

THE ARGOSY

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A Mystery of the Forest.

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CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG HUNTER.

The report of a gun rang through the woods, a thin column of smoke curled slowly above the bushes, and a moment later a boy came out of the thicket.

"That was a good shot," he muttered, heading toward an adjacent tree. "I didn't think I could get him."

He was soon under the tree, searching for something which he evidently expected to find. He was not disappointed.

In a few seconds he reached down, and when he straightened up he held in his hand a fine gray squirrel.

He examined the game for a while, as all sportsmen do, then dropping it into the bag suspended at his side, turned his attention to reloading the gun.

"It's a fine morning for squirrels," he told himself, as he poured the powder into the barrel; "I ought to get several before going home."

At the same moment his attention was arrested by a familiar voice in a neighboring oak, and he concluded that another squirrel was near.

As quickly as possible he finished reloading, then began working his way toward the tree from which the bits of acorns were falling.

"That's a squirrel sure," he muttered. "I must see that he doesn't escape."

He continued carefully through the shrubbery until he secured a position directly under the tree. He looked up among the branches, but the leaves were so dense that he was unable to locate the game.

He began walking slowly round the oak, straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of the squirrel, but fully five minutes passed, and he was not successful. The pieces of acorn continued to drop, however, and he knew the game was there, devoting considerable energy to devouring the nut.

"I'll catch sight of you after a while," said the youth, "and when I do, look out for yourself."

Just then he stepped upon something which broke under his foot with a sharp noise, and the next instant a commotion was heard in the tree top above. The squirrel, alarmed at the noise, had started from his concealment, and was making his way through the branches at a lively rate.

The gun of the young hunter was speedily put to his shoulder, and the report sounded an instant later. This time, too, he was successful, and the second squirrel found its way to his game bag.

"I've done well so far," he said with evident satisfaction. "Wonder how George is making out? Not very well, I guess. I haven't heard him shoot once yet."

But as he uttered these words a gun sounded in the distance, and the boy continued:

"That's he now; but he's missed the first time and fired again."

The last remark was occasioned by a second report following the first in quick succession, and in a moment or so the third shot rang out.

"Well there," said the youthful sportsman disgustedly; "he's missed twice, and had to fire the third shot. Wonder if he was successful that time?"

Thus soliloquizing he continued his way through the woods, on the watch for more

game, and was rewarded at last by catching a glimpse of another squirrel running along the limb of a dead tree some distance off. He did not like to risk a shot from where he stood, so began working his way quickly toward the tree, but the squirrel had already disappeared.

tively, but the squirrel was dilatory in appearing again.

After awhile the youth began to tire of waiting, and thought about moving on.

"I wish I had risked a shot, anyhow," he told himself. "The only reason why I didn't is because it takes so long to reload. Now if I only had a breech loader like George's I could reload in an instant."

know I saw him go there, and I didn't see him leave."

He soon reached the object in question, and a careful examination of the side around which the squirrel had gone revealed a small aperture at the base into which he must have entered.

"Ah!" said the boy, "that explains it." Now came the question how to secure the game. He blocked the hole with some stones, then thoroughly inspected the other parts of the stump to see that there were no other means of egress from it.

The aperture at the base was



"THAT WILL SOON DRY YOUR CLOTHES," SAID THE BOY, HOLDING HIS HAND OUT OVER THE FIRE.

The young hunter was sure he could be seen again somewhere in the vicinity, and did not delay in getting over the intervening distance. This he was able to do in a short time, as the woods in this part were comparatively free from underbrush, and he was not hampered by having to force his way through it.

He reached the tree, and stationed himself near by to watch the large hole he could see in the trunk a few inches above the limb along which he had first caught sight of the squirrel. He was under the impression that the game had gone into the hollow, and would soon reappear after recovering from the fright which had probably caused its retreat.

"I suppose he saw or heard me coming," said the young hunter, "and was startled."

He continued to watch the hole atten-

Just then a slight noise attracted his attention, and looking round he beheld a large squirrel running along the ground. Raising his rifle he aimed quickly, but before he could press the trigger the game vanished behind a stump. He kept his gun in position, thinking it would come into view on the opposite side, but as the seconds passed and it did not do so he began a cautious advance.

"Strange where he went," was his mental observation. "Perhaps he is hiding behind the stump, and will show himself when I come up."

He held his gun ready for use, but there was no necessity for this precaution as he discovered when he got near enough to see on the other side of the obstruction.

"Well, that beats me," he cried in surprise. "If that squirrel isn't somewhere around this stump I must be blind, for I

the only one he could find, and there was no danger of the game escaping while he was not looking. But there was little satisfaction in this reflection, for the more difficult part of the business was yet to be accomplished—that of getting possession of his prisoner.

"I don't know how I can do it," he said, looking at the stump in perplexity. "I wish George was here to help me."

Just then a shot was heard near by, and the youth uttered a cry of delight. He knew his brother would hurry to his assistance, and lost no time in calling to him.

"George!" he shouted. "I say, George!" "Hello!" came the answer; and a few minutes later the form of a boy a little older and larger than the young hunter appeared on the scene.

A fine breech loader was slung through

the hollow of his arm, and the tails of two or three squirrels could be seen protruding from the pockets of his hunting coat.

CHAPTER II. A BIG HAUL.

The new comer halted before his brother, a questioning expression on his face.

"I've got a squirrel blocked up in this stump," said the other, as his companion waited for him to speak, "and don't know how to get him out."

George leaned his gun against a tree, and proceeded to examine the stump. A few minutes thus spent satisfied him that the only way to secure the game was to break the stump to pieces. As it appeared to be considerably decayed, this could be easily done.

He kicked against the top with the heel of his heavy boot, and a large piece was knocked off after several repetitions of the process.

"What are you going to do?" asked the other. "The game will jump out and escape if you keep that up."

"Not much he won't. You just be ready to shoot him when he appears, and I'll have him out in less than two minutes."

"I don't know whether I can be quick enough," replied Tom Hess, doubtfully. "He'll go like the dickens when he comes out."

"It's the only thing we can do," George went on, "and you must take the risk."

He kicked the stump again, and another piece was dislodged. This revealed the hollow within, and the next instant George seized the piece of wood he had broken off, and jabbed it up against the opening.

"You've made a fine haul here," he cried excitedly. "There's three or four squirrels in the stump. Be careful now, and come and help me. We must get 'em all."

Tom laid down his gun and sprang forward. He held the wood before the aperture while George proceeded to cut a short stick.

"How do you know there are so many?" asked Tom, as his brother approached with the stick.

"I saw 'em. Now lower the block far enough for me to run this rod in, and I'll stir 'em up a little."

Tom carefully complied, and the stick was soon inserted.

"Don't let the block slip," George cautioned him. "They'll get out if you do."

Tom held the obstruction firmly, and his brother began working the end of the stick around the interior of the stump. The next moment a great racket was heard within, and the nose of a squirrel was thrust through the space between the block, and the edge of the stump.

"Look out!" yelled George. "He'll get away!"

For Tom had allowed the wood to slip a little, and the game had thrust his head through the opening thus made. But the next instant the block was pressed tightly against its neck, and the capture of one of the squirrels at least was almost effected.

"Hit him with the stick," said Tom, and as his companion drew out the club to comply, he shoved the block upward, closing the opening.

A well directed blow dispatched the little animal, and, as George seized his head and drew him out, Tom allowed the block to give a little so the body could easily slip through. The instant the game had been extracted the obstruction was shoved in place and held as before.

"He's a nice one," said George, examining the prize for a moment, then dropped it in his hunting coat and turned his attention to the others.

The stick was again thrust into the stump, and the former process repeated. Another squirrel's nose soon appeared at the opening, his head was allowed to come through, and his capture was effected after the manner of the first victim.

"That's a good scheme," said George, as they prepared for the third attempt. "I think we can get 'em all."

Two others were added in this way, and George looked through the aperture to see if there were any more, but he could not make out well on account of the darkness inside. The stick was again brought into use, but the most vigorous agitation

failed to bring a response, and George threw it aside.

"We've got 'em all, I think," he remarked, and Tom dropped the block.

The next moment a large squirrel sprang from the hollow, and scampered over the ground like a flash. Tom seized his gun and fired, but his aim was too suddenly taken to insure success, and the game reached the nearest tree, up which it ran with great speed.

Tom fired again just as the little fellow reached the tree top, but as before no harm was done, and the squirrel continued his wild flight from branch to branch.

"Don't let him get away," cried Tom, as he hastily began reloading. "He's larger than any of 'em."

But his brother had already started in pursuit, and while Tom wasted considerable ammunition in his reckless haste to reload the gun, George followed the game from tree to tree until a well aimed shot brought it down.

He was compelled to fire four times, however, and had it not been for his breech loader the chase would have been for nothing. But he managed to slip the shells into the barrels while running and keeping the game in sight, and as he now came up, triumphantly holding the squirrel in his hand, he said:

"There's nothing like a breech loader. If I hadn't been able to load so quick the squirrel would have got away."

"I know it," returned Tom, who had just finished his task, and put on the caps, "and you can bet I'll have one just as soon as I sell my oxen."

"You have sold 'em, haven't you?"

"Yes. Mr. Bell bought 'em day before yesterday, and I'm to start with 'em this afternoon."

"I'll go along, and help you drive 'em," said George. "You won't be able to manage 'em alone."

"I wish you would. They're a little wild, and I expect to have some trouble with 'em."

They started again in quest of more squirrels, and in a short time had shot three. There appeared to be a goodly number in this part of the woods, and the boys congratulated themselves on having discovered such excellent hunting grounds.

This was the first time they had penetrated so deep in the forest, having previously been content to hunt nearer home; but on this occasion they had determined to find new places, and were now abundantly satisfied with the result.

Their father's farm was situated five or six miles further north, all the intervening space being nothing but a dense wilderness which stretched away to the south for as many additional miles. There was large and far more dangerous game than squirrels to be found here, as the boys were destined to discover.

CHAPTER III.

TOM'S MISHAP.

By this time the morning was well advanced, and, as Tom was anxious to deliver his oxen as soon as possible, they decided to start homeward and be ready to set out for Mr. Bell's farm directly after dinner.

Tom knew he would receive the amount in full for the yoke when they were safe in the new owner's barn, and the sooner he got the money the sooner he would be able to present himself with a long desired breech loader.

So they laid their course northward, and, though they kept a sharp lookout for squirrels as they advanced, they did not lose time in getting over ground. They had probably gone a mile or two when they came to a large brook which they would have to cross before being able to continue their way.

This could be easily done, however, for the water was full of large stores at convenient stepping distance, and by means of these the stream was passed. When they reached the opposite side George, who was in advance, suddenly uttered a cry of surprise, and stopping, pointed down.

"What the mischief is that?" he exclaimed, the surprise on his face momentarily increasing.

Hastening forward, Tom looked down. There, in the soft earth, was the well defined imprint of a cloven hoof.

He was as much puzzled as his brother at the discovery, for the track had plainly been made by a cow. As there were no farms within miles of them, their surprise was not to be wondered at.

A further search revealed several other tracks, and the boys concluded that there had been more than one animal present. This proved that some of the cattle belonging to the distant farms had broken out, and wandered away.

In this case the boys felt in duty bound to find out all they could about it, and give a full account of their discovery to their father when they reached home. They decided that some one of their neighbors owned the cattle, and that they were sure to hear of the loss before long.

"It's probably some of Burke's stock," said George. "His cattle are more or less wild, and they have likely broken out."

"They could do that easy enough," returned Tom. "Burke's fences are in a bad condition, and he ought to have fixed 'em long ago."

They hunted around a little further to see in what direction the trail led, but it appeared to terminate on the banks of the stream, and they were unable to find any further indications of it.

"They've evidently waded through the brook," said George; "and the only way we can do is to search on both sides till we find where they came out."

"That'll take a good deal of time," objected Tom.

"I know it; and I suppose you're anxious to get home as soon as possible, but we ought to do what we can toward helping Burke to recover his stock, and it'll be a big lift if we can tell him where they've wandered."

"Well, come on," said Tom resignedly. "I'll cross over and take the other side of the stream, and you can follow this side."

He made his way across the stones, and devoted some time to searching for the trail, but was not successful, and they prepared to start away as arranged. Then an idea entered Tom's mind which had not been thought of by either.

"I say," he cried suddenly; "which way shall we go, up or down?"

"Well, I declare," said George in disgust, "I didn't think about that."

"We may not be able to find any signs of the trail by going down," continued Tom, "for the reason that the cows have gone up, and the reverse may be the case if we go up stream."

"That's so," said George. "I really don't know what to suggest."

It was indeed a perplexing question, as well as a very important one, inasmuch as an error made either way would involve considerable loss of time, to say nothing of a long tramp. At the same time it was useless to stand here, and argue the question, so they decided to follow up the river, and trust to chance at taking the right course.

They accordingly turned in that direction, and, with their eyes fastened on the soft ground along the water's edge, pressed forward. But no signs of the trail came before them, and at the end of half an hour Tom halted and looked over toward his brother.

"I'm afraid we've taken the wrong direction," he said disgustedly. "It can't be possible the cattle have waded in the river all this distance."

"It looks so," replied George. "What'll we do about it?"

"I don't want to lose any more time than can be helped," continued Tom, "and I don't like to go home without finding out something more about it."

"Then let's keep on for a few minutes longer, and if we don't come across the trail we'll give up," suggested his brother.

They started again, adding another half mile to the journey with no better success than before. It was evident the cattle had not come in this direction, and any further searching in this locality would be useless.

"We may as well give it up," said George. "They've gone down the stream, and we've had our tramp for nothing."

"It serves Burke right," remarked Tom angrily. "If he'd fix up his fences his cattle couldn't get out. We've lost more than an hour now on his account."

"Well, we'll hurry home, and tell him where he can find the trail," rejoined George. "He can then come and search for 'em himself."

At this point the stream was quite wide, and being unusually deep, Tom found himself unable to effect a crossing. He looked around in doubt for a moment until his eyes rested on a small tree that had fallen across the river some distance ahead; then his face cleared and he started toward it.

When he came to the place he found the tree little more than a sapling, and hardly able to sustain his weight. It was the only means of crossing, however, and he had to take the risk or walk back to a shallower part of the river and lose so much time.

"You'd better not attempt it," his brother warned him, as he prepared to go out on the treacherous bridge.

"I know it's risky," said Tom, "but we can't lose time in walking back again. Perhaps it'll hold me. Here goes anyhow."

So saying he climbed out on the tree, which began to sway violently under his weight.

"Go back; it won't hold you!" cried George.

Tom would have done so, but it was impossible for him to turn without falling. All he could do was to keep on, and hurry over as speedily as possible.

This he endeavored to do, but the frail support was rocking so that he could not maintain his balance, and the next moment he was thrown off, and fell into the river with a loud splash.

With a cry of alarm George ran down to the water's edge, and was going to wade out to assist him, when Tom came to the surface, and swam towards shore, calling to his brother to go back. Seeing he was not hurt George complied, and a moment later Tom drew himself up out of the river.

"I can thank Burke for this," he savagely remarked, as he pulled off his coat to wring out the water. "I don't care now whether he gets his cattle or not. Let him fix his fences."

Tom's gun of course was lying at the bottom of the stream, and for awhile he was tempted in his anger to leave it there; but when he had removed all his garments and wrung out the water, he thought better of it, and decided to recover the weapon.

He dived into the water twice without success, but when he came to the surface the third time he held the gun in his hands. The charge of course had to be drawn, but this matter George attended to while the disgusted Tom proceeded to get into his wet clothes.

"If I don't give Burke a lecture when I see him it won't be my fault," he said, as he drew on his coat with much difficulty, for the sleeves seemed reluctant in slipping over his hands, and he was compelled to coax them on inch by inch, his anger and disgust increasing accordingly.

"Burke is a slouch and always will be," was his final assertion, as his coat came into position. "And if he doesn't fix up his rickety old fences at once, he'll hear from me every time I see him."

A few minutes later they were making their way homeward, and, although they had several opportunities to bag a few more squirrels, they did not stop long enough to take advantage of them.

Pressing steadily on, the boys had covered a few miles when they suddenly came to an abrupt halt.

A small fire was burning just ahead before which, leaning against a large rock, stood a boy whom they recognized as the son of a farmer living on the opposite side of the woods. He was in his shirt sleeves and his gun was resting beside him against the bowlder.

Hearing the boys coming, he looked up and called out:

"Hello, fellows! What luck have you had?"

"First rate," said George, touching the pockets of his hunting coat. "But what the mischief are you doing with that fire?"

"Trying to smoke out a possum. He's in a hole under this flat stone. Where in thunder have you been?" he suddenly added, noticing Tom's wet garments as the brother came up.

"We had to cross a stream further back, and I fell in," answered Tom.

"The mischief you did. Sit down on this rock and dry your clothes."

Tom seated himself on the stones and

George squatted on the ground beside him, having first placed their guns on the opposite side of the rock to be out of the heat from the fire.

The boy nodded approvingly. "This'll soon dry your clothes," he said, holding his hand out over the fire.

Meanwhile he continued to watch the hole under the rock, but evidently the attempt to smoke out the 'possum was a failure, for the time slowly passed and the game did not appear.

"I reckon he's too deep in the ground for the smoke to reach," said the boy at last, "but I'll keep it up a while yet anyhow."

He threw on more wood, and the fire burned up again. The steam rolled off Tom's garments in great clouds, and the perspiration down his face from the excessive heat, but he kept his place till his clothes were dry.

"We'd better be going now," he said, rising to his feet. "I'm sorry we've got to leave you, Joe," he continued turning toward the boy, "but we're in a hurry, and have already lost a good deal of time."

So they picked up their guns, and, leaving Joe staring at the hole under the stone, started on again.

"Let's hurry," said Tom. "It'll be so late when we get home that I'm afraid we won't be able to start with the oxen today."

They went rapidly on now and soon reached home. Dinner had been disposed of, and their mother was attending to the dishes when they entered the dining room.

"Have you seen your father?" was the first question she asked, then, seeing how wrinkled and soiled Tom's garments were, she continued:

"Mercy on me; where have you been?" "In the water, thanks to Burke," answered Tom, relating his mishap in detail.

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake in linking the cattle belonged to Mr. Burke," said his mother mysteriously.

"How so?" he asked, puzzled. "I thought you had probably met your father and he had told you about it. He's gone out now in search of them."

"In search of what?" asked Tom. "Your oxen."

(To be continued.)

[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 XXII.

UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

As Ogle Wentworth felt that his strength was deserting him entirely, he made one more frantic effort to escape, and in his struggle a table was overturned. With a crash a huge animal came to the floor, and almost instantly rapid steps were heard approaching.

The tramp released his hold on Ogle, and attempted to rise to his feet, but the half-strangled boy clung to him desperately, and, before the man could free himself, the door opened, the light from a lamp illuminated the room and the deep voice of the farmer rang out like a trumpet.

"What's the row here?" he shouted, and then as the tramp tried to dash through a window he seized him with a grip of iron.

"Hold on, my fine fellow," he said, dragging him back with one hand, while he still held the lamp with the other. "I want you to explain how his drawer came open."

Finding himself powerless, the tramp cinged and whined piteously. "This 'ere boy was a-goin' to steal, un' I tried to stop him," he said, his words having that peculiar tone and accent, so common among persons of his class. "He's a little villain."

The farmer turned to Ogle, still retaining his hold upon the tramp.

"Is that so?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied Ogle stoutly, as soon as he had recovered his breath. "I heard him leave the room and followed him."

As Ogle said this the tramp laughed hoarsely.

"Now, I'll leave it to yourself," he said in a tone meant to be persuasive, "does that look nat'ral. This 'ere boy, only a kid, a-follerin' me an' not givin' any alarm. He's a bad un."

At this Ogle could not restrain his indignation.

"Do I look as much like a thief as he does?" he asked, his eyes sparkling, his cheeks flushing hotly.

"Come, now, my dear boy," said the tramp, assuming an air of reproach, "don't be too severe on your poor old father."

The face of Ogle turned to an ashen hue, and he gasped for breath, while the farmer looked from one to the other in perplexity.

"Is he your father?" he demanded sharply.

Ogle could make no articulate reply. He merely nodded his head.

"That's right, my boy," said the tramp approvingly. "Never ro back on the old man."

Poor Ogle. At that moment he wished that the earth might open and swallow him up, and his eyes sank before the searching gaze of the farmer.

"I hardly know what to do," said the latter. "I've half a mind to keep you both till Monday and then take you to the nearest magistrate."

"I wouldn't do that," pleaded the tramp. "The boy's young and it seems too bad. It might ruin his whole life. If you'll let us go now I'll see that he carries himself straight and we'll clear out at once. It's for his sake, not mine."

"I guess you're speaking one word for the boy, and two for yourself," said the farmer dryly. "You haven't stolen anything, have you?"

He put the lamp down and searched the tramp carefully, holding him with one powerful hand.

"I hardly thought, when I picked you up on the road yesterday, that I was bringing home a robber," he continued, as he finished his inspection. "I tell you what, my fine fellow, if the people roundabout here knew what sort of a character you were, they'd lengthen that neck of yours."

The tramp shuddered. "I ain't to blame," he whined. "I've b'en misfortunate. I ain't so bad as I look. This boy of mine—"

"Stop," said the farmer impatiently. "I've heard enough of that. Now if you'll clear out at once I'll let you go; it'll save me a good deal of bother."

To the farmer's surprise, Ogle refused to keep the tramp company, at which the latter grew quite pathetic. "You see how he turns against me," he said, with much show of sorrow. "He's had no training. Circumstances forced us apart, and he's b'en let run loose."

"Circumstances!" cried Ogle indignantly, his anger driving away all other feelings. "I'll tell you how it was. Ten years ago he struck a man and killed him, Clark Atwright was his name, and then he robbed his own house, knocked mother down and we've never heard from him since."

The tramp fairly groveled on the floor as Ogle poured forth this torrent of words.

"It's a lie; it's a lie," he said, as the boy paused. "I always used my family well."

By this time the wife of the farmer had joined the group, and the situation was hastily explained to her by her husband.

"Now, Hannah," said he, "what had I better do? The boy don't want to go with his father."

"I'd tie 'em and lock 'em up in the granery," she replied. "Time enough to make up your mind in the morning."

To this the farmer agreed, and the woman at once awakened the dull-eyed youth who had occupied the bed with Ogle. He came down the stairs, rubbing his eyes and yawning, but when he found what had taken place, his eyes opened to their widest extent.

A piece of stout clothesline was procured, and the hands of the tramp were securely bound behind him, in spite of his expostulations. Then they turned to Ogle, who stood white and trembling.

"It's a pity to tie him," said the woman. "He looks so forlorn and helpless."

"I can't help it," replied the man determinedly. "He's the boy of this villainous-looking chap, and the old saying is 'Like father, like son,' and it'll probably hold good in this case."

Ogle did not utter a word, but submitted quietly, though the bonds were not put upon him so tightly, owing to the entreaties of the woman.

"Now we'll fasten 'em up in the granery," said the man, but the woman again interceded for the boy, declaring that he should remain in the house.

"I'll go with my—you may put me with this man," Ogle said with an effort, his voice sounding choked and hoarse. "I suppose we are of the same kind."

"That's right, my boy," said the tramp with a grin. "Don't be ashamed to stick up for the old man."

Ogle turned away with an expression of loathing on his face, which did not escape the notice of the tramp. He clenched his teeth savagely, but at this moment the farmer took him by the shoulder and bade him come along, the woman leading the way with a lantern and the dull-eyed youth bringing up the rear of the little procession with Ogle.

The granary proved to be a strong room partitioned off in one corner of the barn, with a stout hasp and padlock upon the door. In this were several bins for grain, and on the floor some horse blankets were thrown.

"That's a good enough bed for you," said the farmer, as the two prisoners were ushered into their impromptu dungeon.

By the light of the lantern Ogle saw the sympathizing face of the woman turned toward him as the door closed. Then he heard the rattle of the hasp and padlock, the key turned in the lock, and the boy sank down in the utter darkness, such a feeling of wretched loneliness resting upon him that it seemed to him even death would be a relief.

How long he remained in this condition he could not tell, but he was roused at length by the voice of his companion.

"Say, youngster," whispered the tramp. "Can't ye get your hands clear and loosen this infernal rope? They tied it so tight that it's cutting my wrists."

He accompanied this request with a groan so dismal that Ogle's sympathies were aroused.

"What would you do if you were free?" he asked.

"What would I do?" repeated the man. "I think I'd try and lead a better life. I'd leave this part of the country, at any rate."

The boy was silent for a short time, evidently plunged in thought. Then he asked, slowly and tremulously:

"What will they do with you, do you think?"

Without a moment's hesitation the man replied:

"They'll put me behind the bars a couple of years, and most likely send you to the Reform School till you're twenty one. How will your mother like that?"

The thought was torture to Ogle. For himself he did not care so much, but his mother, who had struggled so long and bitterly with poverty, must not be burdened with this added

shame. His decision was made at once.

"Could you get out of here if your hands were free?" he asked.

At these words the heart of the tramp gave an exultant throb. "Couldn't I, though. Just give me a chance. Untie my hands and we'll both be at liberty in half a hour."

"And you won't go near mother; promise me that," said Ogle earnestly. "I'll promise," replied the man. "Hurry now, this rope hurts."

Ogle easily freed his own hands, and then began the work of untying the cord that bound the man. This he found to be a difficult task. The knots were drawn so tightly and in such a manner as to defy his attempts. After a while the tramp grew impatient.

"Can't ye do it, bub?" he whispered hoarsely. "Drat 'em, they tied me for certain. Reach down my back and you'll find a knife."

Ogle did as directed. Just over the left shoulder of the man his hand touched the handle of something. With a shudder he drew it forth and found it to be a short knife with a stout blade. Using this carefully, he soon severed the bonds of the tramp, who gave a sigh of relief when he found himself at liberty.

"We'll soon be out o' this," he said, taking the knife and commencing on the door where the staple of the hasp was clinched on the inner side.

He worked with all possible speed, and Ogle could hear the bits of wood dropping to the floor as the sharp knife made its way rapidly through the door.

Suddenly something gave way; he heard the rattle of the hasp as the staple became loosened, and then the tramp whispered eagerly:

"Come, the way's clear now; they'll whistle for us in the morning."

Ogle did not answer. He sat bowed down upon the floor, and the tramp grew impatient.

"Come," he continued. "We haven't any time to lose."

"I'm not going," said the boy firmly. "I'll stay here."

In vain the man tried to shake his resolution.

"Oh, well," he said at length, "if you like the idea of being locked up, why stay, of course. I'm much obliged to you."

With these words he quitted the granary, and Ogle could hear him groping cautiously about the barn. Then all was silent, and the boy knew that he was again alone.

He clasped his hands over his eyes, as if to shut out some horrible picture, and lay thus through the remainder of the short summer night.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Just as the gray light of morning began to filter through the chinks of the barn Ogle fell into a fitful doze, from which he was awakened by heavy footsteps on the plank floor. Then the voice of a man said in a surprised tone:

"Well, if they haven't got away! They've dug through the door."

"I'm here," said Ogle, rising to his feet with difficulty. The events of the past day had rendered him almost helpless, and it mattered little to him now what his fate might be.

The door of the granary swung open quickly, and Ogle stood face to face with the farmer.

"Where is the other one—your father?" demanded the man angrily. "I felt sure we tied him so he couldn't get away."

Without a moment's hesitation the boy told what he had done, nor did he qual before the anger that blazed in the eyes of the man.

"What did you do that for?" he demanded, grasping Ogle by the arm.

Whatever his intentions were—whether to punish the boy or merely to frighten him—they were not car-

ried out, for a woman's voice sounded and the farmer's wife appeared on the scene.

"Poor boy," she said pityingly, pushing her husband one side and taking Ogle in her motherly arms. "Come into the house and have something to eat. I'm glad this unnatural father of yours is gone."

Ogle had braced himself to withstand reprimand or even punishment, but the kindly words of the woman broke him down completely and he sobbed like a little child.

"There, there," said the woman at length, stroking his head as it lay on her breast, while her husband shrank back abashed. "You are not to blame. I'm glad you didn't go with him. You shall never want a friend while Caleb and I live; shall he Caleb?"

"No," replied the man, who seemed to be in nearly as lachrymose a condition as Ogle. "I'm glad you came out, Hannah, when you did. I was awful mad."

The revulsion of feeling was so great, that Ogle had to be half-supported into the house, and the kind woman bustled about to prepare him some delicacies.

"I declare," she said as she brought him a plate of toast and a cup of fragrant coffee, together with a dish of English strawberries and cream, besides a quantity of cake—the whole forming a meal sufficient for a couple of hearty men—"I couldn't sleep a wink thinking of you locked in with that wretch."

She set the jappanned waiter containing the food down upon a chair beside the lounge on which Ogle was lying, adding cheerfully as she did so:

"Now help yourself to a bite, and try to forget that you have found your father."

The boy had little appetite, and merely tasted the toast and berries and sipped a little of the coffee. After this he sat up and looked out of the window over the fields of waving grass, ready for the keen blade of the scythe. The sun was high up in the heavens, and the day promised to be very warm.

Down the road he espied a figure making its way slowly along, and as it drew nearer he saw that it was a boy. Then he leaned eagerly against the window.

Yes, he was not mistaken. The boy approaching was Caleb Dodge, and he walked with an air of great weariness. Caleb turned up from the road toward the house, and Ogle uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What is it?" queried the woman coming to the window. She looked out, turned and went quickly to the door, which she threw wide open.

"Well, Caleb," she called, "is that you at this time o' day? When did you leave home?"

"Last night," replied the boy, sinking down wearily on the doorstep. "How's Uncle Caleb, and how are you, Aunt Hannah?"

But the woman was too much lost in astonishment to reply. "Left home last night!" she ejaculated.

"Yes," replied the boy. "I started from home in a hurry last night and walked till I got so tired and sleepy that I could hardly stand up, and then I crawled in under some thick fir and spruce trees and had a nap. It was daylight when I woke and the bugs were crawling down my neck. I'll tell you all about it when I get rested. I'm as hungry as a bear."

"Come right in," said the woman, leading the way into the sitting room where Ogle was. "We've got a visitor here now, about your age."

Ogle got off the lounge as Caleb came in. The latter started back in amazement.

"Well," he cried, "is it possible you are here?"

"So you know each other, do you?" said the woman. "That beats all. Now, Caleb, I'll get you something to eat."

At this juncture Caleb's eyes fell upon the scarcely tasted food on the salver.

"Who belongs to this lay out?" he asked. "That would just fit me."

"It was brought for me," replied Ogle. "You can have it if you wish."

Caleb needed no second invitation, but fell to at once, and the viands disappeared with great rapidity. While he was still eating the farmer came into the room and accosted Caleb bolsterously.

"You see I'm hard at work," said Caleb, looking up. "I thought I'd make you a call."

"Strange what started you off in this way," said the man. "Is your mother and brother Jim smart?"

"Mother isn't real well," responded the boy. "But father's a little too smart for me, and that accounts for my showing up in this region."

When Caleb had finished eating he whispered to Ogle.

"I've got quite a story to tell you. Mr. Green had a whole gang out dragging the river and canal and searching in the chicken coops for you. You'd laugh to see the places they looked in."

After talking a while to his uncle and aunt and explaining his unexpected appearance by stating that his father was about to punish him for a slight misdemeanor, Caleb took advantage of the first opportunity to relate to Ogle the facts in the case. This did not occur till after dinner, when the two boys betook themselves to a breezy knoll behind the barn, where a huge maple spread its broad arms.

"Now, Ogle," said Caleb, "I'll tell you the whole thing."

Thereupon he related what the reader already knows up to the time of the meeting in the mill office.

"It was a hard thing to do," continued Caleb, "to stand up there and own up that I stole those keys and gave them to Gullford, and also that Gil put that pencil in your pocket at the beginning of the school."

"What did Mr. Green think of that?" demanded Ogle, who had been listening with the most intense eagerness.

"You couldn't tell," replied Caleb. "He sat there like a judge on the bench, but you ought to have seen Mr. Stanton. He jumped to his feet and bellowed out that it was all false, while Quigley nearly tore the skin off his hands, twisting them together. Mr. Green told me to keep right on, and I did. I hadn't forgotten the time I came so near drowning, and I determined to tell the whole truth; so I out with it. Gil couldn't move nor speak. He sat in his chair and listened, his face looking like a piece of putty, but his father fumed and raged. Said it was a conspiracy to ruin his son, and actually tried to pet the young villain. It was all put on, though, for he was gritting his teeth all the time."

"What did Mr. Green say after you got through?" asked Ogle, as Caleb paused.

"He said he thought I was telling the truth, and at this Mr. Stanton howled worse than ever, and Quigley became fairly frantic. Mr. Stanton sent for father, and, I tell you, things looked serious for me. Mr. Green took my part, but all the rest were against me, and so, to escape with a whole skin, I slipped away and here I am. I didn't expect to find you here, though, and I don't know as I'll ever dare go home again."

A great feeling of relief came to Ogle, as he realized that Mr. Green looked upon him as innocent, but his spirits sank again when he thought of the discovery he had made in regard to his father.

"Why, what ails you?" asked Caleb, as he noticed the hopeless expression on Ogle's face. "I wish my prospects of getting out of this scrape were as good as yours."

To this Ogle did not reply, and Caleb proposed going to the house.

Ogle noticed that Caleb's face was in a somewhat scratched condition, but he did not question him as to the cause. When they came to the house, however, his uncle spoke to him concerning it.

Caleb went and viewed himself in a looking glass.

"If you'd seen me this morning, I guess you wouldn't think I look bad now," he replied, when he had finished his survey. "Now I'll tell you just how that happened. It may seem like a joke to you, but it was a serious thing to me, and I thought I wouldn't say anything about it. This morning, just as it was beginning to get light, I crawled out from under the trees where I had lain, and there in the road stood a man. He was a frightful looking brute, with a great shaggy beard and eyes like those of a hungry wolf."

"How far is it to Mill City?" he asked as I stepped into the road. I told him as near as I could, and then he grabbed me by the arm and demanded what money I had.

"I told him I didn't have a cent to bless myself with, but he wouldn't believe it, and began searching me. I fought and struggled all I could, and he handled me pretty roughly, but I guess he didn't get off clear altogether. When I came to a brook I washed the blood off of my face, but I couldn't get the scratches off. I hope when he gets to Mill City they'll lynch him."

"It's the same man we had trouble with," said Caleb's uncle, and then he related his experience with the tramp, refraining to mention that it was Ogle's father.

None of them noticed the deathly pallor that overspread the face of Ogle at Caleb's recital, or that he arose and quietly stole from the room while they were yet talking.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OGLE MAKES A MOVE.

As Ogle quitted the room he fairly reeled as he walked. The one thought uppermost in his mind was that his miserable father had gone to Mill City, and this idea filled him with horror.

What a frightful shock it would be to his mother when his father presented himself, and how terrified his little sisters would be!

His heart grew sick as he tottered out of doors into the afternoon sunshine. How he longed to be home again to strengthen and comfort his mother. But long weary miles lay between him and them.

He looked up at the sun. It was yet three hours or more high, and he could accomplish a considerable portion of the distance in that time.

With him to think was to act. Very quietly he stole into the front entry, got his hat and walked out unobserved. Then he went swiftly down across the field through the rank grass, expecting every moment some one would hail him. If he could reach the road at some distance from the house he felt that he would be safe.

He accomplished his object, crept through the high log fence, and once more the road stretched away ahead of him, a long reach of yellow earth.

Ogle strode manfully onward, steadfast with the one idea to reach Mill City and stand between his mother and the father who had proven himself unworthy to be called by the name of man.

And this thought strengthened the boy as he sped along the road, or rather blinded him to the fact that he was wholly unfitted for this journey in his present weak state.

Still he pressed onward as the afternoon waned and the light of day faded slowly out. The stars appeared one by one, at first faint and uncertain, then with more distinctness, till the broad canopy was fairly blazing with innumerable jewels.

The boy realized his weakness as he staggered along, and he prayed that

his strength might prove sufficient to carry him through.

How he wished now that he had stayed at home and, strong in the consciousness that he was not guilty, had faced his accusers. Still he did not pause, but kept on, determined not to yield.

Then a trembling fit came upon him, he swayed from side to side, making scarcely any headway, till from sheer exhaustion he sank helplessly down in the middle of the road.

The faint rattle of wheels was heard in the distance. The sound grew louder and more distinct, mingling with the steady hoof beats of a horse, and Ogle tried vainly to creep to the roadside to escape the oncoming team.

The attempt proved fruitless, and the boy essayed to cry out. It was a dismal cry that he uttered, and the horse, which was close upon him, stopped and pricked up its ears.

"Didn't I hear something in the road?" came the voice of a man from the vehicle. "Something has caused the horse to stop."

The man handed the reins to his companion and climbed carefully out in the darkness.

"Whoa, good fellow," he said patting the side of the animal, which was snorting and sniffing the air. "What ails you?"

He made his way slowly along till he came to the horse's head, and then, stooping down, discovered the cause of the animal's fright.

It was a dark object, lying helpless in the road, and as he raised it from the ground in his strong arms he found it to be the limp body of a boy.

He bore it carefully back to the carriage, lifted it in and climbed in after it. The boy was moaning as though in delirium, his words being wholly unintelligible.

"How far do you suppose it is now to this place they call Mill City?" asked the man, as he started the horse forward.

It was a woman's voice that made answer:

"Not more than six or eight miles." The man urged the animal onward and in an hour's time the village was reached. But Ogle had no consciousness of his surroundings. He was in a raging fever.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 565.]

A Bad Lot.

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

The chamber at the Albion hotel occupied by Bernard was a small one, connecting by a side door with the larger one which had been taken by Professor Puffer. Bernard was not ordinarily suspicious, but his distrust of his traveling companion led him to examine carefully the door leading into the larger room. It seemed to be locked, but the key was probably in the other room, at the disposal of its occupant.

This did not suit Bernard's views, and he, with some difficulty, pushed up the bureau so that it would bar the entrance even if the door were opened. This Professor Puffer didn't know.

Both retired at a comparatively early hour. It was quite dark, when Bernard, rousing from a light slumber, thought he heard a noise near the door. He was instantly broad awake.

Presently he heard a key grating in the lock, and then he saw the door behind the bureau open. There was a light in the adjoining room. By the help of this Bernard saw the figure and face of the professor as he peered into the small room.

Evidently he was surprised and dis-

concerted at the sight of the bureau. He looked over towards the bed, but this was in shadow, and he could not see Bernard gazing at him. He made an attempt to move the bureau, but it was heavy, and it could not be done without making a noise likely to wake a sleeper.

"Confound it!" Bernard heard the professor mutter, and then, after a pause, he closed the door and locked it.

"What was he going to do?" Bernard asked himself, not without alarm. "Did he wish to do me any harm?"

This question was readily asked, but not so easily answered. Bernard remained awake for some time, being almost afraid to go to sleep. After a while, however, he reflected that Professor Puffer would not dare to make a second attempt.

Besides, he was a light sleeper, and the noise which Puffer must unavoidably make would be sure to waken him. So after a while he fell asleep, and did not wake up till seven o'clock. His first step was to remove the bureau to its former place. Then he began to dress.

He had nearly finished the process when a knock was heard at the door leading into the hall.

Bernard opened it, and his glance rested on Professor Puffer.

"Are you nearly ready to go down to breakfast?" asked the professor.

"Yes, sir." Unbidden Puffer entered the room and looked quickly towards the connecting door. He observed that the bureau had been removed. He frowned slightly, but did not refer to the matter.

"Did you sleep well?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Bernard.

"So did I. I was conscious of nothing until I woke up this morning." He glanced at Bernard, to see whether this statement made any impression upon him. He wished to ascertain whether Bernard had been aware of his attempted entrance during the night.

Bernard made no comment. "Liverpool seems to be a good place to sleep," he went on. "It seems good to step on shore after so long a time on shipboard."

"You are right." "Are you ready to go down to breakfast?"

"Yes, sir." "Come down, then. I feel hungry." They went into the coffee room, and were soon served with mutton chops, beautiful, flaky potatoes, coffee and bread and butter. The chops were good, and the coffee as good as the average British article of that name.

In spite of the disturbance of the night before Bernard enjoyed his breakfast. So apparently did the professor, but he did not say much. He appeared busy thinking.

Presently a cheery voice was heard from the next table: "How are you, professor? Good morning, Bernard!" Loking up, Bernard saw that the speaker was Nelson Sturgis, the Boston buyer.

"Good morning!" said Bernard, with real pleasure, for Mr. Sturgis had a pleasant manner, and he was glad to meet him.

"Morning!" muttered Professor Puffer coldly.

"Well, how do you like Liverpool?" "I don't know. Have not had an opportunity to go about yet."

"Nor I. Come around with me, if you have nothing better to do."

"I don't know whether Professor Puffer will require my company or not," said Bernard, in a tone of hesitation.

"No," answered Professor Puffer. "If you wish to take a walk with Mr. Sturgis, I have no objection."

"Thank you, sir."

"You can report at half past twelve or one, and we will dine then."

"All right, sir."

"How long do you remain in Liverpool, professor?" asked Nelson Sturgis.

"I am not quite sure."

"You will be here tonight?"

"Yes, sir; I shall be here tonight."

"So shall I. I expect to go to London tomorrow."

After breakfast Bernard put on his hat, and started out with his new friend.

"Now, my boy, I am going to show you the town," said Mr. Sturgis.

"I shall be very much obliged to you, sir."

First they visited the docks, which are considered the most noteworthy feature of Liverpool. They extend for five miles along the margin of the river, and are built in the most solid and enduring manner.

"I am a patriotic American," observed Mr. Sturgis, "but I am obliged to confess that no American city can boast of docks that are equal to these."

"How many are there?" asked Bernard.

"Over fifty, I believe. They have been built at immense expense. I hope to see the time when New York will have docks like them."

They visited some of the large squares, walked past St. George's hall, the custom house, the free library and museum, and all these interested Bernard.

"We can't see everything," said Mr. Sturgis, "but you now have some idea of Liverpool. Do you know how long we have been walking about?"

"No, sir."

"Three hours. I begin to feel tired. Suppose we go back to the hotel."

"All right, sir. I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Sturgis, for showing me so much."

"I have enjoyed the walk myself. By the way, Bernard, at the risk of hurting your feelings, I will venture to say that I don't much admire your traveling companion."

"Nor I, sir."

"I have wondered more than once what brought you together."

"My guardian. I never saw Professor Puffer till we went on board the Vesta."

"Do you expect to make a long tour with him?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Hasn't he disclosed his plans to you?"

"No, sir. I believe he is engaged on some literary work, and I am engaged to help him."

"Then, I suppose, you will settle down somewhere?"

"I suppose so."

"Mr. Sturgis," said Bernard, after a short pause, "I find myself in a difficult, not to say dangerous position, and I would like to ask your advice."

Nelson Sturgis looked a little surprised, but he answered cordially: "Speak freely, Bernard. I will give you the best advice I can."

"First, I must tell you how I am situated."

Then Bernard gave an account of Professor Puffer's attempt to throw him over the rail during the latter part of the voyage.

Mr. Sturgis listened in amazement.

"I can hardly believe this," he said.

"Do you think the professor knew what he was about?"

"Yes, sir, I fully believe it."

"What excuse did he make?"

"He said that he was walking in his sleep."

"Did he say he was subject to this?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he nearly took your life?"

"I should have been drowned but for Jack Staples."

"But what motive could he possibly have? It looks unaccountable."

"I can't understand it myself, but I think he was acting under instructions from my guardian."

"What reason have you for thinking so?"

In reply Bernard produced the fragment of a letter which he had picked up in the stateroom.

"This certainly does look suspicious. Have you any idea why it is that your guardian wishes to get rid of you?"

"Yes, sir. I met a gentleman before I left New York who knew my father. He tells me that he is certain that my father left property, and he thinks that Mr. McCracken has it in his possession, and is resolved to keep it."

"It is not unlikely. Does your guardian know that you have any suspicion of this?"

"He knows that I met an old friend of my father's, and he may suspect that Mr. Franklin has told me this."

"You certainly are in a difficult position," said Nelson Sturgis thoughtfully. "Has anything happened since you arrived in Liverpool?"

In reply Bernard told the incident of the night before.

"I can't understand why he wished to enter my room," he concluded. "He would not dare attempt my life. Do you think so?"

"It is hard to tell what to think. If you have any fear as to sleeping in your own room tonight, you will be welcome to share mine. I occupy No. 15."

"I will remember it, sir."

When at ten o'clock Bernard went up to bed, he was struck as he entered the chamber by one significant circumstance. The bureau had disappeared!

CHAPTER XIX.

PROFESSOR PUFFER'S DISCOMFUTURE.

When Bernard noticed the disappearance of the bureau he understood at once the alarming significance of the step which Professor Puffer had taken, for he felt sure that it was at his instigation that this article of furniture had been removed. It might have been carried into the professor's own chamber through the connecting door, but this was of minor importance. Enough that he, Bernard, no longer had anything to serve as a barrier, and prevent the unauthorized intrusion of his traveling companion into his room.

Bernard sat down on the bed and began to consider thoughtfully what he should do. Did the professor mean to do him harm? This was what he asked himself. Evidently he intended to come into the room. Bernard did not care to run the risk of his presence. He decided to sleep elsewhere.

He opened the door into the hall noiselessly, and proceeding to the room of the Boston drummer he knocked.

The door was opened by Mr. Sturgis in person.

"Well?" he said inquiringly.

Bernard told him of the discovery he had made.

"I don't dare to sleep in the room tonight," he concluded, "for I am sure the professor would make me a visit."

"You are no doubt right. The case seems very mysterious. I don't see on what pretext he could have induced the landlord to remove the bureau. English people (and landlords are no exception) are very averse to changes, even of trifling character."

"At any rate the change has been made," said Bernard. "Perhaps he has not consulted the landlord at all, but simply removed the bureau into his own chamber."

"Perhaps so, but we must take things as they are. It is clear that it won't do to sleep in the room. I am glad to be able to offer you a bed. There are two in this room as you see."

"Thank you, Mr. Sturgis. I will accept your kind offer."

"Then, as it is late, we had better go to bed at once, so as to get a good night's rest. I should like to see the face of the professor when he opens the door and finds that the bird has flown."

Bernard laughed.

"I should like to see it myself," he said.

We will now go back to Mr. Puffer.

He retired rather earlier than Bernard, and as he lay down he said to himself with a peculiar smile, "The boy won't be able to keep me out tonight. He may think himself smart, but he is not smart enough to baffie the plans of Ezra Puffer."

Professor Puffer had the faculty of sleeping for as short or long a time as he chose. He set himself for a two hours' nap, and in five minutes he was sound asleep.

About twelve o'clock he awoke.

He was at first bewildered, but quickly recalled to mind what he had arranged to do.

He rose and lit the candle which stood upon a small table in the center of the room. Then in his stocking feet he noiselessly approached the door.

He turned the key in the lock and opened the door leading into Bernard's room. Raising the candle he drew near the bed, and looked to see the recumbent figure of his young traveling companion. To his intense surprise the bed was unoccupied.

"What does it mean?" he asked himself in bewilderment. "Where can the boy be?"

His expression of perplexity was fast succeeded by one of rage, as he came to the conclusion that Bernard, on discovering the absence of the bureau, had deliberately resolved to abandon the room.

"He is the most impudent and audacious boy I ever met," reflected the professor. "I don't wonder Mr. McCracken calls him 'a bad lot.'"

Of course there was nothing to do but return to his own chamber. But his exit was not to be a peaceful one. He had scarcely started for the door, when there was a rushing sound, and a huge dog sprang forward and fastened his teeth in the professor's leg. Such an attack under the circumstances would have started even a brave man, and Professor Puffer was not a brave man.

In the indistinct light he could not at once distinguish the figure of his assailant and what it was that had attacked him. He had a suspicion that it was some contrivance of Bernard.

"Let go, or I will kill you!" he yelled.

But this threat produced no effect upon the huge, shaggy dog who had been lying under the bed, and had been aroused by the entrance of Professor Puffer whom he evidently felt to be an unauthorized intruder and a suspicious character.

As the reader may be as much puzzled as was the professor himself, I will explain that when Bernard opened the door to leave his chamber, the dog, who had been walking through the entry, made his way into it without the notice of the boy. He had stretched himself out under the four poster and was sleeping the sleep of a thoroughly tired dog when he was aroused by the stealthy entrance of the professor.

With a dog's instinct he fastened his teeth in the unprotected calf of the intruder, and inflicted a wound decidedly painful.

When Professor Puffer, lowering the candle, saw his foe he was frightened more than ever.

"This is a trick of that rascally boy!" he concluded. "Get out, you brute!"

With this exclamation he drew his leg away from the dog's grip, and gave him a vicious kick.

But the dog's fighting spirit was aroused. He took a new hold, and growled in a manner that sent terror to the heart of the unhappy professor. Drops of perspiration came out upon his forehead, and his heart was sick with fear. He felt helpless in the powerful jaws of the dog.

"What shall I do? What can I do?" he moaned. "If I only had a revolver."

The more he struggled, the more the dog felt that he had done right in attacking him.

The professor could stand it no longer. He gave utterance to a succession of piercing shrieks, which aroused the house. He did not succeed in terrifying the dog, however, who hung on with remorseless tenacity.

The cries of the professor roused the house. The guests poured out of their rooms, among them Nelson Sturgis and Bernard. Last but not least the stout, rubicund landlord, a typical Englishman, made his appearance.

As all were attired in their night clothes the effect was picturesque, to say the least.

"What is the matter?" asked the landlord.

"Call off the dog! Don't you see he is tearing me to pieces?" roared Puffer.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the landlord in bewilderment. "Where did he come from?"

"Take off the dog!" roared the professor again.

Nelson Sturgis was the only one present who appeared to have his wits about him.

He approached and seizing the animal by his collar he forcibly pulled him away from his victim. The professor, whose leg had been badly torn, bent over and clasped his hand about the wounded place.

"Where did the dog come from, and how did he happen to attack you?" asked Sturgis.

"He was lying in wait here," said the professor. "Won't somebody kill him?"

"But how did you happen to be here?" asked Sturgis pointedly. "Is this your room?"

"No, it is the boy's room."

"Then how did you happen to be here?" persisted Sturgis.

"I heard a noise," answered Puffer with some hesitation, "and thought the boy might be sick. I suppose it must have been the dog."

Then he turned to Bernard.

"Why didn't you sleep in the room?" he asked severely.

"Mr. Sturgis asked me to occupy his room. He has two beds."

"Why didn't you mention the matter to me, and ask my permission. Don't you know that I am your guardian for the time being?"

"I had my reasons for not caring to sleep in this room," said Bernard significantly. "Do you want to know what they are?"

"No," answered Puffer, who feared that those reasons might compromise him. "Why did you admit the dog into the room?"

"I had no idea he was here. He must have slipped into the room when I left it."

"That sounds very plausible," sneered Puffer, "but I believe you called the dog into the room purposely."

"What could have been my object in doing it?" asked Bernard quietly.

"To make an attack upon me."

"But how could I know that you intended to enter the room?"

This was a question which Puffer found it difficult to answer.

The landlord had entered the room, and for the first time noticed the disappearance of the bureau.

"Young man, where is the bureau?" he inquired, addressing his inquiry to Bernard.

"I don't know, sir."

"Do you know, sir?" asked Boniface, turning to Puffer.

"I moved it into my room," answered the professor in some confusion.

"Then, sir, you took a great liberty," said the inn keeper in an irate tone. "It must be moved back."

"I'll attend to it tomorrow."

The company prepared to disperse. "Bernard," said the professor. "I expect you to finish the night in your own room."

"Excuse me, Professor Puffer," replied Bernard firmly, "but I would rather not."

Professor Puffer muttered something, but did not dare to press the demand.

And so the night wore on, and Professor Puffer was obliged to acknowledge that his cunning stratagem had failed.

CHAPTER XX. A LOST CLEW.

"What would you advise me to do, Mr. Sturgis?" asked Bernard as he was dressing the next morning.

"I advise you to leave Professor Puffer. He seems to be a thoroughly bad man. You will be in danger as long as you remain with him."

"I will take your advice, though this will throw me upon my own resources. I think I can make a living in some way, though I should know better how to go about it in America."

"How much money have you got?"

"About twenty dollars."

"That won't last you long. I must see what I can think of for you. First of all, you mustn't stay in Liverpool. Professor Puffer would probably make an effort to get you into his clutches."

"Where would you advise me to go?"

"To London. I shall leave directly after breakfast and you can go up with me."

"I shall be glad to go with one who has been there before. But I must keep out of the way of the professor."

"I will arrange matters for you. When you are dressed go at once to the station of the London and North-western Railway. You will find a restaurant close by where you can get breakfast. Then go to the waiting room where I will join you before the next train starts."

Bernard followed the directions of his friend, and Mr. Sturgis went down to breakfast. Professor Puffer was already in the coffee room.

"Where is my ward?" he asked abruptly.

"I can't tell you, sir," returned Nelson Sturgis coolly.

"Didn't he pass the night with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you should know where he is."

"I have already told you that I don't know."

"Do you think he has left the hotel?"

"I think it quite probable."

"Did he tell you where he was going?"

"No."

"I believe you are deceiving me," said Professor Puffer angrily.

"And I am sure that you are impertinent. I may feel inclined to pull your nose."

Nelson Sturgis was a tall, athletic man, and Professor Puffer was persuaded that he could carry out his threat if he was so minded. Accordingly he thought it best to desist.

After breakfast Mr. Sturgis summoned a hotel attendant.

"Here is half a crown," he said. "Go to the chamber of my young friend, Bernard Brooks, and bring his satchel to my room."

"All right, sir."

This was done without the observation of Puffer, or he would have prevented the removal of Bernard's luggage.

Mr. Sturgis called a hackney coach, had his luggage put on, including Bernard's satchel, and drove to the railway station.

"Well, Bernard, I have brought your satchel," he said.

"Thank you sir. I was wondering what I should do without it."

"I had no idea of leaving it with the professor. Now I will secure tickets to London."

"What will be the price?"

"Never mind. I will undertake to get you to London free of expense to yourself. Afterwards we will consult about your plans."

Just as the train was starting Professor Puffer reached the station and

from the platform espied his ward in the act of leaving him.

"Stop!" he called out, shaking his fist at the receding train.

"Good bye, Professor Puffer!" said Bernard with a smile and a wave of the hand.

Puffer in his anger ran a few steps, talking violently.

"My ward is running away," he said to a policeman. "Can't you stop the train?"

"No, I can't."

"But I want to get him back."

"Then you'll have to go before a magistrate."

"Where is that train going?"

"To London."

"Then I'll go too. When is the next train?"

"At twelve o'clock, sir."

Professor Puffer returned to the hotel at once, packed his trunk, and enrolled himself as a passenger on the noon train.

"If that fellow escapes me," he said with an ugly look, "he'll have to be pretty smart. I won't have it said that a boy of his age has got the better of me."

Mr. Sturgis bought first class tickets and Bernard found himself in a handsomely upholstered compartment only large enough to hold eight passengers. The doors were locked, after they started which struck Bernard as peculiar.

"I like our American cars better," he said.

"So do I, but they are not so exclusive. The English like to be exclusive."

It was an express train and deposited them in London in a few hours.

"Now, Bernard," said Mr. Sturgis, "I think it will be well for us to go to different hotels. I shall go to the Charing Cross, but this is a prominent hotel, and should you go there you could easily be traced."

"Where shall I go?"

"There is a comfortable family hotel in Arundel Street, Strand. The charges, including room and board, are only about six shillings per day, or a dollar and a half in American money. At the Charing Cross they are higher."

"Then I will go to Arundel Street."

"Very well. When you reach London I will see you started for your hotel."

"Shan't I see you again, sir?"

"Yes, I will call round in the evening. By the way, I have thought of a way to put Professor Puffer off the track."

"How is that, sir?"

"He will very likely question some of the hackmen. I will therefore take you with me to the Charing Cross. Then we will dismiss the hackman, and you can take a cab from there to Arundel Street."

This precaution was well taken. When Professor Puffer reached London, he began to interview the hackmen.

"I had two friends arrive by the nine o'clock train," he said, "a gentleman and a boy of sixteen."

Then he described them.

"They neglected to tell me at what hotel they intended to stop. Do any of you remember seeing them?"

"Yes, sir," replied one cabby. "I took them to the Charing Cross."

"Thank you," said Puffer in a tone of satisfaction. "That is just what I wanted to find out. Here's a shilling."

"Thank you sir. You are a gentleman."

"And you may take me to the Charing Cross. I shall probably find them there."

"I should make a good detective," thought the professor complacently as he rolled through the streets.

Master Bernard Brooks will find that he hasn't made much in his attempt to outwit me. Indeed I am better off for it, as he has been obliged to pay his own fare to London."

When he reached the hotel, he inquired at the office, "Is there an American gentleman named Sturgis here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he now?"

"In the dining room, taking dinner."

Professor Puffer smiled maliciously. "Doubtless Bernard will be with him," he reflected. "They will be rather surprised to see me."

He walked into the dining room, and looked around.

His search was partially rewarded. At a table near the window sat Nelson Sturgis with a substantial dinner before him, but Bernard was not with him.

"He is somewhere in the hotel," thought the professor. "Meanwhile I will pay my respects to Mr. Sturgis."

"I hope I see you well, Mr. Sturgis," said the professor with an ironical smile.

"Thank you, I am quite well," answered Sturgis composedly.

"You see I have reached London not far behind you."

"So I see."

"Did you and my ward have a pleasant journey?"

"Very pleasant."

"I am indebted to you for paying his traveling expenses."

"You can reimburse me if you like."

"You must excuse me. I only pay the boy's bills when he is traveling with me."

"Just as you like."

"I will now relieve you of the charge which, without my permission, you have undertaken. Will you be kind enough to notify Bernard that I have come for him?"

"Why do you give me that commission?" asked Sturgis, arching his brows. "Are you under the impression that Bernard is with me?"

"Certainly. Isn't he?"

"No."

"Isn't he stopping at this hotel?"

"He is not."

"Where then is he? I have positive information that he came here with you."

"From whom did you obtain the information?"

"From the hackman who drove you here," answered Professor Puffer triumphantly.

"Then I can't deny it," said Sturgis with affected chagrin.

"Of course you can't. It wasn't much trouble to get on your track. I am sharper than you probably anticipated."

"Very true, Professor Puffer."

"Now I will thank you to tell me where Bernard is. Of course you know."

"I can guess."

"So I supposed."

"But I don't propose to tell."

"That is of very little importance. He is in this hotel. I have traced him here."

"He is not here now, however. He is in a different part of London."

"Is this true?" asked Professor Puffer, his jaw dropping.

"Quite true, I assure you. By the way, Professor Puffer, you may be sharp, but I think I am a match for you. And now, if you will kindly leave me, I will resume my dinner."

CHAPTER XXI.

A DAY IN LONDON.

Bernard found the Arundel Hotel, to which he had been directed, neat and quiet. It was more like a large boarding house than a hotel. The terms were very reasonable and that with him was an important consideration.

There were several Americans among the guests, including two ministers and a school master of uncertain age, who was taking a well earned rest after fifteen years of service in the public schools of Massachusetts.

It was next to her that Bernard had a seat at the table. Being, from her

profession, attracted by young people, she was led to feel an interest in the bright and attractive boy with whom the exigencies of hotel life had brought her in contact.

"You are an American boy, I take it?" she said.

"Yes, miss."

"Miss Smith," she suggested, smiling. "It is a little more convenient to know the name of the person to whom you are speaking."

"Miss Smith, then. My name is Bernard Brooks."

"Ah indeed! I think there is a Brooks family in Somerville, Massachusetts, where I am teaching. Are they related to you?"

"I don't think so. I come from New York State."

"Here we are all Americans. Have you arrived lately?"

"Only two days since."

"And it is your first visit to England?"

"Yes."

"Do you intend to visit the Continent?"

"I should like to."

"But that probably depends upon your traveling companions."

"I have no traveling companions."

"Did you come to England alone?" asked Miss Smith in some surprise.

"No; I was in the company of Professor Puffer."

"Indeed! I never heard of the gentleman. Is he a professor of Harvard?"

"I don't think he is connected with any college. I am told that he is interested in antiquities, and has written upon the subject."

"I should like to meet him," said the schoolmistress. "Perhaps you will introduce me."

"I am afraid I cannot. The professor and I have parted."

"Why, if it isn't taking too great a liberty to ask?"

"I didn't like him. He didn't treat me well. Once in a fit of sleepwalking he tried to throw me into the sea."

"That seems strange. Certainly you were justified in leaving him. Where is he now?"

"I left him in Liverpool."

"But didn't he have charge of you?"

"Yes, but I think I can take better care of myself."

"You may think me intrusive, but I am old enough to be your mother, that is almost," she added cautiously.

"Didn't he have charge of money for your expenses?"

"I was engaged to assist him as his private secretary. I was to have twenty five dollars a month and my expenses paid."

"That was very good pay. I see that you are in a difficult position. Do you really think it would be unsafe for you to stay with him?"

"I am sure of it."

"Then of course that settles it. Have you taken the advice of any older person?"

"I took the advice of Mr. Nelson Sturgis, from Boston."

"That is a very good Boston name. Is Mr. Sturgis in this hotel?"

"No; he went to the Charing Cross."

"If you don't think me impertinent, how do you expect to defray your expenses? Is there any one in America who will provide you with the necessary funds?"

"No. There is a man in New York who calls himself my guardian, but he certainly is not my friend. He put me in charge of this Professor Puffer, and from a letter I picked up I find he wants to get rid of me."

"But how will you live?"

"I shall try to get something to do, Miss Smith."

"That will be hard in a city like London where you are a stranger."

"I have no doubt of that, but there is no other course open to me."

"If you were in America you would stand a better chance. I wish I could think of any way of helping you. I have a nephew about your age, and I can't help thinking what if he were

in your position. Shall you stay long at this hotel?"

"I shall have money enough to stay a week or two."

"And I shall be here about a week. I must think for you."

"I wish you would," said Bernard gratefully. "It seems pleasant to have some one interested in you."

"Won't this Mr. Sturgis do something for you?"

"He has already. It is he who paid my expenses from Liverpool. He seems a very nice gentleman, and I am sure he is friendly to me."

"You had better look over the daily papers, and if you see any place advertised which you think you can fill, apply for it."

"Thank you. I will take your advice."

During the afternoon Bernard walked through the Strand and Fleet Street. He found plenty to attract his attention. Though the signs were English he found a great difference between English and American shops. Near the Bank of England he met Nelson Sturgis.

"Glad to meet you, Bernard," said the Boston drummer. "I have some news for you."

"What is it, Mr. Sturgis?"

"Your friend the professor has called upon me at the Charing Cross."

Bernard was startled.

"How do you think he guessed we were there?"

"In the easiest way in the world. He found the cabby who had driven you to the hotel."

"Was he looking for me?"

"Yes. When he saw me his face brightened. He demanded you, thinking that you were somewhere in the hotel."

"It is lucky I didn't stay there. Is he there now?"

"No, finding that he was mistaken, he went away disappointed."

"Suppose he meets me in the streets?"

"Bluff him. Refuse to go with him. He would have to prove a right to control you, and that would be difficult. How do you like your hotel?"

"Very much. It is comfortable and cheap."

"Have you made any acquaintances?"

"Yes, a schoolma'am from Massachusetts."

"Is she young and pretty?" asked Mr. Sturgis with a smile.

"No; she is plain, and as to age I think she must be near forty. She might do for you," suggested Bernard with a roguish look.

"Thank you. Your description doesn't seem attractive."

"She is a very nice lady, however, and has given me some good advice about getting a position."

"I am glad of that. I wish I could do something for you, but my stay in London is very limited."

"I am sorry for that. I shall feel very lonely when you are gone."

"And unfortunately I go tomorrow."

"Where?"

"To some of the manufacturing districts. You know my trip is a business one. How are you off for money?"

"I can get along for the present, and I hope before long to get a place."

"I hope so, but I fear your being an American will interfere with you. The English have an idea that American boys have too much license, and they would hesitate to take one into their employment."

"It seems queer to see boys even younger than I am with silk hats on."

"Yes, but it is the English style. You can't pass for an English boy—of the better class—without following their example."

"I wouldn't do that. They look like guys. Just let one of them appear in New York rigged out in that way. Why, the other boys would mob him."

"That is true. Still I don't know but it is well when you are in Rome to do as the Romans do."

"Does that mean that you recommend me to put on one of those titles?"

"Well, not at present," said Mr. Sturgis. "If it would procure you a position I should advise you to do so."

Presently the two separated, and Bernard strolled on alone, his companion having a business call to make near the Bank.

"Have a shine?"

The boy who asked the question was a typical London street urchin, with ragged clothes, and face and hands bearing evidence of his occupation.

Bernard looked at his shoes. They certainly stood in need of polishing, but he knew that his means were small and daily diminishing, and was cautious enough to ask the price.

"A penny!" answered the street boy.

Bernard knew that this meant an English penny, equivalent to two cents in American coin, but even this seemed very small compared with New York charges.

Accordingly he signed to the boy to begin.

The boy understood his business, and went to work like an expert.

"Do you earn much?" asked Bernard.

"That's as it happens. When I'm lucky I make one and eight pence or two shillings. Yesterday a gent—he was an American—gave me six pence for a shine. Americans are rich."

"Not all of them. I am an American."

"Have you got a bowie knife?"

"No," answered Bernard with a laugh. "What makes you ask?"

"I was readin' a story in a paper that said all the American boys carried bowie knives."

"That's a mistake."

Bernard was feeling for a penny to pay the young bootblack when he heard a snort of triumph and looking up he saw Professor Puffer bearing down upon him.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 160.]

Kit Cummings's Sloop.

BY CHARLES F. WELLES.

CHAPTER XV.
CHRISTOPHER ALLEN.

"You want to know where your son is," repeated Saunders. "He is on yonder sloop."

"What? Kit Cummings?"

"The same."

"Explain what you know."

So Saunders told him what the reader already knows, and related the whole of the plot as regards Williams' connection with it.

For a few moments the three were silent.

Then Mr. Allen spoke.

"This act of yours has been a sad blow to me for I would have trusted you implicitly. I will not prosecute you, as I have already said, but you must leave my employ and sight. You have brought me good news which I can hardly realize and which probably makes me wish to deal lightly with you. In this new joy I cannot trust myself in the presence of my boy on yonder sloop. I should break the news too suddenly. He must be made acquainted with the facts when he, Mary and myself are alone together."

"My nephew and I will take the yacht back, Mr. Jenkins. You can row over to the sloop and take her back in company with Kit. Do not breathe a word of what has passed regarding him, but tell him to come up to my house tomorrow afternoon at about two o'clock."

Shortly after, the two boats were gliding swiftly along side by side on

their homeward trip through the moonlit waters of the Sound.

The next day came.

Early in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Allen were sitting together on a rustic seat in the grounds at the back of the house.

They were talking very earnestly together and their conversation seemed to be concerning a paper that Mr. Allen held in his hands.

"I found it a few moments ago," said he, "as I was passing over the grass. It was lying among some flowers in a rockery. Thinking it was merely a scrap that had blown there and was of no value I was about to throw it away, when I noticed the handwriting on it and proceeded to carelessly read it. It is a full confession from that Jack Cummings in regard to our Kit. I believe it is genuine. I do not know how it got there, but perhaps Kit can explain. Here he comes now."

Kit was seen coming up the walk, and Mrs. Allen clasped her hands nervously, as she saw him.

"I think I will give the paper to him," said Mr. Allen.

"How do you do, Kit?" said Mrs. Allen, as Kit came up and greeted them both.

"Ah, hem," began Mr. Allen, noticing a look of anticipation on Kit's face regarding the object of this requested visit on his part.

"I happened to find something in my yard, which I believe belongs to you," and he handed Kit the paper.

Kit's heart gave a great throb as he took the paper and commenced to read.

As he read many emotions were seen to chase each other across his face, which were not lost upon Mr. Allen and his wife who were closely watching him.

"At last, when Kit finished the reading, his hand was trembling."

"There is a strange story connected with this," said he in a husky voice.

"This is the first time I have read this paper, although I have had it in my possession once before, but only long enough to lose it again. Do you—do you—think it genuine, Mr. Allen?"

"I do, my boy, I do," said that gentleman heartily as he grasped Kit's hand.

"And you?" turning to the lady.

"Yes, yes," said she, as she arose and clasped Kit to her. "My heart tells me it is true."

And so ended the line of incidents forming a short but most important chapter in Kit's life, and which changed him from a nameless waif and gave him loving parents and an honored name.

Of all his friends Darby was probably the most pleased, and the boys were together nearly all the time.

Many happy hours had Kit spent in his cabin by the sea but it was not with feelings of any sadness that he left Hermit House for good and moored Inhead at her new anchorage close by the beautiful home of her master where kind and indulgent parents were awaiting him.

THE END.

A LIVING EXAMPLE.

A prominent charlatan of Chicago was conducting a class of his students through one of the hospitals of that city, when a patient was brought in, who, the attendants reported, was suffering from typhoid fever.

"Ah! a terrible disease is typhoid fever," said the would be professor.

"Terrible! It either kills a patient or leaves him a complete idiot. I have had it."—Exchange.

A HINT.

Dissatisfied Guest—"Walter, you don't seem to know how to broil a steak at this eating house. Let me give you a pointer."

Walter (with some alacrity)—"All right, sah; only we usually calls 'em tips."—Chicago Tribune.



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THE MAGIC SPARK.

What is there that electricity cannot be made to do? It is now possible to send a picture by telegraph. This is a step in advance of the transmission of a signature over the wires, which has been for some time practicable.

It has been said that as steam is king of the nineteenth century, so will electricity be monarch of the twentieth. Every day sees it pushing its way into fresh fields. What a pity the "Arabian Nights" stories could not have been written about this generation. With the magic spark as an added inspiration, the tales that now delight would have been made doubly entrancing.

As it is, suppose that twenty years ago the older ones among us had read a fairy tale in which one person stepped to a little box on the wall and held a conversation with a friend one hundred miles away, each hearing and recognizing the other's voice. Would we not have set it down as the very fairest part of the story? Truly, we in this age, are living with everyday things about us that are every whit as mystifying as those evolved by Aladdin when he rubbed his wonderful lamp.

4 EDITIONS IN 14 DAYS.

This was the record of *Munsey's Magazine* for the first fortnight in October. The presses had to be kept going constantly to supply the demands of the newsdealers, who in turn were besieged by the public for copies of this beautiful magazine that costs only ten cents a number. One New York City dealer sold 900 in less than three days.

You may find it difficult to believe, but *Munsey's* at ten cents is larger, brighter, more beautifully illustrated than when it was twenty five. The publishers realized that if they were to reap a profit from this reduction in price, they must not incur the charge of cheapening the quality. The result—the enormous sale—has justified their confidence in a discriminating public that knows a good thing when it sees it.

WHO THE HAPPY PEOPLE ARE.

Happiness is only relative after all. When you have been ill for several weeks and confined to the house, you are really enchanted when you take your first walk abroad after recovering, feel your limbs strong once more beneath you, and drink in the air and the sunshine.

And it makes no difference that the things which pleased us once have no longer power to charm. We are just as happy with their successors, even though we may know that these, too, we shall one day vote stupid, and clamor for something new.

And as a rule it is the simple things of life that confer the most pleasure. A smile to a child who wants us to take notice of what it is doing; a cheery "Good morning" to an old servant who prizes above all things recognition of this sort; a

little flower from our own garden that costs us nothing, but which carried in on the train and given to some one in the office who seldom sees the country means a whole day of happiness at the thought of being remembered.

Happiness is a thing seldom found by searching for it. It takes us up unawares and oftentimes when we are thinking not of our own, but of the welfare of others.

"MUNSEY'S" A MARVEL.

"But just think of it! A full sized, first class magazine for ten cents! The impetus to its circulation must be enormous."

So says the "Morning Times," of Lowell, Massachusetts, after a lengthy review of the attractions of the October number of *Munsey's*. The impetus to its circulation has been enormous. Within three days after publication, the sale had run up to a figure that doubled many times that of the circulation at 25 cents.

There is nothing cheap about *Munsey's* but the price. P. T. Barnum used to say that the public liked to be humbugged. It may where circuses are concerned, but in a magazine it wants the worth of its money. And this is what it most certainly gets in *Munsey's* at a dollar a year. And the publishers turn a profit, too. A satisfactory transaction all around.

THANKSGIVING.

Although to a large number of young readers, the day set apart by the President for the giving of thanks may mean only turkey, mince pie and football excitement, there are plenty who do recognize the last Thursday in November as a fitting occasion on which to count up their blessings. Will they neglect to do this in this year of financial depression? Will Thanksgiving mean to them only a holiday, nothing more?

We trust that there are not many of this class. There is small danger that any of us will overrate the good that falls to our lot. And there are so many things for which we ought to be grateful and which we are in the habit of looking upon as matters of every day commonplaceness.

Health, and friends, the ability to work or study, the possession of all our senses—these are all gifts which ought to inspire the deepest gratitude in our hearts, and make Thanksgiving, this year and every year, a day for, the giving of thanks.

THE QUICKER THE BETTER.

To those who send in their subscriptions to "The Argosy" now for 1894, the remaining numbers for 1893 will be sent free. The sooner these subscriptions are sent in therefore, the more free numbers will be obtained.

Send in your \$2 at once therefore and get the numbers for December thrown in. By adding fifty cents you will secure *Munsey's Magazine* for one year in addition.

BORED PRINCES.

Do you know what "ennui" is? It is a French word meaning weariness of doing nothing, and yet with no energy to invent something to do. Certain European princes, heirs to famous thrones, and who are forbidden by etiquette to take up any occupation while they are waiting for dead men's shoes, are the greatest sufferers from this complaint.

Their friends sit up nights trying to devise fresh means of diversion for their royal patrons, who, however, soon tire of each new fad. If the head that wears the crown is uneasy, the head that is expecting to pop under it, finds many a day seemingly endless and has nothing to look forward to at night as have those less exalted personages who were born to toil.

The Boy Who Wants to Become an Author.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

II.

Some beginners in literature have an idea that a good way in which to make a start is by means of translations from some foreign language with which they may happen to be familiar. It is to be hoped none of them will meet with the misfortune that once befell a young friend of mine, who turned a short story from a French newspaper into English, only to come upon a line at the end of it stating that it was itself a translation from the English.

But although the process of finding equivalents in one's own tongue for foreign words may be a good way in which to enlarge one's vocabulary, translations are not in favor with editors. They are never certain, you see, that some one else has not made a rendering of the story or article. Of course there are cases where a translator is regularly employed by large publishing houses to turn into English the new romances of famous French or German novelists, but then these are experienced writers.

After I had gone through the love story stage, of which I spoke last week, I ran against the translation rock, and as a result had manuscript after manuscript come back to me.

While at school I had had several of my compositions printed in the country papers, but of course got no pay for them. The first contribution which brought me anything but glory was a little story woven out of a trip I had once made in Germany to a church which was a great resort for pilgrims who came to be healed of their diseases.

Indeed, for the first few years of my professional career, I drew extensively on my European experiences, and found it very profitable. This only goes to show the truth of what was said last week about the value of the factor time to a literary man. I was over twenty one when I earned my first money with my pen.

"How should I set about writing a story?" I think I hear my young would be author inquiring. "How do you set about it?"

Well, there are different methods of doing this, and no hard and fast rule can be laid down. For instance Oliver Optic always sketches out the plan of a whole book in advance. Then the writing is merely the clothing of the skeleton as it were. Horatio Alger, Jr., never does this.

My own method more nearly resembles Mr. Alger's. I conceive my hero, decide whether he is to be well to do, or the reverse, make up my mind what line of business he is to follow if any, and then fill in such happenings as would naturally fall to the lot of one in such an environment.

"But how do you conceive the hero in the first place? Why should you think of one sort of boy more than another?"

Well, here comes in again the advantage of living in the world with one's eyes open. Some time I may have noticed a trait of character in a boy or a young man that stood out and made a marked individuality of him. Or again, I may have seen some one in a difficult position, in trouble either at school or in business.

"What would a boy of a certain disposition do under such circumstances?" I ask myself.

I proceed to think on these lines and the result is a new story.

There have been occasions when a whole story has been written around a title. "The Young Editor" is a case in point. So was "A Publisher at Fifteen." But of course neither of these could have been written did I not have an intimate acquaintance with the line of work in which I cause my hero to engage. There must always be a substratum of fact to all fiction that amounts to anything.

But be careful how you found stories on fact. It has come to that pass that some editors are prejudiced in advance against a story for which the author claims fact as the basis. The reason for this is that the writer trusts too much to his facts and does not garnish them with the proper dressing of fiction.

Do not mistake me and think that you must despise facts. As I have said they must form the substratum of your fabric, a substratum that you must be perfectly sure about. Which reminds me of an experience that happened to a schoolmate of mine, after he had been for some two or three years in the field of professional authorship.

He had written a thrilling story of adventure on one of the great lakes—Superior or Michigan, I have forgotten which. It had been accepted by a prominent juvenile periodical, and one day at lunch he was relating to me the trials and tribulations that he had caused to come in the path of his characters. They had been shipwrecked and were drifting about the lake on a raft. Their sufferings were terrible, especially from thirst.

"But why couldn't they drink the water from the lake?" I asked. "They weren't on the salty sea."

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed my friend, springing up from the table. "I forgot all about that difference. Where's my hat?" and off he posted down town to lessen by one the pangs the creatures of his brain were enduring.

Now about rejected manuscript. Although almost every one who has ever written about writing for the press has endeavored to impress upon his readers the fact that they must not be discouraged by the return of an article, it is pretty safe to say that this does not make it any the pleasanter for the tyro to see the ominously long envelope with his name on it in the postman's hands. Perhaps it may be some consolation for him to hear some of my own experiences in this line.

On one occasion I submitted a story to a certain periodical which declined it. I then took it to another paper which not only accepted it, but paid me for the same seven times the amount I would have received from the publication first tried.

With another story I had a most trying experience. It was in a new line for me and was sent back by editor after editor. Finally I sent it to one periodical that required contributors to name the price they wanted. A similar fate attended it here, but I resolved to try once more. Rubbing out the amount I had written in the corner of the first page I sent it forth again, this time to a paper to which I had contributed several stories in another vein. Not only was it promptly accepted, but I was paid more for it than the sum I had asked the other periodical, and the editor wrote me a special letter congratulating me on its merits.

So take heart of hope, ye "great army of the rejected."

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

God will not look at your tambores to see whether you are fit for heaven.

Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.—Confucius.

If you have the wrong kind of religion in the street cars, you don't have the right kind at church.—"Ram's Horn."

Say nothing good of yourself, you will be distrusted; say nothing bad of yourself, you will be taken at your word.—Joseph Roux.

A noble life, crowned with heroic death, rises above and outlives the pride and pomp and glory of the mightiest empire of the earth.—Garfield.

The days come and go like muffled figures sent from a distant friendly party; but they say nothing; and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away.—Emerson.

INFLUENCE.

When a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

—Selected.

Clinton's Peril.

BY NED HASTINGS.

AS Walter Weston and his brother Joe walked into the library they saw their cousin Clinton kneeling before an arm chair in an attitude of deep dejection. His face was buried in his hands, and it was easy to see that he was suffering some great mental perturbation.

The brothers had noticed that Clinton was acting unusually strange for the past few days, but no particular importance had been attached to it until now, when coming so suddenly upon him they found him giving way to his misery.

Joe paused in uncertainty, while Walter crossed the room and placed his hand kindly on his cousin's shoulder.

"What's the matter, Clint?" he asked anxiously, but the latter gave no indication that he had heard.

Walter was a trifle perplexed. His cousin was inclined to be irritable even under favorable conditions, and now in his present frame of mind he might resent this intrusion on his solitude.

But Walter was kind and sympathetic by nature. Whatever the cause of it, he saw that Clinton was in great trouble, and, at the risk of being repulsed, he tried again to secure the other's attention.

"Tell me what the trouble is, old fellow," he continued, bending over the other and speaking soothingly.

This time Clinton responded. He shook off his cousin's hand almost roughly, and answered harshly:

"There's nothing the matter. I wish you'd mind your own business, Walt, and let me alone."

Walter's eyes flashed, and Joe, still standing where he had stopped with the book in his hand when he first entered the apartment, looked annoyed. He knew his brother's intentions were for the other's good, but it appeared that Clinton would not have it so.

Thinking it would be best not to be seen by his cousin should he look up, Joe cast another anxious glance at the two boys and quietly withdrew, having first laid the book on the library table. He made his way to the lawn, where he knew Walter would come when his interview with Clinton was concluded, and here awaited his brother's arrival.

"There's something decidedly wrong with Clint," he thought. "I've never seen him act this way before. I wonder if I'd better speak to uncle about it? (Clint tries hard to hide his feelings from his father and mother, and I can see from this that he doesn't want 'em to know that he's in trouble. But they ought to know; perhaps they could help him. Well, I'll wait till Walt comes and see what he says."

He paced up and down the lawn, casting anxious glances at intervals toward the house, but the minutes dragged slowly by and his brother did not come. Joe began to get impatient. He took out his watch and found that it was twenty minutes past ten.

"I'll wait till half past," he muttered, "then if he doesn't come I'll go and see what's keeping him."

The ten minutes were ticked off at last, there were no indications of his brother's coming, and Joe turned toward the house.

"Hi there, you fellow!"
Joe stopped and looked around. The salutation was evidently meant for him, and upon glancing in the direction whence it came, he found a rather dilapidated looking personage standing just outside the gate. Joe was on the point of walking down to the road, when he suddenly paused. It could not be possible that this tramp had hailed him he thought, and was going to turn again toward the house, when the fellow in the road continued:

"I say there."

"Are you speaking to me?" asked Joe, annoyed and angry at the man's easy impudence.

"I reckon I am, seeing there's no one else near."

"What do you want?"

"Is this Mr. Gray's house?"

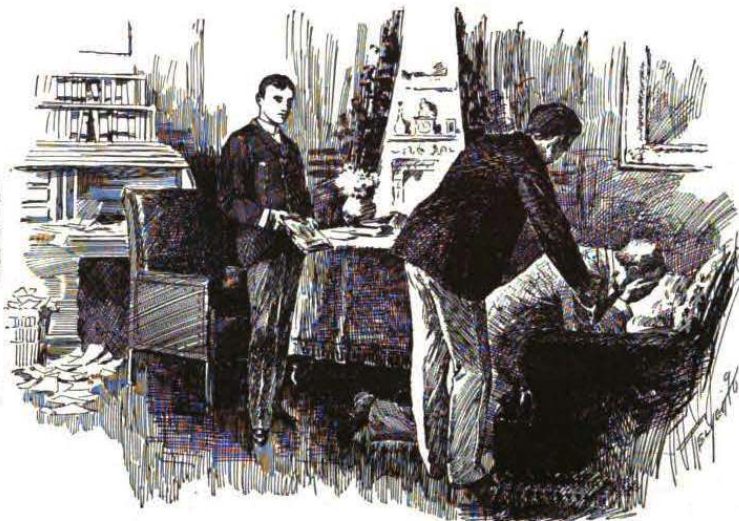
"It is," replied Joe, becoming interested now in spite of himself.

"He has a son named Clinton, eh?"

"I believe so," Joe answered, wondering what was coming next.

"Say, will you do me a favor?" the tramp continued, leaning easily against the gate and staring at Joe.

"That depends," replied Joe, "Be quick and state your business. I've no time to waste."



WALTER CROSSED THE ROOM, AND PLACED HIS HAND KINDLY ON HIS COUSIN'S SHOULDER.

"Just tell that young jackanapes I want to see him, will you?"

"To whom do you refer?" asked Joe coldly.

"Oh, that Gray fellow. Young Clint is a particular friend o' mine. Tell him, will you?"

"I don't think he'll see you now; he's engaged," answered Joe, wondering if this disreputable fellow could be in any way connected with his cousin's singular behavior.

"You bet he'll see me. Just tell him 'Jimmy' wants him and he'll come in a minute."

For a moment Joe hesitated. He was tempted to order the fellow to leave, but the tramp acted as if he knew what he was about and spoke with such a degree of confidence that Joe was impressed in spite of himself.

"Stay there," he said, "and I'll tell him."

He made his way toward the house and mounted the stoop. As he was about to enter the hall door Walter came slowly out, a troubled expression on his face which caused Joe to step back in surprise as he beheld it.

"Have you quarreled?" he asked, thinking his cousin's irritability had proved too much for Walter's usually good nature.

"Not by any means. Don't ask me any questions, Joe. Clint is in great trouble. Were you going in the library?"

"Yes; there's a fellow out in the road who wants to see Clint."

Walter started. His eyes flashed and he clenched his hands.

"What kind of looking chap is he?" he asked.

Joe described him.

"Ah!" said his brother. "Don't disturb Clint. I'll see this fellow."

He went down the stoop and across the lawn toward the gate. Joe followed, thoroughly mystified.

What could it all mean? Who was the tramp, and what could he want of Clinton? Vainly trying to answer these questions

satisfactorily, Joe walked across the lawn and sat down on a rustic seat, from which place he could easily see the tramp as he leaned against the gate.

He was amazed to see Walter walk right up to the fellow and lay his hand with no little force on his shoulder. The man made an angry remonstrance, which Walter speedily checked by turning him away from the fence and saying in a tone loud enough to reach Joe's ears:

"You can't see him. Come with me; I'll attend to your case."

The tramp hung back. Then Walter said something in a low tone, the fellow made an impatient gesture and walked away with Walter up the road.

Joe stared in open eyed astonishment. There was a mystery here that baffled

"What man?" asked Clinton, starting and looking around.

Joe explained, watching his cousin keenly. The latter was much disturbed. The troubled expression on his face grew deeper and rising abruptly he started toward the house.

"I'm going up to my room," he said. "When Walt comes back send him there."

"What does it all mean, Clint?" asked Joe, unable to curb his impatience longer. "What has that fellow to do with you, and why did Walt go away with him?"

"Don't ask me," replied his cousin almost roughly. "You can't remedy the matter, and it won't do you any good to know."

He went up the steps and entered the house, leaving Joe to ponder over what he had said.

"I'm going to know what this mystery is. When Walt comes back I'll make him tell me," cried Joe with emphasis.

The whole thing had developed within the past few days. When they first came up from the city to spend their vacation at their uncle's home Clinton had received them cordially and seemed to be cheerful and contented. Now he was in trouble and very unhappy.

An hour later Joe saw his brother coming down the road. He sprang up from the seat and advanced to meet him.

"Walt," he said, when they came together. "I want to know what all this peculiar conduct means. Who is that man you went away with? What power has he over Clinton Gray?"

"Don't ask me now, Joe. Wait till tomorrow and I'll tell you all."

"I will not. You must tell me now, or I'll go right back home."

"Why won't you wait?"

"Because I see Clinton is very unhappy, and I want to help him out of the trouble. He has told you all about it, hasn't he?"

"Yes; after you left the library I persuaded him to tell me. He's in an awkward position, but I don't see where he's to blame, and I don't think it's so bad as he imagines it to be."

"Well, what is it?" asked Joe impatiently.

"Promise not to mention it to either uncle or aunt and I'll tell you."

"All right, I promise."

"Of course you know that Clinton is bookkeeper and confidential clerk for Mr. Gasmore in his hardware store down in the village. Well, two years ago Mr. Gasmore had a trusted clerk who ran away after robbing him of a large sum of money. A few weeks ago that clerk returned, a bigger rascal even than he was when he ran away. The tramp you saw this morning is the man, and it came about in this way.

"John Walker is a smart rogue and an expert penman. The other night he forced an entrance to the store, overhauled Clinton's books, making a lot of false entries to the amount of three thousand dollars and stole several blank checks. Carefully imitating Clinton's handwriting he filled out these checks for three thousand dollars and cashed them, and so cleverly has he arranged every detail that when the affair is known Clinton will be accused of the crime and arrested for forgery.

"The scoundrel is as daring as he is smart. Knowing he had Clinton in his power to a certain extent at least, he met him on the street, boldly told him what he had done, and threatened to inform Mr. Gasmore anonymously of the affair, unless Clinton would assist him in robbing the safe. If Clinton would help him rob the safe and leave the country, he promised to write out a full confession of what he had done and send it to Mr. Gasmore, thereby exonerating Clinton from all complicity in the transaction. Of course Clinton indignantly refused, and the tramp has given him until tonight to decide, then if he doesn't agree Mr. Gasmore will be told all, and our cousin will be in an awkward position."

For a moment Joe was speechless with astonishment. The enormity of the

every effort to penetrate, and the more he thought of it the more bewildered he became.

"What can it all mean?" he asked himself over and over again. "What connection can this disreputable fellow possibly have with Clinton Gray?"

He watched Walter and the tramp attentively as they made their way up the road. He had no desire to pry into other people's affairs, but he would have given a good deal to hear what the tramp was saying.

The latter was doing all the talking, accompanying his words with many gesticulations. Occasionally Walter would interrupt him by holding up his hand, and once he seized the tramp by the shoulders, wheeled him square around and proceeded to address him sternly.

Then they walked on, and soon disappeared in a grove of trees further up the road.

"I'd like to understand it," muttered Joe, "but I suppose I'll have to wait till Walt comes back."

He settled himself back in the seat and prepared to wait with as much patience as he could for his brother's return. His attention was attracted at last by some one walking on the stoop, and, looking up, he saw his cousin pacing back and forth, his hands behind his back and his eyes bent upon the boards before him. The troubled look was still on his face and Joe could see that his thoughts must be decidedly unpleasant.

At last he looked up. Seeing Joe seated on the lawn he came down the steps and walked slowly toward him.

"Perhaps he'll tell me what the matter is," said Joe to himself as his cousin came up.

But Clinton made no attempt to do so. He sat down beside Joe, for some time was silent, then he suddenly asked:

"Where's Walt?"

"Gone off. He'll be back soon."

"Where did he go?"

"Up the road with a man."

scheme surpassed his comprehension. Besides being a consummate rascal this John Walker was the most audacious criminal of modern times. To make the matter worse the scheme gave fair indications of proving a success.

If the tramp should depart with the money he had already secured from the forged checks, how could Clinton clear himself from the evidence of his own handwriting? The imitation was so cleverly done that even the bookkeeper himself was nonplused when he discovered it. His story would be counted as absurd and impossible.

"Can nothing be done to help Clint?" asked Joe at last.

"Yes: I've thought of a plan, the only way that will clear up the mystery beyond all doubt."

"What is it?" asked Joe excitedly. "For Clinton to agree to the tramp's terms, then let Mr. Gasmore do the whole thing, and tell the latter be present in the store when the robber comes. It's the only way Mr. Gasmore can be made to see that Clinton's story is true."

Joe seconded this plan at once, and the two boys repaired to Clinton's room. Every detail was carefully arranged, and a note in Clinton's own hand sent to the tramp agreeing to his terms. Walter himself delivered the letter, meeting the rascal near the grove before referred to.

That afternoon Mr. Gasmore was dumfounded to hear of what had occurred from Clinton's own lips, corroborated by the latter's two cousins.

"I can't believe it," he said incredulously. "I'm sorry you doubt me, Mr. Gasmore," said Clinton, "but it is as true as I stand before you, and in justice to myself I must insist that you beat the store at twelve o'clock tonight and see for yourself."

The merchant agreed. How the remainder of the day passed to Clinton he was never able to fully realize, but the hour for action at last arrived, and the boys started for Mr. Gasmore's house. Arrived there they found the rich man in a different frame of mind from what they had left him a few hours before.

"Come in," he said. "I've been waiting for you. I've made a careful examination of the books, Gray, and I must say I can't see any difference in the handwriting. After all, why could not you have done this yourself and invented this story to cover up your work?" and the merchant eyed his clerk keenly.

"In less than an hour I'll prove the truth of all I've told you," answered Clinton, "and we'd better go to the store now."

An officer was called and the party were soon on the way. When the store was reached Mr. Gasmore, the detective, Walter and Joe secreted themselves near the safe, leaving Clinton to receive the burglar.

At the appointed hour a low whistle was heard without, and Clinton quickly opened the door. The robber entered, and the youth closed the door and led the way to the safe.

"Before I tell you the combination," said Clinton, "give me the confession."

"Not much. What'd you take me for?"

"One of the biggest rogues unhung, I've a mind now to call an officer and have you arrested."

"Go ahead and do it. Nobody would believe you, and I'm too good a penman to be foiled by even an expert in handwriting. I defy any one to tell the difference between my writing and yours."

"You admit you forged the checks and collected the money?" asked Clinton.

"Certainly; but you'd have to prove that, see?"

"Which I can help him do," cried the officer, as he stepped out before the astonished rascal, followed by Mr. Gasmore and the brothers.

Seeing he was cornered, the burglar quickly attempted to draw a revolver, but the officer was too quick for him, and he found himself confronted by a weapon before he could produce his own.

He was speedily handcuffed and marched off to jail, abusing Clinton in the most vigorous language for having betrayed him.

"You've got ahead of me this time," he said at parting, "but look out for yourself if I ever meet you again."

"That won't be for the next ten or fifteen years, I reckon," said the detective. "Now go on and keep still."

That was the last the boys ever saw of him. Mr. Gasmore was convinced of Clinton's entire innocence, and his confidence in the youth was greatly increased.

At the same time Clinton never forgot the mental anguish he suffered when confronted by this awful predicament, and he insists to this day that he would never have been able to successfully extricate himself from it, had it not been for the clever scheme by which Walter outwitted the burglar.

[This Story began in No. 571.]

Checkmate.

BY WILLIAM LIEBERMANN.

CHAPTER X.

THE WRECK.

The man had spoken the truth. Something, it was impossible to tell just what, had gone wrong down below, and the Manasseh was filling rapidly. So rapidly, in fact, that the ship was doomed.

Whatever had caused it, the damage was a serious one, and the incoming water gained rapidly in spite of the pumps. By noon it was deemed necessary to quit the ship, and by one o'clock all that remained of the Manasseh and her crew were six boat-loads of human beings.

"Pull toward the south," had been the captain's orders, "we can reach the Three Kings before tomorrow, and we shall be comparatively safe."

For some hours the six boats kept in sight of one another, but toward night they became separated. The boat in which were Colonel Clifford and his man Jackson, was under the care of the first officer of the Manasseh.

"Is there any chance of our being picked up?" asked the colonel.

"Scarcely a doubt of it, if we can float long enough. Besides, we shall reach shore before midday tomorrow."

"Then there's no danger?"

"None whatever, so long as the weather holds good."

"And if not?"

"Who can say?"

"Which means we shall go down?"

"Perhaps."

"And the other boats?"

"Must take the same chances."

"Do you think we shall have clear weather till morning?"

"Perhaps."

Tired of the first officer's evasive replies, Roderic held his peace. The night seemed clear enough, but the wind was freshening.

Doing his best to make himself comfortable, the colonel tried to sleep. The cramped position, together with the novelty of the situation made his slumber light and uneasy, and at dawn he awoke with the unpleasant conviction that a storm was brewing.

The skies were clouded, the wind was lashing the waves to billows of foam, that broke over the boat, wetting the occupants, and chilling them through.

All day this kept up, and no progress toward the Three Kings Islands could be attempted, the only safety of the little boat upon such an angry sea being in keeping her head to the billows.

Night fell again, and found the little party worn with fatigue and uncertainty, chilled into a despondency as heavy as their spirits had been light a few hours before. Luckily they did not lack food, or their troubles might have been worse.

Daylight, however, brought good news. A ship was sighted, and signaled, and in a few hours the little party was safe on board the Betsy K. bound for Honolulu.

From the crew of the Betsy K they learned ill news. The other boats of the Manasseh had been picked up, but they were found floating bottom up, so there was little doubt that the rest of the Manasseh's company had been lost.

Without further adventure they reached Honolulu, and thence Colonel Clifford sailed by one of the regular lines for San Francisco.

"Jackson," he said, as he stood on the deck of the steamer, "what was it I left undone?"

"Don't know, sir, I'm sure, sir," said Jackson, not in the least surprised at the question. "Didn't know as you had anything particular to do, sir."

"Nor I either, Jackson, and yet I feel certain there's something I ought to have done, and didn't."

"Did you cable to Miss Helen, sir?"

"That's it, Jackson. No, I didn't and she'll hear of the wreck of the Manasseh, and worry herself to death."

"Never fear, sir, she won't worry. You know as how the news of the wreck wasn't brought till the Betsy K got into port, and we was on that boat, so we'll be reported, sure enough."

"Well, I suppose it will be so, Jackson, and I don't see how we can alter it, even if it isn't so. It's too late to cable now."

And so it came about that Roderic's sister, Helen, read of the wreck of the Manasseh; and by some strange mistake Colonel Dexter and not Colonel Clifford was reported saved. And as subsequent reports confirmed the fact that there was no possible chance of the rest of the ship's company having survived the stormy day after the sinking of the Manasseh, she became convinced that her brother was indeed lost to her. She had suffered a second widowhood and had now nothing left her but her daughter.

CHAPTER XI.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

Another person who read the notice of the Manasseh's wreck was Mr. Harvey Coltwood, distantly related to the colonel. He had been quite a favorite of Roderic, and was likely to receive a handsome share of the Clifford fortune, at the colonel's death. So he was interested—sufficiently interested to cable at once to a correspondent of his in Honolulu for particulars. He was informed that Colonel Clifford and his man Jackson had been saved, and Colonel Dexter was lost.

He sat in his parlor wondering vaguely what difference it made to him, when his servant entered with a letter. It was written on black edged paper, and Harry knew at once it came from Colonel Clifford's sister.

"My dear Harvey," it read, "there can be no longer any doubt that your uncle was lost in that ill fated vessel, the Manasseh. The news, coming so soon after the death of my husband, has been a severe shock to me, and I am determined to leave all painful associations, and go to my home in Ohio. I start tomorrow. I shall leave all the legal business in your hands, as I know it could not be in better. Come and see me when you can spare time.

Your affectionate aunt,

Helen."

"Hm!" said Mr. Coltwood, as he folded the letter and pushed it into a pigeon hole in his desk, "since my respected uncle didn't go down, perhaps this is lucky."

Then he searched among his letters, and finally picked out one.

"Ah! this is it—The Johnstown dam can't hold out much longer. There seems to be no conception of the real danger, but a few days more rain will mean the breaking of the dam. And with the dam, Johnstown goes, too. I hear you have relations living in the valley—use all your influence to get them away, for a disaster is almost inevitable. The people don't seem to realize it! * * *"

After reading this, he took down an atlas from his book shelf, turned to a map of Pennsylvania, and studied it carefully.

"Tomorrow they leave Johnstown, and where they are, there will be

little chance for them to hear that Uncle Clifford didn't go down. If that dam breaks, Johnstown will be wiped out, and my respected uncle won't know that they too were not killed—for there'll be hundreds killed. I wish I knew how long it takes to come from Honolulu—about two weeks, I suppose, for him to reach St. Louis. Ah! well! a good many things can happen in two weeks.

"Perhaps that dam will give way. Hope it will. It's got to go sooner or later, and those fools in Johnstown will never wake up to their danger till the town goes down the stream. And if it gives way before Uncle Clifford gets back, it will save me a lot of trouble. I hope it will! I hope it will!"

Some ten days later, Colonel Roderic Clifford was welcomed to the old Clifford mansion, in the suburbs of St. Louis, by his nephew, Coltwood. The colonel's first inquiry was for his sister and her child.

"They're still in Johnstown," said Coltwood.

"Then we'll go to Johnstown."

"Tonight?"

"Well, no. We'll start in the morning, Jackson, see about the trains."

"All right, sir," said Jackson, and the colonel and his nephew went to dinner.

Next morning they were on their way toward Johnstown. Traveling was irksome to the colonel, spite of his fifteen years' wanderings; and Coltwood was too much annoyed at the failure of his plans to enjoy the journey. It was toward twelve next morning that the train was sidetracked.

"What's the matter?" asked the colonel. "Johnstown's just beyond. What are you waiting for?"

"Didn't you hear, sir?" asked the guard.

"Hear? Hear what? What do you mean?"

"The dam's given way, sir."

"At last!" said Coltwood, under his breath.

"What dam? What's the dam got to do with our train? Where are we going on to Johnstown?"

"We ain't going to Johnstown at all, sir."

"Not going to Johnstown? Why not?"

"The dam's broke sir. There ain't any Johnstown left."

"Harvey, do you hear that? What dam does he mean?"

"There was a dam just above Johnstown, but that was safe enough."

"That's the one, sir; it gave way yesterday."

"Is the damage of much account?"

"Pretty near all Johnstown's washed away, except what was on the hillsides."

"Your aunt's house isn't in the valley, is it, Harvey?"

"I'm afraid it is," said Harvey.

"Afraid?"

"I'm afraid it's washed away. It was right in the middle of the town."

"There's no lives lost!" asked the colonel, turning to the guard.

"I reckon there's pretty near a thousand people killed."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the colonel. "If Nell should be among the drowned! Harvey, lad, we must get to Johnstown at once!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE PLOTTER.

The story of that terrible flood there is no need for us to tell. The narrow valley swept by the waters; the few houses left on the hillside, and serving only to accentuate the desolation; the great block at the stone bridge—the debris of a whole town piled up by the fearful might of the waters—all these are circumstances familiar to every one.

Mrs. Hernden's house had stood in the very center of the path of destruction. The house had been utterly destroyed; nothing was left of

it in fact; it would have been no easy task to point out the place on which it had stood, with any degree of certainty. So all trace was lost; for Harvey said nothing of Mrs. Hernden's having left Johnstown. And the survivors knew nothing and cared nothing about her.

A few weeks later it might have been easier to find that she had left the city. But in those days of excitement men were so busy searching for their own lost ones they had small memory for those not immediately related to them. As one of the many hundreds of sufferers, they might have been willing to help her; but as an individual she had no claim on them.

It was no time to search for particular persons. Every man must search for his own; and then, there were plenty of calls for immediate and impersonal aid. The missing were probably lost, and men must give all their labor toward the rescue and aid of those nearest at hand.

Small wonder all efforts were useless, for Harvey, who knew well enough his aunt was not in Johnstown at all, and had not been for some weeks, while apparently carrying on the search with untiring zeal, in reality suppressed carefully every detail that might have thrown any light upon that fact. And so, at the end of two weeks, Colonel Clifford, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, fell dangerously ill, and Harvey, secretly rejoicing at this piece of good luck, at once took his uncle back to St. Louis.

For weeks Harvey and Jackson shared the care of the sick man, who lay unconscious, or wandering in his mind—now on board the sinking Manasseh, now amid the horrors of the Johnstown flood, but all the time laying bare the hunger of his heart in the constant cry for his sister Nell.

From the sick bed, Harvey would from time to time go to the study, to pen a letter to his aunt in Ohio, to congratulate her upon her good fortune in having left Johnstown just in time to escape the disaster, or to excuse the delays in arranging the estate. Later he wrote that as there was no actual proof that Colonel Clifford was dead—though unhappily there could be no rational doubt of that fact—it would be impossible for him to obtain more than a partial and provisional control of the estate.

To this letter she made answer that she was not in the least anxious to have the estate settled, though she entertained no hope whatever that her brother might still be alive. In fact, she would rather leave things as they were, for the settling of the estate would seem like setting a seal upon the last door of her hope. And for the money, she had no need of it at present.

Colonel Clifford slowly recovered, and at last was well enough to leave his room. He showed, however, no desire for his old roving life, but settled down in the old house, determined to live down his troubles. For, thanks to Harvey's kindly services, he was as thoroughly convinced of Mrs. Hernden's death as she of his.

A wanderer all his life, he practically had no friends; and, saving his nephew, he saw no visitors. Later, even Harvey came no more, for the colonel chanced to find out his passion for gambling, and took him to task therefor. The colonel, who held that gambling differed from theft only in degree, was very angry when he learned that Harvey was deeply in debt to several notorious card sharps. There were hot words on both sides, and the colonel forbade his nephew to enter the house, and lived alone with his man Jackson and his servants.

Then it was that the colonel remembered that his old friend Walpole had left a son; and he determined to send for the boy, and if there was any good in him, to let him take the place Harvey had left vacant. His of-

fer was accepted at once, and Ralph had started. Then came a telegram stating Ralph's mishap—the telegram he had sent from Porson's Hollow, just when he missed the train.

The colonel had sent Jackson to Chicago at once, but though he made all speed he did not get there till long after the train was due. Nobody at the depot knew anything about Ralph; there was absolutely no trace of him, and Jackson, after a long and fruitless search, was obliged to return alone to St. Louis, with the news that there was no news.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 565.]

Belmont;

OR,

MARK WARE'S COLLEGE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM D. MOFFAT,

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CHAPTER XXVII.
ANOTHER MYSTERY.

Mark was too dazed for a moment to speak or act. He dropped on his knees at Herbert's side and gazed anxiously into his face. The two juniors were busy loosening Herbert's collar, and settling him more easily on the couch.

"There, now I guess he will come around," said one of them bending over.

"What's the matter? What made him sick?" asked Mark.

"Don't know. We saw him walking ahead of us with two or three other fellows, and didn't notice anything the matter until he left his friends and started up stairs alone. Then he staggered and fell against the wall. We came up just in time to keep him from dropping on the floor. He must have been taken with vertigo or something."

"Then he wasn't with you?"

"Oh, no, we scarcely know Morgan—only by sight. He was with—wh— who were those other fellows, Allen?"

"I recognized Hall," said the other junior. "I didn't take notice of the rest."

"I guess I know," said Mark.

At this moment, Herbert drew a long breath and opened his eyes. He seemed bewildered at first, but rallied quickly and asked for a drink of water. This was promptly supplied, and his face and head bathed freely. Then he seemed to feel much better, and in a few moments insisted on sitting up.

A sudden faintness—that's all," he said. "I had been feeling very sick ever since dinner. I must have taken something that upset me. If you'll give me a wet towel to put around my forehead for this splitting headache, I'll be all right again soon."

With his head tightly bandaged Herbert sat quite comfortably outstretched on the couch; and the juniors, seeing that no further help was needed, withdrew after a few minutes' more conversation.

The moment the door had closed on them Mark turned and faced his room mate.

"Now, Herbert, what was the trouble?" he said.

"Oh nothing," answered Herbert quickly. "I've told you all there is to tell. I merely felt sick and faint. I can't tell what caused it."

"Nothing—nothing out of the way?" said Mark.

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Well, you weren't at dinner, and I thought you might have been going it a bit with that crowd."

"What crowd?"

"Chapin, Hall and those other fellows."

"What made you think I was with them?"

"The juniors told me they saw you—"

"And so you inferred that I must have been on a spree—thanks."

"No, not exactly that," laughed Mark, seeing that Herbert was annoyed. "I was thinking of it all together—your wanting money, your hurrying out when you got it, your long absence, and then your coming back sick. It all seems—"

"Well, seems what?" asked Herbert.

"Queer—that's all."

"It needn't if you weren't so suspicious about everything that concerns certain friends of mine," said Herbert sharply.

"Friends," Herbert," echoed Mark. "You speak as if you didn't include me among your friends. See here, old man, what difference does it make what you have been doing. It is none of my business if you don't choose to tell me. But why do you keep everything from me? We didn't have any secrets apart from each other once—why, now?"

"Well, if you must know, because I know you are down on these friends of mine, and that you always put the worst construction on everything they do and say—that's the reason I don't tell you about myself and them. In fact I didn't suppose it would interest you."

"You know that everything that interests you interests me," interposed Mark.

"No I don't either—not nowadays. Ever since I have been going with Chapin and his crowd you have acted queerly."

"I've acted queerly!—Why, I thought it was you that was acting queerly."

"I don't see why," said Herbert. "I have merely chosen certain friends for company whom you don't like. That's no reason for behaving as you do."

"Behaving—how?" asked Mark.

"So suspiciously. You are always watching me—always on the alert. If I say anything about the fellows, you look as if you saw something more in it than I say. If I come in late at night, there you sit with a Mrs. Caudle look on your face, and I expect a curtain lecture."

"Herbert if that is the impression I give you, I can explain it only on one ground."

"Well, what?"

"That you really are hiding something and feel conscious."

"There you go again, confound it, just as if you didn't believe in me," exclaimed Herbert hotly. "I suppose you think I am hiding something tonight."

"Not a bit of it. I believe exactly what you tell me," said Mark quietly. "But why should there be any fuss, Herbert? You don't have to tell me anything. You are not accountable to me; and I don't want you to think that I am watching you and suspecting you."

"Then why did you ask me such questions?"

"Simply because this sudden sickness seemed so queer, that's all."

"Well, there is no reason for suspecting anything. I have been sick suddenly before—and as for your money, here it is now. You can have it back."

Mark made a quick gesture.

"No, I don't want it Herbert. Don't act that way."

"But I don't need it—now," insisted Herbert fumbling in his vest pocket.

"Why, you said you needed it this afternoon."

"Yes, but I got some money since—a fellow who owed me paid up, so I have plenty. Here's your fifty dollars."

Herbert took out a roll of bills that must have contained one hundred dollars at the very least, and handed Mark five ten dollar bills. Mark hesitated a moment.

"You are not doing this because of anything that has been said, are you, Herbert?"

"No, I intended to return you your money tonight. I am much obliged to you for it."

There was nothing to do but take it then, so Mark folded it away in his pocketbook without another word. Herbert then said he felt sleepy and wanted to go to bed. His head seemed much relieved, and he went into his room without assistance, leaving Mark to follow his example.

This Mark soon did, puzzling the meanwhile over this new development in Herbert—his sickness and his irritability on the subject. What did it all mean?

In that moment, when he knelt by Herbert's side, Mark had first thought that his friend had been taking liquor. But there was not the slightest indication of liquor about Herbert—a few seconds' scrutiny had convinced him of that. Suddenly another idea occurred to him, and he broke into a laugh.

"Why didn't I think of that before? It must have been his first cigar. No wonder he was sensitive about his sickness—no wonder he wouldn't own up to the real cause. It was probably a strong cigar, and proved too much for him. I remember now there was a smell of—and yet, no, it wasn't the smell of tobacco either. What was it, I wonder?"

So neither of these explanations would suffice, and the matter rested for the time just as Mark had taken it in mind. Herbert was simply sick—from some cause unknown.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
HOW MISS BETTY SETTLED THINGS.

The next morning Herbert was quite himself again, all trace of sickness having disappeared. Beyond a few inquiries from Mark no allusion was made to the matter, and it was apparently forgotten by both.

Meantime Mark had been wondering how affairs were going out at Rogers' house. Cincinnati did not put in an appearance at the college Saturday, but on Sunday morning Mark saw him seated at his place in chapel. When the exercises were over, and the students were pressing out, Rogers motioned to Mark to wait for him at the door. Mark did so, and as his friend came up, he watched his face closely.

Rogers hurried eagerly forward with an unusual display of animation for him, and held out his hand. Classmates were pushing and jostling about them, so little could be said or done—nothing but a look and a clasp of the hands. But it was enough for Mark. He knew that all had gone well.

"Can you come out home with me?" asked Rogers. "We can take our walk out there now if you want."

"Nothing would suit me better," answered Mark, thinking that the walk would give Rogers time to tell him what had been done. So off the two started together.

Mark never forgot that walk. It was a perfect spring day. The weather was clear and warm, the meadows and woods about them a fresh bright green, the orchard trees in blossom, perfuming the air with their fragrance. In every direction nature was full of promise. All things were taking on new life. And it was under the inspiration of such surroundings that Rogers told Mark his story.

There was not much that was news to him. Mark had guessed it all. Miss Betty Otis had been received with open arms, and had set about her business with her usual promptness and decision. Nothing was said to Mrs. Rogers until the whole matter had been straightened out.

Saturday morning Miss Betty had gone with Cincinnati to a lawyer to whom she had been referred by Mr. Lewis before leaving Medford. After a consultation there, the lawyer undertook to arrange the whole affair. He went to Hank Martin, and, acting for his client whom he did not name, he engaged to pay off all arrears in interest on the mortgage that Martin held on condition that the tavern keeper would sell the mortgage out to him for his client. Martin had no de-

sure to retain the mortgage, for he saw nothing but trouble in it on account of Ben Rogers' bad habits, and so he was glad enough to dispose of it for the back interest and a fair figure somewhat below the face amount of the mortgage. Miss Betty now found herself in possession of the papers, and could make what terms she chose with the Rogers.

These were of the easiest nature imaginable—a small interest that Cincinnati and his mother could pay without difficulty if the burden of old Ben Rogers were removed. This Miss Betty was set on doing, for she was determined not to have the effect of her plans partially spoiled by Ben's bad habits. Accordingly arrangements were started at once to place the poor man in an inebriate home where he might be cared for and perhaps cured.

Then when everything was settled Mrs. Rogers was told for the first time of the troubled state of affairs, and how they had been straightened out. It brought a touching and complete reconciliation of the old friends, and that Sunday morning was one memorable in both their lives. They spent it together at home, while Cincinnati went in to college chapel to attend service and meet Mark.

Rogers finished telling Mark of the above events just about the time they reached the end of their walk.

"So there's the whole of it," said Rogers as they turned in from the road and approached the house. "And there's all you've done—God bless you."

Rogers grasped Mark's hand again. No further word was said, but that clasp of the hand bound them in an inseparable tie of friendship. It was a happy afternoon for all, and by five o'clock, when Mark set off for Belmont again, he felt as if he had known the Rogers for years. There is no such introduction in this world as sympathy.

The next day Miss Betty returned to Medford, Mark accompanying her to the station.

"I am sorry you can't stay longer. I wanted to show you more of the college and town," said Mark as he bade the old lady good by.

"I will come some day when I have more time, and bring Patty with me, as I promised," answered Miss Betty. "Then we will be your company."

When Mark went to supper that night he found Herbert in great good spirits.

"We're in luck again!" he exclaimed as Mark came in.

"What now?" asked Mark.

"I saw Percy Randall this afternoon and he told me that he would be glad to let us have his room when he left college in June. He will sell it at a very reasonable figure too."

"Percy Randall's room!" exclaimed Mark. "Why I thought every apartment in Warburton Hall was spoken for away ahead."

"So they are, and I never supposed we had the ghost of a show of getting in there before junior or senior year, or I would have spoken to Randall about his room. I thought he had of course disposed of it long ago. He came over to Colver Hall particularly to see us about it. How is that?"

"Good luck simply chases us," said Mark, laughing. "What did Percy say about it?"

"He said that lots of fellows had spoken to him about his room, but that he had had us in mind ever since the first of the year, and intended that we should have it if we cared for it."

"If we cared for it!" Well, it didn't take you long to settle that in his mind did it?"

"I should say not—I jumped at it, and thanked him with all my heart for giving us the chance. I knew what you would say, so I settled it with him, then and there. We are to have his room next fall—just think, a room in Warburton Hall beginning with sophomore year! That will give us three years of it."

Mark was delighted. The rooms in Warburton Hall were not only the handsomest and most comfortable, but they conferred a distinction upon their occupants that was jealously coveted by all college students. Mark and Herbert had, through the friendship of Percy Randall, simply tumbled into the good luck that most of their classmates would have paid any price for. It was a subject of general comment and congratulation at the supper table. Teddy Blinks seemed to be as much pleased as Mark and Herbert.

"I'm mighty glad, boys," he said with an air of half proprietorship as he thought of the many evenings he intended to spend with them. "You couldn't have suited me better. I always did like Warburton Hall."

Tracy Hollis and Alfred Chase, once engaged Mark and Herbert's present rooms, which were far better than their own, and this bargain settled, all parties concerned felt that they had done a good stroke of business.

As Mark was crossing the campus late that evening, he met Percy Randall and stopped to thank him for his kindness.

"It was mighty good of you to think of us in that way," he said, "especially when so many had spoken to you ahead about it."

"Oh that's all right," answered Percy. "I wanted you to have the room. I had a particular reason in offering it to you."

"What was that?" asked Mark.

"Well, to be perfectly frank with you, Ware, I did this especially for your sake. I know Morgan quite well and I like him; but you were the man I was thinking of. You were on my football team, and you did more than any one else to help me win the championship. I could never forget that. And then, besides, there is a certain tradition about that room of mine that calls for an athletic man of some kind."

"A tradition?"

"Yes. Two varsity captains preceded me as occupants of the room. Then I came, making the third—and I half believe," added Percy—with a laugh—"that I was made captain because I got that room. There is something absolutely contagious about the place. The walls fairly resound with football and baseball echoes. Now that I leave college there's no one fitter to take it than you. You are one of the best men on the team, and there's no reason why you shouldn't be captain in your senior year. Once in that room and you're dead sure of it."

Mark laughed, too, at this. "If that is so, then I owe you still more thanks," he said. "I had no idea the room had such a history."

"See that you add another chapter to it—then you will have done your duty," answered Percy.

The outgoing students were busy during the next week or so arranging for the disposal of their rooms. Senior examinations were coming on, and soon they would be leaving college, so these changes had to be made during May, while they still had time. This disposal of rooms did not mean an immediate change of occupants. The seniors retained their apartments until commencement time and graduation; then the new occupants took possession in September at the opening of the new college year.

Third term is short and passes away quickly enough—a pleasant calendar of warm, sunny days spent in baseball, tennis, boating, and swimming, and long evenings of leisure filled in with quiet occupations or lolling about on the campus benches and grass. So the month of May slips away and June begins with the final tug of grade and rank in class.

Mark had held his own he knew—perhaps he had gained a place or two—the final examinations would determine that. For Herbert he felt by no means so sure. The glee club and

his new friends had engrossed him so that studies seemed at times entirely forgotten.

But Mark had long since given up trying to advise Herbert. He carefully avoided all words that could possibly lead to a discussion or a difference of any kind. All he wanted was to retain Herbert's friendship, and for that end he was willing to make almost any sacrifice. But in spite of all he could do or say Herbert seemed somehow out of his reach. It was not that he was cold or disagreeable in manner. He was pleasant enough when he was with Mark. But as time went on he seemed to take less and less pleasure in his company and more and more in that of his friends. He was simply drifting away from Mark. And so, happy though his first year of college life had been, Mark began to long eagerly for the summer vacation.

"Wait till Herbert and I get back in Medford—then everything will be all right again," he said to himself.

The days passed and the last day of the term came, bringing with it the busy hum of commencement exercises, and the general breaking up of the college. Mark and Herbert spent a busy two hours that night, packing up their things and dismantling their old room. The boys went about their work quietly and thoughtfully. Their minds were full of memories and impressions of the past year. It had been a happy year, and every object about the room brought up a pleasant recollection. About ten o'clock the place was reduced to its primitive elements. The curtains and pictures were all down and packed; the various smaller articles put away.

Both were tired and ready for bed. Mark stood looking about the room with a feeling of affectionate regret. Just then a noisy group of their classmates passed along the walk under their windows, and a voice which Mark readily recognized as that of Teddy Blinks struck up the old time college song:

"Where, oh where are the verdant freshmen?"

"Safe now in the sophomore class." On down the walk they go, their voices dying away in the distance. They are almost gone now. Faintly the notes come back, borne on the still night air.

"Where, oh where are the verdant freshmen?"

And long after Mark had gone to sleep, the answer still came echoing through his dreams:

"Safe now in the sophomore class."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CONVERSATION OVERHEARD.

Mark's expectations of a closer companionship with Herbert during the summer received a sharp rebuff the very next morning as the two boys were journeying together on the train to Medford.

"After all, it will be mighty pleasant to get back to the old town," said Mark, as they left Belmont behind them.

"Yes," answered Herbert shortly, "but I shall not see much of Medford this summer."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Mark quickly.

"I shall stay home only till July first—then I am going to spend the rest of the summer camping with some friends in the Adirondacks."

Mark knew well enough who these friends were, so he asked no further questions.

"It will be a little lonely for your father," was all he could find to say.

"Oh, no," answered Herbert, looking out of the window. "Father has had so much of me up until last fall that I guess he can spare me a while now. I will be with him two weeks before I start—that is certainly enough."

The rest of the trip was a silent one. Mark would have liked to ask Herbert about his camping excursion, but he was afraid Herbert would only put a wrong construction on his questions,

so he refrained from conversation altogether.

And so the summer began with the two boys further apart than ever. Herbert saw Mark occasionally during the two weeks he remained in Medford, but it was only for a brief time, the former being busily occupied with his plans and arrangements for his summer's outing. Then came the parting, and the two saw nothing of each other for two months and a half.

It was a quiet, happy two months for Mark, in spite of the absence of Herbert. Rogers and his mother came on to Medford and spent a pleasant fortnight with the Otises, and old Cincinnati enjoyed every minute of his visit, playing ball, fishing, swimming, and going about with the boys, some of whom he knew well, or course, as classmates.

Grades came about the first of July, and Medford heralded in its weekly paper the notable fact that the town had the distinction of harboring three honorem of Belmont College, and among them the first honorem of the sophomore class. This latter honor was Fred Burton's.

Fred was a brilliant scholar, and had worked hard and well. He deserved the place he had won, and his classmates and the town generally were proud of him. The other two honorem were Alfred Chase, who stood fourteenth, and Mark, who now stood ninth. Herbert had left Medford when the grades came home, but, of course Colonel Morgan must have received Herbert's report, and, from the fact that the town paper made no mention of him, Mark could only infer with regret that his friend had dropped from the honor roll into the main body of the class.

Mark occasionally went over to see Colonel Morgan, but the colonel made no allusion to the matter. It was probably a sore point with him.

Mark was not by any means idle during the summer weeks—far from it. The expenses of his freshman year had greatly depleted his slim savings, so he sought Mr. Lewis immediately on his return to Medford, and engaged for some work in his law office during the summer. This the lawyer readily gave him, allowing him to resume his old desk, but giving him a better class of work and increased pay.

"You are worth more to me now than before," was all Mr. Lewis said when Mark tried to thank him for this.

By the first of September Mark had saved enough to make him feel quite comfortable as to the coming year. He needed more now, for his share of the new room would cost him something and there were numerous other expenses that the money afforded by his scholarship at the college would not cover.

Herbert was expected back at Medford by the fifth or sixth of September, but he did not arrive until two days before the opening of college—in the best of health and brown as a berry. It was too late then for him to get ready in time to go back with the others, but he told Mark that he would come on after him in a day or so. Accordingly Mark agreed to go on and get things in shape for him.

It was with a bright outlook, that Mark set off for Belmont in company with the other boys. Everything gave promise of a pleasant year. They were sophomores now, which meant that they were beginning to be of importance in the college world. A new life, with a fresh round of duties and pleasures, awaited them.

Besides that there was the new apartment for Mark—of which he had been dreaming for the past summer, and for which Patty and Miss Betty had been making all sorts of articles, ornamental and useful. All these Mark had in his trunk, and he had promised himself a pleasant hour or two setting them in place.

"We will come on and see you as soon as you get things to rights," had been Patty's last words, "Aunt Betty is going to visit Mrs. Rogers soon, and she has promised to take me with her this time."

When Mark reached Belmont he walked with a sense of pride up to Warburton Hall, and asked the janitor for the keys to room fifteen. At length he was in possession of the coveted quarters, and an afternoon's work made them look quite homelike and cozy. With the return of Herbert to college the next day, and the addition of his things, the place took on a very attractive look.

"Now then," said Mark as they finished, "I'll bet there isn't a nicer apartment in college."

As the days passed admiring friends dropped in, and soon the new room became quite the resort that their old one had been. Of Herbert's particular friends Mark saw little. They had not come at all or else it was while he was out. It was not until a week and more had passed that any of them showed their presence, and then it came about in a most unfortunate way.

Mark was lying down in his bedroom taking a nap about half past three in the afternoon. He had just dozed off, when he heard voices in the outer room. He paid no attention to this at first, merely noting drowsily that one of the voices was Herbert's, but suddenly he heard his own name mentioned. At that he roused up a moment and listened.

"Yes," said some one whom Mark now recognized as Chapin, "you and Ware have mighty nice rooms here—mighty nice. I wish I had such luck. I couldn't get a single chance at a room in Warburton."

"Spend your time here then. You are always welcome," answered Herbert.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Chapin. "There's Ware. He is enough to freeze me out."

There was a moment's silence. "Say, Morgan," at length continued Chapin, "do you know I've often wondered how you ever came to strike up a friendship with Ware. He's queer company for you. You have family, wealth, and lots of style, while he is—well, good enough in a way of course, but he isn't your kind at all. He is almost the last man in the world I should have thought you would have chosen for a room mate."

"Oh, Mark is a good fellow," said Herbert, after a pause.

Mark's face flushed hotly at the tone in which these indifferent words were said. Chapin gave a short laugh.

"Say, see here, Morgan I could tell you something about Ware that—his voice here sank, and Mark could hear nothing further. For a few minutes the low hum went on, and then Chapin's voice rose.

"Now, you see if you only had a room mate something more after our style—say one of the glee club fellows, why it would be all right and we would have everything just as we wanted."

At this moment there came a sharp rap at the outer door.

"Come in," called Herbert, but no one came, so he rose and opened the door.

"Why—why—how are you Miss Otis—and Duncan—this is quite a surprise," he stammered in a rather confused manner.

"Is Mark in?" asked Miss Betty Otis in her brisk manner.

"No—I'm sorry to say—he's out," said Herbert.

The door from Mark's bedroom was thrown quickly open.

"You are mistaken, Herbert, here I am," said Mark, stepping out.

(To be continued.)

THE BEGGAR'S EXCUSE.

"I never give money to beggars on the street," said the pedestrian. "But my dear sir," returned the beggar, "I can't afford an office these hard times. You expect too much."—Bazar.

GOOD WILL.

A kindly look costs nothing at all, But a heart may be starving for just one glance. That will show by the eyelid's tender fall

The help of a pitying countenance.

These gifts nor silver nor gold may buy,

Nor the wealth of the richest of men bestow;

But the comfort of word or ear or eye,

The poorest may offer wherever he go.

—C. F. Richardson.

[This Story began in No. 567.]

A Curious Companion.

BY GEORGE KING WHITMORE,

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CHAPTER XXII.

MAX INTERFERES TO SOME PURPOSE.

Why was this Andy so morose, Max asked himself? Why did he so resent the mere mention of something in which he was evidently concerned that had occurred at Harriestraw?

Yes, and there was the term, "chicken-hearted." That meant fearful of being found out in some deed of villainy.

Could it be possible that by the merest chance he, Max, had stumbled on the solution of the murder mystery at Beechwood, one of Harriestraw's suburbs?

He dropped his lead spoon with a little clang on the edge of his saucer, and forgot for an instant that he was hungry.

"Here, I mustn't sit staring at those fellows in this unblushing fashion. They'll begin to suspect I may know a thing or two."

This is what Max told himself the next minute, and forthwith resumed his consumption of the ice cream with redoubled application.

Meantime the German had gone out into the little room in the rear to fill the orders given him by the "hoodlums." When he came back with the three saucers of peach, Ben Wiggles tasted of the compound, and pretended to be highly disgusted.

"Look here, you cheating, kid-catering humbug," he exclaimed, "what do you mean by giving us 'beach' ice cream with no sand in it?"

Tom Mulford laughed uproariously at this sally, but the fellow called Andy went on eating his cream without looking up, as though it was evident he did not care for it.

The restaurant proprietor was utterly mystified. He did not comprehend that fun was being poked at his pronunciation of English.

"Come, come, my man," went on Wiggles, rapping on the side of his glass of water with his spoon, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Do about what, mein Herr?" said the German.

"Great Scott! I'm not talking about hairs, but sand," fairly roared Wiggles. "We ordered 'beach' ice cream, and here you bring it to us without a grain of sand in it. That's a fraud, I say, a downright swindle. We may eat it, but we don't pay for it, not by a jugful, do we, pard?"

"You bet we don't," responded Tom Mulford, adding: "And I'm blamed if I can eat it even. Here, kid, you can have this," and rising, he passed his plate across to Morris.

Andy pushed back his chair.

"Come, fellows," he said, "I've had enough of this."

"But you're the man that wanted to come here," objected Wiggles. "You said you thought it would be safer than our usual haunts."

"Will you keep close on that, Ben Wiggles? Come along."

He started towards the door. The others followed him.

The old German, a look of anxiety in his face, stepped between.

"But the pay," he said. "It's dirty cents—dree plates."

"We didn't eat the stuff, though," Wiggles retorted. "Tain't worth it, and if it ain't worth eating it ain't worth paying for. That's straight goods, eh, pard?"

"Straight as a string," returned Mulford. "Come along; he's got his stuff. What's the diff? I'm thirsty."

They started to brush past the old man and get out of the door. It was three to one, and, of course, the advantage was all on the side of the hoodlums.

Max's blood began to boil. Even had the German not been so kind to him, he would have hated to stand passively by and see this injustice done. As it was, he seemed to be helpless.

He was not only no match physically for these roughts, but he had no money with which to make up to the German for the loss he had sustained through them.

Suddenly an expedient occurred to him, and with characteristic impetuosity he proceeded to act on it without waiting to count the possible cost.

Rising quickly, he stepped toward the door, and placing his hand on "Andy's" shoulder, said as quietly as he could for the excited throbbing of his heart:

"You'd better settle your score here, my man. You don't want to leave as suddenly as you did Mr. Peterson's, in Beechwood, Harriestraw, the other day."

Andy Begum turned white, and clutched Wiggles, as if to keep himself from falling. He rallied instantly, however, and tried to put on a bold front.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded. "I never saw you before in my life."

"I know you didn't; nor I you," went on Max, surprised at his own boldness, as he recalled how nervous he had been of Seagrave when he supposed him to be the man who had done for Peterson.

"But I'm a Harriestraw boy, and know a thing or two about what's what, and if you know what is best for yourself, you'll settle your score for that ice cream before you leave this place."

Before Andy could reply Wiggles advanced in a threatening manner toward Max and exclaimed:

"If there's any score settling to be done, I'm your man. Go on, Andy, and leave this jackanapes to me."

Andy turned quickly and grasped Wiggles by the arm.

"Don't you lay a finger on him, Ben," he said, in a quiet tone. "He's only made a mistake. But he's right about paying for the cream. I asked you fellows to come here, so I'll fork over for it."

"You won't do anything of the sort, Andy Begum," Tom Mulford struck in. "We didn't eat the stuff, and besides, are we going to have a kid-gloved Willie stand up and dictate to us what we ought to do? Come on," and he seized Begum by the arm, and started to pull him out of the door.

Max was thinking fast during these few minutes, and he was thinking, for one thing, that he had not done right to offer to let Andy Begum go scot free if he would settle with the German. There was every reason in the world to believe that he had done what Arthur Seagrave had been accused of doing back in Beechwood, and to intimate that he (Max) would not press the charge against him, looked, on reflection, like compounding a felony.

What could he do, though? Even were a policeman at hand, would the officer arrest the fellow on the slender testimony Max was able to supply? Besides, there was Morris to be considered. He must guard him carefully and not expose him to the risk of a fracas.

While he was still in this undecided state of mind, the German took a hand in the affair.

"You pay me my moneys before you go," he cried, seizing Begum by the coat. "If you don't I haf you arrested."

Begum twisted himself out of his

friend's grasp, plunged one hand into his pocket, and drawing out some silver, flung it on the floor.

"There's more than enough," he cried, and thereupon dashed out of the shop with his two companions.

The German stooped to pick up the money, and Max turned back to Morris. The little fellow's head had fallen forward on the table, and he was sound asleep.

"Poor chap!" murmured Max. "He has forgotten his troubles for a while. I wish I could do as much, but mine are only added to now, by having him a dead weight on my hands."

What was he to do with him? Andy Begum was tucked away for the time, in a rear corner of memory, while the problem of the present was wrestled with.

To be sure, Max still had the watch, which the German refused to take, but he could not do in a hotel what he had done here in this plain little ice cream saloon. What could he do, then?

The proprietor, who had counted his money, and put it away in his pocket, was now looking at him, as if wondering how much longer he was going to stay there.

"Come, Morris," said Max, gently waking the sleeping boy. "We must be going."

"Going where?" murmured the little fellow, opening his eyes, and then closing them again.

"Out some place, so we can go to bed," and putting his arm about the boy, Max bade the German good night, and fairly carried his charge into the street.

"Gut nacht," the restaurant proprietor called after them. "Remember you need not come back to pay. I gif what I gif for love of the knabe."

There were not so many people on the street now. Max walked on, away from the Exposition grounds, but beyond this fact, not knowing where he was going, Morris dragged on him more and more, till at last he was fast asleep again, and was quite incapable of moving at all.

And Max felt that it was equally out of the question for him to carry the child, tired as he was himself. So there they stood in the middle of the sidewalk, Morris leaning against his young protector, who was now utterly at a loss which way to turn next. And from the Midway on the left came the tum-tum of the native music and the flare of World's Fair illumination.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AL MEETS MRS. OPDYKE.

Let us now return to Allerton Hall and Arthur Seagrave, when, at the latter's hotel, they fell in with the young New Yorker who had seen Max.

It did not take Al long to discover that the stranger was as ignorant of young Purdy's present whereabouts as he was himself.

"But he's not the only chap who was lost in the Fair grounds today," the visitor from Manhattan went on.

"Mother and the girls are up stairs now working over a woman who is going from one fainting fit into another because she got separated from her little boy in the Transportation Building this afternoon. She says he was kidnapped, though I've just got back from a trip to the city, where I put a notice in all the papers offering \$5,000 for his return."

"Has she any idea of the sort of people who have taken him?" inquired Seagrave.

"A very clean one," was the answer. "He was a young fellow of about sixteen in a steel colored suit, a Willie hat, as they call them out here, an umbrella and a valise."

"That must be Max!" exclaimed Al, waking up from the momentary fit of abstraction into which he had fallen. "Where is this woman? When did she see this young fellow last?"

"By Jove!" cried the New Yorker. "That description does tally with the chap I met on the beach this morn-

ing. I never thought of it before. But what would a friend of yours want to kidnap a small boy for?"

"He didn't kidnap him," returned Al with spirit. "That's all nonsense. Just give me a chance to talk to this woman."

"That's something I wouldn't want," said the other, as he led the way toward the elevator. "She goes on like a crazy creature. She'll probably mob you as soon as she hears that you are a friend of the fellow who lugged off her boy. By the way, as I shall have to know your name I'll tell you mine now—Percy Hart, from New York."

Al gave his (Seagrave had said he would wait down stairs) and then they stepped off at the third floor.

"I hope you're not a bashful youth," said Percy, as he hesitated an instant before No. 82. "You'll see a raft of girls as soon as I open the door. My sisters, and cousins, Mr. Hall of Harristraw," and he flung open the portal as he added this last, aping a drawing room flunkey's tone.

There was a chorus of protests of "Oh, Percy!" followed by murmurs of "I'm happy to meet you," as the young ladies realized that their incorrigible escort had not been fooling but really had a young gentleman to present.

"Mr. Hall has come," Percy went on, "to interview Mrs. Opyke."

"Gracious, is he a reporter?" exclaimed the youngest of the girls, looking frightened.

"Not he," went on her brother. "He is a particular friend of the young man in the steel colored suit, the Willie hat, the umbrella and—"

He was interrupted at this point by a wild scream and the dashing into the room of a woman from the adjoining apartment. Her hair was dishevelled and her eyes were fairly glaring.

After giving one glance around, she flew up to Al and seized him by the arm, which she worked up and down like a pump handle as she talked.

"My child! Give me back my child!" she cried.

All the dignity of Allerton Hall's Quaker ancestry came to his aid in this trying moment. He was not in the least flustered after the first instant of surprise. He merely stood there, gazing at the woman till she ceased talking herself and gave him a chance to speak. Then he said quietly:

"I know nothing about your child, Mrs. Opyke. I want to know about a friend of mine though, who wore a steel colored suit, a wide brimmed straw hat and carried an umbrella and a valise. I became separated from him and—"

"It's the same one, the very same!" broke in Mrs. Opyke. "He said he had lost his friend and wanted to earn his supper, so I let him carry my Morris and now he has gone off with him."

Exhausted by her recent outbreak, the lady from Boston sank down on a sofa between two of the Hart girls and began to sob hysterically.

Al looked grave. He was positive now that it was Max to whom reference was made. But the kidnapping? This was preposterous.

"My friend hasn't run off with your little boy, Mrs. Opyke," he said. "Won't you please explain the circumstances?"

When this was done, amid many groans and tears, Al gaw at once how the thing had occurred.

"You say you thought you saw them going off toward the Mining Building?" he asked.

"Yes, and I went after them as hard as I could."

"And it was not they?"

"No."

"How long did it take you to find this out?"

"About ten minutes."

"Then did you go straight back to the spot where you had become separated?"

"No, I went on to the Electricity Building and then to the bench in the Court of Honor, where we met the young man."

"And did you finally get back to the Transportation Building?"

"Yes. That's where I met these kind friends."

"How long was that after you had first missed your son?"

"Over an hour, I should say."

"That was the trouble. If you had waited there, or returned immediately, there would have been no trouble. Max doubtless waited a reasonable time and then supposed you had gone home. Were you staying at this hotel?"

"Oh no, at a house nearer the city. Morris could not tell where it is, I am sure. Besides, young Mr. Hart has been down there and left word that I am here."

"Did your boy have any money with him, Mrs. Opyke?"

"Not a penny, and now that you convince me that young man has not kidnapped him, and I realize that he must have been telling the truth when he said he wanted to earn enough to pay for his supper, I almost wish he was a kidnapper. In that case he would at least take care that Morris did not starve."

This was really the most serious aspect of the case. Al was positive that Max could have but very little money with him, all of which he must have spent before he fell in with Mrs. Opyke. Therefore he had but little consolation to offer on this score.

"But why may one not find them both at your stopping place?" Morris' mother demanded suddenly.

"That's what I don't understand," Al rejoined. "He knew where we were going to stay and it's so close to the grounds that he doesn't need to pay car fare to get there."

"Perhaps he is back now," cried Mrs. Opyke, starting up as if ready to go herself and find out.

"I can't see why he should have delayed so long though," returned Al.

"He may have been trying to find Mrs. Opyke," suggested Percy. "I'll walk over there with you if you like and hurry back with the report."

"Oh, if you only will!" exclaimed the Boston mother eagerly.

So Al bowed around the room in a fashion to include the five young ladies, and Mrs. Hart, who had come in from the adjoining apartment to ascertain what had become of her patient, and then he and Percy started back for the Edgerton.

Al stopped for a minute in the hotel office to say good night to Seagrave and make an appointment with him for the next morning, after which he and Percy sped on their way.

But there were still no tidings of the missing one to be gleaned at the Edgerton.

"I don't understand it at all," murmured Al. "Something must be keeping him."

"It is beginning to look pretty serious for a fact," remarked Percy.

"I wish I knew whether I ought to telegraph home to Max's people about this," Al went on.

"I wouldn't yet," said Percy. "Wait till after the papers come out in the morning. I've put such big notices about that Opyke boy in all of them that your friend can't help seeing them. Then he'll bring the little chap over to our hotel, and there you are, all reunited as snug as can be."

Al tried to comfort himself with this anticipation when he went to bed some twenty minutes later. But whether it was because he hadn't much faith in it, or because he was longing so eagerly for the morrow to come and realize his expectations—from whatever one of these causes, he slept scarcely any that night. However, he tried to be cheerful at breakfast for Gladys' sake.

She went with him to the Harts' hotel. It was after nine when they arrived there.

Percy was standing in the doorway and as soon as he saw his face Al knew that there was no good news for them.

CHAPTER XXIII. A STRANGE HOST.

Max Purdy was by no means a faint hearted youth. He had as indomitable a spirit as is usually given to bright, wide awake boys of sixteen, and place him in any sort of scrape that required teeth gritting nerve on his own part to get out of, and out of it he would get.

But in the present instance it was not he alone that was crushed beneath the force of circumstances. Morris Opyke was a factor in the case that completely altered its complexion.

Expedients that Max might have undertaken to put in operation had he been alone, were out of the question with this small boy to be cared for in the meantime. And yet he could not stand here in the street all night.

Morris would have been on the sidewalk had Max not kept an arm about him. But this arm was now growing stiff from being kept so long in one position.

Some one was coming along the street toward them. Max suddenly determined to ask where was the nearest hotel. Perhaps, if it was not too far, he could manage to carry Morris there and secure a lodging for the night to be paid for the next day. Surely they would not have the heart to turn away a poor little chap like Morris, who was plainly so much in need of a bed.

"I beg your pardon," began Max, when the stranger had come up to them and was about to pass on.

It was rather dark just at this point. He could not see clearly just what sort of person it was, beyond that it was a man, and presumably, from his manner of walking, a young man.

The latter was evidently about to pass on, as though supposing Max's words were only the prelude of one who was going to ask for alms. Indeed, he had taken two or three steps before he stopped.

Then he not only stopped, but turned around and came back, peering curiously at the little boy, asleep against the larger one's side.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

The voice was not unkind, although the infection was not altogether that of a gentleman.

"Can you tell me the way to the nearest hotel?" Max inquired, taking heart of hope even from this faint encouragement.

"A hotel?" repeated the other. "Why, it's queer you should want to know that. The woods are full of them, as the saying goes, in this neighborhood."

"But I want one that is very near," returned Max. "You see this little fellow is dead tired out. So am I, and I don't want to have to carry him any further than I can help."

The other made no reply for an instant. Instead, he took a match from his pocket, struck it, and held the flame close to Morris' face.

"Why, the chap's been crying!" he exclaimed, noting the traces of tears on his cheeks. "You haven't been cross to the kid, have you?" he added, blowing out the match, and looking up quickly at Max.

"No indeed I haven't." Max hastened to reply. "You see, he's lost his mother, and I've lost my friend who's got all my money, so we're stranded in a very unpleasant predicament till morning when I expect to find Mrs. Opyke's address in the papers."

"Oh, sort of down on your luck, are you?" exclaimed the stranger. "Shake, I've been there myself and have a fellow feeling for all those in the same boat. Perhaps I can help you in straighter fashion than directing you to a hotel. Suppose you come home with me, that is, if you don't mind rather plain accommodations."

"Mind a thing like that!" exclaimed Max. "Why, I haven't a single cent in my pockets. If I went to a hotel, I'd have to trust that they'd trust me till morning."

"Good! Then come with me at once. Here, I'll help you carry the little fellow, or rather, I'll carry him myself."

"This friend indeed was tall and broad shouldered. He stooped over again now, and picking up Morris, strode off with him at such a pace that Max was compelled to walk very fast to keep up.

"You don't mind going out of town a little way, I hope?" said the big man, as he turned in at the entrance to the railway station.

"If it is only a little way," answered Max. "But I have warned you, you know, that I'm not able to pay my fare."

"Oh, it's only a matter of a few cents, and as I tell you, I have such a fellow feeling for a chap in hard luck that it does me good to do for him."

There was a slight emphasis placed on the last three words, which Max did not notice at the time, but recalled afterwards.

And yet he could not but be conscious that it was rather a strange proceeding. The stranger who had taken him up had not the air of a person with much means, who went about acting the philanthropist for the pleasure it afforded him.

But things had come to such a pass with Max that he felt he could not afford to be backward in accepting a helping hand. Besides, as he argued with himself, what harm could come of it? He was not a fit subject for robbery. Indeed, he felt quite willing to give up his watch in exchange for a night's lodging.

A train came along presently, which they boarded. Max had not the slightest idea in which direction it was taking them. By this time, he was so sleepy himself that he could scarcely keep his eyes open.

His companion seemed inclined to let him doze if he would, for he did not talk. He settled Morris into a more comfortable position in his lap and looked out of the window into the darkness.

Max's predominating sensation, meanwhile, was one of relief. The contrast in his lot now with that of a few moments before was so marked that he could not but look upon his seat mate as a good Samaritan even though the lamps of the car showed him to be rather forbidding of countenance, with small eyes set close together and a bristly, short mustache.

In a very few minutes the train stopped at a station the name of which Max did not catch, as it was called out by the brakeman.

"Come, here we are," cried the stranger and he got up quickly and hurried toward the door.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCE AND THE SOUP.

Over in Germany, a certain Prince Peter, of Oldenburg, is at the head of the Imperial colleges for girls. He is very jealous of the dignity of his office and brooks no "back talk" from his subordinates. At least he did not before participating in the following incident.

Lately he decided to investigate for himself whether there were grounds for the numerous complaints which had reached him of the food at the Smoling convent, where something like eight hundred girls were educated. Going to the institution just before the dinner hour, he met two soldiers carrying a huge steaming caldron. "Halt!" he cried out; "put that kettle down." The soldiers obeyed. "Bring me a spoon," added the prince.

The spoon was produced; but one of the soldiers began to venture a stammered remonstrance. "Hold your tongue, sir!" cried the prince. "Take off the lid. I insist on tasting it."

No further objection was raised, and his highness took a large spoonful of the liquid.

"You call this soup?" he exclaimed. "Why, it is dirty water." "It is, your highness," replied the soldier. "We have just been cleaning out the laundry."

NEW IT WOULD BE TERRIBLE.
 expects an unreal sort of story from a named the "Bucksaw." Here it is, d to a dentist by a journal of the title, hailing from the town of Brandon, a.
 one time in my early practice in a town," began the dentist, "there me a very nervous woman to have a extracted. She carried on so that I purely get her into the chair, and as I put the forceps near her mouth she ed and bounced around so I couldn't thing with her. After two or three ach worse than the other, I suggested take her to the nearest large town dentist administered gas. Well, the urt her so that at last she consented, ok her there about twenty five miles I went armed with a pair of forceps iter of habit and when we got to the ad she saw the gas bag and other ap, she had them again worse than be d I had to give it up and take her me. I was thoroughly provoked and e taking a club to her, but she had e and was paying for her foolishness, d to restrain my feelings.
 at ten miles out from town, as the as plunging along about twenty miles , and she was holding her jaw and I ding mine, in the seat beside her, we a broken rail and the last thing I e were rolling down an embankment ng piled up at the bottom in a very nus fashion. I don't know how it bout, but I wasn't hurt much, and y senses were fully restored I dragged ent out through the window and laid a bank near by. She was pretty rised and had been knocked sense d as I was endeavoring to restore her nt thought occurred to me. The oment I had out my forceps and the ad out the confounded tooth.
 hours later one of the physicians i been summoned had restored her to unness, and as she opened her eyes r me standing by her side she clapped d to her jaw and exclaimed:
 doctor, I knew it would be terrible, idn't think it would be as bad as fower, though, it is out at last.' e she went to sleep, and it was a week he knew the real facts in the case.'

"Did she pay you anything extra?" queried a drummer in the company doubtfully.
 "No," smiled the dentist, "but the railroad company gave her \$5,000, and I got half."
THE TIGHT CLUTCH OF THE POST OFFICE.
 Think well before you drop a letter, which you may regret writing, into the box at the lamp post. Once it leaves your finger tips and slides through the slot into Uncle Sam's keeping, many complicated processes must be gone through before you can regain possession of it. These are described in detail by the Springfield "Republican."
 To recall a letter once mailed is almost as difficult a task as to take back an assertion once uttered. The sender must appear at the post office and is handed a blank to fill out. In this he must state when and where he mailed the letter, how it was addressed, must describe the envelope, state the amount of postage prepaid, and testify "that the above mentioned letter was written by me or by my authority and I desire to recall it for the following reason"—and then state the reason, which is usually "mailed by mistake."
 He must then sign his name, so that the handwriting may be compared with that on the letter, and sign a receipt. If the address cannot be shown to be in his handwriting, or is printed or typewritten he must describe some peculiarities of the envelope sufficient to identify it. If he is unable to do this the letter is refused, unless the postmaster knows the applicant and is satisfied concerning his good intentions. If he is satisfied, he asks for a statement concerning the contents, and the applicant is then obliged to open the letter and read portions of it in the postmaster's presence to prove that it is the one he described.
 But if the letter has been sent away the process of recalling it is still more difficult. A similar blank has to be filled out, and a minute description telegraphed at the sender's expense to the postmaster at the office of its destination. If discovered in time the letter is then intercepted and sent to the department at Washington with a statement of the case.
 Why should any one want to recall a letter so much as to take this trouble? Well, there was one case at the local office recently where a valuable deed was mailed and the sender received information that satisfied him that the sale should not be made. In another case an important contract was sent, and information received immediately after made it imperative that it should be revoked.



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COOL.
 "I say, Weggie, lend me a five."
 "Sorry, old man, but I've only got three."
 "Well, lend me that and you'll owe me two!"—Wrinkle.

HIS POINT OF VIEW.
 "Well, Rastus, how are you doing now?"
 "I's well, sah. I's de organist at St. John's, sah."
 "You, Rastus?"
 "Yessir, I, pumps de wind dat makes her screech, sah,—Harper's Bazar.

HIS INHERITANCE.
 Cholly—"This is my grandmother's portrait, and I am thought to have some of her features."
 His Adored—"Yes, I see a strong resemblance between her eyebrows and your mustache."—Life.

Teller—"Yes, madam, you must get some one who knows you to identify you."
 Mrs. McKLOSKE—"Faith an' who knows me better than meself, sor?"—Harvard Lampoon.

SEX IN GARMENTS.
 Mamma—"Did you find your uncle Tom sick in bed, Arthur?"
 Arthur (aged 7)—"No, mamma. He was sitting up with his Father Hubbard wrapper on; an' he was eating some tea."—Judge.

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