

THE ARGOSY

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1893

Checkmate.

BY WILLIAM LIEBERMANN.

CHAPTER I.

RALPH STARTS ON AN EVENTFUL JOURNEY.

It was raining hard. Ralph Walpole thought he had never heard so dismal a sound as the pelting of the storm on the roof of the station.

But then Ralph was in a mood to be easily made dismal. He was waiting for the train to come and carry him away from a town where there was nobody left to take care of him, and bear him to another where he was to present himself at the home of a man he had never seen.

Little wonder then that Ralph felt blue, especially as his train was over an hour late and it was ten o'clock now. The few who had come to see him off had long since gone home and to bed. The ticket window had been closed. There was no one about the station except himself.

Looking out through the window up the track in the direction whence his train would come, Ralph suddenly saw a light flash into the blackness.

"At last!" he cried with a great sigh of relief, and hurried to the door, where he stood under the eaves just out of reach of the rain, watching steadily for the light to grow bigger.

But strangely enough, it did not do this, although it was undeniably coming closer.

"What can it be?" thought Ralph. He was a boy much given to reading and fond of mysteries. His curiosity then, was set agog in the wildest fashion when presently he made out the light to be that of a lantern held in the hand of a trainman aboard a handcar.

There were three other men on the car, which was running by gravity on the down grade toward the junction. One of them wore a silk hat and held an umbrella, and all four were peering intently ahead of them into the darkness.

What were they after? How far were they going? Who was the man in the tall hat?

All these questions and more Ralph asked himself as the handcar flashed past him and was swallowed up in the gloom beyond.

He did not find out until some two hours later, when he was aboard the sleeper of the belated train. Then to his eager questioning the porter replied that the man in the silk hat was a celebrated detective in search of a bank robber. The train was so late that he had hired the handcar to take him over the down grade to the junction in time to catch the express East.

Ralph was greatly excited by this intelligence.

"It must be great fun to be a detective," he said to himself.

He little realized then that he was already embarked on a trip which would involve him in detective work beside which that done by the fellow on the handcar—who did not capture his man after all—was but child's play.

And the train of circumstances which were to lead to this began to make themselves manifest the next afternoon.

Only three passengers were in the rear car, and as was natural, two of them were soon in animated conver-

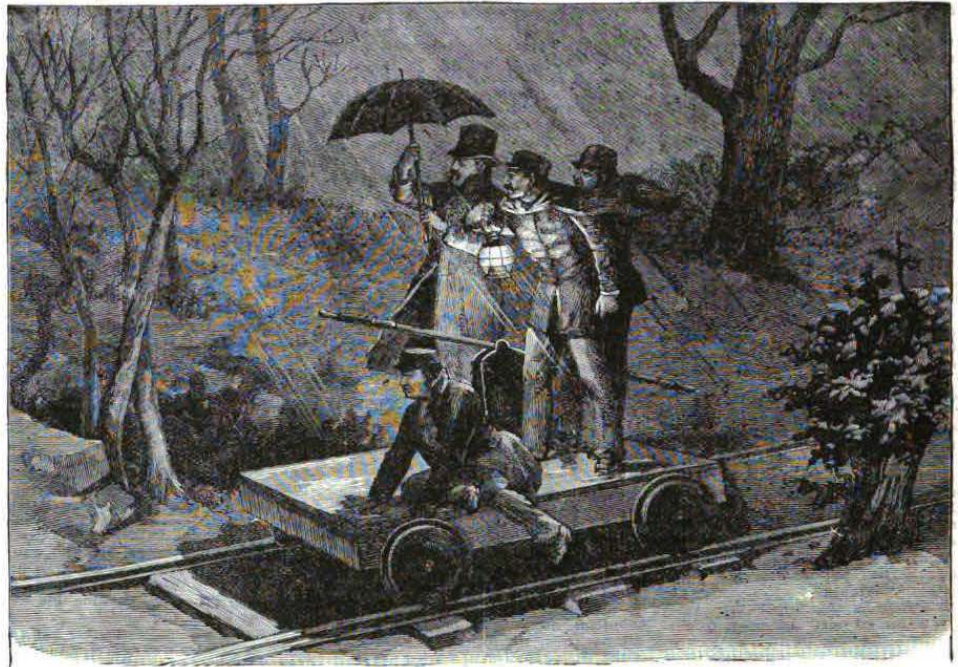
too deep in classic lore to be observant of the little vanities of those around him. Mr. Jones was an A. B. and a college tutor to boot, and being on his vacation, was in the case of a man out of his proper place in life, and totally innocent of all knowledge outside of his professional duties.

So thought Ralph Walpole, and therefore concluded to take Mr. Jones into his confidence. Or rather, he took Mr. Jones into his confidence without thinking about it at all.

"I never was as far from home as this, before," said Ralph.

good hearted old maid who lived in the village, a regular dried specimen, who wanted me to do chores for her, and be a sort of general boy of all work around her place, for which she promised to give me board and lodging, and helpful instruction! You may guess I didn't accept that offer, and before Colonel Clifford's letter came, enclosing money for present expenses, I was pretty low down."

Mr. Jones listened with as much interest as was consistent with his languid state of mind, and with a few skillfully put questions, soon brought



ALL FOUR WERE PEERING INTENTLY AHEAD INTO THE DARKNESS.

sation. They were both young men; in fact, one was hardly more than sixteen years old, but there was something manly and independent about him, as if he felt that the whole world lay before him, and he had not the least doubt of his ability to gather it in.

"Yes, Mr. Jones," he was saying to his new acquaintance, as he glanced at the bit of pasteboard in his hand, bearing the neat inscription "Adolphus Jones, A. B.," "yes, I did rather wish to go to college myself, but you see, I couldn't spare time."

Perhaps he expected Mr. Jones to be impressed with a sufficient sense of his importance; but that gentleman calmly stared through his gold rimmed eye glasses, with the air of a man far

"Going to see friends?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Yes. That is, I'm going to see a gentleman whom I never saw before, but who was a friend of my father's."

"Father send you?" queried Adolphus.

"No, my father is dead. But I'll tell you how it was. He was an old friend of father's, and is very rich. He has no relatives except a nephew who is a bad lot, and so he wrote to me to come and stay with him, and gave me to understand that he would make me his heir if he liked me."

His letter came mighty handy, too, I can tell you, for since mother died, six months ago, I have been really living on friends. I couldn't get anything to do except an offer from a

out the salient points of Ralph's history. In fact, Ralph was burning to tell his story to some one; and he was not a little dazed by the effects of the letters A. B. on Mr. Jones' card. And Mr. Jones, too, in spite of his languid manner, appeared to have a fair share of the love of adventure and romance, and lent such a willing hand to Ralph's efforts at castle building, that it was with regret on both sides that they parted as they reached the next station.

Ralph leaned out of his window in the hope of waving a farewell to his new friend, but was disappointed. He did not see him, which was not at all remarkable, as Mr. Adolphus Jones, A. B. had merely walked through to the forward car, and got in to smoke

a cigar. Perhaps he had reason to avoid Ralph; perhaps he had only feared of his company.

Ralph, left to himself, turned his attention to the third passenger. This was a gentleman of about fifty five, whose face seemed a constant challenge to the world to try any of its tricks on him, and see what would come of it. He was used to traveling; he traveled at least once every five years; and he knew how to prepare for it.

He wore a long linen duster reaching nearly to his feet, a close fitting black merino traveling cap and a pair of green tinted dust spectacles, through which he glared at every one he met, with undisguised distrust.

It was with this formidable personage that Ralph now tried to open a conversation, but without any great degree of success; for Mr. Jonathan Jinks, of Porson's Hollow, Ohio, concluded at once that this young man must be a member of some desperate band of thieves, and that he only wished to gain information which might enable the band to waylay him, Mr. Jinks, and rob him.

With this idea in mind he returned but few and curt answers to Ralph's remarks, and the one sided conversation was soon dropped. Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to Mr. Jinks; this young man might be a pick-pocket!

Hastily plunging his hands into his pockets, he of course missed his purse, which he had a few minutes before placed in his handbag for safe keeping. He rose at once, shook his fist at Ralph, (who concluded he must have a lunatic for traveling companion,) and hurried out of the car.

In a minute he returned, bringing with him the conductor. The latter laid his hand on Ralph's shoulder, saying:

"This gentleman thinks he has been robbed. Of course you will have no objections to satisfying him that you did not take his pocketbook?"

"But he did! he did!" almost screamed the old man. "Look at his face! look at his face!" For Ralph had turned crimson at the accusation.

"What—what shall I do?" he asked the conductor, too much taken by surprise even to deny the accusation.

"Oh, just turn out your pockets, sir, and show the gentleman you haven't got it." The conductor, who was a good enough judge of character to see at a glance how matters really stood, spoke kindly enough to Ralph.

"And you, sir," he said, turning to the old gentleman, who stood there, white with rage, and shaking his fist at Ralph, "you, sir, had better look in your hand bag, and see if your pocketbook isn't there."

Grumbling all the time that he was perfectly sure it was not, Mr. Jinks opened the bag, and there, sure enough, lay the pocketbook, just where he had put it. But Mr. Jinks was not convinced.

"The young scamp put it there when he saw me go out!" he cried, forgetting that the bag itself was locked. And he carefully examined the contents of the pocketbook, and seemed, on the whole, quite disappointed to find everything undisturbed.

However, the conductor took no more notice of him, and turned to make excuses to Ralph for the annoyance to which he had been put. But Ralph had quickly forgotten the incident in view of a far more serious mishap.

In turning out his pockets he had become aware that his own pocketbook was gone. The loss was a serious one, for his letters, his railroad ticket and all his money except a few dollars in loose change were in that pocketbook.

"The best thing you can do," said the conductor, "is to get out at the next station and telegraph to your friends to send you on some money to Chicago. You'll have to get a new ticket beyond there. I'll pass you as far as this train goes, but I can't do any more."

Ralph thanked him and decided to follow his advice. So, at the next stop he got out, and looked for the telegraph office.

As luck would have it, the operator was not there, and Ralph had quite a time finding him. At last, however, the telegram was written, and Ralph turned to leave the office. Just as he did so the train began to move out, and Ralph, in his haste, slipped and fell on the platform. Nobody saw him, however, and before he could rise the train had moved on far beyond the chance of catching it, and he found himself left alone at an almost deserted way station, and equally distant from the friends he had left, and those he was going to meet.

CHAPTER II. TAKEN PRISONER.

A way station, where, on account of a good water supply, most of the through trains halted. This was the place at which Ralph had been left.

Of course the simplest way out of the difficulty would have been to telegraph his second mishap to Colonel Clifford, and wait for relief. But this plan was a great deal too simple to enter into his head.

He had left home—his home of the last few months, with great ideas of the world and the methods of conquering it. It was not his fault that he had wrong ideas of life, that he thought pluck was all that was needed to succeed.

We are all of us told so day after day, and we only find out as we grow older, that a few ounces of common sense go farther than bushels of pluck.

But Ralph having the pluck, and lacking the common sense, decided to work his way to St. Louis, after the manner of certain mythical boy heroes of fiction he had read of. So, he asked the only man he could find, a station hand, baggage master, and general man of all work, where there was a town near by.

"Well," he said, scratching his ear, "there's Porson's Hollow about four miles up th' road, but I guess that ain't quite what you'd call a town. Then there's Gadsville seven miles beyond. I guess you can get a team over to Porson's as'll drive you to Gadsville."

Ralph thanked the man, and started out for Porson's Hollow. It was twelve o'clock when he set out, and in a little more than an hour he reached the village.

Almost the first thing he noticed was an old rickety buggy standing in front of the hotel—every inn is a hotel nowadays—and on the veranda Mr. Jonathan Jinks, discussing oracularly on his visit to New York. Mr. Jinks seeing Ralph, broke off in the midst of his remarks—a thing most unprecedented in the annals of Porson's Hollow, where Mr. Jinks generally talked steadily so long as there was any one to listen to him—and stared open-mouthed at him, shaking his head all the time, till Ralph passed out of sight.

An hour later found Ralph still tramping along the road to Gadsville, where he hoped to find work and earn enough to reach Chicago or better still, St. Louis.

Just here the road passed through some thick woods, and Ralph, hot and weary with his two hours' tramp, turned into them in search of a spring, and a place to rest a while. He soon found a spot to his liking. Pulling out his handkerchief, he drew out with it a sealed envelope.

Surprised at this, he hastily broke it open, and found it contained two ten dollar bills, and a note worded as follows:

"Return to your home at once. You will never reach your present destination. Write to Col. Clifford and decline his offer. Your future will be looked after."

There was no superscription, no signature. Ralph read and re-read the

strange note, and stared helplessly at the two ten dollar bills.

"Well," he thought "somebody is taking uncommon interest in my affairs. But I don't like this advice. The money is very useful, though, and I needn't go any further than Gadsville, for now I have money enough to go on to Chicago, and I shall hear from Colonel Clifford when I get there. I wonder who it is, though."

And so his thoughts rambled on as he leaned back on his mossy couch, and gazed at the little patch of clear blue sky, visible through the tree tops.

The wind gently swayed the branches, making a soothing rustle, and the distant whirr of crickets and drone of bees gently wove themselves into the fabric of his day dreams, till all life seemed tinged with the noisy stillness of the woods, and waking dreams became indistinct and wove themselves into the visions of sleep, and Ralph still sat there thinking, thinking of his new home and of Colonel Clifford, thinking of his old home, and his old life, thinking of his experiences of the day, thinking of everything except that the sun was getting nearer and nearer to the western horizon, that the bees no longer droned, and the blue sky above was a far deeper blue than when he first sat down.

He woke with a start, the half-consciousness of sudden awakening greatly exaggerated his surroundings. Beside him, with one hand on his collar, and the other upraising the patriarchal umbrella, ready to fell Ralph at the least sign of an attempt to escape, stood Mr. Jonathan Jinks. The old man was yelling at the top of his voice:

"Here he is! I've caught him. The young rascal! I knew there was something wrong about him, the minute I set eyes on him. Here he is! Here he is!"

Now there was not the least reason for Mr. Jinks to yell, for the people he addressed stood round him, and indeed had all seen Ralph at the same instant.

Ralph himself, not exactly understanding the nature of the case, attempted to rise from his seat. At once the umbrella descended, though of course harmlessly, on his shoulder and Mr. Jinks, under the impression he was about to be attacked, cried out for help, and stepped back so suddenly that his foot caught, and he sat down with a splash, precisely in the center of the pool which had brought Ralph into the woods.

A roar of laughter greeted this mishap. Mr. Jinks glared round as if he thought all the village was in league against him, and then began a long tirade, declaring he would see that justice was done, for Judge Carter was a special friend of his, and would not spare this young villain who had attempted to rob him,—Mr. Jinks,—on the train, etc., etc., shaking his umbrella at Ralph the while.

He was a comical sight, his hat and green spectacles awry, and his clothes wet and bedraggled as he sat in the middle of the pool, too angry to think of getting up from his most undignified position; and Ralph laughed long and heartily at him, while many of the bystanders, unable to restrain themselves joined in the mirth.

But at last Mr. Jinks was pulled out, and Ralph was brought back a prisoner to Porson's Hollow, and shut in the village lock-up, after many fruitless attempts to discover what charge there was against him. All he could find out was: "Oh, he knew, and if he didn't, he'd find out when the constable got back next day."

CHAPTER III. HELP FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER.

The building in which Ralph was thus summarily locked up was an old and somewhat rickety structure, that had formerly served as a school, but

years before had been condemned as unsafe.

The selectmen of the village had hit upon a plan of turning the old place into a jail. Not that there was any need for a jail there, for there had never been but one prisoner confined there since its inauguration to the new purposes. The village constable had "captured" this desperate criminal—a poor, half-witted vagrant who had crawled into the porch of one of the houses in village to seek shelter, and had been accused by the timid old lady who owned it, of burglary.

Great credit did the constable take to himself for this exploit, and many a time had he retold the story, each time adding a little to it, till at last it seemed to the uninitiated a thing really worth being proud of.

The constable had missed the chance of arresting Ralph, and so becoming famous for life, solely because he had gone to Gadsville to visit his married daughter; and it went current in the village that he refused to speak to his son-in-law for some time thereafter for having the bad taste to live in Gadsville.

The jail itself was propped up on all sides by leaning joists, and the windows of the one time school house had been fitted with stout hickory cross pieces. The door had likewise been strengthened by crossbars of hickory; a rough table, a couple of seats and a bed had been placed there to furnish the jail.

Ralph felt a little annoyed when he was locked up in this formidable prison house, with no companions but his thoughts and his supper, which latter had been provided; but he did not think his position by any means serious.

It was all a mistake, of course, and would clear itself up in the morning. So he ate his supper, and began to turn about him for some means of passing the evening.

At first he found some amusement in the crowd of eager faces attempting to catch a glimpse of the prisoner, and calling out all sorts of gibes, which, as they missed the mark, did nothing more than amuse him. Then he tried, by the help of the moonlight, to decipher the inscription cut on the walls by the former prisoners—the school children,—but soon grew tired of this, and threw himself on the bed and tried to sleep.

Toward three o'clock in the morning he was disturbed by a slight grating sound near his bed. The sound continued some time before he was quite awake, but at last he was convinced that the sound was not caused by rats, but by some one sawing away part of the wall.

He got up to look at what was going on. In a few minutes the worker had made a hole of considerable extent by cutting through two boards, and Ralph's astonishment may be imagined as Adolphus Jones, A. B., stepped through the aperture, and after signing to Ralph to make no noise, quickly replaced the boards.

This done, he turned to Ralph, and said in a whisper:

"Well, young man, I'm glad to meet you again."

"But, Mr. Jones, how did you get here?"

"Didn't you just see me cut my way in? But I suppose you want to know why. Well, I've been in search of adventure as long as I can remember, and this is the first time I ever got a chance to break into prison and rescue the inmates in really romantic style."

"Why, Mr. Jones, I didn't think you were romantic."

"Not romantic! Young man, what do you think life is meant for?"

"I really don't know," said Ralph, who began to think Mr. Jones was a little eccentric at least.

"Well, young man, I'll tell you. Life was made for us to see how much romance we could work into it. Life without romance is not life, and that is the sole reason I'm a college

tutor; so that I can read romance all winter and travel in search of it all summer."

Truly Mr. Jones was an apt disciple of Ananias, and a keener judge of character than Ralph might perhaps have been duped by him.

"But let's talk business," he went on, "I came here to help you escape."

"But I don't want to escape," protested Ralph. "I have done nothing, and I shall be set free tomorrow as soon as the mistake is found out. Besides, if I escape people will think I'm guilty, and so if I should be recaptured my chances would be all the harder."

"My dear fellow, do you know of what you are accused?"

"I certainly do not."

"You are accused of housebreaking, and of stealing valuable papers belonging to a lady who lives near here. The lady herself saw the thief, and says it's a young man, well dressed and a stranger in the village. So you see the evidence is against you."

"But even then, I was nowhere but on the road, and didn't go near any houses."

"Have you any witnesses to prove that?"

"No, of course not, but—"

"My dear boy, you don't know the chuckleheadedness of a country court. Why, they hang a man, if they ever get one to hang, on less evidence than there is against you."

"But what should I care for evidence when I know I am not guilty?"

"Will your knowledge save you from being sent to State's prison, if these old jackasses should make up their minds—and they have very small minds, that don't need much to start them—that you're guilty?"

"Well, no, of course it wouldn't, but I'm going to risk it."

"You'll most certainly be convicted, whether you did it or not, and you'll get a long term in jail if you are convicted. You'd better escape."

"But the lady! You say she saw the thief. She surely will be able to tell that it's not me."

"You put a great deal too much trust in that idea. Why, a trigintated woman, how do you expect her to recognize anyone? She's just as likely as not to swear you're the very one, and believe it, too."

"But, if I escape," said Ralph, "where shall I go?"

"Go to Gadsville, seven miles above here, and wait for me. I'm going to Chicago, and that's where you're going, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's where I'm going. But they'll catch me between here and Gadsville."

"Go into the woods and climb a tree, or hide yourself somehow till afternoon. I'll put them off the track, so there'll be no search towards Gadsville except in the forenoon. In the afternoon go on and wait for me."

Ralph, after the first wavering was not hard to persuade, and the two soon passed through the aperture. Adolphus replaced the boards, and then led Ralph round the village to a foot path, and directed him to follow it to the woods.

The sun was just rising as Ralph made his second start toward Gadsville.

(To be continued.)

THE HUMAN RACE IMPROVING.

"Do you think the human race is improving?"

"It is at least growing in the quality of self control."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, for instance, a man was more apt to lose his head than he is now."

"New York Press."

MISGUIDED OBEDIENCE.

"I've made a mortal enemy of Mrs. Parvayno. She told me that her diamond brooch cost \$10,000, but begged me not to tell any one."

"Ah, I see. And you told."

"No, I didn't."—Chicago Record."

THE HARVEST.

The thistle sows her airy host
To every breeze that blows;
On every coast the traveler sees
The seed the thistle sows.
Your bars are all an idle boast;
In vain are hedge and wall;
The thistle sows her airy host
To pass beyond them all.

The cup of grain, without a care,
Is cast to field and plain;
But who is there to reap the yield
On board the flying train?
The sport of mocking earth and air,
Her scattered wealth appears;
For she who sows without a care
Can never bind the ears!
—Dora Read Goodale.

[This Story began in No. 55.]

A Curious Companion.

BY GEORGE KING WHITMORE,

Author of "Fred Acton's Mystery," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE YOUNG LADY FROM ALTOONA.

Max awaited Al's return, with difficulty repressing his curiosity.

"I'm getting a double barreled appetite myself," he said, when his friend finally rejoined him. "I hope we shan't have to wait long before your plan is carried into effect."

"No, for here comes the brakeman now."

"What's he going to do?" Max whispered.

"Wait and you'll see."

The flagman came up the aisle and halted at the opposite section. Then, greatly to Max's surprise, he addressed himself not to the black eyed man, but to the young lady.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he said, "but may I trouble you to step to the other side of the car for a minute? I want to look under the seat."

Al, who, as may be believed, was sharply on the alert, and was standing directly behind the brakeman, added in a low tone:

"You may sit in our section. We are going through to the dining car. Or perhaps you were going to take your dinner any way."

"Yes, oh thank you. Which way is it?" and the girl looked straight into Al's honest eyes as if seeking the protection he was only too glad to give.

"We will show you if you like. Come on, Max," and Al led the way without further preliminary, Max falling in behind to guard the rear.

When they reached the first vestibule, the girl looked fearfully around over her shoulder and past Max.

"He isn't coming, is he?" she asked nervously.

"You mean that precious section mate of yours?" returned Max, in his blunt fashion. "Not he. He hasn't got over being dazed yet by the first class flank movement of my friend."

"Then you did arrange it all on purpose to save me from—from that monster?" and the girl gave a shudder to the recollection of Mr. Black Eyes and a grateful smile to the two young knights who had championed her cause.

"Yes, I may as well own up," said Al. "I hope you are not annoyed?"

"Annoyed!" exclaimed the girl. "I had almost made up my mind to faint or something of the sort so as to get you to help me. You—you are nearer my age, you know, so I felt that I could call upon you without any impropriety. I—I hope you don't mind my reminding you that you are not altogether grown up."

Each boy showed by a look that he felt only too highly honored by the confidence his outward appearance must have inspired. There was no opportunity for speech, as they were passing, single file, through the next car, but when they reached a vestibule again, Max exclaimed:

"One minute, Al." Then turning to the young lady, he added:

"Permit me to introduce my friend Allerton Hall, of Harristraw."

"And me," added Al, with a bow

and a smile, "to present my chum, Maxwell Purdy, also of Harristraw."

The girl gave her hand cordially to each, and then said ruefully:

"There's nobody to introduce me except that odious creature back in our car. He must know at least my name, which is Gladys Moreland, and I live in Altoona."

"Then you've seen the fellow before!" exclaimed Al and Max both at once.

"Yes, father wouldn't have a moment's peace if he knew he was on the train with me. I'll tell you about it when we get seated at dinner. You don't suppose he will dare follow me, do you?"

"If he does it won't do him much good," said Max. "I'll get the steward to give us a table with only three vacant seats if he can possibly do it."

"And if he can't," added Max, "and that chap dares show his nose in here, I'll tell him we prefer he would sit elsewhere."

"Oh, no, don't have a scene with him!" exclaimed Miss Moreland. "He's not quite right and I'm in terror or my life of him."

"Is he really insane?" exclaimed Al. "He doesn't look it."

"He must be."

But now they had entered the dining car.

Al looked anxiously around, but the only space left for more than one was a whole table, seating four.

"I'll fix things," said Max. "Tell the waiter, Al, to put the first person that comes in here with us."

So it was arranged and the three sat down in good spirits to their meal. Miss Moreland had already handed her dollar to Al with which to pay for hers.

"Are you going through to Chicago?" was Max's first question.

"We are."

"I am so glad. That is—" and here the young girl hesitated and began to blush.

"Of course you're glad," Max struck in. "We're going to fix things all right about that precious townsman of yours. You can come over and take the lower berth in our section. Al or I will exchange places with you."

"Will you really? Oh, what nice boys you are!"

Then realizing what she had said, Miss Gladys blushed till she became prettier than ever and the Harristraw lads felt that they would be willing to face much more terrifying objects than an Altoona lunatic on the chance of winning another such frank outburst of confidence.

"You promised to tell us about that fellow," said Al, to save her further embarrassment.

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, gladly availing herself of the suggested change of subject. "I saw him first at the fair our church held in June. I was at the flower stand and when he bought a button hole bouquet and asked me to pin it on for him, he grinned at me in such a way that I was frightened. He tried to talk to me then, but I rushed to the other end of the stand, where I saw some of my friends, and so got away from him."

"And have you seen him many times since?" asked Max.

"Oh, yes, I'm sorry to say. After that he got to coming to our church and sitting where he could stare straight at me. Oh, it was dreadful! And then he would try to make me bow to him, but I would always pass him as if he was empty air."

"Do you know anything about him?" inquired Al. "What his name is? What he does?"

"Oh, I've plenty of reason to know his name. He's called at the house often enough."

"Really! What impertinence!" exclaimed Al, with spirit, while Max made a scene at head punching in dumb show that conveyed his sentiments very strongly.

"That isn't the worst. One day he called ten times. He must be insane or he wouldn't do that."

"I was going to say 'Indeed he must'" rejoined Max, "but then, if I was on calling terms, I'm sure I should want to come as often as that, whether I did so or not."

"Thank you," smiled Miss Moreland, "but Mr. Shillings—that's his name, Oscar Shillings—is most decidedly not on calling terms. The maid has shut the door in his face nine times out of those ten, yet he goes quietly away, only to come back again."

"Like the cat," Max wanted to add, but realized that the subject was too serious a one.

"Is he generally considered to be lacking sense?" asked Al. "Is he in any business?"

"Evidently not, or he wouldn't have time to call on a girl he doesn't know ten times in one day. Papa made inquiries and found out that he recently came to Altoona from some place in the country. He has a little money he inherited and is regarded by the people with whom he lives as a harmless crank."

"But why didn't you have him arrested, after he annoyed you in that way by coming to the house?" Max wanted to know.

"Goodness, and have it all out in the papers! There are enough people that know about it now. Besides, I'm deathly afraid of him. When he got out of jail he might come and murder us all. That's one thing father consented to let me go on to Chicago alone for. I told him I couldn't be worse off on the cars than at home when I didn't dare venture on the street for fear of meeting that man. And to think he should have the same section with me. He must have watched when father went to the ticket office to order it. What's the matter?"

Her back was toward the door. Max was facing it and he sprang up now as he saw the head waiter bringing Shilling to their table.

CHAPTER XIV.

SHILLINGS IS GRATEFUL.

"What an idiot I was to suggest to the head waiter that he bring the next single individual that appeared to this table; I ought to have realized that it was as likely to be Shillings as anybody else."

These were the thoughts that flashed through Max's mind as he tilted the vacant chair next him forward and glared daggers at the waiter.

"Excuse me," said the latter, "is not this the gentleman you expected?"

Shillings' face was wreathed in a triumphant smile.

"No, it is not," returned Max shortly.

"Ah, excuse me," said the waiter, and forthwith conducted Shillings to the further end of the car.

Gladys Moreland's face was crimson during this episode. When it was over, she became suddenly white.

"He will be very angry with you now," she said. "And you will have trouble all because of me."

"Oh, don't worry about us," rejoined Max lightly. "Al and I ought to be ashamed of ourselves if we are not more than a match for that insignificant specimen of humanity."

"Do you suppose he is going all the way to Chicago? I am afraid he is. He will probably follow me everywhere. I would get out at Pittsburg and go straight home again if I didn't feel sure that he would do the same thing as soon as he discovered the fact. What will Uncle Richard say?"

"Who's Uncle Richard?" Max characteristically inquired.

"Father's brother. He lives in Milwaukee. You see, on account of the hard times father couldn't get away to take me to the Fair himself, so he arranged that Uncle Richard and Aunt Harriet should meet me at this train in Chicago and take care of me during the week I am to be there. Uncle Richard is awfully proper; so is Aunt Harriet, and when they see that man tagging after me everywhere, they'll think I've given him some encouragement."

"Don't worry about that," said Al. "We'll try and think up some way of disposing of him before we arrive."

"But I don't see what you can do with him. He has a perfect right to ride on the train if he is able to pay his fare."

"And you had no idea he was aboard until after the cars had started?" asked Max.

"No, indeed, or I'd have got off. He was cunning enough to keep away from where we were in the station and not come to the section till after we had left Altoona."

"Well, when we go back," said Al, "you will sit on our side of the car, will you not, and we can come over and visit you, if you like."

"I don't like to turn you out of your section though."

"Nonsense, one is just as good as the other."

And so it was arranged, and when they went back to the rear car, Miss Moreland's baggage was transferred to the other side. Then Max and Al went off to explain to the porter.

When Shillings came back, he found his late section mate installed across the aisle, with a youth beside her and one opposite. He looked intensely disgusted, but consoled himself by settling down on the forward seat and fixing his gaze steadfastly on the object of his admiration.

"I'd like to punch him," muttered Max, under his breath, but he only suggested that Gladys should change seats with him.

The three young people then tried to forget their tormentor's existence in lively talk about the big Fair, and succeeded so well that the hours flew by unheeded until the making up of berths all around them warned them that it was getting late.

So the porter was called, and while the boys' section was being transformed into its night aspect, Max, Al and Gladys went into the vestibule and chatted, as the only other alternative would have been to take a seat with Shilling.

When their young lady companion had said good night to them the boys drew lots with long and short strips of paper from the timetable to see who should share Shillings' section.

This "honor" fell to Max, who drew the shorter strip.

"He's got the upper berth," he muttered. "I'd like to give it a shove and shut him up in it. I wonder if he's ready to go to bed yet. I don't care though whether he is or not. I'm going to have it made up."

But Shillings now gave the order to the porter and presently the entire car was certain hush.

"Good night, old fellow," said Max, shaking hands with Al at the foot of the steps which the latter was about to climb in order to reach his berth. "If I want you I'll whistle a few bars of 'After the Ball.'"

So saying Max dived between the curtain. He drew up the shade and lay there on the bed for a time without undressing, watching the panorama of landscape that went flashing by. He had forgotten Shillings for the moment and was therefore not a little startled when he heard the fellow's voice close beside him.

He had climbed down from the upper berth, and was now sprawled across that allotted to Max. He was all dressed, except his shoes.

"I say," he began in a hoarse whisper, "now that you've got acquainted with Miss Moreland, I think I'll have to let you into a secret. Perhaps you can help me."

When Max first became conscious who it was beside him, he puckered his lips to whistle "After the Ball," but he allowed them to relax when he had heard Shillings through. He was curious to find out what the secret would be.

"Well?" he answered.

"You see it's this way," the fellow from Altoona went on. "Mr. Moreland had reason to suppose that his daughter was going to meet in Chi-

cago a young man to whom he was very much opposed. So he employed me to go along and watch out for anything that ought to be reported to him. Of course Miss Gladys don't know of this, although she may suspect it. That explains why she treats me so coldly. But I can stand it when I reflect that it is all in the line of duty," and the fellow drew a deep sigh of apparent resignation.

Max was strongly impelled to show how much stock he placed in this story by stretching the teller of it flat on the bed, but reflecting that this would not only not hurt the man, but would discourage him from making further revelations that might be useful in the future, he forebore and simply said:

"But how can I help you in this?"

"By continuing to help me protect her, you and your friend, as you have done already. At first I thought you might be in league with the enemy, but I have since concluded that you are to be fully trusted. It just occurred to me, however, that there ought to be some recognition of this fact on my part, so I took the liberty of coming down to tell you that your championship of Miss Moreland is an act for which her father will be deeply grateful."

So saying, this queer specimen withdrew and climbed up to his own bed.

"By the great hornspoon!" ejaculated Max under his breath, "if that doesn't beat the Dutch! Actually having the cheek to tell us that we are doing just what he wants us to do! I believe upon my word that he thinks we are acting simply from contrariness, and that when we hear that he wants us to go with Miss Moreland, we will give her the shake. Well, he's the lunatic I ever saw."

With which sentiment to reflect upon, Max took off a few of his clothes and went to sleep. The night passed without incident of any kind, and the next morning, when the three were breakfasting together, Max told of his singular experience.

Gladys was highly indignant, but was finally brought to laugh at the absurdity of the thing.

Then the Fair grounds appeared in sight, and all else was forgotten in the excitement of arrival.

"I am ever so much obliged to you both," said the young lady, as they stood on the steps as the train came to a halt. "If you will wait till I find uncle and he tells me where we are going to stop, I will ask you to come and see me."

But "uncle" was nowhere to be found. They looked all about the great station and waited until none but themselves and Oscar Shillings remained.

CHAPTER XV. SEPARATED.

Gladys Moreland's anxiety was pitiable.

"It is very strange," she kept repeating. "Uncle Richard was to arrive yesterday, so as to be sure to be here before me."

"Perhaps he is detained somewhere," suggested Al, "and has sent you a telegram."

"But where would he send it? I haven't any Chicago address yet."

"He could send it to the station here, to be held till you ask for it. I'll go and find out," and Al hurried off to the telegraph office.

"This is dreadful," said Gladys to Max when he had gone. "Here I'm keeping you when you are just wild to be out at the Fair grounds."

"We should be wild if we went off and left you," returned Max, keeping an eye on Shillings, who was pacing up and down the stone platform as though he, too, was waiting for some one.

Gladys now for the first time realized the fact that he had not gone off with the other passengers for their train.

"There's that man!" she cried, involuntarily clutching Max by the coat sleeve. "He's going to dog me all the time I'm here. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Don't fret about that," said Max reassuringly. "Al and I will soon dispose of him if he attempts any annoying tactics."

Al came back at this point. They could see by his face that his quest had been unsuccessful.

"I must go right back home," said Gladys almost in tears, when he had made his report. "When does the next train leave?"

"You surely won't give up the Fair, now you are so close to it!" exclaimed Max.

"But what else can I do? I can't stay here alone."

"Your uncle will surely be here," returned Al. "And, besides, you are not alone, exactly."

"Besides," Max struck in, "if you should go back, ten chances to one that Shillings would go right along on the train with you."

"And there isn't another train before five this afternoon," finished Al, "when the Limited starts."

Gladys looked about her helplessly for an instant, then her eye falling on Shillings again, she cried impulsively: "Anywhere out of his sight," and started toward the stairs leading to the street.

Now not one of the three had ever been in Chicago before. Al and Max had decided to look up rooms at a flat near the Fair grounds, but had not positively engaged them. How to get to the grounds from the Union Station where they now were, neither of them had the slightest idea.

But there was a Bureau of Information close to the stairway, and bidding Al go on with Gladys, Max said he would ask a question or two here and then join them in the street.

There was but little time to perfect arrangements for this meeting. As soon as he had seen them move, Shillings had started to follow.

Glancing over her shoulder, Gladys was aware of this fact, and becoming absolutely terrified, hurried Al along she knew not whither.

Max, meanwhile, was obliged to wait his turn at the question window, and finally he became so impatient that he asked the man next behind him, who was waiting to check a valise, if he could tell him the best way to get out to the Exposition.

"Yes," was the reply. "Turn to the left when you reach the street, take the car that crosses the bridge at the first corner, and ride over to the Lake front. Then two blocks of Michigan avenue will bring you to the Illinois Central station. But be sure and take a cattle train if you want to ride fast."

"A cattle train!" repeated Max, thinking the man might be poking fun at him.

"Oh, that's straight," was the laughing reply. "That's what they really are. The cars were built for four legged live stock, but during the Fair season the company has put seats in them and used them for the two limbed variety."

"Much obliged," and regretting the minute wasted in demanding this explanation, Max dashed off.

Gaining the street, he paused, and, turning on his heel, looked carefully about him in every direction.

Not a sign of Al's broad-brimmed straw hat, nor of Gladys Moreland's dainty toque.

"Perhaps they've asked somebody," Max told himself, "and are waiting for me at the corner."

He hurried to this point, but no sign of the two he was looking for. "Can it be that they stopped in at the waiting rooms at the head of the stairs?" he reflected.

He dashed back to the station, made a hasty tour of all the waiting rooms, and then out to the sidewalk again, where he halted in sheer inability to know where to turn next.

"I've lost them sure as guns," he told himself. "This is a pretty begin-

ning to our Columbian jaunt. Now what am I to do?"

This was a puzzler, but Max did not allow it to be one long.

"The only thing to do," he decided, "is to follow the directions I have just received, go out to the Fair grounds and then hunt up that house where Al and I were going to put up. He will surely go there."

Back to the corner and aboard a car that just then happened along, and in three minutes Max was riding through Van Buren Street, craning his neck to try and see the top of the tall, smoke-begrimed buildings on either hand.

"And this is the city that has distanced Philadelphia in the census race," he told himself.

He did not find very much to admire, however, until the car reached Michigan Avenue, where the green-blue waters of the lake burst upon him as a sheet of beauty.

"Well, this is rather nice," he reflected as he walked up along the stretch of park opposite the Auditorium. "Hullo, there's a statue of somebody or other. Maybe it's La Salle, that early explorer. Wait till I make sure."

He accosted an idler, stretched at full length on the grass.

"Will you please tell me whose statue that is?" he asked.

"Why, that's Columbus," answered the man, looking at Max as if he thought he must be very ignorant indeed.

And the Harristraw boy actually blushed as he hurried across the bridge leading to the "cattle trains."

"What a greeny he must have thought me, not to know Columbus in this age of new postage stamps and souvenir coins. But then how's a fellow going to tell, when the pictures are all different?"

He was soon aboard a "cattle train," with its hard board seats and iron bars to lock you in, rattling off toward the Fair grounds. He did not give himself much uneasiness about Al, as he confidently expected to find him and Gladys awaiting him at the flat.

"Queer about that uncle of hers, though," he mused. "What could have happened to him? It's lucky she fell in with Al and me. By the way I forgot to remind Al that I was right about that Shillings having known her before he boarded the train."

But Max soon forgot all else in watching the sights around him, first the handsome places on Michigan Avenue to his right, then the lake whose waves dashed close up to the track on the left.

And in a few minutes all else was eclipsed by the looming up of the buildings composing the White City.

"I mustn't go in till I find Al," Max said to himself, "so that we get our first impression together."

The train came to a halt and Max got out with most of the other passengers. The station was directly over the Midway Plaisance. The towering Ferris Wheel uplifted its wondrous bulk before him and from all sides came the beating of drums and the cries of the men who stood in the doorways of the various shows and announced the attractions to be beheld within.

"I can't stand this," Max murmured. "I must find Al at once and go inside."

He looked about him for some one of whom to inquire the way to the flat. But he did not see any one to whom he thought it worth while to put the query until he reached the street and saw a policeman.

Going up to him, he began: "Can you tell me where I can find—" and here he stopped.

He had not the least idea in the world of the name of the building of which he was in search. He had completely forgotten it.

"Well, what is it?" said the officer.

"What do you want to know?" "I don't know," answered Max, feeling like an idiot. "I can't remember the name."

He hurried off up the street aimlessly, eager only to get away from the officer, who certainly might feel justified in carrying him off to a lunatic asylum.

"How am I ever to find Al now?" he asked himself. "And Caesar's ghost, he's got all my money, except some loose change!"

This was the cold, hard fact, Max having entrusted it to Al the night before when he was to occupy the section with Shillings. The situation was now something more than awkward.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in Number 568.]

A Bad Lot.

BY ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,
Author of "Ben Bruce," "Cast Upon the Breakers," "Number 91," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X. HATCH, DETECTIVE.

Bernard was startled. He had heard of detectives and read about them, but this was the first time he had been brought face to face with one. It must be confessed that the quiet little man hardly came up to his expectations.

"You can open it if you like," he said.

"Where is the key?"
"I haven't got it."
"Young man," said the detective sternly, "I advise you not to throw any obstacles in my way. It may do you harm."

"But," said Bernard earnestly, "I am speaking the truth. The owner of the portmanteau no doubt has the key, but he didn't give it to me."

"The owner? Isn't it yours?"
"No, sir."

"Whose is it, then?"
"It belongs to a young man in an ulster, who handed it to me for safe keeping."

"Where is the young man?" asked the detective searchingly.

"He got off at Newburg."
"Leaving the portmanteau with you?"

"Yes."
"When is he going to get it back from you?"

"I don't know."
"And you don't know his name?"
"No, sir."

"That seems a very probable story. Young man, there seems to be a good deal that you don't know. How long have you known the young man you speak of?"

"Only since I came on board the boat."
"It will open the satchel and then will question you further."

He drew from his pocket a bunch of keys, and finally found one that fitted the lock. Opening the portmanteau, he drew out some bonds.

"Aha!" he said, "it is as I suspected. These are some of the bonds that were stolen from Murdock & Co. yesterday."

"Is it possible?" asked Bernard in amazement. "That is the robbery I was reading about in the 'Argus.'"

"Exactly," said the detective with a sharp look. "Where are the rest?"
"Where are the rest? I am sure I don't know."

"Young man, there is no use in trying to deceive me."
"I am not deceiving you. It is as much a mystery to me as to you."

"Here are fifteen hundred dollars in bonds. The amount taken was five thousand. That leaves a balance of thirty five hundred dollars."

"The young man must have taken them out and concealed them in his ulster."

"So he wore an ulster?" said the detective, who had not at first noted this item in Bernard's description.

"Yes, I told you so."

"You may be right. On such a warm day as this he would not have worn an ulster unless he had some object in it. You say he got off at Newburg?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he tell you he was going to do so?"

"No. He only told me to keep the portmanteau for him."

"Then how did you know he got off there?"

"After the steamer had started I saw him on the wharf."

"Did he look as if he had got left?"

"No. He looked as if he had decided to remain there."

"You positively know nothing of this man?"

"No, sir."

"How do you account for his leaving the portmanteau in your charge?"

"We had sat and talked together considerably. Perhaps he wanted to have it found on me," suggested Bernard with a sudden thought.

"This may be, although it looks queer. I shall have to place you under arrest."

"Why?" asked Bernard in alarm.

"Because I have found a portion of the missing securities in your possession."

But I told you how that happened."

"Very true, and your account may be correct—or it may not."

"You will find it is."

"What's your name?"

"Bernard Brooks."

"Where are you going?"

"To New York."

"What friends have you there?"

"A guardian."

"His name?"

"Cornelius McCracken."

"Are you alone on the boat?"

"No, sir. I have a friend with me—Mr. Joshua Stackpole. There he comes now."

Mr. Stackpole looked surprised as he saw Bernard and the detective together.

"What's all this?" he asked.

"Mr. Stackpole, I have been under the painful necessity of arresting your young friend."

"Arresting Bernard? What on earth has he been doing?"

"I have found some of the bonds taken from Murdock & Co. in his possession."

Mr. Stackpole looked the picture of amazement.

"Well, that beats me!" he exclaimed.

"Where did you get them, Bernard?"

"A young man in an ulster gave me the portmanteau which contained them, and asked me to keep them for him."

"That's straight. I saw the young man myself, and I saw the portmanteau in his hand. He landed at Newburg, I saw him on the wharf."

"Yes."

"Why did he land without them?"

"I don't know."

"A part of the bonds were found in the portmanteau—a little less than one third," said the detective. "The rest—"

"Are probably in the young man's possession."

"I presume so."

"Very well! Of course, you know your business, but it seems to me you ought to have him arrested."

"I shall telegraph from the next landing to the chief of police at Newburg to detain him."

"That is proper."

"And I shall want your young friend here to testify against him."

"I can guarantee that he will be ready. It's a queer thing that the boy should be mixed up in this affair."

"I think so myself," said the detective, not wholly without suspicion.

At the next landing the detective got off, and sent the following telegram: Chief of Police, Newburg—

Look for a young man about average height wearing a brown ulster. Suspected in connection with the Murdock robbery in Albany. Search him.

Hatch, Detective.

Wire to me at Central office, New York.

In due time the boat reached New York. By special favor Bernard was allowed to go to the Grand Union Hotel with Mr. Stackpole on the guarantee of the latter that his young charge would be ready when wanted.

At the central office detective Hatch

found the following dispatch from Newburg:

Party in ulster under arrest. Bonds have been found in inside pockets of ulster—thirty five hundred dollars.

Smith, Chief of Newburg Police.

Detective Hatch rubbed his hands in glee. He telegraphed to Murdock & Co.: "Bonds recovered and thief in custody."

While upon this subject it may be stated that the thief was tried, convicted, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Bernard received the following letter from Murdock & Co.: Bernard Brooks—

We are apprised by detective Hatch that you have aided him in securing the bonds of which we were robbed. This has occasioned you some trouble and inconvenience, and we wish to make you some acknowledgement. We send you herewith a Waltham gold watch, and hope it may please you.

Murdock & Co., Bankers and Brokers.

The watch was a very handsome one, and proved to be a good time-keeper. It was what Bernard had long desired, but had had very little hope of securing. Mr. Stackpole bought him a chain to go with it.

"This is my contribution," he said. Bernard had been a week in New York, and he thought it high time to call upon his guardian. He ascertained from the directory that Cornelius McCracken had an office in Pine Street and he accordingly betook himself there one morning.

He went up stairs to a room on the third floor. On a door he saw the name

CORNELIUS M'CRACKEN, Agent.

He ventured to pen the door, and found himself in a room of moderate size, provided with the usual office furniture.

At a desk in the right hand corner, beside a window, sat a man of medium size, rather portly, with scanty locks that had once been red, but were now sprinkled plentifully with grey.

Bernard paused in the doorway and finally said: "Is this Mr. McCracken?"

"Yes," answered the agent. "Who wants me?"

"I am your ward—Bernard Brooks."

Mr. McCracken wheeled round in his chair quickly, and fixed a pair of sharp, ferret-like eyes on Bernard.

"So you have found me at last!" he said. "And now what have you to say in extenuation of your shameful conduct?"

CHAPTER XI.
MR. SNOWDON LOSES HIS PUPIL.

Bernard colored, partly with indignation.

"What shameful conduct do you refer to?" he asked.

"I have received a letter from Mr. Snowdon, your respected preceptor, telling me how you have behaved."

"Would you allow me to read the letter?"

"Yes, though I think you won't find it very pleasant reading."

He lifted the lid of his desk and drew out a letter which he handed to Bernard.

Bernard opened and read it. It ran thus:

Cornelius McCracken, Esq.—

Respected Sir: It gives me keen anguish to read to you the unworthy conduct of the boy whom you intrusted to my charge. It may not wholly surprise you, for, if I remember rightly, you described Bernard Brooks to me as a "bad lot." In truth he is so. He has been mutinous and disagreeable, and has bullied my son Septimus, whom for some reason he seems to dislike strongly. Septimus is of a very amiable disposition. He is very like me—but he was constrained to complain of Bernard's overbearing conduct. I felt that the boy needed castigation. You remember that King Solomon approved corporal punishment. Accordingly, I prepared to inflict it. Getting wind of my intention Bernard ran away. He led me a long chase into the marshy lands to the rear of my farm, and managed to entrap me into a ditch where my wardrobe received considerable injury. Then he stayed away all night. In the morning, however, my boy Septimus found him in a hay loft in my barn and notified me.

I immediately took a horsewhip and went out to the barn. I ascended to the loft, but he being active and agile, managed to elude me, and escaped from the barn, removing the ladder so that I could not descend for some time. I won't go into details, but I will mention that he ran away to the neighboring town of Poplar Plains, where I found him in the company of an escaped lunatic. I should have been able to capture him but for the presence and interference of a Western desperado, who produced a revolver and threatened my life. He is still at large and probably still in the company of this lunatic who seems at present disposed to befriend him, but may at any time murder him as his cousin, now in pursuit of him, gives him a very bad character.

I have felt it my duty to lay these facts before you for your consideration. I may add that I was put to considerable expense in hiring a horse to pursue Bernard. This and some other items amount to about five dollars, which I shall be glad if you will remit to me, as my means are straitened and I cannot bear the loss.

Yours sincerely,
Eskeziel Snowdon.

"What have you to say to this?" asked Mr. McCracken severely.

"Only that Mr. Snowdon is unfit to teach, and is as brutal as he dares to be. I was fully justified in running away. I don't allow any man to horsewhip me."

"So you abused his son, Sep—"

and Mr. McCracken referred to the letter to refresh his memory as to the name.

"Septimus? He is worse, if anything, than his father."

"Do you expect me to send you to another school, where you can have your own way?"

"No; I would prefer to earn my own living."

"Are you still with the lunatic?"

"Mr. Penrose is no lunatic, though he has a cousin who is trying to get him into an insane asylum in order to gain possession of his money."

"Very plausible! I suppose he tells you so. Are you still with him?"

"No, sir. I am with a miner from Colorado—a Mr. Stackpole."

"Is he the desperado referred to by Mr. Snowdon in his letter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Upon my word I congratulate you on your choice of associates. Where is he now?"

"In New York at the Grand Union Hotel. I have been staying there with him."

"Has he adopted you?"

"No, sir. Mr. McCracken, there is one question I would like to ask you."

"What is it?"

"You are my guardian. Have you charge of my property for me?"

"No. Who told you that I had?" demanded Mr. McCracken suspiciously.

"No one, but I thought my father might have left something."

"He left about a hundred and fifty dollars, but it was gone long ago."

"And have you been paying my expenses out of your own pocket ever since?"

"Yes," answered Mr. McCracken, but he looked somewhat embarrassed.

"Then I thank you for your liberality, sir. I don't like to impose upon it, and would like hereafter to make my own living."

"That sounds very well, but what can you do?"

"I don't know yet, but I am sure I can earn my board. I am young and strong."

"Where did you get that gold watch?" asked Mr. McCracken, as Bernard drew it to consult the time.

"It was given me by a firm of bankers in Albany—Murdock & Co."

"What induced them to give it to you?"

"I helped them to recover some bonds which had been stolen from them."

"Humph! You seem to be fond of adventures."

"The adventure was forced upon me."

"Let me know what you want."

"If you could help me to find a place where I can earn a living I should feel deeply indebted to you, and it

would save you from supporting me out of your own pocket."

"I will think of it. Where are you staying?"

"At the Grand Union Hotel."
 "Who is paying your bills?"
 "Mr. Joshua Stackpole."
 "You can come to my house. In a few days I shall probably find you a place."

"Thank you, sir. Where do you live?"

Mr. McCracken gave an address on Lexington Avenue.

"I will go there this afternoon."
 "I shall be home at five. You may present yourself then."

Bernard was about to leave the office when Mr. McCracken called him back.

"Wait a minute. Did you notice what Mr. Snowdon said about his expense in getting you back?"

"Yes, sir," answered Bernard with a smile.

"Do you think he expended five dollars?"

"No, sir. I know he did not. The horse he hired is about twenty five years old, and he can have it whenever he pleases for seventy five cents."

"So Mr. Snowdon wished to make a little profit out of the transaction."

"So it appears."

"Very well, that will do."

The next day Mr. Snowdon received the following letter:

Dear Sir—

I have delayed answering your letter till I could see my ward. He called on me this morning. He charges you with an attempt to horse-whip for insufficient cause. Into the merits of this controversy between you I will not enter. I doubt if it will be advisable to send him back to Snowdon Institute, and at his request I shall find him some employment.

As to the charge you make for expenses in pursuing him I think you have greatly overcharged. I inclose two dollars which Bernard tells me is considerably more than your horse hire cost you.

Your obedient servant,
 Cornelius McCracken.

Ezekiel Snowdon read this letter with a perturbed brow.

"Such is gratitude!" he exclaimed raising his eyes to heaven in protest. The mental anguish that that boy has cost me ought to count for something. Yet his guardian has sent me a paltry two dollar bill. Truly the virtuous are persecuted in this world. They must seek their reward in a better sphere."

"Has the crazy man been caught, pa?"

"Not that I have heard. That good man, his cousin, has been foiled in his efforts probably. I shall miss the money I have been accustomed to receive from Bernard's guardian. Unless we can fill his place, I shall be obliged to cut down the rations of butter, and have it only every other day."

"I can't do without butter, pa. You needn't give any at all to the boarders."

"True, the suggestion is a good one. Competent medical authorities say that butter is apt to bring humors to children. They will be better off without it."

Bernard reported to Mr. Stackpole the interview he had had with his guardian, and asked his advice as to what he had better do.

"You had better try him for a while, Bernard," said Mr. Stackpole, "and see whether he is ready to do the fair thing by you. If he doesn't you will always find a friend in Joshua Stackpole."

"Thank you, Mr. Stackpole, I am sure of that."

"So this Mr. McCracken says your father left you no property. When did he die?"

"When I was about seven years old."

"What do you know about him?"

"Very little. He used to travel—I think he was an agent of some kind. Mr. McCracken never would tell me

much about him. How long shall you stay in New York, Mr. Stackpole?"

"I shall leave in a day or two. I have to go to Philadelphia on business, and after I return I shall leave for Colorado. My address will be at the Red Dog Mine, Gulchville."

"That's a queer name, Mr. Stackpole. Was there ever a red dog?"

"One of the miners in a fit of intoxication painted his dog red, and that gave a name to the mine."

The next day found Bernard at his guardian's house.

CHAPTER XII. BERNARD MEETS A FRIEND OF HIS FATHER.

Cornelius McCracken lived in a three story and basement house on Lexington Avenue. It was a solid and comfortable house, but not showy. He had a wife and three children. The eldest, a girl, had recently married.

There were two boys of sixteen and eighteen, but they were not particularly interesting, and as they were attending school Bernard did not get well acquainted with them.

On the first morning after breakfast Bernard asked, as his guardian was starting for his office, "Is there anything you wish me to do?"

"No; you can go about the city and make yourself familiar with it. If I should get you a place here it might be well for you to know your way about the streets."

"I shall like that."

"Oh, by the way, have you any money for car fare, or any small expenses?"

"Yes, sir, I have all I shall need for the present."

Mr. McCracken looked relieved, for he was not allberal man, and was glad to be freed from the expense of supplying his ward with pocket money.

Shortly after breakfast he went out, and bent his steps towards Broadway. He had been in New York before, but not for some years, and it was quite new to him. He wandered about as chance suggested.

About eleven o'clock he was passing a barber shop on a side street, and it occurred to him that his hair needed cutting. He entered the shop, and sat down to wait his turn. He found himself sitting next a man with hair partially gray, who regarded him with some attention.

"Have you come in to be shaved?" he asked with a smile.

Bernard smiled in return.

"No," he answered. "That can wait. I shall have my hair cut."

"You bear a striking resemblance to a man I once knew," said the old gentleman after a pause.

"What was his name?" asked Bernard with natural curiosity.

"Clayton Brooks."

"That was my father," said Bernard quickly.

"Is it possible? That accounts for the resemblance. Is your father living?"

"No, sir; he died ten years ago."

"I supposed he must be dead, as I had lost track of him."

"Did you know him well?" asked Bernard eagerly.

"Quite well. We were both traveling salesmen. He traveled for a jewelry firm in Maiden Lane, I for a dry goods house. Our territory was in large part the same, and we often stayed at the same hotel. Is your mother living?"

"No, sir. She died before my father."

"Then you are an orphan?"

"Yes, sir," answered Bernard gravely.

"Pardon me—it is none of my business—but your father left you comfortably provided for, did he not?"

Bernard shook his head.

"On the contrary, he left almost nothing. I am told."

"Who then took care of you, for you were too young to take care of yourself?"

"A business man down town, Cornelius McCracken. He is my guardian, though there seems to be no property for him to take care of for me."

"I remember the name."

"Did you ever hear my father speak of him? I have often wondered how he came to be any guardian."

"Yes, I remember now that your father told me he had saved a few thousand dollars, and put it into Mr. McCracken's hands to invest for him."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Bernard in surprise.

"Yes. The name is a peculiar one, and I remember it for that reason."

"Then there was some property—at one time."

"Yes; I am not mistaken about that."

"It is singular that Mr. McCracken has never told me anything about it."

"Yes," answered the old gentleman slowly. "It is singular. Does he say that your father left nothing?"

"No; he says that he left a trifle but that it was soon exhausted, and that he had since paid my expenses out of his own pocket."

"The money which your father put into his hands was no trifle. The interest alone would have paid a boy's expenses. Are you at Mr. McCracken's house?"

"Yes, sir, but I only went there yesterday. He put me at a boarding school in the country, and I ran away."

"You don't look like a boy who would run away from school."

"I shouldn't if I had not had good cause."

"Suppose you tell me why you did it."

Bernard upon this told the story already familiar to the reader.

"Do you blame me for leaving Mr. Snowdon?" he asked at the conclusion of his tale.

"No, I do not. By George, I would have done the same if I had been in your place. Does Mr. McCracken want you to go back?"

"No; he is going to find a place for me."

"If I were in business I would give you a position in a minute. I am sure that your father's son would suit me."

"Thank you, sir. Are you still traveling?"

"No; four years since an old uncle died and left me a good sum of money, so that I have since been able to live at ease without working. I am not an old man, still I am fully ten years older than your father would have been, and it is pleasant to think that I can do as I please."

"I don't care to retire just yet," said Bernard, smiling.

"I should hope not. Even if you were able to live without work, I would not give much for a boy who would be willing to do so."

"Next!" announced one of the barbers.

"It is my turn, I believe," said the old gentleman. "Can you meet me tomorrow at eleven o'clock at the St. Nicholas Hotel?"

"Yes, sir."

"I may have more to say to you about your affairs. On your father's account, I take a great interest in you. By the way, don't say anything to Mr. McCracken about meeting a friend of your father's."

"No, sir, I will not."

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 560.]

Kit Cummings' Sloop.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOLE IN THE WALL.

Kit could not see the man's face, as it was turned downward, but he noticed that he was well dressed.

The stranger seemed buried in meditation, for he walked slowly, never raising his eyes from the ground until he and the boy were close together.

"It's Mr. Saunders," thought Kit, in surprise. "What can he want with me? And—I declare. He seems to be more surprised than myself."

He had good evidence for so thinking, for, as their eyes met, a look of amazement flashed into the face of the man, and a sudden pallor appeared on his dark countenance.

"—I—," he stammered. "I—that is—you are—" and he stopped.

"I am Kit Cummings," promptly replied that individual.

"Exactly," said the other. "Jack Cummings' son?"

"Yes, sir."

"I came here to see your father, but I see that he isn't at home. Can you tell me when he will be back?"

"Why you are Mr. Saunders, I believe, and you live in Waterton?" said Kit in wonder.

"Yes, that is my home, but I have been away over a year, only returning last week."

"Then you did not know father was dead?"

"What?" in a tone of intense surprise. "Is your father dead?"

"He was drowned nearly five months ago."

"Indeed. This is sad news to me. I had not heard of it," and he inquired into the details of Jack Cummings' death and listened with an air of sympathy to Kit's recital.

"I had a little business with your father and fully expected to find him alive and well. I can sympathize with you, for I know your father's sterling qualities. I have lost a friend, and you more than one. But I must be going."

And turning, he went down to the water's edge, threw the anchor into the boat, and giving it a strong shove, set the sail in a twinkling, and she went gliding out into the Sound.

Kit gazed after him.

"He's going to sail straight away," he murmured. "That's rather queer. His home in Waterton, and he never to have heard of father's death! I know he has been away, but even if he has I should think he would have heard of it. It was in the papers."

"And he says he had business with father. He has never been here before that I know of. It seems strange that a stuck up aristocrat such as he should claim friendship with a poor fisherman. It doesn't seem exactly right or straight, but it may be."

And turning, Kit walked up to the cabin.

Doubting not that Mr. Saunders had some other object in visiting the place than the one he gave, Kit paused on the threshold and looked carefully about the room, half suspicious that things would be somewhat out of place.

Everything, however, seemed to be just as he had left it.

But no.

As he entered, he saw something that startled him, something that the stovepipe had prevented him from seeing when he stood in the doorway.

It was nothing but a small, square cavity cut in one of the huge timbers behind the stove, but it started Kit because its presence had heretofore been unknown to him.

He went up and examined it. It was about six inches each way, and cut in the center of the timber.

On the floor lay a piece of wood, about an inch in thickness, and plying it up Kit found that it fitted the opening exactly, so that when in place the deception was complete.

No one would have suspected, without the closest observation, that it concealed a cavity.

Kit withdrew it and examined the hole.

It was empty, and what it had held was, and probably would be, a mystery to him.

"It held something," muttered Kit. "That Saunders discovered and removed it. This explains why he came here. But how did he know there was a secret cavity there and what is it to him any way?" And Kit stared at the vacant spot, deep in thought.

"Father must have made it," he thought. "Ah, I know. The last words he said were, 'Kit, the papers—they are in—' and that was all. He meant the papers relating to my

birth and that they were in here. But they are gone. Saunders has taken them, but what were they to him?"

He went to the door and looked out on the Sound.

Far off on the blue water he could see a tiny sail.

Taking down his telescope to get a better view, he leveled it at the distant object.

"The scoundrel!" he muttered, gazing through the glass.

The disappointment he felt at losing the secret he so longed to know grew more bitter and unbearable each moment.

"To think," he muttered, "that the secret that I would give everything to learn is now lost to me forever, leaving me a nameless walf."

Kit so lost control of himself that he stamped his foot in rage.

"Thief! Scoundrel!" he muttered. "What can he mean by such a contemptible act as this? He—what? See! Over he goes! He's in the water! Serves him right."

Kit, through his glass, had evidently seen something to turn his anger to excitement.

Watching the catboat intently he had seen it suddenly change its course, had seen the broad sail whip around and Mr. Saunders go out into the water.

"He's been knocked overboard by the boom," said Kit to himself.

"What could he have been thinking of? He's striking out for the boat, but she is sailing away from him faster than he can swim. I don't believe he will be able to make it."

The catboat would seemingly wait for him until he was almost upon it, and then it would start off in another direction and leave him behind.

"There is no sail in sight," Kit thought. "He can't keep that up long. He will drown."

Kit's anger at Saunders had now changed to deep concern for his safety.

"I must put out after him. I'm afraid he will go down."

Hastily replacing the telescope he hurried down to the shore, jumped into his skiff, rowed out to the sloop, hoisted sail, weighed anchor and started for the scene of the mishap.

As if knowing her humane mission, Imahead swept swiftly through the waters and sent them hissing along her sides.

The struggling man was yet a long way off, and Kit began to fear that he would give up before help came.

As minute after minute passed and the flying sloop lessened the distance, while the man still kept afloat, Kit grew more hopeful of saving him.

Finally Kit drew near enough to see him plainly.

His strokes were not as vigorous as they had been at first, but were the feeble efforts of a man who had barely strength to lift his arms.

Kit luffed and secured the wheel, steering as close to windward of the man as possible.

The wind was strong and the sloop heeled over considerably, bringing her lee deck close to the water, and as she glided near the man Kit seized him and managed to pull him aboard.

But nature had been overtasked. Mr. Saunders was unconscious.

"He's fainted," was Kit's comment. "He'll soon come out of it."

The eyes were closed, but there was a sneering expression about the mouth, and a crafty look overspread the whole countenance.

"I believe he's a rascal," declared Kit. "He has stolen from me what I prize more than anything else—the secret of my birth. He has got it in his pocket now, I know. It's my property. I'm going to search him."

We hope the reader will forgive him for this sudden, and he may say unpardonable intention.

But he came to the conclusion that it was his right, and he commenced to search forthwith.

Mr. Saunders' every pocket was examined, even his hat and the lining of his coat.

And what was the result?

Nothing.

That is, nothing of any importance to Kit—merely a few note books, letters, diary, etc.

"It's evident that he hasn't got them," said Kit, disappointed, "but if he hasn't who has? But I see he is coming to his senses."

Mr. Saunders opened his eyes wearily.

"Ah, it's you, I see. I'm glad that you came. You were just in time. Oh," shuddering, as he tried to rise to a sitting posture, "it was a terrible struggle. I'm not an extra good swimmer, and if you had not come up just as you did I should have drowned. I can't thank you enough."

"Don't try," answered Kit, curtly, for he was bitterly disappointed at not discovering the papers. "Of course when I saw your trouble I came to your aid as any one would have done. But we had better be overhauling that catboat. She is having a zigzag cruise all by herself."

The catboat was quite a distance away, skimming along in one direction for a few moments, and then shooting off in another.

Kit brought Imahead around and set off after the fugitive boat and after a short chase drew up alongside, while Mr. Saunders held the boats together by a boathook.

"Have you recovered your strength?" inquired Kit, as he eagerly looked over the catboat half hoping to see something of the missing papers.

"Not fully, but I am well able to handle my boat," replied Mr. Saunders, as he crawled over into it—a rather ticklish operation, as the boats were rocking considerably.

But he succeeded in safely reinstating himself at the helm, and tossed the boathook back into the sloop.

"Now I'm off," said he, smiling, as the catboat shot away. "I hope I'll not have another such mishap. You saved my life by your timely assistance. I'll not forget it. Good by."

"Good by," answered Kit, though there was no heartiness in his tone, and he was muttering under his breath as he eyed the departing sailboat. "What can he have done with those papers? They were not on him, but I am sure that he has them."

The sloop's course was changed, and she swept along with her bows pointed toward "Hermit House," vine clad and cosy, nestling on a tiny patch of green under the black, massive cliffs.

Kit was in a dismal frame of mind. He was chagrined to think that the papers, rightfully his, and disclosing a secret that he longed to know, were beyond his reach, and in another's possession.

Kit had cause to think as he did, but in this case his usually good judgment was at fault.

The papers were not in Mr. Saunders' possession.

CHAPTER VIII.

IMAHEAD CHASES THE SWAN.

It was about the middle of the afternoon.

Imahead lay peacefully at her anchorage, everything taut except the blue pennant which fluttered and streamed in the wind.

Kit was again in his favorite position; tilted back against the cabin wall.

Judging from the thoughtful look on his face his mental faculties were not having the rest enjoyed by their physical mates.

"Blamed if I can untangle the yarn," he muttered for the twentieth time. "There's some one at work against me, and I do not know who it is. Ah, hum," with a yawn, as he stared sleepily at the water, "the afternoon will close without my being any the wiser than before except that I have found that perhaps Mr. Saunders has a finger in the pie. I'll watch him. Hello!"

From behind the rocks a person had suddenly appeared that called forth this exclamation.

It was Darby Ellsworth.

Fingering his gold chain with one

hand, and beating down the grass with a stylish cane he held in the other, he strolled leisurely up, and throwing himself down at Kit's feet, said, in his free and easy way:

"Felt like walking, so I left my boat at home and came up to see you. Didn't know whether I would find you or not."

"I concluded to lay off today," replied Kit.

"I came up more to talk about this peculiar case," laughed Darby. "It runs in my head all the time. I can't imagine who's at the bottom of it or what he's up to. Those two moves he made against you came in such quick succession that I didn't know but what something else had turned up, but that's not likely."

"Well, there has, and it has put me to my wits' ends to know what it means," and Kit told all that had happened in connection with Mr. Saunders' visit.

Darby whistled long and loud.

"Worse and worse," he cried. "First attempted murder; then a kidnaping case—all the work of an unknown party. Now a mysterious hole in the wall turns up. It's getting interesting. Let's see that hole."

So Kit showed Darby his discovery. "Of course there was something in it," declared Darby. "Nobody is going to make a secret hole without it's to hold something of importance."

"I don't suppose now I will ever see what its contents were," said Kit, with a wry face. "Saunders might have destroyed them before he left for all I know. They weren't on him when I searched him and that's where they naturally would be if he had them. He was way out yonder," pointing through the open door to the Sound, "when the mishap occurred—My stars! There's the Swan!"

Yes, the Swan's jib and bows were just appearing around the rocks.

She glided slowly up to Imahead and lay to.

"Her rascally skipper is coming here again," thought Kit, as he and his friend saw Williams get into a skiff and pull for the shore.

"He thinks I'm a good many miles from here. But keep out of sight and see what he does."

Through the vines that covered the little window both boys watched Williams as he stepped from the boat and threw the anchor on the sands.

"He's coming up," declared Darby. "What now?"

"Get behind that cupboard door."

In a moment or two the boys were behind the above named shelter, which extended nearly to the floor.

They heard Williams coming up the walk, and in another minute his heavy step upon the cabin floor.

Next the skipper's voice, speaking in a sibilizing tone, attracted attention.

"Wal, it's all serene. Nobody's been here since we left. The old chair is even in the same position against the wall. My part of the job is done, and Ned's good pay, so it's a fair stake easily earned. Wonder how young Cummings feels, bound for Australia, and with no show of gettin' off and under such a skipper as Jack Stevens! Lor' but won't he catch it? Shouldn't wonder but what he'd get killed on that brig."

"Ned wants him out of the way, and he's got money enough to hire a fellow like Stevens to do it. He could do it and no one ever find it out. But all that's nothing to me. Young Kit never knew when he was poking away his finances at night that windows sometimes have eyes as well as walls sometimes have ears. But to get what I came after."

Williams, seizing an axe near by, strode to another corner of the room where stood a round block of wood about a foot in diameter and height.

"I'll bust his bank," muttered Williams.

Up went the axe and down it came upon the block with telling force.

"Once more," he muttered, and again it came down on the block, splitting it in halves and disclosing a small tin pall in the center.

Dropping the axe he plucked his hand into the pall and drew out a package of papers looking marvelously like greenbacks.

"Got his treasure, anyhow," said Williams exultantly. "Wonder how much is here? I won't count it now."

"No, nor any other time, you thief. I'll trouble you for those papers and then look out for yourself, for I am going to have you seen to by the law for attempted kidnaping and larceny."

He turned with a cry of deepest amazement to see Kit facing him, with clenched fists and the fire of fight in his eyes.

"You? You?" he cried in confusion.

"Yes, me, you scoundrel, and I'm going to make you sweat for your doings. Do you think 'Ned' will pay you now?" sarcastically.

The realization of the terrible failure of his plans, the proof of his villainy, and the loss of the hoped for reward, burst upon the man.

"I'll fix you right here," he hissed, with the look of a madman. "I'll not be cheated now, robbed of my reward and branded as a felon. I'll brain you."

With a swift movement he seized the axe and poised it behind him for a deadly blow.

To the skipper's amazement Kit eyed him with a look of coolest unconcern, though there was hatred and murder written on Williams' face.

He started to bring the axe around, but to his amazement it would not stir, and turning, he saw the reason.

It was held firmly in Darby's grasp. "Ha, ha, Euchred, by jinks," tauntingly laughed Darby, as he tightened his grip on the axe. "What are you going to do now, old fellow?"

"Take that and see," howled Williams, and aimed a savage blow at Kit, after dropping the axe, but the boy dodged it as he was about to close in on the maddened skipper.

Williams dashed through the door and sped towards the water as fast as his legs could carry him.

"After him," cried Kit. "He's got my money."

And after him they went, but Williams had the start and was clambering aboard the Swan when they reached the shore, and before they had pulled half way to Imahead the Swan went gliding out into the Sound.

But it was not long before Imahead's mainsail went up, followed by the jib, and the chase commenced.

The Swan was now half a mile away and with every sail set.

The breeze was strong and favorable, and when Kit's sloop was out on the Sound half a mile off shore, directly in the wake of the Swan, she began to fly along like the wind itself.

The ropes hummed, the sails groaned, the spray played over the bows and the water hissed around them, while a tumbling mass of foam seemed to dart out from somewhere around the rudder and rush away astern.

The boys were exhilarated by the chase and kept a constant eye upon the broad wings of the Swan ahead.

"We don't seem to be gaining any," said Kit, after a time. "We must overtake her. That scoundrel shan't run away with my money if I can help it. How I wish I had a topsail to run up."

The minutes flew past, and the sloop flew on.

Both boys eagerly watched the fugitive Swan.

"By jinks," cried Darby. "I believe we're gaining."

The sloop did not seem quite so far away as at first.

"Yes," answered Kit exultantly. "We are surely drawing closer. We'll overhaul her after a time, but we're doing it terribly slow."

The boys were impatient and the sloop was gaining faster than they thought.

Half a mile after the chase continued and the distance between the rival boats was gradually lessening.

Closer and closer upon the Swan drew her pitiless pursuer.

(To be continued.)



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FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY,
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AMERICAN WEATHER.

Young Americans, did you ever think what a glorious weather heritage falls to your lot? We were reading the other day of a lady who had spent some time abroad, and on coming back, uttered the most fervent rejoicings at being once more in the land of sunshine.

In England, except for the mere fractional part of the year, you may expect rain every day or so. On the Continent during the winters, sometimes for weeks at a time the sun does not show itself. What a contrast to the crisp days here, which, if cold, are cheerful, and incite to lusty working!

The land over which floats the beautiful Stars and Stripes is a great and glorious one, but the sky over it should now and then share in the laudations that spring from patriotic hearts.

THE ASCENDANCY OF THE CIGARETTE.

We who are making war on cigarettes will have to put renewed vim into the fight. From statistics published by the "Western Tobacco Journal" of Cincinnati, it appears that, while for the month of August the manufacture of chewing tobacco, cigars and snuff in the United States showed a material increase, that of cigarettes footed up a menacing total in the opposite direction. The estimate for this year's output of cigarettes approaches the appalling sum of 3,350,000,000. Over three billions; think of it!

If the smoking of these did no harm whatever to the smokers, what a waste of money to expend on a vapory cloud blown off into the air—that portion of it at least which is not absorbed into the system. And then there are the slaves to the habit, those who may wish to break it off, but feel themselves powerless to do so. So strong are these chains that we have but little hope that any cigarette smokers who may chance to read these lines will be able to profit by them. We do trust, however, that this may serve as warning to those who have not yet acquired the habit. Don't start, and you will never have to go through the agony of attempting to stop.

And yet stay. It may be that there is a young man among our readers who is determined to make a manful effort to deliver himself from bondage. We do not want to discourage him, so as a final word let us add that only the other day we met a young man who had thrown away his cigarette with the avowed determination not to smoke another—a vow that he has kept. So you see it can be done.

FAREWELL TO THE FAIR.

Before these lines meet the reader's eye, the Columbian Exposition will have passed into history, supposing that no change is made in the directors' present determination to close

the Fair promptly on the date originally set—October 30. Never before has the world seen such a splendid achievement. Every American has reason to feel proud of the six months' fete to which the nations of the earth were invited. Not only was it the biggest of all the exhibitions, covering 633 acres against the 200 of the Paris Exposition of 1889, but it was by far the most beautiful.

"A city of enchantment," is the impression many and many a visitor has brought away with him, recalling the stately white palaces, the imposing arcades and approaches, the lovely wooded island, the statuary, the bridges, the winding lagoons and the waves of Michigan beating against the lake wall. All honor to Chicago, who, in exerting every nerve to cover herself with glory, has crowned the nation with a wreath of imperishable laurel.

A BIG CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Have you read the large advertisement at the bottom of the fifteenth page? It will tell you how you may make money easily by taking subscriptions for "Munsey's Magazine." No periodical ever issued gives so much for the money. Just think of it! Twelve beautifully illustrated numbers, of over 110 pages each, for only one dollar, less than ten cents a copy!

To show how readily agents take orders, we quote from a letter lately received from Wilfrid Guilbault, 203 Fullum St., Montreal. He sent ten subscriptions and says:

"I had very little trouble in getting these subscriptions as they are all workmen in the factory. I simply showed them the number

SELF CONFIDENCE.

There is a vast difference between confidence and conceit, although they start out with the same syllable and are by some people confused in their meanings. Conceit is effrontery; confidence is self reliance. The lack of confidence in one's self is responsible for a good many failures in life.

Faith is a most useful quality to possess, not only in religion, but in temporal affairs as well, and faith in one's own powers is a most important precursor to the exercise of these powers to the best advantage. To feel sure that you are going to fail in a task is to make failure almost a foregone conclusion, while to rely confidently on your faculties to do your best is as good as an inspiration.

The man who is continually running himself down is about as tiresome a companion as the fellow who lets no opportunity slip to praise himself up. This world is not a mutual admiration society, and while it is not necessary that you be constantly blowing your own trumpet, be sure that you will never find anybody else to blow it for you. If you have a task to discharge, go about it manfully, believing that you are going to bring it to a successful issue. If you have no confidence in yourself, how can you expect trust from others?

THE NOVEMBER MUNSEY'S.

The new number of Munsey's Magazine is now ready, in a great big edition, to meet the enormous demands. There is a new picture on the cover and the contents are even more entertaining than usual. In the department devoted to the Stage appear the portraits of Caroline Miskel, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, and five other players of the day.

The Dickens article of last month is followed by a paper on the Illustrators of Shakspeare, and "Famous Pretenders" is the theme of another engaging contribution. There are several other illustrated articles, the three serials are continued, and there are as many spirited, well written short stories.

The number contains over a hundred pages and sells everywhere for ten cents. Subscription price, one dollar a year.

Odd Stamps and Postal Cards.

As this last year of the Columbian celebrations draws to a close, great numbers of people not only in America, but all round the world, will undoubtedly invest all their spare change in our Columbian series of postage stamps, which are to be issued during 1893 only. Of course, it will be some time yet before they become worth more than their face value, but enthusiastic philatelists are content to wait, and gloat over a treasure the value of which increases with each passing day.

Unless the reader is himself a collector, he has probably no idea of the vast sums of money spent each year for stamps which would not carry a letter from one house to another in the same town, but which regarded from the standpoint of rarity, are worth, some of them, as much as a brown stone mansion. It is calculated that during one season of sales in England alone, \$135,000 changed hands in barter over old stamps.

What makes these little squares of mottled paper so valuable, you ask? Because they are limited in number. For instance, what is considered the rarest of all American stamps is the 1847 issue from Millbury, Massachusetts. It is said that a dealer will give you one thousand dollars for as many of these as you can bring him. But still you could not set up as a millionaire on the profits, as there are only six of them extant.

A recent writer on the subject of stamp collecting states that the most valuable collection in the world belongs to an Italian nobleman, now fifty years old, but who rides his hobby with all the ardor of a boy of fifteen. But unfortunately he covers so much ground that he is obliged to employ out fiders, as it were, in the shape of agents and secretaries, to assist him in securing and arranging an assortment that is worth a million of dollars.

This collection contains the rarest stamp in the world—the only one of its kind in existence; a one cent issue of the 1856 series from British Guiana.

The postage stamp as an institution, is but a little over fifty years old, the first one ever issued being the two pence specimen, brought out in England in June, 1840, and bearing the head of the present Queen. The United States entered the field in 1847. Greenland and China enjoy the distinction (?) of being the only countries that worry along without a post office.

If you are interested in stamps and were at the World's Fair last summer, perhaps you noticed in the Government Building the collection of 114 postal cards sent by Mr. Watson of New York. He is as enthusiastic over postal cards as are his conferees over stamps. His collection comprises over eight thousand pieces, he is president of the Postal Card Society of America, with its eighty-eight members, and is editor of a monthly paper called "The Postal Card."

Although the postal card is only about half as old as its brother—or sister, which is it?—the stamp, its history is an exceedingly interesting one. To Austria belongs the honor of introducing this convenient form of hasty correspondence. October 1, 1869, is the card's birthday.

During the Franco-Prussian War of the next year, Germany issued what were called "Field Post Correspondence Cards," for the use of the soldiers only, who could obtain them at the rate of about five for a cent. These the soldiers could use without any stamp. Another issue of the same series, intended for civilians, had a place for a stamp, which must be affixed before the card was dropped in the mail. This system, however, one would think, must have been subject to no end of abuse.

On the other side of the line during this memorable war, the French had

their "Balloon Postal Cards." Suppose a Frenchman, confined in Paris during the siege, wanted to communicate with friends outside. Of course it was out of the question to do so by ordinary channels—railway, carriage or messenger. There was only one method open to him, that of the balloon post, and this by no means a certain one.

However, if he determined to risk it, he procured a little card, smaller than our blue "postal" of today, on which were printed such patriotic sentiments as "Paris defies the enemy," "Only one war is just and right, that for independence." These were written in both French and German, the latter fact testifying to the likelihood there existed of the correspondence falling into the hands of the enemy who, the Parisians evidently hoped, might be properly impressed by reading such utterances as those quoted.

These defiant sentences appeared around the four edges of the card, in the center, above the space for the address, were the arms of the French Republic; to the left of this in large type the words, "Par Ballon" (By Balloon) and to the right the remainder, "The Government reserves the right to confiscate all postal cards that contain matter of a nature to be utilized by the enemy." In the lower left hand corner was a space to which the stamp was to be affixed.

On the other side of this card the Parisian would write his message and intrust it to the bag which a balloon took up and dropped somewhere in the surrounding country where there was the least chance of the Prussians picking it up. Should it escape this fate, it was carried to the nearest post office and the mail matter dispatched to the various addresses.

The postal card was adopted by the United States in 1873, and a good deal of amusement was created by the first series, which bore the legend: "The address only can be written on this side."

Smart Alecks at once began to declare that they could write anything they chose on either side of the card; whether or not this would affect its carriage was another matter. There was so much fun poked at the government for its misuse of the English language that finally the cards were recalled, and another set issued, with the objectionable wording altered.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

The darkest day in any man's earthly career is that wherein he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it.—Horace Greeley.

Don't thou love life? Then waste not time, for time is the stuff that life is made of.—Franklin.

A good way to find out how much religion people have is to watch them when they can't have their own way.—"Ram's Horn."

It costs more to satisfy vice than to feed a family.—Balzac.

No school is more necessary to children than patience, because either the will must be broken in childhood or the heart in old age.—Jean Paul Richter.

People are always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude, but patience in the finest and worthiest part of fortitude. Patience lies at the root of all pleasures as well as of all powers. Hope herself ceases to be happiness when impatience companions her.—Ruskin.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.—Lord Chesterfield.

Be not anxious about tomorrow. Do today's duty, fight today's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.—Charles Kingsley.

It is worth a man's while to do anything which means command over self.—Dr. Broadus.

Doing is the great thing. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.—Ruskin.

The tongue is like a race horse, which runs the faster the less weight it carries.—Butler.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but, while thou liv'st,

Live well. How long, how short, permit to heaven. —Milton.

GOOD TIME IN BILLVILLE.

The times are lookin' brighter—no matter what they say;
And our step is gittin' lighter, and we're happy on the way;
For all the fodder's in the shock—the cotton's in the boll;
And it's glory in the smokehouse, and it's glory in your soul!

The times are lookin' brighter—that is, the times at home,
Where the tater's in the fire and the honey's in the comb!

And we'll hear the silver jingle, and we'll see the dollars roll,
And you'll feel 'em in your pocket, and you'll hear 'em in your soul!

The times are lookin' brighter—we feel it in our bones,
While we're carvin' of the cornbread, and a s'licin' tater-pones!
And no matter what they tell you—you will hear the dollars roll,
And they'll jingle in your pocket, and they'll jingle in your soul!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Clever Capture.

BY E. E. YOUMANS.

Harry closed the glass with a snap. "I can't make out who it is," he said; "the mist is too heavy. It looks like Sam Bixby, and I'd like to know what he's doing there so often."

Harry looked off in the direction of the island again. He could just make out a small sailboat riding at anchor close to the shore, and a man walking around some distance back, evidently looking for something.

This he could see without the aid of the glass, but though he had made several attempts to make out the identity of the man through the telescope, the mist that hung over the sea was just thick enough to baffle him.

His curiosity was strangely aroused. This was the third or fourth time he had noticed some one there, and while he thought it was Sam he could not be sure of it.

The fellow on the island was a little too stout for Sam, but there was something about him that looked familiar.

Harry was so anxious to be sure about it that he again leveled the glass, but the most careful scrutiny failed to satisfy him.

"Confound the fog," he muttered, closing the telescope impatiently; "all I can do is to make out enough to leave me in doubt. The fellow looks like Sam and walks like him, but I'm sure Sam isn't as stout as he appears to be, although that may be on account of the mist."

He stood still and looked toward the island, the telescope slung under his arm, and his attention too much absorbed to hear the footsteps of a boy about his own age, who was coming along the cliff.

"Hello, Harry!" called out the new comer, when he was near enough to speak. "You're the very fellow I want to see."

Harry turned with a start, and was surprised to see Sam Bixby himself standing before him. This proved that the fellow on the island was a stranger.

"Good morning Sam," he said coldly, for he could not forget the shabby treatment he had received at Bixby's hands, and this was the first time the latter had greeted him in a friendly manner for more than a month.

"Yes," continued Sam, advancing and extending his hand, "you're the very fellow I want to see. We've made a big discovery, old man, and I've come to apologize to you, and bring a message from father that you're to return at once to the store."

"Father is satisfied that you had nothing to do with that money affair, although you must admit that the circumstances were against you. You were the only one in the store at the time, you know, and it did seem strange that anybody could come in and steal \$500 from the safe without your knowing it."

"But I told your father how it was, that I happened to go in the back room and returned just in time to see the fellow getting out of the door. It never occurred to me that he was a

thief. I thought he had come in to buy something, and, seeing no one behind the counter, had gone out again."

"We know that now, but then it didn't look like a plausible story," Sam continued. "However, I'm ever so glad you have been proved innocent, and I want to tell you now that I'm sorry for what I said to you at the time. I hope you'll forgive me for it, and that we'll be even better friends than we were before."

"I'm only too glad to do it, Sam," cried the boy, shaking the other's hand cordially. "I did feel a little sore against you for going back on me, but after all, you had good grounds for believing me guilty. How did you find out otherwise?" he asked hastily.

"There happened to be a \$20 bill amongst the roll with one corner torn off. It was torn in a peculiar way; half of the cipher was gone, and father noticed it when he put the money in the safe. Last night a fel-

"We won't have time to go to the store," said Harry. "It's nearly two miles from here, and before we can get there and back he'll be gone."

"What can we do then," asked Sam. "I'm sure he's concealed the money there, and now perhaps he's going to dig it up and leave."

"Let's capture him ourselves," said Harry.

Sam looked at him in doubt. "We can't do it; he's a desperate fellow."

"Yes we can; I've an idea how it can be done. The island is nearly three miles from the shore. My boat is down in the cove; let's go out in it and capture him. That'll leave him on the island; he can't swim to the mainland, and the officers can go over and arrest him."

"Do you think we'll have time before he leaves?" asked Sam. "I'll take us a little while to get there, you know."

"We'll have plenty of time. Don't you see he's hunting for the place

leaving Mrs. Wilson to return to the house more mystified than before. But she had a faint inkling that the cloud of suspicion under which Harry had lived for the past month, and which had been instrumental in depriving him of his position, had at last lifted, and she went into the house with a lighter heart than she had known since the shadow came upon them.

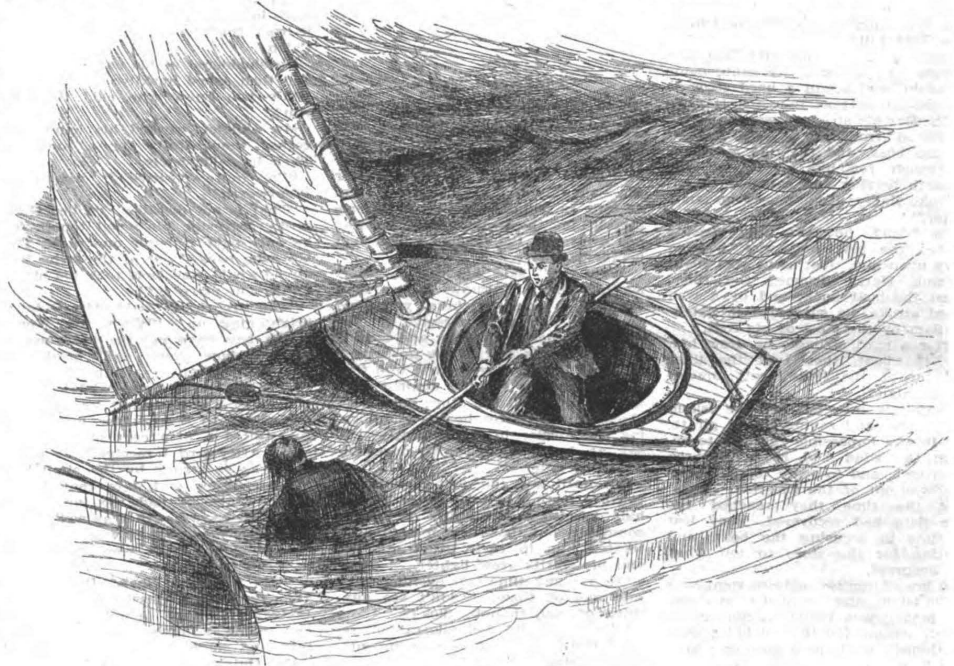
Meanwhile the two boys lost no time in getting into the boat and pulling out of the cove into the sea. Then they turned the boat toward the island, and bent to the oars with a will.

"We'll keep well around to the south," said Harry, "then he won't see us coming."

"I hope nothing will occur to balk us now," said Sam earnestly. "Since we've started I'd like to succeed, and if we do, it'll be a big thing for us."

"We shall succeed, I'm sure of it," said Harry confidently.

The little craft cut rapidly through



HARRY SUCCEEDED IN CAPTURING SAM BY THE LAPEL OF HIS COAT.

low brought some goods, and gave that identical bill in payment for 'em. Father had him arrested at once, and he said he got the bill from Jim Cummings in payment of a debt. Jim Cummings, you know, used to work in the store before you came there; he was discharged and you were put in his place."

"Then he must have robbed the safe," said Harry, looking out over the sea toward the island.

The mist was now rapidly clearing away, and the man on the island could be plainly seen. Harry put up the glass, and looked long and intently. Suddenly he started and became much excited.

"What's the matter?" asked Sam. "That man looks something like the fellow I saw going out of the store door," said Harry.

"Lend me the glass," said Sam, "quick."

Harry complied, and his friend uttered a cry of recognition as he beheld the occupant of the island.

"It's Jim Cummings for sure," he cried.

He looked again, then turned excitedly to Harry.

"We must tell father at once," he said. "There's an officer hunting for Cummings, but if we're not careful he'll get away. I'll bet he's got the money there now."

where he's buried the money; he's been searching that way now for more than half an hour."

This evidently was so. The fellow acted as if he was looking for something and was unable to find it.

"Come on," cried Harry; "if we hurry I know we can do it."

Harry led the way, and they started along the cliff on a brisk run. The cove was only about a quarter of a mile further down, and they soon reached it.

Harry's home, where he lived with his widowed mother was some distance back on the bluff, and when she saw them coming along so excitedly she was much puzzled.

She of course knew that her son and Sam Bixby were estranged in consequence of the unpleasant affair at the store, and now when she saw them on evident good terms again she was unable to account for it. She was quick to perceive that something unusual had occurred to excite them so, and when they turned from the house and made for the cove, she ran out and called to Harry to stop.

The boy halted long enough to shout back:

"Good news, mother, but I haven't time to tell you about it now. We're in a big hurry."

Then they ran on down to the boat,

the water under the powerful strokes of the boys, and in less time than they thought they could do it, they came in sight of Cummings' boat. It was still riding at anchor, but they saw that the sail was set in such a manner that he could speedily get under way.

The man himself was not visible, but a clear view of that part of the island could not be secured from their present position, and they could not tell how near he might be.

Now that success seemed at hand they began to row more excited. The thought that the man might appear at any moment and escape before they could reach the boat, caused them to bend to their work with such vigor that the oars were in some danger of snapping.

In a few minutes, however, they were close to the boat and a little later came alongside. They ran up close enough to step from one to the other, and the next moment Harry dexterously leaped into the robber's craft. At the same time Cummings appeared around some shrubbery on the shore, and came hurrying down to the beach.

The moment he saw what was going on, he uttered a shout of rage and broke into a run.

"What are you doing there?" he

yelled. "That's my boat, you young rascal; leave it alone."

Harry saw there was no time to take in the anchor; the robber would be upon him in less than half a minute.

He quickly produced his knife and cut the rope. Seizing an oar, he pulled out into the sea.

Sam in the rowboat had drifted some distance off, and was watching the scene in excited interest. When he saw his friend had succeeded, he uttered a cry of triumph. This angered Cummings, and he seized a large stone.

"Take that," he howled, throwing it with all his might.

Sam dodged, the stone passed over his head and knocked a hole in the bow of the boat. The water rushed in, and the little craft began to sink.

The force of the blow propelled the boat several yards back, and the tide being strong, it was carried rapidly seaward. Sam saw he would soon be submerged, and he worked like a Trojan to ball out the water. It ran in faster than he could get it out, and in a few minutes the boat was more than half full.

Suddenly it careened and Sam was thrown into the sea. He sank, came up again, and began a hard struggle against the current to reach Harry's craft. But his strength was well nigh exhausted from his efforts to ball out the boat, and the tide was now too much for him. He felt his strength leaving and called out:

"Help, Harry; I can't keep up much longer."

His friend, however, had already hoisted the sail, and was bearing down upon him. Just as he was about to sink Harry dropped the tiller, seized the boat hook, and by a well aimed stroke, he succeeded in catching Sam by the lapel of his coat.

After a hard struggle he drew him into the boat, then took the tiller and turned the little craft toward the mainland.

Cummings was left on the island threatening and raving like a pirate. But it was impossible for him to escape; the wind had risen; the sea was rough, and to swim to the mainland was out of the question.

By the time they reached the cove Sam had recovered. They lost no time in securing the boat, and starting for the store to tell what had occurred.

An hour later two officers went over to the island and arrested Cummings. The money was found on his person intact, except for the \$20 bill before mentioned. He is now serving a long term in the penitentiary.

The two boys were highly praised for the clever capture, and when Sam told his father how Harry had saved his life Mr. Bixby's gratitude was unbounded.

"I'll make it all up to you, my boy," he cried. "You'll of course come back into the store at once, and you'll have a better position and more money."

Mr. Bixby kept his word. Today Harry Wilson holds an honorable position in his store, while the friendship between Sam and himself is stronger than ever. And Harry feels that the chain of circumstances, which for more than a month threw a cloud over his career, proved a blessing in disguise.

LIKELY TO GET LEFT.

Father—"Always keep the company of those who are better than yourself."

Son—"But suppose that kind of company has the same end in view, where am I going to come out?"—"New York Press."

NOT WASTED.

Mrs. Billus (after the company had gone)—"Johnny, you shouldn't have eaten those preserved fruits. They were not intended to be eaten. They were put on the table to fill up."

Johnny Billus—"Well, that's what I used 'em for, mamma."—"Chicago Tribune."

THE ADVANCE GUARD.

What gleam is in the mountain path?
What glamour born of aery flame,
What sheen of golden spears that steal

Along the way the south wind came!

Now tossing every gilded plume,
Out on the open sea them swarm,
Their vast battalions just beyond—
The scouts of frost and a whirling storm!

Sweet summer from her purple seat
Sees them and shivers with afright—
Their bright encampment glides the field—
Alias, her day of doom and blight!

What matters all your dusty glow
Your glancing cheer, your laughing nod?
You bring the downfall of delight,
Unwelcome flower, O golden rod!

—Harper's Bazar.

[This Story began in No. 566.]

Under a Cloud;

OR,

OGLE WENTWORTH'S FATHER

BY J. W. DAVIDSON,

Author of "Comrades Three," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER PLAN OF GUILFORD'S.

The evening of the Fourth was anything but pleasant to Guilford Stanton. The action which his father had taken in regard to the prize for the swimming contest had cut him deeply. In vain he strove to excuse himself on the ground that he was not aware of the mishap which had befallen Caleb.

"Tut, tut," said his father, interrupting him. "I know better than that. We were watching you, and you could not fail to perceive it. You are altogether too selfish, and a good lesson like this will do you no harm."

Poor Guilford, it seemed to him that everything was turning against him, and so, while all the other boys were shouting themselves hoarse and burning gunpowder in various ways, he sat at home in a most miserable frame of mind.

Not until late the next day did he venture forth upon the street and he half dreaded to meet any of his old comrades, but those whom he did see treated him in their usual manner, and his spirits grew lighter.

"Had a gay time last evening, Gil," said one of them. "Didn't see anything of you, though, Slick?"

"Well, yes; did feel miserable," replied Guilford, his face growing suddenly white.

Caleb Dodge and a couple of other boys were coming down the street together, and at this moment Caleb espied him.

"There's the chap that swam right by me when the cramp took me," said Caleb, pointing at Guilford. "I tell you, boys, there's more in Ogle Wentworth's little finger than there is in his whole body. He's full of mean capers."

Guilford's face grew crimson as his eyes met those of Caleb, and an angry retort rose to his lips. But for some reason, which he could not explain, the words were not uttered.

One of the boys took the matter up for him, however, and quite a discussion arose, during which Guilford slunk away.

As he was walking moodily along, his hands thrust into his pockets, his hat pulled down over his eyes, a familiar voice accosted him. Looking up he saw Josiah Quigley.

"Well, Master Guilford, the circumstances of yesterday were singularly unfortunate," said the man in a whining tone. "I think they did you a rank injustice. It seemed to me at first that Caleb did that merely to show you back. You would surely have beaten this Wentworth boy."

The men had never seemed so repugnant to Guilford before, and he answered shortly:

"Beat him! I should say not. He is my evil genius. You only made mat-

ters worse by taking up in my behalf."

"I regret it very deeply," said Mr. Quigley humbly. "I tried to do my duty impartially, but my efforts proved abortive. In addition to my rebuff from your father, I find that a couple of worthless half dollars were passed upon me at the picnic. I suppose I must bear the loss."

He took some coins from his pocket, saying as he did so: "These are the two; they don't look at all as though they were counterfeit."

Guilford took the two pieces of money and examined them. They had a new, bright look, as though just from the mint, and yet they bore a date that was far from recent—1856.

He seemed to remember seeing two just such pieces of money somewhere, but where was it? Suddenly it flashed over him. They were among the four half dollars he had given Caleb Dodge.

Then the thought came to him. Did Mr. Green know these coins were in the drawer. If so, how lucky it was that he had given them to Caleb.

He shuddered at his narrow escape, and then asked huskily:

"Do you know who paid them to you?"

Mr. Quigley worked his hands together thoughtfully for a moment. Then he said slowly:

"I'm quite positive it was Ogle Wentworth."

"That is not possible," replied Guilford, recovering his usual tone, "for he only paid to enter one race. The boy who backed out of the swim had already paid, and Ogle took his place. Can't you place it?"

"You are right," said Mr. Quigley brightening up. "When the Wentworth boy gave me the first one, I noticed how new and bright it looked and then I saw the date—the year I graduated from Oakdale Seminary—and I wondered at its newness. I resolved to keep it for luck, so I substituted a fifty cent piece of my own. Afterward I received the other and was so struck by the similarity of appearance and date that I put that by also. I had the impression that Ogle gave me that as well, but I remember now that it was some one else, though I don't seem to be able to recall the person."

"Was it Henry Shaw, Bill Thorndike, Ike Lowry, Cassius Keefe, Caleb Dodge?"—Guilford emphasized the last name a little more than the rest, and made a slight pause—"or—"

Mr. Quigley interrupted him. "I think it was Caleb Dodge," he said quickly. "I remember he paid me last, and come to think of it, that was when I received the second new piece."

A great temptation came upon Guilford. What a sweet revenge it would be if he could fasten the theft upon his two enemies, for he plainly saw that Caleb could no longer be counted among his adherents.

And again, if this could be laid at Caleb's door, no one would believe him if he should relate all he knew in regard to some of Guilford's questionable acts. So he said in a careless, off-hand manner:

"Are you sure these are counterfeit? Who told you so?"

"A friend of mine; the cashier of the new bank," replied Mr. Quigley. "I was showing them to him, and remarked what a coincidence it was that they should be of such an old date and still look to be of recent coinage. He looked at them a moment, and then laughed. 'That is easily explained,' he said. 'They were probably made only a few months ago.'"

"At this I called his attention to the date, but he only laughed again. 'Why, man alive,' he said, 'they're counterfeit!'"

"Take them to Mr. Green," said Guilford, in an unconcerned tone as he could assume. "I don't believe they are bogus."

"I'll drop in and see him tomorrow," replied Mr. Quigley, pocketing the coins.

He turned away, and Guilford watched him till he had passed from sight, a sudden fear springing up in his heart.

"What if this should react on me as everything else has?" he muttered. "I almost wish I hadn't advised old Quigley to go and see Mr. Green."

His heart lay heavy in his bosom, as he tried to conjecture what the consequences would be if his guilt should be discovered.

"I suppose father'd look me up for a year," he said, looking fearfully about him. "But there," he continued, striving to muster up a spirit of bravado, "they never can fasten it upon me."

He wandered aimlessly about, at one time a prey to the most harassing fears, and anon his spirit would be buoyed up by hopes of revenge.

At length he found himself in the vicinity of his father's mill, and looking up at the great clock in the tower he saw that it was the hour for quitting work.

A crowd of operatives came pouring out, and he saw Ogle Wentworth emerge from the office door, a happy look resting upon his face. Ogle did not notice Guilford, who had slunk back into a passageway, but hastened homeward.

"You may smile and look as happy as you like today," muttered Guilford, "but tomorrow, if I'm not mistaken, you'll hear something drop."

He went home, trying in vain to lift the load which had again fallen upon him. He had no appetite for supper, and went early to his room, where he sat till a late hour, the fear of detection strong upon him.

By and by he became drowsy and crept into bed, and his waking thoughts became so mingled with the visions of his fitful slumbers that it was hard to distinguish one from another.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly into his room, and he looked about him, a dazed expression on his pale face.

"Was I dreaming?" he said, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "How I wish I had never gone into this business!"

He was so weak that he could scarcely dress himself, and he started back as he saw his reflection in the mirror.

"I can't see what made me tell Quigley what I did yesterday," he muttered in a tremulous whisper. "It'll come home to me, I know it will."

CHAPTER XV.

MR. GREEN MAKES A DISCOVERY.

With a light heart Ogle Wentworth repaired to the mill office the morning of the sixth of July. Ever since he had entered upon his duties here he had devoted all his spare time to improving his talent for drawing, and in this Mr. Green had constantly encouraged him.

"It may stand you in hand some day," Mr. Green had said, more than once, and now the boy realized the truth of this remark. His application to this work at spare moments had made it possible for him to draft the plan for Mr. Stanton.

He had scarcely put the office to rights, when Mr. Green, accompanied by the architect, came in.

"Ah, here's the boy who did such fine work for us," said the latter. "Well, my lad, how did your parents like the idea of your becoming an architect? We'll make some arrangements later."

Ogle flushed at this.

"I told mother," he replied faintly. "She was glad to think I could do so well."

Mr. Richardson looked at him keenly.

"Why did you not tell your father?" he asked. "Or is he dead?"

Ogle shook his head, his face growing white. "Father is not here," he said, fairly forcing the words from his quivering lips. "I don't know where he is."

A painful silence fell upon the little group, broken at last by Mr. Green.

"We must look these plans over at once, Mr. Richardson, and make our decision. We want the work under way as soon as possible. Ogle, run up to Mr. Stanton's house and tell him I would like to see him as early as he can make it convenient to be here."

As Ogle left the office the architect turned to Mr. Green.

"What caused this boy to color up so?" he asked. "Do you think him worthy of confidence? Is he honest?" Mr. Green made an effort to laugh. It was a failure, and he replied gravely:

"Your questions are somewhat numerous, but I will endeavor to answer them. In the first place, as I understand it, the boy's father ran away, or disappeared, to escape the consequences of a rash or criminal act, and the lad is exceedingly sensitive on the subject. As far as his honesty is concerned, I know nothing to the contrary."

The architect's heavy brows were drawn together in a deep frown. "I have had rather trying experiences with boys," he said, "and feel that I must exercise the utmost caution. I am sorry I made as much talk with this boy."

Mr. Green made no reply to this, and the two men began comparing the drawings. While thus engaged a tap sounded on the door. Mr. Green opened it and confronted Mr. Quigley. "Ah, beg pardon; didn't know you were engaged," said the latter, going through his usual wringing process with his hands.

"What can I do for you?" replied Mr. Green. "Come in."

He introduced his visitor to Mr. Richardson, after which Mr. Quigley said:

"It is not a matter of much importance, but, knowing that you were something of an expert, I thought I would ask you if these pieces of money were genuine or not?"

He took the two coins from his jacket and handed them to Mr. Green, who, after looking at them attentively a moment, asked hurriedly:

"Where did you get them?"

Then, before Mr. Quigley could reply, he rose to his feet and said:

"Excuse us a moment, Mr. Richardson. Come with me, Mr. Quigley, into my private den."

He led the way into a small room opening off the main office. Then he turned eagerly toward Mr. Quigley and repeated his question.

With much circumlocution and rubbing together of hands the schoolmaster related his story, affirming with great positiveness that Ogle Wentworth and Caleb Dodge had paid him the money.

A perplexed look rested on the face of Mr. Green at the close of the recital.

"The coins are undoubtedly counterfeit," he said, after a few hasty turns about the room, "but you shall not be the loser. Here is a dollar, and I will keep these two fifty cent pieces for the present."

Mr. Quigley took his leave just as Mr. Stanton and Ogle entered the office. For a couple of hours the three men were very busy, and at the end of that time their decision was made.

"Now," said Mr. Stanton, leaning back in his chair, "I will have my draughtsman finish up the plan, and we will be ready for work."

As he spoke he nodded toward Ogle, and then looked sharply at his partner.

"What's the matter with you, Green?" he asked. "You look exceedingly glum."

"Nothing," replied the junior part-

ner with an effort. "If you have finished the business in hand I think I'll take a turn in the open air."

He took his hat and went out, an unusually grave look on his florid face.

"It don't seem possible that Ogle can be the thief," he said, as he stepped out into the sunshine. "I will question him this afternoon, though I hardly know how to broach the matter."

He was walking along, meditating upon this subject, when, at a turn of the street, he came face to face with Caleb Dodge. Acting on the impulse of the moment, he accosted him.

"Do you remember paying a half dollar to Mr. Quigley at the picnic day before yesterday?"

"I paid him fifty cents entrance fee to the swimming race," replied Caleb, wondering what Mr. Green was driving at.

"Do you recognize either of these?" asked Mr. Green, eying him keenly, as he displayed the counterfeit coins.

"Yes, I think it was one of those," replied Caleb; "or, anyway, a new looking one."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he regretted having spoken them.

"Mr. Quigley says," continued Mr. Green, still keeping his eyes sharply upon Caleb, "that you gave him one of these and Ogle Wentworth the other. Where did you get yours? Remember, it is a serious matter to be passing counterfeit money."

Mr. Green intended to frighten the truth out of Caleb, but he rather overshot the mark.

"I—I—" stammered the boy, wholly at a loss what to say, "got it from Ogle, that is, I—"

He stopped, and Mr. Green turned away without questioning him further.

"Well," said Caleb, looking after the retreating form of Mr. Green, "haven't I made a mess of it. He must know that money was stolen from the drawer Sunday, and now he'll accuse Ogle of doing it. Why didn't I tell the truth?"

As for Mr. Green, he was more perplexed than ever. "I wonder if that Dodge boy told me the truth," he thought as he walked back toward the mill. "I will question Ogle."

Ogle was set at work immediately upon the drafting, Mr. Stanton helping him, and by the middle of the afternoon the front elevation and the ground floor were delineated in a manner that pleased Mr. Richardson exceedingly.

"We'll have to strike up a contract my boy," he said, after carefully examining the details of the work. "What do you think, Mr. Green?"

"I think you can come to some satisfactory arrangement," replied the latter. "I wish to have a little talk with Ogle first. Come into my private office."

Mr. Stanton and the architect both wondered at the grave, troubled look in the face of Mr. Green as he rose from his chair, but at this moment the clang of a heavy bell startled them all. It rang as though all possible power had been applied to the rope, and was quickly followed by all the other bells in the village, three or four in number, including the one on the schoolhouse, while the shouting of voices could be plainly heard.

"What is the matter?" demanded Mr. Stanton, rising to his feet and hastening to the window. "There is a fire somewhere," he cried, all alive with excitement. "I see a great smoke drifting over, but cannot tell where it comes from. It must be near though."

Bidding Ogle remain in the office, Mr. Stanton hurried away, followed by Mr. Green and the architect. As they came out on the street they saw a crowd of men and boys, with a sprinkling of women and girls, talking and shouting as they hastened on. An old hand engine was being dragged along by a score or more of strong men as rapidly as possible.

As the three men joined the crowd

there was a great clatter up the street, and shouts of "Get out of the way!" caused the eager throng to separate.

And now the pride of the village, the new steam fire engine, with a pair of snorting horses attached, dashed along, narrowly escaping a collision with the hand engine. Just behind rattled the hose cart, and a shout went up from the villagers as the faithful guardians sped onward.

At length the scene of the conflagration was reached. In fact it was only a short distance from the mill, but had been approached in a round-about direction. The engines were already at work, and Mr. Green pressed as near to the burning building as he could.

It was enveloped in flames, and the fire threatened to spread in spite of every effort. If a wind should spring up, the mill, and, in fact, the entire village, would be in danger.

But the water seemed to check the flames a trifle, though men were engaged in removing the household effects from a small building adjoining the burning one.

As Mr. Green looked he saw that this latter was the home of Ogle Wentworth, and then he descried the mother and two sisters of Ogle standing at a little distance. Mr. Green moved forward as far as possible, for he saw that the men were handling the humble furniture more roughly than was necessary.

At this moment a man came hastily out of the house, bearing an old trunk on his shoulder.

"This is the last," he shouted. "Let the old shell burn."

As he said this, his foot caught in the hose and he dashed the trunk down at the very feet of Mr. Green, the cover coming open and the contents scattering about.

"You should be more careful," said Mr. Green, stooping to replace the articles in the trunk.

The man tried to make some sort of an apology, but was startled by the expression on Mr. Green's face. The latter was standing as though transfixed, holding something in his hand and gazing at it with dilated eyes.

It was the gold pencil which he had lost at the opening of the school.

Wholly unmindful of the curious looks of those about him, Mr. Green turned and half staggered away.

Ogle Wentworth was the thief after all!

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 560]

Lester's Luck.

BY HOBATIO ALGER, JR.,

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

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WILLIAM THORNTON'S SECRET.

As soon as he had an opportunity, Lester called at the New England Hotel and inquired for William Thornton. He was rather surprised to be told that Mr. Thornton had removed and was staying at the Fifth Avenue. He knew this hotel to be one of the most expensive in New York, and wondered how his cousin could be independent enough to take up his residence there.

He at once repaired to the more aristocratic hostelry, and finding that Mr. Thornton was at home sent up his card. The card was answered by William Thornton in person.

"I am delighted to see you, Lester," said Thornton, grasping his hand warmly. "When did you come on from Montana?"

"Only three days since."

"And I suppose you are 'dead broke,'" said his cousin with a smile.

"On the contrary I begin to think of myself as a rich man—I mean boy."

"That's good news. You remember I took some money of yours to invest"

"Yes, cousin, but I am not in want of it. Keep it as long as you like."

"You don't ask me what I did with it; whether it has grown or not?"

"No. I felt sure that it would be safe in your hands."

"You took me on trust. However, I am glad to say that I have done something with it. I have been extensively connected with mines, and especially with a Lake Superior copper mine which I bought very cheap, using your advance as part of the purchase money. The rise in value, based upon rich metallic discoveries has been phenomenal. I am prepared to pay you in return for your loan five thousand dollars."

Lester's breath was nearly taken away.

"It seems incredible," he said.

"But it is true."

"And are you a rich man?" asked Lester, almost incredulous.

"I am worth over a hundred thousand dollars, considerably more as well as I can estimate."

"And I always supposed you to be poor."

"So did my worthy cousin, Peleg Dunton. Have you heard anything from Shelby?"

"I saw Peter a day or two since. He has a position in the city, and is earning seven dollars a week."

"By the way, are you employed?"

"Yes, I am in the employ of Mr. Compton, and earning, or at any rate receiving, fifty dollars a week."

"Then I can't look upon you as a poor relation. Probably Peleg regards us both in that light."

"Do you know, Cousin William, I thought you were foolishly extravagant to put up at such an expensive hotel as this? Tell me, when you first called on Squire Dunton, at the same time that I did, were you well off?"

"I was worth fifty thousand dollars then, but I have more than doubled it since."

"Why did you give the impression of being poor?"

"I wanted to test Peleg. If he had received me cordially it would have been to his advantage. As it was, I became disgusted with his cold selfishness and was glad to get away without revealing my real position."

"Then your visit was not a very satisfactory one?"

"In one respect it was," answered Thornton, regarding Lester affectionately. "I made the acquaintance of another cousin whom I found to be sterling gold."

"Thank you, Cousin William, if you mean me, but perhaps you refer to Peter."

"Oh Peter, by all means," said Thornton, grimly. "How did Peter receive you?"

"We are very good friends—that is, we became so as soon as he learned that I was prosperous. He even condescended to borrow five dollars of me."

"You don't expect to get it back?"

"No; he is welcome to it."

The two cousins passed the evening in conversation, and Lester left the hotel, promising to call again very soon.

CHAPTER XL.

SQUIRE DUNTON'S REVERSES.

Lester had just finished supper the next evening when Peter made his appearance in a strange state of agitation.

"What is the matter, Peter?" asked Lester in surprise.

"We are paupers, father and I," answered Peter, shedding bitter tears of mortification. "Read that letter."

He handed Lester a letter post-marked Shelby, and written by his father. It ran thus:

"Dear Peter—

"I have heavy news for you. I have kept it from you as long as I could, but I can do so no longer. We are beggars. For the last three years I have been dabbling in stocks, in the hopes of making a fortune. To command the necessary means I not only used all my ready money, but mort-

gaged my house and farm for two-thirds of their value. I kept on after successive losses, hoping to regain lost ground and save the place at least, but it has been a losing game. I am well nigh penniless, and now the place is likely to be wrested from me. I feel it more for you than for myself. You have been taught to consider yourself the son of a rich man, and have formed expensive tastes. Hereafter you will have to take care of yourself. You must get along as well as you can on seven dollars a week, for I have absolutely no money to send you. As for myself, it is almost maddening to think that I shall be penniless, and obliged perhaps to do manual labor for a livelihood in a town where I have been considered one of the richest and most prominent citizens. I have no heart to write more.

"Your affectionate father,
"Peleg Dunton."

"What do you think of that?" asked Peter bitterly. "You won't want to have anything more to do with me, now that I am a pauper."

"I hope you don't think so meanly of me as that, Peter. Now is the time when your friends ought to stand by you."

"Do you think there is any hope?" asked Peter more calmly.

"Yes. Things may not be as bad as you think for. Give me that letter, and I will show it to Cousin William. We will all go to Shelby tomorrow, and talk over the situation with your father."

"You are a good fellow, Lester. I don't deserve it, for I treated you meanly when you were poor."

"That is all past, Peter. Keep up your courage, and all will be well."

CHAPTER XLII. CONCLUSION.

Squire Dunton paced the floor in his still handsomely furnished library in a state of nervous agitation. He had written the previous day to Peter to acquaint him with his change of circumstances. He was a very proud man, and it galled him to think that today there was scarcely a poorer man in Shelby than he. He knew that little sympathy would be felt for him in his wealth he had been arrogant.

"It will almost kill Peter," he murmured. "He is so high spirited."

He dreaded to receive Peter's answer, filled as he expected with bitter reproaches, which he felt that he deserved, for his folly had been great. Only two years before he had been worth twenty thousand dollars; now probably not a cent.

"Hannah," he said to the servant, "you may go to the post office and see if there is any letter. I am expecting one from Peter."

He had hardly spoken when the front door was opened, and Peter ran in.

"Here I am, pa," he cried. "I came as soon as I could after getting your letter."

"Ah, my poor boy, I have ruined you. Can you forgive me?"

"Perhaps things can be fixed," said Peter hopefully, "I have brought Cousin William Thornton and Lester along with me."

"Come to triumph over me!" murmured Peleg Dunton bitterly. "This is the worst of all."

"No, Peleg," said William Thornton advancing, "not come to triumph over you, but to help you."

"Ah, I only wish that you could, but a few dollars would do me no good."

"How much will help you?" asked Thornton quietly.

"The place is mortgaged for six thousand dollars. It is worth ten, but I don't expect it will bring more than the face of the mortgage."

"And that will leave you—"

"Stranded, without a cent!" and Squire Dunton sank into an easy chair, and covered his face with his hands. "I shall have to go to the almshouse. I am old, and I can no longer work."

William Thornton seemed to take things very quietly.

"I see," he said, "there is only one thing to do. If the mortgage were raised, could you make a living off the place?"

"Yes, provided I had a little spare money in the bank. But it is idle to speak of this. I have no friend to give me a helping hand."

"You have a cousin."

"Who is nearly as poor as myself."

"That is where you are mistaken. Listen, Peleg, I will put you on your feet if you will promise never to speculate again."

"I will gladly promise, but how can you help me?"

"I will assume the mortgage myself, and will hand you a check for two thousand dollars, taking simply your note for the money."

"Can it be possible? Can you really command eight thousand dollars?" asked the squire in amazement.

"A good deal more if necessary. You looked upon me as a poor relation when I was worth nearly three times as much as yourself."

The proud man shed tears, but they were tears of relief.

"I am saved, then," he said, "and by one whom I treated shamefully. Can you forgive me?"

"Freely. But have you no word for another cousin?" and William Thornton pointed to Lester, who was standing beside Peter.

"I am glad to see you, Lester," said the squire, with unwonted kindness. "You shall find a home here whenever you wish."

"Thank you, Squire Dunton, but I am in business in New York, and like Cousin William, am no longer a poor relation. If you will allow me, I will look after Peter and give him any help he may need. He will not hereafter be any expense to you."

"But—are you, too, rich?" asked the squire in new surprise.

"Lester is in a fair way to be wealthy," said William Thornton. "Even now he is worth over ten thousand dollars. He is quite able to provide for Peter."

"I feel that coals of fire are heaped upon my head," said the squire. "This day that began in sorrow will end in gladness. My pride and selfishness have been rebuked, and I hope hereafter to be a better man. Now remain with me over night if you can, and we will have a happy reunion, and henceforth live as those should who are so nearly related."

Ten years have passed, William Thornton is a very rich man, and Lester is likely to be one, for he is recognized as one of Seth Compton's heirs, besides being rich in his own right. Peter has risen to a high place in the house of Cross & Cresswell, and is deeply attached to Lester, whom he once looked upon as a poor relation.

THE END.

ETERNAL FAME.

Mrs. Rondo—"Why don't you write something real good instead of writing so much? Many a man has made himself famous forever by a single poem."

Mr. Rondo—"Who, for instance?"

Mrs. Rondo—"Why, the man who wrote, 'Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note.'"

Mr. Rondo—"And what was his name?"

Mrs. Rondo—"Oh, dear me! I've forgotten."—"Cleveland Leader."

IN THE ZOO.

"You're a queer looking animal," said the zebra to the camel.

"You are very impertinent."

"I didn't mean to be. I was only wondering whether you had kyphosis bicyclistarum or were naturally round shouldered."—"Washington Star."

WHERE THE DANGER LAY.

Cool-headed Citizen—"What are you running for? The dog is going in the opposite direction."

Fleeing Citizen (bareheaded and frantic)—"A policeman is shooting at it."—"Chicago Tribune."

THE FLIGHT OF SUMMER.

The heavy dew
Falls earlier and whippoorwills complain
In forest deeps. Great vivid moons arise,
Burning and fierce as passionate with pain.
And, deep within, a sense of sadness lies;
For whatsoever of beauty may remain,
The soul of summer with the swallow flies.
Cara E. Whiton-Stone.

[This Story began in No. 565.]

Belmont;

OR,

MARK WARE'S COLLEGE LIFE

BY WILLIAM D. MOFFAT,
Author of "Dirkman's Luck," "Brad Mattoon," "The Crimson Banner," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

HOW WILL IT END?

The following Saturday night as the two boys were crossing the campus to their room on their return from supper, Mark suddenly said:

"Did it ever occur to you, Herbert that we have never accepted the old governor's invitation to call?"

"Yes, I've thought of it once in a while, but something has always come up to prevent going."

"Same with me. What with football, cane fights, study and everything else, I haven't had a chance. It's a shame. Here's nearly the whole of the first term gone. Let's go to-night—there's nothing to do."

"I can't. I have glee club practice to-night."

"Why, I thought Mondays and Thursdays were your practice nights."

"So they are, but we have to practice a little for the choir singing at the chapel tomorrow, you know. We have to rehearse the hymns for Sunday service every Saturday night."

"Three nights, eh—that's a good bite of the week."

"It only lasts for a while during the winter—then only once a week. Saturday night's rehearsal is only an hour."

"Well, when could you call then?" asked Mark, avoiding further remark on the glee club affairs.

Herbert shook his head.

"I don't know, I'm sure. It's hard to say."

"We ought to go before the Christmas holidays."

"If you're anxious to go, perhaps you better go tonight and not count on me. There's no knowing when I'll be free."

"When is your rehearsal over to-night?" asked Mark.

"About half past eight or quarter to nine."

"Why, that's penty of time—I'll wait for you," said Mark. "Come, we owe this as a duty to the old governor. Herbert was silent a moment.

"I don't think that I—well I can't exactly. There will be a number of things to talk about after rehearsal, and I probably won't get away in time. Better not wait for me."

Mark said nothing more, but made ready to call on Professor Fuller alone. He arrived at the professor's house about eight o'clock and found him at home. He made apologies for Herbert's non-appearance, and passed a very pleasant hour and a half in the professor's study, talking with the old gentleman about his work, his sports, his classmates and the many other interests that make up college life.

The professor was so genial and kind and his manner invited such confidence, that, as Mark expressed it afterwards, he came "blamed near telling the old governor all about the clapper."

It was nearly ten o'clock when Mark got back to Colver Hall. As he opened his door the mingled sounds of laughter and conversation greeted his ears. Evidently numerous callers were on hand. Thinking it might be

Richards, Randall, Tracy Hollis and others that were accustomed to frequent the room, he went in with a smile ready for a hearty welcome. He was, therefore, a little taken aback when he found the company consisted of Chapin, Granby, and Hall. The smile died away on his lips and he stood a moment in the doorway as if hesitating whether to come in.

The three visitors had their backs to him, and were stretched out easily in their chairs, talking loudly, so they did not observe Mark's appearance till he closed the door and came forward. Then they stared at him in a way that made him feel almost like an intruder. Mark smiled again—this time in a rather forced manner—and nodded to them in a formal manner.

"So it was their company that Herbert preferred to mine," was the thought that flashed through his mind.

"You are back early," said Herbert, when the silence that suddenly fell on the group became awkward.

"Yes—I wanted to go to bed early," Mark answered, turning and looking at the clock. "I think I'll turn in now—good night," and he went abruptly into his bedroom. The conversation in the outer room then continued as if nothing had happened.

As Mark retired, his mind was a prey to conflicting thoughts. At first he was angry.

"What did Herbert want to bring those fellows up here for?" he said to himself. "He knows how I dislike them. The least he could do would be to keep them out of my way, confound it!"

Here he checked himself.

"Still, more's likely he thought I wouldn't be back till they had gone. He said something about my getting in early. Besides, what right have I to dictate who shall come to see him? The room is as much his as it is mine—yes, more, more—my rights here were all the free and generous gift of Herbert's father—Great Scott, how selfish I am!" he repeated to himself with a complete revulsion of feeling—

"how selfish! to forget in a minute all that he has been to me. He has a right to choose his own friends, and perhaps he may be as good a judge of character as I am. They may not be half as bad as I think them. I don't like them—and I never will like them—I know that. But I'll be civil to them anyhow for his sake."

It was some time before Mark fell asleep. His mind was not easily composed, and the loud conversation and the occasional audible sentences that came through his closed door were only such as to increase his feelings of uneasiness.

"Confound it, they are cads!—contemptible cads!" he exclaimed, as several disagreeable remarks fell on his ear.

Then one of the three, whose voice Mark recognized as Chapin, launched forth on what he no doubt believed to be a witty, satirical running comment on college affairs and individuals, but which struck Mark as a most disgustingly snobbish point of view, made up chiefly of cheap, cynical sophisms borrowed from upper classmen of the more hardened and unprincipled type. Every minute the thought of treating these fellows with courtesy and consideration grow more intolerable.

"Herbert has good sense and knows what is what—can't he tell a snob when he sees one!" exclaimed Mark under his breath.

Apparently not, for Herbert was laughing heartily at his friend's witticisms, and at times even echoed and copied his style of conversation. With an impatient exclamation, Mark tossed over in his bed, and burying his head in the pillows, covered his ears with the blankets that he might hear no more.

Gladly would he have shut out as effectually the doubts and misgivings that troubled him—the vague apprehensions as to the future. A half

hour later when the outer room was dark and silent, and Herbert had gone to bed, Mark found himself still repeating the question:

"What will it all lead to?"
"Was he taking it too seriously? Only the future could tell."

CHAPTER XIX.

CHRISTMAS VACATION.

Christmas vacation had come. The examinations passed slowly, but like everything except eternity, they had an end, and the students hurried away in every direction to their various homes.

Home had come to mean a great deal to Mark during his year's life in Medford, and it was with heart all aglow that he returned to the modest cottage of Miss Betty Otis and the dear friends that awaited him there.

His room he found awaiting him, too—just as he had left it—not an article displaced except for a more orderly arrangement, and everything as neat and clean as a pin. The first three days were rapidly spent in one continuous round of meetings and greetings, renewing old acquaintances and revisiting old haunts.

There was Walter Baker, Curry, and a host of others at the Athletic club who wanted to hear all about the football games. Mark's reputation had preceded him, and he found himself quite as much a hero at home as at college. The games had to be fought all over again for the Medford boys, while they listened, eagerly attentive to every detail, and discussed the various points with all the interest of spectators.

Then a call had to be made on Mr. Clark Lewis, Mark's greatest friend and benefactor next to Colonel Morgan. The second evening of his vacation was spent at the lawyer's great stone house, in the big, gloomy library that Mark knew so well, talking over the events of his first college term, and discussing his work and prospects.

"Always bear in mind, Mark, that I take a warm interest in you," were Mr. Lewis' last words as they parted that night. "And always let me know if I can help you. Come to me freely and frankly if you are ever in doubt or trouble."

Mark thanked him fervently, knowing well how much those few words meant from so reserved and reticent a man as Mr. Lewis.

It was now the third evening, and the night before Christmas. Mark had experienced impatient, anxious moments ever since his return, for he was daily expecting the college reports that would inform him as to the results of the examinations. He had struggled hard for a place on the honor roll. Had he reached it? He had watched every mail the third day with eager expectancy, but the evening had come and no letter.

He was sitting in the front room before the big wood fire, gazing thoughtfully into the crackling flames, and wondering when the important letter would come. He was quite alone, for Miss Betty Otis was superintending Christmas preparations in the kitchen, and Duncan and Patty had gone shopping in town. Mark had at first proposed going with them, but Patty had hinted to him very strongly, and with an air of mystery, that they were going to get presents, and that his company would not be desirable—from which Mark could only infer that they were going to give him a surprise, for one.

About nine o'clock the front door suddenly burst open, and Patty rushed into the hall, shaking the snow from her cloak, and panting from her run up the path. That something pleasant had occurred Mark could read at once in her flushed cheeks and dancing eyes.

"Your first present, Mark!" she cried, hopping up and down, and holding a letter up to view. Mark sprang up eagerly.

"The college report?" he cried.

"Yes," answered Patty nodding. "The envelope has 'Belmont College' stamped on it."

Mark ran forward and snatched the letter from her outstretched hand, while she threw off her cloak and hat, laid down her packages, and followed him into the parlor.

"Well, what's the news?" she asked eagerly, dropping down on her knees by Mark's chair and looking over his shoulder, as he leaned forward so the firelight would fall on the letter.

Mark's heart was beating rapidly—happily. He turned to her with a proud smile.

"I stand tenth in the class."

"Oh!" cried Patty looking at him with dilating eyes.

"Isn't that great!" said Mark.

"How many are there on the honor roll?" asked Patty.

"Twenty—the first twenty in a class of one hundred."

"And you are the tenth in a hundred! Oh, isn't that splendid! Why it's just the same as being first in a class of ten, isn't it?"

Mark laughed.

"Well, not exactly—it would depend on who the ten were. It's a great deal better than being the first of some ten men."

"It's splendid anyhow."

"Indeed it is. I would have felt proud to be number fifteen among the smart fellows we have in our class. It's a big surprise for me."

"Oh, I'm not surprised. I knew you would stand 'way up,'" said Patty, nodding her head.

"Why?" asked Mark, looking at her.

"I'm not smart."

"Well, but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, well, just because—that's all. You always get what you set out for. That's what makes us all so proud of you, Mark."

"Thanks, Patty."

Patty smiled and looked into the fire.

"I wonder how Herbert Morgan has done—he must have got his letter tonight. I hope he took a good place. I've a great mind to run over to his house and see—it won't take long."

A moment's silence, and then Mark sprang up. "I'll do it. I must find out how he got through his examinations."

He was already in the hall and had his overcoat in hand when he noticed Patty standing in front of the hearth just where she had risen, gazing silently into the fire.

"I won't be out all the evening," he called to her, hustling on his coat.

"Mark," called Patty, as he turned toward the door.

"Yes."

"It seems to me—I can't help thinking—well, don't you think you might spend Christmas eve—at home?"

Home! The word was uttered in Patty's softest tone, and it moved Mark deeply. For a moment all that this home had been to him—all that the Otises had been to him flashed across his mind.

"I will come back in a half hour—no a quarter hour, Patty," said Mark. "You see I am anxious about Herbert and—"

"I know what your half hours are when you and Herbert get together," answered Patty without looking up. "You have been with him and your other friends every minute since you came back. We have seen hardly anything of you, and I thought that on Christmas eve, at least, you might—"

Something in Patty's tone arrested Mark sharply. He came back into the room and to her side. She did seem a little lonely there in the parlor, and Mark felt sorry for his abrupt manner.

"Where is Duncan? He didn't come back with you?"

"No," said Patty. "He had the sleigh full of Christmas things that Aunt Betty wanted him to take over for a surprise to the Simmes and several other neighbors. Auntie does that every year. Duncan won't be back till late."

"Then I won't go—I won't leave you

alone," said Mark, tossing his hat on the lounge.

"Oh, now don't stop on that account, Mark," exclaimed Patty, flushing up. "Go, see your friends if you want to. Don't stay home for me. I'm used to being alone."

Her last words cut Mark.

"No, I'll stay," he said.

"You shan't stay! Go!—go!—go!" cried Patty, stamping her foot as her temper rose.

"But you wanted me to stay a minute ago," said Mark.

"Not for my sake," answered Patty sharply. "Suit yourself. I wouldn't have you stay home unwillingly."

Mark looked at her steadily for a minute; then he took her firmly by the shoulders, and gave her a little shake.

"Patty, look at me," he said.

Her eyes remained fixed on the floor.

"Look at me!" repeated Mark.

She looked up.

"I—I won't be pitied!" she exclaimed.

Her eyes flashed, but they were moist now.

"Patty, I'm all wrong," said Mark. "I acted on a sudden impulse, and I am very sorry for it. Now let's start again. Can I stay home and spend the evening with you? And if I behave myself, will you forgive me for hurting your feelings?"

Patty was looking straight into his face now. She never could do that long without smiling, so her expression, after puckering for a minute in doubt, began to change from cloud to sunshine.

"Well—if you'll be real good," she said with her bright little smile.

"Try me," said Mark, throwing off his overcoat, and sitting down again by the fire, "What will you have me do? Name it—anything, and it shall be yours."

Patty's eyes sparkled.

"Are you in earnest?" she asked.

"Just try me—that's all."

"All right then," said Patty, settling down on the rug. "I have my wish all ready."

"What is it?"

Patty leaned forward and touched the little nickel plated clapper that hung from Mark's watch chain.

"I want you to tell me all about that," she said, smiling.

Mark laughed.

"Oh, here, that isn't fair. You know I have told you twenty times in the last three days that I couldn't tell you that. You must wait for the class history, like the rest."

"But your promise!" cried Patty.

"Never mind—let me tell you something else—the football games—anything but that."

"No, I've heard all about the football games from you. I want this—and this only," said Patty decisively.

"Girl's curiosity—that's all," laughed Mark.

"I don't care. I want to know."

"But how can I tell you?" said Mark. "It's a dead secret—and I'm afraid to tell any one. It wouldn't be square."

"I'm not going to break the secret—you needn't be afraid of me," answered Patty.

"Yes I need, too," said Mark. "Every one knows a girl can't keep a secret."

Patty drew herself up.

"There now, you want to make me mad again. Why don't you tell me you can't trust me, and have done with it?"

"Oh, I trust you, but—but—"

"But your promise, Mark."

"Will you give me your word of honor that you will never say a word about it to any one if I tell you?" asked Mark looking straight in her face.

"I give you my promise—that's enough," said Patty.

"All right, then," said Mark, after a moment's hesitation. "Settle down comfortably, and here goes."

And so it came about that Patty Otis gained the distinction of being the only living soul, outside of a select few in the freshman class, that knew the full details of the great conspiracy of Teddy Binks that robbed Belmont College of its clapper.

CHAPTER XX.

BACK AT COLLEGE.

"I'm going to put in some good hard work this winter term—and I want you to help me stick to it."

It was Herbert Morgan who was speaking. He and Mark were on the train returning to college. The Christmas vacation had flown by only too quickly, in various pleasant pursuits, and almost before the boys could realize it, the day of college reopening had come.

Herbert had secured a place on the honor roll, but it was a close shave for him. He stood eighteenth—just within the first twenty. This made him a little anxious, and he now seemed resolved to make a better showing.

"I know I lost a number of evenings and lots of valuable time toward the end of last term," he admitted, "but that won't occur again. The glee club will take only one evening a week hereafter, so I will have plenty of time—and I intend to make good use of it."

"That's right," answered Mark, "and I'll do everything in my power to help you. There is no reason why the glee club should interfere. An evening or so out of the week counts for nothing except during examinations."

"I intend to work up at least six or seven places," continued Herbert. "Father gave me quite a lecture last night. He was a little disappointed in my grade, I know. He said I ought to have done fully as well as you—my preparation for college was even better than yours—and I guess he's about right."

"Of course he is. There's no reason why you shouldn't come up into the first ten," said Mark. "You have plenty of ability, and you learn quickly. All you need to do is to stick at it."

"Well, you just keep me going, will you?"

"Yes indeed—with all my heart."

Mark was delighted to find Herbert so frank and friendly. During their two weeks vacation the two boys had been together most of the time, and the slight feeling of constraint that had made Mark so uneasy had entirely passed away. By the time they returned to college they were on the very best of terms, discussing their future plans with that perfect sympathy that exists only between inseparable cronies.

"How foolish I was to waste any time worrying," thought Mark, as the two laughed and joked together.

"I'm going to start right from the very beginning," said Herbert, as they reached Belmont and hurried up to the college. "So I'm going to pitch in the first thing and write up my essay in English literature for this term, while I have plenty of time."

"All right," rejoined Mark. "I'll begin mine, too. What do you say to tomorrow night?"

"Good—that suits me."

On the following evening, Mark and Herbert set out for their room promptly after supper. As they approached Colver Hall, Herbert said:

"You go on up to the room, Mark. I'll be up there shortly."

"Where are you going?" asked Mark.

"Oh, I left some of my books this afternoon up in Granby's room and I want to get them."

"Why, you don't need them tonight."

"I know, but then there are several fellows that have just got back this afternoon, and I want to see them just a minute."

"All right," said Mark. "I'll wait for you. Don't be long."

"No," answered Herbert, "not over ten or fifteen minutes."

Mark went up to his room and settled himself with a newspaper to await Herbert's return. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed and no sign of his coming. When a half hour had gone by, Mark grew impatient and threw down his paper.

"What's keeping him anyhow?" he exclaimed, looking at the clock.

"Where did he say he was going—oh, Granby's room."

Then a thought flashed through his mind. These fellows who had just returned, and whom Herbert wanted to see—they must be Chapin and Hall, and it must be they who are keeping him. Mark knit his brows and sat another fifteen minutes in silence. Then, with a sudden resolve, he sprang up and, putting on his hat, went out of the room and down stairs. He walked out a short distance into the campus, and, standing under one of the trees, turned and looked up at a pair of brightly lighted windows in a room near the further end of Colver Hall.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed bitterly.

In one of the windows, plainly discernible through the curtains, sat Chapin talking and gesticulating vivaciously to a group of laughing fellows seated about the room. In the center of the room, perched on the table, Mark could see Herbert, his hat on the back of his head, his heels swinging carelessly, enjoying himself hugely, and apparently quite oblivious to any other engagement.

Mark's feelings were a mixture of anger and jealousy.

"He has forgotten all about me—five minutes with those fellows has driven everything else out of his head."

Mark felt bitterly sore. He stood there for fully ten minutes gazing up at the windows, during which time Herbert showed no signs of moving. Then Mark roused himself and turned away on his heel.

"So much for his resolution!" he said as he walked off towards Warburton Hall. He was determined that he would not go back and wait longer in his room, so he went up to Percy Randall's room, and spent the rest of the evening there.

About half past ten he returned to Colver Hall, to find Herbert seated at ease before the fire, reading a novel.

Herbert looked up quickly as Mark came in.

"Well!" he said.

"Well?" answered Mark quietly.

Herbert seemed a little confused at first, but he put on a bold front.

"You're a nice sort of fellow," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked Mark.

"Running away like this. Why didn't you wait for me?"

Mark's temper flashed up.

"See here, Herbert, how long do you expect a man to wait for you—two hours?"

"Two hours! I wasn't gone more than half an hour."

"What time did you get back here?" asked Mark looking at him steadily.

"Oh, I don't know—in about half an hour—about quarter to nine."

"I didn't go out of this room till nine o'clock. I waited for you fully an hour, and you said you would be back in ten minutes. Why don't you just own up that you were having a good time and forgot all about me?"

"Oh, well, I'm sorry you were kept waiting—perhaps I was a little long in coming, but after all, what's the difference? There's plenty of time to write that essay."

"Yes, plenty," answered Mark brusquely. "It was not my idea to write it this evening. It was yours—you first mentioned it, and I was going to work with you because you wanted me to—"

"Well—well—I know, and I'm sorry I kept you waiting, I tell you. But, as I say, it's nothing serious. I want to write that essay, of course, but any time in a week or so will do. I can't be working all the time. I've got to have some pleasure. College life isn't one everlasting grind. It means fun as well as work, and I mean to have my full share of the fun. We are young only for a while, and, confound it, we've got to make the most of it—"

"Chapin!" exclaimed Mark.

"What do you mean?" asked Herbert, looking at him sharply.

"Merely that I know where those

sentiments come from, Herbert. You weren't talking this way on the train yesterday. Your father's words were still fresh in your mind then. Now your tone is very different, and I know where it comes from."

"Well, where?"

"It is an echo from your friend Chapin."

"Why, confound it, Mark, don't you suppose I have opinions of my own?"

"Yes, of course, but they are influenced somewhat by circumstances, and as you have just come from the company of Chapin and—"

"How do you know I've been with Chapin?" asked Herbert abruptly.

"Well, your talk is evidence enough. It suggests Chapin's shallow—"

"Now here, Mark, that will do!" interrupted Herbert, getting up angrily.

"You're always seeking an opportunity to say something nasty about Chapin, Granby, and Hall. Perhaps you don't like them. It's pretty plain you don't, for your manner towards them has been so disagreeable that they rarely come to the room. But please remember this—they are friends of mine, and I don't care to hear any criticisms of them."

There was a long pause. Mark was nervously handling a paper knife on the table, and looking at the floor.

He struggled hard to control himself—to keep from breaking out into words as angry and bitter as Herbert's. It was not until he felt quite master of himself that he spoke.

"Herbert," he said quietly. "I do not want to criticise your friends. From this time on I shall never say one word to you about them. But, on the other hand, don't look to me in making your plans for work in the future. You have chosen your friends. Do you work with them. I can't give you the opportunity to slight me again as you have done tonight."

Then Mark went into his bedroom, and closed the door behind him.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BEGINNING OF A MYSTERY.

Herbert Morgan was a different boy in the morning. With the night to think the matter over, and cool down, he came to the conclusion that he was very much in the wrong, so, the first thing he did was to make a complete apology to Mark, which the latter received in the pleasantest spirit possible.

"And now, Mark, take back what you said about not studying with me, will you?" said Herbert in conclusion.

"Oh, as for that," said Mark, "you know I will do all I can. You know the hours when I study, and you have only to pitch in with me, if you want to."

Pleasant relations seemed restored, and in Herbert's case, the affair was, no doubt, soon forgotten. Mark tried to forget it, but on sensitive natures, hard words, though forgiven, leave something of a scar, and Mark was peculiarly sensitive to a slight from so close a friend as Herbert.

College now settled down to the long winter routine. Day followed day in a monotonous round of duties and recreations. Mark stuck closely to his work, and for his recreation, found all the fun and companionship he wanted in the group of classmates that had from the beginning made his and Tracy Hollis's rooms their headquarters. None of this group except Herbert cared for Chapin and his companions, and so it gradually came about that Herbert, after dividing his attentions for a while, went over completely to the glee club crowd, spending almost all his leisure evenings in the rooms of Granby or Chapin.

Slowly but surely Mark felt that the attraction of these gay companions was drawing Herbert away from him. It was a source of keen regret to him, but he could do nothing—say nothing—merely stand silently by and watch his best and dearest friend drift away.

Often Mark would ask himself why Herbert's friends made him feel so anxious, so uneasy. Only a blind, vague feeling of distrust of these companions—that was all his reason.

He knew actually nothing of them further than his one little experience with Chapin. Granby and Hall might be all right for aught he could say. He rarely met them. They did not come to his room except at rare intervals, and then only for a brief call on Herbert. And, as winter advanced, there was less and less need of even such brief calls.

Herbert spent the greater portion of his evenings out. The glee club, far from taking less of his time during the second term, seemed to grow more and more exacting as the weeks went by. Evening after evening as Herbert would go out he would say something about glee club matters needing attention, and Mark, who had asked him no questions at all, would wonder at this gratuitous information of Herbert's, and at length began to suspect that it was merely an excuse to cover something else.

After a while Herbert got in the way of taking an occasional meal at Chapin's eating club, sometimes not turning up at his own room at all till next morning, from which Mark could only infer that he must have spent the night in Chapin's or Granby's rooms. As for Herbert's resolution to work hard—well, that was soon forgotten. "The end of the term will be time enough for study," he said. "I can make up back work then."

Faithful to his resolve, Mark said nothing, but, as Herbert's evenings out grew more and more frequent, he determined to keep his eyes open and see what all this growing intimacy was leading to. Perhaps it was none of his business—nevertheless he would watch.

As Colonel Morgan had said, he knew more of the world than Herbert, more of human nature, and he might be able to serve him in some way—some time. To that one purpose—to serve his best friend, and the son of his kind benefactor, Mark kept his mind bent steadfastly.

Winter dragged its slow and weary length along, and the first of April came at last, bringing with it the first touch of Spring. Then came the glee club tour, toward which Herbert had been looking eagerly for weeks past. The boys parted affectionately, Herbert promising to write Mark from various points along their tour.

"I wish you were going along," Herbert said repeatedly during the last few days, and with a sincerity that was very pleasant to Mark.

"And I do, too—now," he answered thoughtfully.

Mark missed Herbert keenly, and found the rooms almost unbearably lonesome after his departure. In spite of Herbert's constant running out in the evenings, there were hours when he was always there, and even when he was out, Mark had got into the way of looking for his return, and, sometimes, waiting up for him, merely for the half hour's talk before they went to bed. Now he felt quite alone, so he spent most of his time up in Tracy Hollis's room.

On Saturday night, the fourth night after Herbert's departure, Mark found two letters for him at the post office, which he took at once to his room to read. One was a brief one from Herbert, telling of the glee club's safe arrival in the first town on their list, and their first concert. The other was a long one from Patty Otis, telling of affairs at Medford. This he read over twice, the second time quite slowly, and owned to a feeling of homesickness as he did so. Patty's letters were so bright, so snappy, so well, so like herself, which meant more than could be easily described in words.

Mark went to the window and looked out. There was a touch of spring in the air—just warm enough to make one contemplative. Mark leaned out and allowed his eyes to rove over the quiet campus. It was already after nine o'clock, nearly half past, and the moon was just rising over the trees back of Warburton Hall.

"How beautiful Medford must be tonight," thought Mark, gazing down the avenue of branches.

At the further end of one line of trees, far back of Warburton Hall, away down by the tennis courts, something arrested Mark's attention. The moon had risen far enough to reveal the scene quite clearly, distant as it was. A figure was moving back and forth rapidly between two of the trees—the figure of a man, apparently. Occasionally it would pause a moment under one of the trees—then resume its quick tread up and down.

What could any one be doing down there by the tennis courts at this hour? Mark looked on with growing curiosity. Back and forth—back and forth went the figure as if in the greatest agitation.

"This is something queer. I'm going to investigate," said Mark, catching up his hat and hurrying out into the hall.

By keeping in the shadow of the trees, he managed to approach the figure without possibility of being seen himself, and in a few minutes he was close upon the tennis courts. Yes, it was a man, and his whole manner seemed to indicate that he was in great mental distress. His head was bare and bent fixedly on the ground. His hands were thrust deep down into his pockets, his elbows tight against his sides, as he paced up and down with quick, long strides. Mark came nearer. He was now within ten yards of the man, when the latter turned in his walk and faced him. The moonlight fell directly upon him for a moment, revealing his features distinctly. Mark could not restrain an exclamation of surprise.

It was "Old Cincinnatus" Rogers.

(To be continued.)

BATTLE FIELD BRAVERY.

The present generation has little opportunity to show its bravery on the battle field, although there are plenty of other stages on which gallant deeds may be enacted. But in the past, when courage was the theme, the thoughts of all at once reverted to the wars.

Wellington, says a writer in an English periodical, was once asked who, in his opinion, was the bravest man at Waterloo?

"I can't tell you that," he said; "but I can tell you of one than whom I am sure there was no braver."

The following is the substance of his story:

"There was a private in the artillery. A farmhouse with an orchard, surrounded by a thick hedge, formed a most important point in the British position, and was ordered to be held against the enemy at any sacrifice. The hottest of the battle raged around the point, but the English behaved well, and beat back the French again and again.

"At last the powder and ball were found to be running short; at the same time the hedges surrounding the orchard took fire. In the meantime a messenger had been sent to the rear for more powder and ball, and in a short time two loaded wagons came galloping down to the farmhouse, the gallant defenders of which were keeping up a scanty fire through the flames which surrounded the post. The driver of the first wagon spurred his horses toward the burning heap, but the flames rose fiercely and caught the powder, which exploded, sending rider, horses and wagon in fragments into the open air. For one instant the driver of the second wagon paused, appalled by his comrade's fate; the next, observing that the flames, beaten back for a moment by the explosion, afforded him one desperate chance, he sent his horses at the smouldering breach, and amid the cheers of the garrison landed his cargo safely within. Behind him the flames closed up and raged more fiercely than ever. This private never lived to receive the reward which his act merited, but later in the engagement he was killed, dying with the consciousness that he had saved the day."

A RURAL ADVANTAGE.

Stranger—"I understand that there has never been a court case in this neighborhood. The people here must be very peaceable."

Farmer Walback—"Tain't that; but you see the squire lives so far away that by the time we git there we forgot what we was quarrellin' about."

"New York Weekly."

A Salaried Dog,

A dog who receives wages every week is one of the curiosities of London. She is a fox terrier named Strip, and by the faithfulness with which she discharges her duties, sets an excellent example to all who are ambitious of getting a salary.

Strip is employed by an electric lighting company to lay the copper strips, as they are called, through their culverts. It is necessary to carry these strips through the culverts in lengths of about 100 yards each, and they are laid four abreast. These strips are supported on traverse bars at intervals of ten yards. The difficulty and expense of aying the strips was a serious consideration or the company, until it occurred to the foreman of the works that a terrier might be trained to carry a guide rope along the culverts, to the end of which the strip could be attached, and then easily drawn through.

He had in his possession a broken-haired or terrier bitch, about nine months old, which he immediately began to train for the business. To induce a terrier to travel 100 yards underground is not such a very difficult task, but it must be remembered that at very ten yards came the transverse supports, and it was necessary for her to jump over these every time until she could be depended upon to jump every support without fail; else she was useless for the work in hand, and herein lay the great difficulty in her education.

However, by patience and perseverance on the part of her master, aided by the naturally honorable disposition of Strip, perfection was reached, and she never makes a single mistake now. Working in the dark culverts, she can be implicitly trusted to assist the company in her department, and has laid many miles of wires both in London and Brighton. And the company, recognizing the value of a good servant, pay her good wages, which she receives every Saturday morning along with the other employees of the company.

Strip is purely a scientific dog, and will not condescend on any terms, to the frivolities usually affected by her species. Rats are treated with scorn, curs are unmolested, and arks generally are tabooed. She is creating quite a stir in the electrical world at the present time.



Joseph Ruby.

As Large

As a dollar were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head.

I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two weeks the sores commenced to heal up; the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken two bottles of HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, he was free from sores." HARRY K. RUBY, Box 368, Columbia, Penn.

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NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Visitor—"You oughtn't to keep the pigs so near the house."

Countryman—"Whol?"

Visitor—"It isn't healthy."

Countryman—"That's where you're wrong; them pigs, ain't never had a day's illness."

"Tid-Bits."

THEIR PROPER PLACE.

"Where shall I display this consignment of perfume?" asked the clerk who was unpacking them.

"On the scenter counter," replied the boss.

"Pittsburg Chronicle."

"That beats me," the drum said, confidentially, referring to the rosewood stick.—Somerville Journal.

We may grieve over it, but it cannot be helped. Sooner or later the palaces in Jackson Park must go to the demolition bowwows.—Chicago Tribune.

The wisest man in the world is the man who avoids doing the greatest number of useless things.—Atchinson Globe.

Prizes.

For the longest list of new, prepaid subscribers to the New England Magazine received before Feb. 15 1894, from any one person, not an agent:

A first-class Upright Piano, catalogued at \$800, and costing \$400 cash. For the second longest list:

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Little Ethel (laying down a book)—"Princes always dress in silk and velvet, and wear a cap with a white feather, and ride sweet little white ponies?"
Mother—"Not now, my pet. They dress just like other boys."
Little Ethel (sadly)—"Then I guess I'll never marry."

The Pot insulted the Kettle because the Cook did not use

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The difficulty experienced by foreigners in grasping the point of an American joke was amazingly shown not long ago at one of the seashore resorts. One of the gentlemen of a party perpetrated the old story of the ancient knight who suddenly experienced a pain and then asked if any one could tell him what time of day it was when this fearful incident befell his knightship. The answer—in the middle of the knight—was immensely enjoyed by a French girl present, who soon after tried to work off the same conundrum to a newcomer. She proceeded with the preliminaries of the story with a great deal of difficulty and required some outside assistance. "Now," she said, "at time you say it was?" "I really can't imagine," said the newcomer. "Vy," she said, triumphantly, "it was at meednight."

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