VOL. XVII. No. 579. FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, MADISON SQUARE, SOUTH. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE ARGOSY

COPYRIGHTED 1893 BY FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1894.

BUCK KINGDON'S RIDE.

BY NED HASTINGS.

With a feint neigh of alarm the horse suddenly stopped.

"What is it, old fellow?" said Buck, looking carefully around.

He could see nothing suspicious, and tried to urge the animal forward. The horse refused to obey, and again Buck glanced around.

"I don't see anything, Bob," he said to the horse, ' you've made a mistake this —ah!"

At this juncture a slight commotion in the grass ahead caught Buck's attention, and a moment later the head of an Indian was cautiously raised into view. Only for an instant did the warrior look up, then dropped back into the grass.

Buck quickly unslung his rifle, and brought it around in front of him.

"Just show yourself again," he muttered, "and I'll give you a dose of lead."

He continued to watch the place where the Indian had disappeared, but could see nothing more of him. He was beginning to wonder why the redskin did not look up again when once more the faint agitation of the grass attracted his attention. This time it was all of a dozen yards from the place where he had first seen the warrior.

Then Buck knew there were two Indians or else the one was carefully working his way through the grass to a place where he could take an observation without being seen. The youth soon found that the latter theory was the correct one. The grass continued to rustle ever so slightly as the warrior dragged himself along, and Buck watched it with rapt attention.

A grim smile settled upon his face.

"I see what you're after, you red scoundrel," he muttered. "You know I saw you before, and you want to crawl around so you can shoot me unawares; well, I'll show you a trick worth two o' that."

Presently the commotion in the grass ceased. The Indian had stopped, and Buck held himself in readiness to receive him when his head appeared above the grass.

The next moment the repulsive features of the savage were lifted to view only to drop back like a flash as he saw the young scout's rifle leveled at him. Just in time, too. The sharp crack of the weapon broke the stillness at the same instant, and the savage heard the hiss of the bullet uncomfortably close to his dusky head.

Quick as thought the Indian rolled over, and again his agility proved his salvation. Another shot from the young scout's Winchester rang out, and the bullet tore up the earth where the Indian had been only an instant before. Buck had fired low, but the redskin's forethought had saved him.

The youth did not waste another shot. He knew the foe in the grass would riddle him with lead the moment an opportunity offered, and he had no ammunition to throw away in chance shots. Besides he could not tell how many Indians were concealed near by.

He glanced quickly around again, and his worst fears were realized as he saw a band of mounted redskins coming rapidly toward him over the plains. They were as yet all of two miles away, but the speed with which they were advancing would soon bring them near.

For a moment Buck forgot all about the foe in the grass, and this came very near proving fatal. A loud report sounded, and the ball grazed past the youth's arm, carrying away part of his coat sleeve. With an angry shout he wheeled around, and fired twice at the spot over which the smoke from the Indian's weapon was curling. But the cunning savage had again taken care of himself and no harm came to him.

"We must get out o' this, Bob," cried Buck. "I don't like to run away, old fellow, but it'd be folly to stay here any longer."

He threw another hasty glance over his shoulder, and was alarmed to see that the oncoming savages were not more than a mile distant. They were shouting like fiends, and Buck knew it was time te fly.

"Come, Bob," he cried, "show 'em what you can do."

He turned the horse as he spoke, still keeping an eye on the savage in the grass. The animal bounded away, and at the same moment the savage in the rear sprang to his feet, aiming his gun at the retreating scout. Buck was on the lookout, however, and fell forward on his horse just as the shot was delivered.

Then like a flash he leveled his own gun, and the Indian dropped as the ricochet was heard, but whether hit or not, Buck could not say. He would have returned and made sure of it had he deemed it expedient to do so, but the oncoming savages rendered the act out of the question.

And now the latter were near enough to admit of no further delay. He must put his horse to his best speed and be off at once. It was only because of the great confidence he had in Bob's ability to cover ground that he had delayed so long in leaving.

With a last look at the place where the Indian had dropped Buck spoke to his horse, and the noble brute responded with a fresh burst of speed.

"Go it, old fellow," urged the youth. "I don't want to do any more shooting if I can help it. That rascal back there tried hard enough to kill me, and if he was hit it serves him right, though I am sorry I had to do it."

BUCK SWUNG HIS HAT IN THE AIR, AND SHOUTED IN TRIUMPH.

Thus ruminating he dashed on. He was so sure that his horse could outdistance the savage that he did not look back as often as he otherwise would have done, and he was suddenly brought to an uncomfortable realization of his carelessness by a rifle shot sounding in the rear, and a spent ball dropping in the grass beside him.

He wheeled around just as another shot was fired, and this time the leaden messenger passed over his head with an angry zip. There were no less than a dozen Indians in all, several of whom were so well

mounted that they had steadily drawn away from the others and were slowly but surely overtaking the fugitives.

Buck urged his horse to the utmost now, and well was it for him that the animal was comparatively fresh. The distance between pursuer and pursued began to widen, and the scout uttered a yell of derision as he noted the fact.

"We're all right, Bob," he cried. "I knew they couldn't compare with you; but I must say they're doing better than I thought they could."

The youth continued to increase the distance between himself and his enemies, his spirits rising with every bound of the noble horse, and he uttered yell after yell of exultation as he skimmed over the plains. But suddenly his cries of triumph were changed to a shout of dismay. His horse suddenly stumbled and pitched forward, almost unseating the rider. Had Buck not been an expert horseman he must have sustained a serious fall.

The animal recovered himself almost immediately, but Buck noticed with a sinking heart that his speed was greatly lessened, and he limped perceptibly. He must have sprained his right fore leg in the stumble, and what the outcome would be now was hard to tell.

The savages saw the mishap, and with cries of ferocious delight urged their horses forward. When Buck looked back they had gained upon him to an alarming extent, and were holding their rifles in readiness to fire as soon as they got within range. This would only be a few minutes now, for Bob was limping badly and was slowly falling behind.

Buck tried hard to urge him ahead, and the animal strained every muscle to respond. If he could only keep out of range ten minutes longer they would be in sight of the stockade, and help speedily sent out. But this was plainly out of tne question, for with every stride the animal lost ground, and the savage shouts of the pursuing Indians were sounding nearer and nearer.

Now for the first time the young scout repented of his rashness in venturing out. He had been advised against it by his friends at the stockade, but had not thought the peril was so great, and had gone from the shelter of the fort to join his friends further north, only becoming aware of his danger when he first caught sight of the warrior in the grass.

It was during the thrilling times of the Sioux uprising, and the Indians, led by the famous Sitting Bull, were unusually ferocious. Of the many depredations committed at that time, the awful fate of the lamented Custer and his band it is not necessary to speak, for those events are already recorded in history. Suffice it to say that the band now so close upon the fleeing scout were some of these terrible Sioux, and none knew better than Buck Kingdon himself the awful fate that awaited him should his horse give out before the vicinity of the stockade was reached.

On rushed the noble animal, with the blood curdling yells of the pursuing Indians sounding momentarily nearer. The next moment Buck knew the crisis was at hand. A sharp crack greeted his ears, and his horse flinched. The ball had hit the faithful brute.

Buck set his teeth firmly and his eyes flashed. To see his friendly steed so cruelly treated while making such heroic efforts to carry his rider to safety was too much for the scout, and with an angry shout, he unslung his Winchester which he had swung over his back after firing at the warrior in the grass.

As he did so two more rifle shots rang out, followed by the hum of the bullets as they pierced the air above his head. He looked around. Only three of the redskins were within gun shot, and they were again preparing to fire while the others, who had fallen behind, were rapidly coming up, shouting like demons.

"I don't fear you fellows anyhow," cried the scout, "and you'll find out your old guns are no match for this. I don't like to do it, but you've driven me to it; now take the consequence."

A word to his horse and the animal slowed up, another and he stopped. Then before the oncoming savages could understand the scout's sudden move, his Winchester was at his shoulder, the sharp report rang out, and the foremost warrior tumbled from the horse headlong to the prairie. The animal with a snort of alarm galloped madly away, and the other two fiends quickly pulled up.

But Buck did not hesitate; too much was at stake to trifle with the matter. Again the report of his weapon was heard, and the horse of the second Indian fell dead in his tracks, burying the rider under him.

The remaining savage quickly turned, and, with a yell of anger and disappointment, galloped back towards his friends, a parting shot from Buck's weapon greatly accelerating his speed. His friends pulled in their panting horses as the fellow came up, and for a few moments an angry discussion was held, then, with wild yells of rage and the flourishing of rifles, they again started in pursuit.

But Buck had not been idle. Quick to take advantage of the enemy's momentary confusion, he was now flying across the plain again as fast as his injured horse could gallop.

"Go it, Bob," he cried encouragingly; "only five minutes more, and we'll be safe."

But was there ever a five minutes on which so much depended? Already the goal of safety was in sight, the thin column of smoke curling heavenward only two miles away marking the location of the stockade.

"On, Bob, on!" urged Buck. "We'll get there yet if you can hold out a little longer."

But the poor horse was almost spent. Again he stumbled, and this time very nearly went down. Buck's Winchester was hurled from his hands by the shock, and unable to recover it, he was now in a desperate condition if his horse should fall.

Once more the enemy opened fire Shot after shot rang out, but fortunately for the fugitive they all fell short. This, however, could not last long. In a very short time the savages would again come within range, and—Buck compressed his lips as he thought of it.

But hark! what is that?

Several shots sounding in the distance reached the fugitive's ears, and with a cry of joy he beheld a body of horsemen coming toward him at tremendous speed. The savages saw them, too, and drew rein in chagrin and dismay. They discharged a parting volley at the retreating scout, then turned and galloped away.

Buck swung his hat in the air and shouted in triumph. He drew his horse down to a walk, and the approaching horsemen soon came up. The young scout quickly explained what had occurred, and, leaving Buck to continue his way alone to the stockade, the men started after the Indians, now far away on the plains. The rifle shots of the savages had reached the fort, and the soldiers had come out just in time.

Buck's horse recovered in a few days, and lived to carry his master through many thrilling rides, but none that came so near being fatal as the one we have just described.

[This Story began in No. 577.]

Rupert's Ambition.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

Author of "Chester Rand," "Lester's Luck," "Ragged Dick Series," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A LUCKY MEETING.

It saddened Rupert to think his mother's wedding ring must be sacrificed, but when they were actually in need of food sentiment must not be considered. After that, when they had no longer anything to pawn except articles of clothing, Rupert shuddered to think what might lay before them.

He entered Simpson's with a slow step. A woman was ahead of him and he waited for his turn.

"Well," said an attendant courteously, "what can I do for you?"

"What will you give me on this ring?"

"What do you want on it?"

"Two dollars," answered Rupert.

"No doubt it is worth that, but we have so many rings in stock that we are not anxious to receive more. We will give you a dollar and a quarter."

Rupert hesitated when to his surprise some one tapped him on the shoulder.

"What brings you here Rupert?" were the words that reached his ear.

He turned round in surprise.

"Mr. Sylvester!" he exclaimed.

"I see you have not forgotten me. What brings you here?"

"Sad necessity, Mr. Sylvester. But—I didn't expect to find you here. Surely you——"

"No, I have not come here to pawn anything," said the young man, smiling. "On the contrary I want to redeem a watch for an old schoolmate who was obliged to pawn it. He has a wife and child and was thrown out of employment four weeks since. Fortunately I ran across him, and have got him a place."

"I will wait till you have attended to your business."

Soon a gold watch was placed in Mr. Sylvester's hands, and he paid the pawnbroker twenty dollars and sixty cents. It had been pledged not quite a month for twenty dollars. The sixty cents represented the three per cent. a month interest allowed by the laws regulating pawn shops.

"Now, young man," said the attendant, "do you want the dollar and a quarter I offered you on your ring?"

"Yes," answered Rupert.

"No," interposed Frank Sylvester quietly. "What ring is this, Rupert?"

"My mother's wedding ring."

"And you are actually reduced to pawning it?"

"Yes, Mr. Sylvester, I can't get anything to do, and we are out of money."

"You have a mother and sister, I think you told me?"

"Yes, sir."

"I think we can do better than pawn the watch. Where do you live?"

"In Elizabeth Street."

"Does your mother prefer the city to the country?"

"No, sir, but she has no choice."

"Suppose I obtain for her a position as housekeeper in the family of an elderly gentleman in Rutherford, about ten miles out on the Erie railroad, would she accept?"

"She would be glad to do so but for Grace. She could not be separated from her."

"There would be no occasion. My uncle lives alone in a large house, and a child would make the house pleasanter."

"Some gentlemen don't like children."

"That is not the case with Uncle Amos. But let us go out. You have no further business here. We will go into the Astor House reading room and have a chat."

Rupert followed his friend to the Astor House and they ascended to the reading room on the second floor. Taking adjoining arm chairs Mr. Sylvester drew from his pocket the following letter which he showed to Rupert:

It ran thus: "My housekeeper is about to leave me, to join her married daughter in Wisconsin. I must supply her place, but I know of no one in Rutherford who would suit me. Can't you find me some one—a pleasant, lady like person, who would make my house homelike and attractive. I think you know my tastes. Please give this matter your early attention.

Benjamin Strathmore."

"Now," continued Mr. Sylvester, "I was quite at a loss whom to recommend, but I think your mother would suit Uncle Ben."

"Suppose you call and make her acquaintance, Mr. Sylvester. Then you can tell better. That is, if you don't object to visiting our poor home."

"My dear Rupert, I shall be delighted to meet your mother. One thing I am sure of in advance, she is a lady."

"She is, Mr. Sylvester," said Rupert warmly.

Mrs. Rollins was a good deal surprised when Rupert entered the room, followed by a handsomely dressed young man, and she rose from her seat in some trepidation.

"Mother," said Rupert, "this is Mr. Sylvester who was kind enough to give us the money and provisions I brought home the other day."

"I am glad to meet so kind a friend," said the widow with simple dignity. "Ask him to take a seat."

"I came to make you a business proposal," began Mr. Sylvester, who was already favorably impressed with Rupert's mother. "Your son thinks you might be willing to accept the position of housekeeper in my uncle's family in Rutherford."

Mrs. Rollins instinctively looked towards Grace.

"I see what you are thinking of," interposed her caller. "There will be no difficulty about taking your daughter with you."

"Then I shall be glad to accept. And Rupert——"

"Rupert, I am sure, will prefer to remain in the city. I will find him a place. Till then he can stay with me."

Rupert brightened up at this suggestion. He had no desire to go to the country, but would like nothing more than a place in some city establishment.

"How soon could you arrange to go, Mrs. Rollins?"

"Next Monday."

"That will answer. I will apprise my uncle. Now as to the compensation."

"If I have Grace with me I shall hardly feel justified in asking compensation."

"My uncle would not think of making any account of the little girl's board. I think he paid your predecessor twenty five dollars a month. Will that be satisfactory?"

"It is very liberal, sir."

"You will allow me to offer you a month's salary in advance. I can settle it with Uncle Ben."

This relieved Mrs. Rollins from a great embarrassment, as she needed to replenish her wardrobe to some extent.

"I will go out with you on Monday, and take Rupert with me, as he will wish to see how his mother and sister are situated."

"How kind you are, Mr. Sylvester!" said Rupert gratefully.

"Don't give me too much credit, Rupert. You have helped me out of an embarrassment. I expected to have a long hunt for a housekeeper. Thanks to your mother I have escaped all that."

"You don't know how much it means to us, Mr. Sylvester."

"Well, perhaps I have some idea. It seems a good arrangement for all of us. Well, good morning! Oh, by the way, you meet me at the Astor House tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock!"

"Yes, sir, with pleasure."

Mrs. Marlow was a very observing woman. She always kept her door ajar, and saw every one who went up stairs. Her curiosity was considerably excited when she saw Rupert's companion.

"My stars!" she said to herself. "What a fine looking young man! He looks like a real gentleman—I wonder does he know them Rollinses."

Mrs. Marlow would like to have listened at the door and heard the conversation between her neighbors and the distinguished looking visitor. But this was not practicable. However, as Mr. Sylvester came down stairs she ventured out and intercepted him.

"Sure, you've been callin' on my friend Mrs. Rollins," she said.

"Is she a friend of yours?" asked Sylvester, looking at her curiously.

"Indeed she is, and she's a fine lady. But she's been very unfortunate. I would like to have helped her, but I'm poor myself, and——"

"Won't you accept this?" said Sylvester, offering her a dollar, as the easiest way of getting rid of her.

"Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Marlow with a profound courtesy. "It's easy to see you're a kindhearted man."

"What a curious woman! I should hardly think Mrs. Rollins would have made choice of her as a friend!" soliloquized the young man as he pushed on to the street.

"I wonder what his name is, and where he lives," speculated Mrs. Marlow. "He must be the young man that gave the Rollinses the purse and the basket of provisions. If I knew where he lived, I'd go and see him often."

There is very little doubt that Mrs. Marlow would have kept her word, but unfortunately she had no clew to the residence of her new acquaintance.

When Rupert came down stairs, she put herself in his way.

"You had a call from a nice gentleman this morning," she said insinuatingly.

Rupert felt too happy to slight even Mrs. Marlow, and he answered courteously, "Yes."

"I hope he brought a present for your mother."

"No, Mrs. Marlow, but he brought something better."

"And what can that be?" asked the widow with intense curiosity.

"He engaged mother to take a place as housekeeper for a gentleman in the country."

"You don't say! And what'll be done with your sister? I'll board her cheap, and be like a mother to her."

Rupert could not help smiling at the idea of leaving his sister in such hands. He explained that Grace would go with her mother.

"Sure your mother's a lucky woman! I'd like to be a housekeeper myself. Wouldn't you speak to the gentleman for me?"

"I'll mention it if you like."

Rupert could promise this safely, for he would take care that Mr. Sylvester understood the character of their unscrupulous neighbor.

"If you'll do it, Rupert dear, I'll pay you back the dollar I borrowed the other day, when I get my first week's wages."

"Some folks is lucky!" soliloquized Mrs. Marlow. "The young man ought to have taken me. I'm much stronger than Mrs. Rollins, and I would have made a better housekeeper, but maybe my turn will come next."

CHAPTER VIII.

JULIAN LORIMER.

On Monday Rupert saw his mother and sister established at Rutherford. Their new home was a large old fashioned mansion, exceedingly comfortable. One of the best chambers was assigned to Mrs. Rollins, with a small room opening out of it for Grace.

Benjamin Strathmore was a stout old gentleman of seventy, tall and patriarchal looking with his abundant white hair.

"How do you like my selection of housekeeper, Uncle Ben?" asked Sylvester when he had a chance to be alone with the old gentleman.

"She will just suit me," said Mr. Strathmore emphatically. "She is evidently a lady and she will be an agreeable companion if I am not mistaken. Mrs. Martin was a good housekeeper, but she had no idea outside of her duties. I could not chat with her unless I talked about cooking. My evenings were solitary. She spent the time in the kitchen or in her own room. Now the house will be really social."

"I am delighted to have suited you, Uncle Ben."

"Where in the world did you come across Mrs. Rollins? Have you known her long?"

"I became acquainted through her son Rupert, to whom I introduced you."

"He seems a fine, manly boy. He can stay here, too. I will find something for him to do."

"Thank you, Uncle Ben, but I shall find him a place in New York. He prefers the city, and it will afford him more opportunities of advancement. Rupert is ambitious, and I predict that he will rise in time to an excellent position."

"Just as you think best, Frank, but remember that if ever there is need, or he becomes sick, there is room for him here."

To anticipate a little, Mr. Strathmore was not disappointed in Mrs. Rollins. It came to be her custom to spend the evenings with her employer. Sometimes she read aloud to him. At others while she was engaged in needlework, and Grace, now restored to health, was occupied with her books, the old gentleman sat back in his easy chair and with calm content watched his companions. He no longer felt his former burden of solitude.

"I have never been happier," he wrote later on to his nephew. "I regretted the loss of Mrs. Martin, but now I feel that it was for my happiness, since it has opened the way for such an acceptable substitute."

Rupert went at first to the house of Mr. Sylvester, where their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship.

They were walking down Broadway one day when Frank Sylvester noticed a sudden start on the part of his young companion.

"What is the matter, Rupert?" he asked.

"Do you see that stout man on the opposite side of the street, Mr. Sylvester?" said Rupert.

"Yes. What of him?"

"He was the cause of my poor father's failure and death."

"How was that?"

"My father was a merchant in Buffalo, and that man was his partner. During a three months' absence in California, where he went partly for his health, the business was managed by Mr. Lorimer in such a way that the firm became deeply involved and was brought to the brink of failure.

"My father was greatly astonished at the sudden change, for when he left all was prosperous. He could not account for the disappearance of assets and the accumulation of claims against the firm, except on the theory that large sums had been appropriated by his partner. He could prove nothing, however, and the firm was dissolved. When the business was closed there was barely enough money left to pay the creditors. My father found himself with nothing, and soon died of grief and mortification."

"What became of Lorimer?"

"I have not seen him till today. I heard that he had come to New York and established himself on Third Avenue somewhere in the same business. If so, he must have had capital, and this must have been the sum of which he defrauded my father."

"The story is a sad one, Rupert. You and your mother must have suffered from the change in circumstances."

"We did. We did not care to stay in Buffalo, where we had been accustomed to live in good style, so we came to New York where we could live according to our change in circumstances among those who had never known us. I thought I might get employment that would enable me to support my mother and sister in tolerable comfort. I did get a place with Tenney & Rhodes, but I only earned five dollars a week. Just before meeting you I lost that, and had you not come to our assistance I don't know what would have become of us."

"I feel repaid for whatever I have done for you," said Frank Sylvester kindly. "Has this Mr. Lorimer a family?"

"He has a wife and one son."

"Were your families intimate?"

"Yes. We occupied adjoining houses. Julian Lorimer was about my age, and attended the same school. I never liked him, however. He had a very high opinion of himself, and put on airs which made him generally unpopular."

"Did he put on airs with you?"

"Not till after the failure. My father moved out of his house, but Mr. Lorimer remained in his, and appeared to live in about the same style as before, while we moved into a few rooms in an unfashionable part of the city. After this Julian took very little notice of me."

"You haven't met him since you came to New York?"

"No; I rather wonder I haven't, but I suppose I shall some day."

The time came sooner than he anticipated.

Rupert was crossing Eighth Avenue near Forty Second Street one day when he came near being run into by a bicycle. The rider gave a note of warning, and then stopped short in surprise.

"Rupert Rollins?" he said in a half tone of inquiry.

"Is it you, Julian?" asked Rupert, recognizing his former schoolmate.

"Yes. Are you living in New York?"

"Yes."

"Whereabouts?"

"At present I am staying in Harlem."

"I heard you and your mother were living in a tenement house down town."

"My mother is not living in the city," returned Rupert coldly.

He did not care to give Julian any more information than was absolutely necessary.

"Where is she then?"

"In Rutherford, New Jersey."

"Why don't you live there, too?"

"Because I expect to be employed in New York."

"Then you are out of work now?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you live in the Newsboys' Lodge? That is cheap."

"Have you ever lived there?"

"Do you mean to insult me? I live in a nice house on One Hundred and Sixteenth Street."

"So do I."

"You are bluffing."

"Why should I? What good would it do me?"

Further inquiry developed the fact that they lived in neighboring blocks.

"I don't see how you can afford to live on such a street."

"I am at present visiting a friend—Mr. Sylvester."

"Is he rich?"

"Yes. I believe so."

"I suppose you know that my father has a nice new store on Third Avenue, near Forty Second Street?"

"I heard something of the kind," said Rupert briefly.

"He's doing a staving business—a good deal larger than he did in Buffalo."

Rupert made no comment.

"You said you were out of employment, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You might call round at the store. Perhaps pa can find a place for you as a cash boy, though you would be rather large for that."

"How much does he pay his cash boys?"

"Two and a half a week."

"I hardly think I could live on that," said Rupert, smiling.

"It is better than being out of work."

"That is true, but I shouldn't like to be getting more and more behind hand every week. Are you attending school?"

"Yes, but I think of going into business soon."

"Perhaps," suggested Rupert, "you will take one of the cash boys' places."

"You must be crazy. When I go into business it won't be into a retail store. I will get a place in some wholesale establishment. There's a better chance to rise there."

"I didn't know but you would go to college."

"I am not very fond of study. Pa would send me to Columbia College, or to Harvard, if I wanted to go, but I prefer a life of business. I want to become a merchant prince."

"It would certainly be agreeable. I shall be satisfied if I can be successful enough to support my mother and sister in comfort. That is my ambition."

"Oh, I dare say. You are a poor boy, you know."

"Look here, Julian, there's one thing I don't understand. Your father and mine were partners, and I supposed in the same circumstances. Both failed together. Yet your father now has a large store of his own, and we are poor. Can you tell me why?"

"I'm not good at conundrums. I'll have to be going. If you want a place as cash boy I'll ask pa to fit you out. Ta ta!" and Julian dashed off on his wheel.

"I hope some time to be a successful and honorable man of business," thought Rupert, as he followed his former school fellow with his glance. "My ambition would not be satisfied with anything short of this."

CHAPTER IX.

RUPERT BECOMES A BELL BOY.

Rupert found a pleasant home at the house of Mr. Sylvester, but he was anxious as soon as possible to secure employment. His friend was active in his behalf, but the general depression in business was such that there seemed to be no opening anywhere.

One evening at supper Mr. Sylvester said, "I have been hoping to find you a place in a wholesale establishment in Pearl Street. I learned that one of the younger clerks was about to leave, but he has decided to stay six months longer, and of course we can't wait as long as that."

"No, Mr. Sylvester, it would seem like six years to me."

"Even if your wants were all provided for in that time?"

"I feel that I ought to be at work, and not depending on your generosity. I would rather work for two dollars a week than remain idle."

"That is the right spirit, Rupert. You will be glad then to hear that I have at last found employment for you."

"But I thought you just said——"

"That I could not get you a place in Pearl Street. True, but this is a different position—very different. It is that of bell boy in a hotel."

"What are the duties, Mr. Sylvester?"

"You will be at the command of the clerk, and will have to run up and down stairs, answering calls from the guests, or carrying messages from the office. In fact, you will be a general utility clerk, and I have no doubt will get terribly tired the first few days."

"Never mind. I can stand that. If I make enough to pay my way I shall be satisfied."

"You will be better paid than if you were in a mercantile house. You will receive five dollars a week and get your meals at the hotel."

Rupert's face brightened.

"Why, that is excellent," he said. "When I was at Tenney & Rhodes', I only received five dollars weekly, and had to furnish my own meals."

"True, but you were then in the line of promotion. Here you cannot

expect to rise any higher, unless you qualify yourself to be a hotel man."

"At any rate I am willing to try it. Where is the hotel?"

"It is the Somerset House on lower Broadway. It is not a fashionable hotel, but comfortable and of good reputation. I am somewhat acquainted with the office clerk, who was an old schoolmate of mine, and at my request he has given you this position."

"I hope I shall give satisfaction. I shall be a green hand."

"The duties are easily understood and learned. If you show that you are desirous of succeeding you will make a good impression, and will get on well."

"When am I to commence work?" asked Rupert.

"I will take you down town with me tomorrow morning and introduce you to Mr. Malcolm, the clerk. I suppose you will be expected to go to work directly."

"I should prefer that."

"One thing I must tell you. You will have to secure a room outside, as the employees are not expected to sleep in the hotel. All the rooms are reserved for guests."

"What will my hours be?"

"From seven in the morning till seven in the evening. By this arrangement you will have your evenings to yourself."

Rupert went to bed in good spirits. He was of an active temperament, and enjoyed occupation. It would be pleasant to him also to feel that he was earning his own living.

In the morning Mr. Sylvester went down town with him.

The Somerset House was a hotel of moderate size, only five stories in height, which is low for a city hotel. I may as well say here that I have not given the correct name of the hotel for obvious reasons. So far as our story is concerned, the name I have chosen will do as well as any other.

"Those who frequent this hotel are not of the fashionable class," explained Mr. Sylvester, "but it is largely patronized by traveling salesmen and people from the country. The rates are moderate, and those come here who would not feel able to afford the Fifth Avenue or hotels of that grade."

The entrance was neat and Rupert was well pleased with the aspect of his new place of employment.

At some distance from the doorway was the office, and behind the reading room.

"Mr. Malcolm," said Sylvester to a pleasant looking man of thirty five who stood behind a counter, "this is the young man I mentioned to you. He will be glad to fill the position of bell boy, and from my acquaintance with him I feel quite sure he will suit you. His name is Rupert Rollins."

The clerk smiled pleasantly.

"We shall soon know each other better," he said. "I hope you are strong, for you will have a good deal of exercise here."

"I think I can stand it," said Rupert. "I shall soon get used to it."

"I have a plan of the rooms here," went on the clerk. "Take it and go up stairs and look about you on the different floors. It will be necessary that you should learn the location of the rooms."

"I will leave you now, Rupert," said Mr. Sylvester. "You can come back to my house tonight, and tomorrow you can look up a room near the hotel."

For the first few days Rupert got very tired. He would have to go up stairs perhaps thirty or forty times during the day, sometimes to the fifth floor. There was an elevator in the Somerset Hotel, but the bell boys were not allowed to use it.

When a guest registered, and was assigned to a room on one of the upper floors he was conducted to the elevator, but the bell boy, carrying his valise, was obliged to walk up stairs, and meet him at the landing place. Often Rupert felt that there was an injustice in this, and that no harm would be done if he were also allowed to use the elevator. However, he was not foolish enough to make any complaint, but by his pleasant manners, and cheerful alacrity won the good opinion of Mr. Malcolm, the clerk.

The Somerset Hotel was on the European and American systems combined. If a guest preferred simply to lodge at the hotel he could do so and take his meals either at the hotel restaurant or in any other.

One day a guest registered who was assigned to No. 143 on the fifth floor.

To Rupert was assigned the duty of carrying up the valise. He found it unusually heavy, and more than once as he climbed the stairs he felt that he would be glad to reach his destination. At the elevator landing he met the owner of the valise, a middle aged man with a brown, sunburned face.

"You found it rather a heavy tug, didn't you?" he asked with a smile.

"Your clothes seem to be heavy." returned Rupert.

"It isn't clothes merely," said the stranger. "I come from Colorado, and I have some specimen of quartz inside. Here, give me the valise, and lead the way to my room."

Rupert did so.

When they reached No, 143 the stranger drew a fifty cent piece from his pocket and handed it to Rupert.

"Take it," he said. "You deserve something for carrying such a load."

"Thank you, sir" said Rupert. "I don't find many guests so liberal."

"Shall I tell you why I am so liberal? It is because when I was a boy rather older than you I was for four months a bell boy in a Chicago hotel."

"Were you indeed, sir?" said Rupert with interest. "Did you retire on a fortune?"

"No; fees were few and far between. However, I saved a little and borrowed a little more, and made my way first to Nevada, and afterwards to Colorado. I have been pretty well prospered, and now I come home to see my old father and mother in Maine."

"I hope you will find them well."

"Thank you, my boy, I heartily hope so. It is seventeen years since I have seen their dear old faces, and it will be a good day for me when we meet again."

"Are your father and mother both living?"

"Both at last accounts."

"Then you are luckier than I am. My father is dead."

"That is unfortunate. You are young to have lost a parent."

"Can I do anything for you, sir? Have you all that you need?"

"Yes," answered the guest, with a look at the wash stand. "What I want first is water and towels for I have just got in from a long railroad journey. Those seem to be provided. If I want anything else I will ring."

"Fifty cents!" repeated Rupert. "I wish I could be as well paid every time I carry a valise up stairs. Then I should get rich fast."

During the second week a tall, thin man with long hair flowing down over his coat collar registered at the Somerset.

"No. 119," said the clerk. "Front!"

Rupert answered the summons.

"Take this gentleman's valise to No. 119."

Rupert thought the stranger a very singular looking man. His long, unkempt locks were of yellowish hue, and his eyes were shifty and evasive. But of course in a hotel frequented by all sorts of people, no special attention was paid to any particular guest.

Rupert met him up stairs and conducted him to his room.

"Take the valise inside," said the guest.

Rupert did so, when he was startled by the guest locking the door, making him a prisoner.

"Now, boy," he said, his eyes lighted with an insane gleam, "you must prepare to die!"

"What?" exclaimed Rupert startled. "What do you mean?"

"I am commanded by God to offer you up as a sacrifice even as Abraham offered up his son Isaac."

As he spoke he drew a knife from his breast and advanced towards the hapless bell boy.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 565.]

Belmont;

OR,

MARK WARE'S COLLEGE LIFE.

BY WILLIAM D. MOFFAT,

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

CHAPTER XXXIX.
THE CLASS MEETING.

"Gentlemen, this meeting is called for the purpose of selecting the committee and making the arrangements for the sophomore burial ceremony in June."

Carver rapped for order, and the crowd assembled in the Latin recitation room grew still at once.

"The first thing in order is the selection of our subject for burial. As you know, last year's sophomores buried Cicero; the year before Xenophon was the subject. That of course bars them out, but we have plenty of subjects left. Motions are now in order."

Immediately a dozen boys were on their feet struggling for recognition.

"Mr. Hollis has the floor," said Carver, and the rest subsided for a minute.

"Mr. President," began Tracy, "I move that we take Calculus for our subject. This is different from any previous year's, being mathematical, and——"

Carver interrupted him here.

"Is this motion seconded?"

"I second it," called out a voice.

"Your remarks are now in order," said Carver, addressing Tracy.

"Well, I was only going to say," continued Tracy, "that I think that Calculus would be a particularly good subject because——"

"Mr. President!" exclaimed a student from the back of the room. "Calculus was buried by a class five years ago."

"Are you sure?" asked Carver.

"Yes. I thought of that subject last week, and when I spoke to a senior about it he showed me a programme of the burial five years ago—it was Calculus."

"That being the case, Mr. President, I withdraw the motion," said Tracy, sitting down.

"Can any one give us the subjects for the last six years, so we can save trouble?" asked Carver.

"Yes," answered the same student from the back of the room. "You have named two of them, Mr. President—the other four are Calculus, Virgil, Homer, and Euclid."

This was evidently a damper on several of those who had at first been ready with their motions. No doubt most of them had either Virgil or Homer in mind.

There was a moment's silence.

"Any further motions?" asked Carver, looking about inquiringly.

Suddenly up sprang Teddy Binks.

"Mr. President, I have an inspriation!" he cried.

Loud applause followed this startling announcement.

"Inspirations are out of order," said Carver, smiling.

"Just wait till you hear what it is," answered Teddy. "It occurred to me a minute ago that——"

Carver banged on the desk.

"Mr. Binks you are out of order," he cried. "Have you any motion to make?"

"Oh, yes, of course. I forgot. Well, I move we bury old 'Bones' Allen this year."

The member of the faculty known by the somewhat irreverent title of "Bones" Allen, was the professor in anatomy, an original and eccentric man, famed chiefly for his pungent and witty sayings. The course in anatomy was completed at the end of sophomore year, and each class took leave of the shrewd old instructor reluctantly, for, cranky as he was, he was always well liked.

Teddy Binks's idea was indeed an inspiration. It seemed at once surprising that no class had ever selected old professor Allen for burial before. The subject caught the fellows at once. An outbreak of applause greeted Teddy's motion, and it was promptly seconded by a dozen voices.

"Any remarks?" asked Carver.

"I haven't anything to say, Mr. President," said Teddy, "except that it seems to me that we couldn't possibly find anything more appropriate to bury than old 'Bones'."

Some laughter followed this, during which Alfred Chase rose.

"Mr. President," he said, "I agree with Mr. Binks. I don't see how we could choose a better subject. It will be very appropriate, as he says, and it will afford us unlimited opportunities for fun in the ceremonies. I move, Mr. President, that we make it unanimous."

This was seconded at once, and the vote carried by acclamation.

That important matter having been well disposed of, the question of the committee now came up, and immediately the excitement, that had been thus far repressed, began to manifest itself. With a number of men on the floor shouting for recognition, Tracy Hollis managed again to get the president's eye.

"I move," said he, "that we reduce the number of our committee to seven."

When this was seconded, Tracy went on.

"There are several reasons for this motion, Mr. President. In the first place I have been told by upper classmen that twelve is an awkward number. They say that the work could much better be done by half the number, and that it usually happens that half of the committee does all the work, while the rest are merely figure heads, and sometimes in the way. Then twelve is an even number, and the vote sometimes results in a deadlock that causes delay. Seven is a good number. It allows for three on each subordinate committee—the executive and the programme committees—and the chairman for a deciding vote."

There was some opposition to this motion, and considerable discussion followed. Many desired a place on the committee, and they looked at the matter in only one way—that a reduction in numbers meant a lessening of any one's chances of election. However, the general good sense of the class prevailed, and, when the vote was finally put, Tracy's motion was carried by a fair majority.

Then came the nominations, and for a few minutes pandemonium reigned. Every one was up at once and names were shouted hoarsely at the secretary, who stood, chalk in hand, at the blackboard, trying to get some sort of intelligence out of the confusion.

Now and then he would catch a name, and down it would go on the blackboard as a candidate. As this went on with no signs of abating, Carver, who was looking helplessly down on the turbulent scene, began to beat a thundering tattoo on his desk.

"Great Scott, gentlemen!" he cried. "If this keeps up, every man in the class will be nominated—and then, probably, every man will receive just one vote. Come to order."

The confusion diminished somewhat, and at length the nominations ceased with twenty names on the blackboard. They were a curious mixture of nominees. Mark, Herbert, Tracy, Alfred Chase, Teddy Binks, and Bobby Barlow were there. Their friends were near the front and had looked out for them.

Then there were Hall, Miller, Granby, and Chapin, with a lot of obscure classmen. It would not have been hard for one who was knowing to pick out at least five of the successful candidates—the other two would be doubtful. The voting took up a full hour, during which there was some vigorous canvassing. At length the names of those elected were read out as follows:

Teddy Binks, (receiving the most votes in honor of his "inspiration") Tracy Hollis, Mark Ware, Alfred Chase, Herbert Morgan, Hall, and Chapin.

There was considerable suppressed surprise when these last two names were announced. Mark could not understand how Chapin was elected, when a popular and well liked boy like Bobby Barlow failed. But there was no gainsaying the figures. There they were written up on the blackboard. Chapin received just two more votes than Bobby—but just enough to put him on the committee and defeat Bobby. This was the only source of regret from the election, for, the other candidates fell far below the mark, and were virtually not in the race at all.

The election over, the class at once dispersed, while the newly elected committee remained for a few moments behind.

Mark's first inclination, on seeing Chapin's name among the successful candidates, had been to withdraw his own, acting on his general principle of keeping away from a fellow so distasteful to him as Chapin was. A second thought corrected this, however, and he decided to say nothing.

The main object of the meeting of the committee was to choose a chairman, and for this office, Chapin named Herbert. Tracy immediately named Mark, but the latter declined in favor of Herbert, and, accordingly, with no further delay, Herbert was chosen unanimously. Herbert then divided the committees as follows: executive committee, Hall, Chapin, and Teddy Binks; programme committee, Mark, Tracy, and Alfred Chase.

The choice was a wise and judicious one, for, in this way, Mark, Tracy, and Alfred who were all congenial, worked together, and none of them need have much to do with Hall or Chapin. None of the committee could have made a better chairman, under the circumstances, than Herbert, for he was the one member who was on friendly and pleasant terms with all of them. Teddy's position was the only unpleasant one—he having to serve and hobnob with what he was pleased to term "two stuffs," but then Teddy was a cheerful soul, and could get along with almost any body.

The committee began operations at once, for all were bent on making the burial this year surpass all predecessors. The executive committee started in by assessing the class three dollars a head for the expenses. Two dollars had been the assessment in previous years, but it had been raised this year at the suggestion of Chapin, and, as he assured everybody that wonders were going to be accomplished, the class did not grumble at the extra expense, but came out with the money as fast as the executive committee could get around with the subscription list.

The work of the programme committee was laid out before a week had passed. This was of prime importance, for it comprised the complete arrangement of the order of ceremonies, including the choice of the speakers, the music, and all the many other details that attended the burial parade and mock services. That these were to be original, and unique in interest every one was assured by the vague, though significant hints dropped by the committee after their secret meetings. But just what they were to be even the class was not to know definitely until a week or so before the event, when each one's share in them was to be decided and rehearsed quietly—the college at large and the public were not to know till the night of the ceremony.

CHAPTER XL.

THE SOPHOMORE BURIAL.

It was close upon eleven o'clock on the night of June twentieth. The front campus was a scene of light and gayety. Many colored lanterns, strung from tree to tree, threw a soft glow over the crowds of people that swarmed on the grass or promenaded back and forth on the walks, chatting, laughing, or listening to the music of the band stationed in the center of the campus.

The night was warm and clear, the outdoor concert and the illumination had given great satisfaction, and everybody was in the best of spirits. But the crowning feature of the evening was still to come, and toward this the people were beginning to look with impatient expectancy.

Already the crowds on the front campus are thinning out, and groups of three, four, or five are making their way towards the large wooden amphitheater erected in the middle of the back quadrangle. By quarter past eleven, the seats are almost filled, while the front campus is quite deserted.

The amphitheater is but dimly lighted. Only four bunch lights fitted into the ground near the center, reveal the features of the scene—the sawdust covered arena where the exercises will take place, and where a low platform stands ready for the speakers; the wood and hay piled high to form the funeral pyre, and the tiers of seats, circling one above another, and filled with the fast increasing swarms of spectators.

At the entrance to the amphitheater stand two tall figures dressed in black from head to foot, wearing high hats, black gloves, and heavy crape bands. In their hands they hold a pile of programmes, which they distribute to the people as they enter. These programmes are in keeping with the ceremony. About each page runs a broad black band of mourning. At the head of the first are the words "Hic Jacet" and at the bottom of the last page "Resquiescat in Pace."

For a few moments the audience found entertainment and amusement in reading the order of exercises—as well as the dim light would permit. Then a hush fell over the crowd. Every one grew still, waiting and listening for the first evidence of the approach of the funeral cortege.

As the bell up in the tower of Burke Hall struck the half hour, the long, solemn note seemed to be taken up by a longer and more solemn sound from the fields far back of Warburton Hall. The crowds half rose and craned their necks to listen. Again the sound floated in on the campus. It was clearer now and more distinct, and several recognized the stately measures of the funeral march in "Saul."

The parade was approaching. The weird, solemn music grew louder yet, and the old buildings of the back quadrangle gave back the note in four fold measure. The slow, steady tread of footsteps sounded from the walks, and now a long file of figures could be seen winding its way up from the field into the campus.

As the procession reached the quadrangle, a sound rose up and above the music—a sound of weeping and wailing. The heavily draped figures swayed to and fro, moaning in minor cadences that rose and fell with the music of the horns. Torches, borne by outriders on horseback, flanking the procession, revealed a strange and grotesque assemblage.

A moment later and the head of the procession reached the entrance to the amphitheater. Here there was an instant's pause, while the outriders rode slowly in, and stationed themselves around the arena, holding their torches forward and completely encircling the scene of action. They were dressed in red from head to toe, their costumes tight fitting, their caps likewise, the latter bearing crooked horns. These fiery looking individuals were set down in the programme as "Diaboli," and comprised a dozen of the largest and most imposing men in the class.

Immediately beside each horse and accompanying it like so many pages, were a dozen more figures, also dressed in red. These, however, were the very smallest that could be picked out. They were described in the programme as "Diabolitteli." They stationed themselves, each at the head of a horse, holding it by the bridle. Then came the funeral pageant proper.

First entered the catafalque, drawn by two horses draped in black. The structure was tall and imposing. From the top rose nodding plumes of sable, while swaying drapery of heavy black material hung down at the sides and concealed the much mourned copy of the text book in anatomy—the subject of these solemn rites. At the back of the catafalque towered a tall, strong figure clad in black, and wearing a long beard. He was the silent guardian of the catafalque, and was down on the programme as "Dumb Servitor." He stood in a dignified and impressive pose, like an ebony statue, as the catafalque swept slowly into the arena.

Of course no sound was expected from his lips for he was a mute—as dumb as stone. When, therefore, the catafalque gave a sudden lurch to one side, and "Dumb Servitor" forgot himself and, with a loud "Gee Whizz!" grabbed desperately for one of the poles of the car to save himself, the effect on the audience was convulsing.

"That's Rogers—dead sure," said a senior in the audience to his neighbor. "I know it by the way he caught hold of that pole. That's the way he nabs a man in football."

The catafalque now drew up before the platform. It was followed by the "Misericordia," twelve figures in black gowns and heavy cowls that completely enveloped their heads. It was from their ranks that the weeping and wailing arose. Behind them came twelve figures clad in white, with high white caps, forming a striking contrast to their black brethren. These white figures constituted the band, the music of their horns now hushed and muffled as they entered the inclosure.

They were followed by what looked like twelve skeletons. They were dressed in black, tight fitting costumes, and on the front and back of each was traced in white the outlines of a skeleton. They bore aloft a banner on which was inscribed the same emblem of anatomy—a skeleton, and beneath it was the motto "In Hoc Signo Vinces."

Finally, bringing up the rear, came a second band of mourners, clad in purple, and designated in the programme as "Weeping Willies," and twelve pall bearers, whose duty in the march was to draw the carriage which held the three speakers, and which completed the procession.

This carriage was dragged at once to the platform, where the speakers alighted. They were dressed in long gowns, their faces completely disguised. The pall bearers now lined up before the catafalque, the whole assemblage gathered before the platform, and the exercises began.

First came the dirge, consisting of numerous stanzas extolling the virtues of the departed and lamenting his decease. The stanzas were sung alternately by the "Misericordia" and the "Weeping Willies," while between each stanza came the following refrain sung by the whole company, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne:"

"Alas, alas, Poor Bones is dead.
We ne'er shall see hm more.
All shattered is his diaphragm,
His pericardium is tore."

Of course this was not quite grammatical, but it rhymed, and that was the main thing in the mind of the composer—rhyme at any cost.

The dirge over, the speakers began. First came the mock funeral sermon, which suggested so strongly in its wit and eloquence—although burlesque—the characteristic traits of Fred Burton that all his friends in the audience recognized him. Then came an elegy in verse, and in the person of the poet certainly no one would have known Alfred Chase, so completely was his identity concealed. The poem was read in lugubrious tones and accompanied continually by heart stirring moans from the "Misericordia," and sobs from the "Weeping Willies."

The third speaker gave a mock anatomical dissertation with the banner containing the skeleton as a design, using a pointer in genuine class room style. The mimicry here of the mannerisms of the eccentric professor was perfect, only a few exaggerations appearing at times to give it a comic effect. The Medford boys, remembering the notable minstrel performance at home where Mark had so distinguished himself as a mimic three years before recognized him in this clever display of his gifts, but to others his identity was a complete mystery.

This part of the programme over, the band again struck up their solemn music, while the pall-bearers lifted the box containing the textbook on anatomy from the catafalque, and slipped it into its place in the funeral pyre. The catafalque was then drawn away from the platform, the speakers descended, and the band of skeletons took the stage. Then, at a given signal, the lights were all suddenly extinguished, and, in the pitchy darkness, the outlines of the skeletons, traced in phosphorus, were the only objects visible.

Immediately the band changed its time, and broke forth with laughable abruptness into the familiar measures of "Tarara-boom-de-ay." To these inspiriting strains, played at a galloping rate, the skeletons danced in a wild whirligig, winding in and out, curving, twisting, and hopping. For a few moments this grotesque performance lasted—then the torches were relighted and the stage was found to be quite empty.

Now came the crowning event. The "Diabolitteli" loosened their grasp of the bridles, and, taking the torches, approached the funeral pyre. A brief solemn farewell by the head speaker, Fred Burton, and then the massive pile was lighted simultaneously at twelve different spots. Like a flash the fire licked up the dry, oil soaked timbers, and, an instant later, rose up in a surging, roaring tower of flame. Immediately the "Diabolitteli" fell to dancing about the fire, brandishing their torches, the mourners wailed and moaned, the horns sobbed discordantly, and about them all, round and round in a circle, rode faster and faster the great, fierce-looking "Diaboli" on their horses.

Five minutes of this and the middle

of the fire sank down. All trace of old "Bones" had disappeared—there was nothing left but a column of waving flame throwing its cloud of sparks up into the sky.

Then the catafalque moved slowly out.

The mourners followed, and, last of all, the "Diabolii," accompanied by the "Diabolittell," with lowered torches. The horns were silent now—only the measured beat of the muffled drum marked the tread of the receding footsteps.

A moment later and even this had ceased. The procession had passed on behind Warburton Hall. The bell up in the tower again struck out a single note. It was half past twelve, and the sophomore burial was over.

CHAPTER XLI.

RECEIPTED BILLS.

The sophomore burial was a great success, and everybody was pleased. No ceremony of its kind had ever before presented such varied and interesting features. The subject itself was a novelty, and the manner in whch it had been treated—both the make up of the pageant, and the speeches—reflected great credit on the committee. They received the vote of thanks of the class, and the praise of the whole college.

"And none of us deserves more credit than Chapin does,' said Herbert. "He has worked like a Trojan from the beginning. He was my right hand man. He did more than any two others."

Even Mark acknowledged this frankly. Chapin had been an invaluable man—no doubt of it, and he deserved all the thanks he got.

The next day saw the breaking up of college, and the departure of the various students to their separate homes.

Mark spent the summer as usual, quietly but happily at Medford. He had gained one place in his class and now stood eighth—a gain that meant a great deal of hard work for him, for the competition among the first ten was very sharp.

Herbert was still out of the honor roll—a source of much annoyance to his father, who pointed out to him frequently the difference in his record since he had taken up with the glee club men. Herbert promised to work harder next year, as he had promised before, but whether he would fulfill the promise seemed more doubtful now than ever, for he was apparently indifferent to class rank since he had fallen out of the honor roll. He and Mark got along very well together—and so did Mark and the colonel.

The matter of the note was never brought up. Mark might easily have thought that the father and son believed him innocent of its authorship, but he did not. He knew that the matter was simply "forgotten" with the colonel.

Herbert spent all of July at Medford, and, during that time, he and Mark were together a great deal, as friendly as they had ever been. The first of August Herbert went to Newport to visit Granby, and Mark saw no more of him until college re-opened in September.

It was a new and pleasant situation to find one's self an upper classman. It gave one a sense of dignity and importance to look down upon two classes, and to have a class under one's especial patronage. That first week of return from the long vacation is always a happy one—the meeting and greeting of many friends and the renewal of old associations.

Mark made no change in his plans, but shared rooms with Tracy Hollis and Alfred Chase as before. Nothing had ever occurred to mar the pleasant relations of the three boys. They were one in tastes and ideas, and came back to their old quarters as if it was a matter of course, not a word being said.

Herbert ran in occasionally as before, and Mark at times accompanied Herbert to his rooms. The term had scarcely advanced two weeks when Mark fancied he noticed something unusual about Herbert. He would come into Mark's room in an aimless manner and sit down in listless silence, spending perhaps an hour or so this way while the rest were talking briskly. Mark had often known Herbert to be taciturn, but this abstracted manner aroused his curiosity.

He seemed blue and despondent. He would sit around listening to the conversation as if endeavoring to distract his mind from something that was worrying him. After a while he would shake off the feeling entirely, and be himself again for several days. Then the depression would return.

One night early in October Mark met Herbert coming from the post office, and finding him in one of his quiet moods, determined to go with him to his room and try to cheer him up. As they sat together Herbert was opening his mail. At the second of the three letters he had in his hand he paused and uttered an exclamation of annoyance.

"Just listen to this," he said. "Here's a letter from the costumer who made all the stuff for our burial last June."

Herbert then read a sharp, angry letter in which the irate costumer threatened immediate prosecution unless his bills, now long overdue, were promptly paid.

"Why, what does he mean?" asked Mark in surprise. "I thought everything was paid last spring."

"Everything was paid—and I have the receipts. This fellow is away off. He must be a poor sort of business man," answered Herbert. "I wonder what he means by the numerous bills he has sent us. I know only one set of bills besides these enclosed, and they were the bills we paid last spring."

"Where are the receipted bills?" asked Mark.

"Here in my desk," said Herbert, promptly fishing them out. "There they are, all receipted."

"Three of them," said Mark. "Is that all?"

"Yes. That takes in everything. You see the first one Chapin and I paid in person when we bought the things during the Easter vacation. That amounts to twenty five dollars. Then the second bill of seventy five dollars and the third one of one hundred dollars were paid in June."

"He seems to acknowledge the payment of the first bill," said Mark, "for he sends today duplicate bills for only the last two amounts."

"Yes, but they were paid in June, as I say. You see, here are the receipts."

Mark examined the receipted bills closely.

"There is no excuse for the mistake. They are all receipted by the same person," he said.

"Oh, I'll lay him out," answered Herbert. "I'll just send him those receipted bills, and tell him what I think of him. Threatening to prosecute—the idea!"

"I wouldn't send the bills," said Mark. "Just write him that you have the receipt for these amounts, one dated June 6th and the other June 15th, both signed by—by, Curtis, it looks like."

"Yes, it is Curtis—that's the name of the man's cashier. Well, all right, I'll do that. I'll send him a letter tomorrow, and tell him that we have his cashier's signature in receipt of the amounts."

Herbert accordingly did so the next morning, and, as Mark heard no more about the matter for a day or so, he took it for granted that it had been satisfactorily straightened out, and dismissed it from his mind.

The fourth evening he was sitting alone in his room, working out some football tactics on paper, when he was suddenly interrupted by a hurried step in the hall and the abrupt opening of the door. Without even pausing to knock, Herbert Morgan burst into the room. One glance at Herbert's face and Mark sprang up and quickly closed and locked the door.

"Now then—what's the matter?" he asked.

Herbert drew out several papers and spread them on the desk. Mark glanced at them. They were the last two receipted bills and a letter from the costumer.

"Notice those dates," he said, "the dates of the receipts."

"I have," said Mark. "They are the sixth and fifteenth of June."

"I have just received a letter from the costumer," said Herbert, endeavoring to speak calmly, "and he says that this man whose name we have for the receipt of these amounts on the sixth and fifteenth of June—that that man Curtis could never have signed those bills, for he died suddenly in May!"

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 574.]

A Mystery of the Forest.

BY E. E. YOUMANS,

Author of "The Lone Island," etc.

CHAPTER XV—(Continued.)

THE OUTLAW CAPTIVE.

"Now," said the spy, "I want you to tell me if there is any probability of the other men coming within an hour. I intend to examine this place carefully, and it will take about that time to do it. Is there?"

The ruffian shook his head negatively.

"Very good," continued the spy. "I suppose you feel the muzzle of this gun pressed against your head, don't you?"

The outlaw nodded affirmatively.

"Good," went on the officer. "Let me tell you that the moment that any one comes before the full expiration of an hour, I'll place the muzzle of this gun against your head, and pull the trigger. You see now what you'll get if you've lied to me."

He lowered the weapon, turned to the boys, and continued:

"Lug him in; then we'll begin."

They soon dragged the prisoner into the other apartment, and placed him on the straw. When they came out the officer was engaged in examining the closet.

"I wish I could see what's in here," he said, "without breaking down the door."

"I've a key here that fits it," said George, and he produced it.

The detective started slightly, and regarded him keenly, but only for an instant, then he took the key and proceeded to unlock the door.

But George was not satisfied. He saw the officer regarded his possession of the key suspiciously, and hastened to remark:

"Don't be alarmed. I assure you that is only the second time that particular key has ever unlocked that door."

"The second time."

"Yes. The first was just before we found you, when I looked into the closet myself, and found it full of——

"Guns, pistols and counterfeiters' tools!" cried the spy, as at that instant he threw open the door and beheld the interior.

He was soon inspecting the tools carefully. He had evidently seen such implements before, for he manifested a familiarity with them which quite amazed his companions.

"Have you ever been in the business," asked George, laughing.

"Hardly," grinned the detective. "But I know something about 'em."

"I should say so," George went on, as the spy continued to examine tool after tool in a manner that showed he was used to such work.

"This is a great find," he observed, after he had finished overhauling them." A few more points, and the evidence'll be complete."

He gathered up his implements, tied them securely together, and placed them out on the floor.

"When we leave this place they go with us," he said.

Next he turned his attention to the stock of weapons which he proceeded to examine with the utmost care. He selected two of them, which he thrust into his pockets, having first assured himself that they were loaded, then he handed each of his companions a pair of revolvers, remarking:

"We may find 'em useful later on."

He provided himself with two or three boxes of cartridges, and directed the boys to help themselves.

"The revolvers are no good without the ammunition," he reminded them, "and we may have a chance to use both before we see the end of this business."

The other weapons and accouterments were tied into a large bundle and laid along side the first lot, and, after another through examination of the walls of the closet the officer relocked the door."

"There's nothing more of interest in that quarter, he said, "so we'll turn our attention elsewhere."

"We'll have to hurry," added George; "half of the hour is already gone."

"I think we can finish up in time."

Just then the detective was interrupted by a sound that caused him to start, bend forward, and listen with the closest attention.

CHAPTER XVI.

OVER THE WIRE.

The sound which so suddenly broke upon the hearing of all in the room was the unmistakable click of a telegraph instrument, emanating from a point somewhere in the apartment.

The officer strained his ears, not so much to locate the position of the instrument, as to catch the words that were going over the wire.

He understood telegraphy fairly well, and had often before been assisted in obtaining important information through the knowledge of it, and he now devoted his attention to the faint sounds with such success that the message was plainly heard.

A minute later the clicking ceased, but he maintained the listening attitude until satisfied he had mastered all that was intended to be conveyed, then he straightened up, and his excitement was visible in his voice as he announced:

"The message says—'Come through the tunnel!'"

George was about to speak, but the spy quickly continued:

"Whoever sent the message must have been sure there would be some one here to receive it. As that fellow in yonder is the only one who has appeared, it is evident they meant him. Now what did they want him for, and where is the tunnel?"

The boys of course could not answer these questions, and the spy did not wait for them to attempt it. He devoted himself energetically to examining the floor of the cabin, for he had conceived an idea, and was acting upon it without delay.

He subjected each board of the flooring to the closest scrutiny, but the result was evidently not satisfactory, for after fifteen minutes of this work he suddenly paused, and was in the act of turning toward the smaller apartment, when all at once the instrument began clicking again.

He wheeled round and began to listen. When it ceased he looked up, saying with increased excitement:

"That time it read—'What's keeping you? Arm yourself and come at once.'"

From this it was apparent that something of an alarming nature had

occurred near the outlaws retreat. The spy's idea was that the place where the counterfeiters' plant was located was some distance from the cabin, and connected with the same by a subterranean passage.

To discover this tunnel was now his most ardent desire. But to do this would require more time than remained of the hour during which the prisoner had assured them no one would come.

Then the urgency of the message was so great that unless speedily responded to by the one for whom it was intended some of the outlaws would come to investigate. All this the detective comprehended in less than a quarter of a minute, and the importance of averting the impending discovery was quickly urged upon him.

There was only one way to do this. That was to find the hidden instrument, and send a return message, giving some excuse for the delay.

This the spy proceeded to do.

His attention while listening to the message had been too much absorbed in reading it to allow of his paying any attention to whence it came, but he thought the sound emanated from a point near the fireplace, and toward this he made his way.

He began sounding the chimney with his knuckles, and was soon convinced that there were boards in front of it. This was just what he expected, and he continued his work with redoubled interest.

In a moment he struck a place that gave out a hollow sound, and began pressing carefully all around it. Suddenly there was a sharp click, and a square section fell out, revealing a cavity of considerable size.

The detective uttered a cry of joy as he saw the little instrument fastened securely to the bottom board, with the wires leading away beyond.

After a moment's thought he placed his hand on the key, and the instrument began to click. He soon sent the message, then waiting to see if a reply would come and receiving none, he replaced the fallen section, and turned away, a look of doubt on his face.

"I don't know how that'll work," he said. "I may be a better operator, or a worse one, than that fellow in there, and in either case it'll arouse suspicion. However, we'll have to risk it, I suppose, but keep a close watch on that window."

Charlie stationed himself near the window, and with revolver in hand, continued a close surveillance over it, while the detective continued his search for the entrance to the tunnel.

He was sure there could be only one way of reaching it, and that was by a trap door leading down from the floor, and he directed his investigations accordingly.

But the minutes passed, and nothing encouraging rewarded his search. He began to think of compelling the outlaw to divulge the secret, when he suddenly discovered a small ring fastened to the floor in one corner of the room.

The next moment he raised a small door, and beheld a few steps leading downward. Without an instant's hesitation he began to descend, and a few minutes later found himself standing in a narrow passage, high enough for a man to walk erect.

"This is the tunnel for sure," he said to George, who had come down the steps behind him, "and it must lead to the place where the plant is located."

"Are you going to follow it?" asked the youth, much excited.

"Certainly; it's the most important discovery of all. I want to become better acquainted with it, then I'll get my men together, and we'll capture the whole gang."

He came up the steps and went into the outer apartment.

"Do you fellows remember how the cabin appeared when you first entered?" he asked.

"Pretty near," answered George.

"Fix everything just as it was," continued the spy. "If any one comes while we're gone I don't want 'em to know anything has happened. I've made quite a change in my plans since that message was sent, and nothing must occur to upset 'em."

"But they'll find one of their own men a prisoner here," said Charlie, "and he'll tell all he knows."

"No, I don't think so. They'll like as not think it's I, and pay no attention to him. But that's another thing we must risk. We'll take a look at that gag, and make sure he won't be able to remove it, then all he can do is to groan, and, judging from the way they treated me, they'll let him do that a long time before they take any notice of it."

The detective began untying the bundles of counterfeiters' tools and shooting irons as he spoke, and, having opened the closet, proceeded to replace the articles just as he had found them.

The weapons he and the boys had appropriated were not put back, for it was not likely they would be missed, and it would be impossible to continue the reconnoitering without them.

When this was done the closet was locked, and the spy proceeded to examine the gag in the outlaw's mouth. It was firm in its place, and, being assured of this, he looked at the bindings on his hands and feet, then turned toward the tunnel.

"The prisoner is safe," he said, "and if everything else is all right, I don't think we need have any fear."

"The other things are pretty near the same as we found 'em," returned George. "You fixed the window, didn't you, Charlie?"

"As well as I could," Burke replied. "You can still see the place where we put in the pry to force the sash, but they may not notice it."

Adjusting the window properly had been left to Charlie, and he had encountered considerable difficulty in doing this satisfactorily.

It was secured by an ordinary catch on the inside, but the screws had been forced out, and the latch bent a little by the iron bar, and it was a matter of much trouble to replace them. He had done it, however, by using the blade of his knife for a screwdriver, and though a close inspection might show that the catch had been meddled with it was more than probable the outlaws, having no suspicion, would fail to notice it.

But the dent in the window sill made by the pry could not be removed, and it was in such a position that any one approaching from without was likely to discover it. That chance had to be taken, however, and, hoping for the best, they prepared to enter the tunnel.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE TUNNEL.

The detective led the way down the steps, closely followed by George with Charlie bringing up the rear.

The latter allowed the trap door to fall back in its place, and a moment later they all stood in the passage at the foot of the stairs.

It was now so dark they could not see one another's faces, but the spy scratched a match, of which he had plenty, and a tiny blaze flared up. Before it expired they had advanced far enough on their way to see that the tunnel led off to the left.

It would not do to strike a match too often, however, as there was no telling but that some of the outlaws might be encountered in the passage, and the blaze would betray them.

With his revolver held in one hand the spy felt along the wall of the tunnel with the other, and in this way managed to move ahead, with the boys close behind him.

They continued to advance for more than five minutes, but no indications of the end of the passage were discernible, and presently the spy called a halt.

"We must be very cautious now," he whispered. "We're entirely unfamiliar with the tunnel, and may run upon some difficulty at any moment. Hold your revolver ready, and don't make any more noise than you can help."

"What do you intend to do after we get out of the passage?" asked George.

"That'll depend on what we discover at the other end. I think the tunnel ends in a cave, or some other underground resort where the outlaws coin their money. If it does we won't be able to get out that way, and'll have to return to the cabin again."

"Can't we strike another match, and see where we are?" asked Charlie.

"I was just thinking of that," answered the detective. "I don't like the idea of doing it, but we'll risk it once more anyhow."

He produced a match as he spoke, and it was soon burning brightly. The tunnel extended on as before, but nothing more could be learned concerning it. All they could see was that it was dug through the soft earth, and probably the roof was not more than two or three feet thick.

It is probable the outlaws purposely arranged it so, for in case of being trapped by the government officials, they could force an exit through the roof and escape in the forest.

The roots of the trees had evidently bothered them a good deal in the work of construction, for the trio could feel at frequent intervals where they had been chopped away. Some of these roots protruded several inches from the wall, and once or twice the detective had run against them as he felt his way along.

The party pressed on again, and after a while came to a point where the passage was crossed by another, and the leader paused with a low cry of surprise.

He had not calculated on anything like this, and its abrupt appearance confused him. Supposing the course they were following led directly to the spot where the counterfeit money was made, he was pressing on, fully confident of reaching the location in due time when now all at once he found it necessary to change his plans.

It was impossible to determine which direction to take and for some time he stood there unable to reach a decision.

"Confound it," he exclaimed, "I really don't know what to do. I don't want to make a mistake, for that will be a loss of time."

"The place is getting decidedly dangerous, too," said George, uneasily.

"Yes, I know it, and that's another reason I don't want to make a blunder," answered the leader.

Suddenly a sound was heard far up the tunnel. They listened for a moment, and were soon convinced that some one was approaching.

At this point the passage was a trifle wider, and they crouched in close to the wall, hoping the outlaw would pass without discovering them.

The detective was anxious to avoid being seen, not because he had any doubt of their ability to dispose of the fellow, but for the reason that he did not want to ruin his prospects of further discoveries. They could easily attack and overpower the on-coming individual, but he would be seriously in the way after his capture, and the spy had sufficient in the work already mapped out to engage his attention for several hours, without burdening his mind with an additional responsibility.

"Don't make the least noise," he whispered. "I don't want him to know we're here."

The fellow came rapidly on thus showing how often he must have traversed the passage to become so familiar with it.

He soon reached the place where the two tunnels crossed, and turned into the one leading to the cabin. The boys scarcely breathed as he passed them, but in a few seconds the danger was over.

"He's on his way to the cabin to see what's keeping the fellow they telegraphed for, I suppose,'" whispered the officer.

"He'll find out what's occurred likely," said George.

"I don't think so. When he gets there and finds the man gone, he'll probably think he left through the window. The message I sent 'em was worded that way. I wired 'em—'Can't leave. The prisoner is troublesome. Will come through the woods.' I'd like to know, though, what it was that alarmed 'em so."

When they were sure all danger of being discovered was past they moved on again, the detective taking the passage down which the outlaw had come.

The appearance of the counterfeiter helped the spy out of his perplexity. He decided that the fellow had come from the coining room, and that this was the way leading to it.

He was now even more cautious in his advance than before, as he was expecting to come upon the object of his search each moment, and did not intend to betray his presence by undue carelessness.

But for more than ten minutes they continued to advance without coming upon anything new, and the spy was beginning to wonder how much farther they would be compelled to travel, when he suddenly caught the sound of a familiar tapping ahead.

"Halt!" he commanded in a low tone, and as the boys paused beside him, he continued:

"Do you hear that noise?"

After listening a moment they replied in the affirmative.

"That's the place we're hunting for. Some of 'em are at work now. The sound you hear is the hammering of the metal used in making the money."

They moved on again, the noise becoming more and more distinct until at last it appeared to be only a little way ahead.

The next moment a small ray of light could be seen evidently shining through the crevice of a door across the passage.

Presently, when they had reached a point within a few yards of the light, the spy ordered another halt. He did not think it advisable for the whole party to approach any nearer, and decided to go forward alone.

"Wait here for me," he said, "and be careful you make no noise."

He moved away in the darkness, and the boys huddled together close to the wall. They kept their eyes on the ray of light, and in a few moments it was suddenly obscured. They knew by this that the detective had reached the door in safety, and was standing before it, looking through the crevice.

For a long time the light was hidden, then it suddenly flashed through the darkness again.

"He's coming back," whispered George.

As he uttered the words another and broader ray flashed out, as the door suddenly opened, and the boys saw the shadowy form of a man step into the tunnel. They also caught a faint glimpse of the spy half way between them and the door, as he quickly crouched against the wall, barely avoiding discovery.

"Don't move for your life," whispered George. "Don't even breathe."

The next few seconds were fraught with the most intense suspense.

They could hear the heavy footsteps of the outlaw coming down the passage, and knew that he had passed the detective without seeing him, but would they be equally fortunate?

To be discovered now would be the worst catastrophe that could befall them, and, as the man came nearer and nearer, they drew themselves in so close to the wall as to almost lose their balance.

A small piece of earth was thus loosened and fell down, rolling about at the robber's feet, who stopped abruptly.

(To be continued.)

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE ARGOSY IS TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. FOR THREE DOLLARS WE WILL SEND THE ARGOSY TWO YEARS.

CLUB RATE—FOR THREE DOLLARS WE WILL SEND TWO COPIES OF THE ARGOSY ONE YEAR TO SEPARATE ADDRESSES.

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

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

FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY,
Publishers,
Madison Square, South,
New York.

Next week we shall begin a new serial entitled

Brought to Book

BY ANNIE ASHMORE.

Author of "Who Shall Be the Heir," "The Hetherington Fortune," etc.

This is a story with a mystery, always a fascinating element, whether in fiction or real life. The Latimers are living in happy tranquillity in their country home when suddenly, as a thunder bolt from a clear sky, trouble descends upon them, and all the conditions of their existence are altered. How Tom Latimer bears up under the altered fortunes, and how he helps to bring to book the cause of them, is told in delightful fashion in this latest story, by one of our readers' favorite authors.

ABOUT BREATHING.

Here is a boy's composition on Breathing:

"Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver, and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we should die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out of doors. Boys in a room make bad, unwholesome air. They make carbonicide. Carbonicide is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonicide got in that there hole and killed nearly every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corosits, that squeezes the diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys, because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I'd ruther be a boy, so I can holler and run and have a great big diagram."

There are a great many things about breathing which other people beside this boy do not happen to know.

Yawning, which is the relief which the lungs take when the air comes too slowly, is a most necessary act, and is like everything designed by nature, for some excellent purpose. It is most beneficial to catarrh, and all affections of the throat. It distends the muscles of the throat and nose.

A writer upon singing says:

"At the present era, when physical culture is a part of the curriculum of our most intellectual schools, and is so generally regarded as a necessary element toward supplying and maintaining the sound body for the sound mind, it is worth while to consider a recent statement of eminent physicians that the mere exercise of singing is a great help toward the prevention, cure or alienation of lung diseases.

"It was disclosed by statistics in Italy some years ago that vocal artists were usually long lived and healthy, and that brass instrument players, who bring their lungs and chest into unusual activity, have not had a consumptive victim among them. No matter how thin or weak the voice, children or young people should be encouraged to indulge in song. There can be no happier medicine, and if hearers sometimes suffer they should be encouraged and strengthened to bear the infliction in view of the good it may occasion."

THE CHINAMAN AT NEW YEAR'S.

In all the Chinese stores and laundries at this season of the year can be seen piles of bulbs for sale. They are the roots of the Chinese sacred lily, a sort of sweet narcissus. The Chinaman in the West, where they hold fast to more of their superstitions than after they have lived East, takes one of his lily bulbs and plants it in a little bowl, pours water around it, and presents the whole thing, on New Year's Day to the American mistress of the house where he works.

If it does not grow up into long green spikes and white bloom by the Chinese New Year which is six weeks later, the Celestial looks upon it as an unlucky house and takes up his abode elsewhere.

SOME ROYAL CYCLISTS.

Every year the entire family of the king and queen of Denmark come home for the queen's birthday. The children come, too. The king of Denmark will be the grandfather of more great rulers than any king who ever lived. Some of the royal boys had their photographs taken with their bicycles. There was the czarewitch of Russia, Prince George of Greece, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and two or three more.

The picture looks like a happy party of American young men in careless dress. It seems hardly likely that all these cousins, who have been brought up to love each other like brothers, can ever go to war with each other when they reach their thrones. The rulers of England, of Greece, of Russia, of Denmark, of Germany, will all be first cousins in an affectionate family. And the young crown prince of Italy is their comrade and friend. It seems ridiculous to think of their ever trying to kill each other.

MADE BY WRITERS.

Could a periodical have a better notice than this? It appeared in a Pennsylvania paper and ran as follows:

"We don't often buy a magazine and then advertise it free, but we cannot avoid advising our readers to purchase Munsey's Magazine, which is only ten cents a copy or one dollar a year. It is bright, original and up to date. It is not weighted down with ponderous, ten thousand dollar articles, by men of distinction in war, statesmanship, science or mechanics, but of very little literary ability. Munsey's is made by writers and deals with subjects of interest."

NATURE'S INVENTIONS

If you will carefully study almost every invention, even the very simple ones which you can readily understand, you will discover that in nearly every case they are only the duplications of something that nature herself invented long ages ago.

Nature herself seems to be inexhaustible in resources. Whenever she needs a thing, when it is necessary for the preservation or comfort of an entire race, then she looks about and invents it without any more fuss.

The individual nature seems to care very little about.

The axle of the bicycle is an exact duplication of the joint of a frog's leg. The honey bee by her cells has taught men how the greatest amount of strength and space can be brought together. The lighthouse was never a success until it was built in the form of the trunk of a tree. There are in nature ten thousand secrets which have never been wrested from her. The spider has evidently used her web as a telephone line ever since the world began. There ought to be a class in school for studying nature, not superficially, merely as a scientific study, but as a practical lesson. Take an animal or an insect that does a certain thing, which man himself wishes to do on a larger scale. Be sure that that animal does that thing in the most perfect and systematic way, at the greatest economy of labor.

How to Make a Place in the World.

BY SAMUEL N. PARKS.

With more and more boys coming out into the world every year; with the farmer boys being pushed off the farms by labor saving machines; with the great West, where, in the old days, a boy could always go, being so rapidly filled up, the problem of making a place in the world grows harder.

The editor of one of the large newspapers says that he has hundreds of applications from young men who want to become newspaper writers. He has but one answer for all of them: "Go and write something, and bring it here. We are always in want of a new idea well worked out." Very few of them ever come back.

There is one requisite for finding a place. The knowledge of the work applied for. One motto might be put up in all boys' rooms, "Learn to do one thing, and stick to it."

The best shoemaker in the world is an infinitely greater man than the poorest general, and deserves, and receives, more respect. And there is one thing which must be remembered: The greatest brain on earth is worth little without training and experience. Even Shakspere himself served a long and hard apprenticeship around a theater before he learned to make plays. He knew how a play ought to be acted; he learned what a dramatic situation was, and how it should be used to make it most effective. Pinero, the Englishman who has written so many good plays, was thoroughly educated in a theater by practical work, beginning in the smallest way.

The thing which the young man going into the world has to consider is the pecuniary value of his work. A designer, for example, whose work is so exact, so neat and precise that it can be handed at once over to the workman, is worth three times as much as the man who can do work which is much more original, but which has to be made over before it can be used.

The best recommendation which a young man can take with him is a sample of his work. That tells the story at once. That, and neatness of dress, dignity of manner and good address, command instant attention.

The boy who leaves school with a great deal of "general knowledge," but knowing nothing specifically, who goes vaguely up and down the world looking for "something to do," has a very poor chance for it in these pushing times. He will probably find that the boy with whom he used to play marbles, and who left school long ago, to run errands in a big store, has the "place" which the college boy covets. The errand boy has come up step by step, learning by actual experience, every detail of the business. As a matter of fact, the educated young man ought to be better fitted to fill a place than his ignorant brother; but there is an education which is better than that which comes from books. It is the knowledge of the world; the understanding of other men; how to deal with them, the conception of their wants. This comes by mingling with them, by seeing the world largely, and this is the recompense which comes to the boy who cannot afford a college education.

A boy, whether he goes to college or not, ought to have continually before his mind the fact that he is growing up to go out into the world, and be one of its well placed, respected citizens, or a poor creature dependent upon some other man for his permission to live. He should choose the work which he is going to do, and learn how to do it; keep his eyes open continually for information upon that one subject, so that nothing new passes him by.

This life work should be the goal toward which all his endeavors, his studies, are continually tending. He should see his life before him, marked off in decades, not a great unknown field, which he may wander over. From ten to twenty he ought to be making himself ready to begin to work. Making himself strong in body, keeping himself clean in mind, and plowing steadily toward a knowledge of the things that pertain to his chosen career.

Few boys realize that a man—the average man, there have not been many exceptions—makes his position in life between twenty and thirty. That is the time when he is showing other men what rank he is going to take. Whether he is a general, or a corporal, a good common soldier, or a hanger on in the great marching regiment. At thirty, a man may begin to have aspirations, but he has ten times the struggle (yes, a hundred times the struggle) to show them that he had when he was twenty. If he hasn't done anything by that time, the world, which is old in experience, and believes in averages, hasn't the least bit of faith that he is ever going to begin.

The world gives very little without value received. It is always skeptical. You must do a thing not only a great deal better than the average, but, to bring yourself above the dead level, you must have some special tact in bringing your attainments to the world's notice. If you not only do a good thing, but are original in the thing you do, then you bound at once into the "place" you have made for yourself.

But the average boy, who is looking for the average place, is the one who needs the most advice, because there are more of him. The boy with talent and genius is usually clever enough to know what to do. That is, generally, the chief part of his talent.

The first thing which a boy wants in finding a place is a spotless name and character, and the open face, self respect and air of manly dignity which those things give. These are invaluable. A lady said the other day that a "gentleman" was easy to define and classify, although people were always stumbling over the definition. It was "a man whose body and soul showed habitual cleanliness."

You cannot "clean up" your mind upon occasions any more than you can your body. The one which is purified daily has a look which cannot be brought to the neglected one. Let a young man who shows these marks of care enter an establishment, he is received with courtesy, because to the clean body and mind all men hold out the hand. The road is paved in an instant, toward the exhibition of what he can do. For, if he is to be valuable, he must do something, and do it well.

The young man who is an honor to himself, and who has thoroughly learned some practical work, could duplicate himself ten thousand times, and always find an opening. The Huguenots, who were the skilled workmen of France, were driven out of the country. They went by the thousands into England and Germany, and even to our far distant America. They were in most cases penniless, almost starving, not understanding a word of the language of the people around them. They were honest, they were thrifty, and they were skilled. Consequently they entirely revolutionized the trades, the manufactures and the commerce of the lands which they made their homes. They had no difficulty in finding a "place."

The world is ruled, is fed, is clothed by men. It is only the idler, the incapable, the shirk, who is out of "place" in it.

THY FRIEND.

Thy friend will come to thee unsought,
With nothing can his love be bought,
His soul thine own will know at sight,
With him thy heart can speak outright,
Greet him nobly, love him well,
Show him where your best thoughts dwell,
Trust him greatly and for aye;
A true friend comes but once your way.
—Indianapolis Journal.

A Step Aside.

BY AGNES G. COPLEIGH.

"There aren't two better fixed fellows in the college, chum," Acy Wescott declared, looking up to Tom Haviland, when they had given the finishing touches to the room. "It was just blind luck that enabled us to get your Cousin Charlie's old den. There's many a first class man who envies us freshies just now."

"Right you are," Tom responded, with a cheerful smile. "This is just glorious and no mistake. Won't we have some high old jinks here?"

"And high old studying, too, if we expect to be honormen," said Acy, smiling. "Don't let your natural exuberance of spirits get away with you, my son."

"All right, deacon," Tom replied, and then they both laughed, for Tom was notoriously a harebrained youth, while Acy was as steady as the hills.

"A good team to run together,"Uncle Jack had thought when he placed the two orphaned cousins on an equal footing for an education. "Tom will keep Acy from being a prig and a milksop, and Acy'll keep flyaway Tom on his good behavior."

But although they started in upon their freshman year with such bright prospects, there came a "hitch" almost before the first term was over. For the first few weeks both studied with commendable industry, and although they took an active part in the class organization and in the various sports and pursuits of college life, they let nothing interfere with their main object in coming to college: both had entered high, and they proposed to keep well toward the head of their large class

They kept steadily pegging away for more than half the term, but at length the "grind" began to tell on Tom Haviland.

"I really must have some sort of a lark," he declared at last, and Acy smiled indulgently and made no objection to Tom's running away for an evening or two, though he did not go himself. It would have been better had he done so.

Before long Tom was not satisfied with an occasional lark, but every evening saw his accustomed place at the little study table empty. He began to fall behind in his recitations, and Acy, having the bad taste to talk to him about it, Tom "got mad' with a vengeance and requested his chum to mind his own business.

Thus the situation went from bad to worse. Before the beginning of the second term Tom was making a very low average and was lower and lower every time the class standing was posted; but he recklessly declared that he "didn't care a picayune," and Acy felt that any remarks upon his part would be received in a wrong spirit by his cousin.

Occasionally he walked out with Tom, but whereas he knew very few of the college men except those of the freshman class, Tom seemed to be "hail fellow well met" with many of the upper classmen, and, to Acy's sorrow, these individuals were the wildest and most reckless youths in the institution. Tom Haviland saw rapidly slipping away from him; he saw it, but there appeared to be no way in which he could regain his former hold upon his cousin.

Uncle Jack had been most liberal with the boys in the matter of pocket money; but whereas Acy, who was economical almost to niggardliness, saved a good part of his, Tom's seemed to slip right through his hands. Several of the leeches who are to be found in every college, discovered that the boy seemed to have plenty of money and spent it freely, and they were evidently determined to cling to him until every cent was gone. Soon, his own pocket money became exhausted long before the next allowance day came around, and he began to borrow from Acy —first small sums, which gradually became larger and larger until Acy became fairly frightened at the amount of the bill Tom had run up.

This second term, too, Tom did not seem satisfied with "larking" in other fellows' rooms, but he turned their own den into a resort for the wild set whom he had joined, and evening after evening Acy was driven to his own tiny chamber, where he was forced to study with a noise like Bedlam let loose in the outer room. Tom was so cross and snappish with him now that he did not even take him to task for this most objectionable practice. Had it not looked like such a sneaking thing to do, Acy would have written to Uncle Jack about the trouble, for he was terribly anxious as to where it would all end for Tom.

It ended finally as neither of them had foreseen and in a manner truly terrible. It was toward the close of the second term and Tom had become more morose and taciturn than ever while with his cousin, and more wildly bent upon "having a good time" while with his chosen friends. He was out every night—sometimes all night—and his requests for money had become so frequent that Acy had been forced, for his own preservation, to refuse.

"Good heavens, man!" cried Tom angrily. "You act as though you thought I wouldn't pay you back again."

"That isn't it, Tom," his cousin replied, trying to speak calmly; "but I cannot spare the money. You owe me—how much do you suppose now?"

"Oh, I know," responded Tom hastily, as though he did not wish to contemplate that unpleasant subject; "it's a tidy little sum, I believe. But what's the odds? I shall have plenty some day—when Uncle Jack drops off the hooks."

Acy was unfeignedly shocked.

"I hope you're not spending money upon your expectations in that direction," he said gravely. "Uncle Jack has relatives nearer to him than either you or I, and he has never given us to understand that he will help us with a penny's worth after we leave college."

"Oh no, not in so many words," Tom responded carelessly; "but I'm sharp enough to see which way the wind blows, if you're not. Hedley, who knows Uncle Jack's folks well, says there's no doubt that the money will be divided between you and me."

Acy flushed up hotly,

"I hope you're not spreading such tales about the college, Tom," he said. "Suppose they should reach Uncle Jack's ears? After all he has done for us, too!"

"Oh, well, they're not likely to. Any way, I'm not blowing about my connections; but I can't help what the boys say, can I? Come now, old fellow, lend us the ducats. You needn't be so afraid. You're not the only fellow I owe in college."

"I wish I was, Tom," his cousin replied, "but really I haven't any more to spare."

"Very well," Tom exclaimed angrily. "I've got to have some from somebody' and I suppose I'll have to go elsewhere,' and he flung himself out of the room.

Acy was not left in the best frame of mind for study, but at length he pulled his chair up to the table and set to work on his books. It was nearly midnight ere he pushed back his chair and rose to his feet.

At that instant there was a sound of hasty, yet muffled footsteps in the corridor without and the door was quickly opened. Acy sprang forward with a startled cry when he saw the trio in the doorway. Hedley, an upper classman, and one of the fastest men in the college, and a much younger fellow named Connelly, the latter of Acy's own class, were supporting the figure of Tom Haviland between them. Tom's eyes were closed and his head drooped in a terribly lifeless way upon his breast, but his face was no paler than those of his two companions.

"What is it? What's the matter?" Acy asked, and he seized his cousin in his arms and laid him tenderly upon the couch.

The front of Tom's coat was wet, and with a cry of terror Acy tore the garment open. Poor Tom's vest was covered with blood, which seemed flowing from a wound just above the heart.

"He—he got hurt,' said Hedley, in a very shaky voice. "Fact is, he did it himself."

Acy looked at the two for an instant very intently. Connelly had dropped silently into a chair, pale to his lips; the older man did all the talking.

"We—we were having a little game of cards, and Haviland lost a deal of money. Must have been crazed, or desperate," he said.

"You lie," Acy exclaimed, in wrath. "You show it in your faces. Let me get a doctor for him and then we'll see whether you tell the truth about it or not," and he started for the door.

"Oh, don't get a doctor—he's not hurt bad, is he?" cried Connelly. "He's only fainted." He rose from his chair and fairly wrung his hands.

Acy passed him with an expression of contempt, but Hedley stood directly in his path.

"You call me a liar?" he said, barring the way.

With all his studiousness Acy Wescott had not forgotten all the tricks of the football field. He crouched an instant and then leaped straight for the other's breast, and encircling his neck with one arm, bore him with irresistible force to the floor. The next instant he was out of the room and running like the wind down the stairway.

A physician lived just across the campus and accompanied him back to the dormitory building. In fact, the medical man arrived there considerably ahead, for Acy, in descending the stairs, had twisted his ankle sadly and was forced to fairly drag the member along. For some reason the students in the neighbouring rooms had not been aroused.

When Acy reached the door of the room the doctor was bending over the body of poor Tom.

"Is he dead?" gasped the terrified youth, leaning for support against the doorpost.

"Not much doubt of that, you young reprobate!" was the physician's startling reply. "If he isn't done for it won't be your fault. If I had my way you'd go up for life for this."

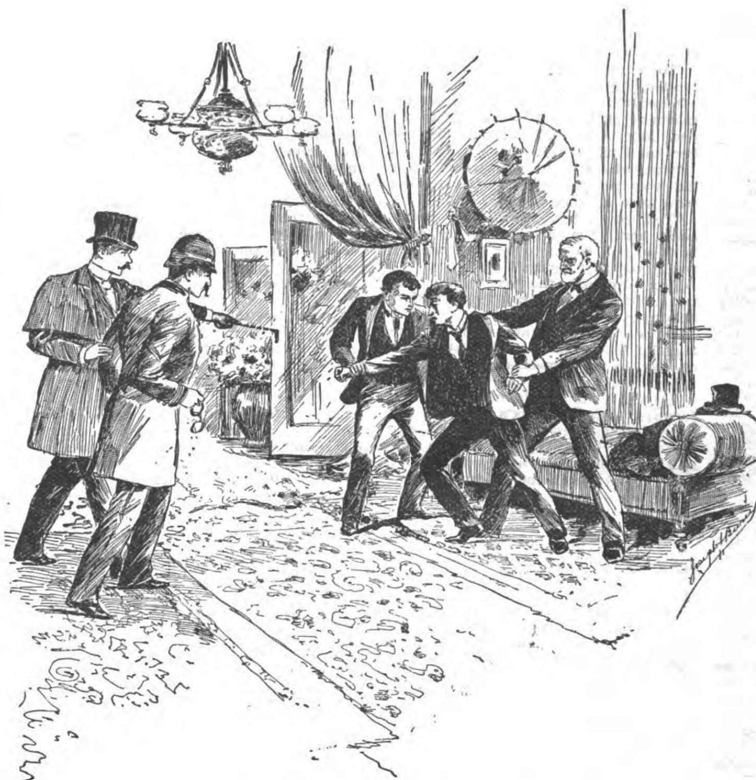
"What do you mean?" cried Acy, almost beside himself with horror. "Do you think I did that? These fellows brought him in here in just that condition," he declared, pointing a trembling finger at Connelly and Hedley, who stood at one side.

"That story won't wash, Westcott," said Hedley sternly. "We both heard you and poor Haviland quarreling and came in in time to see you strike the blow. It was done in anger, no doubt——"

But Acy heard no more; he reeled out of the door, groped blindly for the balustrade, and rushed down stairs again.

"Don't let him escape," he heard the physician exclaim and the next instant there was a rapid tread on the stairs behind him.

Acy did not look back to see who his pursuer was, but ran on across the campus to the president's residence. There was still a light in Dr. Gurthie's study and the boy tore up the steps and rang



ACY SPRANG UP WITH A CRY OF HORROR-

the bell wildly. Then he turned to grapple with his pursuer: it was Connelly, and when the startled president reached the door he found the two boys wrestling madly in the little portico.

"Young gentlemen!" cried the astounded doctor, "what do you mean by such conduct?"

Connelly, who was a thickset, rugged fellow, had Acy by the throat, but for an instant the latter wrenched himself away and exclaimed:

"My room mate, Haviland, has been stabbed. This fellow——"

At that instant Hedley arrived on the scene and mounted the steps.

"Have you got him, Connelly? The fellow must be mad! Doctor, a terrible thing has occurred. Westcott here and his chum were quarreling and poor Haviland was stabbed very badly. The physician says there is no hope. Westcott must be mad, for he denies all knowledge of the affair, although Connelly and I happened to enter the room just as the deed was done——"

Dr. Gurthie was vastly excited.

"Come in and tell me what this means," he commanded sternly.

He drew Acy within the hall, lit the gas in the reception room and the others followed him within. Connelly kept close by Acy's side and Hedley began to tell his version of the story before young Westcott could speak. Dr. Gurthie was evidently impressed, and Acy's wild protestations of innocence had little effect upon him.

Half mad and wholly dazed by his situation, Acy knew but little of what was going on about him. He knew that Hedley asked the doctor some question and the doctor replied by a nod. Then he was seated upon a couch with Connelly and the college president clinging to his arms, and a short period of waiting ensued.

Somehow, the terrible shock of the occurrence seemed to have deprived his brain of the power of working, for all he was able to see was a vision of Tom Haviland lying on the lounge with that deathly palor in his face. Then there were voices at the door and Hedley entered with an officer.

Acy sprang up with a cry of horror. Were they going to arrest him for the murder of his chum? Yet his tongue seemed powerless, and in a moment he was handcuffed and being led away.

"Remember, not a word of this, officer," the doctor commanded sternly. "Tell the captain to come up here at once."

Then everything became a blank to poor Acy and he hung a dead weight on the policeman's arm. He knew not that the officer sent in an alarm from the nearest signal box and that he was borne to the station in the patrol wagon. But he came to himself in his cell and spent a long night of fearful agony within the prison walls.

* * * * * * *

Not until morning did Dr. Gurthie and the physician discover how cruelly they had wronged the imprisoned boy. The sunlight betrayed the blood upon the sidewalk and upon the dormitory building stairs. Then neither Hedley nor Connelly could be found, and although Haviland was in too critical a situation to be questioned, the president hurried to Acy's cell and listened to his story. Search was made for Hedley and Connelly, but as soon as they discovered that Tom was likely to recover after all, they had fled from the place and remained in hiding.

When Tom was able to connectedly recount the matter it appeared that Hedley had told a portion of the facts to Acy, at least, for the three had been playing cards in Hedley's room, and Tom having lost a great deal of money and suspecting Connelly of cheating, had become exasperated and accused him of it. Connelly, who was a most vicious and quick tempered fellow, sprang upon Tom and, with a too ready knife, delivered the blow which so nearly proved fatal.

In response to Dr. Gurthie's telegram, Uncle Jack came and, after the physician pronounced Tom out of danger, took him away with him until he should once more recover his usual health. It was the middle of the third term before Tom came back to his old rooms with Acy, and took up his books again.

You will not find two closer or more considerate friends in the whole college than the cousins, and Acy is hardly more of an "old sober sides" as Tom used to call him, than Tom has become. The latter will never again take that dangerous step aside from the path of duty which led to such serious results.

[This Story began in No. 567.]

A Curious Companion.

BY GEORGE KING WHITMORE,

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

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

"Max Purdy! Where are you? Let me get at you! Oh, this exasperating wire!"

It was plain that Al was "rattled" by the unexpected hearing of his chum's voice over the telephone.

"Hold your horses my boy," Max replied. "Business first, explanations afterwards. Don't put that advertisement of Mrs. Opdyke's in the paper. Morris is back. I'll wait here at her hotel till you get back."

"But where have you been? How did you get away from the fellows who were holding you?"

"Tell you later. Good by. Hurry back here, I'm just crazy to catch hold of you so as to be sure we are really together again."

Max dropped the ear piece and turned around to confront Arthur Seagrave.

He was startled, not only at seeing the fellow in Chicago, but by the change in his appearance. His face was almost as white as his collar.

"Purdy!" he exclaimed, stepping forward to grasp Max's hand as the latter turned away from the telephone. "I heard your voice in the hall, and though I had gone to bed with a sick headache, I dressed and came down to find you. Will you come up to my room for a few minutes?"

"Gladly. I'm going to wait here till Al comes back from down town, and I'm too excited to be good company for myself."

"I'm afraid you'll find me a poor substitute. I really didn't realize," and Seagrave dropped his voice as he linked arms with Max and led him toward the elevator, "till today what a serious predicament I had got myself into in Harristraw. Al was telling me what happened after I left, and all day I have been trying to make up my mind to go back to Harristraw and explain why I went into that cave in the woods."

"But maybe you won't have to do that," exclaimed Max.

"Why? What do you mean?" asked Seagrave eagerly.

They had reached his room by this time and when he had closed the door, he sank weakly down on a chair close beside it.

"I mean that I am almost sure I have discovered the man who committed the murder. By the merest chance, too. He belongs to the gang that were holding Morris and me."

"Where is he now? He must be captured at all hazards."

Seagrave had sprung to his feet. The color was surging back into his cheeks. He darted to the closet and took down his hat and coat.

"I don't know," answered Max. "He blew out the light and escaped when the officer came to the house."

"But he can be found surely," cried Seagrave. "He must be found. Tell me the particulars as quickly as you can."

Remembering Mr. Midgerley's words, Max could easily understand why Seagrave should be so excited about the matter, and as briefly as possible he related the facts in relation to Andy Begum, not forgetting to add the latter's explanation of why he was sore on the subject of Harristraw.

"And you say you left that house alone, when you came away with the officers?" exclaimed Seagrave.

"Yes. At least it was empty for all we knew."

"There wasn't any policeman left there though?"

"No."

"Then this Begum may come back, and if we go out there with an officer we may capture him out of hand."

"Now, do you mean?" cried Max rather taken aback.

"Certainly. No time should be lost."

"But I'm not sure that he will go back there. I don't believe that's where he lives."

"But it's a clew, and if we neglect it, we may never get another."

"I told Al I would wait here for him though."

"How far off is this house?"

"About a mile and a half, I should think."

"It won't take very long then. You can leave word here for Al to go over to the Edgarton and that you will meet him there. You're awfully tired though, I suppose, but you can understand how much this means to me."

"Of course I can, and I will go with you. I think I can find the way."

"You will never regret it, Purdy. Come," and the two hurried off, after leaving word at the office where they had gone and at what place Al could find Max.

It was by this time after eleven o'clock. Max was surprised that he did not feel sleepy. He supposed, however, that excitement kept him up.

They were obliged to wait quite a while at the corner for a car. Seagrave was so nervous that he could not stand still, but kept pacing back and forth within a narrow space till till he made Max nervous, too.

At last a car came along and after they had boarded it the question arose as to where they should pick up a policeman.

"We can get off at the station house where they took Kenny," Max suggested.

"But that will lose us time," returned Seagrave. "Besides, on second thoughts, if this Begum should see us coming with an officer, he wouldn't let us in."

"How are we going to arrest the fellow though, unless we have a policeman wth us?" Max wanted to know.

"Can't we trap him in some way—lock him up and keep him safe till we can get him into the hands of the law? Suppose you go on to the house—he wouldn't be suspicious of you—get him fastened in some room and then set a signal in some window that I would see and know that it was safe to bring the police. You're not afraid to venture back into the place, are you?"

"Not I, when I've got friends outside who know where I am. But you see it's only the merest chance that this Begum will come back there."

"And it's that mere chance I must take," rejoined Seagrave. "Put yourself in my place, with an accusation for murder hanging over your head."

"You did not appear to be very much disturbed by that back in Harristraw," Max could not help reminding him.

A peculiar expression came over Seagrave's face.

"I'll explain the reason for that when we get out of the car," he replied in a low tone.

Max turned, and shading his eyes with his hand peered into the darkness for a few minutes.

"We get out here!" he cried out after an instant.

They swung from the rear platform and soon they reached the sidewalk.

"Now," said Max, "what is that you promised to tell me? Why did you not mind so much being accused of a grave crime a few days ago as you do now?"

"I'll tell you. Then I had another trouble on my mind so great that even the charge of murder seemed light beside it."

"That was the trouble then that made you go into that cave and act so queerly when you tried to make Al believe he had shot you?"

"Yes, it was. You see, I was in a terrible mood, and I felt so badly myself that I wanted to have company. If you fellows hadn't turned out to be as nice as you were, there's no knowing what I might not have done."

"And now?"

"And now I have seen something in this morning's paper that tells me it is all right. Here, stop under this lamp post and I will show you what it was."

Seagrave halted and took from his pocket a small newspaper cutting. This he passed to Max, who beneath one of the city's lamps, read as follows:

"Cecil Van Aylstyne. It was all right. You have been vindicated. A terrible mistake was made."

"Now, I suppose you would like to know what that means," said Seagrave. "I will tell you. I couldn't bring myself to do this while the shadow of suspicion was over me. But now you deserve to know."

There was a brief pause, then taking the newspaper scrap and putting it back in his pocketbook, Seagrave linked his arm in Max's, and as they walked on, he began:

"As you may have guessed, Arthur Seagrave is not my own name. I am Cecil Van Aylstyne, and belong in New York, not in Philadelphia, although I had just come from there when you met me. I had a friend—have a friend I may say now. We were the closest chums as boys, and as we grew to manhood our regard for each other deepened, if that were possible.

"Then my friend went abroad. We corresponded weekly, and finally he wrote me in confidence that an American girl in Paris had promised to become his wife, but that there was as yet no engagement. I congratulated him with all my heart and soon after met a young lady direct from Paris who knew him and with whom I became great friends.

"My chum came home soon afterwards. I went to the steamer to meet him, described in glowing terms the young lady for whom I had conceived the most ardent admiration. He asked me her name and when I told him, accused me of trying to supplant him and then flinging my triumph in his face. All unconsciously I had tried to win the affections of the woman to whom my friend was engaged. That is the story."

CHAPTER XXXV.

PLOTTING A CAPTURE.

Max was silent for a moment after Seagrave—as we shall still continue to call him—had finished his story. He felt that the theme was too sacred to be lightly broken in upon by questions, but at length he could contain himself no longer. His curiosity got the better of him.

"But—but I don't quite understand," he began. "Why didn't the young lady tell you that she was engaged?"

"Because it wasn't announced yet. My friend had written me in confidence about it."

"And didn't she know that you were his friend?"

"Oh yes."

"Then I should think——" Max got so far and then stopped, in some embarrassment.

Seagrave broke in and helped him out.

"Yes, I understand what you would

say. You think it strange that I did not comprehend at once that this lady, having known my friend intimately in Paris, was the one of whom he had written me. I'll explain about that. You see there were several young ladies, my friend had written me about. He had told me that some of them were coming home to America, but had said nothing about such intention on the part of the one to whom he had given his heart."

"But didn't she know that you knew about it—the engagement, I mean?" Max inquired.

"No, but when she found out that I was a very intimate friend of the man she loved she was—well, very nice to me, and I, like an idiot, misinterpreted her favor, and believed it was me she loved. When I found out what an egregious ass I nad been I felt like shooting, or hanging myself. You see, my immediate family are all dead; I live at a club in New York, so there was nobody to whom I needed to specially explain my hurried departure.

"But why did you come to Harristraw?"

"I didn't first. I went to Philadelphia, as the nearest big city to New York, where I might find something to distract my mind from thinking over what a fool I had made of myself. But I'm not a fellow that takes kindly to dissipation. I didn't try that, but I did try theater going day and night."

"It seems sort of funny to go from New York to Philadelphia to do this," Max could not refrain from interposing.

"Precisely, but I couldn't stay in New York, where my chum was. I found I couldn't stand Philadelphia more than one day either. So, as I told Al, I bought a ticket to Altoona, choosing that place through a mere whim, and then got so restless on the train that I left it at Harristraw."

"Then you got restless, and stole away from the Halls' like a thief in the night," supplemented Max.

"Yes, only he generally steals in, not out. And by the way, do you remember that Sunday afternoon when your sister was reading the lines in my hand?"

"Yes," assented Max eagerly.

"Well, I am afraid I was very rude, but when she told me that I had many friends who sometimes seemed to be my bitterest enemies, my chum was brought so vividly to mind that I felt I must stifle if I remained in the room. You see, I am a queer one. I recognize the fact myself, but now everything is all right—that is all except that confounded mess in Harristraw. Are we anywhere near that house?"

"There it is yonder, about half a block away, and great Scott, there's a light in the window of the room where Morris and I were confined."

"Look here, Max," exclaimed Seagrave, suddenly coming to a halt, "I think it isn't right for me to ask you to go into that place. There's no knowing what may come of it. I tell you. Suppose I go and you bring an officer?"

"But they won't let you in."

"Then I'll hang around till you come and we'll storm the place. Can't you bring half a dozen policemen while you are about it?"

"That's just what I've been thinking about," rejoined Max musingly. "You see the crime was committed in Pennsylvania, and here the suspected man is discovered in Illinois. Seems to me there are extradition papers required, aren't there?"

"Not if the person arrested is willing to go back without them."

"Well," laughed Max. "I can't imagine an arrested fellow ever being willing to go anywhere the officers wanted to take him, can you?"

"If they express a willingness to go without extradition papers, I believe that works in their favor when the case comes to trial."

"But will they arrest the fellow on what I tell them, do you suppose?" Max went on.

"Yes, and give you the privilege of being prosecuted for false imprisonment in case he proves his innocence."

"He can't be innocent," Max exclaimed. "No fellow could have acted as he did at the ice cream saloon and not be guilty. That was all a cock and bull story he told me about that marriage."

"Well, you go and see your friend the officer at the station house and I'll wait here."

"But you won't know Begum if he should come out; besides, it's so late now. Isn't that a policeman coming along yonder?"

It did prove to be a blue coated guardian of the public peace, with a star on his left breast. Max and Seagrave hastened forward to meet him.

Max was conscious that he at first regarded them rather suspiciously, but their eagerness to hold converse with him evidently dispelled any doubts of their honesty he may have had.

"You see that house off there?" Max began, ponting to the lighted window.

"I do," replied the officer.

"Well, we have reason to believe that there is a man there who is wanted for murder in Pennsylvania."

"That's a pretty serious charge to bring," returned the policeman.

"There was one man arrested from there already this evening," Max went on. "But he was taken for kidnapping."

"Well, I knew that was a house of rather shady character," rejoined the officer, "but I had no idea it was such a nest of iniquity as you describe. Tell me the details."

So Max explained about the Peterson murder, the Morris Opdyke kidnapping, and the incident in the German's ice cream saloon, without, however, mentioning that his companion had been accused of the Beechwood crime.

"It seems to be a pretty straight case," was the policeman's comment, at the conclusion of the narrative. "It won't do any harm for us to put him in a safe place till you can prove your case."

"But you'll have to go about it pretty carefully," suggested Max, and he told of how quickly Begum had disappeared when the other officer had appeared at the house.

"Then I don't see anything for it," said the policeman, "but for you, young man, to knock and inquire if the boy has come back. We'll sneak up and remain hidden around the corner, ready to pounce on him. Do you understand?"

"Yes," and Max led the way to the house he had such good cause to remember.

He waited until Seagrave and the officer had concealed themselves, then he knocked boldly at the door.

A window was raised overhead—in the room where Kenny had played off sick—and a voice which—with a thrill—Max recognized as Begum's, called down:

"Who's there?"

"I—Max Purdy. Has Kenny come back yet? Have you heard anything of the boy?"

"Have you been out looking for him all this time," replied Begum. "Well, you're the most ready chap to return to jail I ever heard of. Wait, and I'll come down and let you in."

Max's heart beat with triple hammer velocity. What if there should be a failure on the part of his confederates to capture the man as soon as he opened the door?

"He's coming! Be ready!" he called out in a loud whisper around the corner.

He could hear Begum's steps descending the stairs; then as he walked down the short entry. Another instant and the door was thrown back.

"Now," Max called out over his shoulder as he heard the knob turn.

There was a rush of air behind him, a half stifled cry from in front, and then a general mixing up of arms and legs in a free for all fight, of which Max seemed to be the central target.

He dropped to the earth and wriggled his way out of the fray as speedily as he could. Then he sprang to his feet and looked around him.

The day was won. Begum stood there on the doorstone struggling, but subdued between Seagrave and the policeman.

"But what will we do with him now?" Max asked himself. "We haven't any rope and there may be somebody else in the house that will help him."

(*To be continued.*)

[*This Story began in No. 571.*]

Checkmate.

BY WILLIAM LIEBERMANN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JONES THINKS OF SPECULATING IN HONESTY.

Ralph, left to his own devices, spent the days of waiting in wandering about Chicago, sometimes alone, now and then with his old acquaintance, the elevator boy.

Saturday evening found him waiting not a little impatiently, for Jones, who did not come strictly on time. So that Ralph was quite relieved when at last he did turn up.

"Well, my young friend," began Jones, "I'm delighted to see you again. What may have brought you to Chicago?"

"Suppose we go to my room," said Ralph. "We shall be more at our ease there."

"With all my heart," assented Jones.

"Now," began Ralph, when they were comfortably seated. "I want to ask you some questions."

"Well, fire away."

"Why did Harvey Coltwood pay you to obtain—never mind how—certain letters belonging to Mrs. Hernden, of Porson's Hollow?"

"Oh?" said Jones coolly, "who told you he did?"

"I heard you on the train, disputing with him about the price to be paid. He gave you five hundred dollars, the night I went to the theater."

"With, if I am not mistaken, those same papers in your pocket."

"Well, suppose they were," said Ralph boldly. "What then?"

"What then? Are you aware that I could have you arrested for stealing papers from my valise?"

"Maybe you could, but I hardly think you will."

"And why not?"

"Because you would be obliged to explain how the papers came into your hands, and that might be a little awkward, especially as Mrs. Hernden has a very clear recollection of you."

"Well," said Jones reflectively, "you're a cool hand. I'm not sorry, on the whole, that you did Coltwood out of those papers."

"But I didn't!" said Ralph.

"Then Coltwood lied to me; but that's not very remarkable for him."

There was a pause. Ralph was not quite sure what he wanted of Jones. And Jones himself was not quite sure just how he ought to treat Ralph. Jones was the first to speak.

"Look here," he said, "I don't quite know what you want of me, but I like your confounded impudence. Suppose we both give up fencing, and talk straight?"

"Done!" cried Ralph.

"Well," continued Jones, "I don't know how much or how little you know. But Coltwood hasn't played me square, and I don't see why I should hang by him. Suppose I explain from the beginning what concerns you?"

"Go ahead," said Ralph. "I'm listening."

"Well, his idea was to prevent you from getting to the colonel. I was to watch for you, get into your favor, and use whatever means I could to persuade you or compel you to go back where you came from. You lost your pocketbook, didn't you? Well, I've got it somewhere, though just now I've mislaid it."

"Is this the one you mean," asked Ralph, showing it.

"Why, hang it all, young man, I didn't think you had it. If you go on as you've begun, you'll soon be a cleverer rogue than I am. Suppose we go into partnership, as I know you're out of a job."

"Out of a job? I don't quite understand."

"I thought," said Jones, "that we both agreed to give up fencing, and talk straight. Coltwood told me how he'd managed to keep you out of the colonel's house, so it stands to reason that you've been getting along somehow. I take it you've been living on your wits, which seem to be pretty sharp."

Ralph had to this time been a little proud of the manner in which he had outwitted Jones, in the matter of the stolen letters. But now he remembered a proverb he had heard about "setting a thief to catch a thief." That he should have done anything which should have given this fellow Jones, (who was a rogue pure and simple, a gentlemanly thief and nothing else,) a chance to offer to join with him in roguery made him realize that the proverb applied to himself. It was evident that Jones thought him, if not already a rogue, at least very well qualified to become one. For the moment, Ralph felt bitterly ashamed of himself.

Jones went on:

"Of course, it wasn't part of our plan to have you get into trouble with those village busybodies at Porson's Hollow. I thought you would stay on the train till you got to Chicago, and either get lost there, or go back home. So when I found out you'd been mistaken for me and clapped into their rickety jail, I got you out and started you off."

"If your only idea was to get rid of me why didn't you leave me there?"

"Well, he was afraid you might have sense enough to write to the colonel, and he had particular reasons for not wishing the colonel to open a correspondence with any one in Porson's Hollow."

"Why not?"

"Well, I'm not quite certain. It's probably because of those papers."

"Well, those papers, what of them? What did he want them for? Why was he willing to pay such a price for them?"

"Well, Coltwood is clever, and don't give away his secrets more than he has to. All I know about them is that with them he thought he had a good chance of making up the quarrel between him and his uncle."

"But how?"

"I don't know that. I've told you about all I do know. Suppose you tell me, now, what brought you here?"

"Just the thing you can't tell me, or won't. I came simply to find out why Harvey Coltwood wanted those letters."

"Well, I can't tell you. I don't know. I haven't the slightest idea what connection they have with the colonel, though I looked through them very carefully just to find that out for myself."

"Do you think, if it were necessary, you could give a description of those letters, and what was in them?" asked Ralph.

"I could do better than that. I could give you copies of them."

"When?" asked Ralph.

"When it seems worth my while. Look here, I don't know what your game is, yet. If it's anything against Coltwood, I'll help you. But I want to see my way, and I want to get a share of the money. You're not in this for amusement, are you?"

"No, I'm not. But I'm not in it for money either."

"Then you can count me out," said Jones, rising. "Good night."

"Hold on," cried Ralph, "wait till you've heard me out. Perhaps you can help me to square up accounts for good with Harvey Coltwood."

Jones sat down again, and waited.

"I'm on my way to visit Mrs. Hernden," said Ralph. "Now, what I want, since I haven't got the papers themselves to take to her, is some proof that they were stolen by some one employed by Harvey Coltwood."

"But what's to be gained?"

"I'll obtain a promise from her that you shall not be prosecuted——"

"Thanks! but I'll undertake that myself, by keeping away from Porson's Hollow. I'm an old hand; you won't take me in quite so easily."

"I can't promise you money. I haven't any except what the colonel allows me, and that——"

"The colonel! Does he give you money?"

"Yes, pocket money, of course."

"But!"

"Why, you don't think he would let me go around with nothing in my pockets?"

"I thought, when he sent you about your business, he would trouble himself no more about you."

"But he never 'sent me about my business.'"

"Why, Coltwood said——"

"Coltwood got two men to play the colonel and his servant. The false servant met me at the boat, drove me to the false colonel, who gave me a lecture about being so long in coming to him, said I was not to be relied on, and sent me away, with money enough to get back where I came from. The servant stole the letters at the same time."

"So that was his idea in having you go by boat!"

"I didn't guess it was all a trick, and never thought of even connecting them with the loss of my letters. But by good luck I happened to run across the real colonel the very next day, and then I understood the whole business."

"And you're really with the colonel? Coltwood would be surprised to hear that. He is quite sure you are out of his way for good."

"Well, I'm not. I don't at all understand him yet, but I hope to. And when I do, I'll beat him," said Ralph, confidently.

"And how do you expect to make anything out of those letters?"

"I don't know. I'm only stumbling around in the dark, and making use of whatever seems even ever so little likely to help me out. Who do you think wrote those letters?"

"I give it up," said Jones. "They were none of them signed anything but 'Rod'."

"I think they were written by Colonel Roderic Clifford!"

"Whew!" said Jones. "I think I understand. Young man, I believe it might be worth my while to speculate in honesty for once; at least to help the honest folk against the rogue, that is, against Coltwood. I think I'll gamble. You shall have copies of those letters tomorrow, and if I can help any way, I will. But you must remember your promise. Mrs. Hernden is not to prosecute me. And if there's money in it, why I come in for my share of it."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CONNECTING LINK.

On Monday morning Ralph, armed with the copies furnished by Jones, set out a second time for Porson's Hollow. Though quite confident of success, he still found one or two points that were not quite clear to him. Chiefly, what did Coltwood want of the letters?

He expected to make his peace with his uncle by their aid. But how? If Ralph's idea were right, if Mrs. Hernden was really the colonel's sister, then surely the best way for Harvey to regain the colonel's good will would have been to write the brother and sister. But he had carefully avoided all chance of bringing about any communication between Porson's Hollow and the colonel's household. It was evident that he wished rather to keep them apart than to bring them together.

Then, too, why had Mrs. Hernden never written to her brother—if the colonel was her brother? Ralph, looking over his copies given him by Jones, found some answer to that in a copy of the newspaper clipping, telling of the loss of the Manasseh. Probably she believed her brother to be dead.

Neither was Ralph quite sure how to go about the business that lay before him. Still, that worried him very little. He trusted to luck to point out the way for him. It was in this mood that he reached Porson's Hollow late in the afternoon, and went at once to the doctor's house.

"Why, Ralph, my boy," said the doctor, "where have you been all this while? We've been worried to death the whole week about you."

"Did you know I was coming, then?" asked Ralph, in surprise. "How did you find out?"

"How should we find out? Mr. Seaman wrote to me, nearly a week ago, to say you were on your way."

"I stopped over in Chicago, to try and find out something about those papers Mrs. Hernden lost."

"But why didn't you write and let us know? I and your guardian have been anxious for the whole week."

"I never thought about that," said Ralph.

"Thoughtless as ever, my boy. You should remember that we old folks are not so happy-go-lucky as you are; to be sure you are out of mischief as well as out of danger. Well, come on in. We're just going to have supper."

In the dining room Ralph found Mrs. Sherwood and May, who were as glad to see him as was the doctor. He glanced round the table, a little disappointed to find neither Grace nor her mother.

This was very unreasonable, for he certainly could not wish for a prettier girl than May, nor could he have found anywhere a more admiring and attentive listener, as he poured out his story, or so much as he thought fit to tell of it.

Ralph asked about Mrs. Hernden and her daughter. Yes, they were well, and would be glad to see him, no doubt. Tomorrow he could go and see them, and he had to be satisfied with that. Meanwhile he must be content with the doctor and his wife and daughter.

But the very next morning, directly after breakfast Ralph set off by himself to find Mrs. Hernden, or, rather, to find Miss Grace. By the time he reached the house he realized that it was very early to pay a call, and so, instead of going in, he passed the gate, and went on towards the village.

The truth was that for the first time in his life he felt bashful. He was half afraid to meet Miss Grace, in spite of his eagerness to see her again. This was the reason, most likely, why he passed that gate at least a dozen times during the next hour and a half, and each time decided that it was still a little too early to make a call.

At last, however, he found courage enough to go in. The first person he saw was Grace herself. She was lying in a hammock hung under the trees.

An open book lay in her lap, but it was plain she had not been reading much of it. She was just dreaming, or listening to the birds, or—any way, it was shameful laziness for a young girl to be wasting her time so early in the morning! May Sherwood, now, was busy about the house at this very moment. But Ralph neither knew nor cared what May might be doing. All he knew was that the young girl before him was very pretty—not any prettier than May, though; remember that, for all Ralph thought otherwise. Ralph was at no time very wise, and his choice of Grace as the prettier and more attractive of the two girls was one of his stupidest acts.

None the less, there's no denying she was very pretty as she lay there, dreaming. Ralph stood some minutes, half afraid to disturb her.

"Good morning," he said, at last, coming forward.

At the sound of his voice she sprang up so quickly that she very nearly upset the hammock.

"Why!" she said, steadying herself as best she could, "Mr. Walpole! You are the very person I was thinking about! Well, I am glad to see you!"

"Thank you," returned Ralph, and then stopped, embarrassed. He was not used to being called "Mr. Walpole," nor to having young and decidedly pretty girls tell him they had been thinking of him.

Grace, too, realized what she had said, for she blushed and was silent. But she took Ralph's offered hand, and didn't seem to notice that he held it much longer than is usually considered necessary in shaking hands with an acquaintance.

Ralph decided to be bold.

"So you were thinking of me?" he asked.

"Oh, I didn't mean just that," she said. "That is, I—May told me you were coming, and then you didn't come, and then——"

"And then you were sorry I didn't come?"

"Yes, something like that," admitted Grace. "That is, I was afraid you might have got lost, you know."

"Lost!" said Ralph, with supreme contempt. "Well, I like that!"

"But you must tell me all about yourself," went on Grace. "You don't know how anxious we were about you when you went away so suddenly, without saying a word to any one."

Ralph needed no urging to tell his story over once again, though now, as when he had told it to the doctor, he made no mention of Coltwood. By this time, he had told the story so often that he was becoming quite clever at it, and was able to hold Grace breathless with interest to the end.

"And did you really think of going away to sea?" she asked, incredulous.

"Nothing but luck stopped me," said Ralph. "If I hadn't been so anxious to get back those papers of your mother's, I should be away now, sailing over the waves in the Flying Spray," which was not strictly true, for Ralph knew that Captain Burnham was at St. Louis just then.

"How dreadful!" said Grace.

"Dreadful? How jolly, you mean."

"Are you really sorry, then, you didn't go?" asked Grace, reproachfully.

"Well, no, not just that. Because then, I shouldn't have come back here, and seen Dr. Sherwood, and Miss May, and—and——"

"And us," finished Grace merrily. "I hope you don't mean to leave me out of your list of friends?"

"No," said Ralph. "I wanted to put you first, but I didn't dare!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Grace, with an unnatural little laugh. There was a pause; neither was quite sure what to say next. Luckily, just then Mrs. Hernden came up the path.

"Why, Master Ralph!" she cried, "so the prodigal has returned?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hernden. But I haven't brought you those letters you lost," said Ralph.

"My letters? Why, you surely never took my words about those letters in earnest? I never for a moment expected you would bring them."

"But he had them, mama, he had them once, only they were stolen from him again," said Grace.

"Why, really! You must tell me all about it, Master Ralph."

"Look at these," said Ralph, taking from his pocket a few of the copies given him by Adolphus Jones.

"Why, what is this? Where did you get this? It is a copy of one of the very letters."

"Are you sure?" said Ralph.

"Quite sure. And this is another. So you really have got the letters."

"No," said Ralph. "I had them, but they were stolen from me. But we may get them yet. Do you mind telling me who wrote them—the letters, I mean. I know who wrote the copies."

"They were from my brother, who was lost at sea, near New Zealand, a little while before we came here from Johnstown."

"Johnstown, where the flood was?" asked Ralph eagerly.

"Yes. We left there only a little while before the flood came. We have to be very thankful for our escape. I hear from my nephew that the house we used to live in was destroyed."

"And did you ever hear of a Mr. Harvey Coltwood?"

"Why, that's the very nephew I was speaking of. Do you know him? He's a good fellow, a little wild perhaps, but thoroughly good hearted. Grace, dear, you remember your handsome cousin? She lost her heart to him, when he was here about six months ago."

"Oh, mama!"

Ralph could hardly contain his excitement.

"I've seen him," he said, "but I don't know him very well."

"You're sure to like him, when you know him a little better."

"And the letters; we were speaking of the letters. Would you mind telling me the name of the writer?"

"My brother's name? Didn't I mention it? Clifford. Colonel Roderic Clifford."

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW A RASCAL SET TO WORK.

Life is, for some people, a game, or rather, a series of games of chess. The man is one player, and the other player is Chance. And all the men and women who help to carry out or to mar the man's plans are the pieces in the game; often enough, without ever guessing it. And Chance, who plays against all comers, is generally the winner.

The player of the game in which Ralph had proved to be so important a piece was Harvey Coltwood. And now that the game is so near the end, perhaps it will be well to get a little nearer view of him.

Harvey Coltwood, the son of Colonel Clifford's cousin, had lost his father when very young. Left thus to the care of an indolent, fashion loving mother, who could deny her handsome boy nothing, he had grown up as might be expected.

Proud, selfish, passionate—all this was bad enough. But worst of all, he had grown deceitful. For his mother became irritable in her widowhood, and Harvey, selfish to the core, hated to provoke her ill temper, not because he feared it, but because it made him uncomfortable. So he became a practical hypocrite; a model child when under his mother's eye, but hated and feared by the servants, and all who came in contact with him.

Naturally bright and undoubtedly clever, his mother looked forward to a brilliant future for him. But he made small progress at school, partly because he was lazy, partly because he chose a bad set of friends.

He became a sort of leader in what was known among the boys as the "fast set." For strange as it may seem, almost every school has its fast set, a sort of primary training class for the greater fast set of everyday life.

When Harvey was sixteen years old, his mother died, leaving him a small fortune, partly in money, partly so invested as to bring him in a small income each year. This was some years after Colonel Clifford had started out on his wanderings round the world.

Harvey went to live with his aunt, Mrs. Hernden, and his handsome face and the pleasing manners he could command when he wished soon won her good opinion. This good opinion she communicated to her brother, (nominally Harvey's guardian) in their constant exchange of letters. So that when Harvey was planning a trip to Europe, the colonel arranged to meet him, and together they spent three months in Paris and in wandering about France.

Harvey was on his good behavior all this time, and the colonel, finding him bright and clever, was as well pleased as Mrs. Hernden had been.

When he returned to America, however, things were altered a little. Harvey, who was now of age, instead of going back to his aunt, went to St. Louis, and set himself up in bachelor apartments, to live as he pleased.

No longer on his good behavior, he plunged at once into a rather dissipated life, with a zest born of the last five years of restraint.

A love of card playing, one of the evil results of school associations, soon began to play havoc with the money left him by his mother. Fortunately, he was unable to spend the part that was invested, so that he was always sure of an income, small enough, no doubt, but sufficient to live on comfortably. At the end of a few years, he was madly entangled in debts, and forced into more than one dishonorable scheme for relieving himself.

Suddenly came a promise of help from an unexpected quarter. Colonel Clifford was reported lost in the wreck of the Manasseh, and Harvey knew that in his uncle's will he would probably be joint heir with Mrs. Hernden and her child. What a pity he was not sole heir!

As we have seen, he telegraphed to a friend in Honolulu for particulars of the wreck, and received the unwelcome news that the colonel was among the survivors. At the very same time he received the letter from his aunt in which she spoke of her intended change of home, and her conviction that the colonel was lost.

Harvey suddenly conceived a brilliant idea. What if he could succeed in keeping the colonel and his sister apart, so that each should think the other dead! Then the colonel would probably leave his whole fortune to his nephew.

To keep the sister away from the brother was easy enough; she already believed him dead. But how persuade the colonel that Mrs. Hernden was no more?

The terrible flood at Johnstown fell in most opportunely with Harvey's plans. The whole thing was done!

Through the sickness that struck the colonel after the Johnstown disaster, Harvey watched him with feverish anxiety, fearful that he might die before he had altered his will. But the colonel recovered, and at last Harvey felt that success was fairly his. Living alone with his uncle he certainly had every chance of success, unless you might count Jackson's distrust a point against him.

And all this was lost, all his plans upset by a bit of carelessness on his part. The colonel found out, by the merest chance, a good deal about his gambling, and Harvey, in the altercation that followed, lost his temper, and allowed the colonel to see much more than was wise of his private life. Colonel Clifford made inquiries, through Jackson, and the whole of Harvey's dissipated career was laid bare before him. A second quarrel followed, which resulted in an entire estrangement between the colonel and his nephew.

Harvey comforted himself with the thought that it would after all make very little difference. The colonel never suspected the trick that kept him from his sister, and so never thought of questioning her death. So probably he would at last repent of his quarrel, and leave his money to his nephew, the only living relative he had in the world.

Still, there was always the danger that the colonel, angry with his nephew, might leave a great part of his fortune to charity, or dying without a will, the money would have to be shared with Mrs. Hernden and her daughter. So Harvey cast about for some means of patching up the quarrel.

He thought he saw a way to do this if he could get hold of some of the letters Colonel Clifford had written to his sister. As Harvey was a welcome visitor at Mrs. Hernden's house, it would have been easy enough for him to have got these himself. But like many another scrupulous rogue, he was afraid to steal himself, though not afraid to pay another man to steal for him.

Just at this time Harvey received the most unwelcome information, through a servant in the colonel's household who was paid for all the news she could bring to him, that Ralph Walpole was to be sent for, and might prove a considerable rival. So Jones was commissioned to do both jobs—to steal Mrs. Hernden's letters, and to intercept Ralph.

Unfortunately for Harvey, Jones, when he had got the papers, stood out for more money, and Harvey, being to some extent in his power, was obliged to pay up, though he could but ill spare it.

Of the rest of Coltwood's doings we already know enough. Of course the man who met Ralph when he first came to St. Louis was employed by him.

Enough to say that Coltwood had no idea of the failure of this plan till he met Mr. Jinks.

When Jinks came back from his visit to the colonel, Harvey questioned him closely, and was satisfied that no one suspected his connection with Ralph's adventures. So he felt secure enough, and wrote a note to his uncle appointing Thursday afternoon for an interview, which, he hoped, from what Jinks had told him, and from the letters of Mrs. Hernden which he held, would once more set him in the colonel's good graces.

(To be continued.)

HOW HE ESCAPED.

"Were you ever shot in the war, colonel?" asked the young woman of the warrior, after listening to some of his exceedingly blood curdling reminiscences of the late unpleasantness. "Once only. A bullet struck me right here," putting his hand directly over his heart. "Dear me!" she cried; "why didn't it kill you? That is where your heart is." "True," returned the colonel, "it is where my heart is now, but at the time I was shot, fortunately enough, my heart was in my mouth."—Harper's Magazine.

REPENTANT.

"Bennie Bloobumper, come here!" said the teacher in a severe tone.

"Please, ma'am," replied Bennie, as he moved slowly forward. "I didn't do it, an' if you'll let me off th's time, I'll never do it again."—Harper's Bazar.

ON JOY.

Joys have three stages, Hoping, Having and Had.
The hands of Hope are empty, and the heart of Having is sad;
For the joy we take in the taking dies, and the joy we Had is its ghost.
Now, which is the better—the joy unknown or the joy we have clasped and lost?

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

[*This Story began in No. 567.*]

A Bad Lot.

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

CHAPTER XXXIII.
RESCUED.

"I'm glad to see you, old man," called out Amos Sanderson, joyfully. "I was afraid you wouldn't come. It came near being serious for us."

"Yes, I have come," said Walter Cunningham wearily.

He looked ready to drop, and there was an expression of sadness on his face.

"You seem very tired," said Bernard compassionately.

"Yes, I was afraid I would be too late. Why are you all out here. What is going to happen?"

"I'll tell you," said Sanderson. "These gentlemen were about to kill us. They had just offered us the choice of how to die. But now that you have come with the money——"

"I have no money," said Cunningham in a low voice.

"What!" exclaimed Sanderson in dismay.

"You have no money?" said the interpreter in amazement.

"What have you been doing all this time, then," asked the American.

"I will tell you, but I must sit. I have been walking for hours."

He sat down on a broken branch of a tree, and breathed a deep sigh.

The bandits looked puzzled. They did not understand what he had said, but felt that it was something of importance, and they looked to the interpreter for an explanation. The latter said nothing, but waited.

"Listen," began Cunningham, "a week since I left here and went to Naples."

"You did go to Naples, then?"

"Yes, I reached Naples, though it took me rather longer than I anticipated. I went to see the bankers, and——"

"Got the money?"

"Yes, I got the money."

"Then I don't understand."

"You will soon. I was delayed two days, and this will account in part for the length of time I have been absent. As soon as I could started on my return."

"With the money?"

"Yes, with the money. But I was waylaid by two men twenty miles back, and robbed of every scudi."

Amos Sanderson groaned.

"Is this true?" asked the interpreter.

"Yes; I wish it were not."

"And you have come here with empty pockets?"

"Yes."

"Why then did you come back at all?"

"Because I felt that I could not desert my comrades. I went out as their agent, and it was my duty to report to them, and share their fate if any harm should befall them."

"You hear that, Mr. Sanderson!" said Bernard triumphantly.

"If I had been the messenger this thing would not have happened."

"Will you explain to these gentlemen what I have said?" said Cunningham to the interpreter.

The latter did so, and the result was scowling looks on the swarthy faces of the three Italians. The three captives awaited in silence the result of their conference. They had not to wait long.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," said the interpreter, "for what is going to happen. My friends here are deeply disappointed."

"It is not our fault," said Amos Sanderson.

"They have stated the terms of release. They required five thousand scudi, and they are not forthcoming. Under the circumstances they have no choice but to doom you all to death."

It was a terrible sentence, and the hearts of the three captives quailed.

"At least spare the boy—spare Bernard!" said Walter Cunningham.

"We can make no exception," replied the interpreter after a brief conference with the bandits. "All we can do is to give you the choice of the knife or the pistol."

"I choose the pistol," said the Englishman.

"Look here, you are making fools of yourselves," cried Amos Sanderson. "Send me to Naples, and I will bring back the money. I see that you are in earnest, and I will keep my word."

Again there was a whispered conference. Then the interpreter spoke again.

"My friends do not trust you," he said. "You would not return."

Sanderson wished to argue the question, but the interpreter silenced him by an imperative gesture.

"No words of yours can alter our purpose," he said. "We have been more lenient with you than with most of our prisoners. We have given you seven days to get the money for your ransom, and it is not here. We have no time to waste. What is to be done must be done quickly."

"There seems no help for it, Bernard," said the Englishman.

Within five minutes the three captives, with hands tied, were bound to trees, and with blanched faces awaited the fatal volley from the three bandits who stationed themselves at the distance of twenty paces fronting them.

Bernard gave himself up for lost when something unexpected happened. He heard shots, and for the moment thought they came from the pistols of their intended murderers. But to his astonishment it was the robber opposite him who fell. Another shot and another and the other two fell, fatally wounded. Then a party of soldiers came dashing forward, accompanied by a man whose face looked familiar to Bernard.

"Mr. Penrose!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Bernard, it is I. I was robbed by these men a month since. I tracked them, and I have at last brought them to justice."

"You're a trump, squire!" said Amos Sanderson. "I never felt so relieved in the whole course of my life. Come and untie me."

William Penrose took a jack knife from his pocket, but he untied Bernard first.

"You have the prior claim on me," he said.

It was found that two of the bandits were dead. The third was taken by the soldiers, and carried on an extemporized litter to the nearest town, where he was imprisoned, but later tried and sentenced to be executed.

Overjoyed at their unexpected rescue from peril, the three travelers made the best of their way to Naples, where, despite the loss of five thousand scudi, Walter Cunningham and Amos Sanderson enjoyed themselves by trips to Mt. Vesuvius, Pompeii, and a ride to Sorrento along the shores of the magnificent Bay of Naples.

"Have you consoled yourself for the loss of two thousand scudi?" asked Bernard, addressing himself to the American, as they sat on a balcony in their Sorrento hotel, looking out upon the moonlit waters of the famous sea.

"Yes," answered Mr. Sanderson. "Now that the three rascals who captured us and nearly put us to death have met the same fate themselves, I don't make any account of the money. Thank Providence, I have plenty left."

"That's the right way to look upon it," said Walter Cunningham.

"I am the only one who has lost nothing," said Bernard. "I have the best reason to be satisfied."

The three still remained together. They had been companions in misfortune, and this was a tie that still held them. Yet, truth to tell, neither Bernard nor his English friend enjoyed the society of the American, who was hardly congenial, and had some objectionable qualities.

"I have no prejudice against your countrymen," said Mr. Cunninbham to Bernard. "I have known many cultivated and refined Americans whose society I enjoyed, but they differed essentially from Mr. Sanderson. I own I wish he would leave us."

"He seems determined to stand by us," said Bernard.

"Yes, so it seems."

"There is one chance of separating from him. He has made up his mind to go to Sicily and wants us to go with him."

"We can refuse. But in that case he may give up his plan."

"I don't think he will. He tells me he has always wanted to go to Sicily."

"He may stand a chance of being again captured by banditti. I understand that Sicily is more infested with them than the main land."

"I earnestly hope not. I don't care especially for Mr. Sanderson, but I think he has had his share of that kind of peril."

That evening Mr. Sanderson broached the subject, and strongly urged his two companions to start with him for Palermo.

"We shall have to disappoint you," said Walter Cunningham. "We have other plans."

"But it won't take long, and I surmise you have no important business to keep you from going."

The next day, however, Mr. Cunningham was provided with an excuse. He received a letter from Englang informing him that an uncle, his mother's brother—was dying, and wished to see him.

"Are you ready to go back to England with me at once, Bernard?" he said.

"I shall be glad to do so."

"Then pack your luggage, and we will go."

In London Bernard received a letter from America that interested him.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

NAT BARCLAY'S LETTER.

The day after Bernard reached London he received at his old address a letter bearing the familiar postmark of Doncaster. It will be remembered that it was at Doncaster our story opened, and it was there that the boarding school of Professor Ezekiel Snowdon was located. Bernard's face lighted up with pleasure for in the superscription he recognized the hand writing of his friend Nat Barclay.

He tore open the envelope and read the letter quickly. It ran thus:

"Dear Bernard—

"I write this letter with great anxiety, for I don't know if you are living or dead. Yesterday I met Septimus Snowdon, who is the same disagreeable bully as ever, and he said, 'Well, I have some news for you about your friend Bernard Brooks.' I was rather surprised at this for I didn't suppose you would be very likely to write to him. Still I asked, 'Have you heard from him?' 'No,' he answered disdainfully, 'I wouldn't have any correspondence with a fellow like him. But he isn't likely to write any more letters.' 'Why not?' I asked. 'Because he's dead, that's why,' snapped Septimus, and I saw that he seemed pleased. 'I don't believe it,' I returned. 'Where do you get your information?' 'You'll have to believe it,' he said. 'Pa received a letter from his guardian, Mr. Cornelius McCracken, of New York, saying that your death had been reported to him by the gentleman in whose company you went to Europe. I believe he wrote that you had met with an accident in Marseilles. Now I had a good deal of doubt about the correctness of this statement, for I knew from your own letters that you parted with Professor Puffer in London, and were not likely to be in Marseilles with him. I asked Septimus some further questions, but he seemed to have no more information.

"'Well,' said Septimus sneeringly, 'are you going to put on mourning for your great friend Bernard?' 'I might,' I answered, 'if I believed him to be dead, but I don't believe it.'

"'You'll never see him again,' said Septimus positively.

"Now, Bernard, though I don't believe the story, I am anxious, and if you are alive I hope you will write me again and tell me. I won't believe it till I have your own authority. That sounds like a bull, doesn't it? But I'll go on and write as if you were still alive. You may wish to know something about the school. To the best of my belief it is far from prosperous. There are very few scholars, and those don't look as if their parents or guardians paid much for them. Then the professor himself is looking very shabby and seedy. I don't believe he has had a new coat for over a year. Septimus looks better. There is a pupil in the school about his size, and I really believe that Septimus is wearing his clothes. I hear that old Snowdon gave the boy a dollar and a half for his best suit. The boy was glad to sell it in order to get a little pocket money. I know how he spent a part of it. He went to the baber's in the village and bought a supply of cakes and doughnuts, of which he stood in need, for I hear that the seminary table, never very good, is now poorer than ever.

"When are you coming back to America? I long to see you. If you do come you must be sure to come out to Doncaster and see

Your affectionate friend,
Nat Barclay."

Bernard showed his letter to Mr. Cunningham.

"Would you like to go to America, Bernard?" he asked.

"I don't want to leave you, sir."

"But suppose I should go, too?"

"Then I should be delighted to go."

"I cannot go while my uncle's life is in doubt, but when I am released from attendance upon him I shall have nothing to hinder me."

That day week the uncle died. After the funeral Mr. Cunningham said, "Well, Bernard, I have not forgotten the promise I made you. We will go to the office of the Cunard steamers, and see whether we can engage passage by the Etruria, which is the first one to sail."

It was found that one of the best staterooms on the palatial steamer was still disengaged. Walter Cunningham lost no time in securing it, and the two embarked on the following Saturday.

There is no occasion to dwell upon the voyage. The weather was good, and the Etruria made one of the quick passages for which she is famous.

When Bernard steamed into port, and saw the familiar roofs and spires of the great American city, his heart thrilled within him, and he felt that warm glow which the sight of home is apt to enkindle.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PROFESSOR PUFFER'S DECLINE AND FALL.

"Bernard," said Walter Cunningham, as they sat together in a handsome apartment at the Brevoort House, "I feel that I have not done as well by you as I should."

"You have been a kind friend to me, Mr. Cunningham. I have lacked for nothing since I have been with you. I think you do yourself injustice."

"That is true, but suppose anything should happen to me, how would you fare?"

"We won't think of that, Walter. You are a young man. You are likely to live for many years."

"So I hope," said the young Englishman smiling. "Life is sweet to me, and I have something to live for, especially now that I have you. But I feel that I ought to make a provision for you, to place your future beyond a contingency."

Bernard did not reply. He waited for Mr. Cunningham to finish what he had to say.

"I shall therefore go to my banker's this morning, and turn over to you the sum of fifteen thousand dollars. It is not all I intend to do for you, but it will prevent your experiencing inconvenience in the event of any sudden accident to me."

"Fifteen thousand dollars!" repeated Bernard in astonishment. "Why, that will make me rich. How can I thank you for your great kindness?"

"I look upon you as a brother, Bernard. With the affection I feel for you I could not allow you to run the risk of poverty and destitution. To be sure, you are young and a boy of capacity, but for a time you might be in trouble."

That very morning Mr. Cunningham took Bernard to the office of his banker in Wall Street, and transferred the sum he had mentioned to Bernard's account.

"I advise you to keep your money for the present in the hands of my good friends here unless you should prefer to deposit it with your old guardian, Mr. McCracken."

"I would not trust Mr. McCracken," said Bernard, "but I should like before I leave the city to pay him a visit."

Walking down Broadway in the afternoon Bernard was treated to a surprise. Marching in front of him with a slow and weary step was a thick set man of over fifty, sandwiched between two advertising boards, bearing in large capitals these words:

USE SWEETLAND'S PILLS.

There was something familiar in the figure, but from a rear view Bernard could not immediately place it. However, the man presently turned partly round, showing his side face, and Bernard was startled by a sudden recognition.

It was Professor Puffer!

Yes, the celebrated professor, author (by his own account) of several large and elaborate works on the antiquities of the old world, had actually sunk so low as to become a sandwich man, earning the miserable pittance of fifty cents a day.

Bernard at once in some excitement imparted his astonishing discovery to his companion.

"What! is that your Professor Puffer?" asked Cunningham in wonder. "How have the mighty fallen!"

"He was never so mighty as I supposed," said Bernard. "I feel quite sure that he was a humbug and no professor at all."

"I am inclined to agree with you. I don't think any real professor would ever be reduced to such shifts as this. What are you going to do? Shall you make yourself known to your old companion?"

"I think I would like to do so," said Bernard thoughtfully. "He may be able to give me some information, concerning my guardian for instance, that may be of service to me."

"Perhaps you are right. At any rate, it will do no harm, unless you are afraid that the professor will try to get you into his power again."

Bernard smiled as he regarded with complacency his own well knit figure—he was three inches taller than when he had been a fellow passenger of the professor on the ship Vesta.

"If he should try to get me into his power, will you stand by me, Mr. Cunningham?" he said.

"Yes, but I fancy that you are quite able to fight your own battles."

Bernard stepped forward until he was in a line with Professor Puffer. Then in a clear distinct voice, he said "Professor Puffer!"

The sandwich man turned quickly, and regarded Bernard with surprise. The latter had not only grown, but he was much better dressed than when the professor parted with him.

"Who are you?" he demanded, looking bewildered.

"Don't you remember your old companion on the Vesta?"

"Bernard Brooks!" ejaculated Professor Puffer in deep amazement.

(To be continued.)

J. V. H., New York City. We are always glad to examine matter that may be suitable for publication.

A Constant Reader, Middlebury, Vt. There is a school where typesetting is taught on East Fourteenth Street, New York.

S. S. Portage, Wis. "The Young Hermit of Lake Minnetonka," which appeared in Vol. VI of The Argosy, was written by Oliver Optic.

B. C. M., Mt. Gilead, O. 1. The average width of Broadway, New York, down town, is 80 feet. 2. Ali Baba is pronounced as though spelled "Bahbah."

A Reader, Dixon, Ill. Phil King is quarterback of the Princeton football team, and may be addressed at Princeton College, Princeton, New Jersey.

Boys living in Brookly desiring to join The Argosy Social Club, address Tremayne Forbes, care of D. H. Chamberlain, 40 Wall Street, New York City.

Columbia Club, Rochester, N. Y. In good condition, the silver dollar of 1798 with the small eagle on the reverse is worth from $1.50 to $2.25, with large eagle, $1.15.

N. L., Norwalk, O. We have none of the stories that have appeared in The Argosy in bock form. Apply to the United States Book Company, New York, for the few that have been issued.

A. G., New York City. 1. You will note that a new story by Mr. Alger is now running. 2. See reply to N. L. A new serial by Arthur Lee Putnam will appear in our next volume. 3. Watch future announcements.

W. L. O., Brooklyn, N. Y. In Duplicate Whist the player places his cards in a separate pile, which is picked up at the end of each hand and dealt to his opponent, so that the opportunity is afforded of seeing whether one person can play the same cards better than another.

A Constant Reader, New York City. Railroads do not take apprentice boys in round houses to train them to become locomotive engineers. The line of promotion for these positions is from wipers and freight brakeman. If you want to find out more about the matter, get acquainted with some railroad man.

W. S. M., New York City. The Appletons or the Scribners can doubtless furnish you with the book you want, Williams' "Introduction to Chemical Science," or Remsen's "Elementary Chemistry." However, a personal visit to one or the other of these stores will enable you to make your own selection from a wide variety of volumes bearing on the subject.

S. S., Portage West. 1. Frank Converse wrote the story to which you refer. 2. The area of New York City is 41 square miles. 3. To find the word you want consult a Bible concordance. 4. The average height of a boy of twelve is 4 feet, 6 3-4 inches; weight, 67 pounds. 5. The champion middleweight is Fitzsimmons, the Australian.

G. W. B. 1. A valuable fifteen cent bill of United States money was described in the article, "Postal and Other Currency," in No. 569 of the present volume. It bears the busts of Sherman and Grant and if untrimmed is worth three dollars; those with the bust of Columbia bring twenty cents, and all with red backs or autographic signatures, 50 per cent premium. 2. The cent of 1801 is worth from five to twenty cents; that of 1807, from three to fifteen cents. 3. No premium on the cent of 1855. 4. The average height of a boy of fifteen is 5 feet 1 inch.

THERE RATS ARE WELCOME GUESTS.

Rats are not usually considered to be pleasant house mates, but there are places where their mere presence inspires a feeling of satisfaction altogether apart from any qualities, disagreeable or otherwise, they may possess. One of these places, according to the "Engineering Journal," is a mine. The first rats were brought to the Comstock from California in freight wagons, principally most likely in the big "prairie schooners," stowed away among boxes and crates of goods. Their rapid increase after their first appearance on the Comstock was astonishing. From ten to fourteen young are produced at a birth, and there are several litters each year; besides, a rat is a greatgrandfather before he is a year old. Then, the rats that colonized the Comstock towns encountered no enemies. There were no cats in the country.

The rats soon discovered the mines, and found therein a congenial home, and a home free from the terrifying presence of members of the feline tribe. Never was a cat seen in any of the lower levels of the mines, though they sometimes prowl about the surface of the tunnels. In the first opening of the mines there was no place for the rats, but as soon as the timbers began to be set up and ribs of waste rock built they were able to find safe hiding places; also there was room for them everywhere behind the lagging of the drifts. As they increased in numbers there was on all sides an increase of space through the rapid extraction of ore by the miners.

They doubtless soon discovered that though man was their enemy on the surface, he was their friend down in the underground drifts and chambers. He shared his meal with them, and they scampered and capered about him with perfect impunity. The warmth of the lower levels appeared to be very congenial to the rats, both old and young. Cold is a thing unknown to them. Any temperature they desire, from 60 degrees to 130 degrees, is at their command. Rats are useful as scavengers in mines. They devour all the scraps of meat and other food thrown upon the ground by the miners while at lunch, eating even the hardest bones, thus preventing bad odor. As the decay of the smallest thing is unendurable in a mine, the miners never intentionally kill a rat. The miners have a high opinion of their sagacity. The rats generally give the miners the first notice of danger. When a big cave is about to occur they are seen to swarm out of the drifts and scamper about the floors of a level at unwonted times. The settling of the waste rock probably pinches the animals in their dens, causing them at once to leave in search of less dangerous quarters.

At times, when a mine has been shut down for a few weeks, the rats become ravenously hungry. Then they do not scruple to devour the young, old and weak of their kind. During the suspension of work in a mine that is not connected with other mines that are running, everything eatable in the underground regions is devoured, even the candle drippings on the floors. When work is resumed the almost famished creatures are astonishingly bold and fearless. Then they will come out of their holes and get upon the underground engines (even when they are in rapid motion) and drink the oil out of the oil cups, quite regardless of the presence of the engineers.

A fire in a mine slaughters the rats by the wholesale. Few escape, as the gases penetrate every nook and cranny of the underground regions, and often so suddenly as to asphyxiate them in their homes.

A TRAVELED DOG.

If while you are traveling by railroad you chance to meet a yellow dog with as many tags to his collar as the girls used to wear bangles on their bracelets, you may be pretty sure that his name is Owney and that he is the canine hero thus described by the Chicago "Inter-Ocean."

An account of Owney's travels would fill a volume. The mail clerks and baggagemen on all the trunk lines have become so well acquainted with him that they can readily understand him. He arrived in Chicago yesterday from Kansas City on the Sante Fe Road and left on the Lake Shore at two o'clock for Albany, New York, where he intends to visit old friends. As soon as the train drew into the depot Owney alighted and walked over to the restaurant and secured his dinner. He knows that his old friends, the trainmen, will never see him suffer.

Owney's history is full of adventure. He was born fourteen years ago in Boston. At the age of ten his roving disposition led him to make his first trip on the railroad. He had to steal a ride in a cattle car. Upon arriving in Albany he secured a position in the post office, where he remained for some time. In fact his broad leather collar bears a silver plate which gives his residence in that city. Becoming tired of inaction, he soon started on his travels again. Each mail clerk and baggageman made him a regular charge and most of them attached some token of admiration to his collar. There are keys, brass checks, poker chips, sleeve buttons, leather tags, a little brown jug, and other mementoes to the number of fifty. Each one of them bears the name and address of the donor, together with a date, making the dog a walking directory of his own travels. A local bard of Seattle, under date of October 15, 1893, attached a silver plate to his collar, which bore the following lines:

> "I guess I am an innocent abroad.
> For I travel through thick and thin,
> But I meet with kindly treatment
> And I like to be taken in."

Owney knows all the trains and he never makes a mistake in getting on the wrong car. The trainmen saw he can tell the time of day from a clock without the least trouble.

A THIEF PUNISHED.

A thief broke into a Madison Avenue mansion early the other morning, and found himself in the music room. Hearing footsteps approaching, he took refuge behind a screen.

From 8 to 9 o'clock the eldest daughter had a singing lesson.

From 9 to 10 o'clock the second daughter took a piano lesson.

From 10 to 11 o'clock the eldest son had a violin lesson.

From 11 to 12 o'clock the other son had a lesson on the flute.

At 12.15 all the brothers and sisters assembled and studied an ear splitting piece for voice, piano, violin and flute.

The thief staggered out from behind the screen at 12.45, and falling at their feet cried; "For mercy's sake, have me arrested!"—Vogue.

WHAT IT SEEMED LIKE.

The young man had been there several hours, but he was one of those who are oblivious of the passing of duration.

The girl had yawned behind her cambric handkerchief until it actually had a nap on it.

Still he stayed on and talked.

The girl's evident weariness at last appealed to him.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "what time is it?"

She shook her head hopelessly.

"Time?" she asked. "It must be eternity.—Detroit Free Press.

Willie Tillbrook.

Scrofula

In the Neck.

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a scrofula bunch under one ear which the doctor lanced and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and the sore healed up. His cure is due to **HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.** He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

A PRECAUTION.

"What's the most insultin' ting yez kin do till a mon?" asked the janitor, as one of the tenants entered the building.

"I don't know; I suppose an anonymous letter is about the most disagreeable thing known."

"That's it. I'll sind wan to Clanty. Be way of insulting me lasht noight he kem round an' cut the whiskers off me goat. Oi'll write me an anonymous letther and that he can make no mistakes if he fales like fightin', be gorb, Oi'll soign me name till it."—Washington Star.

RESOLVED TO KEEP AN EYE ON IT.

Host—"I hate to send you out on such a night as this, old fellow."

Guest—"It is raining pretty hard. I say, couldn't you loan me your umbrella?"

Host—"Certainly; and—er—I guess I'll walk home with you myself. I really need the exercise."

SHORT ALL ROUND.

Sam—"Did you take a trip this summer?"
Tom—"Yes."
Sam—"How long?"
Tom—"Two days."
Sam—"Why, that was a short one."
Tom—"Yes, but no shorter than I was."—Detroit Free Press.

"MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is on top to stay there, which means it is giving the best literary and art features for 10 cents per copy and that everybody is buying it."—*Boston Globe.*

A Magnificent Christmas Number!

Munsey's Magazine

Ready December First.

Over **1048** *square inches of illustrations.*

FACT, FICTION, BIOGRAPHY, PAINTING, DANCING, MUSIC,

all these and many more themes are treated in the 112 pages of this sumptuous issue, the price of which is only **10 cents.**

For Sale Everywhere. Subscriptions $1 per year.

FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY,

10 East Twenty Third Street, New York.

Down Goes the Price!

Bound Volumes of

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Reduced from $2.00 to $1.00.

These are very rare books, beautifully bound in green and gold. Vols. VI, VII, VIII and IX now ready.

FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY.

Postage 30 cents.

$40.00 PER WEEK

FOR WILLING WORKER

of either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at t employment which we furnish. You need not be aw from home over night You can give your whole ti to the work or only your spare moments. As capital not required you run no risk. We supply you with that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the bu ness. Any one can do the work. Beginners ma money from the start. Failure is unknown with o workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to ma more money every day than can be made in three da at any ordinary employment. Send for free book co taining the fullest information.

H. Hallett & Co., Box 1903, Portland, Main

Just THREE DOLLARS is all it will cost you th month for the Cosmopolitan Magazine and Goo Housekeeping, one year each. To secure these tw publications for one year for that sum, send thi mouth THREE DOLLARS to GOOD HOUSEKEEPIN Springfield, Mass.

WE WANT YOU to distribute circulars, samples, etc., in your locality for our sy dicate of big advertisers. $3 to $5 per thousand. CASH PAID. No canvassi Enclose stamp. DISTRIBUTING BUREAU, P.O. Box 1925, New York Ci

The Pot insulted the Kettle because the Cook did not use

SAPOLIO

Good Cooking demands Cleanliness. Sapolio should be used in every Kitchen.

The Argosy and Munsey's Magazine

to one address, $2.50 a year.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago.

YOUR NAME On 25 Lovely Cards 480 Album Mottoes, &c 50 Conversation and Courting Cards, 1 Ring, 1 Comic Scarf Pin, New Combination Pen & Pencil, and Agent's OUTFIT FOR 1894, ALL 10c. GLEN CARD CO., NORTH HAVEN, CONN.

AGENTS Wanted. Liberal Salary Paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

MOTHER was cured of Rheumatism with an Electric Battery bought of U. S. Battery Agency, Co., 189 Broadway, N. Y. Write for circulars. Our prices are very cheap.

Fresh Air and Exercise.

Get all that's possible of both, if in need of flesh strength and nerve force. There's need, too, of plenty of fat-food.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil builds up flesh and strength quicker than any other preparation known to science.

Scott's Emulsion is constantly effecting Cure of Consumption, Bronchitis and kindred diseases where other methods FAIL.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

BOUND VOLUMES OF

THE ARGOSY.

Volumes I, II and IV are entirely out of print. Only three copies of Volume III for sale. Price $5.

Volumes V, VI, VII, VIII, IX and X are very nearly gone. Price $5.

The stock of Volume XII is also almost exhausted. Price $4.

Volumes XI, XIII, XIV, XV and XVI can be had for $1.50 each. Expressage to be paid by receiver.

FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY.