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# THE ARGOSY

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## The House in the Woods.

BY HALBURTON STACEY.

"Is Master Bemis there?"

Tutor Parsons who had walked down the driveway leading to the main portal of the Pilsbury Academy, addressed his question to a group of three youths who were grouped about one of the old cannons which command the entrance to the academy grounds.

The huge trees, which were even older than the academy buildings themselves, cast such a heavy shadow that, although the sun had but shortly disappeared, the forms of the several groups of students on the front campus were but faintly outlined.

"No, sir; haven't seen Sid since history class," promptly responded Cale Thorne, who reclined lazily against the "tail" of the cannon carriage.

"If you see him, Master Thorne, or any of you, please tell him that he is wanted in Dr. Atwood's study immediately."

"Phew! wonder what Sid's been up to now?" demanded Cale, under his breath, as the tutor turned away. "That fellow's always into scrapes."

"Serves him jolly right, too," remarked Charlie Eggerton sharply.

"Hush, my child!" responded Cale, with all the dignity of two years of seniority. "The poor chap is into so much trouble that we ought not to wish him any more punishment."

"I saw him making for the woods just after classes," remarked Beverly Knight, the third member of the group, and who stood leaning against the breech of the old cannon. "Seems to me he has been spending a good deal of his time over in that direction for a fortnight past."

"I wonder what mischief he's up to over there?" said Charlie. "That's what it is, I'll bet."

"Now, now, now!" remonstrated Cale. "Don't get in a sweat over it. The fellow isn't really worth that."

"Well, I hate a sneak," growled Charlie crossly.

"You say you saw Sid making for the woods?" observed Cale, turning to young Knight. "Let's walk down that way and, if we see him, hurry him up. If he's been into something and the Doc is going to take him up for it, the punishment won't be any lighter because he has to wait for the poor fellow."

"I won't go!" declared Charlie, still crossly. "He won't get a bit more than he deserves."

"Oh, yes you will, Charles," rejoined Cale, jumping up, and both he and Beverly rushed upon their friend and bore him, struggling and laughing, from his perch on the cannon, finally setting him upright in the center of the road which ran past the school premises.

Then they gripped the reluctant boy beneath his arms and started off at such a pace that Charlie really had to exert himself to "keep up with the procession."

"Come, fellows, let up and I'll go along peaceably," he said at length. "What do you suppose I can do against the Pilsbury Academy half back and the crack end rusher?"

"Nothing at all, my son," replied Cale; "so come on and behave yourself. Now, one, two—one, two—left, right! That's it, get into the swing and see if we can make the crossroads in twenty minutes."

The boys swung along the country road after that for several minutes in silence, the shadows slowly growing deeper about them, as the light gradually faded from the sky. Soon the edge of the wood, which lined the road on the easterly side, was reached, its shadows looking deep and forbidding.

"What under the sun Sid Bemis finds to do over here I can't see," remarked Charlie, his words showing upon what subject his thoughts were still fixed.

"Don't you worry about Bemis," Cale said, good naturedly. "He's probably studying natural history out here in the woods. What he does won't harm you."

Charlie sniffed audibly, but went on as far as the crossroads in silence.

"Done!" exclaimed Cale, snapping his watch, as they reached the spot, "and a minute to spare. That was a good two mile pace."

"But we haven't seen a sign of Bemis," said Beverly, throwing himself flat upon a low bank.

"Let's go on to the old house," proposed Charlie, whose blood was now up.

"I'm with you; and, Bev, get up off that ground. Great Scott, boy! don't you know that we've got to play the Allendales a week from tomorrow? Want to get down sick with the malaria, or rheumatism, or something?" demanded Cale, who, as captain of the football eleven, was most careful of his men. "We depend upon you end men to win the game for us."

Bev sprang up with a grunt, but set the pace himself as they turned off th highway into the narow crossroad which here entered the thick woods.

"Light ahead," said Charlie, some minutes later.

"The moon, you gooney!" responded Cale. "Hurrah! it's going to be glorious, too, in about an hour. When we get to the old house let's rest a while and then tramp back by moonlight."

"Agreed," said Bev, still keeping up his steady tramp.

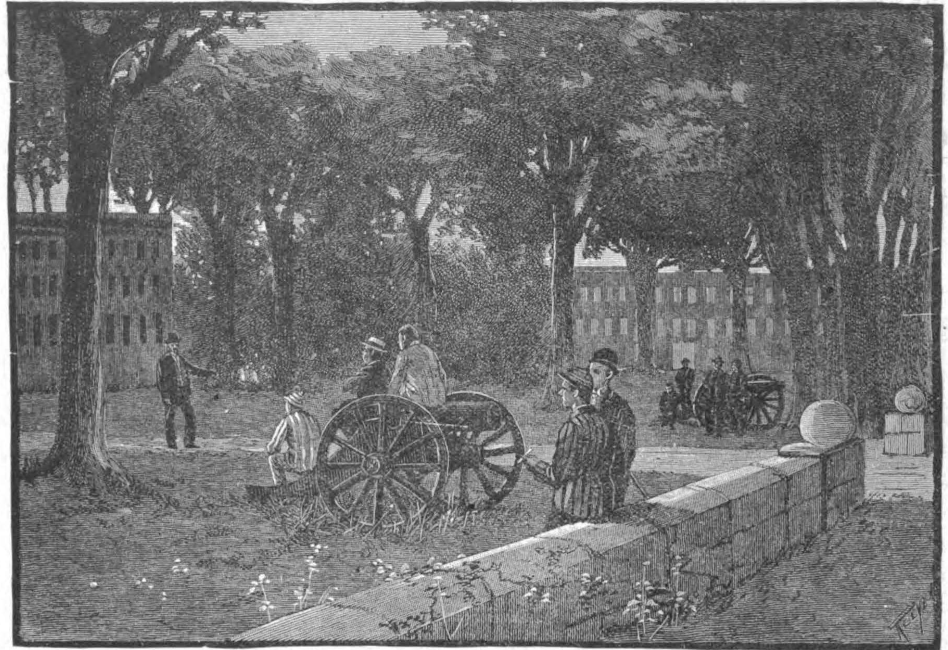
"I tell you there's a light ahead that isn't the moon," declared Charlie doggedly. "It's in the old house—in the kitchen, for I can see it flashing through the window."

"The boy is right," said Cale patronizingly, much to Charlie's disgust.

"Perhaps some tramp has set the old place on fire," suggested Bev, as he broke into a run toward the tumble-down building which had long stood unoccupied in the middle of the wood.

In a minute they had plunged through the weed grown yard and burst in at the kitchen door.

"Why, it's a fire in the stove," said Charlie. "Somebody must be about, boys. Shut the door, Bev, and let's look around."



"IS MASTER BEMIS THERE?"

Bemis, as the reader will suspect, was not a general favorite at Pilsbury Academy, for his antecedents were very doubtful indeed, and his taste and language were low, and he was the school bully.

Even Cale Thorne, who was the best natured fellow in the world, had been forced into a quarrel with him; but he promptly settled it by fighting Sid, and worsting him, too, most decidedly.

Naturally Bemis did not try to find further cause for disagreement between himself and Thorne, and Cale was too good natured to lay up such a thing against anybody.

Whatever secret enmity the bully may have felt towards his conqueror he was careful to keep hidden, and they always got along well; but Charlie Eggerton, who was a fiery dispositioned little fellow (a pepper box Cale called him), was always at loggerheads with Sid.

"I didn't know the old stove would draw," remarked Cale. "See, somebody's been patching up the pipe. Wonder who hangs out here?"

"We may find out to our sorrow, if he happens to be ill natured," returned the cautious Beverly. "Come, Charlie, let those rags alone. They belong to some tramp, most likely."

"Rags, eh?" said Charlie, who was investigating a heap of clothing in the corner. "Here's a mighty good coat and vest, and—ah, what's this?"

Something fell out of the clothing and rattled upon the floor. Cale snatched it up, and by the firelight which danced and flickered on the bare and broken walls, examined the object.

"Well, I swanney!" he exclaimed. Cale was somewhat addicted to the use of strange and heathenish expletives. "Look at this."

"Why," said Bev, looking over his shoulder, "that's your jack-knife. Thought you said you'd lost it?"

"Thought I had. Queer though it should turn up here, isn't it?"

"Rather," responded Bev. "What'll we do about it?"

"Get a look at the fellow who's putting up at this hotel just now," replied Cale.

"Hush!" exclaimed Charlie; "somebody's coming along the road. They're running—hear them?"

"Here, boys, get in here," exclaimed Cale, jerking open the door of what had once been the pantry, and the three friends squeezed into the box-like apartment and latched the door just as the outer one was thrown open.

There was a small, square window near the ceiling of the little room, and through it the moonlight streamed so that they could see each other's faces plainly. Each countenance was lit up by suppressed excitement as the person who had entered the kitchen fumbled about and lighted a flickering and evil smelling oil lamp.

"There are two of them," whispered Cale, and his friends nodded acquiescence.

The door of the pantry was built of matched boards, but the boards were now shrunken, a knot had fallen out here and there, and it sagged upon its hinges; therefore, with little trouble, the three boys were able to find apertures through which they could see all that went on in the kitchen.

The first of the two persons who entered was a heavily built man of thirty-five or forty, not exactly prepossessing in appearance, yet dressed with some neatness. Evidently he was not a common tramp.

The other was of slighter build and as the light of the oil lamp flared up, the unsuspected spectators saw that he was a negro.

"By George! that was quick business," this latter person remarked, closing the door and flinging himself into a rickety chair.

At the sound of his voice Cale started slightly and pressed Bev's hand. The tones were familiar, yet he could not remember of having seen the fellow before.

"Now for the swag," responded the elder man, with a harsh laugh, beginning to empty the long pockets of his sack coat.

"I'm going to get into my other rig first," said the other, rising. "I must be back before ten. Let me get some water."

He seized a battered tin basin and went outside, where he filled it from the water barrel at the corner of the house. The three boys in the pantry were deeply interested in the proceedings of the older man, however, who began to place all sorts of little articles upon the table. Among them were not a few purses and note-cases, a watch or two, and some small silver articles.

"Great Scott!" whispered Charlie, "they've been through the academy. That's Fred Burton's repeater."

"Sh!" said Cale, in warning, and Bev pinched the younger lad admonishingly.

"We're in luck, Sid!" exclaimed the man, and at the words the three hidden spectators glanced at each other in surprise and then turned their eyes on the other robber, who was just taking his face out of the basin of water.

But behold! instead of a negro, a white boy stood before them, and Sid Bemis himself was easily recognized. The black on his cheeks and the carmine on his lips had disappeared and when he had dried his face on a towel no trace of the coloring matter remained.

"Guy! what a lot," he said, with sparkling eyes, viewing the heap on the table. "We did make a haul!"

"You mean I did," corrected the other, with a laugh. "Lots you did, my son."

Sid, who was now removing the black from his hands and wrists, turned around angrily.

"If it hadn't been for me you'd never been able to get inside the dormitories even," he said. "Don't you try any funny games, Cousin Tom."

"Don't get in a fever, youngster," responded the other, his eyes resting gloatingly upon the pile of stolen property. "Now what do you suppose would be a fair thing for me to give you?"

"Half, of course," returned Sid quickly. "That was the agreement."

"Half! I guess not," and the fellow laughed harshly. "How would you get rid of the stuff, any way?"

Sid seemed staggered for a moment by that question.

"Come, what's the matter with your quit-claiming your share to me, as the lawyers say, for—say—ten dollars?"

Sid gave an angry shout and sprang across the room at this, endeavoring to snatch up a number of the articles; but his companion seized him by the scruff of the neck as a dog might a cat, and shook him soundly.

"None o' that, you little rat!" he growled fiercely. "Sit over there and talk sense, or you won't get anything," and he threw the boy from him with force enough to send him staggering to the other side of the room.

"What in thunder do you s'pose you can do with the plunder if you have it?" he demanded of the cowering lad.

"I'll realize on it somehow," answered Sid doggedly.

"Yes—you—will. You'll more likely realize a trip to Sing Sing out of it—an' after you've been there once you won't want to go again. Come, now, behave yourself. Seein's I'm your cousin and the only living relative you've got, I'll be liberal with you. I'll make it twenty dollars, pay you now, and take all the risk myself of disposing of the goods."

Sid eagerly seized the bills the man held out to him, but before placing them in his pocket, he scrutinized them suspiciously.

"Oh, they're the straight stuff," said the other, with a laugh. "Now you'd better get into your other togs and cut sticks. If you'd only got me into the old doctor's house, we'd have been rich tonight."

Young Bemis changed his clothes without a word; it was quite evident that he still felt sore over the division of the plunder, but that he stood in awe of his companion's great strength.

The three boys in the pantry were forced to see the man handle the objects on the table, many of which they recognized as belonging to them or to their friends, until long after Sid had departed. They were due at the academy at ten o'clock, but the man seemed never to tire of weighing and fondling his stolen booty.

At length, however, he spread a torn blanket in one corner, fastened the outer door with a rude bar, and putting out the lamp, lay down.

"Great Scott, boys," whispered Charlie, in despair. "He's going to stay all night. I'm most dead now."

"You will be wholly, if he hears you," returned Cale, grimly. "He'd think no more of shooting us than he would of peppering cats. Keep still."

After a while, however, the man's heavy breathing showed him to be asleep.

"If we could only get the things and skip," said Charlie longingly.

But the fellow had placed them all in a bag and had dropped the bag into the corner behind him.

"We'll do better than that, boys," announced Cale, after a moment. "I've a linen topcord here that belongs to young Miggles, the janitor's boy. A horse could hardly break it, and once we get it about the wrists of that rascal, I'll risk his harming us. It's dangerous, I know; but if you fellows are game, we'll capture him."

The three boys looked into each others' pale faces and nodded their agreement. Then Cale unlatched the door and stepped swiftly out, holding the door that it might not creak and thus betray their presence to the sleeping robber.

But that individual snored cheerfully on, oblivious to all that went on about him, until suddenly he awoke from a dreadful dream of the house tumbling upon him.

But it wasn't the house—it was only Cale Thorne, who was kneeling on his breast and holding his hands, while Charlie knotted his wrists together in a most expeditious manner. Beverly Knight, meanwhile, was perched serenely on his legs.

"All right, old fellow," said Cale coolly, as Charlie finished tying the wrists. "You can get up, Bev, and let him kick off his surplus energy. Grab the bag, Charlie, and look out for it."

Later they got the discomfited robber upon his feet, slipped a broomstick through the bend of his arms and behind his back and fastened it securely in that position, thus obtaining a double purchase on him. Then, despite his loud and angry verbal objections, they marched him the entire four miles back to the academy.

The whole place was in a furore, for although it was an hour after the regular retiring time, everybody was too greatly excited over the robbery (which had been committed while the school were at supper) to obey the rules in this direction.

The three exultant chums marched the man at once to the doctor's house, and search was made for Sid Bemis; but that individual had probably seen the commotion, for he was not to be found, nor was his capture compassed later by the authorities. The misguided boy, whose friends before he came to the school and even his relatives, had been criminals, was never again heard from in that vicinity. Certainly none of the pupils of the Pilsbury Academy wept over his departure and the only person who possibly felt any regret, was the philanthrophic gentleman who had picked the young fellow up and sent him to the school as "an experiment."

The elder robber was found to be an old offender and was "sent up" for a long term, and Cale Thorne and his two friends were the heroes of the hour at Pilsbury. But Cale often says that if he had it to do over again, he should decline. He had no realization of the strength of the man until they had tackled him, and it was more good fortune than skill which brought about his capture.

"Those who know nothing, fear nothing," quotes Cale grimly.

*[This Story began in No. 583.]*

# A Mountain Mystery;

OR,

## The Miami Conspiracy.

BY W. BERT FOSTER,

*Author of "In Alaskan Waters," "A Lost Expedition," etc.*

### CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

### TOM ATTEMPTS A STRATAGEM.

The craft in which Indian Joe was paddling was a canoe, one of those so commonly seen in Canadian waters, but the boat he was towing behind him was a small tender, and ere he reached the shore Tom was certain that it was the very boat in which he had left the Sylph that morning, and had drawn up on the shore where he landed, six or seven miles away on the coast.

"What you got there, Joe?" the captain demanded, as the Indian sprang out of his canoe and after hauling it up on the beach, unfastened the second boat and drew that up beside it.

Before replying Indian Joe climbed up the steep bank to the captain's side.

"I find dat boat. Him been left 'long dat way," he said, pointing toward the west. "Six—seven mile away—toder side o' dat big point. You know dat boat, capem?"

"No, why should I?" demanded Ericson crossly. "You've done a smart thing, haven't you. Some hunter or fisherman has left his boat and now he'll be snooping all over the country to find it. You can't keep your hands off other people's property to save your life!"

"Him b'long to you," muttered the half breed abashed.

"Who belongs to me?"

"Dat boat. You lent it dat young feller we left on islan'. He here."

"The dickens he is!" exclaimed Ericson, after a moment, the full significance of the half breed's words coming to him.

He dashed down the bank and in the fast gathering darkness looked the tender over. Then he climbed up to the path again.

"I can't believe that's our boat," he declared. "If 'tis, it's been used abominably. There's been a mast steeped in it and it looks as though it had been through the war. I don't believe it's the same boat, Joe."

The Indian looked unconvinced and the captain continued:

"If it is, how under the sun did it get here?"

"You say yourself there has been a mast in it," suggested the Canadian. "It would make a ver' small sailboat, but perhaps the Jeannette had been followed. Who is the boy?"

"Well, if that boy has been foolhardy enough to follow us 'way up here he'll wish he hadn't, I reckon. One boy can't do very much harm."

"Who is he? He may find out the place," said the Canadian. "Don't be too risky, Rolf."

"Don't you fret. I'm not taking any risk. If he comes snooping around here I wouldn't give a brass farthing for his life if old Nance sees him. And if he should discover anything he'll never get away to tell of it."

"But who is he?" repeated the Canadian.

"He's a friend of this Jack Hardwick, and that's enough. Now Joe, you thick headed rascal, you can just take that back to the place where you found it. Like enough the fellow who came with it, whoever he is, has been searching for it an hour. Take it back and find who does lay claim to it. Then come back and report."

Ericson turned away, after giving this order, and with considerable grumbling the half breed climbed down to the water's edge again. Night had now fairly fallen and it was so dark that he could not see the boats.

He groped along the shore, back and forth several times, and at length made a startling discovery. The boats were not there!

Indian Joe gave a yell that might have been heard half a mile and began to pour out a torrent of objurgation in a mixture of English, French and Miami dialect.

The captain and his friend, the Canadian, came running back, the latter fairly shivering with fear and excitement.

"What's the matter now?" demanded Ericson, with an imprecation.

"De boats have gone!" shrieked the half breed, dancing up and down in his rage.

"You lazy fool!" exclaimed Ericson wrathfully. "Why didn't you pull 'em far enough up on the bank? And the wind's blowing right off shore. They'll be miles away before morning."

"Dat wind not blow dem away," Joe declared. "Some one take dem!"

And Joe was right. While the conversation over the boat had been going on Tom Peterson had formed a plan by which to rescue his boat, and circumvent his enemies. The plan had its risks—a great many, in fact—but as I have said before Tom was just the sort of a fellow to take risks and take them coolly, too.

While the trio were in the midst of their discussion, he hastily slipped down from his perch, made a short detour through the woods, crossed the path like a shadow, and silently reached the shore of the inlet. It was already as black as night well could be under the bank, and Tom had no trouble in finding and shoving off both boats without being detected.

He entered the schooner's tender and after giving one vigorous shove from the shore, dared not use any further means to accelerate the progress of the boats, but lay down in his craft and, grasping the canoe by the gunwale, kept it beside its heavier companion

The breeze soon caught the two boats, but ere they had floated four rods from the shore Indian Joe made his discovery. His yell was no more startling to the two men on the bank than it was to Tom, and when the youth heard the half breed declare that some one had taken the boats, he cowered still further down in the tender and waited anxiously for what would follow this announcement.

## CHAPTER XIII.
### ANOTHER ATTEMPT.

The sky was thickly shrouded with clouds and that, together with the shadow of the high promontory, made the darkness particularly intense on the surface of the inlet. For this reason the three men on the shore could but just distinguish the outlines of the boats that were now floating away quite rapidly before the wind.

Tom Peterson, crouching in the Jeannette's small boat, did not know how much or how little they could see and he lay as still as possible on the boards.

Captain Ericson had sprung recklessly down the bank to the side of Miami Joe and stood for several moments staring off across the water at the receding boats.

"Nonsense Joe!" Tom heard him exclaim at length. "There's no one in those boats. If you'd pulled 'em up on the beach as you ought to, they'd never blown away.

"Now you might just as well run up to the schooner and get another boat. Perhaps you can catch them before they get entirely away. Cut away now, and see if you can do one thing without making a mess of it.

"Come along, Culsson, let's go back. If all our men were as thick headed as that one, the Jeannette would not make many more trips."

Tom could not hear the Canadian's reply, and the noise in the bushes assured him that all three of his enemies had left the shore. Then it was that he let go of the gunwale of the canoe, sat up, and grasped the tender's oars.

He was not afraid of being seen now and with quick, though silent strokes he pulled out of the inlet. Indian Joe might find his own canoe if he liked, but Tom was determined that he should not discover the schooner's boat until he had left it at least.

He had taken his bearings while on the summit of the promontory and felt moderately certain that he could reach the island, on which Cheney had appointed a rendezvous, even in the night. He pulled steadily on, rounding the promontory into the lake, yet keeping well off shore.

Tom would not have minded pulling the distance at all had it not been for the fact that he had eaten nothing since breakfast time and it was now past nine o'clock.

"Catch me going off scouting by myself again without any provisions," he muttered as he tugged away at the oars. "But ain't I glad I went though!

"I've learned some things, and I guess I shall surprise father and Cheney. Jack is near here somewhere and it'll be funny if we can't find a way to get hold of him."

He pulled down the bay for an hour and a half and then deciding that he was somewhere near the former anchorage of the Sylph, he turned the boat's bow to the south and was fortunate in running right into the island Dan Cheney had designated.

It was so dark, however, that he could not see his surroundings and he hardly thought it best to try to attract the attention of his friends by shouting, for it might arouse somebody else.

Landing, he let the boat remain where it was and pushed on to a clump of trees some yards back from the water. As far as he could see there was not a spark of light on the island to denote the presence of a campfire, and feeling it entirely unsafe to wander about any further in the dark, he found a grassy bank beneath the trees and lay down with his gun beside him.

Weariness overpowered the cravings of his appetite and in a few minutes he was sound asleep. It was sunrise when he awoke and it is doubtful if he would have done so then had not the loud tones of a man's voice aroused him.

He rolled over and sat up with his gun in his hand to see Dan Cheney's good natured face above him.

"Why under the canopy didn't you come over to the camp instead of sleeping out here like a stray dog?" demanded Dan, as Tom got up stiffly rubbing his knees and groaning dismally, for the exposure of the night air made him as lame as could be. "When did you get here?"

"After dark last night," Tom replied. "Where's father?"

"Over at the camp on the south side of the island, getting breakfast——"

"Breakfast—ah!" exclaimed Tom, with satisfaction. "Let me get some of it. I haven't had a bite to eat since I left the Sylph yesterday morning and I could chew my boots."

"You don't say! Where ye been all the time? Where's the boat?"

"Never mind the boat. You lead to the camp or I shall turn cannibal. I'll relate my adventures when I get something to satisfy the inner man."

"Well, if you're as ravenous as all that, I guess I had better git ye over to camp," Dan responded, and at once led the way through the underbrush toward the opposite side of the island.

"I left the major to cook the fish while I came over here to take a look at this side of the bay. We saw a fleet of canoes enter a cove across there yesterday afternoon and we were only waiting for you to get back before we looked into the matter more closely."

"Well, I'm glad you waited," Tom returned earnestly. "If you'd followed them into that inlet yonder you'd got into no end of a row."

"Why, did you see them?" Dan inquired.

"Yes, and I know all about them, too. But give me some breakfast, then I'll talk."

They soon reached the camp where Major Peterson welcomed his son warmly.

The Sylph, now the Molly, rode at her moorings just off shore and a steaming breakfast was all ready under the trees. Tom fell to at once, eating ravenously.

"You act as though you had been starved," Major Peterson declared, watching the inroads his son made on the eatables, while he devoured his own breakfast. "Dan, you'd better put a couple more fish on the coals. This boy will eat us out of house and home."

"Let's hear what you did yesterday," said Tom. "I can't tell my own story now, but I can listen."

"Well, we did a good deal of sailing 'round, but we didn't accomplish much," the major admitted. "The breeze sprang up soon after you left us and we navigated several of the channels between the islands, but all to no purpose.

"In the afternoon we sighted ten canoes which were, I thought, laden with goods, sailing westward and although we dared not follow them in the boat we landed and made out that they went into a cove six or seven miles above here. We thought we'd go up there today and explore the place."

"If you do, you'll be greatly surprised," interrupted Tom grimly. "Go on."

"Well, there's not much else to tell. We came back to the island, that's all, keeping out of sight of the mainland.

"I was a little worried at your nonappearance at dark and we should have gone across and looked you up this morning if you hadn't shown up. Now what did you discover, Tom?"

"Well, I might say I had discovered everything," returned Tom, with a laugh, "if it wasn't for the fact that that might sound conceited and also because I haven't discovered everything—only the beginning of what we want to know."

"Tom," interrupted the major, "I never expected you'd be long-winded in your remarks. Please spare us any further preamble. What have you learned?"

"First, I've discovered the Jeannette," was the youth's reply, enumerating the items upon his fingers; "second, I can tell you all about those canoes you saw; third, I have seen Ericson again—been so near him, in fact, that I could have tossed a pebble at him; and fourthly, and all important, I've discovered that Jack has not yet been taken into the interior by Ossinike (although how soon he may be I don't know), but that he is confined somewhere within a few miles of this place—at the smuggler's rendezvous, I believe."

"Glorious! glorious!" cried the major. "You've done yourself proud, Tom. Now give us a detailed account of your adventures."

Tom did so, thereby covering himself with glory, although his father and Dan both declared his escape with the boats to be a piece of foolhardiness which must not be again repeated, if he was to continue his scouting.

The matter was fully discussed and the plan for the day mapped out. Then they put out the campfire and boarded the catboat.

"I gave those places another coat of paint last night," said the major as the boat glided southward down the channel, "and I defy any one to recognize the Sylph in the disguise of the Molly, now. I think it will be perfectly safe for us to sail right over in front of that inlet, after we land you, Tom, and fish for the remainder of the day. We shall be near then if anything should happen."

"Besides, as long as you're there the Jeannette will be unable to sail, for I don't think they'll feel like showing their hiding place even to harmless fishermen. But don't you venture up the inlet, father.

"According to what Ericson said, Nance, whoever she may be, will let him know as soon as you come in sight of the point and he'll doubtless be ready to receive you if you should sail into the inlet."

"You see that you don't get into trouble, young man, and I reckon we'll be all right," the major declared. "Don't you try such a foolhardy trick as getting away with that boat last night. We've had to abandon the boat just the same, so it didn't do any good."

"I should think it did do us some good," replied Tom stoutly. "At least it did me. If I hadn't got away with it I should have been wandering 'round over on the mainland yet."

"Well, we shall expect you to find out where your friend is imprisoned today," said Dan with a laugh.

"If I do, I believe I shall find out where Ericson and his friends put up when they're ashore," Tom replied. "There are no houses on the shore of the inlet, but I am certain from what I heard Ericson say, that there is some sort of an abode near there. I shall find it if I can."

The catboat made a long detour to the west and landed Tom several miles below the point on which he had disembarked the day before. Then his father and Cheney sailed back by the same channel they had come, intending to go up behind the islands and approach the inlet from the east.

Tom was well supplied with provisions this time, so that he would not suffer if he should fail to meet his friends at night.

He had a longer walk before him than before to reach the inlet, but the way was comparatively familiar and he pushed ahead without hesitation.

On reaching the high promontory from which point he had viewed the surrounding territory on the day before, he stopped and again scrutinized both the land and water as far as the eye could see.

Nothing which denoted the presence of human beings appeared on the shores of the cove or among the trees on the highlands, but when he turned his gaze toward the bay he was rewarded by seeing a little canoe skimming over the smooth surface, propelled by a single occupant.

He had little difficulty in recognizing the paddler as Indian Joe, and it was evident that the latter had sighted the Jeannette's tender beached on the island and was going after it.

Tom remained long enough to see the half breed arrive at the island, examine the shore a little, but evidently without discovering any trace of his (Tom's) footsteps of the night before, and then enter his canoe again and tow the boat away from the island.

Tom saw that Joe was making directly for the promontory on which he stood and decided that he was going to follow out Ericson's instructions and replace the boat where he found it and then lie in wait for some one to come for it.

"But you'll have your pains for nothing, my fine fellow," thought Tom, as he pushed along the top of the cliffs. "That boat will never be claimed by me. Still," he added, "I shall have to bear in mind your presence, for you will be in my rear, and that might be awkward should I have to retreat."

## CHAPTER XIV.
### TOM SEES "OLD NANCE'S GAL."

In less than two hours after leaving the catboat Tom had skirted the cove and arrived at the base of the ridge which hid the basin, wherein lay the smugglers' schooner.

He entered the woods at nearly the same point as on the previous day and mounted directly to the summit of the ridge.

Once above the trees and in the open where his view was unobstructed, he could see up the narrow strait leading to the smugglers' rendezvous and out upon the smooth basin of the great bay.

The first thing which attracted his attention was the appearance of a sail just coming in sight from behind an island some distance up the bay.

A very short scrutiny convinced him that it was the catboat, containing his father and Dan Cheney, which, having made a quick passage through the channel behind the islands was now approaching the mouth of the inlet from the east. There was no other craft within sight, for the half breed and the two small boats were behind the craggy headland five miles away.

"Now, my staying here will do us very little good," said Tom, communing with himself. "I must scout around more and find, if possible, the place where Ericson and his men hide themselves. If I find that place I am very sure that poor Jack will not be far away, and—who knows?—perhaps I might be able to release him alone."

Spurred by this thought, he carefully descended the eastern slope of the ridge, arriving at the footpath by the water's edge without seeing a person. The tree in which he had taken refuge the day before was near at hand and he at once made his way toward it.

"It will be an excellent place to which to retreat should any one approach," he thought, "and I'll first see if all is clear about it before going on toward the head of the basin."

Before reaching the tree he saw, through an opening in the bushes on the shoreward side of the path, the little catboat sail across his range of vision and knew by the creaking of the blocks that she had lowered her sail and probably dropped anchor just off the mouth of the inlet.

A few moments later Tom heard the quick patter of feet on the hard beaten path, and he darted behind the great tree, whose great buttresses completely concealed him.

The light footsteps grew more distinct, the bushes parted, and a child appeared running swiftly along the path, from the point toward the head of the inlet.

"'Old Nance's girl,'" thought Tom, remembering the conversation of the smugglers' leader and the Frenchman, Cuisson, which he had overheard the previous afternoon. "The old woman has sent her to warn Ericson of the apearance of the Sylph."

During the few seconds which the child occupied in crossing the opening in front of him, Tom closely studied her.

She was about twelve years of age, or so Tom judged from his hasty glimpse, and as brown as an Indian. Her unkempt hair flew back over her shoulders in the wildest confusion and her dress was quite in keeping with the neglected state of the black tresses.

She wore shoes and stockings, but both were old, and the dress was soiled and torn in several places. She seemed more like a wild thing than any child Tom had ever seen before, and had all the freedom and natural grace of movement which is generally allowed only the females of savage races.

Neither customs nor fiendish inventions of whalebones and steel had trammeled her form, and Tom noticed with a smile that she ran like a boy, with head down and elbows close to her sides.

"What a neglected little creature," he thought as the girl darted out of sight and the patter of her feet died away in the distance. "And what a place in which to bring her up! I wonder if it would do to speak to her when she comes back? Providing, of course, she comes back alone."

He was half tempted to follow her along the trail and, if possible, learn the place of concealment of the smugglers. Such a course, however, might entail considerable risk of detection, and remembering his father's warning to be careful he decided to remain where he was for the time and see what would come of old Nance's warning to the smugglers.

In something less than half an hour the girl returned along the path. Tom knew she was alone, before she came into view, for she was singing, in a high, clear voice, one of the many songs of the Canadian boatmen. She sang it in French, having evidently picked up the words from hearing them sung by the canoemen, or by the French members of the Jeannette's crew.

Still hidden by the huge butt of the tree, the young American watched her as she approached along the path, her tread careless and graceful, and evidently totally unsuspicious of the presence of any other human being than herself.

Just as she reached the tree, still walking upon the shoreward side of the path and on the very edge of the steep bank which fell abruptly to the narrow beach, she placed one foot upon an insecure spot and the bank gave way.

It was just where the three men—Ericson, the Frenchman and the half breed—had descended and ascended the bank the evening before, and perhaps their tread had loosened the earth. Be that as it may the bank caved in and a portion several feet square plunged down to the beach below.

The girl uttered a startled cry and threw herself upon the ground, seizing the bushes to keep herself from following the landslide; but she would certainly have fallen to the beach had not Tom sprung forward and seizing her in his arms, dragged her back from the verge of the bank.

The child darted a startled look at his face, but made no outcry as he carried her back and set her carefully upon the grassy bank beneath the great oak.

"You have hurt your foot—can you stand?" asked her rescuer, for the moment forgetting the serious position in which he himself was placed by his impetuous rescue of the girl.

She tried to get up but as quickly as her foot touched the ground she winced with pain.

"You've either strained or sprained it," declared Tom, seeing with something like admiration that she would not allow a cry to escape her lips, or the tears to come to her eyes, though the effort to stand doubtless hurt her cruelly.

Tom liked pluck and was especially surprised to find it in a girl, for the fair sex had ever been scorned by him for its disposition to give up at trifles.

The girl nodded, but said never a word, her sharp black eyes staring at Tom as though she would look through him.

"Listen!" said the young fellow suddenly. "There's water falling near here. Is it a spring?"

She nodded again and pointed in the direction from which she had just come.

"I'll get some," Tom declared. "You take off your shoe and stocking and I'll be right back. Cold water is just the thing to keep it from swelling and take out the inflammation."

If she understood him she made no sign, and allowed him to depart in silence. A few rods along the path Tom found a little rill which made down hill, falling with a silvery murmur into the inlet. He filled his pocket cup with the sparkling liquid and then wet his handkerchief and hurried back to the oak tree.

The child had obeyed his directions and removing her dilapidated shoe and torn stocking, displayed a foot which might have served as a model for a sculptor—the instep high and the lines of the foot perfect, betraying, to a more practiced eye than Tom's, the fact that its owner possessed a more gentle line of ancestry than might have been suspected.

Tom knelt down at once and bathed the child's ankle, which was already discolored from the sprain, at length binding his handkerchief tightly about it and pinning it in place.

"There, little one," he said kindly, "that's the best we can do now. Think you can hobble home if I make you a crutch?"

She made no reply to this question but still looking at him keenly asked:

"What makes you do it?"

"Do what?" queried Tom in surprise.

"What makes you—you kind to me? I'm nothin' to you."

"Why, I'm not particularly kind to you," Tom answered, laughing in a confused manner. "You were hurt and I only helped you. Anybody would do that."

"No they wouldn't," declared the child, contradicting him flatly. "Old Nance wouldn't, nor the captain, nor none of 'em."

"Wasn't anybody ever kind to you before?" Tom asked, deeply interested in the wild, but pathetic little creature.

"Just one," she said, slowly. "Say—are all American boys kind—like that?"

"How do you know I am an American boy?" inquired Tom, rather embarrassed by her question.

"I know. You're like that other."

Her speech at once recalled the matter nearest his heart, to Tom's mind. This girl was a confidant of the smugglers, and doubtless knew where Jack was at this very moment.

He drew from her words that Jack had already won her friendship by kindness. Why could she not be the means of bringing about Jack's escape. Tom snapped at the chance eagerly.

"What other?" he asked, looking at her steadily. "The boy they brought here in the Jeannette a few days ago? Is that who you mean?"

The child fixed her black eyes upon him as though to read his very thoughts, and was silent for a moment.

"I shan't tell you!" she finally declared, and then shut her lips firmly.

*(To be continued.)*

*[This Story began last week.]*

# A Rolling Stone.

BY ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

*Author of "No. 91," "A Bad Lot," etc.*

## CHAPTER IV.

## WREN'S TRIUMPH.

Several persons were in the hotel lobby, and their surprise was excited by the unusual spectacle of a country boy clinging to a fashionably dressed gentleman.

The man was sensible of his advantage, and he proceeded to avail himself of it.

"You young rascal," he cried, "do you want to rob me?"

"Shame, shame!" called out a bystander.

"Where is a policeman?" demanded the man boldly. "I want this young rascal arrested. I will give him a lesson."

A man came forward and seized Wren by the arm.

"You'll get into trouble, boy!" he said. "What possessed you to assault this gentleman?"

"Because," said Wren sturdily, "he has been robbing a young lady outside the hotel."

"The boy must be crazy," said the supposed gentleman, but he began to look uneasy. "You'd better go about your business, and I will forgive your rudeness. You are probably a poor boy. Here is a nickel for you."

This produced a favorable impression.

"You're in luck, boy," said the man who had seized him. "This gentleman's very considerate, not only to forgive you, but to give you money besides."

"I don't want his money," said Wren.

Meanwhile one of the servants of the hotel had summoned a policeman.

"What's the matter here?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir," said the man with suavity. "The boy has made a mistake. I don't care to appear against him."

"But what has he done?"

"Made an assault on the gentleman," said an officious guest.

"What is your story, boy?" asked the officer.

"There's a young lady outside," answered Wren, "who told me the man had stolen her gold watch, and wanted me to go after him and ask him to give it up."

"A likely story!" sneered the guest who was so prejudiced against Wren.

"Where is the young lady?" asked the officer.

"I left her just in front of the hotel."

"Will some one go out and invite her in?"

A bell boy complied with his request, speedily reappearing with a modest and well dressed young lady, who seemed abashed by the attention she excited.

"Have you lost a watch?" asked the policeman.

"Yes, sir."

"Was it taken from you?"

"Yes, sir."

"By whom?"

"It was snatched from me by that man," and she indicated the fashionably dressed gentleman.

The latter turned pale.

"The young lady is quite mistaken," he asserted, looking ill at ease.

"I shall have to search you," said the policeman.

The watch was found in the outer pocket of the overcoat which hung over his arm.

"What do you say to this?" asked the officer.

"It is my sister's watch. I was taking it to be repaired," answered the thief with unblushing assurance.

"What a falsehood!" exclaimed the young lady. "If you will open the watch, sir, you will see my name, Rose Mayhew inside."

Her statement was found to be correct, and the officer at once arrested the thief.

"You must go with me," he said.

"Can I have my watch, sir?"

"I shall have to take it to the station house with me as part of the proof of this man's guilt. I must trouble you to go with me also to make a charge against him."

"This is an outrage!" blustered the thief. "I am Colonel Thornton of Georgia, and belong to one of the most prominent families in the State. This boy and the lady are in a conspiracy against me."

"That's a wicked lie!" said the young lady indignantly.

"I propose to prosecute all who are in the conspiracy," went on the thief loftily.

Just then the hotel detective entered. He scanned the thief closely.

"I know this gentleman very well," he said quietly. "He is a well known pickpocket. I once had him under arrest when I was employed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel."

"You are quite mistaken, my good friend. I am Colonel Thornton of Georgia, formerly an officer in the Confederate army."

"I don't think you ever saw Georgia, Bill Jones," said the detective. "You had better take him along, officer, and if you need my extra evidence at the trial you can send for me."

As the party was leaving the hotel the young lady turned towards Wren, and said: "I don't know but I ought to give you something for helping get back my watch."

"Oh, no matter," rejoined Wren, but as he had only five cents in his pocket he would not have objected to some acknowledgement.

Miss Mayhew's words were heard by one of the hotel guests.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this boy has been unjustly suspected, and I think we ought to do something for him."

"It isn't best to pay a boy every time he does his duty," interposed the man who was prejudiced against Wren, in a snappish tone.

"You needn't give anything, sir," said the first speaker in a pointed way. "I shall."

As he spoke he took off his derby hat and dropped in a fifty cent piece.

"That's for a nest egg," he said.

Then he passed the hat on to his next neighbor, who dropped in a quarter.

There were only a few persons present, or the contribution would have amounted to a considerable sum. As it was, when he had gone the rounds and counted the money, he announced that the amount collected was three dollars and sixty cents.

"I hope it will do you some good, my boy," he said kindly, as he passed over the money to Wren.

"It will," answered Wren joyfully. "Why, I hadn't but five cents left out of the money I brought to the city."

"Where did you come from?"

"From Maine."

"So did I. That's worth fifty cents more," and he produced another fifty cent piece.

"The boy will probably spend it playing craps," remarked Wren's enemy.

"Was that your favorite amusement when a boy?" asked Wren's friend.

"Dou you mean to insult me, sir?"

"No more than you mean to insult the boy."

Wren's enemy seemed to have no more to say and Wren left the hotel, the possessor of four dollars and ten cents.

The first use to which he put his money was to buy some dinner, for he had had nothing to eat since breakfast, and it was now past one o'clock.

He did not think it necessary to walk east to the Bowery, but went into the Revere House restaurant which was not far away. The prices were more than double what he was accustomed to pay, but with four dollars in his pocket he felt comparaaively wealthy.

After dinner Wren went down Broadway to his favorite rendezvous, City Hall Park. Here he met Tim Maloney, his first acquaintance.

"Hallo, country!" cried Tim.

"Hallo, city!" returned Wren, smiling, for he felt in good humor.

"How you'se makin' out?"

"Pretty well."

"Have you found anything to do?"

"I've gone into the detective business."

"Does it pay?"

"I made four dollars this morning."

Tim whistled.

There was no other adequate way in which he could express his amazement.

"Tell me about it," he said.

Wren did so.

Tim seemed most impressed by the fact that Wren was a capitalist.

"What you're goin' to do with so much money?" he asked.

"It won't last long. I ought to get something to do. I can't get a detective job every day."

"S'posin' we go to de teayter tonight."

Wren understood of course that he would be expected to treat. He was not a mean boy, but he felt, with his uncertain prospects, that it would hardly be prudent to spend much of his money on amusements.

"It won't cost much," said Tim persuasively. "We can get billboards for fifteen cents."

"Can we get into the Lodge afterwards?"

"By payin' a little more."

Wren thought it over. He had never been to a New York theater, and the prospect seemed alluring.

"Where can we go?" he asked.

"To Niblo's. There's a first class show there this week. Tell ye what, I'll stand supper at Pop Dugan's if you'll pay the billboards."

"All right!"

Billboard tickets are given to cigar dealers, barbers, and others, in return for the display of theatrical advertisements. Where they are not used by parties to whom they are given, they are willing to sell them in most cases for fifteen cents. This will admit to the gallery, or without a seat to the lower part of the house.

## CHAPTER V.

## A TEN CENT LODGING HOUSE.

Wren enjoyed his evening at Niblo's. To be sure he had one of the highest seats in the upper gallery, but his eyes were good, and he could see everything without the help of an opera glass.

His friend Tim was very demonstrative, and led in the applause whenever a hit was made on the stage.

It was after eleven when the show ended, and then both boys felt hungry. They found an all night place on Chatham Street, where they bought a hearty supper.

They did not hurry, and when they went round afterwards to the Newsboys' Lodge they found it closed for the night.

"What shall we do?" asked Wren, alarmed.

"We can stay out all night. I know a alley where there's a empty wagon."

"I shouldn't like that," said Wren, who had prejudices in favor of civilized lodgings.

"Then I'll take you to a ten cent place on Frankfort Street."

"What's that?"

"A place where you can get a bed for ten cents."

"We'll go, then."

"All right, then, but I ain't got a dime."

"I'll pay for the two beds if you'll go with me.I don't want to go alone."

"'Nough said."

Wren began to find that his evening's dissipation would cost him more than he anticipated. Still he had enjoyed the theater, and having been so lucky he felt th t he could afford it. The next day he would go to work.

Tim led the way to Frankfort Street, which runs from Printing House Square at the side of the tall World building, though at that time French's Hotel stood on the site, and, entering one of the buildings, went up some rickety stairs to the fifth floor.

It was very different in appearance from the neat and cleanly lodging house which he had lately occupied. Yet he was to pay a higher price.

Tim opened a door, and disclosed a larger room filled with cots on which were stretched some thirty or forty sleeping men. There was an indescribable odor pervading the apartment, and the lodgers seemed to belong to the genus tramp.

"I don't think I can sleep here," said Wren, disgusted.

"Why not?" asked Tim in surprise.

"It's so—dirty."

"That won't keep me from snoozin'. If you'd rather sleep outdoors——"

"No, I wouldn't like that, but isn't there any other place where we can go?"

"Yes, we can go to the Astor House, or the Fif' Avenoo, if you like it better. You'd maybe have to pay a dollar, or——"

"Never mind! I guess I can stand it for one night."

A grimy looking person came forward, and handed them two sleeping tickets for the sum of twenty cents paid by Wren.

"Where shall we sleep?" asked Wren.

There seemed to be but one empty pallet, but the two boys managed to find a place upon it, side by side.

To the right lay a thin man who was snoring loudly, and to the left lay a stout man with a red face, whose breath was redolent of the vilest whisky. This was on the side occupied by Wren.

"Would you mind changing places with me, Tim?" he asked.

"What for?"

"That man's breath smells of whisky. It will keep me awake."

"I wouldn't mind a little thing like that. Yes, I'll change."

"Thank you, Tim."

"All right," returned Tim drowsily.

The bootblack was soon asleep, but Wren was ill at ease, and the prevailing odor nearly stifled him.

All at once, when he was beginning to drowse, he was startled by a hoarse cry, or rather series of cries. Looking up in alarm, he saw a man frantically waving his arm, and calling out, "Keep 'em off, keep 'em off!"

"Keep off what?" asked a neighbor peevishly.

"Snakes."

The neighbor laughed.

"What does he mean?" asked Wren, startled.

"He's got the tremens," answered the neighbor.

Wren understood that delirium tremens was meant. It was an object lesson on the subject of temperance.

"I wish it was morning," thought the poor boy.

Tim was sleeping soundly. He had slept here before, and he was not particular.

Wren wished he had decided to sleep in the empty wagon. Then, at all events he would have been out in the open air, uncontaminated by the vile odors that sickened him here.

He was not sure whether he would go to sleep at all, but at last nature asserted her just claims to repose and he sank into a troubled nap. How long he slept he knew not, but he was all at once aroused by feeling some one tug at his side.

Opening his eyes he saw that it was his neighbor, the thin man, who was in the act of picking his pocket.

"Hallo, there! Let me alone!" he cried out.

The thin man withdrew his hand swiftly, and turning over pretended to be asleep.

"What's up?" asked the superintendent of the room.

"That man was picking my pocket!" exclaimed Wren indignantly.

"Just like him!"

The superintendent strode up to where the thief was lying and shook him roughly.

"So you're up to your tricks again, Slippery Jim?" he said.

"Wha's the matter?" asked the man drowsily.

"You can't humbug me! Get right up, and clear out!"

"Is it morning?"

"No, it is not morning, but it's time for you to get up. We don't want any thieves here."

"I've paid for my bed," grumbled Jim.

"You haven't paid for the privilege of picking pockets. Come, get up!" and Jim received a kick.

"It's a lie! Who says I've been stealin'?"

"That boy says so."

"I'll lick him for a cent. He lies."

"It's true. I found his hand in my pocket."

"Then I did it in my sleep. I don't know a thing about it."

"You must go and sleep somewhere else then."

Slippery Jim finally rose, and after trying in vain to get back a part of the money he had paid for his lodging, went down stairs to the street, to meditate on his failure to carry out his promising scheme.

"You can have his bed," said the custodian of the room.

"No, thank you," returned Wren with a shudder. "I'd rather stay where I am."

Though he was relieved from the presence of his dangerous neighbor, Wren found himself too uneasy to sleep. He felt that he had paid dearly for his evening at the theater. Never in all his life had he conceived of such a foul and disagreeable sleeping place. He was beginning to understand what life was in the lower stratum.

He managed to worry through the night, though it seemed almost interminable.

It was about six o'clock probably that Tim opened his eyes.

"Where am I," he asked. "Oh, I remember," he continued. "I guess it's mornin'."

"How did you sleep, Tim?"

"Bully. How did you?"

"I scarcely closed my eyes."

"That's foolish. I'm as gay as a lark, while you——"

"Feel as if I had been on a lark."

"Good joke! Why didn't you sleep?"

"There's such an awful smell. Besides a man tried to pick my pocket."

"Where is he? Let me get at him," said Tim combatively.

"He's gone. The man at the door bounced him. He called him Slippery Jim."

"I know him. He ain't no good. He didn't take your money, did he?"

"I've got it with me yet."

"He'd better have tried me," said Tim. "He's welcome to all he can find."

"Do you mind getting up now, Tim? I don't think I can stay here any longer."

"All right. We'll go and get something to eat."

The two boys rose from their pallet, and made their way to the door, and down stairs.

When they got outside, Wren breathed a sigh of satisfaction.

"How nice it feels to be out in the fresh air!" he said. "I forgot to tell you that there was a man up there who woke up and thought he saw snakes."

"Oh, yes, I've seen 'em often."

"What—snakes?"

"No, men like that. He'd been fillin' up on whisky."

"I don't think I shall want to go to the theater again, Tim, if I've got to sleep in such a place as that afterwards."

"We can get to the Lodge earlier. Ain't you hungry, Wren?"

"I think I can eat something."

The two boys went to the Boss Tweed restaurant on Chatham street, now Park Row, and got a fair breakfast for ten cents.

"That goes to the right spot," said Tim, as he drained his cup of coffee. "Now I feel like a fighting cock."

Wren counted over his money after breakfast and found he had spent altogether, about a dollar. It did not seem to him that he had got his money's worth.

"Well, I must go to work," said Tim, as they went out on the street.

"I wish I had any work to do."

## CHAPTER VI.

## WREN GETS INTO BUSINESS.

Wren had about three dollars left, but no work and no income. He could hardly expect to live upon the interest of his capital, and began to feel despondent.

He sat down in the City Hall Park, beside Pat Hogan, a boy of fourteen, with whom he had become acquainted. Pat, like Tim, was a bootblack. He noticed that Wren looked in bad spirits.

"You look down in der mouth," he said. "Ain't you had no breakfast?"

"Yes."

"Ain't you got no money?"

"Yes."

"Then what you're lookin' blue for?"

"I am not earning anything. I can't find anything to do."

"Why don't you black boots? Ain't you got money enough to buy a box and brush?"

"How much will it cost?"

"I can get one for you for seventy-five cents. Have you got as much money as that?" asked Pat in a doubtful tone, for he expected a negative answer.

"Yes, I've got as much as that."

Pat regarded Wren more respectfully, for this was more money than he himself possessed.

"Then you come with me and buy a box."

"I never blacked boots in my life—that is, except my own. I couldn't put on such a shine as you do."

"I'll learn you," said Pat. "Here, take my brush and shine up my shoes. I'll tell you how to do it."

There was a time when Wren would have shrunk from such work, but there is nothing like necessity to subdue pride.

He got down on his knees, making use of a small square of carpeting which Pat carried round to kneel upon, and started on his task.

It was not an easy one. Pat's shoes were of rough, coarse leather, and had seldom been treated to blacking,

This made it harder to achieve satisfactory results. Pat surveyed the efforts of his apprentice critically, and was free with his advice.

It required fully twenty five minutes to finish the job.

"That's a bum shine," announced Pat rather disdainfully.

"It's the first time," said Wren apologetically.

"It ain't bad for de first time," went on Pat with less severity, "but it'll take you some time to do a first class job. You couldn't get a nickel for a job like that."

"Then I don't see how I can go into business."

"I'll tell you. You get a brush, and go round with me. We'll be partners, and when a gent wants his shoes shined we'll do it together. If yours ain't right, I'll finish it up. Of course you won't get nothin' at first."

"All right, Pat!"

The next thing was to buy an outfit. Luckily Pat knew a boy who went by the name of Dutch Fred, who was going out of the blacking business having obtained a position in a store on Third Avenue. He was glad to sell his kit for seventy five cents. So in a short time Wren found himself provided with a box and brushes.

For a day and a half he went round with Pat, and availed himself of that young man's hints and suggestions so that at the end of that time he felt justified in setting up on his own account.

"I'm much obliged to you, Pat," he said, "for showing me. I guess I can get along now."

The next thing was to find a business location. After consulting with some of the boys Wren took a station not far from Fulton Ferry, hoping to catch some patronage from ferry passengers from Brooklyn.

The first day he obtained ten customers, one of whom paid him ten cents. He felt that this was encouraging. It took him longer than usual to do his work, as he was still a novice, but on the whole no one found fault with the results.

On the third day he struck a snag. A large overgrown redhaired boy who went by the name of Irish Mike came up to him, and said in a threatening tone: "You'd better get out of here, if you don't want to get mashed!"

"What do you mean?" asked Wren with spirit.

"This is my corner, see? I ain't goin' to have no boy interferin' with me."

"How is it your corner? Do you pay rent for it?"

"No, I don't, but it's mine all the same, see? I've been here a week."

"There's room for us both."

"There ain't business for us both, see?"

"No, I don't see," answered Wren, provoked.

"You'd better," said Mike in a menacing tone. "I'll lick you for a cent. Where'd you come from any way?"

"It doesn't matter where I came from," said Wren. "I've got just as much right here as you."

This was too much for Mike. He dropped his box, and, relying on his greater height and weight, undertook to thrash his competitor.

But Wren, fortunately for himself, knew something about sparring. He was three inches shorter than Mike, and twenty pounds lighter, but he saw at once that of the science of fighting Mike knew nothing. He put himself on the defensive, and calmly awaited the onset.

He did not have to wait long. Mike came on impetuously and, without any expectation of being himself attacked, "pitched into" Wren.

The latter parried the blow and planted a vigorous one of his own on the exposed face of his antagonist. Mike staggered and with difficulty saved himself from a fall. He was thoroughly astonished, so much so that he stared in a dazed way at the smaller boy.

Wren did not follow up his advantage, but calmly awaited a further attack.

Mike renewed his onset, feeling convinced that some mistake had been made. It seemed to him incredible that a boy so much smaller could stand up against him.

But his second attack was no more successful than the first. Wren felt that he had better make short work of his enemy.

This time he did make use of his advantage, and burly Mike found himself fairly overthrown.

"What's all this?" demanded a policeman, drawn to the scene of warfare.

"He pitched into me, sir," whined Mike, getting up with difficulty.

"Who pitched into you?"

"Dat bloke."

"Why he isn't near as big as you. I'm ashamed of you. Who began the fight."

"The big fellow did. He ordered the other boy off the corner," said a Brooklyn chap, who had paused to see the conflict.

"It's my corner. He ain't no right to interfere wid me."

"He has as much right as you have. I know you, Red Headed Mike. You get out, or I'll take you in."

Mike shuffled away, leaving Wren master of the situation.

It was fortunate for Wren that this particular policeman had a grudge against Mike. On one occasion Mike had struck his son, and the officer had never forgotten it.

"Where did you learn to fight, Johnny?" asked the officer.

"I learned to spar in the country."

"I was wondering how you were able to thrash that big bully."

"Can I stay here and black boots?" asked Wren.

"Yes. If that fellow interferes with you again, let me know."

"Thank you, sir."

But Mike had a lesson by which he profited. He was ready to bully smaller boys, but he realized that Wren was more than a match for him, and he was not anxious to meet him again.

When the policeman left, the storekeeper in front of whose place of business the conflict had taken place, came out and congratulated Wren.

"You did him up well, my boy," he said. "He's a big bully, and has annoyed me more than once. I want to reward you for what you have done."

As he spoke he handed Wren fifty cents.

"Thank you, sir," said Wren. "This is the first money I have received for fighting," he added with a smile.

Wren kept his place, finding it fairly remunerative.

He did not like the work, but it gratified him to feel that he was earning a living, and was not dependent on any one. Still he felt anxious to get into some other business as soon as an opportunity offered.

One evening about six o'clock just as he was about to knock off work for the day, he was observing the crowd of passengers who were landing from the ferryboat, when his attention was drawn to a sailor whose unsteady gait indicated that he had been taking too much liquor.

He observed also that the sailor was followed at a distance of a few feet by a man from whose outward appearance one would hardly suppose that he would feel an interest in a person, so socially inferior.

In spite of his gentlemanly attire, Wren was disposed to regard him with suspicion. He mentally decided that he would bear watching.

According he shouldered his box, and followed both.

When the sailor had walked as far as the Fulton Street station of the Third Avenue Elevated road, the gentleman caught up with him.

"Good evening, Jack," he said in a tone of assumed heartiness.

"Evenin' sir," returned the sailor, trying to touch his hat, and nearly falling in the effort.

"I see you are a little unwell. Won't you let me assist you?"

"Thank your honor. You're a gentleman."

The young man took the sailor's arm in his, and instead of proceeding up Fulton Street turned to the right.

"I'll take you to a good boarding house," he said.

"Thank ye, sir."

The two walked on together, Wren following them. He felt convinced that the sailor's companion intended to rob him.

*(To be continued.)*

*[This Story began in No. 581.]*

# Lloyd Abbott's Friend.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

*Author of "A Publisher at Fifteen," "My Mysterious Fortune," etc.*

## CHAPTER XIX.

### LLOYD'S SYMPATHIES ARE ENLISTED IN TWO DIRECTIONS.

Lloyd had had no dinner yet. But he wasn't hungry, even though it was almost two o'clock. He had eaten a late breakfast and the excitement under which he was laboring was a dampener of appetite.

The weather was wonderfully mild for Christmas Day. The grass in the Park was quite green.

Lloyd decided that he would sit down on one of the benches for a while. His valise was heavy, and he was tired of carrying it.

He crossed over to a seat which was occupied by only a single person. Most of the benches were crowded.

"What a Christmas," murmured the boy from Willoughby as he sat down.

And at this instant the person who occupied the other end of the bench sighed so heavily that Lloyd involuntarily turned his head to see what was the matter with him.

He was a man of apparently thirty five; his cheeks were pale and covered with several day's growth of beard.

He was well dressed, even fashionably so, but there was complete dejection in his attitude, despair in his face.

"They say misery loves company," Lloyd said to himself. "If that is so, I chose an appropriate resting place. I wonder what's the matter with the fellow."

For a second or two young Abbott had forgotten his own great trial in speculating about the grief of his neighbor. Now the memory of his forlorn condition on this Christmas Day rolled back upon him like a flood, and he, too, heaved a sigh.

The man at the other end of the bench looked around quickly, so quickly that he jarred the back of the seat.

Lloyd turned to see what was the cause of this and their eyes met.

"You appear to be in trouble, my friend," said the man.

Lloyd had quickly turned his eyes away when he saw the other looking at him. He was not the sort of fellow who readily made friends with strangers.

So now he did not make any reply, but pretended not to have heard. He was about to rise and walk on, when the other moved up closer to him and added:

"I want to say this for your comfort. You cannot possibly be in worse case than I am. If I can do nothing for myself, I can at least lighten the burden of others by causing them to contrast their lot with mine."

The man's voice was a pleasant one, with a refined tone to it. He could not be a confidence man, Lloyd decided.

"What makes you think I am in trouble?" he asked.

"Because you sigh, because you are alone on Christmas Day, and come to sit in the Park, and because you do not look happy.

"But listen to me. You should feel the joyous blood bounding through your veins at realizing you are not as I am."

"Perhaps, though, my trouble is more than yours," Lloyd responded.

"That cannot be. It would be too strange a coincidence. Let me tell you about it."

Lloyd was by this time interested in spite of himself. What could this man possibly have to tell him that would make him feel his own misfortune less hard to bear?

The stranger moved along the bench till he was close beside Lloyd, then began, speaking in a rapid voice and in a tone of suppressed excitement:

"I do not look to be a man down on my luck. I am not, in so far as this world's goods are concerned.

"I have a steady position and a good salary, of which, by the way, I have saved not a penny. I am one of those who live luxuriously from hand to mouth. And I have no family to fall back upon.

"So you see when I went to the doctor's the other day for him to cure a bad cold and he told me I had weak lungs and that I would die before the winter was out unless I quit work and went to the Adirondacks or Colorado, I had but one alternative, that was to die."

"But——" Lloyd began, in horror stricken tones.

The other broke in upon him, however.

"I know what you would say; 'But there must be some way.' There is none but what I have considered. My employer is—well, a corporation. One employe is no more to them than another. There is nothing to be expected in that direction.

"All that is left me is to keep in harness till I drop out of it. Then have myself carted off in an ambulance to a free bed in some hospital to die. Is not that a greater calamity than the one from which you are suffering?"

Lloyd was really moved. The man's face was proof enough that he spoke the truth. And yet his dress was of such wide divergence with all idea of death and the grave, that Lloyd could scarcely realize the truth.

"Yes," he said. "If things are really as you say, your trouble is much greater than mine.

"And—and I thank you," he added after an instant, "for telling me of it, and I wish I might do something for you."

"I wish you could," said the stranger with another sigh. "It seems odd, doesn't it, that we two burdened souls should drift against each other on this Christmas Day?"

Lloyd wondered if, in return for the other's confidence, he was expected to tell what his burden was. He was not at all inclined to do this.

But the sick man did not appear to be curious. He fixed his gaze on the carriages that were passing back and forth before them on the roadway, and that look of utter melancholy which had first attracted young Abbott's attention, settled again over his face.

"If only Gordon Marchman had taken a fancy to him instead of to me," Lloyd reflected, "a human life might have been saved. With his money he could have sent the poor fellow away and not have felt the outlay.

"But perhaps the same thing might have happened to him as has befallen me, and then he would have had my burden to bear as well as his own. So perhaps things are better as they are."

Partially consoled by this thought,

Lloyd was about to bid his seat mate good afternoon and proceed on his way, albeit he knew not as yet where this would lead him, when the attention of both was drawn to an exciting scene that was being enacted in front of a bench a little further up the path.

A nurse maid in charge of a perambulator was bending over the baby and screaming at the top of her lungs. Two or three of those sitting near were pointing to a young man in a soft hat and a red necktie, who looked very much frightened.

"What's the matter over there?" exclaimed the sick man. "Perhaps we'll forget our troubles for a while if we take a dip into other people's."

He started for the next bench and Lloyd followed him.

"He did it, miss," a middle aged man, with toil roughened hands, was telling the girl.

As he spoke he caught the young fellow in the red necktie by the arm and held him fast.

A young woman was clinging to this latter individual's other arm, and looking fully as terrified as he did himself.

"Get him back for me this minute," screamed the nurse girl, glaring through her tears at the spindle legged youth, who bade fair to be dragged limb from limb between his friend, the young woman, on one side of him and the honest workingman on the other.

"I—I can't," he replied through chattering teeth. "She's gone away. I didn't see her go, and I don't—don't know where she's gone to."

"What's the matter?" Lloyd inquired of a grinning youngster at his elbow.

"Why, that freshy," indicating him of the red necktie— "thought it would be smart to swop babies while the nurses were talking to the sparrow cops. He told his girl it would be fun to see if they knew the difference."

"But didn't they?" Lloyd asked excitedly.

"This one did, but t'other didn't. She went off while freshy was making up to his girl, and forgetting all about what he'd done. Gee—whittaker, what a circus," and the small boy's eyes twinkled with the fun he was having.

"This is a pretty kettle of fish, isn't it?" remarked the sick man, who had listened to the boy's story.

Then, raising his voice, he added:

"Doesn't any one here know where that other baby belongs?"

"I think I see her a comin' with it out of Sixtieth Street," a timid looking little woman ventured to suggest.

"She came up Fifth Avenue, I tell yer," declared the small boy. "It was this other belongs in Sixtieth Street."

"There's a quick way to find out about that," interposed Lloyd, his sympathy touched by the distress of the nurse girl.

Then to the latter, he added:

"Do you live in Sixtieth Street?"

"No, sir, over in Madison Avenue," she replied. "And I'll lose my place, and me brother's sick, and me father's out of work an'—oh, what a sorry Christmas Day this is!"

"Do you hear that you rascal?" cried the workingman. "See what you've done with your practical joking. You ought to be run into jail, that's what ought to happen to you."

"Don't you know where that other girl lives?" said the culprit, appealing to one of the gray coated policemen.

"Not I. An' sure an' why should I?"

"If you hadn't been talking to her an' taking her mind from her duties," the red necktie young man's sweetheart struck in, "the thing wouldn't have happened."

"If you say much more," retorted the officer, "I'll arrest the whole lot of yez."

"But what am I to do?" moaned the nurse girl. "All this talk don't bring me back the right baby. What will the missus say when I take this thing back?"

"Don't you know where the other girl came from?" inquired Lloyd. "Didn't you ever see her here before?"

"No; it's the first time. Mr. McNamara—" indicating one of the policemen—"beckoned for me to come over and see a lame squirrel he had found in the grass, an' I thought to be sociable an' take her along with me. Oh, whirra, an' a sorry thought it was!"

"The only thing for you to do," said the sick man, "is to wait here till the other nurse comes back. She is sure to do that."

"But I can't," wailed the girl. "It must be after two now, an' the missus told me sure to be back by quarter past."

"But what good will it do you to go home with the wrong child?" the sick man wanted to know.

"You're right; it won't do me no good at all, but she'll worry herself sick. Oh, whatever shall I do?"

"And maybe the others won't find out they've got the wrong kid at all," interjected the small boy consolingly.

But he was promptly squelched by a tap on the head from Mr. McNamara's club.

The predicament was indeed an awkward one.

Suddenly the nurse maid turned to Lloyd.

"Young gentleman," she said, "you've got a kind face. Can't you go to the missus for me and tell her something or other; so's she won't worry till I get back?"

"But what can I tell her?"

"Tell her I've been delayed, but the baby's safe. You know it's all right and nothing's happened to harm the child. You'll go, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll go," said Lloyd.

## CHAPTER XX.

## LLOYD OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION IN WHICH HE FIGURES PROMINENTLY.

Why Lloyd had undertaken to execute this odd commission, he could scarcely have told himself. It was probably as much to distract his thoughts from his own trouble as anything else.

"What will you say though?" the sick man asked him, breaking in upon the nurse maid's fervent expressions of gratitude.

"I haven't decided yet. But I think I can fix it some way for her."

"Good. I see you are forgetting your own worriment in others'. I shall try to do the same thing and stay here till you return, and see that the cause of all this trouble does not get away."

"But what good can I do waiting here?" he of the red necktie broke in. "Come Maria, let's be going."

"You don't stir from this spot till those babies are properly adjusted," declared the man of the pallid countenance, and the practical joker dropped down on the bench behind him, prepared to "sit it out."

Securing the address from the nurse, Lloyd started off on his strange mission. And the nearer he arrived to his destination the stranger this errand seemed to him.

He began to slacken his steps. He had not yet decided what he should say when he got there.

But one good thing was already accomplished. He had almost forgotten about the episode at the Marchmans'.

At length, in spite of the slowness of his gait, he reached the number the girl had given him. It was quite an imposing mansion. He rang the bell and asked if he could see Mrs. Bassett for a moment.

"Will you send in your name?" said the maid.

"It will not be necessary," Lloyd answered.

As has already been intimated, Lloyd was a fine looking fellow. He was well dressed, too, and as he had his satchel with him, the girl evidently supposed him to be a belated guest who perhaps wanted to surprise his hostess when she came in the parlor and discovered him.

"Walk in," she said, and leaving his valise in the hall, Lloyd entered the handsome drawing room and took a seat.

Elaborately embroidered curtains separated this apartment from the dining room, in which a state dinner was evidently in progress. Lloyd could hear the sound of forks and knives now and then, but what instantly fastened his attention was the name Marchman.

"Oh, yes, he married Sybil Marchman," a woman's voice was saying, "and he was all right until two years ago. Then he lost his mind completely, some say from excess of joy at getting the girl he loved so dearly."

"Did they put him in an asylum?" some one else asked.

"Oh dear no," the same voice replied. "He was kept in strict seclusion at Claremont until he broke away yesterday afternoon. It's a most exciting story, I assure you."

"Tell us about it, do, please, Mrs. Bassett," pleaded several voices.

"I don't know that I ought to do it," said the first speaker, in a hesitating tone. "I heard it in such a roundabout way, but I assure you the whole thing is most romantic."

"Now you must tell us, Laura, positively."

"Do, do. It is cruel to have excited our curiosity in this way if you don't."

"And we'll be dumb as oysters."

"You had better be. You know how prominent the Marchmans are, and if the press got hold of the thing, the types would spread it from Maine to California."

"Come, Laura," broke in a man's voice. "You've said so much already you might as well make a clean breast of the whole thing."

"Well then," the other began, "I had it from a maid who had it direct from one of Mr. Marchman's butlers that this demented son in law, broke away from his place of confinement in New Jersey and last night robbed the safe in the millionaire's private den of four hundred dollars."

In the general start and exclamations of astonishment with which this announcement was received, the sound of the falling of Lloyd's derby from his hand to the floor was not heard.

"Robbed by his own son in law!" the boy from Willoughby muttered. "Can this be true?"

"But that isn't all," the speaker in the dining room went on. "Some one else, a guest in the house, was accused of the crime simply in order to throw dust in the eyes of the servants, who, it was feared, suspected the truth."

"Horrible!"

"How shocking!"

"My dear Laura, what a sensation! Who was the guest? Any one we know?"

These were the exclamations that came from the dining room side of the plush curtains, while in the parlor Lloyd sat with his hand clutching the arms of the chair, while his eyes seemed ready to start out of his head.

Could this that he was hearing be true? His heart began to throb fast with the pulsations of hope.

"Oh, it's no one that any of us know," Mrs. Bassett (for it was evidently she) now went on. "The victim was a young fellow, a friend of Gordon's, some one of that odd boy's odd fancies. No doubt Marchman was delighted to find a scapegoat so ready to his hand."

"What a thrilling story!" exclaimed a young lady's voice. "And what did they do with the poor young man? Send him off to jail?"

"Jacques wasn't sure about that. At any rate he was sent away and will never know but what he is a disgraced man unless some of you tell what I have just told you."

"Oh, Mrs. Bassett, of course we would never think——"

"But it does seem as if something ought to be done in behalf of this poor young fellow. I'm sure——"

"Didn't he make any defense to——"

These snatches of comment on the story Lloyd caught and then the maid returned with the announcement that Mrs. Bassett was entertaining company at dinner and could not be disturbed.

"If you had sent your name in now——" the girl ventured to suggest, and then paused, evidently expecting him to act on the hint.

Lloyd thought rapidly. He had been treated basely by the Marchmans; why shouldn't he revenge himself on them by requesting the maid to tell her mistress that the late guest of Gordon Marchman desired to speak with her. No fear of his not being received then, among these people, who, it was evident, dearly loved more than a morsel of scandal to roll under their tongues.

But then, on the other hand, his soul revolted from stooping so low. Besides, what he had heard had come to his ears entirely by accident.

No, he would keep his identity a secret and trust to other means of securing an interview.

"Tell Mrs. Bassett," he said to the maid, "that I have come with reference to her baby."

Unfortunately he had neglected to ascertain from the nurse the name of the child.

"With reference to the baby!" ejaculated the maid. "Whatever do you mean to do with the blessed infant?"

"I don't mean to do anything with it," replied Lloyd. Then, struck by a sudden thought, he added:

"But perhaps you can attend to what I want and it will not be necessary to bother your mistress about the matter at all. If she is at dinner now she is not likely to ask to see the baby soon, is she?"

The girl opened her eyes wide and retreated a pace or two.

"Why, Ellen ought to be back with Harold now," she said, glancing at a tall bronze clock in the corner. "And the mistress will want to show off the baby to the company just as soon as they come from dinner. They're 'most through now."

"But she wouldn't worry if Ellen was a little late, would she?" Lloyd inquired in a tone that he intended to be reassuring.

The question, however, appeared to have just the opposite effect.

"The saints have mercy on us all!" exclaimed the girl. "There's nothing happened to the blessed boy? There has though, I know there has, from the very way you talk, and you've come to break it gently to the missus."

The maid had gradually raised her voice until Lloyd feared it would be heard in the next room.

"Hush!" he implored her. "The baby is safe enough. There may be only a little delay in Ellen's getting back here with him."

"Oh, he's kilt, he's kilt, I know he's kilt!"

The girl burst out into a wild sobbing, which the apron she threw over her head did not stifle. The plush curtains parted and an excited looking woman hurried into the parlor.

*(To be continued.)*

## ANOTHER OF THOSE SMART YOUNGSTERS.

An east end small boy, who has mastered the difference between "do" and "did," heard his mamma say to his papa: "I don't know what h's got into my sewing machine. It must be hoodooed." "Mamma," said the little fellow, "you should say 'hoodid' and not 'hoodoed.'" The same child once described a screw as "a nail with ruffles on it."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

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## Trials and Triumphs

*OF A YOUNG REPORTER.*

BY EARLE E. MARTIN.

*This fascinating serial, by a writer new to our pages, will begin next week. The reader's interested attention is captured from the opening conversation between Grant Dudley and Bob White in the editor's sanctum, and held to the close of the story. Mr. Street's mysterious seizure, the search after his secret enemy, Grant's night adventure in the office of the rival paper—all this and much more is told with skill and a keen appreciation of the many dramatic situations, which will go toward making Mr. Martin's serial one of the most attractive The Argosy has ever published.*

*We have reasou to know that our readers especially enjoy stories about journalism, and in following Grant Dudley's adventures they will not only be highly entertained, but will have the opportunity of learning some points in the mysteries of "making up," to say nothing of the chance to profit by his mistakes, for, hero as he is, he makes not a few of them.*

### THE IMPORTANCE OF THE OUTPUT.

Do you know how to use the knowledge you have acquired? If you do not, your years of study have been wasted so far as any practical good your education will do you.

The filling of buckets with water when a conflagration is raging, is a very useful employment, but if the water is not thrown on the flames in such a way that the fire is put out, the labor has been in vain.

Have you not met men who have been graduated from a high school and taken a complete course at college, and yet who were stupid, heavy and slow of comprehension? They had never acquired the faculty of handling themselves, to put it bluntly. Study by all means, but see that along with your studying, you learn how to give out as well as to take in.

### THE COLOR CURE.

Curing by color sounds odd, doesn't it? But it has been done, once in Norway, and at this writing the experiment is being tried by the Health Department of New York. Of what importance the results will be to the entire world will be readily understood when we add that the disease to be eradicated is small pox.

The system is to place the patients in houses made of red glass, so that all light which strikes them shall be of this uniform color. There's a lamp in the pavilion provided with a shade of the same hue, just as in the photographer's dark room. The whole cure, in fact, is managed on this principle.

One of its advantageous features is that it prevents pitting.

We have rheumatism rings and now if this color cure is a success, we may come in time to do all our doctoring on the outside. For which our palates will be devoutly thankful.

### THE PICTURES IN MUNSEY'S.

The illustrations in Munsey's Magazine are the talk of the country. "What marvels of beauty!" is the universal exclamation.

And this effect is the direct result of a specific cause. The greatest care is exercised in the selections of subjects for illustrations. These are chosen not to gratify the editor's whim or to cater to the fad of a limited circle, but to please the great, beauty loving public. The unprecedented gain in circulation of Munsey's—the edition for February is 200,000—is speaking testimony to the wisdom of this course.

That such a magazine can be sold at a profit for ten cents is the most remarkable fact in modern periodical history.

### CRUELTY TO CHAMELEONS.

Some years since it was found necessary to start a society of bird defenders in the endeavor to induce women of fashion to give up the wearing of wings in their hats. It looks now as if the sex that is commonly supposed to be tender of heart must again be called to account for cruelty.

Since the World's Fair last summer the "chameleon craze" has broken out with great virulence all over the country. Scarcely a family "in society" but one of the ladies prides herself on the possession of a tiny, lizard-like creature, a gold ring about its body to which is attached a chain with a pin at the other end with which she fastens it to the bosom of her dress.

What strange beings we mortals are! If it were not a "fad" to own these snaky reptiles, these same women would doubtless shriek with fright were one of them placed upon their persons. As it is, they fondle and display them to their friends with great pride.

But how about the effect of all this on the poor, helpless chameleon? Not one woman in fifty knows how these tiny things, helpless in their captivity should be treated. They experiment with one kind of food after another, until finally the luckless prisoner dies, as like as not from starvation.

Fortunate is it for humanity's sake that all fads are but short lived. In this seems to lie the only hope for this little Southerner of changing hue.

### A VALUABLE MINE WITH AN INVISIBLE PRODUCT.

We do not hear so much nowadays as we used to do about natural gas. The supply of this commodity has proved to be limited in each locality where it has been discovered. But a Kansas farmer has chanced upon another invisible substance, coming from the bowels of the earth, that makes a very fair substitute for the gas in so far as its culinary properties are concerned.

He was boring for water when the drill struck a snag, as unsubstantial as air but more impenetrable than rock. It was air in fact, air hot enough to cook with and make one hasten to get out of range as it shot upward through the ninety foot tunnel the drill had made.

It turned out to be a veritable mine of hot air, which may not be as valuable as copper or gold, but the Kansas farmer thinks he has a mighty good thing of it. He announces that he intends for one thing to move his house over the mine and luxuriate in steam heat that doesn't cost him a cent. But if the mine isn't exhausted by next summer, he may find that he has a species of white elephant on his hands.

## Some Novel Uses for the Camera

BY A. R. LEACH.

Nowadays when a camera is inexpensive and may be owned by almost any boy, some one who has really found all the fullness of enjoyment that there is to be obtained from the possession of one of these little instruments, ought to write a book about photography which goes beyond technical instructions in light and shade and tone, and give some of the charming uses to which the pictures may be put.

Of course a great deal depends upon the boy who owns the camera—he will be likely to use it to carry on his own fad, whatever that may happen to be; but often there is a great deal of enjoyment to be found in learning about and following out somebody else's fad.

The boy who keeps a diary will be likely to illustrate that. It will be a rare treasure in future years to see just exactly how everybody looked, the schoolboys as they went out to that famous football game, or as they came home victorious on the top of the coach. Or, the ice fort which was built at the first snow fall and which lasted through many wars of snow balling all winter.

Then there is the little sister with her doll house in the corner of the nursery or lawn. It is all an everyday sight now, but the time is going to come when that little square of pasteboard will outweigh in value some noble canvases.

One boy I know came home from Europe last year with over one thousand pictures which he had made himself. It was a record of which he will never tire, but it is not everybody who can go to Europe.

But the best use I have seen made of a camera was in the shape of a book that was shown me only the other day. In Boston there is a club called "The Odd Volume Club." The members are all rich and clever men, each of whom has a fad for collecting something in the way of pictures and books or manuscripts.

Some buy beautiful old missals painted in gold and colors on parchment, by monks centuries ago. But the largest number, devote themselves to what is known as extra illustrating.

They buy a volume from the publisher before the leaves are cut, or it is bound. They thus secure wide margins. They then interleave pictures, documents, anything in the shape of paper which bears upon the subject of the text, and is of an interesting character. In March, 1889 this club allowed the public to see some of their books, and it was here that this boy I know, received his ideas.

He saw there one book which was owned by an editor. It had been originally a two volume copy of James Parton's "Life of Benjamin Franklin," but it had been enlarged to eight very large volumes, by the insertion of autograph letters, some of which were from French and English sovereigns; others, equally valued, from American heroes who were Franklin's friends.

This gentleman inherited most of his papers, but the volumes as they now stand, cost, beside the time expended in correspondence, in searching out all this material, over $8,000.

There was another book at the exhibition which attracted much attention. It was an extra illustrated copy of Isaac Walton's "Compleat Angler." This contained two thousand extra illustrations, many of them water color paintings of fish and flies.

There were dozens of other books which might be mentioned, all of which fascinated the boy. He had no money to spend upon autographs and engravings, but he owned a camera.

He did not buy a book at random. He spent evenings over a catalogue, learning more about books than he had ever known before, and then he made out a first list to select from.

Next he went to a book store and asked to see the books upon his list, telling the manager why he wanted to see them.

He obtained the greatest assistance from the advice which was given him.

"Why not combine your fancies?" some one asked him. "What are you fondest of studying?"

"Natural history," and then he selected something he had never before thought of—one of Olive Thorne Miller's bird books.

He has photographed almost every bird mentioned, in almost every way. Some of the shyest, he sought for weeks, incidentally learning all about their habits.

He has photographs of their haunts, their nests, their eggs, and their babies in every stage of development. He bought the book from the publisher, uncut and unbound, and at the same time bought several hundred sheets of plate paper for mounting.

He uses flour paste, and has become very expert in making a fine mount.

His book is not yet finished. He says that he wants a flashlight of a nightingale singing to its mate, and a photograph of a humming bird feeding its young—and he has so many wonders already that I almost expect those to be the next additions.

He is so learned in bird lore that he can interest any one.

There is a younger member of this same family who owns a comical possession which bids fair to be a valued heirloom. He has only a small camera, and never tries anything more ambitious than a blue print, but he is illustrating what is known as "The Blue Book."

He brought out an enormous old leather bound blank book, and cut out bunches of leaves here and there, and began a sort of family diary. It lies upon the sitting room table and is open to anybody. Anybody writes in it who chooses, any happening of the day, and the boy makes a mighty effort to illustrate the text. Of course, when he gets a series of good pictures, the skill of the whole family is brought in to construct the narrative. He takes a clever snap shot.

One of the best is "The day Mary wouldn't speak," written by the illustrator.

Mary who started out "mad," was looked upon simply as "material" by her young brother, and followed about with the camera until her anger cooled. When she saw the "mad" pose, and scornful face ornamenting two pages, she felt probably, that her anger had vexed only herself. At any rate she seems to enjoy the joke as much as anybody.

### GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Character is a diamond that scratches every stone.—Bartol.

That life is long which answers life's great end.—Young.

We shall be judged hereafter, not by which we have felt, but by what we have done.—Robert Pall.

Weakness on both sides is, as we know, the trait of all quarrels.—Voltaire.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.—Jeffrey.

In the matter of doing good obligation increases only when power fails. —L. Pasteur.

Convey thy love to thy friend as an arrow to the mark, to stick there; not as a ball against the wall, to rebound back to thee.—Quarles.

**THE SAME, BUT DIFFERENT.**

Marjorie laughs and climbs on my knee,
And I kiss her, and she kisses me.
I kiss her; but I don't much care,
Because, although she's charming and fair—
Marjorie's only three.

But there will come a time, I ween,
When, if I tell her of this little scene,
She will smile and prettily blush, and then
I shall long in vain to kiss her again,—
When Marjorie's seventeen.

—Walter Learned.

## Gid Bronson's Experience.

BY HARRIET SHURTLEFF.

I've heard grandfather tell the story a good many times, although it didn't happen in his day, or at least, not when he was old enough to recall the circumstances, nor Gid Bronson himself, very distinctly. But I suppose the folks used to tell it so often that he learned it pretty much by rote.

You know a school district where there are half a hundred young folks between the ages of sixteen and twenty one or two, is a great place for frolics.

You could hardly find a country school district in the whole State ,now, with that number of young folks in it. A good many of the districts have become towns and villages, and lots of folks send their young ones away to school.

Good reason, too, I s'pose. We don't have the teachers in country schools that we used to. When you come to think of such fellows as Dan'l Webster teaching country schools, why it don't seem so strange that the teachers of today are pretty poor in comparison.

As I was saying, they had great doings in Babylon school district—there weren't a brighter lot of young folks in the whole State o' Maine. Babylon has turned out some re-mark-ably smart men and women, if I do say it, who was brought up there myself.

Folks worked hard for what they had, then, and when they set out to have a good time, they went into it whole souled. They were a jolly lot, both boys and girls; but after Gid Bronson went to Boston to school—an almost unheard of occurrence in those days—and came back with a thousand and one new ideas about dress and things, relations between certain parties began to be a leetle strained.

Gideon was a good enough fellow, but he hadn't any more in his skull than the law allows, and the best part of his chance at an eddication was completely wasted.

He seemed to have got hold of all the light, useless sort of lumber that was taught in Boston—all the fashions and such, for they had fashions in those days—without getting any real good Now, if Abe Medley's father had been as well off as Squire Bronson, and sent Abe to school, something would have come of it, so folks said; for Abe had a great head piece for study, an' kep' goin' to school ev'ry winter till long after he was past twenty, so's to learn ev'rything the master could teach him.

Some said that one great reason he went was because Mary Beane, who was several years younger, was sure to be there; but grandfather used to declare that only ill natured folks said that.

Well, Gid came home right early in the spring, for the old squire was as close as he was fore handed, and didn't propose to let even Gid loaf when there was a big farm to run.

The singing schools were at their height (the school board always hired a master with reference to his ability to lead that, as well as to teach the younger ones their studies) and sleigh rides, and parties, and ev'rything, and Gid's appearance in all the glory of his Boston clo'es was like the descent of a meteor.

His coat tails reached pretty near to the heels of his calfskin boots; his "dickey" was twice't as high as any you see the young fellers wearing nowadays, and his hat was a big beaver of a shape that even an old feller like me wouldn't wear today; but 'twas just getting pop'lar then. He was a stunnin' sight, now, I tell ye!

When he appeared in that get up at the singing school the first night the girls made all manner o' fun of him—behind his back; but the boys stood up for him some, for Gid had always been a pretty good feller, if he was rather empty headed.

Mary Beane—as keen as a briar and as pretty as a wild rose—was sharpest with him, an' durin' recess (or "intermission," as the master, who was a college chap, called it) made fun so openly that even Abe Medley was put out with her, and instead of taking her home with him in his sleigh, as he most usually did, he drove Gid home himself.

But he paid dearly for that piece of business,now, I tell ye, for Mary wouldn't hardly speak to him for a month,and "went it high" with the other boys, instead of favoring him, as she mostly had done since she was a leetle tot an' he drawed her to school on his hand sled.

Wall, the boys made consider'ble of Gid first along, but by and by the girls changed toward him (did ye ever see a woman that wouldn't whiffle 'round just like a weather cock?—though that's not saying anything ag'in' 'em), and, after finding out what good manners he'd learned in Boston, and how much he knew, they seemed to cotton to him more.

Then the boys began to get owley (did you ever see a boy who wouldn't growl around like a sore heeded bear if he thought some other fellow was getting all the pie?), and pretty near sent Gid to Coventry before the winter was over.

You see, spring come terribly late that year, for, although it opened up a good deal in February and 'peared like being early, it froze up again, and 'twas long into April before the snow went off. The squire, who hated like all possessed to hire an extry han', had sent for Gid a month earlier than he needed to, after all. So Gid had lots of time on his hands, and he put a good deal of it in sparkin' around with the girls, 'specially with Mary Beane.

That made Abe Medley so mad that he could have kicked himself for ever giving Gid that ride home from the singing school.

There was another thing old Squire Bronson was dreadfully stingy about; that was his horseflesh. He had horses in plenty, but they were mostly draught horses, and he wouldn't let even Gid have his best driving critters—not to go larking with, any way. So when it come the last day of March, and the young folks had arranged for a big sleighing party for the evening, the squire wouldn't let Gid take a horse on no conditions, and Gid was mostly up a stump.

But that fellow didn't lack in cheek, he didn't—though I don't s'pose they called it "cheek" in his day. He asked Mary Beane to go with him, and she'd promised to go, although Abe Medley had the best roadster in the township and a new pung he'd built himself.

So, thinking that Abe wouldn't be likely to use his horse, as Mary wouldn't go with him to the junket, Gid coolly walks over and asks him for the loan of it. They say that Abe chased him off the place with a pitchfork and that he had to leg it to save his skin.

But Mary seemed bound to spite Abe. Her father had a pretty fair nag and she offered Gid the use of it and of a sleigh, and he arranged to come around rather early so as to harness the horse.

GID.

DESPITE GID'S FURIOUS KICKS THE BEAR GRABBED HIS RIGHT FOOT.

The Beanes' was a central place and the party was to meet there, and drive to Carters, fifteen mile away, and come back through Acton and the back road.

Old Squire Bronson's farm ran down to this back road, and in going over to Mary's that evening, Gid went down through the orchard and one corner of his father's woodlot, intending to take the back road to the Beane place, as 'twas nearer. The road run right through a thick growth of wood—they called it the "West Patch" in grandfather's day.

The moon was big and bright that night and shone right down the road (it riz a little) making the path look like a big band of silver.

Gid was stivering along it, beaver hat, long tailed coat, and all, when all of a sudden something lumbered right out of the bushes in front of him and barred the path.

After a second of utter surprise he discovered that it was a big, white faced bear, who stood squarely in the path, and wagged his head from side to side as though 'twas saying: "No ye don't, young feller; ye can't come by here with them clo'es on, till ye settle with me."

Naturally Gid was scared and he gave a jump backwards, turned a back somerset in the snow, which lost him his hat, and streaked it for home.

His sudden decamping seemed to make the bear mad, for he let out a growl that 'enamost froze Gid's blood with terror, an' galloped after him.

Gid wasn't any runner, and so he made for a tree and went up the trunk like a cat.

But the wust of it was, ye see, 'twas so easy to climb, or it 'peared to be to see him go up it, that the bear tried it himself, and he come lumberin' up the trunk after Gid. Poor Gid kep' going higher and the bear, snarling and snapping most unpleasantly,follered after.

Gid kep' hopin' that the branches would get too small for the bear, and that he'd give it up; but that brute evidently wanted boy for supper, an he wanted it bad.

Well, the tree had to come to an end at last, and it wasn't a very tall tree, either; and pretty soon the limbs got so small that Gid could hardly hug 'em himself let alone the bear. Gid climbed just as high as he could, keeping up a shouting that might have been heard half a mile, and then hung there waiting dismally for the critter to get nearer and nearer.

The bear knew 'twas a ticklish place for him, and so he moved pretty careful, but he kep' moving, an' Gid kep' shouting.

At last he got so near that he reached up one paw an' almost clawed Gid's boot off; but that 'most lost him his holt on the tree, so he tried to get his nose near enough to grab the boy, and by and by he did it.

Despite Gid's furious struggles and kicks, the bear grabbed his right foot; but Gid pulled his foot out of the boot and with his other boot kicked the critter again and again in the face.

That was too much for the bear, for a bear's nose is pretty tender, and he dropped back, and, slipping and sliding, went clear to the ground; for onct he got to going he couldn't stop real well.

Luckily for Gid it wasn't a very cold night; in fact it was fortunate the young folks had waited no longer for their sleighing party, for the weather was playing hob with the snow. Nevertheless, to be perched in a tree top, even on a comparatively warm night, with a growling, savage bear underneath, ain't a pleasant experience. And then, the bear wasn't satisfied to stay upon the ground, either.

After worrying Gid's boot a while, he took off his coat, so to speak, and started up the tree again.

But Gid had learned a thing or two within the past few minutes if he hadn't during his sojourn in Boston, and he

slipped down into the crotch of the branch below him, pulled off his boot and waited for the attack. There was an iron plate on the heel of the boot, and when the bear came within reach, Gid rained a shower of blows on his nose, and I tell ye, the blows told.

Bruin slid down again and sulked at the foot of the tree. But he was too mad to go away and there he sat, hour after hour, while Gid shivered with cold and terror up in the high branches. Just as sure as he ventured down where it was more comfortable, the bear would start up after him, and he'd have to retreat to the high crotch.

After a long time he heard the sleighing party go by on the other road, but their bells and singing made so much noise that his own voice was drowned. He wondered what Mary had thought when he didn't appear; he knew pretty well that she'd never forgive him for it, when she had so hoped to humiliate Abe Medley.

Well, the night dragged on, and 'bout midnight poor Gid (who was 'most frozen, yet ached in ev'ry individual bone in his body) heard bells and voices down the road.

It was the sleighing party coming back from Acton, and although first along he had hoped none of the young folks would hear about his accident (they'd guy him so, you know) he'd been willing by that time that the whole township should see him, providing he was able to get on the ground once more.

The bear lumbered out into the road to see what was coming, an' when he caught sight of that long string of pungs turning the curve, he uttered an angry woof, and trotted off into the woods as hard as he could put.

The boys set up a great shout when they saw the bear, and some of the girls screamed; but when they saw poor woe begone Gid, stiffly descending the tree—hat gone, both boots off, coat torn to shreds and all—the whole crowd shrieked with laughter.

And to add to the bitterness of it, the very first sleigh was Abe Medley's nobby pung and Abe a-driving it with Mary Beane beside him.

Abe had driven over to the "meet" with his sister, and when Gid hadn't appeared he and Mary had "made up." Abe had put his sister into one of the two seated sleighs, and bore the belle of the district off in triumph.

They took Gid home, but he never heard the last of that night's adventure. Still, although he was such an empty headed sort of fellow, it does seem as though he didn't deserve quite all the trouble that came to him.

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[*This Story began in No. 582.*]

# THE DIAMOND SEEKERS;

OR,

## The Mystery of the Five Peaks.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON,

*Author of "Under Africa," "In the Name of the Czar," etc.*

### CHAPTER XVI.
### A TERRIBLE RIDE.

To find one's self plunged suddenly and without warning underground, is a thing to try the bravest and most intrepid of men, and when Fulke Melgrave realized that such was his actual situation, he felt that he could endure no more horrors and live.

This was the very climax of his sufferings, and the bitter despair of a few moments before seemed slight in comparison with what lay before him now.

There was not an atom of room for doubt. The black impenetrable darkness; the damp, clammy atmosphere; the confused medley of roaring sounds—all these showed clearly enough that the stream was whirling through a subterranean channel. The first shock of acute terror was succeeded by a dazed, numbing sensation, and the lad felt dreamily resigned to his fate as his body swayed to and fro with the swirling motions of the limb.

He grew calmer after a while, and began to feel—it can hardly be called a hope—that he would live to see the outer air again.

It was far from probable that such a large and swift body of water lost itself in the bowels of the earth. It must surely issue from the subterranean channel before long, and pursue its course through the mountain ravines.

With this crumb of comfort, Fulke sought to keep his spirits up, and as long as he could prevent his mind from straying ahead—to the misery that might await him when the cavern ended—he succeeded fairly well. It was impossible to tell the width of the channel, or the extent of space overhead, but he was careful to bend his body forward as far as possible for fear of striking some unseen rock.

For a period of time that seemed measurable by hours—so fraught was it with fear and suspense—the limb shot swiftly on its course, oscillating from side to side, and plunging up and down, but keeping steadily in its original position.

The roar of the waves as they ground against the shiny stone barriers of the cavern was frightful, and Fulke was continually being drenched by floods of spray.

This, however, was rather invigorating than otherwise, for it eased to some extent his pain and weariness.

Once—a dreadful moment of horror—the forks of the limb grated on a submerged rock, and stuck fast. But the waves started it again, and after dragging with exasperating slowness for a few seconds, it plunged clear of the obstruction and went on as before.

Fulke's ideas of time and distance became hazy, and he was rather under the impression that morning could not be far off when the limb swerved to one side with a suddenness that almost sprained his neck, and the next instant he felt a rush of warm air on his face and saw gray lights dancing before his eyes.

He was temporarily blinded by the transition, but soon his surroundings grew clear, and he noted joyfully that he was out of the cavern, and drifting on between rugged cliffs that receded from each other as they towered upward, thus revealing to his grateful eyes a patch of starlit sky.

The gorge continued to widen, and the cliffs fell away on each side until the torrent was sweeping through a wooded valley. Timber and jungle grew close to the water's edge and in the background rose frowning mountain peaks.

Fulke's joy at leaving the cavern was short lived, for when he tried to lean down and reach the cord that bound his feet, he found that it was utterly impossible to do this. Like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, the limb was fettered to him, and was not to be cast off.

He was doomed to perish miserably—to die by inches of starvation, or in the jaws of some hungry beast. John Japp had been extremely careful that nothing should forestall his vengeance.

With sullen despair in his heart, Fulke drifted on and on. The very animals of the forest that howled in their pride of strength and freedom seemed to mock his helpless misery.

A lion, drinking at a quiet eddy, stopped to watch the limb go by, and uttered a plaintive cry at sight of the dainty morsel so nearly within reach. Then he shook his mane and trotted off into the jungle.

Farther down some clumsy beast—probably a rhinoceros—got wind of the approaching lad and was off with a snort of terror, crashing heavily through the undergrowth.

Fulke, however, was almost oblivious to his surroundings, by this time. He was dizzy with hunger and weariness and his cramped position caused him unspeakable pain. He was compelled to sit bolt upright, for every movement was a torture.

His thoughts strayed far away—to the home and country he knew he would never see again—and he was only recalled to the present by a dizzy lurch of the limb, and a blinding dash of spray.

He was astonished to see that the sloping hillsides had merged into a gorge. The torrent was dashing with increased violence between high walls of rock.

On each side was a brief strip of beach, covered with jungle and loose stones

Speedy relief from his misery looked not unlikely now, for the channel was obstructed by boiling rapids at short intervals. The very imminence of danger caused a wild desire for life to spring up anew in his heart, and he shrank from the very thing that he had been almost tempted to pray for but a short time before.

The next few moments were a gasping struggle for breath as the limb shot rapid after rapid in quick succession rising high on the waves one instant, the next fairly buried amid churning whirlpools of milky foam; twice it spun clear around as a rock struck its beam end.

Then came a stretch of better water, down which the limb glided swiftly and quietly, and just as another abyss of pounding waves yawned to receive it, a submerged ledge lying straight across the channel caught and held it for an instant.

It moved on inch by inch with a keen, grating sensation that thrilled Fulke to his finger tips, then swung broadside and slipped free of the ledge with a final lurch.

Fulke uttered an involuntary cry. The strain on his ankles had suddenly relaxed. His legs were free; he could move with such a feeling of joy as he had never known before.

The sharp edge of the reef had severed the cord as the limb grated over it.

But was the other cord severed too—the one that was wrapped in a multiplicity of coils about his waist?

He clutched it with trembling hands and the fragments came loose in his grasp.

"Thank God!" he whispered fervently. "Thank God for his mercy!"

But Fulke had been providentially rescued from one peril only to plunge into another. Almost as the grateful words left his lips, the limb was swept broadside into the seething rapids, and though he tried hard to keep his balance, the waves beat him furiously off, and he toppled into the black water head first.

Weakened by pain and hunger, and with numb and cramped limbs, the lad was in no fit condition to fight for life. He was flung high on the foamy waves, sucked deep down among cruel rocks, and then carried out into a bit of quiet water that preceded a still more terrible stretch of rapids.

As he floated limply along on the verge of an eddy, he saw a protruding rock and clutched it with what little strength he had left. He held on with both hands for an instant and then the hope of life aided him to gain the eddy.

Half swimming, half wading he reached the beach, and reeled over, head first, on the sand and pebbles.

When consciousness and an understanding of his situation returned to him, he had no idea how long he had been lying on the shore. It might have been an hour and it might have been but a few moments.

He rose dizzily to his feet, and the first thing that met his eyes thrilled him with such horror as he had not known in all that awful night.

Ten feet distant, midway between him and the strip of jungle that skirted the base of the hill, sat a great, dusky beast, upright on its haunches. It was in deep shadow, but the eyes sparkling with yellow light, were glaring straight into Fulke's own.

For an instant the pair confronted each other without sound or motion. Then the beast—whether it were leopard or panther, Fulke could not tell—uttered a plaintive cry and came two or three feet closer.

At the same time Fulke receded a step.

It was an ugly situation, for the lad was thoroughly helpless. The beast had probably been watching him while he lay on the sand; uncertain whether he were dead or alive, and now the hungry creature was resolved to have a square meal.

The situation had two aspects—both equally hopeless. If Fulke remained where he was, he would fall into the clutches of the animal, and if he took to the water he would surely drown in his weak, exhausted condition.

This had barely flashed into his mind when the brute crouched on the ground not six feet from him, and prepared for a spring, quivering from head to tail, and snarling furiously in a low key.

This sudden demonstration wrung a sharp cry from Fulke, and seeing that the brute appeared startled, he repeated it in a louder tone.

The advantage gained was but temporary. The beast shrank back, but shot lightly into the air the next instant, and when Fulke, trying to spring to one side, slipped and fell heavily on his face, he felt the savage creature pounce upon his back with a force that almost drove the breath from his body.

### CHAPTER XVII.
### A SCRAP OF PAPER.

Even at this moment of deadly peril, Fulke had sufficient presence of mind to feign death and lie perfectly motionless.

The sharp claws of the beast were piercing his shoulders, and the hot, feted breath was on his neck. A moment went by—a moment of concentrated agony that the lad never forgot in after life—and then a shout rang in his ears, and a quick patter of footsteps.

The beast uttered a blood curdling screech, and bounded into the air.

Scarcely able to realize his good fortune, Fulke slowly lifted his head.

Half a dozen feet away crouched the maddened beast in the act of springing at a stalwart negro who stood awaiting the attack with a long spear poised in one hand.

The long, graceful body shot through the air, the spear flashed, the negro leaped agilely to one side—and then Fulke saw the beast struggling over the sand in the agonies of death; the spear had buried half its length in the tawny breast.

Fulke staggered wonderingly to his feet, and the next instant the negro had thrown his arms about him and was crying rapturously.

"Massa Fulke! Massa Fulke! Am it you? Am it really you?"

The sudden joy was too much for the lad.

"Carimoo! my brave fellow," he gasped. "Thank God. Thank God."

Then a weakness seemed to come over him, and he hung limply in the faithful negro's arms.

He was dimly conscious of water being dashed in his face, and of hearing a hum of eager voices, and presently full consciousness and recollection came back and he saw bending over him the dear familiar faces of Pieter, Noah Raffles, Clegg and Carimoo.

"You are quite safe, my lad," said Pieter in a voice that was husky with emotion. "Lie still and don't try to talk. We are going to carry you to the camp. It is only a little way from here. Yonder lies the leopard—quite dead. Carimoo drove the spear into a vital place."

Fulke was well content to lie still. He desired no greater happiness then than to gaze on the faces of his friends as they bore him down the ravine in their strong arms.

Reaching the camp they dropped him against a stone, and placed

bunches of grass under his back and shoulders.

Pieter seemed to understand exactly what was needed. He first examined the lacerations made by the leopard's claws, and pronounced them slight. He bandaged them skillfully, and then gave Fulke a few drops of brandy mixed in water.

He followed this up with a bowl of broth—there was fortunately one can in stock—and permitted him to eat a few crackers and some jerked beef.

Under such treatment, Fulke began to feel considerably stronger, and seeing this, Pieter related the events of the past twenty four hours up to the time when Carimoo recognized the voice of his young master, and hurried to his aid.

"And now I want to ask you just one question, my lad," he concluded. "Is there any immediate danger from Japp and his band?"

"Not a bit," replied Fulke decidedly. "They think me dead, and believe that you have turned back to the coast."

"That's all I want to know," said Pieter in a tone of relief. "You can defer your story until you have had a good sleep, which I doubt not you need badly. We shall stay in camp here for another twenty four hours."

"But I would rather tell it now," exclaimed Fulke. "I will feel easier when it is off my mind. I am quite able to talk. It was more hunger than anything else that made me weak, and now I am almost as well as ever."

Pieter looked doubtfully at the lad's flushed, excited face for an instant, but being intensely eager to hear the narrative—a feeling which was shared by the others—he made no objections.

They all gathered close to Fulke when he began to speak, and Carimoo squatted at his side laying a dusky hand on the lad's arm.

It was a thrilling narrative, and Fulke told it well, omitting only one thing—the slave dealer's change of mind when he discovered the name on the card case.

From time to time Pieter ground his teeth, or burst out with a savage exclamation, and when the tale was ended his rage was awful to see.

The veins stood out on his forehead like whipcords, and his mouth was set in a rigid expression.

"A reckoning will come," he muttered hoarsely. "That fiend will get his just deserts. It was the most diabolical revenge that could have been invented—to bind you to a limb and leave you to die by starvation or by wild beasts. God in his mercy saved you, but that doesn't lessen John Japp's crime."

Drops of perspiration were rolling down his face, and as he drew out a handkerchief to wipe them away a fragment of printed paper fluttered to Fulke's side.

"Here, give me that," said Pieter quickly. "It is nothing—nothing of any account."

He spoke too late. Fulke had the paper in his hands and was devouring it with his eyes.

In an eager voice, and as though to himself, he read the contents aloud.

"100 Pounds Reward.

"The above sum will be paid to any one giving information that will lead to the whereabouts of Fulke Melgrave. Apply to Gregson & Dare, No. 3, Pump Court, Temple, E. C."

Every word was heard plainly.

Clegg looked unutterably surprised. Raffles hung his head, and Pieter's face turned slightly pale.

Fulke dropped the paper, and looked at his companions.

"Where did you get this?" he asked. "I—I lost it. Have you known all this time that——"

"My poor fellow, it is my fault," exclaimed Pieter, starting forward. "Raffles found the scrap in the bottom of the boat the day after we rescued you and Carimoo. He gave it to me and I thought I had destroyed it—upon my honor I did. I know I intended to. I can't tell you how much I regret that this has happened. It makes no difference in my opinion of you, not a bit."

"Stop! stop!" cried Fulke passionately. "Don't say that. You can't mean it. Oh! why did I not tell you all long ago?

"I never dreamed that this had fallen into your hands. You have known for months that some shadow hung over me, and yet have treated me so nobly, trusted me so generously——"

"Aye, and will continue to do so," interrupted Pieter, stooping down and taking Fulke's hand in his own. "I do not ask for any explanation. I believe that you are innocent of any disgrace or wrong doing, and that is enough. I told no one of this paper; I thought nothing of it myself. I am only sorry that I did not destroy it as I intended to do."

"No, you did right to keep it," said Fulke. "I owe you my story and you shall have it at once. I promised it long ago, but put it off from time to time because I dreaded to waken memories of a time that is past.

"No, don't stop me!" as Pieter made a dissenting motion. "I intend to throw this burden off my mind, and when that is done, I will go to sleep—no sooner."

Fulke was greatly excited, and it was evident that he could only be pacified by letting him have his own way. He took a cup of water from Pieter's hand, and then motioned his companions to draw closer, so they could hear him plainly above the sullen roar of the torrent.

There was a flush of gray light in the east now, and the prowling beasts were slinking lairward through the jungle.

## CHAPTER XVIII.
## FULKE'S STORY.

"My tale is not a long one," began Fulke, "and I will make it even shorter by telling it in a straight, undeviating way.

"I don't intend to go into detail, or to make any comments or complaints. My only object is to clear up the mystery of that newspaper advertisement, and show you why I set sail from England in the first place, and why in the second place I abandoned the steamship Sultana, and swam to shore on a plank.

"Perhaps both were foolish things. I have thought so since—more than once; but you shall judge of that from my narrative.

"Our family estate is called Melgrave Hall, and lies near the town of Kingslynn in Norfolk. My grandfather, Viscount Melgrave had two sons, Bertram and Philip. Bertram was born in 1841, and Philip in 1843.

"Philip, the younger of the brothers, was my father. He married at the age of twenty five, and two years later, in 1870, I was born. My mother died a few months later, a loss from which my father never entirely recovered.

"I remember very little of my early life at Melgrave Hall. My grandfather was a very proud and stern old man, and I know now that my father was his favorite son. He regretted that the title and estates could not go to him instead of to my uncle Bertram. But the English law of entail, you know, provided otherwise.

"I have only a vague recollection of my uncle Bertram. He was coarse and boisterous in his manners, and I think he knew that he was unpopular with his father, for he was seldom at home. He was a sporting man, and was passionately fond of adventure.

"In the autumn of 1876, when I was about six years old, Bertram went to Africa with two companions, and was in the interior for several years. During that period no letters came from him. He finally returned to the Soudan where he intended to hunt for a few months before returning to England.

"In January, 1880 my grandfather died suddenly, leaving unsigned a will that gave his younger son Philip an equal share of the property. He had been withholding his signature until some trivial point could be settled.

"Under the circumstances my uncle Bertram succeeded to the entire estate as well as the title, and my father had only the usual jointure of a younger son, yielding him an annual income of about three hundred pounds.

"Meanwhile no news had been received from my uncle Bertram since the previous November, and while steps were being taken to find him, word came that he was dead.

"Two or three weeks later a Mr. Gordon, one of my uncle's companions, reached England, and confirmed the news.

"The party had been attacked by savages one hundred miles beyond Suakim. Bertram and Captain Mull were shot down, but Mr. Gordon escaped with the native servants.

"When the latter returned to the spot they found both men missing, though there was evidence to show that the bodies had been thrown into the river. A search revealed the corpse of Captain Mull some distance down the stream, but Bertram could not be found.

"His cap was picked up on a sandbar but the body had evidently sunk or been devoured by crocodiles.

"The case seemed clear enough, and after taking Mr. Gordon's testimony, as well as affidavits from the natives who had been present, the House of Lords—who settle all questions of that sort—decided that Bertram was certainly dead, and rendered a decision to that effect in September, 1880.

"My father was now Viscount Melgrave, and owned everything. I think he was deeply grieved over his brother's death, though they had never been on very friendly terms.

"I was only ten years old at this time, and do not remember much about it. The fact was duly impressed upon me by my father that I had become a personage of importance, and would some day be Lord Melgrave. I was now the Honorable Fulke, and was treated deferentially by the servants, while my education was looked after by a private tutor.

"Just one short year after, in the autumn of 1882 my father was killed in a hunting accident, and at the age of twelve I found myself the possessor of a proud title and a vast estate.

"It all seemed insignificant then. The future looked black and bitter. My father had been everything to me, and now he was gone. I was a friendless orphan."

Fulke paused a moment, overcome with emotion.

"I can sympathize with you," said Clegg, softly. "I, too, am an orphan."

He reached out his hand, and Fulke clasped it gratefully.

Pieter slipped down to the stream and filled a cup with water, and after refreshing himself with a cool draught Fulke resumed his story.

"My father's death was about the greatest misfortune that could have overtaken me. I was but twelve years old at the time, and was easily spoiled by adulation and flattery.

"I was Lord Melgrave now, and people took good care to impress me with the fact.

"After remaining a short time at home under the instruction of tutors I went to Eton and from there to Oxford. I was two years at the University, and those two years were spent in a way which I blush to recall. My folly has caused me many a bitter spell of remorse.

"In his will my father named Mr. Arthur Dandridge, his oldest and dearest friend, as my guardian. Mr. Dandridge was a charming man, and no doubt had my welfare sincerely at heart, but he was disposed to look leniently on boyish follies, and he placed a large income at my command.

"I don't think I was really bad, but I neglected my studies and plunged into all sorts of dissipations. I was recklessly extravagant, and having a taste for horses, dogs, books, pictures and in short every known luxury, I even exceeded my allowance.

"I associated with the fastest set at Oxford, and spent much time in London where I kept a furnished suite of apartments.

"There was no one to warn me against the folly of such a course. What did it matter in those days? I was Lord Melgrave, and a great fortune would be mine when I came of age.

"Ah! the awakening was a bitter one, and it came quickly enough—came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky.

"I will pass briefly over the rest, for I don't like to talk about it. In the early spring of 1889, the dead came to life. My uncle Bertram turned up in England, grizzled, sunbronzed, and scarred by wounds.

"Finding that he was not fatally hurt, the Soudanese Arabs had carried him off and taken care of him until he was well. Then they sold him into slavery, and for thirteen years he had been a prisoner among various savage tribes in different parts of Africa. At last a chance of escape came, and he reached the coast.

"Although he had left England at the age of thirty-five, and was now forty-eight, he had no difficulty in proving his identity. He spoke freely of his early life and most of his old friends professed to recognize him.

"In short, his claim to the title and estates was allowed, and I became merely the Honorable Fulke Melgrave, without a penny to my name.

"Even my father's jointure was far from sufficient to pay the debts I had contracted. Disliking to ask my guardian for more money, I had foolishly drawn bills on my future prospects, and they were readily discounted by Jewish money lenders.

"I left Oxford as soon as my uncle took possession of the estate, and came to London with my guardian. He intended to make some arrangement with my uncle concerning me at once, but he was summoned to the Continent on urgent business, and left me alone in London.

"I was ashamed to go out in daytime for I knew how my friends would regard my altered circumstances. To add to my misery the money lenders came down on me, clamoring for payment.

"I was in an awkward situation, and as Mr. Dandridge was absent I resolved to lay my difficulties before my uncle, who had treated me in a rather cool and reserved manner on the several occasions that we had met. He was in London, and I found him at his hotel.

"I need not relate what passed between us. He spoke in violent terms of my father, and my grandfather, declaring that he hated me on their account. He swore that I should never have a penny of the estate, and told me, with malicious enjoyment, that he was already engaged to be married.

"I stood all this with far more patience than it merited, but when he dared to speak insultingly of my mother, I was goaded to fury, and struck him in the face. He slipped on the carpet, and losing his balance, fell heavily against a marble mantel.

"He dropped down on the floor, and when I saw him lying there white and bleeding, I thought I had killed him.

"I hardly remember what I did next, I was in such a terrible state

of mind. I could not confide in Mr. Dandridge, for he was in Brussels, and I did not even know his address.

"I went to an obscure coffee house down in the heart of the city, and stayed there two days under an assumed name. Then I was delighted to see a paragraph in one of the daily papers stating briefly that Viscount Melgrave had recovered sufficiently from the murderous attack made upon him by his nephew, to be removed to Melgrave Hall.

"I was glad that my uncle was not dead, but I knew that what I had done would be a lasting disgrace and would probably turn my guardian against me. I felt bitterly friendless and forlorn, and knowing that nothing but misery awaited me in England, I resolved to go to Africa and begin life over again.

"A friend of my father's was at business at Lagos, and another at Cape Coast Castle. With what little money I had left, I secured a passage that very day on the Sultana, and two days later I was on the ocean.

"The voyage was a wretched and lonely one. I made friends with several of the officers, but avoided the passengers, none of whom I knew.

"One afternoon, when the steamer was off the Gold Coast, I found on deck a portion of the London 'Times' issued on the very morning that the Sultana left port. The first thing that caught my eye was the advertisement which I afterward lost and which was found by Noah Raffles.

"It startled me considerably and I concluded at once that my uncle was anxious to have me arrested and punished. I knew that Gregson & Dare were his solicitors.

"By this time I had learned to contemplate the future with a certain amount of resignation and satisfaction, and the thought of being dragged back to England in shame and disgrace was more than I could stand.

"Yet I was sure that this very thing awaited me when the Sultana reached Lagos, her next stopping place, for I had entered my real name on the steamer's passenger list and this surely must have been made known to Gregson & Dare by the agents of the company. I was certain that a warrant of arrest would meet me at Lagos.

"This was a hasty conclusion, and was arrived at while I was in a very excited frame of mind. I did not give myself time to cool down and take a more sober view of the situation.

"At midnight, when the shore was quite near, I dropped a plank overboard and slipped after it. I was a good swimmer, and the possibility of meeting sharks never occurred to me.

"I took with me only the slight clothing I had on, hoping that the officers of the steamer would believe me to have fallen overboard.

"After a long swim, and a narrow escape from a shark, I reached the coast, and my history from that time you already know.

"When we were at Cape Coast Castle I found that my father's friend who had been in business there, was dead. Under these circumstances, I was only too glad to accept your kind offer, not only as a way out of my difficulty, but because your many kindnesses had already endeared you to me, and I felt that I was among true friends.

"I have told you the whole story now, and whether my course was foolish or justifiable, you shall be the ones to decide."

(*To be continued.*)

### HIS BY ANTICIPATION.

Kind Hearted Man—"What are you crying about, little boy?"
City Arab—"I lost a pocketbook."
Kind Hearted Man—"How much was in it?"
City Arab—"I don't know. That feller took it out of your pocket just as I was going to get it!"—Judge.

### MARCH.

A stormy warrior, clad in sleeted mail,
Leading the winds, battalions fierce and strong,
With clarion trumpet; while his followers hail
The snow's white chargers as they course along
Through woods, through valleys. On the mountain's height
His tents are pitched, his weapons stacked around;
High floats his banner of pure, spotless white,
His sentinels move noiseless o'er the ground.
But stay—amid this tumult, din and strife
The maiden Spring walks fearlessly along,
And little flowers rise bravely into life,
And early birds peal forth their welcome song;
While Sol doth take the field, with ardent glow,
And quickly fades away the vanquished foe.

—Lydia L. A. Very.

[*This Story began in No. 577.*]

# Rupert's Ambition.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### A LUCKY ENCOUNTER.

Unsatisfied hunger is always a serious discomfort. What it was to a young, healthy boy like Rupert, who had been working hard for several hours, may be imagined.

Even if there had been a prospect of his dining in two or three hours it would have been inconvenient, but he could have endured it. As it was, he did not know when he could satisfy his appetite, if at all.

He discovered in his pockets some silver change which Ben hadn't taken, but that could do him no good in the Colorado wilderness.

Rupert was in general sanguine and light hearted. But it must be owned that he felt terribly depressed about this time. He had his gun with him, but even if he should succeed in shooting anything, how could he cook it? He had not even a match with which to light a fire.

Was he destined to starve in this out of the way region, he asked himself? A hundred miles off he had a rich friend. In New York he owned two valuable lots and had money in the bank beside, but neither of these could do him any good now.

The French speak of an uncomfortable quarter of an hour. Rupert had two hours at least that could be described in this way. All this while, faint as he was and tired as his exertions on an empty stomach had made him, he still paddled on. At last to his great joy there came light in the darkness. As the raft turned a corner in the windings of the river he saw on the bank, curiously regarding him, a tall, thin, dark complexioned girl, in a calico dress too short for her.

A new hope was born in Rupert's heart, and he stopped paddling.

"Do you live around here?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the girl.

"Could I buy something to eat at your house?"

"Don't know. I reckon so."

"Then I'll stop, and you can show me the way to your house."

"Where did you come from?"

"From below—about ten miles down the river."

"Is that where you live?"

"No. I live in New York."

"Where's that? Is it in Colorado?"

"Didn't you ever hear of New York?" asked Rupert, in genuine surprise at the ignorance of his new acquaintance.

"No."

"It's a large city."

The girl seemed to take very little interest in the information he gave her.

"Did you always live here?" asked Rupert, becoming himself the questioner.

"Reckon so."

By this time Rupert had brought the raft to shore and tied it to a stump. He obtained a nearer view of the girl, but did not find her attractive.

She was tall, thin, and had a sallow complexion. Her dress hung straight down. Moreover it was not clean. The girl eyed him attentively, and didn't seem in the least bashful. She seemed to arrive at a decision in regard to him.

"Say, you're good lookin'," she said in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Do you think so?" returned Rupert, blushing.

"Yes. How old be you?"

"Seventeen."

"I'm fourteen. If you lived round here I'd take you for my beau."

"But I don't live round here," said Rupert, with an air of relief. "What is your name?" he asked with a sudden thought.

"Sal. That's what mam calls me. What's yours?"

"Rupert."

"That's a mighty cur'us name. Never heard it afore."

"I don't think it is a common name."

"You jest come along, if you want some dinner. You said you'd pay for it, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Then I guess mam will give you some."

"Do you live far off?" asked Rupert, anxiously.

"No. Jest in the woods a little way."

Rupert followed the girl for about quarter of a mile. Then in a little clearing he saw a rude cabin—just such a house as he fancied Sal would live in.

"That's our house, and there's mam at the door," said his young guide.

A tall, thin woman, between whom and Sal there was considerable resemblance, not only in appearance, but in dress, stood in the doorway, shading her eyes with her hand as she looked down the path.

"She's lookin' for me," explained Sal with a grin.

"Here you, Sal!" called her mother. "Where've you been gallivantin' to?"

Then she stopped short, for she caught sight of Rupert.

"Who've you got with you?" she asked abruptly.

"A boy," answered Sal. "Ain't he nice lookin'?"

Rupert blushed again, as most of my boy readers would probably have done under like circumstances.

"No matter how he looks," said the mother, sharply. "What does he want here?"

"He wants somethin' to eat, and he's got money to pay for it," answered Sal.

"I am very hungry, madam," said Rupert, taking off his hat. "I shall consider it a great favor if you will give me some dinner."

"I reckon I kin scare up something," said the woman more amiably. "Jest come in."

Rupert entered the cabin. It was rudely and scantily furnished, but doubtless the occupants enjoyed it as much as a New York millionaire enjoys his elegant mansion on Fifth Avenue. There was a fire in the cooking stove, and in a pantry Rupert noticed some cold remnants of the noonday meal.

"Sit down," said the woman. "I'll scare you up something in a jiffy."

"I'll sit down outside if you don't mind," answered Rupert.

He sat down on a settee on one side of the door. Soon the odors of some meal which was being fried assailed his nostrils, and gave him the keenest delight.

In about twenty minutes Sal called him in, and he was glad to accept her rather unceremonious invitation.

On the table was a dish of meat. He didn't know what kind it was, but it smelled good. On another plate was some corn bread, but no butter was provided.

"We ain't got no whisky," said the woman. "We're sort o' run out, but I can give you some tea."

"That will do just as well, madam."

Rupert might have said that it would do better, but he saw that the family were not prohibitionists, and might take offense if he spoke against the use of whisky.

Rupert had seldom enjoyed a meal more than the one he sat down to in that rude cabin.

"What kind of meat is this?" he asked.

"Bear meat. Didn't you ever eat any?"

"No, madam."

"We reckon it's good. My man killed the bear."

"It is excellent," said Rupert, and he really meant what he said.

"I'm glad you like it."

Rupert ate till he was ashamed. He had not asked the price of the meal in advance, for he was fully resolved to eat it even if it took every cent he had left to pay for it. But when at last he laid down his knife and fork, he summoned courage to ask how much he must pay.

"I reckon a quarter'll do," said the woman.

Rupert breathed a sigh of relief. It not only came within his means, but he would have fifty cents left after paying.

Then the woman began to ask questions.

"Where mought you be goin'?" she asked.

Rupert mentioned his destination.

"How far away is that?"

"Nearly a hundred miles."

"Are you travelin' alone?"

"I had a man with me till this morning."

"Where is he now?"

"He got up early, robbed me of all my money and ran off, taking the boat with him," Rupert answered, in indignant tones.

"If he took all your money, how are you goin' to pay for your dinner?" asked the woman, frowning.

"I have a little money left in silver," said Rupert, producing the quarter.

"How are you goin' to get back?"

"I don't know. I have no money and only a raft."

Then an idea came to him.

"If I could find a man who would go back with me, I would pay him well."

"But you have no money."

"Mr. Packard, of Red Gulch, is my friend. He is a rich man, and he would pay for me."

"Do you mean Giles Packard?"

"Yes."

"I know about him. He is rich. Is he your friend?"

"Yes."

Rupert followed up his advantage.

"If I could find a man who would take me to him, I would promise him fifty dollars—and this gun."

The woman's eyes showed her interest. She was fond of money, and fifty dollars seemed to her a large sum.

"I reckon my man would go along with you," she said, slowly. "The fifty dollars would be sure?"

"Yes, and if I was satisfied with him, I would give him ten dollars more."

"Mam," said Sal, "you'd better say yes. "We'll all be rich if dad gets sixty dollars."

"When will your husband be home?" asked Rupert, becoming hopeful.

"I reckon he'll be home directly—if you kin wait."

"Oh yes, I can wait. Has he got a boat?"

"He has a canoe."

"That will do just as well."

"And will you give me the raft?" asked Sal. "You won't want it?"

"Yes, you shall have the raft."

Sal was so delighted that she threw her arms round Rupert's neck and kissed him, much to his confusion.

"Quit that, you Sal! Ain't you got no manners?" said her mother sharply. "There's your dad comin' now."

Rupert raised his flushed face and was indescribably astonished when a tall Indian entered the cabin.

CHAPTER XXXVII.
AN INDIAN GUIDE.

"Is that—your husband?" asked Rupert in a tone that betrayed his surprise.

"Yes. What yer gawkin' at? He's enough sight better'n my first husband who was a white man. Isn't he, Sal?"

"You bet, mam!"

The Indian, who had an air of natural dignity, seemed pleased with their tributes to his excellence.

"Yes," continued Sal's mother, "he's my man now. John, this boy wants you to take him to Giles Packard's ranch."

"It's a long way," said the Indian, slowly.

"Yes, I know that," answered Rupert, "but I am willing to pay you. That is, I haven't money with me, but Mr. Packard will pay you fifty dollars, and I will give you my gun besides."

The Indian seemed most impressed with the last part of the offer. He held out the gun and examined it closely. Then a look of satisfaction overspread his face, and he said "Good!"

"He seems straight, though he's only a boy," remarked the woman. "You'd better go. Fifty dollars is a good deal of money."

"Gun good," said the Indian, sententiously.

"Yes, but the money is better."

"When you want to go?" asked John.

"You'd better wait till tomorrow morning," put in the woman. "I'll bake up some bread and fry some bear steak for you to carry."

"That will suit me if you will give me a place to sleep and some supper," said Rupert.

This was readily agreed to.

One of those best pleased with this arrangement was Sal. She seemed so impressed with Rupert that the latter was afraid she would kiss him again, but fortunately she refrained.

She made up her mind, however, to enjoy the boy's companionship, and challenged him to a trial of speed. Rupert was almost ashamed to compete with a girl, but he found that Sal was a rival by no means to be despised. She kept up well with him in a quarter mile run, and in a running jump she beat him once out of three times.

"You jump very well—for a girl," said Rupert.

"You're taller'n I be, or I'd beat you. Besides, you're older."

"And your mother's older than you. Can she beat you?"

"I'd jump mam out of her boots," said Sal, confidently. "Want to try, mam?"

"Try what?"

"Jumpin'?"

"Oh, quit yer foolin'! A nice sight I'd be jumpin'! Your dad will jump with you."

"Yes," said John, smiling gravely.

"Oh, he can beat me, of course."

"Won't you jump, John?" asked Rupert, thinking the Indian looked desirous of a trial.

"Yes," answered John.

Like most of his race he was supple and well trained in all athletic exercises. He jumped three feet farther than Rupert, though the white boy plumed himself on his agility.

Later Rupert and Sal took a trip down the river on the raft. Sal desired to do the paddling, and Rupert was obliged to confess that she understood the art of paddling a raft better than he.

"You gave it to me, didn't you?" she said.

"Yes, Sal, it is yours."

The girl looked pleased.

"I will go out on it a good deal," she said. "Dad doesn't like me to use his canoe."

"Where does he keep his canoe?"

"Up the river a way. Shall I show you?"

"Yes, if you will."

She kept on paddling till they reached a secluded part of the stream, where there was a circular indentation in the bank. Here was the Indian's canoe. It was higher than the skiff in which Rupert had traveled with Ben Boone, and though as long, was narrower.

"It is a beautiful canoe!" said Rupert, admiringly.

"Isn't it? Dad's proud of it."

"How long has he been married to your mother?"

"'Bout three years."

"You don't mind having an Indian for a father?" asked Rupert, feeling that he might be on delicate ground.

"No, John's a good man. He never drinks as my own father did. He's good to mam. Then he is a good hunter, and brings us plenty of bear's meat."

"Would you be willing to marry an Indian yourself?"

"No, I'd rather marry you," was Sal's disconcerting reply.

"I am not old enough to be married," said Rupert, blushing.

"You will be some day."

"Yes, I shall be some day—if I live."

"Then will you come and marry me?"

This was a leap year proposal with a vengeance. Rupert was hardly prepared with an answer. He replied diplomatically, "I can't tell yet. I must ask my mother."

"Mam would be willing I should marry you," said Sal. "Where does your mother live?"

"Near New York."

"Won't you ask her?"

"Yes," answered Rupert, smiling; "but perhaps you will see some one else you will like better."

"No, I shan't," said Sal, positively. "You're awful handsome."

"Am I?" said Rupert, in rather an embarrassed tone.

"Yes, you've got such nice red cheeks."

Rupert scanned Sal critically, but he was unable to return the compliment. He face was thin and sallow, and the only feature that was passable was her bright black eyes.

The next morning when Rupert was ready to start, Sal showed an inclination to kiss him again, but he hurried off with the Indian, and escaped this affectionate demonstration.

"You'll come back sometime?" said Sal, anxiously, as she looked after him.

"Yes, some day."

Rupert hoped that before he saw Sal again she would have secured a husband in her own station in life.

Rupert found the Indian a very satisfactory companion. Compared to Ben he was silent and reserved, but he was willing to answer questions, and the young traveler managed to extract considerable information from him.

There were no unnecessary delays. Rupert had no desire to remain longer in the wilderness. So on the evening of the third day he reached Red Gulch, and sought out his friend, Giles Packard.

The cattleman eyed his companion with surprise.

"Where have you left Ben?" he said.

"He left me," answered Rupert, and he told the story of Ben Boone's treachery.

Giles Packard was very angry.

"The rascal!" he said. "I knew he was lazy and shiftless, but I didn't think he was a villain. If I could get hold of him, he'd find it worse than being in a bear's clutches. Have you any idea where he went?"

"No; I thought he might have come home."

"He wouldn't dare to come home without you."

"I've got it!" exclaimed Rupert, suddenly.

"What is it?"

"I understand now. He's on his way to New York."

"What do you mean?"

"He asked a great deal about New York, and said he would go there if he only had money enough. I expect he is using my money for traveling expenses."

"Where did you pick up your Indian friend?"

Rupert told of the compact he had made with the Indian, and asked Mr. Packard to lend him money enough to keep it.

"Certainly, lad, and I'd do a great deal more for you, if necessary."

John was paid his money, and received the gun besides as a free gift. With them he started for home happy and proud.

Rupert might have sent his love to Sal, but he refrained.

"By the way, Rupert," said Giles Packard, "I have two letters for you."

Rupert opened them hastily. The first was from his mother. The important part of it ran thus:

"Mr. Strathmore is sick with pneumonia, and there is little hope of his living. Of course this will make it necessary for me and Grace to seek a new home. I wish we might all be together again. I have been contented, because I knew you were doing well, but I should be happier to have you with me. Will you be back soon? I will make no arrangements till you return."

The second letter was from Leslie Waters.

"Congratulate me, Rupert!" he wrote. "I have at last realized my ambition and am to become an actor. I have been engaged to play a part in the comedy of 'Fireflies.' You won't get any idea of the piece from the title. My part is a very good one. I am to represent a Broadway swell. I can't give you any idea of the plot, but I hope sometime you may be able to see it played. Of course I have resigned my position as a bell boy. We start on the road on Monday, opening at Albany, and going thence to Buffalo. I will send you my route as soon as I can. Answer this to Cleveland, Ohio."

"I suppose Leslie is happy," thought Rupert. "I hope he will succeed."

"I trust your letters contain good news," said Giles Packard.

"One contains bad news. My mother is about to lose her home, and I am afraid I must start at once for New York."

"Wait till tomorrow, Rupert, and I will go with you. I have a capable superintendent who will take my place, and a journey will do me good."

"I shall be delighted to have your company, Mr. Packard."

Giles Packard looked pleased, for the longer he knew Rupert the better he liked him.

CHAPTER XXXVII.
HOW TO MANAGE A ROGUE.

At the last moment Giles Packard decided to take his uncle John Plympton with him, finding that the old man was reluctant to be left alone.

"I shall stop on the way at Rochester and see if I can't collect Uncle John's note," he said. "Perhaps I may be more successful than he."

"If you don't mind, Mr. Packard," said Rupert, "I will go on at once to New York as I feel anxious about my mother."

"Very well. Go to the Somerset Hotel, and put up as a guest. I shall follow you soon."

Leaving Rupert to pursue his journey, we will detail the experiences of Giles and his uncle at Rochester.

"We will put up at a cheap hotel, Uncle John," he said. "I don't want Eben to suspect that I am well off."

"He wouldn't judge so from your dress, Giles," remarked the old man with a humorous glance at his nephew's well worn suit.

"That is true, Uncle John. I don't look very much like a dude, I admit. However, I will go to a first class tailor in New York and get myself rigged out. While I am about it I will get a new suit for you."

"I need it badly enough, Giles, but having given all my money to Eben Jackson I did not feel able to buy new clothes."

"You won't have occasion to complain of being without money long."

"Thank you, Giles. It has been a great relief to me, your purchasing the note, but I don't want you to lose money."

"I don't intend to. Eben Jackson may swindle you. He will find it harder to get the advantage of me."

Eben Jackson was standing at the desk in his store when Giles and John Plympton entered. Eben took no particular notice of the middle aged, and rather rough looking stranger whom he did not recognize, but frowned perceptibly when he saw John Plympton.

"You here, Uncle John?" he said roughly.

"Yes," answered the old man meekly.

"Where have you been?"

"I went to Chicago."

"Didn't you find anything to do there?"

"No."

"Probably you didn't try very hard."

"It wasn't that. They all said I was too old. Chicago is a city of young men."

"Yes, you have seen your best days," said his nephew unfeelingly.

"And I suppose I ought not to cumber the ground. Is that what you mean, Eben?"

"Well, not exactly, but you can't expect that you can find employment as you used to do."

"Isn't that pretty hard. I am only sixty five."

"That's old for a man seeking employment."

"What will you do when you are sixty five?"

"It will be different with me. I have a business of my own."

"I hope you'll be better off than I am at that age."

"I shall. You never had much business capacity."

"I've been thinking, Eben, I'd better take that three thousand dollars of mine and buy an annuity. At my age I ought to get enough to take care of me economically."

"I don't see how you're going to do that. I've got your money."

"True, but I should like to have it back."

"You can't have it at present. It would be inconvenient for me to take it from my business."

"But, Eben, I need it. At any rate you can let me have the interest that has already accrued."

"I'll see about it."

"But I want money at once."

"Then you can't get it," said the nephew rudely. "Where are you staying?"

John Plympton mentioned the name of the hotel.

Eben Jackson turned up his nose. This was distinctly a third class house, charging one dollar and a quarter a day.

"You'd better go to a cheap boarding house. You needn't expect me to pay your hotel bill."

"I have a right to expect you will give me enough of my own money to pay the bill."

"I won't encourage you in any such ridiculous extravagance, Uncle John."

"Perhaps you think it is extravagant in me to eat at all."

"I think it is extravagant to pay a dollar and a quarter a day for board. Who is that man with you?"

On hearing this Giles Packard came forward.

"You ought to know me, Eben," he said.

Eben Jackson took stock of the cattle man's shabby clothes and answered coldly. "You have the advantage of me, sir."

"Then you don't remember your cousin, Giles Packard?"

"Are you Giles Packard? I didn't know but you were dead."

"No thank you, not just yet."

"Where have you been living?"

"In Colorado."

"Have you met with any success? What business have you followed?"

"I have been in the cattle business."

"Oh, a cowboy?" sneered Eben.

"If you choose to call me so."

"Why didn't you stay in Colorado? Why have you come East?"

"I thought I should enjoy a vacation."

"But traveling costs money."

"So it does. Uncle John tells me you have three thousand dollars of his."

Eben Jackson frowned.

"Yes," he said, "I am taking care of his money for him."

"As he can't find employment he will need to have it returned."

"That can't be done. He has my note for it."

"Yes, I have seen the note. I observe that it is made out 'On demand.' "

"Well?"

"That means that he can call for it at any time."

"I shall pay it when I get ready," said Eben haughtily.

"It may be wise for you to get ready very soon."

"Oh, you threaten, do you? That is all the good it will do you."

To Eben Jackson's surprise Giles Packard took the matter very coolly. He even smiled.

"I suspect you will change your mind," he said.

"I understand your drift. You want to get hold of Uncle John's money yourself."

"Perhaps so. Uncle John, are you willing that I should take charge of your money?"

"Yes, Giles."

"Ah, a very nice conspiracy! Uncle John, you are a fool."

"Why?" asked the old man mildly.

"This man has made a failure of his life, and is as poor as poverty judging from his appearance. He has got up a nice scheme for depriving you of your money. If he got hold of it you would never see a cent of it. He is evidently an adventurer."

"Then you won't give me my money?"

"No. I shall keep it in your own interest. Why, if you gave it to him you would be a pauper in less than a year."

Giles Packard did not seem in the least irritated by his cousin's uncomplimentary remarks.

Turning to John Plympton, he said: "I think we may as well go, Uncle John."

"I am glad you realize that," observed Jackson. "Before you go, let me say that your scheme has utterly failed."

"My scheme of getting you to return Uncle John his money?"

"Your plan of getting his money into your own possession."

"Call it as you like. You will hear from us very soon."

"Is that meant as a threat?"

"Well, perhaps so."

"Go ahead! Take what measures you choose. It is immaterial to me."

"What did I tell you, Giles?" said John Plympton as they left the store.

"Eben Jackson is meaner than I supposed. We will give him a little surprise."

Before night Eben Jackson received the following letter from the leading lawyer in Rochester:

"Sir—

My client, Mr. Giles Packard, has placed in my hands for collection, a demand note for three thousand dollars, signed by yourself, transferred to him by John Plympton. Will you arrange to pay it? If not, I am instructed by my client to sue!

Yours respectfully,
Edward Nettleton, Att'y."

This was like a bomb in the camp of the enemy. Mr. Nettleton was a sharp and successful lawyer, and to be feared. He was steep in his charges, and Eben felt that his cousin was a fool to employ so high priced an attorney.

He lost no time in seeking the humble hotel where his uncle and cousin were domiciled.

"What does all this mean?" he demanded angrily.

"What do you refer to?"

"To Mr. Nettleton's letter."

"It means that I am going to have my uncle's money," said Giles firmly.

"Your lawyer will charge you an immense fee. Better let the matter drop."

"Eben Jackson, I'll make you pay that money if it costs me five thousand dollars for expenses."

"Ridiculous! Why, you are almost a pauper."

"I hope not. When I left Colorado I was worth nearly a hundred thousand dollars. I don't think I have lost any money since."

"Is this true?" gasped Jackson.

"It is. You thought me poor, because I was poorly dressed. You were mistaken. I am what is called a rich man. I am unmarried, but after the way you have treated me, you can judge what chances you have of being remembered in my will."

"It's all a mistake, Cousin Giles," said Eben in a conciliatory tone. "I'll pay the money, and I hope you and Uncle John will do me the favor of staying at my house while you are in Rochester."

Giles Packard smiled grimly.

"We shall start for New York tomorrow," he said, "and it won't be advisable for us to leave the hotel. I shall leave the note in Mr. Nettleton's hands, and I will give you a month in which to pay it."

"Thank you. Won't you call at the house? Mary will be glad to see you, and I want to show you the children."

"Yes, we will call."

Giles Packard smiled when his cousin left the hotel.

"Eben seems to have changed," he said. "I think we shan't have any more trouble with him."

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.
## NEW PLANS.

When Rupert entered the Somerset Hotel on his return from the West he received a cordial welcome from Mr. Malcolm, the clerk.

"I hope you have had a pleasant journey," he said.

"Very pleasant, on the whole."

"And do you want your old place again?"

"No," answered Rupert. "I hope to go into some other line of business."

"I am glad for one reason. I have taken a very good boy in your place—David Williams—and I would not like to discharge him."

"I hear Leslie has left you also."

"Yes; he has gone on the stage, I believe," said the clerk, smiling. "Have you any plans in that direction?"

"No; I couldn't make as much as the wages you were paying me."

"I doubt if Leslie will find the change for his advantage."

"Whom have you in his place?"

"A boy named Bernard Benton. He is also a good boy. By the way, a letter came for you yesterday. Here it is."

Rupert supposed the letter might be from his mother, but on reading the address he found that it was in a business hand. He opened the envelope, and read as follows:

"Mr. Rupert Rollins—

Dear Sir:

I learn that you are the owner of two lots on One Hundred and Twenty Fifth street, in Harlem. I should like to buy them, and am willing to pay you seven thousand dollars for the two.

Yours truly,
Albert Crossman."

Rupert read the letter with mingled pleasure and surprise. The lots had cost but one thousand dollars each. That they should have increased in value to such an extent was hardly credible.

He did not feel like deciding the matter until he had a chance to consult with Mr. Packard, and he so wrote Mr. Crossman. Now that his mother had lost her position he felt that this stroke of good luck was particularly timely.

He went out in the afternoon to see his mother and Grace. He found that Mr. Strathmore was dead, and that his funeral had taken place.

"I don't know what we shall do, Rupert," said Mrs. Rollins anxiously. "It may be some time before I can obtain another position where I can support myself and Grace. However, I have saved seventy five dollars, so that for a time I shall not be a burden upon you."

"Don't talk of being a burden, mother. You never can be that."

"But how can your small earnings support three persons."

"You forget, mother, that I have property."

"To what do you refer, Rupert?"

"To the two lots that Mr. Packard gave me."

"I had not supposed them of much value."

"I have an offer of seven thousand dollars for them."

"Is it possible?" asked Mrs. Rollins in amazement.

"It is quite possible. I don't think we are in any immediate danger of the poorhouse. When shall you be ready to come to New York?"

"Whenever I have a home provided, but you remember that I sold my furniture when I accepted the position with Mr. Strathmore."

"I have already looked at a furnished flat on West Nineteenth Street. It is but twenty dollars a month, and will make you a pleasant home."

"But isn't that a high rent to pay?"

"Not in our present circumstances. However, I will wait till Mr. Packard reaches the city, and consult with him. I expect him in a day or two."

"Will the proprietor of the Somerset Hotel receive you back as a bell boy?"

"He would, but I have declined the place."

"But you will have to do something, Rupert."

Rupert smiled.

"Don't feel anxious, mother," he said. "Mr. Packard is a rich man, and he is a faithful friend. I think he will arrange something for me."

The next day Mr. Packard and his uncle, John Plympton, reached New York, and established themselves at the Somerset Hotel. Rupert learned with satisfaction of Mr. Plympton's recovery of his money from his knavish nephew.

"And now, Rupert," said the cattle man, "tell me about your own affairs."

"First, I have received an offer of seven thousand dollars for the two lots you gave me."

"That is fine. They have gone up surprisingly."

"Would you advise me to sell them?"

"Yes. Sell them and invest half the money in other lots less desirably situated. It is only a question of time when they, too, can be sold to advantage."

"And the other half of the money?"

"Invest in good bank stock or government bonds where they will yield an income."

"I am sure that is good advice."

"How about your mother?"

"The gentleman for whom she acted as housekeeper is dead, and she must seek a new home. I have looked at a furnished flat in West Nineteenth Street, renting at twenty dollars a month."

"I have another plan to propose. I have got tired of living in Colorado though I shall retain my business interests there. I want to have a home for my uncle and myself here. I shall hire a moderate sized house, and run it myself, and engage your mother to take charge of it if she should be willing."

"Nothing would please her better, Mr. Packard," said Rupert earnestly.

"As it may take me a little time to make the necessary arrangements, send for your mother and let her make a temporary home at this hotel. I will defray the expenses."

"You are very kind, Mr. Packard."

"Well, who has a better right. I have a great mind to adopt you, young man."

"I shan't make any violent opposition, Mr. Packard. But what will your nephew in Rochester say?"

"Of course Eben won't like it, but I claim a right to do what I like with my own. I shall not disinherit his family wholly, but what I leave to them will be so tied up that Eben can't get at it. It is amusing, the change that came over him when he learned that I was not a destitute cowboy, but a man of property."

The next day Mrs. Rollins was installed at the hotel, and Mr. Packard began to look around for a house such as he desired.

"There shall be a nice room for you, Uncle John," he said. "I will promise to treat you as well as Eben did."

"I can pay for my board, Giles. I don't want to cost you too much."

"You will pay for your board when I send in a bill. Don't trouble yourself till then."

"But I am able to work, Giles."

"I may find some light work for you, Uncle John, just to keep you from being uneasy."

Mr. Packard was a man of promptness and energy. He visited a real estate agent, and soon made choice of a medium sized house in a good neighborhood. This he furnished plainly, and quickly, for there is no need of delay where means are abundant. Inside of a month the little family were comfortably established in their new home.

"Will there be room for Fred, my little ward?" asked Rupert.

"Certainly. It will be pleasant to have a young child in the house."

Rupert had one apprehension. He feared that his friends, the Bentons, would miss the sum he paid for the little boy's board. But Mrs. Benton set him at ease.

"An old schoolmate of my husband, who is in a business position on Pearl Street, would like to board with us," she said, "and is able and willing to pay a liberal sum. I feared at first that he would not be satisfied with our modest quarters, but he says he wants a home, not a stylish boarding house, so he will be content."

"Then you won't be inconvenienced by losing Fred's board?"

"No, but we shall miss the dear child's company. You must let him come to see us sometimes."

"Certainly I will, and we shall always be glad to see you as a visitor. Does Mr. Benton still find his place on Grand Street agreeable and satisfactory?"

"Yes. He seems to stand high in the estimation of his employer."

Little Fred at first was sorry to leave Mrs. Benton, but soon formed an attachment for Mrs. Rollins and Grace.

"Since he is your adopted son, Rupert," said his mother, "I suppose I may look upon him as my grandson."

"By adoption, mother," said Rupert with a smile.

"Now, Mr. Packard, what do you advise me to do?" asked Rupert.

"Spend at least six months in study. Go to some commercial college, and when you have completed your course of instruction I shall be ready with some plan for you."

*( To be continued.)*

### THE COBWEB CURE.

Did you ever hear of cobweb pills? You can't get them at the drug store, but they are expensive for all that. There is a man out in Ohio who charges one dollar for three of them. Why he thinks they are worth this price he explains to the Pittsburg "Dispatch" as follows:

"I have to crawl around garrets and al sorts of dirty places to get the webs. I then have to clean them. All this takes time, and I feel if it is not worth a dollar it is not worth a cent. Then there is the matter of discerning the difference between spiders' webs and cobwebs. I have heard from a number of people who undertook to cure themselves that they were made very sick through the poison of spiders' webs, which they thought the same as cobwebs.

"It is generally thought that a cobweb is a deserted spider's web. An authority says that a cobweb is not a spider's web. Although Webster's and the Century Dictionary have it defined as such, the authority claims that both have made mistakes. A cobweb, says this writer, is formed, in some manner as yet unexplained, by the adhesion of particles of impalpable floating dust apparently self coherent, and the result is a veil-like web without any approach to regularity of form, therein differing from the true spider's web.

"The cobweb is many times heavier than a spider's web and is never occupied by a spider or any other insect. It is most frequently found in rooms that have long been darkened and are slightly damp, and generally has several filamentous pendants of varying length. It is never fastened across space from one point to another, but is invariably pendulous. The writer warns people against the danger of taking spider's webs, as he says many cases of serious illnesses have resulted from swallowing them. While this authority may be correct, it is very difficult to make people believe that the cobweb is not made by a spider or some other insect. One man told me that the substance of the cobweb is vegetable."

The Wooster case of asthma, which, by the way, is the only case upon which the alleged cure is founded, was cured by three pills. Cobwebs have been taken internally for other diseases. It is considered by some an unfailing specific for ague. The danger of making a mistake in administering spider's webs for cobwebs should cause people to be careful in the use of this novel remedy.

### WHAT MAKES WATER FREEZE.

Have you ever had the curiosity to watch the transformation of water into ice? If this is too chilling an occupation, you may do the next best thing and learn how the process is managed, from the subjoined description.

On the surface of a river, or water exposed to the air, ice is made by the coldness of the air against the top of the water. When water is cooled thus, it at first shrinks in size and, therefore, sinks below the ice cold water next to it. This in turn gets cooled, shrinks and sinks, and so on till all the water from top to bottom is lowered to four degrees above Centigrade zero.

As soon as the water gets colder than this it begins to swell, and, therefore, no longer sinks as before, but stays on the top, and, if the cooling still goes on till Centigrade is reached, it begins to turn into ice. When, by the colder air atop of it as much heat is taken away from this water at zero as would have raised a pound of water at seventy nine degrees Centigrade, a pound of ice is formed; when twice as much, two pounds, and so on, till, if the air above the water keeps cold enough, the whole of the water will in time be made into ice.

Perhaps the most satisfactory way of all for producing ice in large quantities is that of compressing dried air by means of a force pump into strong wrought iron cylinders. As the air is forced into the cylinders it gives out the heat it contains to surrounding objects colder than itself. When again allowed to expand the air requires this heat once more and takes it from anything it touches.

If, therefore, a vessel of water is held in the stream of air issuing from such a wrought iron cylinder, the water loses its heat to the expanding air and gets frozen. This process is in use on vessels bringing the carcasses of sheep and bullocks to this country from Australia and America.

### A TWO MILLION DOLLAR COMMA.

"Oh, punctuation marks are not of much account. They're just put in for looks. I don't want to bother about them."

Such are the sentiments of a good many schoolboys with regard to this branch of letter and composition writing. Others, again, appear to think that all that is necessary is to put in a comma here and there at hap hazard, to set off the "look of the thing." How risky this way of doing things is may be learned from the following incident:

It seems that some twenty years ago when the United States by its Congress was making a tariff bill, one of the sections enumerated what articles should be admitted free of duty. Among the many articles specified were "all foreign fruit-plants," etc., meaning plants imported for transplanting, propagation, or experiment.

The enrolling clerk in copying the bill accidently changed the hyphen in the compound word "fruit-plants" to a comma, making it read, "all foreign fruit, plants," etc. As a result of this simple mistake, for a year, or until Congress could remedy the blunder, all the oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty. This little mistake, which any one would be liable to make yet could have avoided by carefulness, cost the government not less than two million dollars. A pretty costly comma that!

### HAIR PLANTING TO ORDER.

One of the many queer things in that queer land—China—is the occupation of hair transplanting. Wong Ching Foo tells about it in the St. Louis "Post Dispatch."

Chinese superstition made the hair planting business an imperative profession. Chinese physiognomists say the eyebrows and whiskers of a man are just as essential in their relations to his success in life as his other qualifications.

If the eyebrows are thin or his whiskers are sickly, his luck will be thin and his health will be poor. Therefore, in order to stop the train of bad luck which nature has unfortunately ordained for him, he orders his eyebrows changed or replanted by a hair planting professor.

This is done by first carefully pulling out the rebellious or unlucky hairs in the eyebrows. The next operation is to select a spot of hair on the neck of the patient or behind his ears that would suit for a fine eyebrow and reduce them down to the right length.

A fine pair of sharp pincers is picked up with the left hand, and selecting a suitable sized hair, the operator jerks it out by the root, and with the right hand he quickly pierces a minute hole in the skin of the bald eyebrow in a slanting direction, and while the point of the needle-like instrument is still on the edge of the hole, the root of the pulled up hair is carefully inserted.

But if blood oozes out of it before the hair is planted the hole will not be used on that day for fear of inflammation and not sufficient nutriment for the hair to take proper root. This operation is repeated until every hair in the eyebrows is replanted or enlarged.

The patient usually experiences pain in the eyebrows for about twenty four hours, after which he goes out and shows himself to his friends.

The professor charges more for planting eyebrows than for planting whiskers, because of the many varied degrees of slanting each hair in order to make the eyebrows look natural to the man or to suit the ideas of the physiognomist.

*Clifford Blackman*

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### THE FIVE HEROIC ONES.

The Arab steed has always been considered to embody the perfection of horseflesh. How this came about is thus related in "Harper's Magazine," in the form of a legend:

While Mohammed was fighting his way to greatness he was compelled to lead his corps of 20,000 cavalry for three days without a drop of water. At last, from a hilltop, they descried the silver streak of a distant river. Mohammed ordered his trumpeter to blow the call to dismount and loose the horses. The poor brutes, starving for water, at once sprang into a mad gallop towards the longed for goal. No sooner loosened than came the alarm—false, as it happened—of a sudden ambush.

"To horse!" was blown, and repeated by a hundred bugles. But the demand was too great; the parched throats were not to be refused; the stampede grew wilder and wilder as 20,000 steeds pushed desperately for the river banks.

Of all the frantic crowd but five mares responded to the call. To these duty was higher than suffering. They turned in their tracks, came bravely back, pleading in their eyes and anguish in their sunken flanks, and stood before the Prophet. Love for their master and a sense of obedience had conquered their distress, but their bloodshot eyes told of a fearful torment—the more pathetic for their dumbness.

The danger was over; the faithful mares were at once released; but Mohammed selected these five for his own use; and they were the dams of one of the great races of the desert. From them have sprung the best of Arabian steeds. It can, however, scarcely be claimed that the average horse of the Orient comes up to this ideal. He must have been bred from the 19,995.

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AN UNQUESTIONABLE FACT

"Where's the best place for quail in these parts?" asked the stranger who was on a hunting tour.

And the man whom he had been regarding as a simple, guileless rustic responded briefly:

"Toast."—Exchange.

A WISE PRECAUTION.

Captious boarder—"Are you sure, Bridget, that these are griddle cakes that you've brought me?"

Bridget—"Why, yis, sir, of course they be."

Captious boarder—"Well, possibly you're right; but would you mind seeing if the lids are all on the stove?"—Boston Herald.

JOHNNY'S AMBITION.

"I shall be glad when I get big enough to wash my own face," muttered little Johnny after his mamma had got through with him; "then I won't wash it."—Boston Transcript.

DECEIVED BY THE WINGS.

Critic—"I tell you what it is, Mr. McDaub, those ostriches are simply superb. You shouldn't paint anything but birds."

Artist (disgustedly)—"Those are not ostriches. They are angels."—Life.


The Pot insulted the Kettle because the Cook did not use

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