to be arrested, you will bring disgrace upon him," pleaded Luke.

"The disgrace will be upon you, and not at all on him, Luke. Do you think he would be willing to have his son and heir shot in his bed some night in order to avoid disgrace?" demanded the inspector, severely.

"Don't have me sent off to prison, Mr. Winggold!" begged Luke, who possibly had some family pride left in him.

"You have threatened to take the life of John Spottwood; and he shall feel safe about his own home hereafter, if I can bring it about."

"I didn't mean anything by that. I only intended to frighten him so that he would give me the things I wanted."

"The things you wanted have done their work, and proved that Spotty Hawke is the son of Paul Spottwood."

"Then that is the end of the whole of it, and Luke could not help seeing that the battle had gone against him. "The game is up with me, and I will promise not to give my uncle or his son any more trouble."

"How did you happen to know anything about the ring and the locket?" asked Mr. Winggold, his curiosity getting the better of his stern devotion to justice.

"I will tell you all about it if you will promise not to have me arrested. I have not been a burglar or a robber for the sake of the plunder," pleaded Luke, glancing at John. "Will you agree to it?"

"I will agree to put off the arrest until you do something out of the way again," replied the inspector, who was not quite sure that his friend, the owner of Tonnington, would approve of any summary proceedings, especially as he had just recovered his son indirectly through the agency of his nephew.

"Shall I tell you here? And am I to have that pistol pointed at my head all the time?" asked Luke, glancing at the weapon.

"We will go down into the library, and your uncle shall hear what you have to say. Put up the pistol, John. I will go bail for him now. If he wants to run away I will send the officer after him," replied the inspector. "Go down into the library, and I will call your uncle. But run away if you like!"

Luke concluded not to run away. The boys dressed themselves, and in a short time all of them were in the library.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LUKE'S CONFESSION.

THE inspector had informed Mr. Spottwood of what had happened since he retired, and he was quite self possessed when he entered the room. He spoke reproachfully to Luke, who assured him that from that moment he would "turn over a new leaf," and be an honest and respectable young man.

While I have been little better than a beggar, Uncle Paul, you have reveled in wealth," said Luke, bitterly. "I have been wronged, as my father was before me, out of what belonged to me."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Spottwood.

"They say you are worth millions, Uncle Paul, while I am obliged to live on a pittance of three thousand dollars a year. My wrongs have made me what I am; and I am not responsible for it."

"Your grandfather left your father just as much of his estate as he did me," replied Mr. Spottwood with energy.

"But it was locked up in the hands of a trustee, so that he could use nothing but the income of it," growled Luke.

Your father led a riotous and dissolute life, and if your grandfather had

not put his share of the property in the hands of a trustee, it would all have been spent in a year or two, and you would have been a beggar without a penny, instead of a beggar with an income of three thousand dollars. If he had not run through it I am sure you would have done so. So not another word about your wrongs to me," added Mr. Spottwood severely.

"Now about the ring and locket. If you don't want to tell about them you can go," interposed the inspector, significantly.

"I always keep my promises; and I hope you will do the same," replied the graceless wretch.

"There is some humor in your nephew, Luke," laughed Mr. Winggold. "But go on, Paul, if you wish; if not, don't do it."

"I will go on. Eight years ago I went a fishing on the other side of the lake, near the cottage of Mr. Hawke. While I was following a trout brook my boat got adrift and floated off into the lake. I had seen several boats near the cottage, and I went there to borrow one to go for mine with."

"Mr. Hawke was not at home, and I was shown into the drawing room, where Mrs. Hawke was playing on the piano. As soon as I went in I saw that picture," and Luke pointed to the one which had been brought from the cottage. "I saw how wonderfully alike they were. I asked the lady to lend me one of the boats to go out after mine. She asked me my name, and I told her it was Luke Spottwood."

"She sprang off the piano stool as though she had been stung by a wasp. She repeated the name of Spottwood. She asked me about my father and others of the name. I told her Paul Spottwood lived at Tonnington; and for some reason I could not then understand, she seemed to be greatly affected."

"She asked me to call and see her again. About a week later I went over again, I had heard all about the loss of Uncle Paul's wife and son in the Indian Ocean. But I know those two pictures were taken for the same lady, and that lady was Mrs. Hawke. You can judge for yourselves whether I was right or not. She was very glad to see me, and asked a hundred questions about my uncle."

"Then she knew that I was here in Tonnington?" added Mr. Spottwood, with the most intense emotion.

"She did; but don't hurry things, Uncle Paul. She told me she wished to send a letter to you. I was willing to be the bearer of it. Then she wished me to carry a ring and a locket to Uncle Paul, which she would give me at another time. She walked down to the lake with me; and then I told her that my uncle was her husband—I knew it."

"She said it was so; and that the ring and the locket would prove it. She showed me both of these articles, and talked to me about her little boy, whom I saw about the house. That was you, Spotty. Among other things she told me that she married Mr. Hawke when she supposed her husband was dead. Uncle Paul was the father of her son, and she should return to him as soon as the way could be opened. She was sorry for Mr. Hawke, but she could not help it; her marriage to him was not lawful!"

"But the letter—what became of that?" asked Mr. Spottwood, breaking in vehemently upon his nephew.

"It is still over at the Champlain House. She said she would give me the ring and locket the next time I came over, and after my uncle had had the letter to which she expected an answer. You were in New York for the next two weeks, Uncle Paul, so that I could not deliver it. I waited a week, and then I went over again. But the lady was very sick, and I could not see her. They said she was out of her head, and did not even know her husband. I went over again in another week, and then she was dead and buried," said Luke, finishing his narrative.

It required the assistance of the inspector to quiet the unhappy husband. When he was in condition to hear more, Mr. Winggold dragged the truth out of Luke. He had not delivered the letter, as the lady was dead. He believed what everybody told him, that he was the only heir of his uncle. If the son came to Tonnington the latter would be the

hair, and Luke would still be a beggar on three thousand dollars a year. From that time to the end it had been the work of his life to prevent that boy from coming to Tonnington. He wanted the ring and the locket, for they were the only evidence in existence by which Spotty could prove that he was the son of Paul Spottwood. That was the whole explanation of the mystery.

Mr. Spottwood was so excited about the letter that the boys volunteered to go to Windport in the Dandy with Luke and obtain it. About four in the morning it was put in his hands. It contained a request for the forgiveness of her husband for the wrong she had done him.

In a few days Mr. Spottwood, in the company of his son, recovered some portion of his former spirits. His wife had forgiven him before she died, and this was a consolation to him. In time he recovered from the shock, and was happy with the gallant boy who had been restored to him, as it were, from the deep waters of the Indian Ocean.

The Dandy still sails over the lake, with Captain John Spottwood in the pilot house, and Tom Gates in the engine room. She carries a fireman and a deck hand now, so that the work is not quite so laborious as when the two officers worked for wages. Tom is as much a member of the family as though he were another son of the rich man of Tonnington.

"The cruise of the Dandy," when she conveyed the fugitive from his native land, has passed into history. The captain has a chart of the lake in the vicinity of Isle la Motte, drawn all over with red, blue and black lines, to enable him to explain to the many who ask him how he dodged the Saratoga and the Chaxy in the famous CRUISE OF THE DANDY.

THE END.

[This Story began in No. 55.]

The Lone Island;

OR,

Adventures Among the Savages.

BY E. E. YOUNG.

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

CHAPTER XX.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

TOM and his companion endeavored to avoid inhaling the smoke by placing their mouths close to the aperture to breathe, but their efforts were useless. It rolled out in such vast quantities that it was utterly impossible to escape swallowing the stuff.

"This is awful," gasped Tom. "I can't stand it."

"Don't give up yet," said Bolt. "Hold out as long as you can."

It will be remembered that it was still early morning, and the atmosphere was damp. In consequence the smoke sank toward the earth as it passed from the tree, and in a few seconds a heavy cloud intervened between the aperture and the ground, completely interrupting all sight of the savages below.

If they were unable to discern their enemies it was equally obvious that the blacks could not see them, and the moment this fact was clearly comprehended by Bolt an idea flashed into his mind.

"Follow me, Tom," he whispered excitedly; "and for your life make no noise."

Then drawing himself up he crawled out into the hollow of the limb already mentioned and crouched down as close as possible. Tom followed, and, although the smoke almost blinded them, they could breathe with comparative ease.

Presently the fire died out and the smoke began to clear away.

"Hug the limb as close as possible," said the sailor, "and don't look down under any consideration."

In a few minutes the smoke disappeared entirely, and not long afterward the savages, evidently concluding that the fugitives were not in the tree after all, raised the siege and departed. But our friends knew the search would be continued in other directions, and they decided to tarry here until sure the blacks had left the vicinity.

So they climbed back into the hollow, and listened constantly for any sound that would indicate the return of their enemies. But nothing of an alarming nature occurred, and, toward the middle of the afternoon their hunger and thirst were so intense that they could endure it no longer.

"I'm almost famished," Tom declared, "and my mouth and throat are almost parched. To suffer this way is quite as hard as being prisoners among the savages."

"Don't you believe it," said Bolt. "We can easily get something to eat and drink, but experience has proven that it's a hard matter to escape from the blacks. We have been exceptionally fortunate in getting away, and we must be doubly careful that we don't fall in with 'em again."

"I expect nothing else," went on Tom, gloomily. "I don't know why I feel so, but I'm sure we'll be captured again, and this time we won't escape so easy."

"You're nervous and excited," rejoined the sailor, "and that's what makes you feel so depressed. We're free now at any rate, and let us hope for the best. Come, we'll go down now, and hunt up some fruit and water."

They descended from the tree, and made their way back toward the river. They could not tell in what direction the savages had gone, and their progress was slow and cautious, so as to avoid as far as possible all danger of coming upon them unawares.

In due time they came out upon the stream at the same place where the savages had camped the preceding night. The proa were gone, and a careful reconnaissance up and down the river failed to reveal any signs of them.

"I think the blacks have left for good," said the captain, "and I hope we'll see no more of 'em. Still we must be very careful for it is possible that some of 'em may be lurking in the vicinity, and we mustn't make too much noise."

A little distance from the river a spring bubbled up from the rocks, and the fugitives knelt beside it and drank copiously. Then a search was begun for fruit, which was soon found, and the pangs of hunger alleviated.

After this a brief consultation was held to decide on their next move. Bolt suggested following down the river to the ocean, and continuing along the coast in the hope of sighting a ship. Tom did not like the plan, as he thought the river was a dangerous locality to tarry in, but he did not object, and it was decided to follow the stream.

"Let us start at once," said the captain. "We must lose no time in reaching the sea. The loss of our boat must change our plans a little, but I think we'll be likely to sight a ship somewhere along the coast."

"We'll be likely to sight more savages first, I think," returned Tom.

"We must take our chances on that," continued the captain; "but if we're careful we can manage to get through all right."

"I hope so," said Tom; "but I doubt it."

They lost no time in starting, and traveled steadily till nightfall, then went into camp. They managed to catch a few fish from the stream, which were roasted over a small fire, and these, together with some fruit, served them with a fairly substantial meal.

They would have kept the fire burning all night to frighten away any wild animals that might come prowling around, but they were afraid the blaze would attract the attention of their late enemies, and bring them down upon them in full force.

They did not like to sleep on the ground, so decided to spend the night in the branches of a tree, where they would be safe from the beasts of the forest at least.

"It won't be as comfortable as a bed on the ground, but it'll be a good deal safer," said the captain, who, as usual, had made the suggestion.

"I'm satisfied," Tom responded. "I don't fancy the idea of spending the night where any kind of an animal can come upon us."

So they were soon comfortably located in the branches of an adjacent tree, and managed to pass the night fairly well. When morning dawned they descended and resumed their journey.

Breakfast was made on the fruit found along the way, and toward noon they reached the place where the fight with the gorillas had occurred. Here a couple of spears were found in the underbrush, and they seized upon them with a cry of delight.

"They are not to be compared to our rifles," said the captain, "but they'll make an excellent substitute."

"We'll feel safer with them in our possession, at any rate," rejoined Tom, "and we'll have a chance to use 'em to good advantage if we meet another gorilla."

"Let's look around a little," suggested the sailor, "we may find one or two more."

This was done, but no more spears could be discovered. There had been more of course, but they had been taken by the friends of the dead savages, as would have been the case with these had they not been lost in the bushes.

They now started on again, and tramped steadily for several hours. Then suddenly a noise on the river arrested their attention, and, going down to the water's edge, they parted the bushes and cautiously looked out, only to spring back with a cry of alarm.

CHAPTER XXI.

TREED BY A LION.

A SMALL proa, occupied by three or four savages was coming up the stream.

Our friends had leaped back so quickly that the blacks had not discovered them, but it would not do to remain longer in the vicinity.

"We must get out of this at once," declared the captain. "We'll leave the river and strike through the woods. The stream seems to be frequented by the savages, and by following it we'll run too big a risk."

"I was sure we'd meet 'em again," said Tom. "Do you think they saw us?"

"Hardly; but we'll go at once."

Without further delay they turned from the stream and plunged into the forest. The savages were still too far away to be attracted by the slight noise they made in going through the bushes, and they hastened to put as much space between themselves and the river as possible before the proa came up.

It was far from convenient to make their way through the heavy underbrush, and many times they were obliged to change their course, but they pressed steadily on, and were soon far enough from the stream to be out of immediate danger.

Then they slackened their speed, and began picking their way through the woods with more care. In fact this was really necessary, for the underbrush had become so dense that it was almost impossible to penetrate it.

Their journey now was slow and arduous. For more than an hour it continued in this manner, but at last they emerged into what appeared to be a well defined path.

After some hesitation they decided to follow it, and were soon journeying with less annoyance. In a little while they came out in a small clearing in the center of which stood several low trees, surrounded by a heavy growth of tall, dead grass.

They crossed the clearing and came up to the trees, when the grass was suddenly agitated, a loud angry roar startled them, and the next instant they were confronted by an enormous lion.

For a moment they were so surprised and alarmed that they could do nothing but stare at the forest king as if fascinated; but the necessity of speedy escape was soon urged upon them, and, rousing himself to action, the captain cried:

"To the trees, Tom, quick."

At the same moment he dropped his spear and sprang for the lower branches of the nearest tree. The youth was quick to follow, and both managed to gain the shelter of the trees just as the lion, with an angry growl, leaped toward them.

He fell short, however, only to turn and spring again. He made several ineffectual attempts to reach them, then stretched himself on the ground under the trees with the evident intention of waiting for them to descend.

"We seem to be hampered every way," said Tom, in deep dejection.

"How are we going to get out of this fix?"

"I don't know," answered Bolt, "but wouldn't matter much if we had time to spare, for the lion will probably tire of it, and leave in a few hours, but we can't afford to wait."

"I don't see how we're going to do anything else," said Tom. "We've a weapon with which to attack the lion. If we only had our spears we might manage to do something; but it is impossible to get 'em."

The spears were lying under the tree where they had dropped them, and an attempt could be made to secure them while the lion was near. This is what they thought, at least, but after a while the sailor conceived a plan which he determined to try.

"I think I can get the spears without much danger, after all," he said to Tom, as he began feeling through the pockets of his coat.

Tom watched him with interest, wondering what his idea was. The captain produced a long roll of twine, in one end of which he made a noose. The youth realized his intention.

"The very thing," he cried, "I think you can do it."

"I'll try hard enough," the sailor replied, as, having arranged the noose, he began lowering it toward the nearest spear.

Fortunately the weapon lay across a small stick, and the handle was elevated an inch or two from the ground. This gave him the opportunity he most desired, and, after several attempts, succeeded in slipping the loop over the end.

He drew the twine taut, the noose closed over the handle, and the spear rose from the ground. The lion eyed suspiciously for a moment, then evidently regarding it as a challenge for an attack, uttered an angry roar, and leaped toward it.

Bolt quickly swung it to one side, and the brute shot past without doing any damage. He did not spring again, and a few seconds later the captain had the spear in his hands.

He removed the noose, and, grasping the spear, rose to his feet. Taking a careful aim, he was in the act of hurling the weapon, when he suddenly lowered his arm.

"It's useless to throw from this distance," he said. "I wouldn't hit him hard enough to drive the spear through him."

"Can't you induce him to come nearer?" asked Tom. "Wait a moment," he suddenly added, "I can do it."

He broke off a piece of wood, and threw it at the lion. The next instant the brute sprang toward the tree.

This brought him almost directly under the sailor, and Tom cried:

"Now is your time!"

But Bolt had already taken a careful aim, and with all the strength he could summon, hurled the spear. It struck the lion in the back just behind the shoulders, and passed through his body.

The result was awful!

Roar after roar rang through the forest, as the huge brute rolled and plunged from side to side; both ends of the spear were broken off, leaving the center part in the lion's body, and the earth and grass were thrown in all directions, as the desperate struggle continued.

"You've done him, I think," said Tom.

"And wrenched my arm in the act," answered the captain, as he began to rub the injured member.

Just then the fierce brute ran blindly against the tree, jarring it so that the sailor lost his footing on the limb, and was precipitated to the earth. He fell directly in front of the savage beast, and Tom uttered a cry of horror as he saw the lion turn upon him.

CHAPTER XXII.

A BED IN A TREE TOP.

THAT the captain would be torn to pieces Tom did not doubt, and without an instant's hesitation he leaped down from the tree.

To spring forward and secure the other spear was the work of a moment, and with it grasped firmly in both hands, he started to the rescue. No thought of his own danger entered his mind, as he was intent only on dispatching

ing the lion before it could reach the imperiled sailor.

But with all his haste the youth would have been too late had not the captain, with rare presence of mind, contrived to roll quickly over and crawl around behind the tree before the animal could reach him. This only won him a temporary advantage, however, for the brute, with another angry roar, speedily followed him up, and was soon close upon him.

The delay, brief as it was, gave Tom a chance to act, and just as the lion was about to spring upon the prostrate sailor, the youth plunged the spear in his side. The lunge was accurate, and the weapon passed through the animal's side, piercing his heart.

Tom saved the spear from ruin by quickly jerking it out, and the next moment the lion fell over convulsed in the throes of death.

Pale and trembling the captain got upon his feet, while the reaction of the excitement made Tom feel dizzy, and for a moment he thought he was going to faint. He struggled against the sensation, however, and in a little while it passed away.

"That's the second time you've saved my life, my lad," said the sailor, advancing and extending his hand; "and if the opportunity is ever afforded me I'll show you how I appreciate it."

Little did he imagine, as he uttered the words, how soon he would be called upon to redeem the promise, and under what circumstances it would occur.

Tom seized the extended hand of his friend and shook it warmly, as he replied:

"Don't mention it, captain. I'm sure you'd have done the same. Besides, there wasn't much risk to run, for the brute was already dying."

"He could have finished me all the same," said Bolt with a shudder, as his eyes rested on the now harmless lion; "and if it hadn't been for you I'd have been his last victim. He meant business when he came toward me, I can tell you."

"I saved the spear, any way," Tom added, examining the weapon, "and as yours is useless now, this is all we'll have to rely on."

"I trust we won't be called upon to use it under such circumstance again," said Bolt; "and we must get out of this dangerous country as speedily as possible. Between the lions, gorillas and savages, we're having altogether too much variety."

They now entered the path and pressed steadily on. They kept a constant lookout for more lions, for the path was evidently the run of these animals, and it was uncertain at what moment another might be encountered.

They would not have followed the path at all could it have been avoided, but the jungle had become so thick and heavy that it was difficult to make their way through it, and had it not been for the trail, they would have found it impossible to advance at all.

The captain took the lead, and, with spear in hand, pushed rapidly on. Tom followed, keeping a constant watch in the rear to guard against an attack of any kind from that direction.

He felt decidedly uneasy, for night was coming on, and the prospect before them was not as encouraging as might be desired. Their destination was as yet shrouded in uncertainty, and they might wander through the forest for days before finding their way out.

So long as they continued in the thicket, however, they felt comparatively free from the possibility of falling in with more savages. This fact served in a measure to alleviate the anxiety they experienced from the constant dread of meeting some of the ferocious animals that must frequent this locality.

"This is just about as lonely a place as one could travel through," said Tom, as he looked back again to assure himself that they were not being pursued.

"I've been in worse places," said Bolt, "and this is nothing compared to some of the jungles of India."

"Have you ever been there?" asked Tom in surprise.

"I should say so. Some of the worst adventures I've ever had were experienced in the wilds of India. I'll tell you about 'em some day, if we live to get home."

The sun had sunk from view by this time, and darkness was falling around

them. It would soon be impossible to continue the journey, and they began looking about for an available tree in which to spend the night. This was found near by, and a few minutes later they were located as comfortably as possible among the branches.

They were hungry and thirsty, but they had not found any fruit or water on the way, and were obliged to go without either. They did not complain, however, for they had been fortunate enough to avoid all other perils, and the lack of food they could endure a few hours longer.

It grew rapidly dark now, and one by one the stars began twinkling in the sky above. They could only be seen here and there through the trees, however, and the light coming from them was too feeble to penetrate the jungle. Soon it was impossible for the two men to see each other, and a feeling of loneliness stole over them as the darkness swallowed them up. But they were very tired from the exertions of the day, and at last, despite their sufferings and their uncomfortable positions in the tree, both fell asleep.

How long he slept Tom could not determine, but his slumber was finally disturbed, and he awoke with a start. At the same moment his attention was arrested by a peculiar noise in the distance.

He listened intently, and, as it grew more distinct each moment, was convinced that whatever was approaching was coming down the path. What could it be?

(To be continued.)

Treasure on Its Travels.

If you chance to see a wagon driving through the streets bearing a safe on which a man with a revolver sits, you need not think that a desperate robbery has been committed. It is only one of "Uncle Sam's" methods of transporting government treasure from place to place. The *Press* of New York recently gave an interesting description of how this is done.

Just now the principal shipments going out from Washington are of currency being sent to the national banks. It comes to the office of the express company in the basement of the Treasury building in packages nearly eight inches square. These packages are of heavy manilla, sealed with two wax seals, bearing the stamp of the Comptroller of the Currency.

The room in which the currency is received and put up for shipment is on the east side of the Treasury building. No one is admitted to this room except the employees of the Treasury Department or the employees of the express company directly charged with handling the currency and coin.

Gold cannot be handled like currency because of its great weight. At the time that so much gold was going abroad two months ago, the Treasury Department was shipping about a million dollars in gold every day from Washington to New York. This gold weighed two tons to the million. One of the portable safes, holding about \$200,000 in gold, weighs when filled about 1,500 pounds. These safes were locked and sealed at the Treasury Department. The portable safes have key locks. A strip of iron slips over the keyhole and is fastened in place once with a piece of string and once with a piece of wire. A lead seal is used on the wire and a green wax seal on the string. To get at the keyhole a messenger or a robber would have to break the seals or cut the string and the wire.

The safe with its \$200,000 worth of gold, having been sealed, is hoisted with a fall and tackle into a "cage" express wagon—that is a wagon with wire sides. Anything that occurred in the wagon would be plainly visible to persons passing on the street and the trips are made in broad daylight. Besides the messenger, who sits on the safe with a shotgun in his hand and a brace of revolvers in his belt, there are two men on the front fully armed. The man in the wagon has a shotgun of Belgian make, breech loading, the barrel sawed off so that it can be used in close action. It is loaded with buckshot.

The express company receives fifty cents a thousand for transporting gold. Silver, which weighs so much more than gold in proportion to its value, is still

more expensive. If Congress should attempt to put the 90,000,000 silver dollars now in the Treasury vaults into circulation, the express company would receive at least \$50,000 for handling them. A year ago, when the Treasury Department shipped \$20,000,000 in gold from San Francisco to New York, it would have had to pay the express company \$65,320 for the haul at contract rates. But the Treasury Department sent the gold East as "registered mail" at a cost of a little less than \$2,500.

The biggest shipment of currency handled by the United States Express Company for the government was \$15,000,000 shipped from Washington to New York four years ago. The largest gold shipment handled at one time was \$7,000,000 taken from Philadelphia to New York a year ago. The shipment of these large amounts is what makes the contract of the express company profitable. They bring the aggregate of money handled by the express company up to fully \$200,000,000 a year. But eternal vigilance is the price of its security.

Every employee of the express company who handles money is heavily bonded. Besides this, the company has the reputation of pursuing dishonest employees relentlessly, not for the recovery of the money which they have stolen, but to send them to jail and make salutary examples of them. At first it had all its employees bonded with one of the great security companies. Believing that the charges of this company were too high, the express company undertook to do its own bonding on the same system. It charges the men just what the security company would charge them and at the end of the year deducts losses and divides the balance among the employees. Its yearly dividend on bonds is usually about 50 per cent.

The contract for handling the money shipped by the government east of Utah is held by the United States Express Company. E. T. Platt, who is a son of the president of the company, is in charge of the company's government service. He has had charge of it ever since the United States Company took the contract away from the Adams Express Company, more than four years ago. The Adams company received twenty five cents per \$1,000, while the United States Company receives only fifteen cents per \$1,000. The rate for silver and gold is much higher.

For this fifteen cents the express company guarantees the safe delivery of the \$1,000 at the point of destination. "Of course on a single shipment of \$1,000 we would lose money," said Mr. Platt to a *Press* reporter, "and a single big robbery would wipe out all that we could make under our contract in years. Up to this time we have lost only \$8,000. Part of this went in a robbery of a portion of the contents of two packages out West, and the work of the robber was so carefully concealed that the packages were accepted by the Treasury Department, which gave us a full receipt. Of course we made good the loss when the packages were opened and the money was missed. In one case the thief had broken the seal on the bag which contained the package of money and had then raised the seals on the package within. The seals on the package he had replaced with mudilage and the express company's seal on the bag he had imitated with a duplicate seal which had been made for him in Baltimore.

"In a very short time we will put into use a new bag with which we have been experimenting for more than a year. It is seamless, is fastened by a padlock which has a straight post instead of a ring at the top. This fits into an oval hole in the ring, which holds the neck of the bag together. The padlock turns in this hole and locks across it. On the front of the padlock is a multiplying register with four openings for figures. Whenever the key is turned in this lock it registers. You cannot possibly get at the register without breaking the mechanism of the lock. The way bill which accompanies the bag will show plainly with what registry number it left the forwarding point. If it arrives at its destination showing some other number the agent there will refuse to receive it. If it is rehandled in transit each messenger who receipts for it will see that the number corresponds to the number on the way bill. So even if the

messenger has a 'duplicate key to the bag he could not use it without being discovered."

The Treasury Department has not such an active interest in these protective measures as has the express company. The company is under \$500,000 bond to make good any loss which may occur by accident or theft. The express company is the party at interest. The chief means that it uses to protect itself are the constant menace of prosecution and imprisonment.

Small packages of money are shipped in bags. Large quantities of money going between big terminal points are put in stationary safes which are bolted to the floors of the express cars. These safes are usually not opened from one end of the route to the other. No one can open them, because the handle is taken from the door when the car starts on its journey, and with this handle goes the dial of the combination lock.

There has been only one instance of an express messenger getting ahead of the stationary safe. This occurred through the stupidity of the express agent at Des Moines. He had a safe dial, and when he boarded the car he opened the safe to put in two packages. He found that the safe was filled to overflowing. "I would like to get these two valuable packages in the safe, but there doesn't seem to be room," he said. "Here are a couple of packages of jewelry which I can take out to make room for them," said the messenger.

Now it was the business of the agent to note these two "packages of jewelry" on the express agent's way bill, after examining them carefully. But he did not. The packages were really money packages. They contained \$50,000 each. The messenger put these packages in his pocket and dropped off the train at the next station. The express company captured him within twelve hours and recovered the money.

An Ice Fighter.

ONE does not often hear people speak of the excitement of boating through solid ice, yet this method of transit is in vogue every winter in the northern part of Michigan, and that there is excitement in plenty about it may be inferred from a descriptive item in the *New York Sun*.

The most wonderful ice crushing steamboat in the world is built to carry trains of cars across the Straits of Mackinac, from Mackinac City to St Ignace, Michigan, in connection with the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railroad, along the southern shores of Lake Superior. In those straits the ice in winter is prodigiously thick, and when there is not a solid bridge of clear, blue ice over the water there is apt to be a wedge of drift ice. The ferryboats that carry the heavy trains across this piece of water are obliged to be powerful ice fighters, and they are built in a peculiar way to do their fighting. Their bows, which are as solid and strong as a naval ram, are built to slope inward and downward, so that the boats climb up on the ice and beat or crush it down. The enormous weight of the newest boat, the *Ste. Marie*, which is 5,600,000 pounds, will crush any ice that it rests upon. Under the bow is a propeller screw, which not only pulls the boat ahead, but sucks the water out from beneath the ice in order that the ice may be the more easily broken. Then again, the screw sucks the broken ice away and casts it behind as the boat pushes its way along.

This new boat costs more than the third of a million of dollars. She can carry eighteen loaded cars on her three tracks, and can make fifteen miles an hour. Her side planks are six inches thick, and the sides of the vessel are nearly three feet thick toward the bottom of the hull. She is all coated with quarter inch steel except at the bow and stern, where the steel plates are two inches thick. The two ends of the boat are almost solid timber, to make a battering ram of her. Her bow screw is smaller than it is in the stern, but with both at work she can make eight miles an hour through solid blue ice two feet thick, and when she encounters soft or drift ice ten feet thick her forward screw will bore through it and hurl it out of the way without its greatly impeding her progress.



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.

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

In our next number we shall print the opening chapters of

Under a Cloud

OR,

OGLE WENTWORTH'S FATHER.

BY J. W. DAVIDSON,

Author of "Comrades Three," etc.

This story is one of peculiar character, as interesting as it is strange. Ogle Wentworth seems to be a strange sort of a fellow for a hero, but as the reader grows to know him better, he will see wherein the characteristics lie that place him in this position of honor. There are incidents in plenty, and the action rises to a high pitch of excitement.

In No. 567 we shall begin still another new serial, a story in which a celebration now occupying a large share of public attention, will play a prominent part.

ABOUT BOUND VOLUMES.

TITLE page and index for Vol. XVI of THE ARGOSY will be sent to any address on receipt of two cent stamp. The volume itself is now in the hands of the binder. Due announcement will be made when it is ready for delivery.

By the way, have you ever seen a bound volume of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE? They make exceedingly handsome books of over 750 pages. Cheap too; only two dollars.

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

COMPOSITE CHARTS.

READERS OF THE ARGOSY have all heard of composite photographs, and some of them may have read the story of the luckless young man who fell in love with the picture of a young lady, who, he understood, attended a certain institution of learning. On going thither to find her, he was distracted to learn that no such person existed, the portrait being the composite outcome of the faces of the 119 young women composing the college.

Last spring two composite statues were constructed in Boston, made after measurements of the Harvard University students, both male and female. The man's figure was five feet, eight inches tall; the woman's, five feet, three inches, and rather strange to relate, the face of the youth was better looking than the maiden's. And, by the way, the average young man weighs 138 1-2

pounds. And we may all feel a thrill of patriotic pride on being assured that the foregoing statistics, on being compared with similar ones from England and Germany, show that America, in physical development, is in the lead.

We have often wondered what would be the result could a composite chart be made of the moral side of—well, say a circle of friends, a company of boys who always "flock together." What quality would predominate—the evil influences of the reckless ones, or the healthful atmosphere diffused by those of high principles? This depends, of course, on the comparative strength of the respective characters. A point worthy of some thought, is it not?

WHERE THE CHANCE LIES FOR TRUEST HEROISM.

THE best part of one's life," Henry Ward Beecher once said, "is the performance of his daily duty. All higher motives, ideas, conceptions, sentiments in a man are of no account if they do not come forward to strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him—the ordinary affairs of life."

That is it. It is the little things that count in the building of character. The duties that we are apt to look down upon and despise. It is comparatively easy to be heroic when the deed to be accomplished is a grand one and all the world is looking on to see whether we are going to flinch before the cannon's mouth.

But the patient endurance, the un-murmuring resignation, the persevering bearing of a burden that is commonplace—this it is that calls for the exercise of all the moral fiber man possesses.

PICKING BY PATENT.

IT is sometimes the fashion to tell an indolent person that he will want somebody to do the masticating of his food for him next. An invention that has lately made its appearance would seem to indicate that such a labor saving device is not so far from being a possibility as it might seem. This apparatus is a machine for picking cranberries, which will permit the man fortunate enough to own one to make double the amount of money in a day in gathering these products of the bogs that he earned when he had only his two hands to help him.

We suppose the next thing to come along will be a patent picker of fruit trees. What the farmers really need is a machine of this sort capable of being attached to cherry trees in such a manner that the cherries would be plucked automatically the instant they were ripe and before the birds had a chance at them.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

CONSIDERABLE effort has been made in the last few years to find a flower that shall be typical of America, as England has the rose; France, the lily, and Germany, the cornflower. But what is it that is typical of the American people themselves? General Lew Wallace, author of that famous book, "Ben-Hur," claims to have discovered it. He says:

"That person lacks the true American spirit who has not tried to paint a picture, write a book, get out a patent on something, or play some musical instrument. There you have the genius of the true American in those four—art, literature, invention, music."

General Wallace is pretty near right, do you not think so? To create something new, rather than to delve into and study that which is old, appears to be the passion of all of us Americans.

The Little Hairy Brother.

THERE is a sort of monkey called a chimpanzee, which comes so near being human that it is almost necessary to count his ribs and assure ourselves that he has one less than a man, before we can be sure that he is not some little colored boy who has run wild until he has grown hairy. For a long time there was one on exhibition in Central Park, New York, who was known as "Mr. Crowley," and who entertained a crowd of visitors before his cage all day long. He finally fell a victim to pulmonary disease and died, but not until he had left an endless stock of stories of his remarkable ways. He used to sit, looking gravely at his visitors, listening intently to everything they had to say, and answering by the most expressive pantomime. He was very gentle and friendly and well bred when he had only one visitor, but when more came in he reminded one of nothing so much as a small boy "showing off."

Poor Crowley had been ruined, so far as manners were concerned, by having been exhibited ever since he was a baby. He left his native wilds and came to this country when he was an infant, only eight months old, weighing ten pounds, and from that hour crowds of people were around him all day every day until he died.

A baby chimpanzee is so like a little negro baby that the resemblance is very comical. Crowley as an infant was rollicking and jolly, affectionate, and yet willful, showing anger exactly like a naughty baby, by throwing himself on his stomach on the floor and yelling and kicking. He learned faster than a human baby, because he was going to be grown up at eight years old, and he had not so much time to waste in being a baby. He learned to unlock his own door with a key, to open a door, or drawers or boxes, to hammer a nail into a board, and to sit up at a table with a plate and cup and spoon and napkin, and eat his food as neatly as a boy of five.

He was brought up in these early days by well bred people, who were very careful that he should learn no bad manners. He was taken from his mother's arms into the family of Mr. Smythe, United States Minister in Liberia, and lived with them until he came to America. But after he lived in the atmosphere that surrounds a public character, Mr. Crowley became readier to amuse than to instruct by his accomplishments. But eating his dinner was never a jesting matter. At five o'clock in the afternoon the keeper brought in his table, which was spread with a white cloth. A chair was placed before it, and a soup plate of rice and milk was served.

Mr. Crowley seated himself, took his napkin in his left hand and laid it across his knee, and began to eat. After that a plate of fruit was brought, which Mr. Crowley ate with a fork in the most elegant manner. After this a glass of milk.

Usually—when he first came—Mr. Crowley would retire from the table like a gentleman. Sometimes he would wait until the cloth was removed, and would then spring upon the table and dance a jig while his attendant would beat time and whistle. But after he grew to prize his ability to cause a roar of laughter, he would sometimes kick over his table and dishes and chair, and fly to the top of his cage, where he would sit and derisively tie his head up in his napkin.

Mr. Crowley always slept in a bed. He would crawl in and draw the sheets and blankets up about his neck, and snore like any Christian. There was one thing Mr. Crowley would not do: wear clothes. He seemed to think them neither useful nor ornamental, and he wept loudly at being forced into them, and immediately proceeded to tear them into pieces. His worst trick was a tendency to destroy everything. He would go wild at the sight of a cat or dog, and if they came within reach of

his strong arms would tear them into bits. There had to be a rail put before his cage to keep him from snatching hats and parasols.

He was very cunning. One day a Park policeman went up to speak to him. Mr. Crowley put out his hand and the policeman shook it. The officer had on a brand new pair of white gloves. Mr. Crowley seemed to admire them very much. He pulled playfully at the fingers, quietly loosening them, and then with one vicious scratch he had them off, and was in the top of the cage, adorning his own black paws with them and grinning in thorough appreciation of his trick.

One day a man came up to the cage against the keeper's warning. In a flash Mr. Crowley had taken his coat by the lapels, pounded him against the bars, and split the cloth like paper.

Some time before he died the Park commissioners sent out to Africa and imported a wife for Crowley. She was considerably younger than he was, and of a much sweeter disposition. She was named "Miss Kitty," and all New York went out to witness their courtship.

Miss Kitty would cherish toys and a great many things that the mischievous Crowley would have torn to bits instantly. She had a hammock slung across her cage, and a red shawl, which was the delight of her life. They placed her in the next cage to Mr. Crowley, and built up a close partition between, only containing a few cracks. A long acquaintance with Mr. Crowley's by no means sweet character had made his keepers realize that the introduction was likely to be a stormy one. He went simply mad with anger; he ached to tear her to pieces; he shouted at her; he pounded the partition; he shook the bars; he fairly jumped up and down with passion. If anything were given to her, there was a riot in Mr. Crowley's cage at once—and when his audience looked, he used a trick which bad boys had taught him and spit at the people. There is no doubt he would have killed her instantly could he have reached her.

But Kitty was protected and gradually he grew to pay her some kindly attention. He would spend hours trying to coax her within reach. When she would listen to him and draw near, he would blind her with handfuls of sawdust. He tried to be indifferent to her; but let her be ever so slight a sound from her side of the wall, and his eye was glued to the partition at once.

Mr. Crowley had the strength to do a great deal of damage. One day he had a stick to play with, and he poked it at Kitty until she took it away from him. He behaved so badly that the keeper feared that he would break the bars of his cage, and tried to conquer him with a long iron bar. Instantly it was snatched from the man's hand, and he only escaped with his life. But as time went on, Mr. Crowley became fonder and fonder of Kitty. She was the only one of his kind near him, and blood is thicker than water. The day finally came when he found her of more consequence than the gaping crowd outside, but he was always jealous of their attentions to her.

When winter came and the chimpanzees were in the house, they used to play ten pins by the hour. Somebody gave them each a doll. Kitty was wild with delight over hers, but Crowley took his with a Quill-like air, beating it soundly with a stick, sitting on it, and at last tearing it to bits and throwing the pieces contemptuously at Kitty. There was one toy which he grew very fond of: a tin whistle. He could blow it as well as any boy, and could make a noise that was as rowdy as his worst tricks. A Waterbury watch he would handle carefully—if he could wind it up. That was his supreme delight. He would almost have worn clothes to have owned a Waterbury watch.

Finally, he showed that the climate here was killing him. He grew gentler and showed the greatest love for the keeper who took care of him. He seemed to lose his impishness and brutality, and become more human. He would lie in bed and look about with sorrowful eyes. There were bulletins every day to tell the public how their favorite fared, until the last one, which said he was dead. His keeper cried over his little coffin as though he were burying a child, and all New York mourned their most interesting pet.

GOOD TIMES AHEAD.

Old Georgia'll be in clover,
When the melon season's over
And the blue smoke from the cabin's curl-
ing higher;
An' she'll have enough for boastin',
With the hick'ry nuts a-roastin'
An' the taters jes a-bankin' up the fire?
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Gordon's Double Peril.

BY E. E. YOUMANS.

THAT the ship would go to pieces in a short time was plainly evident. The waves incessantly flooded the decks, obliging the men to cling desperately to anything they could get hold of to prevent being drawn into the sea when the water receded.

The storm had been a tremendous one.

For two days it raged with unabated fury, and the vessel had struggled hard against it. She had managed to hold her own, and would probably have weathered the gale had not a new peril presented itself.

The breakers had no sympathy for the unfortunate craft as she slowly drifted upon them, and seemed to roar the louder as if deriding the crew, who were exerting themselves prodigiously to avert the approaching catastrophe.

All in vain,
With a tremendous crash, she struck the rocks where she now lay, threatening every moment to go to pieces.

The boats had been rendered useless during the storm, and the only way in which the crew could save themselves was to construct a raft and abandon the hulk. But at present this was impossible, for the sea was too boisterous. Still they did not lose all hope.

If the craft held together until the ocean subsided a little, the attempt might be made successfully.

At the end of two hours the waves ceased to flood the decks, and for the first time the men were able to leave the places to which they had been clinging since she foundered.

The danger of the hulk falling apart was now greater than ever, for the repeated onslaught of the sea had weakened every joint, and she quivered threateningly from stem to stern, as the water rolled against her.

The construction of the raft was commenced, and pushed along with all possible haste. In a short time it was finished, and a good supply of provisions and other articles were lashed upon it, together with a barrel of fresh water. Then the crew stood near, ready to launch it at the first favorable opportunity.

Suddenly the craft was struck by an extra heavy sea. She lurched dangerously to starboard, then righted again, trembling in every timber.

Nor was this all. A terrific noise was heard aloft, and the men glanced up just as the mainmast parted and crashed down upon the deck. Two of the sailors standing near leaped aside just in time, but a third was not so fortunate. He stumbled and fell. Before he could recover himself the spar fell across him, pinning him to the deck.

It was a horrible accident, and, with the heavy mast resting on his arm and shoulder, the unfortunate man lay there groaning in agony. His mates rushed forward, threw the timber aside, and tenderly carried him to the raft.

"No use, boys," he said with a groan; "I'm done for. You can't help me."
The doctor came forward and made a hasty examination.

"You're badly hurt, Gordon," he reported, "but you've got a chance of pulling through."

"Do you think so, doc?" asked the young fellow eagerly. "No bluffing now."

"I'm not bluffing. You've got a chance; but you must keep quiet."

Tears gathered in the youth's blue eyes, for he was scarcely more than a youth, and looking up he said entreatingly:

"Do your best for me, doc, and you'll have my lasting gratitude. It is to see my father and mother whose hearts I must have broken, that I want to live. For myself I don't care, I—"

He fainted at this point and the doctor interposed:

"Lash him carefully to the raft. We

gave his attention to the business before them.

The sea was still running high, and great care was required to keep the raft from swamping. Several times they narrowly escaped being submerged.

They contrived to weather it, however, and after a while land could be seen looming up off to the south. The doctor was glad of this, for he wanted to get the injured sailor to a place where he could get better care.

It was easy to see that Gordon was in a bad condition. He was feverish and delirious. The physician shook his head ominously as he gazed into the eyes that now no longer recognized him

A comfortable resting place was provided for Gordon in the hut, after which preparations were made for supper. A roaring fire was soon blazing, over which a large pot of coffee was boiled, and the hungry men seated themselves on the sand to dispose of it.

"How is poor Gordon, doctor?" asked the captain, coming up at that moment.

"In a bad way," replied the surgeon; "but I think I can pull him through."

"I hope so," the captain rejoined. "Gordon is a good lad and I'd be sorry if anything happened to him."

Captain Garmore was right. Lester Gordon was a good fellow, but at the same time there was a certain air of mystery about him that inspired the sailors with a sort of respectful awe.

He had appeared suddenly about an hour before the ill-fated craft set sail, and implored the captain for a position. The ship being a little short handed the captain had hired him at once.

This was all they knew of him.

He did not mingle with the men any more than was necessary, neither did he use the rough language to which seamen are more or less addicted. Because of this the sailors were at first inclined to be down on him, but his quiet and friendly manner soon won their respect and finally their friendship.

There was not a man among them, from captain down, who did not sincerely deplore the accident that had so suddenly come to him, threatening now to cut off his young life. Many an anxious glance was cast toward the cabin, and many a head shaken sadly as they thought of what might be.

Thanks to the doctor's efforts, however, and the youth's strong constitution, he did not die. The fever exhausted itself in a few days, and although it left him very weak, the surgeon declared him out of danger.

His broken arm was progressing nicely, and the bruised shoulder gradually healing. In a few more days he would be able to walk around with the other men.

Meanwhile the place upon which they had drifted was carefully explored by the sailors, and a feeling of uneasiness assailed them when they discovered that it was only a very small island, barren almost as the Sahara save for the single grove of palm trees already mentioned.

Not a sign of game or fruit could be detected anywhere, and the castaways realized how desperate would be their condition when their provisions were gone. Starvation would stare them in the face!

There was no immediate danger of this, however, for they had been generous in providing themselves with provisions, but these could not last more than a month or so, and their chances of being picked up by some passing ship during this time were none too good.

A signal of distress was set up on a knoll near by, consisting of a large canvas flag in the daytime and a bonfire at night, but the days dragged wearily by and no ship was seen.

Their supply of food was now alarmingly low, and it was found necessary to restrict each man to the smallest amount in order to make it last as long as possible.

How eagerly each morning, as the sun came up above the sea, would the men gather on the knoll, and shade their eyes with their hands, scanning the ocean with eager expectancy for the welcome sight of a sail, then turn wearily away as none appeared, and slowly descend the hill, tears of disappointment crowding into their eyes as they thought of the loved ones at home whom they might never see again.

This dreary condition of things lasted for many days, and the worst was at hand. The last crumb of food had



THE SPAR FELL ACROSS HIM, PINNING HIM TO THE DECK.

must be very tender with him, poor fellow."

This was done; and now the possibility of the ship falling to pieces was so imminent that it was decided to launch the raft at once.

To do this successfully was a matter of great difficulty and danger. The slightest miscalculation would cause them to lose control of the structure, when it would be washed away by the still turbulent sea.

But thanks to the skillful instructions of Captain Garmore, this calamity was avoided, and the raft was soon riding on the waves, the entire crew succeeding in clambering upon it the next moment in safety.

Just in time, too.

They had scarcely got beyond the vortex of the doomed ship, when there was a grinding noise, a wave rolled over the hulk, and the next second she parted amidships and sank from view. The captain sighed as he saw her go down, then, turning resolutely away,

By six o'clock the coast could be plainly discerned only a few miles distant. An hour later the raft grated on the beach and the sailors sprang ashore.

The sick man was taken up and tenderly carried to a place where he would be more comfortable, and the doctor remained with him, laboring hard to pull him through. The arm, which had been badly broken, was properly set, and the bruised and bleeding shoulder carefully dressed.

The other men meanwhile busied themselves in erecting a place of shelter for the night. The raft came in handy now; it was speedily knocked apart and the timbers used in forming the framework of a substantial hut. This was then inclosed all around and roofed over with palm leaves and boughs secured from a few neighboring trees.

By the time this was done the sun had disappeared, and the stars began twinkling in the sky one by one.

been eaten and the last drop of fresh water disposed of, so that now, unless deliverance speedily came, they could not survive much longer.

The captain tried to encourage the men by telling them that a ship *must* come that way ere long, but his words had no effect, and the crew wandered around the island, the more hardened ones grim and defiant, while the others could not conceal the despair that was steadily creeping over them.

Meanwhile the injured sailor had improved so rapidly that he was able to be about, but the doctor feared that in his weakened state he would be the first to succumb after their food was gone. He told Gordon this one day and was a little surprised to see how hard he took it.

"Cheer up, my boy," he said, sorry now that he had spoken. "We may be picked up by some ship even before the day is out," though he had little faith himself in the words he spoke.

"I suppose you think I'm chicken hearted," said Gordon, with a weary smile, "but as I told you once before, it is not for myself that I care, but for those at home whom I may never see again. Listen and I'll tell you my story."

He seated himself at the doctor's side, and, after thinking for a moment, looked up and began:

"My name, as you know, is Lester Gordon, and I am minister's son. You have probably heard that minister's son's usually turn out to be hard cases, and I was no exception.

"My father, being fairly well off, sent me to college, giving me an excellent education. When I completed my course I went to the city, and there made the acquaintance of friends who well nigh proved my ruin.

"I got into bad habits, the worst of which was a passionate desire to gamble, and all the money I could get hold of found its way over the gaming board. The result you can easily imagine. I was soon steeped in debt, unable to see my way out.

"Applications to my father for money were so numerous that he finally came down to see what I was doing. I was not at home on the night he arrived, but a friend of mine met him, and brought him to a certain notorious gambling house where I could always be found.

"I shall never forget the look on his face as he came up to where I was sitting at the table, and tapped me on the shoulder. It was not a look of anger, but one of unutterable grief.

"I arose from the table to go out with him, and at the same moment a note was slipped into my hand by a friend who had just entered. 'Read it at once,' he said, and I did so. It was a warning that I was about to be arrested for forgery.

"But I had not the courage to stay and face it out; I must flee at once.

"I told my father all about it, and he offered to make the amount good and save me from prison, but I did not dare to risk it. I left him at the door and hurried down to the wharf, where I knew a ship was going to sail that night.

"I was fortunate enough to get a place with Captain Garmore, but I did not breathe freely until we were far away on the ocean. After that I had time to think, and I began to be sorry that I had not taken my father's advice.

"But it was too late now, so I made up my mind to serve out the voyage, then go home and work hard to repay my father the amount he had made good for me. I resolved then and there never to gamble again, and, come what will, I'll keep that vow.

"When I was hurt the other day that was the first thing I thought of, and I could not die in peace, knowing that the debt was unpaid.

"That's my story, doc, and you can see now how hard it is if what you say is true. If we starve here on this island my father will never know of my good intentions, and will think that I have forgotten all about him and am leading a dishonorable life in some other part of the world."

He groaned in anguish as he ceased speaking, and the rough old surgeon looked at him kindly. There was a perceptible tremor in his voice as he said:

"You're made of the right stuff, Gordon, although you've been on the wrong track. I hope we'll all get out of this fix before long, and I wouldn't have

distressed you with what I said had I not thought it best to prepare you for the worst, if it *should* come."

They rose up now and ascended the knoll where the other men were assembled, gazing with much interest off to the south. When they came up, an old salt shook his head ominously, saying:

"A bad sign, mates; ay, ay, a bad sign."

They looked in the direction the others were gazing, and beheld a solid bank of fog hovering over the sea about three miles away. It had been there all the morning the sailors declared, and was a precursor of coming evil.

For three days it hung in the same place, the men watching it with superstitious dread, firm in the belief that it was an omen of death.

They had now abandoned all hope of deliverance, some of them even contemplating throwing themselves into the sea to escape the dreaded fate before them. They had eaten nothing for four days and were gaunt and weak to an alarming degree.

That afternoon a stiff breeze began blowing from the north. The whole crew dragged themselves to the top of the knoll and turned their eyes toward the bank of fog.

The wind soon caught the mist and rolled it away to the south. As it faded from view in the distance the men suddenly started down the hill while from every throat went up the joyous and mighty shout:

"Sail, oh!"

There, not more than five miles away, was a large ship under full sail, standing straight in toward the island. It is impossible to describe the delight with which the famished crew took in the welcome sight. Only those who have had the experience can properly appreciate it.

They were soon discovered and taken aboard. The craft proved to be on her homeward voyage, and in due course reached her destination.

Lester Gordon lost no time in seeking his home, where he was received with open arms by his sorrowing parents, who wept over the prodigal's return. His father had adjusted the matter of the forged check and the case against him was dropped.

This was many years ago. He is a respected and honored man now, but he often thinks with a shudder of the time when he was as nearly wrecked on the breakers of dissipation as he had been on those of the sea.

[This Story began in No. 554.]

The Markham Mystery.

BY ROWLEY BROOKS.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. PIGOTT HURLS HIS THUNDERBOLT.

AT eleven o'clock on the following morning (Tuesday) the funeral of the late Joshua Markham was held at the Methodist church.

It may seem curious that after their outburst and defeat on the night of Mr. Markham's death, the Sangers had made no attempt to enter the shop to get possession of Mr. Markham's effects, or to interfere with the funeral arrangements, which were superintended by Mr. Pigott.

Equally curious might have appeared the fact that Mr. Pigott saw that every deference was paid to the Sangers. He had them shown into the pew of the chief mourners, where Ike Sanger, in deepest mourning, could blubber and be seen to his heart's content, and where Selina Sanger, in the heaviest crape, could show the world what remarkable self control a strong minded woman could exert under the heaviest grief.

Mr. and Mrs. Pigott and I, in decent black, occupied the next pew behind.

These mutual concessions were not as Christianlike as they seemed. Mr. Pigott was anxious to have Mr. Markham laid away in peace. The Sangers were merely awaiting the right moment for action.

I think that all Centerville was at the funeral; not only was Mr. Markham one of the oldest inhabitants, but he had been for many years before his decline one of its most prominent citizens; the

peculiar circumstances under which he died may, also, have attracted many from curiosity, but most of all which gave a peculiar interest to the event, was the very general feeling that something sensational was about to happen between the Sangers and Mr. Pigott.

Many thought there would be a scene at the funeral, and they came to see it. But the scene in the little churchyard was more than solemn—it was exceedingly impressive, owing to the presence of that great silent crowd, which overflowed that little yard on every side, as the sods fell upon Joshua Markham's coffin.

There were tears shed there—as there always are at such solemn functions—but none, I dare declare, for old Mr. Markham. He had outlived his time and his usefulness.

PEACE TO HIS ASHES.

On the afternoon of the funeral day, about two hours after the crowd had dispersed, Mr. and Miss Sanger, accompanied by a small man, who was universally known as a lawyer of small and tricky methods—this trio awakened deputy constable Baker from a nap, by vigorously knocking upon the door of the Markham shop.

Of course Baker would not open the door. The Sangers' lawyer, raising his voice to such a pitch as he deemed would force it through the intervening pane of glass, made a formal demand upon Baker to surrender the place.

This demand being refused, as was expected, the trio marched to the court house, where they attempted to secure an order from the court, authorizing them to break into the shop and expel the guardian Baker.

But Judge Grindle had learned something of the Markham-Sanger *status quo* on the occasion that I was brought before him. He sent for Mr. Pigott, and when Mr. Pigott came there was a most unseemly and unsavory washing of soiled linen in public—and Mr. Markham not three hours buried.

The Sangers wanted possession of the store, because, as the next of kin, it was their right to search for a will; or, if there was no will, they would naturally succeed to his property by virtue of their relationship. They accused Mr. Pigott of various crimes and gave the onlookers their fill of sensation.

What Mr. Pigott replied is of no particular importance. You may be sure it was sober and dignified, as befitted the day of obsequy.

Judge Grindle said that the questions raised by the Sangers were such as could be passed upon only by the surrogate; that Mr. Pigott was a man whose integrity had never up to this time been impeached, and that he was certain the property could safely be left in Mr. Pigott's keeping without detriment to any one's rights, until the proper court had passed upon the administration of Mr. Markham's estate.

The Sangers retired, for the time defeated; but the fight was renewed some three days later when Mr. Sanger, through his lawyer, applied to the surrogate for papers of administration on the estate of Joshua Markham, deceased.

Mr. Pigott was on hand, you may be sure. He opposed the application on the ground that, only a few days before his death, Mr. Markham had made a will, in which the deceased had named him, Eben Pigott, as executor, and to which statement he could bring the witness of the instrument in corroboration.

THE COURT—Where is the will? Why do you not offer it?

MR. PIGOTT—As yet I have been unable to find it, but—

COUNSEL FOR SANGER (interrupting)—Precisely, Your Honor! The will—

THE COURT (interrupting in turn)—I think the gentleman had not finished his reply, Mr. Pigott?

MR. PIGOTT—I was saying, Your Honor, that I had been unable to find this will as yet; but that, even if I never found it, I stood ready to combat any and all pretensions on the estate of the late Mr. Markham and to prove, by the best of evidence the terms of the will which Mr. Markham signed three days before his death.

THE COURT (with an expression of surprise)—Surely, Mr. Pigott was too well versed in the law to attempt to prove a will which he could not produce,

except under the most extraordinary circumstances.

COUNSEL FOR SANGER—Of course, if such a will as my learned brother refers to were ever signed and sealed, that fact can be proved. That, however, has hardly any bearing on the present application. Where is the will appointing my learned brother executor of this very valuable estate, which, I admit, he has long been permitted to keep in his own strong box, in utter indifference to the reasonable claims and expectations of the blood relations of the alleged testator? *Where is the will?* Let us see if it may be of benefit to us.

As heirs at law of the deceased, if he died intestate, we receive only a percentage of the estate; but, if he actually did of his own volition make a will, we have the best of reasons to believe that he left us of his property. So, where is the will? Let us see it. We are anxious for you to produce it. But, if our learned brother cannot produce it, Your Honor, we submit that by virtue at least of our relationship to the deceased, if not of the fact that it belongs to us by the law of inheritance, we are the proper ones to administer the estate.

MR. PIGOTT—So far from true was this, that it was notorious throughout the town in which the deceased resided that he not only distrusted and feared, but also disliked the petitioners, even to the point of openly asserting on more than one occasion that he would disappoint their evident expectations as to death and frustrate their almost constant efforts to become possessed of his estate against his will.

To such a pitch of annoyance were these efforts carried that a week before the death of the testator (for testator he *was*), it became necessary to employ a companion to protect the deceased from the intrusions of the petitioner, Sanger. Nay, it was but a few days previous to the death of the testator that said Sanger so teased, annoyed and threatened the aged gentleman that he precipitated an attack of the malady which even then threatened his life; further yet, when afterwards warned—formally warned by a physician that his mere presence jeopardized the life of his aged relative, he still persisted in endeavoring to thrust himself upon the invalid—or rather, sent his sister, who was equally objectionable to the late Mr. Markham. Now if persistence should be rewarded, then these homicidal efforts merited the granting of administration papers to the petitioner. But on no other ground did he merit them. The present attempt was but the culmination of a twenty years' campaign of cold blooded assault on the purse and predisposition of the late Mr. Markham.

COUNSEL FOR SANGER—Since my learned brother had seen fit to enter into personalities, as untrue in fact as they are in fancy, it becomes my duty to retort in kind by unmasking before the Honorable Court the true character and motive of the learned gentleman. Speaking of notorious facts, it was notorious that Mr. Markham for more than a year past had been no more than a dotard; that the learned gentleman found no difficulty in bending this aged infant to his slightest whim; that he went so far (and this one illustration alone would suffice)—he went so far as to compel the aged gentleman to turn over to him all of his property under power of attorney—nay, to hand to him at frequent intervals every penny of money that passed through his (the deceased's) hands. It was a fact that *today* the owner of the Markham fortune (by right of possession) was the gentleman who had the temerity to stand before the Honorable Court and request the legalization of his most monstrous crime. *Ay, crime!* And right here let me say that we fully understand of how little importance after all is this right of administration which we demand. For what is there to administer? Only the learned gentleman can say! Where is it? In his hands! But if it drives my client to verge of poverty and want, he will never cease his efforts to wring from the learned gentleman the spoil of his crime, and will consider himself sufficiently fortunate if he is the means of the learned gentleman exhausting his unholy gain in defending his action from court to court.

THE COURT—The impetuosity of counsel has carried him beyond the bounds of judicial sense. He knows that such

allegations as his, besides being disrespectful to the dignity of the court, are but empty air except as presented in the form of affidavit.

COUNSEL FOR SANGER—Formal charges will come in good time and in proper form. The decision of the Honorable Court will hasten them.

MR. PIGOTT—I have been but waiting for the other side to unmask their batteries and reveal their position. They have doubtless exhausted all their ammunition in this one blast. I have but one more statement to make. Your Honor, calculated to influence your decision as to whether Mr. Sanger or myself shall be appointed administrator of this estate in default of will. I hold in my right hand affidavits made severally by Henry Billings, Mrs. Briggs, Robert Bruce, myself and several others. I hold in my left hand a warrant of arrest based on these affidavits, which conclusively prove that, on Sunday night last, the testament of the late Joshua Markham was extracted from the keeping of the testator and destroyed—by—*Isaac Sanger!*

At this extraordinary announcement the spectators were thrown into wildest excitement. Such as it was, it was added to by the condition of Ike Sanger. He turned white as a sheet, and before any one could spring to his assistance, he had fallen back at full length upon the floor—unconscious.

Selina Sanger, who sat near by, was not so strongly affected, though it was noticed that her color, too, was ashen. She hastened to her brother's assistance, but he had come to again in a moment. He was placed in a chair, so weak that he had to be supported.

Mr. Pigott regarded him with a contemptuous smile in which there was no vestige of pity. He had not changed his attitude. Stretching out his left hand, which held the warrant of arrest, he continued in a loud, almost harsh voice:

"Constable Baker, take this warrant. Stand at the door of this court room, and as Isaac Sanger places his foot outside the threshold—*do your duty!*"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE CENTERVILLE CLARION.

NOW, indeed, did sleep Centerville wake up. Disappointed at the loss of a murder sensation, they heard of the destruction of the will with avidity, and eagerly welcomed it as a substitute.

Of course the fact that Mr. Pigott had sworn out a warrant for Ike Sanger's arrest, was not competent evidence before the surrogate. Yet it justified him in reserving his decision on Ike's application for administration papers. And this was all Mr. Pigott desired, for, with all the property in his possession, he was virtually administrator.

Ike Sanger, his sister and his counsel held a consultation in a corner of the court room. In that room he was safe from arrest, but once outside he could be taken into custody.

The result of this conference was that Ike Sanger finally walked nervously to the door of the court room, and allowed deputy constable Baker to take him in charge; and, followed by his two supporters, Ike was taken before Judge Grindle in another room, and by that judge committed under one thousand dollars bail.

As to what followed, perhaps I cannot do better than append a sort of postscript from the *Centerville Clarion*, issued several hours after its usual publication hour on the following (Saturday) morning. This postscript followed the account of the arrest of Ike Sanger, including a verbatim report of the affidavit on which the complaint had been made.

CRIME ON CRIME.

PILING IT UP.

IKE SANGER ARRESTED AGAIN.

Is He a Deep Dyed Villain, or a Martyr to Private Malice?

While all Centerville was still in the fever heat of excitement over the arrest of "Ike" Sanger on the charge of destroying his late uncle's will, still another thunderbolt was approaching to disturb this usually placid atmosphere—or rather, an earthquake, if the *Clarion* may venture to predict the effect upon

the minds of our good fellow townsmen which its news is about to have.

It is probably known to all how, shortly after his arrest yesterday morning, "Ike" Sanger procured a bondsman in the person of Silas Barlow, Esq., of Meadville, and was forthwith set at liberty on \$1,000 bail.

Notwithstanding the curious glances of his wondering, not to say horrified, townsmen, and even refusing (in his own inimitable *saucy* and *coquettish* manner) to satisfy the legitimate interest of the public through the medium of its official organ—need we say, the *Clarion*?—"Ike" hurriedly sought the seclusion of his own home, fortified by his amiable sister on the one hand and his astute counsel on the other.

Secure in his fancied liberty for a period of seven days at least (if not weeks, or even months), Mr. "Ike" was deep in the—shall we say—"concoction"? No; on second thoughts it may be wiser to use the term—"formulation" of a defense, when, about nine o'clock in the evening three men approached the Sanger farm.

These men were constable Halsey (whose official days, we understand, are very sparsely numbered), deputy constable Baker (who, we have it on the best of authority, is the "coming man" in our police department), and the third—but of him, more anon.

The trio were soon awaking the echoes in the Sanger domicile. It was Miss Sanger who opened the door (to the extent of two and a half inches, as we have reason to know), and it was only by the employment of a diplomatic equivocation (to the effect that they had information of importance to communicate concerning the charges against "Ike"), that they were admitted into the presence of the—shall we say?—"unfortunate" gentleman.

Not till then did constable Halsey let it be known that his errand was to effect a second arrest of "Ike." Miss Sanger, recovering from her surprise, demanded the reason for this second outrage. Whereupon, the warrant was handed to Mr. Sanger for perusal, and he read, with distended eyes the new charge against him—the *abduction of Howard Hollingsworth, Jr.*

The peculiar nature of this crime will seem to many to make it foreign to the nature and surroundings of the much accused "Ike" Sanger; to many even the name of Hollingsworth will be forgotten or unknown.

But when we remind our friends that the daughter of the late wealthy Joshua Markham eloped, married and disappeared with Howard Hollingsworth, Sr., and that Howard Hollingsworth, Jr., if he had been alive today, would have been *the heir at law of the estate for which Ike Sanger is striving*—the significance—nay, *enormity* of the crime charged will be apparent to an intelligent townspeople without further explanation.

We understand that the date on which the alleged crime was committed is some twelve years ago; when or how are details which the *Clarion* is not at liberty to reveal.* But, until the time arrives for all the details to be given to the public, the active minds of our intelligent friends will doubtless be greatly wrought up over the various fateful questions suggested by a charge of such enormity.

Where is Howard Hollingsworth, Jr.? Did the crime (we should have said *alleged* crime) of "Ike" Sanger end with *abduction*? Is the rightful heir of the Markham fortune alive or dead? If alive, where is he?

We can confidently assure our friends that all these questions can, and will be duly, answered. When our unerring and masterful district attorney looks into anything, he rarely—indeed, never—fails to see the end of it.

By the by, it is but just to "Ike" Sanger to say that he denies the charge *in toto*, and if vehemence would acquit him, he is certainly guiltless, for his denials are made in ravings more characteristic of a wild man than a sane person.

It is to Miss Sanger that we owe the information that both of these arrests of her brother are but steps in a series of *trumped up charges and persecutions*, having for their object the righting of "Ike" Sanger out of his just claim on

*For the best of reasons: They didn't know. R. B.

the property left by the late Joshua Markham.

We have but a word to add. That word will doubtless pique the curiosity of our readers but—so much the better!

The vigilant eye of the *Clarion* observed that the noon up train brought back to this town one who had suddenly left it a few days ago, after several visits as mysterious as his departure. We refer to the stranger who so gallantly effected the capture of Hen Billings a few days ago. Indeed, it was but an hour after the performance of that daring act that he left town.

Mr. Badger is that gentleman's name, we understand, and it has been said that he is a *detective* in the employ of our worthy and brilliant district attorney.

With Mr. Badger there stepped off the train a buxom—nay more! a *rather* handsome—lady under middle age, who immediately proceeded under Mr. Badger's escort to the office of Mr. Pigott, where they all remained closeted until a late hour in the evening—that is to say, until a short time before the application for the second warrant against Ike Sanger.

Who is the mysterious female, and what (if any) her connection with this latest and most mysterious development?

It seems a pity to thus leave our friends to the torments of unsatisfied curiosity, but as yet the *Clarion* is restrained by the best of motives—in short, devotion to the cause of justice—to say no more.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 560.]

Lester's Luck.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

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

CHAPTER XIX.

LESTER GETS INTO TROUBLE.

WHEN Lester entered his lodging house about three o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Lawson was sweeping out the hall. She at once noticed the sad and depressed look of her young lodger.

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Gray?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Lawson. I have been swindled out of twenty five dollars."

"You don't mean it. Who has cheated you?"

"Do you remember the man who was with me when I engaged the room?"

"Yes."

"He offered me a place, and got me to put twenty five dollars in his hands as security. He pretended that he was at the head of a show, and engaged me as ticket seller."

"I didn't like the man's looks. He looked to me more like a tramp than a professor. What made you trust him?"

"He told me a plausible story. He said he lived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel."

"The likes of him put up at the Fifth Avenue Hotel!" said Mrs. Lawson contemptuously.

"I met him there yesterday morning at ten o'clock. He showed me round the hotel. I suppose I ought to have been sharper, but how could I suspect that there was anything wrong about him?"

"When did you find him out?"

"This morning. Yesterday he told that it was customary for one holding the position he offered me to give a bond for one hundred dollars or more. I couldn't do that, for I know only one man in New York, and he is poor. So I thought I would have to give up the place till he offered to accept a deposit of twenty five dollars cash in place of the bond. I gave it to him, and he gave me a receipt. It was understood that I was to call at the hotel again this morning."

"And did you find him?"

"No. I waited nearly half an hour, and finally went up to the clerk to ask him. Then I found that he had never been a guest there, and that the clerk knew nothing about him."

"That's bad. I'd like to pour a dipper of hot water over him. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know," said Lester slowly. "Did you give him all your money?"

"No; I have a few dollars left."

"Then I advise you to look for a place. If you get one within a day or two you will be all right."

"I have no references."

"You can refer to me," said Mrs. Lawson. "I haven't known you long, but I am sure you are an honest, reliable young man."

"Thank you. How would you advise me to seek a place?"

"You might answer advertisements in the papers, or you might walk about down town, and wherever you see a sign 'Boy Wanted,' you could go in and ask for a place."

This seemed practical advice, and Lester felt encouraged. He decided to wait till the next day before he began his search for a place. He wanted time to think over the situation and decide upon his plans.

About eight o'clock on the following morning Lester, after partaking of a cheap breakfast, for he felt he must be economical now, turned from Tenth Street into Broadway. He had only walked a short distance when on the window of a book store he saw the welcome sign:

BOY WANTED.

Hoping that he might be the boy wanted, he opened the door and entered the store. He went up to the first salesman he saw, and said, "I see you want a boy."

"Yes. Go to the back of the store and speak to the gentleman at the desk."

Lester did so.

The gentleman, who was rather tall and wore spectacles, surveyed Lester, taking in in one sharp glance all his leading points.

"Yes," he said; "we want a boy. Do you know anything of the book business?"

"No, sir. Is that necessary?"

"Well, it is not indispensable. Do you live in the city?"

"Yes, sir," and he gave the number on Tenth Street.

"That is well. Our last boy lived in Brooklyn, and was irregular in coming here in the morning. Do you live with your parents?"

"No, sir. They are dead."

"Ah!"

The gentleman looked less gracious. "We prefer boys who live with their parents." Then, as he saw a sad look stealing over Lester's face, he said in a kindly tone, "However, if you can bring good references and are well acquainted with localities in the city I might give you a trial."

"I have only been in the city three days," Lester confessed.

"Then I am afraid I can't take you. Our boy would be employed principally in delivering bundles, and it would be quite necessary for him to be familiar with the city streets."

He turned back to his writing, and Lester felt that he was dismissed. He left the store feeling somewhat depressed. He began to understand that it would not be so easy to find a place as he had expected.

Presently he came to a furnishing goods store. Here, too, a boy was wanted. But Lester found that the hours were long, and the salary was only two dollars and a half a week. That would not be quite sufficient to pay for his room, leaving nothing at all for his meals and washing. There was some reason to think that he could have secured the position, but he felt that he could not afford to accept it.

He applied at two or three other places, but without success.

Just after passing Grand Street he had a peculiar experience.

A man came rushing around the corner with a handsome overcoat under his arm. He addressed Lester hastily.

"Here, boy," he said, "take that overcoat to the New England Hotel on the Bowery, and tell the clerk to keep it for Mr. Jones. He will pay you a quarter for your trouble."

Without another word he left the astonished boy and disappeared. Lester could not tell where. He could not help thinking it a very extraordinary thing for a man to do, since the coat was of fine cloth and evidently quite valuable.

"He don't know me at all," thought Lester, "and yet he trusted me with an expensive coat. It is very strange."

He had no objection, however, to the errand. He knew the way to the New

England Hotel, and could easily carry the coat there.

But something unexpected happened. A short, stout man with a red face came round the corner, puffing with haste. When his eye fell on Lester he cried: "Aha! here is the young rascal!" and he seized him by the shoulder.

"What do you mean?" demanded Lester angrily. "Let me alone!"

"What do you mean? I mean that you are a thief. You have stolen my overcoat."

"I never stole anything," retorted Lester.

"You are the most impudent young liar I ever met. Why, you have it on your arm now."

"Is this your coat?" inquired Lester in surprise.

"Is it my coat? I should say it was. And now what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Only this. A man came running round the corner two minutes since, and handing me the coat, asked me to take it to the New England Hotel and leave it with the clerk."

"A very plausible story, young man, but it won't do. No, it won't do. Here, officer," as a policeman came up, "I want you to arrest this boy. He has stolen my overcoat."

Lester first turned red, then cold. He had heard of people being arrested, but never dreamed that such a mortifying thing would befall him.

"Indeed, sir," he said earnestly, turning to his accuser, "it is as I say. I never saw the coat till it was handed to me."

"Tell that to the marines. Officer, I charge this boy with theft."

"Wait a minute," said a calm, authoritative voice; "the boy's story is true."

The stout man turned upon the speaker sharply.

"Oh," said he, "so the young rogue has found a defender."

"He has," answered the other calmly. "And how do I know that you are not a confederate of his?"

"Are you very anxious to have me knock you down for your impertinence?" asked Lester's new friend.

The stout man began to see that he might have made a mistake. He didn't like to back down, however, and still blustered a little.

"Who are you, sir, I should like to know?" he demanded in as near a bullying tone as he dared to use.

"You shall know. My name is James Clinton, of Clinton & Rhodes."

James Clinton was well known in Wall Street as a prominent broker and an officer in several large financial institutions.

"Now, sir," continued Mr. Clinton sternly, "you can have the boy arrested for theft if you like, but I warn you that if you do I will sue you in his name for a malicious arrest and false imprisonment."

"Shall I arrest him?" asked the policeman.

"No," answered the accuser, evidently frightened, "as this gentleman guarantees his honesty I will withdraw the complaint. Give me the coat, boy, and I will let you go."

"Wait a minute!" said Clinton gravely; "what proof can you give that the coat is yours?"

"My word," answered the other irascibly.

"Excuse me, but your word may not be worthy of confidence."

Just then, fortunately for the perplexed man, a young man came around the corner.

"Here, Mr. Jenkins," said the stout man, "will you assure this gentleman that the coat the boy holds is mine."

"Yes it is."

"It was stolen from my office just now, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who stole it?" asked Clinton.

"A young man. I saw it taken."

"Then it wasn't this boy?"

"No, sir."

"We are getting at the truth at last. Now, sir, you owe an apology to this boy for your unfounded accusation. He told the exact truth, and you tried to discredit him."

The stout man flushed and looked embarrassed.

"Any one would have done as I did," he said, "if he saw a boy in possession of his overcoat."

"Well, you made a mistake, but I will advise the boy not to bring suit against you if you admit that you were wrong," said the broker soberly, though there was a twinkle in his eye, showing that he enjoyed the other's confusion.

"I suppose I was mistaken," said the stout man reluctantly.

"We all know that you were mistaken. Under the circumstances we will let you go—officer, you will not be needed."

The stout man, looking as if he did not understand how the tables had been turned upon him so effectually, walked off silent and shamefaced.

Lester who had listened to this colloquy, but felt that there was no call for him to speak, now turned to Mr. Clinton and said earnestly, "I am very grateful to you, sir. But for you I should be in a bad scrape."

"I am glad to have served you, my boy," said the broker kindly. "Walk along with me and I will ask you a few questions."

CHAPTER XX.

LESTER OBTAINS TEMPORARY WORK.

JAMES CLINTON, though a man of wealth and position, had once been a poor boy and his sympathies always went out to those who were now fighting the battle of life as he had once been obliged to do. He had been attracted by Lester's appearance, and felt disposed to give him a lift.

"Are you looking for employment, my boy?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And—pardon me the question—are you well provided with money?"

"No, sir."

"Have you friends to help you?"

"I have one friend—a relation—but he is out of the city just now."

"Were you not rash under such circumstances to venture to the city?"

"I had some money—over thirty dollars—when I came here three days since."

"And now?"

"I have only about five."

"How could you spend so much money in so short a time?"

"I didn't spend it, sir. I was cheated out of it," and Lester told the story of his dealings with Professor Robinson.

"The man is a scamp. It was meaner to cheat a poor boy than a man. What success have you had in looking for a place?"

"None at all, sir."

James Clinton reflected a little.

"I wish I could offer you a position," he said, "but I have no opening. I have a little writing to be done, however, which may occupy you for a week. Do you think you would like to undertake it?"

"Yes, sir; I should be thankful to get it."

"Very well, then, it shall be arranged. You can go with me to my office, and I will ask my head clerk to set you to work. By the way, I take it for granted that you can write a fair hand?"

"Yes, sir, I am considered a good writer."

"What I want is a plain, legible handwriting. That is something that few lawyers possess. As you are not a lawyer, you may give satisfaction."

They soon reached Wall Street, and Lester followed his new friend into an office on the second floor of a handsome business block on the south side of the street. There were several desks, all of which except one were occupied.

"Mr. Lawrence," said the broker to a young man of about thirty, "I have engaged this boy to copy the legal papers in the Cummings suit. They are rather voluminous, and I can't spare one of my regular clerks. Give him such instructions as he may need."

"Very well, sir."

Lester was posted at the vacant desk, and set to work.

"You will need to be careful and make no mistake," said Lawrence.

"This copy is to be used in a suit which Mr. Clinton has now before the courts. You needn't hurry. Accuracy is more necessary than haste."

"Very well, sir."

"First, write a few lines on this sheet of paper; I want to see your handwriting."

Lester copied two lines.

"That will do very well," said Mr. Lawrence, noting the firm, regular handwriting. "Now I will leave you to

your task. If you meet with anything that puzzles you, come to me."

Lester began his duties, and, following directions, worked steadily without attempting to work rapidly.

In about an hour and a half the chief clerk came to his desk.

"You can go out to lunch and stay an hour," he said. "Frank, will you go out with Gray, and act as guide?"

Frank Crocker, a dark haired boy of sixteen, with full eyes and a dreamy countenance, the youngest clerk as he called himself, but the office boy as he was called by his seniors, answered "With pleasure."

"What is your name?" he asked as they went down stairs.

"Lester Gray."

"That is a nice name for a story. Would you mind my using it?"

"Do you write stories?" asked Lester in surprise.

"Yes; but don't mention it in the office. They would laugh at me."

"I won't mention it. I wish I could write stories myself."

"Perhaps you can. When we reach the restaurant I will tell you more."

They went into a restaurant on Nassau Street, and sat down at a table in the back part where they could converse without being overheard.

"How did you happen to tell me about your writing as long as you don't want the rest of the clerks to know?" asked Lester.

"Because I knew from your face that you wouldn't make fun of me."

"I wouldn't think of it. What have you written?"

"I am just finishing a story of ten chapters," answered Frank. "It is called 'Jasper Johnson's Secret.'"

"That sounds attractive."

"I think so. I was a good while in finding a title."

"Have you decided where to send it?"

"I thought a little of sending it to *The Century* as I understand they pay high prices in that magazine. Do you think I had better?"

"I don't think I am qualified to advise. *The Century* is quite a high toned magazine, isn't it?"

"Yes; but my story is high toned, too. The only objection I have to sending it to *The Century* is, that I may have to wait a good while before it is published."

"You think it is up to the standard of that magazine?" asked Lester.

"Yes. I have read the last number of *The Century*, and I don't find any story in it equal to mine," answered the young author seriously.

"Have you ever had any story published?" asked Lester.

"Well, no, but I have one in the office of *The Weekly Banner* which I think will be accepted. It is not so high toned as the other story, but written in a dashing style. It is called 'The Carnival of Blood; or, The Witch of Weehawken.' What do you think of that title?"

"It is rather sensational, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is the kind of stories *The Banner* publishes. Of course it wouldn't do for *The Century*."

"I should think not."

Lester had belonged to a book club in his native town, and so had more knowledge of books and periodicals than most boys of his age.

"How long is your story?" he inquired.

"It is a short serial. It is about time for me to hear from it. I sent it to the *Banner* four weeks ago."

"Have you always had a taste for writing?"

"I began about a year ago, about the time I entered Mr. Clinton's office. By the way, if you don't mind, I would like to call at the office of *The Banner* as we go back to the office. They may have decided about my story."

"I should like to go. I never was in the office of a weekly paper."

They completed an economical lunch in half an hour, and leaving the restaurant, Frank led the way to a third story office on Nassau Street. Climbing a narrow staircase, they reached a door on which they read the sign:

THE WEEKLY BANNER.

"I feel a little nervous," said Frank. "I hope they won't think me too young to write for them. You will go, in with me?"

"Yes, I will stand by you."

They opened the door, and asked a compositor, for the room was a printing office, "Is the editor of the *Banner* in?"

The printer pointed to a small apartment partitioned off from the main room, and Frank led the way to the open door, his heart beating loud and fast.

Inside, with his back turned towards the door, sat a tall man, rather shabbily dressed, his head covered by a shock of red hair.

He wheeled round in his office chair as the boys entered.

"What can I do for you, young gentlemen?" he asked, turning his gaze from one to the other. "Do you wish to subscribe to the paper?"

"I—I sent you a story about four weeks since," explained Frank.

"Ah, indeed! You are young to be an author. What was the name of it?"

"The Carnival of Blood; or the Witch of Weehawken."

"Oh yes, I remember. It is quite a stirring tale."

"Do you think it will do for *The Banner*?" asked Frank nervously.

"Well, hardly. I think perhaps it will be better adapted for publication as a dime novel."

"I—I was hoping you would like it for *The Banner*," said Frank, disappointed.

"Well, we are pretty well supplied with serials by our regular contributors," replied the editor. "I think, however, we could make room for a few sketches of, say, twelve hundred words each."

"I will bring one in on Monday," said Frank, his face lighting up with hope.

"What do you pay for such sketches?"

"Well, we will pay a dollar apiece, if satisfactory."

This did not seem very large pay, but as Frank remarked to Lester as they went down stairs, "I am writing for fame now. If I get that, money will come later."

"Is your friend also an author?" asked the editor as the boys prepared to go.

"No," answered Lester. "I am afraid I haven't talent enough for that."

"I mean to make an author of him," said Frank with a happy smile.

CHAPTER XXI.

WILLIAM THORNTON REAPPEARS.

LESTER struck up quite a friendship with Frank Crocker. He found him a pleasant, agreeable boy, a little conceited, perhaps about his writing, but simple hearted and kind.

Frank's place in the establishment was not as high as his own. The ambitious young author was only an office boy, and Lester was doing higher work.

"I wonder, Frank," he said, "that with your literary tastes you should come into Wall Street."

"I must take what I can get. I would prefer to have something to do in a publishing house, or the office of a weekly paper. If I get such a chance I shall accept it."

Lester found that Frank lived quite near him, in Ninth Street, so they used to go home together. Frank had no parents, but lived with an aunt who kept a boarding house.

"I wish you would come round and be my room mate, Lester," he said.

"I should like it, Frank, but how much would it cost? You know my means are small."

"I don't think my aunt would charge you much. I will ask her."

Mrs. Crocker, for this was the name of Frank's aunt, agreed to take Lester to board, provided he would room with her nephew, for five dollars a week. As he was now paying three dollars a week, for room only, he felt that this would be advantageous to him, and he gave notice to Mrs. Lawson that he would leave her when his first week was up.

"I am sorry to have you go, Mr. Gray," said the widow. "I hope you are not dissatisfied with your room."

"Not at all, Mrs. Lawson, but I can live cheaper elsewhere."

"I can't say anything against that, for I know you must be economical. You must look in upon me now and then."

"I will," said Lester, and he meant it. He liked his new home. He and Frank had a small square room on the upper floor, plainly but neatly furnished. There was a writing desk in one corner, and here it was that Frank wrote

his stories. He set to work at once to write a short sketch for *The Banner*, and when it was completed he read it to Lester.

"I think it is very good," said Lester. He suggested, however, two or three alterations where Frank's style was too ambitious, and on Monday morning Frank carried it to the office. It was called "Mrs. Thompson's Boarder."

"I will look over it in a day or two," said the editor.

Frank decided not to begin another story till he learned the fate of the first. He also wrapped up his serial story and sent it to the publishers of "The Champion Dime Library." He knew that he would have to wait for some time before hearing from this.

Meanwhile Lester kept at his work. The amount of his salary had not been fixed, and he didn't know how much he was earning.

"How much are you paid, Frank?" he asked.

"Five dollars a week."

"Then I suppose that is what I will receive."

"Perhaps you will get more."

"I don't know about that. I am no older than you."

"Still you are among the regular clerks while I am only an office boy."

"At any rate you have an advantage over me, for your situation is a permanent one, while mine I think will last only about two weeks."

Lester had several times thought of William Thornton, but it was not convenient for him to call at the New England Hotel and therefore he had not seen him. But one day in the Nassau Street restaurant, while taking lunch, at a table near him he discovered his kinsman.

He hardly knew him at first, for Mr. Thornton was considerably better dressed than when he parted from Lester in the country.

Lester rose from his table and went over to Mr. Thornton's table.

"How do you do, Mr. Thornton?" he said with a glad smile.

"Why, it's Lester," exclaimed Thornton in surprise. "What are you doing in the city?"

"I am working."

"How long have you been here?"

"A little over a week."

"What made you leave Shelby?"

"Squire Dunton made it disagreeable for me to stay there."

"I can easily imagine that. And you say that you are at work?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the office of Clinton & Rhodes, Wall Street."

"Well, you are getting on. Why, that is a very prominent firm."

"I know it."

"How did you get in there?"

"I will meet you some evening soon and tell you all about it."

"Come this evening, then, to the New England House."

"I will."

"What salary do you get?"

"I don't know. That has not been settled. I am only doing some extra work. I shall probably be out of a position in a week."

"Then you will have to look for another."

Lester thought perhaps Mr. Thornton would tell him how he was himself employed, but he did not volunteer to do so. They left the restaurant together, Mr. Thornton going up town, while Lester went back to Wall Street.

In the evening he called at the New England Hotel, and then his cousin asked for the particulars of his experiences since they parted.

"I am glad you beat Peter," he said, alluding to the contests at the picnic. "His pride deserved to be taken down."

He was indignant at the conduct of Professor Robinson and expressed a wish to "punch his head." There was a fair chance that he would have done so had he met the proprietor of "Robinson's Varieties."

"Have you got a situation, Cousin William?" Lester ventured to inquire.

"Not exactly, but I am like yourself, I do odd jobs, such as come in my way."

"Don't you think it would be better to get a regular clerkship," suggested Lester, for he thought his relation was inclined to be shiftless.

"Well, perhaps so," smiled Mr. Thornton. "But it isn't easy to get a good

clerkship unless you have influence and good references. Now I suppose I might refer to you—"

"I am afraid that wouldn't help you," replied Lester, laughing at the idea.

"There it is, you see, then! Besides, you don't know me very well, and might not venture to recommend me."

"I would take the risk if it would do you any good."

"Thank you. It is pleasant to feel that one person has some confidence in you."

"Isn't it rather expensive living at a hotel, Cousin William?"

"Well, I suppose I might get cheaper accommodations, but then I am used to the freedom of a hotel."

Lester did not feel at liberty to say more, but he felt that William Thornton was imprudent. Suppose he should be sick? How could he meet the expenses of even a short illness?

Lester was beginning to feel an interest in this relative, of whom he knew so little. He was not drawn at all to Squire Dunton and Peter, but there was a certain rough kindness in William Thornton which won his confidence and attachment.

The next day completed Lester's first week in the office.

"You can call on the cashier for your week's salary," said Mr. Clinton, pausing for a moment at Lester's desk.

Accordingly, just before the office closed in the afternoon, Lester went to the cashier and repeated what Mr. Clinton had said.

In return he received a small envelope, which was closed like a letter ready for mailing.

On the way down stairs with Frank Crocker Lester opened it, and to his astonishment found two five dollar bills.

"Look at this, Frank!" he said.

"They have paid me ten dollars."

"I told you you would receive more than I, for you are one of the clerks while I am only an office boy."

"It's great, isn't it?" said Lester, exhilarated.

"Why, it's as much as that impostor Professor Robinson offered."

"And you'll have another week at it."

"Yes, about that."

"I wish your place were a permanent one."

"So do I, but I shall save part of what I am earning now to keep me when I am idle."

The next day Frank went up to the office of *The Banner* at the lunch hour, while Lester waited for him in the street below. He came down stairs with glowing face.

"Good news, Lester!" he said. "My sketch has been accepted and will appear in two weeks. I am engaged to write five more."

"Have you been paid?"

"No, but it's all right. I shall get my money as soon as it is in print."

"I congratulate you, Frank, but I am sorry you are so poorly paid."

"I don't mind that. It will be the first money I ever earned by writing. Think of that! I have gained my first success, and now I shall work hard and some day I will be famous!"

Frank's face flushed with enthusiasm, and Lester could not help sympathizing with him and hoping that his anticipations might be realized.

CHAPTER XXII.

LESTER ADVISES A SPECULATOR.

LESTER found that the work on which he was employed would last just two weeks. He had economized carefully, and found that he would have perhaps eight dollars left when he was thrown out of employment.

Two days before he left, an elderly gentleman came into the office and exchanged a few words with the chief clerk. He was a regular customer of the house, and proposed to make a deal in stocks.

"I don't feel qualified to give you any advice, Mr. Compton," said the clerk.

"If I should do so, and you lost money you would probably blame me."

"But you know more about the course of the market than I do."

"Yes, but in the stock market nothing is certain. Our youngest clerk might perhaps give you better advice than I. There have been repeated instances where our customers blundered into luck, while some of the oldest operators have made mistakes."

"Very true," said Compton, apparently impressed. "By the way, who is your youngest clerk?"

The chief clerk pointed to Lester, who was busily engaged in copying.

"What is his name?"

"Lester Gray."

Seth Compton went up to Lester's desk, and said in a pleasant voice, "Mr. Gray, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," returned Lester, a little surprised.

"I am about to ask you a favor, Mr. Gray."

Lester was still more surprised. He thought perhaps the old gentleman was going to ask him to go on an errand.

"I shall be glad to oblige you, sir," he said.

"I am about to make a deal in stocks. I usually do it through your house, but I don't know what stocks to select. If you will favor me with your advice—"

"But," said Lester in amazement, "I don't know anything about stocks. I have only been in the office for two weeks."

"That is why your advice will be valuable. Your opinion will be unbiased."

"Wouldn't it be better for you to speak to Mr. Scott?"

"I have already spoken to Scott, and he has referred me to you."

"I think he must be joking. He knows that I am quite ignorant of the stock market."

"He told me that you were the youngest clerk."

"That is true, sir."

"And I have a superstition that the youngest clerk can give me a valuable pointer."

"I wonder whether he is crazy?" thought Lester.

"I don't want to put you to too much trouble, but if you will give me your opinion as to whether I had better buy Erie, or Pacific Mail, or Western Union I shall be obliged."

"Are you really in earnest, sir?"

"Quite so. So much so that if through your help I make money I will give you a certain percentage of it."

"But if you lose—"

"I will not hold you responsible."

"Then, sir, I advise you to buy Western Union."

"Thank you. I feel under great obligations to you for your advice. By the way, what is your address?"

Lester gave Mr. Compton his new address in Ninth Street.

Half an hour later Mr. Scott came up to Lester's desk.

"The gentleman who was speaking with you told me that you recommended him to buy Western Union!"

"Yes; he insisted on my telling which of the three stocks to buy—Erie, Pacific Mail, and Western Union."

"And you recommended Western Union?"

"Yes."

"Have you any reasons?"

"No, I guessed at it."

"He has bought one thousand shares."

Lester stared in amazement,

"It seems queer that he should put so much confidence in my advice."

"He is superstitious. That explains it."

"Is he a rich man?"

"Yes; very rich."

"Would you have given him the same advice?"

"No; I should have recommended either of the other two in preference."

"I hope he won't lose money through me."

"I hope not, but it is his own lookout."

When Lester was leaving the office Mr. Scott said to him:

"Western Union has gone up one point. Our friend could sell out at a profit of a thousand dollars minus the commission."

"I am glad of it. I don't want to cause him any loss."

The next day Western Union went up two points more. Mr. Compton came into the office in great good humor.

"Mr. Gray," he said, "you gave me good advice."

"I am glad of it, sir. Shall you sell out at present prices?"

"I will wait till next week if you advise it."

"Perhaps it will be as well," Lester answered, beginning to have faith in his own judgment.

"I shall be guided by your advice."

"By the way, sir, I leave the office tonight. I was only temporarily employed."

"I will write you at your home in Ninth Street if there should be occasion."

In the afternoon Lester received his week's salary, and not without regret left an office where he had been so courteously treated.

"Well, Frank," he said, as they went home together, "I am out of a job."

"I am sorry for it. I wish you could have stayed there permanently."

"So do I."

"What shall you do?"

"I shall answer some of the advertisements in the Sunday paper. Then on Monday morning I will go round and see if I can't find a situation."

"I am sorry to have you go, Lester," said Scott. "Give me your address, and if we have a vacancy I am sure Mr. Clinton will be in favor of sending for you."

"Thank you, sir. I am boarding at the home of Frank Crocker, and he will bring me a message at any time."

"Ah, yes, the office boy. Well, I will bear it in mind."

On Monday morning Lester came down town with Frank. He applied for three situations. One was a shipping clerk, but as he had no experience his application was unsuccessful. Another was that of office boy in a land company, but another boy had been engaged just before he presented himself.

The third place was in Brooklyn. He went to Fulton Ferry, and paying two cents, walked on board the boat.

He sat down in one of the cabins, and did not at first notice his fellow passengers. When about a third of the way over he looked about him, and his heart beat with excitement when in a passenger-just opposite he recognized the familiar figure and shabby attire of his friend Professor Robinson. Whatever he may have done with Lester's twenty-five dollars he had not purchased new clothes with it.

The professor was reading a paper, and had no idea that the boy he had defrauded was so near him. Lester went over and took a seat beside him.

"I am glad to see you, Professor Robinson," he said significantly.

The professor turned quickly and looked confused when he recognized his seat mate.

"I don't think I remember you," he said, thinking it might be possible to get rid of Lester by a bluff.

"You remember me very well, Professor Robinson, and I remember you."

"Oh, yes, why, it is Mr. Gray," said the professor with sudden recollection.

"Yes, and I should like to have you return me the twenty-five dollars you have of mine."

"Come on deck, Mr. Gray," said the professor nervously, not caring to have the conversation heard by his immediate neighbor.

Lester followed him through the cabin to the front part of the boat.

"Why didn't you meet me at the Fifth Avenue Hotel at twelve as I requested you, Mr. Gray?" asked Robinson.

"Because you named ten o'clock."

"Is it possible? Then I must have made a mistake. I was there at twelve."

"And I was there at ten."

"I am really very sorry."

"It won't matter if you return me the twenty-five dollars."

"But I have already expended it in preparation. Can you be ready to start with me tomorrow?"

"Where?"

"I shall go up to Albany first?"

"I don't think I care to go with you, Professor Robinson. I prefer to receive back my money."

"Very well, if you wait on it I can get it from a friend in Brooklyn. If you meet me at the Fifth Avenue Hotel tomorrow morning."

"I don't care to make any such engagement. I will go with you to see your friend, and you can perhaps return me the money today."

"Very well," said the professor with resignation. "I think you had better keep your engagement, but if you are unwilling it shall be as you say."

They went up Fulton Street together. About half a mile from the ferry, on a side street, the professor paused in front of a saloon.

"This saloon is kept by an old ac-

acquaintance of mine," he said. "I think he will oblige me with a loan. Stay outside, Mr. Gray, and I will join you directly."

Lester took his position in front of the saloon and waited at first patiently, but afterwards impatiently.

"I wonder why the professor doesn't come out," he said to himself.

After waiting twenty minutes he decided to go in and inquire the cause of the delay.

(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 XXIX.

A SERIES OF CAPTURES.

HERE, spread out on the moss covered earth just within the shade of the wood, was an extensive encampment of tin soldiers—as many as thirty tents, none of them more than three inches high, were pitched in a semicircle back of a mound of earth works on which three small boys had been at work.

If these earthworks had been on the other side, Harry's foot would have struck them first and the tents would have been spared. As it was, four of the little white pavilions had been demolished, while more than one lead soldier lay ground into the earth.

"I'm very sorry," Harry began, trying to free himself from the clutches of the three boys, the oldest of whom did not look to be over twelve. "I didn't see—"

"That won't do," broke in one of the lads. "What if Chili should send one of her rams crashing through the island of New York and then try to apologize by saying that she didn't see it? You are our prisoner."

"Yes, yes," cried the other two boys, and the three hung on to him for dear life.

"What do you want to do with me?" asked Harry, not failing to note that the boys were really delighted at the mishap, which had given them a tangible enemy.

"We're going to lock you up in the guard house," replied one.

"Where is the guard house, Percy?" whispered another.

"That hollow tree," was the reply. "Good! just the place," and they bore the prisoner off.

It is quite likely that Harry could have exerted all his strength and broken away from his small boy captors. But they were leading him in the direction in which he wanted to go, and then, he realized that he had done considerable damage to their encampment, and that, as a reparation, he should be willing to allow them to enjoy a little fun out of making him a prisoner of war.

"Why, look there, Bert," suddenly exclaimed one of the boys, "who's that at the tree before us?"

The procession halted, and the boys peered eagerly through the screen of foliage. There were four men, rough looking fellows, sitting on the ground in a circle near a great horse chestnut, with a long, yawning split in its trunk.

But it was not the presence of the men here in the woods, nor their evil faces that caused such a sensation among the little group of onlookers. It was what they were taking from their pockets and showing to one another with every evidence of satisfaction.

These objects were silver spoons, forks, trays, together with diamond rings, and other valuable articles of jewelry.

Harry divined at once that these articles had been stolen from some of the Podmans stores during the exciting scenes of the fire.

"Boys," he whispered, "we'd better get away from here at once. Then, after the men have gone you can come back, find the things and take them back to some of the Podmans jewelry stores that must have been burned out in the fire."

"Fire! What fire?" exclaimed one of the small boys.

He was so surprised that he spoke incautiously loud. The men heard him,

and with a simultaneous rush they made for the spot.

"Spyin' on us, was you?" exclaimed one of them.

"We've got to fix 'em, Josh," added another.

Each of the four had been seized in a grip of iron by the four men. They had been pounced on so suddenly that Harry had no opportunity to try any of the expedients that had availed him in the case of Dan Miggs.

The small boys were terrified out of their lives, and Harry felt that their lot was by no means an enviable one. These men were evidently desperate and would do anything to save themselves from being captured.

"What'll we do with 'em, Bill?" demanded another of the ruffians.

Bill, gripping Harry, who was wriggling like a good fellow in his grasp, did not answer immediately. Indeed, Harry took up pretty nearly all his attention.

"I s'pose nobody's got any rope," he said finally.

"What'd we want with rope?" replied one of the men.

"If it wasn't for getting too much of it one day," added another, with a coarse laugh, "I'd be tapping those babies on the head. Dead men tell no tales."

"Give us a rest from your chestnuts, Dave," retorted Bill. "We ain't up to that sort of thing and you know it. But we've got to keep these kids safe somewhere till we can clear out with the swag."

"Make 'em promise they won't peep and let 'em go," proposed the mildest looking of the robbers. "This here youngster I've got is about dead with scare now."

"This one ain't though, you bet," added Bill. "Ain't there nothin' in the crowd we can use to hitch 'em to that tree with?"

"Take the biggest youngster's coat and slash it up," suggested Dan. "I've got a good sharp toad sticker."

"Bully for you, Dave," said Bill approvingly. "Give your kid to Tom to hold, while you help me take the coat off this lusty bantam."

Now Harry did not look with calm approval on the idea of his coat being slashed up into strips with which he and his companions might be bound. He resisted with all his strength, but of course the odds were against him.

But he had the satisfaction of having planted a good blow in Bill's face before the coat was finally removed.

"Anything in the pockets?" asked Bill, as Dave prepared to begin the slashing up.

"A handkerchief, two or three newspaper scraps and a railway time table."

Dave tossed the articles contemptuously on the ground as he made this report.

"No tin?" from Bill.

"Nary a red."

Harry carried his small change in his trousers and his bills in the inside pocket of his vest. He wondered if they would search him further.

But just at present they appeared to be too anxious to get binding attended to, to pay attention to anything else. Harry's coat was speedily and ruthlessly slit into strips of about three inches wide, and Harry himself was the first victim of the tying process.

He was placed with his back against a small tree and beginning at the feet, the strips were wound about him and the trunk until he was almost rigid and the improvised rope was all used up.

The small boys wore no coats. Harry wondered how they were to be secured.

CHAPTER XXX.

A FEARFUL SITUATION.

THE problem of the binding of the small boys was soon solved.

"Off with their trousers," commanded Bill, and in a few minutes each of the three was fastened to a tree trunk by means of his own breeches, passed across his chest and pinioning his arms securely.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Bill brutally, when the process had been completed.

His companions joined in his mirth, although one grunted that he might have been saved a good deal of trouble if they had only thought to truss up the big fellow the same way.

"And now we must vamoose," directed Bill, suddenly sobering down. "It's

getting late, and their nurses may be coming in search of these babies."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Harry, "that you are going off, leaving us in this helpless fashion?"

He had kept silent up to this point, confining all his powers of resistance to the muscles of his arms and legs. But now, as he saw the men gathering up the silver preparatory to taking their departure, he could not resist entering a protest.

"What! is it afraid of the dark?" rejoined Bill mockingly. "Then making a profound obeisance, he added: "Good night, kids. Your heads may be a trifle high, but I trust you may have a good night's rest."

Then followed by his companions, he disappeared among the trees in the direction of Canterbury.

Harry would have rubbed his eyes, had his hands been free, to make certain all this was not a dream. It seemed so out of reason that this act of brigandage should take place between two towns in the populous part of the country. But the big fire in Podmans had demoralized everybody in the place. And this was one of the sequels.

"What do you suppose is going to become of us?" now said one of the small boys in a trembling voice.

"Oh, somebody'll happen along to set us free, or else I may be able to work myself loose in time," Harry rejoined reassuringly.

"But nobody ever does come out here at night," added the boy whom the others called Percy.

"But won't your people come out to look for you if you don't get back by tea time?" inquired Harry.

"They don't know where we've gone. We said first we'd go down to the brook and play steamboat, then Bert said it would be fun to come over to the woods where there was this marshy spot and make an encampment out of our tin soldiers."

"I'm awful sorry we arrested you," here put in Bert. "If we hadn't done that we wouldn't have got into that awful scrape."

"Oh, what was that you were saying about a big fire in Podmans," exclaimed Larry King, the third boy. "Do you know whether any paper office is burned down?"

"What sort of an office was it?" inquired Harry.

"Newspaper. He is the publisher of the Podmans Press."

"Then it's gone," replied Harry. "I remember noticing it particularly, because I am a newspaper man myself."

"You are!" exclaimed the three small boys in chorus. Then

"What paper do you own?" went on Larry eagerly, forgetting the instant the family misfortune.

"The Receipt Record," replied Harry not without a touch of pride.

"Oh, I've heard of that!" exclaimed Larry. "And are you really Harry Atwin, the boy who captured Dan Miggs?"

"That's my name."

"I guess if those roughs had known that," interjected Percy, "they wouldn't have dared to treat you the way they did. Why didn't you tell them?"

"I'm afraid if I couldn't show them that they ought to be afraid of me, it wouldn't have done any good to tell them so."

"And papa's office is all burned out, you say?" went on Larry, recurring to his troubles.

"Yes, I am afraid it is. I saw the roof fall in."

"Was it a big fire?" asked Bert.

"Two whole blocks burned."

"In the business part?"

"Yes; right in the heart of the town."

Bert and Percy were now as worried about their father, as Larry was about his. Both were engaged in business in Podmans, one as the proprietor of a furniture store; the other as harness dealer.

"They'll think at home we've been burnt up in the fire," Percy exclaimed, and wriggled with all his might in the endeavor to get free.

The sun now sent long red rays into the woods. It was near its setting. Harry felt that he must do something to help those boys.

He exerted all his strength in the endeavor to break his bonds, but the folds had been drawn about him so snugly that he could not even start them.

"See if you can't work yourself loose, Larry," he said. "You can't do anything with your feet, I suppose?"

"Nothing but kick this old tree," replied Larry.

"Can you, Bert, or Percy, do any better?" went on Harry.

But the ruffians had done their work too well.

There was silence for a few minutes. Harry realized that the situation was more serious than he had at first been inclined to regard it.

He could look back and trace in his mind the comparatively insignificant circumstances by means of which all that had befallen him had come about. That delay on the switch was responsible for it all. Had it not been for that he would now probably be in the train with Dick, bound from the city to Canterbury.

What would become of the next day's Record? Would the boys go ahead with it without him?

With so much to be done, it seemed as if his very will power must break these bonds and permit him to go free.

"What was that?" suddenly exclaimed Bert.

"What?" inquired Larry.

"That noise. There, didn't you hear it?"

Harry certainly did hear something, but what it was he could not quite make out.

"There it goes again," cried Percy.

"Oh, boys, I think it's a wild beast."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Harry.

"There are no wild beasts in these woods. It's probably somebody coming along who will set us free. I'll call out to him."

"No, no, don't, don't," cried Larry. "I know now what it is. There was a dime museum on the same block with the Press office. They had a lion there. He must have got away when the place burned down."

As if to prove the truth of Larry's words an unmistakable howl now echoed through the woods.

To say that Harry was not frightened, would be to make a misstatement. And certainly the circumstances were enough to terrify the stoutest heart.

A meeting with a wild beast in a woods is not a pleasant episode under the most favorable conditions; to have the encounter take place when you're lashed helplessly to a tree, is enough to make the brownest hair turn white.

"Keep perfectly quiet, boys," said Harry, trying to speak steadily. "Ten chances to one he will pass us by."

"He won't; he'll smell us out and eat us up," returned Bert, and he appeared ready to fall into a fit of hysterics at a moment's notice.

"Hush, Bert!" Harry commanded.

Then all was still in the little circle for a moment or two.

Meanwhile the crashing of the underbrush off towards Podmans continued, now and then interspersed with a growl.

"I wonder if they're not on his track," Harry asked himself. "In that case the beast's advent is the best thing that could have happened to us, provided he doesn't make a meal of us before the men get here."

The minutes went by. Harry glanced at his companions. He feared that some of them might faint from terror.

"Courage, boys," he called out to them under his breath.

At that instant there was a savage roar. The lion must have stepped on a nettle.

There was a swaying of bushes and then the great brute rushed into the circle formed by the four captives. He stood still for a second, lashing his tail and surveying them.

(To be continued.)

THE UNREALITY OBVIOUS.

CASPAR CORKER—"Say cull, I dreamed las' night that I climbed to the top of a tall mount'n, an' found a waggin load of gold. JONAS DEADBEAT—"Tough when you waked up, wasn't it?"

CASPAR CORKER—"No; I knowed I was dreamin' or I'd never o' climbed that mountain."—*Chicago Record.*

IN THE STAMP PARLANCE.

"ONE hustle and two whiskers," said the red nose man at the stamp window. "All right," was the clerk's prompt reply, "here you are. Fourteen cents please." When the red nose man moved away he clutched a couple of Columbian two cent and an immediate delivery stamp in his right hand.—*Buffalo Courier.*

SHOOTING STARS.

At midnight, when the stars were bright, I paused to contemplate their host untold, All glittering with refugence of pure gold:
 Like gill-eyed daisies in a field of night!
 And as I watched them with a deep delight
 I saw one quiver and then lose its hold
 And drop to nowhere. Soon another rolled
 down the sky and filtered out of sight.
 One by one, full many slipped from view;
 And, wondering where they fell, my couch
 I sought.
 When I awoke, the Dawn, behind its bars,
 As flushing pink, while sparkling drops
 of dew
 Lay on the grass, and then there came
 this thought:
 That dewdrops are the ghosts of fallen
 stars!

—Godey's

Literary Assistance from Dreams.

Quite a long time ago I read in the Literary Chit Chat "department of me paper that Mr. Robert Louis evenson obtained a great many ideas" for plots, and sometimes entire prias, from his dreams. He would eam a strange, weird dream, and as on as he could wake himself up he ould fly to the table and jot down the eleton of the plot to be worked out at sleisure.

The idea had a strange fascination r me. I am an inveterate and indus- rious dreamer, but I have never con- sidered the work done by my intellect ring the hours devoted in our house somnolence as of a very marketable aracter. A large, adult piebald mare, th green eyes and hoofs like Milwan- e hams dancing a hornpipe on a de- sence journalist's breast, never emed to me likely to form a good sub- ject for a narrative of excitement and venture which would hold the reader eltbody and net the author ten per cent on a large number of editions; and had, therefore, never endeavored to unslate my visions.

Very frequently I find myself out of od, first class plots, which begin in ublic and end in mystery, but I usually awl around some way until an idea esents itself, even if it doesn't come to the chapter heads all written out id a preface ready worded. A short e ago, however, I found myself one y in pressing need of a check from the responsible publisher. I had no SS. on hand, the ragman having but st left the door, while I knew of zens of editors who were waiting gerly for anything from my pen ich, whether suitable for their col- ors or not, they would be only too glad examine and thank me for submitting them—the great mass of MSS. re- ved rendering individual criticism possible.

But not an idea did I have in my head til, as a last resource, the dream plot seme occurred to me. I could hardly t until my usual hour for retiring, so rain was I that I would wake up in a morning with a full fledged plot and ad taste in my mouth. To encour- my dreamer to its very best efforts dscribed before retiring a large quan- y of a German brand of cheese, then its second childhood, two pieces of oopie, four pickles, a glass of milk d a sandwich. My head had no mer touched the pillow than Slumber rked me for her own.

I am not quite sure whether my dream prove successful as a novel or not, ough if dramatized as a spectacular e it might have a long run. I jotted en the leading incidents as nearly as ould remember them when I woke up, I arranged in the form of a narrative plot runs about as follows:
 A beautiful maiden named Arabella id in a little cottage on the borders a lovely lake in the wilderness. Her ly life ran as gently and easily as a taking his base on balls; but she d no sooner grow up into a lovely tailed ourde outwain than her life ran to be troubled. One day she was ng on the L road from 125th Street the City Hall, when her father, who at that moment lassoing a wild an steer on the prairie near by, sud- dly discovered her, and demanded she marry One Eyed Mike, who ed a magnificent mansion close at id, built in the top of the large oak d. Quickly dismounting from the

trained giraffe which she bestrode, she ran rapidly to the edge of a neighboring cliff and leaped into space. She struck head foremost upon the stomach of a newspaper man who was lying peace- fully asleep in the sun.

He started up with a wild cry, but she was gone like a flash, and far down the shady walk he could hear her merry, mocking laugh; a moment he wavered, undecided what to do, while the good ship plowed her proud way through the night, when there, right in the vessel's course, he beheld with horror an im- mense house and lot. With rare ab- sence of mind he signaled the engineer to go ahead full speed. In a second more the steamer would crash into the obstacle and go to destruction. Suddenly Arabella sprang into his arms. "I am yours," she said—"save me!" He clasped her close in his arms and lashed his nearly exhausted steed to a last effort. The reefs were now close behind, riding like mad, and filling the air with their demoniac yells. Visions of burning at the stake and dragging at the heels of wild horses flashed through the minds of the fugitives. At this instant their horse stumbled and fell.

The wild horde of whooping savages came on like an avalanche. Not a mo- ment was to be lost; together they jumped into the balloon and sailed away into space. On, on, they sailed through the intoxicating air. They two, who loved each other so passionately, so devotedly, alone in the solemn stillness of the realm between heaven and earth. The thought was rapture. Suddenly the conductor rushed into the car and cried "Jump for your lives; the train has run off the end of the bridge." The next instant there was a horrible crash, and the frightened horses, now completely unmanageable, dashed away toward the cliff, dragging the frail car- riage and its terrified occupants to cer- tain death. The young lovers clung to each other in agony. Thrice he reverently kissed her pallid and unresponsive lips, and then, raising her in his strong arms, he groped his way toward the door.

The stairway was a roaring sea of flame. He turned toward the window. The ground was fifty feet below, and all of the ladders were too short. They must jump. Holding his loved one still more closely, he commended their souls to heaven, and leaped far out. Down, down, down they went. Night was coming on, and still the foot of the mountain was not reached. The air was growing bitterly cold, and every minute the drifting snow in the path grew deeper and deeper. At last, exhausted, they sank down into the snow. The cold was intense, numbing every member. They were slowly freezing—

At this moment I was constrained to reach out in a wild, groping way, to discover where the bed clothes were spending the night, as there were positively none in my immediate vicinity; and, as I had sneezed myself into an almost perfect state of wakefulness, I decided that I would not again tempt the Brownies until I had written down a synopsis of what they had already given me, which will account for the lack of a more fitting denouement. I am at something of a loss to know how many volumes the plot, as here outlined, ought to be padded out into, and just how many butlers, and messenger boys, and maiden aunts, and younger sisters, and maid servants and villains ought to be introduced to work up for "descriptive," and to supply the conversation while the principals are otherwise engaged.

If the editor will kindly advise me on these little points, I will gladly tackle the job, and have the story turn out in any way desired, except as an advertise- ment for a Nightmare Eradicator, but for the present my dream plot Brownies are taking an unlimited vaca- tion without pay.

An Under Water Route to Europe.

The trolley as a propelling force appears to have come to a standstill in the evil things said against it. Indeed, in place of retreating, there is now talk of its advancing into still another do- main. An item in the Boston Courier suggests this wider field for electricity in the following words:

It is pretty well understood that the limit of speed in ocean steamers is about reached if the present models are ad- hered to, and that if there is to be any

gain in swiftness it must be by the trial of a new form. The difficulty is to de- vise a vessel of which the structural strength shall be great enough to carry the massive engines requisite for in- creased speed and at the same time to resist the force of the ocean storms.

If the sea were calm there would be no difficulty in increasing the speed of the "ocean greyhounds, but with the tre- mendous force of waves and storm it is not possible to do this with the present models. It is not impossible that the solution of the problem lies in the sub- marine ship, and that the passenger steamer of the future will go under water instead of across its surface.

The advance made in the planning and working of submarine boats in the last ten years makes this seem not wholly impracticable, as it must have looked once; and there is no doubt that the freedom from the effects of storms would allow a swiftness which could hardly be arrived at on the surface. It might also solve the question of seasick- ness, as it is possible that submarine lo- comotion would be much smoother and less disturbing to the stomach than the present method of traveling. All that one can say, however, is that we shall see what we shall see.

Perhaps the steamer of the future will be operated on a trolley by means of a submarine cable. The advantages of this plan would be great, as it would prevent the necessity of carrying im- mense quantities of fuel and of keeping the vessel loaded down with enormous engines. All the delay and difficulty and expense of managing furnaces and engines on board ship would be done away with by the oceanic trolley sys- tem, and the ships would be made so much lighter that they would be whiz- zing across the ocean in a couple of days.

Danger of accidents would be no greater than it is at present by having a sufficient number of steamers on the route, which could keep the cables in repair, and which in case of any acci- dent to the trolley could bring the pas- senger boat in port, or put it again in connection with the cable. "There can be no question that the proper means of crossing the Atlantic quickly is by some system which will allow the motive power to be applied from the shore, either by a trolley or a cable.

The limit of speed for ships that carry engines and fuel is certainly practically reached on the surface, and there are no means in the way of submarine navigation which it would be hard to conquer. The trolley system is capable of great extension, and we may yet live to get to Europe by its means.

The Shortening Trips of a Cannon Ball.

HAVE you not often thought how inter- esting it would be to bore a hole through the earth and come out safely on the other side without running the risk of navigating dangerous seas in order to arrive there? The St. Louis Republic has been speculating on what use could be made of such a hole, and the Chicago Tribune has undertaken to correct its contemporary on one or two points.

The Republic, says the Tribune, is credited with a statement that if it were possible to bore a hole entirely through the earth, and then to start a ball of iron weighing 100 pounds falling "down" the hole, the ball would stop on reaching the center of the earth. It is explained that the attractive force decreases each way from the surface, and is zero at the center, so the ball would have no weight in arriving there, the pull of all the particles composing our globe being equal in every direc- tion.

This explanation is nearly correct, but the conclusion is erroneous. The error arises from confounding the force at any point with the motion due to all the force that has acted on the mov- ing body. In the language of the cal- culator the differential is mistaken for the integral.

It is comparatively easy to calculate that a ball allowed to fall down such a hole would arrive at the center a little more than 21 minutes from the time of starting. More precisely stated, the time would be 1,267.3 seconds if the hole contained no atmospheric or other par- ticles to retard the movement. But, having arrived there, the ball would



Mr. S. G. Derry.

Thousands

Of Dollars I spent trying to find a cure for Salt Rheum, which I had 13 years. Physicians said they never saw so severe a case. My legs, back and arms were covered by the humor. I began to take HOOD'S SASSAPARILLA, and the flesh became more healthy, the sores soon healed, the scales fell off, I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford St., Providence, R. I.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache. Try them.

continue to move, because of the velocity already acquired, and arrive at the other end of the hole in 1,267.3 seconds after passing the center. On reaching the sur- face it would fall back and reach the original starting point in 8 1/2 minutes after leaving it. If the hole were a perfect vacuum the ball would continue swinging forever back and forth, with a gigantic movement similar to that of a pendulum, each swing of nearly 8,000 miles being per- formed in the same time, about 42 1/4 min- utes.

But the air contained in the monster bore would act as a brake on the ball, and for that reason each successive swing would be shorter than the one next pre- ceding it, the consequence being that after a very great number of swings the ball would come to a state of rest at the center instead of repeating the journey to all eternity in a vacuum.

THE SOBER SECOND THOUGHT.

"THE next man that asks if this is hot enough for me," exclaimed the bookkeeper in a towering rage, "is going to get the whole side of his face knocked off."

"Well, Addemp," said the proprietor, happening in a moment later, hanging his hat on a peg and removing his coat, "is this hot enough for you?"

"Y—yes, sir," replied Mr. Addemp.—Chicago Tribune.

Do You Want Money?
 We can put it in your Pocket

WE want agents to sell THE ARGOSY by the week. On every copy sold we will pay one and one half cent profit. That is to say—we sell THE ARGOSY to you for three and one half cents and you sell it for five. Any live boy can work up a list of one hundred or more regular weekly buyers. We will furnish sample copies free of charge, and do all in our power to aid you in working up a good list. A sale of one hundred copies a week would give you a clear profit of one dollar and fifty cents. By adding constantly to your list and holding your old customers you could increase it to a point where you would get three to five dollars a week. This can all be done evenings and will be just so much extra money earned. From the small beginning like this start great fortunes. There is very little work in keeping up a list after it is once established. It is like having money in the savings bank, it brings in a regular income that you can depend upon.

Don't let some one else begin it once, get ahead of you. This is an opportunity well worth your attention. Write us saying how many sample copies you want—whether one hundred or more. When you receive them put them into homes where you will be most likely to secure buyers. Call on all your friends and acquaintances and ask them to agree to buy THE ARGOSY from you for say one month or more at five cents per copy. By this means they will get interested in the stories in THE ARGOSY and you will make permanent buyers of them.

A List of Prizes. We shall offer a series of prizes each week to the boys who sell the largest number of copies of any one issue of THE ARGOSY. We cannot offer large prizes until we get a good list of agents. We will begin by offering the following for the largest number of copies sold of Number 533 of THE ARGOSY: 1st prize, one Bound Volume Five of THE ARGOSY, worth \$5; 2nd, Bound Volumes VI and VII of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, worth \$4; 3d, one year's subscription to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, worth \$3; 4th, one copy of "Under Fire," by Frank A. Munsey, worth \$2; 5th, one copy of "A Tragedy of Errors," by Frank A. Munsey, worth \$1.50. We shall more than likely publish one or more portraits each week of boys who act as our agents.

Let us hear from you by return mail. The sooner you get started the better.

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

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Now Ready—The
September
Munsey's.

WITH pictures of palaces, kings, mythological subjects, actresses, humorists, etc.

Also three serials, three short stories, poetry and the usual departments. Over a hundred pages of reading matter. A capital number of this popular magazine.



Outdoor Happiness

After you know how—you learn in a day—
—you learn in a day—
—it's easier than walking—
—more fascinating than tennis—takes you nearer to Nature's heart—
—makes you healthier than you ever were before.

Finest cycling catalogue in the world, free at Columbia agencies, by mail for two two-cent stamps. Pope Mfg. Co., Boston, New York, Chicago.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

EPPS'

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCO

BOILING WATER OR MILK

LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Tea

When you can get the **Best Cargo prices** in any of Dinner, Tea and Toast, Watches, Clocks, Music-Cook Books and all kinds of **Gifts given to Club Members** in **Good Income** made by orders for our celebrated **Tea**. For full particulars apply to **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY**, P. O. Box 298, 31 and 33 Vesey St.

WORK FOR US

If you are seeking an honorable business in persons of either sex, and all ages, make good the time they work, write to us for particulars. **Beginners easily earn \$25 per week** bear all expense of starting you.

TRUE & CO., Box 1300, August

STAMPS 100 all dif. Mauritius, Tasmania, etc. 200 all dif. Hayti, Hawaii, etc., only wanted at 33 1-3 per cent. com. C. A. Stegmann 2615 Dickson St., St. Louis.

The Pot insulted the Kettle because the Cook did not use

SAPOLIO

Good Cooking demands Cleanliness. Sapolio should be used in every Kitchen.



Send 10 cts. silver, for postage, etc. **SEND HEAD EXHIBIT** will force a head made in 15 days full beard in 30. Never known to fail. Sample packages, postage, 1.50; two for 2.50; one **50c.** Agents wanted everywhere. Address **WESSON MFG. CO., 6 E. St., Providence, R. I.**



HAS DONE IT for whom, will do it for you. One **BEARD EXHIBIT** will force a head made in 15 days full beard in 30. Never known to fail. Sample packages, postage, 1.50; two for 2.50; one **50c.** Agents wanted everywhere. Address **WESSON MFG. CO., 6 E. St., Providence, R. I.**

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. **T. S. DENISON, Pub. Chicago, Ill.**

112 Foreign Stamps, Senegal, Inda-Chine, Mexico etc., 6c. **A. E. ASHFIELD, 846 E. 163rd St., N. Y.**

FINE GUNS.



We offer a well assorted lot of Fine Guns, made by Colt, Parker, Chabrough, and others at unheard of prices. Also a limited number of excellent Double-barrel Breech-loaders at \$7.50. Single barrel at \$4.50 and \$7.50. Last named by Scout Top Lever. Terms C. O. D. When full amount of cash accompanies order, a complete set of Reloading Tools furnished free. We offer the Plymouth and Blot Air Rifle, made wholly of brass and steel, nickel-plated, with Antique Oak stock, and 100 loads, at \$1.50, or the Magic Magazine Air Rifle, shooting 150 times, at \$2. Cash with order. These beautiful rifles shoot shot, and are invaluable for killing Rats, English Sparrows, and other pests, and for target practice. We are sole agents for the N. Y. Club Hunting and Target Rifle and the Columbian D. A. and Self-Ejecting Revolvers, both triumphs of American skill and yet very low. Good Revolvers, full plated, for home defence, 22 cal., \$1.32 cal., \$1.50; Bull dog, \$2.00—former price, \$9.50. Columbian Double Action, 32 and 38 cal., \$2.00; Automatic, \$4.00. Beautiful Boxing Gloves by mail, postage paid, per set of 4 gloves, Chamois Skin, boy's size, \$1.75; men's, \$2.25; White kid, \$2.75. Fine Split Bamboo, Trout or Bass 3 Joint Rods, \$2.50, worth \$6.00. Nickle-plated reels to match. 75c. Send stamps to ensure answer and catalogue. Remit by P. O. Order, Reg'd Letter, or N. Y. draft, P. O. Box 1114, **THE H. & D. FOLSOM ARMS CO., 15 MURRAY ST., N. Y.**

THE MOST REMARKABLE EXHIBIT. "The electric launches are the most remarkable things at the World's Fair," said a Pittsburg who has just returned. "How's that?" "They are the only things which are charged. Everything else is cash."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A DESIGNING PAIR.

JASPER—"See how that little boy is looking at the green apples on that tree. He has designs on them. Will that man driving by in the gig stop him?"
JUMPUPPE—"No; for that man driving by in the gig has designs on the boy. He's the village doctor."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Agts. Wanted Everywhere
BICYCLES
\$20 to \$60 Saved on New
A \$30 Victor Jr. for \$18. All makes new & 2nd hand; largest & oldest dealers in U. S. Easy Payments if desired. We sell everywhere. Catalogue free. **ROUSE, HALAB & CO.** Mfrs. 14, G. St. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Volume XV

THE ARGOSY BOUND.

This handsome book is now ready. It includes the numbers from August 27, 1892 to February 18, 1893.

Seventeen Serials

By Optic, Alger, Graydon, Putnam, Foster, Stratemeyer, Converse, Ewing, White, Smith, Winfield, Shilling, and Parsons.

Nearly Fifty Illustrated Short Stories.

Special Articles About

Boxing, Boat Sailing, Dumb Bells, Football, Shooting, Skating, Bicycling, etc., etc.

The volume is handsomely bound with index and title page, and profusely illustrated. It contains over 350 pages.

Price \$1.50.

Express charges to be paid by receiver. It will be sent by mail when so desired. Postage 35 cents.

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

A Superb Book.

BOUND VOLUME VIII

—OF—

Munsey's Magazine.

Among the articles of special interest to readers of **The Argosy** are:

Physical Prowess.

With pictures of noted athletes, ancient and modern.

Mountain Railroad Engineering.

With views of hill climbing roads.

Bull Fighting.

With spirited pictures of scenes in the arena.

An Arraignment of Napoleon.

Beautifully illustrated.

Besides the foregoing, the 728 pages contain many other special papers, besides twenty charming short stories and Matthew White, Jr.'s complete novel on bicycling, entitled:

"A Romance on Wheels."

The price of this handsome book, elegantly bound in green and gold, is only \$2. delivered at this office. When sent by express, charges to be paid by receiver.

Also on hand bound Volumes VI and VII, at the same price.

FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY,

155 East 23d Street, New York.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.