

THE ARGOSY

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The Great Newcastle Robbery

BY JARED T. FULLER.

There are two callings which, above all others, are deemed exciting and adventurous by those not familiar with them, and how erroneous their idea is none know better than those who have followed one or the other. These callings whose exciting interest is so overrated are those of the sailor and the special police officer, whose time and talents (what few he may have) are devoted to the detection of criminals.

Poor Jack finds very little of the excitement of Captain Marryat's sea novels in his hard existence, and the "Old Sleuths" and "Simon Sharps" of the Half-Dime Dreadfuls seem to have absorbed nearly all the adventurous cases known to detective annals.

Occasionally, of course, a man will be assigned to a case which has about it some element of the mysterious and thrilling; but although I was on the detective corps of a large city for nearly forty years, I can count on my ten fingers, I think, all the cases which entailed any adventure or very much excitement.

The usual sum and substance of a case was a continued examination of people's lives for years back, and the keeping of a watchful oversight over their present movements. Chances, more than anything else, wins the detective his case, and often wins it in direct opposition to his "theory." Why, I have even been engaged on a case by the very person who committed the crime!

That reminds me of an incident that occurred all of twenty years ago, and which, at the time, the papers called "The Great Newcastle Robbery." Captain Romney was my superior then, and he assigned the case to me. That you may better understand the case let me sketch a short history of the people prominently connected with the robbery.

Julian Newcastle was one of the best known men in the city, and besides a large fortune left him by his father, had accumulated a good bit of property in his long business career. He had married rather late in life; and his wife had soon died, leaving him one child—a girl. This child—Marion Newcastle—was not quite seventeen when her father died, and at the time was attending a fashionable boarding school up town as a "day pupil." Her father's establishment was at once broken up, and she went to the school as a boarder. This was in accordance with the wishes of her father's executor, and her uncle and guardian, Miles Newcastle.

This Miles Newcastle, her father's only brother, was made sole executor by the will, and at once entered into the administration of Marion's property, for, excepting several little legacies to the servants and a very handsome sum given to his brother, Julian Newcastle had left his entire fortune to his daughter. Having closed the great up town house, which was part of Marion's share, her uncle placed a watchman in charge to care for the family plate and jewels and commenced to "straighten out" the property, as he called it, although, as his

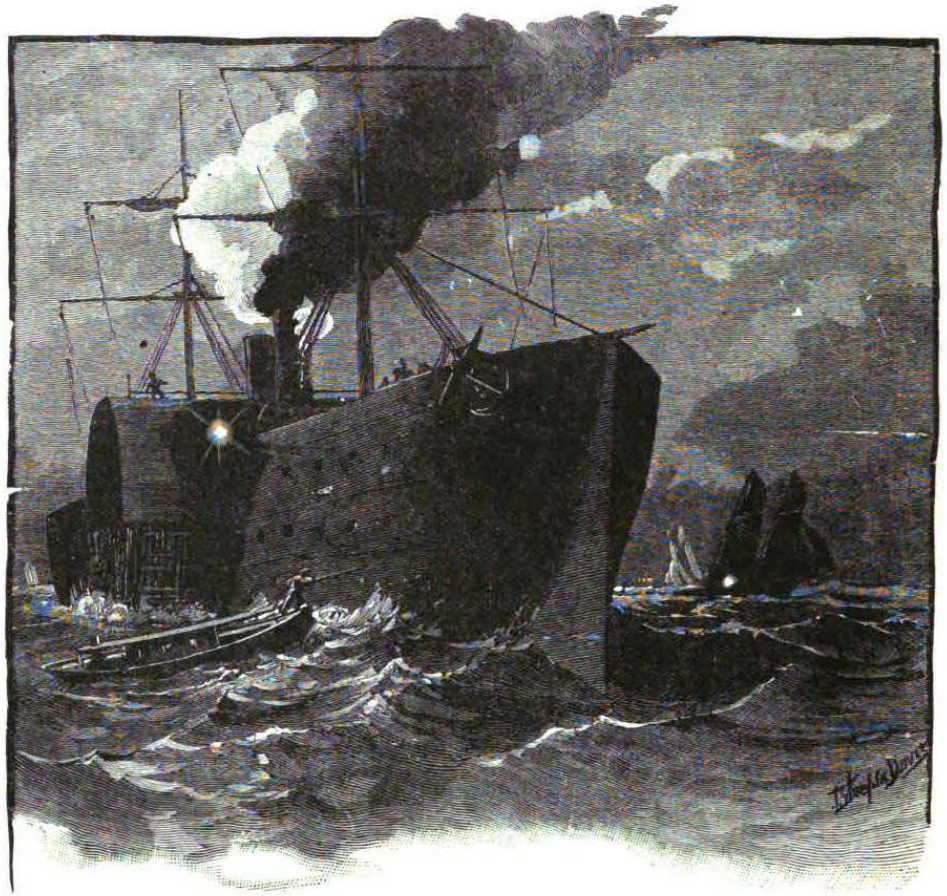
brother Julian had been a most methodical and clear headed business man, there was doubt in some quarters as to what this "straightening out" might mean. But this I learned afterward.

The matter first came to my attention through the ordinary police channels. A woman named McCarty, whose husband was a night watch-

plate and other valuables which had not been taken to the bank were kept had been broken into and the burglars had made a clean sweep. In the basement the policemen found the watchman with a broken skull and so injured that he could not speak. Of course he was bundled off to the hospital and the case reported to the chief.

With this inducement you may be sure that I promised to do my best and assured him of the fact. While I was jotting down some notes of the interview in my book, Mr. Newcastle summoned a clerk.

"Mr. Smith," he said, passing the young man a note and a bunch of keys, "you will please get an expressman and go to my late brother's resi-



I SAW HIM PUSH THE LAUNCH OFF FROM THE SIDE OF THE SAN SALVADOR WITH A BOAT HOOK.

man, reported that "her man" had not returned home for two days and she was frightened over his absence as he was a most respectable, steady going man. He was watching at a house up the avenue, and inquiry brought out the fact that it was the Julian Newcastle house. She had been to the house, but could get no answer to her summons for admittance, and was afraid that something had happened.

Mr. Miles Newcastle was communicated with at once and went with the officers to his late brother's residence. True enough, something had happened, and something very serious, too. The brick vault in which the

Mr. Newcastle had an interview with Captain Romney at once and afterward the captain sent me to the administrator's office.

"Mr. Spink," said that gentleman, after telling me everything he knew about the case, "I want you to spare no effort in discovering the perpetrators of this deed, but I must request you to work quickly. I have made arrangements to go to Europe—business arrangements which cannot be broken, mind you—one week from today. If you find your men and get the plate, or find out where it is, by that time, I'll make you a present of one thousand dollars."

dence and send the two trunks, which are in my old room on the second floor" (Mr. Newcastle had lived at his brother's house before Julian's demise) "down to my lodgings. I was up there last week and picked up some clothing which I thought I might need on my journey; but I believe that I did not lock the trunks. There are the keys, Mr. Smith, and you will please see that the trunks are fastened before you let the expressman have them.

"One moment, please," he added, as the clerk was about to turn away; "would you not like to see the house,

Mr. Spink? You might discover something to help you."

I replied in the affirmative. "Then go up with Mr. Smith. Get a carriage, Mr. Smith, and render Mr. Spink every assistance in your power."

I thanked him and went up town with the clerk. I was already familiar with the details of the burglary as reported by the officers who had first entered the house. The "break" was a very simple one, for the vault door was not one of the best, and the work of one or two men for a couple of hours could have easily accomplished it.

I did have curiosity enough to go up stairs with Mr. Smith, who, having given Mr. Herculastle's order to the new watchman, was allowed to remove the trunks. True enough, Mr. Herculastle had not locked one of them, but I saw the clerk close and lock it myself and then he and the expressman took it down stairs. The second one was as heavy, so the expressman said, as though loaded with rocks, and he and Mr. Smith and the watchman all puffed and blew over their exertions in carrying it out to the wagon, as though it was an elephant they were removing. Then the expressman drove away, Mr. Smith went back to the office, and after another casual look through the darkened rooms, filled with linen shrouded furniture, I went away little wiser than I was before.

Well, I won't weary you by detailing my work during that week. I followed every possible suggestion of a clew, but they all brought me to a blank wall. There really wasn't anything in the case out of the usual run of similar robberies, excepting that the burglars had not left the first trace which amounted to anything. I even had a man interview all the "fences" in the city, and in neighboring towns, with a list of the plate and jewelry, in hope that the burglars had already tried to dispose of some of their booty; but nothing came of it. On the day before Mr. Herculastle was to sail for Europe I was no nearer a solution of the mystery than I had been on first taking the case.

When I went to make my last report to him in the afternoon, I found him very busy. The steamship upon which he had secured his passage to Liverpool—the Budha-Pesth—was to sail at five the next morning, and he was going aboard that evening. I rode down to the wharf with him, as he had not time before to listen to me.

"Do what you can, Mr. Spink," he said, when he reached the steamship dock. "I am sorry that I have to go, but it is necessary. I shall return at the earliest possible moment and I want you to leave no stone unturned in fathoming the mystery, and regaining my ward's property. Now, if you will oblige me so much, I wish you would step over to the office and get the key to my stateroom while I see about my boxes."

Of course I did so and returning with the key found Mr. Herculastle awaiting me with illy concealed impatience. As he had all night to wait for the steamer to start, this fact struck me as rather odd. The deck of the Budha-Pesth was crowded with people, not passengers of that vessel, however, but of another steamship—the San Salvador, belonging to the same company—which lay in the outer tier. The San Salvador was to start in half an hour for Rio Janeiro and other South American ports.

Mr. Herculastle insisted upon my going below with him, and after seeing him comfortably established in his stateroom and conversing with him for five minutes or so, I departed. Before I left the outer cabin, however, I fell in with an old friend of mine, William Miett, by name, as seen an observer of human nature as I ever saw, as well he might be considering the experience he had had in my own profession.

We stood near the after companion-way, yet in a position that enabled me to see down the long corridor, lined upon one side by staterooms, while we talked. Miett had told me, in answer to my questions, that he was going to Europe on a case which involved the tracing of a man who had disappeared some years back, and had just asked me some questions concerning my own case, when I saw what I thought to be Mr. Herculastle's stateroom door open, and a man came out. I had left the room but fifteen minutes before and was positive that Mr. Herculastle had been alone; but this person was an entirely different looking individual from my employer.

He was dressed in a rather "loud" light suit, wore jewelry which might bear inspection, was dark and Jewish in appearance. He came rapidly toward us and passed up stairs, but I do not think he saw me.

"If you haven't anything better to do, keep your eye on that fellow, Spink," whispered my friend swiftly, in my ear. "He's disguised, and he's put it on in a hurry; for he has not gotten the stain low enough down to hide his own color, and that beard is false."

A light broke into my mind of such dazzling brightness as to almost dazzle me for the moment. Then I clutched Miett's arm and dragged him upon deck. The man in the light suit was just stepping upon the deck of the San Salvador. There was not a moment to lose for the huge engines of the South American steamship were already in motion.

"That's my man, Miett!" I exclaimed, excitedly. "Telephone for the police boat to overhaul the San Salvador down the harbor. Quick!"

I ran across the deck and with a flying leap gained the San Salvador's rail just as she swung off.

"Just in season this time, sir," said one of the officers who stood near. "I don't see why it is that people have to wait until the last possible moment before going aboard."

I didn't stop to inform him as to the reason of my late appearance, but went in search of the captain. I found him with the purser, the lieutenant having charge of the bridge. In a few words as possible I explained my business to them and stated my reasons for believing that there was some one aboard in disguise, adding as correct an account of the man's appearance as my momentary glimpse of him made possible.

"I know your man, sir," said the purser promptly. "Stateroom 112, name Stephen Lugl. I haven't seen him aboard yet, however; but I recognize the man from your description."

"Send down and see if his stateroom is occupied," commanded the captain.

In a few moments the steward returned and informed us that Mr. Lugl was not in his room. Then the purser and I commenced a thorough examination of the ship, while the captain, promised to burn signals on deck for the benefit of the police boat. I went up into the bow and had not been there two minutes (the deck was almost deserted) when I caught sight of the man in the light suit.

He stood near the rail and I approached that side quietly, wishing to have a look at my man's face before I spoke to him. As I reached the rail I saw that almost beneath the steamship's bow was a steam launch which puffed along by her side. While my attention was momentarily called to the little craft in its rather dangerous position, the man in the light suit made a move for which I was not looking.

With startling suddenness he vaulted lightly over the steamship's rail and plunged downward into the water. I shouted to those near at hand, and ran back along the deck to see what could have become of the reckless fellow. But he hadn't been so reck-

less after all. The steamship was moving slowly and he came up and was hauled into the launch in less than a minute after leaping. Without doubt it was all planned beforehand.

To prove that the man in the light suit was not injured, I saw him leap at once to his feet and with a boat hook push the launch off from the side of the San Salvador. At the same instant I heard the police boat whistle for the steamship to lay to.

The tiny launch shot away like a bird and I rushed to the gangway, explaining to the captain what had occurred. Five good minutes were lost in the steamship's laying to and a boat from the police boat coming to take me off. But I had kept the lights of the launch in sight and the moment I stepped into the government vessel I gave orders for the pursuit to commence.

There were several vessels in the outer harbor, and the launch seemed to wish to avoid these as far as possible. In doing this, however, she ran directly under the stern of a schooner which was slowly beating in. For several moments the launch was hidden by the bulkier hull of the sailing vessel and then we saw her darting straight ahead across the bay.

We put on full speed and began to overhaul her very rapidly, now that we were clear of the other vessels. In fact we caught up with her much sooner than I had expected, for after that first spurt she moved slower and slower, describing at times rather an erratic course, and finally a boat lowered from our deck was able to overtake and board her. I went with the boat, and fancy my chagrin when the launch was found to be absolutely unoccupied!

I went back to the police boat, shut myself into the after cabin, and while we returned to town I sat down and carefully reviewed the whole matter. To my mind there was little doubt that the passenger on the San Salvador known as Stephen Lugl and Mr. Miles Herculastle were one and the same. I had seen the man jump from the steamship's rail; I had seen him safely hauled on board the launch; the launch itself had not been out of my sight for five minutes during the whole chase. What had become of Stephen Lugl and the other man who I had seen aboard the launch?

Then I went back further and, taking it for granted that Mr. Herculastle and Lugl were one, doubtless Mr. Herculastle and the burglar who rifled the up town residence of its plate and jewelry were the same. Evidently he had accomplices and doubtless they had helped him in the robbery. But, how had they taken the booty from the house without being seen? Why, the trunks! I had allowed the "swag" to be removed right under my very nose and hadn't suspected it. I went up on deck and kicked myself (figuratively speaking) until we arrived at the dock. It isn't pleasant to learn that you have been gulled by a man like Miles Herculastle, when you have been a detective officer for twenty years.

I took an officer and cab back to the steamship wharf at once and went aboard the Budha-Pesth again. A few words with the officers gave me the freedom of the ship and I forced an entrance into Mr. Herculastle's stateroom. Part of the contents of the valise he had carried were scattered about in confusion, together with the clothing he had worn down to the vessel that evening. Without a doubt he was the Stephen Lugl who had boarded the San Salvador.

That part of his trick in itself was a smart enough game to fool me, or any other detective, but his escape to the steam launch was still better. And then, what had become of his companion and himself after that? It was too far to land for them to swim. Had they tried it and been drowned? But I gave this very little thought. A man who could plan such a slick game evidently knew what he

was about and would not be likely to make a "slip-up."

At my request all the boxes and trunks marked with Miles Herculastle's name were gathered together and opened. As I thought, there wasn't ten dollars' worth of property in them all. I went ashore and sought out the office of the steamship company. My suspicions were again correct. The passenger on the San Salvador calling himself Stephen Lugl had no baggage sent down to the dock. Certainly Herculastle had made arrangements to leave the country by other means than either of these vessels.

Believing that every moment was precious I took a cab again and with my policeman—a smart young fellow named Nagle—still in tow, we raced up town to the lodgings Mr. Herculastle had occupied since his brother's funeral. Although it was past midnight we roused the landlady and went through the apartments formerly occupied by her lodger. They were empty. The trunks which had been removed from his brother's house were not there, nor had I seen them at the steamship dock. Upon being questioned the landlady replied that Mr. Herculastle had sent off a good many boxes and trunks the day before; it seemed strange to her that a man going to Europe for such a short stay as he proposed should take so much luggage. Had the trunks all gone together? No, in two lots. The bulk of them went in the forenoon and in the afternoon an expressman came for the three remaining trunks—which trunks Mr. Herculastle seemed to be very particular about.

"Those are our game, sir," suggested Nagle, and as the woman had been observant enough to notice to which express company the wagon belonged that took the latter trunks, we hurried down again.

There was a night clerk at the office of the West End Transportation company, and we soon found our trunks. They were marked to be sent to a certain dock on the following morning to be shipped aboard a sailing vessel called the Richard Amy. Of course the express company would have objected to my tampering with the trunks in their care, so we went away.

"The Richard Amy was the name of that schooner we saw when we were chasing the launch," said Nagle, as we walked over to the police headquarters. "I saw her name by her stern light when we passed her."

"Good," said I. "The launch passed close to the stern and was hidden from us. That's when the men left her. Get another man and watch the schooner. If she doesn't pull in tonight watch in a rowboat. If she does go to that dock, Nagle, watch her on the dock and shadow every man who leaves her."

"Very good, sir," he returned and went off at once, while I went into the office for a little sleep.

About light Nagle sent up a note telling me that no one had tried to leave the Richard Amy and that she had hauled into the wharf. I went down to the dock with the expressman, after making some little changes in my appearance, so that Herculastle, if he was there, would not become suspicious.

I didn't see any one who looked like the flashily dressed Stephen Lugl; I didn't expect that, however. But among the three or four sailors who manned the little schooner there was one who, although minus his mustache, and with his hair clipped close, I knew to be the man I sought. It was Miles Herculastle.

The chief had sent me down a file of men and with their aid I gathered the whole crew in, captain, cook and all. And, as it turned out upon investigation, we not only captured the men who accomplished the Herculastle robbery, but we found the Richard Amy to be in the smuggling business

between Havana and the States and all but her cook—who was a poor "Innocent," as the Irish call the half-witted—concerned in the work.

Miles Herculane had supplied the capital for the smugglers' ventures and had been the most consummate of scoundrels for years. An expert set to work on his books quickly discovered that outside of the office furniture the authorities would have been able to get hold of nothing belonging to him had he succeeded in getting away in the schooner. His own property, the vast amount of securities belonging to his ward, Marion Herculane, and various amounts invested by him for other people, had all been turned into cash and negotiable papers by the wily administrator, who, if he had had twenty-four hours more time, would have been well away with over a million and a half.

I grant you that there was some little excitement in this case, but you can see for yourself that I exercised none of that "wonderful instinct" which seems to be the stock in trade of the dime novel detective. It was blind luck, that is all, and although I received some praise for my work in the case, I really never felt as though it was my due.

[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 XXIV—(Continued).

OGLE MAKES A MOVE.

The man who had so opportunely discovered Ogle Wentworth drove at once, under the direction of his companion, to the only hotel of which the village could boast. He alighted and took the moaning boy from the carriage.

"My sister and I came across this lad several miles out of the village," he said to the proprietor as he entered the hostelry. "He was lying in the middle of the road, and had it not been for the sagacity of my horse I should have driven over him. To whom shall I deliver him, as we must start early in the morning?"

The innkeeper glanced at his watch. "It is too late to do anything about it tonight," he replied. "I will send a boy out for a doctor. Bring him in this way."

The man, still carrying Ogle in his arms, followed the landlord into a sleeping room on the ground floor, and a messenger was at once dispatched for a physician.

"He's fairly burning up with fever," said the keeper of the hotel, bending over Ogle, as he lay on the bed. "I wonder whose boy he is; I've seen him somewhere. Well, in the morning we'll probably find an owner for him. I'll see that he is well taken care of tonight, any way."

The landlord, after assigning his guests to their rooms, bustled away to bring some of the domestics to care for the suffering boy. Shortly after the doctor, a newcomer in the place, arrived, and Ogle soon quieted down under his skillful treatment.

"I arrived just in time to stop the fever," said the physician complacently. "A few hours more and it would have had its run in spite of me. The lad seems to have been laboring under great mental excitement. Whose boy is he, do you know?"

"He was picked up on the road several miles out of the village by a man and woman who halted here for the night. They are on their way to some place east of here and are to start early in the morning," replied the landlord. "They know nothing whatever of the boy, though I think I have seen him here in Mill City."

Shortly after the doctor took his de-

parture, promising to call early in the morning, and, as Ogle was sleeping quietly, the kindhearted landlord retired for the night.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN UNWELCOME CLAIMANT.

Saturday was a dismal day for Mrs. Wentworth and the two little girls. All the while the men were searching about the village and in the river and canal the heart of the mother kept telling her that her boy was not lurking near his home.

"He is miles away by this time," she said to Mr. Green, when he called upon her at the close of the stormy conference in the mill office, where Caleb Dodge had brought forward his charges against Guilford. "I am glad, though, that you believe him innocent. If this Dodge boy could only prove his statements."

"They are clearly enough proven for my satisfaction," replied Mr. Green emphatically. "What a dunce I was to have believed him guilty at all. If anything should happen to the boy I should never forgive myself."

It brought a certain sense of comfort to the sorrowing woman to hear Mr. Green express himself in this way, but no sleep visited her eyes that night, and the morning found her sitting with bowed head and tear-drenched face.

It was with difficulty that she could prepare food for Mabel and Gracie, and as for herself scarcely a morsel had passed her lips since the blow fell upon her.

The Sabbath passed slowly away, the little girls attending Sunday School in the afternoon, but the mother remained at home, too much oppressed by her bereavement to listen to any words of consolation.

As Mabel and Gracie were on their way homeward, a rough bearded man stood on the corner and eyed them intently as they passed.

"Did you see that fierce looking man?" asked Gracie, looking fearfully over her shoulder. "He is following us. Let's run."

She tried to hurry her sister along, but Mabel was possessed of a more resolute spirit, and did not quicken her steps.

"Don't be afraid," she said reassuringly; "he won't hurt us."

"Yes he will, too," cried the younger child in terror. "See, he is coming right after us."

Mabel turned her head, and could not repress a shudder as she encountered the gaze of a pair of baleful eyes fixed upon her.

"If you please, little girls," said the man, hastening forward with an uncertain, shambling gait, "could you tell me where Mrs. Wentworth lives?"

"Just a little way from here," replied Mabel in as brave a tone as she could assume.

"Are you her little girls?" queried the man, who was no other than the tramp with whom Ogle had had such an unpleasant experience.

"Yes, sir," answered Mabel, wondering at the question.

"I'm glad to see two such nice-looking little girls," said the man, with a hideous grimace, which he intended for a smile. "Is your mother well?"

A feeling of horror crept over Mabel, while Gracie was fairly trembling with terror.

"You needn't be afraid of me, little dears," continued the man, drawing nearer to the frightened children. "I wouldn't harm you for the world."

The children shrank away from him, and he followed along after them, saying coaxingly:

"Don't be frightened. I want to ask you about your mother. You don't know who I am, do you?"

Judging from the terrified glances of the two girls they did not consider him a very agreeable sort of person. He seemed to realize this, for he continued hastily:

"I'm not half so bad as I look; I've had a hard time of it. There was a

time when I looked as well as any one, but I've been sick and had to live on anything I could get."

He stopped and looked beseechingly at the girls. After a moment's silence he said in a pleading tone:

"You won't be frightened if I tell you something, will you? I had a happy home once, with a boy and two little girls to cheer me up. But I had to leave it. Wasn't it a dreadful thing that I couldn't stay with my family?"

The man looked so pitiful in spite of his repulsiveness that the heart of Mabel was touched.

"I'm sorry for you," she said gently. "Are your children still alive?"

"Yes," he replied, fixing his burning eyes upon the child, "and they're as beautiful a little pair of angels as ever gladdened a father's heart. Do you suppose they'd be glad to see me?"

There was something in the man's look that nearly drove the power of speech from the lips of Mabel, but with an effort she replied faintly:

"If you were unfortunate and not a bad man they should be glad to see you, but—"

She could not proceed, and the man spoke up eagerly:

"Don't you know who I am? Haven't you mistrusted? Oh, my dear little children, I am your father!"

He spread his ragged arms and took a step toward them, as if to embrace them both, but the spell that bound them was broken, and with terrified shrieks they sped away like frightened deer.

With a smothered imprecation the man started in pursuit of the screaming children, when a stern voice brought him to a sudden standstill.

"Hold there, you villain!" the voice said, and the tramp cowered down and looked furtively about him as though stricken a blow.

Only a few paces away stood Mr. Green, his eyes blazing, his cane raised threateningly.

"Why were you pursuing those children?" he demanded, advancing toward the trembling wretch, who slunk up against the wall of a building close to the street.

"I wasn't a-goin' to hurt 'em," replied the tramp. "I told 'em who I was, and it seemed to overcome 'em. P'r'aps they're runnin' home to tell their mother. I've been a wanderer so long and don't look real scrupulous like and it ain't to be wondered at that they don't know me, seein' the littlest one was only a baby when I last saw her."

The face of Mr. Green, which a moment before had been purple with wrath, grew suddenly livid. He stepped forward and grasped the ragged sleeve of the tramp and unintentionally gave him a quick wrench. With an exclamation of fear, the wreck of humanity tottered and would have fallen but for the strong hand of Mr. Green.

"Don't be so rough," he whined, as he found himself on his feet again. "I've had nothin' to eat for the last twenty-four hours and I've walked a long way to see my family again."

Mr. Green relaxed his hold and stepped back. "And you are—" he began, but his tongue refused to utter the name that rose to his lips.

The tramp turned his wavering eyes upon the face before him. "Yes, I'm Philip Wentworth," he said in an unsteady voice, while Mr. Green fairly groaned.

"Poor woman, poor woman," muttered the latter. "Verily, her troubles are beyond human endurance."

"Oh, say, now cap'n, don't draw it too tight on me," interposed the tramp in the pleading whine which he assumed at times. "You wouldn't look so slick if the hand of everybody had been raised against you for years and years. Give me a show. Ain't I to be pitied?"

"You must first bring works meet verily. In the first place you must show repentance," replied Mr. Green

not go near Mrs. Wentworth till such times as she is prepared to receive you and you have a more presentable appearance. If you go contrary to this I will have you arrested as a vagrant. Here is money enough to get you necessary food and lodging for the night. In the morning come to my house; but, remember, keep yourself entirely secluded for the present."

The tramp eagerly clutched the proffered money and a card bearing Mr. Green's address.

"You're a trump," he said huskily, "and may the good Lord bless ye."

He took off his ragged hat and bowed, his unkempt hair falling about his pinched features like the matted mane of a lion, though his face bore more resemblance to that of a hungry wolf.

With long, uncertain strides he hastened away, the money held tightly in one bony hand, the rags fluttering and flapping about his shrunken body.

For a full minute Mr. Green stood transfixed, then he threw up his hands and paced back and forth, as though undecided which way to turn.

"It's the most hopeless case I ever knew," he muttered. "The disappearance of Ogle, for which I am wholly responsible, would seem to be affliction enough for the poor woman, and now comes this repulsive creature with his claim."

He groaned as he stopped and stood undecidedly. Then he started forward at a rapid pace, as though his mind had been made up at last.

As for the two little girls, they did not slacken their speed till they reached home, and then with flushed faces and panting breath they burst into the presence of their mother.

"Why, children, what has come over you?" demanded the sorrowing woman, roused from her gloomy meditations by their sudden entrance.

"Oh, mamma," sobbed Mabel, "the ugliest looking man you ever saw spoke to us on the street and frightened us so."

"Is that all?" replied the woman. "These rough creatures will accost people sometimes. You must keep right along and pay no attention to them."

"But, mamma," said Grace, looking about her as though fearful that she was still being pursued. "He was so dreadful looking, with a great rough beard and eyes like a savage dog, and he wanted to know how you were, and said he was our father. He isn't, is he, mamma?"

A stony look came into the eyes of the woman as she gazed down into the little, pleading face upturned to her. Her form seemed to become rigid; her teeth were set like those of a dead person, and with a moan she sank forward upon the floor.

The frightened children could only cry out for help as they saw their mother lying motionless before them, and then, as though in answer to their calls, rapid steps approached the door. It was flung open quickly, and Mr. Green entered.

"I did not stop to knock," he began, and then his eyes fell upon the unconscious woman.

Lifting her from the floor he placed her upon a rough lounge and then hastened away for medical aid as rapidly as possible. When he returned, Mrs. Wentworth had regained consciousness, and, after her strength had in some measure returned and the physician had departed, he told her as gently as possible of his interview with the tramp.

"I believe he is an impostor," he said at the close of his recital. "At least I will see that you are protected. It is as little as I can do, under the circumstances."

Mrs. Wentworth was in a highly excited condition when Mr. Green took his leave, and after some difficulty he procured a woman to attend her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OGLE ON THE MEND.

Early the next morning Mr. Green arose after an exceedingly restless night. His usually rosy face was pale

and haggard. A vision of a pale, sorrowful woman and an indignant boy, asserting his innocence, haunted him continually, and his dreams had been peopled with accusing spirits.

"I know now how it must seem to be a murderer," he said, wiping the cold perspiration from his face. "I don't see as yet that I am responsible for the appearance of this wretched tramp."

His mind was in such an uncomfortable condition that he started out for a stroll before breakfast. As he wandered aimlessly about, his footsteps tended unconsciously toward the home of the Wentworths. He had no intention of calling at that early hour, and he was somewhat astonished at seeing Josiah Quigley betaking himself in the same direction.

"Well, Josiah," he said, coming to a sudden halt, "you are out early this morning?"

"Rather, for me, that is a fact," replied the schoolmaster, with what Mr. Green thought to be an exultant expression of countenance. "You have heard the old adage that 'a bad penny soon returns.'"

Mr. Green answered in the affirmative, wondering what Mr. Quigley was driving at. He was not long kept in doubt.

"Well," said Mr. Quigley, "to you it may not seem an apt simile, but this young Wentworth has put in an appearance."

"Is it possible?" gasped Mr. Green. "How, where, when?"

Mr. Quigley did not share in Mr. Green's excitement. On the contrary, he was in the coolest possible condition.

"As to the how," he responded, "he was picked up in the road by a gentleman, where he was picked up was several miles from the village in a westerly direction, and to the when part of your question I will say that it was last evening."

The answers of the schoolmaster irritated Mr. Green beyond measure.

"See here now, Quigley," he fairly shouted, "I want to know where this boy is."

"He is at the Mill City Hotel, where I am at present boarding. As I have tried to state, he was brought there last night by a stranger, who, with his sister, was journeying toward the east. The boy was in an unconscious condition, and I was not aware he was there till this morning. Jenkins procured a doctor and the boy rested well during the night. This morning he seemed to be wandering again, and the landlord called me in to see if I could identify him, knowing that I had quite an extensive acquaintance with the youth of the village. I recognized him at once, spite of his feverish condition, and it then became my painful duty to inform his mother. I have also learned that his confederate, Caleb Dodge, has disappeared."

Mr. Green was nearly bursting with suppressed wrath during this lengthy recital, and at its close he broke forth impetuously:

"I will take this matter in hand and relieve you of all further responsibility. Mrs. Wentworth is nearly prostrated now, and a sudden shock might prove fatal. Leave the matter entirely with me. I will go to the hotel at once and make arrangements to have the boy cared for till such time as I deem it desirable to break the news to his mother."

He hurried away toward the hotel, Mr. Quigley following leisurely, muttering as he did so:

"One would think this Green ran the whole solar system by the lordly manner he puts on."

Mr. Green speedily reached the hotel, and was informed that Ogle was in a wandering state of mind, and was evidently threatened with brain fever, though the attending physician was confident that he could avert it.

He stole quietly into the room where the boy lay. Ogle was not as feverish as when first brought to the house, but he was muttering almost

incessantly. The drift of his talk all tended to show that he had met his father and was fearful lest harm might come to his mother.

"Don't be afraid, mother," he said in a brave tone; "if he did choke me he shall not hurt you. Stand back, I say. Don't come any nearer, if you are my father!"

So the boy rambled on, and Mr. Green found it necessary to keep his handkerchief to his eyes while he listened.

He learned from the landlord that the man who had brought Ogle to the hotel had departed at an early hour, promising to call on his return.

Leaving orders to have the sick boy cared for in the best possible manner, Mr. Green took his departure. He had forgotten his breakfast entirely, and was deliberating as to the best manner of breaking the news to the boy's mother.

He was still undecided when he rapped gently upon the door at Mrs. Wentworth's. Mabel opened it, and in answer to his question replied that her mother was very weak and nervous.

As Mr. Green turned away, he determined not to tell her for the present. When he reached home he was informed that a rough man had called to see him, and had gone away, apparently not very well pleased at finding him absent.

After breakfast Mr. Green proceeded to the hotel, where he found Ogle to be somewhat easier. Wondering what had become of the tramp, he went to the mill office. At noon he heard nothing further from the tramp, nor did he put in an appearance during the afternoon.

After supper he went again to the hotel. The landlord met him at the door.

"How is the boy?" asked Mr. Green. "Better," was the reply, "but I wish you had been here half an hour ago. The man who brought Ogle here returned toward night alone, and inquired at once after the boy he had befriended. I told him he was mending, and then he asked me if we had learned who he was. I informed him that we had, and told him what his name was. You should have seen him at this. He looked fairly wild, and grasped me by the arm with a grip like a vise. Upon learning where Ogle's mother lived he started off at once, apparently in a tremendous hurry. I don't know what to make of it."

Mr. Green was completely puzzled. Without a moment's hesitation, he also started in the direction of Mrs. Wentworth's, his mind in a dazed condition.

"I wonder if this man is in any way connected with the tramp," he muttered as he sped along. "I shall be glad when Ogle recovers sufficiently to relate his story."

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 567.]

A Curious Companion.

BY GEORGE KING WHITMORE,

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN IMPATIENT VIGIL.

They seemed to be the only ones who alighted, and Max could not very well make out in the darkness just what sort of place it was. He had heard that Chicago spread out on all sides into the country, and so when he saw only a few houses around him, he was not sure whether he was still in the Windy City or in some one of the Illinois villages.

"We're almost there now," said the stranger, "as I told you, you mustn't expect a very fine stopping place, such as I dare say you are used to. I live all alone, get my own meals and all that. By the way, you're from the East, I suppose?"

"Yes, from Pennsylvania. I came on to the Fair with my chum. I let him have my money because I had a

shady character to bunk with in the sleeper last night, then we got separated this morning, and here I am."

"But the boy?" asked the other. "Did you have him with you all the while?"

"Oh no indeed. I tried to earn some supper money by offering to carry him so that he could see over the people's heads, and we became separated from his mother in the Transportation Building."

"You know her name?"

"Oh yes, Mrs. Opdyke, from Boston. She is sure to have a notice in all the Chicago papers in the morning."

"She is—well fixed, you think?"

"She must be. But I can imagine how worried she is tonight about her boy. I dread to meet her in the morning."

"The separation wasn't your fault though, was it?"

The question was put quickly, almost breathlessly.

"Why, of course not," replied Max, and then he explained about the panic.

"Oh yes, I see, of course," said the other, adding: "Here we are."

They had been for some time walking along a portion of the street, or road, on which the houses were few and far between. They had now come to one that seemed to be more isolated than the rest.

It was a frame dwelling, two stories in height and presented an appearance by no means attractive.

"I'm only living here temporarily," his conductor explained to Max as he inserted a key in the lock. "You see all we Chicagoans have turned our most comfortable homes over to the Fair visitors. I expect to get back to mine in November. Walk in and I'll soon light up."

Under ordinary circumstances Max would have hesitated about walking into such a house, with such a companion, at such an hour. As it was, he was so tired, and so empty of pocket that he decided it was not worth while to be squeamish.

"Guess we'll take you right up stairs," said his conductor, when he had closed the door behind them.

As there was no light inside, Max was not able to see his hand before his face.

"Here, take hold of my coat and follow close," said the stranger. "I'll tell you when we come to the stairs."

In this way, the Chicagoan still carrying the sleeping Morris, they ascended one flight and entered a room, where Max was requested to stand still till the gas was lighted.

But it was only a candle that presently sent its feeble beams into the shadows of the place, showing Morris lying on an uninviting looking bed, a rickety washstand, a broken nosed pitcher and a chair with half its seat gone.

"I s'pose you'd like to turn in right off," said the "good Samaritan," picking up the pitcher to see if there was anything in it. "I'll get you some water," and he went off with the pitcher.

"What would Al say to see me here?" Max reflected. "This is a crazy adventure, any way all round. But never mind. It can't last much longer. As soon as morning comes, I'll find out where Mrs. Opdyke is and—that's so, how's this going to help me on the trail of Al?"

But Max was too sleepy to spend much of the present in worrying over the future. He began to undress Morris, telling himself that he was in better luck than he had expected to be an hour ago.

He had just got the small boy under the covers and was nearly ready to follow himself when the host reappeared with the pitcher of water.

"Oh, my head!" he murmured, as he set it down, and he put his hand to his brow.

"Have you a headache?" inquired Max sympathetically.

"No, I feel just as if I was going to be sick. I get these attacks now

and then. If one of them seizes me now, you won't leave me, will you?"

He spoke very pleadingly. "Don't you want me to go for a doctor though?" asked Max.

"No; doctors can do no good. I have a remedy in my room across the hall. If you will just watch me and see that I take it every hour or two I will be all right. I expect my friends in tomorrow. But it may be only a false alarm and the chances are that I'll be all O. K. in the morning. So good night."

He went out hastily and closed the door behind him.

"Well, that is a surprise," mused Max. "He doesn't look like the invalid sort. Still, he's been kind to me and I must look out for him if he does fall ill."

In a very few minutes, however, Max forgot all about his unknown benefactor and all else in the deep sleep of utter exhaustion that came to him almost as soon as his head touched the pillow.

He did not stir until the sun, streaming through a break in the shutters, caused the perspiration to start out on his face. It took him an instant or two to realize where he was, then he turned and saw Morris looking steadfastly at him with his great blue eyes.

"Isn't it most breakfast time?" asked the boy, when he saw that his bedfellow was awake.

"I'll have to see the chap whose name I don't know about that," replied Max, getting up and proceeding to dress.

The house was very quiet. "I suppose I ought to inquire at his room before going down stairs," Max reflected, and when he was ready he stepped across the hall and knocked at the opposite door.

A low groan answered him. Max pushed open the door and went in.

His host was in bed, a glass containing a watery liquid on the chair beside him and a frown indicating acute pain corrugating his forehead. "What can I do for you?" asked Max, his heart touched by this spectacle of apparent suffering.

The man opened his eyes slowly, as though with a great effort.

"Give me a drink of that," he said feebly, inclining his head toward the glass.

Max took up the latter, and held it to his host's lips. He sipped a mouthful and then fell back with a sigh of exhaustion.

"Don't leave me, will you?" he said, so low that Max could scarcely catch the words.

"No, I shan't," and the Harristrav boy dropped to a seat on the chair beside the glass.

"Where's my breakfast coming from, I wonder?" he asked himself. "And Morris', poor little chap?"

The sick man was evidently thinking of this, too, for presently he turned his head from the wall and motioned for Max to come closer to him.

"Can you make coffee?" he asked. "I never did," replied Max, "but I can try."

"It's not for me, but for you and the boy," went on the other. "I want you to have your breakfast. The room under yours is the kitchen. You will find a few things there. But you won't leave me, will you, till I am better? I mean not leave the house while I am in this condition?"

"Certainly not," returned Max promptly.

"You are a good fellow. I may be better any minute. I always recover suddenly. Look in on me now and then while you are getting something to eat."

Max went back to Morris in a very doubtful frame of mind. He had never taken as readily to camping out as did some of the Harristrav boys and therefore had had no practice in amateur cookery. He knew as much about preparing coffee as he did about Sanskrit.

"But if the stuff's there," he told himself, "I'm bound to make it ready for drinking in some shape or other."

He found Morris nearly dressed, and after helping him with some refractory buttons, took him with him down stairs.

"I wish I could get hold of a morning paper," he said to himself, "but I mustn't leave the house now."

After considerable hunt through the by no means clean closet in the kitchen, he found the coffee, a beef steak and some potatoes.

"I wish there was somebody around to cook these," he murmured. "I'm sure I don't know how to do it. It's a regular feast of Tantalus to have 'em here and not be able to eat them."

"I'm so hungry," said Morris. "When is mamma coming after me?" "I hope we shall see her before very long," replied Max, but he could not see exactly how this meeting was to be brought about under present circumstances.

It was very kind of their unknown friend to give them shelter for the night, but it was also very unfortunate that he should fall ill.

Max finally managed to dish up some sort of breakfast, although the coffee was scarcely fit to drink, as he had forgotten to grind it; the steak was almost raw, and the potatoes were burned to a crisp. Twice during the preparation of the meal he had gone up to see how it fared with his patient, and found him about the same.

Each time he was requested to hold the glass of medicine to his lips, and the plea that he be not left alone was renewed.

So the day wore on. Max was wild with impatience to get a paper, but saw no way to do so. The house, as has been said, was in an isolated position, and he could not utilize Morris as a messenger.

"Was ever a fellow in a more exasperating fix?" he muttered, when noon arrived. "I must get in one of the neighbors and then go off and buy a 'Tribune' and an 'Inter Ocean.'"

He stopped short. How could he buy a paper without a cent of money? He was sitting in the room in which they had slept, trying to amuse Morris by drawing pigs with his eyes shut on the edge of an old police court paper the boy had found.

"I think I'll go and tell the fellow in the other room I must go," he suddenly resolved. "He was a little better the last time I saw him."

He handed the pencil to Morris and started for the door. But it would not open. He gave the knob another turn and then discovered that the door had been locked on the outside.

CHAPTER XXV.

A DECLARATION OF INTENTIONS.

Max pulled at the door fiercely. Then he shook it so that it rattled on its hinges. But to no avail. It was locked and no mistake.

All the dormant suspicions Max had had of his host were roused to activity as though by a gunshot.

"Trapped, by hokey!" he exclaimed, dropping the knob and turning toward the window.

The latter was all of twenty feet from the ground, with no friendly "lean to" to make a break in the sheer descent.

"I might drop out with only the chance of spraining my ankle," Max reflected, "but there's Morris. It won't do to leave him here."

He sat down on the edge of the bed to think the matter over. In the first place, had that sickness of the man across the hall, been put on? Max decided that it must have been, although at first he could not understand the object to be gained.

"If he wanted to make prisoners of Morris and me," he told himself, "he could have locked us in as easily this morning as now. Maybe he was ill, after all. Hark, what's that?"

A door was heard to close down stairs and then came the murmur of voices. Max dropped to his knees and applied his ear to the keyhole, motioning to Morris to keep perfectly quiet.

"Maybe this explains the delay," he mused. "He may have played off the indisposition while he was waiting for reinforcements."

The new comers were advancing up the stairs.

"Got 'em both here, you say?" he overheard one of them remark. "What dumb luck that you should run across them just after I had told—"

"Hush!" the voice of the owner of the house here interposed, and Max could hear no more.

But in those few words he had learned more than he had expected, for he recognized the voice. It was one of the three men he had met in the ice cream saloon—either Ben Wiggles or Tom Mulford, he was not certain which.

"That explains it all," Max exclaimed. "The chap who brought us here must be a friend of theirs. They saw him soon after they left me, told him of the meeting and I played right into his hands. I s'pose he's going to hold us for ransom. Well, they won't get much out of father—a minister with a small salary and a large family. But Mrs. Opyke! She'll probably be ready to give almost any sum to get Morris back. The mischief of it is though that she will probably think I'm concerned in his carrying off. She didn't know me. How shall I ever convince her that I am no more to be blamed for the abduction than Morris himself?"

Max had no fears for either the personal safety of himself or Morris. He knew that they were both too valuable in the eyes of the people who held them to be suffered to come to harm.

But he felt terribly humiliated in his own eyes. What would Al say when he heard of the circumstance? And when the two next met would the railing of a prisoner's dock in the police court be between them?

"Oh, if the boy and I could only get away now!" Max murmured.

He felt now that the lack of money was scarcely an impediment. To be free, to be able to go where he chose, was all that he asked for.

But the men outside had reached the upper hallway. They halted at the door by which Max was listening, and he leaped quickly to his feet as he heard a key inserted in the lock.

"I wonder if I can't make a break through them?" he asked himself, as he placed a hand on each of Morris' shoulders.

But the idea of doing such a thing was quickly abandoned when the door opened and revealed three men instead of the two Max had expected to see. But he was right about one thing. Wiggles and Mulford were the men that accompanied the fellow he had once regarded in the light of a good Samaritan.

The door was quickly closed and the house owner placed his back against it.

"Well, young man," he said with a laugh looking at Max. "You see I have recovered, thanks to the care you took to give me my regular doses of water."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Wiggles. "That's the best I ever heard, Kenny. Made him dose you with water, did you? You're a genius, man."

"What does all this mean?" demanded Max indignantly. "Why did you lock us in?"

"Because I think so much of you," answered "Kenny." "Really, your worth to me is measured by thousands of dollars."

"I understand," rejoined Max. "You have taken advantage of my misfortune to try and earn a few miserable dollars."

"A few!" laughed Mulford, sitting on the bed and trying to induce Morris to come to him, but the boy

only turned his face to hide it against Max's coat.

"No, sir," went on "Kenny," placing the pitcher and wash bowl on the floor and putting in its place a bottle of ink, a pen, a sheet of paper and an envelope. "We expect to make a good many dollars out of this deal. Luck was with us, when it threw you right in my way and I don't intend to let it leave us half filled up. Sit down here now and write."

"Are you talking to me?" Max inquired, when he saw that no one moved.

"You've hit it the first time," replied "Kenny." "I want you to sit down and write at my dictation. Sounds quite high toned, eh pards, and as if I was at the head of a big firm and had my own private stenographer."

"What do you want me to write?" went on Max, not stirring from his position.

He recalled stories he had read in which the hero had been captured by mountain bandits and compelled to write a letter to his friends at the point of the pistol. He wondered if he ought not to stand out against the thing in the same courageous fashion as some of them had done.

But suddenly something came into his mind that almost caused him to leap into the air with excitement. He remembered the name of the flat to which Al had said they would go. This fact altered the whole complexion of the case.

He would write whatever sort of letter the men wanted, but would send it to Al. He would trust to the latter to penetrate the meaning behind the words.

"You sit down there and pick up the pen," said "Kenny." "I'll tell you what to write fast enough."

But bidding Morris come up and stand beside him, Max had already started for the improvised desk.

"I s'pose you want me to write to my friend?" he began, picking up the pen. "I've just remembered his address and—"

Max checked himself. He recollected that if he were to appear too eager the men would probably turn suspicious and do the writing themselves.

"That's of no consequence to us," replied "Kenny." "We don't want to have anything to do with him. The person we want you to write to is Mrs. Opyke."

"But I don't know her address," objected Max.

"I do though," rejoined "Kenny." "I'll attend to that part of it. Now write: 'My dear Mrs. Opyke.'"

"But I don't know her well enough to begin that way," interposed Max, and could have bitten his tongue out the next second for saying it.

"Oh, thank you, I forgot about that," returned Kenny. "Let's s.e.e. how'll he make it, Ben?"

"Respected madam," I guess. Yes, that's it."

Max started to write, then suddenly stopped.

"You might just as well write this yourselves," he said. "Mrs. Opyke wouldn't know my writing."

"But she would know you," said Kenny.

"She might if she saw me. I don't believe she would recognize my name. You know I never saw her before yesterday afternoon."

The statement seemed to nonpluss the three men.

CHAPTER XXVI. HOW MAX WAS MADE TO WRITE THE LETTER.

"Is that straight, young fellow?" said Kenny. "Or wait a minute. I'll not trust you. I'll pump the kid," and he took Morris by the hand.

The little fellow looked up at him fearlessly. Evidently no distrust of these people had as yet entered his mind.

"Look here, my little man," went on Kenny, "how long have you known

this young gentleman?" laying his free hand on Max's shoulder.

"Since yesterday afternoon," replied Morris. "He carried me so's I would be up high and could see the cars and things over people's heads."

"And didn't he know your mamma before that?"

The boy shook his head, and then added.

"When are you going to take me to mamma, Max?"

"He'll take you very soon if you will do just as I want you to," Kenny hastened to reply.

"What do you want us to do?" demanded Morris.

"Write a little note to your mamma."

"But I can't write. I'm too young." "You can make a mark, can't you? Maybe you can draw a pig like that," and Kenny pointed to the string of lop sided brutes with which Max had recently been exercising his pencil.

"Oh, Max made those," laughed the little fellow. "Ain't they funny? He did them with his eyes shut. Shut yours and let me see what you'll make," and picking up the pen Max had laid down, Morris offered it to Kenny.

Ben Wiggles and Tom Mulford slapped their knees and laughed uproariously.

"Go ahead, make a dozen of 'em, Jim," cried Ben. "We'll stand by and see that he keeps his peepers closed, kid, so that there shall be fair play."

"Stop it," said Kenny fiercely. "We haven't got time to fool. I'd have worked the whole thing myself and pocketed the spoils if I hadn't thought you could help me. I thought you knew all about this precious pair."

"You've got it wrong, pard," rejoined Tom Mulford. "It wasn't Ben and me, but Andy what knew a thing or two, and he didn't know so much about 'Willie' here (with a nod toward Max) as 'Willie' knewed about him."

Max thought this a fitting opportunity to make an effort at turning the tables.

"Yes, sir," he declared, "I know enough about him to put his neck in unpleasant proximity to a rope with a noose in it."

"Oh, come now, Willie," said Kenny soothingly. "I wouldn't be vindictive. It don't set well on you."

"And look here," Max went on, not heeding him. "If you don't let this little boy and myself free within ten minutes, I'll take good care that the Harristraw police force know where they can lay their hands on the murderer of Mr. Peterson."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Ben Wiggles.

"Hear the bantam crow! If we don't set you free how are you going to carry out your threat, and if you did carry it out, what is that to us? We ain't Andy Begum. Every tub must stand on its own bottom, you know."

Max realized that, as usual, he had been too impetuous. He relapsed into silence and tried to think what the heroes of some of the boys' stories he had read would do under these trying circumstances.

The trouble was though, that while he might decide on a course of action for himself, he could not count on the enemy. That was where the boy in trouble on paper had the advantage of him. The same hand that guided his movements, also took care of those of his opponents.

Kenny now beckoned his two companions off into one corner of the room and held a private conference with them there. This was of very brief duration and in a moment or two Kenny came up to Max with the command.

"You can go on with the letter. It doesn't matter whether Mrs. Opyke knows who you are or not. You can tell her in the note, and we can get the kid to put a few marks on it that will make her positive the thing is genuine. Let's see, where did we leave off?"

"It doesn't make much matter," returned Max, "seeing that I have left off for good."

"You impudent whipper snapper!" cried Kenny angrily. "What do you mean by talking that way?"

"I mean," replied Max, thrusting his hands into his pockets, "that I would rather not have Mrs. Opdyke under the impression, even for a short while, that I had kidnapped her son."

"Well, perhaps you would rather have this."

With a sudden movement Kenny reached forward, seized Morris by the hand and proceeded to twist the slender wrist. Naturally the little fellow began to cry and Max saw that he was at the mercy of the foe.

"Stop that, you brute!" he cried indignantly. "I'll write the note."

"I thought I'd bring you to terms," muttered Kenny, releasing Morris on the instant. "Now say: 'Your boy is safe and well. He will be restored to you if you will multiply the reward you offer this morning by 4. Signify this by changing the advertisement in tomorrow morning's papers. If you do this, and send the cash to Cecil Wynkoop, care of conductor Pennsylvania Limited from Union Station to New York, leaving at 5 P. M. tomorrow, the boy will be found at your hotel at nine o'clock the same evening. If you do not do this, you will never see him again. Remember Charlie Ross.' Have you got all that?"

"Yes," replied Max putting one arm protectively about Morris, who had sought refuge at his side.

"Then sign it with your name in full," went on Kenny, stepping forward to see that his bidding was done.

"There you are," and Max handed the sheet over for the other's inspection, feeling as though it were his own death warrant.

"Now, young man," went on Kenny, leaning over Morris, who shrank away from him with a little cry of fright, "just take the pen and draw a picture of any animal you like in that blank space."

"I don't want to do anything for you," retorted Morris. "You hurt me."

"That was the fault of your young guardian here. Complain to him about it. If you don't do what I ask you though, you may not see your mamma again."

Morris quickly snatched up the pen and drew a cow, with horns as long as her legs and a tail that stood out as stiff as a poker.

The three men laughed and Kenny, snatching up the paper declared that that would do.

"Now we'll go down stairs and see about giving you some dinner," he added. "Come, pard, or wait a minute."

He walked over to the bed, and with one sweep took off all the covers.

"It would be just as handy for us," he remarked, with a glance at Max, "if we didn't leave temptation to give us the slip in your way."

So saying, and with the bed coverings forming a big bundle in his arms, he went out, followed by Mulford and Wiggles. And they did not forget to lock the door behind them.

"Now I am in for it," ruminated Max dolefully, dropping to a seat on the mattress. "I wonder if I can ever convince Mrs. Opdyke that I wrote that note under a compulsion that involved pain to her boy? But four times the sum she has already offered for his restoration! I'd like to know how much that is. If she's done this, she must take me for a kidnapper any way."

"What did those men want me to draw that picture for, Max?" Morris now inquired. "He didn't look as if he was playing a game. He hurt me awfully, too. I don't believe he's a nice man at all."

"Neither do I, Morris," returned

Max, taking the little fellow on his knee. "I wonder if we can't get away from him and get back to your mamma."

"Oh, yes that would be nice. I don't like it here a bit. But how can we get away? They've locked the door."

How could they get away? This was the problem that Max now proceeded to study out.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. OPDYKE FREES HER MIND AGAIN.

"Well?" said Al eagerly, as he shook hands with Percy Hart.

As has been said, he felt assured from the expression on the latter's face that Max had not turned up, but there was a possibility that there might be some trace of him.

"No news for you yet," replied Percy, raising his hat in deference to Gladys, which act reminded Al that the two did not yet know each other.

He introduced them and Percy forthwith invited Al to bring Miss Moreland into the parlor, where his mother and sisters were preparing for their daily pilgrimage into the Fair grounds.

"We should be very happy to have Miss Moreland join our party if you want to wait here for your friend," said Mrs. Hart a few minutes later.

And so it was arranged, Al agreeing to meet them with Max if possible, at noon, in the Garden Cafe of the Woman's building for lunch. Meanwhile he went off to have an interview with Mrs. Opdyke, who had left word that she wanted to see him as soon as he arrived.

"That friend of yours has not brought back my boy," she burst forth, when Al entered her parlor. "There is no excuse for his not having seen those advertisements."

"If you will permit me to say so, Mrs. Opdyke," Al returned, "I think there is an excellent excuse."

"And what is it?"

"According to your own statement my friend asked to carry your boy to earn his supper. Very probably therefore he has no money even to buy a paper with."

"That is so. I never thought of that," said Morris' mother musingly. "And now what are we to do? How am I to reach him?"

"I would not give up entirely the hope that he may yet see that advertisement. He will surely think of the possibility of your using that means to try and recover your boy, and sooner or later will contrive to get hold of a paper."

"Then you believe that he may bring Morris to me any minute?"

"I do, Mrs. Opdyke, and now if you will excuse me for a moment, I will step around to a friend's room. It is No. 47, so I shall be within call."

Al found Seagrave just about starting out to find him.

"Have you found Max yet?" was his first question.

"No, but I expect to hear from him any minute now. Mr. Seagrave, I want to tell you something."

Al got so far and then stopped. During his wakeful hours in the night he had thought of the opinion held by Susquanna County's prosecuting attorney in regard to the Beechwood murder. He felt that it was his duty to tell Seagrave of it and thus give the latter every opportunity to clear himself from even the taint of suspicion.

"Well, what is it you want to tell me?" inquired Seagrave.

They had both gone back into his room and taken seats on the little balcony that commanded a view of the Midway.

"It is something that is not very pleasant," went on Al. "You remember how you left me in Harristraw?"

"Yes," interposed the other quickly. "And very rude it was of me. But if you only knew the strain under which I am laboring, you would wonder that

I was able to do anything as ordinary mortals do. I can succeed in forgetting it for a time, then the whole thing will come over me with a rush, and I feel that I must flee somewhere else, no matter where I am, or else lose my reason."

"I think I understand," said Al in a low voice, "but—"

"But other people don't, I suppose you mean. Well, they are scarcely to be blamed. Has—has this new thing that has come up anything to do with that Beechwood affair?"

"It has all to do with it," replied Al solemnly, and then he told of the developments that threatened to keep Max and himself from starting on their trip.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 571.]

Checkmate.

BY WILLIAM LIEBERMANN.

CHAPTER XIII.

THROUGH THE CRACK OF A DOOR.

Being now at liberty to do as he pleased, Ralph cast about for means to discover the lost Adolphus Jones, A. B., and bring him to justice, forgetting, for the time being, all about Colonel Clifford, who was anxiously waiting his arrival in St. Louis.

Fortune, or perhaps misfortune—played into his hands. That very afternoon Jones was wandering about the neighborhood of Porson's Hollow, every bit as eager to meet Ralph as Ralph was to meet him. Adolphus Jones surely had a taste for the romantic, as he had told Ralph. What else should lead him to—no, not disguise himself, but make such a comical change in his dress.

Ralph hardly recognized him. Without his gold rimmed glasses, he did not look quite so much like a country curate. Indeed, there was a hard, foxy look about his small eyes that gave one an impression of anything but meekness. And then, his dress! On the train he had been something of a dandy, but now, in the soiled cotton jumper and shapeless straw sun hat of a farm hand, all trace of the dandy was lost.

"So here you are, youngster! Why didn't you come on to meet me?"

"Why! Mr.—"

"Smith!" interrupted Jones, with a laugh. "Smith, farm hand, looking for a job. What do you think of me?"

Ralph thought several things he didn't think it worth while to repeat. Yet mingled with his distrust of the fellow, there was a certain boyish admiration of one who could hit upon a disguise at once so simple and so effective.

"No one would know you," he said. "But what makes you disguise yourself?"

"Simply a caprice of mine," replied the transformed college tutor. Ralph, full of his new suspicion, had his doubts on the matter. But he said nothing.

"Why didn't you come on to meet me?" asked Jones, once more.

Ralph outlined his adventures since their last meeting.

"Lucky dog," commented Jones. "Always fall on your feet, don't you? Well, what are you going to do now?"

"I—I don't quite know."

"Why not come with me?"

Ralph hesitated, Jones watching him narrowly the while. The boy was quite convinced that Jones was not exactly what he passed himself off to be. But while the simplest and wisest course was to go at once to the doctor, or Mrs. Hernden, and tell what he suspected and why he suspected it, Ralph was still too much under the influence of his detective stories aforementioned to accept so plain and simple a course. So, in the end, Jones' proposal seemed to him a golden opportunity to track down a criminal in the most ap-

proved—detective story—fashion. The stupidity of such a proceeding never occurred to him, nor did he stop to think just what was to be gained by following Jones.

Their walk had brought them outside of Porson's Hollow, toward the little way station where Ralph had missed his train. At a turn of the road Jones stopped.

No one was in sight. He took off his soiled jumper, and opened the bundle he carried, tied up in a printed cotton handkerchief. It contained a blue and white striped blazer and cap to match, a folded sheet of wrapping paper, and some twine. The shapeless straw sun hat was quickly folded in half, and rolled up into very small compass; the jumper and the printed cotton handkerchief were rolled up with it, and the whole neatly packed in the sheet of wrapping paper.

Ralph watched these proceedings in admiring wonder. Truly, clothes make the man! In the very correct young man, carrying a small paper parcel, who walked into the little station, and claimed his valise from the station master just as the train ran in, surely no casual observer would have recognized 'Smith, farm hand, looking for a job.'

Jones bought a ticket for Ralph, and almost before the boy had time to consider, he found himself speeding away from his new found friends, in company with a man he knew to be a rogue, and having no definite object, no plan of action, no fixed destination, and scarcely twenty dollars in his pockets.

Not until he had been on the train some hours did it even occur to him that his absence might cause his new friends some alarm. He broached the subject to Jones.

"Oh, that'll be all right," said that gifted young man easily. "I'll send them a telegram from the next station."

So Ralph wrote a message, and Jones put it in his pocketbook. At the next stop he got out to send it; Ralph, who no longer trusted him, watched, and saw that he went nowhere near the telegraph office. In all probability, this would not have annoyed him much, but for the existence of Grace Hernden; but, seeing that she did exist, and that, moreover, Ralph thought himself in love with her, he was not at all pleased that the doctor and Mrs. Hernden should have a chance to communicate any uneasiness they might feel, to Grace.

It did not occur to him that the mere information that he was on his way to Chicago would not much allay their uneasiness, should they feel any. So at the next stop, he made an excuse, got out, and sent his message himself.

Quite a number of passengers got on the train at this station. One of them had attracted Ralph's attention as he got off—a handsome, curly haired fellow with brown eyes set just a little too near together, and lips that, but for the carefully twisted mustache above them, might have seemed a trifle sensual.

Ralph was not a little surprised, upon returning to the car, to find the handsome stranger in conversation with Jones. They parted as soon as they saw Ralph, and Jones volunteered the information that the man was a chance acquaintance.

Ralph said nothing, but waited to see what would happen next. A few minutes after the train had started, Jones thought he would go through to the smoking car and smoke a cigar. Ralph waited a moment, and then followed him, trusting to luck for an opportunity to find out anything. He almost ran into Jones and the stranger, who were standing on the platform between the two cars. However, thanks to the darkness and noise, he was able to draw back unseen, and to take up his station behind the door which he kept open on a crack.

The two men were evidently discussing him.

"Seems to be something of a fool, doesn't he?" remarked the stranger. Ralph's hatred of the man dated from that moment.

"His density is colossal," said Adolphus.

"Oh, keep your talk for the youngster, Green. Don't waste any of it on me. But he got out of that last scrape, in spite of his stupidity."

"He had the fiend's own luck."

"I hope not!"

A habitual gambler, Harry Coltwood had all the superstitions of his class. Chief among these is the belief in luck that clings to one. If the boy really had the luck with him, it was useless to strive or plot against him. In the end, he was sure to come out on top.

"Well, anyhow," Coltwood went on, "just you get him to Chicago, and lose him there. I guess that will be about the end of him. And the papers? They're safe enough, though."

"No. They're safe enough, though."

"When can I have them?"

"When you pay."

"But, man, I've paid you already for the whole job."

"Not enough."

"How much more do you want?"

"Five thousand."

"You're joking!"

"Nary joke."

"But, my good fellow, they're not worth it. They are only letters, and of no possible value to any one."

"Then why do you want them?"

"You know that as well as I do."

"You'll make a clear half million out of them."

"It's all chance. I may and I may not. I haven't got a cinch; you know that as well as I do."

"Well, suppose we say five hundred down, and the rest when you come into your property. But, for a consideration, mind, for a consideration. I don't want any of your civil suits to cancel an honest debt."

"You're too hard, Green, altogether too hard."

"Well, come to my rooms at the Singleton, and we'll talk it over. If I don't have the money and the agreement this week, remember, I send back the letters to the owner, with regrets and explanations."

"But—"

"Come, gentlemen, you mustn't stand out here on the platform," broke in the voice of one of the train hands.

"Remember, the Singleton," called out Jones, and Ralph had barely time to get back to his seat where that gifted young man entered.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH THE HERO FAILS TO COME UP TO THE STANDARD.

For Ralph, who had never been in any large city in his life, Chicago seemed almost what its citizens hold it to be, the greatest place on earth.

The walk from the Union Depot to the hotel was a walk he would never forget. The roar of traffic, the glare of lights, the numberless trucks and wagons and carriages; the swiftly moving cable cars, with their clanging bells; the stores, street upon street of them, each more brilliantly lighted than the last; all those countless sights and sounds that go to make up the life of a great city thoroughfare; sights and sounds to us so familiar, that we scarcely note their existence, but to a boy fresh from the country as was Ralph, each seemed more wonderful than the last.

And most wonderful of all, the people! So many of them. Where did they all come from? Where were they all going? He asked Jones.

"Going? How should I know? About their business, I suppose."

"Is there always such a crowd, then?"

"Crowd? What crowd?"

Ralph felt repulsed, and asked no more questions. Moreover, he felt very lonely, for in all the throng of passing people, not a single face was

familiar, not a glance of recognition met his eyes.

And he suddenly realized that this man, in whose power he was, virtually, was as much a stranger to him as any of these hundreds passing by. Except that of none of these had he any reason for suspicion, while Jones he knew to be in some sort a rogue. Truly, he was worse than alone in this great city.

Once arrived at the hotel, he soon forgot his suspicions and his loneliness, for even the hero of a story can be hungry and tired, and Ralph was both. Dinner is not romantic. Porterhouse steaks and potatoes don't look well in print, unless it be on a bill of fare. But Ralph, quite innocent of our intention to make a hero of him, took no thought of the fitness of things, and enjoyed his dinner with the most unromantic enthusiasm.

He and Adolphus Jones shared one big room with two beds in it. Ralph was too tired to be much awake to his companion's doings, and preferred to go to bed, or rather, to sit at the window of his room, looking down at the motley crowd far below him on the street.

He watched with sleepy, half interested gaze, his mind not in the least intent upon what he saw. As a matter of fact, he was vaguely wondering what she—he gave her no name, for he had thoughts for but one person in the country just then—what she would think of his sudden and hasty departure, without the least warning or explanation.

Perhaps she would be angry—he wondered if it were possible such a pretty girl could be angry. But the more he thought about it, the more he was forced unwillingly to admit that most likely she wasn't thinking of him at all.

Why should she be? He was almost a stranger, and had seen her but a day, at most. And in that day, what had he done to win the least claim to a place in her thoughts?

To be sure, he had won a race, and made a good shot with a bow, but then, he thought, girls care very little for such things. If he had been a philosopher, he would have known that girls care a great deal for those very useless distinctions. But though he scarcely deserved the character for stupidity given him in Jones' conversation with Coltwood, he was a long way—luckily—from being a philosopher.

The thought of the races brought to his mind the thought of his rival, as he chose to think him, Harry Burton. There was another reason for wishing he had not left Porson's Hollow so suddenly. As it was, people there were sure to talk about him.

His sudden arrival, from no one knew where, his connection with the robbery, his escape from the jail, and his abrupt disappearance would all count against him. All this would give Harry a decided advantage. She would believe all the bad Harry chose to hint concerning the absent Ralph.

Here was another point where Ralph was at fault because he was not a philosopher. If he had been one he would have known that with a woman—and unfortunately a girl of fifteen is a woman in miniature nowadays, just as Ralph thought himself a man—the surest way to make her like an absent person is to give her loyalty a chance to defend him. Girls sometimes like to say mean things of people themselves; they hate to hear some one else say them. But Ralph didn't know that.

But why go on telling the wandering thoughts of a boy who thinks himself in love? "All the world loves a lover," provided he doesn't want to talk of the woman he loves. And in a story like this, where the hero is followed always by an unseen but inquisitive author, note book and pencil in hand, writing down the number of buttons on his coat, and

whether his shoe laces are untied, and how many times he smiles, and worst of all, what he thinks about when no one is around, to think is as bad as to talk.

And the best of it is that Ralph all this time, had a dim and misty idea that he was observing and enjoying the sounds and sights, so novel to him, of a lively street in a large city.

Now in the street below, two dogs, falling, most likely, to agree on some vital question of canine politics, attempted to settle their difference by an appeal to arms. A laughing, jeering, shouting crowd gathered round the fighting dogs. They were quickly separated, but not before their quarrel had been taken up by their respective owners, and the crowd remained, laughing, jeering, shouting as before, round the two men.

Now, was there ever a boy who wouldn't go ten blocks out of his way to see a man fight? And yet it was precisely in the midst of all this hubbub that Ralph let his head drop forward on his arms, resting on the window sill, and went soundly to sleep.

Is it any wonder that the disgusted author left his hero slumbering there, and went to chronicle the doings of that gifted young man, Adolphus Jones, or Green, or whatever his real name might be?

CHAPTER XV.

AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN TWO ROGUES.

Jones who was neither in love nor tired, strolled down into the lounging room of the hotel to pass the evening as chance should direct.

Chance seems to watch over two classes of people with especial care. The first are those who are not quite able to take care of themselves, but do not know it, as for instance, Ralph. The second are those who are very much able to take care of themselves, the gentlemanly rogues who live by their wits, of whom Adolphus Jones, A. B., was a good example.

Chance had always watched over the doings of this young man with a kindly interest, and never more so than in introducing him to Mr. Harvey Coltwood. Coltwood had the wish but not the courage to do many shady things. Jones did not wish to do anything shady—as a matter of fact, he had no great desire to do anything at all. But nature, when she made him, forgot to provide him with a conscience; and chance did the rest.

Coltwood found dishonesty very convenient at times; so he paid Jones, and others like him, to do the things he planned, but dared not execute.

Jones—perhaps his name was not Jones; Coltwood knew him as Green; perhaps that was his real name, perhaps not; at any rate, we will keep to the name we first knew him by—Jones established himself in a comfortable chair, lit a cigar, and after glancing round the room, more from habit than curiosity, to see if there was any one there worth the trouble of swindling, became interested in his newspaper. Perhaps half an hour passed, and then Coltwood strolled into the room.

"Hello," said Jones, "you've come pretty soon. Too soon, in fact. I don't intend to hand over those papers till tomorrow night."

"That's all right. I only wanted to have a talk with you. Where's the kid?"

"Gone to bed, I guess. What do you mean to do with him now you've got him here?"

"That's what I want to talk about. I've changed my mind. You say the luck's with him. If we turned him adrift in Chicago that would be the end of him, unless—"

"Unless?"

"Unless?" he should write to my uncle or to those friends he seems to have made in Porson's Hollow."

"Very likely."

"It's unlucky he should manage to hit on that one place of all places, and meet the very people I least want him to meet."

"Very."

"I'm sorry I let you interrupt his journey at all. Better have let him go on. My uncle would soon tire of such a fool."

"Well?"

"Well, I've decided to let him go on at once to St. Louis."

Jones whistled, and looked at Coltwood skeptically. He didn't believe he was earnest; there must be something behind his sudden change of tactics, some hidden trick.

"You don't believe me? Well, consider the matter carefully. If I leave him here, and take care his letters don't reach my uncle, I can't prevent him from writing to Porson's Hollow. And that might lead to the very thing I least wish to happen, a correspondence between Porson's Hollow people and my uncle. And besides, sooner or later he would be bound to get to St. Louis. Better let him go there now. He won't stay long."

"Well, I'll send him off tomorrow."

"No, not tomorrow. Next day. And I leave it to you that he shall go a roundabout way—say, from here to Burlington, and to St. Louis by boat."

"Oh!"

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Matter? Nothing. I think I understand. You want to take him out of my hands, I see, and pass him on to another of your gentlemen friends, I suppose."

"Nothing of the sort, Green."

"Oh, well, of course it makes no difference to me. On the whole I am glad to be rid of him."

"Then, the papers."

"You can have them tomorrow night, if you bring the money."

"Now look here, Green, you're altogether unreasonable about those papers."

"We won't argue that question any further. Either you want them on my terms, or you don't want them at all. You know me, Mr. Coltwood."

Evidently Mr. Coltwood did know him, for he made no further protest. Instead, he asked:

"Where shall I meet you?"

"Here, in my room."

"And the youngster, what will you do with him? We don't want him around."

"He shan't be around. I'll send him off to a theater."

"Alone? He'll be suspicious."

"Of me? He'd as soon suspect the angel Gabriel as me! Besides, I'll see that he suspects nothing."

It was evident that Jones but ill understood the reason why Ralph was so easily persuaded to come to Chicago with him.

"Well, of course you know him best," said Coltwood.

With that they parted, and Jones went to his room, to find Ralph asleep at the window.

"Here, wake up!" he said, shaking him. "You'll sleep much better in bed."

"Lost my ticket," said Ralph, half asleep. "Going to Chicago. Don't want to get off here—Eh? Oh, it's you, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, it's me. Go to bed!"

(To be continued.)

AN EPISODE IN THE GRAMMAR CLASS.

Teacher—"Parse the sentence, 'Yucatan is a peninsula.'"

Pupil (who never could understand grammar, anyhow)—"Yucatan is a proper noun, nom'tive case, second person singular—"

"How do you make that out?"

"First person Icatan, second person Yucatan, third person Hecatan; plural, first person, Wecatcan; second person—"

"Go to your seat!"—"Chicago Tribune."



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NERVE SPEED.

It seems to you, does it not, that it takes no time at all for the conveyance from your mind to your hand of your wish to make such and such a movement with the latter? And yet, we are told that the sensory process, as it is called, often travels along the nerves at the rate of only 26 feet per second.

For example, say you want to pick up the pen which we have just laid on the desk. While the desire to do this is being transmitted from your brain to your finger tips, a tap on the electric wire could be sent half way round the world.

Thus it will be seen that though man is very wonderful, there are some things in nature that are more amazing still.

NOT ONLY THE CHEAPEST, BUT THE BEST.

That is what the people want in these hard times. That is what Munsey's gives them. So says the Boston "Globe." Listen to it:

"Munsey's Magazine, having reduced its price to 10 cents a copy, is now the cheapest of the illustrated monthlies. It is one of the best, as the subjects and illustrations of the October issue will convince any one who examines it. * * * The tone illustrations are very perfectly done on paper that brings out all their qualities. * * * Munsey's Magazine has features and qualities that are bound to secure it a very large circulation at \$1 a year."

THE BASHFUL BOY.

What pangs the bashful boy suffers! How he flushes when he is obliged to address a stranger, and how his limbs tremble under him when he is introduced to some one. But the climax of his trials is reached when he is called upon to do the introducing himself.

Shrinking from such tests may perhaps be natural from one who is constitutionally shy, but there are phases of bashfulness that seem not only inexplicable, but closely allied to pride, rather than modesty. Timidity of this sort is that displayed by a youth in his teens who dreads to enter a dry goods store much frequented by ladies. He knows no one there, no one knows him, and yet forsooth he imagines that he is going to be singled out from the crowd of purchasers as though he were an Adonis.

After all, when one comes to analyze the trait, is there not as much vanity as self depreciation in the boy or man who is always wondering what people are thinking of him?

THE NEXT WORLD'S FAIR.

Now that the Columbian Exposition is a thing of the past, embalmed in glorious memory, people who enjoy big shows may be anxious to learn when they will have an opportunity to see another. In all probability, they will never behold

one that for stupendous size and imposing grandeur can compare with the White City, now undergoing destruction in Chicago, but in 1900 the French are to celebrate the advent of the twentieth century with an international exhibition that they will endeavor to make as attractive as possible.

It seems that France has elected to hold a world's fair every eleven years, a custom with which even a change of government has not interfered since the first of the series, in 1867. The second was that of 1878, the Eiffel Tower made memorable the one of 1889, and 1900 is therefore the long since reserved date for the next fete to which our sister republic will invite the nations of the earth.

Meanwhile, those who do not want to wait so long can take in the Mid-winter Exposition to be held in San Francisco during the first six months of 1894.

THE DECEMBER MUNSEY'S.

The Christmas issue of Munsey's Magazine is indeed a royal number. With fully fourteen more pages of illustrations than usual, and these of the most beautiful description, no advance is made in the regular price—ten cents a copy.

Among the articles to which there are pictures are "Queen Marguerite of Italy, the Pearl of Savoy;" "Arthur Pliner, the Playwright," author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray;" "The Presbyterian Church in New York;" "Modern Artists and Their Work," third paper; "Some Famous Dancers," and two or three others.

A specially attractive feature of this number is a poem written expressly for Munsey's by Mrs. Kendal, the famous English actress.

DAY DOGS AND NIGHT DOGS.

In some of the countries of Europe, dogs are made to earn their meat. They are used to run churns, to grind organs, being able it is claimed, to drag much heavier loads in proportion to their size, than the horse.

In Paris they are talking of making dogs members of the municipal guard, reviving a custom prevalent in the days of the first Napoleon when a corps of Newfoundlanders was kept on the banks of the Seine to rescue would be suicides from drowning. Surely the fine instincts of this famous breed could not be put to a nobler use.

ODORLESS DREAMING.

Do you ever dream of smelling anything? Some one has been writing to a London journal, wanting to know the reason why in the visions of sleep one hears and talks and walks and eats, but never smells? The correspondent adds that he has spoken to a doctor on the subject and learned something that increased his astonishment to a still greater degree, viz.: That the olfactory, or smelling nerves, are in closer connection with the brain than any of the others.

However, the Englishman's range of inquiry was limited. It may be that some people do dream of smelling. Are there any among the readers of "The Argosy" who have?

SELF CONFIDENCE, LIMITED.

Confidence in one's abilities is a good thing to possess, as has recently been pointed out in these columns, but over confidence is dangerous. It was the cause of the recent wrecking of the Pacific Mail Steamer City of New York. She was in charge of a veteran pilot, who believed that he knew the harbor so well that the thickest fog was no barrier to him. He went ahead and landed on the rocks.

Don't forget that circumstantial cases. It would have been no disgrace for this pilot to have declared that in a mist such as prevailed at the time, all his knowledge of reefs and shoals availed him naught.

In the Days of Prairie Schooners

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

Some five years since, Walter Besant, the well known English author, wrote a book, which he called "Fifty Years Ago." In it he contrasted the state of things in England in 1887 with those that prevailed there in 1837, the year that Queen Victoria ascended the throne.

Of course the account of the primitive customs and conditions in those faraway times was very interesting, often amusing. But fifty years is half a century, and it is not at all surprising that great changes should occur in that period.

In our own country things move so fast that the transforming of a barren plain into a populous city in half a decade is of so common occurrence that it no longer excites astonishment. And yet, if one stops amid the busy rush and whirl of our end of the century living, to do a little contrasting such as Mr. Besant did in his book, the result cannot but challenge our attention.

Take the matter of the gridironing of our continent, for example. What a totally different order of things went into effect after the driving of that last golden spike in the Union Pacific Railway, on that May day in 1869. That is but little more than twenty years back, and yet the changes this binding together of the two oceans inaugurated, have been fully as marvelous as many of which the English author makes mention.

New York and San Francisco are now but six days apart. Before that last spike was sent home amid appropriate ceremonies, months were used in reckoning the time it took to go from one city to the other. But perhaps the readers of "The Argosy" would be interested in hearing from one who has taken the journey, just what it meant to cross the plains before the iron horse had his path laid down for him.

It was a year or two before the completion of the railroad that I traveled in wagon train as far as the Rocky Mountains. I was nothing but a youngster then, and on many points therefore, my memory will not serve me. However, as most readers prefer their facts in bold outline, in which only events of the most impressive nature are served up, perhaps it is just as well that I have forgotten a good many of the details.

No, we did not start out in our prairie schooners from New York City. The railroad extended then as far west as Omaha, Nebraska, and it was from this city, then a mere town, that our mule train set out.

Omaha stands out in my memory for two reasons. One of them that here we experienced a terrific thunder storm, when the lightning struck and killed a young lady in a house not fifty yards from our camp; and the other that I became quite chummy with a boy a year or two older than myself, who was the son of the proprietor of the hotel where we stayed before our camp was ready, and who went about barefoot and waited on us at table. I cannot even remember this boy's name now, but I often think of him and wonder if he is not one of the nabobs of the great city that Omaha has since become.

You will doubtless want to know what we had in the twenty four wagons. Well, a little of everything which we were taking out to a far Western city that was believed to be on the verge of a boom. We proposed to hire a store and retire as millionaires after we had sold the contents. We did not do this, by the way, but I must not anticipate.

To each wagon four mules were allotted and well do I recall the importance with which I swelled each morning when I tended one end of the corral into which they were driven so that their respective drivers

could pick out and harness them. Of course you will understand that the corral was formed by the wagons, drawn up in two semi circles, twelve in each.

I did not ride on one of these wagons, but with the rest of the family in a light carriage, drawn by the yellow "bell mare," that I harnessed and unharnessed every morning and night. The rest of our private equipment was made up of the great lumbering wagon or ambulance, in which we slept, and which was drawn by two stout mules.

I must not forget Benny though. This was the pony that had been bought for me in Omaha and which I confess with shame, I was afraid to ride without a lariat extending to the carriage, so great was my dread of Indians. A splendid pony, he was, too, of Indian breed, and bitterly the boy who had owned him, wept when the parting came. "But how about Indians?" you ask. "Did you not have any encounters with them?"

No, we did not, except in a friendly way. Perhaps if we had I would not have waited all these years before writing out my reminiscences of the trip.

The redskins with whom we fell in belonged to the Sioux tribes, who were at peace with the whites. On one occasion we pitched our camp near theirs and went down to visit them.

I was much disappointed at finding they did not carry feathers in their heads in the manner of the picture paper Indians that had served as the models on which my expectations were based. An Indian without a headful of feathers, all standing upright, was no sort of a savage to my mind.

But I overlooked this neglect in adornment when, on two or three occasions they sent us a present of antelope meat in return for the coffee, sugar and flour we had left with them. Antelope steak, fresh from the crags of the Rockies, is a toothsome morsel not readily attainable.

My fears of the red man were proven to be groundless, but an experience of actual peril in which the Indians played no part, afforded me the opportunity to test my courage. This was provided in the fording of the Platte river. It was more than a mile wide at the point we crossed, and running so high at the time that all our wagons had to be blocked up.

Army officers at the post on the banks shook their heads when they saw us drive into the stream after all our preparations were completed. I sat on the bed in the ambulance wagon and watched the mules' ears. Somebody had told me if his ears went under water once, the mule was a "goner."

I don't remember whether I was as brave as I hope. I was. At any rate, I am pretty certain I didn't cry with fright, for tears would have blurred my eyes and that would have interfered with my keeping watch of the mules' ears.

And, oh yes, I mustn't forget to add that we got across all right after all.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Unprofitableness and omission of duty is damnable. To do no harm is praise fit for a stone, and not for a man.—Baxter.

If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.—Addison.

Unless one could cure men of being fools it is no purpose to cure them of any folly, as it is only making room for some other.—Horace Walpole.

There's nothing like discipline, but it don't do a boy any good to make him hoe potatoes in the back garden while a brass band is passing the house.—"Ram's Horn."

It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops; one little sin indulged makes a hole you could put your head through.—Charles Buxton.

OF HEAVENLY KIN.

A heartfelt smile, a gentle tone,
A thoughtful word, a tender touch,
A passing act of kindness done—
'Tis all, but it is much.
These are not things to win applause;
No earthly fame availeth such;
But surely by the heavenly laws
They are accounted much.

—Anon.

A Little Comedy of Errors.

BY W. BERT FOSTER

"And the 1.15 to Groverdale has gone?"
"Yes, sir; you see that broken driving rod delayed us so long at Myersburg that we couldn't make it up, and the 1.15 never waits," responded the polite conductor, standing upon the little platform at Wimbleton with his hand on the guard rail of the first coach. "It's 1.25 now, you see."
"And how long have I to wait?"
"Until 4.05. Sorry, but it can't be helped. Then to the brakeman: "All right, Jim?"

The brakeman pulled the whistle cord and the locomotive, whose throbs of escaping steam had been filling the still fall air with painful vibrations, pulled the long passenger train slowly away from the station.

The single passenger who had alighted, a young fellow of seventeen or thereabouts, snapped his watch impatiently and strolled down the platform towards the waiting room.

"Two hours and a half, or more, to wait," he muttered, in great disgust. "I shan't get to the seminary before tea. What shall I do with myself in this dull place?"

Truly, Wimbleton, such of it as he could see from the platform, was not particularly inviting in appearance. There was a long main street, shaded by old maple trees from which the red and yellow leaves were fluttering down, and with its driveway an inch deep in mud, caused by the fussy little street sprinkler which was disappearing in the distance. The street crossed the railroad at the station and went rambling away into the country in a most exasperatingly uncertain way, as though it was undecided whether to turn back into the town, or to keep on toward Boston.

Upon the "business side" of the tracks the street was lined alternately with stores and dwellings, with here and there a public building. Near at hand was a schoolhouse, across the street a church and farther along the thoroughfare a white painted, wooden structure, of huge proportions, which the stranger put down at once as the county court house.

"Wimbleton isn't very attractive, that's a fact," he thought; "but I'll take a look at it. I've plenty of time." Then he added: "If old Marston hadn't been so poking slow I should have caught that other train and made connections here. Just my luck!"

He walked through the waiting room on his way to the street—a large, bare barn-like apartment it was, very much like the ordinary small railway station. It was unoccupied but for a red-headed young man who was possibly the station agent's assistant. He grinned with the utmost familiarity and to the visitor's utter surprise exclaimed:

"Hullo, Ben! Them the clo's yer got in town? Gosh! they fit you like the paper to the wall!"

The other flushed up hotly and darted an angry glance at the red-headed individual. He was dressed rather neatly in a close fitting black coat and natty light trousers, and his dress happened to be a point upon which he could be touched pretty easily. Not that he followed every fable of fashion; but he did think considerable of his apparel.

The red-headed youth was somewhat heavier than himself, but that did not deter him from drawing off his gloves in a most suggestive manner, as he replied sharply:

"What is that to you? I'll thank you to mind your business."

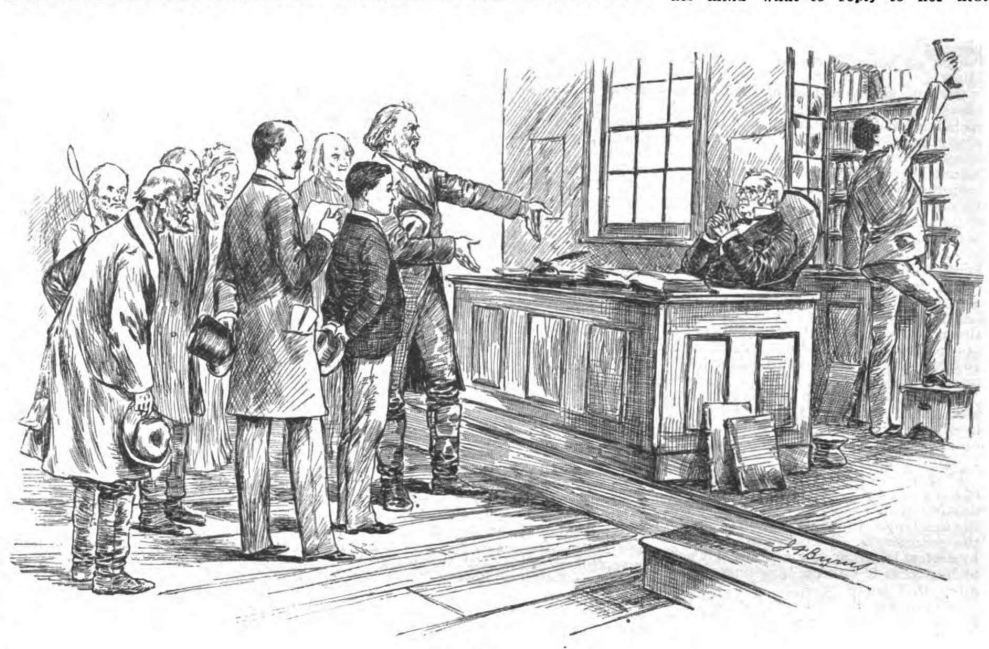
The red-headed youth stepped back out of reach with considerable alacrity, for Ben Worthington was the best all-round athlete in Groverdale Seminary, and looked amply able to take care of himself; even "smashing baggage" and juggling hods of coal in winter for the waiting room stove will not harden a fellow's

museles sufficiently to warrant him attacking a chap of Ben's build, and who possessed such an evident desire for the fray.

"Ye needn't get so huffy at er joke, Ben," said he of the brilliant hair apologetically. "Guess it's made ye kinder uppish ter get good clo's er."

As the fellow had evidently backed down, young Worthington passed on into the street. He laughed a little as he walked away, but the flush had not wholly died out of his face.

"Cheeky rascal," he muttered. "I's s'pose he hit me on a tender point, that's why!"



"LET ME SPEAK, SQUIRE!" EXCLAIMED MR. MAGRUDDER.

made me so wrathly. But hullo! come to think of it, how did he know my name? I never saw him before in my life that I remember."

He cudgled his brains for several moments with this perplexing question, and had passed the schoolhouse before anything occurred to suggest another subject of thought. A small, tow-headed boy came tearing out of the school yard gate and ran down the walk after him.

"Sa-ay!" cried the tow head, gasping for breath and clinging to the edge of Ben's jacket. "Sa-ay! teacher wants ter know where Jimmie is terday?"

Young Worthington halted and looked down at the youngster with a puzzled face.

"What did you want to know?" he asked.

"I don't want ter know nothin'," declared the youngster, doubtless with unintentional truth, his eyes bulging out like those of a fish as he viewed Ben from head to foot; "but Miss Cam'ron wants ter know why Jimmie Magruder didn't come ter school terday?"

"I guess you've made a mistake, haven't you, sonny?" Ben replied, smiling.

"Naw, I hain't," was the drawing response. "That's jest what she tol' me ter arsk ye. Sa-ay, is he playin' hookey?" "That's just what he's doing. I've no doubt, if he isn't at school," young Worthington replied. "I'd play hookey myself such a pleasant day as this," he added.

"So'd I," responded the tow head, kicking the gravel viciously. "If I warn't afraid my dad'd lick me. Sa-ay! d' you write Jim's excuses?"

"Not that I know of, young man," returned Ben, trying to keep a grave face under this questioning; then he broke into a jolly laugh. "Sonny, you run along back to your teacher and tell her that she's made a mistake," he said, and walked away, leaving the tow head slowly to retrace his steps to "durance vile."

The next building beyond the school yard was occupied by a meat market and as young Worthington, still smiling to himself over the school teacher's error, passed the shop door, a fleshy, fussy little man, enveloped in a clean white frock from neck to heel, and evidently the proprietor of the shop, came to the door. He had his hat on and was probably going to dinner, for he turned at the door and gave some directions to a clerk within. Then he saw Ben Worthington.

"Hey, Ben!" he called after the latter individual. "Tell the old man I'll take that calf he was talkin' about this morn-

look at me? I'll ask her about this mystery, anyhow, and find out who the fellow is I lock like."

"Did you get it, Bennie?" was her greeting as she reached the gate.

Young Worthington did not reply at once, waiting, with a smile upon his face, for her to discover her mistake; but oddly enough she seemed to have no suspicion of her error, although she took in his whole appearance with a sharp, comprehensive glance.

"How nice you look in your new clothes, Bennie," she added, before Ben made up his mind what to reply to her first

ing. Have him bring it in early tomorrow," and then he bustled away in the opposite direction, leaving the youth standing in the middle of the plank walk in blank astonishment.

"Will somebody please wake me?" he murmured to himself, looking after the retreating figure of the market man. "Am I asleep, or have I been asleep all my former life and just 'woke up? Everybody in this town seems to know me—a good deal better than I know myself."

He was tempted to go back to the market and inquire of the clerk what it all meant.

"I declare, I never felt so funny in my life," he muttered, moving slowly on.

"Are all these people insane, am I losing my mind, or do I resemble somebody else? That must be it. The teacher back there probably caught just a glimpse of me as I passed and thought I was some one she knew, and that old fellow could have seen only the side of my face as he came out of his shop. That's it. I must look something like a fellow who lives here. Wonder what sort of a fellow he is? Won't this be quite an adventure to tell the boys after hours tonight? Wimbleton hasn't proved to be such a slow old place after all. Hello! who's this?"

A sharp rap on the window of the plain little cottage he was then opposite, called forth this exclamation. He caught a momentary glimpse of the figure and face of a little gray-haired woman who nodded to him smilingly and then disappeared to reappear almost immediately at the side door of the cottage. She was a very thin, spry little woman, with a pair of scissors hanging from her waist by a black ribbon and with a thimble on her finger with which she had rapped on the window.

"She must be fearfully near sighted," thought Ben, as the little woman hurried down the path toward the gate, smiling with both mouth and eyes. "Won't she be surprised when she gets a good square

query. "I should hardly have known you."

"Are you sure you know me now?" asked the young fellow, smiling broadly.

"Eh? why not, I'd like to know?" she asked, a little sharply, contracting her eyebrows as near sighted people are apt to do. "What are you laughing so at? Didn't you get that velvet at White's as I told you? Goodness!" she added, as an afterthought, "you didn't lose the money, did you—twelve dollars?"

By this time Ben had ceased to smile and simply stared at her blankly. For an instant he had a wild desire to turn and run as hard as he could. Something certainly was the matter with him. The woman seemed positive that she knew him.

"What is the matter? Did you lose it?" demanded the little seamstress, her voice rising to a mild shriek.

"Madam," Ben replied, flushing to the very tips of his ears as he saw that the attention of several people on the street had been attracted by the tones of the little woman's voice. "Madam, you have made a mistake. I never, to my knowledge, saw you before, nor have I before been in Wimbleton except to pass through it in a train. You evidently think I am somebody whom you know."

"Somebody whom I know!" repeated the seamstress, her face betraying frightened amazement. "Do you mean to say that you ain't Eben Magruder?"

"I mean to say that I am Benjamin Worthington. I never saw you before."

"And didn't I give you twelve dollars to get me a piece of velvet for Mrs. Squire Hartridge's dress this very morning?"

"You must certainly did not," Ben replied respectfully.

The little woman's face was a study.

"The boy is crazy," Ben heard her mutter, and she backed away from the gate precipitately.

"I am as sane as you are," he returned. "You have made a mistake in the person."

The seamstress made no reply, but turned and fled hastily into the little cottage, and there was nothing left for Ben to do but walk alone. To say that he felt uncomfortable is but to very mildly express the state of mind into which this situation had thrown him. He felt fairly dazed and was half afraid that the woman was right when she called him crazy.

"Either I am demented or else the entire population of Wimbleton is insane," he thought, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, as he passed a group of farmer-like individuals who all nodded to him cordially. "Am I Benjamin Worthington or Eben Magruder? I wish I knew!"

Without realizing the fact, he had continued up the street in the direction in which he had first started, and had already passed the white painted court house.

Just beyond that structure two gentlemen approached him along the sidewalk. One was a stern looking, elderly looking individual of thirty five or forty, with a pleasant face, and with the side pockets of his light flax overcoat bulging with legal looking documents.

They were deep in conversation as they approached, but the younger man, at least, saw him, for, just before Ben passed them, he pulled a bundle of papers out of his pocket and nodding familiarly to young Worthington thrust the documents into his hand.

"Take them right up to the office, Ben, and wait there until I come back. I'll hear your report about that Marston business after I attend to a little matter in Judge Hartridge's office."

They passed on and mounted the steps of the court house, leaving Ben standing dumfounded. This was stranger than the incident of the marketman, or that of the seamstress. He burst into a fit of hysterical laughter, yet he could not help feeling that it was no laughing matter after all. If there was a fellow who looked like him, and who belonged to Wimbleton, Ben devoutly wished he would turn up and relieve him of his identity.

"Take them to his office," he thought, gazing at the legal papers blankly. "Where under the sun is his office? There! I will find it and wait for him and get a full explanation of the mystery. I'll ask somebody where the office is situated."

But he was saved even this slight trouble. A few hundred yards beyond the court house stood a neat wooden business block, occupied by stores on the ground floor and offices overhead. As he was about to enter one of these stores to inquire his way to the office, for he felt sure the gentleman was a lawyer whom everybody in Wimbleton would know, he was suddenly hailed by a young man who just then descended the stairs leading from the second floor of the building.

"Here, Ben, here's the key," remarked the young fellow, tossing a common door key into Ben's hand. "How slow you've been getting from the train! I'd just given you up and started out for lunch. G. A. has gone up to the court house with the squire. He'll be back directly. That's a nobby looking get-up of yours—would hardly have known you," with which cool remark about his apparel the young man hurried away.

Ben looked at the key, hesitated a moment and then mounted the stairs, laughing all the way.

"G. A., eh?" he repeated, having reached the hall above. "G. A. what I wonder? Ah, there it is."

A door just ahead of him bore this sign, lettered in black upon the ground glass:

G. A. CARRUTHERS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.

He fitted the key to the lock and went in. As he supposed, the apartment was a law office, furnished in nice style and the walls pretty well hidden by the great cases of sheep bound legal tomes.

Ben sat down and waited for Mr. Carruthers' return. He didn't even try to explain the situation to himself, preferring to wait for it to come in the natural course of events. But the manner in which it did come rather astonished him. He had waited hardly ten minutes

when he was aroused by a quick step on the stair, and the office door being violently thrown open, the gentleman who had given him the papers reappeared. He seemed to be in haste and not a little angry, also.

"What does this mean, Ben?" were his first words. "What sort of a silly joke is this you are playing?"

Ben had risen when the man entered, holding out the package of papers with a smile; but the smile left his face at this remark.

"What joke do you mean, sir?" he asked, rather laughingly. He was unaccustomed to such treatment as this and found it not at all pleasant.

"Why, this foolishness about Miss Nevins. She is well nigh crazy about it and is at Judge Hartridge's office now. She says she gave you a sum of money with which to purchase some velvet in Boston and that you have refused to give her either the money or the velvet, and that you even denied your identity. What sort of crazy foolishness is this?"

"Sir!" exclaimed young Worthington, greatly exasperated, for he was inclined to feel his own importance not a little, and this was more than he could quietly stand. "I am not in the habit of having gentlemen address such remarks to me. There has been a mistake made; I am not the person you think me. I have never, to my knowledge, seen either you or that little dressmaker before today."

"Heavens! Is the boy mad?" gasped the lawyer.

He seized Ben by both shoulders and wisted him around so that the light from the window fell full upon his face. Then he scrutinized him closely.

"I'm not crazy," exclaimed Ben, in disgust; "but I believe everybody here in Wimbleton is. Why, I never was in the place before today."

The lawyer shook his head in doubt, still gazing into the young man's face.

"And what about that Marston business? Do you mean to say that you haven't been to Elliott C. Marston's office Exchange Building, Boston?"

"By George! that is just where I have been," gasped Ben. "Elliott C. Marston is my guardian."

"Your what?" almost shrieked the lawyer. "Ye gods and little fishes, the boy is mad! Ben Magruder with a guardian!"

"But my name isn't Ben Magruder," began young Worthington, indignantly; but Mr. Carruthers interrupted him sternly.

"See here, boy, either you're playing a joke that will cost you dearly—very dearly, indeed—or else you're crazy as—as a bedbug!" he concluded with more vigor of expression than politeness. "You come with me to the judge's office."

He led Ben out, with one hand on his arm, locking the door behind them, and then hurrying his captive along the street to the court house.

Several curious individuals were hanging about the door, and they followed Ben and the lawyer into the small court room where, behind a large desk, the judicial looking man with whom Ben had previously seen Mr. Carruthers walking, was seated. The little seamstress was also in the room, and a young man, evidently the judge's clerk.

"There he is!" cried Miss Nevins, pointing one trembling finger at Ben as he was led forward.

"What is this I hear about you, boy?" demanded the judge sternly.

"The boy is crazy," declared the seamstress, excitedly.

"I don't know but she is right—or else that I am," said Mr. Carruthers, nervously.

"I'm not," was Ben's indignant rejoinder. "I'm no more crazy than—"

"That's enough for now," interrupted the judge. "I'll hear your story later. Go ahead, Mr. Carruthers."

"Well, your honor," said the lawyer, "to the best of my knowledge and belief this is my office boy, Ben Magruder, and I ought to know him, as he's been in my employ six months and I've known him ever since he was five or six years old."

"Yes, an I'll swear to it," said one old farmer from the background.

"You're right, I'd know him anywhere," rejoined another of the spectators. "The boy's gone clean crazy."

"Let us hear Mr. Carruthers' story first," suggested the judge mildly.

"I sent him this morning, your honor, to Boston, to transact some business for me with a gentleman whom you doubtless know—Elliott C. Marston, 625 Exchange Building. He had several other errands to perform, one of which was to purchase a new outfit of clothing at my expense, as his conduct up to the present time had gained my respect and good will. But," the lawyer added, with withering sarcasm, "he has evidently laid aside his common sense with his old clothes, for he now denies all knowledge of me or of my business, and even goes so far as to declare that he was never in Wimbleton before in his life."

"And he says that I never gave him that twelve dollars, either," declared the little seamstress, with almost a sob.

"Here comes old Sam Magruder," suddenly exclaimed one of the interested audience.

A tall, heavily bearded man of sixty years or so, entered the room at that moment and strode forward to the judge's desk.

"Why, Ben, my boy, what's this I hear about you?" he asked, approaching young Worthington.

"You'd better take him in hand and see if you can get anything out of him, Mr. Magruder," said the lawyer, sharply; but the newcomer had halted suddenly and was staring at the boy in utter amazement.

"Why, that isn't my boy—that isn't Ben Magruder!" he cried, in bewilderment.

"Think heaven, there is one man in Wimbleton who hasn't lost his mind!" Ben exclaimed in relief. "My name certainly isn't Magruder, but Benjamin Worthington, and I belong to Groverdale, where I am attending the seminary. I have been down to Boston to see my guardian who is Mr. Elliott C. Marston, 625 Exchange Building, and was unfortunate enough to have missed the 1:15 train here for Groverdale."

The entire party looked from the old man to young Worthington in absolute amazement.

"But the resemblance—it is wonderful!" gasped the lawyer.

"Let me speak, squire," exclaimed Mr. Magruder, who was evidently laboring under great excitement. "There's something more here than we ain't got at yet. You know when I came here fourteen years ago that I told you all about my Ben—"

"That he wasn't your son? Yes, I remember," replied the judge, sitting up in his chair with a good deal of animation.

"I got that boy, Ben off the burning steamer Nyantic nigh fifteen year ago," began Magruder, when a sharp cry from young Worthington stayed him.

"The Nyantic—on Lake Erie—fifteen years ago!" he gasped. "I was on that steamer—my father lost his life upon it, and my mother and I escaped only by a miracle. I was two years old."

"Jesso!" shouted Magruder. "An' wasn't there anybody else in yer family?"

"My twin brother, Edgar—he was lost, too," almost whispered Ben.

"No, he warn't, neither!" declared the old man, trembling violently in his emotion. "I saved him myself, an' him an' me floated around for hours 'fore we was picked up an' taken to Detroit. I seen the whole o' ye together on the Nyantic an' I heard one o' you youngsters—an' mighty cute little fellers ye were—called Ben, an' I thought 'twas him. So I allus called him Eben. I was poor, but I spicioned his folks was rich, an' I advertised all I could, but heard nary a word."

"Mother was sick with brain fever for two months after the burning of the steamer, and then was taken East at once," said Ben, hardly understanding as yet the wonderful thing which had come about.

"An' where is she now?" cried Magruder.

"She's dead," replied the boy sorrowfully. "She died when I was five. She always hoped Edgar had been saved, for just before the explosion which finally blew up the burning steamer a man had taken my brother from her and promised to save him."

"That was me, lad, an' I did," said Magruder brokenly.

"Mr. Marston—he's my guardian—has

spent a great deal of money, as directed by my mother, to trace Edgar—"

"But that twelve dollars, squire," here interrupted the little seamstress, who had been too greatly bewildered by the strange occurrence to take in its full significance.

Her question made everybody laugh and ere the merriment had subsided there was a little bustle at the door and two individuals hurriedly entered. One Ben Worthington recognized as his guardian, Mr. Marston. The other was a youth who might have been his own reflection, having taken form and stepped out of the mirror, so like was he in both form and feature to Ben himself. The only perceptible difference was in his dress, for the clothing of the newcomer was of the plainest material.

"That's Ben!" cried Magruder, pointing to the recent arrival.

"For goodness sake, how came you here, Ben?" demanded Mr. Marston, looking at young Worthington wonderingly.

"Which is Ben?" gasped Mr. Carruthers. "Won't somebody please wake me?"

"That's Ben," declared Magruder again.

"This certainly is Ben Worthington," interposed Mr. Marston, "though how he happens to be here I don't know. A most wonderful thing has happened, Ben—"

"And this is really my brother Edgar?" Ben asked, approaching the other youth excitedly.

"How do you know that?" cried his guardian.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" exclaimed Judge Hartridge, rising from his chair in excitement; "this must stop. Which is the boy we have always known here in Wimbleton?"

But even then it took some time to straighten it all out.

* * * * *

"And that two hours' wait of mine; Wimbleton brought all this about, brother," Ben Worthington frequently says. "I shall always bless that broken driving rod which made me miss the 1:15 train to Groverdale."

"No, it was my trip to Boston to see Mr. Marston that did it," Edgar Worthington declares. "I shall always thank Mr. Carruthers for bringing it about, for Mr. Marston was interested in me the moment he saw me, and made me sit down at once and relate all my history."

Perhaps the only sad thing about the affair was Edgar's separation from his foster father and mother—Mr. and Mrs. Magruder. Those unpolished but kindly souls loved him as greatly as though he had been their own flesh and blood. It is really doubtful if poor little Miss Nevins really understands the matter now, although she received back her twelve dollars. Lawyer Carruthers always calls Ben, Antiphilus of Ephesus, and Edgar, Antiphilus of Syracuse; but the boys at Groverdale Seminary never pretend to tell the twins apart and speak of them simply as "the two Dromios."

[This Story began last week.]

A Mystery of the Forest.

BY E. E. YOUNG,
Author of "The Lone Island," etc.

CHAPTER IV. A NEW FEATURE.

"My oxen," cried Tom, leaping up from his seat; "what about 'em?"

"They broke out and strayed away this morning. Your father has started out to hunt them up, and left word for you to join him when you returned."

This was news indeed, to the youth, and it were well for his mother's peace of mind that she was too busy at the moment to hear the remark which Tom in his anger and disappointment found it impossible to suppress.

He wanted to start with the yoke for Mr. Bell's that day, but now they were gone, and the prospect of regaining them was by no means good. There was no telling where they had strayed to by this time, and each moment would take them further away. He realized that any delay in

commencing a search would only lessen the chance of success and determined to set out at once.

George of course decided to go with him, but suggested having something to eat before starting.

"We must take some provisions with us," he said. "There is no telling how long we may be away, and mother can put up the things while we eat."

It was with manifest reluctance that Tom consented to this delay, but he was wise enough to see that nothing could be gained by too much haste, so he sat down with his brother and, notwithstanding his anxiety, managed to dispose of a hearty meal.

Meanwhile Mrs. Hess busied herself in preparing a generous supply of provisions, and all was in readiness for them when they rose from the table. And now both boys were eager to be off, George equally with Tom, for there was a bit of excitement in the coming expedition which promised to be interesting. Then the oxen were really a valuable yoke, and their loss represented a good many dollars, more George knew than either he or Tom could earn in months.

They had been presented to Tom by his father when they were quite young with the promise that if he would care for and raise them he could do with them as he chose when they were large enough to use, and Tom had spent many hours in looking out for them so that now they had grown into a fine and well matched yoke. Mr. Bell saw them one day, and made the youth an offer which he was not slow to accept.

Now they were gone. To be sure it was more than likely they could be found and brought back, but then there was a possibility of their wandering away in the great swamps, to be swallowed up by the mire and quicksand. There were many of these treacherous places to be found in the wilderness, and Tom grew decidedly uneasy as he thought of it.

"There's no use to worry," said his brother by way of encouragement, as he noticed the troubled expression on his companion's face. "I don't think we will have any difficulty in finding 'em, and we may come across 'em even before night."

"I doubt it," replied Tom gloomily. "It wouldn't surprise me a bit if we never saw them again. It'd be just like my luck anyhow."

"Nonsense," cried George, "what's luck got to do with it? I hope you don't believe in that stuff."

"We'll see," said Tom, as they crossed the road and entered the forest.

They had not taken a dozen steps when some one was heard coming rapidly toward them, and, returning to the edge of the forest, they looked down the road just as the runner shouted:

"Hey, fellows, hey! Hold on, will you?"

"It's Charlie Burke," said George. "Wonder what he wants?"

The new comer carried a gun in his hand, and seemed to be much excited, as well as flushed and fatigued from what had evidently been a long run.

"Helloa!" called George as he came up. "How is it you're in such a hurry?"

Charlie paused before them, and devoted a few seconds to regaining his breath.

"I didn't want to miss you," he said at last. "Mr. Hess told my father about the oxen, and they have both gone off together to search for 'em, and to find our two cows that broke out of the pasture this morning and went off in the woods. It's funny that the oxen and the cows should get away at the same time, but I believe there's something more in it than we think of."

"Have some of your stock escaped, too?" asked Tom in surprise.

"That's what they have," answered

Charlie, "and I think they were helped by some one who had no business to meddle with 'em."

"How so?" asked the brothers.

"A tramp stopped at our house this morning, and asked for some grub. Mother gave him a good supply and he went away across the fields, and soon after our two cows were missing."

"The dickens!" cried George, looking at his brother significantly.

Here was a new feature indeed. This placed the matter in such a light that the boys found themselves unable to decide whether the trail they had found in the forest belonged to Tom's oxen or to Burke's cows. Tom had felt sure that the oxen had gone that way, and they had entered the forest for the purpose of taking the trail and following it up, but now his mind began to be assailed by a serious doubt.

If the trail was made by Burke's cows, as they had supposed at the time, then where were the oxen? Could the tramp have stolen the yoke, and driven them away to sell at some distant farms?

These questions ran through his mind with such bewildering rapidity that he could frame no answer for them.

George was engaged with a similar contemplation of the situation, and for a while silence reigned until Charlie Burke finally became restless and called out:

"Well, what are you going to do about it? The cows and the oxen are likely somewhere out in the woods, and we can do no better than search for 'em in company. Our fathers have gone off together, and we may as well do the same. It's getting late, too, and if we expect to do anything before night we'd better be about it."

This was so. The sun had long since crossed its meridian, and if the delay was longer continued it would be impossible to accomplish anything that afternoon. But the brothers could not determine whether it would be best to enter the forest and take up the trail, or to go on a hunting expedition for the tramp, and discover to what extent, if any, he was connected with the affair.

Tom knew that his oxen were of more value than Burke's cows, and if the tramp was inclined to steal either to sell, he was sure to choose the former. At the same time he may not have had anything to do with the disappearance of the oxen or the cows, and a chase after him on that supposition would be a great waste of time. Besides this the tramp story may have been a sensational bit of invention on Charlie's part to give a tinge of romance to the situation, and, as they knew Charlie was not over and above scrupulous in such matters, they did not care to attach too much importance to his statement.

"Maybe the tramp had nothing to do with it," said Tom. "It would be a pretty big undertaking, when you think of it, for a man to steal a yoke of oxen or a couple of cows, and drive 'em away through the forest."

"I didn't say that," cried young Burke hastily. "I said I thought he had something to do with it."

As the brothers could think of no better plan than to carry out their first intention, they entered the woods, and started toward the stream in which the trail had been abandoned.

They had gone but a short distance when Charlie Burke suddenly uttered a cry, and raised his gun to his shoulder.

CHAPTER V.

GRUMBING CHARLIE.

As young Burke so suddenly raised his weapon the brothers thought he had discovered some peril ahead, but the next moment it was seen that a large squirrel in a tree near by had caused his excitement.

"We can't fool our time away in that fashion now," cried Tom severely. "If you're going with us, Charlie, you must stop that nonsense."

But Charlie had already shot the squirrel, and as he picked it up he said:

"I won't miss a shot like that, and don't you forget it."

Tom turned angrily away and started on at a rate of speed that gave his companions considerable do to keep up with him.

"I say," cried Charlie at last, "why do you hurry so?"

"We've lost too much time already, and we must reach the brook and resume the search for the trail as soon as we can. I'm afraid darkness 'll overtake us now before we can find it," said Tom with energy.

"Well, what of it?" demanded Charlie. "We can go into camp and wait till morning. I don't like the idea of rushing ahead in this breakneck manner."

"Oh, be still and come on," said Tom impatiently, as he leaped over a fallen tree trunk that lay in his path.

George pressed on close behind him clearing the tree trunk with agility, at the same time calling out to Charlie:

"Look out here."

He did not look back as he spoke, but continued rapidly on until a great racket behind announced that some mishap had befallen young Burke. George paused and looked around, to see Charlie struggling in a thicket where he had been sent by stumbling over the log.

"Are you hurt?" asked George, trying hard to suppress a laugh.

"I should say I am," growled Charlie. "I scratched my hands and face, and nearly smashed my gun. What's the use of all this anyhow?"

"We're simply in a hurry; but I told you to look out for the log."

"Yes, when it was too late."

As Burke emerged from the thicket the laugh which George had been struggling to control, burst out in spite of him. There were no indications of his friend having sustained any serious injury from the fall, but the lugubrious expression on his face was impossible to resist, and the woods echoed with ringing shouts of mirth.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded the other.

"At you, of course. I wish I had a mirror here so I could give you a sight of your face. You can take my word for it that if it were possible for you to step out here and look at yourself, you'd laugh, too."

"It's no laughing matter, I can tell you," said Charlie, striking savagely at a bramble that still adhered to his foot as he came out of the thicket.

"Well, I don't mean to make fun of you," rejoined George apologetically, "but your face was a sight for a fact."

"It felt so, too, let me tell you. Why, I fell in that nest head first. I might have broken my neck. I suppose you'd have laughed then, wouldn't you?"

"Hardly. But what's the use of making such a fuss about it. You're all right now, so come on."

Tom had got far ahead by this time, and his voice came to them from the depths of the woods as he impatiently shouted:

"What's the matter with you fellows? Why don't you hurry?"

"Coming," answered George as he started on.

Charlie followed, and George could hear him grumbling to himself as he forced his way through the bushes a short distance behind. He gave no further attention to his irascible friend, however, but pushed rapidly on until at last he came in sight of his brother, who had halted, and was waiting for them to come up.

"Can't you fellows keep me in sight?" he demanded. "What were

you laughing at back there? You made noise enough for a circus."

"Tell him, Charlie," said George. "Tell him yourself," growled the other.

George complied, concluding with: "I tell you it was rich to see Charlie's face. He looked as if he'd lost his last friend," and George laughed again as he thought of it.

"Well, come on now, and keep up," said Tom. He put himself in motion and the others followed. Their progress was rapid and Charlie protested incessantly, but no attention was paid to him, and at last, to Tom's great relief, the stream came in sight.

They reached it at a point some distance above the spot where they had left it in the morning, and Tom turned abruptly and led the way toward the place where the trail was first discovered.

When the vicinity was gained he told George and Charlie to keep on that side of the stream, and he would cross and follow along the opposite one. He succeeded in reaching the other side by using the stones that had borne them safely over before, and now it was necessary to go slower in order to search the earth carefully for a continuation of the trail.

When Charlie saw the tracks that the boys had discovered in the morning he declared they were made by the lost cows, and not by the oxen. He maintained that they were just about the size of a cow's hoofs, and too small for an ox.

As may be supposed this had a depressing effect on Tom, and he felt much discouraged as he realized the uncertainty of recovering his property.

George was quick to note this, and hastily interposed:

"It isn't possible to tell whether a cow or an ox made the tracks. And what does it matter anyhow? The cows and the oxen must both be found, and if this trail should prove to be made by one or the other it can't make any difference, seeing that we're in search of both. I think, however, that the oxen made it."

Tom's face cleared again at this, and, as Charlie offered no further suggestions, nothing more was said that was likely to discourage him.

The search for the trail was meanwhile being carefully prosecuted.

Tom on the one side gave his whole attention to the business before him, and inspected every place where it appeared the animals might have emerged from the river with a minuteness that would have rendered it impossible for the tracks to be there and escape discovery.

George was just as particular in searching his side of the stream though he did not receive much assistance from Charlie, who, it was evident, did not have sufficient interest in the matter to investigate even with ordinary care. His attention was mostly centered on those portions of the woods where game was likely to be found, and several times he left his friend's side to go in pursuit of some bird that had made its proximity known by its peculiar notes.

"I wish Charlie had not come with us," said George in disgust, as young Burke suddenly disappeared again. "He doesn't take any stock at all in what we're doing, and might as well not be here."

Tom was about to make some reply, when the loud report of Charlie's gun sounded through the woods, followed by a ringing shout of help.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARLIE'S MISHAP.

There was no mistaking that call. It was Charlie beyond a doubt, and the tone of his voice indicated that he was thoroughly frightened.

George turned from the stream to go to his assistance, but paused for a moment until a repetition of the call should assure him of the direction from which it emanated. An instant later it came.

"Help fellows, quick!" Charlie shouted, and his voice came from a point a little to the right, a considerable distance ahead.

Tom had crossed the brook and together they started for the spot where their friend was located, holding their guns ready to use at once. There was no telling the character of the peril by which young Burke was surrounded, the weapons might be needed.

But now Charlie gave no further call for assistance, and after going some distance, the two boys paused. They had supposed he would continue to shout, and thus guide them to the exact spot, but the quiet of the forest remained unbroken, and after waiting a few minutes to hear something more, the brothers began to be alarmed.

"Where are you, Charlie," shouted Tom, loud enough to be heard half a mile away.

But he received no answer, and though he repeated the call several times he could get no reply. He turned toward his companion with an anxious face, asking in some alarm:

"What can have become of him?" George was of course unable to answer, and not being sure that they were on the right track it was useless to advance further without further guidance.

"Let's call again," he cried. "He can't be far off."

Again and again the forest rang with shouts long and loud, but nothing came of it. If Charlie heard them at all he was in a condition that put it out of his power to answer, or else he was deliberately refusing to reply.

George was inclined to think after a time that it was one of young Burke's practical jokes, but Tom insisted that the first call for assistance was too genuine to be regarded as shamming.

"Not but what he'd be willing enough to fool us if he could; but his voice was so full of real fear both times he called that I'm sure he has got into trouble of some sort."

"Well, what can we do?" asked George helplessly. "We don't know which way to go, and we've already come far enough to reach the place from which the first call was given."

"We may as well hunt around here a little. But be careful, for I'm sure something serious must have befallen him, and we don't want to run blindly into the same peril."

They separated and continued to search for something that would throw light on Charlie's singular disappearance. That he must have heard their shouts had been in possession of his senses Tom did not doubt for a moment, and the fact that they could get no response convinced the youth that his friend was lying somewhere unconscious.

Then like a flash the idea entered his mind that he had accidentally shot himself, for the call for help had been uttered immediately after the report of the gun, and as the thought came into Tom's head he turned sick and faint.

How could they return and tell Burke's parents of the terrible accident? They might even be accused of having murdered him!

The boy's head whirled as all these horrible possibilities crowded before him, and he leaned against a tree for support. The next instant he was startled by the explosion of a gun, and his brother's voice calling loudly: "Help, Tom, quick! But be careful there—"

The call died suddenly away, and for a moment Tom found himself unable to move. What could it all mean? What horrible fate had overtaken George, and of what had he cautioned Tom to be careful? Quick as the lightning's flash these thoughts coursed through the boy's brain as he stood there trying hard to steady his trembling limbs, and,

when at last he had controlled himself sufficiently to move, he started for the spot from which he was sure the report of the gun, and George's call for help and his warning cry, had sounded.

When he reached the place he looked all around, and his surprise and alarm rapidly augmented as he was unable to discern anything that would indicate his brother's presence.

"George!" he called in an agony of fear. "George, where are you?"

No answer. The echoes of his voice rang through the woods, but no other sound broke the stillness.

"What can it mean?" groaned the youth, and now a great fear began stealing over him.

He was not a believer in the supernatural, but as he stood there in the lonely forest, and vainly tried to solve the mystery that enveloped the disappearance of his friends, a cold feeling began creeping up his back and his knees shook so that he could hardly stand. What if the same fate that had come upon George and Charlie would also overtake him? They would all perish here in the dismal woods, and none would ever know their end.

"This is awful," he gasped. "George, George!" he continued in wild accents of horror; "where are you. Why don't you answer?"

The next instant he jumped as if he had received a shock.

"Surely that was George's voice," he cried, his fear suddenly giving place to the wildest excitement, as with every sense on the alert he listened intently.

From a point almost beneath his feet, and seeming to emanate from the very depths of the earth, he caught the faint tones of his brother's voice in the single word:

"Here!" There was a clump of bushes a yard or two to the left, and the sound seemed to come from that direction. He started toward them and was about to step through, when he suddenly drew back with a cry of fear.

Before him was a deep, dark hole! Then he realized the truth. George had fallen into this place, and was now lying at the bottom perhaps badly if not fatally injured. Charlie had doubtless met with the same accident, and was lying there, crushed and dying, which accounted for his inability to respond when his name had been so wildly called by the brothers.

Now that the mysterious disappearance of his friends was accounted for in such a very ordinary manner Tom's terror vanished, and, although he was fearful lest they were fatally injured, he was able to think and act coolly. He must find some means to get them out of the place into which they had fallen.

The first thing he did was to part the bushes carefully, work his way through, and look over the edge of the chasm.

The darkness prevented him from seeing anything at first, but when his eyes got accustomed to the gloom he was delighted to discern the form of his brother standing ten or twelve feet below him, apparently unhurt. Tom was about to shout down to him, and had leaned a little further over for that purpose when he suddenly felt the bushes sink and a moment later the entire clump with the youth in their midst fell into the hole with a crash.

(To be continued.)

LACKING IN FIRST PRINCIPLES.

Percival—"Father, I don't want to go to that college. It's a poor concern."

His Father—"Poor, my son? It is an old, wealthy and famous institution that numbers among its graduates some of the most noted men in the land. What possible objection can you have against it?"

Percival—"I don't like its yell."—*"Chicago Tribune."*

WHY HE WAS SAD.

"Why do you look so sad, my dear?" The tender wife inquired. But, ah, the victim did not hear! That question, love inspired— But down beside the fireplace He sadly sat and dozed, While flickering embers seemed to trace: "The baseball season's closed!" —(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

[This Story began in No. 505.]

A Bad Lot.

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

CHAPTER XXII. DICK THE BOOTBLACK.

"What's the matter?" asked the bootblack, noting the swift change in Bernard's face.

"That man—he is after me!" ejaculated Bernard, preparing to move on.

He knew that it would be disagreeable to have an encounter with Professor Puffer, and he thought it better to get out of his way.

Whether he could do so was doubtful, as the professor was close at hand.

"I'll help you," said the bootblack, "if you'll give me a shilling. You be here in an hour."

"All right," said Bernard, and he started to run.

But by this time Professor Puffer was only ten feet away. He felt that Bernard was within his grasp.

But he did not reckon for the bootblack. The latter advanced to meet the professor, and managed to stumble in front of him so that Puffer, whose legs were short, fell over him, striking forcibly on his face. Meanwhile Bernard was hurrying away.

Professor Puffer got up in a furious rage.

"What are you running over me for?" he demanded, shaking his fist at the bootblack.

The latter began to rub his knees vigorously.

"What are you runnin' over me for?" he demanded in an injured tone.

Professor Puffer eyed him suspiciously. He hardly knew whether the encounter was premeditated or not.

"Did you see a boy rather taller than you dressed in a dark suit? I think you have been blacking his shoes."

"Yes, I did, and he run away without payin' me. Is he your boy?"

"Yes. Where did he go?"

"I dunno. You ran over me so that I couldn't see. Will you pay for the shine?"

"No; he must pay for it himself. But I'll give you a sixpence if you'll find him for me."

"All right! Give me the money."

"Not now, I'll wait till you find him for me."

"I don't do business in that way, mister."

"I believe you're in league with him," said the professor suspiciously.

"I dunno what that means," returned the boy innocently. "Don't you try your long words on me. If he was your boy, what made him run away from you?"

"Because he is a bad lot. He won't obey me."

"An't he bad though?" said the bootblack virtuously. "And you look like such a kind old man, too. He'd ought to be flogged, that he had!"

"I am not so very old," said the professor quickly, for, like a good many others, he didn't care to be considered aged.

"That's so! You don't look more 'n sixty."

"I am not near that," said Puffer. "But that is of no importance. If you'll help me you will find it for your advantage."

"I'll try. S'pose I do find him where will I find you?"

The professor took out a card and wrote his address on it.

"I'll tell you what to do," he said. "If you find Bernard—"

"Is that his name?"

"Yes, Bernard Brooks. If you see him, find out where he lives and come and tell me."

"What will you do to him, if you catch him?" asked the bootblack with curiosity.

"Never you mind! I will take him back into my charge. I may send him to a boarding school."

"I wish some kind gentleman would send me to a boardin' school," said the bootblack with an angelic expression. "Say, mister, won't you adopt me?"

"I cannot afford it. Besides I have trouble enough with the boy I have. But I can't stand waiting here. You are sure you didn't see where the boy went?"

"No, I didn't."

"Somehow that boy continually eludes me," muttered Puffer, as he walked, disappointed, away. "I begin to hate him."

Meanwhile Bernard had not gone very far. He had darted into a narrow street, and, himself screened from observation, watched the interview between the professor and the bootblack. Though he could not hear what was said he judged that his street friend was not betraying him.

"He has an honest face though a dirty one," he reflected. "He has earned the money I promised him."

When Professor Puffer had disappeared from the scene he crossed to where the bootblack was standing.

"Well," he said, "so he's gone."

"Yes."

"You had quite a talk with him."

"Yes, I fooled the old man. He's goin' to give me sixpence for lettin' him know where you live."

Bernard laughed.

"You can tell him any place you like," he said.

"Then I'll tell him you're boardin' with Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace."

"I don't think he'll give you sixpence for that."

"I don't want any of his money," said the bootblack contemptuously.

"He's no good."

"What did he say about me?"

"He says you're a bad lot."

"I've heard that before. I'd a good deal rather have you for a friend than him."

"Would you?" asked the bootblack with an expression of gratification.

"What is your name?"

"Dick Sprowl."

"Then, Dick, there's my hand."

"My hand is dirty. You'd better not take it."

"I don't care whether your hand is dirty or not. Your heart is all right. There's the shilling I promised you."

"You're a gentleman," said the bootblack. "Say, you needn't give me any money as long as you're my friend."

"Yes, Dick, take the money, and my friendship, too."

Bernard returned to the Arundel Hotel in time for dinner.

He met Miss Minerva Smith on the doorstep waiting for the door to open.

"Well, Bernard," she said pleasantly, "has anything happened?"

"Yes; I fell in with Professor Puffer."

"Where?"

"On the Strand."

"Was the interview a pleasant one?"

Bernard laughed.

"To tell the truth, I didn't wait to see him."

Then he told of the professor's approach, and of his escape by the help of the bootblack.

"You seem to have been fortunate. Have you heard of any position?"

"No," answered Bernard, shaking his head. "I am not so lucky as that. I am beginning to feel a little anxious. I am not sure but I ought to find a cheaper boarding place."

"I don't think you could—that is,

a satisfactory one. Perhaps it may not be necessary. In looking over a morning paper I saw an advertisement which might possibly prove of advantage to you."

"Let me see it!" said Bernard eagerly.

"I will show it to you after dinner."

"That may be too late."

"No; the applicant was to call between three and four this afternoon."

"After dinner Miss Smith produced the paper, and called Bernard's attention to this advertisement.

WANTED—By a young man about to make a voyage for his health, a pleasant traveling companion. Apply, between three and four o'clock this afternoon at Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square. Walter Cunningham.

"How would that suit you, Bernard?" asked Miss Smith.

"Very well indeed."

"Then you are not afraid of sea-sickness?"

"No; in my voyage across the Atlantic I had no trouble in that way. Do you think I shall have any chance of success?"

"I think your appearance would recommend you. The chief obstacle would be your youth. If you were as old as I am," and she smiled and paused.

"Can't you lend me a few years, Miss Smith?" asked Bernard.

"I should be only too glad to do so," replied the schoolmistress, "but I am afraid that is not practicable." "Perhaps I should be expected to bear my own expenses," suggested Bernard. "Of course that would be out of the question."

"That is hardly likely. At any rate you will soon learn all the particulars."

"Where is Trafalgar Square?"

"Not much over a mile distant. You might take a hansom."

"I think I will. Otherwise I might fall in with Professor Puffer again, and even if I escaped from him the delay might prove fatal."

"Very true. Fortunately the expense will be trifling."

Bernard went up to his room, and put on a clean collar. He brushed his hair carefully also. His shoes were all right, thanks to his young street friend, Dick Sprowl.

Then he went to the Strand, and hailed a hansom.

"I want to go to Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square," he said. "Do you know where it is?"

"Yes, sir," answered cabby with a pitying smile. "I'll have you there in a jiffy."

In about fifteen minutes the cab drew up in front of a plain hotel and the driver assisted Bernard to descend.

Bernard satisfied himself that this was Morley's Hotel, and dismissing the cab driver he advanced to the entrance. The result of his application would be so important to him that he could not help feeling nervous.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN APARTMENT AT MORLEY'S HOTEL.

Bernard was shown up stairs to an apartment on the second floor. He was ushered into an ante room, where four persons were already sitting. These Bernard inferred were applicants for the post of traveling companion.

When he entered, the others regarded him with interest, and, as it seemed, with amusement. His youth made it seem ridiculous in their eyes for him to aspire to the position advertised.

Bernard, too, was interested in taking stock of his competitors.

One was a tall young man, of about thirty five, dressed in a tightly fitting suit, the coat buttoned up to the throat. Whatever his qualifications might be, he looked stiff and uncompanionable.

His next neighbor was considerably shorter, quite smartly dressed, and his face wore a self satisfied smirk,

as if he had a remarkably good opinion of himself. Another was a man of at least forty, with a middle aged look, and an air of discouragement about him.

The fourth was an awkward looking young man, not over twenty one, who seemed bashful and ill at ease. He was just from the university, where he had not quite completed the full course, and, whatever his scholarship might be, looked inexperienced and unpractical.

A man servant appeared and looking about him doubtfully, signaled to the first mentioned applicant to follow him. While he was closeted with the advertiser, the others were expectant and ill at ease. They feared that choice would be made of the first applicant.

At the end of ten minutes he reappeared in the anteroom. All eyes were turned upon him.

"Are you engaged?" asked applicant No. 2.

The tall young man answered complacently, "Not yet, but I probably shall be. Mr. Cunningham will communicate with me."

He left the room, and No. 2 followed the servant into the advertiser's presence. He reappeared at the end of five minutes.

"Well?" asked the man of middle age anxiously.

"I think it will be me," was the reply. "Mr. Cunningham was very social and agreeable. Between ourselves there isn't the slightest chance of the other man being taken. He flattered himself too much."

"Is he going to write to you?"

"Yes. I told him that the first man fully expected the appointment, but he only laughed. I understood what that meant."

So No. 2 departed and No. 3 was invited into the advertiser's presence.

He, too, came back at the end of from five to ten minutes, but he did not look as confident as the two who preceded him.

"Are you chosen?" asked the university man eagerly.

"No, and I don't think I shall be. Mr. Cunningham evidently regarded me as too old. He is himself a young man. I don't think he is over twenty three or twenty four."

The college man brightened up. This seemed favorable to his chances. As he argued, Cunningham would naturally prefer a person somewhere near his own age.

At a signal from the servant he entered the presence of Walter Cunningham, his face flushing with nervous embarrassment.

Soon he too came out, and there was but one applicant left—Bernard—to greet him. He, too, had been of opinion that the college man would be accepted.

"Am I to congratulate you?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered the university man. "Mr. Cunningham was very kind and friendly. He has reserved his decision, and tells me that if I am selected I will hear from him in two days."

"Follow me, young man," said the servant, signaling to Bernard.

Bernard found himself almost immediately in the presence of Walter Cunningham. The advertiser was a pleasant looking young man, whose appearance attracted Bernard. He looked rather surprised at Bernard's youth.

"Have you come in answer to my advertisement?" he asked.

"I have," replied Bernard. "I can see that you think me very young."

"Well, certainly you are not very old," returned Cunningham, smiling pleasantly. "How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"And I am twenty three."

"It is rather presumptuous in me to answer your advertisement, but there was no limitation of age."

"True. You were quite justified in applying. You are not English?"

"No, I am an American."

"So I judged. I know something of America. Two years since I spent six months in the States. I have seen most of your large cities from New York to San Francisco."

"I am sorry to say that my traveling has been very limited."

"And you really have no special qualifications for the position of a traveling companion?"

"No, sir."

"Are you acquainted with any of the modern languages?"

"I can read French pretty easily."

Mr. Cunningham looked pleased.

"That will be a help," he said. "Do you speak it at all?"

"Just a little. I wrote French exercises, and had a few lessons in French conversation. Of course, I have very small claim to the place, but it is quite important for me to find employment, and an American lady—a teacher—suggested to me to apply."

"Then your means are limited? Have you parents?"

"No, sir; I am quite alone in the world."

"How did you chance to come to England?"

"It might take me some time to answer that question."

"Never mind! I have plenty of time at my command."

Thus invited, Bernard made a full statement of his position and the circumstances which led to his leaving America. He also explained why he had left Professor Puffer.

"I am very much interested in your narrative," said Cunningham. "You are certainly placed in a difficult position. You have reason to think that your guardian is no friend of yours."

"I am certain of that, sir."

"This Professor Puffer, though it is doubtful if he has any rightful claim to the title, appears to be a bad lot."

"That's what he calls me," said Bernard, laughing. He already felt on very cordial terms with Mr. Cunningham.

"It may be foolish," went on Cunningham, after a pause. "I don't know what my friends will say, but I feel very much inclined to engage you."

"I hope you will. It is not only that I need employment. I am sure I should enjoy being with you."

"That settles it," said Cunningham. "I already like you, and if you like me I am sure it will be pleasant for us to be associated. To be sure, you don't know much about traveling. I do, and can supply your deficiencies. Now I will tell you why I seek a companion. Partly because it is agreeable, but partly also because I am not robust and am likely—that is, there is a chance of being sick—and in that case I should need a friend with me. I think I want a friend more than a companion. That is one reason why I didn't feel favorably inclined to the other applicants."

"No doubt they were better qualified than I am."

"Yes, they were. The first one has considerable experience in traveling and speaks two or three of the Continental languages, but I never could make a friend of him."

"He seemed very stiff and unsocial."

"That was my judgment of him. As to the second, he was entirely too well satisfied with himself. I have no doubt he would try to make himself agreeable, and he has traveled some."

"He seemed to think there was every chance of his obtaining the position. No one thought I had any chance."

"You wouldn't have with most persons, but I happen to like you," said Walter Cunningham frankly.

"I am glad of that. I thought the young man who went in last might be successful. The middle aged man didn't have strong hopes."

"No, he is too old, and seems to have had such a rough time in life

that he would be far from a cheerful companion. He seems very hard up. When I write him my refusal I shall send him a five pound note to relieve his feeling of disappointment."

"That will be very kind in you. I would do the same in your place."

"I think we are alike in being considerate of others. As to the young man, he doesn't seem to be practical. I am afraid that I should be a companion to him rather than he to me."

"It may be so with me, but I shall try to make myself useful."

"You look bright, and would I think learn rapidly to do all I expect of you."

At this moment the man servant came in and handed a card to Mr. Cunningham, who uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Whose card do you think this is?" he asked.

"I couldn't guess."

"It bears the name of Professor Ezra Puffer, your friend."

"Don't call him my friend! What can bring him here?"

"He wants to be my traveling companion."

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 565.]

Belmont;

OR,

MARK WARE'S COLLEGE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM D. MOFFAT,

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

CHAPTER XXX.

SEPARATED.

Herbert turned about in surprise.

"Why I—I thought you were out," he said.

"I was lying down in my room," answered Mark. "Come in, Miss Betty—and Patty, you here too? How are you, Duncan? This is a delightful surprise."

"That's what we meant it for," said Miss Betty, walking into the room and shaking hands with Mark. "We made up our minds to run in and pay you a little visit just for an hour or so on our way to Sully Laurence's—I mean Rogers'."

"We are going to stay with her a day or so."

Mark introduced the Otises to Chapin and then invited them all to take chairs. Herbert sat down on the sofa with an embarrassed expression, as if the Otises' unexpected appearance gave him a sense of uneasiness.

"Well, I do declare," exclaimed Miss Betty, rocking back and forth and looking about her. "What a fine place you have here to be sure. Are all the rooms like this?"

"Oh no, we are in luck," answered Mark. "We have one of the best apartments in college—and then, with all the nice things you and Patty made for us, we have contrived to fix it up very cozily. Do you see how I have arranged those tides?" he asked, looking at Patty.

"Yes," answered Patty. "Very pretty. I was looking at them. I like them—"

Patty stopped. Her eyes met Chapin's, and before his cool, steady stare she grew disconcerted. Whether his gaze was one of bold admiration or curiosity was hard to say, but in either case it was disagreeable to her. She turned away her head and looked out of the window.

Then followed a brief conversation between Miss Betty and Mark, the latter expecting every moment that Chapin would take his departure. Most young men would have done so in the case of a visit of home folks like this.

But Chapin seemed in no particular hurry. He sat there looking at Patty, then at Miss Betty, and then back at Patty as if quite amused. Miss Betty talked on in her characteristic way, and quite unconscious of the varied effect her visit was causing. Herbert sat picking nervously at the gimp of the sofa, and looking with a bored expression at the floor. He said nothing.

Duncan, who always felt uneasy before a stranger, stared about the room and awkwardly twirled his hat. Patty now

kept her eyes fixed on Mark. Quick as a flash instinct had told her that, for some reason, their visit was not agreeable to Herbert, and now, as his silence continued, she grew more embarrassed. Meantime there were Chapin's eyes fastened on her with that cool, quizzical gaze.

Miss Betty, however, noticed nothing. She drew her black mits tight over her thin hands, smoothed out the folds of her best black dress, and talked away quite unconcernedly about affairs at Medford.

At length she turned to Herbert. "We didn't see anything of you this summer," she said.

"No," answered Herbert, without looking up. "What with my Adirondack trip and all, I didn't see much of anybody at Medford."

"You ought to have run in just once at least if only to say how-do-do. We're next door neighbors at Medford," she added, turning to Chapin. "I've known Colonel Morgan for many a year. I saw your father this morning, Herbert, and he said I must give you his love."

"Thank you," answered Herbert shortly.

"You must come out and see us while we are here. We stay till next Monday—don't forget now."

"Well—you are very kind—but I don't know Rogers except as an acquaintance," replied Herbert.

"Never mind. Mark will bring you along."

There was an awkward pause. Herbert said nothing and Mark did not know exactly what to say. The feeling of constraint was growing unbearable to Patty. She rose up quickly.

"Come, auntie," she said. "I think we'd better be going. We must not keep the boys from their studies. They may be busy, you know."

"Land sakes, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Miss Betty, getting up and straightening her old-fashioned bonnet. "Of course we must get away." She now began to notice Herbert's manner.

"Let me go with you," said Mark, hastily getting his hat. "I have a spare hour, and I want to show you something of the grounds and buildings."

Mark was glad to get away. To stay after their departure would have been intolerable.

Herbert's manner became somewhat pleasant as he rose and saw them to the door. He did not, however, press them to remain, nor ask them to come again. Mark mentally determined that their next visit to the room should be at a time when Herbert was not there.

No sooner were they on the campus than Miss Betty turned to Mark.

"What's the matter with Herbert?" she asked.

"Oh nothing," answered Mark evasively.

"Indeed there is. What makes him so uppish—so high and mighty? I never saw him like that before," said Miss Betty.

"I have," responded Mark. "He is probably feeling a little out of sorts—that's all."

"Humph. He didn't seem to care whether we stayed or went—and that other young man, I don't like the looks of him at all. Who's he?"

"One of Herbert's friends," said Mark, dropping back by the side of Patty.

"He's not like our Medford boys," remarked Miss Betty, walking on.

Mark felt Patty's hand grip his arm.

"Tell me, Mark," she said in a low voice. "Is anything wrong between you and Herbert?"

"Why no," answered Mark. "Why do you ask?"

"He acted so queerly. I couldn't help feeling as if we were somehow in the way. I thought perhaps you might have been quarrelling—or something."

"No, no, nothing—Aunt Betty, turn to your right and I'll show you the library," said Mark, quickly changing the subject.

Patty was silenced but not satisfied. All the rest of the afternoon, while Mark was showing them about the grounds, she was revolving the matter in her mind and deducting conclusions that the future proved strikingly accurate.

At five o'clock Mark left them with Rogers, who had brought in a carriage especially for them.

"I will come out with Cincinnati tomorrow afternoon and spend the even-

ing," he said, as he helped Patty and Miss Betty into the carriage.

"Remember to bring Herbert with you—that is if he cares to come," called out Miss Betty as they drove off.

Mark was struck by the old lady's words. "If he cares to come." She would never have thought of saying that of Herbert before that afternoon. He went back to his room, nursing thoughts that he hardly dared give utterance to. He hoped that Herbert would not be in. He did not want to see him while in his present mood.

But Herbert was there and alone—seated by the table reading a newspaper. Mark moved about a while in silence, almost afraid to begin a conversation.

"How long did Miss Otis say she would be here?" asked Herbert at length.

"Till Monday," answered Mark. "And while on the subject, I might as well say that I have invited them to come up to the room again on Saturday afternoon."

"Well, I don't care. I shall be out that afternoon," said Herbert.

"Yes, so I thought," answered Mark.

"And for that reason you picked it out?"

"Well, to be perfectly frank, yes. I didn't think that their visit would be any pleasure to you."

"Why do you say that?" asked Herbert quickly.

"Your manner this afternoon was enough to drive them away."

"What did I do?"

"Nothing—that was it exactly. You merely sat there and looked disagreeable."

"Well, if I did, then we are only square," said Herbert heatedly, "for that's just the way you have kept friends of mine from the room."

"Aren't the Otises your friends as well as mine?" asked Mark.

"Oh yes, of course—and they're nice enough people, too—at Medford. But here, somehow, they—well they do seem dreadful country and simple—"

Mark started and looked at Herbert. Of course the latter did not forget when he spoke that Mark's home was with the Otises and that they were as near and dear to him as if they were his own family. Mark could hardly believe his ears. Herbert must have spoken with the deliberate intention of hurting him.

"Just look at the get up of Miss Betty," he went on—"and Duncan, with his store clothes hanging on him. It's all right at Medford, I say, but here, and coming in right before Chapin, who belongs to one of the wealthiest and swellest families in New York. How it made him stare! It simply horrified me—"

"Chapin is not too—not too swell to be a gentleman, is he?" was all Mark could say.

"What do you mean?" asked Herbert. "I mean everything—his cold, impudent stare, and his whole manner while the Otises were here. Hadn't he sense enough to excuse himself and go when he saw we had visitors?"

"They were your visitors—not mine," answered Herbert.

"You seem to disown them, Herbert. They were your friends long before they were mine. Your conduct toward them was simply contemptible—"

Mark's temper was getting the better of him, and he was going on to speak his mind still more fully, when Herbert interrupted him.

"Look here, that will do!" he exclaimed angrily. "I don't intend to be lectured by you. If you don't like my manners you can—well, you can rid yourself of my company very easily."

Mark paused. He had felt that it would come to this. Herbert's manner toward him during the past few months; their repeated differences; the words he had overheard while in his bedroom; all had prepared him—and yet the shock was severe. Herbert was apparently only awaiting an opportunity to bring matters to a crisis.

There was a moment's silence.

"Well, go on," said Mark.

"I've said all there is to say. Here we are just back for another year at college, and we're might just as well understand one another at the start. I don't intend to put up with any more disagreeable scenes. If you don't like things as they are here, you can get out. Perhaps it would be better for both of us if you did."

Mark waited for several seconds to see if Herbert had anything more to say. Then, taking up his hat, he fitted it on his head with an air of quiet determination.

"I think we do understand one another—perfectly," he said. Then, crossing the room, he opened the door.

"I will not trouble you or your friends any further, Herbert," he added, looking over his shoulder at his friend, who sat with his face turned toward the hearth. "Good night."

The next moment the door had closed behind him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A RETURN TO OLD QUARTERS.

"Hallo, Mark! Wait a minute," it was Monday afternoon, and Mark had just returned from the station, where he had been seeing the Otises off. He stopped and looked back. Tracy Hollis was hurrying up the path after him.

"Say, Mark," he said, as he came up. "Is it true that you and Herbert Morgan have broken off? Teddy Binks said so this morning."

Mark nodded without speaking.

"What was the trouble?" asked Tracy.

"I can't—well, I'd rather not say anything about it," Tracy, answered Mark.

"We simply quarreled and separated—that's all. It will do no good to talk about it."

"I'm awfully sorry, old man," said Tracy, linking his arm into one of Mark's. "I've been afraid for some time past that things weren't quite right between you and Herbert. Ever since he became so intimate with Chapin and those other glee club fellows I have noticed a difference in him. I expected this would be the end of it."

"As far as I can see it is the end of it," answered Mark.

"Well, it was bound to come—I could see that. You two couldn't keep on the way you have been. You couldn't put up with his friends, and I don't wonder at it. That whole crowd of Chapin's makes me tired. With all their money they are a lot of snobs. They have completely spoiled Herbert. He isn't the same fellow he used to be. We all feel it—Alfred Chase, Teddy Binks, Bobby Barlow and all of us. We wouldn't care to run in and spend an evening as we used to, Herbert acts so queerly. Of course it is disagreeable to have an out and out break, but, to be perfectly honest, I'm satisfied that it will be an improvement all around. You and Herbert are no longer suited to each other."

This was but poor comfort. Tracy did not fully understand Mark's feelings. He did not appreciate how much Herbert's friendship had been to Mark, and of course he did not know the relations existing between Herbert's father and Mark—relationship that made a separation of the boys doubly unfortunate for the latter.

"But here," continued Tracy, as he noticed Mark's silence, "there is no good in post mortems. It's all over and done for, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, what have you been doing with yourself since?"

"I am staying at the hotel just for a day or so, while I try to get a room. There isn't much show now, but I think I may be able to find a small, single room vacant in Ferris Hall."

"There is no chance of your making up with Herbert?"

"Judge for yourself. Here he comes," answered Mark.

Herbert was approaching them along one of the college paths. A moment later he passed them. As he did so he nodded to Tracy. Of Mark's presence he seemed quite oblivious. He did not even look at him.

Tracy whistled softly.

"Well, that certainly does settle it," he said as soon as Herbert was out of hearing. "And I'll bet my hat it was all his fault, too. See here, Mark, don't you worry about this any more. Don't go down and room all by yourself in Ferris Hall. It will only make you blue and down in the mouth. That dormitory is a regular dungeon. Come over to your old room and stay with us."

Mark's heart fairly bounded at the proposition. The last three days had been a dreary time for him. His plans had

been completely upset by his sudden falling out with Herbert. He had too much pride to think of ever going back to the room, and with no other apartment available—nothing before him but the uninviting prospect of a room at the hotel or somewhere in town, he had wondered about with the heartiest feeling of a homeless outcast. Now, unexpectedly, the very thing most desirable to him was offered—an invitation to return to his old room. He could hardly suppress his delight.

"But, Alfred Chase—what would he say? He might not like it," he said.

"That's all right," answered Tracy promptly. "Alfred and I talked the matter over this morning when Teddy Binks told us about your trouble with Herbert, and we made up our minds to ask you to come in with us, so I am speaking for both. There is room in my bedroom for two single beds, all you have to do is move in—and there we are all together as snug as you please. Will you do it?"

"Do it!" exclaimed Mark. "There's nothing in the world I would like better. It's like finding a home again after being lost. I'll come over at once if you and Alfred are sure you want me."

"Then don't stop a minute, but come tonight. See here, Herbert's out now; suppose we go over to Warburton Hall and I'll help you pack up. We'll have everything out in a jiffy. Then you'll have the satisfaction of showing Herbert how independent you are."

Mark had not thought of it in just that way, but he was eager to get his things out of Herbert's room as soon as possible, for he did not want his old room mate to think for a minute that he could come tamenly back after what he had said when they parted. He had not been in the room since then. He had made excuses to the Otises, and had kept away from Warburton Hall. Even now he wanted to make the visit as short as possible, for he was anxious to avoid meeting Herbert, and he did not know what minute he might return.

With Tracy's help, Mark's trunk was packed and everything ready for moving within two hours. Then Mark, carrying a few necessities in his valise, left the room, of which he had been so proud a few days before, and giving up his key to the janitor, instructed him to move over his trunk and bundles to Colver Hall as soon as possible. Then the boys crossed the campus together.

As they entered the old room, Mark took a long breath and a pleased expression came over his face.

"Tracy, this is mighty good of you," he said, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Nonsense," answered Tracy. "We're only too glad to have you. We will have glorious times here together—better than last year, for Herbert spoiled the place for us after he got in with that glee club crowd. I guess you won't miss his company much after all."

Certainly it was not Tracy's and Alfred's fault if Mark did miss Herbert. From the start they did everything to make it pleasant and agreeable for him. They treated him with all possible consideration, granting him an equal share in everything, and consulting his wishes in all things.

In this company Mark soon recovered his wonted spirits, and to the others it seemed as if he had quite dropped Herbert from his mind. He rarely alluded to him. If they passed on the street or on the way back and forth from recitations, Mark usually looked frankly at him, but no greeting ever passed between them, for Herbert kept his eyes steadfastly away. Herbert's conduct only confirmed Mark in his belief that his old friend had really desired a separation, and had made the most of the first opportunity that presented itself for a break.

(To be continued.)

CAPABLE OF WIDER APPLICATION.

Father (to the seven year old miss beside him, cutting the whip sharply through the air)—"See, Mary, how I make the horse go faster without striking him at all?" Mary (in an eager tone of happy discovery)—"Papa, why don't you spank us children in that way?"—Life.

RESPONDENCE

Zanesville, O. 1. Due notice will be in case new serials by the writers are to appear in The Argosy. 2. Index for Vol. XVI will be mailed to you except of a two cent stamp.

Rochester, N. Y. The silver dollar of with small eagle, is worth anywhere \$1.50 to \$2.50, with large eagle \$1.15. prices will be paid by any coin dealer led the coin is in good condition.

Francisco, Cal. 1. A new serial by Mr. on will probably begin in a few weeks ere were twenty six numbers in Vol. e serial that started in its opening issue "The Young Flagman" by Matthew J. Jr. This story ran through twelve ars, which will be mailed to you on re fifty cents.

B. La Fayette, Ind. No premium on \$1 dollars of 1808 or 1833.

E. New York City. Numbers of The y as far back as Vol. X (with some ex-ns) may be obtained at this office, containing "Always in Luck" by Optie (Nos. 519 to 533) will cost 60 cents.

Old Friend, Chattanooga, Tenn. We o begin a new serial by your favorite in a few weeks.

cC. Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. To obtain a box post office simply present an applica o the postmaster and manifest your ess to pay the rental fees. Boxes in aper offices are assigned to advertisers 2. A stirring Russian serial by William y Graydon is now running in Munsey's ine. It began in the August number. story by Mr. Graydon will shortly be in The Argosy. 3. W. Bert Foster is igaged on a new serial for us.

H. St. Louis, Mo. 1. The large adment that for the past few weeks has ed on the last page of The Argosy ive you full information respecting volumes. 2. We cannot supply you rgosy stories in book form.

New York City. Yes, we have an in- Vol. IX, also, Nos. 486, 488 and 489.

P. Summit, N. J. 1. None of Mr.'s stories have appeared in book form. me answer holds true for all the other mentioned, with the exception of

"My Mysterious Fortune," which was issued in 25 cent form. 2. Yes, the authors mentioned may be addressed care of The Argosy.

C. S. New York City. Locomotive engineers are generally promoted to their positions from that of fireman which post they gain by entering the employ of the railroad first as wiper of the engine in the round house. Practical experience is highly essential. The pay is from \$80 to \$100 per month.

WHISTLING FACTS AND FANCIES.

To speak of whistling and think of a boy is almost as natural as to breathe. Hence it should follow that boys will be interested in reading some facts about whistling, collected by a writer for the "Detroit Free Press."

"I remember a fellow," he says, "who tried to start a whistling school out West. He got eleven scholars at a dollar a head, and when he had them in the school room, all in a row, both boys and girls, he gave the order: 'Prepare to pucker!'"

It sounded so ludicrous that they all looked at each other and laughed, and there wasn't a pucker worth a cent in the crowd.

Arabia must be a heaven for those whose lives are made a burden to them by the whistler. The Arab maintains that a whistler's mouth cannot be purified for forty days and nights, and they assert of the whistler that Satan has touched his body and caused him to produce the offensive sound. Then there are the natives of the Tonga Islands, Polynesia, who hold that it is a sin to whistle, as it is an act disrespectful to God. Even in some districts in North Germany the villagers declare that if one whistles in the evening it makes the angels weep.

If you want to see a disgusted man just whistle on shipboard before a sailor. You never knew a sailor to whistle. He will tell you all about "whistling down the wind," but he could not get up a pucker to save his ship. You remember that old story about a sea captain who refused to take aboard a woman who whistled, and, knowing the old superstition, feared that with her on board he would be sure of shipwreck. I do not know how it is with the captains of vessels now, for almost every woman seems to know how to whistle and keeps up the fashion.

What do you think of the physician who gave encouragement to the whistle in such words as the following:

"All the men whose business it is to test wind instruments made at the various factories before sending them off for sale are without exception, free from pulmonary affections. I have known many, who before

entering upon this calling were very delicate, and who, nevertheless, though their duties oblige them to blow for hours together, enjoyed perfect health after a certain time."

He supplemented his remarks by saying that as the action of whistling was the same as that of blowing wind instruments, the effect should be the same.

That this whistling mania should go as far as the oyster is not at all astonishing, for why should not a bivalve do what a woman does? It was an enterprising oyster who lived in a shell in 1840, and was corraled in an oyster house in London. If we can believe the words of thousands who saw it, the thing actually whistled. Douglas Jerrold, who saw it, surmised that the oyster had undoubtedly "been crossed in love and now had whistled to keep up appearances, with an idea of showing that it didn't care." Thackeray says that he was in the shop one day when an American came in to see the startling freak of nature. After hearing the talented mollusk go through its usual performance, he walked contemptuously out, remarking at the same time that "it was nothing to an oyster he knew of in Massachusetts which whistled 'Yankee Doodle' right through and followed its master about the house, just like a dog."

AN AERIAL NOVELTY.

The Eiffel Tower of Paris and the Ferris Wheel of Chicago, have set a pace with which future designers of novelty for World's Fairs will find it hard to keep up. But a Belgian enthusiast is going to try his best to do so by providing for next year's Antwerp Exhibition a castle in the air that is to be more stable than is usually the case with structures so named.

It is to be suspended above the earth from a huge captive balloon built in six separate compartments somewhat after the fashion of water tight compartments in ships. Mr. Tobiansky, the inventor, is confident of his ability to make a structure that will resist the fiercest hurricane. Visitors will be hauled up to the castle by two elevators made of bamboo, aluminum, and steel tubing, which will glide along vertical cables. It is proposed to light the building with 5,000 electric lamps, and as the balloon ropes and cables will not be visible on dark nights it will then appear to be suspended between heaven and earth by an invisible agency.



Mr. Joseph Hemmerich.

A Veteran

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, 529 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, in 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, was stricken with Typhoid Fever, and after a long struggle in hospitals, was discharged as incurable with Consumption. He has lately taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, is in good health, and cordially recommends HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA as a general blood purifier and tonic medicine, especially to his comrades in the G. A. R.

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Mabel—"All right. Well?"
Willie—"Now you tempt me to eat your apple, and I'll succumb."—Judge.

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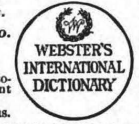
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